THE INNS OF ENGLAND.

The "Old Gate House" at Highgate. "There is no poetry in London."

Heinrich Heine.

It was hardly worth while for so emin-ent a critic as Heine to cover himself with ridicule by declaring "there is no poetry in London." The great grey city and its environs team with all the elements of the come, the idyllic, and the tragic; and though no one would care to dispute the fact that if the stones could speak, those of John Ruskin's beloved Venice would have many enchanting tales to tell, the music of their eloquence would hardly be pitched in so many keys as would the essages from the stones within the sixmiles radius of Charing Cross, were they also for a while gifted with the powers of taemory and speech.

Thus did we muse as we wandered in the direction of the "Old Gate House," Highgate. Our walk, though seemingly a solitary one, was in reality one

"With those grand old masters,
And with those bards subline,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,"

Through the correlors of time.

We, as it seemed, were in touch not with one, but with myriads of hearts, not only once, but for all time "pregnant with celestial fire."

The history of Highgate recalls a famous passage from Macaulay, and that because,

like the past of the Church of Rome, it is "lost in the twilight of fable." Long, according to legend, before the wander-ing shepherds first beheld and afterwards followed to the Manger, the Star of Beth-lehem, that first, but by no means least majestic, of our long line of queenly hero ines and martyrs—Boadicea—had rallied for a final stand against the Romans, her ancient Britons, on and about the hills of Highgate. It may be, too, that when she

The British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rock
Sought with an indignant mein
Counsel of her country's gods.

the "spreading oak" beneath which sat "the Druid hoary chief," was an arborial monarch crowning the northern heights

of what is now the metropolis. Fourteen centuries have elapsed. From the days of Boadicea we have passed into those of the Black Prince and Harry of Down that old Highgate gincourt. Hill comes a youth despondent and sad of feature. Tired and weary he tries to sleep; but dreams will come; and in them our little pilgrim hears, as he thinks at first in fancy, the music of distant bells. But waking out of his light slumbers he knows that the music of the bells is real. So he toils on, and when many years afterwards we ask what has become of that little lad who laid himself down to rest on Highgate Hill! we are told that he is Sir Richard Whittington, and has been thrice Lord Mayor of London. Whittington is gathered to his fathers; but Hilohards loose not its rough. So he toils on, and when many years but Highgate loses not its touch of great men nor of stirring events. Its hills and valleys echo to the tramp in one century of the rival forces of York and Lancaster and in another to that of the "gallants of England" and great grim Cromwell's Ironsides. The Lord Protector dies; the son of Charles the Martyr sits on the throne. Puritan austerity is followed by the licentiousness of the Restoration; and hard by that part of Highgate to which Cromwell retired when in need of repose, we find that sin-stained but often noble we find that sin-standed you often hearted Nell Gwynne living her meteoric life of material glory and of moral shame. We leave "poor Nelly" at Lauderdale House, where her anties, by the way, often sorely grieved that good old man, Andrew Marvel, and are, in imagination, walking with—but not out of Highgate, let it be remembered—Keats, Shelley,

They tell us that in the little room where we were sitting the other day at the "Gate House" Dickens was wont to sit when during his early struggles with shorthand, he would retire to some quiet nook in order that if possible he might be able to decipher his notes. not sure of that; but we know that at an earlier period in the life of the great novelist he as a child was wont to wander by, but unable from want of nter the hospitable portals of the "Gate We also know that when he had successfully "grappled with his evil star, it was past the "Gate House" that h that he ed that delectable young gentleman,
"The Artful," back to London, what time the Dodger discovered poor little father-less, motherless Oliver Twist at Barnet. Nor would it become us to deny that after the murder of Nancy, Bill Sikes in after the nurder of Nancy, Bill Sikes in his haunted wanderings round the north-ern heights did not, with his heart afame and knocking at his ribs, call at the "Gate House" and try the effects of brandy on his storn-tossed conscience.

Other def features of the "Gate House"

are a clock dating back to 1612, while as to many of the beams and rafters, they for nearly five centuries have defied the get three of the stairs of the original stair ase, in use when the old house spanned the roadway; an antique bath, no less antique cupboards, together with numerous other relies linking the living present

with the shadowy past.
In parting from the "Gate House, would indeed be graceless were we to omit to state that facing it there is one of the many monuments which stand out as brilliant testimonials to the philanthropy of the great Lady of Highgate. Her ladyship is usually known as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; but having her ancestral home in Highgate, she is not un mindful of its claims upon her; and of all the buildings that rise up, as it were to the buildings that rise up, as it were to call her blessed, few are more worthy of her fame than the splendid grammar schools facing the "Old Gate House."— Licensing World.

HOW I BECAME A TEA DRUNKARD.

"DRUNK on tea?—impossible!" nearly everyone will say on eatching sight of this beading. But it is, nevertheless, a fact. heading. But it is, nevertheless, a man some months ago my doctor ordered me to give up all alcoholic stimulants. To a man who has been accustomed to partake freely of them this is no easy matter, and I missed my customary drinks very sorely. As a consolation I took to tea, and find ing its properties exhilarating, I congratulated myself upon my conversion to the "cups that cheer but not inebriate." I fell completely into the habit of tak-

ing tea upon every available occasion.

I found also that a cigarette added to the pleasure of imbibing the sparkling Bohea. Soon it was impossible for me to go for more than two or three hours without a cup of tea, and whenever I had perforce to do without it, my longing was so great as to distract me from my employment. The reputation tea possesses as a harmless beverage allayed any suspicions which arose as to the consequences of over-in-dulgence, and so I did not endeavor to check the habit I was rapidly falling a

At last I realized that I was a complete subject to tea-drinking – without tea, life was really unbearable. But this was not the worst aspect of the case. My teadrinking, with the aid of a cigarette, developed into a species of Oriental orgie. I would drink five or six cups of tea, smoke one cigarette, and then drop off let it be remembered—Reats, successful to the remembered—Reats, successful to the remember of David Copperfield "say.

It is remembered—Reats, successful smoke one cigarette, and then drop off popular than them all, the remember of the remember of the remember of David Copperfield "say.

It is remembered—Reats, successful smoke one cigarette, and then drop off smok

duced by opium or hasheesh. The awakduced by opinm or hasheesh. The awak-ening was both ure; my nervous system was shattered, and after each spell my condition was positively dreadful. If I had a journey to make by rail or 'bus, I would be filled with a morbid dread of accidents, and every jolt of the carriage over the lines, or swing of the omnibus, would send a terrifying shock through me, accompanied by frightful anticipa-tions of all kinds of evils.

It became at last quite an effort to travel at all, so unpleasant was the result. Nor was this all. I found that I had lost that perfect control over the voluntary unat perfect control over the voluntary nuscless which everyone in health enjoys, and my gait became unsteady, like the roll of a semi-drunten man; I was not certain of my footing, putting my feet down after the manner of one who has miscalculated a store.

miscalculated a step.

My memory, too, became enfeebled, and many other discomforts did I suffer from my unfortunate habit. My moral strength was also rapidly leaving me, and I would persist in taking tea in preference to other liquid or solid food. Indeed, it to other liquid or solid food. Indeed, was no uncommon thing for me to drink between twenty and thirty big cups of tea in a day. Let anyone compare this with the greatest number they have drunk in the same period, and they will calize how strong was the hold tea-imbibing had upon me.

It was only by summoning the remnants of my will, aided by the watchful care of friends, that I was able to throw off the Tea was removed from craving. sight, and I was not permitted to drink a signle drop; it was kept as securely from me as alcohol is retained from the dip-sonanisc. Now all this is only a blot in somanisc. Now all this is only a blot in the past, but I often feel queer at the thought of the desperate strait into which I brought myself by the abuse of this in-And I am not the only sidious beverage. victim; there are many who still are addicted to the practice, and their number is addded to daily

TEA AND TOBACCO INSANITY

REPORT upon insanity in Ireland, which was recently issued, enumerates, among the causes of mental failure, the innutritious dietary of the poorer popula tion, tending to produce anaemia and con-stitutional weakness which favor the de-velopment of scrofulous and neurotic disease, and the immoderate use of certain nervous stimulants, particularly tea and

While the moderate use of properly prepared tea," the report adds, "is regarded as innocuous or even beneficial, in its action on the nervous system, its ill effects, when decocted or overinfused, on rsons who make it their staple article of dietary, are dwelt on by almost all the resident medical superintendents in their several reports. Undoubtedly, the method of preparation adopted and the excessive use of this article of diet, now so general among our poorer population, tend to the production of dyspepsia, which in its turn leads to states of tal depression highly favorable to the production of various forms of neurotic disturbance. The excessive use of to bacco, also, especially among the young. whether by smoking or chewing, in the opinion of certain of our medical superintendents, acts, though perhaps in a minor degree, injuriously on the nervous cen-

"In many parts of Ireland it has been found that bread and tea have been sul stituted for porridge and milk, and for potatoes also; that the tea used is gen ally of an inferior quality, and the method of preparation is to put a quantity in the tea-pot early in the morning and to allow it to stew during the day, water being added as required."—Westminster Gazette.

PIC-NIC parties should not fail to include in the lunch basket a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL

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> A good rubbing with the Oil after a day's outing will both surprise and delight you .

THE WORLD'S BEER

The Gambrinus, a Vienna "the trade," has just been publishing statistics wherefrom appears that the world's total produced malt linear total malt liquor last year was 4,500,000,000 llons brewed from 7,270,000 tons of gallons, brewed from 7,270,000 tons of malt and 82,000 tons of hops. In every respect Germany takes a proud lead. He total brew last year in Imperial gallon was 1,200,000,000, representing an annual consumption of 33 gallons per head. But that is the average, and one wonders why the thirsty Bavarian should imbib at the rate of 62 gallons a year, while the Alsatian and the Lorrainer are contes with less than 12 gallons. In our total brew we come second, but we are a gos second. We brewed 1,165,000,000 go lons last year, and drank it to the tunlons last year, and drain a superica consistency of gallons a head. All America constitution, for, including the United States, she produced 1,100,000,000 gallons, and corporate the gallons per head. This mas sumed 16 gallons per head. This be held to be a fairly satisfactory r when we remember how largely saloon-keeper bulks in the European how largely th spectus of American institutions. other end of the scale, France produ only 200,000,000 gallons. But Russ shows the most curious result. We have been told that the Russian peasant dri like a fish—that, in fact, like Richa Burton's German, he is a beer-bot in the morning and a bottle of beer in t evening"—we have been told that Rus could not be solvent if she were solv and that the Government encourages t mujik to get drunk for the benefit Treasury and the supremacy of ortho and autocratic principles. And yet Russi last year produced only 100,000,00 gallons, or less than 1½ gallons per hesi

THE THREE FOOLS.

ONCE upon a time there were th fools; a great big fool, and a middle six fool, and a tiny little bit of a fool. The three were women contemplating a with men whose paths were cre

The woman who was a little bit of fool married a man who drank. He friends warned her, naturally, and the general public prophesied but she risks Then began the official program Cheerful home, good meals, frage coffee, bright open fires, after that the was a gold cure and in the end he was

claimed. Really. Moreover, hestayeds.
The middle-sized fool married a m whose taste was not so much for wi He liked th for women and song. He like best as combined in light opera. quired a woman of great sweetness nper and infinite tact to manage a m of this kind, but she did it and in time too, reformed. The road was a weary for her, however.

But the great big fool married a m who was a gambler. He was a foreit person having a local habitation, deep person having a local handarian, dep-mortgaged, and a name. And the rea-this chapter is very brief and not cles-ful. It is this: The genuine gank never reforms.—Kate Field's Washington

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