



BURKE'S WIFE.—Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape, but from an union of all perfect gifts.

THE SHOPPING PARTY.—The shopping party is the latest amusement in Paris. Under the guidance of a fashionable conductor, parties of ladies meet and go hunting for bargains through out-of-the-way bric-a-brac shops. Shopping parties might be adopted generally as a holiday sport, though they might be a source of inconvenience to the single shopper.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—There is a complaint that the new movement among women has produced a dearth of the maiden aunt. Instead of devoting her time and strength to the need of her relatives, she is writing, or clerking, or teaching, or in any other direction devoted to the enlargement of her sphere: all of which is pleasant for the maiden aunt, but inconvenient for her relatives, who feel an affectionate claim upon her services without pay.

A PAPER HOUSE.—Atlanta, Ga., has a paper house. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. It is a neat little store, painted sky-blue, and was erected by a Frenchman who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weather boarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard.

COLOURS.—Brown and blue are decidedly the popular colours of the season in woman's dress and house decoration. Leaving out the sky there is less blue in nature than in any other colour. It is peculiarly a "heavenly" colour and Madonnas are always robed in it. In the Roman Catholic Church blue is "the Blessed Virgin's colour," and every young lady attending a convent school is required to have at least one blue dress. In many of the old countries when a child dies a blue forget-me-not is placed in its hand, emblematic of its heavenward flight.

WOMEN CAN ECONOMIZE.—Economy indeed! Why, most women have forgotten more about the subject than any man, except a miser, ever knew. The miser makes economy a profession and practices until he is perfect, but among unprofessionals, that is amateurs, the wife can reduce expenses so pleasantly and gracefully that the husband thinks his salary has been increased. If he attempts to do it, he fills the house with smoke from cheap coal, gives the children watered milk until they can no more stand on end than a piece of rubber, and makes the household feel that the best thing they can do is to starve to death.

THE WEATHER PLANT.—That remarkable specimen of the vegetable world, the "weather plant," continues to excite considerable interest in London. Men of science now agree that the shrub is prophetic. Thirty-two thousand trials made during the last three years tend to prove its infallibility. The plant itself is a vegetable called the "Paternoster-pea," or *Arbutus Peregrius*. It is a native of Corsica and Tunis. Its leaf and twig strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, while its lower and harder leaves indicate all atmospheric changes three days beforehand. The indications consist in a change in the position of the leaves, and in the rise and fall of the twigs and branchlets.

SCULPTURE AND STATUARY.

Mr. Percy Wood, after his father, Marshall Wood, is half a Canadian, through his works, and therefore deserves more than a passing notice, in connection with the unveiling of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, at Ottawa, a representation of which is given in our present issue. The following notes were furnished the editor by the artist himself, and have the merit of accuracy. They will also be found interesting.

Mr. Percy Wood has identified himself with the Indians of North America for many years, having become an adopted chief of the turtle clan of the Upper Mohawks under the sounding title of *Rah-rih-wa-pas-de* (The Lasting One). The national memorial to Brant and Six Nations at Brantford, Ont., was executed by Mr. Wood, after winning a competition open to the world. It is the largest work of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. All of the statues were cast from bronze cannon.

Mr. Wood was in Buffalo lately in connection with the Red Jacket Memorial, which is soon to be raised under the auspices of the Buffalo Historical Society. This society has been in communication with Mr. Wood concerning the matter for four years, and a fortnight ago two very elaborate models for the proposed monument were placed in the Historical rooms. One design shows a column of marble rising from a square base. Surmounting the column, seated in his council chair and dressed in his robes of state, is the renowned chief. In one hand he holds the pipe of peace. The medal presented him by General Washington is worn on his breast. Although in a small model of this kind the fine touches are omitted, this statue evinces a correctness of form and artistic finish which characterize all of Mr. Wood's work. A frieze at the top of the column is a design of crossed pipes, tomahawks, spears and totems of the Six Nations, the wolf, bear, deer, turtle, etc. The inscription appears on one side of the column. The sub base is pyramidal in form. At each of the corners stands a statue in bronze of a prominent chief of the Six Nations. One each side is a bas-relief executed in bronze, representing an important episode in the life of Red Jacket.

The other model is, to say the least, single of its kind. Whatever else may be said regarding it, it certainly possesses the great charm of originality. It is a wigwam wholly of bronze. The poles supporting it appear at the top. The bark and skins are carried out in detail, and it is a most realistic piece of work. Through the large opening is seen a group of the old Indian chiefs. Red Jacket stands in the centre looking out of the wigwam. Sitting about him are five chiefs of the other tribes, all in picturesque attitudes. Some of the poses are life-like to a remarkable degree.

The first model has the advantage of being appreciated from a distance, being equally beautiful from all sides. The design last mentioned would perhaps attract more attention in the end, and would be preferred by many as something entirely uncommon and original.

The works at present at Mr. Percy Wood's study include a colossal group of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, to be erected in commemoration of the jubilee, the model of which Mr. Wood has had the honour of submitting to the Queen. It is one block of the finest Crevezza marble, and will be unveiled at Lancaster, Eng., by the Prince of Wales. Another public memorial of much historic interest is the Crawford statue to commemorate the noble acts of Jack Crawford in saving the British fleet at the battle of Camperdown in 1797, by nailing Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast after they had been shot away. Crawford is represented as standing on the mast nailing his colours to it with his old flint-lock pistol.

Among the busts executed by Mr. Wood are those of the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Short); Joseph Livesey ("Father of Total Abstinence"); William MacMaster, the Baptist millionaire of Toronto, who founded MacMaster University; Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., the great anatomist

and palæontologist; and many others, including portrait busts of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Wood has presented a cast of his bust of Sir Richard Owen to the Buffalo Historical Society, and it is now being set up in the main room.

Another work of Mr. Percy Wood's is a marble bust of "Psyche," a highly idealized subject treated in a most delicate and exquisite manner. Mr. Wood spends a good deal of time on this side each year, and is making arrangements to locate a studio in New York, in which city he intends spending some months in each year. His London study is one of the few really artistic studios in the world.



The last square timber raft of the season was measured by the Cullers' office last week.

Notwithstanding the extremely wet season, the harvest in Nova Scotia has turned out remarkably well.

The new canal at the Canadian Sault will cost from two and a half to three million dollars. The contract calls for its completion by May, 1892.

In future connection between trains of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways is to be made at Levis instead of at South Quebec as heretofore.

The oldest incorporated business concern in the world is the Hudson's Bay Company, which has had an existence for 225 years. The headquarters of the company are at Winnipeg, Man., and the bulk of the stock is held in England.

The inauguration of the new Canadian College at Rome took place on the 11th inst. The ceremony was imposing. Cardinal Vicar Panocchi presided, and among others present were the British Ambassador, Sir Saville Lumley, Archbishop Fabre, Archbishop Duhamel, Bishop Moreau, Bishop Lorrain, the rectors of the foreign colleges at Rome, the heads of religious orders, a number of the Roman nobility, the Rev. Abbé Colin and the other Canadian priests now at Rome.

Dominion Chief Analyst, Mr. Macfarlane, states that while in Europe he visited the principal food, health and other laboratories in London, Berlin, Freiburg, Munich and Paris. Those of Berlin and Munich struck him as especially well appointed and showing much that is worthy of imitation with regard to apparatus and methods of analysis. In the examination of milk, butter and cheese, he thinks that the Inland Revenue laboratory at Ottawa excels the foreign institutions, both as regards methods and apparatus.

THE FLIRT.

If Time, the god of pleasure,
If Time, the god of tears,
My moments would remeasure,
And give me back my years:
Life's cup I would brim over,
And all old pleasures drain;
But the draught that made me lover
I would not drink again.

Like birds in summer bowers,
That trill their melody,
Hope sang, amid the hours,
Its joyous songs for me;
Till, with her heartless beauty,
She shared my thoughtless feet,
And love transcended duty,
And life grew incomplete.

The bee that sips the flowers,
Leaves golden pollen there,
And soon in sunny hours,
Ripe fruit the blossoms bear.
From her might words have fallen
My life's soul-bud upon,
And borne fruit like the pollen,
Ere was youth's summer done.

But, like the moth that settles
Upon the red ro-e spray,
And shines its velvet petals,
And eats its heart away,
She fastened on my weakness,
And made my soul her prize,
And slimed my life with bleakness,
And ate my love with lies.

She filled my life with sorrow,
And, laughing, flew away;
Mine was the woeful morrow,
And hers the glad to-day.
The soul within her keeping
Beneath her feet she trod,
But shall some day, with weeping,
Account for it to God!

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.