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{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,  
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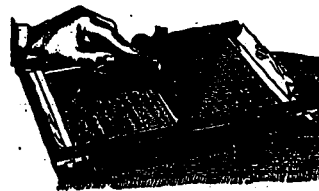
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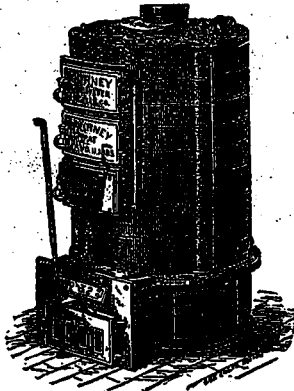
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## PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publication of ARCTURUS ceases with the present number. Subscribers whose dues remain unpaid will confer a favour by remitting the sum of ONE DOLLAR by registered letter to

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## Editorial Notes.

### THE QUEBEC STRIKE.

WHATEVER importance may be attached to labour struggles by the parties interested, it is certain that only a languid interest is taken in them by the outside public. Even those most interested in political economy and the labour question are fully convinced that all strikes, lock-outs and other conflicts between capital and labour are mere episodes in the contest by which neither side can make any permanent gain. But while a solid gain is admittedly impossible, a material and permanent loss is by no means unlikely in the case of the pending strike of the Quebec ship labourers. They may permanently destroy the trade of the port as well as their own means of living, by making Quebec unpopular with vessel-owners, who have considerable latitude in selecting their ports of entry, and can form a very effective combination, against which merchants and shippers have practically no remedy.

### THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

As if the retirement of Mr. Blake were not trouble enough, the Liberal party has made a serious mistake in choosing his *locum tenens*. Mr. Laurier is an excellent speaker, and may prove a good tactician; but he is not equal in weight or ability to Sir Richard Cartwright, and the policy of putting forward a Frenchman because he is a Frenchman, and not because he is the best man for the place, will merely imply a continuance of the unfortunate policy of Mr. Blake on the Riel question. Sir Richard is entitled to the position, and the fact that he still carries the Free Trade flag ought not to interfere with his advancement. If he ever comes by succession to the dignity of leader of the party, he will have to build the party platform, and one of the planks in that platform must be either protection or free trade. Till that time arrives, Sir Richard's free trade principles cannot do the party any more harm than they have done already—which is a good deal.

### THE NORTH-WEST.

THE murder of one of the police, rumours of trouble among the Indians on the boundary line, and the precautions against surprise adopted by white settlers in the North-West territories have created some apprehension that the rebellion of 1885 will be repeated on a larger scale; larger, that is, as far as Indian participation in it is concerned. But it is rather a hopeful sign that public attention has been early directed to what is going on, and that measures are being taken to prevent any probable mischief. The great danger of the rebellion in 1885 was owing to the fact that the authorities were totally unprepared for the outbreak, and quite unable to estimate its probable importance; and also that a nucleus of disaffected half-breeds was liable to form a rallying point for discontented Indians. All the conditions are altered now, and the country may fairly expect that the Indian rising, if one should occur, will be as easily put down as Big Bear's attempt at insurrection was ended after the half-breeds were crushed at Batoche.

### WATER GAS.

THE many accidents that have lately happened to persons using water gas seem to call for some legislation on the subject in the interests of the public. Water gas is cheaper than coal gas, being made from coke and water only, and it is more easily purified; but a peculiar danger lurks in the fact that it contains a large amount of carbon monoxide, a more deadly poison than any of the ordinary constituents of coal gas, and having no disagreeable odour to give warning of its presence when it escapes. If the water gas companies were obliged by law to make their own coke, and to mix the gas obtained in the process with the water gas, the mixed gas would have sufficient odour to give warning of its presence when in dangerous quantity. At present the unfortunate gas consumers have their choice of paying an exorbitant price for coal gas, or of using a cheaper substitute at the risk of their lives. Legislatures are very slow to interfere with vested interests; and we may have to wait for the general use of electricity as a remedy for the evil.

**A REPLETE EXCHEQUER.**

THE United States Republic is suffering just now from the most unique plethora known in the history of taxation—a superabundance of money in the treasury, and a want of constitutional means of spending it. It is of course unwise to take more money out of the pockets of the community than the needs of government demand, but the means of reducing taxation are not far to seek. To lower the customs tariff would not only defeat protection, which is a settled principle in their fiscal policy, but it would certainly increase the revenue by encouraging foreign importations. Obviously, then, the principle of protection must be pushed to its logical conclusion by raising the tariff on every article of home production till it becomes absolutely prohibitive, and thus ceases to afford any revenue at all. We are then likely to see an interesting experiment in the matter of tariffs—one of Bacon's "extreme instances," in which the principle of protection will undergo a test to which it has probably never before been submitted so thoroughly. This continent has seen many experiments in popular legislation, and many more are still in progress, but this one, which will probably soon be on trial, will rank among the highest in interest and importance. It will be very likely to disturb the balance of trade with Europe, and may lead to some startling and wholly unexpected developments.

**BRITISH DEFENCES.**

It is the custom in England to have periodically what is called a "scare." A little harmless French bombast produced one in 1859, and the result was the Volunteer movement. The German victories in 1870 and the publication of the "Battle of Dorking" produced another, and the result was seen in a radical modification of recruiting and organizing the Army. Lord Randolph Churchill is now trying very hard to produce another by proclaiming that all the British fortresses that guard the foreign dependencies are practically defenceless, and that the Navy is a mere sham. If Lord Randolph were looked upon as an unimpeachable authority, or even a candid one, his assertions would indeed produce a "scare"; but it is probable that most people will look upon him simply as a disappointed politician in search of a ladder to aid him in again reaching office. It is indeed sincerely to be hoped that his lordship is mistaken, or that he has been misinformed, for such radical defects as some of those he claims to have discovered—such as a destitution of heavy ordnance—cannot be remedied in a hurry. The want of mobilizing power in the army and neglect in victualling fortresses can be readily investigated and soon repaired.

**THE IRON DUTIES.**

THE new iron duties at first created a ripple of excitement in English commercial circles, but this seems to be subsiding if we may judge from Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords last week. English merchants are already beginning to see that Canada will for some time to come go on consuming English iron, and if our own iron manufactures can be satisfactorily developed it would be foolish to suppose that we should refrain from using them. That the

C.P.R. line of steamers from Vancouver to Japan will suffer vicariously the punishment that British statesmen cannot inflict directly upon Sir Charles Tupper is hardly consistent with our preconceived notions of British statesmanship. At any rate the Pacific line is certain to be a financial success, with or without Imperial subvention, and it is equally sure that the recognition which always attends success will not be denied when success is once assured.

**THE PROSPECT IN EUROPE.**

FOR some time the general tendency of European news has been to indicate the continuance of peace. Every war cloud that passes harmlessly overhead lightens the blackness of the next threatening portent, and when war does come the bolt will probably shoot from a small cloud in a clear sky, as has often happened before. But some of the later signs are ominous to England, and point indirectly to the interests she is so anxious to protect in Eastern Europe. While Russia has one eye steadily fixed on the Balkan peninsula, the other turns its maleficent glances from east to west, and suspicion, conspiracy and trouble seem to follow its revolutions. Trouble in India seems to be Russia's lure to draw off England's attention from European affairs, and if the Holy Empire had not been so completely exhausted by the Crimean struggle, then just finished, the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 would have heralded a solution of the Eastern question completely satisfactory to Russia. But she was unable to take advantage of her best opportunity in a century, and now she is vainly trying to create one by fomenting rebellion in Afghanistan and lionizing the deposed Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at Moscow. England has little to fear from these puerile attacks. She still has her "scientific frontier" intact; but the signs of Russia's restlessness and animosity are apt to raise fears for the continuance of peace. If Germany refuses to aid Austria against Russia, and Bismarck has lately shown signs of great anxiety to conciliate the latter power, Austria will be left to battle alone for the possession of Constantinople, with only the probable assistance of England and the possible alliance of Italy. If these three nations should hold firmly together, Russia would not dare to attack Bulgaria alone, and a good understanding between them is absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace. Italy's sympathies are certainly with Austria, or rather against Russia, for she is not willing to see either power aggrandize itself in her near vicinity; but whether she will fight without Germany's assistance is at least doubtful.

**THE INTER-PROVINCIAL QUESTION.**

THE Premier of Quebec has, with great frankness, stated his views in relation to the course he means to propose for the adoption of all the Provincial Governments included in the Confederation. He says that Quebec is unable to pay her way without more liberal assistance from the Dominion treasury, and, that as more cannot reasonably be expected in the way of "better terms," it is necessary that all the Provinces should join in a demand for such a financial readjustment as would leave them all individually richer. If this demand should be supported by the weight of seven Provincial

Governments it might carry a majority of votes at the next general election, and then the Dominion Government would have to consider the only alternatives open to them—either they must add to our already heavy taxation or they must reduce their expenditure. To do the first would be almost impossible, for protective duties raised beyond a certain point cease to be revenue-producers by checking importation; and as Ontario pays about three-fifths of all the Federal taxation it is probable the limit of Ontario's endurance would soon be reached. To reduce expenditure would be difficult, not to say disagreeable, to a Ministry which has always been at least sufficiently liberal; but if it must be done it must, and the general results could hardly be other than beneficial. There would be no money left for railway subsidies or better terms; no more grumbling at an unfair division of favours; for the money left in the treasury would be sufficient only for purposes indisputably necessary, and benefits common to the whole Dominion. The Provinces would have much more for themselves, and with better means at their command they would deserve no sympathy if they failed to spend their money both economically and wisely. Ontario would be the greatest gainer, for an addition to her Provincial revenue would defray many of the expenses now paid by the County Councils, and thus materially lighten our direct taxation for municipal purposes.

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

It is easy to impute bad generalship to the defeated leader, but the Parliamentary tactics of Mr. Gladstone since casting in his lot with the Home Rulers have been so unfortunate, and so diametrically opposed to his calm and dignified policy when at other times in Opposition, that we should hardly wonder if the disappointed Nationalists were to rebel against the joint leadership of himself and Mr. Parnell. To protract the debate on the Crimes Bill was to give their opponents a chance of which they made full use by deferring any land or local government measures for Ireland for this session, on the ground that Ireland had already taken up more than her full share of the time rightfully belonging to her, and it is likely that the policy of abstaining from voting will work further mischief to the allied parties. The policy of abstention has been a complete and utter failure in Spain, in Italy and everywhere that it has been tried. It encourages an enemy to insolence and aggression, and is only less fatal to the party practising it than the absolutely suicidal policy of abstaining from debate.

#### HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE fraternity who rejoice in the mystic symbol of the little hatchet, the news-writers and news-mongers who strive at a very respectful distance to imitate George Washington, have not yet contradicted the remarkable canard of two weeks ago asserting the discovery in Morocco of a treasure amounting to £95,000,000; yet its origin is not far to seek. A week or two before the report was cabled that a deceased Indian prince had left hidden at Gwalior a treasure of somewhat less than £5,000,000 sterling, and as this did not create an overwhelming sensation the man who does the romance business in Reuter's agency

just added £90,000,000 to the amount of the recent discovery. Now we must emphatically protest against this style of fiction. There is nothing romantic, nothing of enterprise, not even a touch of literary skill in simply prefixing the figure 9 to an amount already reasonably large, and then changing the locality of the find to make it look like a new item. If this is allowed to be reportorial Art, true genius will be driven out of the field, and the clumsiest romance will be the most successful. The clumsiness of this story exceeds its boldness. The sum mentioned would exceed the joint fortunes of all the Rothschilds and all the Vanderbilts, with Croesus and Monte Cristo thrown in as make-weights. Such an amount of bullion, if placed suddenly in the money market, would derange the finances of the entire planet we live on, and a poor country like Morocco could not save that amount in a century. The Shahs of Persia have been accumulating for generations, but their entire hoard is only estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. of the supposed savings or stealings of a man of whom the world had never previously heard.

#### THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE end of the session, which has been expedited by every reasonable means in the power of home-hungry legislators, has not come without the usual wail of slaughtered innocents in the shape of little murdered Bills. Mr. McCarthy's railway bill should have been passed by hook or by crook, if it were only for the clauses protecting railway employees. The delay in passing these is the more exasperating from the fact that they were taken from Mr. Fraser's bill, which became law for Ontario three years ago, but was virtually repealed so far as most of our railroads were concerned by the Dominion Act declaring most of the lines in this Province to be lines for the general benefit of the whole country. This at once placed all our main lines under the jurisdiction of the Ottawa Parliament and its Acts, and deprived railway employees of the benefits which Mr. Fraser's Act was intended to confer upon them. We trust Mr. McCarthy will be more successful another year, and that his proposed Railway Commission will be got into workable shape. We need it badly enough here, and can plainly see from the squirming of "soulless corporations" on the other side of the boundary line that the recent railway legislation there has been vastly for the benefit of the general public, and to the detriment of the corporate bodies deficient in soul. There is little doubt that a bill similar to the Interstate Commerce Bill would break the force of the present Disallowance agitation in Manitoba. The people there are not sentimentally dolorous over the fact of having only two railways, they want practical competition and low rates for grain to Winnipeg, and, failing to get these, it is our deliberate opinion that there will be serious trouble in Manitoba and that a virtual state of rebellion will exist there before long. We do not think the Government would go to the extent of ordering out the militia to suppress such a rebellion, nor do we imagine that under such circumstances the militia would go, but nevertheless any attempt to use extreme measures on either side may lead to serious consequences.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1887.

JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

Terms, in advance, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.00 for six months. Subscribers not paying in advance will be charged 50c. extra. Clubs of three, \$5.00; clubs of five or more, to one address, \$1.60 each. Subscriptions may begin any time. Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines. Business communications should be addressed, Business Manager, ARCTURUS, Room U, Arcade (Victoria Street entrance), Toronto. To Contributors.—The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS. by post, even when they are accompanied by stamps to pay return postage.

## MR. BLAKE'S RETIREMENT.

THE exit of a great man from the arena of public life calls forth a chorus of remark in which criticism blends with unusual sympathy. Opponents regret his absence the more easily because they do not feel the keen edge of his logic, or fear the frustration of their plans, while friends look upon his loss as a check to their own advancement and the triumph of their principles. With both friends and foes there is mingled a regret that so much ability and eloquence—so much that made memorable the debate of public questions—have left their wonted sphere. The subject of Mr. Blake's retirement will not be exhausted by the first few weeks of newspaper comment, nor can a fair estimate of his character and influence on Canadian politics be given by the alternating praise and blame that come from friend and foe. Besides, his political career cannot be said to be a completed one, nor can the political forces which he controlled be regarded as free from his future influence. Whether bodily sickness or mental disappointment, or both, have caused him to relax his hold on the Liberal party, it cannot be known yet that he will not return to the leadership. But it must be confessed that Mr. Blake's failures to obtain power have been such as might well produce in him a feeling of disgust, and a resolve to keep clear of interference with the political embroglio.

There is no need to impute, as some have foolishly done, such despair of mind as the words "heart-breaking disappointment" and other phrases bordering on the maudlin would imply; for such despair has no place on the record of duty nobly done. It is not likely that he has reached the last stage of gloomy isolation which compelled another great Irishman, Edmund Burke, to say that he would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. While the only known immediate cause of Mr. Blake's retirement is physical illness, it can only be surmised what part mental anxiety and discouragement had in the result. To those who know the methods by which his policy has been opposed, contempt for these methods and disdain of imitating them may well seem to have contributed to it. Still, there is no doubt that some minor personal deficiencies, doubly injurious to a party leader, have partly nullified that largeness and weight of mind which would have had their proper recognition in a political life far larger than our own. Mr. Blake stands a grand and, if the word be no reproach to his dignity, pathetic figure in

the public eye; grand, by reason of the size and cogency of his argumentative powers and unmatched strength in public discussion; pathetic, because crippled by the lack of the unwillingness to practise the lesser arts by which politicians gain friends and tools—not necessarily unmanly arts—but those which are so potent when greatness and suavity meet in their possessor. Sir John has been known to make political converts by slapping them on the back, but has Mr. Blake ever been suspected of so jovial a familiarity? It may be said that these are small obstacles in the path of a leader with a salient policy, but in Mr. Blake's case they are aggravated by irresoluteness in grasping the main chance; and this latter fault, while it is consistent with a profound and comprehensive view of political questions, lets slip by the exigent moment in which a man's enemies are given into his hand. The facts which seem to determine the success of a political leader relate either to his personal qualities or to the inherent strength of his cause. Either he must be capable of uniting various political forces and opinions under a strong personal ascendancy, or the vitality of the principle he contends for must be strong enough to live without aids other than a clear presentation of its truth. Either he must rule a heterogeneous party powerfully, or he must have a policy which alone is the adhesive bond of its supporters, and will inevitably prevail when its claims become evident. In the one case, opposing prejudices and alien sections of the community may be so played against one another that an illusive unity is gained and the temporary aims of a party leader are advanced; in the other, progress depends upon education of the public mind.

Had Mr. Blake remained at the post of honour when his admiring countrymen placed him as leader of the Canada First Party, journalism and all the interests which it voices would not now be looking for the coming man. The latter shadowy personage ought to have been earnestly at work when aspirations for a more vigorous national life began to manifest themselves. As the pioneer and exponent of those aspirations, a little more perseverance would have given Mr. Blake command of all the fine opportunities whose loss has kept him from power. But "Canada First" was left to thrive as best it could, and from that moment Mr. Blake's career has not been successful. He has shown the possession of great powers and has left an example of the purest morality, but has not realized his political ideals because, even if he did anticipate public opinion, he failed to give it voice and direction in its earlier stages.

Is it yet too late? Mr. Blake is by no means an old man in the parliamentary sense, and the possibility of effective work remains to him. Commercial Union is the question which now waits to be solved, and where could it find an abler advocate?

Toronto.

J. W. R.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS are about to enrich their increasing library of American fiction by the addition of an interesting volume from the pen of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. It is a collection of short stories of the Green Mountain region which originally appeared in various magazines. The title is *A Humble Romance and Other Stories*.

## Poetry.

**THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.**

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,  
 And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,  
 The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,  
 Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.  
 It's cockit little robin,  
 And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;  
 For he sings so sweetly still,  
 Through his tiny slender bill,  
 With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,  
 To other little birdies so bewilderin',  
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,  
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,  
 Singing Christmas stories to the children,  
 Of how two tender babes  
 Were left in woodland glades

By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;  
 But Bobby saw the crime  
 (He was watching all the time!),  
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,  
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,  
 Robin may be heard on the corner of the wall,  
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening.  
 And sure from what I've heard,  
 He's God's own little bird,

And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;  
 But once he sat forlorn  
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,  
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

**THE LONE BUFFALO.**

THE last remaining buffalo herd in the Canadian North-West is the property of Warden Bedson, of the Manitoba Penitentiary, who is perhaps to-day the best authority in America on buffalo breeding. Mr. Bedson commenced a few years ago with nine animals, and has now a herd of sixty-eight not including eighteen hybrids, the result of crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow. In view of the work of extinction that has been going on so ruthlessly for the past ten years Mr. Bedson can claim to be a public benefactor. While before Senator Schultze's committee of enquiry (which is endeavouring to collect reliable evidence as to the resources and food products of the North-West) Warden Bedson gave some most interesting information about the buffalo and the results of his experiments as a breeder. Crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow had produced a hybrid animal, larger, stronger, and heavier than the domestic animal, and one also able to winter out without shelter, even when calved as late as November. The meat of the animal, it is averred, is better than that of the domestic animal and the robe more equally furred and for all purposes better than the ordinary buffalo robe. Mr. Bedson says the crossing is effected without difficulty, and thinks a cross between the buffalo and domestic cow would be still better than between Buffalo and Durham. He has only tried the Durham cow, but proposes to try the Polled Angus and Galloway breeds on account of the darker colour of the robe, one of which would be worth \$75. The hybrids are more useful than the domestic ox, being larger, stronger and hardier, and can be applied to any of the ordinary purposes of oxen. One instance was given where a three-year-old hybrid animal weighed 2,000 pounds, and stood five feet high at the fore shoulders. The hybrid calves need little care, and no evidence of a hump is apparent till about three weeks after birth. The lone buffalo deserves more consideration than he has been getting recently, and it is to be hoped that he will have many more such friends and guardians as Warden Bedson to bring him up in the way he should go.

**SELF-CONTROL REQUIRED.**

A BRIEF ESSAY ON THE FACIAL EXPRESSION OF STENOGRAPHERS.

IN all the advertisements and circulars which the various shorthand schools and colleges are sending broadcast over the country regarding the qualifications of students whom they have graduated I find one point not alluded to; and as I believe this omitted point something necessary to the success of every one acting as private secretary it seems to me it should be taught, or, at least, spoken of as a necessary requisite in the proficiency of shorthand writers.

In these days when so much attention is given to the Delsarte method of expression by those who are fitting themselves professionally for the stage, and the look without the accompanying words can be made to express emotion of any kind, I would suggest a method—differing from the Delsarte in the opposite extreme—which should be used in connection with every system of shorthand, that pupils may learn not to accompany their dictators' words with varying expressions of countenance, but so train themselves that they can assume a stoical expression which they shall wear at all times, and out of which they will not be surprised under the most trying circumstances.

In my experience as private amanuensis in a large wholesale house I have learned this for myself, and now would help others just entering the field who have no idea how much depends upon the cultivation of facial expression; or rather, the cultivation of non-expression in the face.

Have you a keen sense of humour, and are you unfortunate enough to see the ridiculous side of everything? Then I warn you to so train yourself that, while laughing inwardly as much as you please, not even the fringe of your eye-lids shall quiver, or the corners of your mouth twist, when your dictator expresses himself in so peculiar a manner as to excite your risibles.

If brought up in a conscientious family, with no knowledge of business entanglements which necessitate the telling of "white lies," then again will it be well for you to be versed in facial expression to the intent that when you are receiving words from your dictator's lips exactly contrary to opinions expressed by him in previous letters to other parties, your eyes shall not open wide with a questioning look but will maintain a down-cast, "none of my business" position, which at all times suit your employer, for where is there a business man who wants his conscience sitting at his elbow, ready to say in looks—because it dare not in words—"You are not telling the truth, sir."

If you pride yourself upon your correct grammar and wince involuntarily at the indiscriminate mixing of pronouns and tenses when in the presence of people not related to Richard Grant White, then will it be necessary for you to be well trained that not a shadow of horror will pass over your countenance when your dictator begins a letter in his most consequential manner: "We done the best we could, but it is our intentions to do better," etc., etc., or so mixes his own individual "I" with the firm "we" that you are in doubt as to the proper signature of the same. If you feel each hair rising, each muscle of your eye wincing, and all the wrinkles of your forehead holding an indignation meeting at a common centre, I warn you to suppress them all. Say to each rising hair, "Sit thee down, my child"; to each quivering muscle, "Cease thy sympathetic convulsion," and to the gathering wrinkles, "Depart in peace, this is none of your affair that you should thus show yourselves in battle array."

M. LIGNER, an Austrian meteorologist, claims to have ascertained after careful investigation that the moon has an influence on the magnetized needle varying with its phases.

## RICARDO'S BENEFIT.

"RICARDO, THE CHAMPION ATHLETE OF EUROPE, IN HIS WONDER-INSPIRING EVOLUTIONS. RICARDO, THE UNEQUALLED ACROBAT, IN HIS MARVELLOUS, UNRIVALLED PERFORMANCE ON THE VIBRATING WIRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INFIRMARY OF THIS TOWN."

I read the glaring letters rather more thoughtfully than I would have cared to confess, but my eyes rested longest on the one large red line in the centre of the long poster—

### "NINETTE, THE EQUESTRIAN QUEEN."

Did Ninette, the star of the Royal Cirque d'Afrique, ever stop, as I did, to read the words that were so familiar? Did she ever feel, as I did, a thrill of pride at seeing our two names the chief attractions in the list? Did she ever feel, as I did, that we two, who were connected so closely—

"Signor Ricardo," cried a gay, clear voice behind me, "does it feel like looking at yourself in a glass?"

I turned quickly to Ninette, the gladness of my heart shining in my eyes as I met hers. And well might my heart and eyes be glad to see Ninette. Ah! so plainly can I recall, as I write of her, the little figure beside which I walked so happily that day—that day, for the last time. The slight, small, supple form whose every movement had a free, light grace which was like the unconscious grace of a little child. The bright, small face whose white skin never needed powder, and whose pink cheeks never needed paint. The big, blue, restless eyes, and the short fair curls which lay flat on the low, white forehead. With the brilliant look of perfect health on her face; with the arch glance in her merry, mischievous eyes; with the tasteful, picturesque dress which she always chose; Ninette was a picture to gladden any heart indeed.

"I see it is a grand new programme on purpose for to-night's performance," I said, as we walked on; "and I see, too, that I am intended to eclipse you all."

"Or rather to eclipse yourself, Ricardo. You surely cannot imagine it would be possible for you to eclipse the Equestrian Queen?"

As Ninette spoke, we passed a high wall on which blazed a huge coloured picture representing a girl in an unnatural costume, standing in an unnatural position, on the neck of a most unnatural horse. I turned away my eyes, for this was supposed to be Ninette.

"What a look of repugnance, Ricardo!" she said, with her young, musical laugh. "Don't you think it like me?"

"As much like you," I answered, "as the bare, sanded circus ring is like a sunlit meadow of sweet flowers."

Looking at her as I spoke, I saw the colour mount in her soft, bright cheeks. Not for a moment did I imagine that my words had called it there, and looking for the cause I noticed that a gentleman who met us had raised his hat to Ninette with a long look of admiration. And then I walked on beside her still more thoughtfully.

"You seem very cross, Ricardo," said Ninette, presently, glancing coquettishly into my face; "I mean crosser even than usual."

"Who was that gentleman, Mademoiselle Ninette?"

"I'm not quite sure about his name," she answered, with cool slowness. "He is a captain in the militia here, and he admires the Equestrian Queen immensely."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; he admires me very much indeed," she continued, carelessly; "so he comes to every performance."

"It is well, Ninette, that you win admiration," I said with quiet coldness; "you love it so dearly.

"Don't be grand, Ricardo," she laughed, saucily; "just because you do not win it—nor love it dearly. Why of course I love admiration. Stars always do."

"Do they?" I said, my eyes full of it as I turned to read her brilliant little face.

"The sort of admiration I like," answered Ninette, with complacency, "is Captain—O what shall I call him—Captain Attendant's; it has a charming halo of mystery and romance about it. And the sort of admiration I don't care at all for, is that I win from our own company; your own, Ricardo, for instance, wearies me beyond all words."

"You tell me this very often," I said, speaking unsteadily; "but I cannot help its being yours through all."

"Why don't you give it to Josephine?" inquired Ninette, with nonchalance, "or to one of the other girls?"

"Such an idea is simply ridiculous," I answered in passionate scorn. "My love was won from me before either you or I could prevent it; now it must be yours forever. You know this through all your treatment of me. Whether you are kind in this treatment, your own heart may tell you."

"Thank you, signor; but my own heart is very comfortable. I will not disturb it by unnecessary questioning. I wish you were as comfortable, for your own sake. How are you to get through your marvellous and unrivalled performance on the vibrating wire, O Champion Athlete, if you make yourself uneasy over trifles? Remember what is expected of you to-night. Monsieur says" (we always spoke of the manager as Monsieur) "that every seat will be filled, and that we shall have a grand night. He almost seems provoked about it, because he reaps no benefit; but I say, if we do profess to aid the Infirmary, let our aid be worth accepting. I wish I was going to do something great in such a cause, Ricardo, as well as you."

"It was given me to do," I put in, sullenly; "I didn't offer."

"Never mind that. You will help in a good cause; and I should like (in the same cause) to have ridden as I learnt to do in Morocco. I would have performed what Monsieur announced there as my Moorish Feat if he would have permitted it."

"Oh, no!" I cried, quickly. "Never again, I trust, Ninette." For once I had seen Ninette make the daring leap, standing on one foot on Black Hawk's neck, and my heart beat with fear at the very mention of it now.

"Oh! I would," she laughed; "and yet I do believe I'm glad I'm not going to do it. I only feel I ought to have insisted upon it, for I expect Monsieur merely waited for that. As it is, the chief honour of this benefit night devolves upon you, Signor Ricardo, and I am jealous."

"You know as well as I do, Ninette, I answered, rather hotly, "that you are always the one great attraction of the Circus—Monsieur knows it too—and that your name standing alone is a more powerful magnet to the public than mine is with all my feats emblazoned after it."

"Yes, I know it," she returned, laughing coolly. "Now, good-bye. I'm going to drink tea with Monsieur."

With a quick little nod she ran into the manager's lodgings, and I walked on to my own, with my thoughts still full of her. How I loved her! So oddly, too, that sometimes my own love almost bewildered me; its persistency having no hope in it, yet its hopelessness having no despair. It was a love that never was moved by her indifference or scorn, and never weakened by her contempt. She was proud of her own beauty and of her power over us all, and she never attempted to hide this—never domineering over the female performers, who were all older and plainer than herself, but domineering most despotically over every male



performer in the Circus. But she did it so prettily and bewitchingly that I was not the only one who had laid his love at her feet to be trampled on at her girlish pleasure. I had but poor health even then, and this was one source of Ninette's merry sarcasm.

"The Champion Athlete has not an athletic appearance," she used to say. "I fear the signor is weak in every way." And then, with her eyes full of radiant health, she would demurely recommend me a winter in the South—just because the winter was coming on, and we were in the North. "I *must* laugh at you, Ricardo," she would sometimes say; "I get so dreadfully tired of you unless I turn you into ridicule."

And I knew that she spoke truth.

I was thinking, as I ever was, of this love of mine, and wondering how Ninette would choose to treat me to-night, when, with my great-coat over my performing dress, I entered the manager's anteroom. I was late, for I had not been well enough to hasten, and all the company had assembled, lounging or bustling about according to their appointed tasks.

"Late, O Monarch of the Vibrating Wire," said Ninette, as I hesitated before her, looking at her half enthralled and half amused. She was leaning against the table, in her crimson velvet habit—for she had no wonderful feats to perform to-night—the little crimson cap, with its white feather, set coquettishly on one side of her bright, fair curls.

"You look," she continued, saucily, "as if you had risen from a sick bed to perform for the sick. How interesting!"

I moved into the dimly-lighted building which surrounded the tent, and looked in at the performance.

"The Circus is crowded," Ninette whispered, as she sauntered out with me. "I hardly ever remember our having such a crowd, Ricardo."

"And I hope we never shall have it again," I panted, unbuttoning my coat. "The place is stifling."

"O, I hope we shall," she laughed merrily, "I should like to see hundreds turned away from the doors, and no room left inside even for one child more."

Ah! Ninette, how soon you were to have your wish fulfilled!

"We shall have a splendid gift for the hospital," she continued; "but Ricardo, what do you think? A clergyman here, who was going to have a service in his church on Sunday especially for the Infirmary, has declined to do so now because we have taken up its cause. He thinks—he says—" Ninette's voice was low and puzzled here, and her eyes angry; "he says if it will accept money earned—so, his conscience does not allow him to give it money from God's house. Why don't you answer?" she went on, impetuously, as I paused. "Why don't you say something angry?"

"It isn't worth speaking of," I replied, though I think my heart was as hot as her own. "It is only worth laughing over."

And then Ninette, looking searchingly into my face, did laugh, her clear, happy laugh, though the puzzled look still shone in her bright, excited eyes.

"Yes; we shall send a worthy present to the hospital I hope, and trust, and believe," she continued, slowly, "but our help is only to lower it—or, at least," she went on, as I tried to interrupt her in hasty dissent, "good men think so."

"One man—and who *ought* to be good," I put in, contemptuously.

"One man," she rejoined, the puzzled look deepening again, "speaking for many who think as he does, and who understand this as we cannot. And yet—and yet—Ricardo, look at that mass of eager, expectant faces. Why do they come to see us—why do they encourage us—if we sin in

what we do? Why doesn't the world show us so in the only way which there would be no withstanding? Does this thought bewilder you too, Ricardo?"

It had bewildered me many and many a time, but I could not tell her so, for the very shadow of the fear that this life in which we were so much together might be wrong, made me shiver coldly. Her earnestness, which had been almost appealing, vanished suddenly. "Never mind," she said, with her quick laugh, tossing back the bright little head in its velvet cap, "All lives have their aching, troublesome moments I suppose. There! they are waiting for your first feat and your greatest. Go on, signor, and prosper."

With her pleasant words in my ears, I went in amid the deafening applause of the crowd, and, bowing slightly, walked coolly across the ring. I thought nothing of the mass of faces rising in rows, but I remembered that Ninette could see me, and that she had said I was helping in a good cause. I felt that I performed as I had hardly ever performed before, and the long applause was again and again renewed as I left the ring. What would Ninette say? Would she congratulate me? Passing through the dimly-lighted building outside the tent, where the horses waited, I caught sight of two figures standing aside in the shadow—Ninette and the gentleman whom we had met that morning—talking low and earnestly. I had often noticed him in the circus and noticed his evident admiration of Ninette, (but then did not every one gaze at her in admiration?) still I had never seen him out there among us before, and I started as I came up to them in the gloom. Ninette carelessly turned her eyes upon me for a moment, then went on talking; coquettishly and flippantly it seemed to me. I took her horse from the man who was bringing it forward, and myself led it towards her.

"Are you ready, Mademoiselle Ninette?" I asked, my voice trembling against my will.

"Ready? Why?" she inquired, with slow contempt.

"Allow me. O, pray allow me, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the stranger, starting forward. And Ninette, smiling, put her foot into his hand.

Seating herself in the saddle with the utmost ease, she carelessly, as it seemed, backed Black Hawk against me. "Signor Ricardo," she said, haughtily, "is this the spot where the gentlemen of our company usually rest between their exercises in the ring?" An ironical answer rose to my lips, but I withheld the words.

"Stand back, if you please, signor. Must you always follow me? always haunt me? Stand back."

With a quick change of voice, and a bright shy smile, she bent to take her little gilded whip as the officer handed it to her.

"Thanks, Monsieur le Capitaine." And whilst she bent gracefully, and seemed to be only stroking the neck of the splendid black horse, she reined him in, skilfully and imperceptibly, until he touched my shoulder.

"Gently! gently, my hawk," she said, feigning utter unconsciousness of my presence, "would you fly too soon?" Then, with a most demure little face, she cantered through the opening in the canvas.

"A most proud and bewitching little equestrian queen," said the young officer, appearing much amused by my discomfiture, "but, like old Rome, I suppose you can well 'bear the pride of her of whom yourself are proud!'"

I turned away without answering; and for the first time Ninette performed without my eyes following her graceful motions. The strange gentleman moved to the opening into the tent, but when she rode back, flushed and triumphant after her success, he came forward again eagerly. She drew up her lissome little figure with a dash of odd

pride, and turning Black Hawk rapidly aside, sprang to the ground unassisted. Her part was played for that night, and, while the loud clapping within was continued, she walked slowly out into the darkness; her long crimson habit over her arm, her little cap pushed from her bright excited face, and her eyes raised to the young officer who walked beside her.

Thus I watched them going together under the awning out into the night, and then I went back to complete the "wonder-inspiring evolutions" which the crowd waited for; while my heart seemed breaking in its jealousy.

After that, all is a burning confusion in my brain until one evening when I awoke to consciousness in the hospital for which I had been performing, and heard the physicians (who had seen me fall, and had attended pityingly upon me ever since) whisper that all would be well in time.

"Ricardo, dear fellow," said Monsieur, coming forward softly, and bending to whisper to me, "Thank God all will be well. The worst is over."

I hardly know when the knowledge dawned upon me, or how; but as I lay there—my old companions clustering round me—I knew that I had performed among them for the last time. I knew that life had most wonderfully and mercifully been spared me; but that I should never walk again. I do not remember that the knowledge came with any sharp or bitter pain; I think it was a quiet, hopeless conviction from the first. They had given me a small room in the hospital to myself; partly to spare others the sight of my suffering; partly perhaps, as Monsieur said, because I had hurt myself in their cause.

So the days and nights passed on; and slowly, slowly brought me a little ease at last.

One morning Monsieur, entering my room with a brighter face than usual, told me Ninette had come to see me. I felt the blood rush into my wan face as I took her little warm hand in both my own.

"Oh! you are so much better, Ricardo," she said, her small lips trembling a little as she looked at me. "We shall soon have you back in your place among us."

I shook my head slowly. "Never again, Ninette."  
"Why?" she asked, in feigned astonishment.  
"I shall never walk again anywhere, I think, Ninette; certainly not on the vibrating wire. I know I must be—be lame all my life; and I'm trying, as I lie here, to get accustomed to the thought, and to feel prepared."

"No! no!" she cried quickly. "Don't try to get accustomed to it, Ricardo. Try to think of getting well, and that will help you to do so."

"Will it? Then I will try," I answered, struggling with my sadness. "When do you leave here?"

"Leave here? O, I don't know. Not till you are well, I should think. Why, Ricardo," she added, as I smiled incredulously, "don't you know that to-night we are all going to perform for your benefit? You've not heard, you say? Why, what has Monsieur found to talk to you about then, for he talks to me of nothing else? I wish I could have brought you one of the enormous bills, headed "Ricardo's Benefit," in letters as large as myself. You always were fond of reading your own name in the bills, weren't you?"

"Yes—with yours," I answered, intently watching the bright face.

"Well, you would have seen mine too to-day, in letters almost larger, for I'm going to—ride."

"Of course," I answered, with a faint smile, while I wondered a little at the sudden change in her voice. "What audience would there be if you did not, Ninette?"

"None," she laughed. "You must wish me success before I go away. But here's Monsieur come to dismiss me.

I've been telling Signor Ricardo," she added, as the manager joined us, "various particulars of his Benefit. How very willingly we all give our services. How all the town is patronizing us."

"And did she tell you," asked Monsieur, with a pleased and excited look, "how I offered to double the price of admission if anyone would promise a novelty? and how she herself immediately proposed to perform her Moorish Feat? I'll show you one of the handbills. Here it is. 'Mlle. Ninette, the Equestrian Queen, on her magnificent steed Black Hawk, will——'"

"O no, no! you must not let her," I exclaimed, in hasty fear. "Oh! Monsieur, it is most rash and dangerous."

Monsieur smiled as he put the handbill back into his pocket, and Ninette rose with a vexed glance across at him.

"Do forbid her to do this," I cried again.

"Mlle. Ninette is such a superb horsewoman," the manager said, "that, if she feels she can accomplish it safely and brilliantly, I feel it too. And it will make to-night's performance an unrivalled success. She has done it before, you know; and a gorgeous and unprecedented triumph it was."

"It is a wilful risking of life," I faltered, the tears starting in my weakness. "I shall be miserable."

"I shall not," laughed Monsieur, rising. "I have too much confidence in Ninette."

"Don't think about it at all, Ricardo," Ninette said, giving me her hand as she prepared to leave. "I should never have told you myself, because I know how invalids worry themselves about the safest and most trifling things. I have made up my mind to do it, and Black Hawk understands that same entirely."

"Oh! do not venture it, Ninette," I whispered, appealing to her in bitter earnestness. "Say you will not."

"No—for I *must*," she answered, laughing lightly, though she spoke with odd, steady quietness.

Then I covered my eyes with my feeble hands, and let the tears flow on.

"I shall come in and see you before the performance," Ninette said, after a little dismal pause.

"Will you, Ninette?" I asked eagerly, as I battled with my cowardice. "Will you come in just as you go?"

"I hardly know about that," she answered, with a quaint, sly smile; "I have a startling costume in which you will not recognize me."

Monsieur had left the room then, and Ninette was standing opposite me, about to follow him.

"Ninette," I said, slowly, as I feasted my eyes on her sweet face, "when I saw you first you wore an old black habit, quite rusty I remember; and you had a hat in your hand, with a long scarlet plume almost touching the ground. And however I have seen you since, you have always been to me as you were that day—and you always will be, dear."

"I remember that old velvet habit," she laughed. "It is a superannuated article now; and—what did you think of me then, Ricardo?"

"Just what I think now."

She laughed again, but her step was soft and lingering when she left me.

Until evening I lay and thought of her; picturing the beautiful little figure that would come to me in its gorgeous theatrical dress. The twilight glided slowly into my silent room, and then I lay and listened breathlessly, for I knew she must come soon now. Yet so noiselessly she entered at last that even my waiting ears could scarcely catch the light step. Without a word she shut the door behind her. Then she stood looking at me; her red lips parted with an irrepressible smile, and her eyes brimming over with fun. But

she was clad in no gay unusual dress; she stood there holding up in one hand the old black habit; from the other dangled the little hat with its scarlet plume; and her head was only crowned with its bright, fair curls.

"Ninette," I said, breaking my wondering silence, "seeing you so, I feel as if, through all the years that I lie helpless, I could dream that you have been to me all that I wildly dreamed you might be when I saw you so for the first time. Thank you for coming as you are; but you will have to change your dress again, you ride in such a different costume."

The colour rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes grew hot and dark.

"Yes, very different; but cannot you think of me always as you see me now, Ricardo? as you saw me first? The people are passing the hospital gates in crowds," she went on, turning and looking through the window; "I expect a fuller house than we have ever had in England. It is for your sake, signor."

"I wish I thought so," I said, very earnestly; I wish I did not know they go to see your wild and daring leap, Ninette. How terrible it will be to witness—for those who love you!"

She laughed a low, quick laugh, but did not turn to me.

"You are thinking of Captain Attendant, I dare say, Ricardo? But you need not, for I have never spoken to him since the night you—fell; and I never shall again."

A wild proud joy sprang up in my heart. "Ninette," I cried, "my darling turn your face to me. I am so helpless here, and shall so soon lose the face I love. Come to me for these few precious moments."

Very gently she came up to me, and laid her cool hand upon my forehead.

"This excitement, of course, is bad for you, Ricardo," she said, tenderly; "and I know it is bad for me, just now; it unnerves my heart and hand. I think," she added, with a little sigh, "that everything that comes naturally to us seems as if it was to be bad for us. Do you—do you remember what the clergyman here said when we performed for this hospital? O, I should so like to know if that could be true."

"Can it be true, dear, when our Father's mercy is as wide as Heaven?"

"Hush, Ricardo," she interrupted, with a quick breath; "you and I do not understand that kind of thing, and—we may be hoping without foundation. He said—said it, and wrote it, and published it—that no modest English girl would do what—I do; and that no noble and pure-minded man would make himself a spectacle, and wilfully risk his life as—as—you did. O, Ricardo, was it true?"

"No," I said firmly and quietly.

"I know I've been thoughtless and flippant," she went on, very low, "I know I haven't tried as I might have tried to make my life noble; but I don't feel that my heart has been different from the hearts of modest English girls; and indeed—indeed—my life has been more full of temptation than that of any girl who has a quiet, guarded home."

She bent her head, and as I laid my weak fingers on the soft curls, one deep sob shook the little kneeling figure, but when she rose her eyes were very bright behind their glistening lashes. She did not say a word of farewell to me. With a strange, brave struggling smile, which would have vanished with a word, she hesitated a moment; her cheeks flushing, and her lips wistful. Then quite suddenly, with just the slight gesture with which she acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd, she left me.

I lay and listened as the carriages rolled past the Infirmary gates; and presently, across the river I could hear

our own band strike up merrily. I could follow in fancy the whole performance, as I lay with the programme before me and the well-known airs to guide me. At last, with a quickened beating of my heart, I felt that the time was come for Ninette's appearance. I knew the very tune with which the band would greet her. Ah! there it was; but drowned almost in a loud, prolonged applause. Then—knowing she was performing—I lay there quivering in every limb.

It was just as one of the hospital physicians and a nurse came into my room, that a great shout rose on the other side of the river, and rolled joyously across to me. My blood burned in my veins.

"That is to greet her after her leap," I said, speaking aloud and rapidly in my intense relief. "Thank God, it is over."

"I, too, am glad it is over," said the physician, gravely, "such a feat should never have been attempted."

"And yet every one is gone to see it," I answered, passionately, as the nurse turned my pillows. "Why did they encourage her?"

"Such things *would* be done in any case," he answered, "at least we judge so; though perhaps we do not try it; for certainly everyone has gone to see this leap to-night; all our own household like everyone else's. Yet how can we help disapproving such a dangerous act, performed too by a young and beautiful girl whose life must be one long temptation to display—if to nothing worse?"

"Listen!" I cried, in sudden terror, pushing away the nurse, and starting up with panting breath, "Did the band stop then—suddenly? Hark! it is all silent."

I remember faltering incoherent appeals to be taken to the circus; and I remember how they tried to soothe me, laying me back upon the bed, and drawing down the blind before my wild and staring eyes. But in that hush across the river I knew that I had had my deathblow.

They brought me no tidings for days. They kept me in darkness within and without. But when at last my brain was calm again, and my eyes had lost their restless fever, they told me some few particulars of that fearful night.

Ninette had performed her dauntless feat with perfect success. While she stood daintily upon his neck, Black Hawk took his leap smoothly and safely. But the astonished crowd had not been satisfied with this; with a persistent cry they had summoned her again; and summoned her in my name.

"As the seats for to-night have been taken at double price," she had said, laughingly to Monsieur, "I owe the audience a double appearance."

And so she had ridden in again triumphantly, and, springing lightly upon the neck of her horse, had prepared again for her wonderful leap.

Then came the hush—though no one could ever tell me exactly how it had occurred; some saying Ninette was unusually excited by her brilliant feat; and some that she was tired. She fell—fell with a light, sudden fall which would not have hurt her, perhaps, but that her temple struck the boards which separated the front row of spectators from the ring.

Thank God that there had been no struggle! There was one deep red stain upon the soft, fair curls; but no anguish on the young dead face when they lifted it so gently.

In the rare, sweet dreams which visit me as I lie here, I always see Ninette just as I saw her first—just as I saw her last. And when I awake, I am almost glad to see, in the faces round me, that the time is drawing very near when I shall see her once again.

### POLITICAL SLANG.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

NOT long ago there was published on the other side of the Atlantic a "Dictionary of American Political Slang." In the States the colloquial developments of the language in relation to political parties and subjects have been so many, so various and often so extraordinary, as to render such a glossary a very necessary book of reference. In the Old Country we have hardly advanced so far; but we are getting on. Although we may not be so quick as our cousins in inventing new words and phrases, or in grotesquely applying those already in existence, yet we have been by no means slow, especially of late, in adopting Yankee coinages and giving them extended currency and use. One of the best known examples of this system of adoption is the much used and much abused word "caucus." What a caucus is, as popularly understood in England, needs no explanation; but the curious thing about the word is the seeming impossibility of ascertaining with any certainty its origin and derivation. The explanation generally given is that it is a corruption of "caulkers" or "caulk-house." One authority says that the members of the shipping interest, the "caulkers" of Boston, were associated, shortly before the War of Independence, in actively promoting opposition to England, and that the word arose from their meetings in the caulkers' house or *caulk-house*.

In the "Life of Samuel Adams," one of the American revolutionary leaders, sometimes styled "The American Cato," his biographer carries the word farther back. We are told that "About fifty years before 1774 Samuel Adams, senior, and about twenty others, one or two from the north end of Boston, where all ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a caucus, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. It was probably from the name of this political club, composed principally of shipbuilding mechanics, that the word *caucus* was derived, as a corruption of 'Caulkers' Club.'" In the "Diary" of John Adams there is a curious and graphic description of a meeting and proceedings of the Caucus Club of Boston. He writes, in February 1763, "This day learnt that the Caucus Club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret, which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco, till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other; there they drink flip, I suppose; there they choose a moderator, who puts questions to the vote regularly; and select-men, overseers, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen by the town. They send committees to wait upon merchants' clubs, and to propose and join in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunnyngame says they have often selected him to go to these caucuses." Another derivation has, however, been proposed. In the "Transactions of the American Philological Association, 1872," Dr. Hammond Trumbull suggests that the origin of the word is to be found in the native Indian *cau-cau-as-u*, meaning one who advises. Professor Skeat is inclined to support this suggestion, and points out that Captain John Smith, the historian of Virginia, writing about 1607 of the Indians of that country, mentions that they are "governed by the Priests and their Assistants, or their Elders, called *Caw-caw-wassoughes*." Dr. Trumbull's proposal is ingenious, but the "caulkers" have a strong case. Perhaps the earliest mention of the word by an English writer is in an article on America by Sydney Smith, in the "Edinburgh Review" of 1818. He writes, "A great deal is said by Fearon about *caucus*, the cant word of the Americans for the committees

and party meetings in which the business of the elections is prepared—the influence of which he seems to consider as prejudicial."

Our party nicknames are not many in number. There is not much difference between "Whig" and "Tory" as regards their derivation: the former is contracted from a corruption of Celtic words meaning pack-saddle thieves, while the latter comes from an Irish word meaning a band of robbers. The name Whig was first given to the followers of the Marquis of Argyle in Scotland who were in opposition to the Government in the reign of James I. "From Scotland," says Bishop Burnet, "the word was brought into England, where it is now one of our unhappy terms of disunion." The name of Tory was first given, according to Lord Macaulay, to those who refused to concur in excluding James II. from the throne. The "Rads" have a name of more modern political application, for the term "Radical," as a party name, was first applied to Major Cartwright, Henry Hunt, and their associates in 1818. The Americans have many more or less strange party nicknames, and one of the last-invented has reached this country, only to be in various ways misapplied and misunderstood—we mean the euphonious word *mugwump*. *Mugwump* is an Indian word, and means a captain, or leader, or notable person. From this genuine original meaning it was an easy transition to the signifying a man who thought himself of consequence; and during the last contest for the Presidency the name had a political meaning attached to it, by its application, in derision, to those members of the Republican party who, rejecting Mr. Blaine, declared that they would vote for his Democratic opponent, Mr. Cleveland, the present President. Such is the explanation, doubtless correct, given by Mr. Brander Matthews of New York. The name is now generally applied to those who profess to study the interests of their country before those of their party.

An interesting, but one would hope decaying, class of voters are the "floaters," the electors whose suffrages are to be obtained for a pecuniary consideration. There is a story told of a candidate in an American township who asked one of the local party managers how many voters there were. "Four hundred," was the reply. "And how many 'floaters'?" "Four hundred!" Somewhat akin to the "floaters" are those who sit "on the fence"—men with impartial minds, who wait to see, as another pretty phrase has it, "how the cat will jump," and whose convictions at last generally bring them down on that side of the fence where are to be found the biggest battalions and the longest purses. These "floaters" and men "on the fence" used in the olden times to be the devoted adherents of the "man in the moon." When an election was near at hand it was noised abroad throughout the constituency that the "man in the moon" had arrived, and from the time of that august visitor's mysterious arrival many of the free and independent electors dated their possession of those political principles which they manfully supported by their votes at the poll. Of course no candidate bribed—such a thing was not to be thought of; but still the money was circulating, and votes were bought, and as it was necessary to fix the responsibility upon some one, the whole business was attributed to the action of the "man in the moon." In the States the money used for electioneering purposes is known as "boodle," "sinews of war," and "living issues."

One can well imagine what influence the "man in the moon" had in days gone by with voters of the class known as "pot-wallopers." The bearers of this melodious name were electors whose sole title to the possession of the franchise was the fact of their having been settled in the parish for six months, the settlement being considered sufficiently

proved if the claimant had boiled his own pot within its boundaries for the required period—*wall* meaning to boil. The "pot-wallopers," with many other electoral anomalies, were abolished by the passing of the great Reform Bill; but a cognate abuse, that of "faggot-voting," survives in some constituencies. What "faggot-votes" are is too well known to need explanation. The name is probably taken from an old military term, "fagots," defined in Bailey's "Dictionary" as "ineffective persons who receive no regular pay, but are hired to appear at muster and fill up the companies." The word is also familiar to lawyers, "faggot-briefs" being those bundles of dummy papers sometimes carried by the briefless ones, with much the same object as Mr. Bob Sawyer had in view when he sent out his pills and other medicaments to imaginary customers and had himself hastily and repeatedly called out of church, while the service was proceeding, to attend patients. Another election term, which will not be so common in the future as it has been in the past, is the expression to "plump," and its opposite to "split." With the increase of single-membered constituencies these phrases must fall into disuse, and a "floater" will no longer be able to say with Mr. Chubb, in "Felix Holt":—"I'll plump or I'll split for them as treat me the handsomest and are the most of what I call gentlemen; that's my idee." The worthy landlord of the Sugar Loaf had a simple political test—"And in the way of hacting for any man, them are fools that don't employ me." This easy way of looking at things has not been altogether unknown even at Westminster itself, among both parties alike—the "ins" and the "outs." These expressions are of a respectable age; Goldsmith uses them in "The Good Natured Man." "Who am I?" cries Lofty, in the fifth act of that charming comedy. "Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the 'Gazetteer,' and praised in the 'St. James's'?"

There are many slang terms connected with parliamentary history and practice. Each new reform bill revives our old friend "gerrymander"—a word that has given a rather unenviable kind of immortality to the name of Elbridge Gerry. Gerry was one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, and was in office as Vice-President of the United States at the time of his death, in 1814; but it was while he held the post of Governor of Massachusetts, a few years before this date, that the unlucky word "gerrymander" was invented. The Democrats, with a majority in both Houses of the State Legislature, elected Gerry as governor, and then proceeded to so manipulate the boundaries of the electoral districts as to ensure the return of their party to power at the next election, and this disgraceful act received the official approval of the subservient governor. The editor of one of the opposition journals had a map hung in his room, whereon all the towns in one of these new districts were carefully coloured. A painter friend who looked at the map noticed the extraordinary shape of the district, and adding a few touches with a pencil, declared that the thing would do for a salamander. "Salamander?" cried the editor. "Call it *Gerrymander*." The word thus strangely called into existence has since been widely used on both sides of the Atlantic.

A Coalition Government in the last century was known by the apt nickname of the "Broad Bottom." Walpole, writing to Mann in 1741, says: "The Tories declare against any further prosecution—if Tories there are, for now one hears of nothing but the Broad Bottom; it is the reigning cant word, and means the taking all parties and people indifferently into the Ministry." John Bright invented another apt phrase when he dubbed the seceders from the Reform Party "Adullamites." Parliamentary tactics have

naturally given birth to many slang phrases. To "rush a bill" is an expression well known in the American Senate, and occasionally also used here. To "hang up a bill" is to pass it through one or more of its stages and then to lay it aside and defer its further consideration for a more or less indefinite period. "Lobbying" is a process familiar to members. "Log-rolling" is a somewhat rare term in England, but is well understood at Washington. When a backwoodsman cuts down a tree his neighbours help him to roll it away, and in return he helps them with their trees; so in Congress, when members support a bill, not because they are interested therein, but simply to gain the help of its promoters for some scheme of their own, their action is called "log-rolling." Another American importation is "bunkum," a word generally used to signify empty, frothy declamation. It is said to be derived from the action of a speaker who, persisting in talking to an empty house, said he was speaking to Buncombe, the name of the place in North Carolina which he represented.

The word "platform," when used for the programme of a political party, is often classed as an Americanism, but it is really a revival of the use of the word that was very common in English literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though less common, perhaps, as a noun than as a verb, meaning to lay down principles. For instance, Milton, in his "Reason of Church Government," says that some "do not think it for the ease of their inconsequent opinions to grant that Church discipline is platformed in the Bible, but that it is left to the discretion of men." A word that has been a good deal used of late years in connection with politics is "fad." It has hardly yet found its way into the dictionaries, but "fads" are many, and "faddists" and "fadmongers" abound. Mr. Sala has suggested that the word is a "corruption of 'faddle,' to dandle—in French, *dorloter*." A "faddist" is continually dandling and caressing his fad." This seems a trifle farfetched. It is more probably a contraction of "fidfad," a word that has been long in use with much the same meaning as "fad." Edward Moore, writing in "The World" in 1754, applies the word to a very precise person—"The youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in everything she does, an absolute fidfad." From "fidfad" in this sense to the modern "fad" and "faddist" is not a very violent transition. The tendency to abbreviation is very general. The common parliamentary word "whip" is of course a contraction of "whipper-in." Dickens in "Sketches by Boz" tells us how "Sir Somebody Something, when he was whipper-in for the Government, brought four men out of their beds to vote in the majority, three of whom died on their way home again." The phrase the "massacre of the innocents," as applied to the abandonment of useful measures at the close of a session from lack of time for their discussion, was first used by "The Times" in 1859.

An important change has just been adopted by the trustees of the British Museum. For some years back the National Library has increased to such an extent that the disposition of the books has become a serious difficulty to the authorities. There is still so much crowding that in a very short time the state of the library will necessitate the building of a new wing, unless other means are devised to obviate the difficulty. The scheme which has now been considered by the trustees, and has received their sanction, is one for the introduction of movable presses into the library. It provides additional shelf accommodation to meet the wants of the library for about fifty years to come.

*Strange Medicines.*

FROM an almost endless catalogue of healing spells which are to *this day* practised by the peasantry of various districts in England and Scotland, I will quote a few which are considered certain remedies. The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large black snail rub the wart well with it, and then impale the poor snail on a thorn hedge. As the poor creature wastes away, the warts will surely disappear. In the West of England eel's blood serves the same purpose. For goitre or wen a far more horrible charm must be tried. The hand of a dead child must be rubbed nine times across the lump, or, still better, the hand of a suicide. It is not many years since a poor woman living in the neighbourhood of Hartlepool, acting on the advice of a "wise woman," went alone by night to an out-house where lay the corpse of a suicide awaiting the coroner's inquest. She lay all night with the hand of the corpse resting on her wen; but the mental shock of that night of horror was such that she shortly afterwards died.

In the neighbourhood of Stamfordham, in Northumberland, whooping cough is cured by putting the head of a live trout into the mouth of the patient and letting the trout breathe into the child's mouth. Or else a hairy caterpillar is put in a small bag and tied round the neck of the child, whose cough ceases as the insect dies.

A peculiar class of remedy is that of making offerings of hair as a cure for whooping cough. In Sunderland, the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, in full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire, a girl suffering from ague cuts a lock of her hair, and binds it round an aspen tree, praying it to shake in her stead. In Ross-shire, where living cocks are still occasionally buried as a sacrificial remedy for epilepsy, some of the hair of the patient is generally added to the offering. And at least one holy well in Ireland (that of Tubber Quan near Carrick-on-Suir) requires an offering of hair from all Christian pilgrims who come here on the last three Sundays in June to worship St. Quan; part of the ceremonial required is that they should go thrice round a neighbouring tree on their bare knees, and then each must cut off a lock of his hair, and tie it to a branch, as a charm against headache. The tree, thus fringed with human hair of all colours, some newly cut, some sun-bleached, is a curious sight, and an object of deep veneration.

Travellers who remember the tufts of hair which figure so largely among the

votive offerings in Japanese temples may trace some feeling in common between the kindred superstitions of these Eastern and Western Isles.

Hideous is the remedy for toothache practised at Tavistock in Devonshire, where a tooth must be bitten from a skull in the churchyard, and kept always in the pocket.

Spiders are largely concerned in the cure of ague. In Ireland the sufferer is advised to swallow a living spider. In Somerset and neighbouring counties, he is to shut a large black spider in a box and leave it to perish, while in Flanders he is to imprison one in an empty walnut shell and wear it round his neck. Even in sturdy New England a lingering faith in the superstitions of the old mother country leads to the manufacture of pills of spiders' web as a cure for ague, and Longfellow tells of a popular cure for fever

By wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell.

This was the approved remedy of our British ancestors for fever and ague; and I am told that in Sussex the prescription of a live spider rolled up in butter is still considered good in cases of obstinate jaundice.

Many and horrible are the remedies for erysipelas. Thus at Loch Carron in Ross-shire we know of a case in which the patient was instructed to cut off one-half of the ear of a cat, and let the blood drip on the inflamed surface.

It appears that the old superstition may even survive in such an atmosphere of strong common sense as that of Pennsylvania, where so recently as the year 1867 a case was reported in which a woman was found to have administered three drops of a black cat's blood to a child as a remedy for croup. Her neighbours objected to her pharmacy, and proved their superior wisdom by publicly accusing her of witchcraft.

Of the burial of a living cock on behalf of an epileptic patient we have had many instances in the north of Scotland in the present century, but this savours rather of devil-propitiation and sacrifice than of medicine lore.

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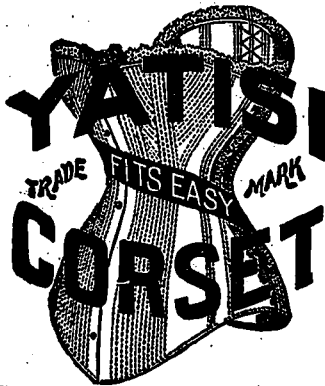
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