The Toronto Sunday World.

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Reading Room House of Commons

WITNESSES TAMPERED WITH

Sensational Proceedings at the Hendershott Trial.

DAMAGING ADMISSIONS MADE.

Hendershott Clearly Connected With the Crime.

Evidence As To Blood Being On Welter's Face When He Gave the Alarm—Hendershott Talked of Insuring Some One and Then "Removing Him"—Attempt To Exclude the Prisoners' Testimony Given At the Coroner's Inquest—Arrests For Tampering With Crown Witnesses Expected.

St. Thomas, Ont., March 9.—An attempt was made to-day, it is alleged, to tamper with the Crown witnesses, and arrests are expected to-night.

Mr. Osler, shortly after the opening of the proceedings, announced that he intended to call certain lady witnesses to-day for cogent and sufficient reasons. These witnesses were Mrs. M. Griffin of Gravesend, who saw blood on Welter's face when he arrived at the house of Charles Welter the day of the tragedy, and two first cousins of Hendershott—Mrs. Emily McConnell of Ingersoll and Mrs. Ann French of Putnam, to whom Hendershott made admissions with respect to insurance and the removal of some person whom he intended to insure. Their evidence was taken and proved most important.

MEDICAL EVIDENCE ON MONDAY.

When the case reopens on Monday morning the medical testimony will be gone on with. Five reputable surgeons of this city will swear positively that the wounds upon deceased's head could not have been inflicted by the tree, but might have been caused by blows from an ax. The defence made a stubborn fight this morning to have the sworn testimony of Welter and Hendershott before the coroner eliminated. Whether or not their efforts will be successful will be decided Monday. The result is a disappointment to the young barristers, as it was hoped that the contradictory statements of the two men would not be brought out in evidence.

The two prisoners evidently realize the strong chain of circumstances that link by link is being welded against them, and Hendershott was particularly nervous. To-day witnessed the presentation of practically the first damaging evidence against the elder prisoner.

BLOODY FINGER IMPRINTS.

The earlier part of the day was taken up with the production of corroborative evidence as to the fallen tree and its surroundings at the time of the tragedy. Walter Warden spoke of the great quantity of blood at the crotch of the tree. He also had seen the imprint of a bloody finger on a beech sapling near the butt of the tree, and on an old stump 48 feet from the stump of the cut tree.

Neil Campbell, the man who found the blood-stained ax concealed under the root of a tree, identified the weapon produced.

AX WHICH FELLED THE TREE.

Henry Cane, who was present when the ax was found, compared the chopping on the skid of the tree with a chopping he made with the ax, and found them exactly similar. There was a notch in the blade of the ax, which was discernible in both choppings. His testimony satisfied the jury that the ax was used in felling the tree under which Welter was lying.

THE KNOT IN COURT.

Four stalwart constables carried a huge section of the tree into court. The jury examined the knot under which Hendershott's head was lying when found, and also the cutting with the marks of a notched ax blade thereon.

MET HENDERSHOTT AT NOON.

When Albert Chivers was called, Hendershott for the first time became interested in the case. Chivers saw the elder prisoner on the New Sarum Hill, nine miles east of the scene of the tragedy, at 12.45, noon, on the day of the killing. The Crown claims that from the time Hendershott left home, ostensibly for Eden, until he was seen at New Sarum, he had plenty of time to visit the woods and drive to where Chivers met him.

The Crown proved that the blood-stained ax belonged to Hendershott. Jerlah Fortier, a Middlemarch jobber, made the handle which fitted the ax. He identified it by a bit of bark on the end, but said he could tell his own goods by the feel.

DECEASED WAS STRUCK WHILE STANDING.

The first female witness called was Mrs. Duncan Hendershott, sister-in-law of the prisoner. She washed the outer and undershirts of the dead man two days after the killing. There was a quantity of blood on both. The shirts were produced. Blood stains were still visible on them, and were pointed out to the jury. This is important, as indicating that deceased must have been struck while standing up. The defence will claim that the blood got on the shirt when the undertaker pulled it over the head of the dead man.

Mrs. Emily McConnell, a pleasant-faced woman, who lives at Ingersoll, and who affirmed instead of kissing the Book, was given a "little of her own way." She commenced to tell at length of a conversation between her husband and John Hendershott last May with reference to insurance, when the defence objected to the admission of the evidence, and the court rose for an hour, pending the consulting of authorities.

MRS. MARTIN'S SENSATIONAL EVIDENCE.

When the court resumed, Mrs. Martin Griffin of Gravesend, one of the witnesses, who, it is alleged, an attempt was made to tamper with, gave sensational evidence. Mrs. Griffin was attired in a brown stuff dress and brown hat, and wore an astrachan jacket. It was evident that it was with much reluctance she gave her testimony, but her truthfulness was manifest to the jury.

Mrs. Griffin was visiting at the house of Charles Welter the day of the tragedy. It was here that the prisoner Welter first ran with the alarm. Mrs. Griffin noticed blood on his face, and when she called his attention to it, Welter went to a bedroom and washed his face. To Mrs. Griffin, Welter said that Hendershott had been killed by a branch of the tree striking his head.

Mr. Macdonald secured an admission from the witness that Welter was crying and had his hands up to his face.

The defence claims that Welter's hands got blood on them while he was handling the body, and that the blood was subsequently transferred to his face.

DID WELTER ROB HIS VICTIM?

Thomas Casey was called to prove contradictories by Welter with regard to the tragedy. Welter told Casey that he and Hendershott had felled a tree, and the latter had run to get his watch off a stump and been struck by the tree.

Jailer Moore identified the watch produced as one found in Welter's possession. This watch belonged to the dead man. One belonging to Welter was found in Hendershott's pocket. It is claimed that after killing Hendershott Welter robbed the body. After his arrest Welter was asked about the watch, and he said that he owned it, having traded another one for it at the Penwarden House in St. Thomas.

WELTER HAD BORROWED MONEY.

W. R. Jackson, jeweler, testified that he sold the watch to W. Hendershott in September last.

Frank Hobson was called, and testified that he loaned Welter $130 in January, 1894, and it was paid back in September. John Hendershott was the endorser on the note. The object of this testimony did not transpire.

CONNECTING HENDERSHOTT WITH THE CRIME.

Miss Edith Welter, cousin of the younger prisoner, Welter, and the affianced bride of the dead man, proved an important witness. Miss Welter was dressed entirely in mourning for her would-have-been husband. Her features were partly concealed by a black veil. Witness had several talks with Welter and Hendershott after the killing, with a view of connecting Hendershott with a knowledge of the intended crime. Miss Welter was examined as to what passed between the prisoners when they met for the first time. The day after the tragedy a telegram had been sent to John Hendershott at Eden to the effect that William was dead. Hendershott told Miss Welter that he did not know whether it was his brother or nephew who had been killed until he reached St. Thomas.

THE CORONER ON THE STAND.

Dr. E. W. Gustin, the coroner, proved the depositions made by Hendershott and Welter at the inquest. Counsel for prisoners objected to the reading of the statements, the ground taken being that the testimony was privileged, as before giving their evidence the prisoners were not notified that anything they said might be used in evidence against them.

Mr. Osler replied. He quoted several cases in which it has been decided that depositions sworn to before a coroner could be introduced, although no warning was given the parties making them, since they were not then under arrest. The prisoners made no claim of privileges, but gave their testimony voluntarily.

His Lordship reserved his decision until Monday.

It is not likely the objection will be allowed.

WOULD INSURE SEVERAL AND GET RID OF ONE.

Mrs. Emily McConnell, who is the wife of the assistant chief of police at Ingersoll, was again put in the box, and swore that when Hendershott was visiting at her house on May 30th, 1894, he said his father-in-law wanted him to insure his life and pay the dues. "I was a big fool I didn't," he added, "because I would have had only six months' dues to pay and I would have got all that money." Continuing the discussion, Hendershott told the woman he thought he would go into the insurance business; lots of people didn't mind who they left their money to, provided someone paid their premiums for them.

Hendershott said he would insure several persons, and surely one of them might die. "But if he doesn't," said witness. "Well, then, I can get rid of one, and that will pay for the others."

The evidence of this witness caused a pronounced sensation in court. The spectators had considerable amusement with the witness, who is a woman with a will of her own. She was cross-examined at length, and finally became excited and refused point-blank to answer any questions unless counsel ceased badgering her. Her story remained unshaken, however.

Witness said she had known John Hendershott ever since she was born. She declined to say whether or not she was a relative of the prisoner until ordered to do so by the judge; then she admitted she was a first cousin.

HENDERSHOTT LONG MEDITATED MURDER.

Mrs. Annie French, a sister of the last witness, who lives in the township of West Oxford, was called, and swore positively that Hendershott told her last May that he didn't intend to work hard, that he would put insurance on some person's life and get rid of him, and get the insurance.

Both the sisters declined to take the oath, but affirmed.

The defence endeavored to score a point from this fact. Witness stated that she had never taken an oath on the Bible, and never would. She did not think the kissing of the Bible made the story any more truthful.

THE VICTIM WAS TO BREAK A FRACTIOUS COLT.

George Delacey, a printer in The Times newspaper office, also gave sensational evidence against Hendershott. Last fall he had a conversation with Hendershott, who was looking for J. W. Cook, an insurance agent. He said that he had two policies on the life of W. H. Hendershott, that he wanted to break a colt for him, and if he broke the colt the colt would break his neck. Hendershott also said if anything happened he would get the money.

BORROWED MONEY TO PAY THE PREMIUMS.

To show that Hendershott was in financially straitened circumstances Albert E. Futcher was called and swore that on Oct. 18, 1894, the prisoner borrowed $250 from him at 7 per cent. interest. This is the money with which the insurance premiums were paid.

Still pursuing the Hendershott branch of the case the Crown called Dawson W. Healy. That Hendershott had a guilty knowledge of what was taking place the Crown sought to prove by Healy's evidence.

I DON'T KNOW OF ANY OTHER WAY.

When the telegram came announcing William Hendershott's death, the prisoner said he didn't think it was his brother, but his nephew, that he had sent the two young men to the woods. Mr. Atkinson, a bystander, remarked: "Do you think a tree fell upon him?" and he replied, "I don't know of any other way."

$2000 Blaze at Madoc.

Madoc, Ont., March 9.—Fire, caused from a hot box, broke out in F. G. Lynde & Co.'s tannery last night about 7 o'clock. The main body of the building was totally destroyed, together with about $400 worth of stock. Insured for $1000, which will only cover about half the loss.

New Companies Incorporated.

"The Railway Folder Advertising Co. of Ontario, Ltd.," with a capital stock of $5000.

The name of "The Merchants' and Traders Collecting and Protective Co. of Ontario, Ltd.," has been changed to "The Guarantee Collecting and Protective Co. of Ontario, Ltd."

"The Pure Malt Medicine Co., Ltd.," with a capital of $24,000 has received its charter.

RESIGNATION OF ROSEBERY.

POLITICAL FRIENDS AND FOES ANXIOUS TO STAVE IT OFF.

Ill-Health Wins Sympathy for the Liberal Premier—Speculations As to Who Will Be the New Speaker—Discrepancies in the Irish Land Bill—The Naval Program Will Pass Unopposed.

London, March 9.—The persistent reports that Lord Rosebery is contemplating retirement from office, together with the announcement of Mr. Arthur Wellesly Peel's intention to resign the Speakership of the House of Commons, has relieved Parliamentary circles of the dulness which has prevailed for the past week. Lord Rosebery's capacity for work is doubted by nobody, but this faculty has unquestionably been seriously affected by the recurrence of his insomnia. This is, with him, an old complaint, which on a former occasion caused him to refuse to accept office. A judicious system of living banished the complaint and restored him to his normal condition. Now overwork and an attack of influenza have reproduced the ailments which incapacitated him before, and with the addition of extreme nervousness it has become necessary for him to take a prolonged season of rest. Lord Rosebery's colleagues, even those who before his illness were intensely hostile to him, now sympathize with him, and one and all decline to accede to the taking of any step which would lead to political complications. Even his political enemies, the Tories, are disposed to await his recovery as long as public convenience will permit. His physicians cannot express an opinion with certainty as to what period will be sufficient to restore him to health, but they are hopeful that a month's abstinence from work and care will will enable him to resume his duties.

WHO WILL BE SPEAKER?

In regard to a new Speaker in the event of the resignation of Mr. Peel wild surmises are afloat, and various names are suggested for his successor. Among the most prominent ones are the Right-Hon. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of State for War, Robert Reid, Mr. John F. Moulton, Sir Julian Goldsmidt and the Right Hon. Leonard H. Courtney. The lobbies of the House of Commons have been filled with members to an extent very unusual, and the succession to the Speakership has been almost the sole topic of discussion. It is generally admitted that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman possesses all of the requisite advantages for the position, among them tact, an unvarying good temper, a judicially-trained mind and long experience with the rules and forms of the House, but his great wealth and the probabilities that in the near future he will come to the front as a political leader, make it seem doubtful that he would accept the place. The Speaker's salary of £5000 year with an official residence might be alluring to many evenly moderately rich men, but to him this compensation would be no inducement. Neither Sir Robert Reid nor Mr. Moulton have obtained sufficient parliamentary distinction to enable them to obtain the place and the post when it shall become vacant really lies between Sir Julian Goldsmidt and Mr. Leonard Courtney, though the latter, although a Liberal, was a deserter from Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and is intensely disliked by the Radicals. This state of affairs has been taken into consideration by The Westminster Gazette, which in a strong article in his favor recommends the Ministerial party to overlook his unionism and elevate him to the position. Of all the candidates thus far suggested, Sir Julian Goldsmidt really has the best chance of success.

THE UNEMPLOYED EXAGGERATED.

The work of the House of Commons committee appointed to investigate the condition of the unemployed and suggest means for their relief appears to be ending in a fiasco, greatly to the joy of the Conservatives, who declare that the result confirms their contention that the howl about the wretched condition of the unemployed was merely Socialistic clamor, and had no genuine basis. The report of the committee, which is now in course of preparation, practically makes no recommendations, and the statements of witnesses under examination were found, in a great number of cases, to be much exaggerated, and claims of men like Kier-Hardie have been ignored because they were ridiculous.

WILL MOVE TO REJECT THE IRISH BILL.

Since the text of the Irish Land Bill has been issued, the Conservatives declare that they find important discrepancies upon comparing it with the statement of Chief Secretary Morley when he introduced the measure in the House of Commons. For instance, the clause dealing with the increased letting value of holdings give the tenant what is due from the natural fertility of the soil instead of giving him only what he has created by his own skill and industry. The clause defining improvements is strongly opposed by the landlords as being too general and too ambiguous. Viscount Cranborne has given notice of his intention to introduce a motion to reject the bill, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will move the Conservative party amendment to the measure.

NAVAL PROGRAM UNOPPOSED.

The leaders of the Opposition have decided not to make any attack upon the Government's naval program. The War and Admiralty Departments are acting in concert in the perfection of a scheme for a series of grand army and navy manoeuvres, in which the volunteers will take part. The scheme is a colossal one, and will require a great deal of work in the way of organization.

BIMETALLISM SPREADING.

The currency debate at the Bankers' Institute last Thursday disclosed the fact that there had been a very considerable growth of bimetallism in the institute. Hitherto bimetallism has been frowned upon, and bimetallisms have been well-nigh excluded from the institute. For the moment the disclosure is not discussed very much in the newspapers, but it cannot remain suppressed a great while longer. The Economist, referring to the decision of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate in regard to arrangements for appointing delegates to an international monetary conference, holds that the committee's action is glaringly premature. The convening of such conference, the paper says, is problematical, and it is doubtful whether President Cleveland will think it judicious to act upon the committee's resolution until proposals for a conference assume something like definite shape.

A METHODIST COUNCIL.

The Wesleyan Conference Committee on united action of Methodist Churches has decided to convene a council in London of representatives of all the Methodist Churches in Great Britain. The meeting will be a unique occurrence and will tend to a complete union of the Wesleyan churches.

BOOT LOCK-OUT.

A lock-out of employes in the Leicester boot tradde, involving 28,000 operators, is imminent. The trouble is due to a reduction of wages made necessary by the influx of American goods, which are flooding England. The British manufacturers declare that their trade will be gone entirely unless the payment of lower wages enables them to meet the American competition.

THE PRINCE OF WALES SICK.

Reports to the contrary, notwithstanding, the Prince of Wales is grievously ailing, through some trouble with the veins in his legs, which has associated itself with previous varicose manifestations in his lower limbs. These varicose symptoms have developed very much recently. In consequence of his trouble it has been arranged that he make a prolonged stay in the Rivieras.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Maxwell, the publisher, and husband of Miss Braddon, the authoress, is dead.

Mr. John Hollingshead, the candidate for the position of Censor of Plays, made vacant by the death of Mr. Piggott, is looked upon by theatrical managers and playwrights as a remarkably fair and broad-minded man, and his candidacy for the place is supported by their combined influence.

Miss £"Birdie" Sutherland, a noted gaiety theatre beauty, is engaged to be married to Mr. Dudley Churchill Marjoribanks, eldest son of Lord Tweedmouth. The young man's father wants the marriage postponed for two years, the prospective bride and groom being only 21 years of age.

Mr. Henry Foweler, the Secretary of State for Indian Affairs, has been confined to his room by the grip. The Marchioness of Salisbury, who has been suffering from influenza, is now able to leave her bed, and the Duchess of Sutherland is down with an attack of the same disease.

The Queen's drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday felt the effects of influenza; the attendance was considerably reduced in numbers. At the drawing-room, by the way, it was noticed that pink and blue were the prevailing colors in the toilettes, although mauve satin was generally worn. The weather was so cold that it drove the public away from the Mall, and, generally speaking, the function was far from being a brilliant one.

Lord Wolsley, commander of the forces in Ireland, has issued invitations to a fancy dress ball, which is to take place next week in Dublin, and at which the ladies must be dressed so as to resemble some painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney or Thomas Gainsborough.

Rosebery Will Resign.

London, March 9.—The St. James' Gazette says: "The rumor gains ground that Lord Rosebery will seek rest and health by resigning his office, which he is unable to hold without friction and is no longer very congenial to him."

CHESS VIA THE CABLE.

Great Britain and the United States Engage in a Match With Ten Men a Side.

London, March 9.—The match by telegraph between the Manhattan Chess Club of New York and the British Chess Club of London, was begun this afternoon. The London end of the match is conducted in the Criterion Restaurant in Victoria Hall, which has a floor space of 70 by 60 feet, and is the same room in which the tournament of 1883 was played. To the right of the main entrance are placed four telegraph instruments for the work of receiving and sending the moves of the players as they are made. At the opposite end of the hall, a space 20 feet deep and extending over the entire width of the room is divided off by a railing, and this space is devoted to the players forming the British team. The public is admitted to the centre of the room. Duplicate chess boards have been arranged, so that they may be seen from part of the space occupied by the spectators, and the various moves are reproduced upon the board as they are received from New York or made by the players behind the railing. A large number of well-known chess experts were present, including Sir George Newnes, M.P., the president of the London club. To a representative of the United Press, Sir George said: "I think we are going to lose. The Manhattan Club have some of the professional element, while we have none of it."

Mr. James Mortimer, one of the London players, is an American. He was formerly editor of The London Figaro. Hoffer is a Hungarian. All of the players and members of the club are confident of winning, except Sir George Newnes.

ON THE AMERICAN SIDE.

New York, March 9.—At 10.15 o'clock this morning the first despatches were exchanged between the Manhattan Chess Club of this city and the British Chess Club of London, and thereby the players on the respective teams were paired against each other. Dr. Ballard, the New York umpire in London, tossed for the move and, winning, chose to have the first move on the odd-numbered boards. The pairing resulted as follows: 1 Lipschutz v. Owen; 2, Showalter vs. Hoffer; 3, Hodges vs. Locock; 4, Baird vs. Mills; 5, Hanham vs. Lord; 6, Ryan vs. Guest; 7, Isaacson vs. Mortimer; 8, J. W. Baird vs. Trenchard; 9, Simonson vs. Heppell; 10, Devisser vs. Hunter.

At exactly 11 o'clock the first moves arrived in London, and in the course of subsequent play it was found that the following openings had been adopted:

Boards.	Manhattan.	British C.C.	Openings.
1	Lipschutz	Owen	Zukertort
2	Showalter	Hoffer	Vienna
3	Hodgens	Locock	P-Q4
4	D G Baird	Mills	Ruy Lopez
5	Hanham	Lord	Irregular
6	Ryan	Guest	Philidor
7	Isaacson	Mortimer	Ruy Lopez
8	J W Baird	Trenchard	Ponziani
9	Simonson	Heppell	2 kts defence
10	Devisser	Hunter	Centre Gambit

Note—New York plays while on the odd numbers, London on the even numbers.

RONALD ACQUITTED.

The Bribery Charges at Belleville Fall Through.

Belleville, Ont., March 9.—John D. Ronald of Brussels, Ont., manufacturer of steam fire engines, was last night acquitted on the charge of offering a bribe to Robert F. Houston, reeve of the village of Tweed, to induce him to vote in the council for the purchase of a steam fire engine of his (the accused's) manufacture. A similar charge as to Frank Campbell, a member of the council, was decided in the same way.

SATURDAY'S CABINET COUNCIL.

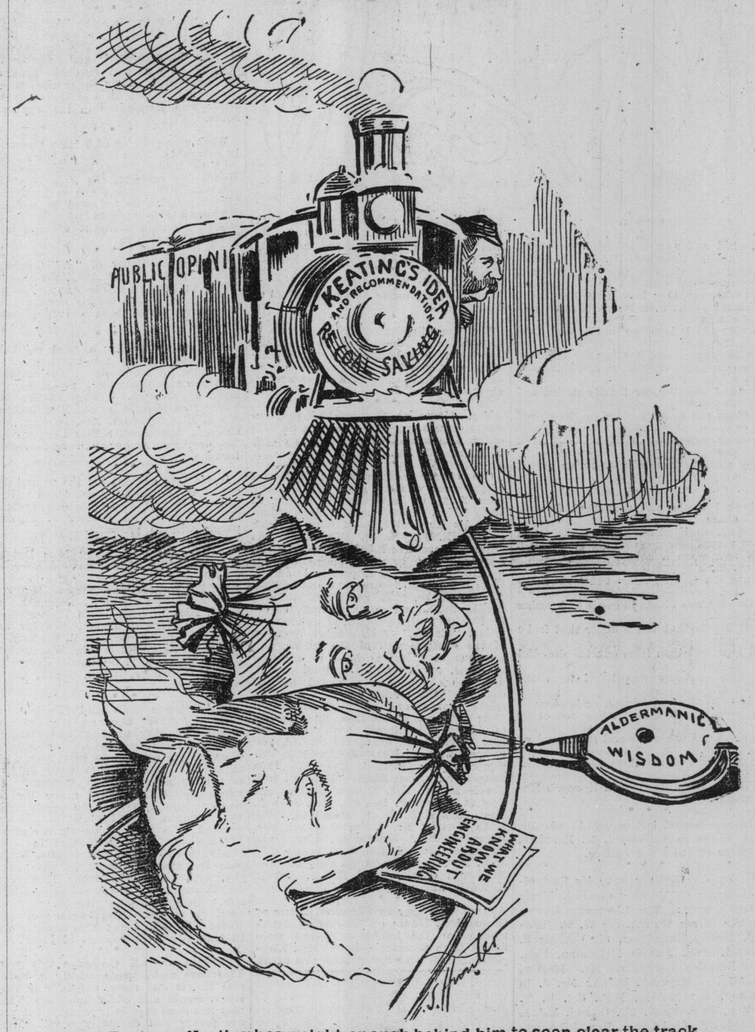
A New Judge for Nipissing District Appointed

Ottawa, March 9.—At to-day's meeting of the Cabinet, it is understood, J. A. Valin, barrister, of this city, was appointed judge of the new judicial district of Nipissing.

The Favorite Champagne.

Vin d'Ete champagne, the great favorite light dry wine. Price, $16 per case, quarts; $18, pints. We are agents for the above wine. Only one profit from vineyard to consumer is the only reason we can sell at these figures. William Mara, 79 Yonge-street.

OBSTRUCTIONS.



But Engineer Keating has weight enough behind him to soon clear the track.

SOUTH VICTORIA NOMINATIONS.

Fairbairn, M.P., Again the Choice of the Tories—George McHugh His Opponent.

Lindsay, Ont., March 9.—The Liberal-Conservative convention for South Victoria was held Saturday afternoon in the Town Hall. Mr. Charles Fairbairn, the present member, received the nomination.

At the adjourned convention of the Liberal party held to-day, Mr. George McHugh received the nomination to contest South Victoria. Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., addressed the electors at the close of the convention.

WANT JUDGE M'HUGH TO RUN.

North Essex Conservatives Tender Him the Nomination.

Windsor, Ont., March 9.—The Conservative convention for North Essex met Saturday. Three names were placed before the convention, Sol White, D. B. Odette and Judge McHugh. The vote resulted as follows: Odette, 49; White, 17; McHugh, 78. Drs. Carney, Coventry and Casgrain were appointed to wait upon Judge McHugh and tender him the nomination.

Patron Candidate in Russell.

Ottawa, March 9.—The Patrons of Russell have nominated John Cherry of Duncanville as their candidate for the Commons. W. C. Edwards, Liberal, is the present member.

Laurier and Cartwright Confer.

Montreal, March 9.—Sir Richard Cartwright had an hour's interview with his chief, Hon. Mr. Laurier, at the Hall today.

The Last Tribute of Respect.

The funeral of the late A. J. B. Close, real estate agent, took place on Saturday afternoon at St. James' Cemetery. The remains were followed by many prominent citizens and a number of Q.O.R. men, former comrades of the deceased.

After a private service had been conducted by Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin at the deceased's late residence, 32 St. Patrick-street, the casket was removed to St. George's Church, where the burial service was read by Rev. Canon Cayley and Rev. J. C. Roper. Special music was rendered by the choir.

Among the mourners were W. B. Close, brother of the deceased; ex-Ald. P. G. Close, uncle; R. S. Benson, father-in-law, and Dr. Lough.

The pall-bearers were: A. H. Lightbourn, E. M. Chadwick, J. B. O'Brien, L. V. Percival, C. B. Murray and L. H. Moffatt.

Three Months for Assaulting a Constable.

Daniel Sharpe, 55 Cherry-street, was convicted at the Sessions yesterday of an assault upon P.C. Nat. Guthrie. The assault took place in Cherry-street on the night of December 20, Sharpe striking the officer over the head with a heavy club. Judge Morgan sentenced the prisoner to three months in the common jail.

Great Reduction in Chateau Clarets.

Chateau Guerrett and Chateau Du Vallon 1881 Clarets reduced from $15 to $12 per dozen. The above are choice vintage wines and the best value ever offered in Canada. Wm. Mara, 79 Yonge-street.

Cost of the Esplanade Settlement.

The City Treasurer has received from Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, Q.C., their accounts in connection with the recent settlement of the Esplanade question. Mr. Robinson's bill for professional services rendered in the account is $3000, and Mr. Nesbitt's bill for professional services and disbursements amounts to $1500.

The Building Bylaw.

The Ontario Association of Architects has submitted to the City Clerk a number of amendments that they say should be made to the building bylaw. The principal feature of these is that all buildings over 70 feet in height shall be built fire proof, and that all elevators shall be enclosed with terra cotta lining on the walls.

The Hyams Case Adjourned.

The Hyams twins appeared in the Police Court again Saturday. Neither the Crown nor the defence were ready to go on, and an adjournment was made until the 16th inst.

THE BUSINESS OF THE WEEK

THE CONDITION OF TRADE IS NOT VERY SERIOUS.

Unfounded Rumors of Financial Distress Are a Menace to Business—Banking Profits—The Preservation of Public Credit—Features in Local Stocks—Financial Miscellany.

There is no marked improvement in trade conditions, but the belief is gaining ground that the worst is over and that the future will soon show better results. We have the usual rumors at this season of impending financial embarrassments of well-known houses. These are circulated for various reasons, and generally do much damage. There is little basis for the present disparaging reports reflecting on the credit of several of our merchants. Such idle dreams are not even realized in a month like March, which is synonymous to disaster in business circles.

On the whole the paper maturing last week was fairly well met. Of course a good many renewals were asked for, but anticipations had not been very bright, and consequently we hear of comparatively few disappointed merchants. Payments have been slow in many localities, but the present position of tradespeople is by no means bad. Business is being conducted on more of a cash basis, and it is surprising to learn of the large number of dealers who take advantage of the discounts offered for cash. Our merchants at this very time owe less for goods in stock than at any former period. They carry comparatively small lines; they buy smaller parcels with more frequency, and necessarily their financial position has improved. When trade revives, as it surely will after the elections, immediate benefit will follow.

BANKING PROFITS.

The reduction of the dividends paid by the Bank of British North America is cause for considerable remark at the present time. It is attributed to the depressed condition of general trade. The management of this bank is one of the most conservative in the country, and in every way in its power it has looked after the interests of depositors as well as shareholders. The bank has strengthened its cash resources, and in doing so prospective profits have been reduced. The losses of the British for the past year are probably less than some others, but net earnings have been reduced because the bank did not wish to take chances that many bankers are prone to do by entering into business engagements which are expected to result either in big profits or serious losses. It is the duty of well-conducted banks to look carefully after the interests of their depositors, especially in times of uncertainty. Depositors are the chief liabilities of a bank, and the confidence of the public can only be gained by the wise administration of this property of others. For their protection the Bank of British North America has strengthened its cash reserves. It holds a larger proportion of immediately available and other first-class securities than almost any other bank in the Dominion. Its profits to shareholders are curtailed owing to the lower rates for money, but shareholders, no doubt, are satisfied with the wisdom displayed by the management.

PUBLIC CREDIT SHOULD BE PRESERVED.

In matters of finance thoroughgoing business men who have made a study of the principles which underlie the trade and industry of the world, understand the the value of an established credit. It is the basis of all prosperous undertakings. Politicians, on the contrary—at any rate, politicians who are something less than statesmen—shape their courses by what they deem to be the stronger current of popular opinion. The exigencies of the late war, says Comptroller of the Currency James H. Eckels in the March number of The Forum, drove the United States Government into the hazardous experiment of forcing its demand notes into circulation by making them a legal tender. Out of this perilous and unfortunate beginning has grown up a pernicious system which has been imbedded by statute in the financial operatinos of the Government. The issue of paper Government notes of one kind and another has gone on until a doubt has arisen whether the demand debt of the nation is not greater than it has power to redeem in any case of emergency. The fear of Government disability has shaken the credit of the country and disarranged and discouraged all forms of business.

Mr. Eckels reasons with irresistible logic that there can be no permanent relief and restoration of credit except by redeeming and retiring floating legal-tender indebtedness. He shows that the issue of greenback currency has been a cumbrous and costly mistake. Every greenback dollar has already cost a dollar and a half to keep it afloat. Had the greenbacks been retired in 1879 by the issue of 30-year 4 per cent. bonds the saving by such conversion would have been over ninety-one million dollars, as compared with the cost and liability already incurred in maintaining them at par with gold.

Until the Government shall abandon the policies which have brought its financial management into worldwide discredit there will not be much hope for permanent business betterment. The theorists have had their fling. It is time for men who are immersed in business to make it a part of their business to insist upon that circumspection and honesty in the preservation of the public credit which is the basis of private credit.

FEATURES IN LOCAL STOCKS.

The stocks commanding the most attention are Canadian Pacific and Toronto Street Railway. The former declined from 42 to 34, but closed yesterday at 35 1-2 bid. These are the lowest prices quoted publicly for the stock, and compare with 94 1-2 in January, 1892. A great deal of the stock has been marketed in London, and it is needless to say that the confidence of the investing public has disappeared with the melting quotations of the security. What the immediate future will bring forth, time alone will tell.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes an article on the affairs of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in which it advises English shareholders in that company to send proxies to the annual meeting, which will take place on April 5, in order to learn why the company's dividend was passed in spite of the protestations that it would be maintained from the reserve fund, and also to ascertain whether the reserve fund is intact or tied up beyond the control of the company.

The change in sentiment in respect to the city boodling charges has had a beneficial effect on the price of Toronto Street Railway shares. There has been an active demand the past few days, and the stock closed at 76 7-8, as against 74 7-8 a week ago. The earnings of the company are said to be in every way satisfactory.

The losses put down to local fire insurance companies have not shaken the confidence of shareholders; but on the other hand they seem disposed to increase their holdings. The result is that Western Assurance, which sold at 147 1-2 a week ago, has risen to 151, and British is stronger at 112 1-4.

In bank stocks the only feature of the week was a little shake-out in Commerce. There has been a recovery and it closed at 134 1-2. A few shares of Dominion changed hands at 270, Standard at 161 1-2 and Hamilton at 153 3-4.

Loan company issues are quiet, and call for no extended remarks. There is little trading in this class of security. Canada Landed Loan sold at 121, Canadian Savings at 114 1-2 and London & Canadian at 119 ex-dividend.

FINANCIAL MISCELLANY.

A steady and widespread improvement in the railway transportation business in the United States is in evidence. The aggregate tonnage of freight shipments, both eastward and westward, between Chicago and the Atlantic ports, was larger for February than for January and larger for January than for December.

The legal tender notes in use in the States amount to $346,681,016, and Treasury notes $151,140,586. These notes are not secured except to the extent of the gold reserve, and are simply a promise to pay on the part of the Government, and are redeemable upon demand. The Superintendent of the New York State Banking Department, in giving these figures, says: "If payment of these notes should be demanded, or one-half be demanded, the Government could not pay," and this he regards as damaging to the credit of the U. S. Government.

The New York bank statement shows an increase in loans during the week of $5,125,000. There is a large falling off in legal tenders and specie, and the reserve shows a decrease of $5,265,875. The surplus reserve is now $22,788,525, as against $75,632,025 a year ago and $4,643,275 two years ago.

The fire losses in Canada and the United States for February aggregate $12,360,200, as against $11,297,600 the corresponding month of last year and $9,918,900 in February, 1893. For January and February the losses are $24,246,500, as against $21,866,000 and $27,878,300 during corresponding periods of two former years.

LEGAL TENDER.

Character in handwriting. Have you the qualities which command success in life or ensure happy marriage? Full delineation. Fee, $1. A. T. Shaw, graphologist, 9 1-2 Adelaide-street east.

Society.

I.

I looked and saw a splendid pageantry
Of beautiful women and of lordly men,
Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain,
Where poppies and the red anemone,
And many another leaf of cramoisy,
Flickered about their feet, and gave their stains
To heels of iron or satin, and the grains
Of silken garments, floating far and free,
As in the dance they wove themselves, or strayed
By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed,
Or curtseyed to each other, or else played
At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid
In their delight; and all so high and proud,
They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

II.

I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head,
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what seemed the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed,
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore
For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before,
The revellers above them thronged and pressed.
—William Dean Howells in Harper's Magazine.

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The engagement is announced of Dr. J. D. Thorburn to Miss I. M. Meredith, daughter of the Chief Justice.

Mr. Speaker Balfour gave his first official dinner on Tuesday evening. Those present were: The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir W. P. Howland, Bishop Sweatman, Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Hon. Justice McLennan, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Mr. Marter, M.L.A.; Mr. Haycock, M.L.A.; Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. Mulock, M.P., Col. G. T. Denison, Prof. Rand, Mr. Gibson, M.L.A. (Huron), Principal Caven, Hon. John Dryden, Mr. Robert Jaffray, Col. Davidson, Col. Clarke, Chancellor Burwash, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., Mr. Caldecott, president of the Board of Trade; Hon. James Young, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Mr. William Christie, President London, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Mr. Howland, M.L.A., Hon. E. H. Bronson, Mr. G. W. Monk, ex-M.L.A., Mr. Awrey, M.L.A., Col. Mason, Sheriff Mowat, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Commander Law, Col. Hamilton, Mr. Wood, M.L.A., Dr. Willoughby, Mr. Currie, M.L.A., Capt. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Fred Glackmeyer.

Mrs. Arthur Dinnis of McCaul street gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Friday evening of last week. The rooms were prettily arranged, refreshments being daintily served at tete-a-tete tables in the dining room. After cards, dancing was indulged in, and the delightful affair was terminated shortly after midnight. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, Dr. and Mrs. Notman, Mr. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Lester, Miss McGuire, Mr. Griffin.

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On Tuesday evening a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Arthur Worth by the officers of the Canada Permanent Loan Company. Those present were: Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. Henry Barber, Mr. Alfred J. Mason, Mr. R. S. Hudson, Mr. George H. Smith, Mr. Francis Marriott, Mr. Joseph Lucas, Mr. G. H. Hall, Mr. W. B. Russell, Mr. J. C. Nancollas, Mr. J. R. Davis.

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His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will give a dinner party on Tuesday evening, to which a number of the members of the Legislature have been invited.

* * *

Mr. W. D. Grand of New York is in the city and will be here until Monday. He is arranging on behalf of the coming Toronto horse show for a number of New York, Philadelphia and Boston gentlemen to come here in a special car to act as judges.

* * *

A smart audience greeted the appearance of bright, vivacious Miss Della Fox at the Grand on Friday evening, and although the little lady was suffering from an attack of la grippe, and had been nursing an injured foot, she laughed, danced and sang herself into immediate favor. Miss Fox wore some beautiful gowns, among them being that in which she appeared in the first act. It was of buttercup satin brocade, with smart little jacket of turquoise blue velours, which was fastened in front with two large pearl buttons. A lovely collar of old lace made a pretty finish for the neck. The chapeau, which was a la mode Parisienne, was of leghorn, trimmed with lace, yellow ribbons and blue flowers. Another equally pretty costume was of pale blue satin brocade, charmingly made with drape and ruffles, which were effectively lined with pink satin. A dainty shoulder cape of blue, with touches of pink and a little pink poche, finished this toilet. At the belt was worn a magnificent diamond crescent.

The soldier's costume of white, red and gold was most becoming. A dainty little peasant frock was of pale blue, trimmed with cherry ribbons. The coquettish cap and apron were also gaily trimmed with rubans cerises. In the last act Miss Fox appeared for a few moments in a rich gown of ivory duchess, made with a watteau plait of ivory satin brocade. The front of the bodice was ablaze with jewels, crowns, stars, sunbursts, crescents of diamonds, turquoises and topazes, were in evidence, while a great string of diamonds gleamed on her white shoulders. A tiara, composed of three diamond stars, was worn in the coiffure. The four lower boxes were all taken, and in the stalls I noticed Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Arthurs, Hon. and Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Totten and party, Mr. and Mrs. William Kiely.

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Mrs. Joseph Beatty gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Thursday.

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The Toronto Canoe Club gave one of their pleasant hops on Friday evening, which was largely attended. An orchestra played excellent dance music, and the delightful affair came to a close at midnight.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander Cameron of Carlton-street gave a very pleasant tea on Saturday afternoon for the members of the Woman's Art Association.

* * *

One of the most pleasant At Homes of the week was one given last Monday from 3 to 6, in the studio of Mr. E. Wyly Grier, in the Imperial Bank chambers, by Mr. and Mrs. A. Munroe Grier and Mr. E. Wyly Grier. The studio was quite a picture in itself, the walls being adorned with beautiful pieces of this popular artist's work. principal among them being the life-size portraits of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., and Prof. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., which have been recently finished; also a grand piece, entitled, "Bereft," which takes up most of the eastern wall of the studio, and previous to this was hung in a salon in Paris, receiving also a gold medal. A dainty buffet was arranged in one corner of the studio, where light delicacies were served. Mrs. Grier received their numerous guests in a pretty gown of black merveilleux, with turquoise blue velvet and antique lace. A few present were: Mrs. Frederick Montizambert, Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald, Miss Beardmore, Miss Birdie Mason, Miss Teedie Mason, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. Bogart, Signor P. Delasco, Mrs. Jack D. Hay, Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. J. Carter Troop, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Clara Cox, Miss Flora Dixon, Mrs. Feeley, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. A. R. Capreol, Miss McGiverin of Hamilton, Mr. T. Arnold Haultain and many others.

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There were over two hundred callers at Government House on Wednesday afternoon, and the handsome rooms were bright with a smart coterie. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, handsome and gracious as usual,

COSTUME AT THE WARWICK BALL.

received in a rich gown of black corded silk, and was assisted by Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, who was becomingly gowned in pink. Among the many guests I remarked Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen who was beautifully gowned in blue velvet with black satin cloak and blue velvet bonnet. She was accompanied by Capt. Erskine, A.D.C., Mrs Otter, Mrs. and Miss Buchan, Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, smartly gowned in black satin and marine crepon, with large black hat; Miss McGiverin, another charming visitor, wore a becoming brown costume; Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. and Miss Cattanach, Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, wore a pretty gown of grey poplin, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Boultbee, Miss Emsley and many others.

* * *

The Ladies' Committee of the Athletic Club gave a charming dinner in the dining-room of the clubhouse on Thursday evening. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were among the guests.

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Among those present at the recital on Monday in the Normal School of the Yunck String Quartette of Detroit were: Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. (Dr.) O'Reilly, Miss Wilkie; Miss Brough, in cream silk gown with crimson plush trimmings; the Misses Montizambert, in pink and cream respectively; Miss Nannie Hamilton, in cream silk; Miss Birdie Mason, in pale blue satin and cream lace; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, in blue, with black velvet straps on the shoulders; Mr. Langton, Miss Lillie, Mrs. Farrer, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Alfred Denison, in black lace and jet; Miss Strathy, Misses Taylor, Dr. Campbell, Myers, Miss Jarvis, in cream silk; Mr. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bell, Dr. G. A. Peters, Mr. Torrinton, Prof. and Mrs. Loudon and party, Prof. and Mrs. Fraser, Prof. and Mrs. Wrong, Prof. and Mrs. Hume, Inspector Leath, Miss Leath, in pale pink; Miss May Leath, looking sweetly pretty in blue; Professor and Mrs. VanderSmissen, the lady in black, with pale blue trimmings; Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Professor Ramsay Wright, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer in golden brown velvet and white lace; Mrs. Walker, in black silk; Mrs. Bert Walker, in grey and pink; Miss Mason, in white silk; Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, the lady in red silk. The ushers, who were all young lady students in Toronto University, and looked charming in black gown and trencher over white silk, were: Miss M. C. McGregor, '95; Miss A. Rosebrugh, '95; Miss E. M. Graham, '96, and Miss Bapty, '97.

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On Thursday evening the Conservatory of Music Hall was, as usual, crowded to the doors, when the seventh of the series of twelve piano recitals by the pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, was given by Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M. The program, which was efficiently carried out, was highly classical, and contained the following numbers: Greig Sonata, op. 7 (Allegro, Moderato, Andante, Molto, Alla, Menuetto, Molto Allegro); Saint-Saens (vocal), "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" (Sampson and Delilah); (b), Miss Lena M. Gunn, Chopin, Concerto, F. Minor (first movement); 2nd, piano, Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M. Gounod (vocal), "Ave Maria (d), Miss Bertha Dewart. Violin obligato (g), Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M. Longfellow (reading), "The Blind Girl of Castle Cuille," (b), Miss Annie Hart; (a) Mason, "Au Martin," (b) Liszt; "Sorretto de Patrarca" (c) Weber; "Momento Capriccioso." Von Stulzmann (vocal), "A Russian Love Song;" (b), Miss Ella Paterson. Liszt, "Sarantelle."

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On Tuesday evening the Ramblers' Cycling Club held a very pleasant At Home in their club-house. The rooms were charmingly decorated, and during the evening an excellent musical program was presented. After the musicale dancing was indulged in, and the enjoyable affair was terminated in the wee sma' hours.

* * *

What give promise of being a thoroughly enjoyable affair is the at home which will be held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., a musicale given during the early part of the evening to be followed by a dance. D'Allesandro's orchestra will be in attendance and a pleasant evening is a foregone conclusion.

* * *

The annual dinner of "A" Company, Q.O.R., was held at the Arlington on Thursday evening. The menu was perfect, the tables charmingly arranged and the merry party spent a very pleasant evening.

* * *

On Tuesday evening a most enjoyable concert was given for the inmates of the Home for Incurables. The excellent program very charmingly presented, was much appreciated. Those taking part were: Miss Maggie Huson, Miss Gertrude Black, Miss Stanners, Mrs. Darling, Miss Lawson, Miss Birnie, Miss Lamont, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Arthur Hill and Master Lawson.

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Invitations are out for the annual dinner of the Canadian Club, which will be held in Hamilton on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. A number of Toronto people will be present.

* * *

On Wednesday evening Miss Butcher of 61 Hamilton-street gave a very enjoyable dance. Among the guests were: Mrs. F. Weller, the Misses McEwan, Miss K. Bastin, Miss T. Douglass, Mr. Kane, Miss L. Dunn, Miss T. Browning, Misses Paterson, Lewin, Taylor and Messrs. Booth, E. Sheffer, R. Graham, H. Dobbs, Walker, R. Smith, Weatherlow, George Grinnell, T. O'Donnell, Henry McEwan, B. Weller, Reid, Ward, Carter and Leamen.

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The Octagon Club held the last of their enjoyable hops at the Art Gallery on Tuesday evening, and although the attendance was not quite as large a susual the affair was very bright and enjoyable. Refreshments were daintily served as a buffet, and Thomas' orchestra played excellent music for the dancers, who were loth to depart when the midnight hour brought a pleasant evening to a close. Among the guests I remarked, Miss McQuillan in white silk with ribbons to match; Mrs. Briggs was becomingly gowned in pale green silk with lace trimmings; Miss Flora Smyth was daintily gowned in pink with silk crepon and pink ribbons, very becomingly coiffee. Miss Taylor wore pale tinted silk with lace; Miss Sinclair was in pink silk with touches of black.

* * *

Flowers are all the rage this year. There are muffs made wholly of artificial violets and roses, exquisite in their color, scents and satin finishings. These may not seem especially wintry, but they are pretty and decidedly novel. When the muff isn't purely floral it runs riot in other sorts of adornment. A pretty muff is composed of "peach blow" velvet, edged with satin frills of the same shade. The huge double-looped bow is of emerald green velvet, upon which two humming birds appear to have just alighted. This dainty device swings from the wearer's neck by a silk cord of the peachblow tint.

Other muffs are merely fluffy frills of chiffon. They match in color the costume with which they are worn, and sometimes have a cluster of violets or a rose or two fastened in the centre.

* * *

Miss Lena D. Adamson has sent out invitations for a recital to be given by her in the lecture hall of the Normal School on Tuesday evening. Miss Adamson will be assisted by Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Mrs. F. Lee, Miss Gressick, Miss E. Massie, Miss K. Archer and Mr. W. Robinson.

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Mrs. Justice MacMahon gave a tea on Tuesday for Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, who was one of the bright callers at Government House on Wednesday.

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The St. George's Society will give a smoking concert in St. George's Hall on Monday evening.

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On Thursday evening the Varnishers and Polishers held an at home in St. George's Hall. The affair was very enjoyable and largely attended. The committee was composed of Messrs. Thomas La Tray, Thomas Oakley, S. Moore, C. Campbell, W. Hutchinson, A. S. Cousterdim and George Hussey.

* * *

The annual at home of the Victoria Dramatic Club will be held after Easter. The committee in charge of the affair is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Claude Norrie, Gerald Wade, C. L. Foster, A. Kirkpatrick, H. Strickland, Dick Gowan, G. F. Ambery.

* * *

Mrs. James P. Murray gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Saturday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. Brayley of McCaul-street gives a progressive euchre party for young people on Friday evening.

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Mrs. C. H. Riggs of Jarvis-street, who met with a severe fall last week, is still unable to leave her room.

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Mrs. T. H. Hodgins and Miss Hodgins, who have been confined to the house for the past two months with bronchitis, are rapidly recovering.

* * *

Here is something pretty, unconventional and decidedly new, which I have taken from The New York World. It is unsigned and is entitled "Nocturnes."

One night the girl could not sleep and even the familiar picture of the green meadow did not bring rest to her tired brain. Then her mother, in a voice sweet, soothing and monotonous, said to her:

"You must think you are on top of a hill, dear. It looks away to the west, and between you and the golden sunset there is nothing at all but the valley where the little town lies. But you cannot see the town, it nestles so close in the heart of the valley, and is so green with all the trees along its streets. Only the spires of its churches stand out against the sunset. There are two of them, my dear—slender shafts that pierce the air and look dark against the gold behind them. The sunset has no trailing clouds to-night. It merges gently, gently, so gently that you cannot see the lines from clear liquid gold to lemon that fades into silver and overhead the silver deepens into blue. Now the light is fading. The gold darkens and the blue creeps down and hides the silver. The spires are growing indistinct. The blue creeps so softly, so stealthily down, down and steals the pale, clear yellow away, and the gold has faded, faded into darkness. And now the blue has all the sky, and where the color glowed a little while ago it is all blue and dark; and the spires are gone. You keep looking across the silent valley. It all happened so quickly before your very eyes and yet you do not know how it was done. And while you look the spires come into sight again—pale shimmers of silver. You look up. The moon has been stealing up back of you, and now it is so high that it is shining on the spires. It has stolen up so noiselessly that you did not know it was there. And in all the world, my dear, there is nothing but the big sky, from which all the colors have faded away, and the white, still face of the moon."

"And the girl was sleeping." That is one of the most beautiful descriptions of sunset and moonrise I have ever read. What girl who is very weary or ill would not be soothed, comforted and blessed with deep dreamless sleep after hearing it?

* * *

On Monday evening last, at St. George's Church, Guelph, there was an organ recital and concert, which, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of the weather, was well attended, and those who were there received a treat in having the pleasure of listening to the singing of Master Michael Young, the boy soprano from St. Simon's choir, Toronto. He sang "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," "They Shall be Turned Back," and "He Shall Feed His Flock." All of his numbers were well received. Mr. Rudge of Grace Church, Toronto, also sang two pieces with good effect, and Mrs. Harvey, organist of St. George's, Guelph, and Mr. Geddes of Toronto played several selections on the organ, which were received with great favor. The choir of the church also rendered splendid assistance.

* * *

The members of the Ramblers' Cycling Club gave their first annual At Home at their club rooms on Tuesday night, March 7. The affair was a brilliant success in every particular, 75 couple of fashionably dressed people availing themselves of the invitations sent them. The club rooms were very tastefully decorated with evergreens, flags and bicycles and bunting, reflecting great credit on the Decoration Committee. Shortly after 8 o'clock the president, Mr. A. Elliott, welcomed the guests, and then proceeded to introduce those who were to entertain them for part of the evening. The concert program consisted of: Piano solo, by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison; solo, Miss Lennie James; song, Mr. Percy Hambly recitation, Miss Lees Padden; solo, Miss Nellie James; comic songs, by the Pigott brothers, and solos, by Mr. H. Christie. The recitation of Miss Lees Padden was well received, calling forth prolonged applause, and the Pigott brothers, as usual, had to sing three times each in response to the enthusiasm displayed. After refreshments came dancing. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Coatsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Verner, Dr. and Mrs. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fair, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. T. Dallimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dallimore, Mr. and Mrs. Oke, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Messrs. R. Simpson, W. T. Hogg, W. B. Culross, W. J. McCann, Dr. Lougheed, Mr. H. Vanvalkenberg, W. J. Oke, E. Lawless, D. Arnott, A. Christie, G. Sockett, W. Davey, J. Mathers, G. Lougheed, J. Barber, J. T. Simpson, J. Sinclair, W. Balkwell, Jos. Weatherburn, D. Sellers, J. Scott, R. Hannah, W. Gunn, C. Elliott, H. Lake, D. Metcalf, T. Lewis, W. Griffin, E. Pigott, W. Pigott, W. T. Harrison, W. Stringer, C. J. Turner, T. Armstrong, S. A. Oake, W. O'Connor, Woodhouse, F. Little F. Doley, C. Tomlinson, G. Smith, J. Copp, J. Dawes, J. Holywell, G. Chapman, C. Crute, S. Robertson, G. McMillan, Misses Judge Frame, Lougheed, McCann, Oake, M. McCann, Culross, Mundey, Sutherland, McDougall, Mathers, Sinclair, Grand, Christie, P. McDougall, M. Grand, Cornell, N. Mundy, Curphy, Mann, Wilson, Edwards, Graham, Padden, Elliott, Shaughnessy, N. James, L. James, Phillips, Wright, Scott, A. Tingle, Lambert, Brock, Pickering, McCarthy, Radford, Myles, Hume, Chapman, Holywell and Whitlaw. The committee were: Dr. Lougheed, R. Simpson, J. Mathers, T. Lewis, W. Griffin, J. T. Simpson, J. Hartley, F. Little, F. H. Doley.

* * *

About 60 couples spent an enjoyable time at Victoria Hall on Friday night, on the occasion of the fifth annual at home of the Aetna Assembly. The floor was in fine condition and the music, by Wellwood's orchestra, all that could be desired. The committee who had charge of the arrangements were Messrs. P. H. Munson, Archie Graham, T. R. Pepham and F. N. Fox. Refreshments were by Tasker. Among those present were: Miss Buck, Miss Kavanagh, Miss Cooper, Miss Keach, Miss Kendell, Mrs. McKechnie, Miss McDonald, Miss Kemp, Misses VanAllen, Conway, Lehmick, Easton, Williams, Arnold, Rose, Jones, Annett, Miller, Anderson, Lolman, Lauder, Mortimer, Hoskin, Freney, McInerney, Selwick, the Misses Gilchrist, Messrs. Whittier, Clarke, McMillan, Holman, Morgan, Ludford, Wood, Maxey, Long, Williams, Petrie, Harper, Clark, McKechnie, Kendell, Cooper, Carmody, Hewitt, Thompson, Russell and many others.

Comings and Goings.

Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Jarvis-street Baptist Church has returned from a short visit to Barrie.

Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, who has been visiting Mrs. Hay, has returned home.

Mrs. R. Seaforth of Guelph is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. C. A. Burrows, proprietor of The Northwest Farmer, Winnipeg, was in town for several days during the week.

Very. Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines has returned home after a short visit in the city.

Mr. H. Bourlier has gone to New York.

Dr. Montague of Ottawa was in town during the week.

Mrs. John S. King and Mrs. Cora Dame left during the week for New York, where they will spend a few days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Nash.

Mr. James McMullen, M.P. for North Wellington, was in the city for several days during the week.

Judge Meredith spent the week in St. Thomas.

Dr. Spohn of Penetanguishene, ex-M.P. for East Simcoe, was in town for a few days during the week.

Miss Ada Horwood of Chicago is visiting friends in the city.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt spent a few days in Guelph during the week.

Mr. C. H. Bailey, Canadian manager for William Jessop & Sons, steel manufacturers, Sheffield, England, sailed from New York on Wednesday of last week for England on a business trip.

Miss Watts of Buffalo is visiting friends in the city.

Miss McInnes of Hamilton, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned home.

Miss Hodgins is visiting Mrs. Grenville Cunningham, University-street, Montreal.

Miss Teresa Wilson of Ottawa has been staying in the city.

Mr. Harry Brock of Sword-street left on Tuesday for an extended tour through California.

Miss Minnie McElderry, 568 Church-street, has gone to Chicago.

Captain W. F. McMaster, who has been ill for the past two or three weeks with influenza, is back at his post in the Parliament buildings.

Mrs. Edward Du Pray and Miss Du Pray of Syracuse, N.Y., are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Crombie, 307 Ossington-avenue.

Mr. William A. Smith of Glasgow, secretary of the Boys' Brigade, arrived in the city on Tuesday. He delivered an address at the meeting of the Boys' Brigade on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Smith and Miss Phyllis Smith spent several days at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, during the week.

Mr. John Charlton, M.P. for North Norfolk, spent several days in town during the fore part of the week.

Mr. W. B. Prescott of Indianapolis is visiting friends in the city.

COMPENSATION.

HE: "That's Mrs. Grimshaw, who lectures on Bimetallism. I've heard her. How exasperatingly clever she seems to be!"
SHE: "Yes—but how consolingly ugly!"
—PUNCH.

Warden Wrigley of Waterloo County was in the city for several days during the week.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen left for Ottawa on Friday.

Mr. T. C. Patteson will sail from England for Canada on the 21st inst. He is much improved in health.

Mr. Gus P. Thomas, son of Mr. M. A. Thomas, 130 Carlton-street, will be here with "A Trip to Chinatown Company" on Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Alton-Wright of Harr Hall, Victoria-crescent, are the guests of Mrs. Hyman, Richmond-street, London.

Mr. C. L. Bailey sailed during the week for Europe.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson and Mr. J. Sinclair Robertson are in Bermuda.

Miss Effie MacLarty of Petrolea is visiting friends in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Sweetnam have returned from a trip to the Southern States.

Miss Anderson of Port Hope is staying with friends in the city.

Miss Ackerman of Peterboro is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Lang of Toronto is visiting friends in Pickering.

Miss Martha Bowles of Elmer-avenue has returned from visiting friends in Perth.

Mrs. J. A. McGolpin is visiting friends in New York.

Miss Katie Leet of Port Hope is visiting Mrs. Jack Walker of St. Vincent street.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Elmvale are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cauldwell of Esther-street.

Miss Tripp of Wiarton is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. H. A. Dart, who has been visiting friends in London, has returned home.

Mrs. Dr. John S. King and Mrs. Cora Dame left for New York on Saturday, where they will spend a few weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nash.

DONNA.

GOWNS AT THE GOULD WEDDING.

The Costly Garments that Bride, Bridesmaids and Guests Wore—The Trousseau.

The following description of the gowns worn at the Gould wedding last week will doubtless be read with interest by lady readers of The Toronto Sunday World:

WHAT THE BRIDE WORE.

The wedding gown of the bride was a heavy ivory satin duchess, trimmed with point d'Angleterre lace, which was twelve inches wide and of a rare and beautiful pattern. The skirt fitted very snugly over the hips and flared out at the bottom; the train was round and three yards in length, and the gown was lined throughout with heavy ivory silk, fastened at the bottom with three full ruffles of the lace. Bows of satin ribbon adorned these ruffles, and point d'Angleterre formed a drapery over the bodice, beginning a little back of the right shoulder. It then crossed to the left side and passed under a folded empire belt of satin. At the bottom of this belt the drapery began again, and extended over the left side like a jabot, and was carried around the front of the skirt in vandykes, which were looped and fastened by small bunches of real orange blossoms. The sleeves were cut in the latest fashion, the top being very full and the lower part very tight, buttoning closely over the wrists. The collar was a Henry IV., rolling over at the top and displaying facing of point d'Angleterre. The bodice of the gown was fastened at the back under a roll of satin and two bows of lace. Rare old lace composed the bridal veil, which was presented to the bride by the Marquise de Castellane. It was fastened at the crown of the head with a bunch of fragrant orange blossoms. The veil did not fall over the face, but simply down the back in close folds, and was fastened at the train by orange blossoms. The petticoat worn was of heavy ivory moire silk of the same beautiful shade as the dress, trimmed with three flounces of crisp lace headed by little butterfly bows of narrow satin ribbon about six inches apart. The bridal bouquet was composed of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. It was unusually large and tied with long and very wide ribbons of white satin.

The bride's traveling dress was of a deep Prussian blue cloth, called vieux bleil, and the jacket was lined with red peau de soie and cut very short. The skirt was cut very full, and, like all the gowns of the bride's trousseau, was wired at the hem with featherbone. The hat was a pretty toque to match the gown. It was made of Prussian lamb, with two knots of purple velvet, one on the left and the other on the right side. Under the left knot were fastened three black quills. The steamer gown was imported from France and is made perfectly plain, of covert cloth, and lined throughout with navy blue silk. The upper part of this gown is a jacket, with little capes over the sleeves, and there are six sleeveless blouse waists to be worn with the jacket. The costume is completed by a jaunty steamer hat.

HOW THE BRIDESMAIDS WERE GOWNED.

The four bridesmaids were gowned alike, in cream-white broadcloth trimmed with sable, the wide skirts being lined with cream-white silk and bordered at the front with a two-inch sable band. Under these bands the skirts were wired with featherbone, insuring perfect curves. The bodices had a yoke-like effect formed by four clusters of tiny tucks, which spread out and gave a pouch effect below. Each waist was encircled by a sash of cream-white moire ribbon tied in loops, the long ends hanging at the back. The sleeves were very full and drooping, buttoning tightly at the wrist, and the collars were of cream-white moire, edged with sable. The maids wore Gainsborough hats of black mousseline de soie shirred over a succession of wires, with waved lines or cut jets on the outside, following the wires. Single ostrich tips stood up at the left side of the crown and clusters of three tips were arranged underneath and curling up over the top of the brims. At the base of each of these tips was a cluster of pale-pink rosebuds, with a bunch of violets and some sprays of mignonette, which drooped down on the hair. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of pink and white flowers, two of testual roses and lilies of the valley and two of La France roses and lilies of the valley, securely tied with broad, pink satin ribbons.

The little nephews of the bride, Masters Kingdon and Jay Gould, who bore her train, were simply attired in knee breeches of white corded silk, white silk stockings, white kid slippers with rhinestone buckles, and they wore liberty-satin coats over white silk shirts, attached to which were large square-cut collars of pale pink silk. Each wore a pin of diamonds and amethysts, the gift of the bridegroom.

The wife of George J. Gould, who was Miss Edith Kingdon, wore a rich robe of canary faille, brocaded in Dresden. The design was a pattern of cut flowers, in little bouquets sprinkled all over the gown. The skirt was very full and fell in organ plaits in the back. The waist was of canary yellow chiffon, accordion-plaited over a canary-yellow lining, and the sleeves were of brocaded faille, very full, and of elbow length. There were bands of Oriental embroidery of yellow, verging from a canary to a deep orange, and these bands were embroidered with precious stones. Over the chiffon waist was worn an Oriental embroidered zouave jacket, the collar of yellow satin fastened with a large bow at the back of the neck. A very handsome jewel held this bow in place.

THE PRESENTS.

The display of presents was a sight worth seeing. The superb jewels were laid out on the library table on a cover cloth of heavy red velvet, and among the rarest and most costly in the collection was a heart-shaped brooch, in the centre of which was the rare and world-famous Esterhazy diamond, surrounded by eleven smaller gems, each of which was large enough to wear as a single stone. This was Miss Helen Gould's gift to her sister. The present of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould was a collar of magnificent pearls, made in ten strands. Each pearl was the size of a large pea and the strands were crossed by bars of platinum which held rows of brilliant white diamonds, these bars separating the pearls into lengths. In the collar there are 800 pearls and 72 diamonds.

Howard Gould gave a large cluster or knot of diamonds, each end of the glittering ribbon having a sort of tassel a superb blue and pink diamond. A chain of 200 diamonds, to be worn in coils about the neck or entwined as a bracelet about the wrist, was the gift of the bride's third brother, Frank Gould. The Marquis and Marquise de Castellane, parents of the groom, presented a unique necklace consisting of five ropes of superb pearls, each string of which was of historic interest. One belonged to Marie Antoinette and another to Henri Quatre. A magnificent square-cut emerald of great beauty, surrounded by 25 diamonds, secured the five strands of one end of this necklace, which is an heirloom in the Castellane family, descending only to the eldest son. The Marquis also gave a superb ring of two stones, a ruby and a sapphire, and a diamond hat pin of unique design and great beauty was the gift of the groom's younger brother, Count Jean de Castellane. A diamond horseshoe pin came from Prince del Drago. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould gave a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and General and Mrs. Eckert presented a superb diamond star.

SOME FEATURES OF THE TROUSSEAU.

Perhaps the prettiest of the gowns is a French creation, composed of peach-blow pink silk, combined with black mousseline de soie. The skirt, of the decidedly flaring kind, was about the lower edge a ruche of accordion plaiting, finished with cream lace. The square-cut waist is prettily embellished by the same mode of treatment. Spangles galore lend themselves beautifully to the finishing touches of this chic toilet.

The handsomest dinner dress is bronze Amazon cloth. The skirt is an exaggerated flaring one, differing little from the accepted style.

The fullness is evenly distributed from the belt, and not confined in organ plaits at the back, giving a novel and effective grace to the hang. The bodice is most original, with its group of box plaits, ornamented with tiny, flat gold buttons. A noticeable feature, also, is the new collar, dressy in its soft, uneven folds on the high stock and conspicuously pretty by the absence of rosettes.

An opera cloak of miroir velvet, which is all the most fastidious could desire, is the embodiment of elegance. Yards of lace associated with animal heads seem somewhat incongruous, but form an elaborate garniture which is strikingly handsome.

A tea gown of cream corded silk, an importation of Stern's, is fetching in the extreme. It is cut after the Empire style. The short waist, with its profuse arrangement of lace, yields most satisfying results.

WELL STOCKED WITH MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The lingerie and dainty belongings pertaining thereto are of the sheerest material. Ruffles of lace and beribboned insertings emphasize their beauty. Some silken night robes have Valenciennes frills about the neck. The sleeves are fashioned in the Josephine style. A most charming array of silk petticoats, delicately tinted, and hosiery of cobweb fineness are other items of interest in milady's trousseau. Nor is the least important element of it the lavish display of kerchiefs in lace and linen, and furbelows for neckwear. Some strikingly artistic conceptions in yokes and collarettes of Limerick lace, where chiffon and flowers are used, are much to be admired.

A ball gown composed of yellow and white satin is an elaborate affair. The square-cut bodice of white satin is embroidered in gold spangles. A full Fedora effect in front is confined in two broad plaits at the back. Four satin-bordered ruffles of chiffon of graduating depths from the epaulets over the shoulders and back.

The sleeves of yellow satin are very full, but drop gracefully, giving less breadth to the shoulders, and are a pretty digression from the immense balloon sleeves seen so much recently. The skirt of yellow satin, devoid of all trimmings, falls in undulating folds from beneath girdle of white satin corresponding with the style of the bodice inspangled decoration.

An opera coat, which is designed with great artistic skill, is in Sicilian moire, embodying shades of pink and blue. The coat, circular in shape, reaches to the hem of the gown. It is lined with ciel-blue silk. Immense bows of velvet are fastened upon the shoulders, and alternating ruchings of light-blue chiffon are about the neck. There is also a dainty corsage in taffeta, with Valenciennes lace.

A yellow-striped organdie blouse, made with a yoke of Valenciennes lace insertion, with a dainty mousseline de soie fancy collar in the lingerie effect, completes a group of belongings which the Countess de Castellane will wear.

SAMSON.

By Frederick George Scott.

Plunged in night, I sit alone,
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy and unknown,
Dreaming dreams no soul has dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead,
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn,
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel canst thou see,
All my fierce captivity!
Do thy sinews feed my pains!
Hearest thou the clanking chains!

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree
With the passions of the sea.

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending like a wisp of hay,
All that dare withstand my way.

Canst thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb,
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men!

Clay was I; the potter Thou,
With Thy thumbnails smoothed my brow,
Rolld'st the spittle-moistened sands,
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life and flame,
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength,
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again,
Cowards who their tongues restrain,
Cared I no more for Thy laws,
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name,
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

From thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them on their course
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wrecked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, thy mercies show—
Crush him in the overthrow,
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

NOTE—The above is the poem that The London Speaker in its number of March 2 described as "probably the best American poem for many years." It is published by William Briggs in a little work entitled "My Lattice and other Poems," by Frederick George Scott.

The Girl of To-Day.

Woman's Wondrous Weapon — womanliness.—Mephisto.

Delighted maid!
Bright-eyed, red-lipped,
Lissome and fair;
What is the chiefest charm
That which most beguiles one
When you are near!

Of the New Woman's wiles,
O girl with galore,
Is it simply propinquity
To real catholicity
In the feminine mind?
The fascination
Of woman's beauty,
Well-groomed, full of life,
In raiment dainty?
Spell or enchantment
Of radiant vivacity?
Glorious girlish grace,
The joyful gaiety
Of a pure, happy heart?
Or is it only
The siren's song,
The coquette's wrong
Use of God's gifts to your sex?
No! perish the thought!
'Tis not any of these.

Let me believe
It's your womanly way,
Subtle, sweet, lovely,
Outwitting a fay
In the worldly-wise witchery
Of a daughter of Eve.
—F. Howard Annes.
Whitby, Ontario.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

A Chronicle of Unconsidered Trifles and a Criticism of the Lighter Events of the Time.

I do not think I can do better than give up a portion of my space to the following letter. In doing so I wish to say that the most critical part of the winter has arrived. The approach of spring inspires hope, but it also brings an empty exchequer to many who have struggled through the early months of the winter with the balance remaining over from the receipts for work performed during the previous spring, summer and autumn. In the first few months also the charitable societies are better furnished with the wherewithal from their own resources to carry on their noble work, but the breaking up of the season always tries them. It is March and April when winter lingers in the lap of spring and outdoor work continues impossible that the societies are compelled to strain every effort in order to continue their God-inspired labor. The winter of 1894-95 has been one that will long be remembered all the world over. Before it set in times were dull and trying, and as it progressed business has not only not materially improved, but its severity has greatly aggravated the distress, while the recent big fires have alarmingly swollen the ranks of the unemployed. In speaking of this it must be remembered that it is not only the employes of the establishment that have been razed who are thrown upon the world, but hundreds of others, possibly thousands, who have been accustomed to receive work through them in one way or another. I know it is customary for the casual reader to pass over matter which he thinks not of immediate concern or uninteresting, but I must and do beg every one to carefully read the following letter and to believe me when I say that the picture sketched therein is under rather than overdrawn:

Editor Sunday World: A few days ago we read of the terrible distress prevailing among the laboring classes in England, and the proposal that the state should undertake steps for the further relief of the unimployed. We read, at the same time, of the stupendous sum which it would take to nourish the families of these for six weeks. Perhaps the perusal of these facts will rouse a good many in this city to attend with more interest to the appeals, and to place more credence in the statements of the relief societies in Toronto. The number of our unemployed is not so appalling, because it represents the poverty of one city alone, but we do not think we overstate the case when we assert that the proportion of poor, unprovided families is as great. Strong, energetic men who are forced to sit at home, after vain wanderings in search of work, and wives cannot find sufficient employment in housecleaning and so forth to provide for the family. Meanwhile, but for the religious charities of all denominations, private charity and the relief societies the little children would starve.

Of these three kinds of aid private charity is by far the most imprudent and unsatisfactory, as it very often means a gift at the door in response to the tale of a case of destitution into which it is too much trouble to search. The churches and religious societies find the truth by means of district visitors and the relief societies have similar methods.

As treasurer of the Toronto Relief Society, I wish to make an urgent appeal for subscriptions through the valuable medium of your paper. Our president and secretary, Mrs. Forsyth Grant and Mrs. Paterson, have recently given a full account of our method of working and a statement as to our lack of funds. We do not see how our method could be improved. By the schedules handed in by every superintendent at the meetings, the name, the circumstances and number in family of each charity recipient is made known, and the names of all found unworthy are noted by our superintendent, and by this means care is taken that no further help is extended to them.

The aid given is never extravagant, and the aim of the society is only to supply the same quality of provisions that would be bought by the recipients if able to support themselves; but with all possible economy, the calls on the society are necessarily very large, for the cheapest fuel and food cannot be obtained without money, neither without it can that louder and more distressed cry be stilled: "Our rent is overdue and we shall be turned into the street." This groan from the suffering poor will reach our ears and we cannot deaden its sound. May I leave this picture with you: On one side, the ease of home, the sight of our children well clothed and well fed, the crackle of wood fires and comfortable warmth of stove or furnace, the presence of delicate meats and sweet flowers on our table, the sound of laughter and music. On the other side, faces pinched with cold and hunger, fireless rooms, and, for sound, the crying of little children for the bread and the heat that cannot be obtained for them. We cannot comfort ourselves with the barren excuse, "this comes from drink"; aye! in five cases out of ten it does, but in the other five drink is no factor.

We wish to draw attention to the splendid work done by that branch of the relief society known as the industrial room, whose able convener, Mrs. Richardson, has been able to supply 80 women a week on an average with work this winter. A sale of work for this industrial room is now being held at Mrs. Richardson's own house, 36 St. Joseph-street.

May we in conclusion beg all who have not yet sent in a donation, either separately or by means of the collector's books, to do so now, addressing them to myself, as treasurer, thus: Mrs. Allen Baines, 194 Simcoe-street.

I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of three more unsolicited subscriptions since the last publication of the list, namely, T. C. H., $1; "T. W."

Yours, etc.,
ELLA BAINES.
Treasurer.

* * *

Some people are expressing disgust and surprise at the action of the Patrons in the Local House on the fee question. I cannot see that there is any cause for either. It was only the fatuity of the late lamented Empire in claiming that Sir Oliver Mowat had been defeated because at the last general election there was a very temporary majority of one returned against him when the Patrons, Opposition and P.P.A.'s were counted together, that made the public believe their assertion that they had thrown aside all party shackles. People with knowledge of the ways of men shook their heads and said, "When the Government is in danger the domino will be removed and partyism will be found to be as sharply defined inside the Patron ranks as outside." Partyism is so firmly embedded in the political life of Canada, as it is in the United States, as it is in Great Britain, that no third body has any prospect of "downing" it. Concentrated discontent or dissatisfaction may look threatening for a time, a few rewards, promised or given, can be safely trusted to finish what differences of opinion on public questions, and public men must commence. It was so with the party of Confederation, it was so with the Canada First party, it was so with the Equal Rights party, it is so with the Prohibition party, and it will be so with the Patrons. At one time the Grange looked as if it were going to be an important factor in political life. Where is it now? At anther time the Central Farmers' Institute appeared formidable. Where is it now? The Patrons, although the strongest organized movement the seed of the country has ever made, will go the same way. Much florid talk is indulged in about the evils of the party system, but the only available weapon against it is itself. What are the Patrons but a party? Supposing they came to power would they be anything else? Nay, would they govern any better than the men now at the helm both at Toronto and at Ottawa? I think few people can be found to answer these questions in the affirmative. Patronism is partyism and partyism it will remain to the end of the chapter. Mr. Haycock kept his sheep in line for the Government on Thursday; but he will not always be able to do so, for differences of opinion on measures and men are bound to bring about dissolution. In the States the Populists threatened wonders, but political discussion and grabs for the loaves and fishes have rendered them well-nigh spineless. As with the Populists so with the Patrons to whom it is not given to be infallible or even superior. They are but men and,

> When the man you see
> You find him what you saw the boy would be,
> Disguis'd a little; but we still behold
> What pleased and what offended us of old.

You can no more change a born and bred Grit or Tory into an independent Patron than by working at night you can convert the moon into the sun. Mr. Haycock, I am told, regarded Dr. Willoughby's motion as intended to trap the Patrons into voting against the Government, and declared that he was not going to be made a factor in any mere party move. Party move, or no party move, he assuredly stands convicted of having sacrificed principle to pettiness; pettiness that is all the more palpable because with his whole 14 followers in opposition the Government would still have had nine of a majority. The strong are not always grateful.

* * *

The chairman of the Fire and Light Committee, with a claim to extreme magnanimity, generosity, consideration and forbearance, has fined an unfortunate fireman, with a family dependent on his modest stipend, $25 for being intoxicated at the time of the Simpson fire. The next right and proper action he can take is to fine himself and associates, from the Mayor down, the full value of the property lost on the occasion. If the poor fireman was guilty of a lapse in discipline, they have been worse, they have been lax in diligence and remiss in duty. With the example of bad old Nero, son of Domitius Aheuobarbus, continually being thrust before them as a warning, they continued heedlessly to spout and talk and wrangle over the respective merits of two makes of fire engines, when nobody would have rebelled if they had ordered both. Of the ancient Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus, otherwise Nero, it is told that at the burning of Rome he sang a poem of his own composition on the destruction of Troy while the flames were raging. The chairman of the Fire and Light Committee cannot be charged with this thing, but he has not failed to let his seeming magnanimity be known in the case of the poor fireman with a family dependent after all on a mere pittance. If he now wishes to earn greater credit for liberality, he will take the weakness from which the poor fellow was suffering, the temptation and the effect of the heat and excitement on a worried body and brain into account, and throw off the odd twenty dollars. An evening paper has raised a howl about the supplying of firemen at The Globe and Simpson fires with small quantities of liquor because they occurred on Sunday morning. In the absence of good hot tea and coffee, I think it was a generous and kindly thing to do. I, for one, should much like to see the writer of the howl called up in the dead of night, doused well with bitterly cold water in bitterly cold weather on one side, with a fierce, devouring heat on the other, and ascertain if he wouldn't like just at that moment "a wee drappie." I don't see that there was any cause for putting the lapse of this one poor married man, who has admittedly been a faithful and hard-working employe for years, into the papers at all; but, as it has been so chronicled, and all his associates and the public know the black mark that has been put against him, the fine might be remitted, in large part if not entirely.

* * *

I do not think a more intelligent and more thoroughly representative jury, petit or grand, was ever got together in Toronto than is now engaged at the fire inquest, which, in common with everybody else, I trust will be most thorough. Look at the names: J. J. Withrow (foreman), Miles Vokes, James Alison, Benjamin Chapman, W. J. Hammond, J. Sinclair, George Boxall, Joseph Wright, A. M. Sinclair, G. F. Sproule, William Carlyle, A. W. Carrick, James Good, William McBean, Douglas Scott, J. N. McKendry and Hugh Neilson.

* * *

My friend Don, of Saturday Night, gives great credit to the Mayor for refusing to allow the Pavilion to be used by those opposed to remedial school legislation for Manitoba. Doubtless it required great courage to withstand pressure from the ultra-yellows, even if the courage were backed up by the thought that such a course would please the political yellows, but why, if denied for that, should the Pavilion be placed at the disposal of those in favor of Ald. Lamb's 9 o'clock bylaw, which the Council has already refused to endorse? If the Pavilion is given to the temperance folks for a meeting on Tuesday, it should be given to the people of the other part whenever they choose to want it, and I hear that will be before long. I hear, further, that next fall a body that will call itself the Christian Liberal Union will apply for the use of the Pavilion on Sunday afternoons. The argument of the Unionists is that, as their object is to unite all men and women on a liberal and charitable basis, they have as much right to rent the Pavilion as any other body, let it call itself what it pleases. They also say that no body of persons is entitled to a monopoly of Sundays for what one man did not hesitate to say was purely a secular purpose, seeing that it was week day rather than Sunday drinking that was dealt with. He and his friends also do not see why public property should be used on the Lord's Day for the preaching of one side of a controversial question. They express the opinion that it is on a par with preaching in the park, which has been prohibited as an infringement on the rights and privileges of the general mass of the people. And that reminds me that the Rev. Alderman Fleming Williams, an ex-member of the Progressist party of the London County Council, has been severely hauled over the coals for saying at a meeting in St. James' Hall: "The moderate policy involved consequences which were iquity as anything invented outside black with atheism and as foul with inhell." If that is not intemperance, I would like to know what is.

* * *

A singular story comes from Rochester, England. Being in dire distress, a Mrs. Mackrel, a widow, attempted to commit suicide by drowning. She was arrested and tried. In court a spectator became enamored of her presence. The case was adjourned. Meantime an official investigation of her home was made. Her five children were found neatly if poorly dressed, while everything in the house was scrupulously clean. The spectator, a middle-aged man, with an independent thousand pounds a year, proposed in open court and was accepted. On the following day the despondent woman and the confiding man were married, all the court officials, including Sir John Bridge, the magistrate, being present. Surely this is a pronounced case of "All's well that ends well."

* * *

I found the following extract in Saturday's Globe: "A lot of other things might be added in favor of the bike, such as the fact that it is ready on Sunday nights, when the cars are not running." Truly the words are reported to have been uttered by one of the great forty—the mystic number of the French Academy—who compose The Globe cycling corps, but, as they are used approvingly, I suppose they are the writer's opinion also. Now, what I should like to know is, why a man who cannot afford a hundred dollars for a bicycle should be deprived of the right, or privilege, if you choose to call it so, of paying five cents for a car?

* * *

Last week an article was printed in The Toronto Sunday World, in which a Mr. Mitton was quoted as telling the English people, through The London Standard, how much better our houses are protected against the rigors of a severe winter than theirs are. A writer in London Vanity Fair, whom I believe we all know, and who is at present sojourning o'er yonder, plays upon the same string. After referring to the energetic idiocy that prompted and pushed to a termination the Ottawa snow and ice carnival, he says:

"The fact is that in Canada there is a very general dislike of anything which calls attention to the supposed severity of our winter. Photographs of people in furs, with snow falling on their heads, of people snowshoeing, tobogganing, or curling, are now considered unpatriotic and likely to bring undue discredit on the country. And rightly enough, for a Canadian who has been in England for the last month has every reason to know that the miseries of winter are fifty times as much felt here by the average middle-class resident as by any representative of that class in Canada. Your new houses may have some sort of heating apparatus in them, and the owner may sit in front of a huge red fire within and feel a cold shiver run down his back every time the door is opened. But what of the thousands of well-to-do folks who have neither hot air, steam or hot water, and depend on one wretched grate in a room, the space in which, with traditional economy, has been minimized by the insertion of side and back bricks? And why don't people whose establishments know no stint in eating and drinking burn more coals than they do? Coals—seaborne—were scarce in the pre-railway era, and hereditary stinginess in this item of expenditure is the real reason. The assigned reasons are the unwholesomeness of hot rooms, and the very occasional visits of the frost fiend. Now, this is all rubbish.

"We Canadians live as long as you do, and though our cheeks and bodies are not so bursting with the succulent nourishment of an atmosphere that is meat and drink to all animal life, we are a healthy race. Yet we hold that it is as sensible to be hungry as to be cold. We warm our passages. Either in hall or basement we force the entering air to pass over a stove, and with double windows and double doors we exclude all the air we can, well knowing that in spite of any precautions a sufficiency will find its way in. You sit half the year in a summer temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. Why boast of a lower house temperature for the other six months? Why not be comfortable when it costs so little? You are a magnificent race, I admit. Your grown men and women can match their fellows the world over, but your weaklings mush have perished by the way. Dr. Andrew Clark, who was with the Princess Louise of Lorne in Canada, told me there that our views on the subject of indoor temperature were perfectly correct. 'Cold,' said he, 'is the enemy of life!' Can nothing be done to stay the absurd superstitution to the contrary that a majority of you pretend to entertain? The cult of cold is your national folly. Better to have the precautions and protections which we adopt, on tap, to use when required. Better to drop the absurdity of one small oil or gas stove in a large entry hall, from which the heat is supposed to radiate over half an acre of floor! But for the honor of the thing, I would as soon breakfast in the street as in the room I occupy for that purpose in expensive lodgings in Mayfair; and I would as soon scribble this without an overcoat on the top of a bus as in the writing-room of a first-class West End Club in which I am sitting, enjoying (?) an indoor temperature that must be the plumbers' delight, but which I can safely say my servants in Canada would not put up with for a single day. The use of applied heat in a house is to maintain a comfortable temperature, for open grates cannot conveniently be kept up at night. Heated air is not necessarily vitiated air; and depend on it that frozen water-bottles and icy sponges are not healthful necessaries of modern life. They are rather a beggarly and contemptible relic of barbarism. They do these things better in—Canada! Of your railway carriages I will not trust myself to speak. We only occupy such quarters when we cannot help it—when we lie on a shelf, awaiting final sepulture in the April thaw.

"And now one final reflection. Don't you think, having regard to all the misery which your uncivilized habits and most damnable insular unreceptiveness of foreign ideas have inflicted on yourselves and your visitors in the last thirty days, that your divines should consider the propriety of changing the quality of future punishment from the top to the bottom of the thermometer? Eternal fire is not in it with my present indoor experience of the other thing."

* * *

That is a long, interesting and most readable screed and, for fear that anything I might say after it would lead to what Mrs. Partington would call "odorous" comparisons, I will quit the field.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

The Ide Cycles.

Cyclists before purchasing their mounts for the coming season should certainly visit the premises of Messrs. Brownjohn, McNab & Co., of 34 Front-street west, the sole Toronto agents for the Ide cycles, and inspect the "Eiffelgrade High Art Wheel," in which is embodied the highest art in cycle construction. This beautifully finished machine, weighing 20 1-2 pounds, with guaranteed indestructible frame, is fitted with the patent elliptical spring crank, which created a furore in the United States last season, and whose merits as a changeable speed gear and an aid in hill-climbing have been testified to by numerous cycling experts. Although only in Toronto for a fortnight, it has excited the admiration of many visitors, and is selling rapidly. Anyone desiring a really high grade wheel at a low price cannot do better than inspect the neat-looking and finely-finished stock of Waverleys and Frontenacs of Brownjohn & Co., who will sell a good machine and perform the necessary repairs on most advantageous terms to the buyer.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

Brantford, March 9.—Fred. Charles, aged 40, a farmer, living one mile north of Burford, was cutting timber in the bush to-day, when a tree fell and killed him.

$20 for Carrying a Gun.

Mary Henry, the young French girl who went to the New Fort on Friday looking for the life of Private Nazer, was fined $20 and costs or 10 days for carrying a revolver by Magistrate Denison Saturday morning.

A SKETCH OF THE AILSA.

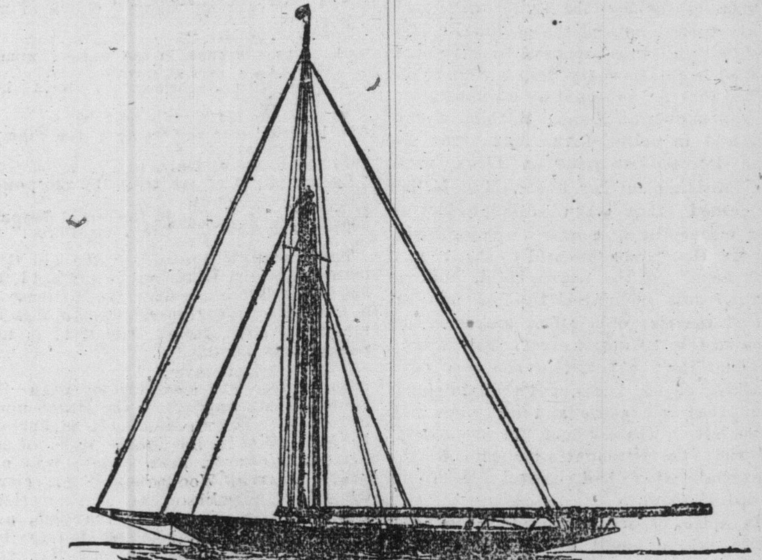
The Spruce Craft That Outsailed the Britannia at Canns on Thursday.

Glasgow, Feb. 27.—Nothing has been built in this country nearer to the hated American centreboard than Fife's new 160-rater Ailsa, now on her way to the Mediterranean regattas, and regarded here in the meantime as the fastest cutter in the world. It will require a week or ten days to establish this prediction, but not till a few contests with the Britannia will her superiority be believed in, if even then. If the Ailsa does prove faster than the Britannia, it will be a sad leveling down for the Prince of Wales, or, rather, for his admirers. The Prince of Wales himself is quite a model sportsman in the way of taking a beating, and "coming up all smiling."

In the first year of Watson's 90-ton cutter Vanduara she beat the Prince of Wales' 108-ton Formosa seventeen times running, or every time they met, and no one ever saw the Prince lose his smile. The Vanduara was built for and owned by the late Mr. John Clark of Paisley, but in racing the Formosa against her the Prince of Wales had forgotten Disraeli's advice to "keep an eye on "Paisley." The upshot of the contests between the Britannia and the Ailsa is at the present moment the whole yachting talk here, and the issue will pretty well divide the Clyde over the rivalry between Watson and Fife.

Nothing is known of the dimensions of Watson's new Valkyrie, but the conviction is pronounced that she will be nothing like the departure Fife has risked, for the excellent reason that Watson's 40-rater of last year, Carina left Fife's boats out of the hunt.

Fife's Thalia and his Lais, 40-raters, had on the two previous seasons to the Carina been the leading cutters in the 40-rater class, but last summer Watson's new Carina made a record season. In twenty starts all round the coasts the Carina won fifteen first prizes and three second prizes, having against her Lais and Thalia by Fife, and Vendetta and Corsair by Alfred Payne of Southampton. Corsair was designed and built for Admiral Montagu in 1892, and Vendetta by the same designer and builder in 1893.



THE FIFE CUTTER AILSA.

The Ailsa was photographed, as shown in the sketch, with her storm canvas set, which made her prodigious spars look ridiculous, but her canvas has been avoided. If the Ailsa is too good for the Britannia and the new Valkyrie, she will be the challenger for the American will be the challenger for the America's Cup, and Americans will have the pleasure of seeing her in September next.

A Clyde yachtsman, in speaking of the Ailsa, says, now that she can be viewed with a clear deck, she is a tower of strength and shapely beauty, and her spars take the breath away. Fancy, her mast is a bit of faultless Oregon pine of at least a couple of feet diameter! The stick is stepped so well forward of her lead that its sole has an incline toward the bowsprit, which gives what is above deck a saucy rake aft. An immense topsail leads up to a big thing in a spinnaker boom, but is nothing like the massive yard which will be in position when Ailsa is racing. Still, I suppose, all its weight will be required to keep down the sail and make it well fitting. Her sternpost has a great rake, and she should be fast on her rudder, and this will test the extra strength of her enormous spars. Standing at Ailsa's stern she has the appearance of a colossal champagne glass.

THE BUILD AND DESIGN.

The Ailsa was designed by W. Fife, jr., and built to the order of Mr. A. Barclay Walker of Warrington by Messrs. A. and J. Ingles of Pointhouse, Glasgow. Her framework is of steel, and she is planked in elm, from the lead keel to round the turn of the bilge, and in mahogany above. The woodwork has been beautifully executed.

The Ailsa is quite unlike anything previously modelled in regard to underwater form. Forward she greatly resembles the Vigilant, especially in profile. Her lines are particularly easy and she looks as if she could beat anything afloat. Much depends, however, upon the hanging of her lead and the stepping of her mast, and Mr. Fife's success in this respect can only be demonstrated by her actual performances while racing. She is about 8 1-2 feet shorter on the load waterline than Satanita and about a foot longer than the Britannia. Perhaps the most striking feature about her and the one which it is hoped by her admirers will make its influence felt very considerably in her coming battles is her enormous sail area, which far exceeds that of the Prince of Wales' cutter, and which is about equal to that of the Vigilant.

Ailsa is 125 feet over all, about 89 1-2 feet on the waterline, has upward of 26 feet beam, and her total sail area is about 11,500 square feet. Her rating, according to the Yacht Racing Association measurement, is about 172. Her main boom is 95 feet long, and has been hollowed. The following comparisons will give an idea of the main differences between Ailsa, Britannia and Vigilant:

	Ailsa.	Vigilant.	Britannia
Total sail area, sq. feet	11,500	11,588	10,395
Length over all	125	126	121
Rating length	89 1-2	87	88
Main boom	95	96	91
Rating	172	168	153

It is impossible to look at Ailsa as she rises and falls on the waves without a feeling of admiration. While being a thing of beauty from a yachtsman's point of view, she has every appearance of tremendous strength. Her sternpost has a great rake, and she should answer very smartly to her rudder, and this will test the strength of her spars, which are of enormous size, to carry her great spread of canvas. It is an interesting fact that internally she is fitted most luxuriously for the comfort of her owner, while an extra large forecastle has been provided for her crew, which numbers 32 men. In the disposition of the space below decks, Ailsa has been arranged after the model of Britannia. The crew of the new cutter have been largely recruited from the crews of big racing yachts, such as Iverna, Satanita and Valkyrie, so they are all familiar with the handling of a large racer.

THE AILSA MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT

Cannes, March 9.—The race for the Priz de Monte Carlo, with the Britannia and Ailsa as the chief competitors, although the Corsair, Valkyrie I. and Oretta were also starters, was the event announced for to-day. The weather was cloudy and the wind light. After the usual manoeuvring for position, the Britannia crossed the line first, and, as she invariably does, in the windward position. This she did at exactly 10 o'clock. Just at this time the Ailsa was seen to be in trouble, and it was soon apparent that the jaws of her gaff had been carried away. Instead of crossing the line she turned back and anchored. The Corsair was second, the Britannia winning easily.

Although the Aranella came in first in the second Monte Carlo race, the contest was won by the Dakotah on time allowance from the Aranella. The Aranella. The Aranella finished at 3.02.25, an dthe Dakotah at 3.07.47. The Dakotah allowance was five minutes 58 secs. The race was for yachts of less than 20 tons rating. The Ailsa has been towed to Nice.

THE CUP D FENDER.

Mr. John B. Herreshoff, the Builder, Explains Why He Doesn't Talk.

Bristol, R.I., March 9.—John B. Herreshoff, the head of the shipbuilding establishment, opened his lips for the first time this season to a reporter, and explained the policy of silence his firm follows regarding the new cup defender.

"We are simply acting under orders," he said. "We are engaged by some New York gentlemen to build a yacht on which the eyes of the country, indeed of the nautical world generally, rest and will rest. So far as we are concerned we would willingly allow the newspapers to know every step of our work. The press, with a few exceptions, has always been kind and appreciative, and we understand that the more information we were to give out the more advertising our company would receive.

"Our clients seal our mouths. They wish every detail suppressed, at least until the yacht building on the Clyde is constructed past the stage of alterations of a material nature. There is too much at stake—national honor, a great sum of money and no end of personal pride and responsibility. You can scarcely conceive how in earnest Mr. Iselin and his friends are.

"The Scotch builders do not allow any but some trusted workmen to see the Watson boat, and the English press suppresses any intelligence concerning the new cup-seeker, lest it give aid to us on this side of the water. There will be numerous features attached to our boat which cannot safely be disclosed. We must guard them very zealously. Our friends on the other side have been keen to profit by our advances in yacht building, and will seize any points that are useful. The syndicate say 'absolute secrecy,' and so we place guards on our works, and have a great deal of trouble to insure the privacy our clients demand."

According to an entirely reliable source in this town, the present status of the new yacht is as follows: The lead keel, now finished, is shaped like a huge fish. The greatest quantity of lead is forward of the centre section, so that the boat will be quick in stays. The keel is about twenty feet in length, and is about five feet at the deepest point.

TO-NIGHT'S ECLIPSE.

Importance Attached to the Event—Search for a Satellite.

Unless the sky is obscured by storm clouds this evening, a total eclipse of the moon of more than usual interest to astronomers will be visible to the naked eye.

The moon enters the penumbra at 3 minutes to 8 o'clock and the shadow at 6 minutes to 9. At 10.39 the middle of the eclipse will have arrived. The moon leaves the shadow at 12.25 Monday morning and leaves the penumbra at 1.21. Magnitude of eclipse (moon's diameter-1) 1.627.

This eclipse will be especially interesting to astronomers, and great preparations are being made at Harvard University for the careful observation of the phenomenon. Photographs will be taken every few minutes and a great search will be made for a new satellite.

The satellite for which astronomers are now looking was a little bit of a speck of light when last seen. Astronomers have been trying hard to make up their minds whether to admit of its existence or not. The observations will determine this mooted point.

SHORTIS TAKEN TO MONTREAL

The Valleyfield Murderer Will Be Tried in That City.

Montreal, March 9.—Shortis, the Valleyfield murderer, was brought into the city this morning at 9 o'clock over the Grand Trunk. He was accompanied by Sheriff Laberge and Messrs. Mon Petit and Leduc, his jailers. The prisoner was well dressed, and, although there was no appearance of worry or apprehension, he displayed no boldness or impudence. No attention was attracted in the streets, as most of the party in the sleigh were smoking. Even Shortis was enjoying a cigarette. The prisoner was placed in ward No. 10, known as the flogging department. The trial will take place in this city, and if the murderer is sentenced to be hanged the execution will take place at the Montreal jail. Capital punishment has not been carried out in this city since the year 1884.

Rolled Under a Trolley Fender.

The usefulness of the trolley fender as a life-saver was manifested at about 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, when a little chap 4 years old, named Percy Gill, who lives with his parents at 75 Anne-street, narrowly escaped being killed by a trolley. He attempted to cross the track in front of a northbound Yonge-street car near the corner of Yonge and Anne. The head of the car struck him and pushed him in front of it for several yards. Fortunately, the car was nearing a corner and was running at a low rate of speed. The child was picked up by Architect Ogilvy and carried home, and Dr. Green was called in and his injuries, which consist of a very serious scalp wound and some nasty bruises, were attended to.

SATURDAY'S MARKETS.

Speculative Issues Strong on Liberal Buying by Shorts.

The dealings on New York Exchange were 105,766 shares.

There was a sharp rally in Lake Shore.

Sugar Trust sold at 100, the highest price in several months.

The most active stocks were Sugar, 48,300 shares, St. Paul 10,700, J.C. 4000, Distillers 3300, L. & N. 5100, N.W. 2400.

New York Stocks.

The fluctuations on the New York Stock Exchange to-day were as follows:

STOCKS.	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing
Am. Sugar Ref. Co	98¾	100	98¾	99⅛
American Tobacco	93	95	92½	94
C. & O	....	....	....	....
Cotton Oil	23	22	21⅛	22
Atchison	3¾	3¾	3¾	3¾
Chi., Burlington & Q	69¾	70¼	69¾	70⅛
Chicago Gas Trust	71⅞	72½	71⅞	72⅛
Canada Southern	48	48	48	48
C.C.C. & I	....	....	....	35 b
Del. & Hudson	123⅞	124	123	124
Del., Lac. & W	156¼	156¾	155⅞	156⅛
Erie	7⅞	7⅞	7¼	7⅞
Lake Shore	136	136¾	136	136
Louisville & Nashville	47¼	47¾	47	47¾
Manhattan	108	108	108	108
Missouri Pacific	19⅝	19¾	19⅝	19⅞
U.S. Cordage Co	5½	5½	5½	5⅛
New England	....	....	....	29½ b
N.Y. Central & Hud	94⅞	95¼	94⅛	95
Northern Pacific Pref	13¼	13¾	13¼	13⅛
Northwestern	87¾	88⅛	87¾	88
General Electric Co	26¾	26½	26⅛	26⅝
Rock Island & Pac	61⅛	61⅞	61⅜	61¼
Omaha	29¼	29½	29¼	29¼
Pullman	....	....	....	153 b
Pacific Mail	21⅝	21⅝	21⅝	21⅝
Phila. & Reading	7¾	7¾	7¾	7¾
St. Paul	54	54¼	53⅞	54¼
Union Pacific	8½	8½	8	8¼
Western Union	86¾	87¼	86¾	87⅛
Distillers	12¼	12¼	12¼	12⅜
Jersey Central	83¾	84¾	83¾	84½
National Lead	30	30¼	30	30¼
Wabash Pref	....	....	....	....

Wheat is higher in Chicago.

Puts on May wheat 54 5-8c, calls 55 5-8c.

Puts on May corn 45 5-8c, calls 46 1-8c.

Estimated hogs in Chicago for Monday 44,000.

Chicago Markets.

McIntyre & Wardwell report the following fluctuations on the Chicago Board of Trade to-day:

	Open'g	H'h'st	L'st	Close.
Wheat—May	54⅝	55	54½	55
" —July	55⅝	56	55⅛	56
Corn—May	45⅝	45¾	45¼	45¾
" —July	45	45½	45	45½
Oats—May	29¼	29⅜	29⅛	29⅜
" —July	27¾	27⅞	27¾	27⅞
Pork—May	10 85	10 97	10 85	10 95
" —July	11 10	....	....	....
Lard—May	6 60	6 6.	6 60	6 62
" —July	6 7.	6 7.	6 7.	6 75
Ribs—May	5 57	5 6	5 57	5 60
" —July	5 7.	5 72	5 70	5 72

The Musical Frogs.

Here is a quaint and striking poem, "The Musical Frogs," by the late Prof. John Stuart Blackie, and one of the best known of his productions. The refrain is from "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, and is supposed to represent the cries of the amphibians:

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
How sweet ye sing! would God that I
Upon the bubbling pool might lie,
And sun myself to-day
With you! No curtained bride, I ween,
Nor pillowed babe, nor cushioned queen,
Nor tiny fay on emerald green,
Nor silken lady gay,
Lies on a softer couch. O Heaven!
How many a lofty mortal, riven
By keen-fanged inflammation,
Might change his lot with yours, to float
On sunny pond, with bright green coat,
And sing with gently throbbing throat
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Happy the bard who weaves his rhyme
Recumbent on the purple thyme,
In the fragrant month of June;
Happy the sage whose lofty mood
Doth far-searching ken intrude
Into the vast infinitude
Of things beyond the moon;
But happier not the wisest man
Whose daring thought leads on the van
Of star-eyed speculation,
Than thou, quick-legged, light-bellied thing,
Within the green pond's reedy ring,
That with a murmurous joy dost sing
Among the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Great Jove with dark clouds sweeps the sky,
Where thunders roll and lightnings fly,
And gusty winds are roaring;
Fierce Mars his stormy steed bestrides,
And, lashing wild its bleeding sides,
O'er dead and dying madly rides,
Where the iron hail is poring.
'Tis well—such crash of mighty powers
Must be; the spell may not be ours
To tame the hot creation.
But little frogs with paddling foot
Can sing when gods and kings dispute,
And little bards can strum the lute
Amid the croaking nation.
With Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!
Farewell! not always I may sing
Around the green pond's reedy ring
With you, ye boggy muses!
But I must go and do stern battle
With herds of stiff-necked human cattle,
Whose eager lust of windy prattle
The gentle rein refuses.
O if—but all such ifs are vain;
I'll go and blow my trump again,
With brazen iteration;
And when, by Logic's iron rule,
I've quashed each brisky babbling fool,
I'll seek again your gentle school,
And hum beside the tuneful pool
Amid the croaking nation,
Brekekekex! coax! coax! O happy, happy frogs!

The Bentinck Fund.

This flourishing charity was originated by, and not merely named after, as many doubtless imagine Lord George Bentinck. Shortly after his appearance with the flag at Doncaster, a public testimonial was got up for his lordship, and all sorts and conditions of sportsmen literally hurried up to hand in their contributions. It was a testimonial collected on a scale of which anyone might indeed have been proud, and there is not the least doubt but that it was a source of intense gratification to its noble recipient. The sum subscribed amounted to several thousands of pounds sterling and how nobly he acted when he received it. From his own private fortune he added a large donation to the amount presented to him by the unanimous vote of gratitude and esteen on the part of the motley community over whom he exercised such a lordly sway. And then he placed the whole sum in the hands of permanent trustees for the aid and maintenance of distressed jockeys, trainers' families, to be denominated for ever "The Bentinck Benevolent Fund." It is, we believe, to this fund that the guinea each jockey pays annually for his license to ride is devoted, while a further source of sustenance is furnished by sundry fines exacted by the stewards of race meetings and the Jockey Club.

Acquitted of Incendiarism

Montreal, March 9.—John Robertson, who was charged with having set fire to the Mechanics' Institute building on the evening of January 28, he having a week previously been discharged as caretaker, and having threatened vengeance, and acted very sucpiciously on the evening the library was destroyed, was to-day acquitted in the Court of Queen's Bench. Judge Baby charged strongly against the accused.

A CHILD IN HIS GROIN.

Astounding Result of a Surgical Operation in Seney Hospital, Brooklyn.

Thomas Nevins, a merchant of Brooklyn, whose place of business is in Myrtle-avenue between Franklin and Kent-streets, has just passed through an experience unique in human annals. He is a bachelor, 38 years old, and has enjoyed the best of health until recently, when he began to feel pains in the region of the base of his spine. He gradually grew worse until, by the advice of friends, he betook himself to Seney Hospital and submitted himself to the care of Supt. Partington and Dr. Fowler, who saw at once that the case was far out of the common. After a consultation, it was agreed that it would be necessary to perform a surgical operation upon Mr. Nevins in order to locate and extract whatever foreign matter was lodged in the patient's system. Accordingly, all was made ready and an incision was made just above the back of the groin, and the foreign substance was discovered. But imagine the amazement of the physicians when they discovered that the impeding matter was nothing less than a small human body, encased in a rather tough tissue, lying snugly against a wall of muscles.

The doctors could scarcely credit their own eyesight, but when the boy baby was taken out and measured and found to be five inches long, with hair on its head and fingernails well developed, they could doubt no longer. They knew that they had brought to light, perhaps, the strangest phenomenon that physical science has ever known.

The theory advanced by the doctor is that in the embryonic tissue that enclosed Nevins was also this other atom, which, had it developed properly, would have been born at the time of Nevins' birth, and he and it would have been twins. As it happened, the development of this "homonculus," as Tristam Shandy would call it, was in some way retarded, and all the animal force went to Nevins, and so, at the time of birth, the little fellow became encysted in his brother's body and was lugged around with him for 38 years.

The homonculus was connected with Nevins by a ligament which sustained its life, and all would have gone well, and the two would have lived happily, for many years, perhaps, had not some unaccountable jar or wrench severed the ligament after which the atom died and the defunct and poisonous matter began at once to seriously affect Nevins' system.

Dr. Fowler says that the man will get well and be all right and healthy again. His experience has certainly been most marvelous.

Ed Geers' Temper.

E. C. Von Gilman, who is delivering a series of illustrated lectures on horsemanship and riding in New York, says that certain traits of character are absolutely necessary to the making of a good horseman either as a rider or as a driver. No person who lacks firmness and decision can ever completely master a horse and get out of him the best and all that he can do. It is the quiet-stern and determined man who makes the best horseman as a rule. Gen. Grant possessed all these traits, together with a natural love for horses, and he was about as successful in handling horses as he was in handling men. Edward F. Geers, who drove Robert J., 2.01 1-2, has the same characteristics in a marked degree, and he can probably rouse a horse to greater effort without resorting to the whip than any other driver on the turf. His affection for a good game, honest horse amounts to almost a passion, and the famous pacer, Hal Pointer, that gave him his first great reputation as a reinsman, is his idol. It is told of Geers, who is one of the most peaceable and kind-hearted men in the world, that he once nearly killed a man for abusing the old horse. A big, burly, six-foot groom in his employ was giving Pointer a rub-down one day when the horse made a move which did not please the rubber, whereupon the latter drew back and gave the game old pacer a kick. Geers happened to walk into the stable just in time to witness the brutal treatment of his pet. His eyes blazed with anger, and before the grom could escape the mild-mannered reinsman snatched up a big steel tooth file and dealt the offender a whack over the head which felled him to the floor. Luckily the groom was an Alabama negro with plenty of bone in his skull, else the blow might have been the last of him.

Appointments Gazetted.

In The Ontario Gazette Dr. A. S. Thompson of Strathroy is named as a coroner for East Middlesex, and W. H. Webster of Apsley is made bailiff.

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WHOLESALE NEWSDEALERS.

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AUTHORSHIP AND POLITICS.

Whether it is that our statesmen are not built that way, or that they find their time too fully occupied to indulge in the pleasures of an elegant leisure, it is certain that few of our leading politicians have cut any figure in literature. Mr. J. D. Edgar has dabbled a bit, and so has Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia, but outside these we are not aware that any of our prominent politicians have affected letters. This is the more remarkable because several have been, and even are, active journalists. Perhaps in the time to come when our public men are richer men, some of them will be found writing books. In Britain the situation is very different. There it is nothing uncommon to find statesmanship and authorship combined. The late Lord Beaconsfield was an eminently successful romancist, taking rank very nearly with the best. The majority of England's political men are of a more serious turn of mind than the Prince Consort's "Satanic Jew." Mr. Balfour, for instance, has gone in for philosophy and theology, the high-sounding title of a recently published work by him being "The Foundation of Belief." In choosing his theme Mr. Balfour has apparently taken a leaf from the career of Mr. Gladstone, who, about the time of his entrance into Parliament put forth an elaborate treatise on Church and State, which Lord Macaulay afterward tore into shreds with his merciless logic. It is to be hoped Mr. Balfour will not meet with like experience. Authorship, even though it may be of a commonplace character, will appear to most people's minds as after all a more befitting diversion for a master of statecraft than the winning of the Derby.

It is a noteworthy fact that many literary men have reached eminence in political life in Great Britain, as the mention of such names as Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Macaulay, Beaconsfield and Morley will at once indicate. None of these statesmen sprang into the political arena Minerva-like, full armed for the fray. Their literary efforts first brought them into notice and recommended them to political favor, but their success in civic government and legislative warfare was chiefly the work of time, observation and experience.

The generally splendid political career of these men is offset by the dismal record which other literary men have made who tried to follow the same path. Addison, whose essays are models of pure and graceful English, withdrew from Parliament out of pure chagrin at his unfitness for that station. Gibbon retired from Parliament from similar motives, after having sat through eight sessions. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most brilliant orators the British bar has produced, made no impression whatever in the House of Commons. Few remember now that Byron for a while tried to achieve fame in the House of Lords and then gave up the task. "When 'Childe Harold' was published," he once remarked, 'nobody thought of my prose afterward, nor indeed did I." Lord Lytton, Stuart Mill and Professor Fawcett were all members of Parliament, but if the preservation of their memories had depended upon their achievements in that body their names would now be forgotten.

Although literary men in the republic to the south of us have manifested little ambition to enter political life, a number have attained distinction in that line. Among the most eminent of these is Bancroft, the historian, who, besides filling several minor posts, was successively Secretary of the Navy and Minister to Great Britain and to Germany. Washington Irving was another, serving as Minister to Spain and as Secretary of the London Legation. It is of timely interest to note that Tammany Hall at one time offered him the nomination for Mayor, an "honor" which the genial creator of "Rip Van Winkle" had the prescience to decline. John Lothrop Motley represented the Republic at the courts of Austria and Great Britain; James Russell Lowell filled the Spanish and British missions, and Bayard Taylor died while acting as Minister to Germany. Other members of the American Literary Guild have occupied public offices, but these substantially constitute the principal instances.

On the other hand, it is an interesting fact that political life in the United States has stimulated many public men to venture into authorship, some of whose productions have taken their place among English classics. Among the most conspicuous of these writers are Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Benton, Everett and the late General Grant, Alexander H. Stephens, S. S. Cox and James G. Blaine. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of the present day, deserves a place in the same distinguished category. The writings of these men, however, are chiefly of a historical and political character, none of them having ventured, like Gladstone, into the domain of theology, or like Beaconsfield, into the realm of fiction.

So much has been said from time to time about the inaptitude of literary men for public affairs that a feeling has grown up in many quarters that the library and the council and legislative chambers are separated by an impassable gulf. This is an error. Capacity for governmental affairs is not the monopoly of any particular class or profession. Many lawyers supposed to be especially fitted for political life, have made a total failure as legislators and magistrates, while men with the barest mental equipment have achieved imperishable fame in the same positions. Successful statesmanship demands a variety of talents, not among the least of which is that ordinarily called common sense.

ART DECORATIVE.

The peculiar art of an English youth of twenty-four years, named Aubrey Beardsley, has forced itself upon the public mind lately. Even sensible persons of good taste have been unable to avoid it, because one cannot walk in the streets or ride on the railroads without being confronted by young Mr. Beardsley's queer women, who are like nothing that ever was on earth, or ever shall be, we devoutly hope. People who have artistic instincts may have viewed this work complacently though not admiringly. A certain boldness of design and freedom of execution denoted that Beardsley possessed some ability, not at all remarkable, that might be developed into something better by age and experience. He seemed at first to be a callow youth, whose fancy had been led away by the influence of the music halls, which is deplorably potent in London. His singular drawings seemed to have been inspired by a vague desire to perpetuate the frequently ugly contortions of the serpentine dancer and the swirls of her accordion-plaited garments. His vogue was thought to be a foolish but harmless matter that would soon pass away, leaving him wiser and richer—well enough supplied with money to afford to abandon his freakish idea and study the art of good masters.

But since Beardsley has become notorious enough to warrant the publication of long interviews with him and printed descriptions of his person and the surroundings in which he exhibits it, this kindly belief has been proved fallacious. He is no innocent youth, wandering aimlessly in the byways of art, in spite of his few years. He has secured his notoriety by pursuing a well-planned course, and the commercial instinct is strong in him. He is following the example of Mr. Oscar Wilde, whom he resembles closely, for his drawing is to art what Wilde's writing is to literature. In personal appearance, according to the graphic description of an enthusiastic interviewer, Beardsley must be as queer as his own pictures, for his hair is red and "his nose is so big that it partly overshadows the rest of his face and makes the chin seem to descend abruptly into the curve of his neck." It is not surprising to learn that he was an infant prodigy and that he "finished his education at the age of sixteen," having then made up his mind, probably, that he had nothing more to learn.

He modestly says his technique is as old as Botticelli, and that his aim is to apply the "decorative style to modern life." He seeks to abolish "half tones" and insists that the "same value of line" must be preserved in all parts of a drawing. And then, with another burst of frankness and modesty, he confesses that he is not a Hogarth and that he is not trying to satirize life. All of which ought to be great fun for artists.

There is no doubt that Mr. Beardsley understands himself thoroughly and comprehends, with keen commercial instinct, the gullibility of a large proportion of the British and American public. Give them something odd and ugly, with an explanation of its vast symbolical purport, shock them, insult them, and the people will bring out their pocketbooks and pay for the entertainment, until another more shocking and more insulting is offered to them. The entertainer must be quick to collect, for the time of his "turn" is limited and there will be no "encores." His harvest will have no aftermath.

The interviewer whose account of Beardsley we have been quoting, a London correspondent of The Boston Transcript, asked him where he found his types, and received this pleasing reply: "Everywhere. But chiefly in the St. James' restaurant. I've sat there night after night watching them. The women are all prostitutes. They are the only ones who dress well. They are the type of life to-day."

Women of this continent who have caught the Beardsley craze, and have thought it a pretty weakness to air in public, may learn something from this impudent statement. It is not true, probably, that Beardsley studies his "types" anywhere. As to whether the rest of the statement is true we have no opinion to express. It sounds like Oscar Wilde in his cups. And this boy has barely begun his twenty-third year!

Young Beardsley is coming over to see America. He knows our neighbors make lions of people who can shock and insult them. He knows America wants him, and he'll drop in upon New York about April Fool's Day. He says, with a tear in his voice, that he knows he'll be seasick, but he won't mind that, for the sake of the unregenerated Yank. His object is "partly business" and "partly health." Health he sadly needs, and there are many places on this broad continent where crude society is as yet uncontaminated by the moral decay which produces Beardsleys and Wildes, where he can get it roughly administered. But he'll not seek it. "Partly business" fully explains his object in risking the perils of the sea. His hope is that he will become a "lad." He may be disappointed.

A LADY WITH A PAST.

There are pasts and pasts. There are ladies with each sort and, thank God, the women with the good past far, far outnumber those with a bad past. But there are few, indeed, with such a noble public past as Miss Florence Nightingale, a lady who now in the decline of life is still concerned in those broad measures of practical, sympathetic philanthropy, that brought her into prominence forty years ago. Miss Nightingale early proved herself a daughter of consolation. Suffering of whatever kind was sure to evoke her sympathy. As a girl she made a study of the afflicted and their afflictions and rarely has study yielded such good fruit. It was while engaged in a series of investigations that Miss Nightingale met a humble Protestant pastor, with benevolence akin to her own, anxious to create a training school for deaconesses, or visiting nurses. Like many other benevolent institutions, it was from small beginnings that the German pastor became a power. There had prior to his advent, been some effort made in this direction, the late Mrs. Fry being conspicuous in that cohort of the faithful. Thus it was that when the Crimean War broke out, Miss Nightingale and her staff were ready for the dread work in which they were to be engaged. The task to which this gifted lady devoted herself was an admirable example of willinghood. In a spirit of absolute devotion Miss Nightingale had consecrated herself, and the fact that Fliedner was a German did not deter her from serving under him. It could scarcely have been imagined that what this Protestant pastor accomplished, as a practical philanthropist was destined to be the seed-plot from which the nurses of the British were to be drawn. An appeal from the Secretary at War, Mr. Sidney Herbert, took Miss Nightingale to the East. The battle of Inkerman, a most sanguinary combat, sent six hundred wounded soldiers into the hospital in a single day, and in two months some three thousand were found there. Nor was that all. No very long time elapsed before the sick and wounded rose to ten thousand. In that emergency, Miss Nightingale's power became known. The maladies under which so many brave men were stricken down had no terrors for this daughter of England. It is not wonderful that Britain's soldiers did her heartfelt homage.

It is a long while since we have heard anything of this gifted lady whose fame has made the tour of the world, and who is known wherever civilization has penetrated. Miss Nightingale reached Constantinople shortly before Inkerman, and for two years she remained in the Crimea. What she accomplished in that time for those who were ready to perish is known only to the select band who have studied the story of their sufferings. An average lifetime has passed since then. Nearly all engaged in that battle of giants have gone from this mortal scene. But Miss Nightingale is with her people to this day and a letter recently addressed to a philanthropic society of Great Britain shows that her heart has lost none of its tenderness. Would that Grant Allen, Sarah Grand and others of the nasty tribe of writers could give us a real good heroine of the Florence Nightingale stripe instead of the women of the present. In the incidents of such a woman's life there must have been much of romance, but it is beyond the telling, or even the imagining, of the depicters of perverse nature and undesirable morality.

A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL.

There is a marked revival of interest in spiritualism. Whether the mediums will make any kind of a stir in Canada remains to be seen; but they are particularly active in far off Australia. If, however, the believers are active the scoffers are equally so. At a recent seance in Sydney the lights were suddenly turned up and the medium, a Mrs. Mellon, who was supposed to have summoned from the vasty deep a negro child called Cissy, was seized by an unbeliever, a man known as Henry. Nothing daunted, and in spite of the fact that she was detected wearing a black mask and walking on her knees, Mrs. Mellon explained that when this product of her materializing power was grasped by Mr. Henry, she "seemed to shoot into the form" of the negro child, and, as the process of materialization had reduced the size of her feet and legs, she was unable to stand erect. This was to account for the fact that she was found walking on her knees, and the additional fact that her shoes and stockings had been left in the cabinet, for she asserted that the attenuating effect of the materialization had caused them to drop off there.

In spite of what seemed to be the successful attempt of Mr. Henry to make this medium's business unprofitable, she retained the confidence of many prominent persons in Sydney, and the controversy about her exhibitions continues to supply much material to the journals of the Australian cities. To account for additional reverses the medium and her followers have now offered another explanation, which seems to have the merit of novelty in the colonies, although it has an ancient and chestnutty flavor elsewhere. The medium has the support of Sir William Windeyer and several well-known physicians, and Sir William appointed a committee by which her powers should be tested. This committee witnessed certain manifestations after Mrs. Mellon had been sealed up in a calico bag, and, afterward, locked up in a wire cage, and its report was very favorable and encouraging to the materializer. Whereupon the medium's medical adviser, Charles W. McCarthy, offered to give £50 to a conjuror named Hosking if he should cause similar manifestations under similar conditions. Hosking undertook to win the money, and we learn from the Australian journals that he did reproduce in the Sydney Opera House, before a large audience, the medium's test exhibition. Then another "illusionist," Prof. W. A. Davis, found the industry attractive. In the public halls of Sydney and Melbourne he has duplicated all of Mrs. Mellon's feats, creating her favorite apparitions, the negro child Cissy included. Having been sealed up in a calico bag by a committee, he projected upon the stage for the edification of his audience not only one materialized form, but three, which appeared simultaneously, and Mrs. Mellon's supporters could not have asked from Sir William Windever and his associate a more favorable report than the audience received from the committee appointed to watch this expert in the mysteries of sleight of hand. But neither Davis nor Hosking has seen the color of Dr. McCarthy's money.

The explanation made by the followers of the medium prevents any award of the prize because it asserts that the exposures were fraudulent. This explanation is that both Hosking and Davis themselves are really materializing mediums of exceptional power, and have thus basely used this power to discredit an honest and sincere member of their own class. This theory affords much comfort to the numerous followers of Mrs. Mellon, with whom the assertion of Hosking and Davis that they are not mediums and that their exhibitions are only so much trickery have no weight whatever. The colonies appear to be going through a belated campaign of education on this subject.

GENERAL BOOTH AT HOME

That remarkable man, General Booth, who was with us a few short weeks ago, is at home again. No matter how we may regard his "hurrah" methods he has proved himself a wonder. It may be that he will leave as much of an impression on the religious history of the world as John Wesley did, for it seems scarcely likely that the institution which he has established, the methods that he has adopted and systematized, will fail to become an enduring part of the world's religious activity. As long as there are persons who can be reached by religious influences in no other way—and that is as long as there is poverty and crime in the world—there will be armies of men and women, most of them as sincere as they are intense, to march through the land with discordant drums and horns, to labor in the slums, to rescue those who are beyond the touch of all the more respectable and timid and less offensive organizations.

General Booth made an extensive journey through Canada and the United States, in every part finding detachments of his astounding army, facing ridicule with placid indifference, and facing, sometimes, abuse and physical assault with steady and persistent courage. His journeys now have covered the globe and in most lands he has his sentries posted. His own fortune was insignificant in comparison with the cost of sustaining the Salvation Army for a single month. It is obvious that he has won the recognition of persons of means until he has been able to place the army almost on a self-sustaining basis.

In addition to the maintenance of a vast army of religious workers, he has supported thousands of the unemployed of London, instituting many enterprises to give employment to an army of hopeless men and women. The success of his undertakings, the faithfulness and good sense with which he dispensed a large sum to give work to the unemployed, have added to the admiration which many doubtless have at last come to hold for his genius as a captain.

There is no longer any question as to the practical value of the work of the Salvation Army in the great cities. Reluctant clergymen are forced to admit not only the sincerity of the leader and of many of the officers and workers, but also the usefulness of their labors. That the Salvation Army has come to stay seems to be beyond question, and however distasteful to cultivated minds their noisy methods may be, it is reasonable to extend aid to most of their enterprises.

SUNDAY IN TORONTO.

Still another big Sunday fire in Toronto. It is a rather interesting coincidence that Toronto is the city where the Sunday law is more vigorously enforced than in any other city on this continent. Apparently the fire fiend doesn't come under its provisions.—Boston Herald.

Mr. Hall Caine, the man of Man, has recently had a violent attack of verse. Here is a specimen of alliterative, chocking, champing, rum-ti-tum-tiddy-rum-tiddy-tum in "Graih my Chree" (Love of my heart):

O, then as she sank in the water's womb,
In the churn of the choking sea,
She knew that his arms were about her breast,
As close as his arms might be.
And he cried o'er the tramp of the champing tide
On the banks of Italy,
"By the plight of our troth, by the power of our bond,
If not in this world, in the world beyond,
Thou art mine, O, Graih my Chree."

The reader will feel like the old German professor who, on being told by his pupil that he could make no sense of a certain passage in a German classic, replied: "Mine young friend, it is not sense, it is poetry."

An interesting interview with Sir Isaac Pitman appears in the March number of the Young Man. It is curious to learn that in the early days of his shorthand crusade, the system was assailed on religious grounds, one cleric declaring in print that "Mesmerism, phrenology, phonography, chartism, and Socialism are the stalking horses behind which the most satanic lies and the most absurd blasphemies are sent forth." The writer would seem to have taken for granted that there must be some necessary connection between Pitman and the Pit. Sir Isaac, it appears, has survived the onslaughts of the doctors as well as of the divines. To quote his own words:

"Abuv forti yeerz ago dispepsia woz karing me tu the graiv. Medikal adveiserz rekomended animal food three tiemz a day insted ov wuns, and a glas ov wein. On this rejimen I woz nuthing beterd, but rather gru wurs. I avoided the meet and the wein, gradiuali rekuverd mei dijestiv power and hav never sins noan, bei eni pain, that I have a stumak."

The following tough episode of the war is related by The Japan Mail: While storming the first line of forts at Port Arthur, a soldier belonging to the 24th Regiment raised his rifle to fire at an unusually conspicuous Chinaman. Just as he was about to fire, a bullet from the enemy's side came whizzing on and, marvelous to relate, entered the barrel of his own gun as smoothly and neatly as if the muzzles had been placed mouth to mouth. Of course, there was an explosion, and the soldier's piece was shattered to the stock, but without his receiving any injuries whatever. A fractional variation to the right or left would have caused the hostile bullet to enter his head or face, so that his escape was nothing short of miraculous. He preserved the stock of the now useless weapon and afterwards exhibited it to his colonel, who permitted him to keep it as a memento of his narrow escape. It is probably the first instance of the kind on record since Baron Munchausen's day.

The Paris correspondent of The Lancet writes: Summoned to attend the child of one of my patients the other day, I found that, alarmed by baby's serious state, a French "confrere" had already been sent for and left directions which a neighboring French druggist had translated for the benefit of the English nurse in charge. The document is too amusing to be passed over, and I therefore make an apology for transcribing it, together with the necessary explanation within parentheses supplied by myself: 1. To distend the children of other children. (To isolate the baby from her sister). 2. Not many flower in the eat and not give him that milk prepared. (Suppress farinaceous food and also the milk as hitherto prepared). 3. Before the col of children une eponge warm. (Apply a hot sponge to the child's throat). 4. Every body that have occupation of children wild vhach the hands in liquor of van Swieten. (Every person coming in contact with the child to wash his hands in van Swieten's solution). 5. All the linen deteriored shall be whach in solution before londres. (All soiled linen to be washed in the solution before being sent to the laundress).

When you feel tired, without special cause, that indicates the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The oddest thing of all, as I look back upon this "unhappy love," is that it was not particularly unhappy. In the first place, it ministered most potently to my self-respect. Neither before nor since have I been half so interesting to myself. I reveled in tragic emotions; I apostrophized myself in sublimely gloomy language; I wrote despairing sonnets, full of youthful mawkishness, and I extracted conscientiously the last drop of bitterness which the situation was capable of yielding.

Truth to tell, I kept meeting my predestined maiden off and on, in one guise or another, for the next five or six years and at last, becoming skeptical, ceased to look for her. If I found her the matrimonial problem, so far as I am concerned, would have been solved once and forever. She and I, I fondly believed, would have struck a divine harmony which would have rung richly and clearly through our united lives. But how many of us are there who find this complementary chord to our being? And how many more are there who, prematrimonially, fancy that they have found it, and are waked up post-matrimonially by a jarring and perpetual discord?—H. H. Boyesen, in March Lippincott's.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

The Collect for the Day.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities, which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Psalm xlix.

O hear ye this, all ye people; ponder it with your ears, all ye that dwell in the world;

High and low, rich and poor: one with another.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and my heart shall muse of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to the parable; and show my dark speech upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of wickedness; and when the wickedness of my heels compasseth me round about?

There be some that put their trust in their goods; and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches.

But no man may deliver his brother; nor make agreement unto God for him;

For it cost more to redeem their souls; so that he must let that alone for ever;

Yea, though he live long: and see not the grave.

For he seeth that wise men also die, and perish together: as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their riches for other.

And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever; and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another; and call the lands after their own names.

Nevertheless, man will not abide in honor: seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish; this is the way of them.

This is their foolishness: and their posterity praise their saying.

They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them, and the righteous shall have domination over them in the morning; their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre out of their dwelling.

But God hath delivered my soul from the place of hell: for He shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid, though one be made, rich; or if the glory of his house be increased;

For he shall carry nothing away with him when he dieth: neither shall his pomp follow him.

For while he lived he counted himself an happy man: and so long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee.

He shall follow the generation of his fathers: and shall never see light.

Man being in honor hath no understanding: but is compared unto the beasts that perish.

Bear it for Him.

Onward and up, still onward,
Though feet fail and eyes grow dim,
And the path be steep and stony,
For it leads at the last to Him.

I said: "Lord Thy cross is heavy,
Too heavy, alas! for me;
It weighs me down on my journey,
And I cannot climb to Thee."

He said: "Thou art beloved,
The way is weary and long;
Yet the race is not aye to the swift,
Nor the battle to the strong.

"Take up thy cross, for I gave it;
Sore though it burdeneth thee;
Time was when I, too, was laden;
Bear it, beloved, for me."

So I carry the cross on my shoulder,
And its weight is heavy to bear,
But I hold it dear, for He gave it,
And I know I shall leave it there.

And when I have toiled to the summit
I shall lay my burden down;
I shall leave the cross on the hilltop,
And bow my head for the crown.

A Sermon for the Day.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. —Matt. iv., 1.

This temptation of Jesus is not to be resolved into a "mere train of thought," a "vision," an "allegory," neither are we to regard it as a "myth." There is nothing in the Word of God to countenance such an idea.

The scene of our Lord's temptation harmonized with the temptation itself. It was the desolate, blackened mountains of the wilderness of Judea. Of all places in the world this is perhaps the most naturally fitted for the centre of the kingdom of Satan. In this repulsive and dreaded place our Saviour was tempted not by a personified evil principle, but by the devil a being, an identity, who is thoroughly permeated with the spirit of evil. We have no more right to reduce Satan to a figure than we have to reduce Christ to a figure. If one is real the other must be.

Jesus was now to be put to the test. His work had fairly begun. He was fresh from His Jordan baptism, where the heavens were opened, where the Spirit of God descended upon Him like a dove, and where a voice from the excellent glory said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." His virtues were to be tried with His adversary. The heads of the two kingdoms Heaven and Hell must now meet in contest. In the whole of this contest we are to regard Jesus in his pure humanity. For though He was divine as well as human, we must not understand that the divine nature was tempted or could be tempted. In consideration of this distinction we can see how the body if of Christ might "hunger" or his soul be "sorrowful," while as God He could not be subject to these infirmities.

He stands there in the wilderness with no eyes on Him but His Father's and the holy angels, a pure, lone, sinless man like the first Adam, leaning on the divine arm alone for strength.

Although twice defeated in not being able to persuade Jesus to deny His sonship, or yield one iota to his power the devil is not discouraged. He will make a third attempt; he will offer Jesus a universal scepter; all Satan will ask in return is "worship." He makes in his last effort a strong plea; he is eloquent in his peroration. Will Jesus yield? Yield! Nay! "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written 'Thou shalt worship the Son of God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'"

It would seem that Jesus did not recognize with whom He was debating until now; but the moment he asks for worship he is branded as the enemy of God. Jesus has proven Himself master of the situation by repulsing three successive onsets. The prince of darkness is met upon his own battlegrounds and defeated. Victory, glorious victory, crowns the Prince of Light!

The paradise lost through the first Adam is regained in the second. Just as soon as Satan had departed angels came. The angel of darkness leaves and the angels of light appear on the scene. How great the change! How striking the transition! From the darkest night to the brightest morning.

Jesus is faint with His vigils and terrible combat, and to show that He is true master, heavenly visitors provide food and meat for His table.

This was in reality a triple temptation.

In the first Satan appealed to the animal appetites, in the second to the mental tastes, the love of show, and in the last to ambition.

This was the same triple temptation that led captive Eve. The fruit forbidden was good for food, and so appealed to the appetite; it was pleasant to the eye, and so appealed to the sense of beauty, the mental tastes. It would make one wise, even as the gods, and so it appealed to ambition. And this is the same triple division referred to by John: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride."

Perhaps all of the temptations of life can be reduced to one of these primary principles.

PHILIP GERMOND.

Before Sleep.

How better, Father, could we pray
Than thus at end of honest day,
Naked at heart, without pretence,
Secure in simple excellence,
A wife and husband hand in hand
At prayers among the sleeping band
Of angels whom Thy love hath lent
To bind our household sacrament?

When better, Father, could we ask
Thy care than after righteous task,
The need well met, the dream refused,
The oil not spilled, the clean lamp used?
Two grey-haired children kneel to Thee
In suit for fresh felicity,
Whose married worship to Thine ear,
Allowed, parental, rises clear.

Nor wealth, nor place as gifts Divine
I ask to fall on sons of mine;
But, most of all, a nature sure
To share the heart with rich and poor.
O give them tears! O make them feel
An inward energy to heal,
That never, full of frosty pride,
They pass upon the other side.

Behold these children, Father, God,
Their strip of life so briefly trod;
Their hearts unshaded by the gloom,
Their eyes scarce looking past a bloom.
To act as ministers in these
Implant such holy qualities
That they may march with love unspent,
And in Thy discipline content.

NORMAN GALE.

A Picture of the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Labor waiting to be hired; ability waiting for its opportunity; strength, knowledge, skill perhaps, waiting to be called into action—that is the simple ground work of one of the Lord's most interesting and instructive parables. Here, in this scene of the employer coming to the unemployed, not once, nor twice, but at frequent intervals, and engaging their services, turning their idleness into industry, their unproductiveness into profitableness—here in this simple, everyday scene is, our Lord says, a picture of the kingdom of heaven. And if anyone should ask, as so many do ask, what is heaven? we could not do better than reply, it is just like some great, earnest living power, coming and putting every knowledge and faculty which you have to its intended use, making you serviceable, calling to every truth and every affection in your nature, and giving them their opportunity to complete themselves in some ministry which awaits them.—Rev. Julian K. Smith.

Congregationalists and Methodists.

English Congregationalists owned 4592 places of worship in England and Wales in 1894, with accommodation for 1,3 613,722 persons, but with only 2804 ministers. In Scotland they had 99 churches with 112 ministers, and in Ireland only 27 churches, but a minister for every church. In London alone there are 375 Congregational Churches, seating 220,000 people. Wesleyan Methodists number 2337 ministers and 493,504 members in Great Britain and Ireland. Including colonies and heathen lands, the number subject to the British conference is 702,509. The Primitive Methodists have 1115 ministers and 195,750 members, and the smaller sects of the church 1283 ministers and 174,296 members.

A Sixth Century Gothic Bible.

A leaf of a Gothic Bible of the sixth or seventh century was recently discovered in the archives of the Haute Garonne by an abbe of Toulouse. It contains two chapters of Ecclesiastes, and is valuable, for only a small portion of the Old Testament translated by Bishop Ulfilas has been preserved; the New Testament has fared better. Fragments of the Gothic Bible have been found in many parts of Europe, the most important and most famous of all being the Codex Argenteus, written in silver letters on crimson parchment, now in the library at Upsala, in Sweden.

Laugh a Little Bit.

Here's a motto just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

—J. E. V. Cooke.

The Church and the Young Man.

How hard and faithfully many clergymen are spending themselves to gather the young men to Christ, and in great measure spending in vain, because they labor amiss. As long as the home is negative, fruits will continue comparatively small. On the reformation of the home in this respect we should bring steady effort to bear.

"If there is to a parent one duty more sacred than any other, for faithfulness in which more strict account will be taken, and which will more seriously affect a parent's eternal hope, it is this of raising children religiously. Its neglect not only robs God of 'a seed to praise Him,' thwarts His glory in the world, and Christ's reward for 'the travail of His soul,' but is a most unnatural crime against the child itself. Will not God require for the deep hurt inflicted?"—Rev. W. H. Laird.

The Kingdom of Power.

Language, we are told, is the channel through which flow to our fellow-men and the world our thoughts. But thoughts, however grand and noble, generous and great, far-reaching and inspiring, will not of themselves perform the required things of life. Mankind must not merely think and impart thought, knowledge, but they must accompany their thoughts with a quickening zeal and a characteristic energy. Words may inspire, but deeds will lead and drive men to action. Words may foster a spirit of noble thinking, but actions, guided by discretion, based on achieving thought, permeated by the feeling of highest good, and controlled by unselfish aims, will move the world of humanity.

The Joy of God

As the flowers follow the sun and silently hold up their petals to be tinted and enlarged by its shining, so must we, if we would know the joy of God, hold our souls, wills, hearts and minds still before Him, whose voice commands, whose love warms, whose truth makes fair our whole being. God speaks for most part in silence only. If the souls be full of tumult and jangling voices, His voice is little likely to be heard.—Alexander Maclaren.

True Friends.

To know that there are some souls, hearts and minds, here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and who we know, some on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—James Freeman Clarke.

Mr. Gladstone on Sunday Observance.

Mr. Gladstone has contributed to the March number of The Church Monthly the first part of a paper on the "Lord's Day." There is, he says, a hazy but still practical, and not superficial, impression that Sunday observance "has to do with the original command delivered through Moses," and Mr. Gladstone admits that two changes have been imported into this law, one into its form—as the alteration from the seventh to the first day of the week—and the other in its spirit. But the "auxiliary evidence" which the Old Testament supplies to support the Fourth Commandment is, he considers, ample. Concerning the Scottish Sabbath, Mr. Gladstone supplies the following: "It might be a question whether the Scottish Sabbath was not for 200 years a greater Christian Sacrament, a larger, more vital and more influential fact in the Christianity of the country than the annual or sometimes semi-annual celebration of the Lord's Supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism, or both together. I remember that when, half a century ago, ships were dispatched from Scottish ports to South Australia, then in its infancy, laden with well-organized companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that, with regard to a fundamental article of religion like the Sabbath, everyone was, of course, required to observe it. Many anecdotes might be given which illustrate the same idea: an idea open to criticism, but one with which the Presbyterian Church cannot well afford to part, without some risk to the public power and general influence of religion." After reviewing evidence from the New Testament, Mr. Gladstone admits that the aggregate of evidence for the obligation of meeting together for worship on the Christian Sabbath or Lord's Day is not literally homogeneous; but we must assert and insist that its several parts are in keeping one with another, and that its combined force is conclusive. No Christian can entertain a reasonable doubt as to the solidity of the foundation on which the established tradition and practice rest.

Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.

Archdeacon Sinclair was recently interviewed by a contributor to The Religious Review of Reviews upon the question of "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" and Sunday observance in general. As might be expected, Dr. Sinclair is "not much in favor of catchpenny titles, such as P.S.A.," but the innovation on the old ways of spending the Sunday afternoon has, on the whole, his approval. The so-called P.S.A. is "really a development of the working men's Bible Class." "We used to have one," said the Archdeacon, "at St. Stephen's, Westminster, which was begun and matured by my curate and successor, the Rev. W. H. G. Twining. There was no music but hymns at this meeting, which we held in a large hall, but a few men who could play different instruments brought them as an accompaniment. As to the address, we often gave one on some special religious question instead of the usual exposition of the Bible. My own impression in favor of the services is very strong, and, as far as I have been able to observe them, nothing but good must come from them." Dr. Sinclair has no objection to hard-worked men seeking recreation on Sunday, and he quotes Archbishop Thomson as approving the use of the cycle, provided the cyclist attends an early service before starting on his run, or arranges to worship at some country church. "I would venture to suggest," he said, "to the clergy along the great cyclists' routes to afford every facility for cyclists to attend service in their churches." On the other hand, he is severe upon people in the upper classes who impose needless labor on their servants by Sunday parties; and he regards it as "very unfortunate that the leaders of the Oxford movement should have given an opportunity for the revival of this form of selfishness by their disparagement of Sunday as a Puritan institution."

Blotches, pimples, and boils indicate impure blood and the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

ALL MEN

Young, old or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headaches, pimples on the face and body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dulness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes, surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity unless cured. The spring of vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on diseases peculiar to man, sent free sealed. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell-ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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SOME RULES IN RHYME

FINE POINTS IN THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME.

Fundamental Principles of the Game as Laid Down by One of the Best Players in Boston, Deservedly Dubbed the Poet Laureate of Poker—A Game in Which There Were Some Remarkably Big Hands—An Actual Occurrence.

One of the most discreet and fortunate poker players among the clubmen of Boston, a man who has dealt 100,000 hands, has just shown, in a little anonymous book of verse, that he is just as lucky with the muses as with the cards. He deserves indeed, says The Boston Globe, the bays of the poet laureate of this great American game. There are five poems in the book. Here they are:

Pretty Game.

Let them rave over whist, and admit all they say—
There's a game that's far better for seven to play:

It's the game "the boys" like best,
Two or three times a week—
One man often beats the rest
With nothing else but "cheek."

"Pretty game," it's all the rage,
With limit two or three—
Some are blind, but it's their age—
"You bet" they all can see.

They have chips (red, white and blue),
And put them up in stacks;
Draw one card when they want two—
Have "big pots" they call jacks.

They "play seven," sometimes eight—
All know what they're about—
There are some who play first rate,
And know when to keep out.

Many players who play well,
"Go in" when they ought not;
And why they lose cannot tell,
But play for every pot.

Some "go in" 'cause others do,
With little pair at best—
Chance is fair with one or two,
But not with all the rest.

Some are playing every day,
Have nothing else to do—
Some are winners (so they say),
"They know their business, too."

There are some who never learn
The way that others play—
Others play before their turn,
And "give their hands away."

Some play hands for what they're worth,
While others "chip along"—
Some, more grasping, "want the earth,"
And bet their hands too strong.

When the players, as they should,
(Though not each time the same),
"Lay down" poor hands, play the good,
They won't lose at the game.

Every man has average hands,
There's no one who has more—
He who chances understands,
Plays 'bout one hand in four.

Every fellow has "his day,"
For every man has luck—
Who knows how and when to play,
They call him "lucky duck."

The Draw.

They who "go in" with hands the best,
Will "come out" better than the rest—
It's what they "draw to," and have "cold,"
And not "all in the draw," as told.

Drawing these cards, you're well aware,
Once in three times improves a pair;
As once in five two pair you find,
And once in eight three of a kind.

Though flushes fill but once in five,
When they don't fill, good time to "drive;"
And very often (by mistake),
They "raise it," when the flush don't make.

Drawing for flushes ought to pay,
When five or six 'go in' and stay;
Or when there's any chance to win,
Five times the cost of going in.

With pair and double chance for straight,
Break any pair below the eight;
Just one in six, make straights you will—
It's one in twelve that two pair fill.

With "four flush" and tens or under,
Break the pair—more chance for plunder,
With "aces up," and "threes" to beat,
Draw three, if others don't compete.

With "little pair" (and "little pot,")
If you "improve," you better not;
It's three to one that when you do,
You make a bet, and lose it, too.

You make "three's" and bet the limit,
Chance is even you don't win it;
"It's odds" three duces will not win,
If made with all the others in!

With ace and small pair, chance is fair—
One to five you beat all two pair;
You once in eight make "aces and,"
And once in twelve have "threes" in hand.

Drawing one to three of a kind,
Is done just only for a blind,
By drawing two you improve more,
As "fours" make once in twenty-four.

Draw two, or one (the hand to screen),
You make "full hand" once in sixteen;
But making "fours" is twice as hard,
When you "hold up" and draw one card.

When you have "threes" the pot is small,
And you draw one to fool them all,
That you "improve" it's one to 'leven,
As "fours" make once in forty-seven.

With any "threes," you understand,
Flushes or straights will beat your hand;
It's one in nine, if two you take,
That you have "fours" or "full hand" make.

Sometimes with "threes" you have more fun,
By "holding up" and drawing one;
But in big pots when all go in,
Draw two—you may need "fours" to win!

With "four-straight" "flush," you always stay,
Don't raise! you want them all to play—
And once in three make straight, or more,
And "straight-flush" once in twenty-four.

Four straights "inside" will often pay,
In "jack-pots" when all others play—
Once in twelve times you make a straight,
Which wins the pot six times in eight.

With single straight and "three-flush," too,
Draw for the straight (and most all do),
But for the flush, if "any show"
To make a straight and flush also.

Some play "three-flush" (strange they will),
And only one in twenty fill—
With "three-straight flush" the chance is fair,
It's one in ten you beat two pair.

Sometimes it pays when naught you hold,
To play "pat hands," and bet them bold;
Then others call, you win two-fold
When you have straights and flushes "cold."

Some with two jacks don't draw at all,
(Then some with two pair may not call)
When others draw one card, you see,
If some one fills, they don't want three.

Some with two pair "play pat,"
(Sometimes with small "threes" they do that)
And if they lose, it's only lent,
They win more on good hands "content."

With two pair, when all others play,
Draw one, and make full hand, you may;
Then if others draw one, or two,
It's ten to one they can't beat you.

With ace, king, and all others small,
Take three cards, if you draw at all;
And two in five, make kings, or more—
With only one high card, draw four.

With average pair, and others in,
It's "ten to one" that you don't win;
With lowest pair 'gainst all the rest,
You once in twenty "come out" best.

Most any pair and little "sand,"
Will often beat a first-rate hand—
Bluffing pays one hand in twenty,
Some more, when chips are plenty.

Players who never bluff at all,
Don't win much and make losses small;
When they go better, there's no doubt—
Of course the others all keep out.

With all two pair, or "three," if small,
(Though even chance you beat them all),
On the "go in" bet the limit—
Not have all the others "in it."

Holding Up.

Sometimes you "hold up," and it's wise;
Draw one, and have "threes" in disguise—
But have some rule, and quick decide,
Which card to keep your "threes" to hide.

With three kings, therefore, keep the deuce—
The high cards may be more in use;
With three queens keep the ace you may;
When opener draws three keep the trey.

With three jacks look "childlike and bland,"
And keep the deuce, to screen your hand;
But when three tens you wish to screen
"Hold up" the trey and all's serene.

With three nines don't keep "ace or face"—
The four spot, though, comes right in place;
And with three eights "hold up" the five,
Some one may be inclined to "drive."

With sevens three it works first rate
To "hold up" either six or eight;
With sixes three, when there's no "raise,"
Hold up the nine—it sometimes pays.

With three fives, when but few compete,
Hold up the ten—you won't get beat,
But with three fours, treys or deuces,
"Draw full strength," make no excuses.

With aces three always draw two,
And when you "raise" they may "raise you;"
But "hold up," sometimes, understand?
Or by "the draw" expose your hand.

Keep the odd one, with "threes" even—
With three odd ones keep the even;
Have some guide which to keep, and when;
Keep none but the ace above the ten.

The reason, though, you may not know,
Why certain cards with others go;
Try this method (fully tested),
And keep only those suggested.

Big Hands.

(The hands here described were all held at a certain club during four hours of play at one table. Every player held an ace full or "fours," and everyone held "fours" or a straight flush during the game, without the "joker." There were six ace full hands, and all held one but No. 6; he held four aces. Four were held six times, and all had them but No. 4; he held a straight flush.)

It was some time in November,
(Rather cold, as some remember)—
They had a game of poker;
And ev'ry man but one, we name,
Had one ace full while at the game,
And made without the "joker."

Seven fellows, some were greedy,
Some were from the country, seedy—
All sat around the table;
They never held such hands before,
For ev'ry man held "fours," or more—
And this is not a fable.

While each one thought he played the best,
Two fellows there beat all the rest;
And it was very funny—
The game broke up, some "couldn't stay"—
The country fellows went away,
And they took all the money.

There was never such a game,
"Big hands" were out by scores;
Six had full hands just the same,
And six there were had "fours."

An "ace full" was six times made,
And all but six made one—
Four were six times held and paid,
But number four had none.

Six was most of all "behind,"
Though aces four did hold;
Four had no "four of a kind,"
But held a straight flush "cold."

Three of a Kind.

Six men 'round a table sat,
Three went in and two "were pat,"
One filled a straight "inside;"
Two had pat hands—both afraid—
One man curing 'cause he "stayed"—
All willing to "divide."

Each one thought that he was whipp'd,
And with caution each one chipp'd;
But all three players won;
Neither one could take the pot—
One-third only each man got,
And all enjoyed the fun.

With straights only (very small),
They could only one chip call;
For all were little shy;
All went in had a straight—
Three straights alike, under eight,
And all were seven high.

STORIES OF OLD LONDON.

Principally Concerning Actors and the Wits of the Day—Quin, Foote and Garrick.

If stones had tongues, how many stories of love and murder the old Piazzas of Covent Garden could tell! It was a favorite rendezvous for duellists, especially among the actors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and many a bloody scene has been enacted there. The old players were sudden and quick in quarrel, and made no more of "pinking" each other for a hasty word than did their better. Quin was a great offender in this respect; one night he and an actor named Bowen quareled over some stage business, and the latter proposed that after the performance they should adjourn to one of the taverns beneath the Piazza, and decide the dispute at the sword's point. This was agreed to; and, as soon as the play was over, thither they went, engaged a private room, and locked the door. A minute afterwards the house was alarmed by the clash of swords. As the landlord made for the apartment a sharp cry and the fall of a heavy body were heard; then the door opened, and Quin, white as death, and with a bloody sword in his hand, stood upon the threshold. Instantly hands were laid upon him; but the voice of his opponent, who was stretched upon the floor with the life-stream flowing from a wound in his breast, stayed them. "I alone am to blame," he gasped; "I challenged him—he only stood on the defensive. In my blind passion I ran upon his weapon, he never thrust at me." This testimony of the dying man procured Quin's acquittal when he was tried for Bowen's death. And this was the only affair of honor in which this famous tragedian was concerned. One night when he was playing Cato, a little Weshman, called Williams, pronounced the name of the great Roman Tribune Keeto, for which Quin held him up to the ridicule of the audience. Taffy was furious, and demanded satisfaction. Quin laughed in his face; but after the play was over, just as he was about to enter his usual tavern under the Piazza, the Welshman, who had been lying in wait, suddenly crossed his path and swore he would slash him across the face if he did not defend himself. Quin had no alternative; the next moment they were at cut and thrust, and before anyone could interpose poor Taffy lay dead upon the stones. Again Quin was tried and again acquitted on account of the provocation he had received. Not long afterwards he and Colley Cibber's roguish son, Theophilus, had a meeting in the same place, and had not friends parted them the fishes of the Irish Channel might have been robbed of the precious morsel they afterwards glutted upon through the foundering of a vessel.

GHOST STORIES THAT DR. JOHNSON BELIEVED.

From murder to ghosts is an easy transition, and the Old Hummums (taken down a few years back) at the southeast corner of the Piazza was the scene of a ghost story which is remarkable from the fact that Dr. Johnson believed it. But before proceeding we may remark, en passant, that the curious word Hummums is a corruption of the Oriental Humoum, a sweating bath; and as far back as the days of James I. people took what we now call the Turkish bath, which most of us regard as a brand new invention, but which is only a revival; it was because these Hummums became little better than brothels that they were abolished. One of the frequenters of this house in the Doctor's time was a relative of his, a bon vivant divine named Cornelius Ford, whose counterfeit presentment we may still see as the riotous parson in Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation." Well, the parson died, after a debauch, at the Hummums; a waiter who knew him well, but had been absent at the time of his death, returning soon afterwards ignorant of the fact, went down into the cellar one night; upon coming up again, he asked, in a careless tone, one of his fellow-servants what Parson Ford was doing down there. "Parson Ford! Why, you couldn't have seen Parson Ford. Don't you know he died in this very house a month ago?" was the answer. Upon hearing this the waiter fell down in a fit, and an attack of brain fever supervened. When he recovered he asserted that he had a message from the ghost to deliver to some women, whose names he refused to give, but who, he reported, upon receiving it, exclaimed, "Then we are undone!" Johnson sent his wife to the Hummums to inquire into the story, with which all London was ringing, and she came back convinced of its truth—a belief in which her husband shared, though he sagely added that the vision may have been the beginning of the fever—which is about the most probable explanation.

A RESORT OF THE WITS.

But, interesting as are the memories attached to the Hummums, there is a house at the opposite corner at the period into which we have transported ourselves—it actually existed until about seven years ago—just under the piazza, which claims far more attention; it is the Bedford Coffee House, so famous in the literary and theatrical annals of the last century. To the wits of the three Georges' time it was what "Button's" and "Will's" were to those of Queen Anne's reign. Let us step in somewhere between the years 1750 and 1770 and take a glance around. How the members of the palatial Athenaeum and Garrick, which are the modern representatives of the Bedford, would turn up their refined noses at such a resort! Why, the floor is sanded, the chairs and tables are of common, unpolished wood, and the table appointments are of the humblest. The company is heterogeneous; here struts the Temple beau, a notable figure of the day, a wit, a gallant more versed in plays than in law books, who passes the hours fondly supposed by devoted parents to be engrossed by Coke and Blackstone in theatres, taverns and coffee house; here are the players from the patent theatres, gorgeous in velvets and gold; "the poor devil author," as Goldsmith calls him, rusty, dilapidated and hungry; he has come hither in the hope of getting a commission to write prologue to some new play, or of meeting someone who will lend him a crown; there is the city beau, ambitious for the society of the wits and the players, while his old Puritanic father, who lives over his shop in Cheapside thinks he is snug in bed. There is a sprinkling of the clergy in shabby cassocks, and with noses whose bloom reveals that they care more for the inner than the outward man; and there are one or two country squires fresh from Essex or Somerset, who have been to the play, and have been brought hither by some London cousin to see the lions, and sit open mouthed listening to the sallies that pass around, of which they understand as little as one of their own fat steers—the last new poem, the last new play, scandalous stories about actresses and ladies of quality being the general topics. There is one person, however, who attracts universal attention, a broad-faced man, with a somewhat ungainly figure, clad in green and gold; that is Samuel Foote, the famous mimic and wit; all London is rushing to the Haymarket to take tea with Mr. Foote, for as the stringent dramatic laws of the day will not permit him to act plays, he has issued an invitation to the town "to take a dish of tea with him," at which he entertains them with imitations of celebrated actors, and under the pretence of teaching pupils how to act gives a dramatic entertainment. His caustic and ready wit makes him a centre of attraction, and all the young men hang upon his lips, eager to retain his last bon mot. An admirer has just ventured to introduce a bucolic friend, a sheepish, loutish-looking young squire from the eastern counties.

"Ah! I've always heard that Norfolk is famous for calves," remarks the wit. "Pray, sir, who drove you?"

ENTER DAVID GARRICK.

While everyone is roaring with laughter at this impudent sally, and enjoying the mortification of the victim, a dapper little man, handsomely but soberly dressed, enters the room. What alertness and energy there are in his every movement! What mobile features, and what marvelous eyes! They seem to scintillate with genius. Every regard is turned upon him, and for a time even lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. A sneer of envy darkens the cynical smile upon Foote's lips as he finds himself neglected for the greater star. Garrick has done him too many favors not to be hated by him, and he takes every opportunity he can to malign him. "Davy" has not long returned from Paris, where he has been fêted in a most extraordinary manner. Some of the company presently beg him to give them one of those bits of transition acting which so astonished the Parisians, and after a little persuasion he complies. He begins with the dagger soliloquy from "Macbeth," and the noisy assembly is instantly hushed as death before the terrors of his face and awful, whispered accents; in a moment he changes from the conscience-stricken murderer to another famous character of his, Sir John Brute, falling into a drunken slumber; the face has quite changed from sublimity to beastiality, and while one is rolling with laughter, lo! terror again descends upon them as he suddenly breaks into Lear's awful curse; but while, breathless and awestruck, they gaze upon that passion-torn face, it changes to that of a frightened, blubbering pastrycook's boy, who has dropped a tray of tarts.

"What are you looking for, Davy?" inquires Foote, observing Garrick, after he has ended this exhibition of his marvelous powers amidst thunders of applause, diligently seeking about the floor.

"I've dropped a guinea."

"Where can it have got to?" says someone, helping in the search.

"Oh, to the devil, I think!" replies the actor, irritably.

"Trust you, Davy, to make a guinea go farther than anybody else," retorts Foote, maliciously.

But David Garrick, though careful, was both charitable and generous, as no one knew better than the man who was ever accusing him of meanness.

Roumania has 48,000 square miles, the exact size of Louisiana.

Java and Arkansas are of nearly the same size—53,000 square miles.

Pennsylvania has 5,000 square miles more land than Ohio, or 45,000.

Bolivia has 784,000 square miles of area, about the size of Mexico.

Bulgaria proper has 37,000 square miles, about the size of Indiana.

Australia is about the size of the United States, excluding Alaska.

The two Americas are, combined, almost exactly the are of Asia.

Africa is three-fourths the size of Asia, or 12,000,000 square miles.

Nicaragua and New York have the same area, 49,000 square miles.

Sardinia is exactly the size of New Hampshire, or 9,000 square miles.

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

Articles of Dress and Adornment That The f Now Most Affect for Themselves and Their Homes.

The latest brooch is a small diamond turtle. Rivalling this in oddity is the diamond crab. Hat pins are gorgeous affairs. Large fire opals set with diamonds frequently form the top. One of the latest shows a large amethyst set with pearls. A pretty pendant is a pearl star daintily enamelled in black, and is suspended from a tiny and almost invisible gold chain. Some very beautiful spoons are to be seen in the jewelers' shops now. They are constantly changing in pattern and design, and tend much towards the elaborate. One which I remarked recently was of gold, the bowl being charmingly chased in silver, which, in contrast with the gold, had a pretty effect. The handle was done in filagree work, the pattern being forget-me-nots, which were worked out in pale blue enamel. Another was also of gold, and was even more exquisite in design. The bowl was ornamented with a cross of pearls, and on the dainty satin finished handle was the name of the fair owner, also set in pearls. They are luxuries intended for the few, and are expensive accordingly.

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The dark velvet bodice, which is perforated and shows a light silk beneath the perforation, is a charming creation to wear with any skirt. An imported bodice of this description was of black velvet. The tiny holes were so arranged that they formed two bands, which crossed over the corsage. They were lined with orange silk and outlined with fine jets. The sleeve consisted of a huge velvet puff, trimmed with a broad perforated band, and a chic little bow of orange velvet. Another velvet bow fastened the bodice together at the waist line. The stock collar was of orange velvet. This bodice was worn with a skirt of black crepon trimmed around the bottom with a coil of orange velvet, which was caught here and there with a crescent of jet. Many of the velvet bodices have the bands of perforated velvet running in vertical lines across the yoke. This makes an effective trimming. The stock matches in color the lining of the bands.

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If there is anything in the line of interior decoration capable of bestowing quite as much pleasure as a well-arranged "cosy corner," diligent research has failed to discover it. It is a delight to the eye and a delight to the tired body. It gives an air of homelike cosiness to the biggest, most barren apartment, and it is a charming bit of appropriate decoration for a small one. Of course any woman whose purse is big enough can have a remarkable cosy corner by calling in those obliging gentlemen, the interior decorators and upholsterers. When it is completed it will probably be a very correct and pretty corner, but it will represent the taste and skill of the aforesaid gentlemen, and not those of madam herself. Besides, it will represent an alarming outlay. It is better to be one's own decorator and upholsterer. One woman, who came to this conclusion some time ago, achieved a corner which is the joy and admiration of all who see it. She placed a divan—one of those cheap, comfortable cot-bed divans, costing only $6.50—diagonally across a corner. The divan was covered with a "bargain" Bagdad, costing $3.50 more, and on it were piled sofa cushions of appropriately Oriental design. In the triangular space back of the divan stood a piano lamp with a wrought iron shade and vase. It cost $9. The shade, of dark red silk, was sufficiently voluminous without being frivolous, and was made by madam's fair hands from a silk dinner dress of antediluvian pattern. Beneath it, and a little nearer to the divan, stood a small mahogany tea table of antique make. Its proud owner had bargained with a ravenous antique dealer until she had succeeded in purchasing it for $7. One of the doylies, made of Turkish embroidery, protected the shining wood from contact with the dainty little tea things, which were always in readiness to serve the stray guests. On the wall at one side was another Oriental portiere like that on the divan lining, breaking the straight line of the wall and giving a bit of effective color. On the wall near the head of the couch a simple little set of book shelves were fastened, containing madam's favorite books and a few pieces of bric-a-brac. "And it all cost less than $40," says its ingenious mistress, when she hears other women telling of Oriental corners for which the decorator has charged $150.

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This spring and summer the pretty and convenient shirt waists will be more the vogue than ever. New styles are displayed in the shops, and the novelties are being quickly sold. Sleeves are larger and collars more severe in style than formerly. Waists of swivel silk or chambray are made with high-standing white linen collars and deep cuffs. The turn-over collars are deeper than of old. Shirt waists of check gingham are a novelty. They are very stylish in checks of green and white, fawn and white, and brown and white. Chambray shirt waists are seen with the whole front embroidered. Embroidered collars are also new. Many of the extreme novelties show two or three colors in one shirt waist. A pale blue waist has its stiff front made with inserted pieces of mauve linen, which start from the collar and reach to the bust. There are four narrow pieces of the inserted linen, and they are outlined by a tiny design in faint pink embroidery.

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The fancy fronts, so much the vogue, show many novelties for early spring. Those made of the English eyelet embroidery and ribbons are among the latest. To a pink satin stock a blouse front of pale pink eyelet embroidery is fastened, which is finished at the waist line by a broad band of pink ribbon. Other novelties are of eyelet insertion and bands of ribbon. These fronts are very charming worn with jaunty little cloth jackets. Light silk fronts in all the new shades are stylish, trimmed with coarse black lace insertion.

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The flower boa is the novelty of the hour. It is the most becoming neck adornment that has yet been worn. So popular are these dainty conceits of flowers, ribbons and lace that even the tailor-made young person has stooped to wear one. Some of the most fetching are made of a plaited frill of black lace with a deep red rose caught in each plait. The collaret ties in front with dark red ribbons, which hang over the corsage to the waist line.

The yellow laces, so popular at present, are combined with flowers in making these boas. One seen recently was composed of little bunches of violets. The flowers were sewn to a ribbon foundation and encircled the neck, being finished in front with a jabot of creamy Russian thread lace. An effective flower boa for half-mourning was made of a ruff of white silk, caught here and there with clusters of black violets. In front the silk hung down in two stolelike bands, which were lined, to make them stiff, and trimmed with tiny frills of fine black lace.

With this boa a lace and jet bonnet should be worn. A charming creation is a fluff of white lace, with here and there a jet crescent. By the way, lace bonnets are just coming into favor. Many of them are made entirely of lace, though when combined with jet they are perhaps more fetching. Bunches of violets, interspersed with loops of blue satin ribbon, and fastened in front with a big blue boa, are one of the new ruffs to be worn in the spring. Others are just a series of loops of ribbon arranged to give a full effect, and to be worn in connection with a lace berthe scattered with flowers. Any of the new fancy neck adornments may be easily made at home, and it is wise to own one or two of these flowery trifles, for much good do they do to a sombre gown.

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A smart walking costume is composed of pale fawn covert cloth. The skirt is plain with godet back, the coat being three-quarter in length and made with double-breasted effect, being fastened in front with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The revers, collar and cuffs are of vieux rose silk. The combination is striking and very pretty. The chapeau to be worn with this toilet is of pale green velours, the wide brim having a row of cream insertion. The crown is small and high. The only trimmings used are three vieux rose ostrich tips and a jaunty bow of ribbon in the same shade. Another equally pretty gown is made of grey cloth, the skirt being trimmed with two bands of beaver. The bodice is also of the cloth, with a smart little bolero of petunia velours, which is also edged with the fur. The puffed sleeves are of cloth, with cuffs of velours, which are finished with three bands of fur. The hat is a very dainty affair, made of petunia velours, with a Tam-o-Shanter crown, and is trimmed with petunia ribbons, roses and a lovely Rhinestone buckle. DONNA.

AN AFTERNOON TOILET.

A GREAT MAN'S WIDOW.

Specially Translated From the French of Alphonse Daudet for The Toronto Sunday World by Thomas C. Greenwood.

Nobody was astonished to hear that she was about to remarry. In spite of all his genius, perhaps because of his genius, the great man had led her 15 years of a very hard life, varied by caprices and whims which had occasionally furnished gossip to the Parisians. She had followed him over the highway of glory which he had traversed triumphantly and rapidly as befitted a man who was to die early; she had humbly and fearfully followed him seated in a corner of the car ever awaiting jolts. When she complained, relations, friends, everybody was against her. "Respect his weakness, they are the failings of a god. Do not annoy him, do not disturb him. Remember that your husband does not belong to you alone. He belongs more to the country, to art, than to his family. And who knows but that each of those faults for which you reproach him has not been worth a masterpiece?" However, finally, wearied of being patient, she revolted, became indignant, felt herself unjustly treated; so that when the great man died separation proceedings were about to be instituted and this illustrious name dragged through the third page of the sensational journals.

After the agitation of this unhappy union, the disquietudes of the last illness, and the sudden stroke of death which had awakened for a moment the primitive affection, the first months of widowhood had upon the young woman the salutary and reposing effect of a long holiday. Her compulsory retreat, the tranquil calm of appeased sorrow, gave to her at 35 years of age a second youth almost as seductive as the first. Moreover, mourning became her. Then, she had the responsible and rather proud countenance of a woman living alone with all the honor of a great name to bear. Very careful of the glory of the defunct, that cursed glory which had cost her so many tears, and which was now growing from day to day like a beautiful flower nourished by the black soil of the tomb, she was seen draped in long dark veils, conversing with theatre managers, editors, arranging for the reproduction of her husband's operas, overlooking the printing of his posthumous works, and unfinished manuscripts, applying to all these details a kind of solemn care and religious respect.

At this epoch her second husband met her. He also was a musician, almost unknown, an author of waltzes, of melodies, and of two small operas of which the scores, deliciously printed, were performed as much as they were sold. Possessing pleasant features, and a large fortune inherited from a family of the bourgeoisie, he had above all a supreme respect for genius, curiosity with regard to celebrated men, and the enthusiastic naivete of a young artist. Therefore, when the wife of the master was pointed out to him he became dazzled. She was the very image of the glorious muse which appeared to him. Immediately he was love-smitten and as the widow was already recommencing to go into the world, he was presented to her. In her house his passion was nourished by the atmosphere of genius which still was present in every corner of the salon. There was the bust of the master, the piano where he composed, his scores laid upon every article of furniture, melodious even to look upon, as if from their half opened leaves the written phrases were reasoning musically. The positive charm of the widow placed amid these austere surroundings as in a becoming frame succeeded in completing the conquest.

Having hesitated a long time the good fellow declared himself, but in such humble and timid terms— "He was aware how unworthy he was of her, understood all the regret she might feel to exchange her illustrious name for his own, unknown and mean." And a thousand other naivetes of this kind. Be it understood that at the bottom of her heart the lady was extremely flattered with her conquest; but she played the comedy of the broken heart, of the woman whose life is finished without prospect of recommencement. Although she had never been so happy as since the death of the great man, she still found tears to regret his loss and exhibited an enthusiastic ardor in speaking of him. This, of course, only increased the reverence of her young adorer, rendered him more eloquent, more persuasive.

In short, this severe widowage terminated in a marriage, but the widow did not abdicate, although married, and remained more than ever the relict of the great man, well understanding that in the eyes of the second husband this was her true prestige. As she felt herself less young than he, in order to prevent his perceiving it, she overwhelmed him with disdain, with a species of vague pity, with an inexpressed and wounding regret for the mesalliance. But he was not wounded by it. On the contrary, he was convinced of his inferiority, and found it quite natural that the souvenir of such a man should be installed despotically in her heart. In order to make him retain this humble attitude, she occasionally read with him the letters written by the master when he was paying court to her. This return to the past made her 15 years younger, gave her the assurance of a beautiful woman, regarded through all the dithyrambics of passion and the charming exaggeration of written love. If she had changed since, her young husband did not care, and adored her on the faith of another, with a kind of singular vanity. It seemed to him that these impassioned supplications were being added to his own, and that he inherited quite a past of love.

Strange couple! In society they were curious to look upon. I saw them occasionally at the theatre. Nobody could have recognized the fearful and timid young woman, who formerly accompanied the maestro, lost in the gigantic shade which he cast around her. Now, she showed herself in front of the opera box and by the hauteur of her glance drew all eyes upon her. One would have thought that she was wearing the aureole of her first husband, whose name resounded around her like a homage or a reproach. The other, seated slightly in the rear, with features embarrassed, observed all her movements, attentive to serve her.

In their own home, this strangeness of behavior was still more marked. I remember a soiree given by them a year after their marriage. The husband circulated among the crowd of guests, proud and at the same time a little embarrassed to see in his house so many people. The wife, disdainful, melancholy, superior, was that evening widow of the great man whose like cannot exist again. She had a certain manner of looking at her husband over the shoulder, of calling him "my poor friend," at the same time overwhelming him with the work of receiving guests, as if to say: "That is all the good you are." Around her had gathered the circle of her former friends, of those who had taken part in the previous debuts of the master, in his struggles, in his successes.

With them she was full of affectation like a young girl. They had known her when ever so young. Nearly all of them addressed her as "Anais," her pet name. The poor husband used to approach respectfully to hear his predecessor spoken of. The glorious first performances were recalled, those eves of battles almost all gained, then the whims of the great man, his methods of working, when in order to obtain inspiration he would have his wife beside him, bejeweled and with bare shoulders. "Do you remember Anais?" And Annais sighed and blushed.

From that time dated those beautiful love pieces, Savonarola especially, the most passionate of all with its great duet traversed by moonlight, by the perfume of roses and the trills of the nightingale. An enthusiast played it on the piano amid suppressed emotion. At the last note of this admirable morceau the lady burst into tears. "It is stronger than I," said she, "I have never heard it without weeping." The old friends of the master, surrounding his unhappy widow with their sympathetic condolences, came in turn as at the funeral ceremonies, to shake feelingly her hand.

"Come, come, Anais, courage!"

And the most amusing thing was that the second husband upright by the side of his wife, and full of emotion, also distributed handshakes, and took part in the condolences.

"What a genius! what a genius!" said he, wiping his eyes. It was both comic and touching. ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BEEF AND GREENS.

They Are Enjoyed in the Birthplace of the Merry Roaring Game.

(By a Native of Ancient Glenmore.)

However great an effort may be made to work up subsequent interest, when the Ontario Tankard has been definitely won, the season is considered by the devotees of curling as practically over. But curlers' talk is always in order. And the curlers' dinner! Ah, well! Who shall say that as long as there's a bit of a blast it cannot be enjoyed? Blest be the man who invented it. He was a rare genius, and all the more of a genius because he recognized that simple victuals were best suited for strong men new returned from a day's sport on the ice. A curlers' dinner, accordingly, was beef and greens when the first curlers played with primitive boulders of undressed granite, and beef and greens it remains unto this day—the beef, huge, corned, fat and home-fed, the greens the curly frost-crisped Kale-wort, whose color on the platter soothes the eye like the suave tones of an antique Japanese vase. Only that and nothing more, unless, indeed, I include whisky, which—as curlers' dinners are purely Scots affairs—should go without saying. In my travels—I forgot to say I hail from bonnie Glenmore—I have known innovations to be attempted on the menu of the curler. I have even seen tomato soup, curried rabbit, plum pudding, and, sacrilege of sacrilege, chicken and turkey on the bill of fare. These things are an abomination to the true curler, for whom the art of a Soyer or a Francatelli can have no charm compared with the ability of beef and greens without prelude or parley, to meet the demands of a ravenous appetite. To him the sitting over a dinner of many courses, gazing most of the time at empty plates, is, obviously, a woful waste of time, which might be much more advantageously utilized in toasting Jack Frost and otherwise securing the rapid revolution of the whisky bottle.

In Glenmore the curling club has eaten beef and greens for 90 years as if it were a solemn religious function, and it will eat beef and greens 200 years hence, though the rest of the world may have got a new system of alleviating hunger by means of electric pilules containing the concentrated zest and nourishment of a $10 dinner at Delmonico's or even a luxuriously ordinary one at the Queen's Hotel. During severe weather the members live practically the whole week on the traditional fare, for every day brings its own match or bonspiel. The pasture lands lie under white swathes of snow, the sheep, rescued from the perilous drifts in the gulches of Ben Bhreac and Tom-an-Dearc, are in the fanks or folds, where they bleat piteously for the soft sweet grass they remember on the autumn hills. So the farmers, having nothing in the world to do that will make money for them, enter heart and soul into the "roarin game," staying hunger temporarily on the ice with "whangs" of cheese and "farls" of thick oat cake. The ducal factor, the Auld Kirk minister, the "merchant," the banker and others who can spare the time, or imagine they can, as well as the farmer, who has no doubt on the point, have never been found in their own houses for a month past, and will not be found there, except when sleeping, while the wind is from the north and the mercury is crowding into the ball of the thermometer.

This morning the Cladich Club came over to Glenmore to play for the Provincial medal, driving the 20 miles of bleak glens in a wagonet, the horses smoking in the gelid air, the hooves ringing hollow on the beaten snow, or slipping wildly in spite of sharpened shoes on the icy patches. The game was played, lost and won and now the contestants are met over the welcome meal in the Lorne Arms Inn. The minister "asks a blessing"—very curtly, as is customary even in Scotland when people are very hungry—and for 30 minutes all is silence save the jangle of knife and fork, the rasp of Kilblaan's against his new artificial incisors or a laconic comment on the looks of the "lassies" who wait at the table. Then the board is cleared, whisky and toddy rummers are put out, with a bottle of lemonade for the factor's clerk, who is "low country," and has some peculiar new views of puite an unscriptural character on the sinfulness of good Highland spirits. It is curious that curling, of all recreations, claiming its votaries suddenly and irresistibly, sets them fairly "daft" for the space of time the ice holds, though the rest of the year they forget that such a thing as an Ailsa Craig stone exists. They have never, probably, expressed any great longing for the game till the mill dam was bearing, yet now the state of the weather and the prospect of continued frost take precedence of all other sublunary considerations. And after dinner there is nothing in the world, for a time, worth talking of but "tees," "inwicks" and "collies," the coming bonspiel, and prospects of meeting with the braggart lowland clubs at Lochwinnoch. "Yon was a pretty shot, Drimmidorran," a tenant will say to his laird, less with genuine admiration than with an eye to ameliorative influence in respect of reductions on rent at the coming Whitsunday, and Ian Alister George Macdonald Sutherland Campbell of Drimindorran passes down his silver snuffmull bearing the boar's head insignia of his clan and an inscription that it was the gift of The MacCailein Mor himself.

But the Glenmore men are pastoral people, and as even as curling gossip runs down they must talk of crops and cattle. With them the crops count for little, as here are mainly sheep farms—far-stretching uplands consecrate now to the white hare and the ptarmigan. It is recalled that not for 40 years has the experience of the present winter been paralleled, of the duke's game-birds killing themselves in thousands against the telegraph wires and the forest fences, which they flew blindly against in the numb stupor of intense cold. Nor have the stags and hinds from the mountain for a score of years left the mark of their slot on the snow of the village street as they did early this morning. "It would be an easy job for a sharp lad with a keen 'skene-dhu' to grallock one or two at his own door," says the schoolmaster, who has the barbarian instinct for slaughter in his blood. "Well for us," says Kilblann, owner of 20,000 sheep, "that the hoggs, year-old-sheep, are down in Fife at the wintering. If we were the silly ones like our grandfathers, there would be plenty of dead mutton on the hills to-day, and nothing but heazy to eat for a 12-month." "How many head have you always at Lark?" "Twelve score, but the 'scalag' (herd boy) writes me that half-a-score died since they went away, more's the pity." "Aye, aye; there's droll quirks at the wintering, sure enough. I have kenned of 'scalags' selling the sheep and pouchin' the money." "Aye; but I aye demand to see skin, keel and lug-mark." "Allowing; a herd may eat a sheep at the wintering and show you the skins all right—who's the wiser?"

Then the talk drifts to the price of stirks and stots and queys—those picturesque shaggy cattle, dun, red and black, which Glenmore fattens for the Southern market, for Smithfield itself; to the price of "beasties" at Falkirk Tryst, and personal experiences of hard bargains with wool merchants and makers of nicotine sheep dip. Speech-making is not an art cultivated to any great extent in Glenmore, and when "John Frost," and "The Visitors," and "The Duke" have to be submitted to sentiments the persons to whom the duty is entrusted stammer wildly at the task, and get over it very briefly. The banker sings a Gaelic song, "Mairi Bhan Og," or "Fuadach an Gaidhel," or one more antique, with 32 verses and as many choruses, in which the company joins more lustily than melodiously, and with a fine contempt for harmony. The factor's clerk will, perhaps, sing a quite new song from the city, "Nancy Lee" or "My Grandfather's Clock," and the minister will tell his old story of the curling match between the two kirks at Inverness. And when 10 o'clock comes the inn will shut, for the early closing movement is known even in Glenmore, and the visitors will be clattering hasty-hoof on their way home to the braes of Cladich. To-morrow it will be "soop her up" at Carsebreck.

HYPNOTISM

BY HERBERT BURGESS.

MILLMAN—Suddenly at her residence, Lawn Villa, on Jan. 18, Emily Mina, only surviving child of the late William Millman, Esq., aged 21 years.

This was the brief, but sorrowful announcement which appeared on the morning of January 19 in the daily papers of ——, the populous western city in which I resided in 1879. The day following sensational accounts were given of Emily Millman's sudden death while filling the office of hostess at a party she had tendered her young friends on the occasion of her twenty-first birthday, the day on which she assumed full control of the fortune left her by her father, a retired millionaire miner, who had died two years before. Of the antecedents of the Millman family very little was known. Mr. Millman came to the city a question four years before with his daughter. He purchased Lawn Villa, the finest residence in Maple Grove, the fashionable suburb; and the poor of the city felt the comforts of his charitable gifts on many occasions. On his death he left the fortune in trust for the use of his only child till she had reached her majority, when she was to assume full control. Emily was a very pretty girl of rather light complexion. Her dreamy blue eyes were shaded by a mass of wavy flaxen hair of silken fineness. This young woman's life seemed to be bound up in following the charitable work which her father had begun. It was his wish, and she was determined that no remorse on that score would mar her life. Therefore, Emily Millman's sudden death was a severe blow to many a poor forlorn soul who had received relief and comfort at her hands in time of distress. "What was the cause of her death?" was the query on the lips of nearly every citizen. I was as anxious as anyone to hear the precise facts. I had read the newspapers, but the accounts differed in many important respects. That day I ran across a friend of mine who was an invited guest on the occasion, and I asked his version. To save time I will use his own words:

"I haven't yet recovered from the shock of poor Emily's death," he commenced, "but as near as I can remember the circumstances I will tell you. It was nearing midnight, and we had been dancing for an hour or more, we were invited into the spacious dining room of the villa for refreshments. We were all seated and Emily arose to drink the health of her guests. She was in splendid spirits. 'Here's to the health of my friends and guests!' she said, and immediately tilted the glass at her lips. All cheered the charming girl, but the cheer was stifled at once. Emily had fallen to the floor. Apparently lifeless, she was picked up and carried into the conservatory, where we thought the fresh air might revive her. Post haste was a physician called. Several others followed the arrival of the first, who had pronounced her dead. The scene of joy was changed to a scene of sorrow. Oppressive silence followed. The first sound I remember was the voice of Halbert Dean, a young lawyer who had drawn her father's will, and who had been an intimate friend of old Mr. Millman. Dean had been the trustee of the estate for two years, and Emily had a particular liking for him. 'My God! She can't be dead!' exclaimed Halbert, in tones of intense agony. But the doctors shook their heads. They could do nothing. There was neither pulsation nor respiration. The most scientific tests of the existence of life were made. A mirror was held before her nostrils, no sign of life. A string was wound tightly around her fingers and unwound, but the flesh did not change color. Lastly, her flesh was punctured with a needle, and the hole remined open after the point was withdrawn. Yes, Emily was dead."

"What did the doctors say was the cause of her death?" I asked.

"Oh, it was the old story of 'heart failure.' That is always given as the cause of death when the doctors do not know the exact cause, you know. But I saw that they were puzzled," concluded my friend, thoughtfully.

The day following this conversation was the day of the funeral. I had never known Miss Millman personally, though I had often heard of her many good deeds. Like thousands of others I repaired to the beautiful suburb out of respect to her memory. Here all classes of the population lined the roadways and the drive leading to Lawn Villa. As the hearse passed all heads were uncovered. Halbert Dean was the chief mourner. Dressed in black, he was alone in the carriage following the hearse. In his distress he apparently noticed no one as the procession moved slowly along to the silent city on the beautiful slope to the south. I followed with the multitude to the cemetery, where the casket was placed in the great receiving vault. The sorrowful crowds departed. I did not follow the throng, I know not why. I was depressed. Something which I cannot explain made me hesitate. I was in a reverie. What was passing through my mind vanished from my memory the instant I started up on hearing a voice I had not heard for years.

"John, don't forget to unscrew the lid of that casket before you lock the vault door," was the order given in the form of a reminder by one apparently in authority. This was the voice I heard. I turned and here was an old friend of mine, Henry Matheson, a landscape gardener, who had worked for my father in Canada. He greeted me most cordially, and explained that he had a few years before taken charge of this cemetery, which was being enlarged and he was laying out the new ground. Henry invited me to his house about half a mile distant, though within the grounds of the cemetery.

"Come over and have supper," said the superintendent, "I want to have a talk with you. It is like old times. Why, I haven't seen anyone from Canada whom I knew while there for a long time."

I accepted the invitation. I do not know what the reason was, but my depression seemed to lift as I walked through the snow-trodden path to the superintendent's house. We entered by the office door, and as I sat in the office while Matheson gave orders to his assistants for the morrow, I turned over the pages of the great register of graves which are marked only by number, the graves of the numbered dead. When my friend was disengaged we stepped into the adjoining room, which was his parlor. We were called to supper. During the meal our conversation turned to our surroundings. We talked of the young woman whose funeral had taken place that afternoon.

"There are a great many sudden deaths these days," said the superintendent. "Do you know I have studied the chances of a person being buried alive, and I believe there is a chance of a person, notwithstanding the wonderful strides of medical science, being buried alive. After supper I will show you an invention of my own. It ain't patented. God knows I would not prevent its use anywhere else by demanding a royalty, although my plan should be adopted in all cemeteries with receiving vaults, and where there is a chance of body-snatching, or of life returning before interment."

Supper over we returned to the office and lit our pipes.

"Here's my scheme," said Matheson, as he opened a cabinet against the wall. "Do you see that row of bells?"

I looked inside and here were four large gongs.

"That gong there," he continued, pointing to the first bell, "will ring if the main gate of the big vault is swung to any degree. The next one will clang if there is any movement on the shelves in chamber number one, and the same thing happens with the other two gongs for the other two mortuary chambers. You see the vault is connected with this cabinet by electric wires."

"Well, that is a good scheme," I replied, congratulating him for his thoughtfulness. We refilled our pipes and I glanced at the clock. "Why, Matheson, the time has shot by, hasn't it? It is half-past 10 o'clock, and it is dark early these days, too," I remarked, and, as I peered out of the window into the inky blackness of the night my depression returned. I was growing nervous, but put it down to my sombre surroundings.

"Great God! What's that?" I exclaimed, as Matheson jumped to his feet. He was not a nervous man in any sense, but he was deadly pale.

"Let's run to the vault for our lives," he replied, "that gong struck from chamber number three!"

Matheson grabbed the bunch of great keys and a lighted lantern that hung in the office doorway. Out he ran capless and coatless. I was bareheaded, but clutching up my overcoat I followed the light. We ran, oh, how we ran. Breathless we reached the main door of the cold and dismal chamber.

"Here! Hold this lantern. For God's sake be quick!"

I took the lantern. With the great key turned the massive bolts shot back. In an instant we stood within the walls of the great vaulted chamber number three.

The rays of the lantern reached but a few feet on either side. Beyond was that damp darkness that almost destroys the sense of existence. The stillness was awful; the suspense was painful in the extreme.

"What is it?" I asked, recovering my speech.

"Sh—Sh," was the response from Matheson, as he held the lantern above his eyes and peered in all directions. There were the blackened ends of boxes that had been placed tier after tier. The surroundings seemed to be too much for my reason. My nerve was going quickly, and it was only a matter of a few moments when I must drop. Suddenly Matheson broke the suspense, too terrible to describe, with the words: "It's mighty queer. Let's look at the wires."

Just as we turned towards the door a low, long, pitiful moan sounded through the chamber. The echo made it more hideous. Quick as a flash Matheson hurried to the spot from whence the sound came.

"My God! Come here," he called out. I went over to where he stood.

"Look there!" said he, holding the lantern over an open coffin.

As I gazed into the casket, the lid of which I had heard Matheson tell his assistant to unscrew before locking the vault, I saw that the right hand had reached out and knocked over the tilted lid. This had given the alarm on the gong which had made our hearts stand still. The face was turned and the lips had parted. As I was recovering from the shock three of Matheson's sturdy assistants had arrived. They had been sent over by the superintendent's wife.

"Go for Dr. McPherson," I ordered, as the first man came up. He was my own physician and I had faith in him.

We lifted her from the coffin and wrapped her shrouded form in the overcoats of the men and my own, which I had dropped at the door. We carried her tenderly to the superintendent's house. His wife removed the ghastly shroud and put the poor girl to bed. She was still unconscious.

The doctor came quickly. He found a very slight movement of the pulse, though scarcely perceptible. Restoratives were given, but she still remained unconscious.

When the doctor came out of the room I asked what he thought of this case. "It's a mighty peculiar case," he said. "I can't say much about it yet. Who is the woman? I have seen the face before. Do you know who she is?"

"Matheson will tell you," I replied.

"Her funeral took place to-day. She is Emily Mina Millman," said Matheson gravely.

"Emily Mina Millman!" repeated the doctor, who appeared to be thunderstruck. "Why, I had just been reading the accounts of her death in the newspapers. I was not satisfied with one report, so I got them all."

Then turning to me the physician placed his hand upon my shoulder and looking me squarely in the face, said, with the greatest deliberation: "My friend, I told you just now I thought this was a mighty queer case. I have new light now and I can speak from conviction. I believe this young woman is under the influence of hypnotism."

"Hypnotism!" I repeated, in blank amazement.

"Yes, HYPNOTISM," he continued, spelling the word with great emphasis. "Do you know it struck me that this was such a case when I read of the affair in the newspapers. But I dared not say anything in the face of the skepticism of these days. There are many physicians who will to-day deny that there is anything in hypnotism. I believe that the wine, or whatever it was, in that glass was magnetized by some one who meant to get this young woman out of the way."

The idea was horrible, but my thinking powers began to work. This girl was possessed of a great fortune. Who would benefit by her death? First this great fact and then this greater question entered my mind. To think with me then was to act.

"Gentlemen," I said, "this affair of to-night must be kept an unspoken secret for the present at all events. The men who were with us at the vault to-night must be warned, in the interests of justice, to say nothing. I have no doubt that Dr. McPherson can bring Miss Millman around, though her recovery may be slow. Perhaps it will be all the better in the end if her recovery is slow. I will resign my position to-morrow"—(I was now only a very ordinary accountant having lost what little money I had in speculation)—and turn detective. I will get at the bottom of this dastardly affair if my life is spared."

"Good," was the response of my two friends.

I then left the cemetery and walked to my lodgings. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when I got to bed. As sleep was out of the question, I lit my pipe. I had left the doctor with his new patient, and I had the greatest faith in McPherson. If anyone could bring Miss Millman back to health with Divine aid McPherson could. This I felt sure, and rested easy on that point. I heard the clock strike all the hours till night faded into daylight. The dawn seemed to bring me rest and renewed vigor. I had begun to doubt the accepted fact that sleep was a necessity. I ate no breakfast. In my frame of mind I knew my last night's supper with Matheson would carry me through that day. I set out eagerly to hunt up my friend who was the guest at Miss Millman's birthday party. I found him just entering his father's wholesale house and affected surprise at meeting him.

"I saw you at the funeral yesterday," I ventured.

"Yes. I was there. Death and funerals have a horror for me, and do you know I have not slept a wink since I helped to carry that poor girl's remains from the hearse into the vault yesterday afternoon. I don't feel like working today and I won't. Let us go over to Williamson's cafe and get something to eat. I could not eat a bite of breakfast at home."

I felt hungry myself. Who would not get hungry in such company? I accepted the invitation with pleasure, and in a few minutes we were seated in the comfortable cafe.

A waiter stepped up. I was struck by his pallid appearance. His straight, glossy black hair hung down over his collar. His black, beadlike eyes were so piercing and so dense that I "caved" under his glance. My friend looked at him with an intensity of steadiness that I asked him what was the matter.

"That was the man who poured out the last glass of wine Miss Millman ever sipped," he said, "That man stood beside her and was the first to pick her up when she fell to the floor. He was one of the waiters in the dining room at that fatal party."

"Is that so?" I chimed in, as I took a mental photograph of the waiter who was now, on his way with our breakfast.

As the meal progressed my friend and I talked over the circumstances surrounding that supper at Miss Millman's. "Where did Dean sit at the table that night?" I asked.

"Oh, he was on Miss Millman's right hand. Of course he was her trustee, you know, and was to have handed over the estate next day. But say, what do you think I heard at the funeral yesterday? Why, the old man, Mr. Millman, made his will to read that should his daughter die before the estate was handed over to her it would go to Dean, with the exception of a few additional bequests to charities in which the old gentleman was interested. I hear the estate is worth several millions. So Dean is a pretty lucky fellow. Is he not?"

"Yes. He's pretty lucky," I replied in an off-hand way, but I was deeply interested just then. "What sort of a fellow is he anyway?"

"Well, I can't make him out. He has no personal friends that I know of. His office is never patronized by clients as far as I can see. I think his whole living has come out of the Millman estate since old Mr. Millman first came to the city."

After breakfast we parted and I was fully determined to "shadow" Dean. I passed and repassed the stairway leading to his office all day long, but my man was not to be seen. Night came. I stood in a doorway opposite. Shortly after seven o'clock I espied the lawyer walking quickly towards his office. I waited. In a few minutes I recognized the nervous stride of the waiter I had seen in Williamson's cafe. He turned into Dean's doorway. Stealthily I went across the street, knocked the snow from my overshoes on the curb and stepped into the doorway. Upstairs I crept noiselessly. I heard two men wrangling.

"For heaven's sake! Don't talk so loud," said one in a commanding voice, which I knew at once was Dean's.

"Well, see here, Mr. Dean, I want this thing settled right away. I must leave this place. I can't stay here, else I'll go mad. I imagine everyone is sizing me up. Why, this morning at the cafe one young fellow who was there almost made me shudder. Give me all the hard cash you can scare up to-night. I must have it to-night. Dead sure to-night."

"I will do what I can. Here I will give you a note on the biggest banking firm in Toronto, Canada, Go to Canada and we are both safe. No one suspects me and they will never suspect you."

"All right, Mr. Dean. Hurry up."

Then I could imagine I heard Dean scratching off a letter in haste. Suddenly I heard a movement as if the waiter was leaving, and I crept downstairs to the doorway not only dumfounded, but mad with excitement. I could hardly collect my thoughts. What was I to do? "Bluff him!" I thought I heard some one whisper. This was my scheme. I was well built and physically more than his match.

The waiter came downstairs. His legs could scarcely carry him he was so nervous. I followed him into the street. I stepped up behind him. With a firm hand on his shoulder, in a voice equally as firm (I surprised myself in this as much as my victim) I said: "I want you, my man!"

"For what?" he asked, turning ghastly pale under the flickering street lamp.

"For murder!" I replied between my teeth, as I clutched his arm in a vise-like grasp.

The man broke down utterly and began to cry. I then told him that I knew he had been a tool in the hands of a greater villain, and if he spoke the truth it might be well with him. He consented to tell me all he knew about the affair. I took him to my room and he was now entirely within my grasp. This is his written confession:

I, Henry Strand, do solemnly declare that on New Year's day last I was performing at Denver, Col., as a hypnotist (having possessed hypnotic powers since childhood) when I was approached by one Halbert Dean, a lawyer of this city, who asked me if I wanted to make a fortune in one day. I replied that I was always open for a paying engagement. He then said: "I will give you $10,000 if you will put a person whom I will name later into a state of catalepsy, that will be followed by death." Tempted by the offer I accepted it. I came here and met Dean seven days ago. I got a position in Williamson's cafe as a waiter. The day following my arrival Dean brought in a young woman there to dine. This young woman was to be the victim. I looked at her. She was an easy subject. Her light, dreamy eyes and fine silken hair proved this to me. To show my power I placed a glass of magnetized water within her reach and left the room. The young woman drank the water and swooned. Dean told me I would suit his purpose first-rate. I magnetized the wine Miss Millman drank at the supper on the night of the 15th instant, which threw her into a state of catalepsy. I believe she is now dead,

(Signed) HENRY STRAND.

Dated at ——, Jan. 29, 1879.

"This is richness itself," I thought. "I'm in pretty good shape now to bring Mr. Halbert Dean to time." I then called a carriage and took Strand with me to the house of Superintendent Matheson at the cemetery. Arriving there I touched my lips with my finger as a signal for silence. Matheson's man "John" was there. I called him aside and said to him: "You watch that man. Don't let him go away." When he replied, "All right, sir." I stepped into the parlor and called Matheson after me. Dr. McPherson was still there.

"How's our patient?" I asked.

"I would like to know who hypnotized her," the doctor replied. "She is sound bodily, but she's still to a certain extent under that dreadful influence. If that man was here she would be all right in a few minutes."

"He is here," I returned, and my excitement began to rise again.

"Well, for mercy's sake bring him here," said the doctor earnestly.

Going outside to where the skulking Strand was, I addressed him: "See here, Strand, you may get out all right yet and perhaps have a little money with which to leave the city, if you do as I bid you."

Strand looked up pleased. His face fairly beamed.

"But," I continued gravely, "if you fail me in this, remember I have your confession and to State prison you go if you fail. Now come along with me."

Strand followed me into the bedroom. I pointed my finger at the poor girl as she lay there and clenching my other hand on his arm, I said with a stern voice: "Strand, demagnetize that woman!"

He looked at me in amazement. The hynotizer made a few passes across the poor girl's brow and she awoke as if from a dream. "Where am I?" she asked, as I hurried Strand from the room into the arms of the ready "John."

Mrs. Matheson said: "You've been very ill, my dear, and I'm your nurse. You will be all right shortly, but lie quiet now."

"Where are my guests?" enquired Miss Millman. "We were all sitting at the table only a moment ago, and we were so happy."

Mrs. Matheson, who was an excellent nurse, pacified the young woman, and with the assistance of an opiate prepared by the doctor our patient fell into a refreshing sleep.

"That's just the way with a cataleptic or hypnotic sleep," suggested Dr. McPherson, "the person hypnotized has no idea of passing time. Here this young woman has been 'buried' with all the formality of our century, yet she awakes and asks where are her guests. This was the idea in her mind when she was thrown into the cataleptic state."

We held a consultation, the doctor, the superintendent and myself, as to what was best to do. I wanted to bring this matter home to Dean and make him confess his crime. We decided to send for him, telling him he was wanted at the cemetery at once. John took the message and we told him to answer no questions. It was 1 o'clock when Dean turned up at the superintendent's office.

"What is the matter now?" said Dean as he came inside and found the door bolted quickly behind him.

"Oh, there's lots the matter," Strand replied. "That there detective (pointing at myself) has caught us tight. Oh, we're in for it now."

Dean began to show signs of nervousness.

The doctor prepared Miss Millman, who was now awake, for the ordeal. He told her the story of villainy. She did not faint or make a fuss, but took it all as a matter of course. True, she was amazed.

"Halbert Dean, come this way," I said, again resurrecting my sternest voice. "The dead still lives, so be prepared for a shock."

"Shock, be d——d," muttered Dean, as he walked into the rom where his would-be victim was lying. He turned ashen pale.

"I have here," I said, "the confession of one Henry Strand, which I will read." I then read the confession and Dean fairly quaked.

"Yes," said the scoundrel, with a coolness that was remarkable, "Miss Millman is not dead, and as I can't be hanged for the offence, I admit that the facts are as Strand states. Curse him!"

"All right," I replied. "We are satisfied."

"What do you purpose to do with me, detective?" Strand asked.

"Oh," I answered meekly, "I'm not a detective. I'm only an ordinary common every day citizen of ——, who wanted to see justice done to blackguards like you two."

"I have rung the gong for the police," said Matheson. "They won't be long coming, so you villains might as well make yourselves at home."

Dean quivered and eyed his pal in crime.

I called Strand aside and told him I would use my best efforts to have him released, but in the meantime he would be kept as a witness against Dean.

The police came.

A great sensation followed. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning when the arrests took place, but fatigued as I was, I received the reporters cordially and told the story a half a dozen times before I got into bed. The newspaper headings that day were: "Dead, Yet Alive;" "Resurrected from the Tomb;" "Sharp Detective Work by an Amateur;" "Dean's Devilish Crime," and so on. But the day following the headings ran: "Dean Gets 25 Years;" "Daring Dean Done;" "The Hypnotist Gets Off Through the Intercession of the Amateur Hawkeshaw," etc.

Little did I think that when hunting down two scoundrels I was finding a wife. Emily and I were married shortly afterwards. I got a share of her fortune honestly, but Dean tried to get it all by means of Hypnotism.

The Chime.

There is an old French air,
A little song of loneliness and grief—
Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare—
And sad—past all belief.

Nameless is he that wrote
The melody—but this much I opine,
Whoever made the words was some remote
French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep
Where long he lay—and why he lay therein
And all his anguish, that he could not sleep
For conscience of a sin.

I see his cold, hard bed;
I hear the chimes that jingled in his ears,
As he pressed nightly with that wakeful head
A pillow wet with tears.

O, restless little chime
It never changed—but rang its roundelay
For each dark hour of that unhappy time,
That sighed itself away.

And ever, more and more,
Its burden grew of his lorn self a part,
And mingled with memories, and wore
Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name
Of many a town he loved, for one dear sake,
Into its web of music; thus he came
His little song to make.

Of all that ever heard
And loved it for its sweetness, none but I
Divined the clue that, as a hidden word,
The notes doth underlie.

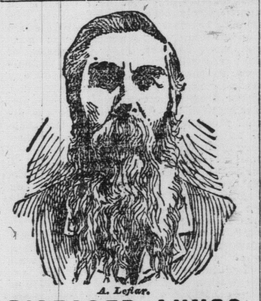
That wail from lips long dead
Has found its echo in this breast alone!
Only to me—my blood remembrance led—
Is that wild story known!

And though 'tis mine by right
Of treasure trove, to rifle and lay bare—
A heritage of sorrow and delight
The world would gladly share.

Yet must I not unfold
Forevermore, nor whisper late nor soon,
The secret that a few slight bars thus hold
Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song
Goes ringing in my heart, I know that he,
My luckless, lone forefather, dust so long,
Relieves his life in me.

—George Du Maurier.



A. Leflar.

DISEASED LUNGS

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."
—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

POVERTY AND ITS RELIEF.

DEPRIVATIONS THROUGH THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE.

What is True Charity?—True Methods of Relief—Pauperism and the Workhouse—Some Tragic Tales of Suffering—The Honest Poor—A Glorious Experiment With Fifty Pounds.

In these days of depression charity is a fitting theme, alike as regards its recipients and the much-enduring public and impecunious ratepayer. The subject came up at a conference of representatives of Toronto's charitable institutions and city aldermen. Some startling statements were made sufficient to make the reader blush for Toronto's fair fame, but these I do not enter into further than to say that chapter and verse can be given for a man worth $50,000—not nominally, but in hard cash—positively begging for a free order for hospital treatment for his grandson.

I may have more to say anent this conference when the return is presented to council showing details of management, expenses and per capita of those relieved or treated.

It has been estimated that only about 30 per cent. of the amount contributed for foreign missions ever reaches "the heathen in their blindness," and the same percentage is probably not wide of the mark of the ultimate benezon for the halt and the poor.

A generous young lady gave a collector a shilling for the missionaries. The grateful recipient said, "Thank you, miss, I hope they may get it," whereat the donor greatly wondered whether the hope were in jest or earnest. Toronto ratepayers are beginning to "hope they may get it," the "they" in this instance being the deserving poor.

JEWISH REGARD FOR THE POOR.

I am not saying one word against the deserving poor. We have divine authority that they shall be always with us. Long centuries ere these words were spoken was the Mosaic command, "Thou shalt not harden thine heart nor shut thine hand against thy poor brother," but, on the contrary, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy."

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that sooth and warm and bless,
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

OLD TESTAMENT SOCIALISM.

One prominent feature in Old Testament law was the care taken to equalize the conditions of life, to banish hardships and oppression, and to secure to all due enjoyment of the Divine bounty. Any one who desires to see the social meaning of the laws of Moses should read the book of Job. There was sweating in those early days, and the laws of Moses were designed to correct the evil. Jubilee was the periodical restoration of the land to the people. Provision was made for the care of those who fell into temporary want until better times came or their crops might be gathered in. The principle was established that no man might trade upon the necessities of his brethren—"and if thy brother be waxen poor, and his hand fail with thee; then shalt thou uphold him; yea, though he be a stranger and a sojourner shall he live with thee. Take thou no usury of him or increase, but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor give him thy vituals for increase." The widow's raiment was in no case to be taken in pledge, nor the millstone which was daily used to grind the corn. These laws left their mark upon the morals of the nation for many centuries.

O, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

How has the gold become dim and the generous light faded when we contrast present-day conditions with that ideal of the Mosaic dispensation, or with the ethics of the sermon on the Mount. I will give a picture showing the difference.

I remember as a boy learning some lines, three stanzas of which I remember, in imitation of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

With lips all livid with cold,
And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman in rags sat crouch'd on the flags
Singing the Song of the Street;
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Oh! God, 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow, the sleet and the snow,
Will it ever again be light!

"I have rung at the Refuge bell,
I have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again that I clamour in vain,
They are full; they can hold no more.
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity and some with pride,
But more with indifference turn aside,
And leave me here to die."

A TRUE SCOTTISH STORY.

As the Governor-General has been in Toronto this past week to inaugurate a movement which is more philanthropic than charitable, and as true charity, alias love, is "the greatest thing in the world," I subjoin a pleasant incident which illustrates how men may entertain lords as well as angels unawares:

It chanced upon a day that a young man of 21, who had been riding across the country, lost his way, and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisichan, in the Highlands of Scotland. He was little more than a boy. Slight of frame, although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at the lodge, so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Majoribanks, on enquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, son of an old Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave a Highland welcome to the belated traveller. Ishbel, then a girl of 11, saw the visitor, and soon after she fell in love with him, nor has she from that day to this wavered in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES' PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Some years ago the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen visited an Egyptian slave mart, and after hearing the good qualities of various children slaves extolled, decided to buy freedom for four of them. Once done, they decided to send them to a mission school, but found that children could not be admitted without the authorization of a guardian or parent. Straightway Lord and Lady Aberdeen adopted the children and sent them to school. These four very fortunate little negroes studied and progressed, using always the honored name of Gordon. Three of them died. The fourth, however, grew up a clever missionary, and is working now in South Africa, and is known as Mr. Gordon.

Truly charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less,
Than the great heart's goodwill.

CHOCK FULL OF CHARITIES.

In Old Ebor there are twenty almshouses of old foundation, wherein reside in comfort many poor and aged persons. There are special hospitals respectively for old maids, widows, poor women, whether married or single, old men, blind men, shoemakers and other trades. The income of these hospitals is large, and their endowment dates back a couple of centuries.

Of educational endowments there are many, some for free education in parish schools; others for uniforms and clothing for scholars. There are schools for spinning, knitting, for the blind, choir boys, and grammar, ragged and industrial schools.

From these free schools, only for the orphaned or very poor, men have risen to eminence in church and state.

MARRIAGE-PORTION CHARITY.

There is a charity in the parish of St. George-in-the-East, London, which many Canadian girls would not condemn. It is the gift of $500 the day after Christmas to the pupils of a free school. The lucky drawer of this prize has to produce certificates of exemplary conduct from the house where she has been domestic servant. It scarcely need be added that the combined virtues of the check and character act as matrimonial magnets to good young men. Truly, virtue is its own reward in such case.

THE POOR THE MOST LIBERAL GIVERS.

It is not the rich who are the most liberal supporters of charities. For one sovereign in the old Land contributed, except by bequests when the money is no further use to the donor, to hospitals and charities there are a thousand shillings. An examination of the proceeds of a collection at a concert for charity quoted in London papers, showed that there were found in the bag 2 sovereigns, 4 half sovereigns, 20 florins, 150 shillings, 605 sixpences, 706 threepenny pieces, 6714 pennies and 2224 halfpennies. "Hospital" Saturday is more common in the North of England than hospital Sunday. The men in homespun in the vast hives of industry give more to charities than is ever obtained in churches.

TRUE, HOMELY SENTIMENTS OF THE POOR.

Nobly does Sir Walter Scott voice the true manliness of the honest poor, "I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors than I ever met with except in the pages of the Bible."

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor gradeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

PAUPERISM IN LONDON.

Mr. Asquith, the English Home Secretary, has recently been giving some remarkable statistics about the Metropolitan Government. He says there are thirty Boards of Poor Law Guardians in London, who have to administer relief to about 100,000 persons. There are forty-three metropolitan vestries whose duty it is to look after the conditions of life of four and a half millions of people, living in about 500,000 houses, stretching nearly 2000 miles of streets. The overcrowding of streets in London is terrible. There are about 400,000 persons living in homes of one room, and 300,000 "living two or more in a single room." In Clerkenwell and Whitechapel over one-third of the population live more than two in a room." In Lambath, with a population of 275,000, there is not a single public bath. In St. Pancras, with a population of 234,000, there is no public library. In Bethnel Green and Mile End there is neither a public library nor a public bath. And London is the richest city in the whole world!

IRREMOVABLE REPUGNANCE TO THE WORKHOUSE.

A touch of that humanity which makes the whole world kin, and brings men nearer to the Scriptural ideal of what they should be than would hundreds of sermons, has been disclosed before the bench of magistrates at Brantford. A family who formerly occupied a good agricultural position in Hampshire fell into difficulties, were sold out and resolved to tramp to London to find employment there if possible. It consisted of husband, wife and five children, the oldest of the youngsters being only eleven. At Twickenham they were overtaken by winter storms, and the only shelter they had was a little hut which they constructed in a field with bits of wood and canvas rags which they gathered in the neighborhood. Under this frail covering they passed days and nights in silent suffering and starvation, and were in danger of perishing when the police interfered. "Why don't you and your family go into the workhouse?" they asked the father. "We would rather die first," answered he, sternly yet despairingly. The state of the children showed that the parents had denied themselves almost everything to nourish the little ones and to keep them warm, and the family clung to their father and mother and would not be separated from them.

ANOTHER TRAGIC TALE.

Pride is all right, but when it becomes suicidal, that is different. A sad phase of city life came to light in connection with the death of Charles H. Manning, who for a long time held the title of champion pool player of the world. Friends believed he was possessed of means, as he never murmured, but kept well the secret of his poor home. But lack of the bare necessities of life hastened his end. When his body was discovered, it lay on two boards which had served as his bed. The only covering of the boards were a few newspapers and over them a tattered portiere did duty as bed clothing. While suffering the torments of hunger he managed to keep up appearances and deceive his intimates. Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, he went down to death surrounded by hands that would have saved him. Like Chatterton, he perished in his pride. And yet there are charities legion all around, but none that reach a case like this. A charitable detective bureau would not be a bad idea. The discovery of need would be more than the relief, and it would pay nobly.

Is it a little thing
To give a cup of water. Yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul,
More exquisite by far than when nectareous juice
Revives the life of joy in happiest hours.

A TRULY PRACTICAL METHOD.

One of the most satisfactory and beneficial ways of relieving pinching poverty during the recent severe spell in London, Eng., is so graphically told and the plan seems such a valuable object-lesson that I conclude with a citation from the touching story:

To expend £50 in relieving the necessities of the most sorely afflicted of the poverty-stricken, with as little waste as possible, and in such a way that the recipients shall be individually benefitted to the full extent of the sum apportioned to them. This was the problem. There were the common lodging-houses where homeless hasten to secure snug asylum from the killing frost, between dusk and dawn, for the sum of fourpence, and the commoner lodging-house, where men and women are confined in a wooden box, with a tanned hide of some animal in place of rug or blanket, the charge for this grisly accommodation being twopence. There were the public soup kitchens and the penny dinners, and the free breakfasts, for adults as well as for starving children, compelled by law to be at school at nine a.m., though there is no water at home to fill the kettle, and no fire to boil it if there had been, and not so much as a crust remaining in the cupboard from the meagre supper of the night before for them to munch before turning out into the bitter cold. Without extending the list, here were candidates enough and to spare for what I had to bestow, and no doubt, had I been content so to discharge my trust, I should have found even the smallest contribution thankfully received. But my idea was to do something better than provide so many hundred destitute persons with a meal or two that would enable them to tide over in the way of food from Wednesday to Thursday, so to speak. There are other hardships to which exceptional poverty is subject, and if these be not ministered to in time, the most serious results are likely to ensue.

MY UNCLE ASSISTED.

To make the story short, he secured the co-operation of a pawnbroker, who knew of many who had pawned blankets, muffs, warm underclothing for food and were severely suffering from the cold. So the bargain was made. The highest sum for redeption of the winter's goods was 7s. 6d., the lowest sixpence.

This was the result: Women, worn and want-stricken, to whom the intimation had been given were bewildered with delight.

Tearfully thankful were the poor souls even when they were benefited only to the extent of half a dozen sixpenny and ninepenny parcels, which in many cases were made up of children's half-worn shoes and little frocks and petticoats and jackets and capes, without which the youngsters for a whole fortnight or three weeks of bitter mornings had gone shivering to school.

VERDICT OF THE EXPERIMENTER.

And this experimenter in practical charity concludes: "I cannot help thinking that, if every £50 bestowed by the charitable this hard winter had been as judiciously applied, there would have been less suffering and privation among poor lower Londoners than they have been doomed to endure since the roads and the river became iron-bound."

It is true that one well-meant charity is oftimes misused. Saddening is the knowledge of this, but such cases do not alter the blessedness of giving. We all naturally get so selfish that it is well to be occasionally exhorted against weariness in attempted well-doing.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters for ever and ever
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver.

EBOR.

To My Doctor in Bed

With much regret I hear it said
That you, dear doctor, are in bed,
Quite invalided.
For you the uninviting fare—
The broth, the gruel, made with care,
The milk—is needed.

I mourn, yet grimly chuckle, too,
When thinking that not I, but you,
Should be a fixture.
Not I, but you, must sadly sip,
With utterly unwilling lip,
Some awful mixture.

Not I, but you, must now obey
What dictatorial doctors say,
Some interfering!
I might perhaps be less averse
To some attractive youthful nurse,
And find her cheering.

In weather such as we have had,
Your fate may not have been so bad;
In bed one lingers
When blizzards bite the bluish nose,
When cold half numbs the tortured toes,
The frozen fingers.

Sb I perhaps should envy you,
With nothing in the world to do
But idly, dozy,
And disregarding snow and storm,
To just be comfortably warm,
And snugly cosy.

To pass the time your pulse you feel,
And dream of charms all ills to heal,
Like some magician;
In mirrors you may see your tongue
You cannot listen to your lung,
My poor physician.

You read The Lancet, I should say,
Or books on your complaint, all day,
Stiff-bound or limp tome,
And when you put the volumes by,
You lie and sigh and try and diagnose your symptoms.

—Punch.

Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anæmia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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AT HEADQUARTERS

A Correspondent Visits Newmarket.

THE DWYER-CROKER HORSES

All In Good Fettle Excepting Dobbins.

TRULY A VERY CLASSICAL SPOT

Effect of Shows—The Anti-Gambling League and the English Jockey Club—Stagnant State of the Horse Market—Queen's Plate Speculation—The Maple Leaf Stake—Some English Quotations.

A friend of mine, now in England, writes under date Feb. 23, that having just paid a visit to Newmarket he may perhaps be telling me something interesting in making a few comments on the Dwyer-Croker stable now in Residence at the funny old Cambridgeshire town. He says:

"Though self-possessed and very much in his right mind to all outward appearance, I think Trainer Campbell feels himself rather out of it, and must be wishing he was domiciled again in snug quarters at Brooklyn. His horses are all looking well, though after the American winter fashion they are all in the rough and haven't had a brush on them since they landed six or seven weeks ago. Dobbins is hearty and strong, though navicular is likely to prevent his showing his true form, and Mr. Croker will not hear of his being nerved. Old Banquet is as round as an apple, and rubbed his beautiful intelligent head against my coat sleeve. Don Alonzo is less of an equine giraffe than he looked when younger, and Harry Reed has greatly furnished and improved. The two-year-olds are of course an unknown quantity, but if looks and breeding go for anything they should pay their way. Stonenell never looked lustier, and seems perfectly sound and fresh, and the horse that holds him over six furlongs will have to be a sprinter of no ordinary merit. I set very little store by all the talk about acclimatization. These horses are experiencing now exactly the weather they would encounter at home, and not one of them shows any effect from their voyage to England. I should say it will be fully two months before any of them are fit to run, and the owners, who are expected early in March, will have to exercise no little self-restraint in that respect. They will have to content themselves with backing English horses in the meantime, and the Liverpool Grand National course will open their eyes to the American and for that matter—Canadian—so-called steeplechases. They will also observe a vast difference between the riding seats of English boys and the humpty-dumpty perch of the lads they have sent over. The style of riding is as different as the shabby rags of the American stable boys are from the dapper get-up of the young jocks who ride the strings of the great Newmarket trainers. In all respects the contrast is sharp and cannot fail to impress the New Yorkers. Campbell's horror at having to pay $35 a ton for hay that his horses are not yet reconciled to is only one of his numerous surprises, high among which appears to be his wonder at the magnificent residences of the leading jockeys, who vie with the trainers in the matter of comfortable establishments and well-kept grounds and gardens. Newmarket in winter, however, is not a patch on its spring and summer coloring, and he doesn't know half the ropes yet.

"One of the first things that greeted my eyes on arrival at the station was a horse car, bearing the legend in gilt letters, "The Earl of Derby," and next it was one "The Earl Cadogan, K.G." Your Ex-Governor-General means to recall the days when his father's Longbow, Canezou, Fazzoletto, Acrobat, and dozens of others made the Knowsley colors feared from Lancashire to Goodwood. These boxes are very neat conveyances for three horses, with a carriage compartment for attendants, all beautifully upholstered. As English stables do not wander about in their entirety as is the way in America, but a few candidates are sent away to the various meetings and return directly their engagements have been run out, these dainty bijou cars are all that is required. What classic ground it all is, and how every yard of it suggests men and horses that have gone over to the majority, after making their names famous in the annals of the Turf.

"I went to the newly-made grave of the Duchess of Montrose, saw the house in which Fred Archer finished his existence, admired the Rous memorial buildings, and wandered through the immense premises occupied by Tattersall for sale purposes. A guest at the Rutland Arms might fancy himself put back a century or more; the funny old court yard, the pictures, and a thousand reminiscences conjured up by nearly every scene that meets the eye, make it a turfite's paradise. The old High-street teams with memories and the walk to its end finishing at the Heath brings you to the time-honored course in five minutes. The stand will not strike strangers as very imposing, but the width of the course regularly bush-harrowed and rolled is grandeur compared with even the spacious stretches of Monmouth. And of course training is not allowed upon it. Altogether to one educated in turf lore a day at Newmarket, out of season, is a joy hardly to be excelled by the outcome of any excursion that can be made in Great Britain, full as it is of historic spots and sacred memorials of old days."

* * *

Last week I ventured to say that the best show dog was not always the best field dog. I will go further and say it is doubtful if a dog kept entirely for show purposes for two or three years would not largely lose his instincts for field purpose. But it would seem that not only is its distinctive power of instinct—of course it might be developed in another direction—likely to deteriorate in a show dog, but that by the prejudices of judges, handed down and fostered from generation to generation, the physical properties, if they do not actually degenerate, at least become greatly changed. Touching upon this point "A Dog-Lover" writes to an English paper: "I am inclined to think that no kind of dog becomes popular on the show bench without losing some of its best characteristics. I was particularly struck with this in looking at the fox-terriers at Islington last week. The modern prize-winner may have the qualities of pluck and intelligence which distinguish the older one, but he has certainly lost the make and shape that we used to associate with this breed. The old terrier had bone and substance, was nicely coupled and had well-arched ribs; while the winner of to-day appears narrow, flat-sided, and is leggy and light of bone. The long, powerful head has grown narrow and snipy, and the true terrier expression has become either sour or soft. The present winners, indeed, look more like rabbit coursers than fox-terriers properly so-called, and are very different from the kennel terriers still to be seen in the Badminton or Berkeley kennels. The Irish terrier, too, seems to be going the same way, and is losing the substance and bone that used to distinguish him. A terrier should be judged in the same way as a hound, and good feet and legs, back and loins, and the power to go and stay should be as indispensable to the one as to the other. It is not, of course, possible under the present conditions of dog shows to test the powers of the dogs, but it is not difficult to recognize the make and shape that are indispensable to action and endurance, and where these are absent no honors should be awarded. I am not among the enemies of dog shows, but I wish the judges would not make idols of particular points to the exclusion of others equally important to the maintenance of the character of the breed."

* * *

My English correspondent says that the trial of the charges made by the Anti-Gambling League against the Jockey Club was the veriest farce. From the first it was apparent no conviction could be obtained. Mr. Poland, the prosecuting counsel, like Mr. D'Alton McCarthy in his remedial argument at Ottawa, appealed rather to sentiment and to prejudice than to law. Not only did the magistrates dismiss the complaint, but they declined to state cases for the higher courts, one against the stewards of the Jockey Club and the other against the bookmakers, for permitting and using the rings at Newmarket for betting purposes. Application was then made for fresh summonses against the stewards and the bookmakers, whereupon the bench decided that the former informations against both had lapsed, and that if fresh summonses were granted fresh informations would have to be made. It was understood that a fresh information would be laid. Effigies of Mr. Hawke were carried about Newmarket when the decision became known, and were afterwards burnt. The whole village turned out to celebrate, the strangest sight being a company of ancient dames who, with snow-white aprons, snow-white caps and cheery, rosy countenances, paraded the streets with an effigy in their midst, cheering in a cackling way and smiling joyfully. My correspondent adds: "You will be surprised to hear that while, doubtless, there was a little extra imbibing, I did not see a single case of drunkenness."

* * *

The horse market is in a desperate way. Poorly bred animals are not wanted at any cost, and the sooner the farmer understands that and ceases to breed them the better for himself and for his pocket. If I had some of the beasts that are sent to auction I would consign them, in charity, to the knacker yard, instead of selling them for a few miserable dollars. They would fetch nearly as much, and would prove infinitely more useful. For good, well-behaved and well-bred horses there is a fair demand, but it cannot honestly be said that the horse market is in any way brisk or satisfactory just now. If I wanted an animal to ride or drive, the present is the time I should choose to look for him. A similar story to that told in Toronto reaches me from New York, where the other day at the American Horse Exchange a team of bay mares, each 15.3, 5 years old and without blemish, went for $235, while a Clay gelding, 16 hands and 6 years old, fetched only $260, the majority of the animals going under $100.

* * *

Speculation on the Queen's Plate has commenced at odds that in several cases are really exceptionally good. Some people are disposed to think that the race is all over but the shouting and that "Seagram's best" has already won. Those who think so had better get on quick, but, for my part, mindful of the old adage about the cup and the lip, I am disposed to think discretion in the case of the Queen's Plate is most emphatically the better part of valor. When the snow is gone and the leaves begin to bud we may know something, but just now no Egyptian darkness could be more profound than in the possibility of forming an adequate judgment of the racing quality of the Queen's Plate candidates. Mr. Seagram's string has, of course, many advantages both as regards handling and as regards class, but with 21 against 4, the odds at all times, in such a race as that for the Queen's Plate, must be with the greater number. Besides, who knows there is not a dark 'un among those yet to be entered? I said last year, and I say this, if I were an owner I would prefer to pay the small extra fee and enter on May 1, rather than on March 1 and have my animal knocked about in the betting in what are called the winter books.

* * *

While the entries for the Queen's Plate, the Breeders' Plate and the Maple Leaf Stake of the Ontario Jockey Club are acknowledged to be as satisfactory as the most sanguine could desire, I have heard some caustic remarks about the showing made by the Stanley Produce Stake. While it is true that the entry list for the revival is not half as large as it was for the original stake, I do not see that there is anything discouraging in the fact. The first stake received a good deal of artificial encouragement. Gentlemen on the other side were solicited to make nominations, and in the generosity of their hearts and under the glamor of conferring a benefit on racing in Canada they consented. The result was a most satisfactory entry, out of which Mr. A. M. Orpen, who was induced thereby to purchase Appomattox, the colt that was placed hors de combat by a train the other day and that won everything for which he went in Canada as a 2-year-old, made the most profit. And Appomattox, having been sold for more thousands than he cost hundreds, did not start for the Stanley Produce after all. As a matter of fact, not one of the foreign entries put in a claim, the quintet that did battle for the handsome guarantee being owned two each at Waterloo and Hamilton, and one virtually in Toronto, that is, at Thorncliffe Manor. On the other hand, this year the stake was allowed to stand on its merits, not a single nomination being solicited either by direct correspondence, outside the general notification, or in person. The people who will receive the most benefit from the revived stake will be the Canadian breeder as it is intended, and to that fact I wish to direct attention in order that next year home-breeders may have a better appreciation of what is being done for them, and may recognize that nominations for the Stanley Produce Stake mean increased value for their foals. I desire also at the same time to emphasize the liberal conditions of the stake, which provide: "If foal not alive July 1, 1895, nomination of mare becomes void; death of nominator does not render entry void; any Canadian-bred foal of 1895 can be entered at any time before July 1, 1895, on payment of $10 instead of $5 for entry of dam." The last is a condition which I hope breeders may yet avail themselves of, especially as in the event of their unhappy demise, and the foal is alive, the nomination becomes of value to their estate.

* * *

Sir John Blundell Maple, furniture man, horseman, M.P., and so on, is not afraid of his convictions. In his address, soliciting election to The London County Council, he said: "I will maintain and encourage recreation, amusement and sport for the people, and will oppose all unnecessary interference with our liberties." There is a declaration as is a declaration, and it brought its reward, for Sir John, with the furniture name as well as the furniture trade, went in with flying colors. How long will it be before some Canadian candidate for public confidence will dare to come out in an equally pronounced and straightforward way?

* * *

An outcome of the anti-gambling agitation in England is "The Bookmakers' Protection Society." The pencillers are asses to thus array themselves against such opinion as directly antagonizes their avocation. The Sporting League was doing all that was necessary for them, and would have continued to do so. Their union will handicap the League without benefitting themselves, especially as any concerted effort towards protection that was necessary was forthcoming in their membership of Tattersall's. It is ever thus when greed and ignorance make a union with liberality. They thwart and check the latter to their own ultimate discomfiture, and few are left to weep. These fools do not understand that a principle is at stake, but doubtless imagine the Sporting League exists for their special benefit, and that they will aid it, whereas they will destroy it, just as men in Canada and in the United States by their methods, by cherishing feelings of antagonism towards gentlemen who made and manage the sport from which they alone directly profit, aye, and live, succeed in crushing at one and the same time the fabric that shelters them and themselves.

* * *

A correspondent says: "Quote for me the latest odds about the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National." They follow:

Lincolnshire Handicap, one mile, to be run on Tuesday, March 26—14 to 1 each, Medicis, 5 yrs., 119 lbs.; Amandier, 6 yrs., 115 lbs., and Lottie's Dude—no Yank ever beat that name—3 yrs., 94 lbs.; 20 to 1 each, San Giovanni, 5 yrs., 92 lbs.; El Diablo, 6 yrs., 117 lbs.; Levybub, 3 yrs., 91 lbs., and The Owl, 3 yrs., 90 lbs.; 22 to 1, Sancho Panza, 4 yrs., 94 lbs.; 25 to 1, Carrick, a, 111 lbs.; 33 to 1, Green Lawn, 4 yrs., 102 lbs.

The Grand National, about 4 miles 856 yards, to be run Friday, March 29—5 to 1 against Cloister, aged, 185 lbs.—Cloister will be ridden by his trainer, Escott; 15 to 1, Wild Man from Borneo, a, 151 lbs.; 20 to 1 Aesop, a, 148 lbs.; 20 to 1, Prince Albert, aged, 152 lbs.; 22 to 1, Clanricarde, 6 yrs., 143 lbs.; 33 to 1 each, Westmeath, 6 yrs., 139 lbs.; Covert Side, a, 133 lbs.; Badminton, a, 143 lbs.; Royal Buck, a, 144 lbs.; and March Hare, 6 yrs., 138 lbs.

* * *

Arrangements for the horse show are progressing finely. Mr. William J. Donley has secured lots of extra stable room in Richmond-street west, and will be prepared to accommodate any number of horses, as will also Messrs. Charles Brown and Robert Bond in York-street. The special prize list has been greatly increased during the week, the Governor-General has promised to attend, Mr. Henry Wade has secured temporary offices at 12 Elm-street, where horse show affairs will be attended to, and Mr. S. F. Houston, of the Country and Hunt Club, the secretary of the other part, the M. F. H., George Beardmore, and the treasurer, Mr. Robert Davies, of Thorncliffe Manor, who was the youngest Red Coat ever seen in Canada, are beaming with smiles.

POP.

On Shoeing and Rigging.

Appended will be found some information concerning the shoeing and rigging of four of the good ones campaigned last year, all of which will be of interest to nearly every reader. Phoebe Wilkes, 2.08 1-2, quite the best of the trotting mares in the free-for-all division and a fit competitor for the great Azote, wore in all her races an eight ounce shoe forward, with a three-ounce toe weight and a four-ounce shoe behind. She wore quarterboots, front knee and shinboots behind. An overdraw check was used on her, but McHenry states that she would trot as well without one, as she never touches it. She was driven with a plain snaffle bit covered with rubber. John R. Gentry, 2.03 3-4, after he was placed in McHenry's charge, wore five and one-half ounce shoes in front, three and one-half ounce shoes behind, quarter and tendon boots in front, and coronet boots behind. He wore an overdraw check, not very tightly drawn, and, like Phoebe Wilkes, was rigged in a six-pound harness, and was driven with a plain, rubber-covered snaffle bit. Impetuous, 2.15 3-4, developed by F. E. Driver, though driven to her record by McHenry, wore in her record making miles seven-ounce shoes forward, with two-ounce weights, and five-ounce shoes behind; quarter and elbow boots in front, shinboots and sclpers behind, and a governor check. Indra, 2.39 3-4, the fastest yearling filly of 1894, wore seven-ounce shoes in front with two-ounce toe weights, and a three-ounce shoe behind. She was rigged with quarter boots, front shin and knee boots, hind shin boots and scalpers, overdraw check and standing martingales.—Kentucky Stock Farm.

THE HACKNEY.

His Early History and First Introduction Into America—A Hackney the Progenitor of the Trotter.

In all countries and all times people have taken a pride and set a value, real or imaginary, on the remote distance to which their ancestry could be traced. The Briton who, with any show of reason can boast of his lineage being clearly traced back to the Norman invasion, believes himself to be on that account alone much superior to the man whose lineage is obscure, or who knows nothing and cares less regarding his ancestors, even one or two generations back. If, therefore, there is in the human family some advantage in having a long ancestral line fully cleared up and authenticated, there surely is a corresponding advantage when applied to the equine race. Granting this premise, it is an indisputable fact that the Hackney, next to the Arab and thoroughbred, enjoys the distinction of tracing a longer lineage and showing a more unalloyed pedigree, probably, than any other breed we have among us.

The name Hackney, originally spelled Hackeneye, is itself 600 years old, dating back to the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, but for four centuries at least there has existed in England a horse of this class—a horse neither suited for draft purposes nor for racing, but whose natural and only gait has always been a square trot. This old breed, sometimes called nags or trotters, was greatly modified and improved in its character by the introduction of Arabian blood during the first half of the century. The well-known Darley Arabian was imported into England in 1702—nearly 200 years ago—and proved the most important factor in the improvement of England's trotting and racing horses. In examining the genealogy of Hackneys and thoroughbreds we find that the same Arabian sires influenced both breeds in the most marked and beneficial manner, adding quality, speed and endurance to the stouter form and stronger bone of the native British horses. With careful breeding and training during those two centuries, the English thoroughbred has steadily improved, until he is and has long been recognized the world over as in every respect immeasurably superior to the best Arabian.

In like manner the best Hackney breeders of Norfolk and Yorkshire, whose natural abilities and enthusiasm are proverbial, have steadily advanced and in all desirable respects have improved the type of Hackney, but while the breed has in several important respects materially changed, its destinctive character still remains the same.

Exactly 140 years ago the "original Shales" was foaled in Norfolk, England. Nothing is known of his dam except that she was a native trotting mare. The sire of Shales was Blaze, a son of Flying Childers, who in turn was got by the Darley Arabian. This Shales may properly be called the father of the modern Hackney, and the infusion of Arab blood transmitted to him and from him to his numerous descendants was of untold benefit to the Hackney breed. One of his best sons was Scott Shales, foaled 1762.

The fact of such records being kept shows that these horses were appreciated in England even at that early date. On many farms in Norfolk the same strains of Hackney blood can be seen to-day they have been kept on these farms during those 140 years.

The description, size and measurements given by Lawrence, the historian, in 1796 of a certain black Hackney horse named Sampson coincide almost exactly with those of to-day.

Before the importation of Jary's Bellfounder, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian's dam, the following description of this celebrated Hackney was given in England: "Color, bright bay, with black legs, 15 hands high, bred by Rojer Jary, Ashill and Harling, Norfolk, sire Stephen's Bellfounder—Velocity, by Haphazard. Jary's Bellfounder's superior blood, symmetry and action excel every other trotting stallion." He trotted two miles in six minutes when five years old, and the following year was matched for 200 guineas to trot nine miles in 30 minutes, which match he won. His owner afterward challenged to trot 17-1-2 miles in an hour, but was not accepted. In 1806 Velocity, his dam, trotted 16 miles in an hour, along the Norwich-road, and two years later she trotted 28 miles in one hour and 47 minutes. These performances were in the saddle, of course. After importation to this country by James Booth of Boston, in 1822, Bellfounder stood at Charlestown, Mass., for six years, and was then taken to New York State, and died on Long Island when 27 years old. He sired many excellent trotters, the chief of which was the Charles Kent mare, dam of Hambletonian 10. Alden Goldsmith describes Bellfounder as having "very high and attractive knee-action, full of game and metal, but very controllable." His grandson, Hambletonian, inherited the same kind of action and the same disposition, although his own sire, Abdallah, was by no means good-tempered.

Mr. Minchen, one of New York's oldest horsemen, says, "Abdallah sired a great many colts, but he sired only one that had the power to transmit speed, and that was Hambletonian. And why? Simply because they were not out of Bellfounder mares. Bellfounder himself was a trotter, his daughter, the Charles Kent mare, was a trotter, and through her influence, and no other, we have the phenomenal time-beater of the world. The dam of Belmont was out of a mare by Brown's Bellfounder, son of imp. Bellfounder, and Belmont not only produced trotters himself, but transmitted the ability to produce them also."

Such testimony is, of course, most valuable evidence of the Hackney's prepotency, and it shows more clearly than anything else, perhaps, that this ability to get colts that could trot also in those early days was a strong characteristic of the Hackney horse 75 years ago. Had more good Hackney stallions been imported from that time forward, I do not think the trotting records would be lower than they are now, but I do believe that the general character of American roadster stock would have been greatly superior for all practical purposes and much more valuable than it is to-day.

ALEX GALBRAITH.

Cakes for Horses.

A discovery of some importance has just been looked into by some cavalry of the Austrian cavalry and some stock farm owners. It is that of a new compound which is to be used as an element in the feed of horses. An analysis was made by the Agricultural Experimental Laboratory of Vienna, and gave 69.75 of pure proteine, which corresponds to 10.85 of azote or nitrogen, which is a strong proportion. By means of machinery a mixture is made of blood, flesh and barley, previously pounded in a mortar, which is then dried by being subjected to a heating process, just sufficient not to rob the blood of any of its properties. This second operation gives a kind of thin gray powder, known under the name of robur, which is spread on the usual amount of fodder given to the animals. From two to five ounces of this powder are sufficient per head and per day, and is fed to cavalry horses, race horses and draft horses, who eat it willingly. This powder seems to invigorate horses, and gives their coat a fine appearance. The manufacturers are just now very busy making this powder into cakes.

ALL SORTS OF SPORT

A gentleman who knows Canada and Canadians well, having been a resident here for some years, writes me from London: "I get The Sunday World regularly and enjoy reading it as much as any paper I know of. In a number published some time ago I saw a reference to the Argonaut Rowing Club sending a crew over here to row at Henley. Recently I have seen nothing about it. Has the idea been abandoned? We were all looking forward to a regular invasion from your side this year, but it seems now we are to be the invaders, that is, athletically. The London Athletic Club is going to send over to you the strongest team that can be got together. Since Oxford unexpectedly beat Yale last year, our people regard themselves as ahtletically invincible. They have forgotten all about the lessons Myers and Meek taught them half a score of years ago and Gray, Mitchell, Queckberner, Carter, Conneff, Jordan, Page and Ford at subsequent visits. In vain do I raise my voice against over-confidence. I cry in the wilderness and no man heedeth. I was talking to a London A.C. member the other day, to several members in fact, and I was told that an invitation had been received to visit Toronto. They wanted to know what kind of a place it was that 'Hanlan and O'Connor came from.' They had always heard good oarsmen were turned out there, but had never heard anything about any general athletics. I couldn't tell them much, for as a matter of fact I never knew that you had any cracks to speak of. Have you? You are silent about them in your writings if you have. I suppose you have heard all about Harding's victory over Sullivan. From what is said round the club (my friend belongs to the London R.C.) I judge it was the worst kind of a fluke, and that if the two come together again Sullivan will as certainly win as that the Thames flows under Putney bridge. All our fellows will back him with just as much confidence as they did before. The postponement from Monday to Saturday told more on Sullivan than it did on Harding and the former became disheartened when he got in among the ice. He had not been used to that kind of thing and didn't take kindly to it at all. He is willing to agree to almost anything if Harding will give him another chance, the Thames to be the scene of the battle this time. Harding wants to row on the Tyne again, but Sullivan positively declines. I think a match will be made, even if Sullivan has to concede odds in the stakes, and you know he is not very generous in that respect. Why doesn't Gaudaur come over and take Mr. Harding on the hip? He could just coin money if he could win. You don't know what a fillip the little un's prowess has given to the interest in rowing. Everybody here is talking of him as the best man since Hanlan's time. Harding is good and plucky an dwill never give in, but I doubt if he is the real wonder the majority of us here are disposed to think him. At any rate a match between him and Gaudaur would attract attention that only a few months ago was impossible. One thing you can take my word for and that is, there would be no stopping on the road. If the Argonauts come and Gaudaur comes, and both can win, Canada can capture enough money to relieve her depression materially."

* * *

In conversation with a San Francisco reporter, Ziegler, the Western cycling wonder, recently said: "As soon as the tournament is over and we get our 'quad' I am going to try for the mile straight-away record, which was recently reduced by Wilbur Edwards to 1.34. I believe I can do it in 1.20 or less. The trial will probably be made near Fresno, though we may between now and then find a more suitable place nearer home. If I succeed in my effort, I think I will, with Edwards' performance, demonstrate what I have always maintained, and that is that California wheelmen are the equals, if not the superiors, of Eastern men. The reason that more world's records have not been made by Pacific Coast riders is that we have no tracks like those of the East, and Eastern men are giving far more attention to the matter of training. Given the same advantages as Johnson, Sanger, or any of the rest of them, I think California boys would beat the world. In April the Falcon team, of which I am a member, will go to Texas and New Mexico for a short time, and then take in the National Circuit. We will have every facility in the matter of training and attention, and I am sure we will get our share of the honors. I have had only nine days training for this meet, and have had to change my gear from 72 to 66, but I hope and trust to make a good showing."

* * *

In a paper I have just received appears a letter from "A Lancashire Lady" defending feminine football. "We don't expect strength and big kicking from ladies," she says, "but if they can make up for it by science and artistic finish, the game will be worth watching." Further on we encounter this memorable passage:

One ladies' paper accepts the departure without "slating," but shows its ignorance of the game by remarking that "continuous footballing blunts and broadens the shape of the right foot." One has yet to see the right foot have a monopoly of the ball, in spite of the necessary prominece it has on occasion—when belonging to a right wing player—and then again who among us ever saw a player of any note incapable of using both "pedipulators"?

It is apparent that, after the pattern of baseball, feminine football proposes to have a literary style of its own.

* * *

It does not appear a quarter of a century since Mr. R. R. McLennan, now Major McLennan, M. P., was champion athlete of America, but it is fast getting on that way, while it is more than that since he became famous and forced the redoubtable Donald Dinnie to acknowledge the formidable character of his rivalry. Some of his record-beating feats were in fact performed as far back as 30 years ago, and although the correctness of each and every one has been sworn to by reputable citizens of the city or town where they took place, the self-imposed athletic authorities of New York have declined to recognize them, either as records or as what The Clipper Annual chronicles as "remarkable performances not properly authenticated;" and yet in the latter classification there are a hundred feats set forward without half the veracity and none of the respectability to support them. There are feats performed in far-off lands, in the back woods and little villages where record-measuring or timing must have been of the most primitive character. But because Mr. McLennan's feats were past the comprehension of all those who did not see them performed, although in every instance they have been sworn to by men of standing, such as chief officers of recognized Caledonian societies always are, and always were, they are not accounted worthy of being set down. I am bound to confess that having regard to the marvelous distances of the throws compared with those of later athletes, there is some ground for scepticism, but in light of the affidavits of the measurers, copies of which are not only extant, but which I have in my possession, I cannot see why they should not be accepted as records, or failing that, why they should not be accepted and placed in the catalog of "remarkable performances lacking 'proper' authentication." But my readers will wish to know what the feats were of which I speak, where they were performed, and how they compare with the recognized records. That they may be possessed of the desired information I have prepared the following tables:

MR. McLENNAN'S PERFORMANCES.

Weight of Hammer.	Distance Thrown.	Place.	Year.
21-lb (without run)	91 ft 7 in	Toronto	1872
21-lb (with run)	130 ft 4 in	Toronto	1872
16-lb (with run)	180 ft	Pr. Ed. Is.	1865
12-lb (with run)	216 ft	Cornwall	1865
10-lb (with run)	285 ft	Buffalo	1865
56-lb (weight)	37 ft	Toronto	1872

RECOGNIZED RECORDS.

Performance	Weight	Distance	Place	Year
*C A Qu'ckb'rn'r	21 lb.	81 ft 3 in.	Staten Is.	1888
G H Hales	16 lb.	138 ft 3 in.	Lon. Eng.	1876
W L Coudon	12 lb.	164 ft 2 in.	Elk'h'nInd	1892
W L Coudon	10 lb.	167 ft 2 in.	Pe'ry'man	1894
J S Mitchell	56 lb.	36 ft 6 in.	Philadel'ia	1888

*Without run; no record with run.

The differences in favor of Mr. McLennan are: 21 lbs. (without run) 10 ft. 4 in.; 16 lb., 41 ft. 9 in.; 12 lb., 51ft.10 in.; 10 lb., 117 ft. 10 in.; 56-lb weight, 6 inches.

It cannot be denied that the methods of throwing the hammer 30 years ago were altogether different to what they are now and that the records are far more scrupulously kept to-day than they were in the past ages, and that for those causes comparisons are unfair and in fact impossible except, perhaps, as regards the 21-lb. and the 56-lb.; but the differences between the recognized records of Messrs. Queckberner, Hales, Coudon and Mitchell, and the unrecognized records of Mr. McLennan, are so great that they amply warrant the belief that the present Major and M. P. was in his day far and away the mightiest athlete that ever stood on a field. It must also be borne in mind that Mr. McLennan did not, as men do now, make a specialty of one weight and one style, but used all weights and all styles. If not put in the regular columns of recognized records the feats, as I have said, are certainly entitled to stand among the "Remarkable Performances," and in that opinion Messrs. Alexander Muir, David Walker, William Christie and W. D. McIntosh, Col. Otter and many other gentlemen who were to the front in Caledonian sports a quarter of a century ago, and saw the feats performed, will most thoroughly bear me out.

* * *

Those were braw days, not only for professional athletes, but for Caledonian societies and all things Scotch. Turning up The Globe of Aug. 9, 1870, I find that on the previous day the second annual gathering and games of the Caledonian Society of Toronto took place on the Exhibition (then called Crystal Palace) grounds, that 29 events were on the program; that the Queen's Own and Grenadier bands were both engaged and that one played dance music all day; that Donald Dinnie was present in full force; that the Hon. George Brown, the president, was everywhere; that he was assisted by Messrs. William Christie, sr., and jr., James Michie, W. D. Otter (then major in the Q. O. R.) A. Smith, V. S., John Ritchie, John Torrance, Duncan Forbes, W. D. McIntosh, Alex Muir, John Hendrie, Hugh Miller, Capt. Gardner, Col. Campbell, Thomas Loudon, David Walker and others, who with the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, divided the responsible positions of judges and referees, there being two dozen of these officials, all told. The Hon. D. L. Macpherson was referee in the dancing contests. At the luncheon in the afternoon the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald proposed the health of the president, the Hon. George Brown, and among the others at the table were: Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Mr. Wallis, M. P., Mr. Gray, M. P., Angus Morrison, M. P., D'Arcy Boulton, "president" of the City Council, J. D. Edgar, Ald. Baxter. Ald. Dickey, Professor Wilson, LL. D., William Nelson of Edinburgh, Col. Gilmor, Donald McKay, H. H. Cook, M. P., Mr. Craig, M. P., and Captain Dick. The prizes were presented at a concert in the Horticultural Gardens in the evening before 1500 people. Among the prize winners was Mr. C. H. Bigger, who took first in the standing broad jump with 9 feet 7 1-2 inches, and second in the hitch and kick, kicking 7 feet 6 inches, the winner, one Russell doing 8 feet 8 inches. Mr. Bigger, I might remark, holds the running long jump record, with weights, to this day at 23 feet 3 3-4 inches, although at Buffalo in 1865 Mr. R. R. McLennan was credited with having covered 23 feet 7 inches. Rightly or wrongly measured Mr. McLennan, who was then 23 years of age, must have made a marvelous jump for a man weighing 205 pounds and standing 6 feet 2 inches in height.

* * *

There was a good deal of challenging and counter-challenging for a thousand and two thousand dollars a side, between Mr. R. R. McLennan and Donald Dinnie during 1870 and '71, but they could not agree on styles. The former wanted a match at both styles, but the latter insisted on his own or none. If Dinnie would throw in old Scotch style Mr. McLennan expressed his willingness to give him 50 feet of an advantage in two throws. So hard put to it was Dinnie that at a gathering in Toronto, to save his reputation he asked Mr. McLennan to let him win with the light hammer, and the latter consented, withdrawing from the competition and saying why. Dinnie continued to travel and to talk. In 1872 he was hired at £60 a month to compete in the Caledonian games in America. He came to Toronto, but couldn't be dragged into a competition, claiming he had hurt his arm. Mr. McLennan, who, it should be stated, never made a business of athletics and only took in the games for his own delight, being even then a railway contractor of high standing, expressed his willingness to agree to anything if Dinnie would make a match, but Donald was too canny. It was at the Caledonian gathering in this year that Mr. McLennan made his records with the 21-lb. hammer and 56-lb. weight, the former being for a gold medal given by the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, and the latter for a similar medal given by the Hon. George Brown. Dinnie and James Fleming of Edinburgh, his side partner, under whose watchful and jealous eyes the measuring was done, there and then acknowledged that Mr. McLennan had easily beaten all records. At this meeting Major Sam Hughes, now M. P., won the mile race in 4.58 against eight other competitors, Mr. Harry Piper won a boys' race; C. H. Biggar won the standing high jump at 4 feet 7 inches, R. N. Harrison coming second an inch lower; (Ex-Ald.) E. Verral won the running hop, step and jump at 41 feet 3 inches, against 13 others; C. H. Biggar took the standing broad jump at 9 feet 10 inches; C. H. Biggar was second to Charles Burns in the 200 yard race; Turnbull Smith was first in wrestling; Charles Burns captured the hurdle race and Mr. T. C. Patteson presented a cricket ball and $5 for the longest throw with the ball, J. Storey winning with 98 yards 2 feet 6 in., Robert Wilson being second with 89 yds, 2 ft. 6 in. Trusting that these reminiscences of the mighty men of old may prove interesting I take leave of them for the present.

* * *

It is my pleasant duty to congratulate Mr. J. F. Snetsinger, proprietor and editor of The Canadian Sporting News, on the first number of that journal, which is now before me. Typographically it could undoubtedly be improved upon, and Mr. Snetsinger himself says it will be, but in all other respects it is difficult to see where anything is short. All branches of sport are well and interestingly covered by men who are apparently thoroughly up in their subjects, are, in fact, specialists, something that they must be to be thorough. A good deal of space is given up to the turf, of which Syphax, the name of a writer well known to readers of The Empire, has the able control. A particularly valuable feature of this department is a complete list of all the horses in training, or that will be in training, in Canada. The paper, it should be said, is aptly illustrated. On the first page are portraits in group, with sketches of their careers, of the members of the newly organized Toronto Baseball Club. On another page is a good picture of Canada's champion trotting mare, Clara K., while on page 6 is a portrait of Mr. George H. Orr, a veteran bicyclist, as things go, and the most popular of them all; and on page 8 an admirable two-column likeness of "the most prominent Canadian on the stage," Mr. Franklin McLeay. The bicycling department, edited by another old Empire man, is most complete, and when it is stated that the dramatic department is in the hands of "the foremost critic and most entertaining writer on things theatrical in Canada," it must not by any means be understood that the table of virtues of the new paper has been exhausted. Important points are that the journal is in clever hands, has plenty of financial backing, and is to be pushed for all it is worth, correspondents having been secured all over the country, whose efforts to supply entertaining matter and to secure subscriptions will be supplemented by a corps of traveling agents. If under such auspices the paper cannot be made to go, then there is no adhesiveness, no appreciation and no patriotism among Canadian lovers of sport.

* * *

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. seems to have decided that Catholic priests should not cycle. He considers it indecorous for a priest in a "soutane" to be seen straddling on a bicycle or tricycle; and he is utterly against cycling as means of locomotion for priests engaged in their parish rounds. The wisdom of "infallibility" is, of course, not to be questioned. I venture, however, to submit that the use of donkeys on the part of rural priests in Italy, Spain and elsewhere has been sanctioned from time immemorial; and that the utility of the humble ass is not without support in the New Testament itself. Now, is it any more ridiculous or indecorous for a priest to carry the Viaticum to a dying patient living at a distance on a bicycle or tricycle than on a donkey? Cycling machines were unknown in Palestine, but if they had been I have no doubt they would have been utilized.

* * *

An agitation is abroad for the extension of the close season to black bass. On the one hand the government is pestered to make the fish laws coincide with those of our neighbors on the other side of the boundary streams, while on the other it is urged to extend the close seasons and make the restrictions stricter. If that International Fishing Association that was formed at the Izaak Walton tercentenary celebration eighteen months ago with so much flourish of trumpets would but get together and make recommendations that bore the stamp of general approval, doubtless something would be done; but if the government listened to every little deputation, the fish laws in the Dominion would speedily become as changeable and unsatisfactory as the game laws of the province, which are enforced in the city and ignored in the country!

* * *

That best and most elaborate of publications devoted to sport, Outing, is to hand for March. As usual, it is replete with captivating excellence. I am a little late, but I wish to congratulate Outing upon its enterprise in sending William M. Sachtleben and a searching party to discover the fate of poor Lenz, the bicyclist who vanished a year ago in the country of the Kurds. The story of his travels and disappearance is best told in the pages of the magazine, and, therefore, will not be repeated here.

CHIPS.

A Religious Horse.

A Dexter man has a mare that knows several things, and among other accomplishments apparently can tell the day of the week. The other Sunday, the gentleman hitched up and having assisted his wife into the carriage, got in himself. He was busied for a moment in arranging the robe, and before he had taken up the reins the horse started out of the yard into the street. His purpose was to attend church, and as the horse took the direction he decided to let her go without guiding, to see what she would do.

The route is altogether different from that taken in the week-day driving. He left the reins hanging on the dasher, but nevertheless was carried as straight to the church as he would have gone if he had reined his horse.

Without a word, when she had turned up to the church door and the carriage was in position at the steps, the mare stopped for her master to alight.

A Dixmont man has one to tell that is fully as odd as the foregoing. He had a young horse called Dick, evidently possessed of brains and talent to do funny things. He had a barnyard surrounded by a high fence, and into this he turned the animal soon after he bought him. Dick sniffed around for a while and then bounded out of the enclosure and went racing down the highway. The farmer, reinforced by all the other members of the household, gave chase, but the colt was much too frisky for them.

He capered near and far away as the spirit moved him, and apparently laughed at their efforts. At length the chase was given up as useless and the folks went back to the house. Then into the yard of his own accord came Dick on the run, and, giving a bound, he went over the fence into the barnyard, and for the rest of the day he was as quiet as a lamb. Time and again after that, the man says, Dick did the same thing, always going back into the enclosure of his own free will.—Lewiston Journal.

Riding Without a Horse.

An ingenious man has invented a saddle machine for the acquirement of a perfect seat and self-confidence as an equestrienne within one's own home. It is said that many ladies are overcoming timidity by means of this home practice as a prelude "to learning how to ride" the veritable equine back.

By a skilful mechanical arrangement the movements of a horse in walking, trotting, cantering or galloping are imparted to a saddle, upon which a lady or gentleman may sit with perfect comfort and safety, blandly confident that, although they are enjoying to the full all the pleasure and health-giving motion of riding on horseback, there is no fear of their mount rearing or bolting, or kicking, or jibbing, or behaving like the famous trick horse from the circus.

The motion obtained from the saddle, as in actual horse riding, is vertical, and produced by the rider rising on the stirrups or footboards as if seated upon a horse, and under all the conditions, whether the motion be gentle or that of a trot or gallop, the rider is perfectly secure in his or her seat, so that all the advantages of real horse exercise can be enjoyed with none of its inevitable risks.—Chicago Mail.

The Bookie's Queer Reason.

A good story is told of a well-known bookie on the occasion of his traveling to Paris to see the Grand Prix decided. While crossing the channel on the return journey, one of the passengers fell overboard, and the bookie, being an expert swimmer, went after him and effected a rescue. Loud was the applause and hearty the greetings when the metallician clambered back n deck, after having been relieved of hi sburden, and the delighted witnesses of his heroic act declared that he should be recommended for the Royal Humane Society's medal, and that he would be sure to get it. And then th ebookie fairly gave himself away, and at the same time shook the sentiment out of the performance as he shook the water from his clothes, as he calmly observed: "You see, I cannot afford to let him go, for he lost a hundred to me over thel ast race!"

Grand Opera House!

THREE NIGHTS
- - AND - -
WEDNESDAY MATINEE!
COMMENCING
MONDAY, MARCH 11th,
HOYT'S
THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN
A TRIP TO CHINATOWN
THE BEST EVER FARCE-COMEDY

NEXT ATTRACTION:
MR. THOMAS KEENE.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday and Saturday Matinee,
MARCH 14, 15, 16,
THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN
MR. THOMAS
KEENE

Thursday Evening---Hamlet.
Friday Evening---Richelieu.
Saturday Matinee---Merchant of Venice.
Saturday Evening---Richard III.

PRICES--25, 50, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50.

THEATRICALS OF THE WEEK

MISS DELLA FOX AND "THE LITTLE TROOPER."

The Pretty Little Woman's Drawback Is a Tendency to Sportiness--"The Little Trooper" a Pot Boiler of the Most Inconsequential Kind--Mr. McLeay's Plans for the Future.

Personally, I am not a devotee of the art of Miss Della Fox, although I am well aware that a good many people will think my taste is bad. For the little lady is regarded as the quintessence of cutiness; a pocket edition of Venus or a tricksome Psyche, with a wink in her eye. She is a hard worker, and has, no doubt, acquired a goodly number of champagne suppers, diamond brooches and good hard dollars as a result of her industry. But she is as unfeminine as Johnstone Bennett, with less artistic excuse. She is deliberately slangy, and tries to give an impression of being "sporty." I don't think Miss Fox is really sporty, or she wouldn't have retained her position so well, but that is the impression she gives one. No doubt she imagines that this affected sportiness has given her name and fame, but she is mistaken. It is her actual talent, which, though it is not brilliant, is very attractive, and her unique beauty, a plump, dove-like style of beauty, with some bewitching blonde hair, and a dark, lustrous eye. Because Della Fox is such a vivacious little pigeon, with the ability to sing fairly well, and the desire to entertain everybody, she has been a success. It seems to me that she would be more of a success if she would be a little less vulgar, and understood that beauty is a good thing in itself, and needs no sauce of Bowery-isms to be attractive.

* * *

"The Little Trooper," which she illuminates, with her presence, is the weakest effort of its kind that has been here in a good many years. It is announced as an adaptation from a French vaudeville operetta by Raymond and Mars; this means that it was good in France, and the story, which is rather naughty and rather clever, was all told in one act. There is about enough material for a brisk one-act piece in it. A young officer's wife turns up in camp, finds that another lady has filled her place for the time being, disguises herself as a lieutenant, gets into trouble and is to be shot, and everything is set right by the revelation of her sex. That's a good enough story, the moral of which is that neither French stories nor French officers have any morals at all. But when Mr. Clay M. Greene took hold of this piece to make three acts of it, he didn't add anything to it; he only spread every incident out thin and took all the briskness out of it, so that when the curtain falls at 11 o'clock you realize it has taken three hours to learn what could have been told in half an hour, and that Mr. Clay M. Greene, like all men who make a short story long, should be killed. However, if the composers, Furst and Roger, had done any better than the librettist, "The Little Trooper" might have been more acceptable; they, too, have put as much music as would go to make a one-act opera into three acts. There should be at least ten more lyric numbers in the piece, six of which could be put into the second act with advantage. Such remarkable paucity of music of any kind is astonishing in a piece that is labelled opera. In fact, the whole piece gives one the impression of having been gotten up in two weeks.

* * *

There is one advantage about a woman star in comic opera. She generally has good men around her. In the average production some comedian is featured, and the The contrary is true in this instance. Messrs. Jefferson, D'Angelis, Paul Arthur, Alf. C. Wheelan and Charles J. Campbell are four unusually talented gentlemen. The officers of the regiment in fact really look like officers, an anomaly indeed, while Miss Villa Knox and Miss Marie Celeste are rarely charming young ladies. In fact Miss Fox and her manager have shown a conscientious desire to produce "The Little Trooper" in first-class style. It is a pity they did not procure something tangible to produce.

* * *

I learn that Mr. Franklin McLeay, the well-known Canadian actor, is at work on a commentary on some of the better known tragedies of Shakespeare. The essay will be from the point of view of the scholar, with the additional light of stage experience. Mr. McLeay's ambition lies in the direction of being known as a Shakespearian authority, and an intimate study of some of the great tragic figures of the poet would possess a real and lasting value, if one may judge from what Mr. McLeay has already accomplished.

TOUCHSTONE.

"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN."

Hoyt's Greatest European and American Success to Give Four Performances at the Grand.

Like Tennyson's "Brook," Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," seems to run on and on. This merry, musical satire comes to us direct from its unprecedented run of over 700 nights at Hoyt's Theatre, New York city, and will be seen to-morrow (Monday) evening at the Grand Opera House, exactly the same as when presented at the Metropolitan Theatre.

WHAT HE EXPECTED & WHAT HE GOT

The company Mr. Hoyt has selected to interpret his work includes some of the cleverest comedians and singers now on the stage. The piece itself needs no introducing, as most every theatre-goer in the country is acquainted with the fact that "A Trip to Chinatown" was written only to amuse, and has no pretensions to plot. Several new songs have been added, all of which will prove tuneful and catchy, as Mr. Hoyt has never been known to fail in writing a topical song each year that has not caught the fancy of the public.

Mr. Frank Lane, who plays the part of Welland Strong, heads the list of comedians and promises to be as funny

WELLAND STRONG.

as his character would indicate. James R. Smith, the Ben Gay of the company, is just as sedate as a staid old man could be, when out with the boys. Patrice, as Flirt, is more capitaving than ever. Georgie Bryton, as Willie Grow, is thoroughly up to the times for a youngster, while Sara Maddern, as the gushing widow, Mrs. Guyer, and in fact the entire company, are deserving of special mention.

The scenery, costumes, properties, have all been renovated since its production at the home theatre and are carried with the company. Mr. Hoyt intends to present "A Trip to Chinatown" in a manner that will leave little to be desired from the amusement-loving public.

SHAKESPEARE---KEENE.

The Eminent Tragedian, Thomas W. Keene, As Hamlet, Shylock, Richelieu and Richard III.

After a busy season of comic opera, farce comedy and the spectacular and weird melodrama, a few nights of our old friend Shakespeare will be a refreshing novelty. On Thursday night next, Mr. Thomas Keene, so popularly known in Canada, is booked to play for three nights and the Saturday matinee, here, opening in "Hamlet," which will be followed by "Richelieu," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III." on Saturday night. A good selection, in every character of which the tragedian will be seen in his best dramatic work. Thomas Keene is the legitimate successor to Edwin Booth in the American stage, and wears the mantle which has fallen to him so gracefully, worthily and well. Mr. Keene is returning from a phenomenally successful season, having, with his company of 20 people, covered a distance of 12,000 miles since he left New York in September. From the Atlantic through the Southern States to the Gulf, through Texas to Denver, overland to the Pacific, twice along the entire length of the Western coast from Mexico to British Columbia, and so eastward again, and in all that time losing but two nights, resulting from distances a little too magnificent to overcome. Mr. Keene has done much this season to improve the general details of his stage, and brings with him a company of unusual strength.

Keene's Shylock.

In the minds of the play-going public, the names of Shakespeare and Keene have been inseparably linked for a number of years. As an interpreter of many of the Bard of Avon's best-known and strongest characters, this distinguished tragedian has won for himself undying laurels. Upon the occasion of his visit here, he will be seen in Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Keene's "Shylock" is considered by many the truest personification of Shakespeare's intentions in the character that the stage has at the present time. As a conception, Mr. Keene's performance is remembered as being vital and strong, eminently Shakespearean, interpreting the master-poet's thoughts in a vivid fashion, the master-dramatist's character creations with justness, fulness and the truth of nature.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

"The Prodigal Father" and His Lavish and Brilliant Family to Stay a Week With Us

O! Hail ye all! A merry week is here
With "The Prodigal Father"
Who cometh to cheer!
Pop, "The Prodigal," who's quite oddical,
Quintessence of a gay old prodigal,
He cometh to make ye hold thy sides
with laughter!
Yea, thou'lt laugh from first till last
And even after.

The young man who wrote the bright farce-comedy with the happy title "The Prodigal Father," which gives a week's engagement at the Toronto Opera House, commencing to-morrow, Monday, night, is a very clever young man who has sprung into considerable prominence within the past few years. His name is Glen MacDonough, and before he became a playwright, he was a successful reporter on one of the New York papers. He comes honestly by his theatrical bent, for his mother was a famous actress in her day. While he was a reporter nothing so much interested young MacDonough, who, by the way, is under thirty, as matters pertaining to the stage.

He was preparing himself for his real career by taking a deep interest in the theatres and in plays of all sorts.

Consequently his friends were much surprised to hear that it was MacDonough who wrote the libretto for "The Algerians," the successful comic opera for which Reginald de Koven furnished the musical and Marie Tempest the histrionic power.

Next, this clever young man, whose head is full of bright, lively ideas, wrote "Delmonico's at Six" and the latest success, "Miss Dynamite," also for Marie Jansen. Now he appears as the author of the farce-comedy, "The Prodigal Father." What other plays, or operas, or farces he has "on the fire," so to speak, is known better to himself than to the big, outside world.

Altogether, MacDonough has been very successful. He bears his honors meekly, and is as unaffected as he was when the writer knew him as one of the bright young men who "write up" facts and fiction for the metropolitan press.

The name "Prodigal Father" may stand for the words, "a real jolly, merry time." The plot is a veritable whirlwind of jollity. One is made hoarse with laughter over the predicaments of Stanley Dodge, a merry, but fashionable old sinner, who is dated to leave New York with an exploring party for the dark forests and jungles of Africa. The vessel and exploring party sail without Dodge. Why? Because Dodge has been to the theatre and has become fascinated with a serio-comic singer named Dollie Bond. Dollie's charms are too great to withstand, and Dodge is thrown into a pretty pickle because it

WILLIAM JEROME,
author of "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl."

is simply impossible for him to explain why he missed going with the exploration party. The plan is formulated by his valet that he shall secrete himself until the expedition shall have returned. This is done. On the return of the adventurers, Prodigal Stanley Dodge ventures home and relates his terrible experience in the jungles of Africa.

His lectures to his neighbors and friends on the terrors of the cannibal and other matters pertaining to African exploration are simply side-splitting. One in the family circle who disbelieves him is Tom Breeze, who is affianced to his daughter Kate.

This will never do, so Dodge, in getting rid of him tells him that he has promised his daughter's hand to King Cookaboo, one of the native African kings he has met. Breeze, not to be outwitted, returns disguised as an African chief. Now the fun rises high. The perplexities grow thicker when Stanley Dodge's son, Percy, also returns home. He has been going "apace," and has married Dollie Bond under the assumed name of DeLancy Popp. Dolly appears on the scene looking for the truant husband. It can thus be imagined how the perplexities roll, one on top of the other, in fast succession, and why it is that the disentanglement of the plot is one of the funniest episodes in the comedy.

The company appearing in "The Prodigal Father" consists of many well known and familiar faces in the theatrical profession. Ordinary actors can make a serious piece still more serious, but touch-and-go farce requires the best. Search the country over and there could not be found a better Stanley Dodge than Charlie Stine. As the "prodigal pop" he is, in the language of one of his upper-deck admirers, a "corker." His escapade with a gay actress while he was supposed to be exploring darkest Africa forces him into outrageous prevarication to save his reputation, and his efforts to keep up the deception form the principal features of the plot. Throughout all Charlie is the old man to perfection, and he makes the character consistent in his most extravagant scenes.

MISS NELLIE SENNETT.

Not less excellent is Nellie Sennett, who plays the part of the gay serio-comic, Dollie Bond. She takes off the flirt of the footlights capitally, and her characteristic singing and dancing were rewarded with a fine basket of flowers.

A small edition of the actress is her angel child, Birdkins, most cleverly played by precocious little Elsie Lower, while the stranded tragedian, Catesby Duff, who turns out to be the head of this Thespian family finds a faultless interpreter in Frederick V. Bowers. His dramatic recital of his matrimonial tale of woe, accompanied by descriptive music on the piano, is one of the most amusing bits of burlesque possible.

The company is an evenly balanced one throughout, working with the precision of drilled military soldiers, and includes, among others, William Jerome, the parodist song writer and author of the now famous "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl;" Ned Monroe of Monroe and Mack; Fred. V. Bowers, Charles Horwitz, Thomas H. Sedgwick, Marjorie Fair, Fern Melrose, Laura Thorne, Katy Murphie, Teedie Tymon, Nora Corcoran and Little Elsie Lower.

The usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees will be given.

Mr. Punch on Billiards.

("The billiard season has set in in real earnest."—Daily Paper.)

Come people, all, both old and young,
And hearken to my lay!
And give your ear while I give tongue
And sing a song that ought to be sung,
And say my simple say.

I sing a song of a noble game,
Whose charms few men withstand—
Billiards!—sport of ancient fame,
Beloved of knight, admired of dame,
Adored in every land!

The world's great games are numbered six—
Cricket, chess and whist,
Football, golf—but billiards licks
With three small balls and two long sticks,
And subtle play of wrist.

In some the mind plays chiefest part,
In others, muscles rule;
In billiards mind joins with art,
Combining head and hand and heart,
In pyramids and pool.

What wonders will the year reveal?
A "half a million up?"
A hundred thousand points to Peall
Will Roberts yield—then show his heel,
And win the diamond cup?

Or greater marvel still, I wot—
Will players cease to growl
When cake occurs, or when you "pot"
The white, and swear it's mean (it's not)
And loud Whitechapel! howl?

All such as these would Punch beseech—
(He dwells on this behest)—
To drop such foolish ways, and preach
To all good form, that happy each
May go for his long rest. —Punch.

Local Jottings

The suit of J. T. Johnston against the Consumers' Gas Company is fixed for argument next Friday.

At the meeting of citizens in the Pavilion on Monday evening to discuss the Manitoba school question, the Mayor will preside. The probable speakers will be D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C.; Principal Caven, Stapleton Caldecott, Ald. R. H. Graham and Douglas Armour, Q.C. The meeting commences at 8 o'clock.

The T. Eaton Company have distributed $875 among the employes and others who assisted in protecting their premises on the night of Simson's fire.

TORONTO
OPERA HOUSE
One Week | MATINEES: TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY. | March 11th
FIRST PRESENTATION IN THIS CITY OF
The Rip Roaring, Extravagant, Fun-Producing Farce Comedy,
THE
Prodigal Father.
A COMEDY. A PLAY. A PLOT.

A company of players licensed to produce fun. A legitimate mirth-provoking vehicle with a cargo of genuine humor, wit, ludicrous situations and side-splitting episodes. More laughs, songs and dances to the square inch than all the other farce comedies combined.

Among the real people are:

WILLIAM JEROME, the Famous Parodist, Author of over 100 Parodies, including "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl."

NED MONROE, TOM SEDGWICK, MISS NELLIE SENNETT,
FRED. BOWERS. FRED. WHITE, MISS MARJORIE FAIR,
CHARLIE STINE, THOMAS FAIR, MISS ELSIE LOWER,
MISS LAURA THORNE, and Others.

OH! PROMISE ME YOU WILL BE IN THE PUSH WHEN YOUR PRODICAL POP SHOWS UP.

EVERY INDIVIDUAL A HOT MEMBER

NEXT WEEK CHAMPION GEO. DIXON and His VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.

IN MUSIC'S REALM

The custom in certain quarters to depreciate Toronto as a musical centre is to be deprecated, for if the musical work done here is summed up it will be found that, all things considered, Toronto is not so far behind the times as one might infer from reading some things printed. We take up the programs of the past week, for instance, and we find that we have had the Yunck string quartet in works by Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Heberlein, Wienawski and Haydn; Mendelssohn concerto (violin); Servais (cello solo); Dvorak, piano and quartet of strings; Mascagni and Bishop representing vocal music. The Beethoven Trio has supplied a program containing compositions by Schubert, Beethoven, Rubenstein, Handel, Schumann, Brahms and Liszt. The music school programs also show every week good music, piano, vocal, organ and ensemble work with organ recitals at regular intervals; and the week has had Dr. Gaul's splendid cantata brought out by the Festival Chorus and orchestra, the latter being well represented in the orchestral accompaniments, the instrumental introduction, the "Intermezzo" and the overture "Phedre" by Massenet. All of this proves beyond doubt that with proper support Toronto has the material and ability to do at least creditable work.

* * *

Unfavorable comparison has been indulged in regarding the work done in Toronto and Montreal; and, of course, to the discredit of Toronto. Now, this is hardly fair, the condition of things being so different. We are glad to note the good work done in Montreal, and lament the fact that the rich residents of Toronto do not wake up to the fact that all that is wanted to keep our city up to the times, particularly as regards orchestral work here, is money, which in Montreal is forthcoming if needed. Again, in Montreal, instead of the musical material of the city being divided up into several small camps, which simply mean pushing the personal ends of some individual, there is in reality only one society, and the city concentrates its energy and expends its money in support of it; and this is as it should be. In Toronto, the fact is the musical credit to the city has had to be maintained by very few, and very largely at the expense of one individual. It should not be so, and if our city is to maintain its position in the musical world more sympathy and general support must be accorded from critics and public alike.

* * *

Greater Britain, musically considered, with the advantage and importance of inter-communication, was a subject treated recently by Mr. Algernon S. Rose, F.R.G.S., before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, England. After a review of the colonial possessions of England, and the great possibilities that may arise through united effort in the musical cause, he says, "I should scarcely have the assurance to direct attention to the interest which this society has, in gathering within its fold the professional musicians of Greater Britain were it not that I, in common with many music lovers, have a conviction that if the coming musical nation of the earth is to be our own, its geniuses will emanate, not from those who herd together in these little islands, but from those brought up in the more genial climes of our empire beyond the seas. Mr. Rose refers particularly to Canada and its musical work, and names musicians, vocal and instrumental, who work in Canada, beginning by a reference to Albani and then goes on to say: "To Mr. Clarence Lucas, a clever Canadian composer, I am indebted for the following particulars of Canadian musicians other than those elsewhere mentioned in this address: Mr. Lucas is ex-conductor of the Hamilton Philharmonic Society. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, Rome, Berlin and London. Of Canadian vocalists in addition to Albani, he mentions Mrs. Caldwell of Toronto, a very popular florid soprano singer; Whitney Mockridge of Ontario; Eleanore Clench, violinist; Alfred de Sere of Quebec, violinist; pianists, Lavigne and Ducharme of Montreal, Waugh Lauder, Harry Field, Thos. Martin, S. P. Warren, Coutouse, Read," and Mr. F. H. Torrington, who is stated to be unquestionably the man who has done most for music in Canada. The music schools are referred to as well as the rising musicians of Leipzig training non-residents in Canada, who have yet to prove themselves by their works. Altogether the paper was exceedingly interesting to Canadians, as it points to the ultimate direction into which all musical developments are to be centered.

* * *

The article in The World last week upon talking during musical performances has caused considerable comment, but the moral of the same must apply not only to the general concert-goer, but to musicians also, for if the latter set the bad example how can those who come under last week's advice be expected to observe the rules of silence? Upon this topic the following letter has come to hand:

Dear Progress: The article on talking during the performance of music in last week's Sunday World is worthy of commendation. I fear, however, that the violation of the rule is not confined to amateurs, and it is to be hoped that some of our professional musicians who choose to occupy prominent seats at concerts will take the timely hint, and not disturb those who happen to sit near them by their animated conversation.

ONE WHO ATTENDED "UNA CONCERT."

* * *

Last week's musical work in Toronto, it seems to me, fairly indicates

PROGRESS.

A MUSICAL WEEK.

Some Exceptionally High Class Recitals and Concerts—The Production of "Una."

The second musicale by the Beethoven trio on Tuesday evening last attracted a large and most enthusiastic audience to St. George's Hall. This most recent among our Toronto organizations is establishing itself in popular favor as one of the foremost influences for good in this city in the development of a taste for the higher classes of music. The ensemble numbers were rendered with charming finish and refinement of style, the most successful number for the trio being perhaps the Beethoven trio op 1. The novelty presented was Rubenstein's sonata for piano and cello, in which both Mr. Field and Herr Ruth shone to excellent advantage. This number should be more frequently heard here. In their numbers the members of the trio were particularly happy. Mr. Field displayed a delicacy of touch and a refined temperament in his interpretations of the "Consolation" by Liszt, which one seldom hears even in the work of virtuosos who have made a world-wide reputation in the daintier and more subdued effects of pianoforte playing. In the Liszt polonaise the tremendous fire and brilliancy of his playing evoked the greatest enthusiasm. Herr Ruth played his solos with much taste, large and rich tone and excellent technique. Herr Kleingenfelt, who was not so fortunate in his selections, did not play with his accustomed effect. Several solos by Signor Delasco were rendered in that gentleman's best style, and were warmly applauded. The accompaniments were admirably played by Miss Perry.

* * *

A very large audience was present at Massey Hall on Thursday evening, when Gaul's cantata, "Una," was given by the Festival Chorus under Mr. Torrington's direction. The chorus numbered about 250 voices, and the orchestra contained upwards of 50 players. The soloists were Mrs. Harrison, soprano; Mrs. Dikstrom, contralto; Mr. D. H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Fred. Warrington, bass. "Una" is a work of much interest, although it was felt by many that it lacks the inspiration of some of Gaul's earlier works. It is more modern in its treatment than some of the better known works, but has been severely criticized in some quarters because of the rather labored manner in which Dr. Gaul has essayed to complete the task of writing in a vein not natural to him. The orchestra on Thursday evening was much better than at "The Messiah" performance in December, and did very creditable service. The chorus, however, seemed to lack strength and quality of tone, none of the parts being up to the usual mark. A falling off in quality was noticed particularly in the basses and tenors. A weakening in a male chorus revealed a state of unfamiliarity with the cantata which may have caused the timid work and poor effect of the chorus, as compared with "The Messiah" concert in December. The soloists did their work very satisfactorily. Mrs. Harrison is a soprano of light but rather pleasing quality, who sang with considerable vigor and confidence. Mrs. Dikstrom was very good in her part, and displayed a contralto voice of good volume and quality. Mr. Robinson sang with much expression and in good style, although his recent illness seems to have somewhat affected the power of his voice. His duet with Mrs. Harrison was one of the hits of the evening. Mr. Warrington was very successful, and has seldom sung with better effect than on this occasion. The soloists were all recalled. A miscellaneous program preceded the regular performance, and included Massenet's "Phedre" overture and a chorus from "Trovatore." The presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen lent eclat to a very enjoyable function. The next work of the society will be Haydn's "Creation," which will be given in June. Much credit is due Mr. Torrington for his arduous work in preparing these important events for public performance.

* * *

The concert given by the Yunck string quartet, under the auspices of the University College Women's Residence Association, in the hall of the Normal School, was a most enjoyable affair. Mr. Yunck is well known in Toronto as an exceptionally brilliant musician, and his name appearing as leader of the quartet was a sufficient guarantee of a perfect ensemble, and in the quartet of Beethoven, op. 18, this feature was more than verified. The quartet was assisted by Miss Sullivan, pianiste, and Miss Constance Jacobs, vocalist. Miss Sullivan played two movements of the Unique Dvorak quartet with the club, and proved that as a pianiste, especially as an ensemble player, she has great possibilities. Miss Jacobs sang two solos in a piquant manner and charmed the audience. The other members of the club proved themselves in their solos to be musicians of a high order.

* * *

An entertaining organ recital was given by Miss Jessie Perry (pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt) on Saturday afternoon, March 2, in Association Hall. The program has been given in this column before, but special mention should be made of her clever rendering of the Fantasia and Fugue of Bach's, showing careful study and excellent technique, her pedal work being admirably done. The closing number, "Pilgrim's Chorus" (Tannhauser), Dagner Eddy, was given with breadth and brilliancy. Miss Perry was ably assisted by Miss Dora McMurtry and Miss Eldred Macdonald (vocalists), and Mr. Willie Anderson (violinist). Mr. Vogt must be congratulated on still another of his pupils taking her place in the front ranks of our solo organists in Toronto.

* * *

A correspondent of The Leipzig Signale gives some interesting details about the late Peter Tschaikowsky's last appearance on October 16, 1893. The occasion was the first symphony concert of the St. Petersburg Imperial Musical Society, which the deceased master conducted. The program consisted of the overture to an unfinished opera, "Caramosine," by Laroche A. Larghetto and Gavotte from Mozart's "Idomeneo," Tschaikowsky's first pianoforte concerto, and his anxiously awaited new grazia in 3-4 time. This is followed The new symphony consists of a sombre introduction leading into an allegro con introduction leading into an allegro con grazio in 3-4 time. This is followed by a scherzo allegro vivace containing some clever combinations of themes and brilliantly orchestrated. The last movement is not an allegro, but a remarkable adagio lamentoso of a very solemn, not to say tragic, character. Although the composer was recalled many times at the finish, he was not satisfied with the effect which his new work had produced, and he expressed a hope that it might soon be performed again to enable its being better understood. To this end he also gave it, after the performance, the title of "Symphonie Pathetique," little thinking how soon his wish would be gratified and the new title become strangely appropriate. A few days afterwards the master was dead, and on October 28th his funeral took place. Thousands of his admirers followed the hearse and the streets were crowded with tens of thousands more who watched the long and solemn procession as it wended its way to the Kasean Cathedral, and thence to the Newsky monastery, where the remains were interred. The long symphony was repeated at the second concert of the Musical Society. In the middle of the orchestra stood a bust of the composer surrounded by laurels and palms, and crowned with a laurel wreath. Court Conductor Napravnik occupied the place, where only three weeks before Tschaikowsky had stood in perfect health conducting his last work. The crowded audience seemed at first depressed, but the beauty and power of the music soon drew forth enthusiastic applause. The performers were deeply moved, and surpassed themselves in their superb rendering of the various works. Besides the symphony, the program included the master's overture to "Romeo and Juliet," his violin concerto, played by Leopold Auer, pianoforte solos by Fraulein Aus der Ohe, and an aria from the opera "Eugeny Onegin," splendidly sung by the artist who created the part of the hero in this work when it was given in London, Mr. Eugene Oudin. Altogether this "In Memoriam" concert was worthy of the greatest Russian composer and of the foremost musical society in the Russian capital.

VERITAS.

A Business Change.

Mr. Harold A. Wilson, who, for five years has been a partner in the book, news, stationery and extensive sporting goods and toy business of Mr. P. C. Allan, 35 King street west, has now become sole proprietor and will carry on the business in the old name at the same stand. Everybody knows Mr. Wilson to be one of the liveliest, most enterprising and most courteous young commercial man in the city. They, therefore, have a guarantee that affairs will be carried on with as much diligence as ever. The house has long been noted for the variety and excellence of its cricket bats, stumps, balls, lawn tennis racquets, skates, and all other sporting goods, while the toys and books are in endless variety. Promptness, combined with cheapness, care and excellence, will be Mr. Wilson's motto and, consequently, anybody requiring anything appertaining to a book and news store and games depot cannot do better than call on him. Mr. James Allan, who has for years represented his father in the firm, has gone into the bicycling trade, commencing by making a specialty of the famous Rudges.