THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE

The following Bills passed their third readings:

To amend the Ontario Insurance Act—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

To enable the city of Brantford to issue debentures for drainage, water, school and park purposes—Mr. Hardy.

To regulate mining operations—Mr. Hardy.

To incorporate the Dunnville, Atteroliffe & Smithville Railway Company—Mr. Harcourt.

To incorporate the Dunnville & Smithville Junction Railway Company—Mr. Harcourt.

To vest certain portions of the St. Catharines, Thorold and Niagara Falls road in the town of Niagara Falls and the township of Stamford—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Fraser presented report of the committee on Bill No. 75.

Mr. Fraser—Respecting mortgages and sales of personal property.

Mr. Ross (Middlesex)—To amend the High School Act.

Mr. Meredith moved the third reading of a Bill respecting the city of London, providing for the amalgamation of London South with the city proper.

Mr. Waters moved an amendment that a clause be inserted in the Bill proving that the territory in question, viz., Westminster, be not annexed until a by-law to that effect was submitted to the ratepayers and supported by a majority of them. He thought the principle underlying this was so apparent and clear as a matter of right and justice that anything further in that direction would be unnecessary.

The amendment was carried.

The following bills passed their third readings:

To amend the Act incorporating the village of Tilbury Centre—Mr. Balfour.

To incorporate the Kent & Lambton Railway Company—Mr. Clancy.

To amend the Railway Act of Ontario—Mr. Fraser.

The following bills passed their third readings:

Respecting the Sarnia Gas Company—Mr. Mackenzie.

Respecting the Toronto Street Railway Company—Mr. Leys.

To make further provision for preventing the spread of contagious diseases among horses—Mr. Drury.

The following bills were referred back to committee, and stand for third reading:

Respecting the profession of architects—Mr. Ross (Middlesex).

To incorporate the Huron & Ontario Railway Company—Mr. Ross (Huron).

To simplify the procedure for enforcing mechanics' liens—The Attorney-General.

With respect to fines and costs of summary convictions—The Attorney-General.

The House Committee reported the following bills:

Respecting contracts of insurance—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

To amend the Registry Act—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

Respecting the expenses of County Court judges under the Ditches and Watercourses Act—Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Gibson brought down the annual report of the Provincial Board of Health.

The House went into committee on the estimates.

The grant for education was taken up.

All the items for education, totalling $608,691.81 were passed.

Mr. Gibson explained that an increase of $16,500 for material for the Central Prison would be turned into an asset next year when the material was made up. The item of $116,395 for that institution was then passed.

Mr. Drury said that the Government intended to utilize the service of Mr. R.W. Phipps, forestry officer, the coming year to address Farmers' Institutes. This year the Government was taking a policy of discouraging the attendance of young Englishmen at the Agricultural College, Guelph, who went ranching to the Northwest afterwards or took positions in the States, and to encourage the attendance of the sons of farmers in Ontario, who after graduating returned to their farms.

The Truth About a Boy.

He comes out at the front door bright-faced and happy. He comes out for no particular reason, save that he wants to be moving about. He is full of physical action, and must get some of it out of him before bedtime, or he won't be fit to sleep. He doesn't know this with his head, but his body knows it; for, after all, the body does a good deal of its own thinking independently of what we call consciousness. He stands on the step and looks up and down the street. He doesn't know what he is looking for. Indeed, he is not looking for anything. He just looks with a sort of undefined hope that he will see something suggestive to him of what to do. He jumps down the steps and goes to the gate, hangs on it a moment, makes a few sounds with his voice such as nobody but a boy can make, and nobody else would make if he could. They don't mean anything. He makes them because—well, because he is a boy. As if he had suddenly thought of something to do, he bangs the gate open and rushes down the middle of the street yelling like a young Indian. But he has not suddenly thought of something to do. He has simply done that because he couldn't think of anything to do, and must do something. Then he picks up a stone and fires it at a dog, and cringes and feels sorry if it hits the mark. He doesn't want to hurt the dog. He throws the stone because he and the dog and the stone are there, and it is handy to do so. For a few seconds he stands and looks up into a tree at—nothing. Then he breaks into a run again, and suddenly sits down on the curbstone as if he had accomplished something and was content.

Panabokke Samastawikrama Karumatilaka Abbayawardhana Bhuwanasekara Jayasundara Mudiyanselage Tikiri Banda Ratemahatmeya is the name of a Cingalese gentleman who has been appointed by Queen Victoria to a seat in the Legislative Council of the Island of Ceylon.

Mme. Old Guard—Marie, did you get the flowers I am to wear in my hair this evening? "Yes, Madame, but"—"But what?" "Unfortunately, I've mislaid the hair!

It is a poor clothing dealer that doesn't find excuses for a half a dozen spring openings.

A VERY EMINENT DOCTOR.

Sketch of the Late Sir William Gull by One who Knew Him.

AN ORIGINAL AND STRIKING FIGURE.

All England is still talking of the late Sir William Gull, the eminent Court physician and medical authority, and the press is laden with sketches of the man and stories illustrating his remarkable career. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of him that he was one of the ablest, most original and striking personalities which a somewhat conventional profession has produced in this generation. Everything about him was picturesque; his humble origin as a son of a village trader; his Napoleonic cast of face and feature; his brilliant conversation, teeming with epigrams, paradoxes and quotations; his extreme simplicity of life at home, and his influence and reputation at Court and in "society," combined to make him one of the most notable and enigmatical personages of the day. A small adventure, which by a mere chance interview as a boy-guide introduced him to no less a person than the resident governor of Guy's Hospital, was the opening event of his great career. The governor was struck with the beauty and intelligence of the boy, and his frank story of his love of reading, and he promised him a free education. From the Bluecoat school, where he was trained, he was translated by his patron to the gallipots of Guy's hospital, and beginning with the humblest offices of pharmacy, he rose by dint of talent and hard work to the highest summits of fashion as a physician, the friendship of princes, and all the honors which the ancient universities could pour upon him. From the first, those who knew him intimately predicted his brilliant career. Of a manly and massive type of comeliness, and with fascinating manners, he knew how to combine the graces of the courier with the sagacious profundity of manner which is one of the secrets of success in the difficult career of a court physician. He cultivated the art of conversation with as much assiduity as the subtle methods of bedside diagnosis and palatable prescriptions. As an orator he possessed rare gifts; and when Gull was to deliver an oration, either at the College of Physicians or at any of the more popular medical assemblies, there was sure to be a crowded attendance, and there always was something well worth hearing. He delighted in paradox and in piquant generalizations. He did not fear to shock his professional brethren by a well-matured and aggressive incredulity of the value of medicines. The great mistake of the poor, he once told a popular audience, is that they cannot be reasoned out of their belief that disease comes by Providence and goes by medicine. His mint-water treatment of rheumatism shook the foundations of many a well-established system of medication, and the results which he achieved by the adoption of what were at the time considered almost Nihilist theories of therapeutics made his wards in Guy's hospital.

To those old-school practitioners who ticket every symptom, and have a dozen drugs for every disease which they can label, Gull was a type of disappointment and despair, but even they had to acknowledge that he understood the man better than they could treat the disease, and that his patients worshipped him, and had a happy knack of recovering without swallowing all the time-honored doses of the pharmacopœia. Many are the stories of his cleverness in disconcerting inquisitive patients by brilliantly ambiguous answers. To one great lady, who was determined to gather from him what was the nature of the fatal illness of a patient as to which he was not willing to be too precise, he replied: "Madam, she is dying of cachexia," with which she was perfectly satisfied. He was an elaborate note-taker, and was wont to refresh his memory with notes of the past consultations before each patient was introduced into the room, so that old patients, and with justice, were delighted with the accuracy with which he recalled their histories and symptoms, and were sometimes wont to set this down to superhuman retentiveness of memory, and to an intense personal interest in their case, which sharpened their sense of surprise and gratitude. Great success, and the worship of all the duchesses, naturally translated itself into one of the largest contemporary professional incomes, and Sir William Gull acquired great wealth; but it might have been much greater but for his large generosity in refusing fees from those who could ill afford to pay them, and for the moderation of his demands where superfluous liberality would readily have increased his moderate fees. He was devoted to his hospital work, and would visit his wards late at night whenever an anxious case demanded his presence. He was idolized by the students, who delighted in his lucid diagnosis, his incisive teaching, and his philosophic generalizations. He was the friend of many a poor philosopher and struggling scientist. In thought he was a pupil of Spinoza and a friend of Hinton, whom he did much to bring forward into fame and to professional fortune, and to whose life he has written a touching and sympathetic introduction. Seldom has a court physician, well versed in the minor acts of life, shown so wide and catholic a love of science and philosophy for their own sake; seldom has a man been able to combine such brilliant material success with simplicity of life and devotion throughout a busy career to the higher forms of mental culture.

The journalistic Field—Kate.

Some of the French sateens are finished so marvelously that it takes an expert shopper to tell them from silk.

First tramp—I like this modern style of architecture. Second tramp—So do I; does away entirely with the woodshed.

Florence Nightingale, aged 17, of Oscoda, Mich., on Monday night stepped from the door of her father's house, intending to go to the well for water. Two men seized her and attempted to force her into a carriage. The girl struggled desperately, and soon being missed, neighbors started in pursuit. She was rescued in a secluded part of the town uninjured, except by the great shock to her nerves. Three men have been arrested.

THE FARM PUPIL SWINDLE.

Another Example of How the Guileless Englishmen are Fleeced.

Detective Murray has received the following letter from Alderson & Sons, Civil and Mining Engineers, Stewart Buildings, New York:

"Dear Sir,—Having had two intimate friends disappear soon after their arrival in Canada to commence the life of gentlemen farmers, induced me to write and lay the particulars before you, in hope that the dangerous advertisements inserted in the London *Times* and other papers by certain firms, who have lived for years upon their ill-gotten gains, may be put a stop to in the interests of humanity. The first case that came to my notice while living in London, England, was that of Augustus Rawlings, who resided with his parents at Maude Villa, Campbellville, London, who was attracted by the heading of an advertisement in the *Times* to the sons of gentlemen and others, stating pupils were received and taught farming, etc., terms on application, etc., to a firm in Finsbury Pavement, which I was informed was paid £1,000, one-third of which was paid to an agent in Toronto, who was Mr. ——, who kept the London offices well supplied with monthly pamphlets describing all sorts of farms for sale, etc. My friend left home in high glee, arrived in due course at Toronto, and was forwarded to Hamilton, from which place he wrote to his mother as well as myself, with a sketch of the surrounding country. His next letter was from Niagara Falls, when he said his next week's letter would contain a sketch of the place in which he was going to locate. But the next week's mail arrived without the promised letter and he has never been heard from since. His parents are both dead, but they never heard what became of him. The second case was that of Frank Regbie, the son of a deceased British officer, who died in India and left him a small fortune, which he invested in an Ontario farm, first being educated for the army and plucked in his mathematical examination. He was attracted by the advertisement already referred to; paid his fee; arrived in Toronto, consigned to ——, who sold him an interest in a farm for £300, situated on the margin of a lake in a lonely place north of Lindsay. He was swindled out of his money, and with the balance he went into another place, which he described as unsatisfactory, and stated that he distrusted his associates and begged of me to restore him to civilization. I replied, and urged him to come to my private quarters, where he could find a home until we got him something to do. But my letter was returned marked "Gone away," and he has never been heard from since to my knowledge, although my son and he were very friendly and he had done his utmost to find him. I hope that this Benwell investigation will be the means of destroying a dangerous conspiracy which has flourished for years in London and Ontario."

The name of the agent in Toronto referred to in the letter is given by the writer, but Detective Murray thinks it prudent not to disclose it, at least at the present time. Detective Murray has received a letter from Scotland Yard, and one that Chief of Police Grasett had from England concerning the cases upon which he is working. He is not at liberty just now to publish their contents, but they indicate the keen interest taken in certain quarters in England in these cases of farm pupils, and it is understood they have an important bearing on the business.

Taken on the Wing.

Bismarck will be 75 years old on the 1st of April.

A Cleveland court on Saturday dissolved an injunction restraining a firm from selling stoves below pool rates—a merited rebuke of an attempt to use a court of justice to fortify a monopoly.

M. Fouque, the mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of copper and lime the beautiful color azurrino, the composition of which has so long been a puzzle to artists. His tint is said to be perfectly unchangeable, and is identical with the famous Alexandrine blue.

The civilization of Africa seems to mean the extermination of Africans. There is more shooting and stabbing than preaching or praying. The wheels of the car of progress leave a bloody track in the virgin soil. Between the Englishmen, the Germans and Italians, who are trying their hands at "redeeming the natives from savagery," it is hard to say which understands the business of butchery best. They are literally following that declaration of the divine author of Christianity, that he came not to bring peace into the world, but the sword.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A large American eagle is now on exhibition in a show window of Alex. Dunn, Wyoming avenue, Scranton, Pa. It was captured after considerable difficulty. The eagle made its appearance on the farm of James Fitzpatrick, Wyoming county. Fitzpatrick's attention was attracted by an unusual disturbance in his pig stye. Thinking his porkers might have been attacked by bears or a catamount, as both are numerous in the wilds of Wyoming, Farmer Fitzpatrick seized his trusty shotgun, and, leaving the breakfast table, rushed to the rescue. He was surprised to find, instead of a bear or wild cat, a large eagle hovering over the pen. The bird, steadying itself with wide-spread wings, was endeavoring to pick up one of the pigs with its talons. Fitzpatrick drew a bead upon the huge bird and fired. The shot did not kill the eagle, but the farmer captured it after a little struggle.

The Virtue of Hot Milk.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heated to as high a temperature as it can be drank or sipped above 100 degrees, but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over-exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk it does not taste so good, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration, something which alcohol never does.

"Give me the man who sings at his work," says a writer. He can have him. Also the man who whistles at his work.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

—Girls are to wear gaudy neck-ties.

—The price of camphor has doubled.

—The summer birds are here to stay.

—Many spring hats will be crownless.

—Most people agree that soup a day old is best.

—Low piano-lamps are becoming stylish.

—Epaulettes will be put on children's clothes.

—New note paper has a crest or monogram in white.

—Cut-glass dumb-bells are made for feminine athletes.

—An honest bank cashier is like an unloaded gun, because he will not go off.

—He (making a call)—And what have you denied yourself, Miss Fannie, during Lent? She (wearily)—Rest, principally. I see everyone who calls.

—Visitor—Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up? Tommy—Ma says I am going to be just such another lazy loafer as pa is.

—"Confound a printer, anyhow!" "What's the matter?" "Why, I wrote a sonnet to my fiancee's 'Wee Foot,' and they've printed it 'Web Feet.'"

—"I hear the opera house is going to open," said Snarley. "Is that so?" asked Hartley. "What with?" "Bunch of Keys," answered Snarley.

—Patient—I say, doctor, what sort of a lump is this on the back of my neck? Doctor—It is nothing serious, but I would advise you, nevertheless, to keep your eye on it.

—"Come brother," says the editor of the *Voice*, prohibition paper, "let us stand side by side as we look into the glass." "Very well, brother, very well; here's looking at you."

—Shoe dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)—Are you looking for number two, ma'am? Young widow (blushing)—Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man?

—"Was your watchman well recommended?" "Oh, not directly. I used to see him in church, and as he stayed awake all through Dr. Sonors's sermons I concluded he was the man I wanted."

England's Best Butter Made in Denmark.

Danish butter, which commands top prices in our markets, is all made from soured or ripened cream, as most of our own butter is, though there are advocates of the sweet-cream system, and many who practice it. The new Danish system has proved so successful that a description of it, translated from a Danish publication for the *Dairy*, is worthy of attention in this country. On the day before it is intended to ripen cream a quantity of whole milk is taken (2 per cent. of the quantity of cream to be soured) and one-fifth of pure cold water is added to it. It is poured into a clean can or earthenware jar, and heated to a temperature of about 90 degrees Fahrenheit, packed in hay, and allowed to stand for twenty hours. If the external temperature has not been too low it will then have thickened to an even and slightly gelatinous consistency; but if it should be lumpy or curled, the souring process has gone too far, and it would spoil any cream to which it was added. The cream, after being separated, is heated to a temperature of 66 to 68 degrees Farenheit, or a little less in summer and a little more in winter. It is then poured into the cream vessel and well stirred, after which the sour milk is added, the mixture being again stirred, covered over and left perfectly quiet for nineteen or twenty hours. Care should be taken to keep the place in which the cream is ripened of an even temperature; and if there is any difficulty in securing this object, the vessel should be protected by a packing of hay. At the end of the time named the cream should be of an even, gelatinous consistency, and of a slightly sour, but sweet odor. If it is lumpy or emits an unpleasant odor the souring has gone too far, and the butter will not be first-rate. Experience, however, renders those who practice the system very proficient, so that failure is not at all common.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who is now in this country, was appointed to the office of World's Organizer of the Woman's Temperance Union in the year 1884, since which time she has travelled 62,000 miles, and addressed meetings in the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Japan, China, Siam, Singapore, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Mauritius, Madagascar, Natal, Orange Free State and Cape Colony. In all of these countries Mrs. Leavitt organized Women's C. T. Unions, the number of such being 75, which number has since been doubled by the unions themselves. Mrs. Leavitt has also formed many White Cross Societies in several lands where they had not existed before, as well as about twenty Men's Temperance Societies among the Japanese, Indians and Malagasy.

Mrs. Leavitt has no salary. Her services are given freely to her heroic and self-denying work. Not only has she sacrificed home and country to it, but has given up a position in which year by year she could financially have made considerable provision for herself.

The mission has been supported mainly by voluntary contributions of friends by the way, the American W. C. T. U. having made up all deficiencies. The kind contributions of friends in Australia largely aided Mrs. Leavitt's Asiatic work, and during her stay in England, which she reached on the 15th of last July, it is hoped sufficient money may be contributed to defray her current expenses, and to substantially aid the further work of her mission. As England has not previously contributed, it is sincerely hoped this will not prove difficult.

"I can't stay long," as the man about to be hanged said to the sheriff when requested to be seated.

"I am weigh off," as the short ton o coal said.

"Ah," he said, as the postman handed him a letter, "an epistle!" "No," said his wife, as she opened the envelope and a bill fluttered to the floor, "not an epistle. A collect."

The Sabbath Bells.

Ring out, ye bells! the summons soft and clear,
And bid the sleeper bless the Sabbath morn;
'Tis music to the soul, the heart, the ear,
And soothing to the sad and weary-worn.

Ring out, ye bells! the holy Sabbath peal,
For in your sacred tone there is a voice
That bids the sin diseased ones to heal,
In Calvary's fount, and with the saints rejoice.

Ring out, ye bells! O echo far and near!
O'er hills and dales, o'er footpaths and highways,
That every soul your silvery tones may hear,
And join as one in chanting Jesu's praise.

Ring out, ye bells! that Heaven may catch the strain,
That our dear ones on yonder jewelled shore
May join with us to bless Jehovah's reign
Within our lives, of the brief week passed o'er.

Ring out, ye bells! the welcome is to all
The members of the race. O may they come!
And worship God, whatever may befall,
And fit the soul for Christ's eternal home.

J. R. ARMSTRONG, Hamilton.

The White Dove.

Faith Grafton had been an invalid for six years. She had been injured in her 16th year, by a fall from a hammock, and had never left her bed since. It was very sad to see this sweet young girl, just budding into beautiful womanhood, stricken like a rose by the frost. Sadder still was it from the fact that she had just plighted her troth to a noble young man, whose devotion for her was so great that it amounted almost to worship. Although, from the nature of her injury, which was spinal, it was impossible that Faith should ever recover so as to leave her couch. Roger Cheatham, her lover, remained faithful to his troth—more devoted and loving than ever, so that his very existence seemed bound up in hers, and he asked no dearer joy in life than to serve her, and comfort her, and be near her.

The love of these young people was very beautiful. Suffering, no doubt, had made it purer than it otherwise could ever have been, though the essence from the first was like the fragrance of a spotless flower. What sweeter picture could be imagined than that brave, strong, faithful young lover sitting by the bedside of his betrothed—of her who never could be his—and reading to the pale, patient, beautiful girl some story or "poem of her choice" while the bunch of wild flowers which he had brought lay in the slender white hand on the white counterpane?

So for six long, bitter-sweet years this christened love was a-ripening. Then came the awful shock, the crushing blow; for the stricken life began to fade out, and, like a terrible dream, the truth fastened itself upon Roger Cheatham's soul that his beloved was passing away from him; that the frost's bitten rose was strewing its last petals over this earth of ours grown dreary. Faith herself did not strive to conceal the truth from him. She told him one day, when the setting sun streamed low across her couch, flecked with the shadows of elm leaves, that in a few short weeks she felt that her sufferings would be over, and he would be free again.

Free? Roger Cheatham bent over the weary face on the pillow, and three times touched the forehead and the loose golden hairs sacredly with his lips, while Faith Grafton's cheeks were wet with his tears. It was enough. Faith could die happy now; for she knew that Roger's love was of that sacred kind which a man never gives but once, and having once given never can take back again. In the ecstasy of that moment she said, with a prophetic intensity which thrilled the young man like a voice from heaven:

"Believe me, Roger, I will not leave you waiting all alone. In some way I believe that I shall be permitted to come to you, and to give you assurance that our love, broken here, is to be united again in heaven. Something tells me that my soul shall hover over yours—it may not be in any visible form, but its presence shall be known to you." Then she stretched out her hand weakly, and he took it in his strong grasp. And so they communed silently for a long time after the sun had gone down, and the first stars were twinkling in the sky.

After this the sick girl seemed to slip away out of life, as a dewdrop that has been loosened slips from the petal of a flower. "It's all right, mother," she said one morning, while her mother's tears dropped on the wasted hands. "Once I thought I was leaving the sun behind, but the light has moved up higher, mother. It is away over on the other side now."

When the end came it came like a beginning. There was no sorrow nor putting away of death with the white hands. A sweet slumber like a veil floated over the girl's eyes, and with an ineffable smile she put her right hand into her mother's hands and her left hand into her lover's hands, and gave herself up to the angel; and so it was all over.

One evening, about a week after the funeral, Roger Cheatham was coming from the woods over beyond the cemetery, with both hands full of great clusters of wild flowers. It was the sunset hour—the one hour when Faith had made that strange, sweet promise which he would never let go as long as he lived. "I wonder," he thought, "how she will come to me? For I know that she will come if the gates of heaven are not forever closed upon the spirits of the dead.

Just then, over Roger Cheatham's head, came that sweet winnowing sound which seems peculiar to the wings of a dove. He looked quickly up, and there, hovering over him as white as the edge of a summer cloud, and as beautiful, was a solitary dove. For a moment it poised with upward and downward motion of its wings. Then from its bills something came whirling and drifting; but ere it had touched the earth the dove mounted toward the rosy west and disappeared. Roger Cheatham stooped reverently and picked up the white missive which had fluttered to his feet. It was a single spray of immortelles.

Better "Staying" Qualities.

Cunard passenger (who is crossing the "pond")—I say, steward, weren't those biscuits that we had this morning a little heavy?

Steward—I allus makes 'em 'eavy, sir, the first two or three days out.

All the women agree that the new lace parasols, which are now exhibited in the shops, are worth saving up money to buy.

"She wore a T gown with a V-shaped neck," said Mrs. Gadabout, after the afternoon tea. "And looked like a jay," added Mrs. Mostmouth.