The Village Druggist.

After Longfellow (a long way after.)

Within his corner stands he alight
The village druggist, with his mortar and pestle,
With threadbare coat and with worsted pants,
And thin and bony hands;
And the spectacles he wears are arrayed,
Are set with golden bands.

With hungry eyes and famished look
He gazeth toward the door,
Longing to meet customer
Who will purchase the drugs he offers for sale
Or nickels in his money drawer,
At least one nickel more.

His hair is pale and gray and short,
His face is shaded and wan;
Upon his forehead are furrows deep drawn
He sells whatever he can; (at one rate)
And among the whole world in the face,
For he is a hard up man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can see him standing there;
You can hear him sigh his heavy sighs,
The measure of despair;
Lack-lustre eye and shrunken form
All tell of want and care.

The children coming home from school
Drop in at the open door;
They here to buy Jack Robinson's almanacs
And picture cards galore,
They make life for that pill pounder
One long continual bore.

On Sunday he never goes to church,
His store he must attend;
He never hears a sermon, or
Thinks of his latter end—
From week to week, from month to store,
His footsteps always tend.

Toiling, sorrowing, suffering (from cut rates),
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees the same old grind,
Each night brings no surcease from care,
Till finally he tumbles off his perch,
And finds at last repose.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR, A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

"Have you been all this time at the theatre?" asked Sardoni.

"Yes, two mortal hours of altercation; the manager, the local conductor, Merlino, and Marioni, all in battle array."

"With you as a go-between I suppose, alternately spoil and abused."

All else would have been bearable enough to him if only he could have won Nita's love; but after the first day or two, when she had really been grateful to him for saving her from what in her better moods she fully recognized as a great sin, she had never felt or pretended to feel for him any sort of affection. When alone with him, or when she wanted anything done, she would often be civil and even friendly, but when other people were present she seemed to take pleasure in snubbing him, and never allowed him to forget for a moment that he was her junior. The "elder sisterly" style of treatment is never very congenial to a man, and it was particularly irksome to Carlo, because he and Anita had so very little in common. It was, perhaps, this which made it so hard for him to win his way with her. They had none of the happy associations of childhood which form so strong a bond between most brothers and sisters; they had grown up apart, and when, at rare intervals, Nita had returned from the convent, there had been little love lost between them. At 19 she left home forever, and cast in her lot with Merlino, and now, after an interval of five years, the brother and sister were almost strangers to each other, and Carlo, often in despair, struggled to break down the wall of division which seemed to have risen between them. If he had been as indifferent to her as she was to him they might have drifted on without much discomfort, but he loved her, not only as the one specially left to him by his mother on her death-bed, not only with the family love which had first come to his aid in that time of numb grief, but with the divine love which had given him power to sacrifice himself for her sake.

It is often harder to understand the characters of those closely related to us than the characters of mere ordinary acquaintances; our very nearness hinders us from taking true and just views, and perhaps Carlo's love blinded him to some extent with regard to Nita. He credited her with virtues which she did not possess, and then was wounded when in daily life she was weighed in the balance and found wanting. He would say to himself, "Is she not the child of my father and mother? Then how is it possible that she should not at least be really loving, really true?" But he did not realize, as a dispassionate spectator would have done, that, although Nita might originally have inherited many good gifts, her life and education had been quite enough to paralyze them. At her marriage she had escaped into what she imagined would prove love and liberty, but in three months' time she had learned that she had made a terrible mistake, and had sold herself into slavery almost intolerable.

When a woman makes so terrible a discovery there are only two courses open to her—either she must sink or she must swim—there is no idle drifting in such case. Nita never attempted to love her husband, she never tried to bridge over the differences between them; he tyrannized over her as was his nature, and she yielded in miserable, slavish despair, fearing him and hating him with her whole heart. So, inevitably she sank, and there was not wanting—there never is wanting—a Comerio to help her.

"You seem to have worked up Merlino into a pleasant state," she said, sarcastically, in reply to Carlo's greeting.

He disliked her way of speaking against her husband, and tried to turn the subject.

"There has been a good deal to worry him to-day, but all is straight now. We have been down at the theatre; it seems a better one than I should have expected."

"All is straight, you should say, with the exception of the impresario's temper," said Nita, sharply. "I wish you would leave him alone and not interfere; you only make it a good deal worse for me."

He was silent, and Nita, who had hoped to stir up a discussion, finding it impossible to quarrel alone, walked over to the window where Gigi was contentedly playing with his soldiers, and without a word of warning swept the whole of the miniature camp into its box.

"Go away! we can't have your toys all over the place!" she said, giving him a vindictive little push.

Gigi, whose tears were terribly near the surface, burst into a roar, and Carlo, who, on principle, never interfered between mother and child, had much ado to keep silence while the little fellow was ignominiously turned out of the room.

"It's all your fault," said Nita, returning a little flushed from the contest; "you make a great deal too much of the child; he must be taught his proper place."

She sat down with her writing-case at the vacant table.

"I am going to the post-office directly," said Carlo, by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence; "shall you have any letters?"

"What affair is that of yours?" she asked, angrily. "Is it not enough that my husband is spying on me all day long? If you think I am going to put up with you as a spy you are mistaken! It was bad enough before you came!"

And with an impatient gesture, she gathered her things together and left the room.

Sardoni, glancing up, saw the pained look on Carlo's face, and was so stung by it that he could no longer keep silence.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "if Madame Merlino were not your sister I should give her a piece of my mind."

"Marioni has arranged to take 'Trovatore,' with the orchestra and chorus, but he'll not need us."

"Good; then will you give me your company in the afternoon? I have a disagreeable piece of work to do, and should be glad of your help."

Carlo seemed really pleased by the request, and, in truth, his interest in Sardoni was a capital thing for him, and helped to take him for the time being out of his own troubles.

CHAPTER XX.

A RETURN.

"How dismal the place looks!" exclaimed Carlo, as after service the next day he walked with Sardoni through the quiet streets, with their shuttered shop-fronts and deserted roads, to the station. "A good thing, I dare say, to have the shops closed and to give the people a rest, but there is not a sleepy air about it all; they don't seem to enjoy it."

"Where in the world are we going" asked Carlo, looking perplexed.

By this time they had reached the station, and Sardoni bought a second-class ticket and handed it to his companion. This conveyed to him nothing at first, and in silence he followed his friend to a smoking carriage, and, knowing intuitively that Sardoni did not care to talk, lit a cigar and gave himself up to the enjoyment of a beautiful wooded country through which they were passing.

Sardoni watched him closely, doubting whether he'll make any remark when he sees the name of the place, but Carlo, lost in thought, gave no sign, and Sardoni began to think that he was a stiff, churchy-minded fellow, who would be a nuisance on his wedding-tour. Suddenly a look of surprise came into the face, there was a quick exclamation, and Carlo, turning to his companion, said, "Why, this is one of your priggish-looking, truly pious young men, then! I might gain a sort of reflected respectability. But there's no classifying Valentino, he won't fit any of the conventional notions. Imagine my father here at this moment; what would he see in him? Merely a very handsome Italian in a delightfully easy and comfortable attitude, travelling reprehensibly on a Sunday afternoon, idly enjoying the scenery and a cigar. And yet that fellow is a hero, if there ever was one, and a saint of the real sort and no mistake. I could wish for this one afternoon to shake him into the goody-goody mold though; that at any rate, has the merit of catching the eye of the respectable and virtuous, and getting a good deal more credit than it deserves. Now, Valentino, looked at casually, might be anything. I believe if he thought more highly of himself he would get the credit he deserves, but, confound it, he never seems to think of himself at all."

They got out at a small way-side station, and, making their way up a steep hill, found themselves on a wide, deserted-looking common, where here and there a solitary house or row grazed, and where the mingled heather and gorse, set like jewels in the smooth green of the turf, unlocked Carlo's tongue.

"I know every inch of the ground," said Sardoni. "Down there to the right is the village—look; you can just see the church tower through those trees."

"And you are going home?"

Sardoni nodded. Just at that moment he could not have spoken a word to save his life.

Glad as Carlo was at his friend's resolve to seek out this people, he was sorely perplexed as to the part he himself was to play. Naturally enough he felt that he would be very much *de trop* in a family reconciliation, nor could he understand how Sardoni could tolerate the presence of a comparative stranger at such a time. However, he was too unselfish to object on his own account, and wise enough to let Sardoni choose his own way of setting to work. They crossed the field, walked through a little copse, entered a sunny-looking garden and made their way toward the vicarage, a pretty gray old house with many gables and a moss-grown, red-tiled roof. Carlo could guess how his friend's heart was beating, as with heightened color he walked steadily up the well-kept drive; but Sardoni spoke not a word till they stood in the porch and heard the bell echoing in the quiet house. Then he turned to his companion and said, with a touch of his ordinary jesting tone:

"The cat will be out of the bag at last—my name will no longer be a secret!"

As he spoke, steps were heard within, and through the half-glass door they could see a neat maid-servant crossing the hall. Sardoni was relieved to see a strange face; it would have humiliated him dreadfully to be recognized by the parlor-maid.

"Is Mr. Postlethwayte at home?" he asked, in his strong, decided voice.

A look of perplexity came over the maid's face.

"No, sir; there's no one of that name living here," she replied.

"What! is he gone, then?" exclaimed Sardoni, turning pale. "The vicar—who is vicar now?"

"Mr. Stanley is vicar now," said the maid. "Will you come in and see master, sir? He could perhaps tell you what you want to know. You see, sir, I've only been here in this situation a few days myself, so I don't know the name mysteriously."

"Thank you—no—I'll not come in," said Sardoni; and he turned away and walked down the drive again with never a word.

"*Amico mio!*" said Carlo, when he ventured at last to break the silence; "what can I do for you? Shall I go and make inquiries in the village?"

They had by this time left the vicarage garden, and were in the little copse; Sardoni threw himself down in the shade of an old elm tree.

"I wish you would, old fellow," he said, in a broken voice.

Carlo promised to do his best, and, taking the path pointed out to him by Sardoni, made his way through the quiet little churchyard and across a stile into the village street. For a moment he felt rather at a loss to know how to proceed, and half dreaded the villagers might talk some unintelligible *patois*; however, he went boldly up to a group of big boys who were idling about and asked whether they could tell him where the sexton lived. Their dialect puzzled him not a little, but he managed to make out which house it was, and, walking through the pretty strip of garden, with its hollyhocks and dahlias, knocked at the door. A little bent old man, with a weather beaten face and a friendly but toothless smile, opened it.

"You keep the keys of the church, I am told. Am I permitted to see it?" asked Carlo.

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," mumbled the toothless old man. "Fine day, sir! Step in a minute, will ye, sir?"

Carlo stepped in and found himself in a snug little room which smelled strongly of apples. The old man took a couple of large keys from a nail, and then, with a great effort, tried to reach his hat from a peg on the wall.

"You've been here a long time, I dare say?" said Carlo, feeling rather like a detective.

"Oh! ay, sir, that I have, sir, that have! Why, I've been sexton here these forty years past, and born and bred in the place, too! Six vicars I've seen in this here parish. Our late vicar's son, bless him, he used to say, 'Why, Johnson, you're like the brook! Vicars may come and vicars go, but you go on forever!' But lor'! I never rightly understood which brook it was he meant."

"Wasn't there some one named Postlethwayte here once?" asked Carlo, bringing out the name with a laudable precision.

"Why, yes, sir. It was poor Master Jack as I was just telling on. Aw, he was a rare one for a jest, he was. The poor vicar never held up his head again after he left."

"Did the vicar die?" asked Carlo.

"Ah, no, sir, he didn't die; he be alive and well, bless him! But there was trouble with Master Jack—the old story, sir; the old story!—a pretty girl to put him off his balance; and then, when it all came out, he, just desperate-like at the blame he got at home, made away with some money that warn't his, and rushed off and was never heard of no more."

Carlo could hardly have regulated his expression to the casual interest of a stranger had not his profession taught him to command his face and make it answer at all times to his will. He was glad that the sexton was silent for a minute while he fitted the key in the heavy oak door of the church.

"That's a sad story," he said at length. "What became of the poor vicar?"

"He couldn't stay here, sir; he felt the disgrace so bad he went away to foreign parts; and it's my belief, sir, that he had hopes of finding Master Jack, though other folks said different. However, I never heard as how they met, and the vicar he be back in England now, and I wish we'd got him here again. Not but what Mr. Stanley is a good young man in his way, you understand, sir; but he ain't our old vicar, and nothink won't make him."

"Has he taken some new living, then?" asked Carlo

"Ay, sir, he be just settled in since midsummer; the parish o' Cleevering in Mountshire, that's his new situation, and not a patch upon this parish, as far as money goes—at least, so folk say. Now, sir, just you step and see our monument. That's Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, as was killed in the Civil War; Naseby or Marston Moor, I b'lieve it was—at any rate, the last battle before King Charles was taken. Belike you know, sir, how it was called: I'm not much of a scholar myself."

"Nor I," said Carlo, not at all desiring to be put through an examination in English history, and feeling extremely shaky as to dates.

CHAPTER XXI.

WINTRY WEATHER.

He stayed long enough to please the sexton, and duly admired the village church; then, having gladdened the old man's heart with a shilling, he bade him good-day, and rejoined Sardoni, whom he found still stretched at full length under the elm-tree.

He got up quickly as Carlo drew near, and peered anxiously into his face.

"Well?" he exclaimed, in the sharpened voice of fear and apprehension.

"It is all right," said Carlo, reassuringly. "Your father has got a new living. He is just settled down at Cleevering in Mountshire."

"How did you find out? Did they suspect anything?"

"No; but they spoke of you. I learned it from the old sexton."

"What! dear old Johnson? Is he still alive? Did you really see him?"

"He seemed very fond of you all, especially of you, and he spoke so warmly of your father. But, Jack, you must forgive me, I couldn't help hearing it, for the old fellow would ramble on, and I couldn't shut him up without making him suspicious; I heard—well, what you wouldn't tell me that day at Naples."

He looked up at him apologetically.

"Poor, poor old fellow!" exclaimed Sardoni, "you're the oddest fellow I ever know. You look as if it were you that was to blame, not me!"

"I was sorry to know it, since you didn't wish me to know."

"All right, Val—all right!" said Sardoni, in a choked voice. "I might have known it wouldn't turn you against me! As I told you yesterday, you would make excuses for the devil himself—and so would old Johnson! Tell me just what he said."

The sun down again in the shade, and Carlo repeated the whole conversation, Sardoni listening with a vacant face, and nervously crackling in his fingers the fallen leaves which lay on the grass beside him.

"As to the money," he said, when Carlo paused, "I swear to you, Donati, I didn't know what I was doing! I was mad!—if not, is it likely that, to escape my father's blame, I should have done what the world would blame a thousand times more? Embezzlement is an unpardonable crime, but to ruin a girl is an offence very easily condoned by society."

"That's true—to our shame be it spoken!" said Carlo, with a gleam of indignant light in his eyes.

"I was mad—desperate!" resumed Sardoni. "It all came out at her death—and I—why I felt like a murderer! My father was not one to spare a fellow in such a case. I couldn't stand it; to stay at home another day with a fellow could bear; I was bound more than a fellow could bear; I was bound to get away from him. And then came a mad impulse to take this money which was within my reach, and break off with the Old World altogether and rush to America."

"We are not very far from Mountshire, I suppose, here?" he said at length. "Shall you go there, or shall you write?"

"Neither," said Sardoni. "I can't go through a day like this again, Val."

Carlo was sorry that his friend had made this decision, but he knew that had he been in Sardoni's place arguments would only have irritated him. So he held his peace and comforted himself with the reflection that in so small a country as England the chances were greatly in favor of a meeting between the father and son.

The autumn wore on, and the cold weather set in. Merlino's company had become pretty well accustomed, however, to wintry weather during their American tour, and no one suffered much, except Carlo, who, having never left Italy before, found the English climate fearfully trying.

But, spite of the fur coat, Carlo's health did not improve; the constant travelling, the draughts on the stage, the necessity of turning out every night, ill or well, in rain or snow, and the constant strain of physical hard work and mental excitement, all told on him severely. Nor was it possible for a man of his temperament to go through all the suffering and grief of the past few months without paying for it. It was not only the change of physical climate which told upon him; it was the change of moral climate.

Toward the middle of January, Merlino had arranged to take one of the London opera houses, and give a series of twenty performances, a project bold to rashness at that time of the year. The company betook themselves to various dreary lodging-houses in the neighborhood of theatre, and Carlo, under very depressing circumstances, made his first acquaintance with London and his first appearance on a London stage. He had taken up the paper casually enough, little thinking that instead of a distraction it would prove an additional care, when suddenly, and with a shock indescribable—a shock which for the time half paralyzed him, he read the words, "Signor Comerio begs to announce his arrival in town. All communications with regard to concerts or other engagements to be addressed to Antico & Co."

Those brief lines in the *Times* had fallen like a bomb-shell into this life.

He had wandered miserably round the dreary-looking park. The fog was not quite so dense as it had been on the previous day; he could see through a misty haze the chill, gray-looking water, and the ducks swimming about aimlessly, and here and there in the distance the outlines of great houses. Presently he heard the Westminster chimes, and he remembered how, long ago, Francesca had told him of the words which belonged to them:

"Lord, through this hour,
Be Thou our guide,
So by Thy power
No foot shall slide."

But he was too hopeless to pray, and the next moment Big Ben warned him that he must hurry back for a rehearsal of "Un Ballo in Maschera." He reached the theatre, feeling harassed and ill, and made his way to the greenroom, where he found Sardoni, looking more cheerful than he had done for some time past, and with a mischievous gleam about his eyes.

"You nearly deserted me in the argument," he exclaimed, as Carlo entered; "but I'll have my revenge on you! You're the most careless fellow on earth, leaving diamonds straying about loose in a London lodging-house!"

Carlo, glancing down quickly, saw that Francesca's ring, which he always wore, was not on his hand.

"Where is it?" he said, hastily, feeling annoyed that he could have forgotten it even for a moment.

"Ah! that is the question," said Sardoni, taking him by the shoulders in teasing fashion, and seeming to have a little fun out of him before he yielded the ring, which was on his own finger.

Unluckily the light at that moment happened to flash on the diamond, and Carlo, in a sudden paroxysm of anger, wrenched himself away from the teasing hold, and dashing himself at Sardoni with all his force, took him so completely by surprise that, before a bystander could have uttered a word of remonstrance, the tenor had measured his length on the floor, and the ring had been seized by its rightful owner.

Sardoni had gone over like a ninepin, being utterly unprepared for so furious an onslaught; he was angry and astonished.

"What the devil are you after?" he exclaimed, as he picked himself up.

"Jack, Jack—I didn't mean it!" exclaimed Carlo, his wrath spent in that one lightning-like flash, and shame and regret overwhelming him as he partly realized what he had done, and saw the look of grave inquiry with which one of the officials belonging to the theatre regarded them as he entered the greenroom.

Sardoni was silent till they were once more alone. He could not keep his anger in face of Carlo's shame and dismay.

"I didn't know there was anything particular about the ring. Gigi brought it down from your washstand; I only meant to chaff you a little."

"It was the ring which belonged to my betrothed," said Carlo. "Not that that is any excuse—indeed, I think it makes it rather worse."

He was evidently so unhappy about it that Sardoni quite lost all feeling of offence.

"Well, you know, old fellow, I always wanted to poke up the devil in you and see what you'd do."

Carlo turned away with a sigh.

"I can't think why I did it! I was beside myself. If I had done it to Comerio, now, it might have been easier to understand; but to you, Jack, you whom I'm really fond off!—I can never forgive myself."

He was very quiet now, and sad and ashamed; in all his life he had never been guilty of such an unreasoning fit of anger.

"Never mind, Val," said the Englishman, ashamed and much surprised by the vehement regret as by the attack itself. "I declare I like you the better for it, I do indeed. Why, to hear you talk one might suppose you had meant to murder me!"

"I meant nothing; that's the horrible part of it to me," said Carlo. "I wanted the ring and to be free from your teasing. There wasn't a moment to think—it was all over in a flash. How am I to tell that I mayn't murder some fellow one of these days by a like impulse?"

"My dear boy!"—Sardoni laughed till he was almost convulsed—"you, who wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Well, you laugh," said Carlo; and it's good of you to take it lightly; but I can't see that there's a pin to choose between me and the man who murders in sudden anger. Anyhow, I know I can never be hard on such a murderer again."

"That's like the story of the fellow who saw a man going to the gallows, and exclaimed, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes——' I forget the old buffer's name. However, Val, I don't think you need be afraid, for you have plenty of that sort of thing, and little enough of the devil's help."

"That's what I can't understand about it," said Carlo, in the most outspoken way. He hardly ever spoke of religion, but when he did speak it was with the direct simplicity and naturalness hardly ever to be met with in England, save in children. "That's what puzzles me. How can I say the 'Veni Creator' one hour and know it is true, and the next turn upon my friend like that? My blood has made hot just by that trifle."

As that moment the call-boy opened the door and announced the commencement of the rehearsal, the subject was perforce dropped, and Carlo, on his way home, had much to think of in the strange revelation of his own character which had been given him by his friend.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

A number of petitions were presented.

Mr. Speaker laid before the House the report of Mr. John H. Pagne and Mr. Wolfstanan, to whom had been referred the bill respecting the Synod of Niagara and the sale of Government lands. The report said that the information was meagre and the promise faulty.

Mr. Harcourt moved the second reading of the bill respecting the village of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Ross, in reply, to Mr. Sharpe, said that the number of pupils attending Upper Canada College for the winter term was 312, the number in residence 179, the number of day pupils 129; of those in residence 30 belonged to Toronto, 119 to the province, 14 to the other provinces, 9 to the United States, 1 to England; 94 had been refused admission, including 40 from the United States, 1 from Chili, 1 from Cuba, 1 from the Bahamas, 1 from the Bermudas, 1 from Honduras, 6 from Toronto, 10 from Ontario, 3 from Mexico, and 29 from the other provinces.

Mr. McMahon moved for a return giving the names, etc., of all permanent officers or employees in the public institutions of the Province since January, 1879, down to the present time, and whether they still hold office, and if not, the reasons for resignation, dismissal, or otherwise.

Mr. Gibson said he would like to ask if the mover intended under the motion to have a return embracing the names of attendants, servant girls, and all persons employed by the Government. If he did it would require some time to prepare it.

Mr. McMahon consented to a supplement of the return.

Mr. Meredith moved for an address to his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, praying that he will cause to be laid upon this House copies of all Orders-in-Council setting apart or allotting out of any fund any sum or sums for the purchase of a site for Upper Canada College or the erection of the college buildings or any buildings on the grounds purchased for such site, or for the furnishing or equipment of the college, or for any other expenditure on capital account in any way relating to the said college.

Mr. Ross said that the information asked for was reasonable, and he trusted that he could give the House a proper explanation.

Mr. Balfour said that he had always opposed the grant of money to Upper Canada College because it was an interference with the work of the High schools. If the Minister had brought down the figures he explained away to-day when he came to the House in 1887 the House would not have passed his Bill.

Mr. Meredith said that no answer had been given to the most serious charge made by him. There was no use in discussing the expediency of the original grant in 1887 to the college, but he wanted to direct attention to the fact that the spirit and the letter of the law had been broken, and the distinct pledge of the Minister violated. If the hongentlemen had in 1887 told the House that he wanted $80,000 for equipment besides the $120,000 for the building he would never have got his bill through.

Mr. Ross said it was not the intention of the Government to spend money without asking the House for it, and the House would be asked to endorse any extra amount spent.

Mr. McMahon moved for a return showing the names of all persons, separately by counties, holding an office under the Government of Ontario in respect of which any salary is payable, or to which any fees are attached, together with the amount paid as salary to each such officer for the year 1891. And if payable by fees, showing the amount received for the same period according to any return furnished by such officers to the Government. Such return not to include bailiffs of the Division Courts or lesser servants employed under the Government.

Mr. Campbell (Durham), Equal Rights, moved for a return showing the names of all persons or bodies who have received remuneration for holding religious services in the various asylums of the Province, as per statement of the report of the Inspector of Asylums for the year 1891

Mr. Balfour moved for a return of copies of the application of Clara Brett Martin to the Law Society of Upper Canada for admission as a student-at-law; of the report of the special committee of the Benchers to which the application was referred; of the minutes of the meetings of the Society at which the report was adopted, and of all correspondence on the subject between the Law Society and other parties.

Mr. Biggar moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Act respecting wages. The object of the bill was to extend the time required to give notice to employees in the employ of a debtor from one month to three months.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Act to impose a tax on dogs and for the protection of sheep. The bill was designed to render operative certain clauses in the general bill.

The bill passed its second reading, and was referred to the following Select Committee: Messrs. Dryden, Awrey, Bishop, Clancy, Ferguson, Wood (Hastings), Willoughby, and the mover.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) presented the report of the Private Bills Committee, which was adopted.

On the motion of Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) orders-in-Council relating to the General Hospital, Stratford; Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor; St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham; Convalescent Home, London; Home for Friendless Women, Ottawa; Home for the Friendless, Windsor; Hotel Dieu Orphanage, Windsor, were ratified.

Mr. Hardy moved the House into Committee of the Whole on his bill to incorporate the surveyors. Mr. Speaker left the chair and Mr. Awrey presided in committee. Mr. Hardy made some slight amendments to the clause dealing with the suspension of surveyors. A clause was also added making it permissive for the association to exempt surveyors who have been in active service for 35 years from the operation of the Act. The bill was reported to the House and will be read a third time on Tuesday next.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton), in moving the second reading of his bill respecting insurance corporations, said that there was perhaps no legislation before the House so badly required by the public as legislation on insurance. He said that the province had exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of the bill, and the Legislature had already dealt with the matter. One of the objects of the present bill was to extend the provisions of the former life insurance bill to benevolent societies and to accident companies. In view of the interests involved it was necessary that the Government should know what companies or corporations were doing business, what authority these corporations had, and how they conducted their business. It was also necessary to know what relation the members bore to one another and to the officers of the concern. Information should be had as to the financial basis of the institution, whether it possessed a reserve fund, and above all it is important that the contract entered into by the company shall be such as will meet with the approval of the House. For this purpose certain machinery was necessary so that the information could be obtained and forthcoming at any time either for the public or the members of the House. Provisions were made for this machinery in the Act. Two registers were to be opened, one the insurance license register and the other the friendly society register. In conversations he had with the Dominion inspectors of insurance, they did not view this Bill as clashing with the interests of companies doing business under the Dominion laws. The Provinces had a right to tax insurance companies, no matter where chartered, and in Quebec there is a heavy tax. The fees laid down in this Bill could not be looked upon in the nature of a tax, but they were provided under this right. The friendly societies' register is for such companies and societies as were incorporated by the Benevolent Society Act. It will include such societies as were doing business on March 1st, 1890. It will be remembered that at the last session of the Legislature further incorporation of such friendly societies was stopped. It was found in practice that the county court judges were licensing all sorts of concerns. It was therefore considered that a more rigid scrutiny of such concerns should be made. Many of these societies were run by one or two members and the intention of the Act was to put a stop to this and to make members exercise their rights. The Act also provided that such societies or orders should obtain authority from Acts of the Parliament of Canada shall be admitted to registration as a matter of course. Trades unions incorporated under the Act of the Dominion could also be registered. The 10th section provides that societies chartered outside of the Province and doing a bona fide business previous to the Act of 11th of March, 1890, in this Province, shall be admitted to registration, but any companies that have started since that date will not be permitted to register or do business. This clause, he said, was aimed at loan companies selling bonds and doing a pure lottery business. One important provision of the Bill is that agents shall be licensed. This is proposed by the companies themselves and also by the legitimate agents to put a stop to irregular methods. Another matter considered was the question of rebates, whereby the agents and companies allow certain persons to take advantages in the way of a division of the commission which are withheld from others. A Dominion Act, he understood, included this question of rebates, and when the bill was discussed in committee he would lay his views on the question before the house. It was rather an anomaly that a man taking a life insurance policy would get it cheaper than the poor man by sharing the agent's commission. It was held by many that the sharing of commissions by agents was an injustice to the public. That, however, is a matter that could be considered later on. The power of the inspector of insurance to refuse a license or to refuse registry to a company could be appealed against to a judge of the High Court. The old line life companies were unanimously in favor of the bill, and besides this the legitimate friendly societies were also favorable to it as it gave them protection from wild cat concerns from the other side.

Mr. Wood (Hastings), said that the principle of the bill met with his approval. He would also ask that the bill might stand for further consideration.

Mr. Hardy moved the second reading of a bill reducing the number of grand jurors. He said the jurisdiction of the province was not perhaps altogether clear as to the abolition of the jury altogether, but that it had been thought advisable to introduce this measure for the reduction of the jurors to the number of thirteen, pending such action on the part of the Government as might reduce the number to seven, or abolish the grand jury system altogether.

Mr. Mowat moved the second reading of a bill respecting the use of tobacco by minors. The bill provides a penalty of between $10 and $50 for persons supplying tobacco to persons under 18 years of age, and a penalty of from $1 to $5 for youths under 18 caught smoking in public. Numerous pamphlets upon the evil effect of tobacco upon youths were read, showing how it impaired the mental and physical energies.

Mr. Clancy would like to have the bill extended to take in old men too. (Laughter.) He scarcely knew how the bill was to be enforced.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) was heartily in accord with the principles of the bill. He thought the evil effect of indulgence in strong drink was hardly worse than that of tobacco.

Mr. Whitney was totally opposed to the provisions of the bill. How would they benefit the boy by fining him for having tobacco in his possession?

Mr. Barr (Dufferin) admitted that in many cases the parents could not prevent the use of tobacco by their offspring, and thought the bill was a step in the right direction.

Mr. Barr, in resuming the debate upon the bill respecting the use of tobacco by minors, believed the bill would be generally accepted by the country at large.

The bill then passed its second reading.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into Committee of Supply, Mr. Awrey in the chair.

Mr. Clancy asked what was the meaning of $96 to the assistant gardener at the Toronto Insane Asylum.

Mr. Gibson replied that the allowance was for rent.

Mr. Clancy said that if extra grants were made to officials for rent allowance in lieu of their salary, why not call it by the right name? Not only in the present instance was the extra allowance made, but it was customary in many instances.

Mr. Gibson entirely disagreed with the hon. gentleman in saying that allowances of this kind were, in effect, salary. They were nothing of the kind. As soon as officials took houses down town they received an equivalent. This system was not new, but had been going on for some time.

Mr. Clancy held that allowances of this kind were virtually additional salary.

The following items were passed:

Asylum for Insane, Toronto	$100,442
Mimico Branch	67,158
Asylum for Insane, London	130,996
" " Branch, Mimico	112,000
" " Hamilton	122,857
" Idiots, Orillia	65,000
Central Prison, Toronto	121,000
Ontario Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene	38,050
Institution for the deaf and dumb, Belleville	43,971
Institution for the blind, Brantford	35,624
Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Women and Refuge for girls, Toronto	29,206
Total	$834,968

Mr. Wood (Hastings) announced the result of the Quebec elections, showing Mercier's defeat, while the committee were discussing the items. When he made the announcement both sides of the House called out "Carried."

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton), in the discussion on fees in public institutions, announced that owing to the discovery of natural gas at Mimico and Kingston he hoped that some day soon in the future the cost of fuel would be reduced. With respect to the water charged against the Central Prison, he said that an excellent well had been dug and that water from this source would be furnished to the institution.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—To incorporate the town of Sudbury.

Mr. Hardy—To amend the Timber Slide Company's Act.

Mr. Hardy again moved for the addition to the committees named on Friday last of Messrs. Barr (Renfrew), and Harty.

Mr. Clancy moved that Messrs. Hudson, McLeaghan and Godwin be also added.

Mr. Hardy moved that Bill No. 58 be referred to a select committee to be known as the Committee on Law, consisting of the Attorney-General, Messrs. Guthrie, Meredith, Davis, Whitney, O'Connor, Wood (Hastings), Garrow, Monk, Biggar, Gibson, and Hardy.

Mr. Hammell, asked if it was the intention of the Government, at this session, to place in the supplementary estimates a sum of money to be applied for the purpose of celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent, and if not, why?

Mr. Mowat replied that it was not the intention of the Government to place such a sum of money in the estimates at this session. The matter was one that affected the whole country and not the province only. Such a grant would have to be made by the Dominion Government.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved for a return showing the estimated quantity of pine timber now standing upon the Crown domain of the Province and the value thereof, setting the same forth as far as practicable by a description, by number or otherwise, of the berths upon which the same is standing, and where the territory has not been divided into timber berths, showing the localities, so as to enable them to be identified by description, and also showing the data upon which such estimates are based. Continuing, he said there were two things that were noticeable, first, the gradual decrease of standing timer; and, second, the increase of expenditure.

Mr. Hardy said that so much of the information asked for as was possessed by the Crown Lands Department would be cheerfully given. There was some information asked for, however, that could not be given.

The motion as amended was carried.

Mr. Tooley moved that an address be presented to his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council praying that he will be pleased to transmit to Parliament with a resolution passed by the County Council of the County of Middlesex at its last sitting, to appoint Robert Boston, ex-Warden of the county, to the position of registrar of the said County of Middlesex. He said that two gentlemen had been recommended—one each by two supporters of the Government. He thought that the appointment of Mr. Robt. Boston would meet with the approval of all parties concerned. He trusted that his resolution would relieve the Government from all embarrassment.

Mr. Waters said that the resolution was a peculiar one. Such a resolution had never been introduced into the House before. He moved in amendment that it be not expedient for the Government to name the official to be appointed.

The motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Balfour moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Municipal Act. He thought it will to strike out the licensing clauses of the Act, as they would be evaded anyway. He thought the sentiment of the country was in favor of doing away with the principle.

Mr. Clancy thought the remarks of the hon. gentleman were a slur upon the business enterprise of the country. He thought the proposition was too sweeping. Bonuses might be very desirable in certain circumstances.

Mr. Waters said that bonusing in Ontario had done a great deal of good. (Hear, hear.) If it had not been for bonuses we should not have had our railway facilities.

Mr. White pointed out that ample protection existed in the law as it now stood. He believed the people were quite capable of protecting themselves.

Mr. Wood (Brant) pointed out that the intention of his bill to repeal the bonus clauses of the Municipal Act did not propose to repeal the bonuses in railways. The bonus-seekers were often manufacturers who without the aid of direct bonuses, were having outgrown their premises. Keen competition for their products forced them to the step. He believed, no man more so, in giving to the people the widest manner of liberty, but what did they find? Petitions came in every session from every county in favor of the repeal of the bonusing clauses. He moved the second reading of his own bill to repeal the bonus clauses of the Municipal Act with that of the hon. member for South Essex.

Mr. Smith (York) believed the bill went further than they were warranted in reflecting the freedom of the people.

Mr. Whitney opposed the bill. It was a bill of coercion, and which restricted the people from using their private funds as they pleased. As long as municipalities had the power to reject bonuses, what need was there for repealing the clauses?

Mr. Wood (Hastings) hoped they would remember that in attempting to improve the evil, if an evil existed, they might increase instead of remedying it. He moved the adjournment of the debate.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

Mr. Waters—To amend the Act respecting the profession and practice of medicine and surgery.

Mr. Wood (Brant)—To protect the public interest in rivers, streams and creeks.

Mr. Waters—To enable married women who are freeholders to vote for councillors and aldermen.

Mr. Gilmour—Respecting the Toronto & Mimico Electric Railway Co.

Mr. Ross—To amend the Act respecting the Provincial University.

Mr. Ross—Respecting the election of members of the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. Hardy moved the House into committee on a bill to reduce the number of grand jurors.

Mr. Whitney thought the number 12 would be equally as well as 13, the number proposed by the hon. gentleman.

The bill was carried in committee.

Mr. Mowat moved the second reading of a bill to further amend the law respecting mortgages and sales of personal property. The object of the bill was to prevent a person obtaining credit upon mortgaged chattels, and provides for the registration of mortgages.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) thought the bill should be extended to include lien notes.

The bill was read a second time.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into Committee of Supply, Mr. Awrey in the chair.

The item of $10,000 for immigration was passed.

The Department of Agriculture was then taken up and dealt with a length. The total estimate for 1892 is $173,295, an increase of $27,607 over last year. The increase is materially due to the extra grant to 87 electoral district societies of $3,700.

Mr. Hudson claimed that district societies were not entitled to the grant any more than were the township societies.

Mr. Clancy objected to the privileges which students at the Ontario Agricultural College possessed in connection with their smoking room.

Mr. Ross, in the course of a vigorous reply, defended the arrangements in vogue at the college for the benefit of students, and speaking of the college generally, he said it deserved the support of everybody. He knew of no institution in the province that he would sooner see maintained in its present state of excellence.

Mr. White charged the Minister of Agriculture with a vacillating policy. The farmers of the country were not benefited by the existence of the Agricultural College. The professors of that institution went about with gloved hands, each one afraid to have by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.

the existence of the Agricultural College. The professors of that institution went about with gloved hands, each one afraid to have anything to do with any of the college work except that particularly relating to their departments. The result was that the farmers' sons went home and tried the same tactics, and got the farm mortgaged. He was not opposed to the college in any way, but it was not accomplishing the work it should. He thought that perhaps Mr. Mowat might secure a job for his old-time but now dishonored acquaintance, Mr. Mercier, in the college.

Mr. Dryden defended the system of experimenting