

PICCADILLY—PAST AND PRESENT

It may be said with truth that in London all roads lead to Piccadilly, for that thoroughfare may be considered the hub of the metropolis. Indeed, it is to the west-end what Cheapside is to the City. Certainly it is more than a street, for the very name conveys to the mind an idea of rank and wealth; and the country cousin and the visitor from foreign lands regard it as one of the great sights of the metropolis, a place to see, and in after years to talk of to children and grandchildren. Well does it deserve its reputation, for its history forms a great portion of the annals of fashion during the last two hundred and fifty years, from the seventeenth century when the famous gaming-house, Piccadilly Hall, stood in Coventry street, and its name applied only to that part extending from the Haymarket to Sackville street. Within a stone's throw of two royal palaces, with a royal park at one end, and another actually forming part of it on the south side, and with Bond street and St. James' street abutting, rank and wealth have always congregated there. From the Circus, on which it has bestowed its name, to Hyde Park corner, where it gives place to Knightsbridge, there is not a foot of ground that does not conjure up the memory of an illustrious name.

It has not lacked even the cachet of royalty, for Catherine of Braganza, the consort of England's Merry Monarch, resided somewhere between Sackville street and Brick street, which part, in commemoration, was for a while known as Portugal Row. Queen Anne, too, when Princess of Denmark, stayed at Berkeley House, which was erected upon a portion of Hay Hill Farm. Berkeley House has long since gone, and on its site stands the ducal Devonshire House. This, for many a year hidden behind high brick walls, piqued the curiosity of the passers by; but now iron gates have been inserted in the centre of the wall fronting Piccadilly, and those who will may feast their eyes on the great forecourt and the long, low mansion beyond. It is a pity that no longer can the pleasures of conjecture be indulged in, for, externally at least, Devonshire House is not a thing of beauty. Two Royal Dukes have resided in the famous thoroughfare—Gloucester, the brother of George the Magnificent, who purchased from the Earl of Elgin the house at the west corner of Park Lane; and Cambridge, who gave his name to the mansion, afterwards occupied by the Prime Minister, Palmerston, and now the home of the Naval and Military Club, known familiarly as the "In and Out," from the legends painted upon the posts of the gates leading into the courtyard.

The Dandy Club

This was the first club to establish itself in Piccadilly, with the exception of the short-lived Water's. This great Macao gambling house, founded by "The First Gentleman in Europe," was the meeting place of the fashion of the day, but the pace was too fast even for the viveurs of the Regency, and in a dozen years it closed its doors. Byron was a member, and he christened it "The Dandy Club." "I like the Dandies," he wrote. "They were all very civil to me, although in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Stael, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, most damnably." Brummell was the club's perpetual president, and there he met with an alarming experience. One night at the Macao table, the Beau was losing heavily, and in an affected tone of tragedy, he called to a waiter to bring him a pistol. Thereupon his vis-a-vis, Robert Bligh, whose eccentricities were then verging on insanity, produced from his coat pockets a pair of loaded pistols, and, laying them on the table, said, "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The feeling of Brummell and the other members, when the knowledge was forced upon them that in

their midst was a madman who carried loaded firearms, may be imagined.

Until the sixties of the last century clubland was confined almost without exception to St. James' street and Pall Mall, and there the older institutions are still to be found. The newer, however, have in many instances set up housekeeping in Piccadilly. The list in its entirety is too long to be given, and only a few of the more prominent names may be mentioned. There is the Junior Naval and Military, close to the parent house; the Badminton, frequented by those interested in coaching and field sports; the Junior Constitutional, which, as its title suggests, is political in purpose; the Isthmian, for public school and university men; the St. James', for members of the British and Foreign diplomatic services; the Savile, affected by men of letters; and the Bachelors', a haunt of the jennees doree.

Vanishing Landmarks

Without being unduly conservative, one

Yet much remains. St. James' Church stands as it was in the days of Addison and Steele. Almost opposite is the Albany—that quiet retreat, lying back a considerable distance from the roadway, with its world-wide fame as the residence of such literary and political giants as Byron, Canning, Lytton, and Macaulay. The White Horse Cellar of today has little in common with the old coffee house, and it has indeed been improved out of all recognition. Yet the spot is memorable as the starting place for all coaches in the days when railways and motor-omnibuses were undreamt of; the stage coaches have disappeared, all save a few that are retained to give pleasure to such as love the pursuit of driving; and even these no longer ply to and from the White Horse Cellar, but have their rendezvous in that newer street of huge caravansaries, Northumberland avenue, more convenient, because less frequented.

Hyde Park Corner

The toll gate, which stood opposite Berke-

third George granted the site to Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards Earl of Bathurst, and eventually it came into the possession, first of the Marquis of Wellesley, and later into that of his brother, the Iron Duke, whose descendants still occupy it. It was the first Duke who, when the house was stormed by the Anti-Corn Law riots, closed the shutters on the west side, and kept them closed during his life, as a silent protest against the ingratitude of the mob.

Coutts, the millionaire banker, lived at the corner of Stratton street, and there he took home with him his young wife, the actress, Miss Mellon, who afterwards espoused the Duke of St. Albans. Her wealth, derived from her first husband, was fabulous; and kindly and rightly she left it to his relatives. Her heir, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for many years lived in the house. The adjoining mansion was the residence of Sir Francis Burdett, who was taken thence to the Tower, when in 1810 he was arrested for high treason.

lame, was nicknamed "Cripplegate." "Newgate," was the sobriquet of a third brother, Augustus, a clerk in holy orders, who, being in debt, was always in danger of arrest. There was a sister (afterwards Lady Melfort) who surpassed them all, especially in the habit of swearing, which was the cause of her being known as "Billingsgate." "Hellgate" died before the house was finished, and eventually it was opened as the Old Pulteney Hotel, where the most illustrious visitors were the Emperor of Russia and his sister, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, who came to England to celebrate the capture of Napoleon and the resulting peace. The Grand Duchess stayed many months at the hotel, and during her visit assisted Princess Charlotte in her endeavors to reject the matrimonial advances of the Prince of Holland. Later the house came into the possession of the Lord Hertford, who is the Marquis Steyne of "Vanity Fair," and the Lord Monmouth of "Coningsby."

Another notorious nobleman lived not much further west—the last Duke of Queensberry—the "old Q," of the memoirs of the day. He is the bright, witty, cynical Earl of March of the Selwyn letters, and was clever as he was wicked. In the days when he lived in Piccadilly he was a blase old man, but he had not outlived his viciousness.

The Piccadilly of today has changed from the Piccadilly of the Regency, much in outward appearance, more in the traffic of its roadway. The stately old-world air has gone, and bustle has taken the place of quiet. Then a great number of those who sauntered there knew one another; today it is difficult even to see one's friends in the crowd that is hurrying, scurrying, eastward, westward. Men walk more briskly now, motors dash past, buses block the traffic, hansom-cabs wind in and out, serpentine, and, except where an island offers refuge, to cross the road at full noon is to take one's life in one's hands. Yet, even in these democratic days, when newspaper celebrities are three-a-penny, and the stress of life keeps peer and poet alike "on the move," Piccadilly remains one of the sights of the town, one of the marvels of the capital of that Empire upon which, it is said, the sun never sets.—Lewis Melville in The Lady's Pictorial.

THE FLIGHT OF AGES

The shop assistant at the toy counter had shown and re-shown the toys to the undecided shopper. Rabbits, monkeys, jack-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manipulated, operated, and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she reiterated for the thousandth and one time.

"Yes, madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your little nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."

CO-OPERATIVE POLICY

In a certain town in the county of Durham a fire took place, and two men, seeing it was very dangerous, thought that they might try to extinguish it. So they went to a co-operative store near by and asked the manager for the loan of a hose-pipe, and he replied: "I dare not, but I will put it before the committee on Monday night."

The Seed Was Inside.

One morning recently a man looked over his fence and said to his neighbor: "Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?" "Oh!" he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted the first man, angrily. "It looks like one of my hens." "Oh! that's all right," the other returned. "The seeds are inside her."

"flowery mead," by these waving semaphores of red. Between neighboring males courting some female—uncertain, coy, and hard to please—fierce battles ensue, vicious, back-handed swipes being made at one another with these cumbersome weapons till victory for one ends the strife.—London News.

A Suitor Suited.

There came to London some years ago an attractive German, Henry Schmidt, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in his native tongue. When he had been in London several months, and had secured a moderate number of pupils, he went one day to the mother of one of them, and to her great surprise, asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune."

The suitor smiled upon her, and said reassuringly, "Me too!"

"And although we are not rich, we have thus far been able to give her every comfort. She is indeed used to luxury—"Me too!" said the smiling professor.

"But, my dear sir, she will never be able to manage affairs."

"Me too!" remarked the lover. "And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper."

"Me too! me too!"

The mother retired from the contest, and the professor was allowed to press his suit.



An Interesting View of Piccadilly in 1841

may deplore the fact that the march of progress has destroyed, and is destroying, many landmarks. At the Circus, popular tea shops have taken the place of more interesting houses. St. James' Hall has been pulled down—and a volume might be, and should be written, telling of the famous musicians of all lands who have performed there. The Bath Hotel has gone, and the enormous Walsingham House, erected at a cost of some three hundred thousand pounds; and on their sites has been erected the Hotel Ritz, one of the most luxurious hostleries ever contemplated. From the Circus to Bond street, building and rebuilding goes on apace. Magnificent blocks of shops, with residential flats and chambers above, spring up with astounding rapidity. While from Bond street to the Park, the mammoth clubs, to which reference has already been made, take the place of historic mansions.

Two doors off is Bath House, built by Pulteney, Earl of Bath; and, later, it was rebuilt for Lord Ashburton. At the corner of Half-Moon street lived the celebrated Madame D'Arbly. Further west, on the site of Jan van Nort's figure yard, the Earl of Barrymore began to erect a mansion. He was one of the notorious "Gates" who flourished in the days of the Regency. The eldest, Richard, the seventh Earl, was called "Hellgate," from his vices. "His Lordship," Henry Angelo has recorded, "alternated between a gentleman and a blackguard; the refined wit and the most vulgar bully, he was equally well known on St. Giles' and St. James'. He could fence, dance, drive, or drink, box or bet, with any man in the Kingdom. He could discourse slang as trippingly as French." He died at the age of twenty-four, having dissipated the greater part of a splendid fortune; and was succeeded by his brother, Henry, who, being

looks like a pulpy drawbridge! Finally he rushes towards her in a whirl of excitement, and she then joins him in a sort of mad waltz. In the end, mating is accomplished and then—having no further use for him, she eats him!

The crocodile is usually a very silent creature; even when shedding tears. But when courting he bellows like a bull of Bashan, and then turning up his head and tail heavenwards twirls round as if in a wild endeavor to overtake his tail! And all the while this weird performance is going on he gives off a most overpowering odour of musk, which seems to add not a little to the success of his efforts.

Man's cousin, the monkeys, have a wonderful passion for colors of amazing brilliance and sharp contrasts. The mandrill's face during the period of courtship is rendered hideous by the vivid red and blue with which the muzzle is emblazoned. Darwin showed long since that these colors played no small part in the courtship of these fierce animals. Rivals are kept at bay by means of a most murderously powerful set of teeth, which can be used with terrible effect when occasion demands.

Darwin, having carefully massed his evidence as to the part played by ornament, next set forth an array of facts which revealed the amounts of animals in an unexpectedly lurid light. Rival males fight to the death, or, at any rate, till one party is completely vanquished, when the victor

walks off with the coveted female. Deer for example, are most pugnacious fighters, so much so that occasionally two rivals, in charging, get their horns interlocked, and being unable to free themselves, die a miserable death! Many birds develop long, pointed stilettoes, borne either upon the legs, as in the jungle-fowls, francolins, and other game-birds, or on the wings, as in certain spurring-winged geese and plovers. Other creatures, like the pig-tribe, are armed with long tusks, with which the most dreadful wounds are inflicted. Even the cold-blooded fishes wax excited when courting, and many fight most ferociously with rival males. The lordly salmon's lower jaw develops a curious up-turned hook, whereby he may the more easily overcome his rivals. As many as three hundred dead males have been picked up in the Tyne during the merry month of June.

If it is difficult to imagine a fish in love, how much more so is it to picture a crab in the same bondage?

The little fiddler-crab seems to have sacrificed everything to courtship. His method is apparently some sort of hypnotism, as during the time of his wooing he emerges from his bed of mud and vigorously waves a great red arm. And as success falls offest to the crab who waves most persistently, and has the biggest and reddest arm, this limb assumes huge proportions, and exceeds all the rest of the body in weight! In the localities where these creatures live whole acres of mud are converted into what looks like a

COMEDIES OF COURTSHIP AMONG ANIMALS

Interest in Darwin and his work has naturally been revived just now by the great centenary celebrations at Cambridge. One branch of his researches, that dealing with the coloration of animals in relation to methods of courtship, will appeal to the least scientific of readers.

As exponents in the art of display, Darwin showed that the game-birds are easily first. He selected, among others, the peacock, and the argus pheasant, and to these we may add the blackcock and the tragopan. The method of courtship pursued by the argus pheasant is extraordinary. During display the two wings are so twisted as to form a huge, Argus-eyed circular fan, entirely concealing the rest of the body. Every now and then the ardent swain is therefore reduced to the somewhat undignified expedient of thrusting his head through the screen to discover what impression he is making on his prospective mate—often only to find that she has seized the opportunity to escape from his attentions!

The tragopan, in addition to a most resplendent livery, has developed strange folds of bare, brilliantly colored wattles, which can be erected and depressed at leisure.

Some birds, on the other hand, execute weird dances, the black-grouse is a great dancer. But one of the most remarkable of these performers is a little South American

bird known as the "bailidor." He cannot, however, perform alone; and this seems to be true of dancing birds generally. Choosing a bare twig, two male bailidors take up their positions about a foot apart, and at once start springing up into the air and alighting again, one rising as the other falls, each bird accompanying himself to the tune "To-le-do—to-le-do—to-le-do"—sounding the syllable "to" as he crouches to spring, "le" while in mid-air, and "do" as he alights.

The frigate-bird trusts rather to the inflation of a flamingly colored wind-bag. A dozen or more of such windy swains, thus puffed up with what passes for pride, will sit side by side on the bare bough of some exposed tree overhanging a cliff, each trying to outdo his neighbor. But the excitement which is aroused by the approach of a critical female is tremendous. Each begins calling at the top of his voice, "Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow," and contrives, at the same time, to set the beak clattering like castanets. The courtship of the spider is perhaps the most fantastic, and the most gruesome of anything of its kind in Nature. Advancing towards his bride in a series of slow and deliberate posturings, he all the while takes care to display whatever bright markings Nature may have given him. How he turns his body sideways, by doubling up all the legs on one side, and now he raises his body on the tips of his toes, thrusting his two fore-legs high in the air, and then he lowers his head reverently and raises the afterpart of his body till it

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