



NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY special permission of her Majesty, who permitted the original to be sent to the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*, that paper in its issue of March 8th contained an excellent fac-simile of the Queen's autograph letter of acknowledgment to the nation at the time of Prince Henry's death. Her Majesty is essentially womanly in her handwriting, as in her mode of expression, while the former is remarkably clear and firm. The text is as follows:

OSBORNE, Feb. 14, 1896.

I have, alas! once more to thank my loyal subjects for their warm sympathy in a fresh grievous affliction which has befallen me and my beloved daughter, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenburg.

This new sorrow is overwhelming, and to me is a double one, for I lose a dearly loved and helpful son whose presence was like a bright sunbeam in my home, and my dear daughter loses a most devoted husband, to whom she was united by the closest of affection.

To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me, and has comforted and helped me, is hard to bear. But the feeling of universal sympathy, so touchingly shown by all classes of my subjects, has deeply moved my child and myself, and has helped and soothed us greatly.

I wish from my heart to thank my people for this; as well as for the appreciation manifested of the dear and gentle prince who laid down his life in the service of his adopted country.

My beloved child is an example to all in her courage, resignation and submission to the will of God.

VICTORIA, R.I.

GREAT Queen,—yet so mere a woman in her greatness! Sorrowing woman, —yet so much a Queen!

The finest picture, the most wondrous spectacle, that the world affords to-day if we would but withdraw a moment from pettier things, to view it is that of this bowed form on Britain's throne.

The days of her years lie heavy upon her—the years of a century teeming with illustrious event. This throned form has been brain and nerve center of a marvelous national development, the standard-bearer in a magnificent and unbroken onward march of humanity.

For, talk as we will about the formality of monarchy, and the reality of constitutional government; yet now, no less than in the days of patriarchal rule, the tide of any nation's life spends itself at the foot of its throne.

THAT "once more" in the opening words of the Queen's letter is an epitome, not only of human bereavement, but of relationships which have existed through a long sixty years between a loyal, sympathetic people and their sovereign.

Yet, not until she has gone — and the time cannot be long—shall we realize how truly

magnificent at this moment is this spectacle of the century—of the world's greatest throne, with the bowed woman form upon it.

THE Armenian troubles are not over yet—nor are they likely to be, so long as the province remains a part of Turkey. The Porte's latest demand that the Armenian Patriarch should write an autograph letter, holding himself alone responsible for the past outbreaks, is a childishness on par with the Sultan's celebrated letter to Lord Salisbury. The truth is that that unspeakable monarch's hatred of Armenia will be content with nothing less than its complete extermination, and he will accomplish the same by stealth, if not openly; unless Great Britain interferes, since Russia certainly will not.

These petty, slow-increasing relief funds for that outraged people, fill one with a sense of disgust, of impotent wrath. How dare we—strong Christian nations—proffer our bits of silver to those whom we have stood idly by and watched suffering unnamable tortures? To the heartbreaking appeals that came to us through the months of their slaughter we turned indifferent ear; now we would cleanse the blood-guiltiness in pennies.

Our sacrifice shall be—must be—ininitely greater; for England and America stand accused in this matter.

THE international chess duet, conducted by cable, between America and Great Britain, is exciting much interest in lovers of the game on both sides of the ocean. Each message-move, or move-message, which ever it may be termed, is flashed under Beaver street out into the harbor at Battery place, thence out past Sandy Hook and up the coast to Cape Canso. From this point it proceeds to Waterville, on the southwest coast of Ireland, running on the principal Atlantic cable, a distance of 2,161 miles. Then by a submarine line, it is taken to Weston-Super-Mare, on the Bristol Channel. 329 miles from there, over the land line to the Royal Exchange, London, 143 miles. The entire distance is 3,483 miles.

The contestants have every opportunity of making deliberate moves.

WHATEVER delay has occurred in dealing with the Armenian question, Great Britain certainly acted promptly in coming to the aid of Italy so promptly that the other powers were a trifle disconcerted. The Mother Country evidently does not intend that her occupancy of Egypt shall be menaced.

Possibly the points most worthy of note in the campaign thus far are the revelation of King Humbert's inefficiency as a ruler, and Mr. Curzon's statement in the British House

that there are at present influences at work and forces unchained in Central Africa which, if flushed with victory, mean serious danger not only to Egypt and British occupation thereof, but to the peace of Europe and the cause of civilization.

It looks as if Africa will be the military arena of a near future.

THE youngest smuggler on record was discovered when the German liner Bremen last arrived at her New York dock. A baby carried by its mother was searched, and eighteen valuable gold watches were found concealed in its clothing. The baby was not one whit ashamed of its evil deeds, but crowed and laughed in an altogether conscienceless manner during the search.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has won her suit for \$25,000 damages against the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—or rather, the matter was settled out of court, but her ladyship was paid the full amount of her claim.

The case was rather amusing. Lady Somerset, who is nothing if not philanthropic, endeavored to reform a notorious woman drunkard, Jane Cakebread by name. Jane turned every "home" and "refuge" into a pandemonium. Lady Henry then had her examined as to sanity, and the doctors pronounced her irresponsible.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* audaciously asserted that "Lady Henry Somerset would drive anyone mad," and its proprietor, Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, was promptly served with a writ by the aggrieved lady.

Mr. Astor had the pleasure of his audacity. It was costly, but what is the use of being rich if one cannot speak one's mind?

THE life of a United States President is as thorny as that of a Canadian Premier with a Remedial Bill on *tapis*.

President Cleveland occupied the chair at a mass meeting in aid of Home Missions, held recently in Washington under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board.

It was an unusual position for the President, certainly; but he acquitted himself admirably and made a very suitable and proper address. Yet, because he ventured to suggest, in a safely indefinite way, that new Territories and States may become corrupt without the safeguards of Christian agencies, his loyal subjects accused him, through the daily press and in the Senate, of insult to the Western States, of ignorance, prejudice, a breach of propriety, and other like offences.

The question naturally arises, why are Home Missions required across the line, since even the President dares not infer that there is work for them?