

## CANADA'S PRINCESS

PRINCESS LOUISE LOOKED ON AS DOMINION'S OWN.

She Chose George of Argyle as Her Husband by Dancing With Him at a State Ball—She Did the Ironing for a Woman Whose Daughter Was Going to See the Princess—She is a Very Capable Sculptress.

The announcement that at the expiration of Earl Grey's tenure of office the Duke of Connaught, brother of the late King Edward VII, will be Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, recalls the time when Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne (the Duke of Argyll) lived in Canada. She was the first and, so far, the only one of the royal line to take up residence in Canada for a time.

Many interesting tales could be told of the life of Princess Louise. She is one of Britain's energetic princesses, and just recently (March 18) celebrated her sixtieth birthday. The Duchess of Argyll's birthday was spent in the quasi-seclusion which marked the court of Queen Victoria succeeding the death of the Prince Consort. After the marriage of her next elder sister (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein), Princess Louise became the constant companion of her august mother, Queen Victoria, to whom she admirably devoted herself.

It is well known that a royal princess must brood the subject of marriage if she marries a commoner. Queen Victoria "put the question" to Prince Albert by showing him Windsor with its beauties, and then saying: "All this may be yours. The Queen of Holland sent Prince Henry a pair of white heather. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball, and gave out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to marry. She selected the marquis who subsequently became her husband.

In the autumn of 1870 the official announcement was made that Queen Victoria had given her consent to the marriage of her fourth daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. The marriage of the Queen's daughter to George of Argyle was very popular. The Duke of Argyll took a great interest in politics, and for ten years was member of the British House of Commons. He was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1878, but unfortunately a serious sleighing accident to the princess, causing acute suffering and threatening her with protracted illness, compelled her return to England before the marquis had completed his term of office. Their stay in Canada was marked by great hospitality and many acts of kindness. It was with genuine regret, therefore, that the people of Canada heard of their early return to England.

A pretty story is told of Princess Louise when in Canada: She was sketching one afternoon in the neighborhood of a town where she was to be present with the Governor-General at a great function. The day was hot, and she became thirsty, so she went to a nearby cottage and asked for a drink of water. The mistress of the house was ironing.

"I would gladly give you a drink," she said, "but I have no water in the house, and I haven't time to go and get it, for I'm ironing a dress for my daughter to wear to-day when she goes to see the Queen's daughter."

"Then," said the Queen's daughter, "if you will get me the water I will do on with the ironing."

A story is told of an Ottawa dentist whose work was much appreciated by Princess Louise. The dentist was offered a position in the royal household, but the girl who afterwards became his wife objected to leaving Canada, and he gave up the chance of a royal practice.

Since her return to England the princess has kept herself employed, while the duke has been absorbed in politics, literature and his hobbies, such as the development of East Africa. The duchess, apart from her social duties, devoted herself to art. In the studio attached to the beautiful apartment in Kensington Palace, London, which was granted to her on the death of the Duchess of Leinster, Princess Louise has worked diligently and successfully as a sculptress, and the result of her work can be seen in many examples of her work, which has attracted public notice and expert approval. Among the chief pieces of her work are the statue of Queen Victoria which occupies a prominent place in Kensington, and the beautiful memorial to the 6,000 colonials who laid down their lives for the Empire, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Princess Louise is now to have the only English royal residence in France. A charming little chalet has just been erected by the Duke of Argyll in the Hardelet estate in Picardy, France, commanding a beautiful view over far-reaching, undulating pine forests and over the English Channel. Hardelet has an excellent golf course, the most curious feature of which is that the first tee-ground is situated on the top of one of the towers of old Hardelet chateau. The summer seasons will find the princess and the duke in their French chalet.

A Glorious Part.

"At last," exclaimed the low comedian, "I have a part that suits me."

"Good," said the first old lady. "You are the only actor I ever knew who was thoroughly satisfied with his part. What is it?"

"Oh, the part isn't much, as far as that goes, but I'm supposed to be a burglar, and I break into a pantry and eat a real meal at every performance."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## STORY OF FORT NELSON.

Proposed Terminal of H. B. Railway Is 224 Years Old.

Since Fort Nelson has been almost decided on as the proposed terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway, it becomes interesting as a matter of history to go back 224 years to the time when this fort was established. Though the Hudson Bay Co. was incorporated in 1670, it was in the year 1685 before actual trading posts or forts were established on Hudson Bay. Fort Nelson was the first of these forts, and as soon as the French, who had begun to monopolize Eastern Canada, heard of it, Denonville looked upon it as an intrusion of French rights and sent a party of eighty men under Troyes of Montreal to wipe out Fort Nelson and other forts which had been established in the north. I. Verville was one of this party and to their credit be it said, that they traveled up the Ottawa River to Lake Temiscaming, up the Montreal River, and by portages into one of those large rivers running north into James Bay, a trip, which even in the present day would be considered a great feat. I. Verville was one of the earliest inhabitants of parts of Ontario, and tourists go to Elk City to-day all note Graveyard Point at Mountain Lake, where some of the earliest settlers in Canada are buried. These Frenchmen wiped out all posts and drove the Hudson Bay factors and their associates out. A year or two later Fort Hudson was re-occupied by the Hudson Bay Co. and a few muzzle loading cannon of small dimensions put up. I. Verville was with three other ships and about a hundred men. In the straits, the Pelican got separated from the other vessels and sailed on to Fort Nelson. Nearing the fort, three vessels were sighted, which I. Verville thought were his own, but on approaching them he found he was mistaken: They were British merchantmen armed with small cannon. The Hampshire, the largest of the British vessels, fought until it was disabled so that she and all on board went down. The Hudson Bay, a smaller vessel, was captured, and the Daring, which bore her name, fled. I. Verville's vessel, the Pelican, had received a quill pro quo from the Hampshire before she went down and was riddled so that after she anchored, she split amidships and was lost. Nearly a hundred men were stranded, but they waited until the Pelican and the two other vessels arrived before laying siege to the fort. Three days the factor and his men held out before surrendering, and the effect of I. Verville's work was felt until the treaty of Utrecht in 1715, when England secured undisputed right to the Hudson Bay territory as well as the founding and settling of Fort Nelson there in association with the first quarrels between the French and English in the new world, and is memorable in the history of Canada, as witnessing the first naval battle in Canadian waters. Subsequent events showed the growing power of the Hudson Bay Co. how a handful of men stamped their nationality upon this new land by erecting trading posts and defending their commerce with arms. By this, the west was held British against the claims of French sovereignty. From the day Henry Hudson first discovered this inland sea until to-day, Britain has held to the discovery he made, but Fort Nelson will ever be memorable because of the part it played in the early history of Canada, over two hundred years ago.

The Gentle Game of Golf.

On one beautiful old lady was in the same railway compartment as a party of golfers. "I found fearful trouble this morning," said one. "At the first I fell right into the middle of a prickly gorse bush, and at the second I was stuck upon the top of a tree. I pitched out of bounds into the farmyard at the third, got caught by the wire at the fourth. I stuck fast in a deep hole at the fifth, found myself buried in mud at the sixth. I was trying to get out of the mud at the seventh, got lost at the eighth and finished up at the bottom of that dirty ditch at the last hole."

"Gracious me," cried the horrified old lady from her corner of the carriage, "and they told me that golf was an old man's game! I'll never let my Edwin play again!"—London Globe.

Divided the Message.

The Way a Financier's Clerk Explained a Cipher.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight one of the rotaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send. Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it—the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

## BACKWOODS' PHILOSOPHY.

Being Some Extracts From Old Abe Ward's Diary.

Abe Ward lived many years ago in the backwoods of Northern Ontario, when those parts were only just becoming known to the outside world. He was a good bushman, with a kind heart and a wise old head. In fact, his memory is kept green by the present generation around Simon Creek by numerous tales of the "sage of the Bush."

Far away from the influence of progressive civilization, Abe thought and worked and lived by rules of his own, and even set wise precepts for his neighbors. Nobody could tell anything about Abe. His past life was a closed book. Where he came from and what he had been was never known. He rarely talked, and when he did he would not be drawn into a conversation about himself. He was a great favorite, however, with the whole countryside. Even Jim Faber and Peter Staker, who were the most disreputable fellows for miles, would speak in high terms of Abe, and when one died December morning he was found by the creek as "Abe's shack." It was a mournful procession that laid his body reverently to rest a few hours later. Travelers to those parts to-day linger long over the stone erected by the boys, bearing the strange epitaph: "Dear man must be more useful than dead man."

When Abe died, among his earthly treasures were a bundle of pieces of bark on which were scratched numerous notes. These have been preserved and are known as "Abe's Diary." Everybody for miles around has read the diary, but until now none of it has ever been published.

Here are some extracts from Abe's Diary. "This part is known in Simon Creek as 'The Bushman's Creed.'"

"I believe there is a source to every creek, a root to every tree, and a God at the beginning of both."

"I believe in a strong arm, a cool head, and a sharp axe with a stout shaft."

"I believe the best way to split a tough proposition is to use a good set of wedges, and swing a beadle."

"I believe in a future existence. If dead trees make good timber, and dead leaves enrich the ground, a dead man must be more useful than either."

"I believe the strongest part of a pine is the sapwood, the surest thing about the hemlock, its color, and the noblest thing about a man, his character. The pine-sap can travel a long way, but the influence of a good character is unbounded."

"I believe there is only one way possible for a tree to fall, and that is the way it leans living. So with a man."

"I believe in gathering up the brush as I go along. It keeps the path clear for others."

But for the almost religious care taken of Abe's diary by his friends, it would have been lost. It is a source of lasting credit to the inhabitants of Simon Creek that they had the wisdom and foresight to keep the unique diary intact. Abe's diary is a most valuable historical interest. On an original way, heedless of the dictates of orthodoxy, casting aside the rigid claims of a narrow, rusty-minded generation, his words immediately look new life and presented truths that are in sympathy with the times.

Here are two others of his short philosophical sayings, referring to human life in general:

"The highest form of lift in this world is humbleness, and the score is to seek of something greater."

"A tree that bears branches on one side only cannot grow stately."

Regina's Living Prices.

Regina is no place for a man to live who is out of a job. The cost of living is larger than in Winnipeg. It is noticed most, perhaps, in food-stuffs and house rent. The driving out of the rancher and the devotion of the farmer entirely to his crops makes it necessary to ship in a large amount of food-stuffs. That he is eating Australian mutton or American bacon. Sirloin steak is about 22 or 23 cents.

This, of course, is the opportunity of the settlers in the northern part of the province who go into mixed farming and raise cattle and hogs very largely. Prices in Regina seem to be much higher in some cases than in nearby towns, the dealers apparently charging all they can get. Last week, when fresh eggs were at 20 cents at Pense, 16 miles away. The coal bill is another important item here. Pennsylvania hard coal is \$12 or \$12.50, anthracite from the C.P.R. mines at Banff \$10 to \$11. Galt coal from Lethbridge, \$7 to \$8. Lignite, a fairly good steam coal, is found south of the city, and can be laid down there for about \$3.50.

In the matter of house rent, the owner of a frame house and lot toward the outskirts of the city—and not by any means a warm winter house—does not hesitate to ask \$4,000 for it, and he gets \$40 monthly rent. There is about 33 feet frontage.

The Timber Census.

The census of the forest products of Canada, to be taken on 1st June, 1911, will embrace square, fancy or flat timber, logs for lumber and miscellaneous products.

In the first class are included ash, birch, hemlock, oak, pine, and all other timber cut as square, fancy or flat, and in the enumeration will be reported for cubic feet and value.

Logs for lumber, which are included in the second class, are in such pine and spruce, the most sought after in the census by quantities of 1,000 feet board measure, with value in the same unit.

Coughs Up a Lizard.

A rare case occurred at Brantford recently. Reginald Duckworth, stepson of Adam Aird, who has been very ill, during a heavy coughing attack brought up a three-inch lizard. Duckworth is recovering rapidly.

## CANADA'S CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

The "Rearing-off Town in Canada" Cannot Wait for Map-Makers.

When a Canadian goes to England he has to learn that he has an accent. He may have been told so before, but he did not believe it. In England he is forced to feel that his voice is harsh, and finally to admit that he has a peculiarity of speech which Englishmen are justified in describing as "the Canadian accent." Yet we are somewhat at a loss to know where the Canadian backwoodsman, quoted by The London Chronicle, learned to talk. A representative of that journal, traveling from Toronto to the new town of Cochrane, fell in with the backwoodsman and they conversed. Here is his account of the interview:

"Cochrane's goin' ter be thar roarin' town in Canada, so thar!"

The backwoodsman paused, gave a savage frown, expectorated violently, and shifted the plug to the other side of his mouth in a manner that conveyed the idea of having imparted some highly important information.

"Well, where is Cochrane, anyway? It's not on the map," I ventured.

"What? Map! Oh—" and he plumped his hand savagely on my shoulder.

"Young'un, you're a tenderfoot. You'll soon learn that maps ain't no account out 'ere. They can't keep up with the growth of the country. We ain't got no call for maps. You jump on the train, look to Cochrane, and they'll put you right down thar sure."

I did book my seat, and some hours later tumbled out of the Pullman with a crowd of travelers. Evidently there were plenty of people who knew all about Cochrane and how to get there, even if I didn't.

It was indeed a motley throng. Lumber-jaws, American swarthy Italians, fair-skinned Scandinavians, bushy-browed Russians, a staid German, two Servians, and typical examples of one or two other nationalities elbowed one another. Each shouldered his sack containing what he thought of his worldly possessions, and ambled his way to a wooden building near by.

"We drop a crowd like that every night," commented the conductor. "They're bound for the camps."

Situated as it is on the junction of two great railways, the London correspondent describes Cochrane as "The Clapham Junction of Canada."

The Accuser Exposed.

The athletic parson is no rare character in these modern days. In fact, it is nothing unusual to see a clergyman of the orthodox and staid Methodist Church, who was principal of Newburgh Academy and afterwards chancellor of Victoria University, was gravely misunderstood because he insisted on sharing the boys' games of ball and hockey. As he was a local preacher, the Methodist authorities summoned him before them to account for his interest in "dangerous and soul-destroying" amusements. The pastor, Mr. Sanderson, who was a genuine Irishman, was in sympathy with the crowd and waited until the prime mover against him had spoken.

"You will hardly believe it," said the pastor referring to the chief accuser, "but I have at hand proof that in the evening of the day of his last visit to Newburgh, he bought a ticket for the circus, and with his hat drawn over his eyes, so that he might not be recognized, slipped into the big tent and enjoyed right heartily the whole performance, trapeze, ball-throwing and all. And this is the man who would bound our brother Nelles to the death of his well-earned Christian reputation! Brethren, I ask for another motion." Needless to say, the young local preacher was exonerated, and the hypocritical accuser was brought to shame. It was also disclosed that Mr. Nelles had taught the boys to play ball in a Christian spirit.

Canada's Sea-Dog.

Rear-Admiral Kingsmill is returning to Canada. His last in England looked after the Canadian navy. He will report that the Niobe—not all tears, however—will be despatched in September and be put into commission in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a training station. The Niobe also has been renovated and will swing out soon via the Suez Canal for Esquimaut on a fisheries protection assignment. Then there are four cruisers and six destroyers to build—in Canada. Admiral Kingsmill is interested in having work begun quickly. Probabilities are in favor of shipbuilding plants and dry-docks at Montreal, Quebec and Halifax—just as soon as the Government are able to decide the ticklish problem of which is entitled to how much.

A Notable Class.

Mackenzie King is just now the most conspicuous all-Canada class member of that distinguished class of '95 in Toronto University. Two of the other brilliant lights in that aggregation are politicians—Hon. C. W. Cross, lately Attorney-General of Alberta, and Hamar Greenwood, well-known in British politics. A good few are writers: Arthur Stringer, novelist and poet; Norman Duncan, minor-poet; the late James Tucker, minor-poet and once co-editor of Saturday Night; Rev. O. B. Wicher, missionary to Japan and Oriental writer.

A Fun Tonic Dog.

The Glasgow naturalist who has been exhibiting a six-month-old Pomeranian as the smallest live dog seen to have missed a rare opportunity of becoming rarer by falling to hire out his services to the circus, has the stands about three inches high, and isn't nearly so long as his designation.

## OUR GREAT INLAND SEA.

Hudson Bay Is the Only Sea Which Is Bordered By But One Country.

Winnipeg Town Topics, a week-end paper, says:

Hudson Bay is destined to figure in world politics, in addition to figuring in Canadian politics.

The United States Government proposes to question the right of Canada to territorial jurisdiction over that body of salt water.

It has been evident for some time that this matter would come up for consideration.

The position of Hudson Bay is unique. It is the only large sea having connection with the ocean that is surrounded on all sides by land under the same flag.

The entrance to the bay being more than sixty miles wide, in the narrowest part, it cannot be said that this connection is by way of waters that are territorial, as the term is generally understood.

The Baltic Sea is a large body of water with a narrow entrance, but its shores belong to three nations. The Mediterranean has a narrow entrance from the ocean, but its shores are owned by several countries.

The Bering Sea is in a way enclosed by land, but its entrance from the ocean is wide, and the shores are owned by two countries.

The Sea of Japan is nearly all enclosed by land, although there are several narrow entrances from the ocean, but its shores are owned by two nations.

The Red Sea has a narrow entrance, but its shores also belong to two nations.

The same is true of the Black Sea. Hudson Bay is landlocked all but at the entrance, which is 60 miles wide, and no question has ever been raised that the land all along its shore line, which must measure 3,000 miles, belongs to Canada.

The question is one which, if raised, will probably go to The Hague Tribunal for settlement.

It is highly important that the jurisdiction of Canada over these waters should be maintained, if it can be under the principles of international law and the interpretations of treaties.

A Reformed Horse-Thief.

Years ago, when horse-stealing was a common pastime in Ontario, "Joe" Rogers, now Superintendent of the Ontario Provincial Police, tracked and cornered a brawny horse-thief in the environs of a little town near Georgian Bay. This man was rapidly making a record for The Police Gazette. When Rogers got hold of him he pulled out a knife and sunk it in the detective's shoulder—not, however, before he had got a life vest from Rogers, with which he was retired to Kingston Penitentiary for seven years.

Some years afterwards Rogers went up to a northern town in Ontario for a hunt. He met a doctor who proposed an expedition to an outpost where there was good moose and one sole inhabitant; a little-known character who had gone quietly in, built a house, taken up land, married and known to hunters in the fall.

Mention of the man's name and the description convinced Rogers. "Why, I guess that's the horse-thief I put in the penitentiary after he had knifed me. That's exactly who he is."

"Humm!" said the doctor. "Well, for heaven's sake not a word about that round here. There isn't a soul that suspects him."

Years went by before up in that same town doing Government detective work following a circus for crooks, Joe mowed round among the canvas and saw near the fence a man with a woman and several children—who came over to Napsace, he bought a ticket for the circus, and with his hat drawn over his eyes, so that he might not be recognized, slipped into the big tent and enjoyed right heartily the whole performance, trapeze, ball-throwing and all. And this is the man who would bound our brother Nelles to the death of his well-earned Christian reputation! Brethren, I ask for another motion." Needless to say, the young local preacher was exonerated, and the hypocritical accuser was brought to shame. It was also disclosed that Mr. Nelles had taught the boys to play ball in a Christian spirit.

Used Rum and Money Too.

The charges and counter-charges of political corruption which were recently voiced in connection with the Manitoba provincial elections have led certain observers in the Maritime Provinces to recall a political incident in Prince Edward Island several years ago.

An ardent supporter of one of the Island's well-known public men came to him during a campaign, in great distress of mind. "Mr. —," he said, "them Tories are using rum and money in this fight. Yes, sir, rum and money."

The candidate was appropriately shocked. "I can hardly believe that such practices are being pursued," he said, "are you quite sure?"

"Am I sure? Why, look here, Mr. —," I was asking John Smith last night to vote for you, but I couldn't offer him \$2 and still he wouldn't promise. Then (in a whisper), I slipping a little bottle into his pocket and he said he would come back and see me later. And I watched him going across the street to the Tory rooms and he never came back. Yes, sir, the Tories are using rum and money, and it ought to be stopped."

Beautiful Buildings.

The architectural beauty spot of Saskatchewan, however, and indeed of the whole of the Prairie Provinces, will be the new Legislative Buildings, now nearing completion. They will cost about \$2,000,000, and some say they will eclipse even the beautiful Legislative Buildings at Victoria, B.C. The material is grey stone, and the solid copper dome above the tower will reach 185 feet from the ground. The site is south of the present outskirts of the city and faces on the long, narrow, winding body of water known as Wascana Lake, which can easily be dredged out and made the centre of a beautiful park scheme. It at present affords facilities for boating and bathing.

## THE PARSONS' CHECKS.

They Were Politely Drawn, but the Bank Threw Them Out.

According to George Cary Eggleston, Virginia of ante-bellum days showed great indifference in money matters. Money in the form of coin was rarely seen. The planters were in the habit of writing checks on a slip of foolscap, instructing the bank to "please" pay the amount specified. Eggleston says:

"This custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworried person of my time that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire ignorance and innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to the drawing of a check. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supplies for his little place—it was too small to be called a plantation—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check.

"When the banks threw these out on the ground that their author had no account the poor old person found the situation a difficult one to understand. He had thought that the very purpose of a bank's being was to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money. 'Why, if I'd had brass, or in the bank,' he explained, 'I shouldn't have written the checks at all; I should have got the money and paid the bills.'"

"Fortunately the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew Parson J. and who happened to be in Richmond at the time. His indorsement made the checks good and saved the unworried old parson a deal of trouble."—Chicago News.

DEEP SEA WATER.

Bottles With Which Samples Are Taken From Ocean Depths.

The water bottle for getting water for analysis from selected depths in the ocean is a cylinder of brass, open at one end, and closed at the other by a cork or a stopper. The cork or stopper is generally about two inches in diameter and twelve or fourteen inches long, with upward opening valve at the top and bottom, connected together on a central stem. Lugs are cast on the side of the cylinder for conveniently securing it at any point along the length of the line by which it is to be lowered into the sea. During the lowering of the line the valves of the bottle are kept unsealed by the passage of the water through the cylinder during its descent, but when the motion is reversed the valves seal themselves and are locked by the descent of a small propeller in the framework above the upper valve, which rides up on a sleeve during the lowering of the bottle, and descends along a screw thread to press the valves upon their seats when the line commences to be hauled up. A specimen of the water at the depth to which the water bottle has descended is thus brought to the surface confined within the bottle, and a series of specimens from different depths may be obtained at one haul by securing a series of water bottles at the required intervals along the sounding line.—Scientific American.

OLD TIME LONDON.

The Days When Men in the Pillory Were Pelted With Eggs.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the Southward road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of traitors may still be seen in the old London bridge. The Father Time with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sights and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—London Saturday Review.

Liberties With Priest.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, who has won innumerable hearts with her singing, added another large number to her tally by an unconventional act which brought down upon her a feeble reprimand. The other night she sang at a concert given in St. Joseph's School, London, in aid of the schools, and it was just after her entrance into the hall that the incident occurred. Father Matthew assisted the singers to the platform, and courteously conducted them to their places. Mme. Marchesi he assisted to the centre of the platform. She appeared to intimate to the reverend father that he should retire, but he apparently did not understand her for the moment. Impulsively, she shook the priest by the shoulder, conducted him to the stairway, and amid roars of laughter, kissed him on the cheek as a salutation for pushing him down the stairs! This innocent act caused the audience to become boisterous in their enthusiasm, but the worthy priest stood abashed and shocked for a moment, and then permitted himself to smile at the liberty, although he upbraided his forerunner reproachfully and shook his grey head.