

The Children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

It is not to be wondered at that the nation should evince an insatiable curiosity concerning the children of the Duke of Cornwall and York, one of whom is destined in all human probability to sit at some future time on the Throne of his ancestors. Everyone who is privileged with the acquaintance of these important little people is emphatic about their charm of manner and their wonderfully precocious intelligence. Such as stories are told illustrating their delightful manners—full of that quaint charm of old world gallantry that is so typical of all her late Majesty's descendants.

As is very commonly known, all the little members of the late Emperor's family are filled with extraordinary military ardour, to which the exciting events in the funeral have materially added fuel. Their pet amusement is playing at soldiers,

and already the eldest three show an extraordinary proficiency in drill and the simpler military evolutions. They all have their toy guns, swords and bayonets, and spend hours at a time quite happily drilling together, little Prince Albert usually acting as corporal. It was a touching sight to see the eldest boy at his beloved grandmother's funeral formally saluting with the unassuming dignity of childhood the coffin as it passed.

Of course it is impossible to vouch for the authenticity of any of the stories current about these delightful little children, any more than one can be sure of the truth of a fable story, but one recent anecdote is so good that it surely must be true. Little Prince Edward attended all the services for the first time at a children's afternoon service in company with his nurse. The solemnity of the occasion had been duly impressed upon his youthful imagination, and his behaviour was exemplary. But even the novelty of the event did not lead him to forget his manners. As he left the church he turned to the obsequiously bowing vergers and said, "Thank you very much indeed for a most pleasant afternoon. I have so enjoyed myself."

Their Majesties have faithfully kept the promise which they made to the Royal tourists before the ending of the "Updell" when they said, "We will take care of the children." During the last six months the three princelings and their sister have never been for a single day beyond the immediate reach of the King or Queen. Three-fifths of the time has been spent by them at Windsor, and the remainder has been divided equally between Sandringham and London.

Despite the queuelike of the Court, Prince Edward's days are full of boyish joys and pleasures. Such simple studies as are allotted to him are limited to the morning hours. His education which was devised by his enlightened mother, who has wisely insisted upon her parental duties in this respect. Indeed, one of the privations that Her Royal Highness is said to feel most keenly during her absence abroad is the interruption in her self-imposed responsibility of supervising the mental and moral impressions formed from day to day by her first-born child. No serious curriculum of private



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But the real love of the hearts of both the two elder boys is for their father's profession. They are determined to be real sailors, and, at a very early age, Prince Edward is said to have once produced a handful of surreptitiously obtained salt, and insisted on putting it in his bath, as he seemed to bathe in fresh water.

Perhaps the sweetest story of all about these interesting children is that relating to their humble little tribute to the memory of their dearly-loved "Gran-gran." With infinite care to preserve that secrecy and mystery that children so love, they gathered a strange assortment of short-stemmed flowers, and then the eldest was elbowed for hours inditing the inscription on a piece of paper. "From Edward and Albert and Baby and Baby's Brother" it ran, and his own name proved a terrible stumbling block to the youthful scribe, having to be mis-corrected three times before it merited his final satisfaction. Then, much blotched and disfigured, the legend was tied to the bunch, which alone of all the floral offerings was accorded a place of honour on the dead Queen's coffin.

study will be laid down for the Prince until after the return of his mother from the present visit to the British beyond the seas.

It is to be hoped that in future years the Sovereign's wildest grandsons will remember at least something of the many happy hours he spent as a little boy with Queen Victoria, for, notwithstanding his tender years, he seems to have been far more often the chosen companion of the late Queen than were at the same age any other of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It does not require much imagination to conjure up some of the thoughts, hopes, and prayers with which the aged sovereign must have watched the early footsteps of this king-to-be. Although it has naturally been impossible to prevent Prince Edward from knowing that he is in some ways more important than his brothers and sister, hitherto his seniority has been rather more a reason that he should give way to three younger than himself; and one may be quite sure that, whatever may have been the rule with the Princess Victoria of Kent, no one is allowed to whisper to Prince Edward, "Some day you will be king."