

CANADIAN TEACHERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA ENJOYED LONDON SIGHTS.

Miss Johnston Writes Another Entertaining Letter.—Visit to the Royal Stables—Service in St. Paul's—Sunday Pleasantly Spent—Historic Hatfield House—They Meet the Archbishop of Canterbury.

London, May 9.—The work of choosing our 24 worth of educational supplies was made easy by the Educational Supply Co., 40 High Holborn. They had prepared a sample list of what they supposed would be most necessary. We struck out some things and substituted others which were considered more desirable. Great stress is laid upon bright pictures and cheerful songs, of which we have laid in quite a store.

We got the list of our camp equipment from the colonial office, to which we have added such luxuries as rubber sheets, pillow slips and table napkins, and any other little things we fancied, so if we go unprovided for any emergency it will be our own fault.

Saw the Royal Stables.

Saturday we had passes to the Royal Mews and to St. Paul's. The king has about 135 horses in the stables here, besides his race horses kept in the country. I hope our camps will be as tidy as their stables are. There is a straw carpet in the stalls, and clean straw scattered over that; red sand sprinkled over each horse's stall, with the name of each horse painted on the wall above his head. The different stalls are on four sides of a large open square. Each horse is rubbed down until he shines like satin. The famous creams for the state carriage are not so large as the Windsor Hall pair, I should fancy, but they are clearer cream. It stands to reason they ought to be some better. There were many number of stable boys and grooms about. One pointed out to us the merits of the water-closet at the mews. "The water-closet is of solid oak, ladies, solid oak gilded over. The paintings on the panels are by some bold Hittalian master. They are a red Morocco pattern with gold mountings." etc.

One interesting place is the riding school, where the horses are broken in. From a window in the palace the Queen used to watch her small grandchildren and great grandchildren learning to ride. The place is all hung with flags now, and there is a small band in attendance to get the horses used to the decorations and noise of the coronation procession.

We saw Queen Alexandra's grooms. The riding horses stand with their noses turned out, and are held by chains from either side to accustom them to standing tied. We patted their noses, and they looked as if they would much have appreciated a lump of sugar.

At St. Paul's.

From the Royal Mews and the preceding service, and white dress, we went to St. Paul's, just in time for the 4 o'clock service. The great church was in the shadow of a showery afternoon. We sat through the first of a few moments' rest. The organ prelude came softly and the "amen" of the chorists outside. When the chorists were seated with their eyes turned toward to see the music the evensong began. The voices on one side responded to those on the other, part answered to part, as you might expect, and wonderfully clear, wonderfully sweet. I'm not sure which effect I like better, the full harmony of the choir from near at hand, or the light, light, light, voices up into the dome, as you hear it from somewhere near the door.

We went down into the crypts, one of the greatest objects of British glory. The very first bust at the foot of the stairs is Sir John A. Macdonald, and we have a share of it all. Tablets and monuments record the names of every path of life—soldiers, sailors, newspaper correspondents, musicians, churchmen, whose deeds have all gone to make the empire what it is.

We reached in good time, realizing how soon the details of history escape from our memories. The old, red-leather guide, with a lustrous face to suit the moment, showed us the details of the life of the man who led the British soldiers, and the details of the life of the man who led the British soldiers, and the details of the life of the man who led the British soldiers.

Mrs. Chamberlain a Cape Boteiner.

Herbert Chamberlain married a Miss Williams from Cape Breton, and she has been most kind to us. At her house we met the Hon. Mrs. Chamberlain, Madame Alban, Lord and Lady William Seymour, and a number of others who had been in Canada. Everybody wants to know what we are about as ignorant as they are of the exact conditions. We tell them all the same things that we told them last time, and they seem to be interested in what we are going to do in South Africa. They want to know what we have seen in London and they say Americans are so energetic; they always see so much of it that they are sure to be interested in what we are going to do in South Africa. They all express the greatest surprise that we have improved our minds by seeing France and Ulster, and they advise us not to miss "The Little French Milliner." And so, gradually, we are enlarging our minds about the British Empire and its inhabitants.

Monday afternoon we visited the South

Kensington Museum, and afterward went to tea with Miss Hervey the vicar of the little church. The Hon. Mrs. Joyce, president of the British Women's Emigration Association, gave us a few words of kindly greeting. Lady Knightley, Táshes daughter of the late Bishop of Winchester, and presented to the five party of us a Canadian teacher who spent their last day in England at Winchester.

A number of the ladies of the Association were present to echo the words of the vicar. These are busy women, you must know. In the five days we had been in England, one of them told us she had attended 13 committee meetings, and had been to the theatre, and was now at work in South Africa. Miss Baden-Powell is very active in this line. She asked us to write and tell our work in the camps.

Tuesday afternoon we spent seeing one of the greatest of the old houses of England, Hatfield House. Lady Edward Cecil, whose husband is at the moment in the West Indies, met us at the station. Her small son, George, very blue-eyed and fair, assisted his mamma. On the way up to the house the four sons of the rectory of Hatfield left their games and came with us. The Cecil children are very attractive, fresh, jolly-looking, and their manners and conversation are beautiful. They visited the old house, going back I don't know how far. It is now used as a stable. We climbed a narrow winding staircase to a tiny room where Queen Elizabeth was kept a prisoner for four years by Queen Mary. Still further up a room, and then to the top of the tower where she used to take her exercise. We were pointed out the oak tree under which she was sitting when the news was brought to her of Mary's death. They say she stood on a bench and waved her hat around her head and laughed with joy. Her garden is in part a model of the original gardens, and in the drawing room. We also saw the famous lion oak mentioned in the Domesday book.

In a magnificent carved oak case is the royal Elizabeth's tutor made to teach her history. From Elizabeth it goes back to Adam, whose little hut adorns the first few lines. One of the youthful Cecils was sent to get it down for us, but it got stuck somewhere and he had to call upon his pretty aunt to come back and rescue it from imminent destruction.

Historic Hatfield House

Hatfield House proper was built in 1811, and is a huge place. It is surrounded by miles of green fields, where the fields are green and the trees are green. We got down on our knees and picked red English violets and primroses; those dear, pale primroses that never grow up but always come back to us. The violets were dearer still because just like those at home.

A whole book would be required to tell of the treasures within the house. Of pictures there are no end, and interesting relics of all descriptions. We visited the room where Wellington slept, also one occupied by Queen Victoria. We had tea in the room where the Marquis of Salisbury himself. There were several tables covered with delicate instruments for carrying on researches in physics, the way in which the leader of the House of Lords delights to spend his week-end when at home. Of one corner, almost hidden from sight, was the simple iron bed in which this great man sleeps. In the dressing room was his unique bath. He dived into it in a tub, so he had a standing bath built. There is a little stair leading six or seven steps into a marble well. The taps are at the top, just below the level of the floor.

We had tea in the marble hall, under the standard tank from Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo by Wellington. Miss Chamberlain, the daughter of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, occupied the chair at the foot of the table. When Lady Edward had finished pouring tea her baby was brought in, a bright little girl not a year old, named Helen.

During the first year of the war Lady Edward Cecil and Lady Charles Bentinck were most active in sending supplies and hospital comforts up to the front. Lord Kitchener would not permit ladies to go up country and so these ladies stayed at Cecil Rhodes' in Cape Town, and at an immense deal for the soldiers. Lady Edward told me the very day the League of Loyal Women held their first meeting in South Africa they received word of the formation of the Daughters of the Empire in Canada. She was much interested in our Canadian society. Just to show you what the people here think of us on the other side of the water, when these ladies reserved a station carriage for us to go down to Hatfield, and asked how much it would cost, the manager said that at least the Great Northern Railway could do for the Canadians was to give them free the very best they had.

The Hatfield visit will remain in our memories as one of the most delightful days spent in England.

On Wednesday afternoon the Hon. Maude Stanley and Miss Mansfield took us to the Tate Gallery. There we saw some of the best work of British artists. From the Tate Gallery we crossed the Thames to Lambeth Palace. The porter told us the history of the gate, that dates 1400. He showed us where Mary of Modena, disguised as a washerwoman, with the Prince of Wales wrapped up in a bundle of soiled linen, hid an article of the wall, while her carriage was being got ready for her escape to France. We heard the history of old illuminated books, stained glass, coats of arms, and we might have learned volumes only we had to rush on. The chaplain took us up in the Lollard's Tower, where those poor unfortunates used to be chained to iron rings in the wall, and where they scribbled their Latin sentiments upon the stone. From the tower we got a beautiful view of the house of parliament across the river. The sun was just breaking through a mass of fog and lighted the shining roof of the Abbey in an exquisite bit of color.

OBITUARY.

James G. Stuart, Hopewell Hill. Hopewell Hill, May 22.—The community this evening heard with deep regret of the sudden death of James G. Stuart, deputy sheriff, a well-known resident of this village. Mr. Stuart was taken ill with neuralgia of the heart on Saturday, but in a measure recovered from the attack, and was thought to be doing well, when a recurrence this evening caused his death in a few hours. Deceased was about 50 years of age, and had always enjoyed exceptionally robust health. He was a son of the late John Stuart, of Bellmore, Albert county, and been a resident of this place for more than 25 years. He was a very industrious man, and recently bought a good property. He is survived by his wife, two sons, Gordon, of Bolton, and Archie, residing at home; one daughter, Mrs. Fred G. Robinson, of this place, and a mother and a large number of brothers and sisters. The most of the latter are living abroad. One brother, Daniel W. Stuart, is police magistrate at Riverside, in this county.

Mrs. Saul Bonnell. Mrs. Bonnell, wife of Capt. Saul Bonnell, died at her residence, North Sydney (C. B.) Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. For some time Mrs. Bonnell had been in poor health, but her death was unexpected. Her husband, who had been on a trip to New Brunswick in his vessel, arrived home Friday night. Mrs. Bonnell was a native of Newfoundland and had resided in North Sydney for the past eight or nine years.

Harry McKee. Frederickton, May 25.—(Special).—The death occurred at Newick Ridge last night of Harry, the nine-year-old son of Harry McKee, now of Manitoba. He was operated on for appendicitis a few days ago and never rallied from its effects.

Death of an Aged Postmaster. Augustine F. Concan, who was appointed to the position of postmaster at Concomsville, Clare, on the 12th of September last, died at his home in that place on Tuesday last. He was 88 years of age. Mr. Concan has not enjoyed very good health for some time past, but no serious results were anticipated. He was able to be about and on the day before his death took dinner with his family. In his position as postmaster he was most painstaking and obliging and was held in high esteem by all classes. He leaves a widow, 81 years of age, to whom he was married 57 years ago. He also leaves three sons and four daughters.—D. W. H. Courier.

Lord Pauncefote. Washington, May 24.—Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador, died at 5 o'clock this morning. About 2 o'clock he suddenly developed a very weakened heart condition and a consultation of his physicians was called. They were unable to rally him, and he died peacefully, not having regained consciousness from the sleep he fell into during the night.

Grinding Canadian Wheat in the States. The Grain in Bond Sent to Minneapolis—Product to Go to United Kingdom. Minneapolis, May 22.—The Washburn-Crosby Company will this week start its mill grinding Canadian wheat in bond. The company has just concluded negotiations for a large consignment of Canadian wheat to be transported to Minneapolis over the Soo and Canadian Pacific. It is proposed to market the entire product in the United Kingdom, including the usual and short-cut shorts, and a large quantity of investigation the Washburn-Crosby Company has brought plan for grinding Canadian wheat to a basis which it can be ready at the same time be used as an entering wedge in bringing Canadian grain to Minneapolis.

Constant, the French Painter. Paris, May 26.—Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant, the French painter, is dead.

Mrs. M. Morris, Chatham. Chatham, N. B., May 25.—(Special).—The very sad death occurred today of Mrs. Morris, wife of Alderman Michael Morris, of the W. Richards Company's firm here. She was the widow of a man who was well known in this town.

Aerial Navigation at Cape Breton. Professor Bell at Baddeck and Will Experiment. Baddeck, C. B., May 23.—Professor Graham Bell has arrived here after spending the winter at Washington (D. C.) while in Cape Breton Professor Bell intends to devote his time to the problem of aerial navigation, upon which he has, with great measure of success, for several years been engaged. During the past few months he has had manufactured about 120 kites of various shapes and sizes. He is now engaged in flying these kites, and tabulating the varying angles of elevation for the different shapes, which data he hopes to successfully embody in a flying machine of practical value.

New Invasion Planned. Venezuelan Revolutionists Reported Being Assisted by Colombia. Willmstead, Island of Curacao, May 23.—A reliable report has reached here that a new invasion of the Venezuelan frontier by Venezuelan revolutionists is contemplated and will occur shortly. The Venezuelan revolutionists, who contemplate this invasion are said to have been assisted by the government of Colombia with arms and men.

Cop's Cotton Bait Composed. The ice man will soon have things coming his weight.

When You Have Headache. The ice man will soon have things coming his weight.

MEN'S SUITS FOR SPRING 1902.

M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled, M. R. & A's Unrivalled.

Manchester Robertson & Allison.

Smith, Markey & Mont ometry. Temple Bldg., 165 St. James St., Montreal. Robert O. Smith, K. C., Fred H. Markey, Geo. R. Montgomery, Walter W. Skinner.

Another for J. W. Smith. Adds to His Fleet New Schooner Ready for Launching at Port Greville.

Acadia Commencement Exercises. The commencement exercises of the Acadia will be: Friday evening, May 30—Piano recital, Alumnus hall, Acadia Seminary, by Miss Mabel Miller Elliott, Mary Amelia Delap.

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Advertisement for Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, listing symptoms like Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other ailments.

Advertisements for PUL-MO-SURE (a cough remedy), FOR SALE (various goods), MONEY TO LOAN, and other notices.