

## 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. Endless stories are told illustrating their delightful manners—full of that great 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 heir-apparent's family are filled with extraordinary military ardour, to which the exciting events in the Transvaal 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 unconscious dignity of childhood the coffin as it passed. 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 produced a handful of surreptitiously obtained salt, and insisted on putting it in his bath, as he scorned 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 closeted 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 blotted 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.