

The Literary Kingdom.

SINCE the advent of Pete and the Deemster, and the coming of Hall Caine to our shores, there is much brushing of dust from memories of Manxland. Through the mist of years we recall the butterfly wings of the trawlers out on the blue, the lazy curl of a far-off breaker and the creaming of the surf as it flings white arms of entreaty to the crags dipping down to the sea. In the long-ago we said good-bye to Douglas, the chief town; to the little fishing village of Peel and, farther inland, to the hillside village of Glenmay, where vine-clad cottages fill the glen with rustic beauty and where, near by, is the scene of Kate's first home. Kate, beloved of Pete, the Manxman, therefore to be remembered for his sake. Towards the south, past the falling waters of the glen, the hills are mantled with purple and gold and the air is made glad with blossoming heather and the vanilla-sweet scent of the gorse flower. We see again the splendid beauty of the women; the frank, clear eyes, the cheeks tinted by salt breeze and sunshine to the pink of a sea-shell and the bronze of an autumn leaf. And the men were as handsome as Vikings, as brave and as remindful of the sea. We might have encountered Pete anywhere—tall, broad-shouldered, with full-curling, golden beard and kindest eyes, the most unflinching and the merriest; Pete, when he first kissed Kate beside the watermill; Pete, as he came back rich and big from the gold country; Pete, on his wedding day; Pete, before ever he constructed that saddest lie in literature of Kate on a gran' visit to her London uncle.

No prominent man of letters in our time lives a more unliterary life than Hall Caine. His neighbors are small farmers and fishermen, with whom he

mingles freely and from whom he learns lessons that give strength and something stronger to all that flows from his pen. Much is being written of Mr. Caine's attractive personal appearance, fascinating manner and strength of character which stamps itself upon all that he says and does, and now from the letter of a Southern journalist we quote this quaint bit as it came from the lips of an old Manxman at Peel: "'E wears 'is 'air long, 'e does, and one day when my brother was 'ere from Manchester 'e asked me who was the long-haired chap, and when I told 'im 'e said 'e would not for a pound 'ave missed the sight. I didn't think nothink of it myself. Theer goes 'is father now; the old man in the big 'at with the collie dog. 'E was a good blacksmith—none better on the island—but 'e does not work any more; 'is son looks after him."

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN'S (Mrs. Cotes) winsome face looks out from her latest photograph with all the old-time sweetness of girlhood familiar to Canadian friends. The subtle influence of the Indian climate has apparently not lessened Mrs. Cotes's native vigor, fostered in the bracing atmosphere of her one-time Northern home. Born in Brantford, Ontario, the eldest daughter of a large and thoroughly energized family, Mrs. Cotes had the charm of good comradeship in her keen pursuit of winter sports. So thoroughly was the household imbued with a love of outdoor life that on glorious winter days, when the air sparkled and scintillated and the snow crisped and cracked beneath one's tread, the entire family, Duncan *père*, the older sons and daughters, and the little tots barely past babyhood, might frequently be seen wending their way to the town rink, there