



HEBERTVILLE, LAKE ST. JOHN, P.Q. (Livernois, photo.)

### A Welcome Gift.

The family of the late Hon. Alex. Morris have presented to the library of the Royal Military College some books written by their father, viz., "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West" and "Nova Britannia." Besides they have given from their father's library "Southey's Peninsular War" and a large and valuable atlas, showing the movements, battles and sieges in which the British army was engaged, during the war 1808-1814, in the Peninsula and south of France." These latter works have the autograph of Lord Metcalfe on the title page, and were, we believe, presented by Mr. Morris's father. It is to be hoped that the College library will be enriched by many more such generous gifts.

### Sister Rose Gertrude at Hawaii.

England and the Union published the following letter from Sister Rose Gertrude to the Rev. Hugh Chapman:—"Kalihi Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, March 11.—Reverend and Dear Sir,—I am not going to Molokai, at any rate at present. There is a new leper station here, and the President of the Board of Health says I shall be more useful here. There is no one, and there are 20 poor lepers under the care of Dr. Lutz. Besides this, there are a great many 'suspects,' and here there are children. The doctor says it would be a better work to teach these children and to comfort them in the newness of their grief. I do not think for the present we need anything. Later on we might have some more books, pictures, toys and sweets. I should like some picture-books and any sort of games. I am going to keep some of the presents for Kalihi, and send or take the rest to Molokai. I think this will meet with your approval. The Americans gave a lot of things, too. I should like some lovely English story books for prizes for my little class, and I should like 'Ethel's Book of the Angel' (Burns and Oates), and some tales of martyrs that might help them to bear their martyrdom. Dr. Kimball says I may have some of my children for 20 years. I have a great deal to do and my office to say, so I must end. Aloha.—Ever your grateful and loving friend, SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE." In another letter Sister Rose Gertrude says:—"I have one patient dying, unless Our Lady saves him, of pleuro-broncho-pneumonia, another with an internal complaint, some very bad surgical cases, and 50 ordinary dressings and dispensings three times a day. I make up my own medicines and solves for the most part, and have to wait on the doctor with the patients, so you will understand how busy I am. The patients are very well behaved. We have eight acres of ground, and they live in separate cottages all around. The president took me to Molokai. I kept some of my presents and sent the rest on. I was very glad to

have them the day the examiners came. Some of the 'suspects' were moved on the leper side, and they cried so, because they knew all hope was over. Some are very distressing to look at, and they get into a state of general ill-health, poor things. They feel the parting dreadfully but they say they soon get used to it, once at Molokai."—*London Times*.

### Major Mendax Kidnapped.

In the May number of *Temple Bar* there is a sensational story of a man's rescue from the bowels of the earth by the spouting of a geyser. It is entitled "The Puia," and contains the following paragraph:—"Every one has seen a ball or a cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now, let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man! Such was now my situation. There was now the Brobdingagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?" We are in a position to answer this question. A similar adventure occurred to Major Mendax, and is narrated in the first chapter of his "Hairbreadth Escapes." The chapter is headed "In Suspense." As the same exploit of the Major was printed some years ago in *The Union Jack*, a London periodical, and reproduced in the *Magazine of Short Stories*, in January last, under the title "Saved by a Geyser," it is just possible that the *Temple Bar* story-teller may be more indebted to his memory than his imagination for the idea.—*Halifax Evening Mail*.

### Brothers After All.

During the anti-Chinese agitation in the Australian Colonies, not long ago, there were few places in which the child-like and bland immigrant from the Celestial Empire was treated with so much discourtesy, not to say rudeness, as in Bendigo. The Bendigonians are proverbially, however, forgiving folk—so, indeed, must be the Bendigo Chinaman too, when we come to think of it—for at the Easter Fair held in the great mining centre, the other day, the Chinese were permitted to mingle, which they did in sweet profusion, with the white-faced European earth-eaters. The monster procession which passed through the streets of the town included some six hundred Chinese, who were dressed for the occasion in national costume, and carried peculiar musical instruments and quaint weapons. Are they not men and brothers after all?—*Ex.*

### Garth Grafton's Triumph.

Under this title, which sounds like a welcome fact, Mr. G. Mercer Adam publishes in the *Saturday Globe*, (June 28) a long and most interesting review of Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's book, "A Social Departure: How Orthodoxy and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London, and to be issued on this continent by the enterprising firm of the Appletons. The book has been a grand success, a success in which all Canada, and not least Montreal, where Miss Duncan and "Orthodoxy" are so well known, should be proud to share.

### HUMOROUS.

MARRIED FLIRT to society belle: I'm so sorry I ever married. Society belle (behind her fan): So am I. Married flirt (eagerly): Is that so my dar—. Society belle (sarcastically): Yes, sir; very sorry—for your poor wife.

TOO MANY SISTERS.—"That's all right," he said, as he took up his hat, "but I have got seventeen sisters already. You are now down on the list as the eighteenth. Speaking with a full knowledge of all the facts, some girl has got to stop this one-sided streak of relationship pretty soon or I will disown the whole family."

SOCIAL.—"How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty dear!" i. e., "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy." "Yes, capital story I know—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;" i. e., "What an escape! Doesn't button-hole me again to night if I know it."

HOOLEY'S DILEMMA.—Lapse of memory. Lawyer Stanley: You'll have to sign your maiden name to the document, madam. Mrs. Hooley: Be gorry, we've been married thot long Oi forget it. Pfwat was it, Pat? Mr. Hooley: Sure, Oi used t' be that attentive to yure cousin Katie Oi'm forgettin' meself pfwhich one o'yez Oi married.

A PHLEGMATIC old quarrier, whom nothing could put out, was one day working away when the hat of one of his fellow-workmen blew off and struck the old man on the side of the head, making him jump. "Ha! ha!" laughed the others at seeing this; "that made ye jump, Geordie, at ony rate." "Deil a bit," was the calm reply; "I was intendin' to jump onyway."

TEACHER: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers. Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. [five minutes later] Now, then, Benjamin, what is it that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.