



"ELSINORE."  
HAMILTON, ONT.

Wallace's advice the Retail Grocers' Association has been patient, and after a four hour's discussion of the subject with the Wholesale Grocers' Guild representative, a sort of *modus vivendi*, giving somewhat easier terms, has been arrived at. Since the 1st inst., the following label has been attached to all invoices sent out from guild houses:—

TRADE CREDITS AND DISCOUNTS.  
General Groceries,—three months time.  
Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Canned Goods,  
Fish, Produce, &c.,—thirty days

Very short work for men who often have to give six months for all their goods, and in case of hard times, twelve.

The visit of Henry M. Stanley to this city is awakening much speculation as to who will hear him. The prices range high, but the crush will be tremendous nevertheless, for every one is anxious to see the man whose march across so large a section of unexplored Africa was of itself a miracle of courage, but when hampered by difficulties like those Stanley has surmounted, has made him and his band of faithful helpers a spectacle of heroism. It is too early to form a judgment upon those painful parts of the story that are in course of enquiry. Besides, they do not affect the valiant service of the front column.

St. Alban's Cathedral has reached such a stage of erection that the Bishop of Toronto has held receptions at the See House, which are to be continued for several weeks, so that the members of the English communion may have a fair chance of becoming acquainted with the head church of the Diocese, and, therefore, as its friends hope, interested in its prosperity. The majority of Canadians have yet to learn what a real cathedral foundation is and how far it is suitable to the needs of the country and the times, and it is satisfactory to know that Bishop Sweatman proposes nothing that is not really adapted to and needed by the Dominion, so that waste upon worn-out institutions will not evoke displeasure nor divert money needed for useful purposes.

#### Pierre Loti's New Book--Rarahu.

Like every one else who has been in Japan for the last year or two, I must plead guilty of having read and enjoyed Pierre Loti's "Mademoiselle Chrysanthe." I read it in Japan, and forgive me if I overlooked the astounding impropriety of the book in the keen delight I felt in reading such a wonderfully true description of a life so hard to describe (except on the ludicrous side) as the Japanese. Pierre Loti seems to be at his best when he is lingering over the artistic beauties which go so far towards making the life of the Japanese—happy people, who have, I believe, a truer love of beauty than any other country. Fancy, for instance, a working man living and being happy on a few cents a day, with a small slice of land entirely

devoted to cherry trees which bear no fruit but the most wonderful blossoms, and afford the simple owner a far keener pleasure than the best developed cabbages the said amount of land could produce at the highest possible cultivation. But Pierre Loti was not entirely in love with Japan. I think sometimes he was a little hard on his "Kika." The contrast between "Rarahu" and "M. Chrysanthe" is very marked. The description of his little Tahitian wife is altogether fascinating. In "Rarahu," his last book, he seems in love with his wife, in love with his surroundings and himself; altogether his description of life in the Polynesian Islands sound, indeed, altogether too good to be true; there is a touch of fairy land about it. His little butterfly wife, who was quite contented to spread her wings for the few short months as the white man's wife, expecting nothing better than to be remembered only as his favourite plaything. While reading "Rarahu" one is no longer in a hotel room surrounded by four walls and a "suite" of furniture differing only from your next door neighbour's in the one fact that your number on the door is 126 and the next 128, and from the flat above you that they pay one dollar and a half less a week and go without the sofa, one is wandering about shady palm and bamboo groves with Rarahu, who is beginning to have delightfully prim ideas of life, hanging on to her white man's arm, dressed in trailing white vapoury dresses which show the soft lines of her dusky form. Pierre Loti suggests so much and describes so little that one never tires of this loving child-wife.

I would have wished, indeed, that the last Pierre Loti saw of her was the last we hear of her. Rarahu's end is sadder than Mademoiselle Chrysanthe's. The last we see of the latter is ringing every coin paid her by her husband *pro tem*, with a small hammer, which sounds as though it were a business Mlle. Kika was not wholly unaccustomed to, and being surprised in the act by the said husband, who had returned to have a last look at his home in Dai Nippon and, I think, to see if Madame Chrysanthe had more feeling for him than he credited her. Rarahu, on the other hand, having a greater height to fall from, had fallen lower, but after closing the book we only think of her as the bright, passionate, impetuous, little savage between the conflicting feelings of the missionaries' teachings and her love of everything beautiful from the new and higher thoughts her white lord put into her bright little head, which she so loved to decorate with scarlet flowers, down to the bright silks and cheap jewelry she bought from John Chinaman with her smiles and favours. His description of Queen Pomare's Court supplies the book with delightful touches of humour. The fat and greasy Queen, who has a very tender corner in her heart for the gold-laced officers of Her Majesty's service, reminds one, indeed, of some of the characters in "Alice in Won-

derland"; in fact, she is just a queen on a chessboard, very wooden, very stoic. One can picture her being moved from her gaudy throne by the same means only as one moves a chess queen. The whole book is novel and delightful, one of the few one does not tire of before one has finished it, and would like to begin again.

NORMA DE LORIMIER.

#### Life in a New Zealand Homestead.

It is not, then, wonderful that life remains pure and simple, and that one actually does escape from many of the worries of the outer world. To assert that the domestic life of a New Zealand sheep farmer and his household in the backwoods has in it little of hardship or discomfort will, perhaps, astonish the generality of people. But such is the fact. The rooms of the house are spacious and cheerful, with a wide verandah outside, covered with creepers, honeysuckle and roses. By the way, the rose trees in this part of the world grow so high that at Christmas, when the sitting-room is decorated with Maréchal Niels, they are inaccessible without a ladder's help. Though the life is principally an out-door one, even in winter, every comfort is found within—from Liberty cushions and a Broadwood to fire glass and damask. The mistress and her neighbours vie with each other in making their homes pretty and picturesque. Outside, the sheds and stables are rude and rough, but indoors comfort reigns supreme. Much thought is spent on the fare, and great efforts made to disguise the inevitable mutton, which is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*. The menus are, however, varied now and again by gifts from neighbours—so called, though the nearest is twenty miles away—and the sportsmen who bring in wild cattle, pigs, turkeys, hares, and all sorts of water fowl. Still, the housekeeper can place no dependence on these, and her brain is exercised in veiling the monotony of the fare; and very wonderfully successful, as a rule, are her efforts. Home cured hams, bacon, an overflowing dairy and kitchen garden, it is surprising how much can be done with simple materials. Bread is baked at home, of course, unless one wishes to send seventy miles for it. The hours are only comfortably early at the station, unless there is extra work to be done. Generally, however, one is up betimes; for early morning is glorious among the New Zealand mountains; clear and fresh, with an exhilarating atmosphere, and a crisp feeling even in midsummer. It is a pleasure, moreover, which will bear frequent repetition, to watch the sky slowly brightening far into the intense blue, until at last the grand old sun bursts forth in full power. The breakfast table is always laden with fruit, which has to be freshly gathered, the butter put into the snow stream to cool, and many other duties attended to.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for September.*