

Queen Alexandra.

To be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of every body born to wear a crown—that is, every woman body. But it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honor belongs to Alexandra, Queen Consort on the British throne. This gracious lady has all the world over won, not only admiration and esteem, but love. And certainly there must be something specially fine and womanly, when even a stranger has a feeling of affection for the woman who now succeeds the illustrious Victoria.

Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, belongs to a remarkable family. Historically, Denmark is counted as of great importance, but, in reality, it is but a small sovereignty, and the Princess herself was, while thoroughly educated, taught all the industries that would be part of the knowledge of a daughter of ordinary gentle-folk. It is well known that in her girlhood she made and even "made over" her simple dresses, and was her own milliner. She was given that excellent training with the needle and taught the housewifely arts that all German mothers consider an indispensable feature of their daughters' training.

A very pretty and romantic story is told of how the Princess of Denmark became the wife of Prince Albert Edward of Wales. The Prince chanced to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three friends when one of them a colonel produced from his pocket a photograph. The prince immediately became struck by the beauty and simplicity of the young person in the picture, and soon became possessor of it. Within a very short time he had despatched a confidential emissary to Denmark to carry his suit to the Princess. The emissary was struck by the simplicity of the royal personages, but particularly by the grandeur and beauty of the young princess. Because of her simple home training the Princess was best fitted for the pomp and honor of her station. At the age of nineteen, a beautiful young girl, she was married to the Prince, and it was a marriage so pleasing to the English people that the poet laureate was not exaggerating when he wrote, "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee." As she was greeted then, so was her greeting ever continued, for she is, without any exception the most popular woman in the kingdom.

As the years have gone on and the bride of nineteen has now become a grandmother at fifty-six, the remarkable beauty of face and magnetism of manner that so charmed the English people at first is as great as ever, and she is the best evidence in the world of the fact that a woman has discovered the secret of eternal beauty, and that it is—a loving heart, a generous mind, and a sweet, amiable consideration.

Purity of thought and deed has characterized the entire life of Her Royal Highness, and to be in her set means to be received by a woman whom the whole world knows to be good and true. Her own sweet manner, her own faith, and her interest not only in her own life and that of those about her, but extending as it does to the stranger and to the sufferer, has made many women eager to be good as she is good. She has that marvelous art of making goodness seem attractive; of making the right act the pleasant one and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasure of life. Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valour, of having made men die for them and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life—and not only does she value peace but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity, abide with her. In her own household the devoted wife and mother, she has, nevertheless, always proved herself equal to the demands of the great social functions, and for this ability to be whatever time and place demand of her she gains special admiration from the English people. The life is many-sided, but Queen Alexandra is perfectly capable of filling with grace and dignity all that is expected of her.

While thoroughly understanding the art of magnificent dressing when it is required, she has always been simple in her attire at home and in the country. Very fond of both walking and driving it is not marvel

ous that the Queen has retained her beautiful complexion, and that, with her artistic knowledge, she is counted the best-dressed woman in England. Simplicity is the keynote to her attire, and it is by her influence that the well-made cloth gown and the small bonnet retained their hold so long in the fashionable world. When she goes yachting, a simple blue serge gown, trimmed with white braid, and a cap, on which the name of the royal yacht is painted, is the costume fancied by her and her daughters, and the one that permits them to have a thoroughly good time and enjoy the sea and the sea air as they wish to do. As Princess of Wales she has always been most happy when residing at Sandringham, in Norfolk, where she chooses to live as might any gentlewoman. Here she has her favourite drives, her pet charities, her wonderful dairy, her own flower garden and all her pets. It is one of her fads to care for a wild flower garden, which is in one corner of the grounds, and where the dainty blossoms from field and forest are cared for and made sweeter and lovelier because of the attention given them. Sandringham House is a very large and beautiful place, but one which impresses you more with its comfort than with its magnificence. Perhaps the most striking feature of the estate is the garden, and the most noticeable characteristics of the gardens are their trimness, brightness, and the perfectly smooth working of the whole. The kitchen gardens comprise no less than fourteen acres. The greenhouses are numerous and in most cases are devoted exclusively to one plant. There are about thirty in all. The Queen is particularly fond of lilac and lilies, and as far as possible these are always supplied by the gardeners

at Sandringham. Buttons are given to all the guests every evening at dinner, so that a generous quantity of flowers suitable for the purpose is always required. The Queen likes a low table and the beautiful corymbus are often employed for this purpose. She does not care for maiden-hair, preferring the filmy fronds of the asparagus fern and trails of smilax. On her birthday the table decorations are particularly choice; very often a blending of her favorite lilies of the valley and vivid scarlet geraniums is chosen.

From her father the Queen inherited her great love of animals; he is passionately fond of all dumb creatures, and our Queen shares this characteristic in a marked degree. Although she no longer hunts, she has generally attended the meets, and she has many pets amongst the horses and ponies at Sandringham. A team of small Hungarians is a great delight to her, for she is a good whip, and takes the greatest pleasure in driving either four-in-hand or tandem. One of her most cherished gifts on her silver wedding day was a model of her favorite saddle-horse. Her four Hungarian ponies are known as Huffy, Puffy, Beans, and Bens. Many a succulent carrot, many a juicy apple, handful of sugar, and slice of bread finds its way into the mouths of these dainty little animals, for the Queen always maras her visits to the stables and kennels by some such dainties. Often a simple little pony cart is seen driving through the village, and in the cart a sweet-faced woman, whom all the world admires as a beautiful and gracious Royal lady, whom we of Great Britain now proudly style our Queen, and whom the country folk know as the Lady Bountiful of the land. Although Windsor Castle will henceforth be her official residence, her home life will always seem to be associated with the lovely Sandringham, where everything is marked with her own personality.

In her charities the Queen has shown greatest interest in those institutions intended for women and children, and has made special exertions for the Chelsea hospital for women, and for all the places

where little children are cared for. When she herself was suffering from acute rheumatism, the little patients at the hospitals got a greater number of books and toys than ever before. One of her great desires has been to make in London a suitable home for working girls; for those girls who found the ordinary boarding house too expensive, and who were, so to say, cast adrift in the world. From this idea grew the Alexandra house, at Kensington, and, remembering what the greatest lay in the land does, a number of other houses of the same kind have been started in different parts of the city.

In the ancient church at Welverton, near Sandringham, is a brass lectern on which is inscribed a memorial of the little Prince who died on April 7th, 1871. This year, which has been one of great distress to the Princess, ended happily, and caused her to express her feelings in letters that could not fade these tender and believing words:

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD"
A thank-offering for His Mercy
14 December, 1871
ALEXANDRA

"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.

It seems unfortunate that women who occupy less trying positions, and into whose lives there has not come so much of joy and sorrow, have not the same continued faith in God that is shown by this Royal lady.

England may count herself blest above all other nations in having the splendid memory of Victoria and the living example of Alexandra; for as the late Queen was the most glorious and most womanly of all that ever sat on throne, none less is our new Queen a worthy model to womanhood. Wherever she has gone, wherever she has lived, or among whatever people her lot has been cast, she has made the mental and moral tone of society sweeter and better than it ever was before.

Chasing a Bear.

Any one who has seen a bear walk knows how slowly he seems to move, and his run is a shuffling, gait that is comical

to witness, unless he happens to be running after you. But a bear moves pretty fast, notwithstanding appearances, and the grizzly, which looks to be clumsier than the brown or black bear, can cover ground faster than the average saddle horse. A Philadelphia exchange prints the story of an Arizona sheep rancher:

He was riding in the foot hills when he saw a big, awkward silvertip. He had a rifle, but was not certain he could kill the bear at one shot, and knew that he would get into trouble if he missed. So he gave a regular cowboy yell, and the bear started away in alarm.

The man gave chase, at the same time keeping up the piercing yell, and he soon noticed that grizzly was getting farther away. He continued the chase for nearly two miles, until the bear disappeared in the mountains, and he had not gained a foot.

In going back along the trail, he noticed places where the bear had made jumps of fifteen or twenty feet, and the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. It is evident that a man would have no show running a foot-race with a grizzly.

"But why did you run away?" we asked. "We had always heard of you as brave."

"It was not that," answered the soldier, "but I get to thinking it would be a sin to waste my life. Just economy, that's all."

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