

Travelling Notes.

In the last sentence of my last Notes, I think I promised to tell you something of passing events, all of which are of the most absorbing interest, not only to those who witness them, but to people of all nationalities. To tell you now even of those which come more immediately under my own observation makes it obviously necessary that I should appear to have literally flown from Geneva and perched myself down in the thick of it all, instead of telling you of the places we passed through on our homeward way, so I must leave my account of Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, etc., until later on, and then, if you are not tired of Mollie and her Continental itineracy, you shall have a detached Note about those places and nothing else.

Before I say anything of the enthusiastic reception to Lord Kitchener, which, through the kindness of Lord Strathcona, I was enabled to witness from one of the grand stands erected upon Constitution Hill, I would like to tell of the gracious sympathy extended by Queen Alexandra, in the midst of her own hour of terrible anxiety, to the relatives of the two ladies who were the unfortunate victims of the catastrophe in Langham Place, one lady being seriously injured, the other (a Canadian, Miss Strathy, granddaughter of Mr. Strathy, formerly of London, Ontario) being killed on the spot.

The facts were brought to the notice of the Queen the same afternoon, and Her Majesty immediately sent the following message to the Middlesex Hospital:

"The Queen is greatly shocked to hear of the sad accident which occurred this afternoon, and wishes a report to be sent at once, giving the condition of the ladies who were injured. Please convey Her Majesty's deep sympathy with the sufferers, and, if possible, express to the relatives of the lady who was killed Her Majesty's distress and sorrow at this lamentable event."

Probably the story connected with this tragic incident has already been given in the Canadian press, for Miss Strathy was well known, not only in London, Ontario, but in Montreal, to which place the sad news was conveyed to her father by cablegram. By what a mere hair-breadth do we sometimes meet or escape calamity? Her grandmother (82 years of age) and her aunt had gone to the Coronation Bazaar, the great attraction of the day. Instead of accompanying them, the younger lady, with her friend, strolled out into Langham Place to see the decorations, only a few yards off from her hotel, and there met her death. The article in the London paper giving the message of condolence sent by Her Majesty is headed, "The Queen's Sorrow," and it is no new thing for their people to receive from the King or herself a gracious token of their sympathy when affliction overtakes them. Is it a wonder, then, that in the trial which laid low the Sovereign of England, his subjects should have allowed every feeling of dismay and disappointment to be swallowed up in an overwhelming sympathy for their suffering, and of high admiration for the fortitude with which it has been borne? One hears everywhere the very highest praise expressed of the unselfish heroism manifested by Queen Alexandra.

One paper has this to say of Her Majesty as a nurse: "With regard to Her Majesty's capabilities as a nurse, one cannot do better than cite the remark of a poor woman whom she tended at Sandringham. 'I never knew any one,' she said, 'who could arrange the pillows for a sick person like the Princess.'"

"On one occasion the late Czar said, 'I do not know of better nurses than the Queen of Denmark's daughters.'"

"Queen Alexandra has proved that she merited the eulogium on several important crises in her life. Everyone will recall her weeks of close ministration in her husband's illness in 1871 and how astonished people were that one so frail and delicate as the Queen was at that time should bear the strain without a breakdown.

"Yet again we see the Queen tasting the bitter dregs of the cup of sorrow with characteristic calm when she tended her mother in her last illness. She remained on one occasion by the Queen of Denmark's bedside for fourteen hours at a stretch, and the physician had to exercise his medical authority before she could be persuaded to take even a brief rest."

So no one wonders to learn that in this still greater crisis Queen Alexandra has borne herself with a heroism which marks her not only as a noble queen, but as a noble woman, and as a wife whose price is above rubies.

And now for a little bit about Lord Kitchener and the almost blaze of glory with which he was welcomed back—as indeed, he deserved to be—to the land for which he had done so much and which delights to honor him. Of course, I had only my own bird's-eye view of the "conquering hero" and the other generals—heroes too—who accompanied him, and I could hear none of the

speeches to which the twice victorious conqueror in Africa had given terse and characteristic replies, but from the comments of those around me it was easy to see that it was no mere hysterical outburst of enthusiasm, but honest, deep-seated appreciation of his really noble character and wonderful intellect, which gave strength and volume to the cheers which must have almost deafened him as he went by. Kitchener had not only conquered England's foes, but had purchased for her an honorable peace.

But perhaps of all the welcomes tendered him, none would be quite so sweet to the hero of the hour as that of Queen Alexandra herself, who stepped out upon the balcony of Buckingham Palace and waved her hand in token of greeting. The papers teem with facts regarding Kitchener, unanimously recognizing the patience and power of the man in gauging the deeper motives and springs of thought which have been the secret of his thoroughness. His taciturnity and concentration of mind has doubtless had something to do with the not wholly deserved accusation of Lord Kitchener being a woman-hater. "He may be called so," once said Queen Victoria: "All I can say is, he was very nice to me." But another woman told a different tale. She was very beautiful, and, in sympathy with the Boers, had wheedled out of susceptible staff officers and others many a useful bit of information. She tried her wiles upon Kitchener, and this is what she had to say of him:

"I don't believe he is a man," she said. "He is a sphinx. He turned and fixed his cold eyes upon me with a gaze like that of a basilisk, and I felt every moment that if he read my secret he would shoot me without a moment's compunction."



(Jose Frappa.)

"THE BELLE OF THE INN."

tion. I never want to see that man or his eyes again."

I have been in very fine company lately, seeing many celebrities, amongst them the King of Basutoland and the Colonial Premiers. Close by me on the stand, watching the procession, were Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, and ever so many Colonial Somebodies whose names and titles I could not catch. I have also been to the big reception given to Colonials by the Lady Mayoress; but I have used up all my space, and so can tell you nothing now of what was a most novel and interesting event in the life of—

MOLLIE.

"The Belle of the Inn."

Oh! those cavaliers of old, with their whispered nothings to charm the ears of the pretty maids of the inns. How intently the girl listens, as if the old, old tale were new to her; and how certain he is that she believes the tale he is telling her! But rural beauty does not always imply a blind simplicity, and so it may even chance that it is the gay deceiver who is himself deceived.

H. A. B.

A minister whose first parish was in the backwoods of the West was called upon to officiate at the wedding of a rather seedy-looking fellow and a blooming young woman. The ceremony was performed in the log-cabin home of the bride's parents. There were many guests present, and a pleasant informality prevailed. When the bridegroom repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a tall and lank guest innocently observed: "Thar goes Hank's houn' dawg, by gum!"



My dear Guests,—

* The thistle-down floats idly on the air,
In unused ways the golden-rod lifts up
Her flaming torch. The purple aster bends
Above the meadow stream; Summer is gone."

"Flocking of birds to summer climes,
Tinting of leaves and cicada's call,
Winds in the branches making a rhyme,
And these are the messengers of fall."

Yes, although we may scarcely realize the flight of time, September is already here and summer is gone. So silently and gracefully she slipped away from us, amid a blaze of blossoms, we hardly noticed her departure, but shortening days remind us that autumn's reign has begun.

With September comes the reopening of all the schools, and many merry boys and girls reluctantly leave the sports of holiday-time for the busy school-room, envying their (in their opinion) more fortunate brothers and sisters who have hidden a final adieu to text-book and classroom. These have not, in reality, left school, but have rather been promoted to a higher grade, for life is but one great school, and experience and sometimes sorrow, is the teacher; the training received in early years may serve to ward off many of the ruder shocks which sooner or later come to all.

This subject recalls to memory a discussion in which I recently took part. A gentleman, living in the country, remarked that his daughter had passed the High School entrance examination, adding: "After that, I keep my girls at home." I remonstrated, saying, he should give his children further education than that. "No," said he, "I don't want to educate my girls to be useless; let them stop at home, learn to do housework and patch trousers. I don't believe in educating my boys too much, either, for then they will not want to stay on the farm."

This is the view expressed by one man, yet I know for a certainty it is entertained by a great number. I maintain that parents owe it to their children to educate them as far as their means will allow—I do not mean that they should necessarily make great sacrifices in order to do so—and that those who allow their children to go out to fight life's battles handicapped by a very meagre, possibly no education, have not fulfilled their duty. A young girl need not have useless hands because her brain has been developed, nor will the knowledge of something beyond the "three R's" give a boy a distaste for farm life. Do you want to know a great cause for your boy wanting to leave the farm and seek other means of livelihood? It is largely because he finds farmers so often laughed at and looked down upon for lack of that education that places the peasant on equal footing with the millionaire, and which their parents, from mistaken motives, withheld from them. An educated, well-read farmer is the peer of the highest professional, and will make himself recognized as such, because education insensibly dignifies all who possess it. If that obtained at school be supplemented by proper home influences, there should be no reason for complaints like the above. Parents, let your children study, let them develop a taste for good literature, and you will find them imbued with deeper love of nature and of laboring in nature's own workshop—the farm—than ever before; very often the masterpieces of a lover of nature awaken one to a sense of numberless hidden beauties hitherto a sealed book.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

The response to Contest XXI. has been small, much smaller than I anticipated. We shall have to try to revive the flagging interest by something in the puzzle line soon.

"Lady Clare"—I cannot give you any information regarding your first question. Pompeii is pronounced (according to Webster) Pòm-pé-ye.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

Among the reminiscences of the class of '02 at Yale is the story of a stout and healthy-looking member, who was told by his tutor that "he was better fed than taught." "You teach me; I feed myself," was the retort.