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THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND HER SONS.

ROYAL CHILDREN ON A HOLIDAY.
THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER SONS IN ENGLAND.

While the German Emperor was in London a few weeks ago, rising as early and working as hard in the endless round of festivities in his honor as the humblest laborer among the loyal subjects of Her Majesty, his children were enjoying a delightful holiday on the sea shore at Felixstowe, a graphic description of which is given by the *Pall Mall Budget*. Last spring, the account says: It was decided that the young offspring of the German Emperor should rusticate at a place on the east coast of England. Felixstowe was chosen, and then began a course of house-hunting, which ended in the temporary acquisition of two mansions, one of which, South Beach, was to be the residence of the Empress. She arrived on Monday night. Down at the station, to which leads a dreary, sandy road such as only the seaside can produce, her two eldest boys Wilhelm and Eitel, were waiting for her in the open carriage, and right hearty and motherly was the greeting which the Empress gave to her Crown Prince and the Prince Eitel, "the beauty of the family," as she came back to them after the busy week in London. The Emperor likes London and its whirl; his consort has different tastes, and is happiest when she may indulge in the free and easy

life which she is now leading. It seems, indeed, almost unnaturally easy and unconventional, the life which the Empress, her children, and her suite are living just now. The gate to South Beach stands wide open nearly all day long, and through it you look upon a short drive, which is by no means distinguished for the care with which it is "swept and garnished." Dusty and rather stunted nasturtiums and lobelia border it, and above them wave the tamarisk and the laurestinus, also rather dusty. The opposite neighbor of her Majesty is a small tea-dealer, and to the left of her present residence a stationer makes an honest living. There is a little side en-

trance to the house, originally intended for a tradesman's entrance. The youth who brings the boxes of dessert fruit to the house enters there, and the urchins who deliver the vegetables; but when the ladies-in-waiting, who are quartered at the house where the three eldest Princes are staying, go to change their gowns in the course of the day, they also use the humble back stairs, and anon the tutors and the liveried lackeys—the latter deeming it unnecessary to don any head-gear when they make their frequent journeys between the two houses—go and do likewise. There is a flagstaff on the square tower of South Beach, but no bunting flies from it; whereas in front of the house (which has apparently no name) inhabited by the Princes the German flag has been hoisted. Otherwise the two houses have no distinguishing mark of any kind, unless the newly-painted inscription on a narrow blackboard, nailed to the front gates, must be considered as such. It informs the outside world that "entrance is forbidden" to the two houses.

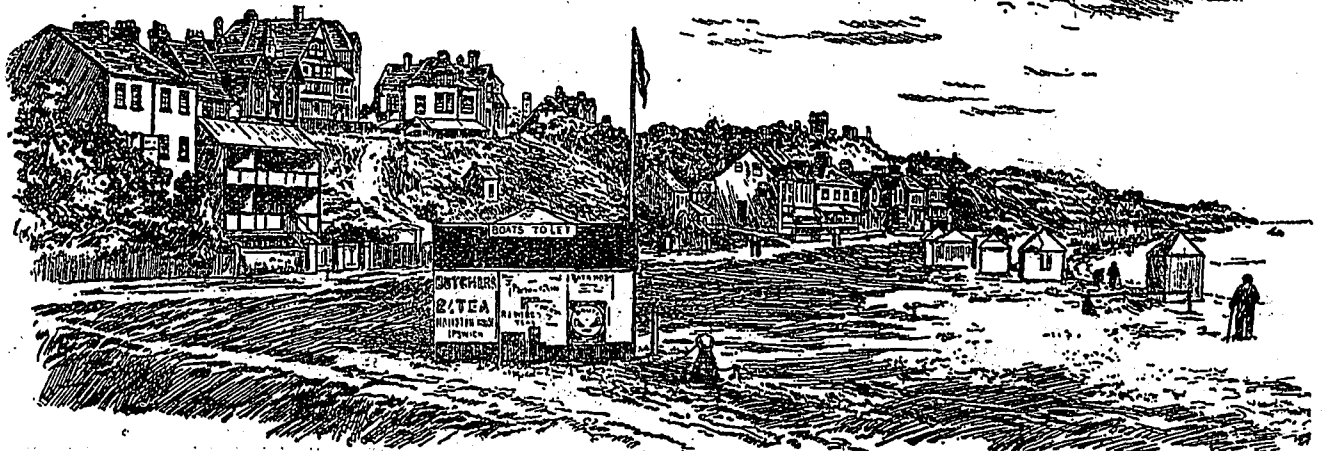
A truly magnificent sea-view is obtained from the front windows of the Crown Prince's seaside residence, over a wide stretch of the German Ocean. Vessels of every size and shape sail over the smooth waters, on which the sunlight paints wide patches of sky-blue, purple and olive. The house itself is very large, and built in picturesque and correct Queen Anne style. It has verandahs and balconies; against its red-brick wall tall rose-trees grow, and round its front lawn there runs the loveliest border of midsummer flowers, such as lilies, poppies, pinks, carnations, and all the rest. The whole house is in excellent condition; it is the property of a London clergyman, who seems to be also something of a Croesus.

But to return to the first chapter of the Imperial visit to Felixstowe. As soon as it was settled that the Empress would stay at South Beach a host of workmen invaded

that mansion. Electric bells were introduced, new carpets laid, new furniture sent down from London, and, in fact, every thing was done to make the house a fit abode for the august visitors. The only thing that could not be done was to stretch South Beach into twice its usual size; hence the three eldest Princes were quartered in a house close by. When the boys arrived last week there were, among their mountain of luggage, five small cots; curious little German bedsteads; for, although the Emperor and Empress of Germany hold that simplicity and the absence of all luxury should mark the liberal education of their sons, they bow to the latter in so far that, after the example of Her Majesty, our Queen, they take beds from continent to continent.

A week's fine holiday lies behind the boys; their pale faces are beginning to get slightly bronzed, but the real holiday only began when their mother came down on Monday night. For, notwithstanding tutors and governesses, it is "mamma" who is the Princes' best and most intimate friend, and without her the fun was therefore not quite complete. Now, however, they live in a state of perfect bliss, and the rambles and frolics on the beach are worth twice as much as "when mamma was in London." The Empress arrived after 8 p.m. on Monday; on Tuesday morning, shortly after eight o'clock, and ere yet most of the Felixstowe populations had left their bedrooms, she was taking a long stroll on the beach. Shortly after noon, again, she took a drive into the pretty neighborhood, accompanied by two ladies-in-waiting and one of the boys' tutors. It was the birthday of one of the Princes, and they all had tea *en famille* at the Empress's house. After that came the great treat of the day. Shouting and laughing, five little lads burst out of the little garden gate of South Beach, lead-

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THE PRINCES' PLAYGROUNDS.

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