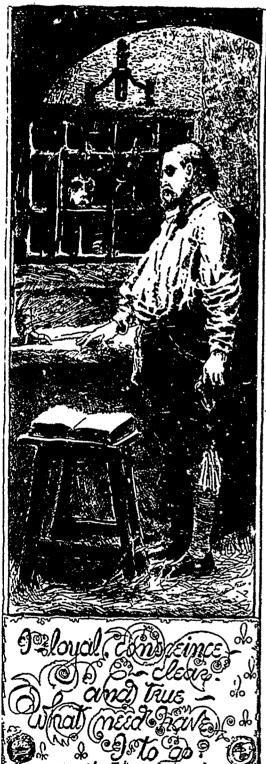


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## SIR WALTER'S HONOUR

By Margaret T. Preston.



III. Twas midnight; but in Plymouth yet Went on the wassail-bout: The early moon was just a-set, And all the stars were out.

When at Sir Walter's prison bars A muffled tap was heard. And as his ear was bent to hear, He caught the whispered word :

"Haste, father, haste ! The way is clear; live bribed the seneschal; Tue warder o'er the henchmen's beer, Keeps riot in the hall.

"I hold the key that opes the gate, And at the water-stair In the monred barge my mother waits-She waits to meet thee there.

Quick. father ! catch thy doublet up. Without a moment's stay;

Before they drain their latest cup. We must he far away.

Outside the bar a galley lies. And ere the sun doth glance Its earliest beams across the

skies. We shall be safe in France."

Ah, boy—my boy—my brave Carew ! Why tempt thy father so?

I-loyal, conscience-clear, and true-

What need have I to go ?

'My trait'rous foes, once trusted friends. Would be the first to say

I flout the laws, and flee, because

I cm as false as they."

Yct. father, come ! Foul threats they bring, Dark counsels they have

planned; And justice thou shalt never wring

From cold King James' band !

'My mother, at the water's brink, Waits, all her fears awake;

And if escape should fail, I think-

think her heart will break !"

much ! His bravery Too shrank to meet The weight of such a blow; And springing instant to his

feet, He answered, "I will go !"

They thrid the narrow, stony hall;

They found the door unbarred;

And in the shadow of the wall, They crossed the prison yard.

With stealthy steps they reached the shore,

The boat, with softly dipping

bay.

Across the star-lit stream they steal,

Without one uttered word, The waters gurgling at the keel Was all the sound they heard

The good French barque, that soon would bear

Them hence, lay full in view; An oar's length more, and we are there !"

Whispered the boy Carew.

They rocked within its shadow. Then, Sir Walter, under breath. First spoke, and kissed, and kiesed again Lady Elizabeth.

Nay, Bess ! It must not, shall not be, Whatever others can, That I should like a dastard fice

For fear of mortal man!

All Orinocos mines of gold All virgin realms I claim, Are less to me a thousandfold, Than my untarnished name.

"Put back the boat ! Nay, sweet, no moan ! Thy love is so divine,

That thou wouldst rather die than own A craven heart were mine !

"My purse, good oarsman ! Pull thy best,

And we may make the shore Before the latest trencher-guest Hath left the warder's door.

Hist ! Not one other pleading word Life were not worth a groat If breath of shame could blur my name; Put back ! put back the boat !

Ah, Bess"-(she is too stunned to spcak D

"But, thou, my boy, Carew, Shalt pledge thy vow, even here, and

now That-faithful, tried, and true-

"Thou'lt choose, whatever stress may rise, Whilst thou hast life and breath,

Before temptation—sacrifice ! Before dishonour—death !" V.

he boatman turned, he dared not bide, Nor say Sir Walter nay; The

And with his oars against

the tide, He laboured up the bay.

And when beside the waterstair.

With grief no words can tell, They braced themselves at length to bear

The wrench of the farewell-

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes, Kept murmuring, under

breath : -Before temptation—sacrifice !

Before alshonour-death!"

## FANS.

Fans, ever since the early days of their history-and their use is almost as old as history itself-have emblems of royalty ceremony In China been and and India especially, they bad great significance, and high officials were attended on state occasions by bearers carrying fans of curious de-

signs and great size. Many of these royal em-blems were made of fra-thers, and in the great Egyptian museum at Bou-lak, there is a wooden haudle which long feathers once waved. This dates back to a reign nearly seventeen hundred years before Christ, while in Greece, the wings of birds fastened to slender handles were in use as early as 500 B.C.

The fan had also a sacred use, both in heathen and in early Christian worship. These sacred fans were round in form, were often hung with gold or sliver bells, and served to pro-tect the offerings from files and other insects. In the ancient records of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, such fans are mentioned, and to tuls day they are seen in Rome on occasions of great public ceremony, when the Pope is attended by two

bearers, carrying fans with lvory handles Very often, ancient fans were costly affairs, made of the feathers of rare birds set on rods of gold, and five such articles are mentioned among the treasures of Mexico which were presented to Cortes

Mexico which were presented to Cortes by King Montezuma. To the minds of most of us, however, China and Japan seem the real home of the fan, and it was the latter nation which invented those with folding sticks. In Japan it is not uncommon to see a labourer busily at work with one hand ord using a fan as viceoweis with the and using a fan as vigorously with one hand and using a fan as vigorously with the other, and fans are often used to shield the eyes from the sun in place of the gay paper umbrella. A wave of the fan is the courteous gesture which a Japanese gentleman uses where an Englishman or an American would raise his hat. To-day France rivals China and Japan

To-day, France rivals China and Japa" in the production of fans, her factorie-employing thousands of workmen; and ! is said that a common fan, seiling for a few cents, requires almost the same handling as the most expensive variety, passing through at least twenty pro-cesses before it is complete.

Soap was first manufactured in Britain in 1524.



And on its rapid way, oar, Dropped down the silent IV.