

THROUGH A MONOCLE

A SENSIBLE HONEY-MOON

JUNE is the month of the Bride. The June moon is the honey-moon. A year or so ago, a couple of friends of mine were married; and they observed a honey-moon of so sensible a fashion that I think I will tell you about it in this anything but sentimental department. The marriage took place at a country house. It was a bungalow on a small island in a mountain lake—an ideal spot for happy married lovers. When the marriage ceremony was over, the bride did not hurry upstairs to get into a travelling suit—"ditto" the groom—and then both hurry, flurry, downstairs to dodge confetti and old boots on their way to the cab which should carry them to the train. Nor did they then hurry, worry, through a "wedding tour" that atrocity of modern invention—stared at by strangers, geyed by hotel servants, and pestered by everybody who hoped to make a dollar out of them. They did nothing so silly.

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THEY simply stayed quietly at the island bungalow where the shadows and the silences fell softly at night, while the guests went away in boats, and so eventually to their distant city homes. All the hurry, flurry, worry, was endured by the prosaic people who were not supposed to enter at this particular time into that idyllic dream which comes to fortunate people once in a lifetime—and never oftener. Islanded safe and secure from all the hustle and bustle of the money-grubbing world, these two happy mortals joyfully took the primrose path and looked into the depths of each other's eyes without a thought of how the callous world looks at love—or how lovers look to a callous world. As placid as the bosom of the lake by which they were guarded, their happy hours went by; and each could be all the world for the other, as they could never have been, had some cynical member of that other outside world popped up, at every turn to remind them that love is not all of life, and that even the golden moon of June fades finally from sight.

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THIS keeping of the honey-moon in peace is an English custom. Those who live the "vie de luxe" in that fat green island are in the habit of loaning to young couples their country houses to which they go immediately after the wedding, and spend their days of joy wandering in English lanes and idling in rare old gardens or punting in placid rivers, unpestered by the cares of travel and undisturbed by the interruptions of sight-seeing or other "recreations." Travel can come later. When the groom has become so accustomed to his good fortune that he can take an intelligent interest in an Old Master for at least two minutes at a time without making sure that Angelina has not strayed away and got lost, and when the bride is willing to admit that there are other people in the world beside the golden Arthur, then travel becomes a delight and an education, and not merely a penance. But marriage is quite a big enough event in the lives of most folks to absorb their entire attention for the first four weeks of its existence; and it is a remarkably stupid idea to send young people at this time careering about the world, easy prey to daylight robbers of all sorts and wanting nothing so much as to be left alone.

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OF course, a newly married couple would not like to stay at home. Better the uncaring eyes of strangers than the prying gaze of old friends and new relatives. It is possibly this natural desire to flee those we know at this delicate period in the life of man and maid which has led to the "wedding tour." Not having country houses to loan our children, we send them forth to the hotel and the railway car. But it would surely not be impossible in most cases to manage a honeymoon in somebody's empty house for the expense which is wasted on rushing about from one public place of torture to another. Loving couples are not particular as to the elegance of their surroundings, provided they are secluded and in harmony with the spirit of the hour. One other thing is necessary, I am aware. They must be the sort of place that "all the other girls" would like to stay at under similar circumstances. That is a bride's standard of excellence at the bridal time. She must do what her "chums" approve. But if it were once the custom for "all of us girls" to get some relative's house for our

honey-moons, then that would become the correct thing to do; and honey-moons in hotels would be regarded as common and vulgar.

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I AM strongly of the opinion that a wedding, and all that appertains thereto, should be exactly what the bride wants it to be. It is her wedding. The groom is necessary but not important. That is, his feelings and opinions quite properly do not count. It really does not matter very much to him how things are done, provided he gets the Bride and finally settles down somewhere with her in a Home. Then his tastes and desires become of greater weight than even he imagines that they are worth. But the wedding is purely a Bride's function; and I should like to see every young Bride get her wedding observed in exactly the fashion she would most prefer. Life will seldom look quite so rosy to her again. She may easily be far happier and more content than she had ever dreamed as a girl that it was possible for a human being to be; but there is a golden halo which the dazzled eyes of youth see surrounding the outlines of this portal into serious life, which hardly appears again about any other object, even to the eyes of the most romantic of us.

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AS for the groom, I cannot help feeling that he is just a little apathetic figure. He would resent this feeling very hotly; but he is only a boy—and he has had so little experience in life—and he knows nothing, nothing of women. Yet he is about to attempt to handle with his clumsy fingers that most sensitive thing in the world—a young girl's heart. Hundreds of times will he unwittingly wound it. Hundreds of times will he make it bleed. Hundreds of times will he fill it with shame; and yet, if he will but give it the smallest chance, it will be so proud of him. Still if, through it all, he loves its owner—and this its owner will infallibly know—the wounds he inflicts will heal, and the memory even of the shame will pass; and the boy will gradually come to know that it is as impossible for a man to solve the subtle mystery of womanhood as for a plunging horse to catch the flitting shadow of a swallow.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"The Seventeen"

AMONG the thousands of parties from the ends of the earth arriving in London every day for the King's festivities—swaggering millionaires from America, diamond-laden potentates, from

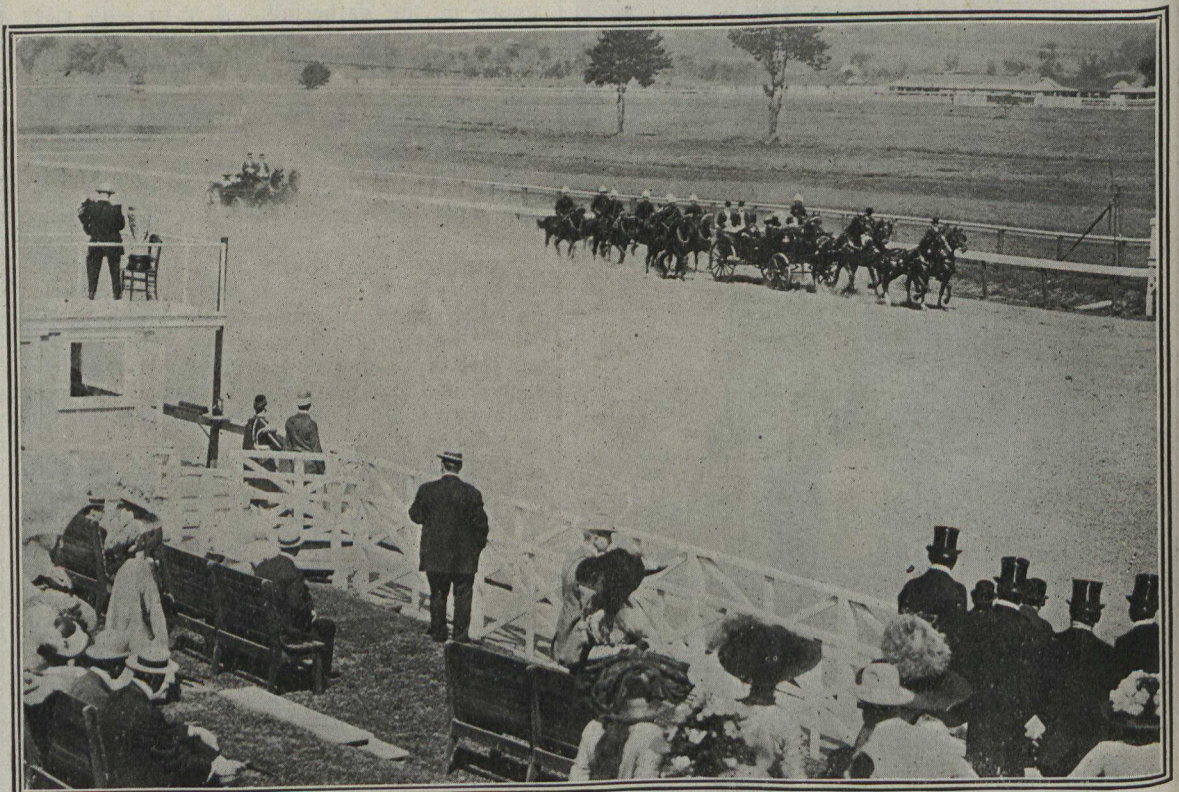
India—all have given way in point of interest during the past ten days to a little silk-hatted gathering at the Colonial office in Downing Street. They are the seventeen Colonial Premiers, and they have been "talking it over." They are as cosmopolitan an assembly as there is in London this June. And they represent the greatest interests in the world to-day these seventeen men. From British possessions in two hemispheres they have come to confer with the heads of his Majesty's Imperial Government on a world-big subject—colonial expansion. They will present every phase of it, for they are experts. By practical experience some of them know colonial government from the town council to the first chair in the Cabinet of a nation. Several of these seventeen are rulers of colonies in whose territory first rate European powers would be lost. Others are first Ministers of subordinate Governments in these nations. The opinion they represent is that of the nation and that of the district—which taken together is as inclusive as can be. The Premiers are in Downing Street on the business of the whole Empire. Sir Wilfrid, the elegant; Botha, the Samson from Africa; Fisher, the Labour protagonist from Australia; Sir Joseph Ward, the New Zealand Irishman—when you look over these giants of the seventeen, you must agree that the personal characteristics of the Colonial Premiers are about as complex as the problems of the Empire which they would solve.

Marine Records at Montreal

THE Big Port has just had a record month. In May last year the Montreal Harbour Commission looked very happy when five million bushels of grain saw Montreal *en tour*. This year in the month just passed, 150 vessels slipped through the Lachine Canal, loaded with six and a half million bushels from the wheat fields. Navigation on the St. Lawrence has only been in session five weeks of the 1911 season. From the way things have been happening, it looks as if Montreal were going to make marine history this year. In five weeks eighty ocean vessels have called at the metropolis; seven hundred lake boats, canal boats and barges have tied up there. The procession of these craft has been commercial pageantry in earnest. The shipping business in Montreal has been piling up totals. Export shipments are fifty per cent. ahead. Human freight is a big item to the fore. Immigration statistics show that 55,000 immigrants have landed in Montreal from eighty boats in five weeks. That is an average of 10,000 a week; last year's weekly dribble of five and six thousand, Canada thought remarkable.

One of the notable additions to the boats which will touch at Montreal this year is the "Ascania," the new big Cunarder, belonging to the only line which sails direct from London and Southampton to Quebec and Montreal.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT BLUE BONNETS



On Saturday last, His Excellency attended the opening day of the Montreal Races, arriving in State with outriders and dragoons.

Photograph by Gleason.