

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.,

I. There were some of the thoughts that were suggested to me by the interesting chapters in this book of Lord Esher, which are concerned with the life of the late Queen, Discreet and dignified, a clear-sighted and strong-willed personality of whom Victoria has an immense human and political interest. They are the first revelations of the woman that was behind the greatness of the high and understanding the splendid robes and the imposing environment of a throne. And there is a certain sense of relief in the knowledge that the high and dignified Queen was I am not sure that the nation did not instinctively feel this during her lifetime, and that this was the reason why her husband and she made up her extraordinary popularity with the English masses and the middle classes. With all her ancient traditions, her high and almost stern defence of her rights as a sovereign, the late Queen was essentially, and perhaps even in the beginning, a petticoat. I am very interested in the smallest details of her home; she gave to her husband love that amounted almost to adoration; she looked after the children with the most loving solicitude of a woman who almost could not afford to keep a servant. She was assiduous in her devotion to her husband and to her children, and to the small household happenings as if they were in her own household. The marriage of a daughter or a son, the birth of a child, a baby boy, the death of a near relative, these are happenings in which she never ceased to take a profound and often a touchingly personal interest. Though she was a cultivated and intelligent person, a highly-educated woman, in-

Elizabeth Fry

[Rev. T. B. Gregory in New York American.]

In the final analysis greatness simmers itself down to goodness, and in the audience chamber of the Almighty mere intellect however brilliant, stands aside to make room for the simple love which "thinketh no evil" and finds its own happiness in making happiness for others.

Conspicuous in this royal line is Elizabeth Fry, the great-hearted Quakeress who did so much to inaugurate the "new deal" in the one-time infamous treatment of criminals and lunatics.

The present tense is used in speaking of this noble woman, for, though she was buried more than 65 years ago, Elizabeth Fry still lives in the power of her goodness, and will continue to live while mercy and truth are revered among men.

Napoleon, maddened by the dream of empire, killed millions of men, made millions of widows and orphans, scourged humanity as it was never scourged by tempest or pestilence, and

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A BOON TO SUFFERING
WOMEN.

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Her After Three Years of Almost
Ceaseless Pain.**

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ailments which have hitherto seemed
to be a part of the inheritance of the
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"For over three years," Mrs. Rousseau states, "I was very ill. My troubles were painful. I suffered very much with my back. My head ached almost continuously, and I scarcely knew what it was to be free from pain. I was very weak and run down. Occasionally my hands would swell up, and this, too, gave me a great deal of annoyance and discomfort. I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon commenced to improve. Three boxes cured me completely."

Nine-tenths of suffering women's troubles start from diseased kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to take away the cause, that is, to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys.

interested in art, accomplished in and understanding music very well, somehow or other, and in the possession of a nature interested in literature or in current thought, or in that transformation of the world's science and poetry which has been proclaimed the vast epoch of change, and to which reign extended. From first to last she remained petite bourgeoisie—interested in the ordinary human life of the time, the life of the people, and with the marriage, the death. That was, perhaps, the reason, as I have already suggested, why she made no instant appeal to an appeal to the women of England, to heaven be praised, to continue for the most part to be their simple, human, domesticated selves—petites bourgeoisises, great, great, great, in the splendor and nobility of their love.

Perhaps the most fascinating of these pages is *Laura Estlin*, are those which present to us the Queen in those early moments of her life when, half-woman-half-child, she came into her wonderful new heritage, and from being a mere orphan, became a sovereign. Her coronation ascended one of the most splendid thrones in Europe, and became the ruler of the destinies of nations and the master and patron of men whose names are hallowed in the annals of their country. These pages, artless, simple, straightforward frank in self-revelation, have the greatest of all merits—truth. They are not only interesting, they reveal as in a glass the transparent depths of the young and simple soul. Take, for instance, this entry from the diary of the young girl who was to become a queen: "What is it not delightfully schoolgirlish?"

"Tuesday, 14th, July, 1835. I awoke at 7 and got up at 8. At 9 we breakfasted. At half-past 9 we walked out till a quarter-past 10. At 11 came the Dean till 12. At 12 came Mr. Westall till 1. At 2 o'clock the Countess of Northumberland was present at the first lesson. At half-past 2 I sat to Mr. Collett till half-past 3. At a quarter to 3 I sat to Mr. Ogle till half-past 3. At 5 we went out with Lebzon and came home at 6. At quarter to 7 we dined. Lady Theresa dined here. At quarter to 8 I went to the opera. Teresa and Lebron 11 were the dear Puritani. Grisi was in perfect voice and sang and acted beautifully; but I must say that she shows her many fatigues in her singing. She is certainly much thinner than when she arrived. It is a great pity, too, that she now wears her front hair so much lower than she did. I am sure that she will lose her voice, though (do what she may) spoil her face she never can; it is too lovely for that. And besides, she forgot to sing the *aria* of the *second* act, singing the Polacca. In general she comes on to sing that as a bride attired in a white satin dress, with a wreath of flowers in her hair, and a pair of gloves of which she retained in her first dress. Likewise very pretty of blue satin, with a little sort of handkerchief at the neck. The *aria* of the *second* act, Tamburini and Rubini were also very good in high good voice. The exquisite quartette, 'A te cara', and the lovely *aria* of the *second* act, 'Venezza', were both encored, as was also the *aria* of the *second* act, 'Venezza'. After the opera was over, Grisi, Rubini, Lablache and Tamburini and I were loudly applauded. The two last always bowed to the box to our box, which is very amusing to see. We came away immediately after the opera. The *aria* of the *second* act, 'Venezza' is not worth such a fuss, for the ballet 'La Danse has down below for 1835. She appeared for the last time on the 14th of this month. We came home at 10. At 11 we went to

highly amused and pleased! We came in while Tamburini was singing his song, which is just before the lovely duet between Gral and Lablache."

III.
"Then, suddenly," as Lord Esher says, "this young girl was awakened out of sleep, and found an archbishop kneeling at her slippered feet, acknowledging her Queen." The passage is well known and is published in the correspondence:

"I was awoke at 6 o'clock by mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown), and alone, and saw them."

A few lines further on she writes:

"Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have."

Then, again, writing the account of this, to her, most wonderful day, she says:

"At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and, of course, quite alone, as I shall always do all my ministers. He kissed my hand, and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present ministry at the head of affairs, and that it could not be in better hands than his. He again then kissed my hand."

IV.
The girlishness comes out especially in the accounts of the Queen's conversations with Lord Melbourne. Charming, erudite, an apparent trifler, devoted all his life to women, and yet the husband of one of the most odious and trying creatures that ever existed, a courtier to his finger-tips, and tactful in every word. Lord Melbourne undoubtedly had an ascendancy over the young Queen which was almost that of a father over his daughter. The proof of that ascendancy comes out in the most naive way in every line of the diary. The girl naturally hangs on to every word from the lips of the man who is to be the first of her advisers. The words of some semi-divine oracle that knew everything, understood everything, could explain

Here is an entry, where the record is that of a schoolgirl coming home from a lecture by her professor. It is written after a conversation with Lord Melbourne:

[illegible]

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

IN THE SPRING MOST PEOPLE
NEED A TONIC MEDICINE

If you want new health and new strength in the spring, you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Following the long indoor winter months, most people feel depressed and are easily discouraged, and the blood is impure and watery. In this state of the blood that causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To get rid of these, due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago, and of the stinging pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite, frequent headaches, are needed to avoid exertion. You can't cure these without the use of purgatives; you need a tonic and a tonic only, and among all medicines, there is no equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, giving nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, and brings a feeling of new health and energy. Weak, tired out, ailing men, women and children. If you are feeling out of sorts, or are discouraged, it will not disappoint you. Mr. Paul H. Lebonneau, a young man well known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of our best testimonials. He writes the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. I was due to a promotion, but I began to suffer from indigestion."

strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless, and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and did so, and the contents of eight boxes brought me back to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health, and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine."

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does not admire Murillo much, or Rubens; he so greatly prefers the Italian masters to others; spoke of subjects for painting; of the Holy Family being constantly painted. "After all," he said, "even an even and cold as the most beautiful subject one can have."

It is a long journey from this to that final scene for the Queen's life and reign, when as Lord Esher says, "There was a hushed reverence surrounding the Queen, hard to describe, and difficult even to suggest." It is no wonder, even now, that Lord Esher, that eminent statesman and blunder folk alike moved through the corridors as though a shrine.

The Queen had a human side which rather relieved the heavy-laden atmosphere of courtly propriety and environment. In spite of her aloofness there was a attitude, an aloofness about the heart of the Queen, which made men half afraid to speak above a whisper. I prefer the girlhood so artlessly revealed. The Queen was more attractive, more human, less self-absorbed. The giddy air of great station and constant adulation dissipated the strongest and the tenderest nerves.

GREEN-EYED BEAUTIES.

As fashions in dress change so do fashions in features. Just now it is the green-eyed damsel who appears to be in demand. At least she figures rather largely in current fiction. To judge by these standards, one would infer that blue, gray or brown eyes were hopelessly passe, and that no one could hope to be fascinating whose eyes were not tinted like the serpent's. But the green eye is a great rarity, as rare as Filian hair, and not so beautiful. It cannot be so costly and find as real life as in books, and there is no way of attaining it artificially. So the owners of the blue, gray and brown eyes do not need to take the green-eyed damsel seriously. She may never cross their path. This is the green eye is partly responsible, no doubt, for the admiration it inspires in some people, but still more does that love of wickedness which lurks in most of our natures. It is a weakness, but the woman with green eyes may be a saint, but somehow the mind has a tendency to associate her with serpents, cats and green-eyed jealousy, and, like the snake woman of fable, but, like the snake, she fascinates.

—New York Tribune.

WHEN THE COMET

Continued From Page Thirteen.

a million times bigger than the earth. But, because it sets about the same time as does the sun on May 18, we will not get much of a view, if any, on that evening.

But do not be disappointed. The next evening, May 19, the comet will appear on the western sky for a few minutes after sunset and will be a truly gorgeous, awe-inspiring spectacle. The danger, if there was any at all, will have passed, and comet watch parties will be in order. On

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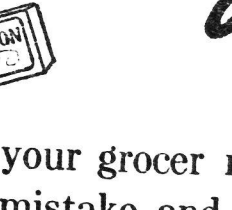
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Just off the coast of Scotland there is a group of islands called the Shetland Islands. On one of this group of Shetland islands the man found

most giant, and are so large that they are almost giants themselves. They are tall, strong and broad-shouldered, and their children, too, are fine-looking and intelligent. Only 25 miles away from this island of Peltar is one called Muckle Roe. There the men are small, ill-shapen, and queerly made, in fact, look almost like queer little dwarfs. These people are so very loyal to each other that they do not like to welcome any of their neighboring islanders to live in Muckle Roe. For this reason these queer people make very little progress. When the people of the Shetland Islands reach the age of 20, they are sent out of a long life, for they have to live only half as long as the other half of the nation.

years old, and many of the people lead vigorous out-of-door lives until they are 70.

The Shetland ponies are known the world over. They are "slaggy" little animals, weighing about 100 pounds, but they are hardy, sure-footed and sensible. Their coats are usually some shade of brown, though some are black or a rich black that they are considered beautiful. For this reason the black ponies are the most valuable. The sheep of Shetland are small, having short tails and legs. Some are white, others grey or white; still others are brown or black. Because the wool grows on the backs

sheep of Shetland is finer than that of any other sheep, Shetland wools are in great demand in their natural color. The wool is so fine that it can be spun into threads finer than the threads of any other wool. It is a Shetlander's pride in a stocking made of the wool of one of these native sheep may be drawn through a lady's ring. The cows of these islands are usually marked with some color, and are usually called by their ear color. The "pinks" and "pinks" are unlike the "porkers" are used for seeing, for they are quite slim, on account of being fed on fish. Their meat has a different flavor, for the taste of fish is in the milk.