

PERSONAL

The Hon. Mr. Laurier is, we are glad to say, convalescent after his short illness.

Mr. Whitcher, Deputy Sheriff of the St. Francis district, is said to be seriously ill.

His many friends will be glad to know that the Hon. Secretary of State is about quite well again.

Norman Logan, formerly a writer for the Halifax *Herald*, has been elected a member of the Hawaiian legislature.

Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., has no reason to be discouraged at the temporary failure of his bill against trap shooting. It has elicited many expressions of opinion that there is no sympathy between genuine sport and either cruelty or gambling.

Father Legaré, of Oak Lake, Man., who was sent out to Alsace by the Canadian Pacific Railway, writes to Commissioner Hamilton, that he will start in a few days some of the picked immigrants for settlement in the North-West Territories.

Mrs. Mullarky, who died recently in this city, was one of the oldest and most efficient workers for the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's Refuge. Her death is a serious loss to the cause of benevolence and a source of sorrow to many survivors.

Mr. Davin, in calling the attention of the House to the need of a broad general scheme for furthering immigration to Canada, and especially to Manitoba and the North-West Territories, will have the sympathy of all who would see Canada growing great and strong.

The Hon. Mr. Rhodes's 100 acres grant is having no lack of applicants. One of the latest petitioners, Arthur Boulanger, of St. Joseph d'Alma, writes that he is 35, his wife 34, and that they have been married 16 years. And he adds: "I send you also the photograph of my family, on which you will count twelve children; unfortunately one of them has since died, but I am not discouraged. It will be replaced in a few days. This will be the fourteenth child."

One of the prettiest and most sensible girls in Mount Carmel, Connecticut, Miss Nellie Patterson, has just finished a four years' apprenticeship, and is now earning her living as a full-fledged machinist. She had to make her way in life, so she learned the work for which she had a natural bent. Now she is pronounced as clever and efficient as any workman in the shop where she is employed, while her success has been accomplished without any sacrifice of womanliness.

The portrait of Henry M. Stanley is to be painted by Miss E. M. Merrick, the same English artist who went to Cairo to paint the picture of the Khedive. When Mr. Stanley's portrait is finished he will present it to the Royal Geographical Society. It is said, in connection with other testimonials to Stanley's increased fame, that a Birmingham manager who paid him fifteen guineas the last time he lectured in that town, now offers three hundred guineas, and fears that even this sum will not be sufficient to secure an address from the explorer.

The commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston (General Cameron), will be glad to hear of any officer of the Canadian forces interested in installing and establishing an organized system of messenger pigeon stations throughout the country. Officers at any of the undernoted towns are especially appealed to for co-operation: Windsor, Ottawa, Goderich, St. Catharines, Toronto, Peterboro, Montreal, Sherbrooke (Quebec), Kamouraska, Rimouski, Colebrook, Fredericton, St. John, Chatham, St. Annes, Gaspé, Pictou, Halifax.

Hon. Speaker and Madame Ouimet gave a dinner on the 13th inst., to which the following were invited: Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Colville, Capt. McMahon, Major Prevost, A.D.C.; Miss Lister, Miss Lay, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Hon. J. G. Haggart, Hon. C. C. Colby, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Dr. Grandbois, M.P.; Mr. Choquette, M.P.; Mr. Prefontaine, M.P.; Mr. Ward, M.P.; Dr. Fiset, M.P.; Mr. Dessaint, M.P.; Mr. W. Bain, M.P.; Mr. J. A. Massue, M.P.; Mr. and Mrs. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Deville, Mr. Cargill, M.P., and Mrs. Cargill, Mr. McMillan, M.P., and Mrs. McMillan, and Mr. John Black.

The present head of the Shelley family, Sir Edward, a nephew of the poet, is a widower on the shady side of sixty, and lives on the family's beautiful estates in Hampshire, South of England. The house, a red brick structure, was built and lived in by Charles II. Sir Edward, till he settled down in 1863, led a wild career of adventure. Finding the life of a British cavalry officer too tame, at the opening of the Crimean war he joined the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and was made a Pasha by the Sultan. Then he hunted in the wilds of South Africa, and afterward came to America to enjoy the rough sport of the Western prairies. The Indians captured and kept him a prisoner for years, making him a chief, but watching him closely till he found an opportunity to escape. Later he travelled in China and Japan.

"The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

BY MAY AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

"Its a fine world for some folk."

The place seemed saturated with that stillness peculiar to an August afternoon. The leaves had been kissed into silence by the sultry sun. Not a cloud had come across the sky. The sun had held unbroken sway since morning. From the open windows of the large gray house no sound issued. It might have been the Castle of Beauty before the awakening only these vines trailing over the verandah had not grown at wanton will, they were pruned and cared for and clustered high up to the roof, where they were lost amongst the chimneys, and the smooth, green lawn and trim flower beds all testified to recent care.

At the back of the house, though, a different aspect of things presented itself to view. There was no idle dreaminess there. The large cooking range was doing its Monday duty, going at full blast; the kettle boiled and bubbled, sending a white line of steam out into the sunlight, while the whole air was pervaded with the delicious vague aroma which proceeds from freshly boiled fruit. In the outer kitchen soap suds reigned, to the detriment of all minor trifles, as Bridget, bare to the elbows, open at the throat, displaying a brown and unlovely neck, rubbed and soaked, and rinsed and steamed, as she sang in gleeful snatches:

"There's one wide river,
"And that's the river of Jord'ing,
(Pause, and a more vigorous scrub.)
"There's one wide river,
"There's one more river to cross't,"

She had just struggled through the rinsing of a large sheet, and now her big, brown bony hands wrung it vigorously. It fell in serpentine winding into the tub again, and writhed under her touch like a living thing. She stopped her singing and spoke aloud.

"I wish't I was in heaven."

Evidently this remark was the outcome of her present employment. There she would be washed not washing.

"It's a fine world for some folk," she went on.

Now, Mother Nature had not made Bridget a living personification of that delightful truth of which the poet sings, "Beauty is a joy forever." In fact, Bridget possessed a strong personality, but one which no one, however insignificant, would resign that significance for. Her tooth, I use the singular, for in truth she had but one, made up in length and breadth what it lacked in lieu of fellows. It was situated in the centre of the lower jaw, and closed over her upper lip, when silent, with tenacious affection. Just now, though, it was going up and down with startling rapidity.

"It's a fine world, indeed! A fine world for some folk. Here, I've been rubbing my very skin off my knuckles, while her lays upstairs thinking of her ills. Lord!"

She gave a tremendous tug to the final end of the sheet, and the water flew up into the face of a man who entered at the moment.

He made no remonstrance, gave no rebuke, but brushed his face with his red flannel shirt sleeve, and then stood watching Bridget's manoeuvres in the wash-tub. She evidently had a spite against the fine lace skirt now in her hands by the savage way in which she handled the delicate things. She even smiled when a slender rent appeared in one of the flounces.

"Carelessness, Bridget, carelessness," she enunciated in such fine tones it was apparent they were not her own. She held the skirt up, with the rent in full view, for the man's inspection, and smiled again. That rent seemed to revive her spirits.

"Get away, you selfish man. Have you naught to do but come and crow over me. How's the flower bed?"

"Weeded."

"And the path?"

"Raked."

"And the horses?"

"Fed and watered."

"And the dead branches?"

"Cut; every one."

"And have you nothing left to do but contemplate my charms?" thus with a sardonic smile and the tooth well to the fore.

"I just came in, I thought as *her* might have some message—"

The man stopped short, for the passage door was pushed open from within and "her" appeared on the threshold.

"Bridget, and didn't you hear of my calling?"

"No, ma'am."

"It's too bad, and me waiting for my tea this half hour and more, and the pains all over me."

Bridget wrung the water from her hands, wiped them in her apron, and hastened to put some tea to draw, while Mrs. Melville sank into a chair and, with hand clasped to her side, gave way to feeble moans, until a steaming cup of creamless, sugarless tea was brought her by the forgetful Bridget.

"And what are you standing there for, Simon Chunk, hindering Bridget and wasting of your time? Your time is my money; go and get the cow to milk; it's just supper time, and no fresh milk for Miss Rosie."

Simon Chunk slouched out of the kitchen. He was not sorry to get out of the stifling atmosphere of his mistress's presence into the freedom of air and sky. He gave a short, sharp whistle as he went, and through a hole in the hedge

a large red setter appeared. There was evidently a perfect understanding between these two, for Simon Chunk merely said "Well, Pet," as the creature caught up to him, and the dog rubbed her head for one moment against his grimy hand by way of greeting.

A child was standing in the front gateway as the pair passed. A child in years and stature, but if ever an old spirit looked out from a face it did there. When she spoke her forehead contracted, and peevish lines gathered round her mouth.

"Hurry, Simon Chunk, hurry! What are you going so slowly for?"

This brought the man instantly to a standstill, with a husky, mirthless laugh. His voice had become habitually husky from his constant desire to please and his constant dread of not doing so.

"I'm going just now to fetch the cow, Miss Rosie, to get a glass of nice warm milk for your supper, as your ma told me."

"You ought to have known to go without being told; hurry, now."

Simon Chunk and the dog went on, leaving the miserable-looking child still standing in the gate.

Presently a figure in clerical garb came into sight. The child's face changed instantly. All the lines vanished, the corners of her mouth curved upwards in a smile of seraphic sweetness, so that when the Reverend George Miles looked at her he thought "What a sweet face the child has," and lingered to speak.

"How is your mamma to-day, Rose?"

"Not very well, thank you; she is getting a companion on Friday, and then she may be better."

"A companion," he repeated quickly after her. It was impossible to interpret the expression which came into his face. "Is she young?"

"Not very; twenty-two. She is quite a lady. Mamma got good references."

"Tell your mamma I shall come to see her soon." He touched his hat, patted the child on the head and hurried on, just as the big white cow came along with Pet at her heels and Simon Chunk in the rear.

"How slow you are, Simon Chunk," said the child, and all the wrinkles had come back into her face. "Can't you make the cow come quicker?"

"You see just how it is, Miss Rosie," said the man, in his peculiar husky tones. "If she goes any quicker maybe it might turn the milk."

He went on repeating this to himself with satisfaction. He felt he had developed an idea.

The gong sounded for tea soon after this, and Rosie ran in in haste.

Nothing could be more incongruous than her name. Everything about the child was unchildlike, and thin and pale and unlovely, and her hair, a dark, colourless brown, fell as far as her shoulders in straight strings.

Her mother lay on the library sofa, covered with a many-coloured Afghan. The child stole up to her quietly and kissed her lightly.

"Poor illy mammy."

The only reply she got was a faint groan. The old look of anxiety deepened in Rosie's face. She went to the table, poured out a cup of tea and brought it back to the sofa and stood patiently holding it there.

After a moment or two her mother moved, groaned, sat up, took a sip of the tea, and then spoke in a half whisper:

"Where have you been, Rosie?"

"Just at the gate. Mr. Mills passed. He asked after you, and I told him how you were, and that you were expecting a companion on Friday."

"A lady friend. Remember, Rosie, you are to call her a lady friend; it sounds better."

Then Rosie crept back to the table and fingered a biscuit as she drank her glass of milk, casting side-long glances now and then in the direction of the library sofa. After a time she again approached her mother.

"You haven't eaten anything, Rosie."

"Oh, yes I have; a big biscuit, and I've had lots of fruit this afternoon."

"You know I won't have you eating between meals. Did you drink all your milk?"

"Nearly all."

"Go and finish it."

The child went back to the table and drained the glass, which she had left half full, and then came back, and seating herself by the window, took up a book.

"You mustn't read so much, Rosie. It is bad for the brain. Put on your hat and take a nice run round the garden."

There was a visible relaxation about the child's eyebrows.

"But you will be all alone?"

"Bridget isn't going out to-night. She says she is tired—tired after the washing of that handful of clothes. Run off now. After Friday I need never be alone. I am glad for you, Rosie, that Miss Power is coming."

"Yes, and she is so old she will never wish to go out."

Then this child, with the unchildlike face, went slowly out of the room and flew down the stairs, and Mrs. Melville fell back amongst her pillows and slept the sleep of the righteous.

(To be continued.)

Lecturer on Colorado: "Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside of our State, such products as marble, iron, fire-clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—But why enumerate them? Where else will you find all these things? Where, I say?" Man in the audience (impatiently): "In my boy's pocket."—*Chicago Tribune*..