

aloft in the air, like a kicking horse, now rushing into the water to look at us nearer, now frisking off like a kitten at play. After these mad gambols she always returned to her calf, first saluting us with a long plaintive kind of bellow, by way of farewell. The idea of providing the workingman of London with music during his hasty mid-day dinner has been tried. A regular series of experimental concerts have been held, with an attendance of twelve thousand men. One penny is the admission, and the more classical the music the more the men listen. One of Schumann's most difficult pieces was listened to with great respect, and loudly applauded.

ABOUT THE QUEEN.

Referring to the reports of the Queen's departure for the Continent, describing how, when her Majesty embarked, she leaned on the arm of an Indian attendant, while the Duke of Connaught walked behind, a London correspondent writes:—Her Majesty, who is faithful in her likes as she is pronounced in her aversions, has put the Indian in the place occupied by the famous John Brown, who for many years watched over his Sovereign's safety with a zeal that was religious in its utter devotedness. The Indian successor to John Brown began to take rank about the time of the Jubilee. He is a splendid fellow. Stalwart but supple, gifted with the courtly dignity that comes natural alike to the well-bred Hindoo or Mahomedan, he has also the gentleness of a woman and the reverence of a child. To him the Sovereign is more than Queen of Great Britain. She is also Empress of nearly 300 millions of his fellow-subjects in India. Anyhow, his qualities have commended him to Her Majesty as a suitable personal attendant. Hence he now rides at the back of the Queen's carriage, he leads her pony, he is ever by her side ready to fetch or carry, and, greatest honour of all, he is permitted to lend his arm to support his Royal Mistress's steps when she is weary, or the way is difficult, or the injured knee is troublesome. Hence, also, he has been detailed to accompany Her Majesty on the foreign holiday with her other favourite belongings, such as the stout, sleek donkey and the Queen's bed: for, as you may know, Her Majesty has a fancy to lie on one bed only, and wherever she goes her bed is taken with her. Her Majesty's favourite exercise is in her donkey chaise.

A FIGHT BETWEEN BEARS AND AN ENGINE.

While crossing "Rattlesnake Trestle," near Lakeland, Florida, the other day, two large bears were overtaken by a train. The bridge was too high to jump from, and, finding escape impossible, the bears turned, stood upright, and faced the train with fore-paws up in prize-fighter style. The engine dashed one of them off the trestle, but the other was thrown up into the air by the cow-catcher, and in his fall clutched the brass rods in front of the locomotive. Desperate with pain, he growled savagely and scrambled along towards the "cab," where the stoker's face was visible. The stoker had just been raking the fire, and made a plunge at his ferocious assailant with the great red-hot poker. With a terrific howl the poor beast tried to spring upon the stoker, but lost his footing and fell almost under the wheels. He lost part of a hind leg, but in spite of all his wounds he picked himself up after rolling down the embankment (by this time the train was off the trestle), and bounded off into the woods. The blood-stained engine was visited by appreciative crowds as soon as it reached the next town.

SOMETHING NEW.

A new idea for the entertainment of guests at parties in London is a performing flock of doves. One rode on a miniature bicycle, and amazed his admirers by walking on a tight-rope. Another played ball. A third worked a windmill. Some played see-saw. The whole flock, dressed in best bib and tucker, sat down to afternoon tea. When more tea was wanted, the doves said "coo-coo-coo," and they enjoyed the meal so much that they spun it out for ten minutes. Finally, they took off their bibs, and put on dainty little silk hoods, and were driven off in an open carriage. It took four years to teach the dear little creatures, who have to rehearse every day. If they got one week's holiday, everything would go out of their minds, if they have any.

ABOUT A PIN.

A little boy, aged seven, was playing with a pin. Another boy was wanting to have it, but to prevent his getting it, his little playmate put the pin in his mouth. In running around and laughing at his happy thought, the pin was drawn into his larynx. A good deal of smart pain was the consequence, which, however, soon went away. But the pin had come to stay. For twenty-four long years it staid there. The boy had grown into a man, and then the pin began its revenge. The man grew very sick. The doctors were puzzled. He coughed, and coughed, and coughed. Nothing would stop it. One day, in a fit of coughing, the man coughed up something hard, which was discovered to be—the long-swallowed pin! The man soon got well. But I should not advise our young Canadians to trifle with pins, for all that. There are some things that always "will out," but pins are not always amongst the number.

OUR OWN GOOD QUEEN AS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY MARY BERNIS.

WHEN, some seventy years ago, the Duke of Kent held his baby daughter in his arms, and said to the bystanders, "Look at her well! she will yet be Queen of England," they probably were as little moved by it as the tiny baby herself. But the father had spoken truly, as the years were to show, though other people realized this much sooner than the little Alexandrina Victoria. The life she led till she was twelve years old was much like the life of any other child. She wore plain cotton frocks, ate her suppers of bread and milk and fruit, and studied her lessons as any of you used to do. Walks and drives were her chief delights, and she was the happy owner of a donkey, decked out with blue ribbons, on which she used to ride in the park. This royal maiden sometimes longed for other children to play with. One day a little musician, called "Lyra," came to play to her. Victoria's mother left them alone, and when she came back the two children were happy over their dolls, and music and royal dignity were alike forgotten.

But the life of the little Princess was not all play. There were lessons to be learned, and these were some-