

### The Secret of Longevity.

Much as we may respect the rules of health laid down for us by celebrated physicians, and readily as we may admit that health cannot be preserved or long life obtained by intemperance, inordinate passions, noxious air, and such like injurious customs, ways and manner of living, we would, if desirous of living to be one hundred years old, put more faith in the system recommended by the editor of "Puck" than in all the fads concerning food, clothing and exercise foisted upon us by learned doctors and actuarial savants. "Puck" says:—

"Eat and drink as much as you really want of whatever you really like, but see that your conscience is clean or you can't digest that or anything else. Cultivate cheerfulness, a sense of humor, and the knack of resting. Keep your mind open so that your brain won't ossify, and, to this end, prefer the society of children to almost any other. They still have the secret you are looking for. And, above all, spend no time in wondering how long you are going to live. If you do these things well, you will some day have a notice of your hundredth birthday printed on the front page of the Sun."

Eat and drink as much as you like! Cultivate the knack of resting!! Such instructions have a pleasant mocking sound to the poor and tired worker who feeds on fancy and only rests in his sleep.

### At the Seaside

This is the perfection of loafing for the tired banker, broker, insurance manager or merchant. To lie idly in the sun with a panorama of exceeding loveliness stretched out before one, to hear the drowsy plash of the waves sounding like a lullaby, to think of nothing, and have nothing to think about, to let the steeds of the brain go browse at will. If any hesitating holiday-maker wants testimony to the charms of the ocean as a summer resort, let him read Dickens' comments upon children at the seaside: "So many children are brought down to our watering place that when they are not out of doors, as they usually are in fine weather, it is wonderful where they are put; the whole village seeming much too small to hold them under cover. In the afternoons you see no end of salt and sandy little boots drying on upper window-sills. At bathing time in the morning the little bay re-echoes with every shrill variety of shriek and splash—after which, if the weather be at all fresh, the sands teem with small blue-mottled legs. The sands are the children's great resort. They cluster there like ants; so busy burying their particular friends, and making castles with infinite labour, which the next tide overthrows, that it is curious to consider how their play, in the music of the sea, foreshadows the realities of their after lives.

"It is curious, too, to observe a natural ease of approach that there seems to be between the children and the boatmen. They mutually make acquaint-

ance, and take individual likings without any help. You will come upon one of those slow, heavy fellows sitting down patiently mending a little ship for a mite of a boy, whom he could crush to death by throwing his lightest pair of trousers on him. You will be sensible of the oddest contrast between the smooth little creature and the rough man who seems to be carved out of hard-grained wood—between the delicate hand expectantly held out and the immense thumb and finger that can hardly feel the rigging of thread they mend—between the small voice and the gruff growl—and yet there is a natural propriety in the companionship, always to be noted in confidence between a child and a person who has any merit of reality and genuineness, which is admirably pleasant."

Let those in search of a summer holiday join the children at the seaside. The coast of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island abounds with just such watering-places as those described by Dickens.

### Something about the Boers.

When President Kruger, after listening to the reasonable and moderate proposals of Sir Alfred Milner regarding the franchise, stated that to yield would be tantamount to handing over the Transvaal to foreigners, Sir Alfred demurred by pointing out that under his scheme the representatives of the old Burghers would still be in a large majority in the Volksraad. A Scotch newspaper, in the course of some editorial comments upon this view of the situation, says:—

"In certain quarters in this country this idea of the President has got a firm hold. "The Transvaal belongs to the Boers," it is argued. "If you admit the Uitlanders to the franchise, that will virtually mean handing the country over to them, because they are far more numerous than the Boers; and such an act would be disgraceful. The Transvaal is the property of the poor Boers, and it would be an infamous thing to deprive them of it." In a certain way an argument of this kind appeals to one's sympathies; but a question which naturally suggests itself is, What about the native Kaffirs? Those who use this argument seem to wholly forget the existence of the blacks. But in the Transvaal there are about 800,000 blacks as compared with some 30,000 Boers, and before the Great Trek these blacks were in possession of the whole country. If this argument of the Boer sympathisers is to be applicable, therefore, it should apply not to the Boers, who ought to be made to clear out, but to the Kaffirs. The Great Trek was made principally because the Cape Boers were dissatisfied with the liberal policy of the British Government towards the natives, and after the Boers had established themselves in the new country their administration was disgraced by their persistent maltreatment of the native tribes. The "Apprentice Law" established a system of undisguised slavery, and the Constitution declared that the "people will admit of no equality of persons of colour with the white inhabitants either in State or Church." The fact of the matter is the Boers obtained possession of the Transvaal by force, and they could not complain, even supposing there were any design in that direction, if it should be withdrawn from them by similar means; and the whole argument of the Boer sympa-