



**Life, Literature
and Education.**

[Contributions on all subjects of popular interest are always welcome in this Department.]

PEOPLE, BOOKS, AND DOINGS.

Mr. Robert W. Service, a young Canadian, at present teller in the branch of the Bank of Commerce at Yukon, has written a volume of verse, with the unique title, "Songs of a Sourdough," which is meeting with high praise. The style of some of his poems has been compared to that of Kipling.

The grave in which Dr. Drummond is buried will be marked by a Celtic cross of gray sandstone. The cross in circle is copied after authentic North of Ireland models from St. Columba, at the ancient Iona Island. Below the four-foot span, intricately carved, will be a symbolic square of entangled stags, foxes, and birds of the air, and sheep or hounds. The inscription at the base is Drummond's line from "Child Thoughts," "The shadows past, I see the light—Oh, morning light, so clear and strong." Another fragment, not the Doctor's, but taken from his favorite Irish "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," by Moira O'Neil, was selected for a lower headstone, and this is what it is: "Youth's for an hour, Beauty's a flower, But love is the jewel that wins the world."

It has long been the custom in Japan for the daughters of families of high standing to take at least a year's course of domestic training with a family of similar social position, in order to prepare themselves for their duties in life. According to all accounts, this custom is dying out, and the modern young Japanese lady plays lawn tennis and devotes herself to the study of Western customs.—[Japan Chronicle, Kobe.]

The degree of LL. D. was conferred, at the recent commencement exercises of Toronto University, upon Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia; Mr. A. McMurchy, M. A., of Toronto, and Mr. H. I. Strang, B. A. Dr. Mitchell, who is a noted specialist in nervous diseases, is also well-known as the author of "Hugh Wynne" and other novels.

SOME OF OUR PETS.

By a Lover of Animals.

Among the pleasant memories of "times gone by" are those of our many pets. I cannot remember a period when we were without pets of one sort or another, and generally of several kinds at once. Almost my earliest recollection is of a graveyard at the foot of the garden, wherein reposed the mortal remains of "Irwin" and "Malta," two handsome Maltese cats; a much-lamented spaniel, who died at a ripe old age of fatty degeneration of the heart; several canaries, and a couple of guinea pigs, besides various other departed favorites too numerous to mention, each grave marked with a shingle headstone bearing the name, virtues and age of its occupant.

For several years our "specialty"

was goldfinches, or wild canaries, of which we sometimes had ten and fifteen at a time. We used to locate the nests when the birds were hatching, and when the young birds were fledged, take one or two from each nest. These little birds make delightful pets, and become very friendly and companionable. We used to let them out every Sunday afternoon for a fly about the house to stretch their wings, and they would perch on our fingers, take seed or bread-crumbs from our lips, pull our hair, and have a good time generally. Indeed, they used to enjoy their Sunday afternoon outing so much that they were not always ready to go

died of sheer overfeeding—a sad warning to those who are too fond of the fleshpots of Egypt.

Another pet we had was a young robin, who spent a summer with us. He was brought to us by some boys who had found him alone and unfledged in his nest; the parent birds were, we supposed, killed by some thoughtless youngsters. He was stark naked when he came to us, and had evidently only recently made his appearance in this vale of tears. He had to be kept in a little cotton-lined basket beside the bed, and fed three or four times during the night at first on a mixture of hard-boiled egg and shelled canary and hemp

came acquainted during the summer with other relatives of his, and in the fall was induced to migrate with them to "fresh fields and pastures new."

Then, we have had rabbits, so tame that they seemed to be always under our feet; a turtle, who was of a very reserved disposition, however, and with whom we never really got on intimate terms; white mice; flying squirrels; ring-doves; a poor crow, who was discovered in the snow one winter half-frozen and totally blind. He was taken in and fed and cared for for over a week, but when we found that nothing could be done to cure him, it was thought that the kindest thing to do would be to put him out of his misery; so he was chloroformed, as being the most effective and painless means of terminating his unhappy existence.

Three new—very new—flying squirrels were brought to us once, the mother squirrel having been accidentally killed, but the task of rearing these proved too difficult. One died the first night, another the second day, and the third, after lingering nearly a week, finally succumbed to his adverse fate, and went to join his predecessors.

A catbird, who was found with a broken wing, and taken care of for some days, absolutely refused to leave when his health was restored, and proved a most entertaining guest for some months. We called him "Crosspatch," on account of his harsh voice, but we maligned him, as he really possessed a most sociable disposition. He had a cage, with the door permanently open, to which he would repair for food and water, and where he always returned at night, but otherwise he was a free-lance, and enjoyed full liberty. When autumn came, however, he, too, yielded to the voice of the charmer, and left us for the society of his own people.

Our very latest pet was a butterfly which the warmth of the house hatched out prematurely last January. We had it for over a week, feeding it on sugar dissolved in water, which it would take greedily. It would light on the finger, unroll its long proboscis and drink up the syrup, as if it were all in the natural and proper order of things for it to be fed in that manner. Whether he partook too freely of his saccharine diet, fell a victim to a carnivorous canine, or just simply died, we know not. He disappeared, and his fate remains shrouded in mystery.

Goldfish we have had, but they proved, perhaps, the least interesting of all our animal friends.

Of our dogs, which were quite the "cleverest ever," we have stories innumerable, and they are, after all, the most companionable pets. They seem to understand and fit in with one's moods so thoroughly, and there is hardly any limit, short of actual speech, to their possibilities in intelligence and training.

Of course, as each pet came to an end, untimely or otherwise—and many of them had very checkered careers—we were dissolved in grief, but the vacant place was soon filled by a new occupant, to whom we speedily became attached, life resumed its natural aspect, and we were happy once more.



One of Our Pets.

After all, "Beauty is only skin deep."