strong censure. Speaking to a repre-

on the spot, I received a vivid descrip-

tion of the scenes, which, he told me

would live in his own memory forever.

Zola in his most realistic imaginings

d.d not come anywhere near the truth.

The horrible sufferings of the miners

is almost equalled by the agonized

suspense of their wives and children,

whose hopes are daily raised by the

thought that still their relatives may

be brought forth alive, and they

realize also that if things had been

properly managed those precious lives

Food Adulteration.

In the House of Commons this week,

select c mmittee appointed to inquire

nto questions relative to the butter

trade, threw some sidelights on the

general practice of food adulteration.

culated to improve one's appetite either

The revelations were certainly not cal

ter itself can be made up of several

products other than actual butter, so

as even to deceive experts. So far has

this adulteration been carried at the

present time that it has become abso

lutely necessary in the interests of the

consumer to apply for stringent meas

ares to put a stop to it. New regula

tions will also be the result of this in-

quiry with regard to other comestibles

which contain pernicious coloring mat-

ter or so-called preservatives, and this

more especially applies to imports

In Fashion's Realm.

There is at least advantage that will

arise out of the popularity of the Princess Robe and that is that women

will once again have to pay the utmost

attention to their figures. It must be

confessed that the loose blouse styles

of latter years have got us into care-

less ways in this respect and for some time the well-moulded, well-propor-

ioned outlines which, when all other

claims to beauty failed, at least earned

for the possessor the coveted boon "a

fine figure," have been conspicuous by

their absence. It is strange in an age

when physical development is the one

and only ideal, it should so happen

that the queenly, willowly figures

should never be seen-that, in fact our

from the colonies.

might have been saved.

sentative of an English paper who was

BY W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "DEEDS THAT WON THE EM PIRE.

144444444444

It was Inky's voice, and-there-inside the kitchen cupboard, all bandaged up with white rage, lay Inky, her very self. "Griselda, dear, don't run away. I'm Emerson once said that the mud of so tired of being all alone."

"Oh, Inky! How did you get out" "I fell into the bucket, and Cook pulled out. I cracked my head, though. But what's the matter with you, Gris? You look extra white!" "I've got a guilty conscience, and ! makes me feel very queer. But I think

it's getting better now, thank you, Inky dear. Don't let us talk about it." So I got rid of my guilty conscience and am quite good now.

"LI'L' FELLER."

When the weary winter ends, Li'l' feller, With the daisies we'll be friends, Li'l' feller! There'll be birds on every bough Where no bird is singing now-We'll be happy anyhow,

Li'l' feller! Heaven is dreamin' in your face. Li'l' feller, Angels for your kisses race, Li'l' feller! Here they come-a watch to keep When you're smiling in your sleep-They're a-lovin' you a heap, Li'l' feller! III.

In the gardens o' the Spring, Li'l' feller, Soon the rose-sweet winds shall sing Li'l' feller! Every flower that feels the fall Of the dew your name shall call-You, the sweetest rose of all, Li'l' feller!

-Frank L. Stanton WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY. Earth wasn't as it is to-day When Adam was a boy; Nobody's hair was streaked with gray When Adam was a boy. Then when the sun would scorch and stew

There wasn't anybody who

Asked, "Is it hot enough for you?" When Adam was a boy. There were no front lawns to be mov When Adam was a boy; No kitchen garden to be hoed When Adam was a boy. No ice-cream freezers to be turned, No crocks of cream that must be churne

When Adam was a boy. There was no staying after school. When Adam was a boy, Because somebody broke a rule When Adam was a boy. Nobedy had to go to bed Without a sup of broth or bread, Bedause of something done or said. When Adam was a boy.

No grammar lessons to be learned,

Yet life was pretty dull, no doubt, When Adam was a boy: There were no baseball clubs about When Adam was a boy. No street piano stopped each day In front of where he lived to play; No brass band eyer marched his way, When Adam was a boy.

There were no fireworks at all When Adam was a boy; No one could pitch a drop curve ball When Adam was a box But here is why our times are so Much better than the long ago-There was no Santa Claus, you know, When Adam was a boy -Woman's Home Companion

Be thou glad! for Spring is here, Spring is here, with love and joy; Now thine art in song employ. Now reward has come at last

THE ROBIN.

Coral-throated songster, clear,

For thy patience in the past;

Hopeful thro' the winter drear, See fulfilment now appear. Seraph silver-voiced, thy strain, Tells of sunshine after rain,

Tells of how, thro' Winter's blast, Thou had'st hope, and held it fast, We have heard thy sparkling song,

Tho' the frosts were hard and long; Love's bright time is here again: Charm thy mate with sweet refrain

RIDDLES. When does coal remind you of a poet?-When it burns (Burns). Why is the "Children's Corner" like

Christmas stocking?-Because it is full of good things. When is a floor not a floor?-When it is the British Empire-all the debates

If you were going to make a dress out guage, in spirit, in ideals it might be of leaves, which kind should you choose? -Evergreens, because they would not fade.

wrathfully across the St. Lawrence | able political conditions. But the r against the British guns on Point of loyalty that penetrate so deep Levis; and Wolfe's guns flung back, heart of the Briton-pride of re all the Continents had gone to the day and night, their answer in red sense of common blood, the tie of making of the Englishman; and it is flame. What would the blue-coated certain that the modern Briton is com- French gunners in Quebec citadel, or ounded of strange elements, "Saxon the red-coated British artillerymen on Point Levis have thought had they to expect them to exist. been told that a little more than a century later a tall monument to both their leaders would stand on that very spot?

"Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas detit." runs the inscription of "Valor But the British Empire of to-day, gave them a common death, history an equal fame, and after ages a common monument.'

amalgam of strange opposition. Its The tall column is a sign not only color scheme might well distract an a: tist. Of the 400,000,000 subjects over of ancient strife, but of the peace gents! The larger-minded F whom Edward VII. reigns only 50,which obliterates the scars of strife, 600,000 are white skinned; the remain- and not many like it can be found in rier and his colleagues in the Do ir.g 350,000,000 are black, brown, or the world. And the monument on the coffee colored. A race-map of the Empire would be of as many colors as political peace in which under the shel-Joseph's coat. It is a Christian Emter of one political system the descendpire, and yet it includes in its compoants of both the races who contended on the Plains of Abraham dwell to-day. sition more Mahommedans than Turkey, and more Buddhists than Japan. It is another sign of the happy relation Who makes any study of that greater betwixt the races that it is a member England outside the narrow seas is and representative of the defeated race profoundly impressed with this mixwho to-day is prime minister of Canture of races through all the provinces. ada.

Race Separateness. The one puzzling thing in these Can-

adian Frenchmen is their curious separateness. This is obstinate, conscious, deliberate. They do not intend to melt into the general population. A hundred and fifty years after Hastings, Normans and Saxons had become one people; but a hundred and fifty years after the fight on the Plains of Abraham the Frenchmen in Canada are as little British as if they had never left their native villages. They dwell together. They speak their own language and have their own schools. There are no inter-marriages with the rest of the population, and scarcely any intercourse. They fly the tricolor on fete lays as well as the Union Jack. They grow fast, for that curious shrinkage of the birth rate which is the menace of modern France does not in the least apply to these transplanted French folk. They marry early, and the scale of their families is a proverb throughout Canada. They do not move on to new districts, but they buy out, or push out, from their province settlers alien in faith and race to themselves. There are whole towns in Lower Can ada which twenty-five years ago were at least half British and Protestant; to-day they are wholly French and Catholic. These Canadian French are censcious of their separateness. They value it; they are jealous of it. They resent the suggestion that they may ever melt into the general population. All the precedents of history seem to fail in their case. Under a common system of government, within the same geographical bounds, in the enjoyment of the same liberties, the races remain

almost as separate as oil and water. Part II.

The one separating force which keeps French and British in Canada from vital union is by universal consent the Roman Catholic church. Sir Wilfrid over with a network of fine lines. Laurier himself frankly admits this. general effect is that of a pensiv Their taxes are absolutely light and "I am," he said to the present writer, slightly overtaxed gentleness. Sir I wspapers and schools. Their priests the doctrines of my church does not His voice is soft; his English manage all their affairs for them. They mean that I accept all its ecclesiastical policy." And it is part of the policy of care and finish of a man who is spe the church to keep its French flock ing in what is not his mother tongs ecessary by process of civil law. And separate. The policy is not courageous or noble. The faith that must be kept in a separate and air-tight compart-For there are Frenchmen of the ment to save it from perishing is hard-Bourbon times and type. They repre- ly of a robust type. But the policy of the Roman Catholic church in Canada on on a large scale France has ever is intelligible enough. The Treaty of known. They came to Canada early in | Paris guaranteed the conquered French the seventeenth century, with their freedom in the practice of their relieigneurs and priests, and they settled | gion "as far as is consistent with Brittogether on half feudal terms. The ish law." But "British law" to the Bourbons have gone; the seigneurs French Canadian means that enacted have disappeared, or been bought out; by the provincial parliament, which is the red flag of England has taken the itself French and Catholic almost completely So the Roman Catholic church joys privileges and rights in this little patch of the British Empire such as it does not possess in Italy or Spain. He says always the right thing

Ecclesiastical Privileges. Churon property is untaxed; the chools of the province are managed that political concert of races completely by clerical boards; the though it is far enough from being priests have the right of tithing over living union, is yet the ultimate their own flocks, and the tithe is a in Canadian politics. civil debt, and can be enforced in the civil courts. It takes precedence indeed, over local taxes. In no other Wilfrid Laurier is tired of public civilized land, in a word, can there be and regrets having devoted himse found so complete an example of the it; and he frankly says "Yes," some authority of the priests over their times at least he regrets his vocatio are in French. In type of faces, in lan- flocks-an authority which has in it a But Sir Wilfrid Laurier's regrets ha flavor of mediaeval times-such as ex- not the depth of Burke's bitter saying French provincial assembly. The ists in Canada. It is natural, under -which so many politicians would French element, too, is both visible and such conditions, that the church of peat-"What shadows we are, Rome should seek to make its flock, what shadows we pursue!" Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as all the world knows, is one of the half a dozen men garden enclosed." But it is hardly a work, has few prizes, and leaves a management of the half a dozen men garden enclosed." among whom is divided the business good service to the Empire, or to Can- at the end of his career almost of ruling the British Empire. Yet he ada-or even to the French Canadians tainly poor and quite certain to be for is a typical Frenchman, and his Eng- themselves-which is rendered by the gotten. church of Rome in keeping its followthrough it. It is an odd experience, in- ers thus separate. These, Canadian ilated, will no doubt add some fine deed, to sit in the gallery of the Do- Frenchmen are inevitably and for all time in the circle of the Empire. They give a touch of brightness, of gai ister of the British crown after another share its citizenship; they are guarded of art, perhaps, to the strong-bod rise and reply to some question or by its flag. Why should the separat- strong-brained, and masterful Scot. other in English which smacks so ing lines of races and speech be kept reserved, enduring, comme so obstinately in existence? But though wise men regret the separate- bulk of the population. But the an able. The Briton, at bottom, and for ness of the Canadian French, they all his insularity and Philistinism, has reed not wonder at it. Suppose that after Hastings Normans and Saxons body so much as a tough and gallant | had been parted by some profound difference of religious faith; that the Normans, say, had been Roman Catholics, and the Saxons convinced and Evangelical Protestants! Here would have been a separating force whose effects would certainly be visible to-

Are the French Canadians Loyal? It is a question to be asked in Canada itself only with bated breath. Are these French Canadians loyal? hill in Quebec which is a parable in the answer depends, of course, upon the sense attached to loyalty. They are loval to Canada; they do not wan memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. A to see the tricolor or the stars and hundred and fifty years ago, from the stripes fly over Quebec. They know very spot on which the monument that of all who speak the French stands, Montcalm's batteries flashed tongue they are under the most envi-

day.

-certainly do not exist in the dian French. It would be unreason LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHE

Experiences of His Royal

George Langley, the

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Vancouver Friday nigh

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WITH PAR

Would these Canadian French for the British flag? They wo may be suspected, fight for flag. It was not Sir Wilfrid who sent the Canadian contin South Africa, but a wave of entiment throughout non-French ada, which would have swept frid Laurier out of political ex rot many Frenchmen in the Canadians-men like Sir Wilfrid ion government-have, no doub would fight in any battle that se threatened it. But for the av French Canadian the political ho is very narrow. He knows, it ma uspected, no loyalty beyond his

Wild Dreams. Some of the younger French (dians have, indeed, strange They cherish visions of an indepe French state on the St. Law with Quebec as its capital and pe the white lilies as the symbol Has not Great Britain herself even carelessly magna with regard to its outlying pro Twice in the last century, afte uring the Cape, she gave in the Dutch. The French West are a British gift to the tricolo Britain gave the Ionian islands reece within living memory she fire a shot to keep, say, Aus r Canada itself under the British Would she send another fleet st. Lawrence and fight another b on the Plains of Abraham to keep Qu

ec a British province? Perhaps not; but it is grimly cer that Canada would! Only a tiny oisy section of the French Canadia as a matter of fact, cherish any illi about an independent French state the St. Lawrence, and the dream is But it undoubtedly haur lunacy. certain wild and more or less emp heads.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, th Prime Minister of Canada, is a ver teresting study. The present write had the choice between a chat wit President Roosevelt and lunching with Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and he chose the Canadian! He is a real factor in the politics of the British Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's face is not combative: it is not the face of an enthusiast or of a man of action. It suggests rather the face of a French professor, studious, abstracted, refined; little bit weary of wrestling wi youthful human stupidity. From forehead a ridge of shining baldn runs back over the skull, leaving thick pad of hair on either side face is thin, pallid, deeply seri frid Laurier has an exquisite and perfect, but his syllables have With all his apparent simplic manner, the Canadian Premier ha skill of a great diplomatist. He fine gifts of mellifluous, if not of r

netic speech; but he is hardly cannot be said that his name is lin to any great and history-making ham's type, an administrator of merston's temper, a debater of berlain's edge and force. There iron enough in his blood or in his per to rule in stormy times. Bu charm of manner is a real force, he represents admirably what ma called the decorative side of p says it at the right moment and right way. There is nothing about him, and he happily symb

His air of bored and over-taxed ence suggests the question whether

The French, when thoroughly ass ments to the Canadian type. They minded Englishman, who make up gamation is slow in coming, and in a degree which contradicts all precedents of history

Not Milk for Babies

milk. Always the same. Sample

I never dared so near the well. Some times, just before teatime, I heard he "Meow! Meow!" until my hair stood up straight all over me. But a strange thing has happened. The other morning I sat and sadly thought: "I'm getting to be a sort of "Grisel-da!" I jumped violently, and fell off the chair, bump, on to the floor.

Part I.

and Norman and Dane are we," as

Tennyson sings. And yet from this

pact, definite, and stubborn; in energy

and resisting power equal to anything

A Race Map of the Empire.

like the individual Englishman, is an

At the Cape there is the indigestible

Dutchman, to say nothing of Kaffirs,

Hottentots, etc., a human compost to

element. In Canada every fourth in-

habitant is French in blood and speech

and type. In the United States one-

tenth of the population if of negro

blood, and the other nine-tenths are a

strange compound of lav and Magyer,

of Croats and Fins, of Germans and

Jews and Russians. Race-purity is a

factor of great value, and an Austra-

han may be forgiven for reflecting with

pride that the most absolutely British

found in Australia and New Zealand.

Transplanted France.

Canada offers perhaps the most

striking example of this strange mix-

ture of races which characterizes the

British Empire; and some aspects of

the mixture in Canada are very strik-

ing. It is surely a paradox that the

freest, happiest, least-burdened, and

most contented bit of France-of hu-

man, not geographical France-the

world possesses owes allegiance not to

President Loubet, but to King Edward

VII. It is not to be found beneath the

tricolor, but under the Union Jack. A

in Canada almost as a separate com-

munity, and if they were to have the

choice of being "dumped" down in

sunny France itself-say in their Brit-

tany or Normandy-they would ener-

getically reject the offer. For they

have, easier lives, lighter burdens, a

larger freedom, and a more complete

security for everything they hold sac-

ed under the British flag than France

itself could give them. There is no conscription in Canada! There are no

revolutions on the banks of the St.

Lawrence! No law for the dissolution

of monasteries or for the shutting up

of clerical schools is possible in the

latitude of Quebec. These French

Canadians plough their lands in peace.

are self-imposed. They have their own

regulate their politics, choose their lit-

rature, and levy their own tithes-if

hese one and a half million French-

sent the one successful bit of emigra-

place of the white lilies of ancient

France. But these little clusters of

French emigrants have grown till they

over a province. And the Church re-

nains and rules them as absolutely as

it ruled French peasants in the days

A British Parliament With a French

Accent!

These French Canadians naturally

have the public affairs of the province

n which they are a majority so over-

helmingly in their own hands, and

in the Montreal legislature-one of the

many parliaments within the circle of

audible in the Dominion parliament.

lish has still French cadences running

ninion parliament and hear one min-

All this, in a sense, is very admir-

a fine magnanimity. He respects no-

foe, and after thrashing him soundly

he is willing to share with him if not

his last coin, yet all his political rights

and commercial advantages. In this,

as in many other unsuspected charac-

teristics, both of temper and policy,

the Briton is but the Roman of Cae-

sar's time translated into modern

terms. Did not Rome take frankly into

the circle of her Empire all her con-

There is one monument on the citdael

stone. It is the great pillar raised by

Lord Dalhousie in 1828 to the joint

quered foes?

strongly of the latitude of Paris.

of, say, Louis XIV.

nen enjoy the whole process.

million and a half of Frenchmen live

nunity outside Great Britain is

which has now been added a Chinese

history has ever seen.

ompound has emerged a type com-

London, April 6th.-While Mr. Alfred | ner, when raw meat and fresh milk | the mine have very justly come in for Lyttleton presided at the colonial office, some preliminary arrangements were made for the holding of a conference in London for the purpose of having the merchant shipping laws of the empire brought into line and revised This was at the earnest desire of ship owners. The shipowners' parliamentary committee have now approached Lord Elgin on the subject and had from him an intimation that he "has already informed the Governor-General of Australia and the Governor of New Zealand that he is anxious that the are portrayed. We see Lord Rosebery, conference proposed by his predecessor on the subject of merchant shipping legislation should take place as soon as possible." Lord Elgin apparently ignores both South Africa and Canada in this conference and shipping men who are naturally anxious to include two such important colonies are mak-

tend his invitation to these colonies. The Chinese Envoys.

ing a further representation to the

colonial secretary to induce him to ex-

With its accustomed and comprehensive hospitality, the city has been acting the part of host to the Chinese ners who have come to England to learn something of our political and social institutions. Part of the entertainment took the form of a luncheon, at which complimentary speeches were made by hosts and guests. Seemingly the chief of the Chinese commis sioners is a sanguine personage, for he expressed the belief that the outcome the mission would be the development of such close relations between the Eastern and Western world that, pefore many years, some future Lord ing in the language of Shakespeare. There is a touch of the "Heathen" Chinee" in this remark, but it was a pretty little flight of fancy, and its realization will depend as much on Pekin. All things considered, with all its virtues our city

the Chinese themselves, Feline Luxury.

To be a royal favorite is to ensure a comfortable existence at least for a time. The feline world should, therefore, look with eyes of envy on their fortunate brothers who happen to be the pets of royalty. For the favorite cats belonging to the various members of the royal family dwell in state as pose of a royal pet. After rising in the should be brought up alive, points disappearing, for a good figure is imrning their highnesses partake of vividly to the fact that "truth is possible to acquire unless we wear the a light breakfast of rice and fresh fish, stranger than fiction." Those responafter which they take nothing till din- sible for the inadequate searching of cost money!

figure prominently on the menu. Barrie's "Josephine." Evidently Mr. J. M. Barrie was in

one of his most whimsical moods when he set about writing his latest production, which a well packed house witnessed at the Comedy theatre this week. He has followed closely in the footsteps of Mr. Barnard Shaw, but perhaps with a more playful spirit than the latter. "Josephine," the critics agree, does not deserve the title of play, because there is no dramatic tical satire. All the leading politicians Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Ban nerman, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, in a word, all the players on the political stage at the presen moment-in fact: it is an amusing skit on the present political situation. Those interested in politics will, no doubt, see and enjoy Mr. Barrie's little piece. but to the ordinary man in the street | for food or drink. It seems that butit is slightly bewildering. Besides, people look to Mr. Bernard Shaw for this sort of thing, and the general opinion seems to be that Mr. Barry's attempt falls far short of Mr. Shaw's plays. In fact were it not for some wittily ironical passages and a general air of freakishness, the production at the Comedy would be put down as rather tiresome. The part of "Josephine"-Mr. Joseph Chamberlainmarvellously well acted by Mr. Dion Boucicault, caused considerable amuse ment. One quite forgot at times that

he was not really a woman. "Ragging" Inquiry. Considering the disgusting nature of the recent "ragging" case in the Scots Guards, it would not be surprising if the authorities had not given it publicity. It says much for their determination to put an end to this form Mayor would be heard toasting his of "entertainment" that they should Chinese guests in the language of Conhave a public including made. One must fuctions and the Oriental visitor reply-admit that the victim does not come out altogether with flying colors and one cannot help the inclination to be on the side of the young officers who took such stringent measures to show their disapproval of a brother officer He certainly was not a very desirable comrade from all accounts, and we is about as conservative as

should imagine the sentence on his brother officers would not be very severe, unless the army council in their should think otherwise. It is obvious that they wish to stamp out this practice once for all, and everybody agrees that "ragging" is detrimental to the

Zola's Foresight The French papers draw attention king." They live in a two-storied villa with the recent terrible mine disaster situated in grounds surrounding Wind- at Lens in which over one thousand

determination to maintain discipline interests of the army. befits the "cats who can look at the to an interesting fact in connection in despair, of course, for the effects of A small gravelled path miners were buried alive. They recall ion decrees a "whaleboned monstrosleads to the front door. You enter the the fact that Zola anticipated this ity" of byegone days to be indispensparlor to find it furnished with com- event in his great novel "Germinal," lible to the change in styles. But we fortable cushions on the floor for pussy describing with marvellous exactness have to lie at her ease and suspended from the lives of these miners and foretell- may take heart of grace that their the ceiling are colored gelatine balls, ing most of the features of the dis- warnings have not been wasted, for we filled with peas for her to amuse her- aster which happened lately-first of nowadays realise that the extreme self with. This is the cats' playroom, the wreck of the mine, the belated res- methods adopted by our grandmothers windows of the villa are hung cue of the men after many days, the of squeezing the body into any shape with muslin curtains tied back with revolt of the miners against the en- required by fashion does not really blue ribbons and a staircase leads up gineers and the eventual strike. All mean beauty of form. We insist or to the first floor on which are the din- these things have happened as we comfort, and proper hygenic adaption ing rooms and bedrooms. Each cat know, but even Zola's book seems to of the corset to the body and not visa has its own little wooden bed with a have fallen short of the actual facts, versa as in the old days. The day of ment of sheets, blankets, realistic as it was. The horrible dis- the corsetiere is undoubtedly returning quilt and bedding necessary for the re- covery that after three weeks men and the four-and-elevenpenny era is

grandmothers whose whalebone artificiality we scoff at, are far before us in this respect. Reform, I venture to predict, lies in the severe test that the Princess style applies to the modern figure. Our defects become so obvious that we know that first attention must

be given to the flt of our corsets. Therefore, a good day is coming for the corsetiere. Hygenic enthusiasts are years of preaching are vanishing into thin air at the first whisper that fashsible and enthusiasts

about the path. We tore about, up and down, the leaves flying before us in all

most perfect fitting corsets-and they

Presently Inky became very much in terested looking down the well at her shadow. A very wicked thought came into my head.

of the well, and-in she fell. One piercing "Meow!"-then all was I felt quite nervous, so ran indoors,

chirped Mr. Sparrow at last, and he flew | saucer of milk, so I soon forgot all about

I'll tell you why I turned it.

I had Inky so bad on my conscience that I felt quite miserable.

Children's Column

THE SCHOOL BELL. Early every day Children wend their way, Even through the rain, Down a winding lane, There beside a pool, Stands the village school. "Ting-tang," the cracked bell goes at eight,

Ting-tang, I tell you, don't be late." Gambolling on their way, Like young lambs at play, Troops of children come

Pinched and pale her face. "Ting-tang," the school bell says, "past Ting-tang, I warn you, it is late."

There, apart, walks one,

Slow as snail's her pace,

"Take my hand, dear Prue. I will wait for you Whispers kindly Bess, Hand in hand they come Slowly, in the sun. "Ting-tang," the school bell calls, "past

Ting-tang, you laggards will be late.'

As the bell gives out, "Hurry, hurry, do: One more stroke or two.' Quickening her pace Flushes Prue's pale face-"Ting-tang," the bell says, "just in time, Ting-tang, d'you lear the church clock

DINNER FOR TWO.

Oh, what a tug-of-war was going on afraid I hated her. over a hard bit of crust! Mr. Sparrow

had. "I'm not going to break my beak over that hard crust any longer. I know off down the road to a cab-stand, where Inky. he did a cake-walk round and round the heel of a hansom-cab horse waiting for a different kitten to-day. I've turned over fare, who was enjoying a bite from his

'Hard times, eh?" said the horse, as he looked down on the sparrow at his feet. "Hard crusts, you mean," said Mr. Sparrow. "People don't grow beaks, else they'd know how hard the crusts are. I wish they would soak them first. Now, what we want is a shower of rain to soften them."

"Did you say shower?" said the cab horse, looking out of his soft, brown eye at Mr. Sparrow, as he shook the nosebag round his neck. "Here's a shower for you," and out come, oh! such a lot of grain. "My master calls me a 'wasteful beggar.' but I can't make him understand that I always remember the London sparrows, however hungry I am. So just make a good meal while you are

You may be sure that Mr. Sparrow didn't wait to be told twice; but I am sorry to say that he was so greedy he did not remember to thank his kind friend the horse, who meanwhile had driven off with a fare.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE. I'm a pretty little white kitten, with green eyes; but I'm not very good; in

fact, I've had a guilty conscience I'll tell you how I got it. Everyboy petted me until Inky came then everybody petted her. She was black kitten with blue eyes, and I'm

One afternoon Inky and I had a splenwas pulling against Mrs. Sparrow with did game, running and jumping through

In a playful manner I bumped up against Inky as she leaned over the edge silence

where a better meal can be found," It was teatime. My mistress gave me a

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