

Children's Department.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were up stairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in Grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded, as if pussy said, "I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around Kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And-I-guess-I-want-to-see-my-mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must; I shut Kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't Kitty?" "Because Kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

A PRINCE WHO BIT.

Much light will be thrown upon the character and career of Napoleon III. by the memoirs, soon to appear, of Madame Cornu, who was the foster-sister, the early playmate and the almost life-long confidante of the last emperor of the French. Certain anticipations of this work have already appeared in Paris. Madame Cornu, whose maiden name was Hortense Lacroix, was the daughter of one of Queen Hortense's ladies of honor. She was a year younger than Louis Napoleon; she was educated with him at St. Loo and Arenenberg, and was his daily playmate as a child.

"He was a very attractive child," Madame Cornu has said; "gentle, intelligent, and more like a girl than a boy. When we quarrelled, he did not strike me—he bit me."

"I never struck you," he said to me afterward.

"No," I answered, "you never struck me, but how many times you've bitten me!"

"Not to strike, but to bite—that was the whole nature of the man."

As he grew older, Louis Napoleon became a taciturn, moody, dreamy, even timid boy, who needed to be actually

shaken by his young foster-sister, Hortense, now and then, to bring him to a realizing sense of the world about him.

He early became seized with the notion that he was the creature of fate, and was being impelled to great deeds by an irresistible destiny. He believed that he would fill more pages of history than his uncle, Napoleon I., and that these pages would be actually more brilliant than those his uncle had filled.

When his elder brother had died, the idea took possession of him that he must work his way to the throne of France. "To this object," says Madame Cornu, "he would have sacrificed Europe, France, his best friends—his very self." She declares that he did not possess the moral sense. He even cultivated his morbid, moody manner in order to give the world an impression of self-contained, contemplative greatness, and trained himself to a trick of holding his eyes half shut, which was not natural to him.

His foster-sister, Hortense, refused to see him for eleven years after he overthrew the liberties of France, so great was her detestation of that act. After the birth of his son, the Prince Imperial, she renewed her acquaintance with his family, but never entered into political sympathy with him. She had always a suspicion of his purpose, and a vivid sense of his cruelties, derived in part, perhaps, from the bites which he inflicted upon her in her childhood.



"THE QUEEN'S" LAST WORD CONTEST.

Above we give our readers a portrait of Mr. T. C. Doidge, of 372 Wellesley Street, Toronto, the fortunate contestant in THE QUEEN'S last "Word Contest," carrying off the first prize of a "Trip to Europe," by making a list of eleven hundred words from letters contained in the text "THE CANADIAN QUEEN."

Mr. Doidge is a fourth year undergraduate of Toronto University, and is known by both the faculty and fellow-students as one of the hardest workers in that Institution. He has received letters of congratulation from friends in all parts of the Dominion and no one begrudges him his "good luck." While he has the appearance of an older man, he is now in his twenty-fourth year. He sails the fore part of this month and will be abroad for several months. His list is published elsewhere in this number of THE QUEEN. In a sense of fairness to our other subscribers, Mr. Doidge will be barred from competing in THE QUEEN'S present Word Contest.