You are asking what you shall tell your children concerning wife and parenthood, and hoer. If you are not on terms of loving, subtle intimacy with your sons and daughters, this will indeed be a difficult task, and one you may be obliged to delegate to some suitable book.

the loving but careless mother believed them directly into the boiler and let them boil far north. too young and innocent, to know aught of about twenty minutes; then put them the more scored things of life, they learned through clear water, rubbing out the dirty of small exploring parties in the Arctic rethem in such a low, depasing way, that a spots if any remain, after which they must gions. He is accompanied by only five or lifetime of counter training of thought will be rinsed and blued. not suffice to restore them to their God-in-

tended purity and sacredness. key," often does not find it again until her lasts six or seven months. If the washing the neighboring flords with their glaciers. daughter (she never does her son) is herself is very large and the water in the boiler gets As soon as the sledging period begins next a mother-sometimes not then. This is in. low, replenish it from the sudsing water, spring he will start south with sledges and deed very, very and, and should make all instead of using more fluid and clear water. young mothers doubly watchful, but it doesn't relieve this class of their responsibility, because they can't "talk with their children."

Fortunately, there are many chaste and beautifully-written books and pamphlets cooking tomatoes which some of our readers that will partially atone for the lack of your may be glad to get. personal, loving instruction. And as many look into these things, and does not know end cut off a small slice and scoop out about what book to get or where to obtain it, I a teaspoonful of the meat; fill this with salt, take the explorers on board at Angmagsalik. will mention some that I consider most ex- pepper, and bread crumbs. Place in a bak-

"True Manhood," and "For Girls," by Shepard. Then there are two valuable leaflets for boys and girls : "A Fathers' Advice to his Son," and "An Old Womans' Letter ing. A little sugar added to tomatoes greatto Young Women."

Don't place these books in the hands of your children until you have studiously read them yourselves; you will doubtless find much in them that is new and that will bet- | set a few minutes and serve. or of special practical value, bear in mind that intelligence is always desirable. Then, too, it may be that you can talk over the | STEWED TOMATOES .- Pare and slice ripe book with your son or daughter.

To the mothers of the "wee ones" feeling the importance of these questions, but dread. ing them, let me first of all beg of you to keep close to your little ones' hearts, be of an egg, nearly one-half a cup cream, and without doubt, succeed in making valuable sympathetic with them in all their trials and sorrows, invite their confidence by giving the bread crumbs stir one tablespoonful of lections, but it is very doubtful that they yours. They feel "very important" when in partnership with mamma in a "secret." By wise means find out the trend of their thoughts, what their little playmates say to them, and what is the nature of their "plays" when together. All these things will help you to speak a word instant in season. To still better prepare you for this most delicate | added. and important task, read the tracts and leaflets for "Mothers' Meetings," published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

I never found just the help that seems needed, until I heard Mrs. C. T. Cole, a W. C. T. U. lecturer, on social purity. In a mother's meeting that she conducted she told us just what to say to the child's first questionings concerning his existence; also to his second, concerning the relations of the sexes. Such chaste, ennobling answers as she found in animal life and in the lovely flowers, I shall never forget, though I cannot reproduce them. I have never read anything just like it, so if you ever have the opportunity, don't fail to hear this woman.

I well recall the Sabbath I heard her, one of pouring rain and deep mud. But as it was only a few days later that my little daughter came to me with these same deli- awake o' noights botherin' their heads about cate moral life questions, I felt repaid a hundred-fold for the effort.

I wish you might have seen the child as repeated this beautiful allegory, then sofresh in my mind. Her face fairly glowed with a holy light and her little soul was baptized into a new life. I am sure that hour will be among the most cherished of my life, and of imperishable memory and good to my child. AUNT CHATTY.

## Fruit Canning.

are much dryer than the red berries.

night in the cellar or ice-box. Drain off the so much as wanst throied to get rid av thim.

cold cover with buttered paper. currants with red raspberries for jelly, as it wan solitary frickle fram id's foundation will be firmer and the flavor is very delicate. | yet, an' fwhm Oi axed her aff she kud tell Take equal parts of berries and currants. | me how to get red av thim she laught up in | hunt, or attempt to kill take or hunt any After washing, mash and place them in the me face an, towld me to tell Miss Molly. seal within Behring sea; that no British oven that is just hot enough to extract the grams that fwhin she got owlder she'd have ship or any equipment or crew thereof shall juice. Stir well and drain through a col- more sinse than to ax such a silly kustion. So be employed in such killing, taking or hant ander; then strain through a jelly bag. Be there ye ar, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Toozy sure not to squeeze, as it will ruin your jelly doon't know no'thin' about id an' Oi doon't of the Act any person committing, procuring, to get in any of the pulp. For every pint know nothin', an' Oi'll howld ye tin cints, aiding or abetting such contravention shall of juice add one pound of sugar and boil that ye don't know nothin' yerself, me frind, be guilty of a misdemeanor and the ship twenty minutes hard. Try, and if done dip do ye now? Oi thought not. So fwhat can equipment and everything on board shall be into tumblers. If the currants are very Oi say to th' gerl. My b'y Tammy, little ripe, it will need a few minutes longer cook- divil that he is, towld me to tell her to get the bill be read a second time Mr. W. H. ing. Seal when cold, the same as jam. a gud sthrong pair av tongs an' pull thim Smith stated in parliament the other day Current jelly is made in the same way.

ment to both.

emonade or soda cream.

Glaggerty?"

Blueberries .- Look them over carefully, wash them, and for every quart can allow one cupful of sugar; add water enough to cook without burning. An ordinary crate Lieut, Byder has Started for the East holds sixteen quarts and will can about ten. Ten minutes cooking is sufficient. Can the same as other fruit. In all canning or preserving, use the best sugar, as you can never be sure of success with a poor article.

## An Easy Way to Wash.

them in about three hours. The ingredients | phenomena, and after he has established his Many a mother who has thus lost the of the fluid cost twenty-five cents, but it camp at Cape Stewart he will investigate

Following are a few tried receipts for

make room for the bread, etc., may be placed in it together with the proper seasonly improves them.

SLICED TOMATOES .- Peel and slice ripe tomatoes, add salt, pepper, and sugar if de- | Cape Stewart to Angmagsalik. sired, and cover with vinegar. Let them

ter fit you for your duties; but if not new FRIED TOMATOES. -Slice green tomatoes; Peary for the purpose of making scientific dust with flour and fry brown in butter, turning, that both sides may be brown.

tomatoes put in a stew-pan, not an iron one are likely to attract attention in Greenland as iron spoils the flavor; add a very little during the next two or three years. The water and cook fifteen or twenty minutes. success of all these expeditions is proble-Then add salt, pepper, butter half the size one pint of fine bread crumbs, or instead of observations and gathering important colflour in the cream and put in while boiling. To this can be added a few, say three or four very thin slices of stale bread. After the dressing is added cook three or four minutes. Canned tomatoes are to be cooked in the same way only they will need to cook Melville Bay, and the stretch between Cape five or ten minutes, before the dressing is

### Mrs. Magoogin Answers a Query Ab Removing Freckles.

"An' d'ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" "Fwhat, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Some person intoirely unbeknownst to

me has wrote me a letther." "Arrah, now, is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?" "Divil a wurrud av lie Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' fwhisper, id's axin'

me a kustion about frickles." "About frickles, is id? An' fwhat about thim, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, about frickles, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow, "an' how to get red av thim. Isn't that foonny now? Who in th' wurruld id think that annybody id be lyin' little bits av things loike frickles; but, bless me sowl, here's a gerl in Hamilton aboov that sinds me foor sheets av foine mollygrammed wroitin' paper axin' me to hurry marble, the hands are brown and one of them up an' tell her th' aisiest an' quickest an' safest way to get red av frickles. D'ye moind that now, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Musha bad scran to her an' her mollygrams; an they're as big as a silver dollar up abow in th' corner av th' letther, Mrs. McGlaggerty bad scran to her an' th' divil take her at th same toime fur cumin' to me fur souch information. Fwhat diz Oi know about get-RASPBERRIES-Have ready a pan of very cold | tin' red of frickles? Id musht be pokin' foon water, ice if possible. Look over the berries, at me that Miss Mollygram is thryin' to do, and throw one quart at a time into the fur sure an' haven't I'me own frickles, an' water. With a wire skimmer; dip them id's manny's th' wan av thim Oi've carefully into a granite iron kettle. For got, too, be th' same token, Mrs. Mcevery three quarts allow one large cupful of Glaggerty, shtuck to me th' lasht forty sugar. Let them stand till there is enough | year an' more. An 'ids not so mooch as a juice to cook without burning. Simmer | thought Oi gev thim in all thet toime, me slowly, being careful not to break the fruit, frind, But ye musht andhershtand, Mrs. When thoroughly heated, fill cans, screw on McGlaggerty, that there ar' some persons the top, shake down, open and fill again, that frickles is very becomin' to, an' fwhin sealing quickly, and stand in a dark, cool Oi was a gerl manny's th' beauty was rail place. They may be put up in the same jealyous an invious av thim same frickles manner as pineapple, if preferred but we that ye see now on me face. Oi'll give ye me think this less trouble and know they are wurrud an, hanner, me frind, that fwhin my nice. Black-caps requiresome water as they | Dinney -God be good to th' poor man's sowl !-fwhin my Dinny fusht began coor-RASPBERRY JAM .- Weigh the fruit and tin' me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he was as proud allow three-fourths pound of sugar to one av thim frickles as a pawnbroker's woife is pound of fruit. Wash, skim out and mash av her doiminds, an, fwhether ye'll belaive thoughtful person as exceedingly judicious, I wonner if she thinks a fellow like me with the sugar. Let itstand a few hours or over | me ur noo, id's an honist fact that Oi nuver juice and when boiling hot add the berries. An', begorry, to tell ye th' thruth, woman, Set back and simmer until as thick as desired. Oi wuldn't know how. Oi've seen me daugh. any unreasonable demand on the part of the Pour into jelly tumblers or bowls, and when ter Toozy thry face washes an' perplexity former country. The bill provides that the powdhers an' noyuodont an' two ur three period during which the prohibition shall RASPBERRY JELLY .- We prefer to use red hundred other things, but she's nuver shuk | continue shall be determined by the order in out be th' roots, ur to howld her face over a that "Great Britain had endeavored to arrive Those who dislike currents on account of well an' let thim fall aff into th' wather, but at a friendly conclusion with a kindred the seeds will find that straining through a sure an' that's only foonin' an' th' gerl id power and had practically succeeded in dofine colander and adding the juice to rasp- think Oi was a fool aff Oi wrote her anny ing so." It is expected that a joint commisberries, either red or black, is an improve- such thing as that. Upon me wurrud Oi sion will now be appointed to investigate don't know fwhat to say an Oi'll say nothin' the condition of the sealing industry that RASPRERRY SYRUP. -Strain out the juice at all, uxcept to remark that frickles is thus the two nations may be in a position to as for jelly, allow a large cupful of sugar to frickles an they'll shtick to thim that's deal more intelligently with the question.

### ANOTHER AROTIC EXPEDITION.

# Greenland Coast.

On last Sunday, less than twenty-four hours after Lieut. Peary started north to ascertain if possible the northern extension of Greenland, another expedition set out for the great island, expecting to spend this year and next in investigations upon the east coast. This second expedition is that of Here is a nice easy way to do your wash- Lieut. Ryder, who intends to explore the Perhaps you lost this magical "key" to ing. Take one ounce of ammonia, one ounce unknown coast between 66° and 70° north their inner natures when you rudely closed salts of tartar, and one box of concentrated latitude. The expedition left Copenhagen the door of truth against their first peering lye. Mix it in a jar, and pour over it one under the auspices of the Danish Governquestions concerning the mysteries of life, gallon of boiling water. Stand as far away ment. If Ryder reaches this coast through "mamma, where did the baby come from?" from the jar as you can while pouring in the the ice which presses against it he intends Instead of w. ly seizing this God-given mo- water, and do not breathe. Put this fluid to connect the surveys Scoresby and the ment to bind their little hearts to yours away where the children can not reach it. Koldewey expedition on the north with the with this holy, this beautiful secret, you On wash day put half a cupful of it to the discoveries of Capt. Holm on the south, and gave them what, in very short, they learned water in which you boil your clothes, with thus complete the outlining of the east coast from their" wiser " playmates was a "lie." half a bar of soap which has been dissolv- of Greenland from Cape Farewell, its south-From the same unhallowed source, when cd in hot water. Put your dirty clothes ern extremity, to Cape Bismarck, in the

Dike Peary, Rider believes in the efficacy six men. He hopes to devote a consider-I have large washings but I usually do able part of this fall to the study of glacial boats, hoping both to ascertain the outlines of the coast and to study the edge of the inland. i.e. He will travel south as far as Augmagsalik, where he will await the arrival of a steamer to take him back home. It is the purpose to have the vessel attain the coast at two points, if possible; first going to Cape Stewart to take on board the collec-BAKED TOMATOES .- Take smooth, sound, tions which the party make during next an overburdened mother finds little time to ripe tomates of a uniform size. At the stem whiter and this summer's campaign, and secondly, pushing through the ice again to If for any cause the vessel does not reach ing-pan or dish and bake three-quarters of Ryder and his men, he will be compelled to "Tokology," by Mrs. Dr. Stockman; an hour. If there be room in the dish, the spend another winter in the far north, living part of the tomato which is removed to this time among the natives, whom Capt. Holm has already so carefully studied. In this event he will in the following spring retreat to Cape Farewell and the Danish settlements of the west coast in the boats which he expects to take with him from

> These two expeditions, with the auxiliary exploring party which is accompanying collections on the west coast and ascertaining the coast outline of Melville Bay, are the only enterprises of importance which matical. The Peary auxiliary party will, will be able to get within sight of the coast of Melville Bay, If Ryder and Peary succeed in their ambitions we will know at last practically all there is to ascertain about the coast line of Greenland, except along Bismarck on the east coast and the eastern limit of Peary's travels. Whatever occurs, we shall be likely to have a good deal of interesting news from the Arctic regions within the next twenty months.

## PETRIFIED IN A PIT.

### is wearen at hear a their agree well The Disappearance of a Girl Nearly 40 Years Ago Explained.

Mary Ann Grier disappeared from her father's home, two miles south of Wanatah, Ind., nearly 40 years ago. A few days ago, so the story runs, her body was recovered in an abandoned bog iron ore pit, without one vestige of change from the appearance it had known in life. The last shred of clothing was long ago destroyed by the action of the water in which she had met her death, but the same chemicals which removed the garments preserved the flesh. Not only is the contour of the form perfect, as in life, but even the color has remained unchanged. The arms and shoulders are as white as still bears the stains of the berries with which she was working the afternoon of her disappearance. The body was found in an old pit whence ore had been at one time removed; but time coated the surface of the water over with a growth of grass that year after year became more firm until the body was entirely buried beneath. When the body was first found it was believed to have been that of one who had recently died, but when struck it emitted a metallic ring and then it was known that the body was petrified. After a time the aged father of Mary Ann identified the remains as those of his daughter, and her two brothers, also, confirmed the identity. It is believed the girl felt into the pit when she disappeared nearly 40 years ago, drawing down upon her a ledge of the loose soil that completely buried her. The water in the pit mixed with the iron ore produced a solution that petrified 

# A Close Season in Behring Sea.

The action of the British parliament in passing the bill to provide for a close season in Behring sea must commend itself to every inasmuch as it will serve to convince the world that the existing difficulty between Britain and the United States is not due to council; that during this period no person belonging to a British ship shall kill, take or ing, and that if there be any contravention forfeited to her Majesty. In moving that a quart of juice; boil, skim, and can the got thim worse than flays to an outcasht | Meantime arrangements are going forward same as any fruit. This is very nice in dog. Den't ye think Oi'm roight, Mrs. Mc- to have the question of jurisdiction submitted to arbitration.

### Jinny.

She had no paw ner maw Ner any brood ner kin.
'N that's huccome it happened
Thet we all took her in. A poor, peaked little critter, Red-headed, pale, an' thin.

Six boys thar was o' we uns, An pap he used to 'gree Thet five of us wus likely As you would wish to see; An' one of us wus slowly, An' thet thar one wus me.

An' Jinny used to pleg me Fer bein' big an' lean, All hands an' feet an' freckles The thickest ever seen. Shejedged 'twas only sunburn Kept me from lookin' green.

First off I didn't mind it, Them funnin ways of hern. But when she took to growin' Like a slim young forest fern, An' did her hair up on top, why Her jokes begun to burn.

I knowd I wasn't nothin' Set off 'ginst John and Jim. An' Bud, well, he was sightly, An' Ted, I looked at him An' sensed his chance with Jinny Wus big an' mine wus slim.

So I lowed to never mention

How much I keered for her; Cuz I jedge to pine in secret It passes easier Then to pin with folks a knowin' Just what you're pinin' fer.

I tried a friendly manner An' talked with her right smart About her beaux an' reckoned She hedn't any heart; An' one day when I said so Her cyes flew wide apart

In a suddint, our us fashion, An' the blue looked wet an' she Was pink as any rose bush, An' I? well, when I see Thet blush, well, the truth is She's goin' to marry me!

### Our Choire There's Jane Sophia, And Ann Maria. With Obediah, And Jedekiah, In our choir.

TOTAL PROPERTY PROPERTY

And Jane Sophia, soprano, sings So high you'd think her voice had wings To soar above all earthly things When she leads off on Sunday; While Ann Maria's alto choice Rings out in such harmonious voice That sinners in the church rejoice And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obediah's tenor high Is unsurpassed beneath the sky; Just hear him sing "Sweet By and By," And you will sit and wonder;
While Jedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so low it jars the ground.
And wakes the cchoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame, Of Nicolini's tenor tame, Of Cary's alto-but a name-Of Whitney's ponderous hasso! They sing no more like Jane Sophia, And Ann Maria, Obediah, And Jedekiah in our choir, Than cats sing like Tommasol.

Her Year in Heaven. It is a year to-day, we said, Since she was numbered with the dead. A year that we have been alone, Remembering her slightest tone, And listening vainly for the fail
Of her light feet along the hall:
A year that we have daily seen
Her vacant chair. Yet, all serene
The summer days move grandly by In pomp of royal pageantry;
The morning with its crystal bars.
The purple midnight gemmed with stars,
The sunset with its glories bright.
The lake beneath the moon's calm light:
With all these charmes around us spread. With all these charms around us spread.

We pity her for being dead. We laid the form we cherished so Out where the fair, meek, daisies blow, And planted heart's-ease o'er her breast. The symbol of her peaceful rest:
And wrote the name so often said
On gleaming marble at her head: And sun and cloud and moon ard star Alternately her watchers are. And yet, we say, she is not there. But has her being other where, So far remote from mortal eyes We know not where her heaven lies, And, ah, the silence! echoing back But our own cries! We see no track To the far skys, no faintest trace

That leads to her new dwelling-place. We ask each other day by day, How fares she since she went away? what does she do at morn, at eve, To-day, to-morrow? Does she grieve That we her pleasures may not share? Or has she dearer comrades there? Or does she wait-seeing the end-With patience infinite, and send Us loving thoughts across the space That hides from us ker happy face, And knowing, that we love her still, Yield trustingly to God's wise will? Perchance her raptures are so sweet Twelve months have passed with pinions fleet: And she has had so blest a year, She pities us for being here.

His Nose Was Out of Joint. I think there was chilens enough, There was Kittle and Pomp and me; A cat and a dog and a little boy Are a big enough family. We used to have lots of fun, you bet, And now we have none at all; There's something up stairs in mamma's bed, A little red thing in a shawl.

If I slide down the bannisters, Jes make a little noise. A woman comes out and pats my head, And talks about good little boys. She wears a white apron and cap. And 'pears to own the house'; 'S got fur on his feet like a moose?

When papa comes in he says: Hullo, You little rat, how's sis? He means that wriggly thing upstairs The cook calls 'Little Miss, That's got the puckers in her skin And squinties in her eyes. And looks like a 'Gyptian mummy, Specially when she cries. "Her nose is ten times broker'n mine, Don't look like a nose a bit. Its got little holes, but not any bone. And mamma keeps pinching it. Jack Wilder's got a brother now, 'At can walk and pitch a ball.
Why didn't they get a child like that
'Stead of that thing in a shawl?

Anyhow I've got Pomp and Kit ; They know a lot fer true, They scoot when they see that woman come, She can't catch us, but when she says The baby's the image of me, I wish that Pomp and Kit and I, Was all the family."

The Justifiable Kind. St. Peter-Well, who are you? Applicant I'm the spirit of Jones. St. Peter-You killed a man, didn't you? Applicant-Yes, I did, but he came up behind me and slapped me on the back, and asked me what was the good word. St. Peter-Come in.

### Gambling in England.

The facts elicited in connection with the

notorious baccarat scandal casa, emoh bas just been reviewed in the London murfa are calculated to give a very exaused of the manner in which members of the "upper when they meet on social oc. The race of day which had been possessed. day which had been passed on the na by gathering around the baccaratia. 'ng mutual friend's drawing room and apendi. hours in playing for stakes, as is wone in any ordinary casino, is not was might have been expected of persons so distinguished as were several of those who made up the party on the memorable night in question. Henceforth quiet people, not abreast with the age, and who mave been wont to imagine that when eminent men and distinguished ladies meet in social intercourse they are accustomed to speed the days in profitable and ennobing employ. ment and to devote the long evenings, to refined amusements and to brilliant conversations wherein statesmen lay aside the burden of office and august personages the still weightier burdens of rank, will to conjure up a different picture, the meture of a gaining table surrounded by ladges and gentlemen who worship the Goodess of Chance with an earnestness and devotion which no professional gambler can surpass. For that the gambling habit during the last few years has made enormous advances among the English "upper" classes is a ract too pritent to be denied. And not only has this unhealthy habit been growing, but according to the London Standard, a journal of unquestionable repute, it is being pursued with an openness which is nothing short of shameless. Says the Standard :

The man who wants a game of baccarat, or who desires to risk his money at rouge-et-noir is under no necessity to dive into some furtive and half illicit private 'hell.' He can gamble to his heart's content in the drawing-rooms of some of the stateliest country houses in England and some of the noblest town mansions in London; and the number of these private casinos is increasing rapidly. Gambling is becoming the favorite after dinner amusement of certain influential sets, and if we can believe the stories that are told, vast sums are won and lost with a frequency and freedom that recall the old days of Crockford's. Then, too, we have adopted an innovation unknown to our great grandfathers. In their time, if men sat up till daylight gaming and drinking it was in the company of men. In our modern gambling coteries women are free of the guild. The ladies are not expected to withdraw when their male friends call for a pack of cards and express a desire for eigars and 'long drinks.' In the game which ensues the charming and graceful hostess takes a hand; she can put her money on the red or the black with coolness and judgment; she is acquainted with the inner mysteries of poker, and can 'bluff'an opponnent in that fascinating game with the skill and pertinacity of a veteran player in a Texas bar-room.'

"There is no concealment about it.

This is not a delightful picture surely nor one to be contemplated with equanimity by those Englishmen who are solicitous for the moral well-being of their fellow-countrymen. It is to be hoped that His Royal Highness, whose experiences in connection with the recent trial have been so humiliating will henceforth consent to lend the weight of his powerful influence in discountenancing a practice so universally condemned by moralists as tending to subvert the best-in terests of the people.

## Lord Mountstephen.

The Queen's birthday, which is made the great occasion for bestowing honors upon worthy subjects of the realm, has enlarged the list of Canada's titled sons by adding the names of Sir George Stephen, who has been made a peer, Robert Gillespie, chairman of the Canada Company, who has re ceived the honor of Knighthood, and General Sir John Ross, commanding the troops at Halifax, who has been made G. C. B. Of the former the London Times say : "Sir George Stephen's honor is the first instance of colonial service being recognized by a pecrage." In making this statement the Times must have overlooked the case of Hon. Robert Lowe, who was an Australian, and who became Lord Sherbrooke. Possibly however the fact that Mr. Lowe's honor was not conferred until long after he left the Colony was the reason why the Times did not take his case into the account. That Lord Mountstephen-for this is the title which the new Canadian peer is said to have selected-has rendered any particular service apart from that which he performed while president of the Canadian Pacific railroad is not clear. Rumor has it that his honor is partly the reward of his prompt action in giving personal assistance, as well as inducing other monied men to lend their aid to the Baring Bros., thus averting a financial failure that would have proved nothing less than a national calamity. But as to this nothing can be positively stated. That the honor has been bestowed upon a worthy subject those who know the new peer are the first to admit. Said his successor, President Van Horne, "There never was a better man than Sir George Stephen, and he is a gentleman who would adorn any position within the gift of her Majesty." Some Roses.

How many gleams of pink in the world! The light of the dawn and the eve, The life of a fleeting cloud, The happy check of a girl, The glow imprisoned in pearl ! And oh, the sweetness and the gladness Melting, pouring, through the pinkness Roses' petals hold for love! Leaf on leaf folding over, Or breaking bonds and bursting cover, Rolling backward, luscious, full; Wrapping closest at the centre. Curving thence in buoyant whirl; Tilting lightly at the edges. Where the richness pales away. Burning somehow through the color, Transfiguring and making fuller, Shade of pink and hidden yellow. Lives and glows, a light, a spirit, Essence subtle, whence and whither? Mingling softly with this spirit, Breathing out from form and texture Of the roses every fold. Wafted upward to the senses, Come a fragrance and a rapture, Scent of gardens, trace of heaven, Sweet to wildness, dear, ecstatic.

The dealer in military costumes is never influenced by the fluctuations of the market; be always maintains uniform prices.