MINUTES SELECT READING.

of Foreign, Domestic and War temi-Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

H Cummins, Kingston, Oat., has drowned at Lorette. sudden death from Canadian

NTAL SUN Worken married and sing authful habits, or excessive armined their general systems, and the real carse of the creation of the cone. The creation care of disease have been restored to their remedies failed are truly astonishing as continued in the conti

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eler is reperted from Quebec. mbermen in large bodies are leaving ttawa district for the States. Mennonite settlement in Manitoba

raised 150,000 bushels in grain. nieres dock the cittle in the Montreal gock yards of their tails for the hair to

of S. Canala, with Prince George on has sailed from Halifex to Newfound-

iast New York weeklies will not be ted to enter Winnipeg through the

police of London, Ont., have been ted not to interfere with the Salvation

ins the Narrows of Halifax harbor a cined railway bridge and wharf are to 6, or 7 inches apar fallt.

4 and 5 inch bar fae national fete of the Acadians was small stock or lar Buetonch, N. B., in great small stock, or low herated at Buetonch, N. B., in great the pound. All

Engston firemen went to Cape Vincent, competitors, received \$100 and re-

Luder, of Hamilton, has been punt John N. B. or assaulting Thos. Stout, a Salvation warrier.

Alleyn, resident county judge for died suddenly from heart disgry Aikman, 23, fell off a load on his

sfarm in Ancaster and was kicked to by the horses. nilton people are indignant with their

ouncil because it does not hasten to unta food inspector. setition has been circulated asking that

reat Western division authorities put a the constant whistling of engines the limits of London, Ont. London Junction Railway is making

piprogress and the Credit Valley will the running into the Forest City. anknown woman between 70 and 75

of age fell from a train at Hamilton, capoplectic fit and died.

ger Baker, a telephone boy at London, was given a holiday, went out shootmireturned home with a bullet in his

Halifax bricklayers are protesting ast the importation of English bricklaywork on the new sugar refinery build-

B. Sheraton, carpet dealer at St. John, has assigned with liabilities of \$100,-The creditors are principally in Eng-

ar Cartain found a Spanish half on near Windsor, N. S., last week. ears date 1769. The young man was also for the coin but refused to part

hotel-keepers of Montreal intend ing the validity of the Quebec License 1579, it is said with good prospects of

e Saved Army, a rival of the Salvaass, has attacked Napanee. It has been

stence six months, and claims to have great work. Franco-Canadian Colonization Com-

have bought the Hall estate from Mr. stal for \$2,500,000. Mr. Senecal's profit

Nictoria School of Medical declines y Archbishop Taschereau's letter, and ontinue in operation, and enter a civil against Laval.

McShane, M. P. P., of Montreal, has ena into a contract with the French Gov-Tent to ship fifteen thousand head of allan cattle to France.

a augural excursion trip was made the Selkirk branch of the Canadian railway the other day. The branch miles long and cost \$10,000 a mile to

by-law appropriating money for the of a town hall in London East has a declared invalid owing to the necessary days publication of notice not having

B. McNamee & Co., have received the set for building the link line connect-Grand Trunk with the North Shore hay, a distance of seven miles. The EB \$250,000.

Quebec Courts hold that the Legislawas not acting ultra vires when it pass-Act under which Montreal passed a against the smoke nuisance. Notice speal has been given.

committee has been appointed at Fails, Ont., to try and induce the Southern to build yards, shops, etc., A meeting of ratepayers disap. the action of the town council against allway locating its works within the

McTaggart, a bailiff of Fergus in Hany with Peter Wenger, started in a Firem Elmira to Elora, and at about McTaggart was found dead in a hear Floradale. He had a severe gash head and had his neck broken. There aspicions of foul play, and an inquest

UNITED STATES.

case of yellow fever is reported at the Yard, Pensacola, Florida. rains have fallen throughout

Buider's Union, of New York, have dall non-unionists to join and avoid a

hia, and the crops are greatly bene-

Bros. & Hall, of Duluth, Minn., termen, have failed. Liabilities un-

ly shoe lasters have struck in St. Louis orown 300 other workmen out of em-

blerick W. Maullin, a grain broker of

New York, failed jesterday. The liabilities are small.

The opium duties at San Francisco for the last fiscal year were over a million dollars in excess of the previous year.

The railroad passenger war between Chicago and St. Louis has ended and the competing roads have formed a pool.

The Farmers' Bank of Richmond, Ind., has not re-opened and will probably be wound up and depositors paid in full.

A Prohibition State Convention met at Eaton Rapids, Mich. Over 300 delegates were present. A scheme was devised to raise a campaign fund of \$100,000.

The Clan-Na-Gael association of Chicago, is proud of the man who killed Carey. Congressman Finerty said so. He further said they wanted no interference from Cardinal or Pope.

At Oakland, Miss., Joe Payne, a negro who murdered Thomas Tayles for the object of robbing, and mutilated the remains norribly, was hanged by the unanimous vote of the citizens.

Through Augustus Schell and Cornelius Vanderbilt as trustees the Canada Southern has offered in New York \$6,000,000 in second mortgage bonds at 5 per cent. to raise money to build a line from Welland to the Niagara river.

The general feeling among New York business men is that the liquidations now in

THE OLD WORLD.

Don Carlos is in Paris.

The workshops at La Seyne, France, dockyard have been burned.

The Agricultural Holdings Bill passed its third reading in the Commons.

The assertion that Mr. Gladstone subscribed to the Confederate cotton loan is un Cardinal Howard is at Kissingen for his

health, and not to confer with Prince Bismarck. Rev. Robert Knox, one of the leaders of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, died at Bel-

fast recently. The chief of the Austrian staff is making a tour of inspection of the forts on the

Roumanian frontier. A portion of the Italian squadron has been despatched eastward from Gibraltar under sealed orders.

Berlin despatches state that China will not hesitate to defend her suzerainity over Annam with the sword.

There has been a two-days' battle between Cetewayo's followers and Usibepu, and the latter was defeated and fled.

The New Era, a Nihilist paper, has appeared in St. Petersburg. It says the Nihilists are deliberating, not weakening. The French Government has decided to

expel Boland, the Belgian journalist who declared that he bribed two deputies. The frequency and magnitude of the riotous

demonstrations against the Jews in Austria cause the authorities great alarm. The Khedive visited the hospita's in Alexandria and spoke words of encourage-

ment to the cholera sufferers. Serious riots have been caused by the posting of notices at the Government

buildings, Vienna, offensive to the Croa-The express train running from Paris to Amsterdam met with an accident between

Malines and Vilvorde, and several passengers were killed. The London Telegraph states that M. Waddington, French Ambassador, has re-

ceived more conciliatory instructions relative to the Tamative affair. For the first seven months of 1883 there was an increase of fifty-eight million francs in the imports into France, and a decrease

of fifty million francs in the export. Redmond, the National League representative in Australia, denies that his mission has failed, and expects to send five hundred pounds to Ireland every week.

At a banquet at which twelve hundred persons were present speeches were made in favour of Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, as Chief of the Bonapartists.

Female Recreations.

Says the New York Mail and Express : Several women followed the hounds in the first hunt of the Newport season yesterday, and horseback riding is rapidly increasing in favor as a feminine pastime. It is said that dancing was never so little in vogue at the summer resorts as during the present season, and fashionable women affect a preference for tennis and the tricycle, while even the dudes declare their devotion to manly sports. It is not difficult for persons who believe that whatever is fashionable in England is sure to become fashionable in the United States to understand this condition of things, for since Queen Victoria purchased a supply of tricycles for her grandchildren that vehicle has become a favorite with the young girls of England, and the popularity of lawn tennis among Englishwomen is well known. So excellent are the results of healthful outdoor recreations for women that it is desirable to have the present fashion made permanent. It is a common boast that American women are more beautiful than those of any other country, but it is to be feared that the foundation for the boast will soon disappear unless our women can be induced to take more exercise in the openair. The good health of Englishwomen is attributable to their practice of walking several miles with daily regularity, and it would be a national benefit if the custom were adopted by the women of the United States. Among the indications of a growing taste for out-door recreations for females in this country is the fact that more good feminine swimmers are to be seen at the ocean beaches than in previous seasons.

The eighth commandment was all very well at the time it was written, but it is altogether too narrow for thesedays. It should be withdrawn, to read something like this: "Thou shalt not steal; neither shalt thou embezzle, purloin, commit grand or petit larceny, or obtain money by false pretences; thou shalt not be guilty of breach of trust; thou shalt not indulge in shoplifting (unless you are respectable enough to prove that kleptomania is hereditary in the family); thou shalt not duplicate thy pay accounts."

## THE UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT.

The Story of Fate an Arkansas Man Told.

Some time ago the writer visited Prof. Gailnet, of Little Rock, Ark., and while sitting in the library, engaged in conversation with the entertaining gentleman, observed a roll of manuscript tied with a strip of black cloth. We asked him if it were something designed for publication.

"It will never be published," he said, and began to unroll it. "See how it ends," and glancing at the bottom of the last page we read the following: "While he sat alone, deeply musing, a hearse passed the house, and-" here the sentence broke off. Requesting, almost imploring, the Professor to tell us the history of the curious manuscript, he finally consented.

"I came to Arkansas when I was a young

man. One night I sat in my library writing a story for a magazine. I was in good health and had cause to feel elated over the success I had just attained by the publication of a small volume of sketches, but still I felt the heavy weight of melancholy de pression. I arose and walked out, but soon returned, not experiencing any change. bent myself to the work of writing a dreary story and worked with surprising rapidity until I wrote 'A hearse passed the house and -' Here I stopped. A strange presentiment told me that I would never finish the sentence. Next day I took up my pen to finish it, but I had not touched the paper progress will ultimately have a beneficial with the pen when a piercing shriek caused hats, bonnets, boots, dresses, coats and uniroom just in time to see a horse, attached to a buggy, dashing wildly toward my gate. A frightened woman was in the buggy and and devoted myself to my new acquaintance; our friendship grew into love and finally we married. Then followed ten years of happiness. I did not tell my wite of the unfinished manuscript, but one day she found it and begged me to finish it. I did not like to confess my foolish fears, and finally I told her that I would. The next night, after my wife had gone to bed, I took down the story and read it over. I would finish it for her sake. I took up the pen and was just in the act of touching the paper when my wife called me. I ran to her and found her in a dying condition, having being attacked by rheumatism of the heart."

"Have you ever attempted since to finish "Yes. After my wife had been dead for several years I determined one night to their youth. finish the story. I went to the desk, but had no sooner dipped my pen in the ink when a noise in an adjoining room attracted my attention. Hnrrying into the room I found my son on the floor dead. He had

always been in wretched health and had committed suicide."

"Do you ever expect to finish the story?" I may have a powerful cause for doing so. Of course, all this would have happened even if I had not begun the story. I think that next Tuesday night, if I feel like it, I shall devote myself to the completion of the work, for I desire to see it in print. Come up and see me start off.'

We were busy when Tuesday night came, and—cowardly confession—were not sorry | shilling piece. when something kept us away. Early Wednesday morning we hurried to the house where for years the professor had lived. taken up his pen to finish the story and had and a tanner? This his no second 'and rot. fallen dead. Some time elapsed before we had the courage to knock at the door. At

last we rapped. No answer. Another rap.

No answer. with hair standing erect, we shoved open

the door. The old man sat leaning back in his chair, eating pie. "Come in," he said cheerfully. "You bob."

see I have just finished that story, and it gave me an appetite for pie. Pie's a good you want to wait until you are through and discount tricks." writing.'

asked "when you began to write."

vard bawled for a while. Oh, yes, you are thinking about that story I told you some time ago. Why, my dear fellow, you should | 'ere gent take ye for a sweep." not have been so foolish as to have believed me. I never was married, you know. Have some pie."—Arkansaw Traveler.

## The Mineral Riches of Tonquin.

Its gold mines, says a writer in the Paris Figaro, can rival those of California and Australia. The natives use that metal for exchange; the females of the Muongs of the Black River, on their way to and from market, gamble with thousands of francs' worth of it, without caring wheather they win or lose. The mines of Talan, near Yuen-Kiang, on the Red River, were visited by the Commission of the Meikong, who found gold there in bars as well as dust. Still higher near the source of the Red River, the pre cious metal is obtained in large quantities Silver also is not rare, and copper is found everywhere, all the domestic utensils of the people being made of this metal. The tin mines are not worked for want of capital, although those worked near Mong-teze, in valuable known to exist. Zinc, lead, iron, and bismuth are also known. The coal mines, however, are the most important of all. Tonquin produces also musk, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, wax, silk, peacocks' feathers, as well as those of the blue pheasant, and other birds of brilliant plumage. "In short," concludes the Figaro, " it is a rich country, and worth the trouble ef occupying it,"

An exchange says that a few nights ago, divine service, a negro boy and two women took the preacher's horse and buggy and drove them nearly to death. This account | child that misses a trick. illustrates the extreme of refined cruelty. the fury of the elements.

## LIFE IN LONDON.

Sunday in Petticeat Lane.

After entering the great thoroughfare of St Mary Axe, E. C., by Leadenhall street, keep straight ahead, leaving the old Church of St. Mary at the Axe on your right, and you will set foot in the land of Israel. St Mary Axe-"Simmery Axe," according to the pronunciation of the natives—is built on the site occupied in mediæval ages by the good monks of Bury's Abbey. It early became a favorite resort of Hebraic commercial activity. Two old rhymes describe the Jews of the period:

Jews from St. Mary Axe for jobs so wary, That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary.

At the end of the street is a mart, or rather a labyrinth of marts, or clothes exchanges. On week days hawkers, purchasers and loungers have access to it on the payment of one penny per day. Wholesale buyers and dealers pay three pence. On Suudays admission is free. The place is unprepossessing, indifferently roofed, and not savory. Noisy activity prevailed at the booths when I first visited it on a week day. There was not a Christian in the market. Strong men with big bags, sharp youths with distorted parcels, and bearded enchantresses with doubtful bundles were incessantly coming in and emptying their loads. Little gentleness was displayed in the proceedings, which reminded me of the manner in which scavengers discharge their wares. Lots of me to spring to my feet and rush from the forms were shuffled out on the pavement, raising clouds of dust. The sorting was quickly done. Even the most wretched rags, magically handled, soon got stretched I rescued her. I put the manuscript away out in a marketable shape. There are sly contractors in those regions who drive a first class trade by giving an artificial lustre to the most shabby articles, and by freshening those most crushed.

The day was hot. I saw many hands on the threshold of the small houses lining the narrow streets and lanes bordering the marts, all needles, hair pencils, brushes, paints, and dyes. In the middle of one street, leading out of the celebrated Petticoat lane, the most famous track of the rag fair, two artists with paint brushes and pots of black paint feverishly moved around a tottering trestle. They were giving a final touch to an incredible lot of forlorn garments which were prospering under the treatment. The cloths were reviving, the buttons rallying, and the silky materials were renewing

But Sunday is the day on which the great rag fair is to be seen. The best time is in the morning, when Christians ought to be at church. I was there a little while ago. The heat was almost intolerable. The bells had just begun to ring for the morning prayers at St. Botolph in Bishopsgate, where is buried the great merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, "I expect to try again. It is impossible | the celebrated money lender of James I., for me to remain superstitious. even though | Charles I., and Charles II., who lived hard by. A bevy of children and of flower girls were buzzing about the streets selling, at a penny apiece, roses which would have adorned a queen's table. "Good luck to

you," sweetly said a rosy little girl, with remarkably loving blue eyes, of whom I had bought a rose. Poor little darling, she was as grateful as though she had received a ten The marts and streets are full. The race fair is in all its glory. "Buy, buy, buy! roar hundreds of husky and panting voices. The horrible thought seized us that he had | "Won't ye ave the bloody lot for five bob

> Come to the hold fine gents. Hall stunners, hall !" "Buy, buy, buy! Hask for Aaron's braces my boys. "Ere his a two years'

wear for sixpence. Buy, gents, buy !" "Buy, buy, friends! Look 'ere—a coat With blood almost at freezing point, and of Saville row. You will 'ave it for a dollar honly because I want to give hit away and to go to my mother. Well, 'pon my word and 'onor, the lining halone is worth twenty | Crosby Hall Richard, Duke of Gloucester,

"Buy! 'Ere is a sock for a kick, three pairs for a tanner, hall new. The hunrivalthing to eat after you finish up a story, but | led firm. None of your miserly habatements

"Buy, buy! 'Ere is a new suit complete "Did you hear any strange noises?" we for fifteen bob. No shickery shoddy with hus. Don't be bashful. Tell me where yer "Well, yes. A calf over in the adjoining | 'onor can present 'imself with a sit-upon for three bob like this 'ere harticle. Come on; close hit; shell out; friend. Don't let this

> "Buy, buy! Cawn't ye stop for 'alf a second? Gaze at that 'ere new topper, and if ye meet with a masher in the park with a more haristocratic harticle, my name ain't Absalom. It's honly four and six. None of your fibs of tanner and flatch,"

"Buy, buy! 'Ere is a silk 'andkerchief for a kick; the best flannel shirts hever hoffered for sale for two bob; a pair of drawers as worn by the royal princes and the late John Brown for a twelfer."

Here is a short woman, with the waist of a lifeboatman, ready for action, with an ugly wig, a terribly hooked nose, a rancid complexion, and eyes that a duchess would give her dukedom for. She calls me "my friend" first, and then more affectionately "my dear." She would feel better if she could sell me some of those jewels to take them to "my darling" at home, who, she is sure will be much disappointed if I don't. Although I resist her entreaties, she does cease to be agreeable.

are fierce, and their unharmonious strains mingle with the sounds of hard blows. Not a bit of it. This tumult simply proceeds from a dozen or so of self-sacrificing men engaged in disposing, as they say, against their own interest, of an unprecedented bargain in clothes. Nothing beats the intenseness which immolation kindles. The philanthropists are getting quite mad about it. More than partially undressed, screaming as for life, the water running down their swollen faces, stamping and fuming, entirely pumpwhile a Baptist minister was attending | ed out, now and then they fold up with rage and beat with fury the articles they have praised the most, as the acrobat lashes the

Petticoat lane is so full that I am forced How that buggy must have suffered! What to the contemplation of a display of variousagonizing screams must have been wrenched ly sized sausages sold by Abraham, who from that poor buggy as it jolted over the claims the invention of no less a boon than hard-pan roadway! We seriously object to | the celebrated German wurst. I am so lynching on general principles, but in ex- long pinned there that I fall into fruitless treme cases like this-well, we could will- reflections as to how the Hebrew reconciles ing see lynch law take its stern, relentless | the commands of his faith with the commerce course. No fate is hard enough for the fiend | in pork. However, a brisk trade is going on who drives a buggy to within an inch and a | there also, but it is only fair to add that unhalf of death's door and leaves it exposed to prejudiced Christians considerably swell on Sundays the crowd of Jewish purchasers.

The middle of the street is occupied by a long line of trunks full of cheap articles. A man selling gingerbread is using ungentle language to a boy who cries and protests that he has given the costermonger a shilling. The Jew denies it. The majority of the crowd sympathize with the child. Nothing daunted the Israelite pledged himself by the "bloody" life of every one of us that he shall never return to the boy what the boy never gave. There are symptoms of a free fight. A tall police officer rams through the crowd, inquires, and the Jew breaks his oath and hands over the disputed coin. This is the only quarrel I witnessed in the fair.

The locality seems doomed to be trans tormed. Half of Petticoat lane has already abandoned its popular name, and is called Middlesex street. At the corner of this section of it and of Tripe yard, an unengaging spot, I suddenly beheld, but only for one second, one of the most periect faces of women the imagination can conceive. The admirable creature had eyes and hair blacker than nature, with a divine mouth and a complexion of marble. She was tall. She must have been twenty years old. She made for the tavern at the corner of the yard and of the street, a dull saloon with a loan office attached. I hastened to see more of her, but she had disappeared. If her soulisas refined as her person, what a herrible life must be hers in those parts!

A few yards off another loar thise loans money daily from £3 to £300. If you want money you can easily obtain it, provided you have quite overcome the prejudices you may have been reared in with regard to big inter est, for money lenders are not scarce in the

rag fair.

But here is something cheaper—a glass of sparkling, but not intoxicating, champagne for a penny. The crowd is not thin around the booth, and its noise sounds queer with the voice of an old cripple mournfully bawling, "A poem in memory of 184 little ones who died by a sad calamity at Sunderland."

"Ave a look at these ere beautiful jewels," says a young woman to her companion. "They ain't dear-a lot of unredeemed pledges." It is at the corner of a street leading out of Petticoat lane. The shop is small and low. The wares are of a mixed kind. There are hams, biscuits, cheese, all descriptions of salt and oiled fish, and other goods. The window of the shop is raised. On a table placed inside against it is an assortment of gems, watches, chains, and med als. Business is transacted on both sides of the window. An old Jew, with a thin and remarkably fine face, dressed like a man ready for a call in Mayfair, is effecting the sale. In many shops there are to be noticed men of the same well-to-do aspect, giving you the idea that many of the old, black, rickeity stores are rented by men who generally dwell in a different hemisphere.

Jews from all lands have established themselves on this spot. Lazarus, Breslau Israel, Abraham, Fernandez, Solomon, David, Rodriguez, Tarina, Ismael, Aaron, Nathan, Samson, Moses, Cassel, Nabarro, Jacob, and other Biblical or geographical names, of which many repeatedly appear on houses often marked by the Hebrew characters, testify to the fact. Everywhere you meet them-in White Rose court, an ugly narrow passage; in Baker and Bull courts which are not an inch better, and in Cutler, Ellison, and White streets, the rivals of Petticoat lane. The interior of the squalid houses in which the members of this curious settlement live is mostly well kept and comparatively clean. The race certainly does not fear the water. Indeed, it has made the article an object of trade. I saw in an unlovely lane, where vegetables, meat, and fish were sold at fabulously low figures, the following words written on the wall:

Hot water sold here from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M. 

Not many yards from that spot resided at afterward Richard III., the cruel murdorer of the children of Elward IV., his nephews

## Talking.

Why is it that women have generally so much the advantage over men in the matter of talk? Not, of course, over all men, for there are some of the tougher sex that can talk and talk and talk any one woman both blind and dumb. But as a general thing the women have it. What is the use of that man in Tennyson's "Brook" telling what he suffered for "Katy's sake?" We are bound to believe that a great many have suffered a great deal more from Katy herself, or from some of her sisters. Just let them get started and they go on forever and a day. It does not matter what the subject is. A girl fresh from a fashionable boarding school, a "superior party" in the common room of a country hotel that keeps boarders, a successful whiskey seller's wife, or the "lady" of a man that has made his pile dabbling in bank stocks or land scrip, a woman that is first cousin to a Church of England clergyman's wife, or the very prononced authority on theatrical matters and church socials. Indeed, anything or any one. How loud to be sure they talk! How they do lay down the law! How they do dwell upon charades and tableaux vivants! How solemnly they think that in these days professing Christians cannot be too careful! But what is that tremendous uproar hard | How they proclaim on the house tops that Yunnan, near the Red River, are the most by? It must be a violent quarrel, for voices | when they were about to be married their inexorable papa required them to make "one shirt each!" How private theatricals "with a religious turn" are exceedingly useful in "church schools" and colleges for giving the "young lady pupils" ease in ordinary life, etc., etc.! Oh, dear, to be sure! And all the while it is as impossible as it was for Captain Webb to swim the whirlpool to convince these women that they are ridiculously vulgar talkers all the same.

> At the seaside; "Why, dear, we must have a nurse; the baby is teething, and will cry all night." "Well, let him yell; those stuck-up neighbors of ours, the Joneses, are in the next boarding-house. If they hear him they will recognize his voice, and know that we are at the shore, too."

> A case in point : "You know, love," said an elderly maiden at Mount Desert, "it makes one look from six to ten years younger every time one crosses the ocean." "Why, aunty," hereupon ventured a pert young minx, sitting by, "you've crossed so often, I wonder you don't look immensely young."