# Her Great Love;

## Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.).

"Bravo! Not bad for a retort, my little Quaker!" he said. "But he's a dusky lot in other ways."

"What ways?" she asked, with her pure, innocent eyes upon him.

Bobby hugeted.

"Oh, all sorts of ways. No, not all sorts. We'll give the man his due; he doesn't drink."

"That would be horrible!" said Decima.

Bobby nodded.

"It is only quite recently, during the last three or four years, less, perhaps, that he has been so bad," he said. "They say that he was all right at starting. He came into the title and the estates when he was quite young, and did his duty by them in the most exemplary fashion. Kept the straight line like a pilot-engine for a time, then suddenly he swerved off, and has been rushing down line ever since."

Decima looked puzzled.

"I don't understand how a man with so beautiful a house as this to come to can be so wicked," she said, dreamily.

"But, Bobby, that reminds me, aren't we trespassing?"

"No," he said. "I know Mr. Bright, the steward. He's an awfully decent chap. He's as fond of the place, and Lord Gaunt himself, as it it and he belonged to him."

"He likes Lord Gaunt, then?"

"Rather! He thinks there is no one like him, and he's awfully fond of talking about him. According to him, Lord Gaunt is a kind of demi-god—the best rider, the best shot, the coolest, bravest man in all the world. He's known him ever since he was a child. Bright was stewing here in Lord Gaunt's father's time, and he says there never was such a boy! Such a young master as this Lord Gaunt is, Bright will talk about him for hours. Sometimes, when I'm beating the Arcadia stream runs through the place; it's just below that hill, and comes behind me and joins the young lord, as he calls him, though Gaunt must be quite thirty-one or two, I think."

"He must be some good in a man for an old servant and not a relation to speak kind of him," said Decima, thoughtfully.

Bobby nodded.

"Oh, Bright says that Lord Gaunt was always kind and generous, and that's why the place looks so [illegible] that poem of Hood's, 'A lovely place inside,' said Bobby. 'I'll be you in some day. Bright has given me the run of it. So far as I am concerned, I don't care how long Lord Gaunt keeps away. I come here to fish, and I can come here to work, and sometimes I take a turn in the picture-gallery. There is a perfectly lovely collection, a priceless collection of the old masters, especially the Flemish and now and again I almost fancy I'm the proprietor of the whole show. I wish I were."

"Perhaps you would be as unhappy," said Decima.

Bobby laughed the young man's laugh.

"Oh, I don't know about being unhappy. I should think Lord Gaunt has a high old time of it. He is tremendously rich, awfully handsome, according to Bright, and a devil-may-care sort of fellow, evidently; or he wouldn't let things here slide as he does. Bright says the tenants' places, the homesteads and all that, are going to rack and ruin; and he—that's Bright can't do anything without Lord Gaunt's authority, and Gaunt won't write or take any notice. Unhappy! I should say he was as happy as a sand-boy."

"Aunt Pauline says that no one is happy who does not do his duty."

"Aunt Pauline is as good as a copy-book heading," said Bobby, irreverently. "No wonder you are such a saint. But come on; we'd better be going back, or the guv'nor will blow up the house he has invented a new dynamic force; it's to put an end to the modern system of warfare. You fire it out of an eighty-tonner, and it annihilates the enemy at one shot. Come on!"

Decima rose, with her eyes still on the picturesque house, lying so still and deserted in the moonlight, and they went back through the wooden gate and along the road.

As they approached the new and imposing entrance to The Firs, Bobby sniffed the evening air.

"Some one smoking a cigar; and a strong one," he remarked.

A moment afterward, Decima saw a man standing just inside The Firs gate. He was a shortish man, young, with a clean-shaven face. He was in evening dress, with the dinner-jacket which bachelors nowadays affect, and looked particularly spruce and alert.

"Mr. Theodore Mershon," said Bobby, under his breath.

As they came up to the gate, Mr. Mershon turned his head and looked at them, recognized Bobby, and raised his hat in a rather cool and supercilious way; but as Decima moved from the shadow of a tree and came into the moonlight, Mr. Mershon saw her distinctly, and his sharp eyes scanned her with a critical stare. As he looked, his manner changed, and he took a step or two forward and held out his hand to Bobby.

"How do you do, Deane?" he said; but though he addressed Bobby, his sharp eyes were fixed on the girl's lovely face.

Bobby replied coolly enough, and would have passed on, but Mr. Mershon detained him with a question.

"Been for a stroll?" he said; and Decima noticed that his voice was thin, but quick and sharp, in harmony with his face.

"Yes," said Bobby. "My sister and I—this is my sister, Mr. Mershon."

Nothing would have induced him to omit the "Mr."

Mr. Mershon raised his hat again and bowed.

"I didn't know Miss Deane was down here," he said. "In fact, I didn't know you had a sister."

"She has only just come down," said Bobby, rather coldly. "It's a fine night, isn't it?"

"Very. And you have only just come to Stretton, Miss Deane?" said Mr. Mershon, his eyes scanning her face for a moment, and then turned aside, so that they were hidden from her, as she replied.

"Only to-night."

"Well, it's too early to ask you if you like it," he said. "But I hope you will. Have you been abroad?"

"I have been living with an aunt," said Decima; and she, too, spoke rather coldly, for something in the man's face or his voice or his manner was repellent to her.

He shot a glance at her, and averted his eyes again.

"Ah, you've come at a nice time of the year. The place looks at its best now. By-the-way, Deane"—he glanced at Bobby—"I was going to ask if you and your father would dine with me some night—"

"My father never dines out," said Bobby, somewhat stiffly.

Mr. Mershon looked from him to Decima.

"Oh! Perhaps you and Miss Deane would honor me? I will have the pleasure of calling on you, if you will allow me, and we can arrange a night. I should like to show Miss Deane—your father—the new palm-house. Will you come?"

He looked for an instant at Decima—an instant in which his sharp eyes seemed to take in the whole of her face and form.

Decima's frank eyes rested on him placidly.

"Perhaps," she said in her direct way, "if my father or brother—"

"Better say 'Yes,' and name a day, Deane," he said. "Say, next Tuesday. I'll come over and try and persuade your father."

Bobby was old enough to know that this was not the proper mode of invitation, and he colored with boyish embarrassment.

Mershon glanced at him, bit his lip and colored, as if he saw his mistake.

"I'll write," he said. "Good-night."

He did not turn into the drive, but stood and watched them as they passed on.

"By Heaven! what a lovely creature!" he said to himself. "Fancy that old maniac having a daughter like that! Looks like—like—I don't know what she looks like."

"What a strange man!" said Decima, when they had got out of hearing.

"Yes, he's a rum fish," said Bobby. "Awfully bad form, pressing us to dine with him, wasn't it?"

"I suppose it was," said Decima. "Shall you go?"

"No," said Bobby. Then he added, "Would you like to?"

"Oh, no. Why should I?"

"I might be fun," said Bobby. "We'll see. Did you see the diamond stud in his shirt-front? That sort of man always wears a diamond stud. It is the mark of the beast. And did you notice that his eyes never met yours? Sort of shifty. I distrust. But I'm rather curious to see what kind of dinner he would put on. Well, we'll see. There you are! the light in the hall. I'll go take the ladies' way and see if I can get a glimpse of the cook."

He opened the door and looked in.

[illegible] the cook with a woman [illegible] talking to the [illegible] who lived in the cottage [illegible] distant.

"You'll be left to your own devices all day, Lucie. What shall you do?"

Decima smiled rather nervously.

"I am going to interview the cook, and Sarah Jane," she said.

Bobby grinned.

"Well, if you live through it, you shall, as a reward, go fishing with me at Leafmore this evening. I generally take a rod down before dinner, and to-day's a good day. Meet me at the gate—you know? at five o'clock. Going to interview the shavers, are you, my poor child? If a brother's blessing and deepest sympathy I've been there myself—are of any service to you, pray accept them. I'm off. Five, by the gate, remember."

After breakfast, Decima went all over the house, and then "interviewed" the cook and Sarah Jane. The former at first met her timid remarks anent the dinner of the preceding evening with a bland contempt which gradually developed into a reluctant respect and civility, for there was a certain something at the back of Decima's innocent blue-gray eyes which had its effect. As for Sarah Jane, she was instantly moved to tears, and, remarking that she was an orphan, and had been "brought up by a charity," assured Decima that she would be more careful of the crockery in the future. A portion of the morning Decima spent in the laboratory, where her father submitted to her presence in an absent-minded way. She "lured" him into lunch at one o'clock, and in the afternoon she wrote to Lady Pauline a full account of this first chapter in her new life.

Then, at a quarter to five, she went down to the gate through which she and Bobby had passed to the Leafmore avenue.

Bobby was sitting on the bank, awaiting her, a pipe in his mouth and his fishing-rod by his side.

"Good girl!" he said. "Always be in time, though, for that matter, half an hour later wouldn't have mattered, for it's too bright for trout. But there's a cloud coming up, and I can start presently. Meanwhile, as you see, I am hard at work."

"Hard at work?"

"Yes; smoking. Come and sit down."

She went and sat beside him, and examined his fly-book with some interest for a few minutes; then she got up and wandered the avenue, picking the wild flowers which grew along the border.

Bobby lay back with his eyes closed and half asleep, until suddenly he was aroused by a clinking sound. He looked up, and saw a gentleman shaking the big entrance gates.

Boy-like, he watched him for a moment or two with bland enjoyment; then he shouted:

"Hi!"

The gentleman looked round, saw the recumbent figure, and said:

"Well?"

"Gate's locked," remarked Bobby in his concise fashion. "There's a door here"—he indicated the gate—"if you want to come in."

"Thanks," said the gentleman; and he came along to the wall, passed through the gate, and stood beside the lad, looking down at him.

"That gate's always kept locked," said Bobby.

"Indeed?" said the gentleman. "I am a stranger here; I didn't know."

Bobby looked at him casually.

"Are you going to see the house?" he said. "It's worth seeing, the carving and pictures especially."

"Are they?" responded the gentleman. "Do you live here?"

"Oh, no; that is, not at the house. I live in the village; but I know it very well."

"You are going to try your luck with the trout, I see. Is the sport good?"

"Oh, yes; it's a capital river," said Bobby. "Been neglected and a good deal poached, but there are plenty of fish in it still."

"Will you let me look at your flies?" said the gentleman. "I'm a fisherman also."

Bobby handed him the book with an angler's promptitude.

"I'm going to put on a blue upright and a march brown."

"Yes," said the other. "And a coachman an hour or two later. You have some good flies. I hope you will have good sport."

"Thanks. I think I'll get down to the river; it's just below here."

"Yes; I saw it as I came up the hill."

Bobby nodded and gave him good-day, and, rod in hand, crossed the avenue, calling to Decima.

"All right," she called back; "I will follow you. Here are the loveliest cowslips! I must get a bunch."

"Very well; follow the track," he shouted back, and went on his way whistling.

The gentleman looked after him, then sat down on the bank, took out his cigar-case, and lighted a cigar.

The match was still in his hand when Decima came, like Diana, with light, fleet steps down the avenue.

She was arranging her flowers as she came, and did not see him until she was close upon him. Then she paused a moment and glanced at him with a faint surprise, and was passing on again, when he rose and raised his hat.

She stopped short with a slight cry of recognition and astonishment on her lips. For she saw that it was the gentleman who had befriended her at the Zoo.

He had recognized her at the first moment, and his eyes rested on her face inquiringly, as if he were half curious to see what she would do.

He had not long to wait. With a touch of color in her cheeks and a shy, embarrassed expression in her eyes, Decima looked at him, then looked beyond him, over his head, and passed on without a sign of recognition.

Gaunt smiled grimly, and stood, like a soldier, erect and unbending, his eyes fixed on her, as if the cut direct amused rather than wounded him.

As she passed on, her lovely face set and cold, she continued the arrangement of her flowers, and—perhaps her hand trembled, for it was trying business, this cutting of a man who had been kind to her—she let a large number of them slip through her fingers.

She stopped, and, biting her lip softly, began to pick them up; and Gaunt stepped forward and assisted her.

As he handed the yellow blossoms to her, he said, very quietly:

"Have you forgotten me?"

The blood rushed to Decima's face.

"No," she said.

"Not forgotten me? And yet you would not bow to me? Why was that?"

Decima looked from side to side.

"I can not tell you," she said.

"But—forgive me—don't you think you owe me some explanation? Let me put the case the other way. If you had declined to bow to me, and I had declined to recognize it I had cut you, would you not think an explanation due from me?"

"Yes," said Decima, her voice coming straight, her lovely eyes growing dark-blue.

"Very just, then. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," he said. There was a suspicion of banter in his tone, and at the same time a grim [illegible] which puzzled Decima. "Don't tell me," she said in a troubled voice.

"I think you ought."

"Then oh, I wish you would not ask me! my aunt does not wish me to—to know you."

"Why?" he asked, very quietly. "I admit that it is a sufficient reason for the cut, but I am curious to know her reason."

"Because you are— Oh, I can not tell you," she broke off, scarlet to the very neck.

He smiled.

"Too bad for you to know?" he said, with a smile.

Decima hung her head.

"Then I know," he said. "I am answered. Good-bye."

She turned and went a few steps from him, then she swung round and, carried back her innocent soul shining through her eyes.

"Why are you so wicked?" she said painfully—as if the question were forced from her. "You were so kind to me."

His face grew hard and set, then he smiled to me.

"That would take a lot of answering," he said. "Wait a moment until I decide whether I can tell you."

(To be continued.)

### A Pious Aspiration.

Mr. Reginald McKenna has discovered ere this that the Home Secretary's life is not a happy one in these hustling days when one section of women are insisting on their vote.

As a married man of several years' standing Mr. McKenna should be in a position to give the suffragists a little homely advice. Apropos of his marriage to Miss Parmela Jekyll, in 1903, an amusing incident occurred in the House of Commons. Mr. McKenna had just returned from his honeymoon and was speaking in favor of the Government's Old Age Pension scheme.

"It is relatively cheaper for two

Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna.

persons living together than one," he argued.

"You ought to know, anyway," cried Mr. Will Crooks.

"Well, I hope it will be cheaper," said Mr. McKenna, and the house laughed at the pious aspiration.

### One Objection.

"If the wages I pay you here in the store are too small to make it possible for you to live on them," said the stony-hearted merchant, "I'll tell you what I'll do. My wife has been advertising for three weeks for a housemaid. You take the job and we will pay you $7 a week, give you excellent board, provide you with a nice room and let you have Thursday and Sunday afternoons off. You can save practically every cent you get. The work won't be as hard as it is here, either."

"Yes, but here I am allowed to come in the front door."

"This office you are applying for will require your constant attention," warned the eminent official.

"That's all right. I don't believe I will have to hustle any harder to hold it than I have done to get it."


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# HOME

### Dish of Mutton From Many Lands.

Mutton is one of the most widely liked meats in the world, and it is a sorry land indeed that cannot add a recipe to the vast number which define its cooking.

From China a recipe for mutton hash which gives an idea for a new way of making a leftover dish. First, free cold cooked mutton from all bone, gristle, fat and skin and chop it fine. Measure a teaspoonful and a half of melted butter into a shallow saucepan, add a finely minced green pepper and a finely minced small white onion, and brown delicately. Add half a teaspoonful of curry powder, stir carefully while cooking for a moment or two and then add the minced mutton, half an ounce of minced lean ham, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two apples, pared, cored and cut into dice, and a cupful of white broth. Cook the hash 20 minutes, stirring carefully from time to time, and serve very hot.

**From the Home of Good Cooking.**—From France comes a braised saddle of mutton or lamb, which well upholds the claim of that country to first place among the cooks of the world. Select a fat saddle, remove the spine bones without tearing the meat, season the inside with salt and pepper, roll the saddle, tie it in shape and season the outside. Put a covered roasting pan on the top of the stove and cut into it two onions and one carrot, and crush a bouquet garni over the vegetables. Put in the meat and nearly cover it with stock. Cover first with a piece of buttered paper and then with the cover to the pan and cook slowly on the top of the stove for three or four hours. At the end of that time remove the mutton, strain the broth, skim it and cook it until it is reduced to a glaze. Pour it over the mutton and put it in the oven to roast until brown. Then remove the meat and add a tablespoonful of flour rolled with one of butter, cook until thick, and then add the yolks of two eggs and half a cupful of cream. Remove from the fire, add the juice of half a lemon and serve immediately.

**A Northern way.**—The Norwegians prepare noisettes, or small cutlets of mutton, in the following fashion: Have six four-ounce cutlets cut from a leg of mutton and trim them until they are round. On a plate mix a tablespoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful and a half of olive oil, a little thyme, crushed bay leaf, salt and pepper. Put the cutlets in this and turn them occasionally for an hour. Then roll the noisettes in bread crumbs, broil them for four minutes on each side and serve them immediately on a hot dish with the following sauce, passed separately: Cook four apples, after coring and peeling them, for 15 minutes with an ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put the mixture through a sieve, add the yolk of an egg, stir and cook for two minutes. Then add a teaspoonful of freshly grated horseradish, mix well, and the sauce is ready to serve.

**German Pudding.**—To make a German mutton pudding mince a pound and a quarter of lean mutton and half a pound of bacon in the meat chopper. Soak two ounces of crumbs in enough milk to make a thin paste. Add six eggs, two tablespoonsful of salt, a tablespoonful each of mustard, capers and chopped parsley, and six minced sardines. Then mix in the meat. Put the mixture in a buttered mould and boil for two hours. Serve hot with onion or caper sauce.

**Italian Mutton Stew.**—Cut three pounds of mutton from the shoulder in medium pieces to make an Italian stew. Roll each piece of meat in flour and brown in butter. Stir in slowly a quart of warm stock, or if this is not at hand a quart of warm water. Add a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, thyme and onion juice and salt and pepper to taste. When the meat is half cooked skim off the fat, add half a bunch of small turnips, already parboiled, and cook for 30 minutes more. If the stew is not thick enough from the flour in which the meat was originally rolled thicken it a little more with flour and water.

### Nearer Home.

No one who has read "David Copperfield" can forget the description of one of the supper parties which David planned and gave. He planned to have roast or boiled mutton cooked to a turn, but when he and his jovial guests sat down they found the mutton almost raw, tough and unedible. So they sliced it in thick pieces and broiled it before the fire, and, seasoning it well, ate it piping hot. In the land where mutton is much eaten perhaps no more delicious recipe for bringing out its best qualities has ever been devised than this.

The English know how to broil meats. They use a clear, steady fire, and all meat to be broiled is cut thick enough so that it is rich in juices and flavor. It is seared first on one side and then on the other, and then turned again a couple of times if it is necessary to cook it longer to have it sufficiently well done.

To broil mutton chops as they are broiled in England, have a clear coal fire. Cut the chops from the loin, an inch and a half thick; any thinner, according to the English chef, is a cutlet. Broil them until they are done, and serve them with salt and pepper or with tomato or piquant sauce.

The Scotch have a tried and tested method of making mutton broth. To copy them, free two quarts of mutton broth from fat and strain it. Add two finely minced onions, a cupful of uncooked oatmeal, salt, pepper and chopped parsley, and cook three hours, covered and slowly. Strain and serve.

### Hints for the Home.

Keep a box on the back porch for rubbish, and the yard will be much cleaner.

Sleepy pillows can be filled with clover and hops, as well as with pine needles.

Whitening dampened with water will be found very efficacious for cleaning white paint.

To whiten a doorstep mix a little quicklime with half a pint of skim milk. Having first washed the doorstep, paint it over with this mixture, and the rain will not wash it off.

To clean plaster casts dip them in cold liquid starch; when dry the starch is brushed off and the dirt comes off with it, leaving the casts as clean and white as when new.

To keep a carpet in good condition go over it once a week with a broom dipped in hot water to which a little turpentine has been added.

When making a cup of cocoa put into it (when mixed) a pinch of salt, and you will find a great improvement in the flavor. This also takes the watery taste away.

The air of a room may be purified in two hours by setting inside of it a wide-mouthed pitcher filled with pure and very cold water. In two hours it will have absorbed all the gases in the room.

To remove typewriting ink from linen, soak the inked parts in turpentine 24 hours, then pour boiling soda water on it rinse thoroughly and dry.

To clean bone handles of knives or any bone article, rub first with lemon juice and then with salt. This will remove grease spots and all kinds of stains.

Meat which is cooked in a casserole should be dredged with flour. This will thicken the gravy a little, and the flour will be most thoroughly cooked.

In cooking puff ball, if, after the slices on the puff ball are dipped in egg and crumbs, a little grated cheese is sprinkled over them, it will add to the flavor.

To keep a silverlike lustre on your saucepan lids and tin goods, dip them in boiling water into which soda has been dissolved, to remove all grease; then rinse with cold water and polish with a cabbage or a rhubarb leaf and rinse again with cold water. Do not wipe them, but put them before a fire to dry.

Before washing blankets with colored borders first dip borders in pail of cold water in which a handful a salt has been dissolved. Dissolve soap enough to make a good suds in boiling water, add a tablespoon of aqua ammonia; when scalding hot, turn over your blankets. If convenient, use a powder, or any way to work thoroughly through the suds without rubbing on a board. Rinse well in hot water. There is usually enough from the first suds to make the second soft; if not, add a little soap and ammonia; and after being put through the wringer let two persons, standing opposite, pull them into shape; dry in the sun. White flannels may be washed in the same way without shrinking.


## NEW CONSUMPTION CURE.

### British Doctors Praise Dr. Mehnarto's Contratoxin.

It is now possible to give some further information regarding the tests of Dr. Mehnarto's contratoxin, which it is said is fulfilling the highest hopes entertained by the experimenters.

During the last week ten more patients were discharged from Margaret Street Hospital, London, England, with the record of treatment marked "arrested." All were in advanced stages of tuberculosis and it is reported that no doctor could find in them any trace of any sort of disease. They will be examined monthly for the next 12 months at the hospital so as to discover whether the treatment confers immunity for that period. From every other insitution where the treatment is proceeding comes the same story.

One discovery the doctors made some time ago, though of course of no importance compared with the other properties of the serum, is that three injections of the contratoxin effectually cure the widespread unsightly complaint, acne, vulgarly termed "blackheads."

A wonderful surprise for everybody except Dr. Mehnarto, whom nothing seems to surprise, is the manner in which opsonic tests, conducted by Dr. Rajehmann, Prof. Newlet's assistant, worked out. Here are the opsonic indices taken by Dr. Rajehmann in a few cases selected casually out of a large number:

| Name. | May 8. | May 15. | May 22. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kemp ..... | .22 | .. | .36 |
| Mrs. Green . | .26 | .6 | 1.08 |
| Taylor ..... | .19 | .. | .... |
| Thompson .. | .16 | .66 | 2.02 |
| Mayhew .... | .08 | .. | .63 |
| Booth ..... | .71 | .82 | .... |
| Paaki ..... | 1.07 | 2.04 | .... |
| Sheer ..... | .91 | .05 | .... |

(This patient suffered from gastro intestinal fever between the injections).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miss Smith.. | ... | .89 | 1.81 |

All these had doses of the contratoxin on the dates mentioned, the blood being taken before the injection. The first five never had tuberculosis, but it is believed the last four have. In every case where an adequate opportunity was found for making full sets of tests a remarkable improvement has been found except in the case of Sheer.


If happiness ever comes to some men it will have to do so against their wills.

## FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

#### Occurrences in The Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The area of the United Kingdom is 121,000 square miles.

Out of every 100 of the population in England and Wales 75 live in towns.

Ninety per cent. of British people can write, only 2 per cent. in Spain, and about 10 per cent. in Russia.

The United Kingdom imports more fruit than any other country in Europe, spending £20,000,000 a year on it.

Next to Yorkshire, Lancashire has most four[illegible] in the country. The largest [illegible] is that [illegible]

There were [illegible] and 5,700 railways [illegible] Board of Trade.

Great Britain's trade with [illegible] other country. The United States [illegible] customers.

The pier [illegible] fallow [illegible] Leeds, [illegible] the 16th [illegible] to several [illegible]

By the [illegible] nine additional [illegible] tish and [illegible] raised to [illegible] in which the Secretary [illegible]

The Countess [illegible] been invited by [illegible] councils of Europe [illegible] retain the present [illegible] national Council of Women for a further period of five years.

Sir George Riddell says the printing trade is the "reading trade" which chronicles the doughts and ideas of mankind. He only regretted was that [illegible] was not so profitable as it should be.

The changes in [illegible] hours of labor taking effect in 1912 affected 72,067 workpeople. Of these [illegible] had their hours [illegible] reduced by 356 per week, and 7,366 had reductions amounting to 5,069 hours per week.

Sir John Hare, the famous actor, on the 17th ult. celebrated his 70th year. He made his first appearance on the professional stage at Liverpool in September, 1865, so that next year he will be able to celebrate his theatrical jubilee.

The London Scottish Regimental Gazette gives a fairly good photo of Lieut. T. Ross, Scots Guards, who has just been promoted from the rank of Sergt.-Major. The editor says that the "Scottish" have always found him a good Scot, a good sportsman, and a good soldier."

A story is told about the Prince of Wales is worth repeating. Not long ago he was dining out with some friends, and on leaving the house was helped on with his overcoat by his host. "What a nice coat, sir," remarked his host. "Yes, isn't it," replied the young Prince, "it was father's."

### Bigger Ships, or Smaller?

When that magnificent vessel, the Titanic, was lost on her maiden voyage, not a few critics confidently predicted that this stunning disaster would lead to the abandonment of the monster vessel-building. The new Hamburg-American liner, Imperator, with her tonnage of 5,000 greater than that of the ill-starred White Star vessel, is the German answer to this prediction. Those best competent to judge are of opinion that ships of from 80,000 to 100,000 tons will be seen ploughing the Atlantic without fear of disaster. For the time being, however, the Germans, in their Imperator, own the largest vessel afloat, but before she had made her maiden voyage her supremacy was threatened; for two rival companies, the Cunard and the White Star, had commenced the building of still larger ships. So long as they can be made to pay, there seems to be no limit to the size of Atlantic steamers.


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## JOKES BY THE TODDLERS

### HUMOR FROM THE MOUTHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Boys and Girls Say Some Funny Things—Quite Lau[illegible]


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