THE THREAD OF LIFE

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—REPORTING PROGRESS.

Warren Relf spent many days that summer at Whitestrand, cruising vaguely about the mouth of the Char, or wandering and sketching among the salt-marsh meadows ; but he never happened to come face to face, by accident or design, with Hugh Massinger. Fate seemed persistently to interpose between them. Once or twice, indeed, Winifred said with some slight asperity to her husband, "Don't you think, Hugh, if it were only for old acquaintance' sake, we ought to ask that creature Relf some day to dinner ?"

But Hugh, who was yielding enough in certain matters, was as marble here: he could never consent to receive his enemy, of his own accord, beneath his own roof-for Whitestrand, after all, was his own in reality. "No," he growled out, looking up from his paper testily. "I don's like the fellow. I've heard things about him that make me sorry I ever accepted his hospitality. If you happen to meet him, Winifred, prowling about the place and trying to intercept you, I forbid you to speak to him."

"You forbid me, Hugh?"

yas hmak to cover my face with.

"Yes"-coldly-"I forbid you." Winifred bit her lip, and was discreetly proud wills were beginning already to clash more ominously one against the other. "Very well," the young wife thought in silence to herself; "if he means to mew me up, seraglio and zenana fashion, in my own | night and morning, till the time came when rooms, he should hire a guard and some he might return once more in his small Circassian slaves, and present me with a craft to the South and to Elsie.

some errand into the placid village, she the first poignancy of her grief a year came suddenly upon Warren Relf, in his | behind her; but Warren saw quite clearly rough jersey and sailor cap, hanging about | still, with a sinking heart, that she was true the lane, sketch book in hand, not with- as ever to the Hugh that was not and that out some vague expectation, as Hugh had never had been. She received him kindly, said, of accidentally intercepting her. It like a friend and a brother; but her manner was a painful duty, but Elsie had laid it was none the less the cold fixed manner of a upon him; and Elsie's will was law now. woman who had lived her life out to the found himself the actual and undoubted Naturally, he had never told Elsie about | bitter end, and whose heart has been broken the meeting with Hugh at the Cheyne Row once and for ever. When Warren saw her, Winter always tried Mrs. Meysey. Like Club. If he had, she would never have im- his soul despaired. He felt it was cruel the bulk of us nowadays, her weak points posed so difficult, delicate, and dangerous a even to hope. But Elie, most cheerful of were lungy. Of late, she had suffered each task upon him. But she knew nothing; optimists, laughed him to scorn. "If I and so she had sent him on this painful were a man," she cried boldly, and then errand.

nition as she came up close to him. The criticism. Warren noted it, and half took painter pulled off his awkward cap awk- heart, half desponded again more utterly chose Madeira or Algiers or Egypt, for ex wardly and unskilfully.

"You were going to pass me by, Mr. and done for !"

truer than she thought them.

and thinner than when I last met you."

Winifred coughed-a little dry cough. Women always take sympathetic remarks about their ill health in a disparaging sense season!" she answered smiling; yet even her smile had a certain unwonted air of sadness about it. "Too many of Mrs. Bouverie Barton's literary evenings have unhinged me, I suppose. My small brains have been overstimulated. - You've not been up to the Hall yet to see us, Mr. Relf. I saw the Mud Turtle come ploughing bravely in some three or four days ago, and I wondered you'd never looked up old friends .- For of course you know I owe you something: it was you who first brought dear Hugh to

Whitestrand." How Warren ever got through the rewith difficulty over the thin ice, he to the end of the lane, talking in vague generalities of politeness; and then, with some lame excuse of the state of the tide, he took a brusque and hasty leave of her. He felt himself guilty for talking to her at all, considering the terms on which he stood with her husband. But Elsie's will overrode everything. When he wrote to Elsie, that letter he had looked forward to so long and eagerly, it was with a heavy | dark eyes with an inquiring look. " May it heart and an accusing conscience; for he | be Elsie?" he asked, all tremors. felt somehow, from the forced gaiety of Winifred's ostentatiously careless manner, that things were not going quite so smoothly as a wedding-bell at the Hall already. That poor young wife was ill at ease. However, for Elsie's sake, he would make the best of it. Why worry and trouble poor heart-broken Elsie more than absolutely needful with Winifred's possible or actual misfortunes?

"I didn't meet your cousin himself," he wrote with a very doubtful hand-it was hard to have even to refer to the subject at all to Elsie; "but I came across Mrs. Massinger one afternoon, strolling in the lane, with her pet pug, and looking very pretty in her light half mourning, though a trifle paler and thinner than I had yet known her. She attributes her paleness, however, to too much gaiety during the

happiness.' awaiting! What a note to send to his if it hadn't been for your amiable sisagain half-a-dozen times over, before he was finally satisfied to accept his disatisfaction perfect hundred guinea prize in the matrias an immutable, inevitable, and unconquer- monial market." able fact. And then, he compensated him self by writing out in full, for his own mere subjective gratification, the sort of letter he would have liked to write her, if circumstances permitted it-a burning letter of fervid love, beginning, " My own darling, darling Elsie," and ending, with hearts things could easily have permitted. and darts and tears and protestations,

holocaust with a lighted fusee, and sent off that stilted formal note to "Dear Miss Challoner" with many regrets and despon dent aspirations. And as soon as he had dropped it into the village letter-box, all aglow with shame, the Mud Turtle was soon under way, with full canvas set, before a breathless air, on her voyage once more to

But Winifred never mentioned to Hugh that she had met and spoken to "that creature Relf," with whom he had so sternly and authoritatively forbidden her to hold any sort of communication. This was bad -a beginning of evil. The first great breach was surely opening out by slow degrees be-

tween them. A week later, as the yawl lay idle on her native mud in Yarmouth harbour, Warren Relf, calling at the post-office for his expected budget, received a letter with a French stamp on it, and a post-mark bearing the magical words, "St Martin de Lantosque, Alpes Maritimes," which made his quick breath come and go spasmodically. He tore it open with a beating heart. "Dear Mr. Relf," it said simply-"Hew very kind of you to take the trouble of going to Whitestrand and sending me so full and careful an account of dear Winifred. Thank you ever so much for all your good silent. No need to answer. Those two ness. But you are always kind. I have learnt to expect it. - Yours very sincerely,

> ELSIE CHALLONER." That was all; those few short words; but Warren Relf lived on that brief note

When he did return, with the southward A day or two later, as she strolled on tide of invalids and swallows, Elsie had left broke off. That favourite feminine aposiope-Winifred smiled a frank smile of recog- sis is the most cutting known form of

Still, he had one little buttress left for his Relf," she said, with a good humoured nod. failing hopes: there was no denying that "You won't recognise me or have anything | Elsie's interests in his art, as art, increased to do with me, perhaps, now I'm married daily. She let him give her lessons in water colours now, and she watched his own The words gave him an uncomfortable patient and delicate work with constant adthrill; they seemed so ominous, so much | miration, among the rocks and bays of the inexhaustible Riviera. During that second "I hardly did know you." he answer- sunny winter at San Remo, in fact, they grew ed with a forced smile. 'I've not been for the first time to know one another. Waraccustomed to see you a black before, ren's devotion told slowly, for no woman is Mrs. Massinger. -And o say the truth, | wholly proof in some lost corner of her heart when I come to loc' at you you're paler against a man's determined and persistent love. She could not love him in return, to be sure : O no; impossible : all that was over long ago, for ever: an ingrained sense of womanly consistency barred to their personal appearance. "A London the way to love for the rest of the ages. But she liked him immensely; she saw his strong points; She admired his earnestness, his goodness, his singleness of purpose, his worship of his art, and his hopeless and chivalrous attachment to herself into the bargain. Its very hopeless ness touched her profoundly. He could | never expect her to return his love; of | that she was sure ; but he loved her for all that; and she acknowledged it gratefully. In one word, she liked him as much as it is possible for a woman to like a man she is not and cannot ever be in love with.

"Is that right yet, Miss Challoner?" mainder of that slippery interview, gliding | Warren asked one day, with a glance at his canvas, as he sat with Edie and Elsie on hardly knew. He walked with Winifred | the deck of the Mud-Turtle, painting in a mass of hanging ruddy brown seaweed, whose redness of tone Elsie thought he had somewhat needlessly exaggerated.

> "Why 'Miss Challoner?' Elie asked ed with one of her sudden arch looks at her brother. "We're all in the family, now, you know, Warren. Why not 'Elsie? She's Elsie of course to all the rest of us." Warren glanced into the depths of Elsie's

She looked back at him, frankly and openly. "Yes, Warren, if you like," she said in a simple straightforward tone that disarmed criticism. The answer, in fact, half displeased him. She granted it too easily, with too little reserve. He would have preferred it even if she had said "No, ' with a trifle more coyness, more maidenly timidity. The half is often better than the whole. She assented like one to whom assent is a matter of slight importance. He had leave to call her Elsie in too brotherly a fashion. It was clear the permission meant nothing to her. And to him is might have meant so much, so much! He bit his lip, and an swered shyly, "Thank you."

Edie noted his downcast look and supressed sigh. "You goose!" she said afterwards. "Pray, what did you expect? Do you think London season and to the late hours | the girl's bound to jump down your throat of our Bohemian society. I hope a few like a ripe gooseberry? If she's worth winweeks at Whitestand will set her fully up ning, she's worth waiting for. A woman again and that when I have next an oppor- who can love as Elsie has loved can't be extunity of meeting her, I may be able to pected to dance a polka at ten minutes' nosend you a good report of her health and | tice on the morral remains of her dead self. But then, a woman who can love as Elsie has How mesgre, how vapid, how jejune, how loved must love in the end a man worth lovconventional! Old Mrs. Walpole of the ing. -I don't say I've a very high opinion vicarage herself could not have worded it of you in other ways, Warren. As a man more baldly or more flabbily. And this was of business, you're simply nowhere; you the letter he had been burning to write : | wouldn't have sold those three pictures this the opportunity he had been so eagerly in London, you know, last autumn divine Elsie! He tore it up and wrote it ter's persistent touting; but as a marrying man, I consider you're Al, eighteen carat, a

> quiet brotherly and sisterly relation, which to Elsie's mind left nothing further to be desired; while to Warren it seemed about as bad an arrangement as the nature of

"It's a pity he can't sell his victures bet-

new points in them. I begin to see now how the grounds, the garden, the river-above really great they are."

ously. "He must devote his energies his punishment. Vet he saw it would be to the harmless necessary pot-boiler. useless to oppose Winifred's wish in such a For until he finds his market, my dear, matter-the whole idea was so simple, so he'll never be well enough off to marry."

should sink to pot-boiling. And yet I should | ancestral Hall where his predecessors have | One establishment received \$10,000, and the like to see him married some day to some dwelt before him for generations. Had not other two \$5,000 each. The bonusing sysnice good girl who'd make him happy," he himself fulminated in his time in the Elsie assented innocently.

with a knowing smile. "And what's more, | teeism? But if he went there, he could I mean to arrange it too. I mean to put only go on three conditions. The Hall ithim in a proper position for asking the nice self must be remodelled, redecorated, and regood girl's consent. Next summer and furnished throughout, till its own inhabitautumn, I shall conspire with Mr. Hather- ants would hardly recognize it: the grounds ley to boom him."

"To what?' Elsie asked, puzz'ed. -boom him. A most noble verb, imported, Winifred-by fair means or by foul, the I believe, with the pickled pork and the tin- Whitestrand poplar-that hateful treened peaches direct from Chicago. To boom | must be levelled to the soil, and its very means, according to my private dictionary, place must know it no longer. For the to force into sudden and almost explosive first two conditions he stipulated outright; notoriety .- That's what I'm going to do the third he locked up for the present quiet with Warren. I intend, by straightforward by in the secret recesses of his own bosom and unblushing advertising—in short by logrolling - to make him go down next season averse, either, to the remodelling of Whitewith the maney getting classes as a real live strand. The house, she admitted, was old painter. Their gold shall pour itself into fashioned, and dowdy. Its antiquity went Warren's pocket. If he wasn't a geniue, I back only to the "bad period." After the should think it wrong; but as I know he is esthetic London drawing rooms of the one, why shouldn't I boom him?"

uoconscious. "And then he might marry | -that the blue satin and whitey gold

her to take him."

him," Edie replied with a nod .- "When I and Kensington that Whitestrand Hall put my foot down, I put it down. And I've | could never reasonably expect to emulate. out it down that Warren shall succeed, | She didn't object to the alterations, she said, | policy in regard to the reception of strangers, financially, artistically, and matrim mistly. so long as the original Elizabethan front was the Government having issued a decree im-So there's nothing more to be said about left scrupulously intact, and no incongruous

Elsie to write to her as often and as much all these improvements to come from? A the country. It will be seen by the cable as he wanted-in a strictly fraternal and season of falling rents, and encroaching sea, despatches that France's neighbours are condomestic manner.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ART AT HOME.

That same winter made a sudden change in Hugh Massinger's financial position. He possessor of the manor of Whitestrand. season more and more from bronchitis, and Hugh had done his disinterested best to her to go abroad to some warmer climate. His solicitude for her health, indeed, was truly filial, and not without reason. If she ample, she could at least be well out of her new son's way for six months of the year ; and Hugh was beginning to realize, as time went on, a little too acutely that he had married the estate and manor of Whitestrand with all its encumbrances, a mother in law included; while if, on the other hand, she preferred Nice or Cannes or Pau, or even Florence, or any other continental resort, they could at anyrate have an agreeable place to visit her in, if they were suddenly summoned away to her side by the telegraphic calls of domestic piety. But Mrs Meysey, true metal to the core, wouldn't hear of wintering away from Suffolk. She clung to Whitestrand with East Anglican persistence. Where was one better off, indeed, than in one's own house, with one's own people to attend and comfort one? If the March winds blew hard at the Hall, were there not deadly Mistrals at Mentone and gusts of foggy Fohn at dreary Davos Platz? If you gained in the daily tale of registered sunshine at Hyeres or at Bordighera, did not a superabundance of olive oil diversify the stews at the table-d'hote, and a fatal suspicion of Italian garlic poison the frican deaus of the second breakfast? Mrs. Meysey, in her British mood, would stand by Suffolk bravely while she live; and if the hard gray weather killed her at last as it killed its one literary apologist in our modern England, she would acquiesce in the decrees of Fate, and be buried, like a Briton, by her husband's side in Whitestrand churchyard. Elizabeth Meyseys of the elder stock-in frilled ruffs and stiff starched head-dresses-smiled down upon her resolution from their niched tomb in Whitestrand church every Sunday morning: never should it be said that this, their degenerate latter day representative, ran away from the east winds of dear old England to bask in the sunlight at Malaga or Seville, among the descendants of the godless Armada sailors, from whose wreckages and pillage those stout old squires had built up the timbers of that very Hall which she herself still

worthily inhabited. So Mrs. Meysey stopped sturdily at home; and the east wind wreaked its vengeance upon her in its wonted fashion. Early in March, Winifred was summoned by telegram from town : "Come at once. Much worse. May not live long. Bring Hugh with you." And three weeks later, another fresh grave rose elequent in Whitestrand churchyard; and the carved and painted Elizabethan Meyseys, smiling placidly as ever on the empty seat in the pew below, looked forward with confidence to the proximate addition of another white marble tablet with a black epitaph to the family collection in the Whitestrand chancel.

The moment was a specially trying one for Winifred. A month later, a little heir to the Whitestrand estates was expected to to present himself on the theatre of existence. When he actually arrived upon the stage of life, however, poor frail little waif, it was only just to be carried across it once, a speechless supernumerary, in a nurse's arms, and to breathe his small soul out in a terribly. A new chapter of life opened beown people in dear old Suffolk.

all, that tragic, accusing poplar-were so "It is a pity," Edie answered mischiev- many perpetual reminders of his crime and natural. A Squire ought to live on his own georgeous periods of the Morning Telephone "So should I, my child," Edie rejoined against the crying sin and shame of absenmust be replanted in accordance with his own cultivated and reined taste; and last "To boom him, my dear B double o, m of all-though this he did not venture to Winifred, for her part, was not wholly

Cheyne Row set, she confessed to her-"Why not, indeed?" Elsie answered all self, grudgingly-though not to Hugh that nice good girl of yours, if he can get | paint of the dear old place seemed perhaps just a trifle dingy and antiquated. "The nice good girl will have to take There were tiny cottages at Hampstead meddling was allowed with the oaken wains- among the features of which are domiciliary And indeed when Warren returned to cot and carved ceiling of the Jacobean vesti- visits, declaration of a change of residence, Eagland in the spring, to be boomed, it was bule. But where, she asked, with sound police penalties for violation of rules, and with distinct permission this time from Suffolk common sense, was the money for the right of the Government to expel from and shifting sands, and agricultural depres- | siderably angry. sion, with Hessian fly threatening the crops, and obscure bacteria fighting among themselves for possesssion of the cattle, was surely not the best-chosen time in the world for a country gentleman to enlarge and complete and beautify his house in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alaska Cliff Dwellings.

dwelt in pens, and caves of earth, as much | friends. for safety from their numerous enemies as for shelter. Cave towns were even excavat- Sun reporter that Canadians cannot "live in ed in the sides of cliffs with what must have | close proximity to a Government like ours been, considering the rude tools employed, for any considerable length of time without an enormous expenditure of labor. The imbibing all the affection for our institutions evidences of this custom are numerous in that we possess," he simply displayed his Asia Minor, in Italy, and in our own South- want of knowledge. It there is one thing west Territories. To-day the most notable more than another upon which Canadians, instance of cave houses, on this hemisphere, are united it is that our Parliamentary inat least, is to be seen on what is termed stitutions are infinitely preferable to those King's Island, to the south of Cape Prince of the United States. The Senator means of Wales in Bhering's Sea, on the west coast | well, but he doesn't know - [Toronto Emof Alaska.

This small island is an elevated tableland of basalt. Its shores consist of nearly vertical cliffs, fronting the sea, and ranging in height from fifty to seven hundred feet.

The island is inhabited by a tribal family of the Mahlemoots or Eskimos, about two hundred in number, who gained a subsistence by walrus-hunting, seal-hunting and whaling. They pursue the creatures in kyaks, or canoes, which they are very expert in launch. ing through the surf, and navigating in

The summer houses of the islanders are so many little platforms, attached to the face of the sea-cliffs, and composed of whale rib bones, or shoulder-blade bones, fastened by thongs of sinew to large pegs of bone driven into the interstices of the basalt. The platforms are guarded around the outer side by a rail, and are large enough for the family to lodge upon. They thus serve at once the purpose of a habitation and a sentry-box, for which the hunters may keep a lookout for walrus and seals.

Fires are kindled on them, and all the ordinary affairs of life are pursued often at a height of a hundred and fifty feet above the ocean swells, which thunder on the rocks beneath. Not even a bird, a bank swallow, or an eagle could have a more airy habitation. Like the eagle, the King's Islanders have placed their eyrics on the cliffs, to serve as lookouts for their prey.

does not end here, however, since these platform houses are but the summer abodes of the hunters.

The winter houses are even more remark-

able. To escape the winter storms, the islanders have excavated caves in the shattered and seamed basalt-in many cases During eight months of the year these cave dwellings constitute comfortable retreats from the inclement weather, and also serve as storehouses for the rude wealth of the

There are, it is stated, forty or fifty such cave houses, corresponding to the number of families, and to the platforms of summer. In some cases, the platform-house is at the mouth of the cave house, so that the shift from summer to winter quarters can be easily and speedily effected.

It is difficult to conceive of the character of such a life, on the face of a crag, with the ocean surges beating far below, and the open sky all around. What must be the thoughts and ideas of a child, born and nurtured amidst such strange surroundings.

King Ja Ja.

When the British tore King Ja Ja from his little realm and sent him to Jamaica, single gasp before he had even learnt how to | where he is enjoying rum and sugar at the cry aloud like an English baby. This final very source of those supplies, he left behind misfortune, coming close on the heels of all him at Opobo 200 grass widows to mourn the rest, broke down poor Winifred's health | his untimely departure. His favourite wife and their two sons, Saturday and Sunday, fore her. She ceased to be the sprightly, were permitted to share his exile, but the is the case, it does not follow that either lively girl she had once been. She felt her- British frowned upon his expressed desire to self left alone in the big wide world, with a take along the flower of his large family, husband who, as she was now beginning to | which he was willing to guarantee should suspect, had married her for the sake of her | not exceed thirty of the ladies of his court. money only, while his heart was still fixed He felt his manifold bereavements so keenly, of the imported tailor costumes have a wrap upon no one but Elsie. Poor lonely child : however, that his present custodians have Before the end of the winter, Elsie and it was a dismal outlook for her. Her soul been moved to pity so far as to consent to Warren found they had settled down into a was sad. She couldn't bear to brazen things | the exportation of his better half, Patience, out any longer in London-to smile and and her little boy, and this young woman smile and be inwardly miserable. She must has sailed from Liverpool to join the old come back now, she said plaintively, to her gentleman, in whom she has a small fractional interest. Meanwhile Ja Ja's crown, To Hugh, this proposition was simply un- a gorgeous bauble made of Dutch gold and endurable. Heshrunk from Whitestrand with glass diamonds, is out of commission, but "Yours ever devotedly and lovingly, ter," Elsie said one day confi lentially to adeadly shrinking. Everything about the es- the English hold out the hope that if he be-WARREN." Which done he burned the Edie. "He does so deserve t; they're tate he had made his own was utterly distasted have himself and loves his white enemies, is so unfair that even Mr. G. W. Stephens second genuine letter in a solemn really levely. Every day I watch him, I find ful to him and fraught with horror. The house, Ja Ja may be permitted to wear it again,

PASSING NOTES.

It has been discovered that a New York policeman is an ex-thief whose portrait adorns the rogues' gallery.

Wingham has given bonuses to three "O Edie, I couldn't bear to think he land, of course: he ought to o cupy the manufacturing firms during the past week. tem has received a fresh impetus in the west, and other towns are urged to follow the Wingham example.

The sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment passed upon the men who shot and killed Mrs. Howes, in New Brunswick, will not be regarded as too severe. Although the unfortunate lady was not the person for whom the shot was intended, there is no doubt that murder was meant.

It is satisfactory to observe that the force of public opinion compelled the Buffalo authorities to prosecute and punish the pugilistic ruffians who arranged the recent prize fight between two women. The sentences were, however, it is to be regretted, very light, the maximum term of imprisonment imposed being six months and the minimum three months. The women who competed in the fight were allowed to go free.

A Toronto journal, with an admiration for the ways of the United States, says in regard to the recent Chicago wheat corner. that Old Hutch's "diagnosis of the wheat situation was the correct one and consequently was successful" So, too, was the "diagnosis" of the Heathen Chinee correct and successful when he had a fifth ace up his sleeve. The gambling was of a similar character in the two cases.

France is now adopting a reactionary posing regulations to discourage immigration.

Such a crime as that recorded at Galt, where poisoned candy was sent by mail to unsuspecting persons and being eaten caused the death of one child and serious injury to another, ought not to go undetected. The offence is as cowardly as findish, but the victimized persons must have some suspicions, which by careful investigation would reveal the criminal. fo hast down the perpetrator and award adequate punishment In pre-historic times, human beings often as a public duty on the part of the sufferers'

When Senator Morgan told a New York

Experience did not teach Brown, of Detroit, that marriage was a failure, and he was so convinced to the contrary that he married thirty-three women within the short period of five years, or, on the average, he took six wives a year. His wives, however, held a totally different opinion, and fifteen of them appeared against him as Detroit on Tuesday, when he was tried for bigamy, and their evidence consigned him to prison for life. Brown's too great fondness for matrimony is evidently not appreciated by the authorities of justice.

The leader of the Opposition in Newtoundland is said to be a warm friend of Confederation. But he took the notion that the Government favoured the scheme, and at once opposed it. As a former Government was defeated on the question the present Governmen was afraid, in view of the attitude of the Opposition leader, to press it. The delegates to O stawa were therefore to'd to remain at home, and this put an end to the enterprise. Whatever the politicians may think personally about Confederation, they find it desirable as politicians to oppose it. There is more sentiment to be aroused in antagonizing the step than in advocating

A writer in the Evening Telegram, of St. John's, N. F., urges the Imperial Government "to grant to this dutiful, loyal and The oddity of these singular habitations first born colony of the British Crown the privilege of supplying to all her Mejesty's navy and army in the United Kingdom a fish ration of two pounds of codfish per man weekly." This would call for a supply of 147,000 quintals of cod a year, and be a saving (as compared with meat) of nearly £154,-000 sterling. The writer states that the caverns of considerable depth and size. French give their marines and soldiers such a ration, as well as giving the cod fishermen a bounty,

The Emperor's Diary.

While Prince Bismarck and his partisans seek to discredit the published extracts from the late Emperor Frederick's diary by declaring them apocryphal, it is not a little significant that the Chancellor's newspaper organs are assailing the memory of the dead Kaiser, and are vilifying him, both his character and intellect. One journal refers to him as a self-complacent idealist, rich in beautifully phrased generalities, but poor in the qualities of a practical statesman. If the published extracts from the diary are not genuine there can be no excuse for the attempt to belittle the statesmanship of the late Emperor. The policy of the Chancellor's organs will be accepted generally throughout Europe as an admission that the published diary is authentic.

New serges, camel's hair goods, cashmeres, and vigognes are exhibited, with stripes, checks, plaids of large size, and odd borderngs in Persian and Japanese patterns. These are likely to be very popular, but while this style will predominate over the other handsome patterns in market, for there are many novel and attractive gowns made entirely of plain unpatterned fabrics. A large number to match, these grading from the long stylish English "overall" of Queen's tweed, with turban or Princess of Wales cap to correspond, to the diminutive pelerine fastened with a pretty silver clasp.

The result of the Quebec Debt Conversion Act is a depreciation in the securities of the province on the London market. The scheme feels it to his duty to condemn it.