

The Bride's Name;

Or. The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"No, sir," said the cook, expectfully, "it does make 'em lark, don't it, sir? thought I can't see wot they're larking at any more than wot you can."

The mate walked off fuming, and to his other duties added that of inspector of pots and pans, a condition of things highly offensive to the cook, inasmuch as certain culinary arrangements of his, only remotely connected with cleanliness, came in for much unkind comment.

The overworked crew went ashore at the earliest possible moment after their arrival in London, in search of recuperative draughts. Ben watched them a trifle wistfully as they moved off, and when Nibletts soon after followed their example without inviting him to join him in a social glass of superior quality, smiled mournfully as he thought of the disadvantages of rank.

He sat for some time smoking in silence, monarch of all he surveyed, and then, gazing abstractedly at the silent craft around him, fell into a pleasant dream, in which he saw himself in his rightful position as master of the Foam, and Nibletts, cashiered for drunkenness, coming to him for employment before the mast. His meditations were disturbed by a small piece of coal breaking on the deck, at which he looked lazily, until, finding it followed by two other pieces, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that they were intended for him. A fourth piece, better aimed, put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt and, looking up sharply, he caught the watchman in the act of launching the fifth.

"Hallo, old 'un," said George, cheerfully, "I thought you was asleep."

"You thought wrong, then," said the mate, sourly; "don't you do that ag'in."

"Why, did I 'urt you?" said the other, surprised at his tone.

"Next time you want to chuck coal at anybody," continued Ben, with dignity, "pick out one of 'em; mates don't like 'aving coal chucked at 'em by watchmen."

"Look who we are," gasped the petrified George. "Look who we are," he repeated, helplessly. "Look who we are."

"Keep your place, watchman," said the mate, severely; "keep your place, and I'll keep mine."

The watchman regarded him for some time in genuine astonishment, and then, taking his old seat on the post, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave utterance to this shocking heresy: "Mates ain't nothing."

"You mind your business, watchman," said the nettled Ben. "and I'll mind mine."

"You don't know it," retorted the other, breathing heavily; "besides, you don't look like a mate. I wouldn't chuck coal at a real mate."

He said no more, but sat gazing idly up and down the river with a face from which all expression had been banished, except when at intervals his gaze rested upon the mate, when it lit up with an expression of wonder and joy which made the muscles ache with the exercise.

He was interrupted in this amusement by the sound of footsteps and feminine voices behind him; the indefatigable Tipping was paying another of their informal visits, and, calmly ignoring his presence, came to the edge of the jetty and discussed ways and means of boarding the schooner.

"Mr. Fraser's gone," said the watchman, politely and loudly; "there's a new skipper now, and that tall, fine, 'andsome, smart, good-looking young feller down there is the new mate."

The new mate, looking up fiercely, acknowledged the introduction with an inopportune stare, a look which gave way to one of anxiety as Mrs. Tipping, stepping into the rigging, suddenly lost her nerve, and, gripping it tightly, shook it in much the same fashion as a stout bluebottle shakes the web of a spider.

"Hold tight, mar," cried her daughter, excitedly.

"I am," cried Mrs. Tipping. "Help!"

The watchman stepped into the rigging beside her, and patted her soothingly on the back; the mate, coming to the side, took her foot and assisted her to reach the deck. Miss Tipping followed, and the elder lady, after recovering from the shock caused by her late peril, fell to discussing the eternal subject of Mr. Robinson with the new mate.

"No, I never see 'im," said Ben thoughtfully; "I never heard of him till you come asking arter 'im."

"You must make up your mind he's gone," said Mrs. Tipping, turning to her daughter, "that's what I keep telling you. I never was so tired of anything in my life as tramping down here night after night. It ain't respectable."

"You needn't come," said the other, dutifully. "He was last heard of on this ship, and where else am I to look for him? You said you'd like to find him yourself."

"I should," said Mrs. Tipping, grimly; "I should. Me an' 'im are to have a little talk, if ever we do meet."

"If ever he comes aboard this ship," said the mate, firmly, "I'll tackle him for you."

"Find out where he lives," said Mrs. Tipping, eagerly.

"And let us know," added her daughter, giving him a card; "that's our address, and any time you're up our way we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. —"

"Brown," said the mate, charmed with their manners. "Mr. Brown."

"Ben," cried a voice from the wharf. The new mate gazed austere at the small office-boy above.

"Letter for the mate," said the youth, who was unversed in recent history; "catch."

He pitched it to the deck and walked off whistling. There was only one mate in Ben's world, and he picked up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"Don't mind us, if you want to read it," said Mrs. Tipping, kindly.

"Only business, I expect," said Ben, grandly.

He took it from his pocket, and, tearing the envelope, threw it aside and made a feint of reading the contents.

"Not bad news, I hope?" said Mrs. Tipping, noticing his wrinkled brow.

"I can't read without my glasses," said the mate, with a measure of truth in the statement. He looked at Mrs. Tipping, and saw a chance of avoiding humiliation.

"Pr'aps you'd just look at it and see if it's important," he suggested.

Mrs. Tipping took the letter from him, and, after remarking on the strangeness of the handwriting, read aloud:—

Dear Jack,—If you want to see Mr. Norton, come to 10, John Street, Walworth, and be careful nobody sees you.

"Jack," said the mate, stooping for the envelope. "Why, it must be meant for Mr.—for Jack Fraser."

"Careful nobody sees you," murmured Miss Tipping, excitedly, as she took the envelope from the mate; "why, the address is printed by hand."

Mother and daughter looked at each other. It was evident that their thoughts were similar, and that one could have known them without the expenditure of the proverbial penny.

"I'll give it to him when I see him," remarked Ben, thrusting the letter in his pocket. "It don't seem to be important. I don't think."

"I shouldn't think it was important at all," said Mrs. Tipping, soothingly. "Not at all," echoed her daughter, whose cheek was burning with excitement.

"Good-night, Mr. Brown."

Ben bade them good-night, and in his capacity of host walked up the wharf with them and saw them depart.

"Nice little thing, ain't she?" said the watchman, who was standing there, after Mrs. Tipping had bidden the mate good-bye; "be careful wot you're a-doin' of, Ben. Don't go and spile yourself by a early marriage, just as you're a-beginnin' to get on in life. Besides, a mate might do better than that, and she'd only marry you for your position."

CHAPTER XII.

In happy ignorance of the changes caused by his sudden and tragic end, Captain Flower sat at the open window of his shabby Walworth lodging, smoking an after-breakfast pipe, and gazing idly into the dismal, littered yard beneath. Time—owing to his injured foot, which, neatly bandaged at a local dispensary, rested upon a second chair—hung rather heavily upon his hands as he sat thinking of ways and means of spending the next six months profitably and pleasantly.

He had looked at the oleographs on the walls until he was tired, and even the marvels of the wax fruit under a cracked glass shade began to pall upon him.

"I'll go and stay in the country a bit," he muttered; "I shall choke here."

He took a slice of bread from the tray, and breaking it into small pieces, began to give breakfast to three hens which passed a precarious existence in the yard below.

"They get quite to know you now," said the small but shrewd daughter of the house, who had come in to clear the breakfast things away. "How'd you like your egg?"

"Very good," said Flower.

"It was new laid," said the small girl.

She came up to the window and critically inspected the birds. "She laid it," she said, indicating one of the three.

"She's not much to look at," said Flower, regarding the weirdest-looking of the three with some interest.

"She's a wonderful layer," said Miss Chiffers, "and as sharp as you make 'em. When she's in the dustbin the others 'ave to stay outside. They can go in when she's 'ad all she wants."

"I don't think I'll have any more eggs," said Flower, casually. "I'm eating too much. Bacon 'll do by itself."

"Please yourself," said Miss Chiffers, turning from the window. "How's your foot?"

"Better," said Flower.

"It's swelled more than it was yesterday," she said with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"It feels better," said the captain.

"That's 'cos it's goin' dead," said the damsel; "then it'll go black all up your leg, and then you'll 'ave to 'ave it or."

Flower grinned comfortably.

"You may lark," said the small girl,

severely; "but you won't lark when you lose it, an' all becos you won't poultice it with tea leaves."

She collected the things together on a tea tray of enormous size, and holding it tightly pressed to her small waist, watched with anxious eyes as the heavy articles slowly tobogganed to the other end. A knife fell outside the door, and the loaf, after a moment's hesitation, which nearly upset the tray, jumped over the edge and bounded downstairs.

Flower knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and slowly, refilling it, began to peruse the morning paper, looking in vain as he had looked each morning, for an account of his death.

His reading was interrupted by a loud knock at the street door, and he threw down the paper to be ready to receive the faithful Fraser. He heard the door open, and then the violent rushing upstairs of Miss Chiffers to announce his visitor.

"Somebody to see you, Mr. Norton," she panted, bursting into the room.

"Well, show him up," said Flower.

"All of 'em?" demanded Miss Chiffers.

"Is there more than one?" inquired Flower, in a startled voice.

"Three," said Miss Chiffers, nodding; "two gentlemen and a lady."

"Did they say what their names were?" inquired the other, turning very pale.

Miss Chiffers shook her head, and then stooped to pick up a hairpin.

"One of 'em's called Dick," she said, replacing the pin.

"Tell them I'm not at home," said Flower, hastily, "but that I shall be back at twelve o'clock. See?"

(To be continued.)



French Poilu Ready for Winter Campaign.

This typical "poilu" as the French private is known among his countrymen, is shown in full winter equipment. The photograph was made on the Verdun front where thousands and thousands of this type are battling with the Germans despite the inclement weather.

GIGANTIC ORDERS.

Russia Takes Eleven Hundred Miles of Khaki for Uniforms.

Russia recently placed an order with the manufacturers of the West Riding for two million yards, or over eleven hundred miles, of khaki cloth for uniforms. The goods are to be delivered next Spring, says London Tit-Bits.

Russia is never niggardly in the way of Government orders. During her war with Japan she gave one Chicago firm a contract for six million pounds of beef. On another occasion, when there was a coal strike in this country, and Russia could not get her accustomed supplies of steam coal for her navy, she cabled to a firm in the United States an order for three million tons. This was the largest export order ever received.

Compared with such mammoth demands as these, the Australian order of 1913 for three hundred and seven miles of cloth for military uniforms seems a small matter. Yet, considering the comparative populations of the two countries, it was not so bad.

After the South African War the British Government contracted for forty miles of ribbon for South African War Medals. These were issued to about 300,000 men, each getting a nine-inch strip.

One wonders how many hundred miles will be required for the Empire troops at the end of the present appalling struggle.

HOSTEL FOR MEN ON LEAVE.

London Houses Commandeered by the British Authorities.

Twenty-six large private houses on the east side of Belgrave road, London, have been requisitioned by the War Office, and the tenants have been informed that they must leave "forthwith."

The houses are wanted for the accommodation of soldiers returning from leave from the front and reaching London at an hour in the night when they are unable to proceed straight to their homes. The tenants are mostly professional men and retired people, some of whom have lived in their present residences from thirty to forty years. The houses are let at rents of £10 to £120 a year, and are five-storied buildings.

The order was issued under the Defence of the Realm Act by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London district.

Redpath SUGAR



2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

When you pay the price of first quality sugar, why not be sure that you get it? There is one brand in Canada which has no second quality—that's the old reliable Redpath.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!



Paying for Milk and Cream on a Quality Basis.

Many phases of dairying have increased by leaps and bounds during the past few years, but none has been more marked than the butter industry. This growth is attended with new problems which must be solved if Canadian cheese and butter are to hold a little more exacting as to flavor, texture, etc., than our own people.

The other Provinces of the Dominion have led Ontario in the matter of cream grading. In 1915, 96 per cent. of butter manufactured in Alberta was made from graded cream and 59 per cent. graded specials, with only 7 per cent. seconds, which is a tribute to the high-quality cream delivered by the producer. In Saskatchewan 98 per cent. was graded and in Manitoba 61 per cent. In Quebec cream grading is compulsory, and dairymen in the Maritime Provinces are strong supporters of the system. Ontario lags behind, and the effect was noticed by the failure to win prizes with butter when in competition with other Provinces. However, the new Dairy Act which comes into force in March provides for the grading of all cream. Such legislation should be welcomed by producer and manufacturer alike.

First-quality butter cannot be made from second-grade cream, nor can the best butter be made from the mixture of a first and second-grade cream. The dairymen who through carelessness in handling his cream, delivers a second quality, not only hurts his neighbor, who endeavors to keep his cream in the most approved manner, but he tends to cripple the whole industry for the Province.

On the market one pound of low-grade butter will displace 100 pounds of the finest quality. More free advertising is given the poor stuff than the good. It is the case with everything; consequently, as competition becomes keener, more care must be taken to manufacture goods of the best quality.

Cream Grading.

Cream grading was started when creameries were first established in the West, so that dairymen were not familiar with any other system. The high quality product manufactured has given them an enviable position. In Ontario it has been different. For years creameries have taken the cream wheremyer it was of the best quality or not. It didn't take it they knew their nearby competitor would; the dairymen also knew it, and was aware that the same price would be paid if it had a good flavor.

Pasteurizing the cream at the creamery overcame much of the difficulty and gives a uniformity of quality of butter, but that quality cannot be so good as if made from only first-grade cream. Besides, the careful dairymen suffered by the carelessness of his neighbor. The point has been reached where something has to be done to hold the best markets of Ontario butter. Second-grade cream is not worth as much as first-grade for butter making. To pay the same price puts a premium on carelessness, and discourages the careful man. The Legislature has put an Act on the statute books, which comes into force in March, compelling cream grading.

This will offset the competition for cream regardless of quality and cream will be paid for on a quality basis, thus giving an incentive to dairymen to take precautions to look after the cream properly. It is in the dairymen's interests to aid in facilitating the working out of the new regulations. If cream is graded No. 2, there is a cause for it, and the cause is usually to be found in the handling of the cream from the time it leaves the separator until it is delivered at the creamery. Few dairy-

men would intentionally injure the industry which means so much to them, but so long as good butter was manufactured and a fair price paid for butter-fat, they did not concern themselves particularly about the condition the cream was in when it left their hands so long as it was accepted. When cream is bought on a graded basis, every dairymen will endeavor to have his product in the first grade. It will pay him to care for the cream in the most approved manner. First-grade cream will make make first-grade butter, which will tend to change the verdict on the Ontario product from "good" to "extra good," thus keeping it in demand on the most exclusive markets. It is anticipated that the producers will do their part towards facilitating the working out of the grading system in Ontario. It has proved a good thing for the other Provinces and will do likewise for Ontario dairymen.

Quality at Cheese Factories. Evidence shows that the average quality of milk delivered at the cheese factories has decreased rather than increased during the past twenty years. In the report of G. G. Pulver's work twenty years ago, as Chief Dairy Instructor for Eastern Ontario the average per cent. of fat contained in 6,800 samples of milk, gathered in several counties is given as 4.2. In 1914 the report from the same territory shows the average test to be 3.5 per cent., or a decrease of over .5 per cent. in twenty years. As milk then increases in the milk, the quantity of cream per 100 pounds of milk becomes less. The system of "pooling" the milk, so commonly practiced, put a premium on poor milk, or at least encouraged dairymen to increase the quantity at the expense of quality and is largely responsible for the decrease in quality. When payment is made on a quality basis, it will be an incentive to select and breed the herd to improve the test, which in turn will give more of a richer cheese from 100 pounds of milk than is secured at present.

Grading of cream at creameries and paying for milk at cheese factories according to quality would have been to the best interest of Ontario dairymen years ago. The loss caused by lack of these systems for so long a time can be partly retrieved, by every producer of dairy products aiding in their working out now that they are to be adopted throughout the Province. There is no question but that the Dairy Act to be enforced this coming spring is to the best interests of the man behind the cow, as well as of the whole industry.—Farmer's Advocate.

Horses Will Be in Demand.

Speaking at one of the Winter Fair luncheons Dominion Live Stock Commissioner John Bright, had the following to say regarding the future of the horse market: "Although horse question differs a little from other lines of stock, yet it is relatively in the same position as far as future prospects are concerned. Good horses are absolutely scarce in Canada to-day. I doubt whether real good draft horses were ever as scarce as they are now."

"Horses differ from other lines of stock in that they cannot be converted into beef and they, therefore, do not find the same ready sale as beef cattle. Depend on it, gentlemen, that there is no live stock that you can keep on your farm with more profit for the future market or that you can breed to give better returns than a good horse. You will not have to wait very long to find that out. Horses are going to be alarmingly scarce in the near future."

"We have a number of large numbers every province, and a very large number in some provinces that are ill-bred and poorly fed. These horses are of no use for anything. They are not good enough for the purposes of the war. We cannot blame the French and British buyers for not taking these horses."

"The farmer is safe in breeding a good heavy carriage horse and a fair sized roadster. There will always be a sale in Canada for a good horse of that breed, notwithstanding the

automobile and the tractor. It will take some time before the tractor will take the place of a good horse. The farmer can always produce his motive power on his own farm by breeding good horses. I am speaking of mixed farming in Ontario, and I do not want to be misunderstood, but this certainly applies to the Province of Ontario.

The winter of the first year of the calf or colt's life is generally the hardest one on it. Many farmers seem to think that straw and roots is about all these young animals should receive. This is a sad mistake, for at no period of their life should they receive better care or better food.

CHILDREN IN WARTIME.

Drawings by German Children Full of Blood and Slaughter.

As illustrative of the evil influence of the great war on the minds of even very young children, the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung recently printed excerpts from a book called "Children and the War," by Floerke, and from Rothe's work, with a similar title. The following passages are from the exercises of children between 8 and 13 years old attending elementary schools:

"Should the Kaiser send me to the front, I would take a rifle and hammer the Russians to a pulp. I would kill many of them, and stab many."

"Soldiers at the front must bear many privations, but all is forgotten when the order for storming comes. Cut them down! Wherever Germans go, only blows. The French know this, and run like hares."

"The Russians built mighty fortresses, and then we went on them with heavy cannon thunder, which was our greeting."

"In the west the French and the British grocers are in a desperate situation, the remnants of the Belgian army have broken down, and in a short time German armies will be in England."

A seven-year-old girl wrote: "Shoot dead many wicked French for me."

A nine-year-old boy wrote: "All we boys say it would be splendid if the French, English, Russians and Serbs came. We would give them a dressing. I have a sword and helmet already—all I want now is a rifle."

A boy writes to Hindenburg: "Dear, good Hindenburg, knock the Russians hard and drive them again into the lakes. They will then yell and implore mercy. Drive them into the mud that the Czar may be miserable."

A child from the Palatinate wrote: "O dear Hindenburg, beat the Russians until the bits fly and we get another holiday."

Referring to the war drawings of German children, one of the authors declares that the children know no limits in their goriness. The drawings, so to say, dripped blood. It is not battle they depict, but slaughter.

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FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

An aeroplane collided with the chimney of a dwelling house in Montrose, and the petrol caught fire, inflicting fatal injuries on the pilot, Lieut. Fowler, R.F.C.

The Countess of Arlrie and Lady Bertha Dawkins have succeeded the Dowager Countess of Bradford and Lady Mary Trefusis as ladies-in-waiting to H.M. the Queen.

Damage estimated at \$25,000 was caused by a fire that occurred on the premises of Messrs. McCorquodale & Co. Limited, general printers and stationers, Glasgow.

Sentence of three months hard labor for a street assault was passed at Glasgow on a youth, described as a member of a gang of "hooligans" known as the "Sing Sing Boys."

Rothsley Harbor Trust has decided to impose a two-cent penalty on the pier to make up the deficit of \$10,000 caused by the reduction of steamboat traffic.

Mr. F. B. Sharp, jute manufacturer, Dundee, has intimated to the Dundee authorities that he would erect at the end of the war a baby clinic at a cost of \$25,000.

A Scottish Office order has been issued notifying shop closing in Scotland from now on until 30th April next not later than 8 o'clock in the evening and 9 o'clock on Saturday.

A fine of \$50 was imposed at Edinburgh Sheriff Court on the secretary of the Scottish Independent Labor Party for a contravention of the Defence of the Realm Act.

It has been established as a certainty that Glasgow will have an interest in the rebuilding of a number of those towns and villages which have been devastated in Belgium.

Fire broke out in the Forres Saw Mills, recently acquired by Messrs. John Macdonald, Limited. The mill and plant were destroyed and the damage is estimated at about \$15,000.

It has been stated at a meeting of the Renfrewshire Territorial Association in Paisley that the 20 county meets were in full strength, and nearly 1600 men had joined the Volunteer Battalion.

An outbreak of fire which caused damage estimated at \$25,000, occurred at Victoria Park School, Govanhill. The upper floor was completely burned out and the roof collapsed.

The Scottish Fishery Board paid over a grant of \$40,000 to Buckle Town Council, to be applied towards the completion of the modified scheme of extension for the Cluny harbor.

Three distinct shocks of earthquake have been experienced in Bridge of Allan. The earthquake was felt at Dunblane and houses were shaken and considerable alarm manifested.

The Glasgow Y.M.C.A. have now completed their negotiations for the purchase of the Lyric Theatre, and steps are to be taken immediately to convert the property into a hostel for soldiers and sailors.

The new order affecting Inverness and the north of Scotland, is now in force. Residents in Inverness have now on leaving or entering the area to show a police pass on which is their photographs.

BRITISH COMMANDEER HOUSE.

Famous Town Mansion Taken Over by Government.

The British government has taken over some of the biggest of London hotels for war work, but never until now has it commandeered a famous historic mansion for such purposes. That, however, is what has happened to the Duke of Buccleuch's palatial London residence, Montagu House, Whitehall, as an extension of the Ministry of Munitions.

A few weeks ago the family received notice that this might be likely to happen and now the Duke has received formal notice to quit. No portion of the house is to be reserved for the Duke's personal use and the treasures of this great historic mansion are in process of removal to one of the ducal country seats.

No other private residence in London occupies a more interesting site. As early as 1240 Hubert de Burgh built a large dwelling there, which subsequently became the property of the Black Friars, of the Archbishop of York, and finally of Henry VIII, after which it remained the chief royal palace in London till it was destroyed by the Great Fire. The present house was begun by the fifth duke in 1658, and the cost of the building amounted to \$600,000.

Montagu House is noted for its great rooms, splendid furniture, exquisite porcelain, its Vandykes and its incomparable miniatures. Pictures by Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael, and other great masters adorn the walls, but the collection of miniatures is unique and unrivalled even in royal palaces. Early in the year, for the first time, they were loaned by the Duke to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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