

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

GIVE attention and you will get knowledge.

A kindly feeling cannot fail to touch the heart.

A good memory is that which admits a discreet forgetfulness.

Statistics show that married men live longer than bachelors.

The liar despises those who believe him, and hates those who do not.

A million dollars won't make a man happy, but most of us would like to try it.

The word 'Niagara' means 'thunder water.' The native Indian pronunciation of it is Niagara.

Beauty and ugliness disappear equally under the wrinkles of age; one is lost in them, the other hidden.

More than 100,000,000 Chinese, it is said, are engaged either directly or indirectly, in the tea industry.

However high the barriers of exclusiveness may be, the rams of money will soon beat them completely down.

The cynic is a blot on society, and is responsible for not a few of the wrongs which distort and pervert it. He is a potent factor in our life, but his influence is always for evil.

When we think of the tenderness, of the solicitude, of the protection, of the grace, of the charm, of the happiness, or at least of the consolation that woman brings to the life of man, one is tempted to speak to her only with uncovered head and bowed knee.

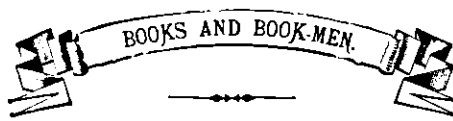
Grecian women are said to have learnt the art of improving their beauty from Helen of Troy, who learned it from Paris, who in his turn stole it from one of Venus's ladies'-maids. Spartan women, however, were not allowed to paint. Lycinus was too severe to allow any such soft art. But cosmetics flourished in Attica, where beauty was adored as a thing divine, and women of every rank, from the highest to the lowest slave, used every means to be beautiful at any cost. Aspasia even wrote two books on the use of cosmetics.

There is no doubt that an orange eaten early in the morning will cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. It is a pity that people don't make a practice of eating more fruit. Apples are excellent in many cases of illness, and are far better than salts, oils, and pills. All those of sedentary habits should eat an apple daily. Of vegetables, onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shallots all have a good effect on the digestion and blood. White onions eaten raw are said to be a remedy for persistent insomnia. Lettuce and cucumbers cool the system, and do more good to the complexion than any face wash.

BO PEEP.—The games of 'hide and seek' and 'bo peep,' which are great favourites with children, are to be regarded as survivals of savage habits. A very little child enjoys to the full the 'bo peep' game. It loves to hide itself behind some object, and to peer cautiously round the corner thereof with the view of detecting its mother or nurse as play-fellow, and immediately conceals itself in pretended alarm when discovered. If this instinct be read aright, we are to discover in it a vestige of the same faculty which, fully developed in the savage of to-day, enables him to 'stalk' his enemy, and to shelter himself from a hostile surprise. The strong point of the argument here is the instinctive habit of the infant. As often as not it takes to 'bo peep' naturally. It is not taught it; and the 'hide-and-seek' game of older children seems to survive through the operation of some natural law or condition in the same way.

GOING TO CERTAIN DEATH.—Though warfare is now less a matter of personal prowess than it was in ancient times, the campaigns of the present age have produced many instances of heroic sacrifice as remarkable as any of those of antiquity. A recent occurrence of this sort is well worth relating. The story of it is told very simply in an 'order of the day,' issued by General Reste, commanding the French forces in the Indies. A detachment of the Ninth Regiment of the Marine Corps had been sent to subdue and capture a band of Chinese pirates which had been operating on the coast of Tonquin. The pirates took refuge in a battlemented pagoda. Here they were besieged by a party of the French, under command of Lieutenant de Vathaire. Attacking the pagoda with axes and other implements, the French succeeded in effecting a narrow breach in its walls, but this breach was sufficient to admit only one man at a time. Within, the pirates awaited the onset of the assailants. Whoever went in first was sure to meet death at their hands, but if the remainder of the French pressed in after him, the pirates might be overcome. De Vathaire did not hesitate. Putting himself at the head of a line of his men, he bade them follow him, and forced his way into the breach in the pagoda, shouting 'Vive la France!' He was shot down, and died on the spot. But the attack succeeded, and the pirates were captured.

'AS MAD AS A HATTER.'—Solomon Sanborn, of the town of Medford, in the goodly State of Massachusetts, a hatter by trade, was no doubt as 'mad as a hatter,' when he made his will, at least. His body he left to the late Professor Agassiz and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial poet, to be by them prepared in the most skilful and scientific manner known to anatomical art, and placed in the Museum of Anatomy of Harvard College. Two dramheads were to be made of his skin. Upon one was to be inscribed Alexander Pope's 'Universal Prayer,' and on the other the Declaration of Independence, and then they were to be presented to his distinguished friend and patriotic citizen, the drummer of Cohasset, a nephew of Daniel Stupson, the famed drummer of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company. This presentation was conditional that upon the 17th of June, at sunrise, every year, Simpson should heat, or cause to be beaten, upon the drumheads, at the foot of the monument at Bunker's Hill, the spirit-stirring strains of 'Yankee Doodle.' Those portions of his remains which were of no use to the anatomists were to be 'compounded' into a fertiliser for the purpose of nourishing the growth of an American elm, to be set out in some public thoroughfare, that the weary man might rest, and sportive children might gambol, beneath the shadow of the luxuriant branches.



LORD TENNYSON.

THE production of Lord Tennyson's play, 'The Foresters,' has brought the great poet's name very prominently before the world just of late. Taken as a whole, the criticisms are not very favourable. The critics appear to have decided that it would be impertinent courtesy to treat any of Lord Tennyson's productions with exceptional indulgence on account of advanced age. They aver—most of them—that he has the power of writing poetical plays, but that this one is not altogether worthy of the genius that has given the world 'The Idylls of the King,' 'Enoch Arden,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Harold' and 'Queen Mary.' A capital review of the poet's dramatic work appears in a Home paper. Most people will agree that Tennyson is essentially more of a dramatic poet than Mr Browning:—

'THOSE who hold the contrary opinion forget, as it seems to us, that drama implies not merely the rhetorical analysis, but the representation in action of emotional states and processes. There are in "Queen Mary" and "Harold" scenes and passages of great dramatic power, and it would need no very radical reconstruction to adapt either of these plays to the stage. One of them, we shall be told, has been tried and found wanting; but was it the play that was wanting, or the actress? The part of Queen Mary would certainly require, but it would as certainly reward, an actress of genius.

'THE heroine of Lord Tennyson's new play, "The Foresters" has found an actress of genius for her interpreter, and has thus, we fear, been fortunate beyond her deserts. The most one can say for Maid Marian is that her character is marked by a certain racy unconventionality. She is no sentimental Book of Beauty heroine. There is plenty of sunshine and fresh air about her; but, alas! there is very little else. The daughter of Sir Richard Lea, who has mortgaged his estate in order to pay the ransom of his son, a prisoner among the Saracens, she loves from the outset Robin, Earl of Huntingdon, and being a frank and liberal damsel, she is at no pains to conceal her affection. She has made a vow not to marry until her godfather, King Richard, shall have returned from Palestine; but she suffers Robin to place a betrothal ring on her finger, and replies as follows (in his hearing) to her father's suggestion that she may forget him:—

'Forget him—never—by this Holy Cross  
Which good King Richard gave me when a child—  
Never!  
Not while the swallow skims along the ground,  
And while the lark flies up and touches heaven!  
Not while the smoke floats from the cottage roof,  
And the white-cloak is roiled along the sky!  
Not while the rivenet bubbles by the door,  
And the great breaker beats upon the beach!  
Never—  
Till Nature, high and low and great and small,  
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates  
Sink again into chaos.

'AFTER Prince John has outlawed the gallant Earl, as a noted partisan of the absent Richard, Maid Marian, journeying through Sherwood Forest in male attire, encounters her lover, now known as Robin Hood, who takes her for her brother and accuses the supposed youth of having stolen his sister's ring. He is soon undeceived, and the heroine, with her old father, takes up her abode among the outlaws. Prince John casts wanton eyes upon her, and the Sheriff of Nottingham would fain buy her of her father by paying off the mortgage on his estate. Both these dangers, however, she eludes without difficulty; King Richard opportunely arrives on the scene to have his traditional bout of fisticuffs with Friar Tuck; Prince John is discomfited; and Maid Marian is "given away" by her royal godfather to the reinstated

Earl of Huntingdon. This is practically the whole action of the play and the other characters are all as slight and shadowy as the heroine.

'It is rather difficult to classify such a play as this. It is certainly not a tragedy, and it is too incoherent to take rank as a comedy. The Germans would probably call it a *Volkstück*, and in that character, if prettily mounted and brightly acted, it might possibly attain a certain success on the stage. But the truth is that Lord Tennyson has in this instance been content with an altogether too facile improvisation. He has produced a play without character, without passion, without structure, with no ingenuity of incident, but with little humour either of dialogue or of situation.'

This is severe criticism, but it is written by one of the finest and fairest of all the great London literary and dramatic critics. A sop is given by the admission that, the lyrics, fortunately, are numerous, and of true Tennysonian quality. Here, for instance, is the song which Marian is humming to herself at her first entrance:—

'Love flew in at the window  
As Wealth walked in at the door.  
"You have come for you saw Wealth coming," said I.  
But he fluttered his wings with a sweet little cry.  
"I'll cleave to you rich or poor."

Wealth dropt out of the window,  
Poverty crept thro' the door.  
"Well now you would fain follow Wealth," said I.  
But he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie,  
"I cling to you all the more."

'THE following drinking-song, sung by the Earl of Huntingdon's retainers, may seem at first sight the simplest thing in the world; but we are much mistaken if Sir Arthur Sullivan will not bear us out in the assertion that it is one of those things which, in their very simplicity, reveal most certainly the master hand. It is only a jingle and a lilt; but the ability to invent a jingle and a lilt is precisely what distinguishes your true lyricist from poets who, even with great gifts in other directions, have been denied the lyric faculty:—

'Long live Richard, Robin and Richard! Long live Richard! Down with John! Drink to the Lion-heart Every one! Pledge the Plantagenet, Him that is gone.	Who knows whither? God's good Angel Help him back hither, And down with John! Long live Robin, Robin and Richard! Long live Robin, And down with John!"
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## OLD CLOTHES.

EVERY one knows that there is more comfort in an old than in a new garment. An old coat makes you feel lively and active, while a new one makes you sit up straight and conduct yourself with dignity.

An ancient felt hat is so comfortable that you wear it as long as possible. You wear it fishing and shooting, after it becomes too diaphanous to appear in on the street. You always wear this hat at tennis, or anything else that savours of fun. Your prim, dignified high hat you wear to church and funerals.

An old vest is also a blessing in itself. You are not afraid of spilling grease on it; you don't care whether the buttons come off or not; you know that it is easier than when it was new, and that you can get more happiness out of it in a minute than you can out of your white duck vest in a year. If you happen to be eating eggs or drinking tomato-soup, you would decorate your white vest until it became red and golden. In your old vest, you will never spill a drop.

The only old garment that is less comfortable than a new one is the ancient collar, with button-holes large enough to stick your head through, and an edge on it like a buzz saw, that works up and down the back of your head until it shaves your neck as smooth as the story of an advertising-agent.

## ON THE WAY TO WORK.

THERE'S the dapper man, whose overcoat fits just a shade too tightly,  
And the foreigner who scales good eighteen stone,  
And the jovial-looking barrister, who bears his burdens lightly,  
And the girl who walks alone.

The girl whose hair in braided coils is twisted up so neatly—  
I have marvelled every morning how it's done—  
Who one day when I jostled her smiled pardon, O so sweetly,  
Did that girl who walks alone.

For a year we've passed each other on our daily duties wending,  
Till to greet her with a word I'm almost prone,  
But I would not for a moment run the risk of half offending  
That young girl who walks alone.

I have wondered who her people are, and where her habitation,  
And why she's always dressed in sober tone;  
I've a fancy—purely fancy—once she boasted higher station,  
With no need to walk alone.

We each have little worlds of thought, of action, and of opinion,  
(Of scenes within a circumscribing zone,  
And every morn' they almost touch—my realm and the dominion  
Of the girl who walks alone.

With her face of pallid sorrow, and her eyes of hidden mystery,  
Conjecture holds me pensive when she's gone,  
All the others slightly bore me, but I wish I knew the history  
Of that girl who walks alone.