

Gartnavel Gazette

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Close of Winter Entertainments.

SINCE the publication of our last, the winter entertainments are over; and out-door games have taken the place of dancing and concerts.

The final dance of the season, which was attended by over a hundred of the students of Dr. Yellowlees' University Class, including several lady students, proved most enjoyable. The students seemed to have made up their minds to have a good time; and dancing was kept up until the close of the evening with great spirit and heartiness. The students' songs and choruses were rendered in truly student

fashion, and were much enjoyed and encored repeatedly.

We were all very glad to see Dr. and Mrs. Yellowlees amongst us again. Mrs. Yellowlees sang "Tam Glen" (an old favourite), beautifully, and recalled many old memories.

At the closing *Saturday Fortnightly* Mr. Carsewell, the chaplain, delivered an interesting lecture on "Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius," illustrated by lantern slides. One of the photos. was most striking; having been snapped at the edge of the crater of Vesuvius, the steam rising from the liquid mass of lava could be distinctly seen in the picture. Mr. Carsewell gave a graphic account of Pompeii as it now is, and as it was before it was buried under ashes and lava; and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded him for providing a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

We are all looking forward to hearing an account of Dr. Oswald's recent tour in Tunisia and Sicily, when our winter lectures are resumed.

Opening of Out-door Games.

AFTER a spring of extreme cold, and abnormal rainfall, summer has

come with a rush, and the grounds are looking lovely. The delicate tints of the fresh leaves, the balmy air, the sunshine, the singing of the birds, bring a sense of contentment, peace, and wonder, at the renewal of life each spring and summer call forth.

With the return of summer, outdoor games have been resumed, and cricket, tennis, and croquet are the order of the day. Golf closed at the end of April, and during the latter half of the month several prize competitions were played; and produced keenly contested matches. Among our out-door games ladies' cricket has always proved a great attraction, and this year many enjoyable afternoons have been spent at this game. It is customary for the gentlemen to join the ladies—the gentlemen being bound to bat with a broomstick, using the left hand only, and also to bowl with the left hand. These conditions restrict the powers of us mere men; and are provocative of much amusement to the spectators. As tea is served on the lawn the cricket might not inappropriately be described as "picnic" cricket.

Our decorations during the recent visit of the King and Queen proved our loyalty; and many of the patients had the pleasure of seeing their Majesties.

At the Glasgow Agricultural Society's show, held on the 17th and 18th June; Dr. Oswald's yearling filly "Stella" (which proved a great attraction as a foal in the paddock last summer); gained a place in her class—"thoroughbred yearlings," as "highly commended."

Changes.

Two well-known faces are no longer seen among us. Mr. Montgomery, who was steward for 25 years, and Mr. Alex. McVeitie who was *clerge* attendant of the sick-ward for almost as long a period, have resigned; and left

the familiar scenes of many years. It is with regret that we hear that both resignations were due to ill health, but we hope that rest and relief from responsibility will soon bring about their recovery. Our good wishes, and those of all our readers, we feel sure, go with them. Mr. Waddell, who deserves his promotion, succeeds Mr. Montgomery as steward; and Mr. Hugh Gray is appointed storekeeper.

A. D.

The First Gartnavel Magazine.

Dr. BALMORNO writes in 1836: "One of the gentlemen has recently assumed the office of editor of a weekly newspaper called the 'Glasgow North Briton.' This literary production is at present very popular, and several inmates contribute amusing and characteristic articles." How long it flourished we do not know; but in 1845 appeared the first number of the "Chronicle of the Monastery," also a weekly periodical. The editor was a gentleman who afterwards published a volume of poems, entitled: "The Gartnavel Minstrel," of which we happen to have a copy. In addition to being the author he was also the printer and publisher of the volume. In the first number of the "Chronicle" he published a long introductory poem hitting off very well many of the officers; and describing the scope of the magazine. We can only quote four stanzas:—

To every one perusing this,
Our "Chronicle," we must
Be generous, and sincere too,
If they'd in turn be just.
And we, as duty leads us,
Shall so far generous be;
We'll let our readers every week
Have one sent "gratis—free."
Of music's charms we'll often treat,
Of poesy as well,
But fear the present specimen
Is rather long a spell.

In this our opening, rhyming rant,
The programme's only hinted;
Elsewhere you'll find superior prose
Gives all the outlines printed.

A Fable for the Fair.

THERE was once a woman who was asked to sing at a village entertainment for the benefit of a country library which none of the natives wanted. Having heard that her rival in the vocal arena was also going to sing she laid a plan to annihilate her.

"The foolish thing will be sure to sing something entirely over their heads," she reasoned, "and make them feel awkward by displaying her most gorgeous toilet—which will be very unkind of her, indeed. I will teach her a thing or two."

On the night of the concert the country people had assembled from far and near to see the grand ladies and gentlemen.

The woman who was asked to sing appeared in a simple white muslin, with a wild rose in her hair. An old man from the village accompanied her on his violin as she sang "Annie Laurie." For an encore she sang "Home, Sweet Home," so touchingly that the old man wept and played very flat.

But the other country people were both surprised and disgusted. "Goodness alive!" said they, "is that all! Our Jenny knows that piece. And Emily's Sunday frock had more ruffles than that. Old Sandy Wilson looks like a fool."

Nor were the town people better pleased. "She certainly has a great deal of nerve," said they. "One would think she was Patti, or Melba at the least," and they refused to applaud.

The rival wore silver brocade with turquoise chiffon. She had an cigarette in her hair, and carried a bouquet of orchids. Her first song was "Elsa's Dream" from Lohengrin, in German, and was wildly applauded—every one

wishing to show that he understood it perfectly. As an encore she sang a French selection. Being urged to sing a third time, she gave a Spanish torreador song which was deeply appreciated.

The country paper the next day described her costume as extremely tasteful, and remarked that it was a real pleasure to hear old favourites rendered with such spirit.

This teaches us that when in Rome we should do as the Romans don't.
O. O. T.

An Episode in Rhyme (COMPLETED).

1. Come listen to a simple tale of life,
Of a fair youth who was "A Monk of Pite."
—A. Lang.
2. Not given to wandering far throughout
the earth,
He lived beside "The Cloister and the Hearth."
—Radc.
3. Till one day as his orisons he made to God,
He heard a voice which said, "Son,
take 'A Tramp Abroad!'"
—Mark Twain.
4. And hie thee straight towards the land
of France,
And take to aid thy way "The Wheels
of Chance."
—H. G. Wells.
5. But lest misfortunes hap should fall on thee,
I prithee take to guard thy wanderings
"Soldiers Three."
—Kipling.
6. So go thou forth, my Son, in Faith and
Courage strong,
Remembering that thy duty is "To
Right the Wrong."
—Lyall.
7. Low bowed the youth, then to his cell
he ran
To fetch a treasure thence—"The
Talisman."
—Scott.
8. Then journeying onwards with his com-
rades merry,
They soon left far behind "The
Monastery."
—Scott.
9. The youth was new to all the world so
fair,
So found it good to have "A Change of
Air."
—Anthony Hope.
10. And many folks they met, men, maids
and wives,
Yet ever held their course towards
"St. Ives."
—Stevenson.

11. So coming to a wood hard by a castle
proud,
They found themselves "Far from the
Madding Crowd." — *Hardy.*
12. Reclining there, a beauteous sight to see,
A maid they spied "Under the Green-
wood Tree." — *Hardy.*
13. Asleep she lay, but even sleeping, she
Seemed to the monk most wondrous
"Fair to See." — *Lockhart.*
14. He gazed with rapture, then he said,
"I ween
I would the lady fair were called
"Kirsteen,"" — *Mrs. Oliphant.*
15. "But hush," he said, "by all the Saints'
dear sakes,
We'll hear her story 'When the Sleeper
Wakes.'" — *Wells.*
16. So his rough comrades checked their
stories risible,
And softly listened to "The Choir
Invisible." — *Lease Allen.*
17. Then as the maiden woke, she cried,
"It seems
I've been asleep, and I've indulged in
"Dreams." — *Oliver Schreiner.*
18. I dreamed of marriage, while the priests
intoned,
Alas! I'm now an outcast "The Dis-
owned." — *Lytton.*
19. "Nay," said the monk, "fair maid be
not afraid,
I'll change my 'habit' for 'The Red
Cockade.'" — *Weyman.*
20. Little I have to give one so divine,
Yet all I have's for thee for "Mine is
Thine." — *Lockhart.*
21. Though lost the world, in thee far more
I'll win,
We'll wed at Shrewsbury, at "The
Castle Inn." — *Weyman.*
22. "Agreed" she said, "but one thing I
desire,
That I may dress myself 'In Silk
Attire.'" — *Wm. Black.*
23. "As wilt," replied the monk, "but oh,
my queen,
Ban not for me 'My Lady Nicotine,'" — *Burke.*
24. So they were wed, the maid and holy
boy,
She had as page "Little Lord
Fauntleroy." — *Mrs. Barrett.*
25. The soldiers three the press gang took
alike,
So they became the "Three Men in a
Boat." — *Jerome.*
26. So Hymen's blessing o'er our couple
hovers,
Who, wedded now, were once "The
Forest Lovers." — *Maurice Hewitt.*

A Kangaroo Hunt.

WE sat before a cheerful fire in the bar parlour of the old Whitehart Hotel, after a good dinner, and discussed a kangaroo hunt. We proceeded to lay out our campaign against the rodents which necessitated a rail-road journey to Echuca, on the banks of the Murray river, a distance of 156 miles. At Echuca we took an old-fashioned stage coach, drawn by six good horses, and were soon out "into the night," and a dark one at that, tooling along a good country road at a nine mile an hour gait to the station, or sheep farm, of one of our colonial friends. The house was situated on the edge of a great forest of wild fig and eucalyptus.

After breakfast and a smoke on the verandah a ride was proposed, and in a short time the horses were brought up, and a really fine looking lot they were. The Australian horse is, as a rule, a good mount. The saddles were the regular English pigskin, and we were soon off at a hand gallop, taking in the estate. We saw great flocks of paroquets, with an occasional flight of white, sulphur-crested cockatoos. The varied surface and rich soil of this country is highly favourable to animal as well as vegetable life, and our friend had stocked some of his preserves with English pheasants, partridges, and quails, but had not begun shooting them up to the time of our visit. Rabbits were so plentiful as to be a nuisance, and the water courses in this vicinity usually furnish good duck, snipe, and wild swan shooting; but what we were after was the great marsupial, for which the country is celebrated, the Australian kangaroo, that at one time was so plentiful as to completely overrun the country. They are found in all parts of Australia, being, at one time, so numerous and tame as to be frequently seen feeding with the herds of domestic animals quite near even the large seaport towns. Now, if one wishes to enjoy a kangaroo

hunt he must go a long way up country and be under the guidance of experienced men, if he expects good sport.

We were in the saddle again at daybreak. A half-a-dozen neighbours had joined our party and we rode away to the kangaroo pasture. Entering the upper end of the valley, before the dew was off the grass, under the direction of our host, we spread out and trotted slowly down the valley, until we overtook a farm hand and a number of black fellows, as the planters all call the Australian aborigines, who had been sent out during the night with a pack of kangaroo dogs—great shaggy fellows, more closely resembling the Russian wolf-hound than any other animal I had ever seen—all of them old kangaroo hunters, which is of great importance, as green dogs often rush in on a kangaroo at bay and meet with an untimely death by incautiously attacking an old man. The old-man kangaroo is an ugly customer, and when brought to bay will fight like a tiger. Nearly every one of the dogs in our pack bore ugly scars from the great armed toe of an old-man kangaroo's hind foot, and having learned caution by bitter experience were valuable. In order to make our sport additionally exciting, none of the party carried firearms, but we were all armed with hunting-crops having heavy iron heads, which could be used as club if necessary.

After covering a couple of miles a low warning call attracted our attention, and directed our gaze to quite a family of kangaroos quietly feeding on the hillside, a little over half a mile away. A strong breeze was blowing in our faces, and they were unaware of our approach. Without a word each man touched up his horse, and away we went. The dogs, taking their cue, stopped beating and pushed on a little ahead of us, until they sighted the game. Then began one of the wildest rides that I was ever fortunate enough to be engaged in. Away went the kangaroos out of sight over the brow

of a hill, with the dogs after them. On reaching the top and getting a good look at our game I was sure the chase would be a long one, as the kangaroos were descending the slope at a fearful rate of speed, fairly distancing the dogs with tremendous bounds, apparently never touching their forefeet to the ground, but bounding from the tall and enormous hind legs in a manner that, had the course been all down hill, we would never have bagged a single one. But we were soon on nearly level ground, where the bush was fairly open. A fallen tree here and there offered an obstacle—not serious, however, as the kangaroos and dogs went over them, and our horses being good hunters cleared them in fine style. Slowly but surely we were pulling up on them, and could see that there were five kangaroos. One enormous dark-red fellow attracted our attention, and we rode after the bunch. The big fellow, separating from the others, by swinging off to the left, was pursued by about one half of the pack, and we lost sight of him and our friends in a few moments. A great bluish gray hound was overhauling the hindmost kangaroo of our bunch, and as they neared a large fallen tree both kangaroo and dog seemed as if they rose in the air and took the jump together, the pack closely following.

Our big hound, having pinned his game by the back of the neck, the other dogs rushed in, and by the time we came up there was not a kick left in the kangaroo. This halt caused us to lose sight of the rest of the bunch, and although we followed our dogs for some time we saw nothing more of them, and rode back to the dead kangaroo, which one of our party ripped open and partly skinned, taking away the meaty portion of the tail and some cuts from the hind quarter, which he explained would be excellent eating, and which we found on our return home to be true, as we were treated to some kangaroo-tail soup, which I must

confess was very much like oxtail soup, very palatable, while the steaks, broiled, were fairly good eating. The others followed the "red flyer," as they called him, until he turned and faced them at the foot of a bunch of rocks, where they managed to knock him on the head, when the dogs soon finished him. The black fellows were sent out after the hides, which, when tanned, make a leather highly prized in Australia.

CORNSTALK.

The Burning of the Clavie.

On the last night of the old year, Old Style, the mysterious ceremony known as "the Burning of the Clavie" is still carried out in the fishing and seaport town of Burchhead, in the north of Scotland. The custom is so strange that it is quite unknown in any other part of Great Britain, although similar ceremonies are still in existence in some remote parts of Brittany and Russia. From the most remote ages this burning of the Clavie appears to have come down. Antiquaries have formed endless theories about it, some holding that it belongs to Roman times, and others that it is of Scandinavian origin; while the natives of Burchhead assert that it is a Druidical worship, and has been handed down from time immemorial. It appears to me to be simply a survival of the worship of Baal, which was the universal faith of our fathers—a remnant of that great fire-worship which prevailed over the whole world as known to the ancients, from the sands of Arabia to the northern Atlantic Ocean, and from India to the Pillars of Hercules. At Burchhead may be seen the remains of ancient fortifications of immense strength. Much doubt has hitherto existed as to the period to which these belong, but recent excavations show the great antiquity of the place. The few objects found are some of them pre-historic and some of them Roman, and the construction of the ramparts

is of the type of the Gaulish Oppida as described by Caesar. These ramparts are twenty-four feet thick, faced with stone on both faces, and joined by oak beams crossed by planks and nailed together with huge nails.

As evening approaches a group of men may be seen, one of them carrying a large Archangel tar-barrel presented for the occasion by some merchant in the town; another carries a herring barrel, and others bring the tools required. The tar barrel is then sawn into two unequal halves, the larger half and the other cask are broken up and the pieces placed inside the smaller half, with lots of tar. The tub is fixed to a stout prop of fir, some five feet long, and a hole is bored in the bottom of the Clavie, in which the spoke is fixed by a long iron nail, which is driven home by a smooth stone. No hammer is allowed to be used. Supports of wood are then nailed all round and secure the spoke to the tub. The completed Clavie is then filled up with chips of wood and tar, and finally lit with a burning peat amidst rounds of cheering. Robert Chalmers, in the Book of Days, says: "Though formerly allowed to remain on the Doorie the whole night, the Clavie is now removed when it has burned about half an hour. Then comes the most exciting scene of all. The barrel is lifted from the socket, and thrown down on the western slope of the hill, which appears to be all in one mass of flame—a state of matters that does not, however, prevent a rush to the spot in search of embers. Two stout men, instantly seizing the fallen Clavie, attempt to demolish it by dashing it to the ground, which is no sooner accomplished than a final charge is made among the blazing fragments, that are snatched up in total, in spite of all the powers of combustion, in an incredibly short space of time."

EVOLUTION.

"All's well that ends well"—but a wedding is not always the end.

Dorothy May;

OR, THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY EDITH F. CAMPBELL.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I was intimately acquainted with Archibald Ainslie; indeed, when I began practice he was my most generous and warmest friend."

He was the sole partner of the firm of Ainslie & Co., to which business he succeeded at the death of his father, was immensely wealthy, owned a magnificent house on Great Western Road, and altogether lived in grand style. An only son, as not unfrequently happens, Mr. Ainslie was not by any means a shrewd business man; and while he could boast, and with perhaps some truth, that the condition of his employees compared favourably with those of others in the same line of business, he was only known to them through Mr. Morton, his manager.

In Mr. Morton he reposed implicit confidence, for not only was he competent in the management, but he bore an exemplary moral character—member of church, Sunday school teacher, and so forth. Vested with unlimited power, his decision final in all cases, you can of course imagine there was but little chance of the workers' grievances going to the head of the firm. I merely mention to you those little details, for although they do not bear upon the story I am about to relate to you at the outset, they do so at the end.

The greatest calamity that ever befel Mr. Ainslie was the loss of his wife, to whom he was passionately attached. The sun seemed to have sunk for ever upon his life. Always what is known as a "good" man, his strong religious convictions deepened, he drew himself away from the world, and of course from his business which devolved more than ever upon his manager.

There was one child, the loveliest little girl ever you saw, and, naturally enough, Mr. Ainslie's whole soul, and

thoughts, and love, were centred in her. Dorothy—or Dorothy May as she was generally called—was simply idolised by her father. A spoiled child—No. She was one of those children whom it is impossible to spoil. She never tired of her father's company, nor he of answering her many questions, or explaining things to her in a simple way that she might understand, or praising any little bit of work she performed—a crude drawing, knitting, or needle-work. And they went walks into the country when he instilled into her young mind a love for the beautiful in nature, the kindness that ought to be shown to dumb animals because they were God's creatures and capable of suffering pain. He also excited her curiosity for things unseen by telling her stories of the Saviour who died for us, and of the fair land away up beyond the blue sky where everything is bright and beautiful, and everyone is happy, and there is no pain or sorrow. It is unnecessary to say that with a training like this Dorothy May was a precocious child with intelligence beyond her years. And now I come to the incident I was going to relate to you.

It was the forenoon of a sultry July day. Kelvinside, wrapped up in brown paper, was left to desolation and a few stray cats. At the corner of Byres Road a street artist had begun business for the day, having completed his first picture. Things were dull, for not one of the few passers by had even paused to glance at his handiwork. This apparently didn't daunt him in the least, for without once raising his head he worked rapidly on. His forte lay evidently in marine subjects for, having dusted the next flag with his cap, he rapidly drew the outline of some hills in the distance, while the foreground was being transformed into something resembling the sea, then the hull of a yacht developed itself with mast tapering up into the clouds, with seemingly acres of snowy canvas bloom-

ing out to the freshening gale. This picture finished and, without raising his head, as if his whole soul was in his work, he rapidly began another; then he suddenly stopped as if seized with paralysis. What angel of mercy laid that shilling on his picture! He raised his head, and lo! it was an angel. A child with golden hair and large blue eyes, clad in spotless white, looked down upon him. But no sooner had the artist discovered that the child was the donor of the shilling than her presence seemed to act upon him like the disturbing elements of magnetism.

"Don't, please," she said, as he was about to rub out the pictures. Her voice stayed his hand instantly, and without looking up he set to work to repair the damage he had done, while she criticised his work. Once the artist glanced into the child's face for a moment, then a convulsive sob shook his poor thin frame. The sob was instantly noted by the child, and she demanded to know the cause—was he ill? was he sorry for something? It was utterly impossible to be rude to Dorothy May; equally impossible to get away from her, and the result was that she elicited that the poor street artist's only child, a little girl, had died that morning, hence his grief. She would inform her papa, and they would come in the evening and bring some flowers. She desired to know the artist's name, but he demurred.

"My name," she said, "is Dorothy Ainslie." The artist started violently—"Dorothy Ainslie!"

"Yes, papa calls me Dorothy May." For a moment the artist stood irresolute, then writing his name and address on a scrap of paper he handed it to the child, who thanked him, bowed, and walked away.

I need not tell you that Mr. Ainslie fully believed that he was simply acting a rational father's part by gratifying her every desire; therefore, you will not be surprised to hear that a cab containing himself and Dorothy May

rattled up Mean Street that same evening. There wasn't any difficulty in finding the correct number.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Ainslie to a young, frail looking woman who responded to his knock, "I won't come in, I merely wish to see James Brown if he is at home." The artist appeared at the door.

"I have merely called"—but Mr. Ainslie stopped short with an exclamation of surprise, "James Brown!"

"That is my name, sir."

"The James Brown that was cashier with our firm?"

"The same James Brown, sir."

"Then how do I find you here in a place like this! how have you sunk—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed the artist, and there was a flush on his pale face, "I am at a loss to understand what brings you here now at this time of day; if you have anything to say will you kindly say it briefly, then go!"

"What?"—Mr. Ainslie promptly stepped into the room, "I am not in the habit," he said, "of being addressed like this," then noticing the table on which lay the dead body of the child, "allow me in the first place to tender you my sympathy for the loss of your child."

"We do not desire your sympathy," was the prompt reply, "it is only adding insult to injury."

"You are most ungrateful, it seems to me, for people who—"

"Will you pardon me, Mr. Ainslie, if I am rude?" interrupted the artist, "but we have no cause for gratefulness, least of all to you. We have suffered quite sufficiently at your hands."

"James Brown," cried Mr. Ainslie, "you were guilty of forgery, and instead of sending you to penal servitude, as I ought to have done, I merely dismissed you."

"The evidence of thy guilt was quite clear—clear as day. You thoroughly deceived me, and were it not for your long service, I would have called in the

police. But I gave you a chance, as I explained to you in my note. I imagined you would appreciate the leniency that was being shown to you."

"One moment, please," and the artist produced from an old box a bundle of letters, "you stated in your note, you say, the reason for my sudden dismissal. Will you kindly read that? Do you find any cause stated there?"

"This is very strange," said Mr. Ainslie, "I surely ought to know my own handwriting."

"But here is another," said the artist. "It is from your manager to Miss Helen Scott." Mr. Ainslie took the second letter mechanically in his hand.

"It is dated 14th October, you will observe, a fortnight after my dismissal."

"Who is Miss Helen Scott?"

"Well, she used to be your typist. She is now my wife."

"Enough," said Mr. Ainslie, handing back the letters. "I should like, however, to see those again. Would you mind bringing all the correspondence to my house to-morrow evening at, say, nine o'clock." Then he went out, returning immediately with Dorothy May carrying an armful of flowers which she laid beside the dead child. It was a pathetic scene. The humble home with its poor occupants; the rich man from his luxurious mansion—poverty and riches; and over all the solemn majesty of death. Death, which is no respecter of persons, entering the cot of the poor and the palace of the rich without distinction.

It was customary for Mr. Ainslie to write the heads of departments to dine with him once a year, and this dinner fell due upon the following evening. As usual, I was a guest, and you may imagine our surprise when the late cashier was ushered into the room. Mr. Ainslie briefly related the incident that led him to Mean Street, and explained why the cashier had been dismissed.

"You remember my order regarding secrecy, Mr. Morton," said Mr. Ainslie

turning to his manager. Mr. Morton replied in the affirmative.

"I entrusted you with a letter for Mr. Brown, which you delivered to him at once."

"Yes, I remember distinctly."

"Is that it?"—handing him a letter.

"I should say it is."

"Well then, here is my private letter-book into which it was copied, can you explain why the letter and its copy do not correspond?"

Mr. Morton could not explain it.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Morton," said Mr. Ainslie, "my letter was not delivered. You, and not Mr. Brown, forged my name to the cheque."

"It's a lie," thundered Morton, springing to his feet, "how dare you accuse me, how—" but a hand laid upon his shoulder from behind, stopped him, "I warn you, Mr. Morton," said the owner of the hand, "that anything you may say now may be used as evidence."

"Inhuman wretch," cried Mr. Ainslie, "you ought to be horse-whipped. Foiled in your design upon Miss Scott, you discovered she was engaged to Mr. Brown; you imagined by ruining him, she would then, being friendless, submit to your infamous proposal; and when she married Mr. Brown, you drove them both from pillar to post, following them with the tenacity of a bloodhound, with a vengeance fiendish in its cruelty. Gentlemen," turning to his guests, "I have not done my duty. I have lived a life which I now discover is not the Christian life, and may God forgive me. Henceforth I shall manage my own business. Mr. Brown will you take my hand. For the sake of my little girl who was the simple means whereby I discovered a dreadful crime, will you try to forgive me, will you?"

"Do please Mr. Brown," came a low sweet voice, "take papa's hand. See he is holding it out to you."

We all turned to the door, and there, angel-like in her snow-white night-dress, stood Dorothy May.

A SEPTEMBER REVERIE.

I sing of a Western Isle
Set by a beautiful bay,
Where all is sunshine and smile
At the dawn of summer day.
Away from life's strife and din,
Envy and worry, and care;
The soul uplifted from sin,
So calm 'tis and peaceful there.
Decked with the purple heather,
So dear to patriot true,
Its charms, live must over,
In memory's fairest view.
On its shore proudly nesting
Is the lighthouse—trim and bright,
The keeper's one girl dwelling
Through the long, drear winter night.
Far o'er the sea at twilight
Are shed its glittering rays,
Bidding the mariner of night
God-speed o'er the lonely wave.
A glow creeps o'er the hillside
From out of the crimson west,
As sinks the sun at ev'ning
All gloriously to rest.
Reluctantly I leave thee
At the sound of duty's call;
So fast thy charms enthrall me,
I'd fain linger near them all.
Farewell till birds of summer,
Gaily soaring on the wing,
High o'er the broom and heather,
Glad melodies sweetly sing.
Telling of sunshine come again,
And the happy hours in store;
To hill and stream, and dale, then
I shall wander back once more.

LEWIS.

American Women.

DE TOQUEVILLE in his work on the United States says that if he was asked to point out the cause of the wonderful advancement in prosperity and civilisation of the American people he would reply that it was, in large measure, due to the superior character of their women. No country owes so much to its women as America.

The American woman is a special product of our age. She shows none of the racial attenuation of the women of England, or of the continent of Europe. She enters life upon the healthy basis of transplanted vigour, and, "breathed upon by Hope's per-

petual breath," she finds herself in a land teeming with possibilities. As a child, however, she is a most undesirable acquaintance. Restless, forward, assertive—sometimes aggressively assertive—she develops at all points with amazing rapidity, and, at an early age, takes hold of life with both hands. Unlike the English girl, who is essentially modest and retiring, the young American with her energy, her strong personality, and her ambitions, takes a front place in the family circle, and, at an age when she would be of small account in an English household, she is a force to be reckoned with. Her active mind freely absorbs all kinds of knowledge (the knowledge may be superficial, but it is there), and it is ready for use at a moment's notice. She is constantly adding to and strengthening her store of information and, encouraged to speak on all topics, she becomes a fluent conversationalist.

The scope allowed her in the home is freely accorded to her in society. She receives a deference, consideration, and numberless little attentions that, to an English woman, are altogether unlooked for, as they are unaccustomed to receive them.

America is a paradise for women, and this is due to the innate chivalry of the American man. It is not surface politeness, for it goes deeper than mere manners, and shows itself in a quiet watchfulness for opportunities to offer the little helpful courtesies that do so much to oil the wheels of life, and to establish pleasant relations between the sexes. Men in America appear to look on women as beings of a finer creation than themselves, beings to be cherished, cared for, and made much of. Ian Maclaren considers that the woman cult in the States is in itself a civilisation and next door to a religion. From the poorest to the highest every man is sworn into her service, and from end to end of America a woman is respected, protected, served, and honoured.

There is no doubt that, generally speaking, this deference and attention tend to make women in America appear to the best possible advantage. There are exceptions—and very pronounced exceptions they are—for selfish and exacting women accept this considerate kindness as a matter of course. These are the women who enter crowded cars and expect obliging strangers to vacate their seats for them which they will accept without, probably, a word of thanks or any sign of acknowledgment. The young men of their acquaintance are encouraged only so far as they have the means and the will to bestow on them bouquets, candies, a box at the opera, and other elegant trifles. As wives their exactingness have sometimes disastrous consequences; their restlessness, love of travel, and want of the domestic virtues leading, in many cases, to legal separation or—it may be—complete dissolution of the marriage tie. They look on a husband as a mere money-making machine who, with no particular claim on their affectionate care, is expected to furnish an income adequate to their requirements.

An English lady who stayed at an hotel in Paris for a few days made the acquaintance of a married lady from Chicago, and she mentioned among other confidences the fact that she had been staying at that hotel for the last ten years, and that she intended to remain there permanently as, having suffered from sea-sickness on her voyage across the Atlantic, nothing would induce her to risk the discomfort of crossing the ocean again. On being asked if her husband was agreeable to this arrangement she replied that he could come over to see her when he wanted to, but he must, of course, keep to work in Chicago to make the dollars to keep her in Paris.

Granting these exceptions the American woman is a delightful companion; brightly intelligent and frankly gracious. She is essentially broad minded, many sided in her interests, and little given

to gossip. She is quick to note what is admirable in other women, and generous in her expression of it. And there is, undoubtedly, good reason to admire the efforts made by many—we might say by most—of the women in America to be and to do more than their position demands from them. In some instances successful financial results have followed these efforts as in the case of Mrs. Frank Leslie who, on her husband's death, took his place and carried on, without a break, his editorial work; paid all his debts; established the great publishing house on a firmer basis than it had been before his death; and made a fortune for herself. She personally superintended the make-up of every periodical, serial, and magazine before it went to press; looked over all the proofs; made her own contracts; and conducted a large correspondence with artists and engravers throughout the United States.

Another instance of womanly readiness is the ability with which the wife of the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge carried through the completion of that great work. When her husband was laid aside by illness she took up the plans—which she had assisted him to make—and actively superintended the building of the bridge to its completion.

And, within a narrower range, we know of noble lives nobly planned—young girls of good position who, having finished their own school career, voluntarily leave home to teach in school or family that they may relieve a hard-worked father, or, in some other way, earn money to assist the family necessities; bright, attractive women who set themselves to work for a certain number of years that they may send young brothers to college or, it may be, make the means to continue their own studies at home or abroad; thoughtful, large-souled women of untiring activities and large ambitions.

Among the leisured lives there are, too, clear shining spirits; women wise and tender, sweet and true, who are

full of charm to their own circle, and a beneficent influence to many beyond its limits.

B. W.

MARY.

Young Mary hath a smile
Sweet as the coming dawn,
It spreads along the path she treads,
As moves the bounding fawn.
Young Mary hath an eye
That tries not to deceive,
Nor does it seek so much to shine
As with the sad to grieve.
Young Mary hath a hand
(Heavy it cannot be),
And when it lies within my own
It bringeth joy to me.

Young Mary hath a heart
(Just such one may ye find),
A heart that's easy to be touched,
Responsive, gentle, kind.

Ay, Mary hath a heart—
God keep it pure and true!
For what without such loving hearts
Would suffering sinners do?

HER LOVER, E. Y.

Cricket—Summer, 1903.

GARTNAVEL v. HARTFIELD, May 9.
Draw.

Scores—Gartnavel, 38 for 9 wickets.
Hartfield, 60.

GARTNAVEL.	
Dr. Scott Lang, b.	19
Dr. Hotchkiss, c.	7
Waddell, c.	0
Beaton, c.	1
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c.	2
Mills, b.	1
M'Fadzean, b.	1
Mr. Denholm, c.	7
Mr. C—, st.	0
W. Montgomery, not out.	0
Mr. M—, did not bat.	0
Leg byes.	1
Total.	38

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	11 2 19 3
M'Fadzean	2 1 6 0
Beaton	7 3 7 4
Dr. Scott Lang	5 0 15 3

GARTNAVEL v. UNITAS, May 16.
Won.

Scores—Gartnavel, 72; Unitas, 62.

GARTNAVEL.	
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c. and b.	1
Beaton, c.	8
M'Fadzean, c.	4
Mills, c.	14
Dr. Hotchkiss, b.	24
West, b.	0
Mr. M—, run out.	0
Mr. Howell, c. and b.	18
Davidson, c.	1
W. Montgomery, b.	1
Mr. F—, not out.	0
Leg byes.	1
Total.	72

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	9 0 18 4
Beaton	4 0 19 1
M'Fadzean	3 0 18 3
Dr. Goldie-Scott	2 0 4 2

GARTNAVEL v. DR. YELLOWLEES' CLASS, May 20.
Won.

Scores—Gartnavel, 89; Class, 58.

Gartnavel batted first. The wicket was soft, and run getting not easy. Beaton was top scorer, with a carefully compiled 39. The students opened well with 47 for 3 wickets. At this stage a change of bowling brought disaster, Mr. Smith with his curlers took 6 wickets for 14 runs.

GARTNAVEL.	
Waddell, b.	4
Beaton, b.	39
Mills, b.	2
Mr. Howell, c.	6
Dr. Hotchkiss, c.	2
M'Fadzean, c.	0
Mr. Smith, b.	3
Mr. Denholm, not out.	8
Mr. M—, b.	0
Mr. F—, b.	0
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c.	20
Byes.	5
Total.	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	11 0 17 4
Dr. Goldie-Scott	3 0 11 0
M'Fadzean	4 0 12 0
Mr. Smith	10 0 14 6

GARTNAVEL v. BARLINNIE, May 23.
Won.

Scores—Gartnavel, 89; Barlinnie, 14.

GARTNAVEL.	
Beaton, c.	5
Waddell, st.	20
Mr. Denholm, b.	0
Mr. Howell, b.	0
Dr. Hotchkiss, not out.	26
Dr. Oswald, b.	2
Mills, b.	17
M'Fadzean, c.	5
Mr. Smith, c.	4
Mr. M—, b.	0
W. Montgomery, not out.	4
Byes.	5
Leg byes.	1
Total.	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	6 0 8 9
Beaton	5 0 6 1

GARTNAVEL v. MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS, June 3.
Won.

Scores—Gartnavel, 123; Med. Prac., 92.

The M. P.'s batted first on a fast and rather bumpy wicket, and compiled the handsome total of 92. Three men reached double figures.

Dr. J. B. Mackenzie Anderson (cap.) 15
Dr. Robertson 11 and
Dr. R. O. Adamson 10
Gartnavel opened badly, one wicket falling for no runs. Thereafter a stand was made, and the score carried to 98 without further loss of a wicket.

GARTNAVEL.	
Beaton, c.	0
Waddell, st.	46
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c.	44
Mr. Denholm, c.	0
Dr. Hotchkiss, not out.	11
Mills, c.	0
Mr. Howell, c.	2
Mr. Denholm, c.	0
Mr. Smith, c.	0
Dr. Oswald, b.	0
W. Montgomery, c.	3
Byes.	7
Leg byes.	9
No ball.	1
Total.	123

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	11 2 25 2
Beaton	10 3 22 4
Smith	8 4 12 2
Dr. Goldie-Scott	6 — 13 2

GARTNAVEL v. DENNISTOUN, June 6.
Won.

Scores—Gartnavel, 112 for 5 wickets; Dennistoun, 56.
Dennistoun batted first, and scored 56. For Gartnavel, Mills scored 79 in dashing style.

GARTNAVEL.	
Beaton, b.	0
Mr. Denholm, b.	11
Dr. Goldie-Scott, b.	0
Dr. Hotchkiss, b.	16
Mills, run out.	79
M'Fadzean, not out.	1
Mr. Smith.	—
Mr. Montgomery.	—
Mr. Davidson.	—
Mr. H—.	—
Byes.	5
Total.	112

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Mills	7 1 18 1
Dr. Goldie-Scott	9 0 19 4
Smith	4 1 9 5

GARTNAVEL v. HAMILTON CRESC. (Partick XI.), June 8 and 9.
Lost.

Scores—Gartnavel, 68; Hamilton Cres. 139.

GARTNAVEL.	
Beaton, b.	0
Waddell, b.	28
Dr. Hotchkiss, c.	0
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c. and b.	0
Mills, st.	0
Mr. Denholm, b.	2
Howell, b.	0
M'Fadzean, b.	0
Mr. Smith, not out.	19
Montgomery, b.	18
Mr. M—, c.	0
Byes.	1
Total.	68

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
	O. M. R. W.
Beaton	17 0 49 5
Mills	11 0 44 1
Dr. Goldie-Scott	9 1 22 3
Smith	4 0 24 0

GARTNAVEL v. GARTLOCH, June 13.
Lost.

Scores—Gartnavel, 31; Gartloch, 90.

This Match was played at Gartnavel. The wicket was hard and fast, and kicked a lot. Gartnavel batted first, and made but

a poor show against the bowling of Davidson and Watson—the former taking 6 wickets. Dr. Green kept wickets well against the fast bowling of Watson. For Garrow, Davidson scored 36 and Dr. Green 17—more than half of the total runs scored.

GARTNAVEL.			
Waddell, b.	0		
Dr. Hotchkiss, b.	2		
Dr. Goldie-Scott, c. and b.	4		
Beaton (retired hurt)	0		
Mills, c.	0		
Mr. Smith, b.	0		
W. Montgomery, b.	0		
Mr. Howell, b.	3		
M'Fadden, c.	1		
Davidson, not out	9		
Mr. M——, c.	1		
Byes	6		
Leg byes	1		
Total,	31		

BOWLING ANALYSIS.			
	O.	M.	R.
Mills	13	4	22
Dr. Goldie-Scott	8	2	32
Beaton	3	—	11
Smith	2	—	14

GARTNAVEL v. BEARDSDEN, June 15 and 16.

Won.
Scores—Gartnavel 78 and 59 for 7 wickets;
Beardsden, 32 and 62.

GARTNAVEL.			
	1st inn.	2nd inn.	
Waddell, c.	7c.	11	
Dr. Hotchkiss, c.	0	absent	
Beaton, ran out.	24 c.	11	
Dr. Goldie-Scott, retired hurt.			
Mills, b.	6 c.	5	
Mr. Dunholm, bow.	10 b.	12	
Mr. Smith, c.	14 run out.	0	
Mr. Howell, bow.	1 bow.	0	
Mr. Montgomery, b.	10 not out.	5	
Mr. ———, bow.	0 st.	4	
M'Fadden, not out.	4 not out.	0	
Byes.	1	10	
Wide balls.	1	1	
Total,	78	59	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.			
	O.	M.	R.
Mills	8	3	8
Beaton	4	—	20
Dr. Goldie-Scott	3	—	19
Smith	3	—	0
Second Innings.			
Mills	74	—	26
Beaton	7	—	28

Results of Nursing Examination.

It has been announced that the following nurses have obtained the certificate of the Medico Psychological Association for proficiency in Mental Nursing:—

Agnes M. Airlie, Elizabeth Anderson, Elizabeth Cameron, Catherine M'Vicar, Margaret C. Meek, Annie Sinclair, Helen Urquhart.

The above-named, along with Nurse Barclay have also been granted certificates after examination in Sick Room Cookery.

The class was under the direction of the Glasgow West-end School of Cookery, and was taught by Miss Mackirdy, who is now Principal of the school, and by her assistants.

The badges and certificates will be presented at an early date.

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

In the April number of the GARTNAVEL GAZETTE my attention was attracted to a letter signed "Lady Jane." This pseudonym is a very ordinary one for any writer to adopt; but as my last appearance on the boards of Gartnavel was in the character of Lady Jane, I am constantly credited with the authorship of this letter on the "Scarcity of Men," and I beg to disclaim all knowledge of this most trenchant epistle. Lady Jane had no cause to complain of the scarcity of men. She had her choice of two, and ended up with a duke.

What could woman want more than that! If she did make a fool of herself over "Grosvener," she pulled up in time when some one better appeared on the scene. The case of Titania and the ass is a common one. When the enamoured queen addresses her favourite in the fondest language, and in the most endearing terms, expressing a

longing to "kiss thy large round ears my gentle joy," we know that this scene has found many a parallel in modern life. Is scarcity a quality in which the male of the human species should plume himself! Hardly! But perhaps those gentlemen who classify themselves as rare are prepared to prove themselves most superior in quality to make up for their deficiency in numbers, or, is my hapless sex to be deprived of both quality and quantity? If there were more men to pick and choose from, no doubt others would do as Lady Jane did, and throw away the shadow for the substance. She commiserates those of her sex who are not so fortunate as herself, and remains,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.,

The Duchess of Dunstable,
née Lady Jane Elderblissom.

Thursday, 23rd April.

In Camera.

The famous Sheridan was once upon a time rebuking his son Tom for wildness. The old gentleman said, "This will never do, Tom; you must take a wife." "All right, father; whose wife will I take?"

A Dundee ballie had settled himself comfortably at table at the Circuit dinner in that city. The servants were going round helping the guests. One of them said to the ballie, "Hock or Saterne, sir?" "No salt herring, I'll tak' a bit o' salmon, if you please."

Lord Kincaid, when he was at the Bar, was engaged one forenoon leading evidence in a very intricate and important case before Lord Young in the Outer House of the Court of Session. Lord Young, for reasons best known to himself, proceeded to examine the witnesses *more viva*. Mr. Gloag evidently did not like this mode of procedure, while Lord Young seemed to enjoy it very much. The learned counsel got into a state similar to that of Mount Vesuvius before an eruption. The judge finished the examination of the witness, and looked steadily at Mr. Gloag for further orders. That gentleman stood swinging his eye-glasses about with great velocity, gazing steadfastly at his Lordship, when, to the amusement of those present, Mr. Gloag said, "Who is your Lordship's next witness?"

Shortly after Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech on the text, "They neither tell nor spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," Mr. Darling, then Solicitor-General for Scotland, was invited by Lord Salisbury to Hatfield. Mr. Darling arrived early on Saturday afternoon, and as he was walking up to the house, he met two young gentlemen on the road, who immediately rushed him into a room upstairs, saying, "Have a wash, Solicitor-General, and get ready for lunch." Immediately afterwards they ushered him into the dining-room, where the family were assembling. Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, came in from his laboratory, his coat all smeared with chemicals. One young lady said, "Here is Solomon in all his glory!" while another exclaimed, "Sit down, Solomon, and take your soap."

Mr. Gloag was making an elaborate speech one day in the First Division of the Court of Session. Long before the learned counsel had reached the climax of his grand argument, Lord Deas showed symptoms of kicking over the traces. Several times his Lordship pointed out to the counsel the inconsistencies and absurdities of his case. Mr. Gloag got tired of these rude interruptions, and requested his Lordship to divert his mind of these feelings. Lord Deas replied, "Mr. Gloag, I can easily divert my mind of the feelings, but I cannot divert it of the facts."

At Glasgow Circuit, once upon a time, as soon as Mr. M'Arthur rose to cross-examine the first witness, Lord Deas said, "Now, Mr. M'Arthur, don't be after doing anything preposterous." Mr. M'Arthur glared at his Lordship, and immediately put a question. Lord Deas—"I told you what would happen." Mr. M'Arthur—"I shall ask such questions as commend themselves to my mind." Lord Deas—"And I shall make such observations on them as I think proper."

I went to Dundee Circuit with old Tom Morris and the station-master at St. Andrews who were witnesses in a case before the Circuit Court. We got an off day, and proceeded to Carnoustie. At the links we met a young gentleman, who proposed to join us in a foursome. He and the station-master agreed to play old Tom and myself. They were not having the best of it, and after a few holes had been played, the young gentleman asked me who my partner was. I replied, "He is here in my, and his name must not be mentioned." The reply was, "He must be either Tom Morris or the devil." "Well," I said, "he is not the devil." The young gentleman asked us to lunch.

A shoemaker was once before the Court of Session, defending himself against being

divested of his estate. In the course of a witty argument by Mr. Logan, the shoemaker's counsel, Lord Ardmillan remarked, "I suppose the shoemaker means to stick to his *aol*." Lord Colonsay added, "I would advise him not to part with his *last*."

Varieties.

When Queen Lettice left the A-queer-ium the sky was twinkling with millions of stars. Lettice, you know, was the garden angel of the vegetanimals in the vegoological gardens, and this was the night for their great mid-summer revels. The potatoes were all eyes, the melons were looking round, the corn was pricking up its ears to hear the beanstalk and the onion peel, and the pumpkin vine was running all over the garden.

All over the ground there was a soft white curtain of night mist, spread by the dew fairies to hide from mortals what was going on. And everywhere there was the sound of the pattering feet of tiny elves, who were rolling the little dewdrops into bigger ones, just as boys roll snowballs in winter. Sometimes when a drop got very big it would get away from them and go tumbling down the leaves with a little dripping noise.

The keeper of the A-queer-ium, who had been standing modestly in the deep black shadow of a big cabbage as long as the queen was there, now stepped out and stood with his arms akimbo and his feet gracefully crossed, waiting for something to happen. It was not often he got a night when, as he said, "there was nothing dewing." He was a very busy vegetanimal. The A-queer-ium was getting old and seedy and always seemed to need some kind of fixing. That day it had had a big cabbage patch sewed on the corner. And the keeper was humming an old working song he had dug up:—

There's always so much to do
I never can rest at all;
I have to be out when the firefly's in,
And stand while the snowdrops fall.
The pumpkin's all gone dry,
I've found a leek in the spring,
And when the bachelor's button is pressed
None of the bluebells ring.
Work, work, work!
And I don't know which is worst—
To find that the plum tree's plumbing is bad,
Or that all of the buds have burst.

"Chorus!" shouted the scuttle-fish. He and the seal-lyonnaise had just been dancing a maize-urka, and had come in while no one was looking.

"Chorus!" shouted the scuttle-fish again, applauding frantically with all eight arms at once; "chorus!"

"Core yourselves, if you want to," said the crab-apples, very much offended. "We don't care to be cored, thank you!" They really were the crabbedest apples you ever saw—sour and bitter to every one and forever talking about their "family tree."

"No cores for offence—" began the scuttle-fish, pleasantly, but the crab-apples stalked out with a look so withering that the seal's parsley whiskers fairly drooped and the keeper of the A-queer-ium almost wilted in his tracks. It was some time before he freshened up again, but when Queen Lettice came there on her next round the whole party were dancing to the good old garden tune of "Pop Goes the Poplar."

Once upon a time there was a man who was greatly in need of ready cash and required it immediately. He thought over the names of those whom he considered his close friends, so as to determine where to make his application. Having decided the matter, he called on his friend and laid his request before him, explaining why he needed the money immediately, and showing how he would soon be able to repay it. The friend did not keep the applicant in suspense, but very promptly refused to lend him the money.

Moral:—There is no telling how close a friend is until he is tried.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath"—but a quick-witted one has secured a good husband.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss"—but the stone left by the roadside never adorned an imposing building.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth"—one's code of honour is most often fashioned on this advice.

"Still water runs deep"—but the shallow splashing wave attracts the most attention.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good"—and the hurricane helps the undertaker.

"If the cap fits put it on"—but if it happens to be a theatre bonnet get your husband good-natured before the bill comes in.

"There is a Jack for every Jill"—but he does not always find her.

"Every rose hath its thorn"—and many men call their wife the flower of her family and their mother-in-law the thorn.

"All is not gold that glitters"—but the experts in peroxide sometimes keep us guessing.

"As ye sew so shall ye reap"—and with a carelessly sewed on dress braid you may reap a bad fall.