

TOM ATKINS' WIFE
HARDSH P THE LOT OF HER WIFE
MARRIES A BRITISH SOLDIER

Miserable Life, Few Privileges and a Narrow Room and Divided into Two Classes - Misfortune soon Destroys Beauty and Grace in Most.

Rudyard Kipling has profusely described the life of Tommy Atkins in India, and there are some thousands of books at least, at present, dealing with the life of English soldiers at home, in Africa, and every other country in which a fraction of the army is to be found. But the woman who shares the soldier's joys and sorrows as well as his rations and his shilling a day, seems to have been forgotten, or considered too trifling an accessory to be much written about. It is true, Mr. Kipling has introduced a certain class of wives into some of his works, but he has failed to touch upon the masses, or even the better class of wives; and the sordid and immoral women he portrays in his "Tales from the Hills" give one about as good an idea of typical "soldiers' wives" as a putrid piece of meat would give of a Jersey cow.

In investigating the English camps where the wives of the soldiers are allowed to live, I arrived at the conclusion that if the women of India—that is, the English women—lead the fast and loose life Mr. Kipling depicts, the Home Government must, in a measure be held responsible. And just how the Government is responsible can be understood by anyone inquiring into their home life. Take, for example, one of the largest of the English camps. The houses in which the women live are mostly old and rotten. They consist of one-story and each building containing four rooms is divided among from two to four families. These buildings—known to the people as "huts"—are placed in rows at certain distances from each other, and with their tarred felt roofing, remind one of the black spots on a chess board. The intervening ground is sand that is parched to a powder by the sun of summer, and reduced to a bog in the rainy winter months. In consequence, cleanliness in many cases seems to be a lost art. Dust and puddles are the order of the day, and the interior of the houses varies little.

"Two or more children" entitle a soldier to the two rooms which each end of a hut affords. "One child or less" allows husband and wife only one of the rooms, and thus often two husbands, two wives and two babies have only two rooms for the lot.

The idea of a family of three eating, drinking and sleeping in one small room, with its low, dingy ceiling, its battered furniture and small window, is to say the least, revolting.

In the way of furniture the Government provides what is known as a "happenny mount" for the married people. It gives to the soldier who is married, with the permission of his colonel, an iron-framed table, two stools, a bench, bed, a poker and a shovel. The rations allowed to the married man are only the same as are given to the single man and the former must take home such rations and "divide up" with his wife and family. If his wife isn't able to work at washing or sewing the household must receive its only further support out of the seven shillings a week—minus fees—allowed a soldier as salary. If a wife is so ill that she must be taken to the hospital her husband's pay is stopped during the period of her illness. Of all the eccentricities we hear of in the category of charity, this, providing a hospital and compelling the ill to enter it and then stopping a man's pay because his wife is, by sickness and rules, obliged to occupy a cot, is the most inexplicable. In London and all English cities there are hospitals for the vagrant sick, who have no claim, save that of humanity, upon the country, and they are nursed and doctored free of charge, while the man who may be called upon to forfeit his life for his country at any minute is obliged to pay his entire salary toward the care of his wife in the government hospital.

Would it be any wonder then, if in the face of such facts, wives should in this struggle for sustenance, forget their religion, forget their moral obligations and become indifferent to the undulating boundary between right and wrong? And yet, instead of this order of things that one could almost expect, the wives struggle bravely to keep themselves and their families together; and instead of eloping with one another's husbands and chasing one another into ravines and jungles, they are engaged in the less romantic occupations of plain sewing and washing.

A Wonderful Monster. A mountain of heavy flesh, wrinkled and rough, ugly as a satyr, and even more clumsy than a hippopotamus, lives in the Arctic ocean wherever there are clam-beds, and enough open water to afford him a home. The Pacific walrus is the most uncouth and ungainly beast that ever sets foot on land. For two or three centuries he has been called the Moose and also the Sea Horse—possibly because he is more like a horse than a lumbering bird, though not much. Three hundred years ago, when travellers and men of science were struggling to obtain a mental grasp of the form and habits of this strange creature, but wholly unaided by the collector and taxidermist, their pictorial efforts produced some astonishing results—just as may always be expected under such conditions. Marvellous, indeed, were some of the pictures of the walrus that were published in the sixteenth century. In the dark ages when taxidermists were not, and zoological museums were "without form and void." And yet, with the exception of the figure by Olaus Magnus, which is half fish and half hog, with four eyes on each side and a pair of impossible horns, none of these grotesque figures are one whit more wonderful than is the true character of the Pacific walrus.

His real personality was only half known to the world until, in 1872, Mr Elliot landed on the rocky shore of Walrus Island, armed with sketch book, pen and tape measure, and made an elaborate series of studies of this species actually at arm's length. His published pictures and notes were such a complete revelation regarding the actual form and habits of the Pacific walrus as to cause much astonishment among naturalists, and to some it seemed almost beyond belief that the form of the walrus was really as pictured from life by this painstaking artist. —St. Nicholas for September.

and that he has £5 in the savings bank. Whenever there is a vacancy in the married quarters, permission is given and the wife can live "on the strength." In cases of the transfer of such a soldier to another country the travelling expenses of the wife are paid and she can go with the regiment.

For wives married without permission but little is done. These are of two classes—those that are "recognized" and those that are not. In case of the former the soldier husband is allowed to make his home outside of the camp and to share his rations with his wife. But the rooms outside of the camp must be paid for with private money, for the Government makes no allowance for lodgings. The husband of the "unrecognized" wife has no privileges other than those accorded to the bachelors. He must inhabit the barracks and eat at the mess. Most of the "unrecognized" wives are self-supporting and work in neighboring shops. Some are fortunate enough to get the officers' laundry work or dresses to make for the wives, and a needlework association gives them work when it can be done by the other women of a camp. The "recognized" wife is allowed to go to the hospital during illness, and a benevolent fund allows sixpence a day as a refund of the shilling the government extracts from her husband. This is all that keeps her children from the street.

Poor women! When their husband are ordered away they are left behind, together with the "recognized" wives. Sometimes part of a husband's seven shillings reaches her, and sometimes it doesn't, and he forgets her. Some of these women go out as servants, others manage to eke out an existence as milliners, etc., while many—God help them—become discouraged, and are lost in the crowd. There is absolutely no provision for them.

Out of his shilling a day a soldier must pay a penny a day for his washing and a penny a month for his barber fees. Then, with an eye to business, the Government in most places has provided a recreation room and the soldier must pay a penny a month for the use of the library, whether he is able to read or not. The recreation room is also provided with steaming coffee and summer drinks so that the soldier may refresh himself—by paying for it—at those moderate rates that take away a penny here and a penny there until he hasn't a penny left. So it is rarely that anything is saved for a rainy day. And after he has served his country twenty years perhaps he may receive on a pension of 7 shillings a week or less, or perhaps in the last year of his service some little fault may be found with him and he will receive no pension at all.

Great is the British lion, his roar can be heard to the Antipodes, and his charity is so renowned that England is overcrowded with pauper aliens who sap away the benevolence of the few and grind down the native regiments. Posts that should be given to tried and trusted servants are given to petty principleds, and knighthood is dispensed at so much per head. Great are the institutions of monarchy, whereunder the nation's best men live and support their families on a shilling a day—minus fees.

Cruelty on the Sea.

The water cycle cannot hope to compete in utility with the one which has taken such swift possession of the land, but it may not be an entire failure, and one of them in England, has just made a successful trip across the Bristol channel, which is at times quite a rough strip of water, calculated to put such a device to a severe trial. The instrument consists of two metallic cylinders very light and strong, pointed at each end, 17 feet long, joined by a try framework, pivoted on a seat from which the pedals and the steering gear are worked. It is driven by paddle-wheels on each side, and runs swiftly and smoothly in ordinary circumstances, but its speed is not yet officially certified. It may become of great importance—there is no telling—but it would seem as if its field were the smooth inland water of lakes and rivers, rather than such occasionally tempestuous tides as the British and Irish channels, both of which it has unsuccessfully essayed, and is going to try again, and keep at it till the feat is accomplished, or the cyclist drowned and the instrument whirled on the hurricane like thistle-down on the sunken Atlantic, and the still vexed Bernoothies, to any possible geographical distance, pointing the moral that he would better have gone slow. It is likely that the water cycle may have something in it and come into general use when conditions are favorable; but is a mistake to put it to severe and unnecessary tests which only a lifeboat could live through. —New York Tribune.

A Wonderful Monster.

A mountain of heavy flesh, wrinkled and rough, ugly as a satyr, and even more clumsy than a hippopotamus, lives in the Arctic ocean wherever there are clam-beds, and enough open water to afford him a home. The Pacific walrus is the most uncouth and ungainly beast that ever sets foot on land. For two or three centuries he has been called the Moose and also the Sea Horse—possibly because he is more like a horse than a lumbering bird, though not much. Three hundred years ago, when travellers and men of science were struggling to obtain a mental grasp of the form and habits of this strange creature, but wholly unaided by the collector and taxidermist, their pictorial efforts produced some astonishing results—just as may always be expected under such conditions. Marvellous, indeed, were some of the pictures of the walrus that were published in the sixteenth century. In the dark ages when taxidermists were not, and zoological museums were "without form and void." And yet, with the exception of the figure by Olaus Magnus, which is half fish and half hog, with four eyes on each side and a pair of impossible horns, none of these grotesque figures are one whit more wonderful than is the true character of the Pacific walrus.

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COLLEGE FEES IN TORONTO.

What it Costs to Learn a Profession in Canada

As the influx of students from all parts of Ontario to the various seats of learning in Toronto shortly occurs, our correspondent corralled all data bearing upon the costs of a professional training so that farm-boys' sons may learn beforehand the outlay in cash requisite before they can join the already overcrowded professions.

To begin with, there is the Toronto University; most young men prefer to start off with a B. A. degree, and most attend that university because it is supported by the Provincial Government, and fees are kept at rock-bottom. Nevertheless, for the four years' course, about \$140 is required, \$120 more for text-books, and for the 120 working weeks \$500 is a very moderate allowance for board and lodging. Other incidentals raise the total figure on the average to \$1,000, although the young man who takes no fun out of singing in the theatre "gods," shuns college clubs, and turns the back on the claims of football, lacrosse and other games, but rivets himself to the desk week in and out, may do his hood eventually, health permitting, for a trifle over half that sum, particularly if he be not overfastidious as to where he sleeps and what he eats.

At the School of Practical Science, the mill for turning out civil, electrical, mining and all manner of engineers, chemists, surveyors, etc., the course of three years entails an expense of \$300, the total with board and other necessary outlays reaches \$500. If the student yearns for a bachelor of applied science degree he has to take an additional year's course. To emerge from the Law School at Osgoode Hall a full-fledged briefless barrister costs in fees and books \$400, which, added to the living expenses for the stipulated three years, makes \$750.

The College of Pharmacy mulets its students in two years' fees of \$117, books cost \$25, living expenses \$308; total, \$450.

The veterinary students have two five-month sessions, and pay \$130 in fees, \$40 for books and board and all, get their training generally for well under \$350.

The divinity student, as a rule, can make his mission-field labors during the vacations pay for his college course, and finds his city sojourn a very pleasant one, with gifts of suppers and invitations to dinners and suppers strewn pleasantly along the path of academic duty.

Of all the professions, medicine gets the credit of being most overcrowded. Dr. Sangar's open letters furnishing abundant proof that young men would do better to stay on the farm or espouse a business life than study medicine. Certain doctors, in fact, banded together under the name of the Medical Defence Association, affirm that every student being worth \$400 in hard cash to the college he attends each of our six medical schools is an active agency in entirely young men and women to enter medicine. When Ontario already has one physician to every 850 people, or in proportion twice as many as Great Britain and four times as many as France. Besides these 1,500 doctors more than we should have, there are said to be 1,000 more who have graduated, and growing dispondent, quit for something more remunerative. In the United States there are 1,000 more doctors born and educated in Ontario.

As at present arranged it costs about \$4,500 to qualify as a physician, or say \$300 to the medical school, \$100 to the council, five years' board and clothing at \$300 a year and \$50 for books, instruments, traveling during the five year course.

When the recognized worth of these various degrees are considered, it can be seen that they are very cheaply obtained, and this is one reason why the call still goes up for young men to stay on the farm. The 5,000 students now going through courses in Toronto are not all destined to even limited wealth. Half of them, after a few years of shabby genteel life and semi-starvation will, as usual, levitate to the States or forsake for some lowlier occupation the calling that they thought would make them rich without the acquisition of blisters on their hands.—Buffalo Express.

Gems of Thought.

A man's conduct is an unspoken sermon.

All true courtesy springs from the heart.

The golden age is not behind but before us.

A happy fireside is better than a big bank account.

Of all combats, the sorest is to conquer ourselves.

The honest man never stops to enquire if honesty pays.

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

A myrtle standing among nettles does notwithstanding retain the name of a myrtle.

Though thou hast never so many counsellors, yet do not forsake the counsel of thy own soul.

A man who puts off his enjoyment too long will find it mislaid by the time he goes to get it.

Modesty is to merit what shading is to a figure in a picture. It makes it stand out in strong relief.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Man and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers as soon as they are divided.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.

Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls.



MR. GEO. MERRETT
Toronto, Ontario.

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