Of Interest to Women

Hallowe'en.

In the eyes of most young people, Hallowe'en is a very joyous season of the year, and the very best of all times for a happy, jolly, informal "party," of the good, old-fashioned kind.

Recently, I heard of a very charming party of this description, which may interest readers of The Advertiser. The decorations began at the front door, for there was a pumpkin Jack o' Lantern on a post. The single center light in the hall was veiled by a false face, and all over the house there were pumpkin Jack o' Lanterns.

Candlesticks were turned into petticoated cats, with lighted candles on their heads, these and the petticoats being a fiery red. The cat heads were ordinary 5-cent match boxes, cut into cat's heads, painted black, with nose and inside of ears red, and eyes yellow. Holes were bored in the bottoms of the cover, through which wires fastened them to the candlesticks. Red berries and autumn leaves were twined around chandeliers and mantels.

Three saw-horses had long boards laid on them for a table, which had no cloth. In the middle, hidden by a huge pumpkin, was a large tin pail, filled with cider. Big bunches of grapes hid the edges of the pail, and the little cat candles supplied the necessary illuminations. All the dishes on the table were white cats, painted red, with skulls and grinning faces, which, with the red devils from smoking sets, had been rented from the stores.

Ordinary white jugs were painted red and yellow, in odd faces. Sandwiches were served in queer red dishes, which were part of the smoking sets, followed by coffee and cider. Large trays were passed, on which were tiny mince and pumpkin pies resting on red cabbage leaves.

At each plate was a red apple with a part of its core removed to form a candleholder for a small, red candle. Each young man lighted the candle of the lady at his left, as well as his own. The candle which burned out first signified that its owner was to be first married, and that which burned longest predicted old bachelorhood or old maidenhood.

"Bean porridge, hot," was brought in in a large iron pot, and thence ladled into small soup bowls made out of summer squash, cut into halves, while a little pig, roasted whole, was brought in, holding a red apple in his mouth.

After supper, all gathered round a grate fire and told ghost stories. Then the boys were sent into one darkened room, one by one, and the girls into another. Each was sworn to eternal secrecy and the boy was promised a glimpse of the face he loved best, while the girl was to see her future husband.

A lighted candle was given to the anxious seeker after knowledge, who was told to go to a mirror in the corner and look in. Over the girls was written, "Man and wife are one, and as a wife belongs to her husband—he is the one—and her face belongs to him.

Every boy saw "the one he loved best"—his own face reflected in the mirror. The customary Hallowe'en sports, ducking for apples, pulling taffy and eating apples from a string, were indulged in, and all departed in great glee.

Nan

THE HANDKERCHIEF FAD

She was a bride-to-be, and she was showing her dearest chum all the pretty things in the big new linen chest. The dearest chum smiled over the immense number of handkerchiefs—all kinds and sizes—stored in one corner, but the bride-to-be smiled happily at the sight.

"One can't have too many handkerchiefs nowadays," she explained, "because so many pretty things are made from them. About half of my trousseau, it seems to me, is constructed on a handkerchief basis. And lots and lots of the gifts I have been promised are to be made of handkerchiefs as well.

"I have a whole set of underclothing, for instance, skirt, corset cover, nightie, and all, made out of dainty lace-edged handkerchiefs, with more dainty, lace-edged handkerchiefs, cut in halves and fragments, for trimming. And a prettier, more attractive set of garments you wouldn't wish to see.

"Then there's a bed spread, with pillow slips and bolster case to match, all made of fine, hand-drawn handkerchiefs, with hemstitched borders, and with my monogram handsomely embroidered in the middle of the spread and on the ends of the pillow covers. This set is so sweetly pretty that every girl I know, almost is planning to have one like it.

"The daintiest, most alluring luncheon cloth in my new collection is made of fine lace handkerchiefs, joined together, in a sort of diagonal manner, with real lace. The center handkerchief bears my monogram, and an initial is worked in each of the corner squares. You couldn't think of anything prettier for a dainty luncheon than this. And a sweet little set of handkerchief dollies—each one just the quarter-size of such a handkerchief as might be used for its original purpose—goes along.

"The new house will be pretty well furnished with handkerchiefs, for that matter. I've got just the dearest imaginable couch blanket, with corner drapery to match, made of the handsome silk handkerchiefs my masculine friends have contributed. I've caught them together with ribbons and fancy stitches, and the result is stunning. And on that couch will repose no less than eleven pillows, all with handkerchief covers. These covers are made of all kinds of handkerchiefs, from brilliant bandannas to self-embroidered pongees, white linen squares with striped or plain-colored borders, and flowered handkerchiefs made especially for decorative uses. And if the couch was big enough, I verily believe I could make eleven more handkerchief pillows, yet have every one charming and no two alike.

EVEN WINDOW CURTAINS.

"The window curtains of the small reception-room are to be made of large, plain handkerchiefs, connected with lace braid and severely straight lines of heavy stitching. And the curtains of my own special little sanctum will be of handkerchiefs also, only tiny squares with lace edging, ruffled with handkerchief points."

The dearest chum caught her breath, laughingly, and took up the handkerchief parable.

"Well," she said, "somebody sent grandma a night-cap made of a lace-edged handkerchief the other day, and a breakfast-cap made of another. Sister Anne made her baby a bonnet out of two fine handkerchiefs, following the directions of a fancy-work magazine, and I myself had bags, sachets and book covers galore made out of handkerchiefs given me for Christmas, to say nothing of cases for the handkerchiefs themselves, night-gowns, gloves, pictures, photographs, newspaper clippings, almost anything and everything you can think of. But I didn't suppose the craze had gone as far as you suggest. The wedding dress itself isn't to be made of handkerchiefs, is it?"

"Not quite," answered the bride-to-be, bubbling over with merriment, "but I've got three kimonos, two waists and the dearest little morning gowns in the world made with handkerchiefs. And as for aprons, tea aprons, embroidery aprons, all sorts of aprons, all constructed from handkerchiefs—well, you just ought to see my collection, that's all!"

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

"Tell me how they're made," begged the dearest chum.

"The kimonos are in two styles. For the first, with the pointed sleeve tops, seven large handkerchiefs are needed, two for the back, one for each front, two for the sleeves and one for the yoke and collar. The second style calls for four very large or eight or sixteen smaller handkerchiefs, with an extra one for trimming if liked. To make this kind the handkerchiefs are so joined as to form a huge, plain square. This square is folded diagonally and the neck hollowed out. The neck is edged with the border or hem of the extra handkerchief, if this is used, or 'handkerchief revers' made from this additional handkerchief may be added at will.

"For the aprons—their name is legion, likewise their manners of making. One of my prettiest is very simple—just a single large-bordered handkerchief with a corner cut off for the pocket. The straight edge thus left is finished with a band of plain muslin, although I am going to have ribbon strings on another, for a special touch of dainty-color. And a second handkerchief is cut through to the border, cornerwise, and so disposed about the three lower edges of the apron as to fall in 'handkerchief points' at sides and foot.

THE HANDKERCHIEF WAISTS.

"The handkerchief waists are made alike, although one is of silk, the other of linen. The squares are all fagotted together, with a regular 'handkerchief stock' and belt made of an extra handkerchief to match, and both blouses are rather plainly fashioned because of the good materials and the fagotting. But both are as pretty as can be.

"The morning gown is made in similar manner, only all the squares, both in skirt and loose blouse, are put together in pointed fashion. These squares—genuine handkerchiefs every one—are united by means of narrow lace, with pink baby ribbon run through it. A handkerchief girdle holds the front fullness of the blouse in shape, or affects to, and there is the dearest little fichu, also made of handkerchiefs and lace beading. A 'hankerchief bag' or pocket swings from more pink ribbons at the side.

"The handkerchief list is by no means exhausted with the few specimens I have suggested. Anything and everything may be made with handkerchiefs nowadays, either alone or by the aid of lace, beading, ribbon, fagotting or fancy stitches. Baby's bibs, collars and cuffs, separate stocks and stocks with cuffs and front strips to match, pincushion covers, dresser scarfs, scrap bags, shaving paper cases, tea cozies, chair covers, head rests, doilies, picture frames, opera glass holders, receptables for ribbons, veils, belts, powder puffs—almost anything you can think of, in a word—may be turned out in a twinkling if only you can secure two or three nice handkerchiefs and have your wits about you. And if the nice handkerchiefs are not forthcoming many articles really dainty and effective may be made out of the gay, cheap qualities and kinds.

"I have even heard of a room papered, so to speak, with these latter, and no doubt, it was attractive. And I more than half suspect we shall be using handkerchief rugs very shortly. For most of us women seem to have gone handkerchief crazy, and the stores and manufacturers are doing their best to keep us in that condition, so many new and charming handkerchief novelties do they daily bring out. It's a sort of game just now to try how many things may be made of and done with handkerchiefs, and if you haven't yet had the fever be sure you will have it before long."

And the dearest chum, although she entered a general denial, was observed to study her own hankerchief meditatively before saying good-bye.—Chicago Record-Herald.

EAR RING IN HISTORY; A VERY OLD ORNAMENT

ONCE WORN BY MEN—EFFECTS OF EAR-PIERCING.

Ear rings, like finger rings, are among the very oldest of personal ornaments. They have been worn in all ages by all peoples, civilized and uncivilized. There are innumerable allusions to them in the ancient writings of various nations. The most familiar, of course, are these in the Hebrew scriptures. When Abraham's servant met Rebekah at the well, an incident in one of the most beautiful and idyllic pictures of pastoral life when the world was young, after she had drawn water for him and his camels, he presented her with two golden bracelets and "a golden ear ring of half shekel weight." It is not impossible that this ring was really a nose ring, for these were also of universal use in Eastern land among the nomadic tribes.

The Mohammedans have a curious legend to account for the beginning of the custom of wearing ear rings. They say that Sarah, being jealous of Hagar, vowed that she would not rest till she had imbrued her hands in the blood of the bondmaid. Abraham quickly pierced Hagar's ear and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to fulfill her rash vow without danger to the bondmaid's life. From that time, they say, it became customary for women to wear ear rings. When Aaron made the golden calf, it will be remembered, he called upon the Israelites to "break off the golden ear rings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons and of your daughters, and bring them unto me." And out of these and other golden ornaments the calf was made.

De Quincey, in his account of the toilet of the Hebrew lady, says that it was probably also customary to suspend gold and silver rings from the upper as well as the lower end of the ear—"which was perforated like a sieve. The tinkling sound with which, upon the slightest motion, two or three tiers of rings would be set a-dancing about the cheeks, was very agreeable to the barbaric tastes of the Asiatics." In later days, in the dramatic story of Judith and Holofernes, we read that when Judith set forth to captivate the commander, she put on her richest apparel and all her jewelry—"her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her ear rings, and all her ornaments."

Ear rings were as familiar to the Persians, who, both men and women, wore them extravagantly large, and to the early Greeks, as to the Hebrews. Homer describes Juno as wearing them:

A golden zone her swelling bosom bound;
Far beaming pendants trembled in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star:

and ear rings were among the offerings made to Penelope by her suitors. These ancient ornaments were often very large and correspondingly costly. The great pearl which Cleopatra ostentatiously dissolved and drank before the dazzled Antony came from her earring.

In our own country the familiar ornaments have been worn for many centuries, and not by women only. Charles I., it is said, wore pearl earrings of considerable value, and the day before his execution took one from his ear and gave it to Bishop Juxon for transmission to his daughter, the Princess Royal.

Rabelais tells us that in his day men in France first began to wear earrings. It is worth nothing that at least one existing portrait of Shakespeare represents him wearing such an adornment. This is at Wentworth Park, Yorkshire, and shows the poet with mustache and beard and an earring in the left ear. Nowadays in this country few men wear them, save some sailors and fishermen, and navvies. Among Southern peoples their use by both sexes is more common, and often begins at an early age.

In Spain babies' ears are bored soon after birth. The family doctor performs the operation and inserts a gold wire. Boys wear these ear wires till they attain manhood, when they are removed. The idea is that the process has a most beneficial influence on the eyes. Ophthalmia and scrofula are very rare in Spain, and the natives maintain that freedom therefrom is owing to ear-piercing. In Portugal and Italy, and very frequently in France, children usually have their ears pierced at an early age. Many men in the South retain their earrings after reaching manhood.

Village folk in England believe in the good effect of ear-piercing on the eyes just as firmly as their like in Italy and elsewhere abroad. In fact, in some places ear-piercing is regarded by the rustics as a remedy for many troubles. At the other side of the world boys have their ears pierced from a different motive. A writer on Chinese superstitions says that John Chinaman pierces his little boy's ears and makes him wear ear rings, for if an evil spirit happens to see him he will mistake him for a girl, and will not take the trouble to carry him away!—London Globe.

A Ballade of Friendship.

When smiles deny thy inner woe
Or grief is hid in calm disdain,
Have I the right to learn to know
The secret of the inner fane?
If laughing lips the heart distrain,
Am I so far from human kin,
Unworthy of the trust of pain?—
Open thy heart and let me in.

Or when the joy of June doth flow,
And tangled pleasures swift enchain,
When summer winds unbidden blow
The gladness of the summer rain;
When, through each warm and fervent vein
The pulse of life is strong to win,
When in thy kingdom mirth doth reign—
Open thy heart and let me in.

Give me to share the chill and glow,
Give me to feel both spur and rein,
Teach me to conquer and forego,
Teach me to clasp and to refrain;
Nor, trusting, be thy trust in vain—
The key to that dear store within
I hold with fingers unprofane—
Open thy heart and let me in.

L'Envoi.

Friend, though we twain may never know
When joy must end and pain begin,
By interlacing ways we go—
Open thy heart and let me in.

—Thomas Wood Stevens.

Uncle Lisha's Proverbs.

De smile on a baby's face keeps many a man good.

Quarrelin' over ancestrals of de pas' don't keep you fum bein' cross-eyed in de present.

Divo'ces comes mos' often in famblys where dey is a pug dog instead of a baby.

Baby talk in a house is better dan a melodeum.

Beauty Don'ts.

Don't eat when very tired, if you expect to get any good from your food and preserve your beauty.

Don't eat more than one hearty meal a day. This is the secret of good looks, health and long life. Luckily for the doctors, few people appreciate it.

Don't eat much meat in hot weather f you would keep your skin free from eruptions.

Don't eat hot or fresh bread if you want to be healthy and beautiful.

Don't eat cold, starchy foods, like potato salad and cold porridge, unless you have strong digestive organs.

Don't eat ice cream too fast. Eaten slowly and allowed to melt in the mouth, it can do no harm.

Don't drink iced water. Cool water quenches thirst much better than ice-cold fluid.

Don't drink much water at meals, but take a glassful the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Don't drink too much coffee on ice unless you want a complexion like leather in color and texture.

Don't eat potatoes, peas, macaroni, cream, olive oil, pastry and bonbons if you want to lose flesh.

Don't go to bed hungry. A glass of milk or a cup of chocolate will refresh you.

Don't think you can eat too much spinach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion and carrots. They are complexion beautifiers.

Japanese oiled papers, made from the barks of trees or shrubs, are astonishingly cheap and durable. As a cover for his load of tea when a rainstorm overtakes him the Japanese farmer spreads over it a tough, pliable cover of oiled paper, which is almost as impervious as tarpaulin and as light as gossamer.

Asphalt from the valley of Siddin floats down into the Dead Sea.

We Invite Your Doctor

To Investigate the Formula of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Here Is the Certificate of Well-Known Analytical Chemists.

While we do not believe there would be any advantage (except to imitators) in printing the formula of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the newspapers, we do invite your doctor to fully investigate their formula, knowing that he must certainly be convinced of the merits of the preparation.

So far as the curative effects are concerned, there have been thousands of testimonials published in the newspapers from persons cured of kidney and liver complaints, biliousness, constipation, stomach troubles, and kindred ailments.

The originals of these statements are on file in these offices, bearing the signatures of the cured ones, and backed by a $500.00 guarantee as to their genuineness.

Now, as to the ingredients of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, their purity and medicinal value, we know of no better authority to vouch for them than the well-known analytical chemists, Thomas Heys & Son, of Toronto, who have thoroughly analyzed them, and compared their analysis with our formula:

ANALYSTS' CERTIFICATE.—"We have made a careful examination of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and find them to contain ingredients in quantities large enough to make them of reliable medicinal value, also to be free from any injurious drugs, such as morphia, etc."

(Signed) THOS. HEYS & SON.
Analytical Chemists.

Toronto, July 20, 1904.

The indisputable reliability of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has placed them in the front rank of family medicines. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

STYLE No. 686—This is our Watch-spring Corset, full gored, erect form. The steels are in pockets and can be replaced if broken. Two extra steels go with each corset.

When you buy an E. T. Corset you take no chances. If it is not absolutely correct in every detail we'll buy it back. We make this offer after twenty-five years of successfully fitting women.

Ask your dealer for

ET Corsets

8

WEARY SHOP GIRLS PALE, TIRED WOMEN

You Feel "Draggy," Lifeless Nervous, Never Rested.

FERROZONE

Will Make You Feel Like New—It Vitalizes, Tones and Strengthens.

The best medicine for restoring virility and strength is Ferrozone.

The time to take Ferrozone is when you first feel tired, and when appetite fails, when nerves get irritated.

Is record is marvelous—i makes you feel strong and sturdy, brings health that outlasts old age. Mrs. Mary Melong, of Harbor Bouche, Nova Scotia, writes:

"Ferrozone built me up.

"Before using it I scarcely knew what good health meant.

"I was just as miserable and weak as any woman could be.

"Tired from morning till night, bothered by trifles, unceasingly nervous.

"The first box of Ferrozone improved my blood, gave me appetite. In a short time I was like a new person. Now I rejoice in abundant good health."

Get Ferrozone. It will make an unexpected improvement in your looks, your feeling, your health. Fifty cents per box, or six for $2 50. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

When you realize that you are not getting all the nourishment your body requires in white flour bread and commence eating

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit

With milk, fruit or vegetables — As bread, toast or crackers

THE NATURAL FOODS

then you'll know perfect health.

The "Vital Question" Cook Book tells of over 250 delicious dishes—it's free.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, TORONTO.

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Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lady Eden, who is the latest victim of those jewel robberies which have been carried on for more than a quarter of a century almost unchecked on the railroad lines from Calais and Boulogne to Paris, was in her day a woman of altogether exceptional beauty, and famous as such, not only in England, but also on the Continent of Europe. She has been a favorite subject for great artists. Her portrait by Whistler, formed the subject of a most amusing controversy between the painter and her husband, which furnished much entertainment to the public, not alone in France and in England, but also here in America.

What Lady Eden herself regards as her most successful portrait is that by Hergomer, exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy in London, and which now hangs on the walls of her country seat, Windlestone Hall, opposite Sir Peter Lely's celebrated and historic portrait of Nell Gwynne, the favorite of King Charles II., and mother by him of the first Duke of St. Albans, from whom the present Duke of St. Albans, from whom the present duke of that ilk is descended in a direct line.

Lady Eden was known prior to her marriage as the lovely Sybil Grey, a daughter of Sir William Grey, and a great-grandchild of the first and famous Earl Grey. Her husband, Sir Wm. Eden, is very wealthy, a large mine owner, and the possessor of a 10,000-acre estate. His full title is "Sir William Eden, of Maryland, North America," one of the two baronetcies which he holds, having been conferred upon his great-grandfather, Sir Robert Eden, for his services as Governor of the Province of Maryland. Sir Robert married Caroline Calvert, sister of the last Lord Baltimore. Sir Frederick Eden, an uncle of the present baronet, was killed at the battle of New Orleans.

Another matrimonial alliance between a white girl and an Asiatic prince is about to take place. For the French Government has just increased the annual allowance of the Ex-Emperor of Annam from $6,000 to $18,000 in view of his approaching marriage at Algiers to Mlle. Labor, daughter of the president of the court of appeals at Algiers. The Emperor of Annam was deposed some years ago from his throne in the Far East on charges of having conspired to massacre the French residents and the French officials stationed in the capital. He always denied the charge, but whether it was well-founded or not he was deposed and conveyed to Algiers, where he has lived under surveillance ever since in a handsome villa and grounds placed at his disposal by the French Government.

The Ex-Emperor has been allowed on several occasions to visit Paris, has become a great favorite in European society at Algiers, attends official and social entertainments there arrayed in the most faultless of European evening dress, frequents the principal cafes, restaurants, and theaters, has become equally adept with the bicycle and the motor, is an expert photographer, and has lately been taking lessons in painting.

Just what name his bride will assume after her marriage remains to be seen. The French Government will hardly permit her to assume the title of "Empress of Annam," even if she prefixes it with the saving particle of "ex." It is probable, however, that inasmuch as the bridegroom's name is "Ham Nghi," she will be styled "Princess Mam Nghi."

Of course this matrimonial alliance of an Asiatic with a European serves to recall to mind that of Lady Ann Coventry, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Coventry, to the Indian Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, son of the ex-maharajab, or king of the Punjab. Prince Dhuleep Singh, however, though dusky of hue, is less of an Oriental than the Ex-Emperor of Annam. For, born in England, of a half-breed mother, who was the daughter of a German teacher at Cairo and a Copt woman, he has never been in Asia, and has been brought up entirely in England. His sister, it may be remembered, spent some time in Chicago, under the name of Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh, with a chaperon, studying medicine, while he himself, when stationed with the English regiment to which he belonged at Halifax, was wont occasionally to run down thence to New York.

Gen. Owen Williams, whose death has just taken place at Temple House, Great Marlow, Bucks, his beautiful country seat on the Thames, which has been in the possession of his family for over 200 years, was one of the best-known figures in English society, and, although untitled, wielded an amount of influence in the English great world infinitely superior to that of many a peer of the realm. His great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, had all of them preceded him in Parliament, as member for Marlow. But it was the turf rather than the Legislature that occupied the most of his attention, and at the time of his death he was one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, as well as joint-owner with his brother, Huefa Williams, of the Sandown Park and racecourse. Throughout his life he was one of the intimate friends of King Edward, accompanied him as equerry to India on the occasion of his tour there while still heir-apparent, and was one of the most notable members of the memorable house party at Tranby Croft, which resulted in the baccarat scandal. Indeed, it was Gen. Owen Williams, who, as a fellow-guardsman of Sir William Gordon Cumming, was deputed by those who had taken part in the game at Tranby Croft to obtain from the baronet a written promise that he would never touch a card again, which document was subsequently treated as a confession of guilt.

The paper in question remained in the hands of Gen. Owen Williams, and had the matter rested with the men of the house party, the whole affair would have been hushed up, and nothing more heard about the matter. Unfortunately, it was found impossible to keep the tongues of the women from wagging. The scandal of Tranby Croft within a few months became a subject of common gossip in society, and Sir William was obliged by his friends, his clubs, and his fellow-officers of the Scots Guards, to bring a suit for slander again the Wilsons, his host and hostess, at Tranby Croft.

Gen. Williams and King Edward, then Prince of Wales, were subpoenaed, were summoned and appeared in the witness box to testify against Sir William, with the result that he was nonsuited, the jury holding that the libel complained of was true. His withdrawal from the army and from all his clubs, followed, and it was then, when he found himself forsaken by everyone, and subjected to the most severe ostracism, that a rich New York girl, Florence Garner, daughter of Commodore Garner, of the New York Yacht Club, came forward and offered to marry him, in spite of all that her relatives, including her brother-in-law, the French Marquis de de Breuteuil, could do to prevent the match.

While a number of people retained doubts as to the guilt of Sir William, many regarding him as the victim of feminine hate and persecution, one and all condemned him for taking advantage of the quixotic and generous offer of the New York girl, his marriage to whom served to still further alienate sympathy from him.

It was a couple of years after this that Gen. Williams lost his eldest son in South Africa, a blow from which I do not think he ever really recovered. For it caused him to give up his very successful racing stable, although he retained to the last his interest in the turf. Then, too, the latter part of his life was embittered by the extremely unsavory lawsuits in which two of his sisters, the widowed Countess of Cowley and the late Countess of Aylesford, became at different times involved. Another of his sisters is the widow of the third Duke of Wellington, who married last summer her first husband's cousin, Col. Fred Wellesley. Still another sister, is the widowed Lady Williams Bulkeley, mother of Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, of New York.

Gen. Williams leaves one surviving son, who succeeds to the family property, and who formerly a stock broker in the city, came a cropper, which landed him in the bankruptcy court.

The Duke and Duchess of Genoa and their children and the King and Queen of Italy, together with their progeny, are placed in more than mere complimentary mourning by the death of the old King of Saxony on Saturday last. For he was the uncle of the Duke of Genoa, and the granduncle of the King of Italy, having been a brother to the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, who is the mother of Queen Marguerite.

I suppose that it is on the strength of the old adage, "de mortuis nisi bonum," that he is described in his obituaries as "so much beloved by his people." Nothing could be further from the truth. For when he made his state entry into Dresden after his accession—it was in the spring of last year—his unpopularity was so great among his subjects that the police were obliged to arrange for cheers and applause by people paid for the purpose, a fact which, despite the stringent laws against "lese majesty," furnished the theme of no end of ridicule in the comic papers of Germany and Austria.

His elder brother and predecessor, King Albert, however, enjoyed to the fullest degree the good will and affection of his people, and was a kindly, cheery old gentleman, whereas, King George was querulous, narrow-minded and unrelenting in his resentment towards those who had incurred his displeasure.

With regard to his daughter-in-law, the consort of the present king, I see by a letter just received from Europe that she had at the time of writing—that is to say, some three weeks ago—abandoned the title of "Countess Montignso," conferred upon her by the King of Saxony at the time of her divorce, and to which he had restricted her. For the letter is signed "Marie Louise, princess of Tuscany," and I understand that she had received permission, not only of her parents, the grandduke and grandduchess of Tuscany, but also of Emperor Francis Joseph, to resume this style, which was hers by birth, in view of the winter that she was to spend at Rome.

Her position at the present moment is a most peculiar one. Although she is divorced by the Supreme Court of Saxony, yet in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church she remains the full fledged consort of the new king, and therefore, is by them regarded as Queen of Saxony, divorce not being recognized by the Roman Catholic Church.

As I have already mentioned in these letters, a reconciliation between the king and his consort is likely to take place at an early date, and she will return to Dresden to her husband, to her children, and to her home as Queen of Saxony. This, however, will probably be preceded by her audience with the Pope, for which all arrangements have been made.

The Surest Remedy is Allen's Lung Balsam

It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.

Large Bottles $1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c.

Endorsed by all who have tried it.

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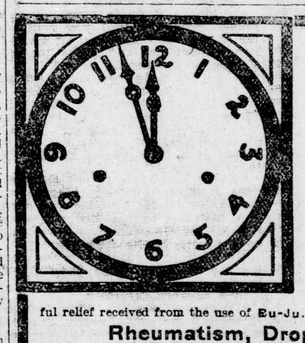

Never Too Late

If you are suffering from any form of kidney trouble, do not let the day pass before supplying yourself with Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill. It is never too late. No matter of how long standing your kidney disorder or any of the maladies arising from disordered kidneys may have troubled you, Bu-Ju will effect a cure. Our files are filled with testimonials from people of every age expressing gratitude for the wonderful relief received from the use of Bu-Ju. It is a positive cure for all forms of

Rheumatism, Dropsy, Lame Back, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion

and many other distressing and dangerous maladies that arise from disordered kidneys. It cures the disease, not the symptoms, and thus eradicates from the system poison that has been making all the trouble. Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, is absolutely guaranteed. You take no chances.

Shannonville, Aug. 26, 1903

The Claflin Chemical Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen:—Have used one box of your Bu-Ju. It has given me very good satisfaction. Of course my case is of long standing and it will take some time to effect a cure. I have doctored a great deal, with no benefit to me whatever.

Yours truly, ROBERT MALLEY.

Bu-Ju is for sale by druggists generally, or will be forwarded by mail on receipt of price,

50 cents per box.

The Claflin Chemical Co. LIMITED
NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.