

KING EDWARD AS AN ARTIST

OTHER MEMBERS OF EUROPEAN
ROYAL FAMILIES WHO HAVE
TALENT FOR PAINTING.

King Edward can not only boast that he has had a picture exhibited at Burlington House at an earlier age than the most precocious of our present Royal Academicians, says London Tit-Bits, but that his picture was purchased for a substantial sum before the public even set eyes on it.

This remarkable and little-known episode in his majesty's life occurred more than half a century ago, when Queen Victoria's children contributed sketches to an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of a fund for the soldiers wounded in the Crimean War. The record price in the exhibition was realized by a sketch entitled "The Battle of Waterloo," the Princess Royal, which found a purchaser for the sum of 250 guineas. The Prince of Wales' sketch (he was only 13 at the time) was bought for 15 guineas; and drawings by the still younger Princes and Princesses fetched 30 guineas.

There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely one of Queen Victoria's descendants who has not inherited in some degree her love of art. The late Empress Frederick was throughout her life passionately fond of painting and exhibited her most skillful work in the Academy of Arts enrolled her among its members in recognition of her "talent" as a composer and a draughtswoman.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is little less skillful with the brush, as is proved by the three beautiful landscapes which for so many years hang in Queen Victoria's sitting room at Osborne, and by many other pictures which have honored places in almost every royal palace in Great Britain.

Princess Christian's talent takes the form of exquisite designs for the tapestry produced under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the most skillful amateur painters of flowers in England.

But undoubtedly the best artist in our royal family is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who can produce with equal skill a beautiful picture or a life-size statue which will compare not unfavorably with most professional work.

Nor is proficiency in art by any means confined to English royalties. It is not long since a sumptuous volume was published for a charitable cause, the illustrations of which were largely supplied by royal artists. The German Emperor is shown in a striking picture of a large ship riding at anchor on a placid sea, surrounded by smaller boats and with a background of distant snow-capped mountains. Queen Amelie of Portugal was represented by a study of a donkey's head, ornamented with gayly colored trappings; and Queen of Spain by an exquisite study of flowers.

The Empress Frederick by a powerful sketch of a boy's head, and Princess Clara of Bavaria by an ambitious and successful etching.

The German Emperor, as is well known, is an artist of much more than average skill. One of his pictures, "Fight Between Battleships," is a remarkably powerful piece of work, exhibiting rare skill and technical knowledge; while his design for the tower of the Church of Our Savior at Jerusalem proves that he is no mean architect and draughtsman.

King Carlos of Portugal, however, is by universal consent the ablest artist among European sovereigns. Year after year his canvases attract crowds of admirers at the exhibitions of the Lisbon Salon, while at the Paris exhibition a pastel entitled "Tunny Fish on the Portuguese Coast" won for him the honor of a silver medal.

The Shah of Persia has cultivated his talent for drawing with considerable enthusiasm. His hobby takes a very curious form, for we are told that in his palace at Teheran he has a studio the walls of which are covered with white paper on which he does his sketching. When the four walls are covered with drawings he has them repasted and starts again.

But, perhaps, the most interesting of the royal artists of Europe is Prince Eugene, fourth son of the King of Sweden, who follows are not as hobby but as a profession. For four years he studied in Paris, leading the life of the ordinary art student and known to his brothers of the brush as "Monsieur Eugene." During those strenuous years he worked at his easel early and late, refusing to go into society, and his reward came when his first picture appeared on the walls of the Salon and found a prompt purchaser, who was quite ignorant of the identity of its distinguished painter.

BIRDS' QUEER NESTING PLACES.

The vast building constituting an extension of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, is rapidly approaching completion. The imposing facade in Cromwell road and Exhibition road are decorated with niches, filled with life-size statues of men eminent in art, architecture, literature and practical science, and on the flank of the main entrance are the statues of the King and Queen in full state robes.

One niche is dedicated to George Heriot, goldsmith to James I., and founder of Heriot's magnificent hospital at Edinburgh. A pair of sparrows have built a nest inside the kneehole of the right leg, and they appear very busy in their domestic arrangements.

Not far away, at the juncture of

Brompton road and Knightsbridge High street, a couple of sparrows have made their nest in the plumed hat of the equestrian statue of Field Marshal Sir Hugh Rose, Lord Strathairn, and are now sitting.—Fall Mail Gazette.

MEXICO'S ANTHEM.

In Mexico the national anthem is held in such high esteem that permission must be secured from the authorities to play it at places not included in the list provided by law. It was played recently in a church at Tierra Blanca in honor of Archbishop Guillou, who was visiting the place, but no permit having been secured the church dignitary was arrested, imprisoned and fined for the offense, and a fine was also imposed on every member of the orchestra which had been secured to play the anthem. The law for keeping sacred the

True Love of Christ Means Love of Fellow Man

By Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady.

If you love me, keep my commandments.—St. John xiv. 15.

Now, when we truly love a being for the possession of qualities we ourselves would fain enjoy and exhibit, that love, if it be worthy the name, is transforming. We would be like the beloved object by which our affections are aroused. Granted that Christ is the most lovable being who ever has existed, it logically follows that men should love him and that the love we bear him should make us strive to be like him.

How can this likeness be brought about in us—made real by us? Christ Himself in this thrice-repeated injunction has pointed out the method—by keeping his commandments.

But what are His commandments? is at once asked. Certainly they have come down to us in many forms and in various ways, and our duty is to keep them all, and for all men, yet it is equally true that in this famous direction He referred definitely to certain injunctions.

We look back into the preceding chapter and find what they were. In this same final interview before His betrayal He told His disciples specifically to do two things as different as first sight as day and night, but nevertheless inseparably bound together. The first was that they should wash one another's feet; the second that they should love one another.

I would not limit the meaning of Christ's words by confining them merely to a pitifully literal interpretation. The first commandment is broader than a mere ceremonial. It is a commandment of service by man to man and the second commandment is its complement, for it refers to the spirit in which the service should be rendered. Christ's whole life was devoted to the service of men, and

national anthem was passed to prevent its use at bull fights and theaters.—New York Tribune.

THE VALUABLE THUMB.

"Solomon says thumbs up," because the thumb is said to be worth fully one-third the entire value of the hand. The different fingers are far from having all the same value before the eyes of the law.

Much the most important among them is the thumb, for without it the hand no longer is a plucker, but merely a claw. The French court allows in damages 15 to 25 per cent value for the right, and 10 to 15 per cent for the left thumb. The Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent for the left to 35 per cent for the right. In Germany 20 to 32 per cent, and even as high as 33 per cent has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total value of the hand, industrially speaking, before the accident.—Chicago Tribune.

every incident and episode in it, every word spoken throughout it, flowed from a spirit of love toward men so completely and convincingly evidenced that we can think of no better name for God, since Christ's time, than that He is Love.

There is plenty of service to men in this world, but mighty little love. God be thanked even for the service which springs from a stern sense of duty or from whatever compulsion it may. It is certainly better than disservice or indifference.

But we shall never reach the high ideal and we shall never have peace among men until the service of one to another arises from the love of one to another. The growing class antagonisms—I hate the word class—the growing race antagonisms, the present strife and bitterness will never be done away with by any service whatsoever unless love—and not so much love toward God as love toward men, be remembered—be its inspiration.

We are all children of a common Father. The rich have no exclusive privilege of relationship to Him or righteousness in Him; the poor have no exclusive privilege of relationship to Him or righteousness in Him.

Neither has the one or the other a monopoly of evil and folly, for that matter. The man who works with his hands—the capitalist and the toiler, the employer and the employee, the master and the man—all stand on a common level before an Infinite God.

The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord, He is the Maker of them all. And no man, however noble his achievement or however great his desire, can say he loves Christ unless all he does for man is done as much for the love of man as for the love of God. For this it is to keep His commandments, which are kept in no other way.

If we could only in some way get the principle of love for men actively working in heaven would be found here and today.—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The Love Story of the Poet Pope

Continued from Page Eleven.

(vulgarily called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes (sic) and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbors. That a well-set man of 25 should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of 18, is nothing marvelous, and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavor to shield her from the storm was natural action, and what he would have done for his horse if it had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the ordinary. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill on an epitaph, I think the following lines more just than not so poetical as yours:

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said,
Of this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married.

But see how odd things are carried. On Thursday last it rained and lightning;

Sheltered beneath the coking hay,
In hopes to pass the storm away,
But the bold thunder found them out,
(Commissioned for that end, no doubt),
And seizing on their trembling breath,
Consigned them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beauteous wife and cuckold swain,
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their tomb,
For P. has wrote upon their tomb.

"I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours, but I hope you will forgive them in favor of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honor you have done them, though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid living humble servant than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe."

I do not know how this correspondence affects my readers, but with me the effect is to range all my sympathies on the side of the lady. Pope's letter appears to me a sham sentiment and sham literature. Lady Mary's letter is at least real literature. It will remain as one of the great little masterpieces of humor.

Many of her letters have been preserved, and there are few of them

that are not lit up by some brilliant bit of satiric humor. Like many witty women, she had no great love for her own sex. Her attitude towards her sex is delightfully summed up in the sentence: "It goes far for me to be to a woman when I reflect that I am in no danger of every marrying one." Here is a summary of her outlook on life: "I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of enjoyment."

This reigning beauty, this splendid wit, who must have been among the most sought after guests of the dinner tables of London, suddenly made a big transformation and migration; she left it all behind, went over to the continent, and for 22 years there remained. There are many guesses as to the real cause; she herself said that she went alone because she had got tired of waiting for her husband, and had always preferred the continent to England. The real truth is that the incompatible pair—each with that strong and not very pleasant or tolerant personality—found life together impossible, and agreed to this informal and tranquil separation. They wrote to each other now and then, and outwardly they remained on good terms. Each going their own way, the end may well be conjectured. Horace Walpole, who hated them both, has given little etchings of them in their decadence in which the colors are laid on pretty thickly. Montague, after many years in political life, retired to his country seat, and one fine day Horace Walpole gives, in his budget of news, this paragraph, announcing his end:

"Old Wortley Montague lives in the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was

that better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel—lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harlequin stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards wealth and money, his only two objects."

Horace Walpole's description of Lady Mary was written in 1740, when she was some 64 years of age, and it is hard to think that the once proud beauty had then become the hag he describes her; but this, anyhow, is what he says; he is writing from Florence.

"Lady Mary Wortley is here, an object of ridicule to the town. She wears a foul mob (cap) that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang down, never combed or curled, an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face violently swelled—partly covered with plaster, partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

Lady Mary returned to London after the death of her husband; she was then an old woman, 71, and the next she died. Her old age was bound to be lonely. Her probable malignant temper, had made a solitude around her. Her daughters seemed to have loved and admired her, but she had a son who was a scamp, and who gave her many an hour of grief and disappointment. And finally a painful malady came to darken the evening of her life. She was attacked by cancer, and cancer in a spot that had not yet learned the great science of anaesthetics, was even a more terrible disease than it is today. She died heroically.

"Thus ended that ardent romance between the young man and the brilliant beautiful girl, the first transports of which we are allowed after so many a year still to watch, with some amusement, with some sadness."

NEGROES HAVE STRONG HEADS

EXTRAORDINARY CARRYING CAPACITY TESTED BY A SHIP.

"Ever take notice how much strength a negro has in his head?" said a man who is always looking out for unusual things. "Well, I had ample opportunity to test a certain negro's head carrying capacity while I was in charge of a large printing establishment in Texas."

"We had received a large shipment of paper of extra heavy weight, and none of the men employed by the firm seemed able to handle the bundles. Of course we should have had a freight elevator, but we had none. Well, about the time I had given up hopes of getting the paper up, the third floor negro came shuffling down the street playing a harmonica. He inquired if I wanted anyone to do a day's work, and said he was a hodcarrier, but was willing to do anything for a dollar. I thought of the paper and the third floor proposition and engaged him."

"Well, sir, he took to it like children to candy. Maybe he didn't share the rest of the negroes around the plant! In less than no time he had the paper stored away, and the work didn't seem to affect him in the least. The result was he got a steady place and was dubbed the heavyweight negro of the plant.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Tragedy of Woman's Beauty

Continued from Page Eleven.

thus giving rise to friction and rivalry between herself and the empress, who had herself been the undisputed arbiter of fashions in dress and coiffure.

By-and-bye, the empress had other and graver reasons to be jealous of her, for she captured the fickle affections of the emperor, and greatly influenced him in the steps he took towards accomplishing the union of Italy. Mingling in all the gaieties of the gay capital, glorying in fancy-dress balls, during costumes of her own devising, her ambition to be a political force kept her from neglecting the secret mission she was there to carry through, and she could be seen daily from one minister to another with notes and documents. After the end she worked for had been gained, she boasted proudly, "I have created Italy, and saved the papacy!" She regretted that she had come to Paris too late. "My mother was a fool," she said to a friend, "and I thought me to Paris a little earlier, instead of marrying me to Castiglione, you would have seen an Italian instead of a Spaniard reigning at the Tuilleries"; and to another old friend she wrote, in her closing years: "It was Montagu who made Napoleon emperor; but I would have made him a conqueror, as, in fact, I had already begun to do, in word and in deed, in private and in public, thereby drawing down upon myself endless animosity and obloquy, notwithstanding the obvious distastefulness of my actions. . . . I, the Italian woman, would never have created a Mexico, nor, like the Spanish woman, brought about the defeat of Sedan, the fall of the empire, and the dismemberment of France."

The fall of the empire scattered these court beauties for a while into a kind of social outer darkness. The empress went into exile, and the woman who had wielded a covert political power and counted the emperor among her slaves and lovers, sank into forgetfulness; worse still, her beauty was on the wane.

"Old age came sooner than she expected, placing its pitiless brand on what had been her glory, her power, and her triumph. She had hoped, like Rome, to triumph even in this, and to resist time's ravages to the end. She found herself losing little by little her abundant hair, her pearly teeth, the perfect contour of her face. . . . The wane of her beauty was rapid and obvious. It came relentless and irre-

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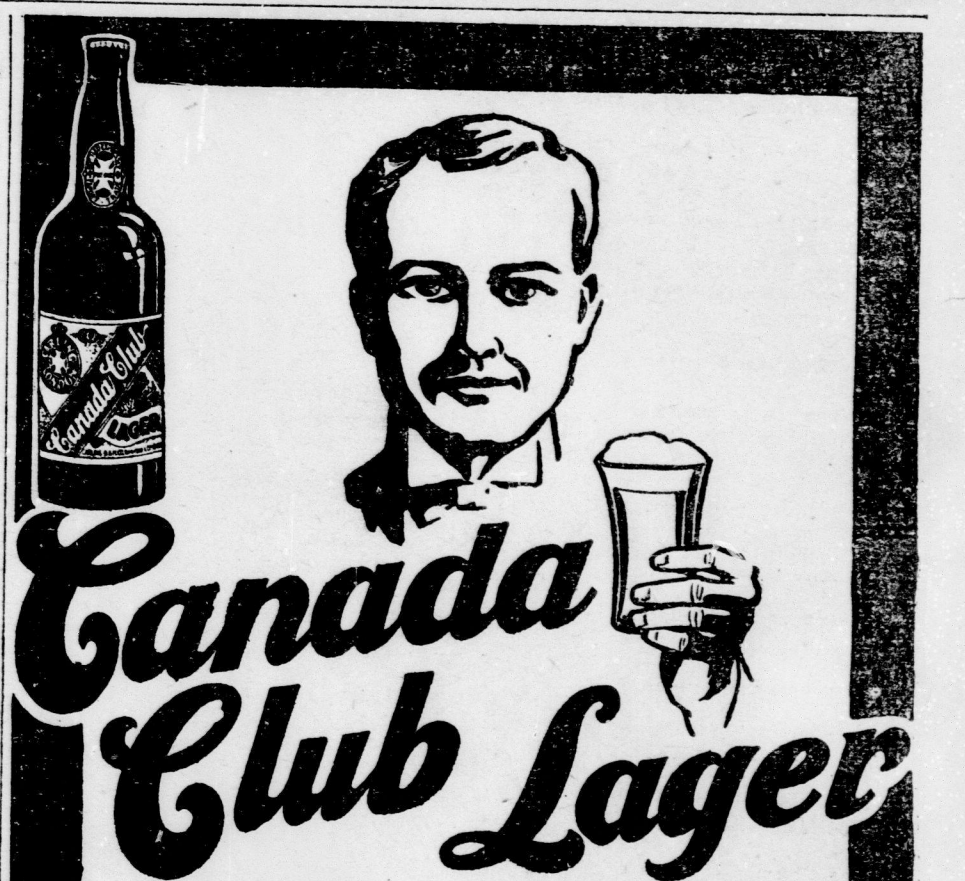
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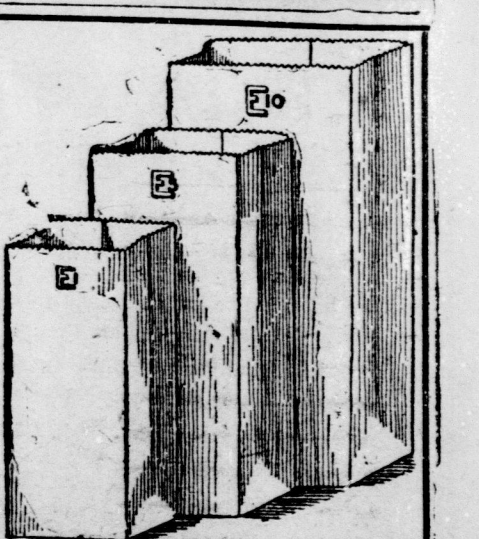
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