

THE ROMANCE OF HENRIK IBSEN

When 61 Years Old Fell in
Love With Austrian Girl.

A FEW WEEKS IN TYROL

And Then Letters Which Disclosed the
Disturbed Condition of the
Old Poet.

Copenhagen, July 23.—Ibsen at 61, four and gray, was in love with a girl of 20. That is the conclusion which most people will draw from the series of letters written by the poet to a beautiful Austrian girl, which Professor Brandes has just published in a Copenhagen journal. Some may call it platonic affection—remembering that Ibsen was a married man and that his wife was living at the time—but, after all, that is only another name for the same thing. It is probable that some reference may have been made to the correspondence in telegraphic dispatches, but the interest the letters are sure to arouse justifies treating the matter at greater length.

Of the girl herself, Emilie Bardach, we know little. Her letters are not included in the correspondence. Ibsen met her with her mother in the Tyrol in the summer of 1889. They spent only a few weeks together, and they never met again. That she must have been an altogether charming creature to have inspired the elderly, disillusioned Ibsen with such a strong feeling for her can well be imagined.

"With all my heart," he says in his first letter, "I thank you, most esteemed fraulein, for the extremely kind and friendly letter which I received the day before leaving Gossensass, and which I have read again and again. That summer I have been in a most mournful mood for the last week—or, in any case, so it seemed to me. No sunshine more. All gone—vanished. The few visitors that remained could, of course, offer me no compensation for the fair, brief days of summer. I took my walk in the Pienzenhof garden. There is a sentence by the roadside where I am sure two people could converse with sympathetic feeling. But that seat was empty, and I passed it by. The great hall, too, I found gloomy and desolate. . . . Do you remember the great, deep bay of the veranda? It was a beautiful bay window. The flowers and plants with their intoxicating perfume still stood there as before. But, otherwise—how empty—how lonely—how deserted!"

Poor old Ibsen! Just as the ordinary young man feels when his wife's heart has gone away. If it was mere platonic affection he had a very bad case of it. He always reads her letters again and again, and tells her so.

"I have received your dear letter with a thousand thanks," he says in his next epistle, "and read it again and again. Here I sit as usual at my writing table. Now I must gladly work. But I cannot. My imagination is lively and active enough. But it is always soaring away elsewhere. Thither where in working hours it has no business to be. I cannot reproduce my memories of summer. Nor will I. I go through my adventures again and again—and over again. To transform all this to a poem is at present impossible.

"Ah, dear fraulein," he says farther on, "forgive me, you write so charmingly in your letters. I am glad that it should be your last—in your latest letter you write so charmingly: 'But I am not fraulein to you.' Well, then, dear child, for that you are in any case to me, tell me, do you remember one day when we talked about folies and madmen? Or rather I talked a lot about them. And then you, dear child, took up the part of teacher, and remarked in your quiet melodious way, with a far-off look, that there was nevertheless always a difference between folly and madness."

Surely, if Ibsen had not been in love he would not have regarded that as a profound observation. And the fact that, uttered by the charming Emilie, it made such a deep impression on him is proof that he was in love with her. If Mrs. Ibsen had chanced to let fall such a remark, it is probable that he would have paid very little attention to it, and the recollections of it would never have haunted him to such an extent that it interfered with his work.

"Now, sure enough," he continues, "I had a notion of that difference between folly and madness. But yet this episode, like all the rest, has dwelt in my memory. For I cannot help pondering it over again and again: was it folly or madness that we met each other? Or was it both folly and madness? Or was it neither the one nor the other? For the matter of fact, the supposition is the only one that will meet the case. It was simply a physical necessity. And it was likewise fate. Now ponder over it yourself, if that is necessary."

Queer conundrums these which Ibsen

First Sleeplessness, Then Melancholia

Brooding, restless, sleepless—these dreadful conditions go hand in hand. Often very difficult to manage are these cases because so long neglected.

Invariably the disease will cure. It creates abundance of rich red blood, imparts strength to the nerves, lends vitality and power to the whole body.

Brooding disappears, restlessness gives way to calm, and sleeplessness verges into a sound sleep that makes for health. With lassitude and despair turned into energy and hope, the enormous benefits of Ferrozone are at once realized.

"I fell into a state of exhaustion, was run down and couldn't sleep," writes Mrs. J. Stroud, of Dexter, P. Q. "I tried Ferrozone and was quickly benefited. To anyone suffering from overwrought nerves and sleeplessness, I can recommend Ferrozone. No tonics, it is better." Sold everywhere; 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn.

propounded to the fair Emilie. Was it folly or fate plus physical necessity? "To be wise and love," as somebody has said, "is scarcely granted to the gods above," and certainly it wasn't granted to Ibsen for all of his three score years. With a touch of returning sanity he adds that he doesn't think it necessary after all, that he should ponder over it. "I assume," he says, "that you will understand it already. It's dollars to doughnuts that she did not, all the same."

Ibsen's next two letters are couched in a tamer strain. He makes some references to a work on which he is engaged—it was Hedda Gabler—and makes it plain that Cupid affords him no assistance in the matter of composition. In his next letter he goes off into rhapsodies again.

"So, for the present, I must give up the hope of your photograph. But, better so. Rather wait than have a portrait that does not satisfy. And, beside, how lifelike your beloved serene (dauchtauchte) presence remains in my memory. For I still believe a mysterious princess lies concealed beneath the mystery of your face. Well, well, one can dream all manner of things and spin many beautiful fancies about it. And so I do. For at least it is some small compensation for the unattainable and—unfathomable reality. In my imagination I always see you adorned with pearls. The pearls something deep, something hidden. In this preference. But what can it be? I often ponder over it. Think, too, now and then, that I have found the connection. And then again that I have not."

Which is tantamount to a confession that when Ibsen came to a wrestling with the mystery of love in his own person he could no more make head or tail of it than the most ordinary of mortals.

As I have said, they never met again, which probably was just as well, for Emilie at all events. He wrote her a letter of condolence some seven months later on the death of her father, in which he signs himself "Your unalterably devoted Henrik Ibsen."

In a brief letter written about a month afterward he acknowledges the receipt of a "dear letter," and "likewise the bell with the beautiful picture," which his wife thought very prettily painted. Then he adds, "But I beg you, do not write to me any more at present. When circumstances are changed I shall let you know."

Could it have been that Mrs. Ibsen was getting jealous and making it uncomfortable for him? Anyhow, Emilie obeyed his injunction, and wrote no more letters to him. After an interval of seven years she telegraphed him her congratulations on his 70th birthday, and received in reply his photograph with the following lines:

Dearest Fraulein—Receive my most heartfelt thanks for your letter. That summer at Gossensass was the happiest, the fairest of my life. Dare scarcely think of it. And yet must do so forever.

Forever!

Your faithfully devoted,
HENRIK IBSEN.

SPENDS MILLIONS AS HIS HOBBY

J. P. Morgan Described as
Collector of the Same
Nature as Barnum.

London, July 23.—J. Pierpont Morgan has paid more than \$3,000,000 for paintings and antiques in the last three months.

So the best-informed art dealers assert positively, and they watch Mr. Morgan as a cat watches a mouse. To them he is infinitely the most interesting, not to say valuable, piece of clay in the world. They declare that the extravagance of his craze for buying pictures and curios, during his European visit that has just ended, exceeded even his own previous records.

Mr. Morgan's costliest single purchase during this visit was Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portrait of Miss Farnham." For this portrait picture Mr. Morgan paid the unparalleled sum of \$200,000, just double the price ever paid before for a Lawrence.

This portrait was sold for \$444 in 1863, and for \$11,250 in 1897. It was in the possession of Ludwig Newman, himself a millionaire, and although it is the most beautiful and decorative of all Lawrence's portraits, he could not resist the tremendous financial temptation Mr. Morgan held out.

English collectors shake their heads over the price and insist that by no possible method of valuation can the Lawrence be worth more than half of the \$200,000 Mr. Morgan paid for it.

A correspondent asked one of the most expert judges of art works, who owns one of the most perfect collections in Europe, and who knows Mr. Morgan well, whether the New Yorker really understands and appreciates the works of art he buys. The answer was: "Mr. Morgan has neither taste nor knowledge in art. His acquisitions are made in exactly the same spirit that incited his countryman, Barnum, to search for freaks. Mr. Morgan hears that such or such a picture is the best by a master who happens to be the fashion, and he directs a dealer to secure the picture. His method of buying is well-known to the art world. He learns what is the best price ever paid for a work by the same painter, and knowing this, orders his agent to offer a much larger price for the work he wishes to acquire."

Edouard De Reszke is not only exceedingly clever in successfully imitating the voices of people and animals, but can also imitate a violin-cello, producing with his voice the entire range of the instrument. He says, however, that to do this he must assume the position of one playing the cello, and with his fingers go through the movements of playing.

From the standpoint of the waiter, the worst thing about the tipping evil is that the tips are too small.

Plenty of men will cheerfully give up their seat to a lady in a crowded car if they are going to get off at the next stop.

SISOWATH'S TROUPE PETS OF PARIS

Cambodian Dancing Girls
Take Capital by Storm.

SIGNING FOR ORTHODOX GOWNS

France to Give a Yearly Prize of Three
Thousand Francs for the
Best Poem.

Paris, July 23.—Henri de Nousseau, one of the best known journalists in Paris, has spent three hours with John D. Rockefeller in his retreat at Compiègne. He publishes his impressions and a few laconic remarks of Mr. Rockefeller in a three-column, illustrated article in the Echo de Paris.

M. de Nousseau found the old king much interested in an archery contest at Compiègne, closely attended by his medical attendant, Dr. Biggar, and by William Hostler, of a New York paper.

"Near him," says the writer, "is a reporter of the New York Journal, M. Hostler, who has crossed the Atlantic in order to telegraph every day to the Americans the sayings and doings of the most illustrious man among them."

A local journalist who was with the party at the archery display explained to Mr. Rockefeller that M. de Nousseau was not there in his professional capacity. "Mr. Rockefeller smiled, with a resigned air, at the American reporter, then, looking at me, said: 'Is that so? I am resting. I want to be quiet. I have cut the cable with America, you understand? I will have nothing to say. I am very well here. That's all.'"

Asked if he was fond of sport, Mr. Rockefeller replied: "Very much, when I have time. Here I play golf with the doctor and am learning to ride a bicycle. . . . Yes, I have leisure and I utilize it. If I come back I must learn French."

M. de Nousseau discovered that Rockefeller takes no interest in art. He had not even visited the chateau of Compiègne, famous with memories of the two Napoleons. The curator of the chateau, who has been present at the American congress and a model arbitration treaty to be submitted to the next conference at the Hague.

United States Congressman Bartholdt said he considered the scheme to convert the Hague into a permanent body, which would meet at stated periods and to create a council for the codification and development of international law, to be so thoroughly practicable and timely that no well-disposed government could object to it.

The former Austrian minister of commerce, Von Plener, then presented the Brussels commission's proposed model treaty of arbitration. He moved the adoption of the treaty as amended by the commission, together with a recommendation urging on the powers that when arbitration is impossible to have recourse, singly or jointly, to the mediation of a third power before declaring war.

At this point Wm. J. Bryan rose, his appearance being heartily cheered. "I cannot see," he said, "that people have any justification in killing each other before investigating the question involved. There is no question of the sufficient importance of this. I want to move an amendment to Herr Von Plener's recommendation to be appended to the commission's report. It goes further than his without going too far. This is my resolution: 'If a disagreement should occur between contracting parties, which in the terms of the proposed arbitration treaty need not be submitted to arbitration, they shall before declaring war or engaging in any hostilities whatever, submit the question to the Hague court or some impartial international tribunal for investigation and report, each party reserving the right to act independently afterwards.' This resolution I put in order that there shall be no more shedding of human blood."

Mr. Bryan's amendment and Herr Von Plener's recommendation were supported by the German delegates and will be discussed tomorrow.

The Turkish Government has decided to sell the valuable collections of old Turkish postage stamps which have accumulated in the post office at Constantinople during the past fifty years. The proceeds will be spent in the construction of the railway to Mecca.

Philosophy is the ice-box in which we keep the troubles of our friends.

The king will attend the great review at Longchamps on the national fête day this afternoon and from then until he leaves France he will preserve a strict incognito.

Prize For Poetry.

A prix de Rome for poets, similar to that which is accorded to painters and sculptors, has been decided upon by the French Academy. A yearly prize of 3,000 francs is to be awarded the poet of either sex whose poem will be declared by a jury of distinguished literary men to be the best. The first prize de Rome for poetry has just been awarded to a young man of 22 for a poem called "Les Familiers," which was chosen out of 300 manuscripts submitted.

Six million roses were sold in Paris on St. John's Day recently at the Central markets. La France, Marshal Niel and Paul Neron roses were sold at about 25 cents a hundred. Everybody whose name is John received a rose on that day, which is for men in France the equivalent of the Fete of St. Catharine for women.

A New Rostand.

Sara Bernhardt has discovered a new Rostand. M. Rene Fraudet, a young poet just out of his teens, is the man. He has written a play called "La Nuit Perverse," which he intended for the divine Sara; but, as he had no influential friend upon

The Age of Niagara Falls.

Is doubtful, but one thing sure and certain is the instant effect of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which comes in one day. No more ugly corns, but certain relief and cure in every case. Use only "Putnam's."



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Always Good

whom he could depend to present his manuscript to the famous actress, he took it to her himself. When he called at her home he was told madame was out, but he would not go away, and he would wait. After about an hour the actress appeared and asked him what he wanted, and he told her. Charmed by his audacity and hopefulness, Sara gave him an appointment for the next evening, when he read his work before Madame Bernhardt and several of her friends. The tragedienne was delighted and promised to play M. Fraudet's piece next winter. All who were present at the reading were unanimous in hailing the young fellow as the rising star on the poetic horizon of France.

Stomach Cramps. COLIC.

THESE are very painful, and their attacks are often sudden and sometimes fatal. The principal seat is in the stomach and bowels, producing severe twisting, cramping pain, and often accompanied by vomiting. If you are troubled in this way, there is only one remedy to cure you, and that one is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It has a record of cures extending over 60 years and we have yet to hear of it failing to either relieve or cure.

BRYAN HAS A SOLUTION

Arbitration Is That May Do Away
With Shedding of Blood.

Lord Weardale was elected president of the Inter-Parliamentary Congress today. The discussion began of the reports of the commissions on the American proposals for an international congress and a model arbitration treaty to be submitted to the next conference at the Hague.

United States Congressman Bartholdt said he considered the scheme to convert the Hague into a permanent body, which would meet at stated periods and to create a council for the codification and development of international law, to be so thoroughly practicable and timely that no well-disposed government could object to it.

THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

Park Ave. Hotel

Park Ave. (4th Ave.) 35d to 38d St.
New York.
One of the coolest hotels in New York City.
Recently refurnished throughout.
Location central, convenient to all places of amusement and places of travel.
The open-air
COURT GARDEN
with its palms, fountains, growing plants, and music is a unique feature of the hotel.

REED & BARNETT, Proprietors

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

(Corrected to date.)

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:25 p.m., 7:47 p.m., 10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:35 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. The 8:10 a.m. local, and the 11:20 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. expresses have through coaches for Toronto. The Eastern Flyer at 6:55 p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, and goes to Toronto and Montreal.

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 8:01 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. trains stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m., 11:32 a.m., and 8:01 p.m. expresses run through to Chicago without change.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer, stops only at Chatham and Glencoe), 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:54 p.m. (International Limited stops only at Glencoe and Chatham.)

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m. Depart—9:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 3:45 p.m. Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

*Runs through to Waterford.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 6 p.m., 6:55 p.m., 8:55 p.m., 9:05 p.m., 11:45 p.m.

*From Walkerville. Depart—5:45 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 1:20 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 9:40 p.m.

*To Walkerville, without change. Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushion and Spring Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 693 Richmond street. Phone 997.

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RED ROSE TEA

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Always Good

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east 11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m. Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:43 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 11:38:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

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