

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

On Wednesday, July 19, the posthumous son of King Edward's youngest brother, the late Duke of Albany, came into his own, and not merely assumed the reins of government of the independent duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, of which he is sovereign, but he will likewise be able to offer for the first time a home to his mother, who until now, through the ill-nature of her sister-in-law, Marie, the widow of Duke of Edinburgh and of Coburg, has been deprived of a suitable abode in the dominions of her only son, and has been compelled to live for the past few years upon the hospitality and goodwill of other relatives.

It will have been noticed that for several years past the Duchess of Albany, only daughter of the murdered Czar Alexander II., has been virtually boycotted by the courts of King Edward, of the Kaiser, and of the Czar, and even the gentle and gracious Queen Alexandra, when she visited the south of France last spring on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, ignored completely and in the most marked manner her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who was living at Nice at the time.

The fact of the matter is that the attitude of the duchess towards the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and towards his mother, has been a source of universal indignation, and has been by no means the least of the numerous scandals in which the Cobourg family has become involved in recent years. It may be remembered that Duchess Marie's only son, Prince Alfred, died by his own hand in an Austrian sanatorium, after becoming involved in all sorts of horrible scandals at Berlin. Duchess Marie, who is a woman of the most violent temper, resented bitterly the lack of demonstrations of grief on the part of her relatives in England and at Berlin over his death—a death which under the circumstances they could not regard as otherwise than timely. As his demise left her husband, then already dying of cancer of the throat, without a direct heir, and as the Duke of Connaught and his son Arthur, next in line of succession, waived their rights, young Prince Leopold of England, Duke of Albany, and as I have mentioned above, a posthumous child of Queen Victoria's youngest son, became heir-apparent, and was taken from Eton, where he was at school, to continue his education in Germany as a future German sovereign.

Under ordinary circumstances young Leopold should have been granted, not merely a handsome allowance, but also provided with a household and a suitable residence as heir-apparent and crown prince of the duchies, and he should have received his education and have been brought up from that time forth at Cobourg or Gotha among his future subjects. Duchess Marie of Cobourg would not hear of such a thing. She regarded this nephew of hers as an interloper, who had usurped the place of her dead son, and not only so, but also that her dying husband should make no provision for his heir, but have organized matters in such a fashion that what she is establishing his residence and his court in the city of Gotha in lieu of at Cobourg, and it is thither that he will bring his bride, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the favorite niece of the German Emperor, and a daughter of the late Duke of Albany, is to occupy one of the most beautiful palaces in the outskirts of Gotha as her future home, and will likewise have a chateau

placed at her disposal by her son as a country seat, and has therefore given up to King Edward the palace of Claremont, near Esher, and not far from Windsor, which has been lent to her, and also has returned to the Kaiser his villa of Ingenheim at Potsdam. She still retains her allowance of \$30,000 a year from the British crown as the widow of a sovereign's son. But this does not go far towards the maintenance of a full-fledged royal household, with gentlemen and ladies in waiting, and so she will receive a further allowance from her son, who will become invested, not only with a civil list of about \$300,000 a year, but likewise with the control of the large and valuable estates and private property which are entailed to the sovereign of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Indeed, the duke becomes transformed from a princely dependent upon the charity of royal relatives into a rich and independent sovereign.

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Who's your Ruler—your Brain or your Stomach?

Indigestion lost the battle of Waterloo. A box of Fruit-a-tives might have changed the map of Europe. Napoleon abused his stomach by injudicious eating. At Waterloo, his stomach retaliated. Acute indigestion kept him from the field for some time. And the day was lost. A box of Fruit-a-tives—and the Bonapartes might still be on the throne of France.

Most people don't realize what a good friend, or a bitter enemy, their stomach can be. If they treat it right, they forget they have a stomach. If they abuse it, they never forget for a moment they have one—and a mighty uncomfortable one it is.

The stomach is a muscular churn that secretes gastric juice. When food enters a well-taken-care-of stomach, there's plenty of gastric juice ready to liquify the lumps, break up the fats, separate the starch, etc.

To do this completely, the stomach churns the food—sends it whirling round and round until thoroughly mixed and dissolved.

If your stomach does all this with never a pain—heaviness—"heartburn"—then you don't need Fruit-a-tives.

Fruit-a-tives put a tired, overworked stomach on good terms with itself. They strengthen the stomach muscles so the churning will go on with all its old time vigor—assist the secretion of the digestive fluid and encourage complete digestion.

Heartburn, flatulency, heavy feeling after eating, indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach—are simply the result of tired stomach.

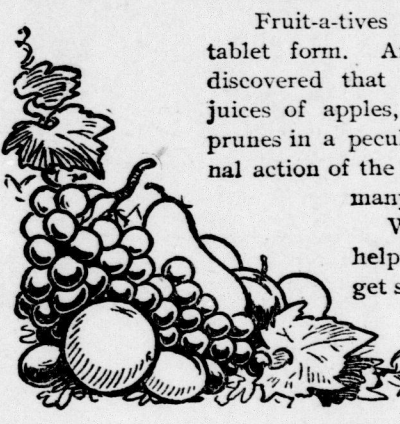
Fruit-a-tives take away the CAUSE of all these troubles.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

"I want to say a word in regard to Fruit-a-tives. I have had Stomach and Liver Trouble some ten years and have tried different remedies, but Fruit-a-tives are the best of all. I am better than I have been for years and cannot praise them too highly. I have tried many different kinds of medicine for my trouble. It had been some three years, and since he began taking Fruit-a-tives he has been so well. If it is ever my chance to recommend Fruit-a-tives, I will always be ready to say a good word for them."

Mrs. JOHN COLLINS, Aymer, Ont.



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BY THE BACK STAIRS

Lottie did not look like an ally of Cupid. In fact, she would impress the casual observer as a dull-looking girl with vacant eyes and a mouth that fell apart on the least provocation. When questioned on the subject of cooking her answers were so vague that three weeks earlier Laura would promptly have decided against her. But during the short time that Laura had been acting as housekeeper in her mother's absence, she had learned the lesson of humility. She realized that it was not so much question as whether she herself would pass muster. She was so tired of washing dishes that she was servilely grateful when Lottie agreed to do the housework. Lottie came Monday at the very hour she had named and this unexpected proof of reliability raised Laura's hopes from the start.

It was a month after Lottie's arrival before she asked for an evening out. Then she explained that her cousin's twins were to be christened and she thought that she might leave the dinner dishes till next morning. Laura was glad to show her appreciation by granting the request. "You may lock the door, and take the key with you, Lottie," she said. "Probably you will be late getting in." She further explained that she might be over an hour, but that she would be home by ten o'clock. Laura was glad to see that evening as an additional indication that loyal service did not go unrewarded.

She was in the midst of the interesting occupation when she noticed that Lottie had left the key in the back door, and this discovery somewhat disturbed her equanimity, as it necessitated her sitting up till her handmaid's return. A ring at the door revived her drooping spirits. Cousin Jack had telephoned that he might be over that evening, and as he was good-natured, undoubtedly he would share her vigil and help to make the time pass pleasantly. Laura ran to answer the ring, but as she stepped into the hall she saw that the key which usually hung by the front door had disappeared. In an instant Laura realized the situation. Lottie had gone out by the front door and left her locked in.

A peal of laughter floated down the speaking tube. "It's too absurd," Laura called when she could control herself. "But I shall have to ask you to come up by the back stairs. That stupid Lottie has carried off the key." "The back stairs? Certainly," replied a courteous voice at the other end of the tube, and at the sound, Laura fairly staggered. For it was her cousin, Cousin Jack, but Mr. Vincent, an irreproachable young man who called upon Laura on an average of once in three months. In her perturbation Laura forgot to remove the gingham apron she had put on for her dishwashing operations or to roll down her sleeves. When Vincent reached the kitchen and beheld her thus attired and with her cheeks

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flaming signals of distress he thought he had never seen her look so pretty before.

In the midst of Laura's apologies the ridiculous side of the affair suddenly presented itself, and she began to laugh. Vincent joined in with unexpected heartiness.

That ended, Vincent insisted on removing his overcoat and helping wipe the dishes, and though Laura protested, somehow there he was with another gingham apron tied over his coat and a dish towel in his hand. This duty completed they repaired to the front of the house and the half hour multiplied. Vincent was so helpful and so kind that Laura felt that she was being treated to a special dinner. But undoubtedly he objected to withdraw by the route by which he had come and was simply waiting for Lottie to arrive.

It was 12:30 o'clock when Lottie made her appearance, radiant with the joys of the christening. Then, somewhat reluctantly, Vincent put on his overcoat and took his departure. "When I come again," he asked, holding Laura's hand a trifle longer than was necessary "may I come up the back stairs?" "Though Laura made no verbal reply, he seemed to find her smile satisfactory. Whatever his method of approach, it is certain that his calls have become both frequent and prolonged and the people in the lower flat have begun to speak of an engagement as an accomplished fact.

Spirit of the Japanese Navy.

A Japanese gentleman sends us the following translation of a letter received by him a week ago from a friend in command of a first-class torpedo boat in Admiral Togo's fleet: "Dear O.—A thousand apologies for my lengthy silence. We have been and are still busy, busy preparing a royal reception for the guests from Baltic. "When we of Suiraidou (torpedo corps) meet ashore, we discuss and often wonder after all the Russians will come, or will they fail us. Do you know that we are ready. To the northwest lies the harbor of Masampho, to south that of Sasebo, while Moji is on our east, and here we are waiting, waiting and waiting for the enemy. Will he never come?"

"If you do not hear from me when a meeting has taken place, take this as my farewell. I do not expect to see you again in this life, except perhaps in my dreams. When my boat goes down, I shall go too, and a Russian ship with us. "It takes her weight in shells to sink a torpedo boat—its marvelous how they (the shells) do not hit. "I have seen, no one, but many torpedoes. I do not expect to see you again in this life, except perhaps in my dreams. When my boat goes down, I shall go too, and a Russian ship with us. "It takes her weight in shells to sink a torpedo boat—its marvelous how they (the shells) do not hit. "I have seen, no one, but many torpedoes. I do not expect to see you again in this life, except perhaps in my dreams. When my boat goes down, I shall go too, and a Russian ship with us. "It takes her weight in shells to sink a torpedo boat—its marvelous how they (the shells) do not hit. "I have seen, no one, but many torpedoes. 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