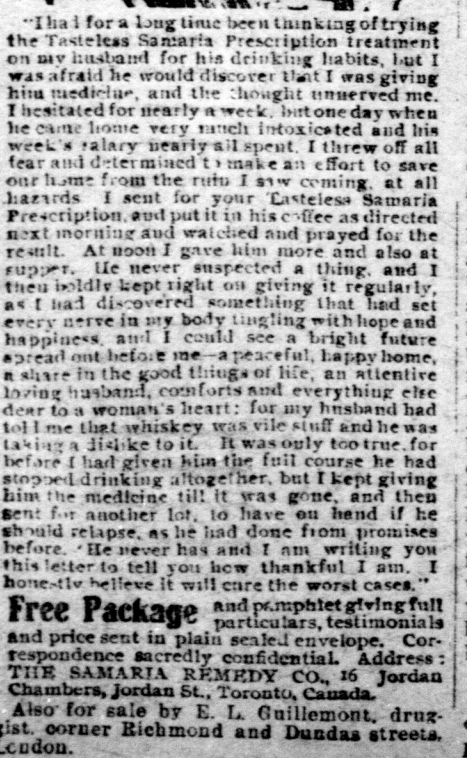


T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., REVIEWS THE LATEST BOOKS DEALING WITH THIS FASCINATING WOMAN—HER PARENTAGE, EDUCATION AND EARLY SURROUNDINGS—HOW SHE WON NAPOLEON.

**HER HUSBAND  
WAS A DRUNKARD**

A Lady who cures her husband of  
His Drinking Habits Writes  
of Her Struggle to  
Save her Home. 97



III.  
What was the secret of this attractiveness? The first place, of course, must be given to her extraordinary and weird beauty. It was not, however, weird for the reason that it was not the usual kind of beauty which you meet among her countrywomen. If you see the face of the Empress in a photograph you are at once struck by the fact that it is not of the same kind as the face of a French woman, or of an Italian, or of a Spaniard. Here is a woman, you would say, who could never be mistaken for anything but a Spanish woman. There is the long, oval shape, including that forehead, which may I use the ugly word, because it makes you think, will quite express what I mean?—pouchiness around the jaw; and wherever you see any body of Spanish women, whether in their own country or abroad, you will find these features. The first thing which strikes you in their most usual and common characteristic feature. But then, if you had seen her—especially in her youth—her beauty was of almost un-fair type. The complexion was really fair—indeed, some described it as white. Her complexion was strangely clear and brilliant, with none of the darkness, amounting almost to sallowness, which is the characteristic complexion of the Spaniard. Under the fierce sun of her native land, her complexion was of a flashing dark of the typical Spaniard, but blue and soft; and they were veiled by long black lashes, rather, the Irish than any other type. And so she proclaimed herself curious, arresting, and hauntingly impressive. Her beauty comes from a beauty which is a surprise, an exotic. It is not now difficult to understand why there should be these contradictions between the Spanish face and the face and the coloring of a northern land. It is due to her blood strains from many sources. Her grandfather was a Scotchman; her grandmother—still on the maternal side—was a Frenchwoman; and, on the paternal side, her father came from a long line of Irish warriors whose names figure largely in the annals of the Spanish wars, and are inscribed in the list of the highest grandees and the exclusive aristocracy of the land.

Such was the young girl physically; how was she mentally? Her mother had been sent by that old Scotch father who inherited the love of learning which so pronounced a characteristic of his race, to a French boarding-school, and there it was that she acquired that amount of knowledge which impressed such different acquaintances, as Tickle, Merimee, and Beyle; and Madame de Montijo, when it came to the turn of her own children, saw that they got the same advantage. The future Empress of the French was but eight years old when she reached, at Paris, that country she was afterwards to govern, and what she breathed in Paris nothing but a French atmosphere. Her husband, when he was about to marry her, was justified in his statement that her training and her education had always been French. Her father, as a matter of fact, was an officer in the army of Napoleon, and lost an eye and injured one of his legs in fighting the battles of the Marengo and Austerlitz. It was natural, then, that Eugenie should be brought up in French like a Frenchwoman. In Paris, as at Madrid, she had the advantage of being taught and inspired by Merimee and Beyle, and, indeed, must have been completely imbued with the intellectual as well as the social sense from her earliest days. Not content with this, the girl was sent to England. Probably she always spoke English. She was taught the language more completely than she had been in England, beginning with some time in an English boarding-house. Her school was at Clifton, and it is a curious coincidence that at the same moment and in the same place, a young girl, whom we now know as Lord Robert Grosvenor's wife, was learning his A B C at a Dame's school, being then ten years old.

Such, then, was Eugénie de Montijo in her early years. As will be seen, she was at once a person to be counted with; to be noticed wherever she went; and to suggest a curiously mingled impression of attractiveness and disquiet. This may be one of the reasons why she remained unmarried until a comparatively late period in the life of a woman. Another reason may have been some disappointments in early affections which women have to hide with the same heroic endurance as the Spartan boy who allowed the fox

# Great Men and the

GOLDSMITH'S WHOLE CAREER  
PUNCTUATED BY NEW SUITS—  
CHARLES LAMB'S COMPLAINT—  
DRESS SUPPORTS CHARACTER.

It would be hard, perhaps, to find a man with so much of the philosopher or so little of the fop in his composition as to be able to walk down his own street in a new suit of clothes wholly forgetful of his voluntary transgression. Depend upon it, no one but a philosopher or a fool can utterly triumph over the small self-consciousness of such occasions.

**GOLDSMITH'S NEW SUITS.**

Even Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, who was both cloth and coat; yet no man of his day played in more frequent and more graceful transitions from the coarseness of attire "In truth," he said, alluding to his finery with perfect naïveté, "one has to make vast sacrifices for good company's sake; for the most part, the more one plays the more one is obliged to wear the more." Where I used to play the foot wear, I now wear the coat. I have, I agreeably," Goldsmith's, whole career, as narrated by Foster, is punctuated with new suits of clothes. Now a handsome, well-to-do, over purple, pink, small cloth flashes in the gloom of long previous months of poverty; now it is a coat of "Tyrion blue satin-grain and carter-blue knee silk breeches," that his tailor, Mr. Filby, has just made for him. When necessity replaced the doctor would go forth in his new toggery to take what he called "his" awaited him with the most grace he could. Against these, the simplicity was a wonder.

**GARRICK.**

At a dinner given by Boswell the company was kept waiting for Sir Joshua, who had not arrived, and says Goldsmith, "To divert the company I must make a little display of his dress, and, I believe, was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions." Garrick, seeing his opportunity, continued, "Your friend's excuse," interrupted his boastings with, "Come, come, you are perhaps the worst—" "Eh, what?" eagerly snapped Goldsmith, trying to stop Garrick's flow. "Well," continued Garrick, laughing ironically, "you are always looking like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill-dressed." "Well," answered Goldsmith, with his delightful simplicity, "let me tell you, when I am well-dressed, I am always looking colored coat," he said, "Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filly, at the corner of the street." "No," said "No!" was yet to wince, for Johnson immediately remarked, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and he thought it might hurt your eyes, and see how well he would make a coat even of no absurd a color."

**TAILOR'S CAPRICE.**  
Hitherto, reference has been made to voluntary changes of attire only, but the penalty of new clothes may reside in your tailor's caprice or mistaken sense of fitness. You may have your individuality twisted almost out of recognition in this way. Such, on one occasion was Charles Lamb's fate; but

to eat out his entrails rather than utter the authenticity of the open to doubt. When her elder and more attractive sister was eighteen, she was married to the Duke of Berwick and was an ascendant on the one side of the noble family of James II, and on the other, one of that family whose name is still recalled with a shudder in the Lowlands as the most complete impersonation of Spanish cruelty when these lands were under the yoke of the story is that the younger sister admired the same man as her elder; and that in her despair at overhearing the duke announced his project of marrying her sister, she attempted to commit suicide. This may be false; but it is known that when Louis Napoleon proposed to her in 1855 she was frank enough to tell him that her heart had been touched more than once already; and that the woman ever reaches twenty-seven—the age of Eugenie when she married—without some such experience?

By the time she was asked in marriage, Eugénie then had had much experience of the world. She had visited most of the capitals of Europe, she had seen the world in all its forms; all doubtless her hand had been soiled, but more than once admired, her heart had been more than once touched. But nobody did doubt that all these things had passed over her without making any impression on that fund of vitality which radiated from her intellect and complexed, her bright eyes, her alert and beautiful figure. It was as a horsewoman that she finally conquered the heart of Louis Napoleon. He had known her for some years before he proposed marriage. From the first his advisers recommended him to take a bride in the royal courts; his future was uncertain until 1852 — the lot to overturn the republic was not yet cast. His fortune varied out, and it might end either in ruin or in glory, the guillotine. When at last he saw himself proclaimed emperor, when the different courts turned a cold shoulder on his proposals when one day he saw his future wife in a costume dressed as an Amazon and riding her horse with the perfect ease of an accomplished rider, he at last gave full rein to his passion. The other Napoleons were enraged, society was shocked, the ministers protested, but Louis Napoleon had a good deal of head and he was not to be moved and he went on. And half-entranced with her dazzling fortune, half-frightened by her sudden elevation from comparative obscurity to such brilliant eminence, thinking at once of the crown and of the guillotine, he took Marie Antoinette on the throne in French history — of Josephine, of Marie Louise, but above all of Marie Antoinette — she accompanied Napoleon to Notre Dame. And there she was married with the pomp and circumstance of a king surrounded the weddings of so many of her predecessors, and there she was haunted as they were by the shadow of uncertainty, suspense, and the specter of the final and almost inevitable disaster, flight from the throne, death, loss of life.

# Influence of Clothes

The world is richer for the complaint he addressed to Southey. "My tailor, a good writer, has brought me home a new coat, lapelled by modern degrees. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads by modest degrees, insisting upon an additional button, recommending garters; but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, this partakes of him as a tailor nor the truth partakes of him as a philosopher. I will, no doubt, with Teufeldrake's hat, clothes give us individuality, distinction, social policy; clothes make men of us; but they are threatening to make us clothes-screens of us."

No sensible man wants to pass for a clothes-screen; but without being the one they may admit that if a new outfit is of the "very particular circumstance" of him which it was to Sam Weller, it is of some of some small consequence and some of some considerable influence on his life. Against sneering pride the schoolboy's "nips or new" is still directed in some form or other. A hundred accidents wait to befall the man who dresses in the philosophy that rails at dress as a "superfluous and unnecessary" thing. It is as undane enough to be true. In any few environment a man is instantly judged by his get up, and though the judgment thus formed may be wrong, it is not to be easily altered. As Lord Chesterfield said, dress "helps a gentleman aboard, which is often decisive."

**ATMOSPHERIC DRESS.**  
A story told of Girard, the famous French painter, tells in no wise against the vital importance of dress. When very young he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lajoinville, then a member of Napoleon's council. The young painter, however, was tired, and his reception was extremely cold. Lajoinville found in him such evidences of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied him to his study-chamber. The young painter was so striking that Lajoinville could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My good friend," said Lajoinville, anticipating the inquiry, "we will give an unknown person according to his merits, but not take leave of him according to his dress."

**CHARACTER AND DRESS.**

Dress supports character. Other things being the same, the well-dressed man prevails with his fellows. He has the courage of his cut. Unfashioned clothes are like a confession of inferiority; they can reveal himself and his position with the more assurance. The wisdom and folly of dress are alike seen in the character of Malvolio as he walks through the streets with his audacious, self-forced letter in his hand, declaring what he believes to be Olivia's own communication. "Remember who commanded thee yellow stockings, and green girdles, and white knives, and scarfs of the meek of the box-tree, Malvolio soliloquises: "I will be proud, I will read lectures, I will baffle Sir Toby with my wit, wash on gross cheeks with my eye-water, and play on the senses of the very maid, the very man, the very dog." But now I feel myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason extorts me to this, that my lady loves me."

At last, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifested herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered; even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised;

**PRISON DANDIES.**

The pride of clothes is so deeply imbedded in human nature that it survives even in prison. There are dandies even in Portland. The late Mr. James Greenwood, regarding the experiences of an ex-prisoner in the first prison, writes:

"I have known men obtain a needle and thread on the sly and alter the ends of their trousers—the trousers being stained and faded Purple—to what was the prevailing fashion, which was the latest in the world. I have likewise seen as much as a precious 'quarter' (a quarter of an inch) of tobacco paid for a swell for the privilege of exchanging his trousers for another convict's. I have seen a swell get the cut of his hair by means of a bit of fat saved on his dinner, and curls it if it is long enough. Saturday night is the convict swell's greatest time. Once a night on a Saturday every man gets his hair cut in panels, in addition to his coats, shirts, and trousers. He seeks he finds in his cell when he returns in the afternoon from work. On Saturday the blacking and brushes are round, so that the men may polish their light shoes; then, what with his hair cut and his shiny shoes, and his nattily-dressed trousers, the convict swell looks quite grand marching to chapel on a Saturday evening."

Man has been well defined as an animal who wears clothes.—T. P.'s Weekly.

## NO MORE MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

The mature enchantress has been with us through the ages, but the complete disappearance of the middle-aged woman is a salient feature of the modern era. The story, says the London Chronicle. The same world-erms now divided into girls, young married women and old ladies who are great-grandmothers. Everyone is and everyone has wrinkles, and the "fair face" of the young Patron has become as extinct as the dead and gone Victorian era. Modern others look as young as their daughters, and we are now familiar with a host of juveniles.

One notices this on all sides—in the park, at the opera and at dances and dinners. Everyone has bright eyes, a power face and a slender form, and is dressed alike and dressed to perfection. And the same style seems to be equally well suited to a girl of 16 and her mother of 40. Youth and beauty count for much, but no one can deny that we have arrived at a dead level in the matter of a monstrous waste of youthhood.

And the same can be said as regards interests and amusements. Women of 50 or 60 yacht, hunt, ride, play croquet, and place bets on bicycle races, and drive the latest motor-cycles, and drive the latest motor-cars. A certain peeress who married forty-one years ago still rides her bicycle in London streets, and a dowager actress who is a grandmother led a tillion last summer with splendid success. And these evergreen matrons are not only in the sports and amusements of the day, but in the fashions of youngsters, in fact they show as equal verve and go and the same increasing energy. They are seen at the opera night after night, attend balls, do week ends, hold stalls at bazaars, and play bridge into the small hours of the morning. In fact, they will do anything for the sake of doing it, and remain social queens for two generations. And one wonders how the trick is done and if the world gains on the transactions. For as a natural sequence it means that young women find rivals in smart married women, who now keep their places as the better for the peeress. And this also affects the marriage rate, as a number of men who marry women much older than themselves has late increased in a marked manner. The case of Lady Castlemore and Harry Esmond is a common one in the minds of the day.

The secret of eternal youth would make a multimillionaire of its holder.

cessor. But the precious recipe is all unknown, and society women everywhere looks at the cost of the same, much troubled. The modern health craze has done great good in this direction. Temperance is a watchword of the moment, and smart society goes in strong for the diet of the so-called vegetarian. To my mind, plain food and the avoidance of meat and alcohol are safe to preserve one's youthful vitality. And a few women are taking this as their ideal, spiritual as well as bodily betterment. If you want to grow in grace you must diet," said a certain wiseacre. Taken the "don't worry" doctrine has been the order of the day. Worry is like a drunken sailor, and, as the saying is—well, that is the root of all evil. Rest cures have come to stay; and deep breathing exercises, which are popular from the States, are another source of cure. The craze also confounds and so does the much-used system of face treatment. Anyway, the fact remains that middle age is at a discount in the twentieth cen-

King Edwy's reign has brought many new things, and among others the cult of the gray-haired aunts. For in these days gray hairs tend to arrive in early middle age and, indeed, in some cases in childhood, as in the case of the young woman at the zenith of her youth and velviness. In fact, a young face framed in white hair has a peculiar and very poignant fascination. But it must be admitted that the blanched beauty is a thing of the past. Her dark eyes and vivid coloring tone in with the gray hair and give the poutful effect, successful.

Taste in dress is on the up grade and has done much for gray hair and also for the middle aged sisterhood.

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are no longer doomed to wear dark, brown, or some other sobering. White is now as much used by mothers and grandmothers as by youthful debutantes; and royal ladies no have reached middle life show a marked fondness for white and cream color. This is especially noticeable in the case of Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. Gray is good to the white-haired woman, and she often wears it in perfection. Pink is also kind to her, and these soft shades combine charmingly. An artist in color can do wonderfully well in life-art, dress, modern rules of health and toilet inventiveness—tends toward the disappearance of the middle-aged woman. And she is a woman with even in her life. In up-to-date novel girls take back seat, and the age of heroines goes well into the forties and fifties. "L'Alcazar," "Femme de Trente Ans" has a back number, and we read of only ladies with a lurid past who are now middle-aged women, or a stage debutante. But every age has its ripened charms, although they were not so plentiful as at the present period. Cleopatra was forty when she enslaved Antony; Diane de Poitiers and Mme. de Maitenion made love to Louis XIV. with three or four decades past. The actress, Jeanne Dejazet, the famous actress, was not to be gay and graceful at seventy.

The rattles of the rattlesnake lie in wait for the moment when they must strike, so, inasmuch as they are but continuations of the backbone, the snake carries the rattles on the ground upon which he raises them to sound his warning. This will be evidenced by the fact that in every snake of any size that is killed the rattles are worn down on the under side.

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