

STORY OF BULGARIA'S PARISIAN TZAR

How "Prince Ferdinand," Possibly the Future Presiding Genius of the United States of the Balkans, Made His Mark in the Prime Days of Boulevard High Rolling.

When delicious old Adrien—historical waiter of the Grand Café—gets telling stories of "Prince Ferdinand," it would make the hair of your flesh stand up (as Job says), reviving the prime days of boulevard high-rolling, when heirs to the greatest thrones drank the stirrup-cup with simple restaurant garçons.

Albert Edward, the original and only "Prince of Wales," was still chief hero, though aged 44 (in 1885), and showing up into his more dignified middle period. We see him letting loose "once again," tempted by the younger Archduke Rudolph (aged 27) or the present Kaiser (then simply 26-year-old Prince William)—how resist showing them the ropes?—or yielding, exceptionally, to souvenir and impulse. Always, as bear-leader, there appears "Monsieur le Marquis de Breteuil," and always, that fine flower of boulevard dash and elegance, "Prince Ferdinand."

"The Helder closed at 6 a.m.," I hear the unctuous voice of Adrien. "The Prince of Wales would amuse himself in the grande salle or the private supper rooms; he was not particular, anywhere, if there was fun. At 6 a.m. we waiters were three—my old cousin Noé served the present young Prince of Wales at the Café de Paris last spring. 'Ah, la, la!' he said, after the lobster, 'the little iceberg! Half an hour ago his grandfather would have poured champagne down my back!'"

Adrien gazed dreamily into the past, which never comes back.

"In those days, we waiters drank the stirrup-cup at the corner wine shop, on our way home. Time and again, the Prince of Wales would stop, and pull his crowd in. The white wine's good here," he would say, "well have a glass with Bastien, Noé and Charles!" I should say it was good, as soon as the proprietor saw the prince orating on the corner he would send, quick, to the cellarmen of the Café Anglais for six bottles of a certain old Pouilly, limpid as water, at \$3.50 per bottle, and sell it to the prince as "workmen's white wine" at 5 cents the glass. We had respect for princes in those days!"

All this to introduce Prince Ferdinand, gilded youth, hot stuff, sprig of old Bourbon royalty, mirror of fashion, pride of the boulevard, aged 24, and an enigma to his family. Was he just a sympathetic sort, or had he brains and ambition?

The Historic Quadrille.

We have a glimpse of him at one of these 6 o'clock. The "Marquis du Lau" is the late Marquis du Lau d'Allemans, at that moment 52 years old, multimillionaire administrator of the South Austrian railways.

"Prince Ferdinand was of it sure-

ly," Adrien draws, "and the Prince of Wales, Bertuelli, the Marquis du Lau, and Mlle. Marsen, that pearl among women, who created 'Nana.' They drank at the corner with us, and there was a poor old gray-beard fiddler, who desired to pick up a few coppers, but the patron would have fired him. Then came up Prince Ferdinand all laughing: 'Can you play a quadrille on that mechanism?' And in the middle of the Rue du Helder, monsieur, they danced that historic quadrille, Albert Edward, Prince Ferdinand Mlle. Marsen and the Marquis de Breteuil. 'Helder' in those days it was well viewed to fare la fête (indulge in disorderly gaiety.)"

Now you know why King George of England last spring, when he wished his son to spend six months in France, entrusted him to the Breteuils. Six years later the marquis married the American Miss Mercellie Garner, being then himself 44 years old; and Albert Edward, equally settled down, continued the old friendship in the Breteuils' London mansion and the marvellous "little dinners" in their house of the Avenue de Bois when ever he came to Paris. What is his generally known, however, is that one of the dancers in that quadrille put Prince Ferdinand on the throne!

It was the Marquis du d'Allemans, administrator of the South Austrian railways. There are men who get on, even when they paint the town. Prince Ferdinand was such.

There is another glimpse of him later during his widowhood, eating shad at the Café de Paris with "Madame O-te-ro." Like a brass thread in the silken wool of Ferdinand's destiny she marks a middle period when none had confidence in his new sovereignty. The Marquis du Lau again was frequent at these little lunches. Have you a true friend? Cherish him like a jewel above price!

A Royal Pedigree.

Also, have you a mother? Cherish her, too. Ferdinand had one. She was the celebrated and masterly Clementine, daughter of Louis-Philippe, last king of the French; and it was currently said that if Clementine had been a boy she would have won back her father's throne. He was still king in Paris, when Prince August of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha came courting his daughter. They had four children, three of whom—brothers and sisters of Ferdinand—were born on the steps of the throne.

Clementine married them off royally. She made Ferdinand's eldest brother, Philip of Coburg, marry Louise, daughter of the late king of the Belgians; it was not her fault that Philip, dark and troubled, steeped to the wrists in the tragic mystery of Myerling, should have so miser-

stood slightly Louise, that she eloped from his mad-house with a simple gentleman. Philip was born at the Tuilleries, in Paris.

Ferdinand's second brother, born at the royal chateau of Eu, in France, married Princess Leopoldine of Brazil, and was extremely happy, with three sons and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 grandchildren, all still living; and it was not Clementine's fault that the crown of Brazil was forever.

Ferdinand's sister Clotilde, born in the royal chateau of Neuilly, married an Austrian archduke, who is deceased.

Ferdinand, the youngest child of their old age, was born in exile, in Vienna. The people of Paris, one bright morning, came out to the pleasant suburb of Neuilly, smashed in the big iron gates of the park, sacked King Louis-Philippe's chateau and carried off bric-a-brac and oil paintings—while the old king fled with his children and grandchildren.

Grandson Ferdinand was not of the party.

Ferdinand was not yet born. When, as a youth, he was sent to school at Paris, he bore the alien name of his father—Prince Ferdinand Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, allied to other sovereigns. His grandfather had been cousin to Prince Albert, inventor of the coat that bears his name, and husband to Queen Victoria. His uncle had married the daughter of a Portuguese king, became king and grandfather of little Manuel. His father, just deceased, had got no nearer to a throne than dispossessed French Clementine.

The Marquis Saves the Day.

Yet of all these connections Ferdinand was the product of the French, his mother's. That daughter of Louis-Philippe was still the masterly woman, adviser of half the courts of Europe, about marriages, expert on genealogies and alliances. She had me something, Ferdinand was supposed to meditate, and he plunged into Parisian gaiety.

And Ferdinand was so gay that the Boulevard was proud of him. When Adrien begins, "One day Prince Ferdinand invited seven ladies to lunch with him at the Café Anglais. It was raining, so they stayed to dinner—" you admire what fabulous pacha he must have been. But I wonder, he seemed, in truth, to have the guided sport's vocation. Paris thought it. The world knew it. Yet when his mother, stirring up the courts in the background, all but succeeded in overthrowing him, reigning prince of Bulgaria, let us note that Ferdinand, the boulevardier had up his sleeve the very ace that took the trick—and, note you, picked up on the Boulevard, which stepping high and wide. His mother had England's and Austria's influence for him; but Russia, bitterly opposed, blocked his election by the Bulgarians. It was the Marquis du Lau, with his communications of his South Austrian, Hungarian and Balkan railroads that turned the scale of Ferdinand's destiny. Now, what have you to say against the quadrille!

Behold Ferdinand, Paris sport, becoming reigning prince of Bulgaria at the age of 26. And, even then, the world was not yet "on." Replacing Alexander of Battenberg, with all that influence against him, and Russia to hostile blue blood, even bluer, were it possible, than Clementine's own French blood, very amiable and pretty, also—Princess Marie-Louise of Parma, of the elder Bourbon line, daughter of the old Duke of Parma, who had one child a year for twenty years and nineteen then still living! You might think them hungry in the Parma family; but you would be mistaken. The duke had inherited through their childless uncle, the Comte de Chambord, the most romantic millions in the world!

Heir to the Parma Millions.

Stop and meditate upon these millions. They are none other than the vast accumulations—during exactly 100 years of the decadence's estates of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. No error. The unfortunate King and Queen of France, guillotined in the great French revolution, left a great deal of property, which their descendants in foreign countries, Marie Antoinette especially, her share from Marie-Theresa, and several aunts and uncles.

The Comte de Chambord, in course of time, was heir to both of them; and the fortune he left Parma is now supposed to amount to thirty millions. The old duke always spent a month each year at lordly Chambord Castle. The Ferdinand, on a visit for the hunting season, meditated on the strong old kings of his French ancestry, beginning with Henri Quatre.

But nobody knew that he was meditating. Furthermore, the rich dowry of his bride was not to be without influence on his career. It permitted Ferdinand, small reigning prince, only half recognized, to maintain the dignity of one on his way to become a great monarch.

And nobody knew this either. Now, a strain of sad music. The fair young French wife died, after giving Ferdinand four children. They are all the children that he has today. Boris, the crown prince, is 19 years old; Cyril, his brother, is 17; then come the two girls, Eudoxia, nearly 14, and Nadeida, nearly 13. On her deathbed, Ferdinand promised their mother that they should continue to be brought up Catholics.

Time heals all wounds. Behold the widower in Paris, around 1902 Paris revisited. The Helder was transformed into a Duval restaurant, where they charge 2 cents extra for "tablecloth"—if you want one. The Café Anglais had become sad and old-fashioned. Prince Ferdinand took the beautiful Otero to the Café de Paris. But no quadrilles on the sidewalk at 6 a.m. Times had changed. Ferdinand also. And Mme. Otero—unworthy, as an artist, to unbutton Mazarin's shoes—would have been particularly shocked.

Mme. Otero adored shad in season," affirm Adrien. "She would be accompanied by a lady-in-waiting, whose duty was to remove the bones of the shad, a specially invented knife and fork."

Otero knew her dignity. Did she see herself half-princess? "Mme. Otero took herself to Sofia," says Adrien, "on several occasions." Throwing dust in Europe's eyes. I think that they were dull boys. Ferdinand was just throwing dust in their eyes. His affairs were anything but brilliant. Stambouloff, his great minister, never succeeded in getting him formally recognized by the powers, though he braved Russia and

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the Sultan by coining money with Ferdinand's picture. I think you can take this as a measure of Ferdinand's delicate situation, that he was forced to dismiss Stambouloff in 1894, though bound to him by a thousand services, nor could he save Stambouloff from impudent assassination in the main street of Sofia a year later. Openly, in public view, he was seized and while they cut his throat from ear to ear, hacking and mutilating the body!

Like other great men, Ferdinand was forced to dissemble. A glimpse of his patient trying of knots is seen a year after Stambouloff's death—Turkey recognized him as a royal highness. We see it now, it was Ferdinand's work—some said, erroneously, his price. Others called it a derision, with the strong man lying with his throat cut. But the strong man was not dead, but the widow had difficulty in finding a stepmother to his children!

In vain did he whisper to the princesses of Europe: "I am laying pipes to be a czar—and more." The princesses would not believe.

Or, rather, one believed.

Princess Eleonora had confidence in the widower.

And Ferdinand's old mother, venerable Clementine, at 90—she died just before the wedding—rejoiced, saying: "Now I can depart in peace. My son has chosen with discerning eyes. The Reuss are a faithful line, with powerful friends, even in counsel!"

He married Eleonora of Reuss in February, 1908.

In October of the same year he proclaimed himself King (Czar) of the Bulgarians. Eleonora had chosen well. She was a hearty old man, and he also. Did she help him—I mean with her family pull? Look at the simple dates. I think yes. By the spring of 1909—a year after their marriage—the powers had all recognized them czar and czarina!

Prime Father in Balkan Revolt.

A nice stepmother. Boris and Cyril confide in her. Eudoxia and Nadeida adore her. You can judge it up this, the mix-up of a Sunday morning, when they go to church. Cyril and the girls are Catholics. Boris, the heir, was converted to Greek orthodoxy at the age of 2 years. The nice stepmother is a Lutheran. And they are all happy and prosperous, looking confidently ahead to a golden future, when they shall sit in the seat of Theodora at Byzantium.

She is Eleonora, princess of the reigning and sovereign house of Reuss, not mediatized, but the same as kings. Her brother is Henry XXIV, of Reuss. Her father was Henry IV. Her nephew, who reigns one of their principalities, is Henry XXXIX. The other of the elder branch, is Henry XXVIII. There are also living a Henry XXVII, and a Henry XIV. (Do not suspect me of doing). At the commencement of the nineteenth century there was a Henry LXVII. If any one wants to become a mathematical genealogist let him learn to unravel the enumeration of the Reuss princes, whose explanation is that every son must be named simply Henry, with only a number as qualification. A learned man has written a book about it. All this is in honor of Emperor Henry VI, in the twelfth century, who set the first Reuss on the throne. A faithful ruler!

Parisian Czar.

Does it not make you smile? I smile with pleasure at the proof that a hardened Boulevardier can, nevertheless, have his wits about him. Some say that he is a dissembling Napoleon.

He fooled them all, yet without duplicity. He worked deep, and they simply did not see it. When did he do his work? Nobody remembers seeing him do anything. Yet now suddenly we perceive that he has welded the Balkan states together!

Let me quote a European statesman—never mind his name; he says it is a private letter which I have seen, announcing to friends in confidence a sensational piece of news to come, perhaps before these lines are printed. I refer to the proclamation of the United States of the Balkans.

"The principal worker in the welding together of the southern Slav states," he says, "was King Ferdinand

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REV. JOHN McNEIL, a former prominent divine of Liverpool, who has accepted the pastorate of Cook's Church, Toronto. Mr. McNeil was regarded as one of the greatest preachers in Great Britain.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY TO BRIDGE THE ATLANTIC

"Hello, New York! This is Paris talking. How are you?"

Thus businesslike Gotham will soon be saluted by fashionable Paris, is the plans of Julien Bethonod, a French inventor, are carried to completion.

According to the inventor he has succeeded in perfecting a system of wireless telephony, which, if he claims for it are justified, will revolutionize all present methods of long distance communication. A man in Paris will be able to talk with a man in New York with the same ease as if both were in one city. Bethonod claims that by his system of speechless wireless two hundred words a minute may be transmitted across the ocean.

What will this mean to the business and social world? No longer will it be necessary to resort to the cable, with its tedious waits. Just step to the telephone, call "Central" and ask for the "intercontinental operator." In almost the time it takes to tell it you will be talking with a friend 2,000 miles away.

You are interested in stocks, but the worry of cutting the coupons has driven you to seek rest or rather relaxation in Paris. One morning while reading your favorite French paper at the breakfast table you discover that "copper" is making valiant attempts to blow the top off the financial barometer.

"Why not get a bit of the fleece that is being clipped?" you muse. "But if I cable to my brother for a little inside information and then have to wait his reply the exchange will be closed before I can get in on this good thing. But, ha! There is the telephone—blessing on M. Bethonod!"

Central Asks "Country, Please." You step to the phone and after the usual difficulties of the "intercontinental" wire—either, either—

"Give me New York," you reply to her query. "Country, please?" Eventually you get New York and a few minutes later you are in direct communication with your broker, and if you are lucky for even the wireless telephone can't make a "sure thing" of

Hurrah, No More Lame Backs!

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When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well-known person who has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Juan E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton. "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall, and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weights, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nerviline rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of Nerviline. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments, such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, and muscular pain."

No better medicine for curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nerviline—rub it on and rub it in—that rubs out all aches, pains and soreness. Large family size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all dealers, or The Catarrhose Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

the stock market, you have placed an order that will mean you can prolong your visit in easy Paris.

Paris Will Be New York Suburb.

With the new wireless it will be possible for a businessman to spend the greater portion of his time abroad and still keep in personal touch with affairs at home. Every day, or as often as he desires, he can call up his office and give his orders and get full reports just as if he were at home.

But the business side of the wireless phone is small compared to the social revolution it promises to make. Paris will be but a suburb of New York. Gossip will be exchanged through the ether by Mme. Corot and Mrs. Jones-Smith with perfect ease and the same disregard of facts as it is now exchanged by Mrs. Jones-Smith and Mrs. Smith-Jones across the courtyard of their apartment building and through everyday New York air.

Can't you imagine some such conversation as this when the new Bethonod system is installed?

"Is that you talking, Marie?"

"Yes, Amanda. I called you up to tell you about those Dubois who live next door to us. You remember Annette? Well, she has eloped with that

"I can't understand a word you are saying, Marie. This phone is adjusted only to 200 words a minute, you know. I can hardly wait to hear the details, but you simply must speak slower."

And when the elopement of Anette has been disposed of what more natural than Marie should inform Amanda that the newest creation of Foiret has an extra good gore to its skirt and that the paniers aren't nearly so voluminous this week as they were last.

May Hasten the Millennium.

Is it too much to suppose that if the wireless telephone comes into universal use that its effect will be to abolish war? For how could any man having had almost daily conversation with another, albeit they are in widely separated countries, go to war against him? Disciples of universal peace have long advocated the sending of school children from one country into another as a proper means of inculcating a spirit of brotherly love. The idea being that in future generations war would be made almost impossible as a result.

This long-hoped-for result will not now have to be deferred, thinks M. Bethonod. He points out that his method of telephony if put into general use will bring men into such close relationship that the very thought of war—for it would virtually be a war between friends—will be abhorrent.

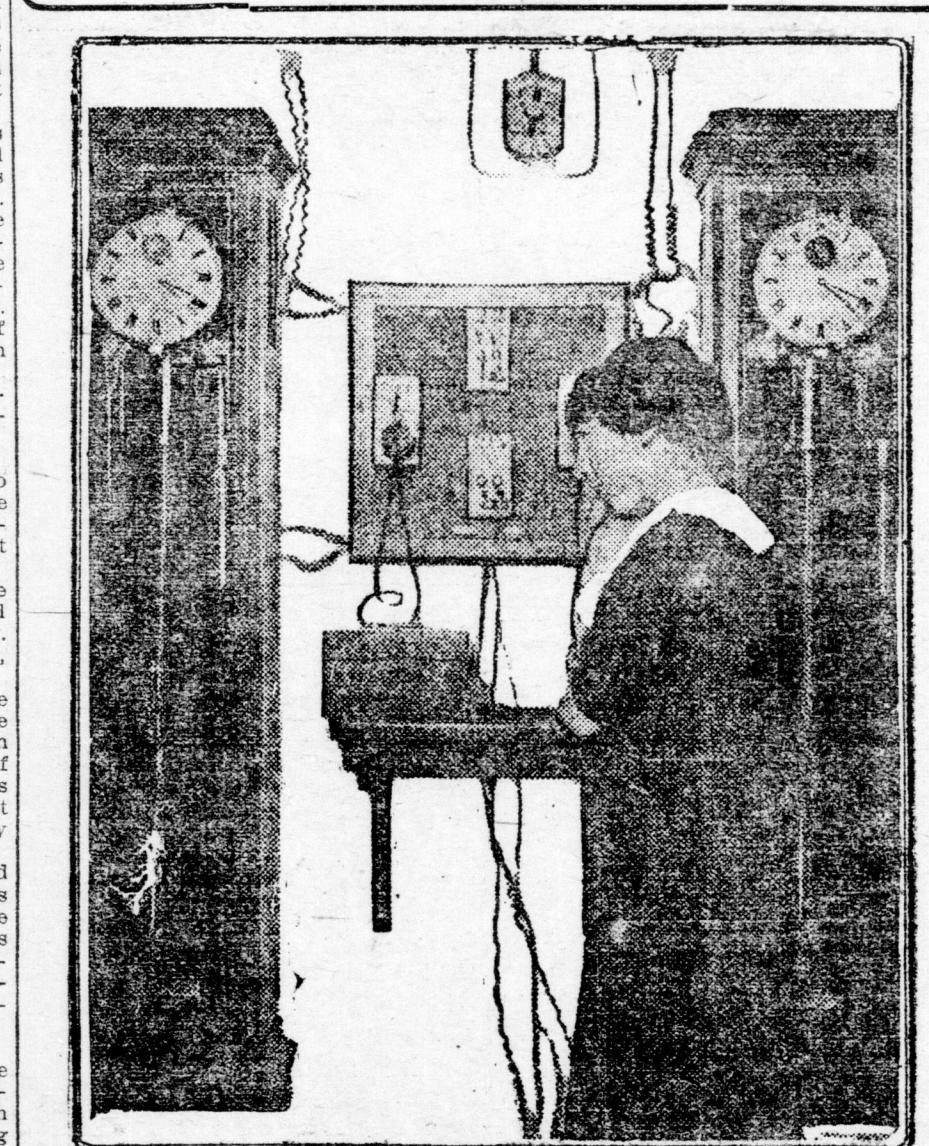
"My telephone will revolutionize the world," I think," said the country recently. "Not only the world of business but of society as well. There will be a constant interchange of ideas that has hitherto been impossible, and the results are wonderful to contemplate. Why, I even believe it will come that my invention will bring all the civilized peoples of the world in such close relationship a universal language will be a necessity. It might mean the hastening of the millennium—who knows?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"According to you, this breakfast food isn't good for anything." Crabshaw—"Not at all, my dear! I think it would be first-rate stuff to sprinkle on the sidewalk during slippery weather."—Judge.

"How very neat and well arranged your Christmas tree looks." "Why shouldn't it? It is a spruce tree."—Baltimore American.

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THIS LITTLE WOMAN GIVES THE TIME TO HALF THE WORLD.



MME. CHANDON AND THE TWO PERFECT CLOCKS SHE TENDS.

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD.

Staff Correspondence.

Paris, Dec. 31.—It's a wonderfully scientific arrangement by which Paris keeps its part of the world on time. First, there's the basement room in the great observatory, with its vast concrete floor that never vibrates. Then there are the two mechanically perfect clocks. They are timed by the sun and the stars, at which the great telescopes in the observatory domes are always pointing.

Then there are the wires that lead to the wireless poles in the observatory grounds. And two miles away, there stands the Eiffel tower, 1,000 feet high, the tallest structure on the star on which we live. Huge porcelain insulators, as big around as a small keg, hang up to the top of the tower, supporting the wires of the most powerful wireless station in the world.

All this apparatus has cost over a million dollars, and the study and toil of many savants and scientists. Its purpose is to send out to all the wireless stations that can catch the message the clock ticks of the 57th, 58th and 59th seconds of every hour. Over half the world is supplied with time correction from Paris.

Here's the apparatus.

Now, who does the job?

Oh, only Mme. Chandon.

And she. She is as pretty and vivacious a little French woman as all France affords. She's perhaps just a little over half way through the twenties. She likes theatres and music and the science of astronomy.

"Yes," she said when we went down among her clocks, "I do love the stars.

But it's not the romantic sentiment that you read in poetry. I love our own star on which we live as much as I do the others."

Then she showed me how, by the observatory apparatus, she ticks off the last three seconds of every day-time hour, by wireless, over the sea to lonely ships; over Europe, with its cities and its mountains, giving the world the time by which people are married, buried, born or called into eternity.

Men have been hanged by the time that goes out from Eiffel tower, and kings have also been crowned by the time her small hand clicks out into the ether.

"Some times I think," said Mme. Chandon, "that perhaps the messages go way up to the top of the earth, in places where human beings have never been. And maybe some day will go to other stars."

While Mme. Chandon was talking downstairs and watching her clocks, a conference of horologists from all over the world were meeting upstairs and planning a world-wide system where, by time corrections will be traded among the nations of the earth in order to keep everything in the time line truly shipshape. The plan has not yet been made public, but it will probably provide that Paris will be the time centre, in which case Mme. Chandon will give the time to the whole world, and not to Europe alone.

As a student or astronomer in her recent school days, Mme. Chandon proved so brilliant that the French Government found a place for her in the observatory.