

Glimpses of the Great

Some Famous Frenchmen

That word "great" means so much and so little! A man may be a great king, a great artist, a great author, and yet, taken merely, as man, he may not be great, for he will perhaps have little foibles which we pardon only on account of his great statesmanship, his great picture, or his great poem. It is, however, often more interesting to discuss the small foibles of genius than to expound the best points of mediocrity.

Frenchmen are especially whimsical, although the vagaries of the Gallic greatness seldom produce an ill-natured feeling and very often enlist our amused sympathy. Surely no one can find fault with the graceful generosity of Lamartine's "whim."

When the author and statesman was at the height of his fame a penniless literary man called on him and told him a sad story of a hopeless life of poverty and ended by asking for the loan of a considerable sum of money. Lamartine, who was much touched by the man's story, gave him the sum asked for. The poor fellow, overcome with his unexpected success, could only sob out his thanks and kiss the hand of his benefactor.

After his visit had lasted about half an hour Lamartine conducted the man to the door. The season was early winter, and the statesman opened the door he noticed that the unfortunate man was clad in thin summer clothes that he trembled like an aspen leaf.

He glanced at the rack on which were his own overcoat and hat. Seizing the coat, he said to his trembling visitor, "Monsieur, you have forgotten your overcoat."

Before the poor man could make any objection and declare that he did not bring any overcoat with him and that he had not had one for some years, Lamartine placed his own upon him, shook his hand with generous heartiness pushed him quietly out and closed the door behind him. This story would never have been given to the world had it depended on Lamartine's telling. Years afterwards the once unfortunate author rose to be one of the foremost men in France, and told the story of the generosity of Lamartine.

The oddest of all odd Frenchmen was Alexander Dumas, pere, the author of "Monte Cristo," "The Mousquetaires" and a thousand other romances. He was very popular at one time and in his days he earned \$50,000 a year by his pen. To do this he was obliged to turn out forty books annually, almost one every week. His method of fulfilling his contracts was, to say the least, popular. He would advertise for a number of stories by young writers, select the best and pay for them. Here and there he would alter a character or a situation, but the plot would be left unchanged. Even his smallest touches were enough to give a peculiar Dumasism to a tale and he would boldly sign his name to these curious productions. Of course, his great works, those that gained name and fame for him, were entirely the offspring of his own powerful brain, and it was only when the publishers demanded the impossible forty-volume-a-year rate that he engaged assistants.

Dumas was completely absorbed in whatever story he happened to be writing. When "Les Trois Mousquetaires" series was coming to a close he was obliged to kill his heroes lest the Parisians should cry "more!" when he already had added sequel after sequel. So after bringing them safely through a dozen volumes he came to the time when he had to kill the great innocent giant Porthos and the irrepressible D'Artagnan.

No sooner had he written the last word than he bowed his head on his hands weeping. A friend who came in exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Dumas, what is the matter?"

"Oh!" sobbed the author, "Porthos is dead, I have just killed him. Poor, poor Porthos!"

So thoroughly had he entered into his creation that the character seemed too real to jest about, and he sincerely mourned the imaginary death.

The humorous side of a story affected him as easily. A traveler tells the following anecdote: "When I was in Paris I called to see the elder Dumas. Inquired of the servant, 'Is monsieur at home?'"

"He is in his study, monsieur. Monsieur can go in."

"At that moment I heard a loud burst of laughter from the inner apartments, so I said I would wait till monsieur's visitors were gone."

"Monsieur has no visitors; he is working," replied the servant. "Monsieur Dumas often laughs like that at his work."

"It was true enough; the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters. He was simply roaring."

Dumas, it will be recalled, was fond of getting some of his characters into comical distresses. It was in the same spirit that he played a clever joke on Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, who begged the author for his autograph.

Very glad to give it to your Excellency," said Dumas, and taking pen and paper he wrote:

"Received of the Prince de Metternich twenty-five bottles of his best Johannisberger wine."

"Alex. Dumas."

This proved to be a very costly autograph to the Prince, for as a great nobleman could not well refuse to make the "receipt" good, and old Johannisberger wine is enormously expensive.

Yet this man, whose autograph was sought by princes and whose income was 150,000 francs, became so reduced by extravagance and foolishness that he died penniless and almost friendless. Before his death he the creator of Athon, Porthos, Aramis, D'Artagnan and Edmond Dantes, was obliged to write shopkeepers' signs in order to earn his bread. The younger Dumas, while admittedly not

so brilliant as his father, made a better use of his time and talents, and lived to an honorable and affluent old age.

La Fontaine, the famous French poet and writer of fables, was a notable example of the eccentricity of genius. When he lost his entire fortune a lady who was one of his best friends and an ardent admirer of his works hastened in alarm and distress to find him. She met in the street, penniless and cheerful.

"You must come to our home," she said.

"I was going there," he replied, and then began a visit which prolonged itself into years, during which La Fontaine never seemed to be troubled by a thought that he was dependent. Nor did the lady or her family have any other feeling than one of delight and pride that he made his home with them.

Some one adopted one of his sons when the child was a baby. Knowing that the boy was in good hands, he seemed to forget all about him. Years afterward at a dinner party he met a young man whose wit and charm of manner pleased his greatly.

"Why, that is your son!" he was told.

"Indeed! I am pleased to hear it," was his remarkable reply.

"La Fontaine," said one of the most brilliant critics and wits of the time, "is such a fool that he does not know that he has more genius than Aesop or Phaedrus."

In truth, he was a severe critic of his own work. He attended the first presentation of his "Astruc" and sat near some ladies who did not know him. At some of the important passages he exclaimed:

"That is wretched! That is absurd!"

When they protested that it was good and that it was by the great La Fontaine, he rejoined:

"That makes no difference. The piece is bad. I know that La Fontaine you are speaking of. He's a stupid fellow. He's myself."

Then he went out, entered a cafe and went to sleep in a corner. Some of his friends found him there and inquired why he wasn't listening to "Astruc."

"Oh," said the author, rousing himself and stifling a yawn, "I just came away. The first part displeased me greatly. No one agreed with what I said about it, but I didn't care to hear more. I admire the patience of the Parisians."

Although not going to the length of publicly grumbling at his own work, like La Fontaine, Fontenelle, another celebrated French author and nephew of the great Corneille, was a man who took the grumblings of others philosophically. When his drama, "Asrae," was produced the critics attacked it violently. Fontenelle heard of the criticisms with wonder and dismay, then he read his drama carefully and thoroughly. When he had finished he cried, almost triumphantly:

"They were right; it is indeed a worthless affair!" and he burned the manuscript with much complacency.

M. de la Place, a young French writer, was frowning over a pamphlet which he was reading, when he heard his name called.

"What have you there which disturbs you so, my son?" asked the speaker, who was Fontenelle.

"Look at it; it is a libel against my last poem and against myself!"

"Is that all?" was the cheerful reply. "Why did you write a good thing if you could not bear adverse criticism? Give me your arm, little friend, and come home with me."

Arrived at his house, Fontenelle called to his servant, "Jacques, bring the key to the chest." The old chest was opened and M. de la Place saw that it was filled with papers and pamphlets of every size and color.

"There," said the veteran writer, "are some of the criticisms, satires and libels that have been written about me from the time of my earliest literary attempts up to today. I have never opened one of them."

"What!" cried M. de la Place, in astonishment.

"I have never read one of them. A criticism must be either good or bad; when criticisms were good my friends would tell me about them and I would try to correct my errors. When they were bad it would irritate me to read them, and to be irritated would disturb my tranquility, which I have always valued. Do as I have done, my friend, and you will never regret it."

Is it any wonder that Fontenelle was surnamed the imperturbable, or that he lived in his philosophical tranquility for a hundred years?

It may be perhaps interesting to learn the origin of the French phrase, "The leaves of Theo."

Theophile Gautier, the French author, was gifted with an extraordinary memory. Whatever he had heard or seen remained engraved upon his mind.

On the day when the first two volumes of Hugo's "Legende des Siècles" were published the author died in Gautier's company at the house of another friend. There were several literary men present, all allied more or less closely to the tribe of romanticists, admirers of Victor Hugo, and counting upon finding a feast of good things in his new work.

In the course of the talk Gautier remarked:

"Let us prove what we advanced. I will recite 'Les Lions' to you."

And in a clear voice, his eyes gazing steadily at the ceiling, he was reading from afar a book visible to himself alone, he recited the whole piece, not repeating himself once, never hesitating and not mistaking a single syllable.

Yet he had read it that morning for the first time.

Many times his friends, doubtful upon some point of history, language, geography, anatomy or art, referred the matter to him and received immediate satisfaction. They used to say then:

"We have only to turn over the leaves of Theo."

Artists generally have to overcome many struggles before they attain success. Pictures are greater luxuries than are books, and it is

only the wealthy who can afford to encourage art in its painting dress. In consequence of this it is only the best artists who survive, and second-rate work has not even second-rate value. So it is that a successful painter is generally a genius, with all the attributes and peculiarities pertaining thereto. It is related of Meissonier, the French artist, that he once painted the picture of a very ugly and wealthy man. It was a wonderful likeness, but the conceited original considered it a caricature and refused to pay the price agreed upon. The artist, who had spent much valuable time on the picture, was angry, of course. He hit upon a plan to get his money as well as to punish the capriciousness of the contractor. Leaving the face as it was, he painted in a monkey's body, tail and all, and placed the picture on exhibition. As Monsieur X. was very well known, every one in Paris gathered to look and to laugh, until poor X. was glad to pay the promised sum and remove the painting.

Another wealthy patron wanted a picture of Pharaoh and his host crossing the Red Sea. He agreed to pay Meissonier twenty thousand francs for the work. When it was finished the artist sent for him. Monsieur B., who was really a very ignorant man, professed to be disappointed.

"It's too small," he declared; "why you ought to paint a canvas big enough for a house front for twenty thousand francs. You haven't used five francs worth of paint on it, I'm sure. And the Red Sea—why, you've painted it green! That will never do. You should have a gorgeous frame, too, at that price. I can't pay 20,000 francs for that picture, monsieur."

Meissonier was white with vexation.

"You are dissatisfied with the picture and the price, monsieur, it seems," he observed.

"With both," replied the patron of art. "If that picture was well—three times as large, and if the Red Sea was red I might—well I might give you a thousand francs—if the frame was very handsome."

"A thousand francs!" echoed the artist, mastering his temper. "And for that I must paint another picture."

"Exactly. Three times as large, with a Red Sea and a fine frame."

"Your check, monsieur, in advance would be acceptable," said Meissonier, coolly.

"Oh, certainly," replied the man, who knew that the picture would keep his word, and was delighted to obtain such a bargain by his "cleverness."

And taking a pen he made out a check for the required amount. In due time Meissonier sent for him again.

"Here is your picture, monsieur," said he, drawing aside a curtain. Monsieur B. stared, and he had good reason. There was nothing but a vast canvas painted in glaring vermilion. The frame was vulgarly resplendent.

"There is your Red Sea and your big picture and your gorgeous frame," said the artist.

"But Pharaoh and his host?" gasped the purchaser.

"Oh, Pharaoh—yes. You did not observe him in the other picture. You wanted a Red Sea, monsieur, and there it is."

"And the Egyptians—"

"Are drowned in the red Red Sea, monsieur!"

The Passing of the Hours

The day's programme for the modern of Leisure is: something as follows:

"Hello, Central! Give me two, three, seven, please."

"Is that Madam?—Ah, you don't tell me? Not enough and I can't match it. Isn't that luck? Well, we'll have to—(Mary, I hear the vegetable man. Don't let him get away). Did the lace hold out? Do the best you can. Three, remember."

"Johnnie, if you don't go off and let your mother alone she will go crazy. I must have a few quiet moments to finish the paper on 'Greek Art' which I am to read at the club Friday. There goes that old phone again."

"Hello! Is that you? Yes, I recognize your voice. Meeting of the 'Daughters' this morning? I declare it has slipped my mind. (Mary, do see what Johnnie is up to). I have my committees all appointed. I know Mrs. Blank will be furious because she is not asked to receive. (Don't yell so loud, I can't hear a word the lady is saying). Well, there's no way out of it now and we will have to do the best we can."

"Mary, don't you hear that bell?"

"Ah, Mr. Brown, you have come to see about the favors of the cotillion? I will surely get to them to-day. You see, Johnnie has been sick and I could not leave him. Call me up tomorrow."

"There's a woman at the back door? Oh, yes, I promised to give her some old clothes. Go upstairs and look in the chest in the back closet and you will find an old suit of Johnnie's, also one of Mr. Gray's and a wrapper of mine. Give them to her, and Mary, when I go down town don't let me forget to take my music. We are going to have a rehearsal for the concert."

"Hello! Well, it seems good to hear your voice again. I'm glad you rang me up."

"No, I didn't order the flowers. I—it beats all how unreliable—"

"I could tell a good many things that I don't care to repeat over the phone."

"(Mary, have you ordered the meat for dinner?)"

"I don't believe in a few people doing—"

"Yes, that's just the way, a great spread—"

"The take care not to be on hand when there is work."

"I'm not surprised; I'd—"

"The Colonial Dames have a meeting at that hour and I—"

"But I've promised to buy the prize for Mrs. McQuell's party."

"Yes, I know that it is a perfect outrage the way women—"

"I suppose I will have to. Business, you know."

"Wedding presents just run me



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Reservoir is stamped in one piece from sheet steel, which gives it a perfectly plain surface—has no seams, grooves or bolt heads to collect dirt.

Is oval in shape—has no square corners to scrape out when washing.

Never taints the water or corrodes like tin, copper, galvanized iron and other styles of reservoirs put in common ranges—is so clean and free from taint that it can be used for boiling fruit and many other purposes beside heating water.

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wild. (Johnnie, get down from there or you will break your neck.)

"I suppose you have been asked to be one of the patronesses—"

"Oh, yes."

"I'll have a house full of company, but—"

"I suppose we must all have new gowns for—"

"(Tell James I want the carriage.)"

"No, not at all. I am perfectly delighted."

"Good-by."

"Mrs. Brown, I am so glad that you ran in. You are the very woman I wanted to see. How are things going? I have notified everybody I could reach with my phone and I think we will have a good meeting. (Mary, be sure and mail those letters. Special delivery stamps, as they are important.) Now, don't rush off. Yes, I am going to Mrs. Gree's luncheon, but there is plenty of time."

"Certainly. Mary, Mrs. Black has sent over to borrow the patterns of Johnnie's new suit. Please get it. You will find it in the wardrobe or in the upper drawer of my dresser, or on the shelf in the back closet. Now, when I come to think, it may be in my writing desk. Tell Mrs. Black she must cut her suit a trifle larger than the pattern."

"Hello! Who is that? I don't understand. Speak louder."

"Oh, Dr. Swift, yes, I—"

"Consumptives' home?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"Will I be a director?"

"You are mistaken; I am a very busy woman."

"I know. Yes, I have a small family, but—"

"I'll do all I can to help the work along."

"Thank you. Of course, if you think I am needed—"

"(Mary, get Johnnie in out of the rain this minute.)"

"I think I had better consult my husband. He is a little old-fashioned and objects to women appearing too much before the public. Home duties, you know."

"Indeed, yes; the servant question is the problem of the house. The modern woman is little better than a slave."

All this time grandma sits in her cosy corner and talks of the old days when she spun and wove and raised ten lusty children without the help of as much as one maid, and she doesn't understand why Elizabeth, with her 'phone, her electric buttons, and her one little child, should have nervous prostration.—Maria B. Fenwick in The Housekeeper.

Cause of Disruption in Homes

Mrs. Hetty Green is the richest woman in the world. But wealth has not proved detrimental to her common sense or blunted her powers of observation.

"Divorce day, they call it," she said recently, when told of the number of divorces granted every Monday in New York City. "Well, what can you expect? These women never learn to keep house. They get married, and their sole ambition is to wear fine clothes, bleach their hair, wear gay ribbons and fine laces. Home is the last place they want to think of. They go parading around with their vulgar style and think they are beauties."

"Poor things! They never get sense. The next thing the husbands go parading around, and then trouble begins."

"Then they find themselves in court. That's it. The young folks of to-day have not inherited common sense. Yes, and they have never received proper instruction regarding the sin of pride. A very great many of the women of to-day are as utterly useless as the stuffed figures in millinery stores. A woman who spends all or most of her time in idle pursuits is the most useless creature on earth, and is very likely to arrive in a worse place than a divorce court."

HEAD BACK LEGS ACHE

Ache all over. Throat sore. Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"

About the Native Hog

How to Select the Most Productive Class.

Since the pork-packers are in closest touch with the British consumer, they are the most competent judges of the class of hogs required for the most profitable trade; and we find that they recommend the use of Yorkshires and Tamworths, as especially suitable for the production of bacon hogs, while Berkshires of the newest type, are also excellent. The other breeds are not, as yet, so well adapted; but, as has been already stated, the breeders of these breeds are rapidly bringing their pigs into line, and sows of these kinds when crossed with males of the more approved bacon type, produce good bacon pigs. These cross-bred pigs frequently make more economical gains than the pure breeds. The Yorkshire-Berkshire and Tamworth-Berkshire cross is especially popular.

No breed or combination of breeds has a monopoly of all the desirable qualities in a pig. There are good qualities in all breeds, and bad and worse in some. It does not follow that because a hog is of any given breeding, he is necessarily a good or a bad bacon. It is necessary, therefore, that the breeder of market hogs have a clear-cut conception of the ideal pig; then he will be in a position to make the best use of the materials at his disposal by judicious selection and careful breeding.

It is commonly believed among breeders of live stock that if sire and dam be equally well bred, the former has the greater influence on the conformation and the latter on the nervous temperament and feeding qualities of the progeny. Whether this be true or not, care should be taken in selecting the females of the herd to choose only those of a quiet, contented temperament. Few things are more exasperating than a roving, noisy, discontented sow; not only is she a continual menace to fences and gates, but she is cross at farrowing times, and is quite as likely as not to destroy her litter in some fit of nervous excitement.

In addition to this, a sow of this description is seldom or never a good milkmaid, and every stockman knows that the profit or loss on a batch of pigs is determined largely by the start they get in life during the first six or eight weeks. The milking qualities of the sow is a matter too often overlooked or ignored when selecting the females for a breeding-herd. Many men seem to take it for granted that if they can get a sow to produce a large litter she will, as a matter of course, nourish them all day in New York City. "Well, what can you expect? These women never learn to keep house. They get married, and their sole ambition is to wear fine clothes, bleach their hair, wear gay ribbons and fine laces. Home is the last place they want to think of. They go parading around with their vulgar style and think they are beauties."

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Hodge, The Cat
Burley and big, his books among Good Samuel Johnson sat, With frowning brows and wig askew, His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new; So stern and menacing his air That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid To knock or interrupt him dare— Yet close beside him, unafraid, Sat Hodge, the cat.

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or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in