

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRENCH, CLOSING HER DAYS IN SORROW

Now Eighty-One Years of Age, She Little Recalls the Beautiful Empress of France's Exciting Mid-Century Times—Stormy Stages in Her Career.

The visit of Eugenie, former empress of the French, to the court of the Austrian Emperor, recalls the story of a brilliant career, the tragedy of a dynasty, the fall of an empire and a long-drawn-out Gethsemane, such as few women—for few women share the throne of an Emperor—have suffered. Josephine, Marie Louise, Eugenie, these three form a trio of names which appeal to the imagination because of the part that each of the women has played in the great drama enacted by the Bonapartes on the stage of France. Empresses of France, each participated in the glories and luxuries of the most splendid court of all Europe. Each tasted the sweets of adulation and flattery. Each held the scepter of fashion and beauty as well as the scepter of the empire, and each knew the bitterness of position and power lost, never to be regained. Splendidly pathetic figures, each has been the theme of poet and playwright and each has aroused the sympathy of the world of them all, Eugenie, the widowed mother mourning for her only child, dragging out the hopeless years of a prolonged old age in a strange land, is the saddest and most forlorn. Her own cry of agony when told of the death of her son, the prince imperial, "I can not die. My life will be prolonged a hundred years," was a piteous prophecy of the long ordeal which has been her meed.

LITTLE OF FORMER SELF REMAINS.

In the woman of 81 years, broken and bowed by illness and sorrow, there is little to recall the brilliant, beautiful empress whose grace, and vivacity and intellectual charm attracted homage from the most distinguished and noted of her time. The beauty and grace which won the heart of an emperor were an heritage from her mother, Manuela, daughter of a Scotchman, Kirkpatrick, who, claiming descent from the Stuarts, left his native land when they lost the throne, and after wandering in the United States, was sent as American consul to Malaga, Spain. Here he carried on a small traffic in colonial wares and incidentally his wife and daughter served wine to his customers. Manuela's beauty made her ambitious, and she gladly consented to marry Don Cipriano Count de Teba, a Spanish grandee, who, upon the death of his brother became the Count de Montijo. The count was a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, in which he had lost an eye and early inspired his children with an almost idolatrous admiration for the first Napoleon.

Eugenie was the second of three children. She was born at Granada, on May 5, 1825, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation. In the home of the countess she was from the very first accustomed to the society of brilliant people. Among her mother's friends were Washington Irving, George Ticknor and Prosper Merimee, who made great pets of the two pretty daughters. The mother's society leading to frequent quarrels with her husband, finally resulted in separation, after which she led a wandering life at the various fashionable watering places and in London and Paris. Part of the time the daughters were left in a convent school in Paris, but their school days were short, and after the death of their father they returned to Madrid, where the countess was appointed first lady of honor to Queen Isabella. At the Spanish court Eugenie's beauty, daring horsemanship, striking costume and unconventional manner attracted attention everywhere. She was courted by men of rank and fortune. Her sister had in the meanwhile married the Duke of Alva, and Eugenie, wearying of frivolity, fancied for a time that she had a vocation for a religious life. The superstitious quality of her nature led her to relinquish the idea when a nun exclaimed, "My daughter, do not seek for rest within our walls. You were called to adorn a throne." The same superstitious quality led her sister to lend herself a ready prey to the designs of charlatans, who, through a series of table movements, spirit rappings and mesmeristic seances, tried to influence state policies.

MARRIAGE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The famous coup d'etat of 1851, made Louis Napoleon, the prince-president, emperor. Several years before this, the nephew of the great Napoleon had met the beautiful Mile. de Montijo and admired her, but at this time he was ambitious to form an alliance which might strengthen his position in Europe. It was not until he received repeated reports from several royal houses that he decided to ignore questions of policy and of state, and proposed to Eugenie. Despite the opposition of his friends and adherents, on the 29th of January, 1853, the civil marriage was performed

in the Hall of the Marshals in the Tuilleries, followed by the religious ceremony at Notre Dame on Jan. 30. Eugenie's most ambitious dream was realized. But the marriage pleased only herself, her mother and the emperor. One diplomat said that it contributed to the material and moral ruin of France and that Louis Napoleon expected the ruin of his dynasty and that of France. Her eagerness to win the love of the people was manifested in many ways, however. When the municipal council of Paris offered her a magnificent diamond necklace as a wedding gift she asked that the money be used for the erection of a home for orphan children. This was done and throughout her reign she maintained the home, even insuring her life so that after her death an income might be provided.

When the cholera was epidemic in Paris she personally visited the sick in the hospitals, even entering the smallpox isolation stations. When reproved for her temerity by one of the imperial generals she answered, "O, sir, we are neither of us afraid to stand fire." "She has intellect for two and courage for three," said Napoleon of her, and she gave him full proof of her courage and devotion when Orsini, the Italian, threw a bomb in front of the imperial carriage while it was on the way to the opera. At the first report Eugenie bravely cast herself in front of her husband to protect him from further danger, although a fragment of glass had cut her temple. Her white silk gown was spotted with blood, but after she had been taken into the theater lobby she cried, "Come, Louis, let us go out again and show them we are not cowards like them." In her own sunny Spain another Ena and her favorite among the English princesses has recently faced a similar ordeal with like courage.

RULED OVER A BRILLIANT COURT.

No court was ever more splendid than that ruled over by Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, though the old nobility of France held aloof and reigning sovereigns were slow to recognize the new emperor. But the Crimean war, in which England and the Austrians joined the new dynasty against Europe, a few months after this visit the queen, accompanied by the prince consort and their oldest children, spent eight days at the French court, cementing the friendship thus formed. On March 16, 1855, the prince imperial was born. His birth was received with every manifestation of joy and loyalty. It was not until after his birth that Eugenie began to play the part in state affairs which ultimately led to her downfall. Cavour, having secured Napoleon's promise to help Italy drive out the Austrians, Louis Napoleon went in person to Italy to conduct the campaign. During his absence Eugenie served as regent, and upon his return continued to participate in the cabinet meetings and to advise him in matters of state. When he opposed her impulsive, passionate and egotistical policy, she resorted to stormy scenes. To avoid these he would often yield, even though he was in the right. The people opposed to her, angered by her influence, ridiculed both her and the emperor, and one wit created the epigram, "Le parti d'Eugenie n'est pas le parti du bon sens." The party of Eugenie is not the party of good sense.

HER DOWNFALL DEFERRED BY WAR.

The success of the Italian campaign, however, deferred the downfall, and the years immediately following were the most brilliant of the second empire. Napoleon devoted himself to his favorite project, the making of Paris the city beautiful. His court had become the Mecca of the sovereigns of Europe, and in picturesque pageantry its entertainments have never been surpassed. Eugenie, empress, beauty, mother of the prince imperial, advisor of the emperor, leader of fashion, surrounded by wit, musicians, scientists, writers, artists, ruled, confident that her husband's dynasty was safe and that their son would reign after them. The disastrous termination of Maximilian's expedition to Mexico may, perhaps, be regarded as the beginning of the darker period. The emperor, though he had promised his aid, recalled his troops and abandoned the archduke to his fate. His unhappy wife, Carlotta, having appealed in vain for his promised aid, left him, exclaiming in bitterness, "The granddaughter of Louis Philippe ought never to have

HOW TO RESCUE THE DROWNING

VARIOUS METHODS THAT HAVE BEEN TRIED WITH SUCCESS.

Some Are Attended with More or Less Danger—The Human Chain.

That everyone should know how to swim is, of course, a platitude. It is equally important that everyone should know how to assist others in distress when accidents occur. It is not necessary, as is commonly supposed, that one should be an expert swimmer to be able to rescue anyone in distress. There are a few simple rules which if borne in mind in such a crisis would make it possible for anyone in a distress ashore without great danger. There is a surprising amount of ignorance even among good swimmers as to the best plan for effecting a rescue. Throughout the summer months the number of drownings which might have been prevented by a little presence of mind is appalling.

EUGENIE HEADED WAR PARTY.

During her absence the emperor had determined to carry out his plan to make France a constitutional empire, a plan of which Eugenie did not approve. In the meantime the relations between France and Prussia had become strained. Eugenie headed the war party, and the emperor, unable to resist the pressure, at last yielded to her arguments, whereupon she cried out that it was her war, a remark which reacted upon her in the dark days which followed. The prince imperial accompanied his father to the front, and once again Eugenie served as regent. The terrible defeat suffered by the French, who were not prepared for the capture of the emperor and 80,000 soldiers, followed by the position of Napoleon as the appointee of a provisional government, are matters of history known to all. Eugenie, aged by anxiety, deserted by her servants, derided by the mob, was forced to flee from the palace. The story of her escape through the assistance of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, and her kind reception in England has been often told. Here, after several months of imprisonment, the emperor joined her, living quietly at Chislehurst until he died on Jan. 9, 1872.

Though bowed with grief at his death, Eugenie still had her son, who entered the military school at Woolwich. In 1879, with his classmates, he prepared to leave for the Zulu war, and soon after met his death at the hands of savages in Africa. With him ended her hopes, and the years which have passed since have been to her years consecrated to sorrow and a waiting time for the end, which she now appears to foresee, for her letter to Francis Joseph prior to her present visit stated that she wished to thank him for his kindness to her, and asked that he receive her without delay, as her days are numbered.—Henry Barrett Chamberlain.

HOW HE CAUGHT A BIG SWORDFISH

CAPTAIN OF A SAILBOAT GOT PRIZE AFTER HARD WORK.

The biggest swordfish that has been caught this season off Seaconnet was brought to the shore on Wednesday afternoon in the big sailboat T. A. B. by Captain Thomas A. Buell. To Peter Blockinger belongs the honor of first sighting the big fish and of sending the harpoon into it with such good aim and force that an hour's struggle by the fish failed to wrench the barb from its side. The swordfish weighed nearly 225 pounds and was more than ten feet long from its tail to the tip of its long and handsome sword.

With Captain Buell at the wheel and Pete standing in the pulpit, with eyes on the sea and harpoon in readiness for quick work, the T. A. B. was propelled by gasoline engine and sail, and cruised, while all hands kept sharp watch to see a black fin and tail protruding above water. Suddenly Pete sang out "There's one," and pointed to where, not 30 feet away and just to the right, a big swordfish was swimming at the top of the water, fin and tail out, basking in the sun. Captain Buell steered carefully and the boat crawled up toward the fish, while Pete stood with barbed harpoon ten feet long poised ready for a strike.

When the pulpit was almost over the fish, Pete swung his harpoon and commenced to sink slowly. Then with all the force of both strong arms Pete sent the heavy harpoon solidly into the fish. His aim was true. The double spearhead barb went in directly back of the fin, the pole was shaken loose, the keel at the end was tossed forward and then there was a grand sight. The big fish dove down and the keel churned the water as the swordfish, stung by the barb, sought to get away. Time and again the keel went under after the rod was unwound. Then the fish started to swim away and for more than a mile it was kept in sight by the T. A. B. keeping near. Finally when the keel showed that the swordfish had become tired Pete set out in the rowboat to pick up the keel and haul in the captive. He tossed the keel into the small boat and began gradually to haul in the line, and the slack had been taken in and the fish felt the pull on the line it started again. Pete paid out the rope a few fathoms and then, with feet braced, stood up in the boat and was towed along for nearly a mile, the boat being stern foremost.

He carefully pulled in and was again towed. At length the fish was hauled alongside the rowboat. It darted away and was played for a while. This was repeated several times, and after a while Pete pulled the fish alongside and slipped a noose of the rope over its tail, thus ending the struggle. The fish was towed to the wharf and lashed securely on one side. The struggle with the big fish lasted more than an hour. It was struck at 2:15. The T. A. B. cruised around an hour or so more, but could find no more swordfish.—Providence Journal.

New York City has the largest diamond cross in the world, though it is not recognized as such. Its main line runs along Maiden lane, with its foot resting on Broadway and its arms extending north and south along Nassau street. Here there are 30 men in the diamond business, and there are more of the gems there than in the same space in any other city.

Many of the younger children in Jerusalem saw snow and ice for the first time in their lives last February. One child came in with a piece of ice and said: "I have found a piece of glass, but it is very cold."

THE HUMAN CHAIN.

If the person in distress is an experienced swimmer and can keep his wits about him, no matter how exhausted he may be, the problem is greatly simplified. A plan which has

worked well in practice when dealing with such persons is to have them face you, put their hands on your shoulders and place a leg on each side of the body and hold tight. The advantage of this position is obvious, since it enables the rescuer to use both arms and both legs with comparative freedom. The weight of the body being supported is not a serious hindrance to a good swimmer. While this is the quickest method in all probability, it is exceedingly dangerous unless you can be perfectly sure of your man, for should he clutch too tightly with his arms or legs both would infallibly go down together.

The plan of forming a human chain is a good one when more than one man goes out to anyone in distress. Each man in this case swims with his hands on the shoulders of the man before him, while the one to be rescued rests on the shoulders of the last man. In this way it will be seen the pull in drawing the man through the water is more or less equally distributed among the various members of the chain. In this way it is often possible to swim for a considerable distance with a practically helpless man with very little danger. When a number of rescuers are working together there is an added danger of too great haste. A striking example of this occurred recently in an attempted rescue on the New Jersey coast when a man succeeded in reaching the drowning man with a life preserver fastened to a rope. The rescuer prepared to be simple and the danger practically over. No sooner were the man in distress and his would-be rescuer ready to be towed in than the crowd on shore pulled the rope so violently that both men were dragged under the water, and in their exhausted condition were drowned. The work of resuscitating him once he has been brought ashore is almost equally important, and everyone should be familiar with the principles involved.

OMNIVOROUS COLONEL IS THIS LONDON MAN

HAS SAMPLED SNAKES, PUPPIES, HORSEFLESH, LIVE FISH AND ALSO BEAR.

A man, who, according to What To Eat, professes to have eaten more different kinds of foods in more different climes than any other living day, or than any other man that ever lived in any other time, is Col. Nevill Davis, of London.

"I was dining once with a Japanese family in Tokio," says the colonel, "when a queer covered dish was brought to the table. The servant removed the cover, disclosing a live fish wriggling and flopping inside the dish. 'They then proceeded to kill it before my eyes and offer me a portion to eat. I did so, too. It was of a peculiar taste, but not unpleasant. "Next to Japan, China offers the greatest array of man's food. Eggs 40 to 50 years old, which have been buried for those periods in a clay, are held to be the greatest delicacies in the empire. The longer the egg is interred the finer it is supposed to be. The Chinese egg that is sent to the table is almost black, and its flavor reminds one of an overripe egg that has been hard-boiled and then served. "I have eaten many disagreeable things in China—merely for the experience, of course. Among these were sea slugs, a sort of oyster, and fattened puppy. The most disagreeable, however, was a bit of cold pig's liver wrapped around a prune. There was no escape for me from eating this, though I tried to avoid it. My neighbor at the table picked up the liver and the prune with his chopsticks and held them before my eyes. I could do nothing but open my mouth and allow the combination to be inserted, because it is considered a signal honor in the Celestial Kingdom to have a fellow-guest offer you a delicacy munched in the awkward manner. "The fattened puppy tasted something like a baked sucking pig. The puppy is fed on rice and milk for several months before it is killed to be eaten, and the fish is tender and quite palatable. "In Africa—the Transvaal—I have lived on trek cattle, hedgehogs and other things. They tasted peculiar. "I have often eaten the live serpent in Africa. This did not appeal to me, however. It tasted something like an eel of an inordinately large size. "Rumania is the only country where I have tried bear. The meat of the animal from which I had a steak was much like the stringy flesh of an ox of questionable age. I believe the best bear meat is that from a small species which inhabits the Caucasus and which feeds mostly on wild fruit. "English restaurants were more acceptable than a person would be led to believe. One of their most noted dishes is a joint of lamb boiled to shreds and the small pieces served with the fingers. "Horseflesh I have eaten in South Africa, to return to that country again. It was at Ladysmith this was served, because there was nothing else. The flesh of the horse is unsatisfactory, as it is sweet and tough. Our men at Ladysmith became tired of it. "There is one wild beast I have not partaken of, and that is lion's flesh. I have never heard of this being eaten, but I should imagine from the nature of the beast it would be dry and stringy, coupled with a rank taste. The lion is lacking in fat. I shot several in India, but their bodies were nothing but hard muscle. It is the same with the buck you kill in India and Africa. The animals are destitute of fat. "I think Monte Carlo is the most expensive place in the world to dine. One can get, at a kind of a respectable meat there, for less than \$15 or \$20. For every glass of old brandy there you will be asked to pay \$25. In Paris there is some comic bottled before the battle of Waterloo which commands \$5 a thimbleful."

Another plan is to take the person in distress on one's back and thus gain the use of one hand in swimming ashore. The position is a dangerous one, however, unless the one being rescued can be depended upon to trust the rescuer and make no efforts which will trouble the rescuer. When it comes to rescuing those who are not far spent or have still retained some presence of mind the problem is much simpler. Such persons can, as a rule, be trusted with life preservers, whether of cork or pieces of wood, and once supported even partially may be towed ashore with comparative ease. Another plan is to take such swimmers, if they are unable to help themselves, on one's back. In this position their heads will be held above the water and their position is comparatively easy and easy on the rescuer more than one person is to keep their presence of mind. It is possible for a strong swimmer to reach the shore with two or even three persons on his back. In such a case the swimmer is obviously very great on the swimmer's strength and the danger of his giving out and dragging the others down with him.

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MATERIAL FOR A PLOT.

Story writers and dramatists who lament the scarcity of plots and situations that are not worn threadbare, would do well to imitate the late Charles Reade and find material in the real life that flows about them. Here, for instance, is the story of William John Roberts, an Englishman, whose singular experience is related in the London Journals. His career is certainly of enough interest to prove the foundation for either play or novel. William John Roberts was a man of wealth, and his life was one of enjoyment until failing health drove him to the doctors. The medical men, after careful examination and consultations, declared that their patient had but a short time to live. Rendered reckless by this unpleasant information, the doomed man determined to get what enjoyment he could out of life before the final hour came. He squandered his wealth and presently found himself reduced to poverty. And poverty proved a blessing. Hardened, perhaps, by his new manner of living, deprived of enervating luxuries, the man who had been doomed by the doctors recovered his health. But, alas, he was ill fitted for the struggle against the wolf at the door. Accustomed to wealth and without either trade or profession, he turned to criminal methods to obtain a living. He was arrested on the charge of forgery, and a few days ago was committed to prison. His only extenuating plea was that poverty drove him to crime. There is material in this for a four-act drama of an absorbing character, one that would require for its proper presentation a leading actor of more than usual ability. Perhaps the only possible drawback to its success would be that the critic could be expected to claim that the plot was unnatural and the incidents untrue to life.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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