

Shakespeare's Shrine

A Chat With Mrs. Hathaway Baker Who Claims to be the Descendant of the Family of Shakespeare's Wife—Lives in the House Where the Poet Courted—Meets Many Noted People.

As I sauntered down the High street of Stratford-on-Avon, on my way to have a chat with the interesting occupant of Ann Hathaway's cottage, I found that the birthplace of the bard was en fête. "Didn't you know it was Bull Roast?" said an aged crone, when I inquired what had brought the people together. "Go down towards the market place, and you'll see the beasts roasting whole in the street—six bulls and six pigs turning on the spits."

I was soon in the midst of a veritable Old English Fair, quaint enough for the times of Shakespeare himself. Ladies and lasses stood ready to be hired, cheap Jacks displayed their tempting wares, drums beat for the opening performance of Punch and Judy, the whirling fiddlers, jugglers and mountebanks performed on matting spread in the streets, the strolling players had arrived in a gay and noisy caravan, the steps of which the chief actor, in a feathered hat and gold laced doublet, proclaimed the coming tragedy of "Jim, the Collier's Boy"; and then there were the oxen roasting beef, and the pig, and the spit revelling, and the huge brown, greasy beast, still hissing and frizzling, came to a standstill. Then appeared the master of ceremonies, in clean apron, flourishing a gigantic carving knife, and heaped with slices of meat were carried into the nearest hostelry, and the crowds who had come to the Stratford bull roast began to disperse.

A few minutes later I left this glimpse of "Merrie England" behind me and was walking across the green, quiet meadows over the same ground which Shakespeare had traveled, during his courtship days, to the village of Shottery, where dwelt Ann Hathaway. The famous cottage, which now bears her name over its rustic doorway, looked very picturesque, the yellow afternoon sunshine playing upon the thatched roof and among the old-fashioned clumps of evergreens in the garden which slopes down in front of the cottage.

"I should like to have a chat with Mrs. Baker," I said to the buxom young matron who opened the door. "but do not disturb her if she is taking her afternoon nap."

"I never knew Mrs. Baker take an afternoon nap, although she is over 80 years of age. Come in, and I'll call her down."

THE LAST HATHAWAY.

Presently the staircase door leading into the living room opened, and an old lady, in a snowy cap and apron, carrying herself erect, greeted me with a smile, and invited me to sit down on the courtly seat—a long oak bench with a high back, placed on one side of the ingle-nook. Near to me was a picture by William Millet, showing this same courtly seat, with Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway as the lovers. The old lady, seated on the bench, in an arm chair opposite, resting her elbow upon a table at her side, and began, in a clear, though rather feeble voice, to tell me her history.

"Yes," she said, "I am a Hathaway, and my ancestors have lived in this house since before Shakespeare's time. Here is my grandfather's Bible, where the births are put down, and you can see them for yourself."

With much quiet dignity Mrs. Baker spread out the fly-leaf of the family Bible, and explained the rough genealogical tree which it contained, tracing her ancestry for four generations. "Now," continued Mrs. Baker, "I am the only child of William Taylor, and I live till the 3rd of November next I shall be 83 years of age. I was born in this house in 1812. I have only spent ten years of my life away from the old place. They call it a cottage, but it was quite a good farmhouse years back," said Mrs. Baker, with dignity, "and had two acres and a half of land to it, as well as the orchard and garden. It was our own property, and has belonged to the Hathaways for many generations. Fifty-six years ago my father sold it to an old farmer, who lived in that house across the field there, for £345. It came to his nephew at his death, and he sold it to the Shakespeares trustees for £2,000."

MY HOUSE IS MY FORTUNE.

"That was a big price," I said. "It was, but strangers offered more. The 'Mericans, so they tell me, would have given a deal more money, and would have shipped it off to their country—me and all. I should have been wanted to show the place to them. They used to try and tempt me to go years back, but I was always afraid of the water. Some said it was foolish of me, as I should make my fortune, but so long as I have food and clothes and a house to live in I don't see what good a fortune would do me. If the house had been mine, I should never have sold it to anyone. It was my father that sold it with it; he did seem to prize the old place. The trustees arranged for me to stay here as long as I lived, and my son and his wife are with me. The old furniture belongs to the trustees, too. Some of it has been in the Hathaway family 400 years, but they had bought the house, I could not well refuse to let them have the furniture."

"You must have had a number of interesting people to see you, Mrs. Baker, during the last 50 years."

ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS.

"Yes, everybody comes here, I think. I remember Dickens coming 42 years ago, and he took the visitor's book out into the garden to sit on the stone by the well with the book on his knees while he wrote his name. He did not talk much, but I always think of him sitting on the old stone by the well. Mark Lemon came along with him. I thought a great deal of Mark Lemon; he did all the talking. And here the old dame shook her head and chuckled at the recollection, but unfortunately she could not recall the bits for my edification. Besides Mark Lemon, Mr. Dickens had a large party of ladies and gentlemen with him. There was Mrs. Dickens and her sister Miss Hogarth, and Tennyson and Knight and several others.

"Americans seem very fond of coming here. Gen. Grant came in 1877, and he shook hands with me and asked a lot of questions about our family. Garfield and Longfellow and Mark Twain have all been to see me, and so has Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is eight years since he came. I thought him a very pleasant little gentleman, and now tell me he is dead. I remember he examined the house, and said how pleased he was to see the timber

so good. Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth have been here, too."

"Of course Mr. Irving has been among your visitors, Mrs. Baker."

"No doubt he has been here, but he did not make himself known. Mr. Toole has been twice. The first time he did not put his own name in the book, and he told me, in joke, as he was Irving, and had brought Miss Terry to see me, but I found out afterwards that the young lady was his own daughter. He made himself known the next time, and afterwards sent me his portrait."

"I expect he has cracked many jokes with you?"

"The last time he came was on a Sunday afternoon, and of course Mr. Toole would not be for cracking jokes on the Sunday. Mrs. Baker said this in a tone which indicated that she was profoundly impressed by Mr. Toole's sense of propriety."

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

"Have you ever received a visit from the Queen?"

"Not from the English Queen, but I have had the Queen of the Sandwich Islands here. She was a very dark-looking lady, but very pleasant in her manner, and talked so that I could understand her quite well. She was greatly put about over the stone floors, and wanted to know if I didn't find them very cold. She took away some of the flowers and roses in memory of the place. I have a beautiful bush in the garden, and the roses are in two colors, red and white, and that is why we call it the York and Lancaster rose."

"I wonder you have not been disturbed before this?"

"I have a slight of visitors here most fine days, but I expect they are all taken up with the Bull Roast this afternoon. I have used to have a wake at Shottery in my young days, but that is all done away with now."

"Did you ever see a tinder-box?" continued the old lady as she rose from her arm chair and drew forth this interesting relic from its own special recess in the chimney corner, and sitting down again with the box and contents on her lap, began to strike the tinder-box. "This is my grandmother's tinder-box," she said, as he put it back in its place. "The hollow on the other side of the fireplace is the bacon cupboard. If you look up the chimney, you will see it is wide open to the sky; that is how they used to build them. The old table here is a great curiosity. The top reverses. It is rough wood on the one side, and polished on the other. I always had them in the farm-houses in the olden times. You see they could use the rough side for sitting, or if there was a pig killing and dirty work to be done, and keep the polished side for best use."

"I don't suppose you ever saw a wooden trencher before. This one must be 400 years old. This big fellow was to hold the meat, and the smaller hollow at the side was for the salt; then they could turn it over, and the other side to eat their pudding off. And the one I am old dresser, and there's my willow pattern china on the shelves. I used to have a set of the old pewter plates which were used before china was made, but they have taken those to the museum. And now come upstairs and see my bed."

Following the ancient dame's slow footsteps I mounted the winding oak staircase and soon found myself in a low room, the bare oak flooring worn with age, confronting the famous carved oak fourposter, which had been in the Hathaway family for 400 years, and which Mrs. Baker approached with a tender reverence, and leaning one hand on one of the posts pointed out to me the beauty of the carving.

"These," she said, showing me a pair of finely spun sheets and pillow cases, "were made 300 years ago by the Hatthays, and have been handed down as heirlooms ever since. They have been in my possession for 60 years. Notice the fine drawn work and the point lace all woven by hand. It was the custom to keep a set of linen like this in a family for use at a birth or a death. This is my grandmother's spinning stool standing in the corner yonder, and this oak stool heaped with what Mrs. Baker calls a 'joint-stool' in one of his plays. Every part of it is jointed, not made like a common stool. When Mr. William Winter was here he told some ladies that it was what the master of the house used to sit on to joint out the meat."

"The bed has got a rush mattress," continued Mrs. Baker, as she turned up the coverlet; "you will not see another like this anywhere. It is falling to pieces with age, though."

"Now, that is about all I have to show you up here, but before you go," continued the old lady, putting on a white cotton sun bonnet, "come out into the garden and sit on the stone by the old well, where Dickens sat. And you may take some leaves from the bush beside it. See," she said, plucking a spray. "that will press out flat in a book. And now I must bid you good-bye. Mr. Toole's tea-time, and I am old and cannot do without my meals at the regular times." So, with a smile and a shake of the hand, the descendant of the Hathaways watched me through the wicket gate into the lane, and returned to the ingle-nook in the old cottage of her forefathers.

SARAH A. TOOLEY.

JOHN BULL.

An Interesting American Estimate of the Old Gentleman.

Reads Less but More Thoroughly Than Uncle Sam—Is More of a Sportsman—The Effect of the Climate.

There is an extremely interesting paper in the Forum by Price-Collier, entitled "The Reading Habits of the English People." Mr. Price-Collier is a well-known American writer and public speaker, who has for some time past been resident in England. His observations as to the literary tastes of John Bull lead him to make many uncomplimentary criticisms of our people.

WHAT DOES JOHN BULL READ? NOTHING!

He declares that if you ask what an Englishman reads, the true answer, in the majority of cases, is that he reads nothing at all. He says: "The great bulk of the English read nothing—literally nothing—and he who knows something of rural England will agree to this; the casual and occasional reader reads fiction, biography, history, travel, and no small amount of theology in a diluted form; the great middle class read and trust their periodicals, literature and their newspapers; the students, the real readers, who feed their minds as other men feed their bodies, read with more thoroughness and patience than our students."

Compared with America he finds our readers few and far between, although he admits that our good readers are better than the Americans. He says: "England has nothing like the number of readers that one finds in America; but America has nothing like the number of thoroughly well-read, widely-traveled, highly-trained men in politics and in all the professions that I find here. On the other hand, it is equally fair to say that the 28,000,000 inhabitants of a small island, who offer no facilities for the higher education of the poorer classes, who have no public libraries, and a half domestic servants, three million out-of-door laborers, two million working in mills, factories and shops, and who have conquered and rule a population of 100,000,000, can be spoken of as a nation of readers."

WHY? HIS CLIMATE IS TOO GOOD. When Mr. Collier passes on to consider the cause of the difference between the two branches of the English-speaking race, he finds it to consist partly in national character, but largely to climate. The English, he declares, "are the Romans of modern times, dull, vigorous, law-loving, law-abiding, and colonizers of the very finest quality, but not students." How can anyone study, he suggests, when the climate is so delectable that it always permits a man to be out of doors, instead of sitting over a stove with his book? Mr. Collier says:

"No doubt the mild and equable temperature of England, which enables one to be out of doors, and consequently to take part in some form of out-of-door sport or labor all the year round, lessens the amount of reading. Other things being equal, the inhabitants of a mild climate will read less than people who are, perforce, kept indoors many weeks of the year. No country in the world has such a never-ending round of sport in which so large a proportion of the population takes an interest as has England—bicycling, grown to enormous proportions, all the year round; hunting from October to April; racing from early spring till late autumn; golf, which has developed from a game into a widely-prevalent disease, all the year round; cricket and tennis, from May till late September; shooting, from early spring till late October (played, alas! by professionals, but as many as 20,000 people attend in on one game), from September till May; and besides these, coursing, fishing, boating and a host of other sports and pastimes. Nor are these sports confined to the rich and idle, or even to the well-to-do alone. It must never be forgotten, even by the most fervent opponent of the open air, that the Englishman is today the most democratic country in the world, where the rights of the individual are the most respected, and where the individual has more personal freedom than in any other country. It is for this reason that the Englishman is to lose the explanation of many apparent anomalies."

TOO FOND OF THE OPEN AIR. This we have seen is well to have Americans to reside in this country for a time if only to find it out. Nothing is more difficult to get into the heads of the Americans who have crossed the Atlantic than this very same fact upon which Mr. Collier rightly lays so much stress. But to return. Disraeli said long ago that our aristocracy lived in the open air, and read nothing, with respect he agreed with Mr. Collier, who says:

"In a word, John Bull loves the fresh air. He is a sportsman, an athlete, a soldier, a sailor, a traveler, a colonist, rather than a student, and all the figures bear out in making the statement. During those horrible days in the Crimea, these sports-loving 'young barbarians' were 'all at play,' when they were not fighting; racing their ponies, getting up cricket matches, and late shooting such game as there was. One family—the Pelhams—have hunted the Brocklesby pack of hounds for more than 175 years."

It is difficult to find an Englishman between 18 and 65, in fair health and supported by the rates, who is not a performer at some kind of sport or interested in some phase of it. Of 673 reviews and magazines of a religious character printed in England, one in six is largely devoted to some form of out-of-door sport or occupation.

For 20 Years the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements. But the strongest endorsement possible is in the vital strength it gives.

Scott's Emulsion

nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh.

Scott & Borne, Baltimore. All Druggists. 60c. & 51.

The All-Important Question.

How Shall I Regain Lost Strength?

Thousands of Rejuvenated and Happy Men and Women Emphatically Say:

"Use Paine's Celery Compound, the Best of All Spring Medicines."

The Only Medicine in the World That Honestly Cures Sick and Diseased People.

The all-important question at this season of the year with the sick and ailing, is "how to throw off disease and get rid of suffering." Past experiences and happy results have amply demonstrated the fact that Paine's Celery Compound always cures; it even rescues victims of disease after other medicines have failed, and when doctors have given up all hope.

The following testimony from Mrs. C. Lumley, a lady well known in Cebourg, Ont., leaves no doubt as to the marvelous efficacy of the wonderful medicine, about which the whole civilized world is now talking:

"I have much pleasure in recommending Paine's Celery Compound for nervousness and weakness, with which I was afflicted for a number of years, and for which my doctor could give no relief. I became very weak and had a stroke of paralysis. I was confined to my bed, and my doctor requested me to try a course of your medicine as the last thing that could be done. I did as recommended, and before I had finished the first bottle I experienced a change. I am glad to say that I am cured through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. I have recommended it to others, and they have been benefited by it. I would urge all in need of medicine to give it a trial, as it has worked miracles for me."

THE Ward Commercial Agency

MERCANTILE REPORTS. COLLECTIONS.

Personal attention given to slow pay accounts

162 St. James Street, Montreal.

26 Front Street West, Toronto

Cough AND Colds

WILL LEAD TO Consumption...

BUT BY USING

Dr. Slocum's Emulsion

THIS IS PREVENTED.

For Difficulty of Breathing, Wasting Away of Flesh, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung troubles, in all ways use

DR. SLOCUM'S EMULSION.

Put up in 35c. and \$1.00 BOTTLES.

The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co. Ltd. PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Leading Bicycle Dealers.

They all want the

"BRANTFORD"

FIRST-CLASS FAIR PRICES

"The Toronto Board of Trade Bicycle Club has increased its order of machines from the BRANTFORD firm from 30 to 45."

AGENCY: 212 DUNDAS STREET

STARK'S BICYCLES

Special reduced price of First-class High-grade English Ball-bearing Pneumatic Wheels.

\$40 TO \$65.

Headquarters for Bicycle Manufacturing, Repairing and Reconstructing; Wood and Wire Sulky Wheels at popular prices.

CHARLES STARK CO. 56, 58 and 60 Church St., Toronto. 701 xt lw

Bicycles!

Large stock, both new and second hand. PRICES RIGHT.

Wm. Payne & Co., London Telephone No. 697.

BUY THE

BRANTFORD BICYCLES

And get the Best Value

All Parts are made here

EVERY WHEEL IS A GEM

MANUFACTURED BY

THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO., LTD. 99 Yonge Street, Toronto

2410 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL Brantford, Ont.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

By IAN MACLAREN.

Crown 8vo., Art. Linen \$1.25. A Dozen Selected From Many Hundreds of Testimonials.

DR. ROBERTSON NICHOL IN THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

"The book is destined to an enviable popularity unsurpassed by any living writer."

Prof. G. A. SMITH IN THE BOOKMAN: "Their comedy is irresistible, and all their pathos pure and moving."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW SAYS: "The book is full of good things."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH: "Humor, abundant in quantity and admirable in quality. Its pathos is equally admirable."

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE: "Not merely a singularly beautiful, but a very powerful and impressive book."

THE SPEAKER: "As fine an interpretation as we have yet had of the real inner spirit and life of rural Scotland."

"His pictures are marvels of idealistic realism—their charm is their truth."

MR. GLADSTONE SAYS: "There has never been anything of the kind finer than the sketch of 'The Country Doctor.'"

THE SPECTATOR: "The author is a great master of pathos, so great that only one or two living writers can compare with him in the endowment."

THE BOSTON POST SAYS: "A collection of connected tales, that for humor, pathos and a rare intermingling of comedy deserves to rank among the classics."

THE BUFFALO CHRONICLE SAYS: "Familiar sketches, full of pure pathos, rich, mellow humor, and unique personal portraiture."

THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST SAYS: "It is a beautiful piece of work. The humor, the pathos, the keen appreciation are inimitable."

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, 140, 142 YONGE ST., TORONTO; Also NEW YORK AND CHICAGO. 541 t

A Man who pays \$10 for a suit of clothes that he can buy for \$15, is a half

brother to Balaban's.

The Montreal Fur and Suit Company.

Make suits at from \$7.50 to \$15, pants from \$2.50 to \$5.

Store No. 5 Masonic Temple, Lou Paladino, Manager. ywt

Electric Light.

Get our price for Incandescent Lighting, Electric Bells and Motors, before placing your order.

A. J. GREENAWAY & CO., 244 DUNDAS ST., Telephone 681. London, Ont. ywt

DON'T SUFFER

from Indigestion one day longer. A package of

ADAMS' PEPSIN

TUTTI FRUTTI

will banish it.

Don't be imposed upon with imitations.

READY MIXED PAINTS

—AT—

Reid's Hardware

NO. 118 NORTH SIDE DUNDAS STREET.

Irwin & Geldart,

Brass Manufacturers.

CONTRACTORS for Brass Supplies for waterworks and engine builders. All special lines of Brass Casting and Brass Finishing done on shortest notice. Jobbing and repairing a specialty. Brass and iron polishing and nickel plating.

292 York Street. Phone 525

THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, Office 161 Dundas Street, corner Richmond.

WILL LEAVE TORONTO At 9 p.m.

(Should sufficient business offer for Manitoba and the Northwest)

A through Colonist Car will be attached to the C. P. R. Pacific Express, leaving Toronto 12:23 noon, daily, except Sunday, during April. See your nearest railway agent.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, Office 161 Dundas Street, corner Richmond.

Conscientious Plumbing.

I don't charge any more than it is worth. I don't keep people waiting. I won't do inferior work at any price. I do as good work as can be done. My men are all thorough mechanics. I want your next plumbing job. My place of business is 83 Carling Street, London.

ALEX MILNE

Telephone 773.

Navigation and Railways

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, calling at Moville.

From Montreal From Quebec
Sardinian.....May 11 May 11
Laurentian.....May 11 May 11
Parisian.....May 18 May 18
Mongolian.....May 18 May 18

RATES OF PASSAGE.
First cabin, Derry and Liverpool, \$20 and upwards single; \$40 and upwards return. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, \$20; return \$35. Steerage at lowest rates, everything found.

All steamships carry first cabin, second cabin and steerage passengers.

Leave Toronto Friday morning to connect at Montreal.

STATE LINE SERVICE.

New York, Londonderry and Glasgow.
State of California.....May 11
State of Nebraska.....May 11
Cabin passage, \$40 and upwards; return, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$25. Steerage at lowest rates. For tickets and every information apply to

AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, and Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets. F. S. Clarke, 416 Richmond street; John Paul, 301 Richmond street.

CUNARD LINE

From New York to Liverpool via Queenstown, Fast Express Mail Service.

ETRURIA.....Saturday, April 27, 8 a.m.
CAMPANIA.....Saturday, May 4, noon
LUCANIA.....Saturday, May 11, 8 a.m.

ETRURIA.....Saturday, May 18, noon
CAMPANIA.....Saturday, May 25, 8 p.m.
LUCANIA.....Saturday, June 1, 11 a.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE—Cabin, \$50 and upwards second cabin, \$35, \$40, \$45, according to steamer and recommendations. Return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage tickets to and from Liverpool and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates. Through bills of lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other parts of the continent, and the Mediterranean ports.

VERNON H. BROWN & Co., general agents, 4 Bowling Green, New York.

E. DE LA HOOKE.

"Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas Streets

A. G. SMYTHE,

Bank of Commerce Building, first door north of Dundas Street.

WE TAKE YOU

—TO—

Baltimore, Washington, Boston, New York

And All Eastern Points,

Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, CALIFORNIA,

And All Western Points,

—IN—