SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Young Henry Brougham, whose engagement to the Hon. Diana Sturt, only daughter of Lord and Lady Alington, has just been announced on the occasion of his attainment of his majority, is not the grandson but the grandnephew of the famous Lord Brougham who played so extraordinary a role in the public life of England from the beginning of the nineteenth century until his death at the age of nearly 100 on the eve of the outbreak of the Franco-German war.

The marriage will not take place for some time, as Lady Brougham is in deep mourning for the death of her father, that Peter Wells of Windsor Forest and of Rome who figures so conspicuously in Ouida's novel, "Friendship," under the name of Mr. Silvery Bell. When young Lady Brougham, who was baptized Adora but on growing up rechristened herself Zoe, was married to the late Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, a place rendered famous through Longfellow's poem entitled "The Luck of Eden Hall," which describes a glass goblet of great age, said to have been presented hundreds of years ago to the owners of Eden Hall by the fairies, and with which the fortunes of the house of Musgrave have ever since been associated, the good luck depending on the goblet being preserved intact.

Lady Brougham is artistic and so passionately fond of red that, not content with having red dresses, red flowers on her table, red candle shades and red electric light globes, and her rooms hung and carpeted with red and adorned with red flowers, she has also all her park railings painted red, and the old woman employed to weed the garden walk is dressed in long red cloaks in order that they might afford a picturesque contrast to the grass and greenery.

In this and in other matters she is original, and, like her husband, a particular friend of King Edward, who often stays with them at Brougham Hall, their place in Westmoreland, and at Chateau Eleanore, their home at Cannes.

Cannes, which is even better known than Nice to Americans visiting the French Riviera, may be said to owe its creation to the first Lord Brougham, who, while traveling home from Rome after the death of his 17-year-old daughter Eleanore, to whom he was passionately devoted and from whose loss he never wholly recovered, became so entranced with the beauty about Cannes that he determined to establish a continental home there, to which, in memory of his girl, he gave the name of Chateau Eleanore.

In course of time a large colony of English people and other foreigners settled in the vicinity of his chateau and in this way Cannes has become one of the principal winter resorts of the southern coast of France. The present Lord Brougham is an extremely good-looking and courtly man, without the slightest trace of resemblance, either in appearance or manner, to his uncle, the first lord.

That peer presented the most extraordinary and freakish aspect and his manners were usually in keeping with his looks. A man of the most brilliant attainments, possessed of an immense range of knowledge, not only eminent but pre-eminent as a jurist, and with unrivaled gifts of eloquence, his temper was so uncontrollable, his vanity so egregious, and his prejudices so easily aroused, as to render him unreliable as a friend, as a political ally, and as a minister of the crown. Moreover, he seemed to be imbued at times with a spirit of mischief that was absolutely impish in its nature and wholly out of keeping with his age and his office, and yet which seemed to be entirely in unison with his queer appearance.

Among the hundreds of stories which are told of him in this connection I need merely mention that of his having, in October, 1839, issued a report to the effect that, while out driving in the neighborhood of Brougham Hall, he had been thrown out of his carriage and killed on the spot, the object of the report being that he might have the satisfaction of reading the obituary notices published about him in the London papers. The Times, fully cognizant of his character and suspecting a hoax, declined to touch the matter, but all the other papers were taken in, and it may be added that but few of them were complimentary in their appreciation of Lord Brougham's career.

He was one of the leaders of the abolitionist movement in England, secured almost single-handed the enactment of a law punishing slave trade as a felony, was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, bitterly opposed the holy alliance, which, it may be recalled, was organized against the United States and called into existence the Monroe doctrine, and championed the cause of Queen Caroline not only after her husband's accession to the throne and during her memorable trial in the House of Lords but also throughout the last eight years of the reign of George III. In fact, Henry Brougham was her principal legal adviser, and had she followed his counsel she would have fared infinitely better in every respect.

He was disinterested in his attitude toward her, declining to avail himself of the large sum of money raised by popular subscription in her defence when she was placed on trial, and sacrificed by espousing her cause all hopes of judicial preferment as long as George IV. remained on the throne. Indeed, it was not until after that monarch's death that Brougham was allowed to "take-silk" and admitted to the rank of king's counsel, his promotion to the House of Lords and to the woolsack as lord high chancellor following not long afterwards.

For some strange reason or other a popular impression seems to prevail that this first Lord Brougham was of most humble origin, and it must be confessed that there was little about him to convey the impression of aristocratic lineage. True, he rendered himself ridiculous by his efforts to trace his paternal ancestry to Udardo de Broham of the reign of Henry II., and adorned the baronial hall at Brougham with many memorials of that doughty crusader, though it has been found impossible to establish any real connection between the ancient lords of Brougham Castle and the Broughams of Scales Hall, from whom the Chancellor Brougham was really descended.

His grandfather, who was owner of Scales Hall and sheriff of Cumberland, managed to secure by purchase Brougham Hall, in Westmoreland, and the latter is now the principal seat and ancestral home of the family, and is today one of the finest places in the county, second only to Lowthere Castle, the home of the Earl of Lonsdale, and containing some of the finest oak carving in the north of England.

As for the Broughams of Scales, they can show an unbroken lineage back to Henry Brougham, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, his name appearing upon several grants as "Henricus Burgham." This, together with the fact that Lord Brougham's ancestors were owners of Scales Hall from the reign of King Charles I. until the birth of Lord Brougham, effectually disproves any story to the effect that he was of plebeian origin.

While the present Lord Brougham has been singularly happy in his marriage, the domestic affairs of his two younger brothers have frequently occupied the attention of the divorce court. Thus, the Hon. Reginald Brougham, at the present moment second heir to the family honors, after figuring as co-respondent in the divorce suit of Francis Charles Baring, was divorced by his own wife, now dead, and subsequently married the ex-Mrs. Frank Baring.

The other brother, the Hon. Wilfred Brougham, married as his first wife an Italian woman, and although she eloped from him during the Cowes week in 1871 he made no attempt to secure a divorce from her until 23 years afterwards. He failed to secure a decree owing to the interference of the queen's proctor, who produced evidence to show that if Wilfred had refrained for all these years from taking action against his wife, who was living in Paris, where she had given birth to several children of whom he was not the father, it was because she was paying him an annuity of $4,000 a year, which he was unwilling to lose.

The only reason for his demand for a divorce after nearly a quarter of a century was that he was anxious to make a marriage which through the wealth of the bride would prove more remunerative than his allowance from Paris. Fortunately for him, his first wife died not long afterwards and then he was able to marry the woman who is now his widow.

If the Orleans family are so rich today, it is largely due to an act of kindness performed by the widow of the regicide Duke of Orleans, surnamed "Egalite," who, after having voted as a terrorist for the execution of his relatives, King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, himself was decapitated by the guillotine in November, 1793. "Egalite," by his marriage with Princess Louise of Orleans had, besides his son, Louis Philippe, who afterwards became king of France, a daughter, Mme. Adelaide, and two younger sons—namely: Anthony, duc de Montpensier, and Louis, comte de Beaujolias.

After their father's death their eldest brother, Louis Philippe, sought refuge, first in England and afterwards here in America, where he earned his living as a school teacher. They, however, one of them eighteen years of age and the other barely twelve, were unable to get away, and were imprisoned in the fortress of St. Jean at Marseilles, where they were subjected to all sorts of hardships, until in January, 1797, they were authorized by the directory at Paris to rejoin their eldest brother in the United States, where both of them died some ten years later.

While imprisoned at Fort St. Jean, Anthony, duc de Montpensier, fell in love with the pretty laundress who attended to their washing, Francoise Barbaroux, nicknamed "Miette," which means a crumb of bread, and who was married to a little Swiss clockmaker, hailing from Geneva, known as Michael Dentend. When the duke recovered his liberty and received permission to sail for the United States, Francoise was on the eve of becoming the mother of a child of which he was the father, and accordingly, he left a handsome sum of money with Citizen Cathalan, American consul at Marseilles, for the woman and for the child to which she was about to give birth.

The baby made its appearance on July 7, 1797, proved to be a boy, and received the name of Jean Antoine and the family name of Dentend—that is to say, of Francoise's husband, whose compunction about thus according his patronymic to an infant of which he was not the father was silenced by the money paid over to his wife by the American consul.

As long as the duc de Montpensier lived he sent money regularly to the United States consul, who turned it over to the clockmaker. But when the payments stopped, after the sudden death of Montpensier, and Consul Cathalan found himself unable to continue the allowance, the clockmaker considered it useless to keep any longer in his house a boy who was not his son, and who had ceased to be a source of revenue, and turned him out of doors.

The lad became a street urchin and mud lark, and led a precarious existence as such until 1814, when, after the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons, the Dowager Duchess d'Orleans, widow of "Egalite," set the police to work to hunt up the boy of her favorite and deeplly mourned son, Anthony, duc de Montpensier. The youngster was, after some difficulty, found at Marseilles by the police, arrested, and taken before the prefect of the Bouches du Rhone, the Marquis d'Albertus, who conducted him into the presence of the dowager duchess.

The latter, who had long been acquainted with her son, Montpensier's, romance in prison, welcomed the lad as her grandchild, and took him with her to Paris, where he was housed in her apartments in the Palais Royale, belonging to the Orleans family. Most carefully educated under the duchess' direction, he passed in due course his examinations as a lawyer in the most brilliant fashion and was thereupon provided by the dowager duchess with an "etude," or business as notary and family lawyer, which she has purchased for him at considerabe expense.

Clever, well educated, and discreet, devoted moreover to his grandmother, to his aunt, Mme. Adelaide, and to all the other members of the house of Orleans, who treated him as a nonroyal member of their family with the utmost affection and consideration, he became their lawyer, and in particular the private legal adviser and notary of his uncle, King Louis Philippe. Thanks to his careful administration of the private property of the king and his registration thereof under different names, he was able to preserve it almost in its entirety from confiscation after the revolution of 1848. In fact, the king and his various sons and daughters were, through the maneuvers of Maitre Dentend, able to retain almost the whole of their colossal property, thanks to which their descendants are today possessed of such vast wealth.

It was only a relatively insignificant portion thereof that was confiscated by the Government of Napoleon III. at the outset of his reign, and which was restored in its entirety on the downfall of the empire.

Maitre Dentend died in 1859 as one of the most famous and richest lawyers in Paris, deeply mourned by the entire royal family of Orleans and leaving his fortune to be divided among two daughters, who are both still living today, one of them as the wife of Count Louis Sesmaisons, who was formerly minister plenipotentiary of France in Hayti and elsewhere, while the other is married to Count George Leautaud-Donine. Had it not been for the kindness and magnanimity of the royal widow of "Egalite" in rescuing her favorite son's illegitimate son from the gutters of Marseilles and educating him as her own grandchild in her palace, it is probable that the Orleans family would have been unable to preserve their property from confiscation, first by the revolution of 1848 and afterwards by Napoleon III. For in order to devise the maneuvers by which this was accomplished it needed not only the skill of a lawyer but something more; a deep sense of devotion resulting from gratitude and affection.

As for Mme. Adelaide, her extraordinary history has yet to be written. For during the early days of the terror the princess, who was at the time 16 years of age, kept house for her father, "Egalite," did the honors for him at his entertainments arrayed in tricolor dresses, and received the attentions of his revolutionist friends, such as Camille Desmoulins, Barrere, and Petion, played for them on the clavecin the revolutionary dance and song, "Ca Ira."

When her father was guillotined she managed to escape with her governess, the famous Mme. de Genlis, and after spending some time in a German convent under the name of "Miss Stuart," wandered all over Europe, being everywhere treated with coldness and even with outright contumely by those monarchs, princes of the blood, and nobles, who recalled the fact that she was not only the daughter of the regicide "Egalite" but that she had helped him to entertain his regicide friends and fellow terrorists.

Exceedingly homely, she was the most useful and able adviser of her brother, King Louise Philippe, and the loss of her sagacious counsels, through her death in 1847, no doubt precipitated his overthrow and exile a year afterwards.

The princess never forgot or forgave the humiliations to which she had been subjected by the reigning houses of Europe during the time which intervened between her father's death in 1793 and her brother's proclamation as king in 1830, nor the slights which she had been compelled to endure at the hands of the Royalists, and it was through her advice that King Philippe showed so much indifference and neglect to the aristocracy and placed his reliance upon the bourgeoise, appealing to their goodwill and to their interests. Indeed, he was par excellence the citizen king—the king of the bourgeoise.

Seventy members of the Berryhill family, one of the largest in the Creek nation, draw more money for oil royalties than any other family in Oklahoma. Together they receive $20,000 a month.

IS YOUR STOMACH SOUR?

Just notice if you belch gas and have sour risings. Ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water will instantly give relief. Nerviline sweetens the stomach, aids digestion, dispels gas, makes you fit and fine in a few minutes. No treatment for stomach and bowel troubles to compare with Polson's Nerviline, thousands have proved it.

Thrilling Incidents of the Indian Mutiny

SIR EVELYN WOOD'S HISTORY FULL OF GRAPHIC NARRATIVE—READS LIKE A ROMANCE OF OLD—WONDERFUL HEROISM—HOW TWO MEN WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Sir Evelyn Wood's story of the Indian mutiny brings back vividly to memory some of the incidents of that awful struggle. Says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P.:

One has a strange feeling of living through scenes which are more like the creation of some great novelist like Rider Haggard describing the hand-to-hand fights than real history; the narrative has all the crowded incident, the breathless haste, and the hand-to-hand fights than real history; sociates with romance rather than the reality—with the infancy rather than the maturity of the world. You follow the narrative accordingly with an interest and inner excitement that never give pause till you reach the last page. Here, for instance, is a page describing the tiny little incident in which this awful cataclysm started:

Mangal Pandi, a Sipahi, Thirty-fourth Bengal Infantry, drugged with bhang, and blustering in front of the quarter guard, shot at the European regimental sergeant-major and the adjutant. He was still fighting furiously with both of them when he was seized and held by Shekh Platu, a Mohammedan Sipahi, the champion wrestler of the regiment, until the white men escaped, in spite of the opposition of the guard, who threatened they would shoot Paltu unless he released the assassin. When General Hearsey, commanding the division, with his son and others of his staff, arrived on the scene, he saw a crowd of Sipahis, mostly unarmed and undressed, and some European officers. Mangal Pandi was calling to his comrades, "Die for your religion and caste!" The general, with a pistol at the head of the jemadar in command, coerced him into ordering the guard to follow, and rode straight at the menacing fanatic. To his son, who shouted, "Take care of his musket!" Hearsey replied, "Damn his musket! If I fall, John, rush on and kill him." As the general closed on him, the mutineer, reversing his musket, shot himself through the breast. Both he and the jemadar were hanged afterwards by sentence of courtmartial, the latter voluntarily admitting the justice of his punishment, and exhorting his comrades to take warning from his fate. Nineteen years afterwards, Mr. Commissioner G. H. Ricketts came across Shekh Paltu, and obtained for him the proprietorship of a confiscated village.

So the mutiny began. You read on from this moment with the ever-increasing sense that you are living in the midst of one of those mighty revolutions in the natural order of men and things in which everything and everybody rise to a stature loftier than that of ordinary times, as is the Matterhorn above the tiny Derbyshire hill. It is almost the same feeling as you have when you are reading of the men and the events of the French revolution. Appearing in a panorama so vast, so terrible, so fateful, everything and everybody seem to cease to have the ordinary human aspect; men become devils or demi-gods; their deeds are either gigantic in heroism or in cruelty and horror; it is all like some strangely vivid nightmare in which ordinary conditions give place to earthquake and eclipse.

Take, for instance, some of the hand-to-hand fights which Sir Evelyn describes after all these years with the gusto one can well forgive in an old and gallant soldier. Here is the story of Private Flynn:

"The rebel gunners were so intent on their work that the approach of the Fusiliers was unnoticed until they charged into the bastion. The gunners had no firearms; many, panic-stricken, dropped through the embrasures into the main ditch; others bravely sought death as they ran at the Fusiliers sword in hand. A stalwart Hindustani pressed Lieut. Money vigorously, and with a sweep of a heavy curved sabre had knocked aside the officer's small regulation sword when Private Patrick Flynn charged. The gunner jumped lightly aside, and evading the point of the bayonet, caught the weapon under his left arm as he cut at Flynn's head. Each combatant was determined to slay his opponent. As they grappled, the gunner's sword hilt striking Flynn's head, stunned him momentarily, and the rifle dropped from his hands to the ground. The Irishman, recovering his senses, clenched his fists, stepping back a pace in order to put the weight of his body into the blow, planted it between the Hindustani's eyes, who fell backwards, heels over head, and was then killed by the officer."

Here is the story of how two men won the Victoria Cross:

"On July 9, Major Tombs and Lieut. Hills (General Sir Hill-Johnes), won the Victoria Cross. Hills was on picket with two guns of Major Tomb's troop in a hollow on the right rear of the camp, three-quarters of a mile west of the Ridge and midway between "the Mound" and the canal. The Eighth Irregulars had mutinied to a man, and thought they could win over the Ninth Irregulars. This distinguished regiment had given many officers, European and native, to the Eighth; the uniforms of the corps were similar, and great friendship existed between the men, who were in constant communication, although the influence of Ressaldars Major Bahadur Ali and Wazir Khan prevented the Ninth being outwardly disloyal. In the afternoon, in a downpour of rain, about two squadrons, Eighth Irregulars, riding at "the walk," approached Hill's picket in a column of threes (i.e., six abreast) without attracting the notice of Europeans, until they were close up, when Lieut. Hills realized what was about to happen. Ordering his two guns to unlimber, to gain time, he, a man of small stature but large heart, rode alone into the leading "Threes" (six men). The European cavalry escort to the guns (except the officer and two privates), and the detachment of one gun, fled like cowards. Hills cut down one trooper, hit another, and was then rolled over with his horse, over which the enemy galloped. He struggled up, and, while recovering his sword, which was ten yards away, was attacked by two mounted rebels and one on foot. He seized one assailant's spear by the left hand and hit two other men, the first with a shot from a pistol, and the second with a deep gash with the sword. The first antagonist again attacked him, but was cut down. The footman now wrenched Hills' sword away, and though Hills hit him many times with his fist, the subaltern, encumbered by a heavy cloak, fell. He would have been killed had not Major Tombs rushed in and shot the rebel. The raiders cutting down the detachment had now galloped on, and the two officers were looking at the dead and wounded gunners lying with one overturned gun, when a rebel, returning on foot towards Sabzimandi, passed the Mound, and Hills ran at him. The Sawar (trooper) shouted, "Let me alone, or I'll kill you, as you killed our leader, my father!" Hills for answer feinted with a cut, and as the mutineer guarding cut back, Hills lunged forward with a thrust, and overbalanced. The Hindustani, jumping lightly aside, cut the Welshman down by a blow on the head, and was about to kill him when Major Tombs ran up, full of admiration of the rebel's activity, courage, and swordsmanship. They fought, and the Sawar, beating down Tombs' headguard, had cut through his forage cap, when he was run through the body by the major's sword.

So, also, when men came to die, they did so after the splendid and heroic manner of men like the Girondists and like Danton when they had to climb the stairs to the guillotine; they seemed to take on something larger and greater than ordinary humanity. Take, for instance, side by side with the Irish Private Flynn, this story of the death of another Irishman—placed in a very different station, but not more heroic. Here is how Sir Henry Lawrence died:

At daylight on July 2 Sir Henry Lawrence began a round of the defensive posts, explaining his views as to the best methods of the defence of the position, and encouraging the garrison. The morning was very hot, and on returning at 8 a.m. he said he would rest for two hours and then remove to a lower and less dangerous room, as he had promised his staff to do, for an 8-inch shell from the Howitzer left by our troops on the Chinhat road had cut through the wall on the previous day. Half an hour later, when listening to Captain Wilson reading a memorandum on "the issuing of rations," another 8-inch shell knocked Wilson down, cut off a servant's foot, and tore away the top of Sir Henry's thigh. He was removed to the verandah on the north side of the house; but the rebels, learning where the wounded chief lay, concentrated their batteries on the spot. He appointed Major Banks as his successor for civil affairs, and gave detailed instructions for the conduct of defence under Lieut.-Col. J. Inglis. Sir Henry talked earnestly of the mistakes made in our treatment of landowners, and of the causes of the mutiny; and then feeling he was near death he partook of Holy Communion, with bullets striking around and shells hurtling overhead. He died at sunrise on July 4, having dictated his epitaph: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Some hours later, when four men, Thirty-second (Cornwall) Regiment, came to remove the body, one private lifted the coverlet, and all reverently kissed the dead man's forehead. They had seen him five days before under close fire, sitting on his horse, hat in hand, to rally the retreating column, and could rightly estimate what they and our country had lost.

So one might go on; but I have to stop. Suffice it for the moment that I should end as I began by asking that the mistakes should be avoided in time which brought the old disasters and may bring forth the new.

A Tax on Bachelors

AN IMAGINARY CASE IN WHICH JOHN SMYTHE'S COMFORTABLE ROUTINE WAS RUDELY DISTURBED.

John Smythe—(John was a bachelor with an income of £600 a year, so it can easily be understood he had the privilege of changing the family "i" into "y")—let me repeat, John was a bachelor, 45 years of age. He had learned that most safe and useful of life's lessons—the art of making the most out of his income without ever going beyond it. He had at certain periods, when he had been "going it" a little, seen his bank book with each side of its additions balanced to such a nicety that they did not leave him the price of a chop, but never had he seen a deficit. As years went on, indeed, had he wanted mental distraction, he had only to look at his bank book to be able to enjoy the anticipation of coming pleasures. In the snug little sum to his credit he could see a comfortable, if not luxurious, continental holiday, or some judicious visits to old friends' houses, or a period of select theatre-going, and with a few—very few—jolly little dinners or suppers. It was all marked out, the even tenor of a sensible bachelor's existence. There was only one morning throughout the year on which the postman's knock carried annoyance for John Smythe—it was when his letter bag revealed the application for income tax. In common with most of his kind, John held strong views that if such an imposition as this tax were allowed at all, it should begin at a sum higher than his income was ever likely to reach. He thought the tax principle iniquitous. He had never bothered his brain much with political economics, and would not, if pressed, be able to give argument in support of his opinions; but down in the depths of his soul was the conviction that he, John Smythe, had always been able to live comfortably; that he had never asked a penny from the state either for food or medicine; that such a state of affairs came from some inherent virtue in himself, and that if the world were only composed of John Smythes dunning for taxes would cease to exist. There was always money to meet the demand, it is true, but that took little from its vexation.

A SURPRISE.

"Perhaps it is the hot weather," thought John Smythe on this particular morning that the unwelcome missive divided attention with his omelet and coffee. "It looks of a different color to other years." At the risk of letting his omelet cool he took up the envelope and examined it closely. It was different; pale blue in color, the address written in ink of a deeper shade of blue, and—yes! actually scented; extract of violets, John decided as in some mystification he hastened to open the letter. Inside, instead of the formal application he was accustomed to, he found a notification that the collector would call upon him at 10 o'clock, when it was hoped he would be so good as to have a check for £400 ready. Before John had time to recover from the stupefaction caused by this announcement the clock on the mantelpiece struck ten. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock the door opened, and a tall lady of imposing appearance entered. At this apparition a keen regret for the omelet that was fast becoming leathery went to John's soul; but even this was forgotten in the amazement of the next few minutes.

"I am an income tax collector," said the lady calmly. "I hope you are prepared to pay me the £400 mentioned in the demand note." John would have laughed aloud, only that the lady's face was so serious. "I don't understand," he said; "I have never had any note like this before." "It is the new special tax on bachelors," she said. "By it the state allows you to have as much of your income as will keep you in the same degree of comfort as if you had married." "A beastly £200 a year, what could I do on that?" demanded John furiously.

MODE OF LIFE.

"You will manage to live without undue luxuries, and learn to find interest in simple enjoyment. Whenever you were asked why you did not get married you always said the same thing you have just said to me—'a beastly £600 a year, what could I do on that?'"

"It was true," interjected John. "Yes, you thought so," replied the woman, "but the state now thinks differently. So you're to lose all the superfluities which you preferred to a wife; you can taste in single bitterness the life you looked upon with dread. You'll probably have to live in the suburbs—in 'apartments'; a ride in a cab will become an occurrence; England will have to serve you as holiday ground; and the Saturday to Monday hotel will see you no more. Your clothes will lose the cut that made you feel at home in the park. You will develop a preference for the 'plain joint' dinner, since traveling into the by-paths of fricassee or casserole means unexpected and appalling adventures. Cigarettes will be favored with your patronage, and a cigar will become an occurrence like the cab ride.

NOT TOO BAD.

"I know you are thinking such a life will be narrow, unprofitable, and impossible; the first two perhaps, though the width and brightness of one's outlook depends very much on the eyes that see; the third, no—the margin at which life becomes impossible depends on temperament. You have the knack of getting the most for your money, and you will find occupation and recompense in stretching every shilling of your £200 to its utmost capacity. Of course, it will not be pleasant, as is your life now, and I quite realize that the pretty fringe of pleasure with which you were able to decorate the passing days is a something which can only be condemned to the tune of sour grapes. Still, you are 45; all that you have spent you have spent carefully on yourself; you at an early age took care that no wife or child should be allowed to jostle you off the path of comfortable routine. It is time now for you to move aside. You have become a cumberer of the eath; you are a broken link of the great human chain, and had better drop out. The £400 of your income will help to give those with a true instinct of life a start. Let me have it quickly. There are hundreds such as you in these sedate streets of the West End, and I must call in all your checks."

John Smythe gasped; some power outside himself compelled him to give up his precious income. Then a happy inspiration for delivery seized him, and he exclaimed, "I could get married even now!"

The woman smiled scornfully. "Not in this new era," she said, "which has put a heavy tax on bachelors. There is no woman who would have you."

John Smythe awoke with a start. He had dozed for a few minutes while reading last week's "Talk," in which mention was made of a tax on bachelors. His greatest disappointment came from the fact that there was no omelet before him. He had eaten it before he slept.—Frances, in T. P.'s Weekly.

Rochester (N. Y.) school authorities have ordered the abandonment of all third stories of schoolhouses.

To determine whether or not they will be practicable for general use two slot machines for the vending of postage stamps are to be placed in the corridor of the New York general postoffice Monday.

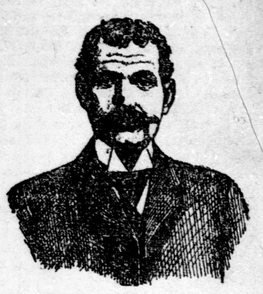
CURES DIZZY HEADACHES.

Dr. Hamilton says, look to the stomach and bowels—see if they are not sluggish and overloaded. System needs cleansing with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure headache, biliousness and dyspepsia. Twenty-five cents per box.

No More Rheumatism

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM.

Christopher D. Graham is a well-known citizen of Ottawa, formerly in the City Hall and largely instrumental in forming the Ottawa Hunt Club. Mr. Graham's voluntary testimonial as to the great benefit he received from taking "Fruit-a-tives" will carry conviction.



Ottawa, Ont. Nov. 26th, 1907.

Dear Sirs:—

I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for a long time—pains in my shoulder and joints practically all the time. I tried various treatments without benefit, and then I was recommended by a friend to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes of the tablets and now, for a long time, I have been entirely free from all rheumatism and rheumatic pains.

I wish to state also that I suffered from hemorrhoids, or piles, for years, I used all kinds of ointments and treatment and nothing did me any good, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives" for my rheumatism I am entirely cured of these dreadful piles.

(Sgd.) C. D. GRAHAM.

149

"Fruit-a-tives" — or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box—6 for $2.50—or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ROYAL COMPOSERS

HENRY VIII.'S ANTHEMS SUNG BY CATHEDRAL CHOIRS.

The first of the English sovereigns who won fame as a composer was Henry VIII. Many of his anthems are sung today by cathedral choirs. He also wrote a melodious effusion, "Now Fayre, Fayrest off Every Fayre," to quote the original title, for the marriage of his sister Margaret with James IV. of Scotland," said Miss Alys Lorrraine.

"Charles I. was another composer, and I am including in my programme his effective setting of Thomas Carew's poem, 'Mark How the Blushful Morn.'

"I think everybody knows that Queen Victoria was a fine singer and a good pianist, and the late Prince Consort was most zealous in popularizing the art in this country. The majority of Prince Albert's compositions have been collected and published. Of the present members of the royal family the most distinguished as a composer is Princess Henry of Battenberg.

"Turning aside to foreign courts, the German Emperor has won some fame for his 'Song to Aegir,' which is included in my programme. The late Duke Ernst II. of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, the brother of the Prince Consort, composed several operas.

"Marie Antoinette will be represented in the programme by her setting of Florian's 'C'est Mon Ami,' and from the many works of the Saxon monarch Anthony the Good, who died in 1836, I have chosen a song he composed in celebration of the birth of his nephew, Prince Clement.

"Who was the greatest royal composer? Well, I should think that honor might fall to the nephew of Frederick the Great, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, who was killed at the battle of Saalfeld."—London Chronicle.

Although he is now a free man ex-Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco is still under 39 indictments.

Comfortable the Year Round

For cold weather or hot, or 'tween seasons, there's a fabric of the right "feel" and weight in Pen-Angle to make you most comfortable.

Pen Angle — Warranted Fine Grade — Penman's — Unshrinkable — Trade Mark

Goods trade-marked with the Pen-Angle in red are sold to you with the understanding you get your money back if in any way defective.

Pen-Angle Underwear

Examine the Trade Mark

when you buy spoons, forks, knives, etc. If it is

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

you are sure of your money's worth in artistic patterns, style, finish and quality.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

Pitchers, urns, dishes, trays, etc., of extraordinary beauty and wearing quality are made by

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

MIDY