

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899.

CLEVER ROYAL WOMEN

ROMANIA'S QUEEN A LICENSED PUBLIC LECTURER.

The Queen of Portugal probably the only Royal M. D. Besides she is an expert milliner-Germany's Designer, Empress a sculptor, musician and poetess.

The Queen of Roumania is probably the only one among royalties who is licensed as a public lecturer. For several years her Majesty has given talks on subjects of interest to young women in her palace, to the daughters of the Roumanian aristocracy.

These lectures have, however, recently become so popular and attractive and the requests to attend them are so many and so persistent, that the Queen now lectures in the public high school for girls and has obtained the necessary official professional diploma, which is signed by the King and by the Minister of Public Instruction.

But Queen Elizabeth is as deft with her fingers as she is clever with her brain. At a doll show recently held in Berlin, under the direction of the hereditary Princess of Wied, to dispense Christmas charity to the poor, the leading feature was a collection of dolls exhibited by the Queen of Roumania, every article of dress and decoration of which was made by herself. A gem of the royal handiwork was a charming reproduction in miniature of the carriage used at the Roumanian coronation, drawn by eight tiny horses, whose silver harness is a marvel of workmanship. The group is valued at 70,000 francs, and is to be sent to the Paris exhibition in 1900.

Queen Amalie of Portugal is another of the clever and good women who are on the throne. It is well known how to be able personally to attend to and treat the King, who suffered greatly on account of his great obesity, she entered the university and studied medicine. She attended lectures faithfully, took her degree, and is today the only Royal M. D. in the world. She visits the poorer sections of Lisbon and practices her profession incognito, being known as the 'good lady doctor.'

But Queen Amalie has another accomplishment. She is an expert at millinery, and in the royal residence there is an apartment in seclusion of the Queen's quarters, where hats, bonnets and toques are being fashioned and modelled after her own designs.

The Empress Dowager Friedrich of Germany is an excellent musician and talented above most women both in sculpture and painting. She is, moreover, able to earn more than a few thalers annually from her knowledge of floral and kitchen gardening. She is especially fond of raising choice roses for decorative purposes, and owns a large nursery garden at Friedrichshof, in the lodge of which are many diplomas of merit and quite a few prizes won at flower shows. Quite a little commotion and considerable amusement was caused last summer when it became known that the fruit supplied for the banquet breakfast given to the Emperor by one of the royal regiments of the guards had been purchased from the Empress Friedrich's head gardener and probably from the Empress herself.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, who is the eldest sister of the Czarina, is a superbly beautiful woman, with delicately out features, a graceful carriage and a commanding presence. She possesses many accomplishments, which is fortunate, for her domestic life has been an unhappy one. She is a great mimic and actress, and those qualified to judge, who have seen her as an amateur declare that in any rank of life she would have won fame and a fortune on the stage.

As the wife of Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, uncle of the Czar, and the Governor General of Moscow, her saloon is one of the most brilliant in Europe, and private theatricals, often for charitable purposes, are a leading feature of the season's pleasures. Foreign actors, singers and artists are welcome guests of the Grand Duchess. A few winters ago a famous actress, with whom the Duchess was particularly friendly, was playing at the Moscow theatre when she was suddenly taken ill only a few minutes before the beginning of the performance. It was absolutely impossible for the actress to appear, and the management was in despair. At that moment the Grand Duchess Serge arrived and was told of her friend's illness, and that there could be no performance that evening. Hastening to the stage, she visited her friend, and then, after a brief consultation announced her readiness to take the leading part in a

different play were substituted, and upon the management's pledge that her identity should be kept a secret. The leading actor was a particularly handsome man and the audience was soon enthusiastic over the unusually fervent love-making for the hero and heroine on the stage.

Some police or military officials, however, recognized in the ardent actress the wife of their Governor General and hastened to inform him of the fact. In a few minutes he was at the theatre. Upon seeing him the Grand Duchess fainted, the curtain was rung down and his Royal Highness, never a very mild-mannered man, read the riot act in unmeasured terms.

Another royal amateur actress is the Queen of Holland. A few years ago Queen Wilhelmina had a perfect little theatre built for her own use at her residence. Here plays are performed under her direction, with herself and friends in the leading roles.

ABOUT PENSION PRINCES.

Brief Periods of Extravagance That Come Four Times a Year.

'They are generally known as pension princes,' said a veteran United States pension examiner in speaking of the men who get rid of their pension money in a few days after receiving it. 'The other day I learned of an old soldier who is now a member of the bottle gang; that is to say, he loads with a lot of fellows whose sole ambition is to have money enough to buy a pint of liquor. This fellow has a strange way of getting rid of his pension money. He is tattered and torn and unkempt. When he draws his money the first thing he does is to call a cheap cab, hire it by the hour then drive about the city alone. He stops at various saloons, spending a little here and there, and keeps on until every dollar of his pension allowance has been spent over the bar. He enjoys this swell method of getting around and if his allowance was \$1,000 a quarter he'd spend it in the same way. He says he is satisfied just to have a day's taste of what other swells have for a whole season.'

'Then there is a tailor of my acquaintance not far from New York who works steadily at his trade until he draws his pension, and then he ceases work and takes a railroad trip to some point to which he has never been before. In this way he has visited every point of interest within 500 miles of his home, as he takes four trips a year. He tells his friend he'd be traveling all the time if he could, and he always goes in the most expensive manner possible, stopping at the best hotel and using parlor cars and a state-room in the sleeper whenever he can. When necessary he adds some of his savings to his pension allowance for the trip he has mapped out. I know of another pensioner who spends half his nights in charity beds. He picks out the swiftest barroom that will tolerate his presence and spends every dollar there all on one kind of drink. He is a veritable fiend, and when his pension money is all gone he'll fall back on the cheapest alcohol he can buy at a hardware store, dilute it with water, and shift along with that until his next pension check arrives. When he is spending his money he'll invariably drink to the health of Phil Sheridan, because the general's picture was on his pension check. I know one poor fellow who has better judgment. He cashes his pension check, and then goes to a five-cent eating house and pays over \$15 cash in advance to assure himself of food for as many weeks. The remainder of his pension money he'll blow in treating all the children on the block to candy. There are three old veterans who are about as selfish as any men I know. They have resolved never to spend a dollar of their pension money on any one else. They pay their own bills, sit together in the theatre, drink good wines, smoke good cigars, eat the best meals they can agree on, and in that way they keep it up until every cent is gone. Then they'll separate, go about their business and never see each other until the next pension payment, when they'll come together again for another jolly but selfish time. They fought in the same battery, all are widowers with something laid by to keep them, and have agreed together to spend Uncle Sam's money in the way they do. Each makes out a programme, and when they meet they compare notes and adopt the best. I know a colored man who spends every dollar of pension money on clothes. He was a Captain's cook, and was wounded at Chancellorsville. He's a cook yet, and earns fair wages in a restaurant or a coffee place, but he makes it a rule to buy nothing but clothes with his pension check. He has a great layout of neckties, collars, and cuffs. He has a weakness for them,

and his pink silk shirts at colored cake walks are quite familiar to me.

'Another man draws his pension money, gets a bundle of new underwear, cheap clothes, shoes, necktie and hat, and starts for the nearest barber's for a hair cut and shave. Then he'll go to one of the cheap Turkish bathhouses and take a bath. He'll come out brand new, and every dollar that he has remaining he'll blow in at some big hotel bar uptown to hear the brokers and money men talk of the outlook in Wall street. He's a money king with the rest of them, and he'll swell it fairly well, and in a day or two go broke again. He has a weakness for financial matters. I have yet to know the first poor devil who sky-rocketed his pension money in gambling. My experience is that almost all the old soldiers want to be sure of receiving something substantial for their money.'

'Of course, the general rule is that pension money is put to good use in a thousand different ways. I am only telling you of some of the oddities. Why I know a pensioner whose weakness runs to horseback riding, and a certain livery man gets nearly every dollar for horse hire. He's the happiest man on earth when in saddle, pays cash, and, strange to say, never in all his years has he ever asked credit for a single ride. I am sure the livery man would readily allow him a horse for nothing, once in a while, but the old soldier would rather walk for his exercise. He is now 55 years of age, gets \$15 a month pension, I think, and rides very well. There is not a man in all my acquaintance that I assist more cheerfully than a rounder over in Jersey. He has a mother in the coal regions. Every time he draws his pension money he'll go and buy a box of stockings, gloves, gingham, handkerchiefs, dress goods and shoes, and off it goes to the good old mother, who imagines her boy is doing so well that he doesn't need his pension money. But he does, for half the time he's hungry and tattered. But he says, 'She nursed me back to life when I got back from the army and she can have all that pension graft.' He prefers to buy things, and takes a world of pleasure in selecting the articles. He knows his sister gives the old lady, a good home, which he has not seen her for ten years. He says he'll get there next summer, if he can make a stake, and surprise them. I promised to help him. Some time ago we got an old pensioner a job as assistant fireman in one of the public buildings. He's a great old cooky in his way. Why, he won't work a stroke when he gets his pension, but, summer or winter, he'll spend every dollar going fishing. And he's like the farmer's wife that milked fifteen cows every day and never tasted milk. He never eats fish. Numbers of pensioners I know who never have a dollar and do not know the worth of one. They are poor fellows who loaf around and pick up a precarious living in odd places, and when they get their pension live high, treat everybody in sight, feed the gang and shoot up every penny before morning. I was told of a pensioner who is fairly well off and donates every dollar he receives as pension to the church. He wouldn't spend a cent of it.'

'No, I never heard of anyone returning his pension money to the Government. I did hear a slight case of conscience money but I cannot vouch for it. One poor fellow who is blind has a standing order for all new army or patriotic music that comes out to be sent to him. He has a music machine of some kind to entertain him. Over in Pennsylvania there is pensioner who is crazy only in the pension season. When he draws his money he'll decorate himself with all the feathers from old millinery and the banyard, ribbons and rags and colored by, and then go around the streets giving small change to the school children until every dollar is gone. Then he'll return to his work as if nothing had happened. Nothing is said about it because he is harmless. An Examiner some time ago told me of a man who spends all his pension on cemetery lots.'

Russian 'Spanish' Navy.

The Reichswehr gives an almost comic account of the Russian naval maneuvers which were held in the Baltic recently. Every ship engaged in the operations was not only short handed, but such men as they had were perfectly untried hands, incapable of performing the most ordinary duties, and owing a large number of mishaps by their bungling carelessness. There was a special lack of engineers and firemen, to an extent indeed, which endangered the safety of the ships. The allowance of ammunition which had been placed on each vessel was absurdly insufficient, and rendered any kind of systematic gun practice impossible. In the auxiliary squadron of thirty ships no less than twenty broke down so completely as to be entirely hors de combat. This remarks the

Reichswehr, 'is the fleet of the power which desires to dispute England's supremacy of the seas. Anything more ridiculous can hardly be conceived. If this squadron was in the least degree representative of the Russian navy Russia's competition for the supremacy of the world may be regarded by England as a negligible quantity.'

TOBACCO.

A Few Facts Not Known About Trade in The Seductive Weed.

It may surprise many who enjoy the fine flavor of the Egyptian cigarette to know that tobacco raising has been prohibited by law in Egypt since 1890. This drastic measure was adopted, curiously enough to maintain the high reputation of Egypt's cigarettes. It was discovered about eleven years ago that many of the smaller cigarette makers were realizing large profits by mixing the inferior tobacco of the country with Turkish tobacco and selling cigarettes made of this mixture at the usual high price commanded by the Egyptian product. It had won a place among the luxuries of the world, but it was in danger of losing its pre-eminence through the deterioration of the product. At first the Government sought to mitigate the evil by restricting the acreage devoted to tobacco raising, but it was finally decided to stop the cultivation of the weed entirely. To-day not a pound of tobacco is raised on the 5,500,000 acres of land under cultivation in Egypt. In fact, there is nothing Egyptian about 'Egyptian cigarettes' except that they are made in Egypt. The tobacco comes from Turkey, the paper from Austria, Germany or Italy, and most of the labor employed is Greek, except for the common brands, which are consumed in Egypt and are made by the natives. The greater part of the trade is centred in Cairo, where at least 5,000 persons are independent for their daily bread upon this industry. Of course the Government derives considerable revenue from the tax it imposes upon tobacco imports.

All American travellers in North Europe know that they have to pay a good round price for inferior tobacco products. The best use to make of European grown tobacco is to keep it for the pipe, but many dealers persist in turning it into inferior grades of cigars. The so-called 'Havana cigars,' mostly manufactured in Antwerp and sold widely throughout Belgium, are chiefly made of leaf grown in West Flanders and are inferior to most of our domestic cigars sold at half the price. In Germany, there are many factories turning German grown tobacco into cigars, cigarettes, snuff and smoking and chewing tobacco. Some Americans say it requires a special education to learn to like the German products.

No one has yet discovered what the properties of climate or soil are that give peculiar excellence to the tobacco leaf grown in certain regions. Tobacco grows well in all parts of Cuba and the soil of the tobacco plantations is mostly composed of calareous rocks but why is it that the leaf grown along the southern slope of the Cordillera de las Organos in Pinar del Rio, at the west end of the island, is the finest in the world? Nobody knows, but the fact is that the best tobacco of this famous Vuelta Abajo region is almost worth its weight in gold and is reserved for those who can afford to make the use of tobacco a dear bought luxury. Because of the ex-

cellence of its leaf. Cuba is the most famous tobacco-growing region and many imagine that it is the chief centre of tobacco production. The Cuban product, however, in the best of times, is very small in comparison with that of several other countries. The United States is one of the greatest tobacco growing countries in the world. Over 230,000 tons of dried leaves are prepared every year in this country, 150,000 tons in India, about 100,000 tons in Russia and 60,000 tons in Austria-Hungary. Mr. Gollan, the British Consul General at Havana, says that the normal tobacco crop of Cuba averages only about 31,000 tons a year. Even France in the valley of the Gironne and in Algeria, far surpasses Cuba in amount of tobacco production, and so do Sumatra, the Eastern Archipelago and the Philippines. In 1894 before the internal troubles largely reduced the exports of the Philippines, these islands sent abroad 119,977 tons of tobacco and 140,080,000 cigars.

All countries make tobacco an important source of revenue, and in some lands, most conspicuously in France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, the tobacco trade is a Government monopoly and no one is permitted to engage in it unless he pays well for the privilege. In Spain, for instance, one company pays to the Government a very large sum for the monopoly of manufacturing and selling tobacco in that country. Every cigar store in the country is owned by this company.

It has eleven manufacturing plants in different parts of Spain, in which it employs nearly 30,000 girls. It maintains nearly 19,000 cigar stores, and it is estimated that 50,000 families are supported by the money disbursed on its pyramids. The sales of the company amount to about \$35,000,000 a year. Barcelona spends \$3,000,000 a year for tobacco, and Madrid comes next with about \$2,500,000 a year. Though Cuba was a Spanish colony, Havana cigars have always been as expensive in Spain as in the United States, but all other kinds are somewhat cheaper than in this country.

How he Resembled the Prince.

One of the members of a shooting party on a certain moor was so popular with his companions as he might have been. For this Z, as we call him, had only himself to thank. He was a snob out and out—a person of immense importance in his own estimation. Now, Mr. Z. bore some slight resemblance to the Prince of Wales, and nothing pleased him better than to be reminded of it.

'Do you know,' he remarked on one occasion after dinner, 'the Prince was approached at Windsor the other day by an intimate friend of mine, who slapped him heartily on the back and exclaimed: "Well Z, old fellow, how are you?"'

There was silence for a moment, after which an old gentleman present observed:

'Well, that might have happened; you have something in common with the Prince.'

'Do you really think so?' ejaculated the delighted Z.

Oh, yes, you certainly have. You smoke!

'Doctor,' said he, 'I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise such as a cat on the back fence, for instance.'

'This powder will be effective,' replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

'When do I take it, doctor?'

'You don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk.'

Harry: 'Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet?'

Ebel: 'No, but she blushes furiously every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him.'

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

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can feel the finger nails on the missing and have a desire to trim them. In fact, there are times when I can feel every sensation, and it requires a second thought before I can realize that my hand is not there. This may all sound funny, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and can be accounted for by the muscles, the imagination, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Fare.

The following little story, which the writer heard from a near relative of the late Lord Coleridge, shows that the London cabbie is not incapable of gratitude.

One evening, many years ago, the then eminent barrister was returning home in aansom, and being probably deep in thought, he left some valuable law papers in the cab. The cabman found them, and, luckily remembering his passenger, brought them directly to him, instead of taking them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding saved infinite trouble, as the papers were to be used the following morning, and the man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer was again in aansom on a certain evening, and on getting out he tendered the fare to the driver, who, to his great surprise, refused to take any pay. 'No,' he said, 'I suppose you have forgotten the papers I brought back, and the handsome present you made me; but I have long wished for the chance to take you for nothing.'

Considering how very little a cabman often realises, this is rather touching.—Tid Bits.

Cocks and Cautions.

There is a lad in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighbouring public house with the following order:—

'Please send to our house ten dozen of ale.'

Now it so happens that one of the publican's faults is a propensity to poke his nose into other people's business; and so, when he had read the order, he could not help ejaculating:—

'Guid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer fether gaun tae dae wif so muckle ale?'

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, knowing that his father wouldn't like him to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he quietly replied:—

'I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gaun tae mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the corks.'

In The Forecast Office.

The youthful weather prophet was plainly mortified. He had just been appointed and his first prediction had not been verified.

'The reason we didn't have this storm,' he explained earnestly—

'Hush!' interrupted his aged superior. 'In this business we never stop to apologise. Just guess again.'

Further Explained.

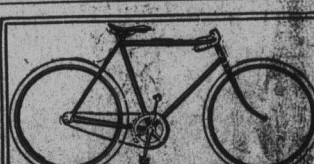
'Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?'

'Yes; he discovered a new way to advertise an invaluable cure-all.'

Pointed.

'I don't believe in being affable to inferiors.'

'You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way.'—T.T.B.



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