MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

LA. MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

European Courts in Mourning For Duchess of Genoa, Grandmother of Italy's King — Her Romantic History

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Every Court in Europe has been placed in mourning by the death of the Duchess of Genoa, who last spring celebrated her eighty-second birthday, surrounded not only by her children, but by her grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, among whom are the Italian Heir Apparent and his three sisters. The Duchess was the grandmother of the present King, and the mother of Queen Marguerite, and played a very important role during the reign of her son-in-law, King Humbert, in uniting Italy to the Triple Alliance.

Her interest in cementing the bonds of Italy and Germany, as also incidentally of Austria, had its origin in the fact that though she had become by her first marriage a Princess of the Reigning House of Savoy, she was by birth and education a German (a sister of the last two Kings of Saxony). She was an excedingly clever and masterful woman, possessed of as many accomplishments in the way of music, painting, etc., as her daughter Queen Marguerite, and displayed throughout her life a very keen appreciation and understanding of international politics. Her marriage to the late Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, younger brother of the "Re Galantuomo," was more or less of a loveless union, for the Duke had been deeply infatuated with Princess Louise of Prussia, daughter of old Prince Charles, and one of the most beautiful women of her time; but their engagment was broken off by her uncle King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, not only on account of Duke Ferdinand being a Roman Catholic, but also because at the time the Court of Berlin was bent on maintaining the friendliest relations with that of Vienna, which then, as now, was imbued with sentiments of animosity towards the House of Savoy.

Princess Louise, who had jilted her former fiance' Prince (afterwards King), Charles of Sweden, for the sake of Duke Ferdinand, was subsequently induced to give her hand to Prince Alexis of Hesse, from whom she obtained a divorce some years later, the Duke of Genoa contracting an equally unhappy marriage, made for purely dynastic considerations, with Princess Elizabeth of Saxony, who was far more attractive in her old age, with her beautiful white hair, and fair, scarcely wrinkled skin, than in her youth.

She bore the Duke two children, Marguerite, now Queen Dowager of Italy, and Thomas, who succeeded his father as Duke of Genoa, and is now the ranking officer of the Italian Navy. He received the greater part of his education at Harrow, the big English public-school, and while there lived with Matthew Arnold, who was then residing at Harrow for the education of his own sons. During the Duke's stay at Harrow he was offered the Throne of Spain by a majority of the Cortes; but obeying the orders of his uncle and guardian the late King Victor Emmanuel, which happened to be in accord with his own inclinations—he refused it.

Duchess Elizabeth of Genoa lost her husband, Duke Ferdinand, very suddenly, and before her first year of widowhood had elapsed, she gave her heart to her Chamberlain, the handsome Marquis Nicholas Rapole. Yielding to the pressing recommendations of her spiritual adviser, Archbishop Franzoni of Turin, the Duchess allowed herself to be privately married to the Marquis by that Prelate. Her brother-in-law King Victor-Emmanuel beside himself with anger when he heard of this, declared that the marriage was an insult to the memory of his brother, that the Archbishop had been actuated by spite against himself in advising the Duchess to such a misalliance, and dismissed Rapolo from the army, depriving the Duchess of the guardianship of her children, and ordering her to live abroad in exile.

Some years later, however, when a severe illness had led the King to marry morganatically; on what he believed to be his deathbed, his Junoesque affinity, the drum-major's daughter Rosina Vercellini, whom he created Countess Mirafiori, he relented towards his sister-in-law, restored her daughter to her, and allowed her to take up her residence in her beautiful Villa Stresa on Lake Como, where she thenceforth made her home, spending the winters in Turin, in considerable state, and with a large entourage.

There are different accounts as to whether the second marriage was as happy as she had anticipated it to be, or not. At any rate twenty years or so after its consummation he committed suicide with a shotgun in the grounds of his wife's villa at Stress.

As long as her son-in-law and nephew, King Humbert, was on the throne, the Duchess was wont to spend the court season at Rome, where her presence was dreaded by the various dignitaries of the Quirinal. For having been brought up at Dresden, which is the most etiquette-ridden court of Europe, throughout her life she resented any breach of formality as almost a crime. She had a profound respect for conventionality, iron-bound ideas on the subject of rank and the respect due thereto peculiar to the courts of Germany in days gone by, and had little or no indulgence for those who offended in such matters. King Humbert, while most dutiful, used to convey the impression of feeling rather relieved when he bade her good-bye at the railroad station at the end of her annual visit to Rome.

His son, the present ruler of Italy, who has an even greater distaste for the rules of etiquette than his father, and seems tempted at times to cast them to the wind, stood in painful awe of his grandmother's reproachful eyes, and was on the whole, more at ease when away from her than in her presence. The member of the royal family who suffered more than anyone else at her hands for offenses against court conventions, was her lively niece, Letitia Bonaparte, Dowager Duchess of Aosta. The latter's open defiance of the "qu'en diraft-on," (Anglice,' (Mrs Grundy) shocked many persons much less severe in their views than the old Duchess of Genoa, who was almost wild with indignation when Letitia took to riding a bicycle in tight-fitting knickerbockers, which, considering her tendency to embonpoint, made her present a rather startling figure. All Letitia's shortcomings were duly reported by the old Duchess to King Humbert, who time and again felt himself compelled by his mother-in-law's protests to discipline the offender by placing her under arrest in her own palace, or by depriving her temporarily of the use of the royal liveries, or of all royal and military honors.

Of course the Duchess of Genoa had herself not been quite guiltless of breach of etiquette when she contracted her secret marriage, before her year of mourning for her royal husband had elapsed; but no one, not even among the members of her own family, was ever bold enough to remind her of the fact.

Queen Marguerite will deeply mourn the loss of her mother. She was a most devoted daughter, and the many tastes and talents which they had in common created between them a bond that further intensified their deep and tender affection.

The Duchess above mentioned must not be confused with the other Duchess of Genoa, her daughter-in-law, Isabel, borne to Prince Adalbert of Bavaria by his wife Infanta Amelie of Spain. Duchess Isabel has the most wonderful red hair, with the lovely complexion that usually accompanies that particular crown of womanly glory. She excels in swimming, fencing and horsemanship. For the past two decades she has made each year a long distance ride from her Palace at Turin to Munich, accompanied by her husband and their suite. While living at Venice the Duchess and her husband became very intimate with the Holy Father, who was then Patriarch of that city, and since his elevation to the Pontifical Throne they have both visited the Vatican and have been received in private audience, the Pontiff presenting them with a photograph, bearing a particularly affectionate and fatherly autograph inscription.

Duchess Isabel has, according to report, but one fault. She is the most frightfully unpunctual of all royal princesses, does not know the value of time, or the necessity of keeping an appointment; and will sometimes fail to appear at state functions and court ceremonies through sheer forgetfulness. She is nevertheless wonderfully popular in northern Italy, and is actually idolized by her husband and children, the eldest of whom bears the romantic title of Prince of Udine.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Fame and Notoriety

By RUTH CAMERON

"THERE is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare, and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by being better than others, why make them stare until they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a dining room without my shoes."

—Samuel Johnson.

That it should be considered a desirable thing to draw all eyes to one's self because one's appearance or conduct is such as to excite admiration, seems perfect-natural.

But that it should be considered desirable to draw all eyes to one's self because one's appearance or conduct is so ridiculous, so improper, or so conspicuous as to force attention without the least admiration, seems absurd.

And yet a great many men and women—especially the latter—seem to confuse these two kinds of attention.

At a summer resort where I once visited, one young woman was always in evidence because of ehr noisy conversation and her eccentric actions. Wherever she went, people stared at her, and instead of realizing that she was making a ridiculous show of herself, she was evidently delighted by the attention she received. One day when she happened to be of our party on a shopping tour in the village two or three of the tradespeople recognized her and called her by name. "You see," she laughingly and yet with evident pride, "how famous I am."

She should have said "notorious."

That is the trouble with all the foolish people who try to attract attention by their eccentric clothes and manners,—they forget that fame and notoriety are totally different things.

The woman who attracts attention by appearing in a skirt so tight that it is almost impossible for her to stoop over or to step up on a street car, or the woman who wears some startling conglomeration of colors, or a street dress cut as low as a ball gown, enjoys the stir she creates, but would she if she really knew what opinion the people who stare have of her?

Perhaps some of my feminine readers resented my saying that women are more prone to attract attention at any cost than men. But I really think they are. Men are rather afraid of being stared at. They are more conservative than women.

And let the woman who likes attention remember this, if she wants to keep her masculine friends,—that while a man is willing to have the woman he is with attract attention because of her beautiful clothes, he doesn't like her to be stared at because of any eccentricity or loudness in clothes or manner. The women who draw attention to themselves in such ways, the average man will sedulously avoid.

Now surely that ought to reach some hearts that are deaf to all other arguments.

ROYAL GOVERNOR HEARTILY GREETED

His Royal Highness and Princess Attend Service in Trinity Church — Sunday's Proceedings in St. John's Welcome

Thousands of St. John's loyal citizens lined the wharves on the eastern side of the harbor and the streets to the landing place at Reed's Point yesterday morning to greet Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, when they came ashore from the steamer Earl Grey at 11 o'clock to attend service in Trinity church. It being Sunday there was no cheering but the warmth of the welcome could not have been mistaken by the distinguished visitors.

The duchess did not come ashore in the morning.

The weather conditions were ideal. There was no wind and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. The 3rd Regiment, Canadian Artillery, with the regimental band, was lined up near the foot of Prince William street, and for blocks the streets were packed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of Canada's governor general and the distinguished members of his party.

After personal greetings from the lieutenant governor and the mayor, as he landed, his royal highness spoke to no one but hurried to the carriages from which he reviewed the artillerymen. Then he was driven to the church.

The Earl Grey arrived in port about 8 o'clock Saturday evening and anchored in the stream about half-way between the C. P. R. elevator on the west side and Reed's Point. The day was fine and the trip across the bay was greatly enjoyed. Yesterday morning when their royal highnesses stepped on deck they gazed on a great array of flags and bunting with which several large steamships in the harbor had been trimmed and which decorated the most important buildings in the city.

The duke's visit ashore yesterday was purely informal and the real welcome to the king's representative will take place today.

Long before the hour set for the landing yesterday morning the wharves in the vicinity of Reid's Point were crowded with people intensely interested in the movements of those on the Earl Grey. The parade of the Artillery Corps, under command of Lieut. Colonel J. B. M. Baxter, with Major Barker, Captains McGowan, Harrison and Skinner, and Lieutenants Gamblin, McKendrick, Day, Hayes, McDonald, Clark, which was on its way to St. Mary's church, came up Britain street with the Artillery Band at its head and took its stand in St. James street.

Soon after 10.30 o'clock the launch with the vice-regal party put out from the Earl Grey and the party was landed at the dock of the Eastern Steamship Company, where a temporary stairway had been erected, which, with the float, was handsomely decorated with bunting.

Lieutenant Governor Wood, with his daughter, Mrs. Black, Mayor Frink and his daughter, Miss Beatrice Frink, were on the landing stage and after greetings had been exchanged the carriages were entered. The route was to St. James street, along Prince William to Queen, thence to Germain and to the church. On the way the Artillery was reviewed. The first carriage contained Mayor Frink and Miss Beatrice Frink, the second Lieuteant Governor Wood and party, while in the last carriage were the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia and aide-de-camp.

On arrival at the entrance to the church the royal visitors waited till the Artillery passed and then entered the church through the main entrance, took seats at the right of the main isle. Directly opposite were seated Mayor Frink with Miss Frink, and in the pew back of them were Hon. John E. Wilson, Commissioner H. B. Schofield, Lieutenant Governor Wood, Mrs. Black and R. S. Barker. The service was read by Rev. R. A. Armstrong, rector of Trinity, assisted by Rev. Percy Coulthurst, curate. His lordship the Bishop of Fredericton preached a very eloquent sermon.

His royal highness left the church before the other members of the congregation and drove immediately back to the landing stage and returned to his steamer.

The Duchess of Connaught has not taken any prominent part in the ceremonies during the trip, but during yesterday afternoon a party of twelve from the steamer, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, went for an automobile ride out the South Bay road and return.

Mrs. Frink, wife of Mayor Frink, sent a basket of magnificient roses to H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, yesterday at noon.

At Trinity church yesterday morning the building was crowded, and many people could not gain admittance. The main doors were not opened until the arrival of the vice-regal party, but long before 10 o'clock crowds had made their way to the church and all the available seats were filled an hour before the service began.

The Sermon.

Bishop Richardson spoke eloquently, taking his text from the 42th Psalm, selecting that portion which reads as follows: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?"

His Lordship's Sermon.

The words are those of an unknown poet. The psalm from which they are taken is included, of course, amongst the works of David, but as a matter of fact neither the date nor the authorship are known. The writer may have been David, but it is more likely that the author was someone else.

Whoever the poet was he would seem to have written this song in exile. He was evidently far removed from the holy places of his national life and saddened by the sense of some oppression. He looks back upon the days of peace and happiness and pours out his soul in melancholy strains. His is the grief of remembering 'happy days now past in misery." His soul is full of heaviness and out of his unhappiness he pours out his song. It is a song of spiritual despondency. Let me speak to you of that this morning—of the feeling of depression that will sometimes come to a religious man.

There are two things that should be said by way of preface and perhaps chief among them this: There is nothing in spiritual despondency that is inconsistent with a truly religious life. Every great man's life—or almost everyone—is subject in a marked degree to extremes of exaltation and depression. Constant strain and energy are followed by physical and mental lassitude and out of that physical and mental lassitude will often come a spiritual depression. History is full of that. Such lives are like the waves of the sea that go "as high as the heavens and down to the valleys beneath." But the great life is only the small life multiplied in power and expression.

The surface of the earth is here and there abruptly broken. Call it a mountain or call it a hill, it makes no difference, the relationship is there. So between the great life and the small life there is a distinct relationship. The one is merely the multiplied expression of the other and what is true of one in its degree is true of the other. The difference is only one of quantity. Spiritual despondency in one form or another may be said to belong to the religious life. But I think more may be said than that and it may, I believe, be affirmed that it is only among men of really religious mind that spiritual despondency is found at all. The sensualist is always free from it. The sceptic can never know it. To the careless man it is almost inconceivable. Its expression can only come to those who hope and trust.

Proof of Its Reality.

To some of us that thought will come with consolation. Ours souls are often vexed within us and the temptations comes to us to wonder whether after all, if there is much that is worth while in our religion—whether it is not to some extent a sham. Well it is always good to remember this—it is only because we are religious that this experience can come to us at all. If religion meant nothing to us, if our faith lived only on the surface, if it failed to touch the depths, spiritual despondency could never come to us. If this is true—and I believe it to be most profoundly true—then these days of spiritual despondency point rather to the reality of our religion than to its unreality. They represent simply a reaction from something that in itself is real and true.

Yet we must therefore be satisfied with our despondency. If the rash that breaks out on the body is evidence of life, it is also symptomatic of disease. If it proves that the body is not dead it also points unfailingly to the fact that the body is capable of dying. The writer of this psalm knew what it meant to see darkness all round him. He understood the feeling of despondency of which our own religious lives are sometimes full, but he refused to yield to his despair as to lose sight of those realities upon which religion is based. If he could cry: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me?" he could also answer "Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise Him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

Let me try this morning to analyse this feeling of spiritual depression and show if I can something of its treatment.

What is its cause? There are no doubt many answers to that question, but I can only deal with two that seem to come cluose to the common experience of the human life.

Shadows and Sunshine.

There are those I believe whose religious depression is the outcome only of their temperament. There are plenty of people in the world of whom that is literally true—plenty of people whose religious lives are made unhappy because they are born to see shadows when they should see sunshine. Their religion is not unreal, for beneath everything else in their lives there is an abiding faith in God, a sure sense of God's goodness and loving kindness. Yet there are times in their experience when faith seems impossible when the brightness of religion has all vanished.

Does that bring us face to face with a tremendous problem? Is it really true some one asks, that some souls are born to see shadows when they should see sunshine? Then where is the fairness of it all? Where is the fairness of sending into the world men and women weighted with this fatal handicap of gloom? It is hard to be hopeful and bright and brave with this inbred tendency to look at life upon its seamy side and yet God expects us, we are told, to be hopeful and bright and brave. Where is the justice of it all? That is what men will sometimes ask themselves in moments of impatience.

Well we must ignore the greatness of this problem. We must not dare to shut our eyes to its shadow and say that it is not there. The problem is there and we must look it bravely in the face, but there are two tremendous truths in whose light it must be read. It could not have been

WELCOME!

otherwise, if as Browning tells it was God's plan to make man in his own image—

"To create him, and then leave him
Able, His own word saith, to grieve Him,
But able to glorify Him too
As a mere machine could never do,
That prayed or praised, all unaware
Of its fitness for aught but praise and prayer
Made perfect as a thing of course."

If that were indeed God's purpose in making man, then, obviously, He had to find some way by which each can transmit to those who were to come after him the gains He Himself had gathered in the battle of His life with evil. By what means did God guarantee the continuity of human character? By the unfailing operation of the hereditary law.

Then the law of heredity is the first of all laws for good and that is precisely the point which so many of us miss. We look with horror and almost indignation at some poor child born into the world by no will of its own and freighted from the very first with a burden of weaknesses which are not his at all, but an unhappy heritage from generations that preceded him. It is all true.

". . . . this mortal house
Which we are born into, is haunted by
The ghosts of dead passions of dead men;
And these take flesh again in our flesh
And bring us to confusion."

The first and greatest truth of all is this. It is a law for good before it is a law for evil; it is a law for gain before it is a law for loss. Without this law there could be no such thing as continuity of human character. Without it there could be no such thing as solidarity of human life. Without it each new generation would have to start afresh. Without it there could be no moral progress, any more than there could be physical and mental progress. It is the means by which there is transmitted to each man born into the world, the strength of all who immediately preceded him. The hereditary law is the law for good before it is a law for evil. This is the thing to remember when we chafe under the limitations that belong to hereditary law.

Temperament and Character.

Continuing, his lordship referred to the fact that in God's sight the measure of man's character is not success but struggle. He pointed out that temperament and character were very different and character is as one forms it himself.

He spoke of the despondency due to disappointments and discouragements and pointed out that there was a message for them from the church. It is there in the ancient psalm, "Hope thou in God."

In conclusion, Bishop Richardson drew a mental picture of the true God in which he said: "He is God. He is God who loves and sympathizes. He is the God who teaches. But is that all we need? Is it enough to know that these things are true of Him? Is there not something else? Permanence, love, truth—these are the gifts but we need one thing more. We need spiritual strength, spiritual cleansing, deeper, holier lives. Can this gift also come to us? Yes, it can come to us in Jesus Christ, for the life that He gives to us is the life that He is. It is Himself. Do you ask how that great miracle can come to pass? Then here is our Lord's answer: "If a man loves me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." Why art thou cast down then O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

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QUEEN MARY AS A QUEEN OF MERCY

Her Majesty visiting the cots and patients of the crippled children in the London hospital for crippled children. The Queen was very solicitous for the welfare of the unfortunates of the institution, and had a kind word for all. She is seen in the picture conversing with a little fellow who is strapped in tight with a broken back.

Daily Hints For the Cook

FIG SHORTCAKE

Wash 1 pound of bag figs and cook them slowly in a little water until tender. Skim out the figs, cut them in slices and cook the sirup with a little sugar until thick. Sift 3 cups of flour with 1-2 teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of sugar and 2 teaspoons of baking powder, rub in 1-2 cup of butter and moisten with enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Bake in 2 round tins, tear open, spread with butter, cover with the figs and serve with whipped cream.

MACARONI CROQUETTES

Cook 2-3 cup of macaroni broken into small pieces in boiling salted water until tender, drain and rinse in cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon of curry powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt and cook until frothy. Add gradually 1 cup milk, stir in while boiling 1-2 cup grated cheese and the macaroni. Turn into a dish and when thoroughly cold shape into balls or flat cakes. Roll in sifted crumbs, dip in a beaten egg, diluted with 2 teaspoons water and roll again in crumbs. Fry in a basket in deep fat, drain on paper and serve at once.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST JOHN, ANG 19.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	4.28	Low Tide	11.15
Sun Rises	5.37	Sun Sets	7.18

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Schr Clarance, Thahan, Passamaquoddy master, 25 tons old iron.

Sailed Saturday.

Str Rhodesian, Faulkner, West Indies, ect, via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co.

FOREIGN PORTS.

New York, Aug 18—Ard, str St Paul, Southampton; schrs Thos W White, Oromocto (N B); Carrie C Ware, Dorchester (N B); Isaiah K Stetson, St John; John, Tenney Cape (N S); Bravo, Liscombe (N S); George D Edmands, Hantsport (N S); John L Treat, Halifax; Henry M Stanley, Halifax (N S); Jassie Ashley, Amherst (N S); Nettie Shipman, Abbie C Stubbs, St John (N B); Hattie C, Gaspe (Que); Lanie Cobb, Windsor (N S); Evolution, Gold River (N S).

New Haven, Aug 17—Ard, schr Sawyer Bros, Maitland (N S).

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Aug 18—Ard, schrs Clara James, Perth Amboy for Halifax; Arthur M Gibson, Perth Amboy for Halifax; L A Plummer, New York from St John (N B).

New York, Aug 18—Sld, strs Hafnia, Windsor (N S); Stephano, Halifax and St Johns (Nfld); Trinidad, Halifax and Gaspe; schrs William T Donnell, St John (N B); Levi S Andrews, Charlottetown (P E); Lillian P Herrick, Calais (Me).

Vineyard Haven, Aug 18—Sld, schr W H Baxter, Halifax.

MARINE NOTES.

A telegram received from Buenos Ayres states that bark Lovisa, Allen, from Liverpool (N.S.), May 4 for Concepcion, grounded on a sand bank at Martin Garcia.

Portland, Me., Aug. 18—The loss of the British two-masted schooner Arizona, of Yarmouth (N. S.), on Cranberry Isle early yesterday was reported today by Lieut. Randolph Radgely, Jr., of the revenue cutter Woodbury, which made an unsuccessful attempt to float her.

The schooner at low water is high and dry and the rocks have pierced her hull in many places. The crew had no difficulty in reaching shore. The schooner was built at Pubnico (N. S.), in 1876, and registered 85 tons net.

The Reply of DR. BUCKLEY

To a friend who sent him a cask of "wonderful" whiskey.

My Dear Bob,—I return to you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find the transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as an Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding of the raven. Drink it and you will have "woe," "sorrow," "babbling" and wounds without cause.

Youf eyes shall behold strange women and your heart shall utter perverse things. Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives.

Drink it deep and long and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Forty years this liquid death has been confined within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains and yet I call myself your friend.

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