Shuns Society For Her Children's Sake

COUNTESS HENRI DE SIBOIER AND HER CHILDREN.

"The minute I find that Society is taking any part of my time that my children need I will bid farewell to my social life." So says the Countess Henri de Sibour, who lives most of the time in Paris.

This sounds like the speech of an American girl, as indeed it is, for the viscountess was born in Washington, D. C., and was Margaret M. Clagett. No children ever had a better mother than the two that call the viscountess mamma. Whether in their magnificent home in Paris or at the Waldorf hotel, where they stop when in New York, the mother always keeps the home circle intact and surrounds it with home atmosphere. The viscountess especially delights in being photographed with her children, and has a large gallery of these pictures.

Lady Westmacott Is Disillusioned

English Woman Traveller Returns From a Trip to Japan---Has Nothing Good to Say of Flowery Kingdom---People Are Rude and the Scenery Monotonous---Contrast to Corea.

London, Nov. 22.—Lady Westmacott, a traveller of broad views and wide experience, after making the acquaintance of the Japanese at home and in Corea has formed a very unflattering opinion of her country's allies. Writing to the Pall Mall Gazette of her just finished tour in the East she says:—

"Frankly, I expected Japan to interest me much more than any of the other countries that I should see. I had for years been studying Japanese prints * * * and I may say straight off that there is nothing left in their own country for the tourist to see that in any degree equals the collections of Europe. The English need not go further than the print room of the British Museum, or London itself."

On her journey across Siberia, Lady Westmacott made acquaintance with many of her fellow passengers, whom she judged to be for the most part men returning from or going out to their different businesses, and "was surprised to hear them speak always so bitterly of the Japanese. There were Americans, English, French and Belgians that I can recall, but never a good word to be said for the Japanese."

The Coreans.

Before reaching Seoul she "had come across enough of the genus Japanese (to be stared at and questioned by him in a manner quite Japanese on many subjects which our civilization would consider decidedly intime) to be able to contrast the behavior of the 'man in the street' in Seoul. There, if you took the street car, the Coreans, dressed in immaculate white, with quiet, dignified manners, would either take no notice of you at all, or if smoking would move to some other place in the open car, or if the car was crowded would even offer you their place.

"I must confess they looked too gentle a race—much too gentle for one like myself, who wish they were strong enough to rise up and drive out the intruder; but at any rate, they are a well bred straight limbed race, with well bred features and a dignity of manner that gives you the impression that they are a race of men. I suppose those met in the street cars were the people.

"The Japanese, au contraire, would continue to smoke, as he had a perfect right to do, spit and clear his throat after the manner of his kind, keep up a flow of conversation with an acquaintance perhaps several seats off, etc. Against all this I have not a word to say. I travel to study nations as they are and I do not carry any standard of what I think they should be like, but when I hear people talking of the high civilization of the Japanese I repeat that if by that it is meant that they have our western civilization, I protest they have no more idea of it than a set of roughs.

Second Class.

"I may say that I travelled second class to avoid a fortnight's delay from Chemulpo to China with thirteen Japanese in my cabin, who kept the doors tightly shut, smoked night and day and went through their toilettes most naively in front of me, to my amusement. When the ship got into dock and I wanted to get up, for I had been prostrate myself all the way, and I asked the Japanese cabin boy to ask the 'gentlemen' if they would mind going out till I got my clothes on, he came back, after various giglings and whisperings with them, to say, 'Japanese gentlemen say too cold outside;' so I dressed with twenty-six eyes fixed on me from the first stocking to the last hook. And pray do not think that I minded if they did not, only do not repeat to me the old 'wheeze' about their being so civilized.

"I left poor unhappy Corea behind me—the Poland of the far east—where the Japanese with their modern arms were shooting down ill armed Coreans (old men, women and children not being exempt) at the lowest rated estimate of about twenty Coreans a day to about two Japanese, the former trying to defend their homesteads against seizure pure and simple, with no payments. Were I to write the half of what I read and saw and heard I should be merely putting down ill remembered facts which can be authenticated in the writings of well known authors any one who wishes to see how much of truth there is in my statements.

Japan Itself.

"I come to Japan. Now, I have often questioned myself why I was so terribly disappointed with it. Had I expected too much? Was I disgusted with the race before I ever reached their country, or is it really overrated?

"I do not know the answer. The fact remains I think it a most disappointing place. The scenery, to my mind, is so monotonous. If you have seen one place in Japan you seem to have seen every place in Japan: The people are undersized and crooked limbed and indescribably ugly. Talk of having a bad taste in your month—I had one in my eyes after weeks of nothing but them, and I felt that I must get away to look at something beautiful again.

"Their way of sprawling themselves out on the seats in the railway trains, exposing much more of their crooked legs than would be considered comme il faut by races who do not lay claim to half the civilization the Japanese do, their way of fixing you with an insolent stare, and spitting and smoking all around you, make me think travelling with Annamites or Cambodians a luxury compared with a journey in a Japanese train. I asked a Japanese car boy why the notice 'No smoking allowed' was hung up in our carriage, considering it was thick with smoke. He smiled and replied: 'Japanese gentlemen always smoke.'

Their Shipyards.

"True, I was impressed to pass large dockyards at forenoon on the Inland Sea, where I was told, and am ready to believe, that they were turning out ships for their fleet quite as good as any built in European dockyards, but I got back to my own private impression of them in landing to Onomichi in the afternoon—where I was so mobbed by all sorts and conditions, fingering me and my clothes as if they were savages and had never seen a European before.

"Such a noisy, insolent crowd surrounded and followed me up through the town and to the temple that I wanted to see that in self-defence, or to cool my desire to injure some of them, I had to take refuge on the railway platform to avoid them, and even then they reached over the barrier as far as they could and shouted at me. Behavior such as that (and I have travelled with Tibetans, Arabs and Cretans, who have never in the south of the island seen a European woman) I have never encountered in any land, but I can imagine creatures in a primeval forest behaving in that way.

"I do not travel to kick and complain of everything: I go to enjoy myself. And though I might not have cared for Japan or the ways of its inhabitants, I should have had nothing to say against them if I was not all the time being told that they are such a highly civilized race. And the people who say this mean from our point of view. Ten thousand times No."

IRISH PEOPLE ENJOY SATIRE

"The Image," by Lady Gregory is Received With Much Good Nature, and It Is To Laugh in Ireland Now.

London, Nov. 22.—The Irish people have been good natured enough to enjoy thoroughly the most comical satire at their expense that has been produced in recent years. It is a play called "The Image," by Lady Gregory, which was given this week at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

Two Irish whales get stranded in a fight. Instead of capturing the treasure, the people talk about it until the next tide runs away with one of the whales. The other goes too, but leaves a sum of money, and the district council decides to put up a statue with it.

But to whom? Great Irishmen are always so much greater than one another that no two of the people can agree. Some are for Daniel O'Connell, some are for Charles Stewart Parnell and some for other great Irishmen, but everybody is afraid to mention his choice. Then along comes the village fool and pleads for Hugh O'Laura.

Who was he?

Nobody knows, not even the fool; but the vote is by ballot, and Hugh O'Laura gets the statue because every voter is afraid to vote as he thinks. Then it turns out that O'Laura is a character in a book nobody has read, not even the fool.

WILSON IS RELEASED WITH REPRIMAND

Prisoner Well Known Here Completes Term for Theft at Fredericton--Is Arraigned for Attempted Escape.

Fredericton, Nov. 22.—Frank Wilson alias McIsaacs, alias Harrison, today completed his term of six months' imprisonment in the county jail on the charge of theft of a suit case and wearing apparel from Windsor Hall last spring. He was at once re-arrested by Deputy Sheriff Winter on the charge of escaping from custody and appeared before Col. Marsh in the police court this morning. In the police court Deputy Sheriff Winter told the magistrate that since he had been recaptured Wilson had been a model prisoner, and upon his recommendation Col. Marsh allowed the young man to have his liberty. Before coming here Wilson, who then went under the name of McIsaacs, had been allowed to go on suspended sentence of six months for the theft of $50 from the Clifton House, and as the St. John authorities had been notified that his term was expiring it was expected that an officer would have been here today to take him to St. John, but nobody appeared. In court today Wilson said he was 17 years old and had no parents, being also without a trade. Col. Marsh gave him a severe reprimanding, along with a large measure of good advice and told the young man he had better go away to some place where he was not known and start life anew.

Soon after being given his liberty Wilson met an officer of the Salvation Army who has taken an interest in him.

ENTER THE DEBUTANTE

Elegance and Simplicity in the Coming Out Frocks --- Unusual Possibilities in the Season's Fashions.

New York, Nov. 22.—The heyday of the debutante is at hand and dressmakers are busy with all kinds of delectable girlish frocks for the debutante functions, which are beginning to come thick and fast.

The modes of the season afford unusual possibilities for the achievement of that difficult combination, smart elegance and youthful simplicity, and if debutantes do not look well this winter it will be because fashion can do nothing for them. Luckily, however a girl at the coming out age has a way of looking well even when she doesn't look smart. Sheer youth will do it, even when features and figure and coloring and clothes are all below par, and if the youth is backed up by an excellence in even one or two of these other details the girl becomes distinctly attractive, while the lucky girl who is not only young but pretty and modish as well is a sight to warm the cockles of even a callous heart.

The American debutante has been pictured and sung and discussed with ardent enthusiasm and—on this side of the Atlantic—with conspicuous lack of rational criticism.

There are fat and awkward and sallow and homely debutantes, of course, but they seem to be in the minority. The average figure is slender, rather tall, full of graceful curves; the face has fairly good features and fresh coloring.

Now that the mad athletic craze had given way to rational enjoyment of outdoor life fewer girls walk like plough boys and effect a breezy awkwardness; though even now there could be an immense improvement in the carriage and manner of a large proportion of American girls.

But the chief flaw in the American's girl's appearance is usually due to a lack of good taste in dress; an heretical statement that will probably bring a chorus of dissent from readers; but it is true. The truth of it has long haunted a cranny in our brain, and it was emphasized, underscored, raised to the dignity of a conviction on a recent day given over to luncheon at a fashionable restaurant, attendance at a popular matinee and a lookin upon an exceedingly smart debutante's tea.

Yes, there's no denying that a large percentage of American girls are badly dressed, the fault usually taking the form of overdressing, of adopting extreme and freakish modes of torturing pretty hair into impossible coiffures and topping it with an outlandish hat, and—it seems incredible, but it strikes the eye—of making up in one way or another instead of being content with what youth can do for complexion and eyes and lashes and throat.

Now this arraignment does not apply to the sensible girl or the girl with the sensible mother. There were hosts of charming girlish creatures at that matinee and at that debutante's tea, but there were others—and the others moved the onlooker to thought.

Walk up Fifth avenue on any bright afternoon and note how many of the host of girls you will meet are simply, youthfully and smartly attired; how many carry themselves naturally, modestly, and with the unmistakable air of good breeding. Sit in the theatre and study the score of youthful heads crowned with quantities of false hair or with their own hair distorted into some untidy and exaggerated attempt at the latest fad in coiffures.

But all this has little to do with a fashion column, and then, as has been said before, it is rank heresy, and lastly it is the fault not of the girl herself, but of her mother, and the social system of which she and her mother are a part; so many modern mothers are absolutely dominated by their daughters instead of dominating them.

The daughter is spoiled from the cradle and from the time she goes to school considers her own judgment better than that of her mother. She chooses her own clothes, her own associates, is supremely self-satisfied, and the mother accepts the daughter's own estimate with pride and serenity.

Of course American girls spend too much money, too, but that's another story. If they do spend the money they ought at least to get admirable results from it, and when they fail to do this even the most worldly minded are moved to protest.

It is easy to spend money on youthful looking frocks this season. Materials that seem deliciously adapted to frocks of artful simplicity are often extravagantly high in price, and hand embroideries, laces, fur, &c., may have a youthful air and a distinctly mature price. Moreover dressmakers capable of turning out the ideal debutante's frock come high.

So the outfit of the fashionable debutante costs frequently an appalling sum, but luckily the costly frocks may be copied in cheaper materials and by less inspired dressmakers with a very considerable degree of success, and provided their coloring and their line are attractive the youth of the wearer will, as we have said before, do the rest.

WILL DIVORCE HER SOULMATE

GRACE ELLSWORTH.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 22.—Grace W. Ellsworth, the charming operatic star, is now starring in the realistic—to her—playlet, "Parted at the Altar," staged at one of the local divorce courts. Miss Ellsworth is trying to lose a three-hour husband, and yet she is firmly convinced that he is her soul mate, and will remain so, even though they be divorced.

She married Frederick W. Cushman, and then tired of married life, she left him; not that they didn't love each other, but because the newly made bride thought that she would rather follow her artistic bent, unhampered by a husband. And she was really sorry for her husband's sake that she had not thought of her "artistic bent" before their short matrimonial experience began. Furthermore, she assures her husband that her soul will meet and believe in his soul just the same.

NEW DESTROYERS THE FASTEST AFLOAT

London, Nov. 22.—The twenty new British destroyers for which contracts were placed a short time ago, will be the fastest vessels of their class afloat. Their speed will be something over thirty knots; indeed they are expected to reach a speed of thirty-three knots, and do it in a sea in which the smaller torpedo boats could make little or no headway.

These vessels are to be built in twenty months and are expected to make the British navy supreme in its powerful and swift torpedo destroyers.

Here is a New Kind of Soap

You are now using some soap and naturally think it is good. But here is a kind that is different from any you know—one that has taken us 43 years to perfect.

Try one cake and compare it with what you now use. We welcome such a test as this for we know in advance the result. You will never go back to the other kind. Here is a soap made from vegetable oil pure enough to use on your table. We pay far more for this in France than we might pay. So we get only the best.

Cocoanut oil from the isle of Ceylon is brought over 12,000 miles and mixed with the olive oil. Then both are boiled doubly long.

After this we mill them by our own special process. We have scoured the best factories of England, France and Austria for almost half a century to perfect this process. We have combined the best ideas of foreign lands with our own improvements to attain perfection.

When milled, the soap falls like flakes of snow into enormous bins and is then crushed under a weight of 30 tons to press out the moisture. Then it passes through granite rollers and comes out in miles of silky ribbon.

After being dried eight times it is pressed into cakes and is simply perfect soap. It lathers into a rich creamy foam and wears as thin as a wafer. It leaves the skin rosy and pink like an infant's. So we call it *Infants' Delight*.

The perfume is dainty and pure—it suggests only the delicate scent of the roses. Use one cake today and see what a wonderful difference there can be in soap.

How to Shampoo

Place a pint of warm water on the stove and shave up a cake of *Infants' Delight*. Let it simmer until the soap is dissolved. Then pour into a wide jar to cool into jelly. Clean the hair with a brush, wet it with warm water, and rub the soap jelly into the scalp thoroughly. Rinse off the thick lather and dry the hair by rubbing and fanning with a towel. This will leave the hair soft, shiny and lustrous.

10 Cents a Cake At All Dealers

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, TORONTO, CANADA

Administration Notice

Letter of Administration of the estate and effects of James C. Boyle, late of the Parish of Simonds, in the County of the City and County of Saint John, have been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of the City and County of Saint John and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to file the same duly attested at the office of George H. V. Belyea, Solicitor, 45 Canterbury street, Saint John, N. B., within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ELLEN BOYLE,
Administratrix.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 22nd, A.D., 1909.

AUCTION SALES

F. L. POTTS,
Auctioneer, Broker and Appraiser. All kinds of sales attended to. Buyers and sellers of real estate. Sales at residence a specialty.
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FOR SALE

For Sale—The house, at present occupied by the subscriber, situated on College Avenue, a few minutes' walk from churches, post office and Mount Allison Institutions, together with barn, carriage house, ice house, shed and about four acres of land. House contains twelve rooms; up-to-date plumbing; oak floors; electric light. All buildings in perfect condition. For further particulars apply to FRED RYAN, Sackville, N. B.

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WANTED—Four energetic young men of good appearance to put a good thing before the public in this city. Salary and exclusive territory. Address A. B., C|o Standard.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHY

REAL TYPEWRITTEN LETTERS in any quantity from 1 to 6 each. DOMINION STATIONERY CO. 78 Prince William street.

SHOW CARDS

All the new things in show cards and window signs. Latest air brush effects. HAMPTON'S ADVERTISING SIGNS. 'Phone 1889-31. 23 King street.

Sewing Machines

New Home, New Domestic and other machines for $9. Genuine Needles and Oil for all kinds. I employ no agents. Buy in my shop and save $10. Sewing machines and phonographs repaired. *William Crawford*, 100 Princess Street, opposite White Store.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money to Loan—For investment on security of City Freehold, amounts of $1,000 to $10,000 inclusive. A. C. Fairweather & Sons.

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A choice selection of Rings, Brooches, Scarf Pins, Ear-rings, Links, Studs, etc. ERNEST LAW, 3 Coburg St.

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For farmer and wife, also steady work for carpenters etc. Apply at Grant's Employment Agency, 205 Charlotte St. West.

ST. JOHN BOSTON & CUBA STEAMSHIP COMPANY

S. S. KAREN
Will Sail Direct for Havana
November 25
We are receiving freight at Pettingill's Wharf. For space and rates apply to
F. E. WILLIAMS CO., Limited.

FALL & WINTER

Over-Coatings and Suitings in all the LATEST STYLES are now being shown by,
A. R. Campbell & Son
Merchant Tailors 26 Germain street.

GAME ACT

There will be sold at public auction in the county market in the city of St. John on Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon about 70 brace of partridges seized by Jaison Corey, deputy game warden for violation of the game act.

BEAUTY PARLORS

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AMERICAN ANTHRACITE
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OLD MINE SYDNEY
RESERVE
Delivered in bulk or in bags. Prices low
R. P. & W. F. Starr,
Limited

Elder Dempster & Co., Line
S. S. "BORNU"
Sailing from St. John to Havana and Mexican Ports Nov. 22.
For space or passage apply to
J. H. SCAMMELL & CO., Agents.

ALBERT.

Albert, Nov. 22.—The marriage of Newton K. Stiles to Miss Callie Davidson, daughter of the late Rev. F. D. Davidson was celebrated at the parsonage on Wednesday evening, performed by Rev. George Foster, Baptist clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Stiles will reside at Albert.

Rev. William A. Snelling has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation. He has spent part of the time in the forest hunting big game.

Miss Ethel Peck, eldest daughter of C. L. Peck, Registrar, was able to return to her home yesterday from Dr. Carnwath's hospital at Riverside where she underwent an operation, which proved entirely successful, and her speedy recovery is now hoped for.

Miss Janie Snelling who has been visiting friends at Coverdale, and Moncton, returned home last evening.

Mrs. Henry A. Stiles of Bever Brook, lies seriously ill at the home of her daughters, Mrs. Frank and Mrs. John Fillmore at Riverside. Her daughters in the States, and Nova Scotia have been notified and little hope for her recovery is entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Byers Steeves are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a bright and lusty little son at their home.

Ezra O. Barbour the well known farmer and stock raiser is recovering satisfactorily from an attack of typhoid fever.

The Curryville store of George Milburn, merchant of Albert, was burglarized a few days ago, and cash and goods to the amount of some twenty dollars stolen. A part of the goods taken were cigars and these were found by school children, where they were hidden under the public hall at Curryville. A clue is being followed up and it is believed that the offenders will soon be under arrest.

The steamers Wilfred C., of Moncton and Harbinger of St. John were in the river here yesterday with freight for our merchants.