

T. P. in His Anecdote; Major Andre's Death Foreseen

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., IN T. P.'S WEEKLY.

Perhaps the most interesting letters in Mr. Lucas' delightful "A Swan and Her Friends" (Methuen & Co.) are those of the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre, whom Washington had to hang as a spy. These letters were written to Miss Seward but obviously for her pupil, Honora Sheyn, with whom Andre was desperately but hopelessly in love. Before quitting England Andre revisited the scenes made sacred to him by his passion, and was there introduced by Miss Seward to a poetic friend of hers named Cunningham. Cunningham was situated at a little distance from the scene of the first sight of Andre, whom he recognized as the hero and victim of two dreams he had had the preceding night. In the first he dreamed that he was alone in a great forest and perceived presently a horseman approaching at great speed. Before, however, the horseman reached the spot where the dreamer seemed to stand, three men, springing suddenly from their ambush, seized and bore him away. On waking from this first dream, Cunningham felt greatly depressed, so interesting was the face of the captive, and so sad and certain seemed the fate in store for him. Soon falling asleep again he was yet more depressed by a second dream, in which this sad fate of the captive was disclosed to him. In this vision he found himself one of a vast multitude outside a great city, all gazing intently on the man he had seen captured in the forest, who was being led to a gibbet, whereon he was presently hanged. Andre, as my readers will remember, was seized by three American militiamen on the lookout for stragglers, precisely where and now Cunningham had foreseen his capture, and was hanged in the manner fore-shadowed by the second dream. These dreams were told to Mr. Newton, a friend of Cunningham's, next morning, and upon the appearance a little later of Andre he was at once identified as the doomed man.

TRAINING A WIFE.

Honora Sheyn escaped probably a worse fate than that of being the wife of the ill-fated Major Andre. Among her most persistent suitors was Thomas Day, the author of that epic of pigsties, "Sandford and Merton," who threw over her head the two girls he had, in training for marriage to him. Thomas Day chose from a Shrewsbury orphanage a fair-haired child of 11, whom he called Lucretia, and from a London Foundling Hospital a dark-haired child of 12, whom he called Sabrina (after the River Severn) and Sidney (after Algernon Sidney), to bring up on his own principles till they were of marriageable age, when he undertook to marry one and endow the other. "Mr. Day," writes Miss Seward, "went into France with these girls, not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas except those which he himself chose to impart. They read and he pressed him; they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they sickened of the smallest, they chained him to their bedside by crying and screaming if they were left for a moment with any person who could not speak to them in English. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights and to perform for them the lowest offices. They lost no beauty by the disease. Soon after they had recovered, in crossing the Rhone with

them the boat overset, and, being an excellent swimmer, he saved them both, though with the greatest difficulty and danger to himself. Returning to England he chose Sabrina as his future wife, and placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber maid."

SPARTAN DISCIPLINE.

Thomas Day now concentrated all his efforts upon the training of the brunette, Sabrina, for the trying situation of being his wife, and to this end he attempted to inure her to pain and terror. He dropped continually hot sealings-wax on Sabrina's arms and fired at her petticoats pistols which he persuaded her were loaded; but as the child persisted in shrieking from the molten wax and in shrieking at the discharged pistols, Thomas Day came at last to despair of fitting her for the formidable position of a life-partner, and began to look out for a ready-made wife. He seemed to see all that he hoped to make Sabrina ready-made in Honora Sheyn, who, however, showed a preference for Day's married friend, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the immortal Maria.

A LOVER'S ORDEAL.

Thomas Day remonstrated with Edgeworth upon the impropriety of his flirtation with Honora, who effectively told Edgeworth to look to his own skin. Edgeworth, however, did not mind being remonstrated with, and persisted to carry out his undertaking. As, however, Honora would not consent to Day's condones-of-unqualified submission to him as her husband and of absolute seclusion with him from the world—Day transferred his affections to her sister Elizabeth. But Elizabeth insisted upon Day's inflicting such tortures upon himself as he had once subjected the hapless Sabrina to! The wretched Day, being knock-kneed, submitted himself at Lyons to the tortures his friend Edgeworth thus described: "I have seen him stand between two boards, which he reached from the ground higher than his knees—boards which were so adjusted with screws as barely to permit his bending the knees. By these means M. Hulse proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward; but all his screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation and inveterate habit resisted his endeavors at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophical friend, pent up in duress for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart."

A MUCH-MARRIED MAN.

As Thomas Day was inspired by Richard Lovell Edgeworth to write "Sandford and Merton," it may be

some consolation to those of my readers who have suffered as I have in childhood from that forbidding book to know that its inspirer, Edgeworth, married nearly all the women whom his writer, Day, wanted to marry.

Edgeworth married for his second wife the fair Honora Sheyn, and for his third her existing sister, Elizabeth, who after having put poor Day to all that torture to get the knock out of his knees, had refused him. Edgeworth, in fact, was even more "lucky in the matter of women" than that Irish farmer who, at the wedding of the Protestant curate of his parish, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom. I wish them both all the luck in the world; and, indeed, it's all the luck in the world, myself has had in the matter of women. I've buried three wives, glory be to God!" Edgeworth not only buried three, but married a fourth.

AN EQUIVOCAL EPITAPH.

Not so long since a vicar, with whom I was staying, called my attention to the epitaph on a tombstone which stood upright at the very door of his church. It ran, as well as I remember, thus: "To the beloved memory of Anna Elizabeth, wife of —, who departed this life —, Also of Emily, second wife of —, who departed this life —, Also of Jane Matilda, third wife of —, who departed this life —, Also of James Martin —, husband of the above, who departed this life —, To be with Christ is far better."

A CONSCIENTIOUS EPITAPH.

A Bostonian named Church, having survived four wives, whose remains he was compelled to remove to a new cemetery, was horrified to find that the bones from the shattered coffins had become hopelessly mixed. Having the conscience of a Quaker, he felt compelled to inscribe the new headstones thus: "Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily." "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who has unhappily got mixed with Mary." Then follow these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Kitty, and, maybe, Hannah.

AN ACTOR'S EPITAPH.

In a Norfolk churchyard is to be found this punning inscription on a favorite provincial actor named Jackson: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, comedian, who was engaged, Dec. 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theater of the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, he charged all his creditors to meet him at his residence, and his situation closed, he made his exit in the Tragedy of 'Death' on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called more to rehearsal, when he hopes to find all his forfeits cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock-debt for the love He bore to performers in general."

OVEREATING AND ITS RESULTS

CHICAGO DOCTOR SAYS THAT
"ONE-FOURTH OF WHAT WE
EAT KEEPS US."

One-fourth of what we eat keeps us. The rest we keep at the risk of our lives," said crony old Abernethy, London's most famous doctor. And in this day, as in that, we all eat too much. It is the prevalent sin against the body.

We all accept the idea of "three square meals a day" as being the right thing; and few of us even when we find ourselves becoming permanently old, stiff, rheumatic, and ailing in other ways—few of us even then suspect that the principal, if not the only, cause of our trouble is just the "three square meals" which is the common practice of our time and country.

Of all the many causes leading to human weakness and disease, the most common is undoubtedly overfeeding. Practically everybody eats too much. "Why, then," you ask, "are there so many men and women with thin, undeveloped bodies?"

In answer to this I may say that the feeding and upbringing of the body depend on so much the quantity of food eaten, as on the quantity digested. The digestive powers of the body of any man or woman are a fixed quantity. If that man or woman who eats as he or she likes, eats more than the quantity of food needed, then little or none of that food will be digested; the whole mass will ferment, and the body will not only be deprived of the nutrition which it needs, but will be poisoned by the undigested food, which produces matter which, absorbed into the blood, will disturb the operation of every organ in the body.

Many so-called diseases are merely organic disturbances resulting from the poisoning of the body by products of the rotting food in the stomach and bowels. In fact, I do not hesitate to say, and I feel that I have proved, that seven out of ten cases of what is commonly called "heart disease" are merely disturbances of the heart muscle due to the presence in the system of poisons formed from rotting food. Most cases of what are popularly known as heart failure and angina pectoris can be traced to the same cause. Then there are a host of lesser evils—headache, vertigo, dizziness, insomnia, nervousness, irritability, and other discomforts—traceable to the same cause.

Should anyone question the trustworthiness of this statement, I may remark that its truthfulness is easily tested. Let him stop doing himself harm for a week and reduce the quantity of food taken, first by one-third, later by one-half. In practically every case the result will be marked relief of all distressing symptoms.

So we see that the man or woman who overeats is not only poisoned and starved. Often the body of such a person is very thin. The remark sometimes made by old-fashioned people about a heavy eater, "He eats so much it makes him poor to carry it," has, then, a sound scientific basis. The reason for such thinness is simply that the food taken is not digested, and passes through the food tube without feeding the body. The rational cure in such cases is, of course, to eat less, so that the overworked organs may be relieved. They will then digest more, and the body will gradually — very

gradually, sometimes — increase in weight, strength, and general well-being.

Just at this point some one will ask, "Well, what is too much?" To answer that question is not easy, since the quantity of food needed to keep the body in good repair will depend upon many things. First of all, we must consider the kind of food, and the way the body. The blacksmith needs more food, and can digest more food, than the bookkeeper. We all need more food in winter than in summer. And so on.

As a broad general rule, however, it may be said that the following represents the approximate quantity of food needed by a person of average physique, doing ordinary mental and physical work.

For breakfast—An apple, raw or baked, or an equal quantity of some other fruit; a saucerful of some good cereal, such as boiled rice with cream; a glass of milk; and two slices of Graham or rye bread.

For Luncheon—A simple salad dressed with good olive oil and lemon juice; two or three slices of brown bread.

For Dinner—Soup; a small quantity of fresh meat, or bean or pea soup, or two cooked vegetables; fruit; brown bread.

Anyone who tries this plan of diet is likely to find after a few weeks that he needs still less food. In most cases it is advisable gradually to reduce the midday meal until it consists of fruit only. Finally even this may be dropped. This means two meals a day divided by a period of from eight to ten hours. This plan has been found by hundreds who have adopted it under my advice to be a perfectly satisfactory method of diet.

To many people it will seem that the dietary given is too light, that it does not contain enough to sustain the body. Frequently on changing to such a list the patient will complain of a sensation of weakness. So does a topser who suddenly stops drinking whisky, and for the same reason the patient misses the usual stimulation of heavy foods.

At any rate, for each one the matter is easily settled. A trial of the foregoing dietary for a fortnight will convince the most skeptical of the advantages of simple feeding. W. R. C. Latson, M.D., in Chicago Record-Herald.

A bulletin of the American Forestry Association says: "A truly infant industry in this country is the growing of basket willows. This is one kind of tree which can easily be grown in time to meet the demand. Oeilers for making baskets have all been imported heretofore from Europe, but experiments by the forest service show that they can be grown successfully in this country as a farm crop. The manufacture of baskets is by no means so large as it might be, and the increasing scarcity of wood for boxes may cause a greater demand hereafter for baskets."

TOO MUCH POLITICAL GRAFT.

Many say it can't be prevented, neither can corns or warts, but they can be cured by Putnam's Corn Extract. It cures corns and warts without pain in 24 hours. Use only "Putnam's."

Lady Colville Titled Toiler

WIDOW OF THE LATE GENERAL
HAS HAD ADVENTUROUS
CAREER.

A Frenchwoman Who Has Traveled in
Strange Countries—A Variety of
Accomplishments.

When a fatal collision occurred near Aldershot recently between two major-generals of the British army, one on an automobile, the other on a motor cycle, the accident not only wiped out a valuable life but shattered the plan for a visit to America which had been made by "the busiest woman in Europe." She is Lady Colville, and the man killed was Gen. Sir Henry Colville, K. C. B., her husband.

The Colvilles had planned an extensive tour of the United States. They were accounted the most well-to-do couple in Britain, yet they never had visited the American continent. Both were "keen" to do so, however, and their extensive itinerary included stops in most of the big American cities.

The trip was to be begun in a yacht—one especially designed by Lady Colville and built under her personal supervision. This yacht was finished quite recently. The start was to have been made in January, and the trip was to have included the Gulf and part of the South American Coast.

Lady Colville, who was prostrated by the tragic death of her husband, is now in the strictest retirement at her country house. The time is not a fitting one for inquiries as to her plans, but it is quite likely that her contemplated visit to America is only postponed. Travel has helped many folk to forget their afflictions, and it will not surprise her friends if this remarkable woman decides to cross the Atlantic sooner or later and make the tour that she and her husband planned.

Her loss is exceptionally severe, she and Sir Henry having been the closest of companions—the most intimate of "pals"—ever since their unique honeymoon in a balloon, 21 years ago. The late Sir Henry was a fitting beginning to the wedded partnership of an extraordinary couple, the surviving one of whom is certainly one of the most interesting women on earth.

The late Sir Henry Colville was a soldier. He was in the Grenadier Guards, and fought in many campaigns. He wrote the official history of the Sudan war for the Government. This was but one of his many books. He had written plays, had paddled a canoe from Dover to Calais, had sailed his own yachts, navigated his own balloons, traveled and explored strange lands, and was a mechanical genius.

Lady Colville, his second wife, by the way, first attracted him because of her cleverness as a designer and mechanical expert. Their life was an ideal one. What time Sir Henry could spare from his military duties he helped his wife in work which to them was play. Lady Colville builds houses, designs yachts, furniture, landscape gardens, in fact, everything from wall-paper to jewelry, which goes to make life beautiful and existence comfortable.

Lady Colville is a pretty woman, with deep blue eyes, dark-brown hair and a slender, graceful figure. She was Miss Zelle de Preville of Orthez, Basses Pyrenees. Her father was a Breton nobleman, Pierre Richard de Preville, one of whose ancestors saved the life of Louis XI. at a bear hunt. It was while Louis was still the Dauphin. The prince granted his preserver the bear's paw as coat-of-arms and made him a count, with the privilege of engaging in trade without paying duties on his wares. It was on this incident that Sir Walter Scott founded his romantic novel, "Quentin Durward."

From her father Lady Colville inherited a large French estate. Her

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of
His Drinking Habits Writes
of Her Struggle to
Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER

"That for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaritan Prescription for my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unwarred me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaritan Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at 4 p.m. I gave him more. He was ailing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly. He had discovered something that had so far before I had given him the cure for his drinking habit, and I could see a bright future ahead of me before he was cured. I am now a happy wife and mother, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe I will cure the world."

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The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the earth and the moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the moon and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the

mother was an Englishwoman, Miss Georgina Mowbray, of Grangewood, Leicestershire, and she also left her daughter much property. Lady Colville, is therefore, one of the wealthiest widows in England.

The story of how Lady Colville came to live in the south of England is interesting. A few years back, with her husband, she was motoring through Surrey and as they sped along they came to a large copse on a hill by the roadside, through which several small streams were trickling. Rarely had they come across a prettier spot, and so pulled up to admire its great beauty and listen to the invisible water singing and gurgling among the thickets. They noticed a small signboard which read "Land for Sale." "What fun," Lady Colville remarked, "it would be to buy the land, drain it, build a house on it and plan an old-world garden with a lake." There's the whole story. A few days later both she and Sir Henry were in the copse with a party of workmen, cutting down trees and clearing away the dense undergrowth. And eventually a garden was made, complete with delightful terraces, summerhouses, arbors, grottoes and lake and all. After this a house was built from Lady Colville's designs, as novel as it is snug, pretty and substantial. Strange to say, all the bedrooms are downstairs and all the sitting-rooms upstairs.

During the creation of this ideal country home both owners were often seen, clad in old clothes, working with pick and shovel, carrying mortar, laying bricks and helping to drain. They also helped to make most of the doors, window-frames and cupboards with which the house is fitted, to say nothing of practically every stick of the magnificent furniture with which it is furnished. Since its completion Lady Colville has added all sorts of home-made novelties of the kind that go to make a country house interesting. These include secret cupboards, electrical devices for reducing the work of the household, and secret elevators. And now the place is nothing less than a "fairland."

There is not another house quite like it in all the world, for it is also a treasure trove, containing curiosities to the value of tens of thousands of dollars, collected by Lady and Sir Henry Colville from every land excepting the United States.

Of course, this blue-blooded French-Englishwoman is a clever litterateur. Her best book is the chatty volume, "Round the Black Man's Garden," which tells of her four round Africa and through Madagascar. She is a clever photographer, too, and the book is profusely illustrated with her photographs.

Lady Colville is an accomplished linguist, mechanic, carpenter and gardener, surgical nurse and amateur actress. Motoring, ballooning, swimming, driving, dancing, golf, tennis and taxidermy are also numbered among her recreations.

In her pretty home at Lightwater there are rooms in which can be found almost every mechanical appliance under the sun. In these rooms the greater portion of her time was spent. Here she made delicate electric bell-pushes of every imaginable pattern, beautifully carved oak dining-room tables, miniature balloons and gigantic screens for village churches. Almost every day she has been making something new, useful and wonderful, with surprising skill. Her muscles are as hard as steel. When she goes to work in one of her workshops, she puts on a leather apron, and tucks up her sleeves and skirt. And as she works she whistles softly or hums a tune, and taps her feet on the floor in rhythm with the noise of the tool with which she may be working. Of course, she cannot find a use for all the articles made. Some are given away to friends, but the majority find their way into the cottages of the poor round and about Lightwater, or are sold for the benefit of the needy.

With her late husband she has traveled on a French man-of-war, a privilege which, as far as is known, has never been granted to any other English general and his wife. She has shot crocodiles in African rivers, and lost and found her valuable diamonds in an unlocked dress-suitcase in the Transvaal.

She has ballooned from England to France and back again, and has met most of the great explorers, big game hunters, and famous authors and newspapermen.

COULD WE LIVE ON MARS?

The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the earth and the moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the moon and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the

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MOTHER'S GUIDE



When a young girl's thoughts become sluggish; when she has headache, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep; dislikes the society of other girls; then the mother should come to her aid promptly, for she possesses information of vital importance to the young daughter.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and has helped to bring three generations safely from girlhood to womanhood. Read what

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