

The Ex-Empress Eugenie Preparing Her Memoirs

SHE IS FAILING—HER LAWSUITS AND HER GREAT FORTUNE—PRE-
DICTS A RETURN OF THE CRINOLINE—MYSTERY OF THE EMPIRE.

She is failing.

This autumn, on her trip from Farnborough to Cape Martin, she did not stop at Paris for her usual work and lawsuits.

Who? An aged lady, all in black—once the world's fashion leader.

Her work? The mystery of an empire. Two Americans, working in a private room of the Paris National Library, mistook their door once and intruded on her, at a table covered with methodic piles of books and manuscripts. And once again they saw her, walking with a cane, and to the man behind her she complained of rheumatism.

He was Francesco Pirelli, and the aged lady was none other than she who had been the youthful, beautiful, romantic, brilliant empress of the French—Eugenie.

An attendant told them how she labored with impatient patience, taking notes from second empire dispatches, council minutes, parliamentary debates and bound volumes of reports and letters six hours daily, to emerge from the dust of a bygone world at the same hour each evening, tranquil, severe, self-contained—and self-content.

Each spring and autumn going through Paris she has dug out more material for those memoirs that the world awaits, that can be published only at her death, that are to justify the party of the empress for its acts before the empire fell.

Because from 1865 there was a "party of the empress" in the Tuilleries. It pushed the war with Prussia and insisted that Napoleon take the field in person. They say that Eugenie had it in her head that the imperial dynasty—consolidated only by a successful war, while for the rest the party of the empress was reactionary, convinced that Napoleon's growing liberalism was harming the young prince's interests. The idea was to possess the regency, keep the emperor in the field and profit by his first victory to set up again the old Bonaparte autocracy.

In the material at the National Library Eugenie sometimes is startled by a lightning flash from this dark past, such as the following note, written after the war by the hand of Napoleon III, and which closes the mystery of the empire. What will she say of it in her memoirs? It reads:

"When, in starting to the war, the emperor instituted a regency he imagined that the march of affairs could still be directed from the imperial quarters. According to the precedents the regency should function only from the emperor's quitting French territory. Such was the case in 1859, but in 1870 the regency took the reins of government the moment that the emperor left Paris, and although by his letter patent the emperor had reserved to himself the power, nevertheless, to be two governments—one with the army and the other in Paris! The chambers were convened without the emperor's consent. Now, to convolve the chambers after a military defeat, is, in France, to call down revolution!"

But when a mother thinks that she is working for her son who blames her?

It is the French, not the world, that wait to fall upon Eugenie's memoirs with Napoleon's posthumous accusation. The world waits confidently an old woman's explanation. It will not have long to wait now.

It knows the cult of the wife and mother for her dead.

Did not Eugenie give up the palatial Chislehurst seat for Windmill Hill, at Farnborough, to build their mausoleum?

At Chislehurst she had tried vainly for years to buy a field west of the Church of St. Mary. When it was suggested she build the commemorative abbey on a north side, the superstitious ideas of her youth prevented—tombs to the north of a church are "unhappy."

So she moved to Farnborough, thirty-two miles from London, between Sandhurst, where her son was at school, and Aldershot, the military

As a Family Medicine

THERE ARE NO OTHERS BETTER FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION AND KIDNEY DERANGEMENTS THAN

Lots of suffering would be avoided and much serious disease prevented if every family did as the writer of this letter suggests.

He has found out from experience with many medicines, that there is nothing so good as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a family medicine for biliousness and constipation.

Mr. G. W. Parish, Sturgeon Bay, Ont., writes: "In the year 1867 I was very bad with my kidneys. I could not work on account of my back being lame, sore and painful all the time. Though I carefully followed the directions of our family doctor he was unable to do me much good. At this time Dr. Chase was becoming known as an especially successful physician, and on the advice of my uncle, Charles Williams, I went to Dr. Chase, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and he gave me a box of his pills for kidney disease.

"You can scarcely imagine how much good they did me. They helped me so much that I went back to the doctor and bought a dozen boxes. We always kept them in the house as a family medicine, and I would not think of using any other."

You should not be misled by the various attempts of imitators, as the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edman-Bates & Co., Toronto.

camp in which he took such interest.

There a French architect built her the Abbey of St. Michael. Nuns attached to it show visitors the superb marbles that support the altar; stop them before the tombs of Napoleon III, and the prince imperial, and do not neglect to point out the place that Eugenie has chosen for her sepulchre, beside her son.

A bridge was thrown between Eugenie's gardens and the abbey. From her bedroom window she could consider the monument.

All this time her fortune grew immense. From her death she had all of Napoleon's private domain. By a strange fatality the son, his father's confidant, was disinherited. No will could be found but an old one dated 1865, when the boy prince was heir to forty millions, civil list. At that time it naturally left Eugenie all Napoleon's private fortune.

But in 1873 Napoleon had no more to leave. When the young prince came of age he told his mother she ought not claim everything but that old will, and a council of former ministers judged it should be annulled. But it changed nothing for Eugenie put the papers in a drawer and kept the entire millions. And the prince, saying nothing, quitted England to meet death in Africa.

When her son died Eugenie, as his next of kin, took the vast Florence estate which had been to the Princess of Wales. The young prince had not even drawn its revenues, persuaded they were needed for improvements.

Then suddenly ten years ago old Marseille real estate left to her by her father, Count Montijo, on which she had wisely paid the taxes a full generation, became valuable to millions.

With such great resources it had been Eugenie's wish to make St. Michael's Abbey and the Farnborough seat a veritable museum of the Bonapartes and herself.

The great entrance hall, one wall of which is hung with Winterhalter's life-size painting of Eugenie in the midst of her guests at the Tuilleries, became a gallery of paintings picturing her former brilliant court life.

The salons of the ground floor contain vast quantities of Bonaparte portraits, battles, treaties, triumphs of the great Napoleon, scenes of great events of the reign of Napoleon III, her husband; sovereigns' visits, expositions and the transformation of Paris.

A great gallery the length of the mansion, hung with splendid Gobelin's, tapestries, in a long series of museum cases complete specimens of Sevres porcelains made in Eugenie's epoch. But where are her former superb collections of fans, laces and art bibelots? The half-empty gallery leads to the hall of iron, where are exposed such Napoleonic relics as Eugenie has been able to get hold of. It, too, has been waiting many years, until she wins her final lawsuit.

Her lawsuits with the French republic! During more than thirty years back these great lawsuits—with the memoirs and the management of her great fortune—have kept the strange woman so occupied that the world imagined she was doing nothing.

When Eugenie fled the Tuilleries she left behind her 300 new dresses, her collections of fans, furs, laces and lingerie used in the world, and a fabulous quantity of paintings, art objects, carpets, tapestries and furniture bought by Napoleon and herself with their own money, i. e., the civil list, Napoleon's pay for emperoring, and what he made by speculation.

Ever since she has been trying to get back from the republic these belongings. The liquidation began under Thiers. It gave her what another person would consider a considerable fortune in the "undisputed objects" that have decorated Camden Place and Windmill Hill for three decades. Then the hitch came.

Did Eugenie claim too much? A judgment of the republic's own court of February 12, 1897, admitted the republic owed her—in compensation for things of historic value and not personal to Eugenie or her husband's family—some 2,287,205 francs with 5 per cent interest; and it ordered to be paid to her all "objects of an intimate or even personal character." She claimed 2,000,000 francs more, and it dragged.

In 1899 she renounced the 2,000,000 francs claim. It was agreed the republic owed her 2,287,205 francs capital and 2,630,000 francs interest. Of this latter she renounced 2,000,000 francs in order to facilitate the payment of the rest, and, in particular, the return of her collections, art objects and the things "personal and intimate" belonging to her or her deceased husband.

In 1902, getting nothing, she renounced another million. Still no result.

Then, in 1907, she at last got judgment for 538 objects held in French museums—when a certain antiquary—Vélho—began to estimate their value. I give a few examples:

Item: A clock that belonged to Queen Hortense, estimated at 150,000 francs.

Item: A bureau that belonged to Mary Antoinette, a marvel in ebony and lacquer, carved bronze decorations, one of the Louvre Museum treasures, valued at half a million. At a sale it would bring double.

Item: Four magnificent Moorish saddles, in pearls and gold embroidery, picked up by Napoleon I. after the battle of the Pyramids, valued at 80,000 francs, and worth 200,000 francs.

Item: An oriental scimitar, jewelled, picked up ditto, valued at 50,000 francs, and worth 200,000 francs at auction for the reason that Eugenie's husband's uncle was so often painted with it hanging at his side.

Item: The parade saddle of Napoleon I. flashing with precious stones, estimated at 100,000 francs, but what would not Pierpont Morgan give for it?

Item: The "redingote gris" of the Man of Destiny; his battle hats, his capote gris, his pistols, the whole legend of Eugenie. What price? Why, the Bench of St. Helena, given to her

husband by the English, and which Eugenie had destined to place in her Farnborough hallway by the hatrack, would bring half a million francs at any advertised sale.

"They are family souvenirs, all intimate and personal," Eugenie said.

"But not your family, madame!" answered the Parisian papers. They forced the Domains to make a new appeal, so that Eugenie, who has certainly a real claim to vast property, sees herself once again refused, even the cash they acknowledged to be due her!

Her final failure to get the 538 objects she had almost had her hands on for St. Michael's Abbey and the Windmill Hill museum-mansion finished souring her on Farnborough as a residence.

Without the desired "objects" it was far from the refuge, all fragrant of the past, where she had hoped to calm her soul's unrest. Already she had begun on longer and longer travels. The highway to London going through it had developed an enormous traffic, which the automobiles made complete for dust and racket.

She went yachting first with Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, then with James Gordon Bennett, then with the Duke of Alva, her relative, and finally in her own splendid sea-going yacht, on which she returned from the trip to Egypt last spring—probably her last.

Once, on the Bennett yacht, they stopped at Zucco, where, for the first time, Eugenie met the Duc d'Aumale. She said later: "Our two souls, delivered from political ambitions, met at the end of the same deep disillusion!"

As Countess of Pierrefonds she promenade her melancholy and her souvenirs in Scotland, Italy, Spain and Provence. Once she went to South Africa, the very spot of her son's death. Did she regret the money disputes that drove him from England?

Or her refusal to permit a hundred young French Bonapartists to make him a guard of honor when he went to fight the Zulus? She must say something of these matters and the mystery of the empire's fall, because she knows that there are other memoirs waiting, bitter, crushing, even, if not answered!

Her last flashes of self-assertion were in 1907 and 1907. On the first occasion she was coming back from Ventnor and stopped at Ischl. There the Emperor of Austria sent her an imperial train.

Franz-Josef, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, met her at the Vienna railway station. As Eugenie got down from the car she kissed the aged emperor on the cheek, and he kissed her, as sovereigns kiss, being cousins. He had not seen her for ten years, when he paid a visit to her villa at Cap Martin. And all along the carriage route the Viennese were massed in cheering multitudes.

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The other day, when they were talking sheath gowns to her, she flashed up with an old souvenir of coquetry, "those sheath gown horrors?" she exclaimed. "How with a modest woman, wear them? Had you at the Tuilleries, dressed in such a fashion, what would not have been said of us?"

Then after a moment's dreaming she said: "Even the short trotteur skirts that every woman wears today would have been criticised severely. I remember how at Fontainebleau we once went to the races in skirts at our shoe tops and the bitter tears it cost me."

"Yet they mocked the crinoline's extravagance," someone suggested. "The crinoline is soon due to come in again," she who formerly led the world's fashions, "it will come in a reaction against this immodesty. Besides, how many years go to a generation? Thirty-five? Yes, every generation of women wants to try the crinoline. The time is near!"

STERLING HEILIG.

other, and finally the whole flock, until they stripped it naked and left it the laughing stock of the barnyard. It had not even its own clothes to put on. How many are like the jackdaw, in their rivalry of others they leave themselves without the plain necessities of life.

Why fret and fume about new clothes when the old will do just as well? Why have more suits than you can wear and six trunks when one will suffice?

It is a sad sacrifice, that which is made at the altar of custom. You are not here to be a slave of fashion. Assert your freedom. Be natural, be genuine, be yourself.

BE NATURAL AND HAPPY.

The easiest way to be happy is to be natural, to be yourself, without any airs of assumption or pretensions to that which you are not.

But to be natural requires both courage and common sense. If you insist on living sensibly you may be called "mean," and if you refuse to wear yourself out and worry yourself sick with all sorts of social whimsicalities and extravagances you may be dubbed "eccentric," but let the epochs pass, go your way unheeding, dare to be singular, in the end the world will respect you for your display of individuality.

To thine own self be true.

And it must follow as the night the day.

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Remember that it takes a higher quality of courage than the warrior's to defy appearance and be true to yourself, but you must rise to the dignity of self-asserting character and freedom of mind.

Insolent occasions may threaten to crush unless you yield, insinuating expediency may sound its alarms or whisper its lullabies to soothe the conscience to sleep, but you must be ever on guard, ever on the watch tower to keep off the encroachments of all who would swerve from the allegiance that duty demands. It requires a high quality of courage to have a decent self-respect that can brave public criticism, scorn the conventionalities of society, keep faith with inner conditions, and remain all the time true to the best principles of a virile manhood.

Untoward circumstances may surround you, you may have powerful forces to contend against, the insolent crowds may crush, command, condemn, but you must take a firm stand, boldly face the enemies, and rise triumphant above the might of their conspiring influence.

STRUGGLE WITH THE COST.

The struggle costs you something, but it is worth all it costs. It is worth while to preserve the prestige and dignity of a noble character, to keep it free from shadow of stain, from the smirch of dishonor, from the taint of baseness.

Be free! Spread your pinions and

London Sends Its Tribute.

London, Oct. 21, Nov. 21.—Miss Clara C. Colley, Clarence street, has experienced such remarkable benefit from "Catarrhzone," she makes the following public statement: "For two years I had a continuous cold in the head and never used anything giving quick results as Catarrhzone. It positively cures colds, consequently, I advocate Catarrhzone strongly." No remedy possibly clear away catarrh and colds like Catarrhzone because it's the only direct cure. Treatment for two months costs \$1, and is guaranteed; sample size, 25 cents at all dealers in medicine. Don't fail to get "Catarrhzone."

One began to peck at it, then another.

if not answered!

Rheumatism Means Kidney Trouble

If you are subject to Rheumatism, don't rely on "blood purifiers" to help you, because they can't. Liniments and plasters won't do any permanent good, either, because the kidneys are responsible for Rheumatism, and you must cure the sick kidneys with Gin Pills to get rid of the pain.

Uric acid is a poison formed in the blood. Healthy kidneys filter uric acid from the blood and pass it out of the system by way of the bladder. If the kidneys are strained by hard work, or weakened from other causes, then this uric acid stays in the blood, is carried to the nerves, muscles and joints (especially hands, shoulders, knees and feet) and inflames the nerves. This brings on Rheumatism, Sciatica, Pain in the Back, Neuralgia and Chronic Headaches.

"Permit me to thank you for the sample of Gin Pills which led me to purchase two boxes which had the most beneficial results. They are the best remedy for Uric Acid Trouble that I ever tried. Before trying your Gin Pills I had undergone a long and expensive course of treatment by a company of eminent specialists in Chicago. They did me no good, it seemed like throwing money away."

I still keep a box of your Pills on hand and take one occasionally. I am pleased to recommend them and bear testimony to their efficacy."

P. FITZGERALD.

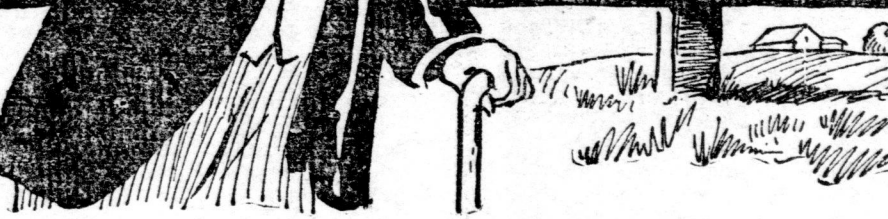
You can see for yourself that the only way to cure Rheumatism is to take Gin Pills because they cure the Kidneys. Gin Pills cost you nothing unless they cure you. Take them according to directions, and if they fail to help you, simply return the empty boxes to the dealer and get your money. We will take your word for it.

More than that, if you will mention this paper, we will send you a sample box of Gin Pills, free of charge, so you may test them at our expense.

Gin Pills are sold by all druggists and medicine dealers at 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50 or sent direct on receipt of price.

Dept. E National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto.
Formerly Made By The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

114



soar aloft into the realms of light where you can look down on the follies, shams and insincerities of the glittering, gilded, hollow throng.

If you have been caught already in the snares of society's tinsel web, if you have allowed yourself to be harassed down to the limit, groaning under its burden and imperiously driven by its stinging lash, you can free yourself by becoming natural and keeping true to your own self-respect and dignity.

If your nerves are jangling and the machinery of life is going to pieces under the strain of the hollow hypocrites and shams demanded by folly and fashion, you can pull yourself together and set the chord of your being in harmony with the strains of a natural life simply by doing the duty demanded by your station and keeping of being.

within the limits of the rightful law. Don't try to duplicate your neighbor, don't worry over the fact that he has more baggage to lug around than you. Your lightness gives you freedom for which you should be thankful.

Shake off the stamp of artificiality, don't let yourself be tagged by conventionalities.

Be yourself. Respect life more than things and you will be happy and contented in the might of a noble manhood.

The production of lemon oil is an important Italian industry which is carried on extensively on the Island of Sicily. Two methods of production are used—the two-piece method, in which the lemon is cut in half, the pulp removed and the oil extracted by means of pressure within a sponge, and the three-piece method, in which the lemon is pared, the skin being removed in three pieces, leaving the pulp with a small portion of the skin adhering to each end, the parings being pressed against a flat sponge for extraction.

Corns Are Like Knots.

Incidentally more painful. Why suffer when you can be cured for 25 cents spent on Putnam's Corn Extractor? Fifty years in use and guaranteed to cure.

Remember that it takes a higher quality of courage than the warrior's to defy appearance and be true to yourself, but you must rise to the dignity of self-asserting character and freedom of mind.

Insolent occasions may threaten to crush unless you yield, insinuating expediency may sound its alarms or whisper its lullabies to soothe the conscience to sleep, but you must be ever on guard, ever on the watch tower to keep off the encroachments of all who would swerve from the allegiance that duty demands. It requires a high quality of courage to have a decent self-respect that can brave public criticism, scorn the conventionalities of society, keep faith with inner conditions, and remain all the time true to the best principles of a virile manhood.

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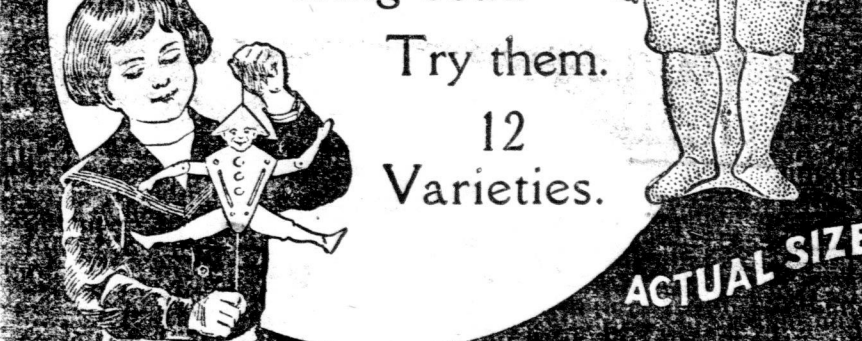
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Perrin's Toy Biscuits

The children's delight is your enjoyment. Perrin's Toy Biscuits bring both. Try them. 12 Varieties.



ACTUAL SIZE

important Italian industry which is carried on extensively on the Island of Sicily. Two methods of production are used—the two-piece method, in which the lemon is cut in half, the pulp removed and the oil extracted by means of pressure within a sponge, and the three-piece method, in which the lemon is pared, the skin being removed in three pieces, leaving the pulp with a small portion of the skin adhering to each end, the parings being pressed against a flat sponge for extraction.

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