

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

Don't take

Substitutes

Don't be misled—
"SURPRISE" Soap
has no equal.

It's a pure, hard,
harmless soap, which
makes a quick, heavy
lather, but lasts a long
time.

It cleans clothes clean-
er, sooner and with less
work or injury than
any other soap.

Only 5 cents
a large cake.

Remember the name

"Surprise."

circumstances, for that was were all his
weapons were. After he had been shut
into the box the men went behind the bar.
Then it was that Weissenrieder opened
fire. One of the robbers was wounded
and was assisted from the place by his
companion. Both escaped. They secured
his box for such an occurrence, having
cut two port-holes in the lid of it, and it
was through these that he won his battle.

Good Old Porter.

One of the most popular railway man-
agers of his day was the late Sir James All-
port, of the Midland Railway Company.
He once paid an official visit to a little
country station in the Midlands, where he
flattered himself he was unknown.

On the train entering the station, his
carriage door was opened, and a shrewd-
looking porter inquired if there was any
luggage to be looked after. There was,
and for the attention he received Sir James
offered the man two shillings, which was
immediately pocketed.

"Then the manager, having in mind the
rule against 'tips,' inquired, 'Are you
aware who I am, my man?'"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Mr. All-
port—fellow servant of the company, sir.
Never take tips from the general public,
sir!"

The ready answer brought a smile to the
manager's face, and the matter went no
farther.

Scotch Dialect.

The Scottish American has a story of a
north country servant girl, who was living
with an English family in the neighbor-
hood of Oxford. One wet day she hap-
pened to step into a heap of mire, and re-
turned home with her clothes much soiled.

"What have you been doing?" asked
her mistress.

"Oh," said she, "I stepped into a blum-
lock o' glaur."

"And what's glaur?"

"Just claur," said the girl.

"But what's claur?"

"It's just clabber."

"But, dear me! What is clabber?"

"Clabber is drookit stour."

"But what is drookit stour?" insisted the
amazed lady.

"Weel, weel," said the girl, "ave nae
patience wi' ye ava. Ye sud ken as weel
as me, it's just wat dirt."

Must Edit a Morning Paper.

Jinks: "Ah, Blinks, glad to see you.

How are Mrs. Blinks and the baby?"

Blinks: "Well—very well; only I'm a
little disappointed in the baby."

"Disappointed! Why, it's a boy isn't
it?"

"Yes; but you know the desire of my
heart has been to have a son succeed me
as editor of the 'Evening Clarion.'"

"Yes; and no doubt the youngster will
inherit his father's talents."

"But he won't."

"Won't?"

"No; I shall never be able to make any-
thing but a morning editor of him. He
sleeps all day, and keeps awake all night."

Expedited.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present

for my husband.

Stopwalker—How long have you been

married, madam?

Lady—Ten years.

Stopwalker—Bargain counter to the

right madam.

DIED

CARTER.—In this city on the 11th inst., Mary
Millicent, youngest daughter of Edward S. and
Anne E. Carter, aged 2 years and two months.

In the smoking-room of a Washington
mansion, after a dinner party last winter, I
heard the late Lord Herschell, his face ra-
diant with enthusiasm, describe the Queen
of England as 'the wisest, the most sagacious
and the most conscientious woman that
ever lived,' and was reminded that John
Bright some years before declared that she
was 'the only absolutely truthful woman he
had ever known.'

Queen Victoria has a great deal more to
do with affairs of State than most people
suppose. The Ministry may change and
Premiers may come and go, but for three
score years the Woman on the Throne has
never allowed the sceptre to pass from her
hands—not even to the husband she adored.
One morning—June 20, 1837—she, among
the other poor relations of the King in Ken-
sington Palace, was awakened just as the
day dawned, and was informed by the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamber-
lain and the Marquis of Conyngham that
she was Queen of England.

His Grace, the Archbishop, says that 'she
appeared in a loose white nightgown, her
nightcap thrown off and her hair falling
upon her shoulders. Her bare feet were
in slippers, tears were in her eyes, but she
was perfectly collected and dignified.' She
was seventeen then; she is seventy-nine
now, and in all that time she has never
shrunk from responsibility; she has never
surrendered a position that she has once
taken, but with infinite tact has moulded an
Empire to her own will.

Every American should remember with
gratitude that it was Queen Victoria who
prevented the intervention of the British
Government in behalf of the Confederacy
during the war. When Confederate en-
voys were taken from a British steamer by
an imprudent Union naval officer, Lord
Palmerston wrote a dispatch to the British
Ambassador at Washington that was
equivalent to a declaration of war. The
Queen kept it over night, and then returned
it to her Prime Minister with every offen-
sive phrase erased.

During the Jubilee ceremonies in 1897,
by a blunder of the Lord Chamberlain and
the Master of Ceremonies, the members of
the House of Commons were subjected to
what they considered a gross indignity.
They were 'commanded' to pay their re-
spects to their Sovereign at Buckingham
Palace at three o'clock on a certain after-
noon, and appeared there in full force at
the hour appointed. The Lord Chamber-
lain notified them that they could not be
received until four. Most of them left the
palace to spend the hour elsewhere, and
were scarcely out of sight when the Master
of Ceremonies announced that the Queen
would receive them at once. Those
who remained were most graciously
welcomed, but those who went away re-
turned in great indignation at the end of
the hour to find that the ceremony was over
and that Her Majesty had gone to Wind-
sor Castle.

The opposition members made furious
attacks upon the Government in the House
of Commons the next day, but the Minis-
ters treated the matter with the greatest
indifference, until nearly a week later
Mr. Balfour announced that Her Majesty
'was greatly distressed to hear through the
newspapers' of the contumacious and had
commanded him to express her regrets at
the occurrence.' At the same time Her
Majesty had commanded him to ask it all
the members of the House would be so
good as to come down to Windsor to
spend with her the following Saturday, and
bring their wives and children with them.
It was the first time that such an invitation
had ever been to the legislative assembly
of the United Kingdom, and it was a tact-
ful method of showing the kindly senti-
ment of the Sovereign toward her law-
makers. It also showed that Her Majesty
read the newspapers.

Queen Victoria is not only a sagacious,
but a courageous woman. On several oc-
casions has she faced death without flinch-
ing. 'Great events always make me calm,'
she once wrote in her diary, while speak-
ing of a crisis that tested her and through
which she moved with a stately dignity,
and her moral courage has been shown
quite as firmly and frequently. This she
has also explained in her diary as due to
'a calm reliance upon a higher power.'

Her Majesty is profoundly religious.
She believes in the efficacy of prayer. She
is a regular Bible reader, and frequently
uses a well worn Bible that belonged to
General Gordon, and was presented by

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, MRS. WETTIN. THE QUEER THINGS IN HER DAILY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS, IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

his sister to the Queen, who acknowledged
the gift in an autograph letter. At the
same time she does not permit her religious
convictions to influence the subtle intri-
cacies of statecraft.

Although she has annually dispensed
large sums of money for religious and

from a daughter of James I. has no right
to the throne until the whole issue of
Charles I. is exhausted, which is not yet
the case.

Mary IV is a direct descendant of Chas.
I. of the House of Stuart. Queen Victoria
is an indirect descendant of the House of

tendants at Windsor Castle, and many of
them holding their positions by hereditary
right and have little or nothing to do. The
Queen's companion is a relic of the Middle
Ages. On coronation day it is his business
to prance around in armour, mounted on a
mailed charger, with a long spear and a
monstrous sword, and challenge all the
world to dispute with him the right of his
Sovereign to the sceptre. This challenge
holds good during the period of soverei-
gnty or the life of the champion, and may
be accepted by subjects or alien.

Queen Victoria and her uncle, William
IV despatched with this medieval absurdity
at their coronations, but the Champion's
pay and perquisites still continue, for they
are hereditary and cannot be abolished
even by the act of Parliament without some
indemnity.

The present Champion is Francis Sea-
man Dymoke, who is now a venerable man
and if any one should take the trouble to
accept his challenge he would have to re-
sign in favour of a more tawny Briton.
He receives a salary of £120 a year, and
certain allowances of food and clothing
which he draws from the Lord Steward at
Windsor Castle.

Another ancient supernumerary is the Page
of the Pipe, who also holds a hereditary
office, which dates back to the time of
Charles II. That merry monarch acquired
the tobacco habit from some of his Virginia
colonists, and required a page, who was
paid a salary £100 a year, to keep his
smoking apparatus in order. In a moment
of generosity His Majesty made the ap-
pointment permanent. Until 1765 the
honour was held by the Duke of Grafton,
who got hard up and sold it to a merchant
named Harrison. As Queen Victoria does
not smoke, the office is now a sinecure,
but the descendants of Harrison are en-
titled to a privilege of entering the presence
of their Sovereign at any time.

The Queen has six Trumpeters who draw
pay at the rate of £100 each annually.
These appointments, however, are not
hereditary, and afford the Queen an op-
portunity to reward soldiers who have dis-
tinguished themselves.

The Queen's Linnet enjoys one of the
most profitable posts at Windsor Castle.
He decorates books and manuscripts with
initial pictures and illuminates parchments
and commissions a with borders and designs.
The gentleman who holds this post per-
forms that duty with great artistic skill at
the rate of £410 a year, when Her Majesty
graciously pleased to confer Knighthood
or some other honor upon one of her sub-
jects.

The Clockmaker at Windsor Castle re-
ceives the same compensation, and it is his
business to keep all of the timepieces in re-
pair. The Historiographer, who is sup-
posed to keep note of events, holds a
hereditary office, with a salary of £500 a
year. The Master of Music, Sir Walter
Parrett, the famous organist, receives
£300, and arranges concerts for Her
Majesty's diversion. The Surveyor of
Pictures is paid £300, the Librarian (who,
by the way, is Richard R. Holmes, an
eminent author) receives £500, the Ex-
aminer of Plays has £320, the Keeper of
the Swans is paid £60, and the Barge
Master, who looks after the boats used by
the Royal family at Windsor, has a similar
compensation.

The Queen has two lady readers, Miss
Bauer and Miss. Norell, who are paid
£300 a year each. It is their business to
read to her the newspapers not only of
her own dominion, but the principal pub-
lications of Germany and France. Her
chief cook is a gentleman by the name of
A. F. Feltan, who receives £300 a year
and has several assistants. The First
Clerk of the kitchen, Edward Lorry, keeps
account of the expenditures, audits the
cook's bill, and sends them to the
high Steward to be paid. The Gentleman
of the Cellars, Thomas Kingscote, looks
after Her Majesty's wines. She drinks
very little herself except Scotch whisky,
which is prescribed by her physician.

The more important people about
Windsor Castle are the physicians and
surgeons (who treat the entire household
of a thousand persons or more), the Mas-
ter of the Horse (who is the Duke of
Portland), the Grand Chamberlain, Maids
of Honor and Ladies of the Bedchamber.
The Queen's Coachman is Thomas Bur-
ham, who occupies a very responsible po-
sition, because he drives her every day.
The State Coachman is Edwin Miller,
who never ascends the box except on oc-
casions of the greatest consequence, when
Her Majesty is drawn by eight cream
colored stallions.

Unfortunate Similes.

There are times when a lawyer regrets
the use of an illustration which a moment
before has appeared especially felicitous.

'The argument of my learned and bril-
liant brother,' said the counsel for the

plaintiff in a suit for damages from a street
car corporation, 'is like the snow now fall-
ing outside—it is scattered here, there
and everywhere.'

'All I can say,' remarked the opposing
counsel when his opportunity came, 'is
that I think the gentleman who likened my
argument to the snow now falling outside,
may have neglected to observe one little
point to which I flatter myself the similar-
ity extends; it has covered all the ground,
in a very short time.'

DEPARTMENT STORES HOSTESSES.

They Aid the Woman Who is Bold Enough
to go Shopping Alone.

Five 'hostesses' are now included in the
staff of one of New York's large depart-
ment stores. Some people call them
guides but the five women themselves pre-
fer to be known as hostesses. If you ask
them their mission in the affairs of the place
they will tell you that they 'extend the
hospitalities of the store to shoppers.'
This glittering phrase represents a line of
duties which will appeal to every woman
as exceedingly practical.

Talk of it's not being good for man to be
alone! There is one time of all others
when it is not good for woman to be alone,
and that is when she is shopping. Rather
than go forth solitary to a shopping expen-
dition, a woman would take her mother-in-
law along. There is, generally speaking,
nothing stronger to be said. Nine
women out of ten declare, in the moderate
terms so dear to the feminine tongue,
that they simply loathe and despise to go
shopping alone. The proprietor of the
store in question recognized the prevalence
of this state of mind and determined that
no woman need come to his emporium with
such sentiments disturbing her serenity.
Hence these hostesses.

They have a little office on the second
floor at one corner of the rotunda. Facing
the open centre of the building is an array
of cords stretched from the railing up to
the next floor. It looks as if somebody in-
tended to raise sweet peas or vines. The
only blossom which ever comes on this trellis,
however, are five bright little satin ban-
ners, one for each of the hostesses. One is
of blue and white, one of scarlet and white,
and so on. If a hostess is not in the office
when called for her banner is run up, and
that is a signal to her that she is wanted.
She is supposed to keep an eye on the
trellis while she is away from the office and
respond to her banner signal as soon as
possible.

The role of these hostesses is that of a
guide and adviser. A woman comes in
with a list of purchases she wishes to
make. She doesn't know the store, and
moreover she isn't very sure that she
knows just what she wants. She takes a
hostess to be her guide, philosopher, or,
at any rate, counsellor and friend. Her
new ally knows all the ins and outs of the
store, and can lead the way without loss
of time from one department to another,
securing immediate attention in each.
She is also thoroughly informed as to the
latest fashions, and best and most popular
materials, colors and designs. She gives
her advice as to what will be the most be-
coming thing to get, how much material to
buy, what trimmings to select, every one
of the problems, in fact, which torture the
solitary shopper with dreadful doubts.

Each of the five hostesses has her own
clients of customers, who always depend
on her to shop with them. One is a
Southern woman, who makes the customers
from the South her own particular charge.
They find in her a real hostess, who takes
away from the strangeness and loneliness
of being in a great city wholly different in
atmosphere from what they have grown
accustomed to. Another of the hostesses is
a Catholic, and takes care of all the custom-
ers from the convents and other essentially
Catholic institutions. This privilege of
having shopping made easy is not alone for
out-of-town customers. Many city women
avail themselves of it. There is no charge to
the customer at all. The guides are
really hostesses, delegated by the prop-
rietor to extend the courtesies of the house,
just as they say.

A College Yell.

The imitative qualities inherent in man
—a legacy from his simian ancestors, some
philosophers assert—received a humorous
illustration in Philadelphia the other day.
There is a 'college' in that city for the
education of youths who intend pursuing
the 'tonorial profession,' and at a meeting
of the students, held to discuss various
matters pertaining to their interests it was
unanimously resolved to have a 'college
yell.' After much consideration the fol-
lowing was evolved:

'Bah! Bah! Bah!
We're scholars, by gum!
Hair cut, shampoo, shave, bay rum!
Next! Next! Next!

This yell has at least the merits of per-
cipient and sanity, which cannot be said
of the 'college yell' in general.



MRS. ALBERT WETTIN.

philanthropic purposes since she ascend-
ed the throne, she has never contributed a
farthing for foreign missions in any part of
the earth; nor does anybody know to this
day from her own lips what reason has
prevented her. The missionary societies
have ceased to ask or expect financial
assistance from Her Majesty, and assume
that her refusal to give them aid is due to
public policy, for were it known in India,
in Burmah, in Afghanistan and other
heathen colonies of the Empire that their
Sovereign was encouraging the overthrow
of the native faith it would excite the hatred
and hostility of the high priests, whose in-
fluence is unbounded and who might cause
infinite trouble by their hostility.

Her Private Secretary, Hafiz Abdul
Karim, is a Mohammedan. Since the
death of that faithful Scotch gillie, John
Brown, the protection of the Royal per-
son has been entrusted to Gholam Mus-
tafa and Sheikh Chidda, two Indian war-
riors, who are also followers of the
Prophet. They always stand upon the
boot of her carriage when she is driving,
and night and day, wherever Her Majesty
happens to be, and one of them is at the
door. They are allowed to perform their
native religious devotions, to observe the
rules of the caste respecting food, and are
never interfered with in any manner in
the practice of their religion and the ob-
servance of their native customs.

Within the territorial limits of the United
Kingdom Her Majesty does a good deal
for the Church of England, and extends
her contributions to other denominations
also, particularly to the Presbyterian
Church that she is in the habit of attend-
ing while at her palace at Balmoral.

And yet, with all her sagacity, wisdom
and good sense, Victoria must know that
she is not the lawful occupant of the throne
of England. By the constitution of the
Kingdom, the Crown descends according
to the laws of primogeniture—that is, the
eldest son must succeed his father, and,
failing issue, the succession is vested in
the eldest daughter. Under this law
Mary IV, otherwise known as Maria
Teresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess
of Austria, wife of His Royal Highness
Prince Ludwig, of Bavaria, is entitled to
the sovereignty of England as the senior
of the Royal house of Stuarts, the male
line having become extinct on the death of
Henry IX.

This fact is confessed annually in Whit-
taker's Almanac, the semi-official gazetteer
of the government, which says:
'The Hanoverian dynasty, being derived

The real crown contains 1273 rose
diamonds, 1363 brilliants, 273 round pearl,
four large egg-shaped pearls, twenty-six
sapphires, eleven emeralds, twenty-four
rubies, and one large ruby set in the cen-
tre of a diamond Maltese cross. This is
the finest ruby in the world, and has a
bloody history. It once belonged to the
Moorish King of Grenada. He got it, ac-
cording to the tradition, from an Abyssini-
an Prince, who captured it from a Sultan
of Western Asia.

Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, invited
his Moorish neighbor to visit him at the
Alcazar of Seville. The heathen trusted
the Christian, and came across the country
wearing his richest garments and jewels,
and attended by a splendid retinue. But
before the hospitality of Don Pedro was
exhausted every one of his guests was
beheaded, and his own hands snatched the
ruby from the turban of his rival. Edward
I bought it of him, and Henry V wore it
in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.
There are lots of queer people about the
Queen. She has a thousand or more at-