

## THE BUILDERS OF THE EMPIRE

The Romantic History of the Chartered Companies.

Prince Rupert, Patron of Britain's Commerce Beyond the Seas—Cecil Rhodes.

Yesterday and today have an odd trick of merging in the London mists; and in certain moods and to certain minds, the imperious event of the moment is no more real and near than the shadow cast across two centuries—or ten, it may be, writes a correspondent of the New York Post. So I found it when I sat above the choir stalls in St. Paul's, and looked down on the ranked faces in the nave, a wall of men, forming a significant transitory monument to the memory of Cecil Rhodes. The stately memorial service must have spoken in different voices to those who witnessed it. Some possibly were able to feel its full religious import and not troubled by any sense of an ironic prick in the solemn thanksgiving to God "that it had pleased thee to deliver thy servant Cecil John Rhodes out of the miseries of this sinful world"—Rhodes, who was so fain of this sinful world and his work in it! Many, doubtless, felt that the ceremonial, which, for all its ecclesiastical forms, had a splendidly secular air, was a fitting civic commemoration of the empire-builder. A lover of the human interest in the great drama would have watched for Chamberlain's eyes, and felt a stir of satisfaction at the sight of Lord Roberts, alert and vital even in repose, and Mr. Baillou-Latour, as if in delightful imitation of his own delightful caricatures. Finally, an artist would have gloried in the cross lights and receding vistas of shadow, the electric brilliance making a dazzle of the white robes in the choir, flashing out the scarlet pomp of mayor and sheriffs against a background of dark woodwork; the cold outer daylight on the huddled faces in the nave, and, high above all, the jewel-glints where Richmond's great angels flung wide their wings in the mosaic. And then for a heartbeat, I think, all the conflicting moods were merged, while the band crashed out in the "Dead March," a tramp as of all England's dead across the veil, a desolation as of all her slain.

### FANCIES CALLED UP BY THE CHARTERED COMPANIES.

And all the while, one spectator of the impressive pageant (who had gained a place as a journalist, and, therefore, presumably interested in the doings of today) was wandering far paths enough in fancy. In these troubled days the name of the "Chartered Company" sets the thoughts of most people towards African troubles, Rhodesian gold mines, and the fatal raid of Dr. Jim. A few historically-minded students might turn instead to a survey of England's great companies since the day when Elizabeth granted her charter to that one which was to make her successor Empress of India. Out of the complication of modern interests and old-world memories, I followed a thread of my own. It led me away from the gold-workings of Rhodesia, where ancient, unnamed peoples sought the treasure which later-day prospectors seek, away from the mystic ruins, temples of forgotten worship thick grown with fig and vine and baobab tree, which stood already when Solon's ships voyaged for the gold of Ophir. My imagination did not turn that way, as it should in all reason have done, nor linger on the Royal African Company of the days of Charles II., nor take hold of the tense strife of peasant Africa.

### WHERE THE COMPANIES ARE QUARTERED TODAY.

Not so far from St. Paul's gather the offices of many companies, much as they did when Charles Lamb wrote, and furnished much in the fashion which he depicts in his account of the South Sea House. "The oaken wainscot hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps, dim as dreams." One of these offices I visited not long since, and though the building is new, found there, mysteriously enough, the unchanged atmosphere. The original abode of the company was the "Excise Office" in Broad street, which later was the very South Sea House, of which Elia tells and which perished by fire. In the present Hudson Bay House in Lime street, painted moose and Indian looked down from the walls as I climbed the stair, and when I entered the dim, quiet boardroom, it seemed as though I had broken on a shadowy meeting of the first council of "The Honorable Company of Merchants Adventurers Trading in Hudson's Bay."

The name spells romance, blending in strange, incongruous harmony thoughts of the snows and forests where floated the gallant red flag of the "H. B. C." and of that England of the restoration which sent it forth. Standing before the beautiful melancholy portrait of the first governor, I looked back to the picturesque beginnings of the great company; the meetings of the French pioneers, Radisson and Groselliers, with their patron, Prince Rupert, in those rooms in the great Keep of Windsor, where the soldier-prince dwelt, secluded among his inventions and his memories; the setting forth of the first ship, the Nonsuch, from the Thames, where the King's pleasure barges were moored, towards unknown currents and drifting ice. Radisson, that unscrupulous adventurer, servant of King Louis and King Charles, made a strange figure in the palace and playhouse of the Restoration London.

## Girls.

Girls who haven't the money to spend for new clothes, ribbons, feathers, boxes, etc., had better go right round to the druggist or grocer to-day and for to-cs. buy any color in these fast, brilliant, fadeless home dye, Maypole Soap. It washes and dyes at the same time.

Maypole Soap

Gold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black.

## Baby's Things

I prefer PEARLINE to other soap powders. For cleaning baby bottles, nipples and silverware it has no equal. I will try it alone for washing.

Mrs. Rev. J. F. R.

One of the Millions. 693

with his modish laced coat, contrasting with his leather breeches and tangled hair. He shows more to advantage when haranguing the Indians on those far shores, where he fought and intrigued, both under England's cross and France's lilies.

The Hudson Bay house is proud of its old traditions, and the courteous secretary who made me welcome was ready to talk of our governors—James of York and Marlborough were among the earliest, an ironic linking of names and "our servants," and to tell of the company's achievements, as of the new substitution of improved breech-loading rifles for the older fashion he himself remembered. History enough, political, adventurous, commercial, if one had time to trace it.

I found myself thinking of the Chartered Company, of which all men are talking now and wondering at the space crossed by a walk from St. Paul's to Lime street—the distance between the African veil, trodden by the ancient strife and need of today, and the trails across Canadian snows, trodden and effaced two centuries ago. Cecil Rhodes—England is full of the large rumor of his name, yet I thought of it only in passing as I looked up the portrait. Lines of comparison and contrast link together, fantastically, those alien characters and destinies. The man who looks down, in a weary and tolerant disdain, from the heavens where an unknown master hand has set him, had his wide-reaching dreams of England's conquest, and her sovereign's rule. He, too, knew the far places of the world, trod African soil, wore the native's dress, and he, in the brief intervals of action, turned for rest to invention and art; lover of beauty, though he wrought with the harsh facts of life. The whimsical parallel is arbitrary enough, drawn because I chanced to look at a sealed charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to stand before Prince Rupert's portrait while London muttered of the death of Cecil Rhodes.

### TRADITIONS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

And yet, though the connecting threads be of fancy's own slightness, it links what history binds. For England's empire has risen from the beginning in a stanch fellowship with England's commerce; her "venturers" in the grand old Elizabethan sense have often been "adventurers" in the meaning which the Hudson's Bay Company gave to the word. And so, in the report, the futile ardors of his cavalry charges being spent and his naval battles drawing to their close, gave his name and patronage to more than one company which was to fling the English flag to the winds of the world and bear the booty of the world back to England.

His highness lives in the traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company as an indifferent man of business, curious, vague as to the all-important point of his own profits. But he won the charter from his cousin, Charles II.—we may see the parchment today, with its crabbled letters and leaden seal and a portrait of his most sacred majesty smiling sardonically atop. And though he left some practical details to his incongruous colleagues, Lord Ashley—Earl of Shaftesbury to be—Rupert gave himself eagerly enough to the great work which was to be done. He was a pioneer, went to drink good fortune to the first outbound ship, and studied with curious care the lists of Indian tribes with which the company was to form alliance. Rupert had ideas as to their sailing ways, the natives he proved more than once in his own voyaging. To the soldier and venturer, the check to King Louis' ambition, the sailing of the far seas, and the tracking of far places meant more to him than the beaver skins sold at Garroway's. That shore at which, for all his wanderings, he never touched, bears his name deeply stamped in Rupert's River and Rupert's Land; and the proud record of the "Great Company" hand down his memory. It is less often recalled that the prince was interested in African enterprises.

In his voyages—those heroic, piratical voyages—he touched at the African shore. Later, in the Restoration days of mocking peace and royal fulfillment, he belonged to the Royal African Company, and in 1664 there was a plan that he should command a fleet to the Guinea coast, there to open English interests and stop Dutch encroachments; the combination sounds as modern as the posters which today placard English advances and Dutch reverses. Concerning this more, I have written elsewhere. I doubt that he was pleased with his going, he being accounted an unhappy (unlucky) man.

### PRINCE RUPERT'S SHORT-LIVED GLORY.

Unhappy: the word accents the difference in the two lives; the contrast between the man who wrested success from the world and the wilderness, and the man whose dreaming and daring were alike sealed with the Stuart fate of failure. Save for a link with the prosperous Company of Merchant Adventurers, and for the victorious issue of some of his sea-fights with the Dutch, Rupert's life was a tale of endeavor and achievement passed with the dust of his charges, with the cleavage of his keel. All passed with him—and into futurity—except the valor which made his brief triumphs, the unquesting loyalty which, perhaps, made his long defeat. A different life story, indeed, from that which has so lately ended with the cry of "so much to do." Another type of man from the one who sleeps among his soldiers near Bulwary of the silver shield. And yet England needs her knights errant, obeying the stir and sting of unconquerable dreams, men not born to possession or to the unbounded triumphs of accomplishment; impracticable spirits, who walking straight through the complications of life, walk straight to success. A few of us, even in these imperial days, give our "vultures" to those who have failed, since they, too, have handed down their heritages in the trumpet note of a name, in the standard not stooped to any wind of fate. But far apart rest these founders of England's great companies, so far that only a dreamer's whim and the chance of an hour could link them.

## A Day at 'Amptstead' Eath

"You going to get up today or tomorrow?" asked a voice outside the door.

"What's time?" he inquired, sleepily.

"Past nine," snapped his mother. "And if your poor father was alive it would make him turn in his grave to think of it."

It was not until he saw on the painted deal dressing-table a new collar of amazing height and stiffness that he recognized the fact that this was not a working day, but one to be devoted to pleasure.

"That accounts," he said acutely, "for me sleeping on."

An egg stood upright in a cup at the side of his plate, and the baby was struggling against the bondage of her chair in the desire to obtain the top of this delicacy so soon as the shell had been broken. It was the first holiday that the boy had encountered since beginning to work; the egg was acknowledgment of the fact that he was now a wage-earner.

Further recognition came during breakfast, when his mother, in a confidential undertone (that the baby sister might not hear), told him of the going-on of the people downstairs. For two pins she would put on her black straw and go down and tell them of it. The boy, with his new grown-up manner, counseled reticence, and, giving the baby the yolk-covered spoon, drew the curtains and looked at the young hussy; the baby laughed very much at this, and made up her face with yellow.

"What you going to do with yourself?" asked his mother in her complaining voice. "When your poor father was alive he—"

"Don't talk so much," said the boy. "You'll wear your face out."

He walked through Seymour street disengaging the compliments of other lads in regard to his new collar, and at Euston station, where the unoccupied porters eyed him narrowly, he counted his money as one contemplating a trip to Scotland, and they relaxed their suspicions. Eightpence in all; he wished he had been a shilling. He closed two carriage doors furtively, and nearly told one passenger to hurry up; he had some daring idea of whistling to start the train; but the guard came up, with a green flag, and he was obliged to get on his feet rather hurriedly changed his mind.

Out in Euston road red and green and yellow tramcars were filling up madly inside and out before the horses could manage to get away. The boy made way for a young lady in bright blue and with new boots that seemed to hit the note of perfect good taste, and then, fighting manfully, struggled up after her.

"Don't object to my smoking, I trust," he said, as the car jerked across to the down line.

"Not if you know how to," replied the young lady in blue.

"I'm rather 'what you may call a slave to it,'" said the boy, lighting his cigarette. "Plenty of people about, ain't there?"

"Oh, of course!" remarked the young woman, with an enlightened air. "It's dark, isn't it? The fog is very bad."

"Makes a kind of a break for the lower classes, what I mean is—"

"I suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "you don't get many opportunities."

As the car went up Malden road she began to feel a little nervous. The fog was so thick, and the cold fear presently came over the boy, and he wondered how far sixpence would go were he honored with the duty of squiring her about the Heath through the afternoon.

"Now, you mustn't be seen speaking to me," she said, to his great relief, at Fleet road. "My young gentleman's waiting here, and the least thing he'll say is 'what a lovely girl!'"

This was the first time he had been to the Heath in the character of a moneyed person. He stopped outside a booth where six half-dressed, ferocious-looking men invited amateurs to box with the champion. The champion was one eye short, begged him to come in and make mincemeat of the whole lot, but the boy shook his head and went on.

What a fine, crowded, busy, laughing, bustling, and noisy scene! The sixpence had to go far, else he would certainly have dared to see the fattest lady ever known; he envied the sportsmen who were taking shots with accurate rifles at ducks; he found himself irresistibly compelled to spend one penny on a gay phonograph stand and join the group with bent shoulders to listen to "I Don't Know Why I Love You, But I Do."

"How dapper 'ave cockernut!" he said to a smaller boy. "You've pinched that, you know."

"What if I 'ave?" argued the smaller boy, hugging the pieces to his chest.

"Must I call a copper?" he asked in a whisper.

The cocoanut was very good; filling, too; it arrested the hunger that was beginning to annoy. He went over to a crowd on the grass that surrounded young couples dancing a minuet, and he saw a young lady in a feathered hat if she would honor him with her hand; the lady, in reply, threatened to push his face in for him, which answer the boy took to be a polite refusal.

He went to a stall where he would never be able to play the character of a rollicking blade until he had decorated his bowler hat with a circle of colored paper, and, indeed, when he had done this, girls ran from him with cries of startled fear. One of these he caught.

"Say, now," requested a tweed-patterned lady with a hand camera, "would you mind if I kodaked your picture?"

"What's the charge?" he asked, apprehensively.

"I will pay whatever is usual in this country."

"Six do," said the boy promptly.

He watched the skipping after this, and called out "Pepper!" at unexpected moments, so that the men made the rope go furiously, to the great distress of those taking physical exercise. He went up towards Jack Straw's Castle, and ordered off some boys who were throwing stones into the pond, threatening, unless they consented to cut off home directly that minute to tell their parents.

Two short girls in muslin said to each other in audible tones that they were simply dying for an ice, and being new something of a millionaire he lifted his hat and begged permission to offer this refreshment. They were shocked to find that their casual remark had been overheard; they, however, permitted him to conduct them down the hill to a stand kept by an Italian merchant. He had intended to keep back the muslin girls from the fond of ices, and they were so bright and talkative until they found he had expended his last coin, that it was not easy to suggest earlier a gallant farewell.

He was tired when he reached home,

and as he knelt down after supper by the chair in his bedroom he nearly dozed on the cane seat. Pulling himself together, he decided to omit the usual details. "Bless everybody," he said in a gruff undertone, "and make me better every Annet!"

He rose and went to the small looking-glass where, after inspecting very critically a pimple that had made an uncalculated for appearance at the side of his face, he commenced to wrestle with the stiff new collar.

"I ain't done myself so badly," remarked the boy to his reflection in the glass. "Kissed three gels, at any rate!"

—W. Pett Ridge, in London Daily Mail.

### Strawberries.

While strawberries are abundant, though this best of berries in its fresh, natural condition is superlatively good, and therefore not to be improved upon, we like to offer it in a variety of forms. It combines attractively with various cereal preparations, and serves to lighten the beauty and the keen relish of numerous dessert dishes. By these dainty variations, which display the resources of the cook, the familiar berry becomes a series of surprises and never "an old story," and the season cannot be long enough to exhaust its possibilities or its acceptability.

With the home supply to choose from, the finest and most perfectly ripened berries should be served in their natural perfection. The pretty English custom of leaving on the hull and stem and eating from the fingers, dipping a little piece of powdered sugar placed for each guest, is particularly pretty and agreeable for a luncheon party. A few leaves of the strawberry should be laid under each individual offering, and beautiful shapely berries arranged in a little pyramid.

Cream with strawberries is to some fastidious persons as objectionable as painting the lily. With shortcake it is indispensable, but of course not to be offered with berries eaten from the stem. In other cases it is a matter of choice.

Strawberry Shortcake.—A very light, rich biscuit dough, made with cream, is the basis of an excellent shortcake. It must be of a feathery lightness and melt in the mouth. The berries, being soda biscuit will tell you that this is largely a matter of quick, light handling. Cut in rounds as large as a small saucer and less than an inch in thickness. Brush over half of them with melted butter and lay a second round upon each. Bake in a quick oven. Have the strawberries ready, and pull apart as soon as baked. After slight cooling, butter liberally and put a generous filling between each pair, and heap the top with the fruit. Serve on individual plates. The berries, slightly crushed and well covered with sugar, should lie for an hour or two to soften before the cake is made. They are sometimes heated for this object, but this impairs the flavor. An extra quart of berries, crushed and well sweetened, then strained through a fine sieve, will make a delicious syrup to accompany the cream.

A slightly sweetened pastry, mixed with one egg to a quart of flour, makes quite a different shortcake. Use shortening as usual. Patty shells of puff paste, filled with fresh strawberries, topped off with whipped cream, makes another variation. Even eclairés are filled with strawberries and covered with whipped cream.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—The varieties of strawberry ice cream are as numerous as those of strawberry shortcake. Strawberries may be added to the cream, either whole, crushed, or put through a coarse sieve, or merely the strained juice. The rich syrup drained from sweetened and crushed berries makes a fine flavoring, and some fine whole berries, candied and dipping in fondant, make a fine addition.

## CONSTIPATION

This Very Painful Disease Now Easily Curable.

The Old Methods of Treatment Abandoned—Unbounded Success Has Followed the New Rational Treatment.

No one has ever denied that Constipation is the result of bad digestion.

The root of the trouble is in the Stomach and Liver.

The old methods of treatment were for the bowels only—and were never curative—but simply strong purgatives.

They forced the movements and so temporarily relieved the system, but they did not cure the cause.

The result of this forcing was to weaken the natural organs and bring on Chronic Diseases.

Everyone knows that after what is commonly called "a physic" there follows a period of indigestion, and the continued use of violent purgatives make their repeated use a necessity.

But the modern method uses no force.

You cannot force Nature without injury to some part.

Common sense says "Don't Force—Encourage."

Help the tardy organs by removing the cause of their failure, and then gently coax them back to their natural vigor.

This is just what Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do.

The large white tablets, if taken immediately after each meal, will digest the food, all of it, perfectly and completely.

This perfect digestion, prevents the dumping into the bowels of a mass of sour and rotten undigested food.

The smaller brown tablets stimulate—but gently and mildly—the action of the Liver and Bowels.

The work of these organs is made easy, and they are gradually encouraged to maintain it.

In the simple and natural way the lost vigor is restored to these failing organs, and soon they are strong enough to independently do their work as Nature intended.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets permanently cure Constipation.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

After a hard day's work,  
there's nothing so refreshing  
as a cup of good hot  
Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.  
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

## WILD ANIMALS EASILY TAMED

Birds Are Wonderfully Quick Judges of Intentions.

Treaties With Man on the Basis of Reciprocal Good Intentions—Striking Examples of the Rule.

The class of animal benefactors, protected and encouraged for their usefulness, and often really liked for their personal qualities, offers the most interesting and satisfactory example of the mutual good relations which may exist. The list is not a long one, but the creatures included in it have often re-established completely the lost confidence between man and beast. The secretary bird probably stands at the head of the list. It is now protected and a privileged character over nearly the whole area in which the South African war has been carried on. It is a wild bird, though the young are often brought up at farmhouses, and is found northwards as far as Khar-tum and Abyssinia. Its boldness and familiar ways are the subject of stories too familiar to need quoting, though whether newly-swallowed kittens have really been heard mewling inside its stomach may be doubted. The heavy and rapid blows delivered by its feet at any animal it wishes to eat usually stun it at once.

The mongoose, the adjutant and the white stork have all made a treaty with man on the basis of reciprocal good offices, but the case of the stork has circumstances which add to the interest of the compact. The storks go away in winter to regions so remote that it may well be that the compact is not observed there, by African black and half-breed Nile Arabs. They then return some thousand or more miles and take up their friendly relations with man, often in or around crowded towns. The old saying that there was "no peace south of the line" finds its converse. With the storks it is always peace north of the Mediterranean.

There are also a small plover found on the camp of Argentina which has become almost domesticated round the farms. It is an excellent watch, and from being steadily protected is found in numbers around the lonely homesteads, to which these noisy and night-feeding birds are a source of security.

The terms of equality on which these animal benefactors live with man have never induced others to presume on the favor shown to them and to do likewise. They are perfectly aware when and where the protection is limited. Sir Samuel Baker notes the plover, especially golden plover, are usually incurably wild, wherever they are found. Yet the Middlesex County Council and private owners have protected them, peewits have become so tame on some of the market gardens at Chiswick that they will feed within 30 yards of the footpath or railway, and during the frost in February they come to be fed by the river bank, within ten yards of the high road. Jackdaws, being mischievous but not dangerous, are preserved in parks, and on estates where they are shot. In Oxford an old resident in Holywell street used to provide breakfast for the jackdaws regularly, cutting up a pound of sliced bread into cubes and throwing it out to the grass below the window. The jackdaws came to be fed as regularly as ducks, though the birds by no means on these terms with the undergraduates of New College over the way.

Probably the two most striking examples of this distinguishing power possessed by birds, which are wonderfully quick judges of intentions, are the great lake sanctuary of Holkham, where thousands of fowl, which, when they disappear later, are as wild as the wildest, sit on the lake or its banks as tamely as ducks in a farmyard and the stable pond at Monymusk, where the wild ducks used to come regularly at twilight to be fed. There are also instances of the tameness of mammals even more striking. Certain bears in the Yellowstone Park come to the hotel rubbish-heaps and are fed with kitchen waste, and allow ladies to photograph them; and the squirrels of the New York Central Park are as familiar as our London sparrows. These creatures belong to the new era of what Mrs. Brightman has aptly called "wild nature won by kindness," or by absence of unkindness. It offers a peculiarly pleasing prospect for our future town life and urban or half-urban parks, and may be absolutely counted upon if the creatures are not shot or molested. Some correspondents of the Spectator have pointed this out recently as happening in the case of the Phoenix Park in Dublin, where the deer feed undisturbed between lines of soldiers firing blank cartridges and the crowd gazing at them, and can hardly be driven off by the mounted men sent to make them "move on." It is noticed that this tameness actually increases as the number of persons frequenting a park increases—always providing that cover and food, both of which are scanty in the central London parks, but which abound at Richmond, are left to them.

The wood-pigeons in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are far tamer than those at Richmond, where they do not habitually live in a crowd. In the same way, the Richmond deer are not so tame as those of Bushey or of small parks like that of Magdalen College. There is not the slightest reason to fear that the admission of volunteers to maneuver in Richmond Park would scare away the wild creatures. The sight of still more people who do not hurt them seems only to tend to increase their confidence. Hence we have happy not to make any disagreeable choice between training our volunteers and destroying the wild life

in Richmond Park, and depriving our volunteers of their much-needed field-days and keeping up the wild life in Richmond Park. We can perfectly well do our duty by our volunteers and yet allow Richmond Park to remain the home of the deer and the wild birds. The wild birds and the deer will not take three months to find out that the volunteers mean no sort of harm.—London Spectator.

## PEERAGES ARE COSTLY LUXURIES

Various Robes of Rank Cost Their Owners a Pretty Penny.

William Pitt once recommended to George III. that any man with an income of \$100,000 a year should be made a peer if he so desired.

It would be possible, according to an English paper, to support a peerage on an income much less than that. Indeed, many a peer of recent creation, as well as of ancient date, is able to maintain his dignity with great success on \$50,000 a year or even less. But the unavoidable initial expenses which a peer is called upon to defray total up at the very least close on \$4,000.

First of all, there are big fees to be paid. There are five grades of nobility—baron, viscount, earl, marquis and duke. The fee of a baron is \$750, of a viscount \$1,000, of an earl \$1,250, of a marquis \$1,500 and of a duke the highest rank in the peerage—\$1,750. Part of these fees goes to the national exchequer and part to support the College of Arms in Queen Victoria street, by which all questions of arms and heraldry are decided. It is a singular fact that when Wellington took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time, on June 28, 1814, he was a baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis and a duke all rolled into one. These dignities had been conferred upon him from time to time in their order by distinct grants for his services during the long war with France, and it was only when, on the overthrow of Napoleon, the last and highest patent of nobility was bestowed that he was able to take his seat in the House of Lords. The combined fees which Wellington had to pay for the five patents of nobility amounted to \$6,250.

### ROBES OF RANK.

A peer must wear the robes of his rank in the peerage on his introduction to the House of Lords. These robes are made of scarlet cloth slashed with ermine, the wearer's rank in the peerage being denoted by the number of bars of white fur which traverse the robe back and front. A duke displays four bars of ermine, a marquis three and a half, an earl three, a viscount two, and a baron one. Each robe costs between \$200 and \$250.

Then there is the coronet. The occasions are rare upon which peers are called upon to wear their crowns. They will, however, be displayed by the nobles assembled at the coronation of the King in Westminster Abbey. The coronet of each rank of the peerage consists of a cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine and surmounted by a golden torse. It is the design of the coronet's outer circle of gold and silver that the various orders of nobility are distinguished. A baron's coronet has a plain circle of gold surmounted by six silver balls. The circle of gold in a viscount's coronet is jeweled, and there are twelve silver balls. From the jeweled circle of gold in an earl's coronet rise eight points, also of gold, upon each of which there is a silver ball, and between each point, close to the circle, is a gold strawberry leaf. The coronet of a marquis has a row of silver balls, placed on points but on the circle of gold, and between each is a gold strawberry leaf, and a duke's coronet has a wreath of gold strawberry leaves over the jeweled circle of gold. The goldsmith's charge for making a coronet ranges from 450 guineas.

Among other expenses of a peer are a fee of \$50 to the College of Arms for a grant of arms, a tax of two guineas a year for displaying these armorial bearings on his carriage, and a further tax of about \$5 a year for engraving them on his private note paper.

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Two people can breakfast on Malt Breakfast Food at a cost of one and one-fifth cents and receive more true bodily nourishment and strength from it than can be obtained from one pound of the best beefsteak. Malt Breakfast Food is easily and quickly digested, and increases physical energy. It is the ideal summer breakfast food for young and old. Your grocer sells it.

A MAGIC PILL—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearance vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument, in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Farneley's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.