

THE NEXT EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY

This is the latest photograph of Ferdinand, the next emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, and his family. The woman is Ferdinand's morganatic wife, whom he married when she was the Countess Sophia Chotek, a poor Bohemian noblewoman.



Her title now is Duchess of Hohenberg. Under the Austrian law she cannot take the title of empress, but Ferdinand may override all law and proclaim her with that title. It is probable that nobody in Austria would have the nerve to object.

chords had been less perfect, he would then have been unable to formulate a language, and this again would have prevented the evolution of his intelligence. Our whole history would have taken a different course and our positions on this planet would have been entirely different from what it actually is. And as it is with the collective genius of humanity, so it is with the genius of the individual. Take away some personal gift of apparently small value and a disharmony arises which paralyzes everything, as a single faulty line may destroy the ideal beauty of a picture.

Think of Darwin or of Bismarck! What would they have been if the former had not possessed the patience for scientific research and the latter his boundless political ambition? Still we do not count any of these two qualities among the very highest. But what if they had not had them? Darwin would perhaps have seen a glimpse of the greatest of ideas, but he would never have gathered the material which compelled the world to recognize them, and Bismarck would probably have remained at home on his estates, directing his time between the duties of a farmer, reading of books, and eccentric impulses. He would have been a superior mind, an unusual temperament, a pile of disjecta membra without a centre.

THE BATTLE OF CARRHAE

[By Rev. T. B. Gregory in New York American.]

The battle of Carrhae, fought one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four years ago, in what is now Asiatic Turkey, is well deserving of a place in the list of the decisive events of history. It killed a Roman proconsul, annihilated a Roman army and precipitated the rivalry between the two Roman citizens which was to end in the overthrow of the republic and the establishment of the empire. And all this was brought about by a lot of semi-barbarians, who, from the Roman viewpoint, had no military ability whatever, and were not even worthy of serious consideration. Crassus, who, along with Caesar and Pompey, formed what was known as the "First Triumvirate," being ambitious of military renown, and desiring, in addition, to increase his store of worldly goods, set out with an army of some fifty thousand men to conquer the Parthians. He thought it would be an easy task. The Parthians were invincible, and while they had never yet met the men of the desert, no fear was entertained as to the outcome of the campaign.

Striking boldly into the Mesopotamian desert Crassus came up with the enemy a little to the eastward of the Euphrates, and there began at once one of the most remarkable battles ever fought.

A ROMANCE OF THE DESERT

Princess Cherifa, wife of Prince Gaoud and niece of Prince Wadad, is to be married to a son of the French colony of Abcheer, a desert region of the Soudan. She has admitted the truth of the allegation that she caused a rival for her husband's affections to be stabbed to death. There is a flavor of the Arabian Nights in the response of the princess to the accusation of the authorities. Here it is in her picturesque language.

"I am Cherifa, wife of Gaoud the Handsome. When he took me to wife I was so light that the wisest scribes could not read the traces of my feet upon the sand. 'Toma was my rival. So on the night of the day that you consecrate to your God I sent messengers to her to say that Gaoud wanted her. She suspected and came not. Three times she refused. But at last she followed me. I do not regret what I did as a gift a silken robe. 'When she came before me I bade my slave Abdallah to strike and he struck. She shrieked and her blood forced a crimson lake before me. I ordered my slaves to wash her wounds and throw her wretched corpse far from the palace. 'Now, White Chief, if you want my life, I do not ask for it. I want a Princess of Wadad and I have the right to punish those who offend my majesty.' In Paris, where news of the killing and the prospective bride had been received, it is believed that the princess will be allowed to go free on payment of the traditional blood money to the parents of the dead girl.

SOME FEATS OF MEMORY

Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles Wesley, was endowed with a prodigious memory. On one occasion he reproduced from memory after a lapse of 25 years, an oratorio covering upwards of 300 closely written pages which he had composed early in life. He stated that he saw the score in his mind's eye as accurately as if it lay before him. Von Bulow could give a piano recital every day for a month and repeat no number all from memory. The poet, Milton, it is said, could repeat Homer in Greek almost without book, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, when a boy, memorized Scott's "Lays of the Last Minstrel" during an afternoon walk with his father, and on his return home, repeated canto after canto of it to his mother until her patience and strength were exhausted. At one period of his life, Pascal declared that if by some miracle of vandalism all the great copies of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost" were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce them with from memory. One while waiting in a Cambridge coffee house, he read two poems in a newspaper—read them only once—and without thinking of them again for 40 years, repeated them after that time without the chance of a word.

One knows that the 10,000 verses of

SPLENDID WORK IN PARRY SOUND

QUICK CURE OF W. S. KETTYLE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Ten Months. But Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

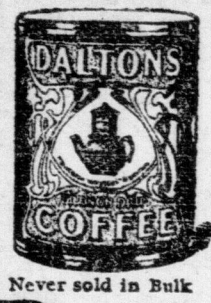
Golden Valley, Parry Sound District, Ont. Jan. 26. (Special).—W. S. Kettle, well known in the district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, no matter where it is found or in what form it is found.

After suffering from backache, gravel and headache for ten months," Mr. Kettle states, "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the least exertion would make me pre-pare freely. After taking a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year ago and I have had no return of my trouble since."

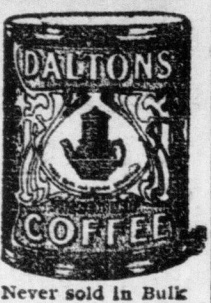
Dodd's Kidney Pills have done a great work in this district. Numerous people can be found who have been cured by them of most every kidney disease, including rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy and Bright's disease. They are looked upon by all who have used them as the one sure cure for kidney disease.

Here is a New Kind of COFFEE

And We Give You A Pot To Make It In—Free



To get to the heart of the coffee question, you must do as we did—get to the heart of the coffee berry. The coffee berry is protected by Nature from the insect world, by a tough inner shell or coat. This shell contains tannin and other bitter substances. It is this shell, roasted and ground up with ordinary coffee, that causes indigestion, headaches and other ill-effects so common with coffee drinkers. Yet there is no other beverage in the world so thoroughly wholesome, healthful and delicious as good Coffee when properly made.



Dalton's French Drip Coffee

is this good, wholesome, delicious coffee. It contains no chicory and by our special process of grinding, every particle of the bitter tannin-bearing shell is removed. We take out all the injurious parts. We leave the meat—the heart—the flavor—the aromatic essences that mean so much to coffee-lovers.

The Percolator, or French Drip Process, is the only way to make really good coffee. We have secured sole rights at last for a practical, economical, reliable French Drip Coffee Pot.

We will give it to you free so that you can try Dalton's French Drip Coffee as it should be made. Read our offer. We have put up Dalton's French Drip Coffee in two Blends



—MILD and STRONG. You can't tell which one you will like best until you try both. Dalton's French Drip Coffee is better and costs less than any other if made in Dalton's French Drip Coffee Pot. That is why we make this special offer.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. We have authorized your Grocer to give you one of these handsome pots (worth \$1.30) absolutely free with your first purchase of a tin EACH of Mild and Strong Blend at 50c. per tin. You buy two tins of our Coffee—one of each blend—to give it a fair trial and we give you the means of testing it FREE, satisfied that you will use nothing but Dalton's French Drip Coffee thereafter.

DALTON BROS.

Sold in 25c. and 50c. tins. If, by any chance, your grocer is unable to fill your order, write us and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

If Your Grocer Will Not Supply You, Inclose \$1.00 and We Send Carriage Collect

HOW A MOTHER USED



"How do I use up my stale bread? Why, with OXO Cubes. They taught me a new dish that perhaps other women, who keep house, would like to try.

"With two children in the house, it is only natural that there are many broken slices and ends of loaves that would accumulate.

I call my new dish Oxo Bread Pudding

"For four persons, I soak 3/4 pound of bread to a pulp in boiling water—then drain. I chop 2 ounces of suet and a small onion, and stir into the bread. Season this with a teaspoonful of minced parsley, pepper and salt, and mix in a desertspoonful of flour.

"Dissolve two OXO Cubes in a little boiling water and stir into the pudding. Turn into a greased mold, press down and bake brown in a moderate oven.

"I have found OXO Cubes wonderfully helpful in making Soups, Sauces and new dishes, and now I do not feel as if I could keep house without OXO Cubes. They are so handy."

OXO Cubes are the greatest advance in food invention since men began to eat and women learnt to cook.

10 Cubes, 25c. 4 Cubes, 10c.



An Encouraging Message

I have a message of hope and good cheer, of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the tortures due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, peace of mind, and happiness. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of ORANGE LILY.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing hundreds of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgments of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample.

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909. Dear Mrs. Currah—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks. Each attack lasted several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain in the room until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

My husband to send for your wonderful medicine. I got a box of ORANGE LILY (My doctor could do nothing for me). I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, and now I feel good, restful, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pain since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise. You are friends, MRS. E. H. F.

Receiving, as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific remedy, and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I want every reader of this who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the womb, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will send them a box of ORANGE LILY, 10 days' treatment, without charge, not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and if not, I will refund the money. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. ORANGE LILY IS RECOMMENDED AND SOLD IN LONDON BY ANDERSON & NELLES.



GREAT MEN

By Sigurd Ibsen, Son of the Great Norwegian Playwright

I have read somewhere, "There is in the genius and in the hero a mysterious element which evades every attempt to explain it," and somewhere else I read, "In the great personality there remains a mysterious part which defies all psychological formulas."

No observation could be more true than these two, but none is more superficial, for what is here said of the great personalities is equally true about everybody else. Also the average man is a mystery, clothed in a more common figure which you merely imagine you are able to understand fully. So far nobody has been able to define what the individual is, what makes his life unit, what speaks to his soul, what force moves it. The clerk on his stool and the woman who sells cabbages on the market are unsolved riddles, as well as Caesar, Mahomet, and Beethoven. The scientific psychologist is fully aware that strictly speaking no human being is to be "defined" if this expression means to lay open the inmost recesses of his soul. To these we have no access, we have to be satisfied with the surface and try to guess what lies below it, assisted by our experience and the indications it gives. What in this sense is called definition is never more than a classification of faculties.

The general faculties of the ordinary human beings and the great men are practically the same. The qualities which raise these men above the common herd have their roots in qualities

possessed by everybody, but they are far more fully developed and manifested in the great men. The scientific mind, the greater force or fiber and many person, the man who rises beyond the masses, but he is separated from them by a great gulf. The person who easily learns to execute the "Ninth Symphony" is more or less closely related to the genius who created this great musical poem, for while you learn a work of art you imitate its creator to a certain extent. The famous monologue, "To be or not to be," in which the audience feels in duty bound to see a wonder of deep philosophy, in reality only expresses very ordinary thoughts which might as well come up in any ordinary person as in "Hamlet." Grief, however, himself a great man, once wrote: "Surely you are never able to understand the great ones unless you feel with the obscure. From the quarrels of two drunken pugilists men runs an invisible but unbroken thread to the quarrels of the gods, and in every young girl who half-unwillingly follows the persistent admirer away from the crowd of dancers lies in embryo form a Juliette, a Dido of Medea." We modern people no longer clothe our thoughts in such mythological expressions, but the truth of the words is equally apparent today.

It is very often said that, even in the most elevated minds, primitive instincts often come to the surface and it is a fact that must not be overlooked that even the least educated bear within themselves the germs of the highest manifestations of the human mind. This is very often forgotten. The inclination to generalize and to overlook the gradual evolution and perceive only the coarse categories. It is as with the melodrama, whose power lies in the fact that it contrasts the works with great contrasts with black and white, with perfect virtues and terrible vices, with figures who are either as good as angels or as wicked as devils. The literary elite smiles at them, but it is itself by no means unaffected by them outside the theatre. There exists an exaggerated worship of the great, which draws a line between the unknown and the famous, chiefs, talents and underlings, as if they belonged to different races, separated by great empty spaces, while there is really everywhere a continuous row of gradations.

In the domains of character the gradual rise from weakness to mediocrity and from mediocrity to strength and upwards to heroism is rather evident, but the tortuous paths of intelligence are far more mysterious and the word "genius" is therefore one which most easily calls forth an impression of immense gulfs. And still one ought to be able to see that if there were an immeasurable distance between the genius and ordinary mortals, then those who were not among the chosen few would never be able to enjoy the creations of the minds of the great ones. We know very well that such is not the case, and that they do in fact enjoy and are therefore bound to come to the conclusion that there does exist a bridge.

The truth is that there are numerous connecting links between. There are people who are more or less of a genius as there are those who very often reach the heights of genius and others who reach them less frequently. Just as there are many steps leading to perfect physical beauty, even a very ordinary face may in certain moments appear imbued with perfect, almost superhuman beauty. In some people genius appears suddenly like a single stroke of lightning. Rouget de Lisle reached the height of genius during the night when he created the words and music of "Marseillaise," but this

was the only time. The drama entitled "The Citizen General," written by Goethe, who felt inspired by the great revolution, shows us very plainly that even a mind like his had its limitations.

Most normally gifted human beings are apt to have a genial idea during some momentary flash of inspiration, but this does not give them any claim on the title of genius. To be a genius it is necessary that the geniality does not appear accidentally, but more spontaneously and in a tolerably lasting manner. To give any exact rule as to when to use the term "genius" is, of course, impossible. All definitions are necessarily vague. We speak of artists in a matter of fact way, as if they were a distinct species apart from mechanics or amateurs or the great public who enjoy their works. But where is the dividing line? If you look around you find artistic elements everywhere. In a bright child who gives life and individuality to its lifeless toys, in lovers who transform one another into poetry, in the great artist, in the idealizing of the ordinary, the revelation of the important truth with the aid of symbols, in the artist who creates works of art? In this respect opinions differ widely. You remember Lessing's words that, even if Raphael had been born without hands he would have been the greatest, most genial, painter in the world. This sounds like a paradox, but it is only necessary to take it cum grano to understand a truth which has been spoken in a pointed form. There are many artistic persons who are unable to create, just as there are many artists whose works never reach the height of their ideas and conceptions. What prevents this? Possibly there is something the matter with their nerve system which prevents it from acting as it ought to. The failure is sometimes to be found in the defective connection between the inner conception and the technical execution to be broken. This is the tragedy of the great imperfect, that his visions are superb, while he lacks the power to reproduce them. Like another Tantalus, he sees the tree above him loaded with golden fruit, only the length of a finger beyond his reach, but his arm lacks even this. There are a row of unusual gifts, eminent intellectual power, the most pronounced craving to create, the most absolute consciousness of what is your goal, are not enough to form a genius. A Raphael without hands would have possessed this harmonious mind, his divine eyesight, his extraordinary sense of form and color. He would then have had the soul of an artist, but a necessary link would have been missing to make him a genius. It is very true that to the painter the hand is a mere tool to produce what he sees, but without this tool he never becomes a painter, far less a genius. When man has become, so to speak, the genius among the creatures on earth, it is because of a happy combination of his limbs and the shape of his throat and vocal chords.

If you imagine one of these things missing, if, for instance, his vocal chords had been less perfect, he would then have been unable to formulate a language, and this again would have prevented the evolution of his intelligence. Our whole history would have taken a different course and our positions on this planet would have been entirely different from what it actually is. And as it is with the collective genius of humanity, so it is with the genius of the individual. Take away some personal gift of apparently small value and a disharmony arises which paralyzes everything, as a single faulty line may destroy the ideal beauty of a picture.

Think of Darwin or of Bismarck! What would they have been if the former had not possessed the patience for scientific research and the latter his boundless political ambition? Still we do not count any of these two qualities among the very highest. But what if they had not had them? Darwin would perhaps have seen a glimpse of the greatest of ideas, but he would never have gathered the material which compelled the world to recognize them, and Bismarck would probably have remained at home on his estates, directing his time between the duties of a farmer, reading of books, and eccentric impulses. He would have been a superior mind, an unusual temperament, a pile of disjecta membra without a centre.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE CONSTIPATION

Mrs. Albert Barilault, St. Alphonse, Que., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my baby who suffered from constipation. They completely cured her and I can strongly recommend them to all mothers." The tablets not only cure constipation, but they cure all other troubles arising from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, such as colic, colds, simple fevers, indigestion, etc. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Itching and Burning on Face and Throat

Sores Disfigured So He Dreaded to Appear in Public, No Rest Night or Day. Cuticura Ointment Cured.

"Six months ago my face and throat all broke out and turned into a running sore. I did not bother about it at first, but in one week's time the disease had spread so rapidly over my face and throat and the burning itching sores became so painful that I began to seek relief in different medicines, but none seemed to give me any relief. The sores disfigured my face to such an extent that I dreaded to appear in public.

"I suffered terribly and could get no rest, night or day. At last a friend advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I had about given up hope, but thought I would have one more try, and I used a little Cuticura Ointment, and it helped me from the start. I continued using it and in six weeks' time was completely cured, and can say I would advise anyone suffering from skin disease to use Cuticura Ointment, as it is the best healing balm in the world." (Signed) Mrs. W. S. Owen, Yakin College, N. C., May 26, 1911.

FOUND RELIEF ONLY FROM CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My little girl when only a few weeks old broke out on the top of her head and it became a solid scab. Then her cheeks became raw and sore and after trying different remedies found relief only from Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It lasted six months or more, but after a thorough treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment never had any return." (Signed) Mrs. W. S. Owen, Yakin College, N. C., May 26, 1911.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most successful treatment for skin and scalp troubles of infants, children and adults. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Although sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin, will be sent free, on application to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 24 Columbia Ave., Boston, U. S. A.