

SOME GOOD STORIES

Anecdotes Strung Together on a Thread of Moral and Philosophical Comment

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, or, as he too modestly calls himself, the "author of 'Collections and Recollections,'" has just published another volume of gossip and comment under the title, "An Onlooker's Notebook" (Harpers; Macaulay.) Like its predecessor, it is full of good stories and anecdotes, strung together on a thread of moral and philosophical comment.

For instance, Mr. Russell quotes Mr. Gladstone, who used to tell a pleasant tale about Lord Melbourne, who heard by chance a rousing sermon about Christian life and duty. Burning with just indignation at the preacher, the old Whig exclaimed, "What a man! I suppose you are the best of the church than I have, but I think things have come to a pretty pass, when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life." Mr. Russell comments: "What Lord Melbourne expressed smart society thinks; and as it thinks, so it acts. It keeps the sphere of its private life absolutely free from the invading forces of religion." To prove the point, he tells this story: "An incumbent of a parsonage in Mayfair, who was the richest member of his congregation, whether she could not manage with fewer than three footmen under her butler, and give what she saved in wages to a fund for the relief of the poor, was one day called to the parsonage in any form, this good woman removed her hosiery, and discontinued her subscription. The incumbent, no longer able to resist the expenses of the chapel, was forced to resign, and is now meditating on the dangerous consequences of 'allowing religion to invade the sphere of private life.'"

"Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman, who, when asked to say grace, looked anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table. If there were, he began, 'Bountiful Jehovah! If he saw only claret glasses he said, 'We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies.'"

THE FOUR GEORGES.

Mr. Russell devotes several paragraphs to anecdotes connected with the Four Georges, one of which recalls Walter Savage Landor's once famous verses upon these monarchs:

"George the First was reckoned vile,
Vile George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the fourth descended,
Heavens be praised, the Georges ended."

A ROYAL REBUKE.

It seems that Lord Charles Russell, who had just received his commission in the Blues, was commanded by the rest of his regiment, to a ball at Carlton House. The young officer had unfortunately, omitted the algilette from his uniform. Arrived at the palace, the guests, before they could enter the ballroom, had to advance in single file along a corridor, in which the old king, bedridden and bestarred, was seated on a sofa. When the hapless youth who lacked the algilette approached the presence he heard a very high voice exclaim, "Who is this d—d

fellow? Retreat was impossible, and there was nothing for it but to flie on and try to pass the king without further rebuke. As he neared the sofa the king exclaimed: "Good evening, sir! I suppose you are the royal doctor (for non-combatants do not wear algilettes); and the imperfectly accoutred youth wished the earth would open and swallow him alive. Yet the victim of this royal outrage always declared that the perpetrator of it, when he chose, was 'every inch a king,' and that he had only to show his face on any public occasion to be greeted with tumults of applause, which drowned the rival cries of 'George, where's your wife?'" His wanton extravagance had imposed heavy burdens upon the nation's purse. He lived the life of an oriental potentate in a peculiarly rapacious manner. Yet the common complaint against him was not that he was wasteful or wasted public money, or disregarded the decalogue, but that he did not often allow his loyal subjects the pleasure of gazing on the royal countenance.

"The Dandy of Sixty, who bows with grace,
And has tastes in wigs, collars, cuffs,
And lace,
Who to tricksters and fools leaves the state and its treasure,
And while Britain's in tears, sails about at his pleasure."

"Lord Shaftesbury, noting in his diary for 1849 the attempt of Hamilton upon Queen Victoria's life, remarks: 'The profligate George IV. passed through a life of selfishness and sin without a single fervent attempt to take it. This mild and virtuous woman has four times already been exposed to imminent peril.'"

"STORY OF SILLY BILLY.
"William, Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III., affectionately called 'Silly Billy,' greeted with enthusiasm a naval officer of great distinction who attended the levee on his return from foreign ports. 'We haven't seen you at court for a long time,' 'Well, no, sir; since I was last here I have been nearly to the north pole.' 'By G— with your red face, you look more as if you had been to the south pole.'"

"The venerable Lord Wodehouse, who lived to be ninety-three, and died in 1834, devoted his whole life and his fortune to the task of beating 'Coke of Holkham,' who headed the Whig party in Norfolk. When at last he succeeded and ousted Mr. Coke from the representation of the county, King George III. said to him at the levee: 'So you've beat 'em at last, Sir John!' and forthwith raised him to the peerage."

EDWARD'S GRACIOUS ACT.
Quite in contrast to the brusqueness and discourtesy of the Georges is the tact and kindness of Edward VII. "As soon as the service at Mr. Gladstone's funeral was concluded, the prince, instead of leaving the church, walked gravely to where Mrs. Gladstone was seated, took her hand in his, bent over it and kissed it. A very fair-courtesy Radical who saw the scene exclaimed: 'This atones for a good deal. I'll never say another word against him as long as I live.' The prince was the more gracious because it was well known that the Queen and Mr. Gladstone were seldom in complete accord."

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE

Dean Farrar Gives His Idea of a Rich Man's Duty.

Experience Proves Entire Futility of Notion That Riches Are Source of Happiness.

It is a remarkable fact that the greed of gain, or, in a milder form, the love of money, is an almost universal failing. There are probably millions of persons in the world at this moment whose consciences are so warped by this evil tendency that it leads them into various forms of dishonesty. The amount of adulteration in goods, and the passing off of objects of sale under false semblances is an alarming common defect in commerce and in trade. A rich man is regarded as peculiarly fortunate, and is an object of envy to thousands of those about him. And yet the experience of the world in all ages proves the entire futility of the notion that riches are in themselves a source of happiness. We remember how Solon refused to recognize in Croesus the happiest man with whom he was acquainted, although Croesus was the wealthiest monarch of his day; and how the three whom he named as the happiest of his friends were men of moderate means and comparatively humble position. The very best number of the most powerful of all its mighty emperors was described by a contemporary as "unhappiest of all constant humanity"—confessedly the gloomiest of mankind. So little did riches contribute to felicity in ancient days that even the richest Romans were accustomed to regard the possibility of suicide as one of the greatest boons in life.

"THE EMPINITY OF WEALTH."
We find the same confession of the emptiness of wealth again and again in the Scriptures. Solomon, the richest of all the Jewish kings, who made silver to be as stones in the streets, and gold as the common dust of the land, wrote his experiences in tones of melancholy. "Give me," he says, "neither poverty nor riches; feed me with good and convenient food." "They that desire to be rich," says St. Paul, "fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drawn men in destruction and perdition." "Go to, now ye rich men," says the stern St. James, "weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten."

"I thank thee, my most dear God," says Luther, "that thou has made me

poor and a beggar upon earth."

"I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Many men, however, do not create wealth for themselves, either by honest or dishonest means, but are born to it. Whether it confers happiness on them or not, it certainly burdens them with many cares and serious responsibilities; and the object of this paper is merely to indicate how such cares and responsibilities may be most advantageously so as to bring real blessing and permanent happiness.

THE RICH MAN'S DUTY.

1. First of all, I should say that it seems to me to be a primary duty for every rich man to obey the rule, which is both ancient and modern, both Jewish and Christian, of at once putting aside one-tenth of his income for purposes of charity. That tenth should be regarded as belonging to God rather than to the rich man himself. It might be most nobly expended in the most useful and beneficent manner, and it would be distributed to the poor and needy, and even anxious thought.

ATTACKING POVERTY.

2. But even when he has thus given the tenth of his income, the millionaire is in possession of a means of creating happiness that are at all necessary or even desirable for personal expenditure. To squander vast sums upon splendid palaces and surroundings, or upon any forms of wasteful ostentation, will merely bring misery and temptation to the vast majority of what is left after the tenth has been given. The rich man may find a sphere of work in life most happy and most useful by giving up his time to the endeavor to use his means in such a way as will best promote the good of mankind.

IN DISTRESSING PENURY.

3. He should first endeavor to remedy the miseries of all crushing and grinding poverty which may occur in the region of his immediate influence. This he could do once by his own hand, and by securing the little gardens of his more indigent neighbors, and by securing for them the very best number of the most powerful of all its mighty emperors was described by a contemporary as "unhappiest of all constant humanity"—confessedly the gloomiest of mankind. So little did riches contribute to felicity in ancient days that even the richest Romans were accustomed to regard the possibility of suicide as one of the greatest boons in life.

refuse to help any individual appellants whose tales of distress are not fully substantiated by letters from persons in responsible positions. But even in these cases he is not bound to render assistance if the appeals come from wealthy neighborhoods where there are ample means for relieving all exceptional distress.

FURTHERING BEAUTY IN MIND AND LIFE.

8. It is obvious that a rich man cannot spend his superfluous resources more nobly or more usefully than in helping forward every movement, local or general, which directly contributes to the religious interests or the moral amelioration of mankind.

SEPARATION

It was a pity Lila Roberts was not content with her pleasant home, her piano, her canary, her serene domestic life and the good husband life had awarded her in the lottery of marriage. But Lila desired to live her own life and not so completely merge it into that of another as to lose her own identity. Besides, her present mode of living simply meant to her ambitious spirit a stagnation. Fred Roberts did not really plan to make anyone unhappy, least of all his own wife. He was selfishly following his own inclination, according to his ideas of the eternal fitness of things. After duly considering the matter and taking into account her condition, Lila made a decision. One morning when Fred was going to business she asked him to wait a moment and standing on the top stairs of the veranda, she pinned a knot of purple and yellow pantries into his buttonhole. "Why, because his face was so near she kissed him."

"Good-bye, sweetheart," she said, with a little nervous laugh, and hurriedly and if the neighbors saw them and if they would think him spoony. Lila's pantries worried Fred all day. He put them in water to keep them fresh, as he wanted to wear them home a concession that foretold much good if Lila had but known it.

"Pshaw! I'm as sentimental as a woman," he said to himself. "I daresay it is dull sometimes, but I shall not mind it. I'll plan a trip somewhere in business interests and take her along."

Fred went into a fury. The cat fled appalled from the room, and the canary ceased to whistle and became dumb. When the tempest had abated he went out and began a search for his wife.

The search lasted a year. He placed his business in trusty hands and pretended to be traveling in its interests. He had turned iron-gray and became him well. Purpose lines developed in his face and his eyes were no longer his own, showing the real substance beneath.

A friend who knew him at this period of his life, said: "The world is full of women. Why compel an unwilling woman to be your wife? You have your liberty and begin life over again."

"You have never loved," answered Fred. "I want my wife because I love her."

"It would be a waste of time and money if she loved you," retorted his friend, with that brutal candor which friendship permits. "She does," said Fred, and the two words contained his whole litany of love.

The poor fellow grew as thin as a shadow. He had long since parted with his money, and he was now a wandering, aimless, and penniless man. It was a walking arsenal, for he determined that if Lila had eloped the man in the case should be his.

But Lila's fitting soon became a mere personal adventure in his estimation. Much like the running away of a child from his home, and he was only anxious for a chance to forgive and to be forgiven.

This mood he reached a hotel in a small town, where he studied the register and asked some questions about the guests. He was a very good-looking man, and he was only anxious for a chance to forgive and to be forgiven.

A slight form lay dressed on a sofa. A pale, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, was turned from him, but, oh, happiness, it was the face of Lila! And she was weeping.

Fred was at best but a bungling fellow, and he bungled now. Snash went for a gun, and he was only anxious for a chance to forgive and to be forgiven.

"You care for me?" she said, indignantly. "My head aches so now that I can hardly see you."

"Lila!" And husband and wife were in each other's arms, where we will leave them, all difficulties being reconciled.

New Field for Young Men.

There appears to be a new field opening up for ambitious young men. It is the field of scientific forestry—one of the most important matters of the day. The young forester has prospects of a salary that equals that of the average college professor. Of men of mental and physical vigor who delight in nature and outdoor life, this would seem to be a congenial and lucrative occupation. In forested states, the abandoned stump lands need scientific attention.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, headache, scanty, cloudy, thin, and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

ANALYSES BY

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis

Official Analyst to the Dominion Government.

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap to contain that high percentage of oil or fat necessary to
A Good Laundry Soap."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap to contain No Unsaponified Fat."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap to contain No Free Alkali."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap to contain No Loading Mixture, No Adulteration Whatever."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap has a Thorough Cleansing Power without danger to the clothes or skin."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap Is Free From Alumina, Borates, Gelatin, Silicates, Sulphates, Starch."

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis reports:

"Sunlight Soap is a pure and Well-Made Soap."

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

An excess of resin and other cheap ingredients takes the place of oils or fats in common laundry soaps—thus flannels are hardened and shrunk, and linen ruined.

Sunlight Soap is a Good Laundry Soap.

Fat not turned into soap would have no cleansing power, but would be waste.

There is Absolutely no Waste in Sunlight Soap.

The pure alkali used in the manufacture of Sunlight Soap is so exactly balanced with the oils and fat that no surplus or free alkali is left to injure the hands or clothes.

Sunlight Soap is Neutral.

Loading mixtures or adulterations cost about one-fourth the price of oils and fats, and they are put into common soaps to increase their weight, but they are valueless to the user.

Sunlight Soap is all Pure Soap.

When a good soap is dissolved in water, the dirt should attach itself to the flakes of soap and come away in the rinsing, reducing hard rubbing, labor, and wear on the clothes. The clothing and skin cannot be injured by a well-made soap.

Sunlight Soap is Good for Clothing and Skin.

These are adulterants or twin sisters to adulterants. As they adulterants lack washing property, uncombined alkali is left in common soaps to help out their lack of cleansing properties, and thus the hands and clothes are damaged.

Sunlight Soap is the Standard of Quality.

Pure flour and pure yeast do not necessarily mean good bread—it may be spoiled in the making. A staff of chemists test not merely the ingredients of Sunlight Soap, but the Soap itself in every stage of its manufacture. Thus

Sunlight Soap is Well Made.

COLLECTING AS PASTIME

Extent to Which the Mania Has Possessed Mankind.

Famous Personages in History Who Have Made Collections of Rare Objects.

The collecting habit is a malady that few have escaped, the evidences of it being apparent in all ages and climes; nor are the years of a man's susceptibility limited, as they range from infancy to honorable age. Not even poverty can insure immunity from the contagion or spontaneous development of the symptoms; on the contrary, the purest type of the collector is the man who has not the wherewithal to acquire on sight the prize he discovers, but must undergo picturesquely privations in the byways of necessity in order to hope for the ultimate possession of the luxury. As to the antiquity of this absorbing pastime, the most famous collection was the most ancient—namely, the specimens selected and placed in Noah's Ark, the first cabinet.

One form of the craze which has turned to the lasting good of science is the delight which the naturalist takes in hunting out specimens of various forms of life. The career of the natural scientist of an adventurous spirit is a romantic one, as he beats his path into the heart of a jungle in quest of a suspected orchid, or digs into the depths of the earth for a relic of former mineral or animal life. Then, too, what great pleasure is gained from the collections of really beautiful things, the canvases of some inspired master, the inimitable Japanese prints which have but recently become accessible to the countries outside that of their origin, or the wonderful Italian marble cut in a graceful age. But from many collections resulting from less grave motives than these, a more mixed enjoyment is had by the owners of them and the general public when it is admitted to the cherished presence.

EARLY RELIGIOUS COLLECTIONS.

An esteemed authority in psychological matters holds the collecting mania in its more popular phases to be the direct result of the passion for religious relics in mediaeval times, and there is much evidence of this early movement. Chronicles tell of the commission by Hardicanute in 1041 of an agent at Rome, to purchase the arm of St. Augustine for 100 talents, or one of gold. At the time of Henry VII., the prices of religious relics fell off considerably, not only on account of the alienation of many from the old faith, but also because of the dissolution of the monasteries, placing large quantities of these possessions in circulation or on the market. After this decline, the chief direction of the mania seemed to be toward objects of personal or historical association, such as the collection in Canterbury Cathedral of the reputed effects of the Black Prince—his surcoat and parade shield, helmet and crest, gauntlets and scabbard. Of Horace Walpole's propensity in

miscellaneous collecting, much has been written, and this foible was held in honor by the sober-minded historians of the time, Macaulay, who refers to Walpole's research for Queen Mary's comb, Cardinal Wolsey's red hat, and articles of a similar triviality to the serious-minded historian. The wit and humor of the period, however, thought differently, and took a great pride in the statesman's fancy. A song of the day voices their sentiment as follows:

"Some cry up Gunnersbury
For Llon some declare
And some say that with Chiswick
House
No villa can compare;
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don't bear away the bell!"

There was some of the finest and rarest china and porcelain in this collection at Strawberry Hill, and many of the articles had unique association, as well as intrinsic value.

FRAUDS IN OLD CHINA.

The great vogue in old china led to the perpetration of many frauds by unscrupulous merchants, who had one favorite method of conspiracy with the English peasantry. This consisted of the merchant or his agents traveling through the rural districts with several sets and odd pieces of antique English china (made the week before in Germany and Holland), and selecting several good housewives at different points along his route. With each of these he would enter into an agreement to sell his wares to the unsuspecting traveler, the good housewife in turn telling a likely story of her reluctance to part with this old set of dishes had been a wedding gift to her grandmother, and only succumbing to the pressure of necessity over sentiment when the traveler offered a sumptuous price, upon which he was allowed to carry off the innocent crockery, whereupon three people were made happy, and the sardonic lines about the mouth of Trade's mask of comedy deepened.

One of the oldest collections of indiscriminate articles was reported in The Tatler, in 1710, when its owner died, and the publishing of his will disclosed the details of his treasures. He is described as "an eccentric virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities," which he bequeathed as follows: To his wife, one box of butterflies, one drawer of shells, a female skeleton; to his little daughter, Fanny, three crocodile eggs, and, if she marries with her mother's consent, the nest of a humming bird; to others, his last year's collection of grasshoppers, a horned scarabaeus, the skin of a rattlesnake, and the mummy of an Egyptian king. One son he cut off from inheritance by giving him a single cockle shell. Another, while showing a fine appreciation of the joys of collecting and a sympathy with all who shared them, is that of Edmond de Goncourt, who ordered the sale under the hammer of his wonderful collection of drawings, paintings, prints, books, etc.; that in preference to bequeathing them to a museum in order that many individuals might satisfy their craving for the possession of those rarities that appealed them.

Souvenirs of wars and battlefields have been exhausted many times over, and it is fortunate that nature replenishes yearly with grass the field of Waterloo. Of our own field of dry-

burg many stories are current of the oft-duplicated bullets which purported to have killed generals on both sides. One of the most quoted of these is the story of the Northern gentleman who bought from a veteran dealer on the grounds three years in succession the bullet that had killed Gen. Reynolds. Of the possibilities for deception along these historic lines, Mark Twain gives a broad suggestion in his anecdote of how he endeavored to satisfy this weakness in an ancient maiden aunt.

He says he bought a fragment of a mule's skull on the battlefield of Sebastopol, and sent it home to her labelled "jawbone of a Russian general," to her great delight and pride.

A ROYAL COLLECTION.

One of King Edward's daughters, formerly the Princess Maud, inherited her father's taste in the act of accumulating trophies. The form of her fancy was that of the tusks of elephants and other large game shot by her father and uncle. She possessed quite an extensive museum of these. Among the collections of famous persons were the poet Petrarch's coins, George IV.'s teapots, for the holding of which he kept a pavilion at Brighton, and Louis XVI's fancy was for the accumulation of locks, keys, and clocks.

day, which seeks to turn to some wise use any tendency that manifests itself in individuals or communities, has found the collecting mania a safe and legitimate instinct, to be cultivated as an outlet or by-path for nervous energy. Certain nerve specialists, in prescribing the "rest cure," have learned that

"Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

and have acted upon this truth by awaking in various subtle ways an interest in matters quite alien to the usual serious and exhausting pursuit of their patients—Elizabeth Gannon.

The Hot Weather Test makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance.

Many find that they are not so well off as they thought, and that they are easily enervated and depressed by the heat. What they need is the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the blood, promotes refreshing sleep, overcomes that tired feeling, creates appetite.

An Old Fashioned Soap. HUDBON'S DRY SOAP, with its sixty years of honorable record behind it, is an old-fashioned Old Country Soap and the first

HUDBON'S is also a new-fashioned soap, because it has been improved so extensively by modern washing compounds that it is the original new-fashioned. This soap will not perform miracles.

There is nothing sensational or extravagant attributed to it; simply that with intelligent usage it will give better satisfaction than any other known cleaning agent. This is a sixty-year-old fact, not a theory, nor a mere statement. As such it merits your consideration. Anything that has to be made clean and sweet, from clothes, jewelry and silverware, to floors, woodwork and pantries, is faithfully served with HUDBON'S DRY SOAP.

Wilson's Fly Pads

The Original and only Genuine
INSIST ON WILSON'S