



FAINTY BLOUSES FOR EVENING WEAR.

o distractingly beautiful in color, are lacking in proportion. Let me explore those in search of spring millinery not to be discouraged by first appearances and apparent exaggerations. It is certainly true that no one in an approach the modern millinery without seeing the humorous side, but there is also an extraordinary simplicity about these tip-tilted, little constructions which, when carefully adjusted to suit the face and placed exactly the right angle, have a chic and a charm which are not to be gained. And what is more, they herald the advent of a new style which has the advantage of good in it, namely, that it compels the wearer to adopt a neat mode of coiffure. In the past, the tresses are brushed up neatly at the side and back, and the natural shape of the head is no longer distorted or enlarged, as it was a season or two ago. The older fashion may have been picturesque, with the hair puffed out over the ears, but it was a dangerous practice for the general safety of the public. At the present time, there is no need blindly to follow any fashion, although it is my duty, in the matter of hats, at any rate, to chronicle the modes as they appear in the best London and Paris houses.

There is no doubt that the French take the lead in all matters of headgear, and it is of French millinery that I propose to write. To a pliant face, I propose to write. To a pliant face, I propose to write. To a pliant face, I propose to write.

Extravagance of Men.

Another lady observer of the beauties of this world complains of the growing extravagance in male dress. When the man must needs have gold and jeweled buttons on his evening waistcoats, what, it is plaintively asked, will become of woman? Will not her dress allowance suffer if man thus all, this seems rather envious. Woman has many evening dresses to man's one suit of solemn black, which lasts for ever and several days. He might be allowed a button or two.



A PICTURESQUE TEA-GOWN

The Stately Homes of England

Some Description of Their Beauties and Their Histories.

It is a wonderful thing to see how the glamor of glories departed, the shadow of old tragedy, the memory of the great and gentle dead, cling despite the lapse of time about the buildings that knew them—silent witnesses of all long gone scenes. There is always, about the rooms, the gardens, the very streets and squares, which some bygone footstep has made sacred to us, that sort of mental hush, that thrill, that quickening of the pulses which tell us that the spot whereon we tread is "haunted, holy ground." Halls where knights and ladies footed it in good old fashion, gardens whose moaning doves but echo all the passion and the pain of bygone lovers, moats and dungeons gloomy with recollection of feudal war and feudal tyranny, red with blood and black with midnight crime! Over such spots one might rhapsodize for ever, more for the magic and mystery of old associations than the stately porticoes and colonnades, the gilt, the marble, the mosaic, which may make the most costly of palaces, but not of necessity a home.

The Home of the Sidsays.

Possibly the ideal English home is the lordly Penhurst Place, rich in natural and artificial beauty, in historic memories, in modern ease and comfort. Few dwellings can boast so long and so brilliant a host of bygone dwellers and so many as this fair mansion on the Kentish weald. First and foremost, of course, comes the chivalrous and gentle Sir Philip Sidney, whose portrait as a slim, fair, thoughtful-looking lad still hangs on the gallery walls of Penhurst. Here also are to be seen the counterfeits of Queen Elizabeth, one a familiar portrait in full court array and with wide ruff, the other showing her majesty sitting out right gaily in the dance with her favorite, the Earl of Leicester.

In latter days the great patriot, Algernon Sidney, passed here some years of comparative peace ere he was exiled to America. It was, indeed, under this roof that a considerable part of the constitution of Pennsylvania was framed; by Algernon Sidney and William Penn himself.

The present holder of the estates, Lord de Lisle and Dudley, it is unnecessary to say, keeps the antique pile in a state well befitting its ancient grandeur, and the glorious cedars under whose boughs the poet Walter composed his songs to the fair "Sacharissa," still keep their stately watch over the fair fields of Kent.

Haddon Hall.

It is very often the case that some popular literary masterpiece has been the means of attracting hosts of tourists, especially of the transatlantic variety, to spots otherwise little known to the general public. Such is the case with the noble old mansion of Haddon, the scene of the romantic love story of the immortal Dorothy Vernon.

Haddon is perhaps the most perfect example left to us of an old baronial hall; its history is unstained by records of feudal bloodshed, of sieges, sorties and plundering raids. The wide, mulioned windows, the hospitable doors, the long peaceful terraces, tell their own tale of easy, open-handed English country life. The owner, the Duke of Rutland, wisely throws open his noble hall to the countless tourists who know Haddon from Scott's famous tale and



FROM HEAD TO FOOT

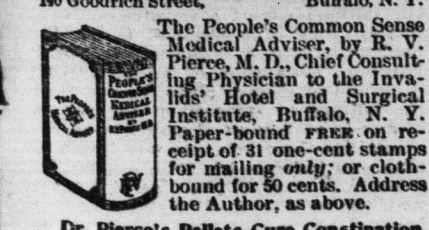
you feel the good that's done by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cleanses, regulates and invigorates Stomach, Liver and Bowels and so purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system.

In recovering from "grippe," or from valence from pneumonia, fevers, or other exhausting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from foul or Weak Stomach, a torpid Liver or impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bileousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Don't be hypnotized, wheedled, or over-persuaded into accepting a substitute only that some selfish medicine seller may make a greater profit on the inferior article. The "Discovery" has a great record of nearly forty years with thousands of cures behind it.

Dear Sir—Several years ago my blood became impoverished and I became run down in health. I had no appetite, could not sleep, and was practically unfitted for work. Suffered from innumerable boils and was in bad shape. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery relieved me of my wretched condition. The medicine built up my system and restored me to a normal condition of health. I can speak most highly also, of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has been used in my family for years in cases of female trouble.

VALENTINE FAIRBANKS
140 Goodrich Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



Dr. Pierce's Pellets Cure Constipation.

Dorothy Vernon's Romance.

The fair and wilful heiress who brought the house and lands of Haddon into the family of the present owner was the daughter of Sir George Vernon, "the King of the Peak," who did indeed keep almost kingly pomp and wealth in his regal power in his realm in Derbyshire.

His beautiful daughter Dorothy, get her heart, as maidens will, on one Joan Manners, a son of the Earl Duke of Rutland—by no means the wealthy match that her family had hoped to arrange for so beautiful and popular a girl. After the drastic fashion of the times, Mistress Dorothy was placed under the strictest guard, and forbidden to have any communications with the undesired suitor. But a judicious appearance of dutiful submission lulled the parental apprehensions to sleep, no one suspected the fair Dorothy's lover in his disguise of a humble woodman on the domains of Haddon.

During the progress of a magnificent ball in connection with the marriage of her elder sister, Margaret, Dorothy-Vernon slipped away unnoticed to her faithful lover, who waited for her by the Do-vent, which flows close to the hall. Joyfully the young lovers galloped away thru the night, and the morning saw them made man and wife. Such is the story of Dorothy Vernon, and fortunately it has no sorrowful sequel, as was so often the case with runaway marriages of lawless days. The "King of the Peak," like a sensible man, seems to have made the best of a bad defeat, and allowed his wayward daughter to enjoy undisturbed her hard-won happiness.

The former splendors of Haddon may be partly realized by some details of the household expenditure in the year 1563, when we are told there were consumed between thirty and forty beaves, some four or five hundred sheep, and eight to ten swine. Seven score of men and maids were employed to keep up the appearance of the mansion under the first Duke of Rutland.

Cawdor Castle.

The romantic pile of Cawdor Castle is still, despite the statements of sceptical historians, generally believed to be the scene of the murder of the luckless King Duncan by the Thane Macbeth. Probably few buildings in this island are so rich in legendary and historic interest as this weird Scottish mansion, standing hard by Culoden Moor, where the grass grows green over two or three long mounds where lie the flower of Prince Charlie's chivalry.

A visit to Cawdor is like a peep into the days of old. The owners have taken a commendable pride in preserving the simple and impressive strength of the castle; with the result that but little old and historic work has been "improved" out of existence. The oldest part of the building is the mighty keep, eighty feet in height, which was built up to its present height by Thane William so long ago as 1454. In the grim dungeon is to be seen the trunk of the ancient hawthorn-tree which is supposed to have decided the site of the castle. The story runs that the founder, resolving to seek occult aid in making his decision, strapped all his wealth upon an ass's back, and vowed to build his fortress wherever the beast should choose to lie down and rest. This it did under the trunk of the hawthorn, and hence comes the time-honored toast still quaffed in the house of Cawdor: "Freshness to the hawthorn and prosperity to the line of Cawdor."

Macbeth and Duncan.

The only entrance to the interior of the castle is by the drawbridge which still hangs over the ancient moat, now partly filled in. Up a winding stair in the great tower is reached on the second floor "King Duncan's room," where are shown the king's suits of mail, and where formerly was kept the very bed on which the blow was said to have been dealt by the treacherous hand of Macbeth. The walls of the tower are no less than nine feet in thickness. With its conical turrets and high-pitched roof, the keep is a typical example of Scottish feudal architecture. As regards the association with King Duncan and Macbeth, we may take it or leave it, as we are inclined to be sceptical otherwise. At any rate, most people agree with the monarch's view according to Shakespeare:

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

At any rate, whether Cawdor was the scene of the real Duncan's death or not, it is certainly that of the murder of Shakespeare's Duncan, with whom after all the modern world has most to do.

In latter days another famous personage linked his name with the antique walls of Cawdor. On the roof above the entrance staircase is shown a secret chamber wherein lay hidden after Culoden the notorious Lord Lovat, who afterwards ended on the scaffold his adventurous and profligate career.

Another reputed scene of Duncan's murder is the Castle of Glamis, the abode of what is perhaps the most renowned of modern mysteries. Every one is acquainted with the fact of some strange secret known to the owner of the castle and one or two others, and the legend affords matter for much idle speculation among those fond of dwelling in occultism. But of family gossip stories, we are one to allow one's pen to stray into that province, there would be no end. The seeker after details of such things will find them as a rule in the records of almost all our ancient British homes.

LOVERS POSTBOX.

Romance Follows Innovation on English Railway System.

At least one romance has already followed upon a recent novelty introduced by the Great Central Railway.

At Marylebone and other stations balise-covered boards have been erected, laced with strips of leather to hold letters. The boards are provided for the benefit of passengers who desire to leave messages to be called for, and in order to display telegrams addressed to passengers.

Officially it is known as a public message board, but unofficially it is called the "lovers postbox." Already there is a passing porters cast sidelong glances at it, and almost blushed. Passengers looked at it, and smiled with wonderful good humor. One wag sniffed it, and found it was delicately perfumed.

All recognized one end of a love story. The other end will probably never be really known by more than two people.

Message of the Drum.

The natives of the West Coast of Africa have little need for wireless telegraphy, according to a story told by a missionary at the rooms of the Presbyterian Foreign Board. Talking of the susceptibility of the native African to rhythm, he told this incident:

The African always calls the people together by means of a drum. The drum varies in size, but is always made by hollowing out a section of a log. The drum not only tells the people of the meeting, but its purpose as well. The news which may be thus sent is astonishing. On one occasion a missionary was in the palaver house at Ejofor at some distance from his home.

A rainstorm came up, and he had no umbrella. A drummer, learning his need, tapped a message to a friend, and in a short time the latter appeared with an umbrella. The natives have no alphabet, and an umbrella is not usually in the requirements of a palaver. How, then, did the drummer make himself understood? During native wars the government has to prohibit the use of drums, as the natives are able with them to send news from one village to another.

Beef at Twopence a Pound.

A rather novel boycott has been started almost within sight of William O'Brien's cottage at Westport, Ireland. An American meat company has begun operations in the west. In Longford it goes into conflict with the butchers, and a war of prices ensued, the home producer and the foreigner offering beef at twopence a pound. Lately the company invaded Westport, and the other day, when the small farmers brought their pigs and other stock to the fair for sale, they discovered that they could not sell, since a boycott had been started owing to the poor people having given their custom to the cheap butchers. The movement has inflicted considerable hardship upon the peasants, whose custom is to sell their stock and purchase supplies, including food and seed, with the money.

The Conductor and the Lady.

Boston Herald.

"Strange how impressions obtain that the large corporations employ only Canadians," said Gen. Bancroft not long ago. "I was coming thru town yesterday on a car. A lady entered and found a seat near me. She was one of those smart persons we meet now and then. The conductor called for the fare and she tendered payment. He passed the coin back, saying, 'Can't take it, madam, it's Canadian.'"

"What's the matter," she retorted, "does it make you homesick?"

Seven Hundred Per Cent: Big Rise in Hudson Bay Shares

Effect of the Construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad—Another Revelation of Interested Interests.

London Express.

"The 110 shares in the Hudson Bay Co. have risen nearly £20 in less than a month, and now stand at over £70."

To the financier the above statement means a stock exchange "boom" to which a profit of over £2,000,000 is attached. But to the student of colonial history it means much more. For him it contains one of the most romantic chapters in the story of the development of our richest colony—the Dominion of Canada.

Within the next month work will begin in earnest on the new railway, which is to join the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the Dominion. Half of this railway—from Moncton, a New Brunswick port, to Winnipeg—is to be built by the government; the other half—from Winnipeg to Port Simpson, on the Pacific—by the Grand Trunk Railway. The second half of this gigantic engineering enterprise will pass thru vast tracts of almost unexplored virgin country.

Some 2000 miles of prairie land, interspersed with lakes and ponds, and heavily timbered in places with spruce and pine, will be made accessible to settlers. The few settlers who have already penetrated into the mighty solitude of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, describe the region as abounding in mineral and agricultural wealth. The story of Manitoba, with its mammoth wheat fields, its thousands of prosperous farmers, and its hundreds of towns and villages, which now cover what was once wild forest and prairie land, the home of the buffalo and the Indian, is likely to be repeated.

American Speculators.

The vast possibilities which the railway thus opens up have already been recognized. American land speculators are securing large blocks of land as fast as the government surveys are completed. The railway will not be finished for five or six years, but it will bring with it thousands of settlers, and land "booms" like those which marked the progress of the railway system of the United States are sure to follow. Then will the speculators who are now sowing their seed reap their harvest.

The Hudson Bay Co. has an extensive interest in all this, for, owing to a bargain it made with the Canadian government thirty-five years ago, its proprietary rights in the region now being brought into touch with civilization are second only to those of the government itself.

The company was founded in 1670, a charter being granted to Prince Rupert and seventeen noblemen and gentlemen for importing into Great Britain furs and skins obtained by barter from the Indians of North America. The corporation was invested with the absolute proprietorship of all land discovered or to be discovered within the entrance of the Hudson Strait.

For more than a century the holders of the charter confined themselves to the coast traffic. Their troubles were many, the chief being an almost continual warfare with the French, who destroyed their forts, ruined their goods and captured their ships.

With the wresting of Canada by the British from the French, the exploring spirit broke out among the Hudson Bay pioneers. Parties penetrated far up the Saskatchewan River, towards the Rocky Mountains. In 1783 the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal was formed, and, after nearly forty years' competition in inland trading with the Hudson Bay Company, was merged into the latter in 1821.

Result of a Bargain.

The Hudson Bay Co. now ruled practically the whole of North America. In 1870, however, it made a bargain with the Canadian government, and to this

bargain is due the fact that its shares to-day stand at 700 per cent. premium. The company's territorial rights were sold to the government for £300,000 in cash, the right to select a block of land adjoining each of its stations, and the right for fifty years from 1870 to "claim" in any township or district within the fertile belt in which land is set out for settlement grants of land not exceeding one-twentieth part of land so set out.

The "fertile belt" is the stretch of country thru the northern portion of which the new railway is to pass, and which, stretching from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, is bounded on the south by the United States boundary. Up to March, 1904, about 3,897,000 acres, or one-twentieth of the total land laid out for settlement, which reaches from Winnipeg to Edmonton, a township in Alberta, had been allotted to the company.

With the passing of the railway scheme the laying out of the land is proceeding apace, and well before the fifty years have expired the entire district will be mapped out into settlements, and the company will have received over 7,000,000 acres of land. Up to March last year the company had sold 1,234,000 acres of its land. Some idea of the price it received may be gained from the fact that in the year 1903-4 the company sold 180,414 acres for nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

Values Steadily Rising.

Within the last year the company has adopted the policy of reducing the number of its land sales, and its present position is that it has over two and a half million acres in hand, with the certainty of a further allotment of over three million acres in the next few years. Already values are steadily rising thruout the "fertile belt," and the possibilities of further appreciation as the northern portion becomes colonized are boundless.

Since its bargain with government in 1870 the company has prospered exceedingly. It has returned £1,000,000 to its shareholders of their capital, which is now divided into 100,000 shares of £10 each. During the last ten years alone it has paid £965,000 in dividends, or nearly an average of 10 per cent. Last year its dividend rose to £18s. per cent.

The present "boom" in its shares is largely owing to American purchases. Possibly the same speculators, who, for months past, have been purchasing land in Northwest Canada, are seeking to secure control of the company which possesses so large an interest in the sphere of their operations. Optimists say that, although there may be small setbacks, due to profit-taking, the company's shares are bound to reach £100 in value before the boom ends.

—H. S. O.

How Tibetans Dress.

From The World's Work.

Lay and cleric alike, the inhabitants of Lassa are entirely similar to those of the rest of Tibet. There is indeed but one difference even in the dress. In one province, thru which we passed, the women use a turquois-studded halo as a head-dress; in Lassa a fillet ornamented in the same way is bound close down over their hair, which is stuffed out on either side, and falls down over the shoulders. It is one of the most becoming ways of doing the hair that I have ever seen, and for a certain type the entire dress of a woman of Lassa would be a becoming costume for a fancy dress ball at home. The dress of the men and the women is very similar; there is a single undergarment and one heavy native cloth robe, dun or crimson in color, and usually patched, which both sexes pull in around the waist with a girdle, the men pouching it at the waist to form the only pocket that they use.



The Rainbow Ballet, with "Hanon's Superba," at the Grand Opera House This Week.