

ROYAL CONSORTS.

Will Queen Wilhelmina's husband be permitted to use the title of King? Will he be invested with the dignity of a Prince Consort? Or will he have to remain content with the rank which he held prior to his marriage? This is a problem which is exciting a good deal of discussion, not only in Holland, but likewise in Germany, and, in fact, at all the monarchical courts of Europe. The consensus of opinion about the matter is that, in view of the bitter jealousy of the Dutch as far as everything German is concerned, Queen Wilhelmina's husband, if he be a German Prince, will receive neither the status of King nor of Prince Consort.

In that event, his position will be a very awkward one, and will demand the exercise of no end of tact and diplomacy, especially if, in accordance with universal belief, the choice of the young Queen falls upon Prince William of Wied. As mere husband of Queen Wilhelmina he will not be in the eyes of Dutch law or of any of the foreign courts a member of the royal family of Holland, nor entitled to the legal rights or social prerogatives of the latter. He will be in the position of one of her ordinary subjects, and as such may be indicted at any time by the ordinary tribunals of the Netherlands for offenses against the law of the land, including those of high treason and lese majeste. Both of these last named crimes lack definition and are in consequence more elastic in their application; and there is no knowing what a hot-tempered, impulsive and capricious young Queen might do if she were to find her husband paying attention to other women. Kings have before this condemned their wives to lifelong imprisonment on charges of high treason merely because they thought they had reason to suspect their fidelity, and as recently as the last century the consort of King George I. of England and the wife of the King of Denmark, sister of George III. of Great Britain, both suffered a fate of this kind. Flirtation married to excess on the part of a Queen Consort is regarded as treason. The same rule is applicable to the consorts of Queens and Emperors regnant. A Swedish Queen is on record as having put hermorganatic husband to death at Fontainebleau, on discovering his infatuation for an Italian beauty, and, while it is not probable, yet it is possible that the husband of Queen Wilhelmina may be exposed, at any rate, to the loss of his freedom, if he does not bear himself with diplomacy and discretion.

According to all the recognized authorities bearing upon the subject, the royal family of a monarchical country embraces only the Queen Consort, the Queen Dowager and the lineal and legitimate descendants of the sovereign. But no provision is made for the consort of a Queen regnant or for an Empress regnant. Consequently the matter stands thus, that whereas a Queen Consort is a member of the reigning family and entitled to all the rights and prerogatives of the latter, the husband of a Queen or Empress regnant is not, unless specially so created by letters patent, or by statute. In fact, it was not until Prince Albert of Coburg had been married to Queen Victoria for eighteen years that he became officially and legally a member of the British royal family through letters patent issued by the Queen in council conferring upon him the title of "Prince Consort of Great Britain." Up to that time he had been without any officially recognized status in England, while abroad he was obliged to accept the precedence due to a mere Prince of the House of Coburg, who was not even a "Royal Highness." At the time of his marriage to Queen Victoria she made a strong effort to give him rank and precedence immediately next to her, and a bill to this effect was introduced into Parliament by the government of the day. But it met with so much opposition in the House of Lords that, deeply chagrined, she was obliged to authorize her Ministers to withdraw it, and her husband was left until 1857 without any defined rank, save that which he enjoyed as Prince of Coburg.

At meetings of the Privy Council presided over by the Queen he was obliged, if any of her uncles were present, to take a lower seat at the table than they; and that he was compelled to yield the "pas" even to his own children, and to acknowledge their superiority of rank, is demonstrated to the present day by the fact that, whereas in the House of Lords the chair bearing the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales is placed on the dais to the right of the throne, the stool embroidered with the armorial bearings of the Queen's lamented husband is set at the left.

A sensitive man, Prince Albert keenly felt the many slights to which he was subjected owing to his absence of proper status, and, after having on one memorable occasion been obliged at an entertainment given at Cologne in honor of Queen Victoria, to walk at the tail end of the procession

behind some Austrian Archdukes remotely connected with Emperor Francis Joseph, and to the rear of a number of petty German Princes, he announced his intention of taking no further part in any official function or court entertainment when abroad.

His position, far from exciting any sympathy on the part of the people of his adopted country, was, on the contrary, made more difficult by them. The London press was never tired of abusing him in the most cruel fashion for alleged "German interference" in the affairs of the British nation. The advice which he was alleged to tender to the Queen was denounced as unconstitutional, and the Times in particular distinguished itself by the bitterness with which it vituperated him as a "foreign intruder," and as a usurper of privileges to which he had no legal or constitutional rights.

This goes to show how exceedingly difficult and far from enviable is the position of the consort of the feminine ruler of a state—a position for which there is practically no description or designation in diplomatic phraseology of "La Marie de la Reine," which is likewise frequently used to describe in ordinary life a husband who is reduced to an altogether secondary role, and obscured by his wife's brilliancy, beauty and imperiousness. Perhaps the best proof of the fact that the position of the husband of a Queen or Empress regnant is abnormal is furnished by the circumstances that so few cases of this kind are to be found in the history of the Old World. Indeed, they are not more than half a dozen all told, namely Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the husband of Queen Victoria; Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the consort of Queen Maria Della Gloria of Portugal, who reigned in the third and fourth decade of the present century; Prince Francis of Bourbon, the husband of old Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne of Great Britain, and Philip of Spain the consort of that Queen who figures in English history under the name of "Bloody Mary." It is not possible to include in this list the name of King William III., for, although he was the husband of a Queen regnant of Great Britain, he was proclaimed a sovereign jointly with herself, and after her death reigned alone for the space of eight years, his wife's youngest sister, Queen Anne, only succeeding to the throne on his demise. Queen Anne's husband, Prince George, being a son of the King of Denmark, and a royal personage in his own right, while questions of precedence were eliminated by the fact that his wife's only blood relations, her brother and her nephew, were in exile at Versailles. An amiable and harmless man, Prince George may be said to have played no role whatsoever in English history, which refers to him but rarely, and then only in a rather contemptuous manner.

The same fate will be accorded by the annals of the times to the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain, who is still living in the utmost retirement in the suburbs of Paris, where his wife visits him twice a year, once on her name day and once on his own. His marriage was the outcome of the most disgraceful political intrigues that marred the reign of King Louis Philippe of France, and had the result of depriving the latter of all sympathy when shortly after its celebration he was driven into exile by the French revolution of 1848. The fact of the matter was that Queen Isabella had fallen in love with her cousin, Prince Henry of Bourbon, a handsome and good-looking man, to whom, indeed, she had plighted her troth. King Louis Philippe was, however, determined to obtain the position of her consort for one of his sons, the Duke of Montpensier. But neither England nor the other great powers of Europe would hear of a French Prince occupying a position of this kind at Madrid, for it was felt that if Queen Isabella were to wed a French Prince, French influence would predominate in Spain, and the balance of power be disturbed in what is known as the concert of Europe. England, indeed, went so far as to threaten to break off diplomatic relations with France if Queen Isabella's marriage to the Duke of Montpensier took place.

In nowise dismayed, King Louis Philippe, with the assistance of Queen Isabella's infamous mother, the late Queen Christina, caused the Duke of Montpensier to marry Louise, the youngest sister of Queen Isabella, and forced the latter, sorely against her will and inclinations, to break off her engagement with Prince Henry and to wed Prince Francis, a squeaky-voiced dwarf of the most unprepossessing and ridiculous appearance, his selection for the position by King Louis Philippe and by Queen Christina being entirely due to the fact that the union was expected to remain childless, and, consequently, Isabella's younger sister, Louise and her French husband, the Duke of Montpensier, would succeed to the throne. As every one knows, these anticipations with regard to the marriage of Queen Isabella remaining without issue were not realized, and, while Queen Isabella still survives, although deprived of her throne and in virtual exile, both her younger sister and the latter's husband, the Duke of Montpensier, have gone down to their graves soured and disappointed, and universally disliked. On the day of the marriage the title of King Consort was conferred upon Prince Francis by virtue of an act of the national Cortes and of a royal decree. Moreover, precedence was granted to him immediately next to the sovereign. It is a matter of history that the marriage was a most unhappy one in every respect. The King Consort was in constant conflict with his wife, domestic as well as

political, and if some of the official dispatches sent by the envoys accredited to the Court of Madrid to their respective governments are to be believed, he actually was privy to several of the attempts made upon the life of the Queen. As long as his wife remained on the throne he was known as her most bitter enemy. Indeed, many of the moral delinquencies of his wife were excused on the ground that her husband was such a morally and physically despicable atom of humanity. To-day he may be said to have outlived his reputation, and the only fault now laid to his charge is that of an avarice which is quite as extreme in its way as the extravagance of his wife.

Far different in every respect was the husband of Queen Maria of Portugal, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, one of the handsomest men of the present century. He, too, received by legislative act and royal decree the title of King Consort at the time of his marriage. Between himself and his wife so much affection prevailed that she began by abandoning to him the reins of government. This, however, was viewed with great jealousy and ill will by the aristocracy and the people of Portugal, and before a year had passed a revolution had taken place at Lisbon, which forced the King Consort into a retirement from which he did not emerge until the death of the Queen, when he became Regent for the two years which elapsed until his eldest son attained his majority. The King Consort then withdrew once more into retirement, married an American-born actress, Elise Hensler, for whom he secured the German title of Countess of Edla, and, taking no further part either in politics or even in court life, devoted the remainder of his days to the collection of art treasures, which he bequeathed at his death a few years ago to his American widow, who is still living.

From this it will be seen that the future of the husband of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will be fraught with no end of trouble and of difficulty. The Dutch are even yet more jealous than the English or the Portuguese of foreign influence, and of all foreigners it is the Germans of whom they stand in the greatest dread. Now there is every reason to believe that the choice of Queen Wilhelmina has fallen upon Prince William of Wied, a Prince who, while possessed of considerable wealth, occupies, as far as birth and rank are concerned, an even lower status than that of the Princes of Coburg. Prince William's father is a mere German nobleman, who holds the position of President of the Prussian House of Lords. The Dutch would have preferred that their Queen should have married a Danish prince in the person of Prince Harold, the younger son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. But if they give their consent to their Queen's union to Prince William of Wied—and without Dutch legislative sanction she can contract no valid marriage—they will only do so after devising every imaginable safeguard for protecting the government and the throne from what they do not hesitate to describe as the "pernicious effect of German influence" in Holland.

There is not the slightest probability under the circumstances, of Prince William receiving the title or rank of King Consort of the Netherlands, and it is equally unlikely that he will ever gain the status of a Prince Consort, such as Queen Victoria's husband only received three years before his death, and fully eighteen years after his marriage. In fact, if the projected marriage takes place there is every reason to believe that he will remain after it, as before, a mere Prince of Wied, possessed of the same prerogatives and precedence as before his marriage, and compelled to yield the "pas" to the Queen Mother, since she is a member of the royal family, whereas he, legally speaking, is not.

It remains only to be said that he is a stalwart, handsome youth and universally popular. His elder brother married the most intimate friend of the young Queen, Princess Pauline, the only child of the reigning King of Wurtemberg—a princess who is, however, debarred by the Salic law in Wurtemberg from succeeding to her

POISONOUS PLANTS.

They Never Give Warning to Mankind, By Appearance or Odor.

Man seems to have no instinctive knowledge of injurious plants from their appearance. Many of a poisonous nature have purple flowers, and early education has made some people suspicious of this color, but there is no native instinct that warns them against such risk. Children play with the poisonous fox-glove, monkshood, and deadly nightshade, and display no natural fear of their dangerous properties, while such plants as the dropwort, hemlock and fool's parsley are as attractive to the eye as the harmless parsnip and carrot, which they closely resemble. Man has, however, an instinctive dislike to the taste of nearly all poisonous plants. A large number of them are noted for their bitterness, a quality that seems repulsive to all children, and is only acquired in things wholesome by adults after experience. Some plants it would be almost impossible to eat, as the nuxvomica or strychnine, with its acrid taste, and the monkshood, or aconite, from the tingling of tongue and lips that it causes. The flavor of prussic acid in laurel leaves, and in the bitter almond, seems to suggest danger, but this is the result of education. While the sense of smell guides many of the herbivorous animals in their choice, we find that this helps man but little, although it is said that all the poisonous toadstools have a disagreeable odor.

DON'T WED ENGLISHWOMEN.

A Boer shatters the traditions of his race, if he weds an Englishwoman.

VICTORY AFTER REVERSE.

A CHECK IS A MORAL VICTORY—IN-NATE BULLDOG TENACITY.

History Furnishes Many Instances in Which British Pluck Has Been Stimulated by Defeat.

Progress without a check occurs so seldom that it were wise not to expect it. No matter whether it be the individual striving for an object which he has set his heart upon attaining, or the business firm engaged in forcing its way to the foremost ranks of commerce, or the general who is leading an army into the enemy's territory to avenge or uphold the honor of his own country, all must expect checks and rebuffs, no matter how well they think they have laid their plans.

But to those who possess grit and go, such checks serve only as stimulants to greater exertions; the fact that they are held stationary for a time stiffens their nerve, and makes them more determined than ever to reach the goal. A reverse in no wise signifies defeat, for by its effect it really brings men nearer to ultimate victory, as they push forward with the grim determination that sweeps away every obstacle. History furnishes abundant proof that this is more especially applicable to Britons than to any other men on the face of the globe.

With us, a check is a moral victory; our enemies, who loudly expressed their opinion that we should soon be suing for peace in consequence of the check to our advance in South Africa, have had this fully demonstrated to them by the magnificent response of Britons to the call to arms. But they ought not to have needed this proof; the history of our country is full of confirmations, and even the past fifty years will give us

MANY BRILLIANT EXAMPLES.

One of the most brilliant episodes of the siege of Sebastopol was the attack on the Redans, the British making the assault on the Great Redan, and the French operating against the Little Redan. The attack is usually called a successful one, although we were compelled to fall back after a very sanguinary encounter. But the Russians evidently understood that the check given to us would only stimulate us to a greater effort, and in the night they wisely abandoned the southern ports. This was an eloquent tribute to British tenacity.

The Indian Mutiny afforded several instances of reverses leading to victories, but we will confine our attention to one. Among the struggles in and around Cawnpore, there was one on November 27th when General Windham attacked the Gawlior rebels and was repulsed; the rebels took part of the city, and the prospects of the British force did not look very great, but the victory followed promptly. On the very next day Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore, defeated the rebels with great slaughter and retook the city.

When we decided to punish the Zulus for raids upon the British territory and outrages upon surrounding peoples, including those of the Transvaal, the Boers were glad that they were annexed to a Power capable of crushing their hereditary foes.

We sent out a force inadequate for the purpose, and our advance was checked by the reverse at Isandula in January, 1879. Once more the effect was to ensure the better accomplishment of the task in hand; it nerved us, and we went at it with

OUR INNATE BULLDOG TENACITY.

Reinforcements were promptly dispatched, and, at Ulundi, King Cetewayo learnt to his sorrow the exact significance of a "check" to Britain. Our next example is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, inasmuch as it gave General Sir Frederick Roberts the opportunity of executing the remarkable exploit that made him famous, and it augurs well for the result of the campaign which he has just undertaken to conduct.

In July, 1889, the troops of the weak Shere Ali, who had been made Wali Candabar by the British, revolted and joined the army of the rebel Ayoub Khan. General Burrows marched to Maiwand, and with an inferior force made an attack on the strongly entrenched position occupied by the rebels; but after a desperate fight he was compelled to withdraw, our loss being heavy. A fortnight later Roberts left Cabul with a force half as numerous as Ayoub's, every man strong in the determination that the previous check should only be a step to victory.

On September 1st the two armies met, and Ayoub was utterly routed, his camp and all his cannon falling into our hands.

El-Teb, in the Soudan, was the scene of a reverse on February 4th, 1884, Baker Pasha was leading a body of Egyptian troops against the rebels, and was completely defeated. Although this was not a British reverse in the strict sense of the word, as the troops were Egyptian, yet it was a check to the re-conquest of the Soudan, in which this country was so much interested, and we took it to ourselves. The victory in this case followed closely on the heels of the check; on February 29th, General Graham attacked the rebels with a British force of only one-third their number, and, after a desperate encounter, totally routed them. Our

loss in killed was about thirty, whereas the enemy lost nearly two thousand.

In the early days of 1891 Manipur, a small, native state adjoining Assam and Burmah, gave us another example of a check, accompanied with brilliant heroism, and followed by complete victory. Mr. Grimwood was ordered to push on from Assam to Manipur with a small force, in order to recognise the Regent, and remove the Sanaputti; they were unable to effect their object, and Mr. Grimwood and others were treacherously murdered. After some fighting our men were compelled to withdraw and march back to Lakkhipur, and, in the meantime, Lieut. Grant and eighty men marched from Burmah to Manipur, with the object of rendering assistance, but was too late. Grant had the whole of the Manipur army against him; he skillfully defended his position, and in the end the Manipuris fled before an advancing British contingent under General Graham. Manipur was deserted, but the natives gradually returned to their homes, while the Regent, the Sanaputti, and others were caught and

TRIED FOR MURDER.

Manipur is now governed by a Rajah appointed by Britain, and is subject to the British Government.

The tragedy of Khartoum in January, 1885, when the followers of the Mahdi rolled back the advance of civilization and stopped the progress of the British arms, will be for ever memorable. It became clear that this was a case where the object to be attained must be reached slowly but steadily; the victory that must follow the check would not be gained by a quick dash, but by the exercise of that unswerving determination through years of work that is just as characteristic of our race as the brilliant charge and dashing exploit. The work was begun, and for the greater part of the fifteen years that have nearly elapsed it has been in the care of the soldier who is now in South Africa as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts. With a determination that nothing could upset, he has carried on the work step by step, and always getting nearer, until the time was ripe for the final blow. Then that final blow was struck, and the Soudan was conquered for Britain, Egypt, and civilization.

That we remain so calm under the check to progress in South Africa need cause no surprise, for we know that this will only lead to victory, as it always does. The British "never know when they are beaten," said Napoleon. The reason is plain—we never are beaten.

ST. VITUS' CURED.

THE STORY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL'S RECOVERY.

She Was First Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus' Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

The mails from Wolfville to Gaspereau are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and the punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland and his home is in Gaspereau, where he resides with his wife and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their grand-daughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who learned of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grand-parents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadian man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland had been restored, he hastened to interview Mr. Cleveland as to the facts of the case. When he explained his errand both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared only too eager to give him the information sought and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1888, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her through this malady, but it left her system in a completely run-down condition. This showed itself principally in a weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus' dance began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terribly malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and was unable to feed herself. Her grand-parents naturally became very much alarmed and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not misplaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grand-parents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."