

LABORS OF ROYALTY

KING EDWARD AT HIS DESK BEFORE MAYFAIR IS ASTIR.

Meeting Duties of England's Monarch—Queen Alexandra Also a Busy Woman—Never Expects From Her Self—How Does the Queen Spend Her Days—Performance of Duty—Still They Manage to Devote a Little Family Life in Between.

Before Mayfair is astir the King is at his desk dictating through a telephone messages to his secretaries as well in another room, writing such letters as demand an autograph reply, and attaching his signature to those documents which are ever present with the monarch. It used to be the boast of William IV, that he never retired for the night until he had signed everything which awaited his signature each day, and he would never in his task even when forced to ally the cramp in his fingers by bathing them in hot water.

King Edward is not less conscientious than King William, and signs documents with extraordinary rapidity. His Majesty does not, however, quickly and promptly, as will seem through a thing before other people have begun to discuss it. After State documents and correspondence have been dealt with, the King receives Ministers, Ambassadors, and official personages in audience, or there may be a levee to hold or a function to attend, or, in these days, some coronation matter to consider.

A Little Family Life.

The afternoon and evening frequently bring public duties, and always social ones, while in between while the King manages to devote a little purely family life. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that the royal family preserve a real home life amidst all the calls of State and public duties. It is less easy to tabulate the various demands on the Queen's time and thought than to describe the details of the King's working days in palace, as in villa, it is the many little things which occupy a woman's time and make her day and night. Apart from those hours which the Queen must give to matters of dress, she undoubtedly may claim to be a hard-working woman in virtue of the unflinching graciousness with which she accompanies the King to all public ceremonials, the ready care which she has for the needs of the philanthropist, and the kindly patronage she extends to art, music, and the drama.

Queen Puts Duty First.

The Queen must often perform her official duties in London when a rest at Sandringham amid the simple country life which she loves so well would be more agreeable. But duty must ever be the Royal watchword. It is not easy to be always bowing and smiling and saying the gracious thing, even though the body may feel weary and the head ache, and I think it must be in justice admitted that the Queen and all the Princesses show a fortitude in this matter which few women would care to emulate.

Never, except in the case of real indisposition, do the Royal ladies excuse themselves from the performance of a public or social duty. The tension of being the observed of all observers, the consciousness that every detail of dress is under inspection, and each word and look commented on, must make a severe demand on feminine nerves and sensibilities even though they may be Royal.

The demands of the Empire, like those of the sea of London, have not enormously increased during recent years that it seems almost an insuperable task for one man to fulfill all the monarchical duties. The King is in a more trying position than the bishop, because he cannot have a suffragan. Still, while His Majesty must perform the chief duties of the monarchy himself, and the Queen those of her position, they are admirably supported by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, indeed, each member of the Royal family.

Monumental Piece of Work.

The Prince and Princess of Wales performed a monumental piece of hard work in their colonial tour, and since their return have constantly labored at public functions. It is only when one comes to tabulate a few days of Royal engagements that she realizes how constant is the work performed by the various members of our reigning house. Some few weeks back Princess Henry of Battenberg attended no less than three public functions in one day, and the Duke of Cambridge, in spite of his eighty-three years, continues to keep up a wonderful public activity.

Princess Christian, apart from the functions which she publicly attends, is a hard-working committee woman in connection with the various associations over which she presides. Few realize how completely this philanthropic Princess gives up her time and renounces many of her pleasures of family and social life to attending meetings and committees. She did it when it involved leaving Windsor by an early morning train, and now that Her Royal Highness is established in her new house in Pall Mall her energies will probably be more severely taxed. The School of Art Needlework uses everything to Princess Christian, and she was the originator of the Woman's School of Design, and one of the most indefatigable helpers of the nursing movement.

The Princess Louise.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is also a very practical philanthropist, and her skill as an artist and sculptor enables her to give real help to associations for the development of art, while her knowledge of cookery makes her equally helpful at a cookery competition. Still more useful is the force of personal ex-

ample, and the girl who knows that the Princess can make an omelette to a nicety no longer despises the homely acquirement. In Princess Henry of Battenberg the nation has had an emblem of ample of filial devotion. His great by her thoughtful work within the Royal palace tended to prolong the life of the lamented Queen Victoria can scarcely be realized. All her powers were devoted to the one great end of preserving the health and tranquility of mind of the venerable monarch, and the task was one of unending incessant care. Now that the solicitude in that direction is no longer large her area of work in public directions.—London Daily Mail.

BRITAIN THE CREDITOR.

All Governments Have to Fall Back on John Bull for Money. There is not a country in the world which has not had to borrow money from these isles, says Pearson's Weekly, and there are few governments which have not had to fall back upon John Bull when they've borrowed a large amount of British capital. Honduras is a case in point. The bonds for £100 are worth somewhere about £23 only, and there has been no payment of interest since June, 1899. Even then, only a paltry 2 per cent. was paid, and half of that was not in cash. Honduras is a far worse debtor. The bonds are dear at £5. All this is owing to the fact that Honduras spends far more than it earns.

Colombia's Debts.

Colombia, strictly speaking, owes British investors \$3,500,000. Nearly the whole of these debts are due to British creditors. This particular republic, in 1897, called its creditors together, and made them an offer of a composition of so much in cash as it wiped out its old debt by giving new bonds for \$2,700,000, on which it paid 1 per cent. interest. Even other countries, about which we know far more, such as Greece and Turkey, are almost as bad. A Greek bond is worth £31 to £44, according to its class. A Turkish bond, "series D," is worth but £24. That is why British creditors sigh. Greece owes her very existence to John Bull. Then the money she owes him! This must amount to some millions, excluding the loan of 1898, all of which is gone hopelessly. The latter loan was one of \$3,000,000, and was guaranteed by Britain.

Even France and Russia.

If France and Russia decide to renounce their liability, poor old John will have to go bail for the full amount. Very likely this loan will never be repaid. Greece's old taskmaster is another unfortunate debtor. In 1881 the Ottoman Government, being unable to meet its liabilities, was obliged to call together its creditors in order to enter into an arrangement with them. John Bull must have a sum of about \$4,000,000 owing to him by Turkey. This sum is the balance still owing of a loan of \$5,000,000 made to fight Russia. Egypt owes a loan obtained recently as 1897. In John Bull's account of his expenditure there is a heading "Special Services." Egyptian Government grant in aid. Under this is an amount of \$798,802. This is because John lent Egypt something better than mere money. He lent her men with brains, who have made her into a healthy, prosperous country of the sort that pay off their debts in full. Egypt has other debts than monetary debts to pay off.

Artist and Tradesman.

Although he had been only a few days in this country, says a New York paper, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the artist, has already had a taste of American progressiveness in advertising.

Just before leaving for a visit to Washington, Sir Philip received a circular letter from a firm engaged in the sale of dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize, the stipular stated, was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the firm. After reading the circular, and not to be outdone by the audacious request, Sir Philip sat down and wrote the following letter in reply: "Manager Dried Fruit Company: 'Dear Sir,—I am offering a prize of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also requested that the charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender.' Yours very truly, 'P. BURNE-JONES.'"

An Ancient Bill of Fare.

Dinner was a substantial affair in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table. The first course on great occasions would probably be wheaten fummary, stewed broth, spinach, broths, gruel or hotch-potch. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking pudding, bag pudding, black puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pastries, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, junkets, syllabubs, and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tany cake. For the drinks—ale and beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin, some of which were conducted out of as many as five-and-twenty herbs, and were reudent of sweep country perfume.—St. James Gazette.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

May, don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you! Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant and for you Hope beckons with her hands, And life spreads out a wondrous sea that laps but tropic strands; The world is all before your face, but let your memories turn To where fond hearts still cherish you and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life, There's never been a time they'd not assume your loss of spirit, And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease, Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you! Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes, And make the world go one again and bluer gleam the skies. —WILL M. HALE.

PHIL MAY.

Punch's Cartoonist Is Very Friendly To the London "Force."

In an appreciative sketch of Mr. Phil May, the famous cartoonist and humorist artist, M.A.P. tells the following—Mr. May's friendliness with the "force" is of old standing, and there is hardly a policeman in his district who does not think of him whenever any very funny experience is encountered. Only the other day a constable accosted the artist in the street to tell him a "good story for Punch." A moment or two later a second bobby came on the scene for the same purpose, and, turning round a corner in St. John's Wood, Mr. May found himself supported on either side by an eager raconteur in blue. He then came face to face with a lady of his acquaintance, and, as he tells it himself: "She looked at me with such sympathy and an expression that so plainly said, 'Don't make a fuss, better go quietly with them,' that even a bobby had to smile at the situation!"

The "Dottville" Drawings.

The series of "Dottville" drawings in Punch is well known to Mr. May's artist friends, one of whom brought him a letter from an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, which said: "I greatly resent those sketches. You apparently do not understand your subject, for you have drawn the head of an idiot and labelled it a lunatic. You ought to know the difference, but you don't—and I am not surprised, for, although I have never seen you, I am very familiar with pictures of you, and in all drawings and photographs I have noted that yours is the head of an idiot." Mr. May records against himself the fact that, having proceeded thus far with the letter, a listening friend who did not mean to be uncomplimentary broke in: "Oh, the man who wrote that letter was no lunatic," a remark that naturally upset the gravity of the party and covered the speaker with confusion.

An Island Fatal to Mice.

There is a small island named Papa Little, that lies in St. Magnus Bay, on the west side of Shetland. It gets its name in contradistinction to Papa Stour, or the Big Papa, another island in the same bay. Both names are of Norse origin, and signify Priest Islands, from the fact that they were colonized by the Irish Catholics who first introduced Christianity on this island at one time, but all that now remains is a ruined homestead, for the place is used purely for grazing purposes. A striking feature of the isles is the fact that no mice can live there, and on various occasions to test the truth of this, mice have been caught and slipped on the isle, but so uncongenial did its soil prove to their existence that in a short time they were dead. There are instances of crofters on the mainland, when troubled with mice, going the length of fetching earth from this isle and sprinkling it on the ground before building their stacks. This is said to have had the desired effect in all cases.

Sir Redvers Not Vindictive.

Sir Redvers Buller has had some hard knocks from the press, but apparently he does not harbor any animosity against journalists as a class. At the recent Devonian dinner, a young journalist wanted to get into a small gallery overlooking the scene, instead of sitting with his colleagues down below, the more particularly as he was suffering from dyspepsia, and the good things provided were forbidden him. But the door leading to the gallery was locked, and none of the officials would produce the key or even listen to his appeals. Presently Sir Redvers appeared on the scene, and the journalist, taking his courage in both hands, as the French say, went up to him and said: "Pardon me, Sir Redvers, but I am a poor, unfortunate journalist in a fix. Will you help me?" "Well, what is it?" asked Sir Redvers. The scribe explained, and in a very few minutes Sir Redvers himself conducted him to the gallery and unlocked the door.—London M. A. P.

What He Stood On.

When Mr. Disraeli made his entrance into public life, he contested High Wycombe, and then, as ever, his ready wit helped him to success. His opponent, it says Household Words, was a countryman of influence. In an address to the people this gentleman asserted that he was "standing for the seat upon the constitution of the country, upon the broad acres of his fathers, upon law, property and order."

"What does Mr. Disraeli stand upon?" demanded one of the county magnate's adherents, with somewhat of a sneer. Disraeli instantly rose. "I stand upon my head," he answered, with a meaning glance at the portly person of his opponent. He proceeded to demonstrate it in a telling speech.

..Going Like the Wind..

B. J. Gough's

GREATEST OF ALL

..CHALLENGE SALE..

Were you ever in the predicament of having so much good news to tell that words failed you? Well that's our condition this week as we enter upon February with our Greatest of All Challenge Sale.

The truly surprising values we have been offering has given us a truly surprising trade during January. The most remarkable, the most attractive, the most appreciated values known in years.

Prices Turning Hand Springs

Over \$29,000 worth of Winter Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings at the mercy of wide awake buyers

Men's Winter Suits, Youths' Winter Suits, Boys' Winter Suits, Men's Winter Overcoats, Youths' Winter Overcoats, Boys' Winter Overcoats, Winter Underclothing, Winter Hats and Caps, Winter Furnishings.

If you want to know who are the far-sighted and forehanded folks in the community come to Gough's Store this week and see them buying. Gough is doing what he can to lessen the cost of living.

Its our custom to close out all Winter Goods ere Winter has ended. In this way each spring and Summer Season is begun with new and seasonable goods. We will have no Winter Goods to carry from time to time if prices will move them.

A Question of Arithmetic

\$3.50 is equal to - - - \$6.50 | \$5.50 is equal to - - - 9.00
\$4.50 is equal to - - - 8.00 | \$6.50 is equal to - - - 10.00
\$7.50 is equal to - - - 12.00

This is how it reads at Gough's if you come this week to Our Challenge Sale.

B. J. GOUGH The Wonderful Cheap Man

Paint Versus Rust.

The preservation of iron and metal from corrosion is a question of very great importance. Thousands of tons of paint are thus annually consumed in England alone in the attempt to preserve the metal of bridges and other structures from decay by corrosion. Without paint they would rapidly waste away under the destructive action of the atmosphere. Many other methods besides painting have been adopted in the attempt to protect iron from corrosion, but paint at present holds the premier place. Unfortunately, however, there is not a paint made, or used, that is a perfect preservative compound for protecting iron from corrosion.—Engineering.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. A Pleasant, Prompt and Perfect Cure For COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Obtimate Coughs yield to its grateful, soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough often present in consumptive cases it gives prompt and sure relief.

Mrs. E. Boyd, Pittston, Cal., writes: "I had a severe cold, my throat and head was greatly troubled with hoarseness." Two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup completely cured me. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Crown a London Landlord.

Among the great ground landlords in London the Crown is one of the greatest, owning properties in various parts of the capital yielding in ground rents £460,000 per annum. Fifteen years ago the estates produced £250,000 only, but many leases have fallen in within that time, and the increased rents have been exacted for renewal fees or for new leases. The Carlton Hotel is a striking instance of the increased value of ground in London. Formerly the site on which the hotel stands was held for the Crown for a ground rent of £763 per annum; now £4,200 yearly has to be paid.

Victoria's One Joke.

Queen Victoria's one recorded joke is a good one and should be preserved. The aged Duke of Wellington having paid his sovereign a visit on a very wet day, she anxiously inquired what boots he was wearing. "The people call them 'Wellingtons,'" said the duke.

The Mule in London.

About the middle of last summer, says Tit Bits, the frequenters of the Strand were somewhat amused to see on more than one occasion, a weird-looking carriage, not altogether unlike a hansom cab that had been bereft of its coachman's seat, proceeding down the thoroughfare, drawn by a couple of super mules. The mule, heretofore, has not in this country been regarded seriously as a substitute for the carriage-horse, but the said equipage, the property of the celebrated actress, Mme. Rejane, may add considerably to its popularity. It should be mentioned that little or no economy is effected by the substitution of mules for horses, as can be gathered from the fact that the glossy pair in question, presented to Mme. Rejane by the King of Portugal, have been valued at £400.

A WOMAN OF THE DAY.

How H. R. F. Palmer Took the Man's Name, John Strange Winter.

M. A. P. says—Henrietta, Eliza Vaughan Palmer (John Strange Winter), was born at York in 1856, her father, formerly an officer in the Royal Artillery, being rector of St. Margaret's. According to herself, she was a "bad child," but probably she only suffered from a superabundance of animal spirits. She began writing at an early age, and was only eighteen when she had a story accepted by a York newspaper. True, it was never paid for, but the young writer did not mind that. Then she contributed to The Family Herald and London Society under the pseudonym of "Violet Whyte." John Strange Winter is the name of one of the characters in "Cavalry Life," her first book.

John Strange Winter.

When her publishers were bringing it out they insisted on her adopting a man's name, shrewdly arguing that a military book known to be written by a woman would stand little chance of success, and so "Violet Whyte" disappeared and "John Strange Winter" took her place. The criticisms on her books make amusing reading, insisting as they do on the author's "manliness." Even Ruskin was deceived, and a little disappointed when he discovered the truth. This is what he said in the course of a charming letter to her: "I had not the least thought of your being a woman (I ought to have had, for really women do everything now that's best, and they know more about soldiers than soldiers know of themselves.) But it had never come into my head, and I'm a little sorry that the good soldier I had fancied is lost to me, for I have many delightful women friends, but no cavalry officers." Mrs. Stansard, treasurer of a now withered household which Ruskin once sent to her.



Wedding Gifts

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Men's D. B. Suits worth \$8.50 for \$6 Men's B. D. Reef \$8.50 and \$4.50. Boy's D. B. Reef \$3.00 each.

All our men's ready-made suits are \$3.50 and \$4.50. To be sold this month. Give us a call.

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Highest market prices, dried apples, kinds.

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