

OUR GOOD QUEEN MARY

MUCH LOVED BY ALL WHO HAVE ASSOCIATED WITH HER.

She Has All the Qualities and Graces That Will Endear Her to Her People—An Incident That Betokens Her Goodness of Heart.



Mary, England's new queen, is much loved by those who have known her so long as the Princess of Wales. She lacks none of those graces which we of the new world suppose to be necessary to the queen of tradition, and yet she seems in real life to be much the same as her sisters and cousins the whole world over. Not many weeks ago, it is related, in the streets near Windsor castle, a girl of ten, shabbily dressed, was wheeling a baby in a dilapidated perambulator. By some accident the nursemaid managed to run the carriage off the curb and overturn it. The occupant was more frightened than hurt. A lady passing by stopped, and having righted the conveyance took the baby in her arms and comforted it until its cries ceased and it fell asleep. Then she gave the elder child a shilling to console her for the fright she had received.

Passersby who witnessed the incident recognized the lady as the Princess of Wales, but no one stopped to watch, for Windsor etiquette demands that when any of the royal family are out shopping or walking no one shall pay any more attention to them than to ordinary visitors in the town.

Sidelights on the Late King.

Two Englishmen, stalwart fellows, not long out, were talking of it on the back of the car. "He was true British, he was," said one. "Never gave up till he had to; kept it dark until it became serious, and met the King of Kings with the consciousness that he had done his duty. He was a good King."

The oak tree, in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, planted by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, is dying at the top.

During a recent visit to Windsor Castle, the late monarch visited the royal mausoleum in St. George's Chapel, when it is said he selected the spot in which he wished his body to rest.

Londoners Knew King Edward.

Chairman Whitaker Thompson, addressing the London County Council, even the Socialist members of which were in full mourning, said:

"The people of London, where both the dead and the living King are more intimately known than anywhere else in the world, have met to express what is in their hearts. King Edward knew London and had seen its prosperity and poverty. Amid the prosperous His Majesty understood how to move with dignity and urbanity; but the whole mass of Londoners always felt, that the King's heart was chiefly enlisted by the struggles and vicissitudes of the ordinary people. This is why the masses are grieving now more deeply than any other part of the community. Scarcely one of them can trust himself to speak of the dead King lest his voice fail him.

"King Edward was peculiarly human, and people always understand and love a man peculiarly human. What one among us has not seen the King's face again and again? Did any one of us, however stately the ceremonial in which His Majesty might be engaged, ever see him stiff or cold or fail to smile with pleasure and tenderness when the people crowded close and gave full vent to loyalty and affection? Edward loved London and watched the work of the London County Council in the interests of public health and morality with unflagging solicitude. Housing, beautification, hospital work and every form of wise charity—all had the King's practical support."

Dr. Johnson's Church.

St. Clement Danes, where the memorial statue to Dr. Johnson was unveiled, has never forgotten the fact that Johnson worshipped within its walls, says The London Daily News. The pew in which he sat—it is in the north gallery, close to the pulpit—is marked by a brass plate, which was erected by the parishioners in 1851. In December, 1884, the centenary of Johnson's death was observed by a memorial service, when a special address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, at that time rector of St. Clement Danes. Johnson's pew was on that occasion draped in violet. Last April a memorial window to Johnson was unveiled in the church by Princess Henry of Battenberg. Johnson was always constant in his attendance at church on Good Friday and Easter Day. On April 9th, 1778, he went with Boswell. "His behavior," writes Boswell, "was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremendous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us!'" One of Johnson's prayers was used in the recent unveiling ceremony.

The Comet's Responsibility.

The superstitious connect the King's death and Halley's comet. In 11 B.C. it appeared before the death of the Emperor Agrippa. In A.D. 218 Dion Cassius mentions it as "a clear premonition of the death of Macrinus." In 451 it was thought to presage the death of Attila, King of the Huns; in 837 of Louis le Debonair, King of the Franks; in 1066 of Harold, of England; and in 1223 of Philip Augustus, King of France. E. C. Cromwell, the Greenwich astronomer, says that the sword which Josephus said hung over Jerusalem before its destruction was this comet.



THE KILKENNY MINSTRELS; OR, ALL FOR IRELAND.

KING EDWARD AT THE PLAY.

His Majesty Very Fond of Clean, Wholesome Performances.

Toronto Saturday Night.

By the coincidence of a name it was at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, that the first public announcement was made in Canada of the death of King Edward. Mr. Forbes Robertson made it at the end of the second act of his play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." For a few minutes the greatest English actor was of a mind to cancel the performance; and it was with difficulty he went through the play.

"Had it been a new play, I doubt whether I should have got through at all," he said. "I knew His Majesty so well."

There's a peculiar note of sincerity in Forbes Robertson's perfect gentility behind the scenes.

"Two years ago I played this play before the King at the Lyceum, and have often played before him, at Sandringham, by special appointment. His Majesty often came to my regular performances in London. If the word got back to us just before the play that the Duke of Fife was in the royal box we took it as the signal that on the next night the King would be present. I think His Majesty tried the plays on the Duke.

"The King liked almost anything good—good clean comedy or farce comedy quite as well as he liked the serious drama. He had a most catholic taste. He loved clean, healthy naturalism on the stage. Mere musical comedy never attracted him. The least suspicion of anything vulgar or the slightest bit of color displeased him deeply. I should say he had a very wholesome broad-minded appreciation of the drama."

The actor also spoke of performances at

Sandringham where the royal children were born, and where the King and Queen spent their happiest moments, and where the entire household, servants and all, were allowed to see the little one-act plays.

"The late Queen too, he said, was fond of a good comedy, and he remembers the strange, deep laughter that once startled the actors from the back of the hall—as though it were some man's voice; but it was merely the mother of King Edward, from whom he got much of his hilarity. One occasion Mr. Robertson recalled when the ex-Empress of France was visiting the Queen at Balmoral, and sat as her guest at the play. At the close the Queen three times motioned the ex-Empress to precede her out of the hall; three times the Empress courted and declined the honor—till compelled to accept it. Afterwards the Empress said: "Mr. Robertson, you will quite understand how well I have enjoyed your performance when I say that not since just before the Franco-German War have I seen a play of any sort."

The King Was a Good Pupil.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has cherished memories of his late Majesty. At Oxford he was for some time his tutor, and the friendship then formed was maintained to the King's death. When Mrs. Smith died recently his Majesty sent a cablegram expressing his sincere regret, and on the later occasion of the accident as a result of which Mr. Smith is now confined to the Grange, another message was received from the King.

In a recent sketch outlining Mr. Smith's work and life, Frank Veigh of Toronto, referring to some of the things that might appear in any book of reminiscences by or of Goldwin Smith, said:

"In such a book of reminiscences, he might chronicle, for example, the interesting fact that

he once had the present King as a pupil. A class in English history was specially formed for the royal pupil. 'I used to examine him after the lectures,' his one-time tutor tells, 'and I have no doubt that I bored him to extinction. But he never let me see that he was bored.'"

RECLAIMING THE DELINQUENTS.

Pessimistic Regarding Reclaiming Criminal Children.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, inspector of prisons at Washington, D.C., speaking at the St. Louis convention regarding the reformation of children with criminal tendencies was inclined to be pessimistic, and the Woman's National Daily takes her to task for her gloomy outlook. While acknowledging Miss Foster to be not only a philanthropist and an authority, the paper says:

There is a possibility that the final word has not been spoken. It is a terrible sentence to impose upon the unfortunates to say they are condemned because of the sins or lapses of their forebears. Are the sins of the parents visited upon the children? To declare that they are and then to execute the sentence is to set aside our boasted civilization and discard the freedom of thought of the twentieth century. All teaching has tended to disprove this theory, which most regard as a law long ago repealed, if it ever was a law. The tendency is to get away from the belief that lawlessness, sin and depravity can either be inherited or transmitted. Isn't this the pleasantest belief?

It is easy to believe the contrary, especially when working among those who seem by every word and act to add proof to the theory of inherited degeneracy. But all of us have observed individual cases sufficient to establish the proof that the rule is not infallible. If one boy or one girl can be brought to a healthy and normal habit of thought after rising above the condemnation of the supposed law, much if not all of Mrs. Foster's theory is set at naught.

Perhaps we shall find our processes all wrong. Conventions are called for the purpose of discussing ways and means. The effort is to find new and better methods for doing work undertaken, never to boast of what has been done, and seldom to bemoan failures. Mrs. Foster and her co-workers will rejoice as greatly as anyone else if the condition now regarded as hopeless can be brightened and the way made plain.

The Blessing of Narrowness.

Narrowness is one of the blessings of life. There can be no definiteness to one's course, and no depth to one's life, without it. The fact that there are so many persons who prefer a breadth of action and thought that knows no sharply defined limitations accounts for the fact that there are many whose lives have no depth and are heading nowhere. It was said of one whose life was given to the service of others: "He was narrow, as the river whose course is defined, because it is confined by its banks—the river whose narrowness makes it deep, and causes it to be a bearer of life-giving power rather than a wasted swamp." Those who have not yet seen and chosen the confines between which God would deepen their lives, and by which He would give increased power and usefulness and a goal to aim for, have yet to learn the richness and privilege and joy of the narrow way. Few are they that find it; but all may find it who will—Sunday School Times.

Toy Spaniel an Old Breed.

From Bit and Spur.

The English toy spaniel is undoubtedly one of the oldest, and most popular breeds of pet dogs known. As far back as the days of Charles the Martyr this breed was much prized by the ladies of the court. In the narrative of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, indorsed in Lord Burleigh's hand and forwarded to the court, it was recorded that one of the executioners found her little pet (a spaniel of practically the same type as those afterward known in the reign of Charles II), which had crept under the folds of her garments to be near her, and which would not be driven away.



NOT EVERY WOMAN CAN WEAR THE BELL-CROWNED HAT.

Closely draped coiffures have brought in smaller hats, but these hats are harder to wear than either the very large model or the jaunty turban style. Unless perfectly adjusted on the head and built in a smart and audacious style, the moderately large hat has a fatal tendency toward making its wearer appear middle-aged. The new bell-crowned hats, however, are considered extremely chic, and when the high crown is trimmed with a handsome feather ornament and the hat is cleverly tipped on the head, as in this instance, the style is exceedingly smart and dashing.

The Logical Cure for Sick Headache.

It is a mistake to endure a headache as a necessary affliction. It is equally a mistake to doctor it as simply a headache, for though you may relieve, you cannot cure it that way.

Only in rare cases is a headache caused by anything wrong with the head itself. The trouble lies in some impurity of the blood that irritates the delicate network of nerves and causes the ache. That is why every pulsation pouring in more blood, is so plainly felt.

Lessening the flow of blood to the head by means of a tight compress, an ice-bag, or some drug that acts on the heart and reduces the pulsations, sometimes gives temporary relief. But these measures have absolutely no effect on the blood impurity which was the cause of the whole trouble.

In practically every case this blood impurity would be removed from the system by the bowels, kidneys, skin or lungs, if these were all working right. It is the inactivity of one or more of them that allows the poisons to accumulate in the blood, and the headache is simply a symptom or warning that things are not right.

The way to put them right—to cure the root of the whole matter—is to take Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They act directly on the bowels, regulating them—on the kidneys, strengthening and stimulating them—on the skin, opening up the pores—and on the lungs, clearing the delicate membrane of any mucus which may have collected.

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