

FADED GIPSY ROYALTY.

ANCIENT PAGEANTRY AND GLORY
NO LONGER REMAIN.

Yet there are Left Kings and Queens who today Rule Their Domains With Absolute Power—A Famous Scottish Gipsy Royal Line—Prince Robert.

LONDON, May 22.—The accepted notion about Gipsy "kings" and "queens" is that of the stage and story-book Gipsy, carrying a witch-crook, striding great strides, dressed in gaudy finery, wearing a tin crown and bedecked with Brummagen beads and rings, who endlessly speaks in a voice of suppressed basso and who "Thees," "Thous," "Hos," "Has," and "Avaunts," trembling subjects until their joints are loose in their sockets and the camp-fire pots rattle and clink in the crooks of the iron kettle-sticks. Perhaps something of this sort was in vogue a few hundred years ago. The history of Gipsy tribes in Continental Europe shows that Gipsy "kings," "princes," "earls," "dukes," and those of lesser title roamed about, under license of potentates, with retinues and cavalades that would have done honor to truly titled folk of the time. But all this sort of thing is now alone found in the shilling-shocker and penny-dreadful wilds of literature. There was up to the last century some genuine royal Gipsy pageantry among the larger wandering British tribes. This was characteristic of Scottish more than of English Gipsies. The record of the royal doings of the latter is indeed luminous and unique.

In the early part of the 16th century, Anthony Gawino, earl of Little Egypt, was so consummately shrewd in carrying out his assumption of pilgrimage and of being under commands of the pope to wander seven years without sleeping in a bed, that he actually secured the countenance, if not the favor of James IV. This Anthony Gawino seemed to be a diplomat by nature. He inveigled King James into giving him a very strong and sympathetic letter to his uncle, the King of Denmark, in which the Gipsy chief and his vagabond followers are spoken of as, "Anthony Gawino, earl of Little Egypt, and the other afflicted and lamentable tribe of his retinue, whilst, through a desire of traveling and by command of the pope, pilgriming over the Christian world," etc., which shows that their imposition upon the melancholy Scottish king was complete, whether or not his testimonial ever benefited him in Denmark.

Until nearly a half-century after this, although the Gipsies had already become troublesome, their true character had not been discovered. James V., shortly before his death in 1542 entered into a league with "John Faw, lord and earl of Little Egypt," directing all in authority in his realm to compel the return to Faw's submission all those Egyptians who had rebelled against him, and that all officers should assist in detaining and punishing those people "in conformity with his laws," so that, as the edict read, "the said John have no cause for complaint thereupon in time coming." This edict further charged all officers of the realm to command masters of all ships at ports and havens where the said John and his company might come to receive them, and on expenses being paid, to convey them to their own country.

This was only a shrewd bit of maneuvering on the part of King Faw, who, being pressed to take himself and tribe out of the country, pretended to his followers' rebellion against him, and secured this unique edict in his favor to give color of necessity to prolonging his and his people's stay in Scotland. This Faw, whose shrewdness stamped the genuine Gipsy upon his character, was the progenitor of the many tribes of Faws, Faas, or Falls, who with the Baillies (formerly Bailiows, the present Gipsy Bailies of America,) have been the most numerous and noted of Scottish Gipsies, and whose descendants, as Faws and Falls, I have found in respectable numbers and condition throughout the United States.

The most noted royal Gipsies of Scotland were King Anthony Gawino, previously referred to, the Bailiows, afterwards the Baillies, and old King John Faw. Many members of the Faw family have attained wealth and political preternatural in Scotland. The once wealthy Falls, merchants of Dunbar, are Gipsies. One of the Falls became a colonel in the British Army. Another served a term in parliament. Hosts have been and are under-sheriffs and bailiffs. Lady Anstruther, wife of the late Sir John Anstruther, of Elie, was Jenny Faw, a Gipsy woman of great wit and beauty. These Falls or Faas, of Dunbar, are also connected by marriage with the great banking family of Coutts, widely known in America through the frequent social intelligence concerning the noted Baroness Burdette Coutts. While the celebrated poem, "The Gipsy Laddie" commemorates the abduction by the then Gipsy King, John Faw, in 1643, of Lady Cassilis, wife of the Earl of Cassilis, "a sullen and ill-tempered man, more given to theology than to ilka-day goodness," who was absent on a deputation to ratify the solemn league and covenant of that year at Westminster.

The climax of visible British Gipsy royalty was undoubtedly reached at ancient Kirk Yetholm, just across the English border, among the Cheviot Hills, at about the middle of the present century. At the death, at Kirk Yetholm in 1847, of the King of all the Scottish and many of the English Gipsies, William Faw, or "Auld Will Faw," as he was familiarly known, they mustered from Yetholm and its immediate neighborhood 500 Gipsies and 300 asses as an escort for his remains from Coldstream to the parish burying-ground at Yetholm. Shortly after his death on the sudden decease of Charles Blythe, King

William's immediate successor, a remarkable contest took place between the late Faw's two daughters, Princess Esther and Princess Helen.

The Blythe line was extinct in Scotland; and no one could be found to dispute the royal line reverting to one or the other of the two Faw princesses. Helen, the younger, urged her claims on the well-known and often-expressed wish of the dead king that she should eventually succeed him. Esther, the elder, claimed the succession on the grounds of seniority. For months the liveliest imaginable political canvass was waged throughout the Gipsy camps of Scotland and England. At last the contest waged so bitter that these sisters of royal blood came to blows, the first and last breach of the peace ever accredited to Gipsies in Yetholm.

They were both women of powerful frame, and the encounter has been described to me by an eye witness now living as having been one of the most savage and ferocious character. Esther was victorious, and Helen, or black-bearded Nell, as the villagers called her, "got herself well licked." This affray apparently decided the contest; for when "testing-day," or Shrove Tuesday, on which the famous Bowmont games are still notably celebrated, Princess and her followers urged no objection to Princess Esther's election and coronation.

The crowning of Queen Esther—whose full name was Esther Faw Blythe Rutherford—was the Blythe and Rutherford addenda coming from marriages with worthless men of her race—was an affair of great note at Yetholm. Her majesty was attended by a royal brother, several princes and princesses of the blood, Prince Robert her son, to whom I have previously referred, and a great retinue of over 300 Gipsies and as many townspeople and gentry of the surrounding country. The cavalcade proceeded to the Yetholm Cross. A jolly old blacksmith named George Gladstone, who had performed a like office for Charles Blythe, and thus secured the title of "Archbishop of Yetholm," wrought a resplendent coronet of tin, sustaining a tremendous Scotch thistle. In presence of the great multitude he made proclamation of his right to exercise the high office, and, having in the most solemn fashion set the emblem of royalty upon her head, proclaimed the swarth heroine "Her Royal Majesty, Esther Faw Blythe Rutherford, Sovereign and Queen of all the Gipsies in the Kingdom of Scotland—Challenge who dare!" Addresses of congratulations were read from loyal subjects in the different shires, from the citizens of Kelso and other near cities and villages, and from Yetholm town itself; after which a levee was held at the "royal palace," a thatched cottage with a hard clay floor, and the night was passed in all manner of rustic revelries.

Queen Esther, whose life-sized portrait in oil is one of my most prized of Gipsy relics, died at Kelso, a dozen miles to the north of Yetholm, in July, 1853. Her cortege from Kelso to Kirk Yetholm, where she was buried beside hundreds of her race, was a memorable one. Thousands of people came to Yetholm. Upon the coffin lay the royal red cloak of the Queen, and an enormous white wreath of roses, sent by Lady John Scott, of Spottiswood, surmounted this. Both were interred with the body of the Queen. The Rev. Mr. Davidson, for 32 years minister of the Kirk Yetholm church, tells me he never witnessed a more remarkable scene than at this burial. The services were held at Kelso; but such vast crowds massed about the grave at Yetholm that though Mr. Davidson made effort to reach it to say a few words over the body, the grief of the gipsies and the density of the crowd prevented.

At the death of Queen Esther, British Gipsy royalty, in its large, old-time sense, came to an end. No one ever aspired to her regal honors. Prince Robert, her son, had become a worthless vagabond; and even old Princess Helen, with whom I was once quite a favorite, told me that she was so "well and fairly licked" in the original contest for succession that she had completely lost all ambition for royal life. Four years ago the present summer a study in oil of Queen Esther's face, done by some vagrant artist, was hanging in a tobacco-conist's shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. Attracted by the picture I entered, secured permission to examine it, and, just as I was turning to depart, I encountered about as forbidding a looking tramp as I ever set eyes upon in Scotland. Some similarity of his pox-pitted face and that of the dead queen's caused me to regard him intently. Leering at me as he followed me into the street, he touched my shoulder with one dirty paw and with the thumb of the other prodding backwards towards the shop asked me with royal familiarity "D'ye ken me no?"

I told him flatly that I did not wish to "ken" him at all. "Then yer nae Gorgio chal," (Gipsy's friend) that ye're famed," he replied as bluntly. "Dinna be ill to thole!" (difficult to get along with) he continued whinnying. I was a little alarmed by his ruffianly persistence; but he had given me a Gipsy challenge surely, and I told him to "Jaw the drom for a Roman chor," which in plain English meant he should "Get out for a Gipsy thief!"

"Mon, mon," he exclaimed as if expecting instant arrest, "I'm nae chor; I'm Prince Robert—kung o' a Nokkums (provincial Yetholm Roman for Gipsies) if I had my ain!" It was Prince Robert surely. Tenderly enough now I took him with me down among the fishermen of New Haven; tenderly still heard his maudlin tale of a beggarly tramp's life and the earthy ostracism of his own people; of his countless adventures on the borderland of law; of his familiarity with the *stapen* or prison-loaf of every parish jail in Scotland—never for crime, but for endless peccadilloes in which he held a hopeless pride; tenderly still filled his paunch with bitter ale, his tab-jacket with sausages and his trousers pockets with huge English pennies; and left him sleeping sweetly on the murmuring beach, as his wits and the tide went out together.

Perhaps in the whole world this is the only instance where Gipsy royalty is so sadly enthroned in witless wantonness. The name of Prince Robert of Scotland is a byword of contempt in every Gipsy camp or community in every land. All other Gipsy rulers of royal blood or those chosen to power that I ever knew held absolute sway. Their power is absolute because it is never exercised save in essentials. They are beloved because, strange as it may seem to those who know not, their lives, from the standpoint of Gipsy ethics, are lofty, good and true.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

DIGBY COUNTY MIRACLE.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN SEA CAPTAIN.

Captain James McKay Tells His Story of Suffering and Release—His Recovery was Despaired of and He Longed for Death—The Darkest Hour is Just Before the Dawn—And With It Came a Ray of Hope—Health and Strength Again Restored.

(From the Weymouth, N. S., Free Press.)

Probably one of the best known men in Digby County, N. S., is Captain James McKay, of Tiverton. The Captain is known among ship owners as a first-class mariner and pilot, has been chiefly engaged in the West Indies trade, and has been very fortunate with the vessels under his charge. Some three years ago Captain McKay had a very severe attack of la grippe, which gradually developed into more serious troubles, until his life was despaired of. It was with great regret that his employers and friends saw him sink gradually under a terrible disease, until his death seemed only a question of a few weeks. At this time, when physicians could do nothing for him he was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by that wonderful medicine was restored to health and strength. Captain McKay's almost miraculous recovery created no little amazement, and as much interest was manifested in both his own village and the adjacent places where he is so well known, the Free Press thought the matter of sufficient importance to the public to get a statement of the facts from Captain McKay, and accordingly detailed a reporter to interview him with that end in view, when the following facts came into his possession.

"I have heard," said the reporter, "that your recovery was wonderful, and was brought about entirely by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Would you let me have the particulars of your illness and restoration to health?"

"Certainly," replied Capt. McKay. "I have told the story a hundred times already, but as the truth never wears out, once more won't hurt, and besides I always think I may be aiding some person who is now suffering as I have suffered, and giving them a clean bill of health. To begin at the beginning, I had la grippe about three years ago, and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse and companion for an invalid gentleman. The weather at that season was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used up and continued to get worse until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation, as though a thousand needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. It was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes assumed a greyish color and remain for days in that state, being at the same time cold and death-like."

"Could doctors do nothing for you?" enquired the reporter.

"Seemingly not. They gave advice, sent medicine, and rendered their bills promptly, so that I think they derived the most benefit, for under their treatment I did not improve a bit. At last I got so bad that I lost all ambition, I suffered terribly, was only a burden to my friends, and actually longed for death, which all thought was soon in store for me. But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. I had become so bad that I hardly cared how soon I slipped my cable, for I was now almost completely paralyzed, and at this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton, whose case had been somewhat similar to mine, came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I thought that there might be a chance for me, though I confess I had at that time but very little faith in any medicine. To make a long story short, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances who never expected to see me around again. Since that time I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several persons who have used them with good results, and I feel it my duty to advise their use by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. I believe they saved my life, and you may be sure I am grateful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unalloyed specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirit, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, "St. Vitus' dance," the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressing and anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great support of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus eliminates disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Bearing in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood

builders and nerve tonics put up in similar form and intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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The time that most men waste in explaining their failures would, if properly employed, put them on their feet again.

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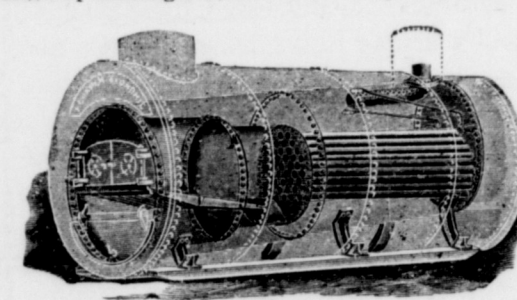
However much women admire a dandy on the stage, they generally prefer a man in the house.



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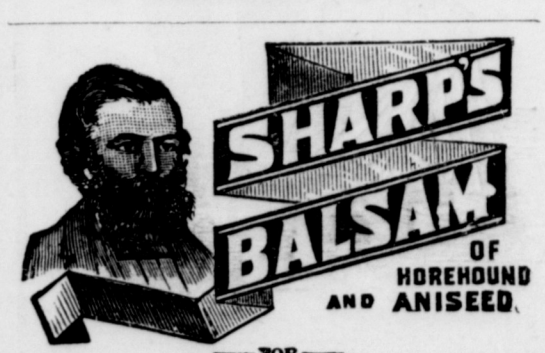
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E. G. SCOVIL, Esq., Agent for Pelee Island Wine Co.

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Board of Health.

TO THE CITIZENS OF SAINT JOHN AND VICINITY:

THE Board of Health has this day issued its Annual Notices to Owners and Tenants of Houses to Cleanse and Purify their Premises.

The Board further requests that in the interest of the health of the city, all citizens will assist the Board, by the personal inspection of their premises, the condition of sinks, drains, traps, vents, etc.

Such supervision on the part of individual citizens will do much to preserve the public health and prevent the spread of any epidemic that may unfortunately come to our city.

T. M. BURNS, Secretary. JAMES REYNOLDS, Chairman.

Office of the Board of Health, Saint John, N. B., April 29th, 1893.