

MAKES GOOD MATCHES.

NEITHER OF THE BRIMSTONE NOR SENTIMENTAL KIND.

Lady Beresford's Skillful Hand Seen in the Engagement of his Nibba the Duke of Marlborough to Miss Vanderbilt—Her Ladyship as a Matchmaker.

While the engagement of Consuelo Vanderbilt to Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill, ninth Duke of Marlborough, is undoubtedly a great feather in the cap of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt after the snubbing society has given her, it is an even prouder occasion for Lily, Lady Beresford, for in the union she sees the result of much friendly scheming on her part and the accomplishment of a matter for which she has long and ardently hoped.

In upper London circles the ex-Duchess of Marlborough has acquired the title of the "international matchmaker" and this latest engagement will not diminish her claim to the name. It was Lily of Marlborough who first presented George Curzon to Miss Leiter—an acquaintanceship which resulted in a marriage—and it was she who invited the daughter of the Duke of Westminster to one of her house parties a year ago, and then contrived that young Adolphus de Teck, brother of the Duchess of York, should be present.

The second bit of matchmaking resulted very beautifully for restored Lily, for the Queen immediately redressed her to royal favor, which had been somewhat withheld during the lifetime of the Duke, and as soon as Lily married Lord William Beresford she was presented at court with much state.

The acquaintance between Lady Beresford and Consuelo Vanderbilt dates back many years—since the latter was a young girl of 14. At that time she left America with her father and mother and two little brothers for three years tour around the world in the yacht Valiant. One of the first stops was in the Mediterranean, and there, upon the coast, at a pretty winter watering place, was the Duchess of Marlborough, then in fresh mourning for her husband.

Meanwhile there had been differences between Mr. and Mrs. Willie K., and the party was broken up. Willie K. went inland and Mrs. Willie K. and three children remained on board the yacht. The Duchess of Marlborough joined them, and a subdued but happy party they were. As might be expected, the Duchess of Marlborough saw much of Miss Consuelo, and fell in love with her for her sweetness and cleverness.

The story of the principal event of the visit, the thing that won the heart of the Duchess thoroughly, is this told:

There was to be a merry-making at a house party in a villa some miles inland, and Mrs. Willie K. and the Duchess were anxious to attend. But at the last moment Harold, then a child of 6, fell ill with some childish complaint. "He isn't very sick, mamma," suggested Consuelo, "and I can take care of him. You go, and I will not leave the yacht while you are away."

Ms. Willie K. was gone three whole days, and during that time Consuelo, a mere slip of a girl, sat up with the child, sending the nurses away, and herself taking the directions for his comfort from the doctor who always traveled on the Valiant with the Vanderbilt party.

A year afterward the Duchess of Marlborough told this story to her stepson, saying: "Charles, that girl is the only one I have ever seen who would have denied herself for her little brother."

One of the principal duties of a matchmaker is to magnify the qualities of the young man, as well as those of the young woman. It is unlikely that the young Duke, little slip that he is, with his budding mustache and very unassuming ways, would ever have caught the fancy of a young woman so much petted as Miss Consuelo has been. Young men of all countries have sought her hand. She has been overwhelmed with attentions from Paris and New York and back again. Her wish has been anticipated by a hundred Newport beaux this very season. Why, because she loves pinks, the men servants of her mother's London home had all they could do to carry in the great baskets and bouquets of them that came for her every morning before she was awake to receive them. No, she has not lacked for suitors.

With so much attention being paid her, Lily of Marlborough realized that if her stepson would marry a desirable American girl, and particularly the girl of her own choice, his good qualities must be brought out or some Beau Brummel of society would carry off the prize before him. Accordingly she has done all she could.

Early last fall Lady Beresford, whom the Duke has devotedly followed since his father's death, suggested that he write a history of Blenheim. In her own possession were many books relating to it since its building 200 years ago, and in Blenheim library was a whole row of volumes on the house. Queen Anne gave the first Duke money to build it as a reward for brave conduct in war. But it was not fully finished until Lily completed it with her American money.

The Duke is naturally literary, and he set to work to write. Waldorf Astor gave him a commission for the article and he wrote upon it faithfully. Last January it appeared in the Pall Mall Magazine, and

was very favorably received. Scarcely necessary to say that "Blenheim and its Memories" was sent by the dozen copies to the Duke's friends in America by his step-mother.

The Duke of Marlborough is one of those men who know more and think more than they say. In a quiet way the young stripling, then only 21 years old, assisted his mother in the management of her great estate. To be sure, she enjoys only the income of the Hamersley millions, but with this income she has made many investments which require personal attention. For four years, until her recent marriage to Lord Beresford, the young Duke has transacted all her business for her.

Neither Mrs. Willie K. nor her daughter was present at the marriage of Lady Beresford, but it was not the latter's fault that they were away. She wanted them to see her sweep up the aisle all in sparkling array upon the arm of the young Duke, and to see with what dignity he could perform the office of giving her away. It was a lost opportunity, but news of it travelled to America.

The contemplated trip around the world was managed by Lady Beresford. At first it was planned that the start should be toward Japan, arriving in New York on the way home, six months hence. The young Duke rather fancied this plan, as he wanted to reach China by autumn. But his step-mother persuaded him to start the other way, going to New York first. In the original plans she was to accompany him. But, very craftily, at the last moment, she was not able to sail, so all alone he arrived in New York, to be immediately pressed along to Mrs. Willie K. at Newport.

In doing all this the ex-Duchess has been actuated by the best of motives. "I will be a love match," she has said a hundred times this season. "Charles has not a mercenary thought and Consuelo's mind has never been touched by money."

As may be expected, where one has engineered a match through, one must be prodigal of gifts. Lady Beresford's betrothal gift was a set of rubies, the exact fac simile of the ones she wears upon full-dress occasions. There are eight pieces in the set. A ruby girdle, a ruby brooch in the form of a long bar with rubies of gilded sizes upon it, two ruby sleeve clasps, ruby bracelets, and two beautiful hair ornaments.

In style Miss Consuelo and Lady Beresford are much alike. Both have the general brunette appearance and reds are becoming to both. The ruby set was greatly admired by Consuelo long ago, and the instant the engagement was announced Lady Beresford ordered it duplicated for her. It is one of the finest ruby sets in the world.

Another betrothal gift from Lady Beresford is a set of books of quaint and remarkable design. There are twelve books in the set, and they contain the crest, armorial bearings, initials, and monogram of the Churchill family from the beginning until now, and they are written and arranged for the use of its mistress.

When Lily took possession of Blenheim she found its linen rudely stamped, and she longed for some design and pretty thing that should be correct and yet very artistic to serve as a private linen stamp for the house. An eminent English artist designed a crest for her, embodying monogram also. And she was so pleased with it that she ordered another design for her dishes and another for glass and silver. A fourth was for designs upon colored windows where small panes could be set in to advantage, and still another was for marking the livery and harness and all wagons of the Blenheim estate. Before this work was completed there were twelve complete books of patterns and designs and so fond was Lily of these that she kept them when she left Blenheim. But now she has sent them to her stepdaughter that is to be, and when that young lady follows out the bridal custom of taking her own linen with her from her father's house she will have the little book to guide her in its marking.

It is probable that Lady Beresford will go to the States shortly. She could hardly remain at home when the boy whom she so much admires gets married. He will shortly be 24 years old, but he is so young in appearance that he must always look like a boy until he grows a beard. Lady Beresford's health has not been good of late. A semi-invalidism has kept her at Deepdene, her country place, and has prevented her from taking an active part in the pleasant pastime of her life—matchmaking.

If she does go over she will be accompanied by Winsted Leonard Churchill, the son of Lady Randolph Churchill, favorite cousin of the Duke of Marlborough, and possibly by Lady Randolph Churchill herself.

Surely if there is a minute for congratulations other than to the Duke himself there will be a word to Lady Beresford for the quiet but effective part she played in making this match.—Mrs. Grey Canfield's London Letter.

Bumblebees as Opium Fiends.

The argument that dumb brutes shun the beverages and drugs "hat man uses as a stimulant will not hold water as far as Bucks county, Pa., bumblebees are concerned. Some of them have been led sadly astray and are addicted to "hitting the pipe," so to speak.

Bucks county's opinion joint is located

on Finhook Farm, about a mile west of Doylestown, the trial grounds of a well-known Philadelphia seed house. In one portion of the farm are several large beds of poppy plants. It is here the bees get drunk. The poppies are not the poisonous Chinese variety from which opium is obtained, but they contain enough of the seductive juice to make a man dizzy after spending some hours in the patch. Quantities of bees can be seen lying about in the cup-shaped flowers. A recent visit to the farm was very interesting. Bees were to be seen in every stage from partial intoxication to death itself, the beautiful cups holding the dead bodies of many—Voice.

THE PEOPLE MARVELLED.

AT THE REQUE OF MR. METCALLE OF HORNING MILLS.

Badly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores Him to Health.

(From the Shelburne Economist.)

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Horning's Mills by Messrs. J. H. Metcalle and W. H. Marlatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalle, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalle was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Horning's Mills,



"Walked in a Stooped Position."

excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as the residents of Horning's Mills can vouch, was a stooped over position, with one hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalle said: "For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, that I seemed as if I had to die anyway. My system was very much run down and the pains at times were excruciating. I adhered for several months to my determination to take no more medicine, but finally consented to a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongly recommended by a friend. Before I had taken them very long I felt a great deal better, my appetite returned, and the pains diminished. After using the pills for some time longer I was able to stand and walk erect and resume my work, in the full enjoyment of health and strength. People who knew me marvelled at the change, and on my personal recommendation many have used Pink Pills. This is the first time, however, that I have given the facts for publication."

On being asked if the sciatica had ever returned, Mr. Metcalle stated that once or twice, as the result of unusual exposure, he had experienced slight attacks but he always kept some of the pills at hand for use on such occasions, and they never failed to fix him up all right. Mr. Metcalle, who is 52 years of age, is in the flour and provision business, and, as proof of his ability does as good a day's work as he ever did in his life; we may state that the most of the work connected with the erection of his six miles of telephone line was performed by himself. Mr. Metcalle also mentioned several other instances in which the users of Pink Pills derived great benefit, among them being that of a lady resident of Horning's Mills. The Economist knows of a number of instances in Shelburne where great good has followed the use of this well known remedy.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes, said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy that can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

How Eugenie Dressed.

The Empress usually wore a velvet of rich dark colors, which were particularly becoming to her exquisitely fair complexion. The Emperor liked to see her richly dressed, and often objected to the extreme simplicity of her morning attire, which, it must be acknowledged, was often too fanciful to be appropriate to her high position. Everything she wore was well made and perfectly neat; her hair was beautifully dressed; but she liked the comfort of loose garibaldi bodices of red flannel with plain black silk skirt over a red flannel underskirt, all of which was concealed when she went out by a handsome cloak and the fur coverings of the open carriage.

I have seen her wear within the palace a tight jacket of knitted black wool, with a gray border, over the silk and crape dress which she wore as second mourning for the

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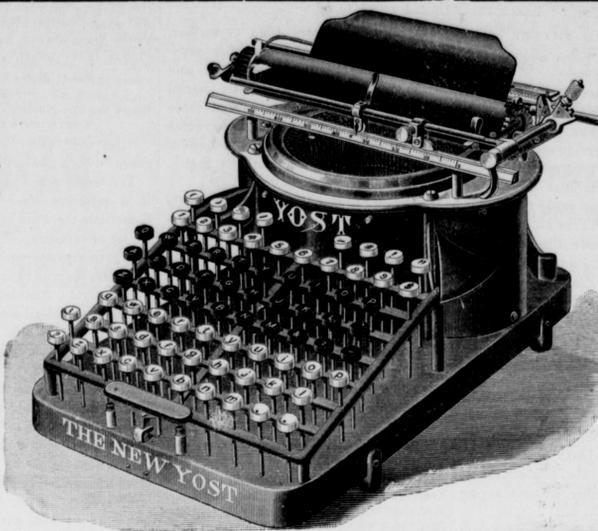
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sister, the Duchess of Alva. It was a sort of wrap which one would expect to see on the shoulders of some old crone bending over her fire, rather than on the graceful figure of the beautiful Empress of the French. I might quote other instances; such as a loose jacket of a small black and white check, bordered with red flannel, etc.—Century.

A FIRST-CLASS COMBINATION.

INDUSTRY and intelligence make a first-class combination. But it is rare. A lazy fellow who is inventive and intelligent often accomplishes more than an industrious fool. In the infancy of the steam engine a boy was set to let the steam into the ends of the cylinder alternately, by hand. He found it a bore some task, and so invented a way to make the engine wait on itself. His method has been in use ever since—the principle of the "eccentric" motion. "What do you mix your paints with to produce those wonderful colours?" asked some body of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "With brains," curtly answered the great artist. "This is a big idea, and it has to do with everything under the sun. Here for instance, is the case of a man who spent a whole summer in bed when he might just as well have been on his feet, looking after his business and having odds and ends of pleasure on evenings and holidays. Along in the spring of 1880 he took a chill; exactly the time of the year to take chills if you don't watch out, and often if you do. Well, immediately afterwards a dreadful pain struck into both his hips and legs. The result of this was that he had to go to bed, and he stayed there sixteen weeks. Just think of that! Fancy it a problem in arithmetic—a child's simple 'sum' to be worked out on a slate. Add the pain, the trouble and worry to his family, the direct extra expenses, the loss of time and income, the loss of the summer's enjoyments, the doctor's bills, &c. &c.—and see what it tots up at. The first doctor who attended him said he had sciatica, and had it very bad. The doctor was either right or wrong. If he was right the result showed that he didn't know how to cure sciatica. If he was wrong it showed that he couldn't diagnose a disease from its symptoms. Put it how you will, he might have been an industrious, hard-working man but lacked something of being a proper doctor. Well, he gave up the case, and Mr. Dawson (our suffering friend's name) sent for another. This one blistered him with iodine from his waist down to his feet. By this time Mr. Dawson was unable to get out of bed or to dress himself without assistance. The doctor's medicines and applications failing to help him, he went to the hospital at Buxton, where he was advised to try the baths. After being there three weeks he returned home but little better for the treatment. The conclusion of this exasperating experience is set forth in a few words by Mr. Dawson himself in the letter from which the above-mentioned facts are taken. "I had," he says, "little or no use of my legs, and it was wholly out of my power to attend to my business. I lost a deal of sleep in consequence of the pain, and owing to a want of appetite and necessary nourishment I grew very weak. Even after leaving my bed I went out for a breath of fresh air I had to stop and rest every few yards. I was broken and helpless that my wife and others who saw me thought I never should get about again. In this condition I remained until January, 1891, when I read of cases like mine having been cured by Seigel's Syrup. Persuaded by the clearness and evident sincerity of the reasoning, I began taking the syrup, and soon found relief. My legs had more power, and the pain gradually subsided, until it ceased altogether, and I could go about as I did before I was taken ill. If I had only known of this remedy and used it sooner I should have been saved suffering and heavy doctors' bills. You can publish this statement if you think it will be of use to others. Yours truly (signed), Harrison Dawson, Heap Bridge, Bury, April 27th, 1893."

Seigel's Curative Syrup; as his ailment—acute rheumatism—arose from the poison generated by a torpid digestion and a clogged liver for which the Syrup is a specific. His doctors laboured hard to cure him no doubt, but without an understanding of the cause of his condition. Blind men may walk, but are apt to walk in circles. The remedy that succeeds where others fail is a product of industry and intelligence.

GERMAN COOKING SCHOOL.

How Little Girls are Given Useful Lessons in Household Economy.

At Plauen, Germany, a benevolent millionaire left a legacy and a yearly rent in order to build and endow a school which should be a pattern for the state schools throughout the country. A German correspondent sends the following description of its organization and rules:

"The school consists of two houses—one for the upper classes, a kind of high school, and a very large one for the children of the laboring classes; for the neighborhood surrounding these buildings consists chiefly of manufactories and the people employed in them. There are about 1,500 school children under one head master. Besides the gymnasium and other school buildings, a large hall is arranged as a kitchen, or rather as six kitchens in one hall. There are six hearths without chimneys; for in order to prevent the place from getting too hot the smoke is made to descend to the ground and afterward finds its way upward outside the building. In front of each hearth is a table with four chairs, and behind it on the wall are arranged shelves pots and pans and all the requisites of a good but simple kitchen. Four girls of 13 years of age are busy cooking at each hearth so there are in the model little kitchen twenty four busy little girls, looking like the cooking gnomes and goblins in the fairy tales. Each of the four children has her special work to do; but they constantly change their cooking duties, so that within four weeks each girl has to learn and experiment upon each dish that is taught in the kitchen. But before they begin their cooking they have to settle themselves what is to be cooked each day, according to the season and the small sum of money which they have to expend; each table of four is allowed 1 shilling (3 pence each child) for the meal.

"To aid them in their selection and choice of comestibles a list is hung up on the wall, whereon the exact amount of nourishment each food substance contains is carefully explained—for instance, how much 'good nourishment' there is in meat,

flour, vegetables, groceries, respectively; and on this list it is also clearly shown on good scientific principles how much of each nourishing substance every individual requires per diem. After consulting this chart and making their little list of requirements and liabilities, the girls go out into the garden and gather the herbs and vegetables, which they are taught to cultivate themselves, and then they go and buy the meat, groceries, etc., from a lady superintendent at the storeroom. The girls are taught to enter all these various items of their expenditure in carefully kept account books, and then they start their cooking operations; one makes the fire while another prepares the vegetables, etc. In two hours everything must be finished and the little dinner ready. They cook it themselves; only the teachers wander from one little hearth to another and show and explain both the theory and practice of good and economical cooking. Then one of the girls lays the table, and they all sit down, four at each table say grace, and eat for their dinner whatever they have cooked themselves, and what is left they can take home for their people.

"After they have finished their dinner they clear away, wash their pots and pans, put their shelves in order, black the hearths, clean the knives, and scrub the table, chairs and floor. The kitchen cloths, etc., are washed out, to be mangled and ironed another time, for they have their own little wash-kitchen and mangle as well. The windows are cleaned, and, when everything looks neat and tidy and like new, each girl puts away her gray kitchen apron, makes herself also neat and tidy, and saying, 'Gras Gott,' goes home about 2 o'clock, having finished her work, which began at 7 in the morning—for they had Bible teaching from 7 till 8, German grammar from 8 till 2:30. This order is kept up three times a week—on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays—while the three remaining week days are given to theoretical studies in the school.—St. James Gazette.

Lonsdale's Stables.

The Earl of Lonsdale, who was recently the host of the German Emperor, is fond of horses, and delights in seeing that his servants take good care of his animals. All the stalls and boxes at the Louthwater stables are built of dark oak, and are handsomely paneled the fittings being of lacquered brass. The name of each occupant is to be found overhead, neatly engraved upon a brass tablet. All the animals are allowed to have the fullest liberty possible. Lord Lonsdale is very much averse to the use of peat moss litter in his stables, and employs fine wheat straw. All the horse clothing is naturally of the finest quality, the predominating color being dark blue with yellow facings, and a crimson coronet are embroidered in one of the corners.—Exchange.

What do you gather from this?

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