

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

Persons of Interest

The party which accompanies Their Royal Highnesses of Cornwall and York on their tour of the colonies is a most distinguished one. It numbers nineteen altogether, with about twenty seven servants. There are three ladies in waiting and head of the household, a private secretary and an assistant private secretary, two equerries, four A. D. C.'s, a representation of the Colonial Office, the naval officer commanding H. M. S. Opaire, two artists, a domestic chaplain, and a medical man.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who travels with the royal party, is a brother of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, or the Princess May, as she is more familiarly known. Like his sister, he has been born and bred in England, though the title that he holds is of German creation. His mother, the Princess Adelaide Mary, was a cousin of the late Queen, and a daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, son of George III. The young prince is twenty-seven years of age, and a captain in the 7th Hussars. He has been on active service in Matabeleland and in South Africa.

Lady Mary Lygon, one of the ladies in waiting, is a sister of Earl Beauchamp. She was appointed to the post she now holds in 1895.

Lady Katherine Coke, another of the ladies in waiting, is the wife of the Hon. Henry J. Coke, who is a brother of Earl Leicester. She is a daughter of the Earl of Wilton.

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, the third lady in waiting, is a daughter of the second Baron Suffield.

Lord Wenlock, G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E. lord in waiting and head of the household is the third nobleman of that title. He was born in 1849, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a native of Yorkshire, and was Governor of Madras from 1890 to 1896.

Lieut. Col. Sir Arthur Bigge, G. C. V. O., K. C. B., C. M. G., private secretary to His Royal Highness, is known by name to many Canadians through his occupancy of the same post in the household of Her late Majesty between 1895 and the time of her decease. He comes from Northumberlandshire, and was born in 1849. At the age of twenty he entered the Royal Artillery, and rose to the rank of Lieut. Col. in 1893. He served in the Zulu campaign of 1889, for which he was mentioned in despatches and given a medal with a clasp. He was appointed a groom in waiting to Her late Majesty in 1880, and assistant private secretary in the same year. He was made an equerry in ordinary the year following and became private secretary in 1895.

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart, R. N., M. V. O., equerry to Their Royal Highnesses, has held that post for the last nine years. He is in his thirty-eighth year. Entering the royal navy in 1877, he has seen active service in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, for which he received a medal and a bronze star.

The Hon. Derek Keppel, M. V. O., equerry, is a brother of the present Earl of Albemarle, and was born thirty-eight years ago. He has been in the 12th Middlesex (civil service) volunteer rifles. He was married in 1898.

The Rev. Canon Dalton, C. M. G., who accompanies the party as domestic chaplain, is precentor and canon of St George's Chapel, Windsor, and was deputy clerk of the closet-in-ordinary to her late Majesty. He was tutor to Prince Albert Victor and to Prince George, Duke of Cornwall and York. He was made a chaplain-in-ordinary to her late Majesty in 1881, and honorary chaplain to the Duke of York in 1891. He is 62 years of age.

Sir John Anderson, K. C. M. G., who accompanies the party as representative of the Colonial Office is forty-three years old. He was attached to the staff of the Bering Sea arbitration in London and Paris in 1892 and 1893, and acted as secretary to the Colonial Premiers' Conference in London in the Jubilee year.

Sir Donald Wallace, K. C. I. E., assistant private secretary, is a native of Dumbartonshire, and has seen much of the world. He was educated at Edinburgh

University, at L'Ecole de Droit in Paris and at the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg. He is author of a volume entitled 'Russia,' and of another entitled 'Egypt and the Egyptian Question.'

Commodore A. L. Winsloe, R. N., who commands H. M. S. 'Ophir,' has been in the navy thirty-six years. He is now forty-nine years old, and has seen active service in the Egyptian war of 1882 and in the expedition against the Sultan of Vitu on the east coast of Africa. He commanded H. M. S. 'Spartan' in eastern waters during the Chinese Japanese war.

Major J. H. Bor, Royal Maritime Artillery, C. M. G. A. D. C., was born in Donegal and educated at Londonderry college. He entered the service as lieutenant in 1874, and was promoted major six years ago. He served through the Crete insurrection, and was decorated with a medal presented by the king of Italy for gallantry in suppressing the insurrection of Albanian gendarmes in Crete.

Captain the Viscount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards, A. D. C., D. S. O., entered the 'Blues' in 1894, and has been advanced to the rank of captain. He served as A. D. C. to Major General Brocklehurst, and for his services was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D. S. O.

Lieut. the Duke of Roxburghe, Royal Horse Guards, M. V. O., A. D. C., is but twenty five years of age. He is the eighth in the ducal line, and succeeded to his present title in 1892. After passing through Eton he was made a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Princess Louise Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He is now a lieutenant in the 'Blues.'

The other members of the suite are Mr. Sydney Hall, artist; Chevalier E. de Martino, marine artist, and Dr. A. Manby.

Their Own Opinion.

Members of the royal family, from the King downwards, rarely, if ever, contradict, through the medium of the press or otherwise any statement made concerning them. The king, however, who with all his family, is a great newspaper and magazine reader, has at Marlborough House a book—a unique and most fascinating book, be it said—which his majesty calls 'The Book of Royal Contradictions.'

In this book are some hundreds of 'cuttings' from various newspapers, etc., all of which have something to say, not only about his majesty himself, but also about other royal personages. Underneath these 'cuttings' referring to some great work in Scotland in which the king, as the prince of Wales, was taking part, says: 'His royal highness is evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by the feelings of the Scotch people.'

Underneath this the prince has written: 'The writer of above was evidently influenced—and rightly influenced—by Scotch whiskey!'

Another cutting has something to say concerning the appetite of his royal highness:—

'The prince of Wales has a truly patrician palate. His royal highness certainly eats little, and only of the choicest and most delicately prepared dishes.'

Underneath the prince has humorously put, 'Beefsteak and (when quite alone) onions invariably delight my patrician palate.'

The Duke of Cornwall and York is as all the world knows, one of the straightest spoken of men, and hates pretence in any shape or form. His royal highness, for instance, has never pretended to be a musician; he is not musical, and he sensibly knows that he is not. One well-meaning paper, however 'piles' even this accomplishment upon him. It says:—

'The Duke of York, though not possessing a strong voice has an exquisite ear for music, and is a great lover of Mendelssohn.'

This extract is cut out and pasted in the royal book. Underneath the duke has written:—

'No voice at all; no ear for music. Favorite song, 'What Ho! She Bumps.'

The last 'cutting' to be placed in this charming book was when the German emperor paid his memorable visit to this country a few months ago. All the pap-

ers were full of his imperial majesty's kindness and delicate sympathy at this time. One of our leading papers said:—

'We may safely say that the German emperor is, characteristically speaking, the greatest of living monarchs. One of the most diplomatic of men, he is diplomatic even in his kindness.'

A pretty compliment this, but even prettier in that written underneath this 'cutting' by the kaiser himself:—

'My greatness (if I be great) I inherit from a great queen—Victoria; my diplomacy from a diplomatic king—Edward.'

Wise Advice.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, is a notable personage about whom many good stories are related. Some years ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed, was bidden by Dr. Temple to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that his fitness for conducting public worship might be judged.

'Not loud enough,' was the criticism of the bishop when the young man had finished. 'Oh! I'm sorry to hear that, my Lord replied the curate; 'a lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly all over.'

'Ah! Are you engaged?' suddenly asked Dr. Temple.

'Yes, my lord.' The bishop smiled grimly and said: 'Now, listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells; but,' he added, with a deep chuckle, 'after you are married believe every word she says.'

A Christian Warrior.

It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian Warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful reredos in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. About 40 years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college, and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the fellows' house. The sculptor evidently preferred to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.

WOMAN'S VANITY AS A TONIC.

Fewer Rules Nowadays Against Looking Glasses in Hospitals.

The nurse approached the doctor cautiously.

'That woman,' she said, indicating with her thumb the occupant of a bed in the southeast corner of the room, 'has brought a hand glass into the ward and lies there looking at herself from morning till night. She is pale as a ghost today, and I am anxious as to the results. I'm afraid she'll get scared over her ghastly appearance and worry herself to death. Don't you think I'd better take it away from her?'

The doctor contented himself with a shake of the head till he got out in the corridor and then he did some pretty plain talking.

'No,' said he, emphatically, 'I don't think anything of the kind. I've seen that plan tried, and it worked most disastrously. I began my career by serving several months as an interne in a Pittsburgh hospital. It was the rule that no ward patient should be allowed to have a mirror of any description, and you might rake every ward in the hospital with a fine tooth comb without finding a piece of looking glass as big as a postage stamp.'

'The management had formulated and enforced that law with the best interests of the patients at heart, for they figured just as you have figured, that to study one's own pallor and sunken cheeks and eyes is conducive to depression of spirits and consequent physical deterioration. I considered their reasoning also, but I was only one against many and did not forcibly express my opinion but discreetly watched the women patients fuming and fussing away in secret over their appearance, of which each tried to get an idea from the description given her by her neighbors.'

'One day I was passing through a certain ward and stepped beside the bed of a colored girl, whose face at that moment wore the most lugubrious expression I had ever seen on a human being, I took alarm instantly and began to study her condition.'

'Why, Elsie,' I said, 'what in the world

ails you?'

'She cried then in earnest. "Oh, doctor," she said, "if I could only see myself, I'd get better. I know I would. I haven't looked in a glass for a month. The girls try to tell me how I look, but I know they are fooling me. I'm sure I must look a great deal worse than they make out. If I don't, why won't the matron and superintendent let me have a glass?'

'I went right down to the office then and spouted out the piece of advice I had had stored up for so many weeks. After thinking the matter over they decided to allow Elsie to cultivate the acquaintance of her own features once more, and when she found that she did not really look so deathly ill as she had imagined, she began to mend and continued to improve steadily.

'So I give sick people, especially the women, a mirror when they ask for it. There may be times when a person who is very near death's door loses interest in her personal appearance and does not care for a mirror, but the average woman who is able to lift a hand wants to judge for herself how she is looking, and it she may not have the privilege of finding out her suspense will be more harmful than positive knowledge.'

'There are very few hospitals now that forbid the use of looking glasses and it is to be hoped that those few will soon rescind their absurd rules and provided mirrors of their own. I urge this latter point for the reason that there is a great difference in glasses. Some lend a ghastly hue to the freshest countenance, whereas others throw pink tints on a colorless skin. A look into one of these flattering mirrors now and then would be worth more to a sick person than a dose of medicine, and they ought to be supplied abundantly.'

The nurse smiled.

'It's one of the flattering kind she's got,' she said, nodding toward the vain invalid. 'I suppose I'd better let her keep it.'

He Knew Who Made New York's Laws.

Judge Aspinall, of the County Court, in Brooklyn, does not turn out naturalized citizens like chickens from an incubator. A long line of hopeful ones lined up in front of him yesterday, and with confidence in their ability to answer all questions proceeded to tell him that Cuba was one of the states, that Richard Croker discovered America, and that Tammany was the first President.

'Who is the President of the United States?' asked Judge Aspinall of Generoso Consolazio.

'Sampson,' promptly responded the ambitious one.

'Can you name some of the states?'

'New Jersey,' began Consolazio, slowly.

'Good! Go on.'

'Chicago and Harlem.'

'Stop there,' said Judge Aspinall. 'Do you think that Chicago is a state?'

'Yes, sir,' said Consolazio enthusiastically. 'And the Bronx.'

'Who makes the laws for the state of New York?' asked Judge Aspinall.

'Richard Croker,' promptly responded Consolazio.

'What is that you say—Richard Croker?'

'Yes,' responded the man, with the air of one who is sure he has answered one question rightly at least.

'Humph!' said the court to himself, 'he knows more than I thought. Rejected.'

Guseppa Mora was getting on first rate. He had named five states and said that the Philippines were to be connected with New York by the East river bridge.

But incidentally he said his family was still in Italy, and he might go back when he got money enough.

'Back to stay?' asked the court.

'Yes, I go back all rights!'

'Rejected,' said Judge Aspinall with a sigh.

The next candidate surprised the court by declaring that we were at war with South Africa, but when he said that George W. was the first President and that Theodore Roosevelt was now Vice-President he was forgiven and accepted. After he was accepted he added sotto voce, 'Teddy Roosevelt be de next President.'

'Didn't ask you that?' said the judge as he took up the next case.

An Early Adventure of Robert Lincoln

'While my brother-in-law, Mr. Boynton, was in the hardware business in Springfield, Lincoln's son Robert, then a boy of ten or twelve, entered the store one day with another boy of his own age. The lads had a quantity of lead pipe, which

they wished to sell. A bargain was made and the money paid over to the boys, with no questions asked. Later in the day, however, Mr. Lincoln was visited at his home by the owner of a house which was undergoing repairs, and informed that his son Robert had stolen a quantity of lead pipe from the place, which the owner desired to either have paid for or returned.

Mr. Lincoln was shocked. He called Robert, and, without asking any questions, took the boy by the arm and marched him down to the store. When they entered Mr. Lincoln was looking very stern.

'Mr. Boynton,' said he, 'did my son Robert sell you some lead pipe to-day?'

'My brother-in-law was greatly embarrassed. Everybody in Springfield knew Abraham Lincoln. His honesty and integrity were never questioned, and the idea that his son would steal was highly improbable. Mr. Boynton had, however, been notified in some manner that the pipe was stolen property. Nevertheless he did not want to implicate the son of Abraham Lincoln so he said:—

'Ahem!—er—well, Mr. Lincoln, let me see. No; I don't think it was your boy who brought that pipe in here. He don't look like the boy.'

'There was a tin-shop at the rear of the store, and just as my brother-in-law was congratulating himself that young Lincoln would get out of the scrape, the sharp voice of the tinsmith exclaimed:—

'Yes 'tis too. That's the chap—that Lincoln boy, and another one about his size. I remember 'em.'

'Mr. Lincoln drew out his pocketbook and laid a bill upon the counter.

'Please let me have that pipe, Mr. Boynton,' he said.

'The pipe was accordingly brought out. Mr. Lincoln placed it across Robert's shoulders. The two then left the store.

It was an extremely hot day, and Robert Lincoln was barefooted. The store stood in a sort of square, which was paved with brick. These bricks had become heated by the sun, and produced an uncomfortable feeling to Robert's feet, as his father, with long strides, led him across the square. The boy danced along, first on one foot and then on the other. Suddenly he exclaimed:—

'Say, pa, I can't stan' these hot bricks on my bare feet. Le's git over in the shade.'

Lincoln senior looked down at the boy with a quizzical smile, then drily replied:— 'Well, my son, you'd better get used to the heat. If you ever steal any more lead pipe you'll go to a place that's hotter than these bricks are.'

Preparing For A Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalls, with reverence, a habit of his methodical uncle who, before packing for a journey, always 'made a list.' This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:—

'Take a piece of paper, and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it, and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well: put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.'

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully, to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again, and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

A Good Enough Way for Him—'I wouldn't cry like that, my little man.'

'Well, you can cry any way you want to this is my way.'

'Madam,' said a course lawyer, baffled in his attempt to make a cool witness contradict her statements, 'you have brass enough to make a sausepan.'

'And you have sause enough to fill it,' she retorted.

Uncle Josh—I b'lieve the Circassian women are about as fine lookin', as any in thehull world.

Uncle Silas—Well, that's what I used to think before I tuk in a few dimemuseums.