

# TALES OF NOTED MEN.

Told About General Sir Evelyn Wood.

The failing of deafness afflicts one of the great officials at the British War Office, the Adjutant General, Sir Evelyn Wood. Some little time ago Sir Evelyn was the honored guest of a certain literary club, and its chairman, in giving the toast of the evening enlarged very properly on the many and great services of the distinguished General.

When Sir Evelyn got up to reply he began with, 'That reminds me,' and proceeded to tell a number of excellent stories, not one of which even remotely referred to the speech of introduction, of which he had not heard a single word.

On another occasion a colleague who wished to discuss some important official business with him at one of the military clubs. He had forgotten about the hardness of hearing and was obliged to raise his voice so high that every one's attention was attracted, and secrets would have leaked out had not the pair promptly retired to a more private apartment.

In all other respects Sir Evelyn Wood rejoices in unimpaired vitality. Always a fine horseman, he hunts still with all bounds that can be reached from London. He is also an enthusiastic cyclist and is often seen spinning along on his wheel.

The gallant General is also a devoted admirer of the beau sexe. Apropos of this a story is told which is worth repeating. One of Sir Evelyn's chief subordinates, after patient waiting, had at last got speech with him and was transacting business, when the door was thrown open wide and the messenger announced: 'Mrs. X-Y-Z!'

The staff officer was obliged, of course to gather up his papers and go, but on reaching the door he spoke sharply to the messenger who had introduced the lady so opportunely.

'Mrs. X-Y-Z always has the henry! I said the man loyally, as though he were speaking of Royalty.'

Sir Evelyn is not the only army officer who honors the fair sex. One day, when the Duke of Cambridge was Commander in Chief, there was a Board which dealt with promotions, and when the name of the first man was mentioned the Duke protested that he had never even heard of it.

'Why, sir, he is Mrs. Smith's husband. What! that charming woman! Promote him by all means!'

Next came Jones; but the Duke had heard something of Jones, not in his favor. 'First class officer,' urged Sir Redvers Buller, 'great student; has passed through the Staff College.'

'Ah; to be sure!' cried the Duke. 'I remember I knew there was something against him.'

Last of all came Robinson, a good all round officer, but with one serious defect; he was deaf.

'Dead!' interposed Sir Evelyn Wood. 'Then he does not want promotion.'

A New Broom's Clean Sweep.

Colonel E. D. Ward, the new Under Secretary of State of Great Britain, who took up his new duties lately means to look very closely into the system of administration and especially with regard to the work done.

There is a suspicion that many more clerks are kept than are wanted and that they help each other to gossip and waste time. Colonel Ward proposes to visit every room in the street—and the War Office occupies so many houses in Pall Mall that it is practically half one side of the street—and inquired personally into the business of every individual who has a desk in that particular room. It must be understood that although so overgrown the pressure for space is so great within the War Office that four, five even six clerks are located in one room.

Until the other day the head of each room used to receive his friends and visitors inside it; now he has to come out into the corridor and stand there while he talks—a gentle hint, from superior authority, that callers during business hours are not in future to be encouraged.

No doubt Colonel Ward will introduce many salutary reforms in carrying on work, for he has much practical knowledge, backed by considerable force of character.

The new Under Secretary served in the Sudan and in Ashanti, and has been decorated for notable service. He has also had experience in administrative work and is the author of a book on military matters. He is not quite fifty years of age.

General Wallace and the Armenian Lover.

Not all of General Lew Wallace's romances are done on paper. Occasionally

this dear old historical romancer takes a hand in an affair of the heart in 'real life,' and manages it as successfully as if it were a creation of his imagination.

Last winter General Lew Wallace lived in the 'Bischoffs,' his handsome Indianapolis apartment building, which was erected entirely from the proceeds of Ben Hur, the novel which made his fame.

After dinner General Wallace had just settled himself to the enjoyment of a delicious evening, when a servant announced that a young Armenian desired a short interview. He was at once admitted, for General Wallace makes it a rule to see all foreign callers without exception. Then the young man stated his mission.

His brother he said, was under the suspicion of the Sultan's Government and had found it advisable to keep out of Turkish domains. But a desire to see his sweetheart had at length determined him to make the reckless experiment of going back to the Turkish capital. Therefore he had written to his brother in America saying: 'If you do not hear from me inside of twenty days you will know that I have gone to Constantinople; and if you do not receive within forty days a letter mailed from there make up your mind that I have been thrown into prison and be prepared to help me out.'

General Wallace's caller then said that more than forty days had passed and that he had received no word from the reckless young brother, and he added:

'I know that there is not a man in this country so high in the favor of the Sultan as yourself, and so I have come to beg you to do what you can for my brother's liberation.'

'All the world loves a lover,' and General Wallace is not an exception to the rule. He at once took a keen personal interest in the case. By cable, in correspondence with a prominent Turkish official, whose close friendship General Wallace had enjoyed while United States Minister to Turkey, he learned that the young man had been imprisoned on the charge of complicity in a dangerous revolutionary plot against the Government, and that his probable fate was most unenviable. Then General Wallace made epistolary appeals to a group of officials high in the councils of the Sultan, and finally received notice that, as a personal compliment to him, the prisoner would be released on condition that he at once take permanent leave of the country.

Immediately the novelist sent a liberal check, sufficient to pay the passage and other expenses of two persons traveling from Constantinople to Indianapolis, and directed the young Armenian to marry his sweetheart and start at once with her for America. This he did; and, if a display of human gratitude is compensation for an act of unselfish benevolence, General Wallace was liberally rewarded for his efforts.

QUARREL WITH BOY KING.

Pretty American Girl Upbraids Alphonso of Spain.

King Alphonso of Spain recently aroused the ire of Miss Colford, a pretty American girl, at San Sebastian by repeatedly taking snap shots of her while on the beach. Miss Colford, who is reported to be well known in New York society and who has just arrived here from Pau, was promenading on the beach with her aged French maid, and the youthful monarch was also taking a morning walk, accompanied by Loriga, his military instructor. As usual, Master Alphonso carried a camera slung over his shoulder, and every time he passed the pretty American girl he took a snap shot at her.

Miss Colford for a time was unaware of this. When she discovered what the lad was doing she became intensely angry. At this time she had no idea of the identity of her persecutor. She rushed up to Alphonso just as he was preparing to take another picture, seized his camera and threw it upon the ground, exclaiming: 'How dare you? Colode, Longa picked up the kodak and placed himself between the king and the excited American girl, saying in English, 'Madame, this is the king of Spain.' 'It makes no difference who he is,' retorted Miss Colford, angrily. 'This is the seventh time he has photographed me. I call that gross, insulting insistence and I want him to know it.'

'Tell her we thought her remarkably pretty,' put in the king. 'That's our excuse. Beg her pardon and say that after this the pictures shall not be developed.' Miss Colford now began to apologize for her outburst but the royal boy evidently

thought the conversation had lasted long enough, for he turned his back upon Miss Colford and walked away, leaving her under the embarrassing gaze of the beach promenade.

Emperor William and the S. led.

American social leaders are more interested in the Kaiser of Germany than they ever were in any crowned head, outside of the English rulers. Probably it is because the Kaiser is fond of Americans, and shows as keen a desire as his uncle, the King of England, to meet charming Americans and talk to them. In Berlin and Homburg he has met many of the rich social set of America and they are loud in their praise of the Emperor.

He is described as having the most fascinating personality in Europe to day. It is said of him that he has that great quality which made the wife of President Cleveland one of the most notable women who ever presided at the White House. That is, the gift of making a visitor or auditor think that he is the one person in the world whom the great one desires to meet.

A woman, who is of high social distinction in America, was presented to the Kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right and the Kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament.

She did not dare turn her face from the Emperor to take herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The Emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed, as he said: 'A Kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot.'

The Love Letters Of Famous Men.

Dearest, Don't for the world destroy this letter; keep it carefully. I am about making arrangements for the publication of our letters. Ever your own,

Milton.

My Adored, Be sure to keep all my letters, so as not to destroy the sequence. Arrangements are now pending for publication. More news soon. As ever, your own,

Robespierre.

Dearest, my own dearest, Remember to keep my letters, as I do yours. I am now holding out for twenty five per cent royalty. It's being around, I'm sure. Your own, as ever your own,

Aristotle.

My Life, my Love, my Darling, As are we again that you keep all my letters. I am still contending on the royal matter. Franklin, Square and Company think it too much. Unless we can come to an agreement soon, I shall open negotiations with Shubner and Sons. Always, always, my adored one, your own, Mozart.

My Thought, my Mind, my Life, my A. Your suggestion about an asbestos box and camphor balls is a good one. The letters must be kept safe. I have just opened up the matter with Shubner. I am to see them again tomorrow. My adored, your loving captor, your happy captive,

Wellington.

Dainty Dear, Sweet Fleur-de-lis, My own charming Sum-Su, Be sure to file this away carefully. Yours was so good; I want to keep reading it, so have had a typewritten copy made to carry in my hat, while I have, of course, filed yours. St. Berners agree to the twenty-five per cent royalty. Other details yet to be arranged. Your loving, little, wistful

Cortez.

Love! Love, Do be careful, dear! Do not carry my letters about with you to the woods and other places; put them away at once after reading them. We are now discussing whether it shall be one volume 8vo, or two small volumes. I think I favor the two small volumes. What do you say, dear? A soft, sweet kiss in the shadow, my love, from

Wagner.

My One, my Only Sweet, Need I tell you, dear, to keep this carefully? Things are starting out fine. The press agent has already started on his work. An advance notice is to appear in the Saturday 'All the news' supplement. After that, there is to be an illustrated article in the Book Borrower. They are going to publish selections in the magazine. A first edition of half a million will surely be required. That ought to furnish our flat comfortably. Love, love in fifty seven varieties,

Heine.

Private Marriages of Royal Widows.

Writing of the alleged morganatic marriage of the late Empress Frederick, the Paris correspondent of London 'Truth' says:

'A Berlin paper stated some days ago that the Empress Frederick was at the time of her death the wife of Count Seckendorff, her house manager. The other journals call on the Government to disprove the monstrous assertion.' Why should it be a monstrous assertion?



**Prizes Catch many women.** What do prizes amount to? Not worth considering. Cannot pay you for poorer work, greater expense and risk to clothes, which you get with an inferior washing powder. Any woman who uses PEARLINE has a prize, and will save enough to buy more and better knick-knacks.

**Pearline Saves 682**

The Count was an old and faithful friend of the Empress. He accompanied her in her artistic tours. Frederick esteemed him highly. It is now some years since her youngest daughter married. Why should she not marry a gentleman so distinguished as the Count? The truth is that the private marriages of royal and imperial widows are not the exception, but the rule, and have been so for centuries. Some august widows were satisfied to look much lower for their second husbands than the Empress Frederick is said to have done.

In France and Italy marriage with a person of inferior rank was 'thought a sign of greater weakness than a friendship.' The worship of a first husband or wife does not necessarily exclude affection for a second. I had a relative who presented colored glass windows that cost £1,000 apiece to churches in memory of his first wife when he was walking about London with his second wife. There was never a widow more devoted to the memory of her first husband than the late Duchesse d'Orleans. Nevertheless, she was believed to have married her secretary. 'A conscience marriage' is easy in Catholic countries save in France.

Nobody except the priest who officiates need know about it. 'A conscience marriage' might be celebrated very quietly in England by publication of banns with a slight change of names, changing say, Guelph to Wolf, or Bonaparte to Good-silver. There is also the registrar's office, where things might pass with a privacy. Scotland is the country of all others where private marriages can best be entered into. No solemnization is required, and the same that is done on a mere exchange of vows is valid.

## RHEUMATIC PAINS.

CAUSED BY AN IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

If Neglected They Will Grow Worse and Serious Results Will Follow—Rheumatism can be Permanently Cured.

From the Telegraph Quebec.

Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful affections from which humanity suffers. It affects the joints and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are unequalled by any other medicine. Mr. Cyrus Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Que., bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story:—Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which I suffered great torture. I tried a number of the supposed cures for this disease, but none of them benefited me. I seemed to be constantly growing worse, so I called in a physician, but as his treatment did not give me relief, I sought the assistance of two other doctors, but they also failed to help me. My appetite left me; my strength gradually ebbed away one of my legs were drawn out of shape, and I was never free from pain. I was in despair of ever being well again, when one day a relative brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to take them. He seemed to have such great confidence in the pills that I determined to follow his advice. To day I am happy that I did so, for with the use of less than a dozen boxes of these pills the pain from which I suffered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did before. This I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a trial.

Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an equal as a blood builder and nerve restorer. It is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves that enables these pills to cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the ordinary diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## BORN.

Amherst, Sept. 26, to the wife of Trenholm, a son.  
Amherst, Sept. 22, to the wife of John Riley, a son.  
Digby, Sept. 19, to the wife of Edgar Warner a son.  
Weston, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. S. Bartant, a son.  
Rochester, to the wife of Edmund Glegg, a daughter.  
Milton, Sept. 22, to the wife of Capt Ladd, a daughter.  
Plympton, Sept. 24, to the wife of Capt Warner, a son.  
Glenwood, Sept. 19, to the wife of Bowman Ricker, a son.  
St John, Sept. 28, to the wife of J. N. Harvey, a daughter.  
Amherst, Sept. 25, to the wife of Frank Cove a daughter.  
Bridgewater, Sept. 19, to the wife of Prof Shaw a daughter.  
Dartmouth, Sept. 27, to the wife of Charles Harvey, a daughter.  
Halifax, Sept. 28, to the wife of Robert Downie, a daughter.  
St John, Sept. 30, to the wife of Edward Henry, a daughter.  
Halifax, Sept. 24 to the wife of W. S. Withers a daughter.  
Fredericton, Sept. 28, to the wife of Percy Powys, a daughter.  
Parker Island, Sept. 16, to the wife of Joseph Burdill, twins.  
Middle River, Sept. 10, to the wife of Aubrey M. Lean, twins.  
Clark's Harbor, Sept. 4, to the wife of Mr. Headey, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Digby, Sept. 15 Wm Devos to Olinda Dubar.  
Joliveau, Sept. 25, Joshua Beck to Nellie O'Brien.  
Wolville, Sept. 25, Edgar Hall to Alice Lyman.  
Tare, Sept. 18, Joseph Wynn, to Mary McKenzie.  
Sydney, Sept. 21, James Hatfield to Lela Hatfield.  
Amherst, Sept. 25, Alfred Parsons to Lela E. French.  
Annapolis, Sept. 24, Eva Dennis to Stanley Grimm.  
Tare, Sept. 25, Frank Cotton to Ethel Stapleton.  
Amherst, Sept. 25, Lucy Carter to Medley Atkinson.  
Avonport, Sept. 25, Mildred Gould to John Johnson.  
Annapolis, Sept. 25, Edward White to Minnie Johnson.  
Halifax, Sept. 26, Frederick Irwin to Maud Nickerson.  
Tare, Sept. 23, Johnston Reynard to Martha Paterson.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, Joseph Gaynor to Jessie Hoskins.  
Windsor, Sept. 25, Walter Johnson to Irene Falsifier.  
Amherst, Sept. 25, James Morrison to Fannie Smith.  
Bible Hill, Tare, Sept. 24, James Forrester to Eva Smith.  
Windsor, Sept. 25, George Mitchell to Evelyn Smith.  
Millard, Corn, Sept. 26, Frederick Curry to Mabel Barrett.  
Halifax, Sept. 25, Reginald Spurr to Daisy McDonald.  
Bridgewater, Sept. 25, James McFarlane to Mary Pearson.

## DIED.

Kentville, Sept. 25, Mary Craig, 43.  
Kintunton, Sept. 13, John Sheen, 18.  
Summerside, Sept. 29 Mrs Hart, 22.  
Halifax, Sept. 28, George Porter, 39.  
Halifax, Sept. 26, Abner Bennett, 26.  
West Gore, Sept. 14, Mary Hoop, 48.  
Dorchester, Sept. 22, John McDonald.  
Burlington, Sept. 27, Malinda Salter, 83.  
Clementsville, Sept. 13, Eliza Fener, 78.  
Charlotteown, Sept. 24, Annie Larter, 1.  
Welsford, Sept. 20, Elizabeth Parker, 63.  
Kensington, Sept. 26, Maggie Mahon, 18.  
Fox River, Sept. 24, Robt. McFarlane, 2.  
Perth, Sept. 20, Nellie May Spurr, 9 days.  
Brocklyn, Sept. 20, Benjamin Holden, 85.  
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, Richard Jewell, 63.  
Deedsfield, Sept. 13, Leona McWilliams, 66.  
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 24, Charlotte Rice, 50.  
Springdale, Sept. 1, Lyndon Porter, 7 months.  
Hamilton, Sept. 12, Sydney Eulmar, 7 months.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 14, Florence Fletcher, 2 months.  
Knowlesville, Aug. 25, Mrs Jacob N Whitehouse, 72.  
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 24, Charles Reynolds months.

## RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton..... 5.00  
Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00  
Suburban express for Rothesay..... 11.00  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and..... 11.00  
Express for Sussex..... 11.30  
Suburban Express for Hampton..... 11.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.30  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 12.4  
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Corn..... 13.00

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6.00  
Suburban Express for Hampton..... 7.15  
Express from Sussex..... 8.35  
Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.00  
Suburban express from Rothesay..... 12.30  
Express from Halifax and Point du Chene..... 12.30  
Suburban Express from Hampton..... 12.55  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 14.15  
Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time 1 twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,  
76 St. John, N. B.