

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

The Queen at Home.

Details of the home life of Queen Alexandra are being confided to the world just now by one Sarah Tooley. Whenever a loyal Briton takes his pen in hand to write things about the royal family he dips it in honey. No mere ink will do for that sacred subject. 'The King can do no wrong' is a rule which is sometimes allowed to have exceptions, but when it comes to Queen Alexandra the British Isles display a unanimity of admiration which is lovely to behold.

According to Mrs Tooley Queen Alexandra does not believe in a mad rush to keep up with the latest fads of fashion. She doesn't go in for crez s. She is not eternally remodeling, redecorating, re-furnishing, re-everything. She applies Polonius's advice to her personal belongings and sticks to old friends. When she travels there is a whole collection of objects which travel along with her and most of them have some tender association in her memory.

She has quantities of flowers, ferns and palms in her rooms. So at least, says Mrs Tooley, and it is quite believable. The same lady is authority for the fact that the queen loves to have evidences of life around her. For many years, she says, Cockie, a famous parrot, had his cage in her dressing room, until his conversation became so noisy that he had to be banished. A soft white dove with ruby eyes would perch on his mistress's shoulder, while several dogs have passed lives of luxury upon silken cushions in her Majesty's rooms. Today the reigning pets are a white and black Japanese spaniel and a quaint little Chinese dog. They travel with the queen wherever she goes.

The real home life of the Queen has been passed chiefly at Sandringham House, which is a new house, built no longer ago than 1860. As Princess of Wales she spent more than half of each year there. It is a model estate, with picturesque cottages for the work people, a gem of a dairy; in fact all the modern improvements of big estates. The principal entrance is by the beautiful Norwich gates, a wedding gift from the city of Norwich.

The park contains 300 acres, with a winding lake overlooked from the house by a sunny terrace. The railroad is two and a half miles distant and the accommodating railway company has put up a station there with special waiting rooms for the Sandringham folks.

There is an ivy covered technical school for girls in the village hard by. Queen Alexandra founded it for teaching the girls on the estate how to spin, weave and sew. Evidently the Queen believes in the force of example, for she has her own spinning wheel and hand loom, which she occasionally uses.

There is a school for boys too, where they are taught wood carving and cabinet making and fitted for situations in towns. There are the Queen's stables where, according to the eloquent Mrs Tooley, 'the favorite backs and carriage horses lead a luxurious existence in spotless stables, lined with white tiles.' The King's stables are near by, spotless also possibly, though Mrs. Tooley neglected to be precise on this point. Also at hand are kitchen gardens and forcing houses, covering fourteen acres.

As for the dairy, the description makes one think of poor Marie Antoinette. Her thatched laiterie at the Petit Train: a wasn't much like Queen Alexandra's, but it was a model in its day and great ladies dabbled about in it then, though more gayly perhaps than the sober English dames and damsels of to-day. Says Mrs Tooley:

'Opposite is the Queen's model dairy with a dainty tea room entered from a lovely little garden. When the dairy was first started the Queen took an active interest in its management and introduced the Danish method of butter making. In the time of the old dairy women, Mrs. Bzrker the Princess and her young daughter often amused themselves by churning. The appointments are dainty and beautiful with the blue tiles, brought by the King from India, and the silver cream pans lined

eggshell china, fixed on a marble counter.

Around the walls are models in marble, terra cotta, silver and alabaster of the prize animals bred on the estate. The tea room is a dainty room literally filled with presents from the Queen's family and friends, noticeable among them being the set of Balmoral China presented by the late Queen, each piece being plaited with a view from the neighborhood of Balmoral.

There is a clubhouse erected by the King for use of the men working on the estate. Mrs. Tooley says that there are stringent rules in the club against drinking and gambling. Quite so! as the English say. People have been known to come to grief over naughty gambling games like baccarat, for instance.

The old church at the next wee village was unfit for worship, so the King had an iron one built for the people. Mrs. Tooley mentions this along with the beneficent doings of her majesties, but an iron church! One has to repeat firmly that the King can do no wrong: otherwise that iron church would be unpardonable.

Sandringham is not a show house like some of the famous old country houses. According to Mrs. Tooley's description it seems to be a purely personal habitation filled with family portraits, souvenirs of loved ones and models of pet animals deceased. The drawing room overlooks the terrace and the Queen's boudoir is about with the same outlook. One of the King's rooms is furnished with things from his cabin on the Serapis, this ship on which he went to India.

Formerly there used to be three balls at Sandringham every winter for the tenantry and servants, but these functions came to an end with the death of the Duke of Clarence. The Queen's birthday, Dec. 1, is celebrated by a tea party to the 500 school children on the estate. On this occasion the Queen and her daughters wait upon the children and play games with them. At Christmas there is a gorgeous tree, 30 feet high, with presents for everybody, and on the King's birthday there is a dinner to the laborers.

This anniversary comes on Nov. 9 and there is always a shooting party, with luncheon served in a tent where all the guests of the house come together. Of course, there is the inevitable 5 o'clock tea, which the Queen herself pours. Dinner is at 9 o'clock. Everybody who has stayed at Sandringham, says Mrs. Tooley, pronounces it the pleasantest and most homely of country houses. The Queen personally visits the rooms of her guests to see that nothing is wanting. At least she did so when she was Princess of Wales.

For years it was a family custom to walk around the estate on Sunday afternoons. The Queen petted her horse and fed them carrots and other equine dainties. Then the family party went to the kennels. The head-keeper's wife always had two dainty baskets ready, filled with pieces of bread. The Queen put on a large white apron, opened the kennel doors and distributed the contents of said dainty baskets. And the authority adds that while the dogs won't touch bread when offered by a mere keeper, they will scrupulously devour every crumb coming from the hands of their mistress.

After the dog episode the family party goes to the pheasantry, the bantam rearing ground, the dove house and so on winding up at the dairy tea room for the indispensable 5 o'clock.

Apropos of bread there is a story of days gone by which Mrs. Tooley tells to illustrate the Queen's ready sympathy. Lord Beaconsfield was once cutting, or trying to cut a retractory dinner roll, but the act, difficult enough anyway, was further aggravated by his turning to make some courtly remark to the Princess of Wales, who sat beside him. The knife slipped and he cut his finger. The Princess instantly devoted herself to giving first aid to the injured by binding up the statesman's wound. During the process he bowed and said:

'When I asked for bread they gave me a stone, but I had a Princess to bind my wounds.'

Another story was about Tennyson, who had written an ode at the time of the

Princess's arrival in England. The ode left nothing to be desired in the way of praise and glorification. It was several years before the Princess met Tennyson and then, wanting to be gracious and having forgotten just how laudatory the ode had been, she asked him to read it to her. The poet started in all right but, as he waded deeper and deeper through the honeyed verses, the praised and the praiser went from embarrassment to hilarity and ended with a burst of laughter.

Countless stories are told of the kindness and thoughtfulness of Queen Alexandra. Charity begins at home and it is worth noting that the Sandringham people adore their mistress who is also their Queen. At one little cottage a woman says:

'Yes, I've been unable to get about all winter and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent a nurse to stay with me. She's been here four months and her Majesty has been several times to see me.'

The only child of the keeper of the kennels was lying at the point of death, but the man seemed to be cheered by a telegram from the Queen at Windsor telling of her anxiety and her sympathy.

'The Queen thought a lot of our little girl,' he said, and somehow the Queen seems to have that rare gift of making everybody feel that she thinks a lot of them. Mrs. Tooley visited a neighboring hospital one day and found the place bubbling with excitement because the Queen had just been there in her motor car.

'It was most specially to see me, ma'am, that the Queen came,' remarked an old lady who had burned her face by accidentally setting fire to her cap. 'You see I've been gatekeeper for years at one of the lodges and many's the time the dear Princess has come into my cottage and when I stood up respectful like, she'd say:

Now sit down and tell me how you're all going on.

And she'd bring the dear children with her. Poor Prince Eddy! He was never far from her side; and Prince George would be running all round my place asking about everything. My accident happened when their Majesties were much engaged in London, but when the Queen came to Sandringham she said: 'I can't leave without seeing Granny,' and she brought me a basket of fruit and flowers and boxes of chocolates to the other patients. She went round all the wards, but of course, ma'am, it was most specially to see me she came.

There is another hospital nearby; one which was erected in 1877 in thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The Queen recently gave some new beds to the hospital and at her first subsequent visit lay down on one of the beds to see if the mattress and springs were all right. Most of the patients were taking the air at the time of the royal call, but when they came in and found out what had happened they got what consolation they could by taking turns rolling on the bed where she had lain. Mrs. Tooley very pertinently wonders whether the spring mattress is still in good condition after the test.

To Americans it is almost a surprise that the Prince and Princess of Wales have had any home life at all. According to the papers they seemed generally to be engaged in a mad round of laying cornerstones, opening hospitals, visiting asylums and similar doings. Toast this idea is not without foundation is shown by the following extracts culled haphazard, according to Mrs. Tooley, from the court journal:

July 6.—Visit to St. Saviours Church for Deaf and Dumb.

July 7.—Opening of new wing of French Hospital, also Fete Francaise on behalf of French benevolent institutions.

July 8.—Laying of foundation stone of new building for Royal Hospital for Incurables.

July 9.—Visit to Royal Normal College for the Blind.

This doesn't sound gay nor calculated to make one pine to be a royal personage. In fact it sounds very much as if the Queen is a working woman, and a hard-working one, too.

President Loubet's Wardrobe.

A correspondent of the Cri de Paris has ascertained certain facts in regard to President Loubet's wardrobe which are being copied with extraordinary avidity by the

Parisian and provincial press. It seems that M. Loubet has five Prince Albert coats two for summer, two for winter, and one extra for grand occasions. This last one has been worn only three times—at the opening of the exposition of 1900, at the reception of the King of Sweden and at the garden party in honor of the Shah of Persia. This gala coat differs from the others in that it has heavy silk lining and lapels. M. Loubet invariably wears a plain, black satin tie—not tied by hand but sewn together and attached with a clasp. M. Loubet used formerly to wear false cuffs, but one day, while making a sudden gesture, the right-hand cuff slipped off and rolled on the floor. This happened at the Luxembourg Palace, when M. Loubet was president of the Senate. Since then M. Loubet's trousers are very peculiar. They are black or gray in color, but their cut is of the old-fashioned pattern, with the top of armpits. M. Loubet has always worn trousers of this quiet type, and is so accustomed to them that he has an inveterate dislike for evening clothes, which, with low cut, open waistcoat, render the armpit trousers impossible. The president's wardrobe is, however, provided with several pairs of evening trousers suitable for low cut, open waistcoats.

An elderly, blighted village maiden was heard to exclaim the other day—'I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships and withstand the temptations of ardent spirits, fickle fortune, and the weather; but, oh, to live, and droop, and wither and die like a single pink. I can't endure it, and, what's more, I won't!'

'The prisoner offered this court a bribe of 50 cents to turn him loose,' said the indignant crossroads justice.

'No your honor,' replied the lawyer, 'it was \$2.'

'Now, that's something like it, and I stand corrected,' replied the justice. 'Let him go!'

'That,' we said, pointing to the yacht which was describing to the fair young girl, 'that is the waist of the vessel.'

'How odd,' she commented. 'It must be a devotee of the health garment fad.'

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p.m.): 'Fanny, don't you think it is about time to go to bed?'

Fanny: 'Yes, papa, dear. What on earth keeps you up so late?'

If I get ill, my dear, send me to the hospital.

What? Among all those pretty nurses? I think not!

Kind Friend: Poor fellow, have you got no friends? Hsp Hazard: No, mum; I hain't got nobody but relatives.

I painted a winter scene the other day that was so true to Nature that the thermometer in my studio fell twenty degrees.

Humph! That's nothing. I painted a portrait of Mr. Brown last year that was so life like that I had to slave it regularly.

A commercial traveller connected with a certain cycle company went from home to a distant place. To set his mind at rest he left orders with the nurse to wire: Gentleman's safety arrived, if the expected stranger turned out to be a boy; and if a girl, to wire the words: 'Lady's safety arrived.' Judge of his surprise and dismay when a day later a message arrived containing only the ominous word, 'Tandem!'

Drill Sergeant (to awkward squad): 'The bullet of our new rifle will go right through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads!'

'A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball, caddy?'

'No, 'm; but I think that gentleman with the red coat can tell where it struck. I see him feelin' of his head.'

Ethel: 'That detestable Mrs. Brown said that I looked thirty!'

Maud: 'How perfectly absurd!'

Ethel (elated): 'Frankly, now, how old do you think I look?'

Maud: 'About forty.'

'So you lent Harbinger the money, did you?'

'Yes.'

'What did he say?'

'He promised to pay with alacrity.'

'He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money, it's alacrity.'

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Battin or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company's Ltd. stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY,

Kidney Cry.—Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power skin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

A man's will power can't be seen under a microscope when it has been in collision with a woman's heart.—

Running Sores, the outcome of neglect or bad blood, have a never-failing balm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Sores irritate almost instantly after first application. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights. 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

He (who had been refused a kiss)—It used to be an easy matter to kiss you. What has come over you?

She—My doctor told me I must take more exercise.—

Stop the Pain but destroy the Stomach.—This is sadly to often the case. So many noxious nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

'Poor Marie, her marriage was a disappointment. Was it?'

O, yes; she didn't get half the nice presents she counted on.

Sciatics Put Him On Crutches.—J.S. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: 'My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man to day, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit. It's a marvel.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.'

Clara, 'What in the world induced you to buy more postage stamps?'

Queenie, 'why, I went to the chemist's to get some face powder, and who should be there but Charlie!'

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's Little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Her fiancé? He looks old enough to know better.'

'Appearances are deceptive. He is, in fact, only old enough to be her father.'

'One Foot in the Grave.'—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nerve as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Colonel (to friends little four-year old daughter home with her parents on leave)—'And so, my little girl, you have been to India?'

Little Girl (airily)—'Oh, I just went there to be born and then come here.'

Strong Words by a New York Specialist.—'After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails.'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Prisoner,' said the magistrate, 'you have already been sentenced eleven times for vagrancy, violent assault, embezzlement, theft etc.'

'Would you mind not speaking so loud, your Worship?' was the reply. 'My nten'ed father-in-law is in the court, and you might damage my prospects.'

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER,