

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

The King on His Throne.

They say in London that His Majesty Edward VII is wearing out the throne by sitting on it. His love of pageantry and ceremonial is developing at a pace which is likely to render the lives of those immediately surrounding him a burden. He is never tired of presenting medals, welcoming embassies, and receiving addresses and delegations.

There is indeed a pathetic tale of a certain board of Liberty Directors, with which the King, as Prince of Wales, has had a certain official connection. In their simple humility these gentlemen had not considered their position important enough to warrant, much less necessitate, a deputation and an address to congratulate His Majesty upon his accession. After a time they received, however, from a gentleman connected with the Court, a delicate intimation that the King would be gratified if they bestirred themselves. The reply was that they hoped they were not lacking in loyalty, but that, if the strict truth were told, none of them possessed a Court costume. For a moment the affair stood still. But in a few days the gentleman connected with the Court returned with an intimation, perhaps not quite so delicate, that if they did not possess Court costumes they had better purchase them. So purchase them they did, and the expense is no slight one. The deputation then presented its address of congratulation, and the King, if the newspapers which reported the ceremony are to be trusted, expressed his heartfelt pleasure in the unexpected and spontaneous act of loyalty and devotion.

If the British public is to pay for Royalty, Royalty is determined that the public shall have the worth of its money. And the King has a power of attention to detail which is as wonderful as it sometimes proves annoying to his household. Already the forthcoming Coronation is a topic of absorbing interest to the King, who keeps the Lord Chamberlain and his staff continually busy searching for precedents and rules. It has already been made known that the peers of the realm and their peeresses will be expected to appear in brand new coronation robes which must be of red satin, ermine barred, and not merely of cloth. Real coronets are also to be worn either gold or silver gilt, by the pillars of the throne, and the King has much to say as to the size, shape and dimensions of all these glorious garments. It may seem premature, but it is the fact, that the still far-off Coronation occupies many minds, inquiries being already made for furnished houses, and even for seats to view the procession.

Meanwhile the King attends to all kinds of small matters of the moment. He has, for instance, put his foot down very firmly as regards 'Gold Stick,' the emblem, no more than a walking cane, which symbolizes the personal escort of his Household Cavalry. Each Colonel of Life Guards and Blues is 'Gold Stick' in turn, and after having had a pretty easy time each, when on duty, is now expected to follow the king whenever he appears in public. 'Things have been very much neglected, I find,' he told one of these great officers of state the other day, 'and I cannot excuse your attendance wherever I go.' One 'Gold Stick' is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who has become somewhat infirm and cannot mount a horse. It will be curious to see whether he will be permitted to do his duty in a carriage.

Another of the king's duties, and one which he has shown no signs of shirking, is a general supervision of social affairs. Once, however, he was somewhat tardy with an important decision. He greatly exercised the souls of society ladies by his reluctance to decide some weighty points in the matter of dress. It was not a week before the Ascot race meeting that he finally made up his mind as to what should be worn there, half-mourning, violet, or colors. The modistes were in despair, nothing could be ordered, and it was said that no one would have 'a thing to wear.' Half-mourning was decided upon, as the King thought he could countenance no change before the proper expiration of Court mourning in July. And as every one likes to be at

least considered as belonging to the Court, there have been very few colored gowns worn by fashionable women in London this season. In the matter of amusements the flesh would, perhaps, have been weak; but the King has kept his eye on every one and has promptly interposed his veto when he heard of any proposed party, or even small and early dance.

Meanwhile, he does not play the hermit himself, and dines out somewhere almost every night of his life. Old stagers who know something of the Prince of Wales' ways recognize a certain high-stepping horse in a smart private brougham which has been pressed into the service of the King, and is to be seen leaving Marlborough House pretty regularly every evening.

He has been playing 'bridge' a great deal lately, and hostesses have had to arrange their parties with this game in view. Of course it is a great honor to have the King to dinner, but if notice that he is coming is given only the day before, as often happens, there is sometimes considerable trouble connected with the matter. The King, of course, invites himself, and sends a list of guests, and wherever the host and hostess and any of the guests may be expected to dine the engagements must be broken. A prominent official of the state was lately giving a large and distinguished dinner to Lord Roberts, the invitations having been out for weeks. The afternoon of the day before the function the king with one swoop took away about half the people expected, by putting their names on a list for dinner the following evening. American hostesses can imagine the condition of mind of the unfortunate dinner giver bereft of her guests, and congratulate themselves on not being liable to the devastations of a Royal 'Command.'

It is a little difficult to explain to Americans the curious attitude in England toward the private life of the sovereign. As far as the public prints go he might be a man without a fault, not even a foible. Unless he describes him as perfection writers do not dip their pens in ink. It is an enormous change since the days of the Georges, when such an article as caused the confiscation of the 'Irish People' would scarcely have been noticed. There has been, in fact, during the last quarter of a century a curious recrudescence of faith in monarchical institutions in England. Twenty five years ago it used to be said commonly in America, and certain phrases of English political thought may have justified the belief, that the Prince of Wales would never be King; that when Queen Victoria died England would become a republic. But England has in the interval definitely decided that she wants the monarchy. You can explain it by saying that it was found that there could be full as much freedom under a monarchy as in a republic. Or you may say that modern snobishness refused to give up a sun to whose brilliancy it could turn its adoring eyes. At any rate, so far as printed utterances go, the King, perhaps more as the sovereign than as a mere man, is made only the object of continual praise. And indeed, the position, although some people may call it hypocritical, is on the whole more than dignified than any other.

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that in private conversation in almost any class of society King Edward's subjects keep at any great distance from his character and daily occupations. Talk is free enough. One of the pleasures of having a King is that there is gossip about him—something beyond the sugary anecdotes which formed the fare during the reign of Queen Victoria. One of the amusing stories of new reign is that of the King's gift to one of his friends.

A certain Countess whose amiable relations with him have been of long standing was told one day that His Majesty wished to make her a present. 'I should like to give you something,' he said 'Go to my jeweler's pick out something you like for, say, a thousand guineas, and have it sent to me. Pick out two or three things you like, in fact; have them all sent to me

and I will make the final choice.'

The lady repaired in joyous haste to Regent Street and proceeded to inspect tiaras, necklaces and rivieres. But unfortunately there was nothing for a thousand guineas which seemed to please her. And there was—worse luck—something at eighteen hundred guineas which was charming enough to tear the heart of any woman. The lady was tempted, hesitated, finally yielded. 'Send that to His Majesty, and tell him it is the same price as the others. I will pay the difference to you privately. Only you must be sure to make him choose it.'

The jeweler waited on the King with the jewels. It was not difficult to convince him that the jewel chosen by the Countess should be kept. But when the jeweler departed he left two articles behind. It had occurred to His Majesty that there was another lady to whom he would like to be kind, so he sent away two gifts. But unfortunately the Countess' choice went to the other lady, and one of the ornaments deemed unworthy by her to the Countess—to whom also came in due time the jeweler's bill for eight hundred guineas.

The stories of the King's kindness to ladies are innumerable, but one can rarely be sure of their strict authenticity. In the fierce glare that beats upon a throne, a smile from its occupant is construed as meaning volumus. And King Edward is publicly discreet. It was the more amusing, therefore, that the accident which happened to Shamrock II while His Majesty was aboard should have brought inevitably into great prominence the fact that among the very few guests on the yacht was the lady who is supposed particularly to attract the King.

Puzzling Letters.

The confusion sometimes wrought in well-regulated minds by the simple game of Anagrams is an amusing thing to witness.

A brilliant literary man joined a group of young people who were playing the game, and was promptly provided with the letters d, r, o, s, e, l. The word was not suitable for an anagram, he was told, but was considered a good catch.

'You don't rate my powers very high, I see, as you give me only six letters,' said the literary man, good-naturedly, and then he set to work arranging and rearranging the little squares.

Ten minutes later he glanced up at the young man who was watching him. 'I believe I am beaten,' he said, with a rueful smile. 'It seems to me I've arranged the letters in every possible combination, with no result but failure.'

'What have you there now?' asked the young man.

'S-o-l-d-e-r,' was the reply. 'It's the nearest I've come to a word. I keep trying to make soldier out of it, but I find it can't be done.'

'Have you never seen a tin pail or a teakettle or anything of that sort?' asked the young man, with a face of suspicious gravity. And then, after one bewildered glance at the table, soldier was swept into a heap, and the literary light started the laugh at his own expense.

The Director Saw the Foist.

A railway director, who can take a joke as well as he can give one, is the good-natured subject of the following story:

One of the employees of the road made application to him for a pass, in order that he might go home to visit his family.

'You are in our employ?' asked the director.

'Yes, sir.'

'And you receive your pay regularly?'

'I do.'

'Well, let us suppose that you were working for a farmer. Would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and drive you home?'

'No, sir,' answered the man, without a moment's hesitation. 'I should hardly expect him to do that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should think he was a pretty mean man if he refused to give me a lift.'

And the more the director thought of it, the more it seemed to him that his question had been very satisfactorily answered.

The man got his pass.

People that run into debt that they may ride, end up by having to walk.

Your new neighbor seems to be such a cheerful lady. She would not borrow trouble. She would if she could cook or wear it.

The Secret of Their Power.

One of the most successful of the men who have carried the religion of Christ to the heathen was Bishop Coleridge Patteson, who spent his life among the savages in Melanesia. He often went to islands where no white man had ever seen before, made friends with the natives, carried back the young man to his school, and lived there with them in companionship as close as if they had been his brothers or sons.

'The Melanesian savage,' he wrote home, 'may be a cannibal, but he is always a gentleman. Sometimes I fear that when we impose calico trousers and other little civilized habits upon him he degenerates into a 'gent.'

Bishop Patteson did not require his converts to change their language, nor any customs which were not immoral. 'It is a waste of time,' he said. 'We do not want to make them Englishmen, but Christians.'

'The missionary,' he says elsewhere, 'should recognize the good in his heathen pupil, and in the religion which he has already, and not condemn them utterly.'

Such a course is just and wise in the missionary to the slums of our cities as well as in his brother in Melanesia.

The new Bishop of London was for many years before his appointment to that see an ardent worker in the most vicious districts of the city, and experience has taught him some things which are new to his more conventional brethren.

During some public ceremony, the other day, the bishop hastily excused himself to his colleagues and stepped aside to shake hands with a man in the crowd. When he returned he said: 'That's an old friend of mine. He's just out of prison. I was afraid if I did not go to him he would think I had forgotten him.'

'He—you—he is a convert now—reformed?' stammered one of his brethren.

'I don't know. I'm afraid not yet. But he has noble qualities. He is a friend of mine,' the bishop replied, calmly.

Nothing gives one man so much power over another, be he Christian, Jew, Buddhist or pagan, as to recognize in him a child of God who is honestly trying to do the best he can with his life.

His Ailment—'Well, what is the matter with your husband?' the physician asked, as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

'Imaginary insomnia?' replied Mrs. Fosdick.

'Imaginary insomnia?' repeated the physician inquiringly.

'That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets more sleep than I do.'

One of these 13-story names—'Yes, I know him very well, but I can't call his name.'

'That's funny.'

'No, it isn't. He's a Russian Pole.'

'Were you left much in your uncle's will?'

'Yes, confound it, completely.'

Tess—O! yes, I'm positive she's 28.

Jess—I suppose you saw the record in their family Bible, eh?

Tess—Better than that. I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry and she promptly said 28.

Mr. Angler (opening basket)—Yes, dear; I had excellent luck today. I'll show them—Why—why, they're salt mackerel.

Mrs. Angler (sweetly)—It's all right, dear. I told the grocer to send mackerel the next time for a change—you've caught so many fresh fish lately, you know.

'It takes generations of good blood and refined rearing to produce that lofty, high-bred air, doesn't it?' 'Oh, no! Any girl who is made head clerk in a ribbon department can acquire it in three days.'

'What are you buying all those traps for?' 'Doctor's orders. He tells me I need a little recreation, and insists that I should go duck-hunting with him.' 'Hub! Seems to me that's a sort of a quack remedy.'

'No,' said a fond mother, speaking of her twenty-five year old daughter, 'no, May isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to reply vigorously she isn't fit for a wife.'

Young Smiggins was so troubled about his debts that he joined a don't-worry club. Yes?

And he found its membership made up the men he owed.

Mr. Root's Imperial Luggage.

Secretary Root has a gift not unlike Lincoln's, of infusing humor into the laborious details of official duties. The War Secretary's office has been throughout the administration an extremely busy one. Now the hurring demands of war have been supplanted by the exacting responsibilities of regular army business.

But Secretary Root, although possessed of unusual capacity for hard and prolonged work, seems never to be hurried, and will occasionally pause in the midst of revolving routine to entertain his associates of visitors with some pleasant remark.

A few days ago he was superintending the work of revising the Cuban tariff. Item after item was dresarily gone over, and to the assembled clerks it seemed that the Secretary was not on this occasion, to enliven the proceedings with his customary wit. Suddenly his lightened up. He had come across the word 'luggage' written into the tariff, evidently by some Britisher among the clerks.

'Luggage!' exclaimed the Secretary; 'here at last is unmistakable evidence that our country is drifting into imperialism.'

The Author of Galloping Dick

It may not be generally known that there was a time when the friends of that delightful and popular novelist, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, feared that he was going to give up writing altogether. Readers will remember a period after Galloping Dick when nothing seemed forthcoming. At that time the author of these romantic tales was hard at work in 'the city,' keeping regular hours, and doing so well that he often jocularly said that he was making too much money to think of writing. No one begrudges him the money; fortunately, however, he could not keep away from writing.

He is, by the way, a kind of literary example of the unity of the British Empire having been born in Australia and educated in New Zealand.

The true American is too honest to steal and too proud to beg, so he gets trusted.—Four Hundred Laughs.

To rule your husband, my dear lady, do exactly as you please, but always pretend that you do as he pleases. That is where your ability comes in.

Et air funny, Judge, ain't et, that ther ain't only one sure winner, and that's the lawyer? Et a man's got somethin', he has ter hire a lawyer to help him keep it.

If brain workers would only do like cows—gather up their material as they walk around in the fields and woods and assimilate it while resting, well—they would have more brains.

John dear, said the bride, after they had got to keeping house, with a never-vacant 'spare room, I believe all our friends think we are perfectly miserable.

Why my dear? Well, they seem to be carrying out the idea that 'misery loves company'.

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

Pulp Wood Wanted

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

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