

# Good Stories by Clever Writers.

King Edward VII resembles his mother not only in face, but in many other particulars as well. He is sensitive, courageous and indefatigable, and of a most affectionate nature, never forgetting a friend to whom he has once attached himself.

Dress had no great fascination for Queen Victoria, and she disliked bright colours. She was always fond of white, and of lace, of which she possessed a very large and unique collection. In her youth her favourite colors were a bright blue, called Royal blue, and rose-pink.

A little incident, which she may take as an omen of good for King Edward VII., passed unnoticed by the gentlemen who write in the morning papers. On the morning of the Proclamation, before the King came out of Marlborough House he was preceded by a little black cat, which ran out of the garden and, calmly sitting down in the middle of the drive, washed its face in the presence of the people. Here that audacious cat remained for half an hour. If a carriage came down the drive it ran away, only to return with complacency to the middle of the road until the arrival of the King, when a servant caught it up. A black cat brings luck, it is said.

Queen Alexander nursed her husband's mother with an unswerving devotion, and was well-nigh as overwhelmed with grief at her loss, as Queen Victoria's own daughters. The whole nation will acclaim the gentle Princess, who has won so much love among us, as their Queen.

There was something prophetic in the Queen's parting with the Kaiser at Windsor last spring, when he bade her adieu after his visit with the Kaiserin. After having embraced him, the Queen, just as her grandson was leaving, called him back to her, and, folding him in her arms once more, fondly kissed him, as the tears streamed down her cheeks.

One of the most effective Royal funerals ever seen was that of Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV. She died at Malta, and was buried at Windsor. Her remains came by train to Slough, and in the darkness of a moonless night, the procession, consisting of a hearse and one or two mourning carriages, surrounded by Life Guards in their long cloaks, and bearing lighted torches in their hands, filed through Eton. There was a ghostly weirdness in this funeral procession that a spectator could never forget.

It is told that our dead Queen in her last days frequently asked of Princess Beatrice, "Do my people still love me?" How that devoted daughter answered her mother we may guess. No one who saw the Queen on the occasion of her visit to London as she went to the garden-party at Buckingham Palace will forget how her face beamed with answering love upon the crowd. And it is true that when Her Majesty paid her informal visit to the City early last spring during our worst anxiety about the War, her joy at the extraordinary demonstration of loyalty for her person almost overcame her. "I have enjoyed today more than either of my Jubilees," she told a friend. "At the Jubilees I thought my people had come out to see the procession as well as to see me, but today it was all for me!"

Queen Victoria, in addition to her own fortune, possessed jewels and plate and objects of art to value of at least half-a-million, which were her own private property, and quite apart from the Crown possessions at Windsor Castle, St. James Palace, and Buckingham Palace. The Crown collection of pictures, china, and miniatures are priceless, and the gold and silver plate at Windsor was valued some years ago at £1,600,000.

It is with Elizabeth that history will compare Victoria as a Sovereign. The circumstances of their reigns were indeed so different that the comparison can only be instituted with many reservations: but it is that the Victorian Era is the only one in English history that can be named in the same breath as the Elizabethan. As to the personal character of the two women Elizabeth with all her qualities lacked the wisdom, the patient endurance of sorrow, the common sense of the modern Queen

"They say the—er—late departed, said the first cannibal, indicating the dish before them, was a very learned man. Indeed, replied the other, helping himself the third time, then this is truly what the white men call an intellectual feast."

Is he a patriotic citizen? Well, he is what I call a display patriot. He makes a great to-do about the census, and always cheers himself hoarse when there's news of a British victory. But he kicks like anything when it comes to paying his taxes.

What kind of a climate have you here? It's fine. The only trouble is that the weather gets discouraged and quits too soon. The summers are too short to produce bananas and pineapples, and the winters aren't long enough to raise Polar bears.

She—"Don't talk so loud, John, for mercy's sake? You can be heard all over the building!" He—"I reckon not. Every other family in the building is quarreling, too!"

**Curiosities of Architecture.**  
The eccentricities of those who build and furnish houses are too numerous to be described within the limits of an ordinary newspaper or magazine article, but two or three instances of freakishness described by the Golden Penny may be cited in illustration of certain phases.

A Russian gentleman has erected at a cost of eighty thousand rubles on his country estate at Savinowka, in Podolia a sixteen-room house made entirely of paper. The house which was constructed in New York is calculated by its architect to last longer than would a stone building. The whole of the furniture, too, is made from the same strange material.

In County Westmeath, Ireland, a house has been built whereof all the windows are made to resemble in outline the backs of the easy chairs, being thus constructed by this eccentric owner to match the backs of a set of chairs in the dining room.

In the neighborhood of Ipswich a certain land owner thinking that the view from his house lacked a church proceeded to supply its place by erecting a row of cottages so designed as to resemble from his side the edifice required. Approach from the other direction however the sham is at once manifest.

**Trial By Jury**  
She—"I see Shamrock 11. is to have a new jury mainmast. What is a jury mainmast?"

He—"I suppose it is the only one they use in the trial races."

**Thoughtlessness.**  
Musician (ironically)—I am afraid my music is disturbing the people who are talking over there.

**Hostess**—Dear me, I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.

Dere goes Skinny Murphy with a black eye. Wot makes him so haughty dis mornin', I wonder?

Why he got soaked in de eye last evenin' by Kid McSwat, de great prize fighter, and now he won't associate wit de rest of de Gang no more.

**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 Spilling. 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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They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie R. Swink, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify to the wonderful building-up efficacy of

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It purifies the blood, gives strength and vigor, restores appetite and makes sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

#### Pointers About Newspapers.

The third edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory just received is a thoroughly complete and up-to-date handbook of Canadian journalism.

Apart from its avowed purpose the book will be found a valuable gazetteer of every city, town and village that can boast of a local paper. It gives the population of each town, indicates country seats, gives the railroads touching each place, names the villages surrounding each newspaper town, the telegraph, postal and telephone facilities and the principal industries and

Success, itself, is one of the clearest and most up to date magazines published. It is bright, cheerful and optimistic,—and inspiration and life are in every page.

In a thousand different ways, direct and indirect, it tells how to lay the foundations of true success in life,—how to climb the ladder of achievement. Its contributors include the best known names in politics, religion, science, art, literature, and industry. Business men of the highest standing men who will write for no other periodical, are willing to give the readers of Success the benefits of their wide and valuable experience. The illustrations of Success are by the best artists in the country, and the inspiration of a lifetime has come through its columns to thousands of Success readers.

King Oscar of Norway and Sweden has accepted Pres. Loubet's invitation to witness the close of the grand manoeuvres of the French army at Rheims. He will enter France at Dunkirk, having previously witnessed with Pres. Loubet the review of the northern Squadron, will welcome him to French waters.

I have just received a fresh supply of  
**Silk Elastic Stockings,  
Knee Caps  
—AND—  
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**Spring and Elastic  
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**His Prize**  
An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little-frequented street of St. Petersburg one night, when he spied, high up on a lamp post a placard.

Aha, he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, and alert for action. That's one of those incendiary notices about His Majesty the Czar! It must come down at once.

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well-known legend 'Wet Paint.'

#### Paying for a Pleasantry

It was a prisoner of great activity of speech who recently faced the magistrate in the Philadelphia Central Police Court. What is your name? asked the magistrate.

'Michael O'Halloran,' was the reply.

'What is your occupation?'

'Phwat's that?'

'What is your occupation? What work do you do?'

'O'm a sailor.'

The magistrate looked incredulous.

'I don't believe you ever saw a ship, he said.

'Didn't O', thir?' said the prisoner. 'An phwat do yez tink O'i come over in—a haak?'

The Philadelphia Record says that it went hard with Michael O'Halloran after that.

About 12.30 Monday morning a benzene tank exploded at the Atlantic Refining Co's plant, Philadelphia, where a fire had been in progress. It is reported three persons have been killed and about a score injured. Ten tanks of benzene have already been destroyed by fire. The loss will probably reach \$500,000.

Warrants for the arrest of three persons of prominence in the police department will in all probability be issued in New York Tuesday as a result of the secret inquiry Justice Jerome has been conducting in the case of 'the people of the state of New York against Edward G. Glenson and others, according to information which the Times will print Tuesday.

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The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50, six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

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'Yesterday my uncle sent me 100 marks to pay my shoemaker's bill. I was so surprised and moved by my uncle's kindness that I came near actually paying the bill.'

'Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear it my hair tonight?'

'Yes, mum, but—'

'But what?'

'I have mislaid the hair, mum.'

Mrs. Newlywed—Well, papa writes that he will endorse no more of your notes under any circumstances.

Mr. Newlywed—I am glad of it, I'm tired of lying to my bankers about what a fine chap your father is.

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MADE AND GUARANTEED BY



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49c.	61	cents.
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