

A Sketch of Windsor Castle.

The history of Windsor Castle is the history of England since the Norman Conquest.

Edward the Confessor granted the site of the castle and the town to the Abbot of Westminster, but William the Conqueror was so struck with the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the importance of the situation as a military post that he 'traded' with the Abbot for some land in Essex, and erected a fortress which Henry the First enlarged.

Court was first held in the new palace in 1110, after which it was often the scene of regal festivities.

Stephen during his reign considered it only next in importance as a stronghold to the Tower of London.

Henry II, held a Parliament within its walls in 1170, when, in addition to the English Barons, King William of Scotland was present.

Nothing but the fear of treachery prevented Windsor from being associated with Magna Charta, instead of the neighboring plain of Runnymede, where the meeting of the Barons and King John took place.

Contending factions alternately had possession of the Castle during the reign of Henry III., and many alterations were made during that period. Indeed, the only parts which remain exactly as in the time of Henry III. are the towers on the western wall, and even these have been refaced.

While alterations were going on in 1852 some houses being pulled down in Thames street, a subterranean passage, from the Garter tower to the bottom of the ditch, with the masonry in good condition, was discovered. The magnitude of this is appreciated by looking down the precipitous 'Castle Slopes' from the heights of the north terrace. This noble promenade was added by Queen Elizabeth.

Another 'sally port' was discovered later on the south side, but is probably later than Henry III.

Windsor was the principal residence of the first and second Edwards, and here Edward III. was born.

Edward III., who instituted the noble Order of the Garter, rebuilt the Castle almost entirely, employing William de Wykeham (Bishop of Winchester) as superintendent of the works at a weekly salary of seven shillings, with three more for his clerk. He also rebuilt the chapel of St. George.

In 1554, August 3, Queen Mary and her Consort, Philip II of Spain, made their grand public entry into Windsor.

To Charles I this Castle was first a palace and then a prison.

Charles II, the 'Merry Monarch,' took up his residence after the Restoration, and made 'alterations' rather than improvements. His interior changes are not criticized, however.

Noble avenues of elm and beech trees, and park improvements generally marked the regimes of William III and Queen Anne.

George I., who apparently resided here, introduced the Continental custom of dining in public every Thursday.

George III made it his chief residence. Mainly out of his own private purse he restored the north front, renovated the Chapel Royal and built the Royal Vault.

In 1823, when George IV. took up his residence here, began the enormous expenditure that made the Castle what it is today.

His brother, the 'Sailor King,' William IV., though very popular, received little credit for the carrying on of this work.

But the entire plan, made by Sir Jaffrey Wyattville in 1842, was only completed in the reign of Victoria, who now rests here, where, with the Prince Consort, she loved to live a beautiful home life so different from the hollow pomp and circumstance which distinguished that of most of her predecessors.

Windsor Castle and Windsor town are on the best of terms, the latter being the dearest, sleepiest, old place possible.

Up Thames street, from the railroad station at Windsor, skirting the castle wall, and then up Castle Hill, passing the dead Queen's statue, one turns to the left and enters the Lower Ward by the King Henry VIII. gateway.

One sees the residences of the military knights in a row at the right, with St. George's Chapel over opposite at the left. St. George's Chapel is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in England and was the scene of the last sad public ceremony over Victoria.

The site is known to have been sacred to church buildings since the time of Henry I., and it is thought, from fragments in Norman style excavated in 1858, that the same holds good back to the time of Edward the Confessor. Patrons of this ancient edifice still stand in the south wall of the Dean's cloisters. There are passages so dim and narrow that one shrinks from entering.

The chapel, built by Edward III., was the first to be dedicated to St. George. Though it stood but a century, the present building was built in the same place and bears the same name.

An admirable stone ceiling supported by the ribs and groins of ancient Gothic pillars; the splendid west window with its six tiers of great 'Englanders' and heraldic bearings; the finest choir organ, which is at the east end; the Prince Consort memorial window. 'To the honor of God and to the memory of the most regretted Prince,' the silver-gilt altar cross, presented by Victoria in commemoration of her jubilee, and, indeed, innumerable royal mementoes, are to be seen here.

Victoria restored and beautified beyond description this east end of St. George's Chapel as a memorial to the Prince Consort.

It was built by Henry VII. as a royal mausoleum for himself, but Wolsey, before falling from his high estate, persuaded this monarch to give it to him for his own body; hence it was known as Wolsey's tomb house.

Charles I. had the same idea, and embellished it accordingly, but parliament seized and sold the handsome fittings.

Three great marbles occupy this wonderland of beautiful detail—the sarcophagus of the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Clarence, and the cenotaph of the Prince Consort.

Down the Castle Hill to the southwest of the Round Tower, are the royal mews.

Covering four acres, and boasting buildings costing 70,000 pounds, these buildings which were finished in Victoria's day, occupy three quadrangles, and provided ample accommodation for her 100 horses and 40 carriages.

The Queen's gallery was at the east end of the riding school.

Some taunting sheep may disturb themselves long enough to regard one who walks down that noble avenue, the Long Walk, with the carriage road in the centre formed by command of Queen Anne, in 1710.

To Snow Hill it is straight as an arrow, and here there is an equestrian statue of George III., to which a guest of the Queen once referred as 'the copper horse.'

This magnificent approach to the castle with Frogmore where her late Majesty and the Prince Consort are buried, laying off to the south of it is about three miles in length.

Any lover of trees would be in his element here, with the stately rows of arboreal monarchs set out by Charles II., in 1680.

The double avenue is 70 yards across and there are 1 652 trees placed 30 feet apart in every direction with a 150-foot avenue between the inner rows.

Overdoing The Maternal.

Some of the disadvantages of a plurality of motherhood have been put in evidence in Chicago, where the Thursday Club, an aristocratic gathering of twenty-five ladies of a good deal of time and money, philanthropically adopted young Victor Thompson, aged eleven, with the intention of making him a particularly useful member of society.

But whether Victor was lacking in the essential elements of grace, or the combined mothers pursued a mistaken policy of child-rearing, the mournful fact was that Victor soon became the terror of the neighborhood, fought his playmates, defied his elders, and was ignominiously expelled from the school whither he had been sent to receive his preliminary training 'for admission to the bar.'

This experience seemed to satisfy Victor for he calmly announced to the ladies that he was now about to return to his real mother,—of whom the adopted mothers had never heard,—and he concluded his farewell with these expressive words:

You ladies are all right, but there's too many of you. I ain't no twenty-five kids, and I ain't goin' to be good no twenty-five different ways all to once!

In all probability young Victor was not aware that in homely speech he was not merely setting forth a mathematical fact,

but was presenting an object lesson in the extreme perils of plural mother. There have been cases where one woman, with more or less success, has brought up twenty-five children, but it is not yet recorded in any book of statistics of high feminine endeavor that twenty-five women have succeeded in cooperating materially to the specific advantage of one child.

Victor was not grammatical, and he was not wholly respectful in his statement of the case, yet he certainly presented an argument as to the difficulty of 'being good twenty-five different ways at once' which has not been overcome by the debaters of the other side.

It seems a pity to discourage feminine philanthropy when cited along such worthy lines, but Victor's logic is unanswerable, and the Thursday Club must give up its pet idea or appoint a committee of one on maternal training. How unfortunate it is that a boy who can be in twenty-five different kinds of mischief simultaneously is unable to be angelic in as many different ways as twenty-five anxious adoptive mothers may felicitously suggest!

SULTAN THIRSTS FOR BLOOD.

Fear of Poison has Made of him a Fiend incarnate.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, filled with a dread of death by poison and seeing in every person around him a probable assassin has perpetrated the most atrocious crimes to rid himself of fancied enemies. Even his own children do not escape the consequences of his mania. Ghastly tales of his cruelties have recently leaked out through the indiscretion of exiled Turkish diplomats.

Sometimes at table terror seizes the sultan that the food and water have been poisoned. Jumping from his divan, he will seize all the water carafes and dash them to pieces on the marble floor. Calling for an empty one, he will go cautiously to the fountain in the court of his palace and after allowing the water to run for an interminable time, finally wash the carafe, fill it and resume his place at the table.

His food is now prepared by a French cook brought from Paris and closely watched by spies. The cook has a set of royal seals given him by the sultan, with which each plate of food is sealed up in an iron and steel coffer, which is brought to the sultan to personally open.

The sultan alone knows the combination of the lock and after careful examination, breaks the seals and takes out his food. Despite these precautions 15 trusted spies watch the French chef, and a bodyguard conveys the food coffer to and from the dining room.

Each of these detachments of spies is surveyed by another so as to insure fidelity and it is estimated that the sultan spends at least the third of his income on his personal spy system.

A GIRL'S PERIL.

A BRIEF STORY OF INTEREST TO ALL YOUNG WOMEN.

Fallor, Headaches, Dizziness and a Feeling of Constant Languor Overcome—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

There are thousands of young girls throughout Canada who owe their good health, it not life itself, to the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Among these is Miss Maud Patterson, whose home is in the vicinity of Strathroy, Ont. To a reporter who interviewed her, Miss Patterson said: "Several years ago I began to suffer from headaches, was easily tired out, and could see that my health was not what it had been. At first I did not think there was anything serious the matter, and thought the trouble would pass away. In this, however, I was mistaken, for as time went on I became weaker. The headaches attacked me more frequently, my appetite failed; if I stooped I would grow so dizzy that I would almost fall over. I became very pale, and always felt tired and worn out. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to rejoice that I followed the advice, and as I continued their use, it seemed as though day by day they were imparting new life to me. My appetite improved, the headaches disappeared, the pallor left my face, the dizziness that bothered me so much also disappeared, and I felt altogether like a different person. I feel that I owe my renewed health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I know that there are many girls who suffer as I did I would urge them to lose no time in giving this medicine a fair trial."

The case of Miss Patterson certainly carries with it a lesson to others who may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthening the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Ability of Dr. Chase.

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Coneseon, Ont.:

Mr. James Dellibunt, Coneseon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water

was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., Coneseon, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellibunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MICE CALL ON CHARLIE WAGNER.

A White Invasion In Grand Street While the Cat Was On Duty.

Mice ran rampant the other afternoon in the store of Charlie Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, and it was unnecessary to send for the police to drive away the crowd that gathered in and outside the store. The mice were of the white variety and belonged to an Italian organ grinder. They are so tame that in ordinary times they climb up the organ grinder's coat and perch on his shoulders.

The organ grinder took up his stand in front of Wagner's store and the wheezy old organ began to grind out the 'Blue Danube.' Perhaps because of the extreme cold the Italian neglected to change the tune when he had played it once.

When Wagner, who was inside the store, first heard the strains of the 'Blue Danube,' he smiled and said to his brother John, 'Dot was a beautiful tune. Id maigs me feel good ter hear id.' About an hour later when it was still going he showed signs of nervousness. Another hour went by and then Wagner said to his brother, 'Chonnie, I lofe moosic, bud py chumminy, I ged an earache py mine ear.' 'Count Sparenberg of Hoboken, Wagner's intimate friend, came into the store at this juncture.

'Charlie,' he said, 'a joke is a joke and this one has gone far enough.'

'Vat choke vass is?' asked Wagner.

'Why,' said Sparenberg, 'your friend Simon Steingut, the mayor of Second avenue, paid that organ grinder a dollar to stand in front of your store all the afternoon and play that tune. I thought you would have dropped by this time.'

'He didt, did id?' shouted Wagner.

'Vell I vill see about id.' Wagner grabbed a yardstick and rushed out of the store brandishing it in the air. He pushed his way through the crowd and yelled to the organ grinder, 'Ged out, ged out! Ged away from mine store puddy quivek alrehty, or I breg your headt.'

In the excitement that followed the cage with the mice was overturned and fell to the sidewalk. The mice scampered into the store. The women in the place began to shriek and jump up on the stools and counters. The saleswomen were as badly frightened as the customers and the scramble for places of safety resembled a football rush.

Wagner was arguing with the Italian on the sidewalk when he heard the uproar within and rushing inside quickly took in the situation. It was then his turn to get wildly excited. He pushed his way through the crowd of frightened women and shouted: 'Hey, Chonnie, ged me mine scheutzen gun! Gill offery one of does mice or dere vill be a regular murder here! Hey you, Chacob Messmer, go down undt find dat cat! Ach mein Gott! such a cat! Vere is id now ven he is wanted, yes?'

'Chonnie,' came from the back room with a double-barrelled shotgun with a ram rod attached and handed it to Wagner. At sight of the gun there was an increased volume of feminine shrieks and a rush for the door. The saleswomen went with the others and the only ones left were Wagner, 'Chonnie' Messmer and the Italian, who, by this time, had managed to make his way into the store.

Then there was a mad chase after the mice. Wagner tried to discharge the gun, but it would not go off, because it was not provided with the old-fashioned percussion caps. The Italian finally managed to make himself understood sufficiently to induce Wagner and the others to retire to the rear of the store while he whistled and got the mice together without much difficulty, and placed them back in the cage.

The crowd outside was so large that it was with difficulty that the street cars could pass, when several policemen ran into the store the crowd followed.

Everything was explained satisfactorily and the police quickly scattered the crowd. The Italian was happy at recovering his pets but Wagner was angry clean through.

'I will find dot Steingut undt figs him for dot choke,' he said as soon as the store again assumed a normal appearance, and the saleswomen with sheppish faces took their places behind the counter.

Fists Out With a Buffalo.

In 'Bullet and Shot in Indian forest, plain and hill,' Mr C. E. M. Russel relates a thrilling adventure which befell Colonel C., a member of Lord Robert's staff, while he was buffalo-hunting in India.

The colonel had wounded a buffalo. Re-loading as he ran forward, he was disconcerted when the animal charged at him from behind a clump of bamboos.

Colonel C. interposed a tree between himself and the bull, who cut a piece out of the bark with his horn as he rushed by, and then turned and went at the man again with the same result.

C. then thought that he would try to reach a larger distant tree. He started but tripped over a bamboo hidden in the grass, and fell prone, upon which the bull overtook and did his best to horn him. The beast ripped the colonel's garments and at last, getting his horn under him, tossed him several feet and came and stood over him.

Colonel C. now did a most unwise thing. He sat up and hit the buffalo in the eyes with his fists, and kick him on the nose. Fortunately the bull left the man and went off.

The hunter's knuckles were terribly skinned, and his gold ring was battered out of all shape. This bull, luckily for the colonel, did not behave at all as one would have expected. The battering of a man's feet and fists would only enrage the ordinary buffalo, and insure a terrible, if not fatal, punishment to the man.

Nervilline Cures Pale.

This is the testimony of sufferers in every part of the Dominion. Mr. Benjamin Dillon of Leeds, Ont., states: "I am not in the habit of puffing up proprietary medicines, but I feel it my duty to add to the testimony as to the marvellous value of Nervilline as a remedy for pain. Nothing I think equals it as a universal remedy and householders ought to feel it as much a necessity as bread itself." Sold by dealers in medicine everywhere.

Over Nothing.

'This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel.'

'What possible connection is there between the two?'

'It's practically having words over nothing.'

As to Beasts.

'There's the worst deadbeat in this town,' remarked the observant citizen.

'Oh, I don't know,' replied the policeman. 'That deadbeat isn't a marker to mine. Ny beat takes in the cemetery.'

HEADACHE RELIEVED INSTANTLY:

Got a constant headache? Ten chances to one the secret of your suffering is that "white man's burden," catarrh. Here's a sentence from one man's evidence for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "One application gave me instant relief, cleared the nasal passages and stopped the pain in my head." It's a quick, safe and sure treatment, and it never fails to cure. 20