

STRANGE FOLK

Who Are Buried in Historic Westminster Abbey.

SAINTS AND SINNERS, MEN OF RENOWN AND SOME ORDINARY PEOPLE

Have Found Their Last Resting Place There.

Sir Henry Stanley is not to lie, as he wished to lie, by the side of Livingstone. England's great Valhalla is all but full. But it is full of heroes?

There, in the shrine sacred to the memories of centuries of immortal men, in the shadow of the Houses of Parliament, lies all that is left of the dust of the makers and builders of England, all that is mortal of the men and women whose lives fill the history books and works which were the beginnings of a greatness nobler and vaster than they conceived.

A Strange Company.

Yet there, too, though we would forget it, lies the dust of those who worked for ill.

It is a strange and startling company that would fill the Abbey if its honored and dishonored dead could wake up in the night. The son of Charles Stuart would meet the daughter of Cromwell; William Pitt would be standing, it might be, with a pugilist or a spy; Robert Browning would be in the company of a writer of disgraceful plays. Great and little, good and bad, famous and infamous, meet at this shrine of immortality. The shelter of the Abbey has not always been so jealously guarded as it is today. Here, in the holy quiet of the cloisters, is a monument to a prize fighter! Why it is here probably no man knows—no man in the world knows why some of the people buried in the Abbey should ever have been there.

John Broughton, if he had ever any title to a place at Westminster, has certainly not left it clear to his posterity. He was a waterman, who lived through most of the eighteenth century, and revealed his bent for fighting by knocking his brother down. He knocked his brother down so well that he left his boat to become a "public brouiser," and his booth in Tottenham Court Road was the resort of the elite of the brouse-loving fraternity. You would have found even royalty there, until one day when the Duke of Cumberland backed him for ten thousand pounds, and Broughton lost. The Duke never forgave him, and though he had made his protegee a Yeoman of the Guard, he took away his patronage and left Broughton to grow rich alone at his theatre off Oxford Street. There he fought until he died and was carried to his grave by five pugilists appointed by himself. He has a niche in frame as the father of prize fighting in England, and it is surely the strangest claim that any man has ever had for being honored in the most sacred spot of English earth among statesmen and poets and kings.

The Oldest Tenant of the Abbey

There would be room for all our great men in the Abbey if great men only had been buried there. The doors in centuries past were thrown open very wide. The Duke of Buckingham buried a Scotsman there for no other reason than that he was his friend, and on the funeral day a dog was buried in Tothill Fields in public ridicule. Thomas Parr, though he did not write poems, was not a poet, could advance, at any rate, one claim to live in Poets' Corner. Was he not the oldest man alive? That is reason enough, clearly, why he should lie where Shakespeare does not lie, and it was reason enough in his day, it would appear, why he should lie among our kings.

Parr, if the inscription in the Abbey speaks the truth, was 152, and lived under ten rulers of England. He married again, it is said at 122, and threshed corn at 130. He began life as a farm

servant in Shropshire, and would have died, no doubt on his Shropshire farm if the Earl of Arundale had not unearthed him, brought him up to town by stage, and presented him as a "piece of antiquity" to the King. "What," asked Charles Stuart, "have you, who have lived longer than other men, done more than other men?" And Parr informed the King that he had done penance in a white sheet when he was a hundred. Parr was exhibited as a curiosity at a tavern in London until he died, and in 1635 the "old, old, very old man" was buried in—Poets' Corner! He had, perhaps, one other claim to the honor than his years; he adopted the religion of his ten kings and queens. He came into this world raw, said he to Charles Stuart, and he saw no good in being broiled out of it.

A Villain Among the Saints.

More bitter was the insult paid to the dead when Thomas Thynn was laid in the Abbey in 1632. He was an infamous man, murdered in Pall Mall by the creatures of a Swedish count who wanted to marry Thynn's wife—a girl three times married at seventeen. The men were hanged at the scene of their crime, where Waterloo Place now is, and the assassination is depicted in bas-relief in Westminster Abbey, where the villainous Thynn lies with Chatham and Dickens and Wilberforce.

In the same company lies Alpha Bohn, the barber's daughter who was the first woman to live by her pen in England. She was a notorious and scandalous person, fit for the court of Charles II., who used her as a spy, and some of her plays were the worst plays ever acted. She delighted in her wickedness and rests with her the saints.

The stage in olden times was more closely allied to the Church than now. Thomas Betterton tottered off the Haymarket stage into a grave in Westminster Abbey. He was old and crippled with gout when he trembled through his last triumph before a house packed with great people, and in two weeks the same great people were gathered again in the abbey to see the ac or go dummy through his last part. Here lies Mrs. Bracegirdle, and here, too, Ann Oldfield, her rival for fame. Born in a tavern, she went on the stage almost before she was in her teens, and she grew up a woman with a great gift and no character. The ready Dean of the Abbey found her a place when she died, and Ann went to her grave as she would have gone to a play.

One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead.

And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.

Pope makes her say, and the actress was laid in her coffin decked with Brussels lace and wearing new kid gloves. The preacher in the Abbey buried her, he told the mourners, "very willingly and with much satisfaction!"

The Heart in the Urn.

Under the seat in which he sat so many years lies strange old Peter Haydn, the sub-dean whose quarrels with the dean

A Death From Heart Disease.

Overtakes Those who Neglect Their Weak Heart and Tired Nerves.

FERROZONE

Is the One Sure Heart Tonic That Always Cures.

An attack is liable to come at any time from over-exertion, excitement or emotion.

If blood rushes to your head and palpitation and shortness of breath are noticeable, there's great cause for alarm.

A. F. Beattie of the Allen Hotel, Bay City, Mich., was cured of heart disease by Ferrozone. See if your case is similar to his:

The Symptoms.

Nervousness Palpitation
Trembling Dizziness
Sinking Feeling Heart Pains
Short Breath Weakness

Mr. Beattie says:

"I was weak and miserable.

"I was subject to heart palpitation and dizziness.

"As I grew worse I began to have trembling and sinking sensations.

"Ferrozone strengthened my heart, gave vigor to my nerves, soon made me well. It's a great builder."

The one medicine for the people with weak heart and poor nerves is Ferrozone, 50c. a box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

were the scandals of Westminster. When the squabble about the ownership of the great pew, the seat of highest honor came to an end, Peter won, and Dean Williams had his ears nailed to the pillory and went for three years to the Tower. He came back one day when Peter was preaching, and led by six bishops into the Abbey, he took his seat, banged his stick on the staff of the floor, and cried out: "No more on that point, Peter," so insistently that Peter had to stop.

But the incongruities of the Abbey are endless, and we must break up our mixed assembly. Here and there, not to be counted on one or two hands, are the graves of little children. The oldest inhabitant of the Abbey is (?) 152 years; the youngest is one day old. The little son of Henrietta Maria, the exiled Queen of Charles I., was born, christened, and buried in one day. Beside him lies his sister of four. The first child buried in the Abbey was dumb, the little daughter, five years old, of Henry III. "Jane Lister, dear child," is one of the touchingly simple inscriptions to be found in the cloisters. Jane was a little girl of five, whose father was a queen's physician. "Nicholas Baginail," we read on another tablet. Nicholas died in 1688; he was two months old, and his heart was placed in an urn. Twenty-five years after his mother came to the Abbey, never to leave it until the dead awake. There was a pathetic petition in her will. "I desire," said Lady Anne Bagenall, "that the heart that is in the urn be thence taken out and put into my body with mine." Many strange things have been done in the Abbey, but it is not known today whether the heart of little Nicholas was taken from the urn.

Catarrhal Deafness is Caused

By a thickening of the lining membrane of the middle ear owing to prolonged inflammation from Catarrhal germs. The only cure is Fragrant, healing Catarrhzone, one which is carried by the air you breathe to the remotest parts of the throat and ear; it reaches the source of the trouble and cures deafness permanently. Every sufferer from impaired hearing should use Catarrhzone which has effected many wonderful cures. You simply breathe its healing medicated vapor—very easy and pleasant. Do this and your hearing will be restored. Catarrhzone never fails; it is guaranteed. Two months' treatment for \$1.00 at druggists.

Donald was Misunderstood.

A good story has just leaked out in reference to Lord Kitchener's visit to the Duke of Portland at Langwell last year. His Grace is very affable to his gillies and attendants, and one day when out with one of them, whom we shall call Donald, he inquired how he liked Kitchener.

"Weel, sir," was the reply, "he's very weel as a shot an' a good hand at sa'mon, but he's narrow."

"How's that? I always thought he was very liberal?" said His Grace.

"Och! weel, it's just this way," responded Donald. "The ither day when he shot a sag he asked me if I wad tek' a dram, and I said 'Yee.' He began pourin' out the whisky into the cup, an', by way o' bein' genteel, I says 'Stop!' an', dash it, he stoppiv. Aye, he's rale narrow."

A HELPLESS CHILD.

A weak and puny child is badly handicapped in the battle of life. It is isolated from the healthy enjoyments of its little fellow-beings. It cannot partake either of their play or their study work and progress in the world; its whole life is embittered by incapacity and weakness.

Any mother who expects to become a mother ought to know what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do both for her own health and safety during her time of trial and also to insure her in bequeathing a fair measure of health and strength to the prospective little one.

Instead of spending his money for necessities the rich man can invest it in bonds and live on luxuries.

When Your Appetite Fails

And it makes you dizzy to even think of eating, you need Ferrozone the greatest of appetizing tonics. It builds up the whole body, the taste becomes aware of new flavors in food you never noticed before. A relish and after-satisfaction in eating is another result from Ferrozone which improves the digestion and converts everything eaten into nourishment for the blood, and brain and nerves. Just one Ferrozone tablet after meals, easy to take and pleasant. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

THE GRAND MASTER

Organ of the Order of Oddfellows

SAYS NICE THINGS ABOUT BROTHER SAMPSON.

(From the Independent Oddfellow.)

Readers of the Oddfellow who were interested enough to peruse in last month's paper the account of the annual meetings of the Grand Bodies held at Fredericton, N. B., will be pleased to see in this issue something about the worthy brother selected as the chief officer of the Grand Lodge of the Maritime Provinces for the next year.

Bro. Charles A. Sampson, the newly installed Grand Master, is an Oddfellow worthy the respect and esteem of every member of the Order, a brother who, by his life of morality, activity in matters relating to his residential city, his public spiritedness and general usefulness as a citizen, together with his many years of devoted adherence to the cause of the Oddfellowship, is fully entitled to the honor bestowed upon him by his brother Oddfellows, the highest honor which is theirs to bestow.

Bro. Sampson is a native of the province, having been born in the historic town of St. Andrews sixty-four years ago. In his youth he removed with his parents to the city of Fredericton, where his education was completed at the old Baptist Seminary. Upon the death of his father he entered the office of the Royal Gazette, and after serving a full apprenticeship and mastering the intricacies of the trade, gave up the printing business and, in company with an employee of Farmers' Express Company of St. John, carried on a successful express business between St. John and Grand Falls, with agencies in different parts of the province.

In 1877 Bro. Sampson was appointed secretary of the School Board, which position he has continued to occupy since that time, and in the many years in office has had the privilege of signing his name to the permits for admission to the public schools of many of the men and women of today. In 1876 Bro. Sampson married the eldest daughter of the late George Hatt, but Mrs. Sampson died some years ago. Two daughters were the issue of this marriage, one of whom has subsequently been removed by death. His surviving daughter is well known by many members of the Order, as Miss Sampson has on many occasions accompanied her father on his annual visit to Grand Lodge.

Bro. Sampson is a member of the Methodist denomination, and for many years has been an active official in the church, serving on the trustee board, the Quarterly Official Board and in the Sabbath school, and for many years has represented his church in annual conference.

In public matters Bro. Sampson has also shown more than ordinary interest and activity, having been a well known Justice of the Peace for years, and some years ago was elected by a very flattering vote to a seat at the aldermanic board, but this latter position not proving attractive to him his friends failed to induce him to offer again. In politics Bro. Sampson is a Conservative, but very fair minded and always ready to give credit where credit is due.

In addition to his duties in the matters mentioned, Bro. Sampson is the secretary-treasurer of Victoria Public Hospital, a very fine institution of its kind, founded some years ago by Lady Tilley, and also secretary of the Bible Society, secretary of the S. P. C. A. and identified with other organizations. Known as the father of Victoria Lodge, it may well be assumed that our worthy brother is one of the oldest Oddfellows of the Celestial City, and such is the case, he having been admitted to Victoria Lodge in 1874, and his interest and activity being at once recognized he was not long in reaching the principal chair. In 1879 he was first elected a representative to Grand Lodge, and with the exception of three occasions has been present at every session of Grand Lodge held since that time, and as may readily be supposed was known to a great many of his Oddfellow brethren throughout the jurisdiction.

For many years Bro. Sampson acted as District Deputy for the Grand Master, but in Grand Lodge had always been modest in aspiring for honors, but two years ago his friends came to the conclusion that it was time his worth was recognized, and when his name was put forward as a candidate for Grand Warden it was at once conceded that he was the man for the office. He was easily elected, and last year went into the

He Deserved Pity

His suffering from Sciatica was so great, but thanks to Nerviline he was cured. "I suffered for three years from sciatica," writes E. S. Jenkins of Portland, "and no man ever suffered more. I spent a small fortune on different remedies but the only one with real merit was Nerviline. I used a few bottles of Nerviline and was perfectly cured. I can recommend Nerviline as a sure cure for sciatica; it's excellent also for rheumatism and neuralgia." Try Nerviline, 25c. at all druggists.

office of Deputy Grand Master unopposed, and this year, in the city where he has so long resided, was unanimously chosen by the Grand Lodge as their chief officer.

In his own lodge Bro. Sampson has been looked upon as an oracle of wisdom, and has been the means of healing many breaches and calming many a rising storm, and has gained the love and esteem of his fellow lodge members, who, five years ago, presented him with a veteran jewel, a gift which he prizes as one of his most valuable possessions.

In the deliberations of the Grand Lodge Bro. Sampson has always taken an active and intelligent interest, bringing to his work in important committees and in the debates on the floor, his broad experience and the knowledge gained in his many years in different departments of work, together with a forcible and eloquent manner of expressing his ideas so that he is always able to command an attentive hearing when he has the floor.

Grand Master Sampson has seen the Grand Lodge over which he presides grow from a small assembly to a large and influential body, ruling over the destinies of several thousand Odd Fellows. He has seen many of the most prominent and able Odd Fellows of these provinces pass out of the work as all must pass in time. He has a large experience in matters pertaining to the great work in which we are engaged and with his well known love for and enthusiasm in the work, we are looking for a continuation and enlargement of the successful conduct of the affairs of the Order inaugurated by his predecessors in office. All the Odd Fellows wish Bro. Sampson success in his work and a year of pleasure and profit as Grand Master, and by sympathy and co-operation will do all in their power to make his term of office a notable one in the history of the Order in the Maritime Provinces.

Almost Every Woman

Is inclined to habitual constipation and should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which cleanse the system and regulate the stomach and bowels. For mild and sure relief use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Tell your children what lies and they will soon band you back the other colour.



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. He tried to cure me, but after experimenting for several months, my husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed the testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one-half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, MRS. L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Association.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.