

ROYAL EXILS WED IN ENGLAND

Princess Louise of France and Prince of Bourbon—
Glittering Host of Royal Personages

London Daily Mail: Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicilies, was married on Saturday to Princess Louise, sister of the Duke of Orleans, head of the Bourbon royal house of France.

If Evesham were not so characteristically English a little town, with its contrast of the half-timbered Tudor houses, of its picturesque antiquity, and the rows of red-brick buildings of its modern prosperity, it might even Frenchify its spelling and be known for the rest of history as "Yvecham-le-Royal" in spite of its association with the revival of the glided splendours of the Royal House of France.

But never can fade from local memory Saturday's display of royal pomp and magnificence and the great gathering of reigning Sovereigns and Princes and Princesses of the bluest blood in Europe.

A ROYAL EXILE.

The occasion which gave to Evesham the golden day of history was a wedding in the family of a French Prince who has resided for some years on an estate he possessed at Wood Eorton, in the Avon Valley, a couple of miles or so from the town. Of the Duke of Orleans Evesham ordinarily has seen or known little, except that he bore himself very proudly, lived very quietly, preserved largely, was a great deal abroad on expeditions of sport and adventure, and was unable, for political reasons, to live in his own country. But it was perhaps hardly recognized that in his person were united the glorious traditions and the high ambitions of the French monarchy. His sister, the Princess Louise, people knew better, since, spending from infancy a great part of each year in the locality, she had grown up under their eyes into a beautiful young lady, tall and stately of look and carriage. But perhaps they had hardly realized how exalted of rank and station she was.

It was the marriage of this Princess and the assertion which it necessitated by display of royal splendor and ceremony of the high estate of the family of Wood Norton, which gave to Evesham the opportunity of witnessing such an assemblage of royal personages as has never perhaps been seen in these islands, except on the occasions of great events in the history of our own Royal Family.

KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN PRESENT.

The bridegroom, Prince Charles of Bourbon, an Infante of Spain, belongs to the Sicilian branch of the great royal line which has furnished occupants to half the thrones, and is akin by blood or marriage to most of the reigning families of Europe. Among the relatives of the bride and bridegroom present at the ceremony were the King of Spain, with his English Queen, the Queen of Portugal, Princess Henry of Battenberg, our own King's sister, the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Grand Duchess, of the Imperial house of Russia, and a glittering host of representatives of the proudest and noblest families of France, Spain and Austria.

It was not only in respect of the exalted rank of the participants and assistants to the ceremony that the wedding was a royal function. For in every respect that the circumstances permitted the suggestion was emphasized of the pomp and ceremony of a royal Court. The temporary chapel erected in the Wood Norton grounds had been made at great care and cost to suggest such a place as would not be inappropriate for a glittering function of the Court of the King of France. To the exterior of the wooden structure canvas most realistically painted gave a suggestion of permanence and antiquity. Inside draped velvet masked the wooden walls, the fleur-de-lis of the French monarchy appeared in what banners of gallant regiments devoted to the monarchy hung on each side beneath the stretched gauzes that looked like a decorated ceiling.

ILLUSION OF ANTIQUITY.

Festoons of white roses hung upon the walls. A carpet of royal blue covered the floor, and upon it were ranged rows of gilt chairs. In front great gilded chairs carved with the lilies of France and upholstered in the royal blue were for the royal bride and bridegroom and their royal relatives. In the curving of the roof of the apse painted canvases of saints looked like frescoes. The altar gleamed in marble and gold in the light of innumerable candelabra that might have shone for generations. With such completeness had the illusion of permanence been carried out that to the double doors of the chapel had been affixed designs of hinges cut out in sheet zinc and stained to represent old hammered ironwork. Crowns of electrically lit candle-lights hung from the roof. The fleur-de-lis and the entwined initials of the Bourbon name were to be seen everywhere. It might have been some chapel in Versailles in the days before 1789 that stood there in the heart of England.

THE ROCKER

Some of the Prize Essays in Lemont & Sons' Competition

ESSAY ON LEMONT'S ROCKING CHAIRS.

One day I was handed a paper containing a very tempting offer made by Lemont and Sons, to the school chil-

There were two ceremonies in connection with the wedding, and in one of them the brilliant company of guests was not invited to assemble. This was the civil marriage, which the Evesham registrar performed early in the morning in the presence of the congregation of the little Catholic chapel of the town assembled for early mass. Although held in the chapel, this was purely a civil function, conducted by the registrar according to the ordinary English form. The Duc de Guise signed the registrar as witness for the bride, who was also accompanied by her mother, the Countess de Paris. For the bridegroom the witnesses were the King of Spain and the Duke of Calabria.

The simple little function took only a few minutes and the royal party motored back to Wood Norton for the second ceremony with dignity of their rank and ritual of their faith. This took place in the magnificent temporary chapel already described. The chapel was soon filled with glowing color. The altar was marble, its cloths of rich white damask and gold, and lighted by many candles in golden holders. Behind were set tall palms and still more lilies, showing to advantage the ornate reredos. Hidden in an alcove were the musicians, specially come from Paris. They gave the "Ave" march until the bridal procession was heralded, and then broke into Wagner's "Pilgrim March" while the gorgeous bridal procession filled in from the house.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

First came the Duke of Orleans with the bride, a fairy princess indeed—tall, as are all the Bourbons, elegant, and good to look at. She smiled to those who bowed and curtsied, but her face was serious. Her gown was the ideal of the artist, soft and to the men observers very simple. But in embroidery and lace. The petticoat was of silk brocade with chiffon frills edged with old Valenciennes lace left by her grandmother, the overdress was of soft silk champagne, embroidered with large sprays of orchids in floss silk. These flowers formed a stole in front, and carried over the shoulders massed and widened into a Court train a wealth of orchid embroidery. From her throat to the hem of her petticoat hung orange blossoms. Her bright brown hair was crowned with blossom, and the was thrown off her face, so that one could see the clear complexion and beautiful veil of point d'Angleterre large blue eyes.

Following her was the bridegroom, Prince Charles, his mother, the Countess de Caserta, on his arm. A little taller than the princess, he was without doubt the handsomest man in the procession. He bore himself bravely, a dashing figure of a Spanish general in his uniform of blue with white astrachan-edged dolman laced with gold.

The Bishop of Birmingham, wearing his mitre and robes, with a priest holding his cozier, performed the actual marriage service and gave the pontifical blessing. The bride's responses in French were low and clear, and the bridegroom's hardly audible as they plighted their troth, their right hands being joined. The bishop sprinkled them with holy water and blessed the ring and gold pieces of silver placed on the book by the bridegroom, and then placed the ring on her thumb, and successively on the first and second fingers, leaving it on the third.

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

"Are we in France la douce? France, too, is here in the many faithful hearts present representing many thousands of others still in their country. Are we in Versailles, or at the Invalides? Are we in Auvergne, or are we in that lovely Province under whose flowering may-blossoms your Royal Highness was born?"

"No, we are neither in Spain nor in France. We are free; we are in England, the country which gives a home to all who are prescribed, and the country which your parents love. My dream is a reality, and it is the Church which your fathers from the days of St. Louis have always defended which now blesses your union. The consciousness of the sacred character of my priesthood, with its source in the Divinity, urges me, my dear friends of Bourbon, to exhort you to think first of the royalty of God, then of all that is so beautiful and good in marriage, of the duties and influences of family life, and that devotion which you have vowed with all your soul and heart."

Just before two o'clock the way was led to the salle des fetes, to the fairy wedding banquet of the princess. The little silver bells hanging from the arches of orchids and lilies tinkled as the guests took their places for the feast of dainties prepared by M. l'Avocat and four other of the leading chefs in England. The Duke of Orleans proposed the toast and the King of Spain responded. The bride then retired, and afterwards left by special train for London, en route for Paris and the Bosphorus, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

dren of York county. They requested an essay on the rocking chair, displayed in their front window, and generously promised suitable prizes for the same.

Now this looked "dead easy," so on the first opportunity I visited the store and examined them. I tell you, things didn't look so easy after that, for there was such a display of rocking chairs that I could only wonder. For the little ones I saw some beauties made of different kinds of wood, also little rattan rockers in which

a small girl might sit and rock her doll to sleep with every comfort. Among the larger ones I saw chairs made of quartered oak and mahogany that you could almost see your face in, they had such a high polish. Some were upholstered in leather, some in velvet, and some in a sort of silky looking stuff. But the best thing about them was their prices. If you only had \$1.75 to spare, you could get as nice a Christmas present, or even a wedding present, as any one might want, while if your pocket book was in pretty good order, you could as much as \$30.00 with one or other of the obliging clerks, and they would deliver at your house such a chair as would make you long for your own friends when the winter winds blow.

WHITMAN A. HAINES,
St. Mary's, N. B.

THE STORY OF A ROCKING CHAIR.

It was Christmas Eve. All was bustle and excitement. The big tree in the sitting room was decorated from top to bottom. Every now and then the door bell rang, and mysterious parcels appeared. The last to arrive was a large and beautiful rattan rocker. It was placed beside the old-fashioned wooden rocker.

When the lights were out and all was quiet, the rattan, feeling lonesome, began to talk to the wooden rocker. "My friend, how long have you lived here?"

"Just twenty years ago tonight I was purchased at Lemont & Sons big furniture store," was the reply. "Indeed!" exclaimed the rattan, "why that is where I came from an hour ago. I have been with many other handsome rockers the past month on exhibition in the large lower window of that store."

"No wonder you are feeling lonesome. Tell me about your friends."

"Well, there were the large green rattans, made in Long Island from prairie grass; the mahogany rockers, and the hand-carved oak rockers; also the quarter oak rockers. Then there was the mission chair, and the oak rockers with embossed leather backs and seats. My special friends were the roll back rattans."

The old rocker was much interested and they talked far into the night.

In the morning, however, they parted, as the rattan was removed to the parlor. Here he made new friends and soon became a favorite in the family. He will never quite forget the happy days spent in Lemont & Sons' big sunny window.

JEAN COBURN,
Frederickton High School.



A DAINTY POCKET APRON FOR SEWING DAYS.

A touch of daintiness in the shape of a little apron is all that most women need to make them appear to advantage even in the midst of the family sewing. It is a small garment but keenly appreciated when one is engaged on a bit of delicate needle work, which might become soiled by contact with the dark skirt. The apron shown is as pretty as it is practical, and the deep pocket, designed for the reception of the sewing implements is of novel and attractive strength. It may be made of cross-bar muslin, batiste or lawn and may be trimmed as desired. Aprons of this kind are easy to make and are always acceptable as gifts.

To make this model 1½ yards of 36 inch goods will be needed.

6007—One size.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

To The Frederickton Herald:

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name.....

Street..... No.....

To....., Province.....

Measurement, waist..... Bust.....

CAUTION.—Be careful to send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 23, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order.

The price of each pattern is ten cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

Freddie—Say, maw, paw, don't know everything, does he?

Maw—How do you know?

Freddie—He said the piece of pie I had for dinner today was enough, and it wasn't at all.

Do These Symptoms

Fit Your Case?

Are you dizzy?
Does your head swim?
Does everything turn dark when you rise after stooping?
Are you constantly suffering from headache?

Are you short of breath after going up stairs?
Is your tongue coated and furred?

These symptoms give warning that your system needs a thorough cleansing—all poisons must be flushed out. The remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Marked benefit immediately follows their use.

These famous pills loosen the bowels and stop constipation; they act on the liver and kidneys, make them strong and vigorous.

This ensures health and purity for the blood and consequently the whole system benefits.

No other medicine tones and braces like Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they at once cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, poor color, coated tongue and all diseases arising through fault of the stomach, kidneys or liver; try them.

Result prove the merits of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers.

To loosen a screw, apply heat to the head. A small rod heated will do. It will come out easily.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

INTERCOLONIAL

RAILWAY

TENDER

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for engine house, Newcastle," will be received up to and including Saturday, December 14th, 1937, for the construction of the enlargement of the engine house at Newcastle, N. B.

Plans and specification may be seen at the chief engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of the station-master at Newcastle, N. B., at which places forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 26, 1937.
Nov. 30—d121.

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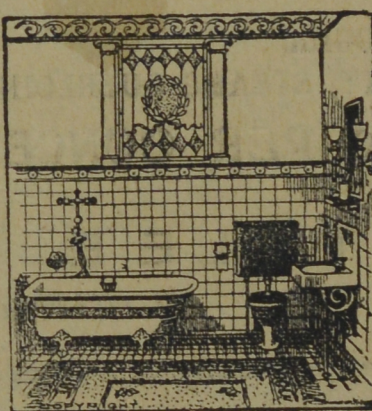
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