

# An Attic... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY  
BUDGET OF  
STORIES ABOUT  
FAMOUS PEOPLE

— BY —  
W. ORTON  
TEWSON

ONE of my legal stories is about a famous cross-examiner who was prosecuting in an important criminal trial.

"Do you drink?" he inquired blandly of an over-dressed, horsey-looking individual who was the chief prop of the defense.

"That's my business," was the retort.

"Any other?" asked the lawyer with well-affected politeness.

"Then I like the story about Col. Robert M. Ingersoll illustrating the extraordinary influence with a jury possessed by that silver-tongued lawyer. He was briefed to defend a farmer accused of slaying a neighboring farmer. In his closing address to the rustic jurymen, Ingersoll painted them such a picture of the causes of the crime, of its justification, and of the wife and children of the prisoner waiting, torn by agony, for his return, that the entire twelve men were reduced to tears.

"BEHOLD," how things were going with the jury, Ingersoll plied on the spot.

"Will you send this man home to his wife, to his children, waiting for him at the door with hearts torn with—"

The foreman of the jury, digging in to his jeans for a red cotton handkerchief of the size of a small tablecloth, could bear no more.

"Yes, Bob, we will," he said, and straightaway disappeared behind the defendant.

Col. Ingersoll of Peoria sat down.

"AND here's a good one told about witty Judge Darling: During the hearing of a case he was disturbed by a youth who kept moving about in the rear of the court.

"Young man," exclaimed the judge, "you are making a good deal of unnecessary noise. What are you doing?"

"I have lost my overcoat and am trying to find it," replied the offender.

"Well," said Darling, "people often lose whole suits in here without all this fuss."

IN the summer of 1888, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, war-time British Ambassador at Washington—then a young man and not long in the diplomatic service—paid a visit to his father, Gerald in the Canadian West. Early in November he returned to England by way of New York and on the boat going ever met Theodore Roosevelt, who had just been defeated for the mayoralty of New York. Thus began a wonderful, and in his way, a historic, friendship which ended only with death of Spring-Rice in February 1918.

THE Acquaintance must have ripened fast into friendship for a few days after their arrival in London, Spring-Rice acted as best man when Theodore Roosevelt married Miss Edith Hermit Carow at St. George's, Hanover Square.

"Characteristically, he had me married in bright orange gloves," Roosevelt wrote long after, "which I accepted with a calm wholly unwarranted."

MRS. COWLES, sister of the bridegroom—who went to England with him—adds a note about the occasion.

"Dear Springy (Spring-Rice was always called "Springy" by his friends) was so delighted and like himself when I went to put on Edith's veil, I warned Theodore to start immediately for the church as it was a foggy day, and they were intensely occupied in a discussion over the population of an island in the Southern Pacific.

HERE, for a curiosity, is the first letter written by Roosevelt to Spring-Rice—the beginning of a correspondence which if printed in full would

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"Thank you. She was all that you say. She was the most devoted wife and mother, the best of women, and for forty years not a harsh word passed between us."

Here he paused.

"But, somehow," he proceeded, "somehow—I can hardly bring myself to say it—somehow, do you know, I never liked her."

ANOTHER of Walter Siebel's stories is about a village clergyman, who no the eve of his departure to take up the post of chaplain at a prison opened his farewell sermon by saying that he was going to make another and less tangible departure. He was going to reserve his text till the end.

"All these years," he pronounced

all volumes. It is included with many others, in "The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice," edited by Stephen Gwynn—a truly delightful book:

Brown's Hotel, (London).  
Nov. 16, (1888).

My dear Mr. Rice,

Thank you very heartily for your courtesy, which I assure you I appreciate. I will dine with you with pleasure at the Saville Club on Wednesday, Friday I go to Buxton's. I shall see you this evening at 7.30.

Always truly yours,

T. ROOSEVELT.

On December 2 following, the future President was married with the future British Ambassador at Washington as his best man. It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it?

IN days when beards were no more fashionable than they are now but were just starting to "come in," Thomas Carlyle promised his good friend Lord Ashburton, "If you adopt a beard, I will follow." Some months later Ashburton dropped in on Carlyle at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, to show off his silky beard and to demand of Carlyle, "go thou and do likewise."

Mrs. Carlyle backed up Ashburton. The victim admitted the promise but begged for time.

PRESENTLY there was a secret confab between Mrs. Carlyle and Ashburton. Then the latter went up to Carlyle's bedroom and took all his razors away. Four days later Carlyle admitted to his brother John—"I save half an hour daily by not shaving." But in a letter to Lady Ashburton he said he felt "as if I had got a dirty gorse common on my chin," and bade her tell Lord Ashburton that, "had he not carried off my razors, it had gone before now—it grows daily more ugly."

IT never came off, however. If Mrs. Carlyle regretted making her husband wear a beard, she never admitted it, though she told him it made him look like an "escaped maniac" when he went out for his evening walk. As for the saving of time that he talked about, she said, "all the time he saved by ceasing to shave, he spends wandering about the house bemoaning what's amiss with the universe."

MRS. CARLYLE had taken to keeping a diary or note-book. Just about this time which her husband never saw or suspected till long after her death. An entry for October 31, 1855, concludes:

"The evening devoted to mending Mr. C's trousers among other things! 'Being an only child I never wished to sew men's trousers—no never!'"

WHICH recalls (says David Ales Wilson, in the latest volume of his great biography of Carlyle) how it is said that she was once surprised by visitors when so engaged, and calmly continuing her work was begged to show something of her husband's and at once held up the garment she was mending and said:

"There are his trousers if you want to look at them."

ANOTHER entry in Mrs. Carlyle's diary reads:

"Rain, rain, rain! Oh Lord! this is too ridiculous," as the Annandale farmer exclaimed, starting to his feet when it began pouring, in the midst of his prayer for a dry hay time."

A WIDOWER sat dumb and disconsolate for days after his wife's death, records Walter Siebel (in "The Sands of Time"). Their marriage had been long and apparently undimmed. The vicar of the parish, an old ally called to cheer him up.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you must really rouse yourself. You must act in the spirit of your wife, who would never have countenanced such a torpor of dejection. Remember what a splendid wife she was in every way for all those forty years what a model mother to your dear children."

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"you have taken little interest in the parish in the services, and, I fear, none in me. As you know I have reluctantly accepted the post of a prison chaplain. And now for my text: 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

MR. SIEBEL'S widower story reminds me of one which the Rev. S. Baring Gould used to tell. And what a raconteur he was! In his young days, he was a curate at Horbury, in Yorkshire—that was before he wrote "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and many other famous hymns, not to mention scores of novels, travel books, histories and fairy tales. Well a Horbury wife was thought to be at her last gasp. She summoned her husband to her bedside and then addressed him solemnly.

"Thou hast!" exclaimed the exclaiming wife, starting up in bed and bringing the palm of her hand with a resounding smack on the man's bald head. "Then I'll tell thee what Joe, I won't do."

"Very well," answered the man, pulling out his kerchief and wiping his pate. "If thou'st made up thy mind not to do, I'll speak to Marg't and put her off."

"I left Horbury two years after this," Baring Gould would chuckle, "and Marg't was still waiting."

THIN-BLOODED PEOPLE  
Always Feel Cold

To Withstand the Rigors of Winter the Blood Must Be Rich and Pure.

Thin-blooded people easily become discouraged. They lose strength; grip, influenza and ordinary winter colds seize them and they find it exceedingly hard to shake off any of these troubles. They feel chilly all the time; their nervous system becomes a wreck; they cannot sleep and life becomes a burden.

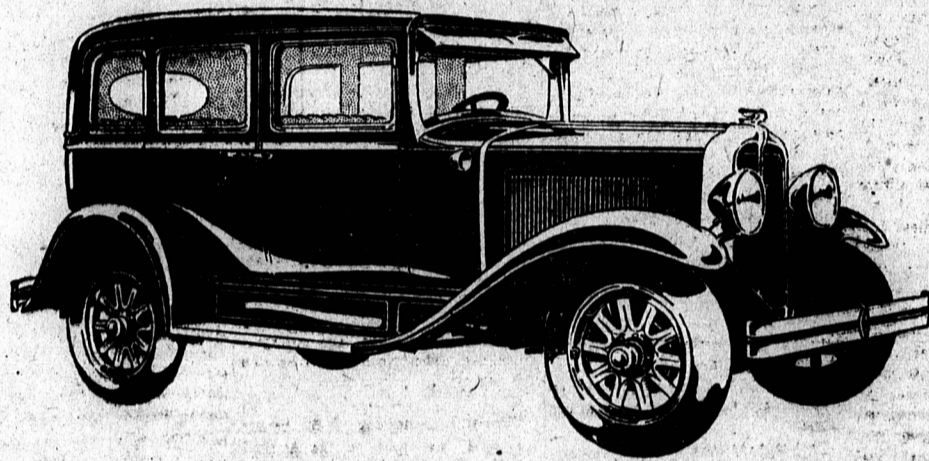
To overcome this deplorable state of health good blood is essential. This good blood gives warmth to the body; strength to the nerves and does much to either prevent colds and grip or to banish their dreaded after-effects. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the perfect blood builder—they never fail to make new, rich, red blood. They are the ideal tonic for winter use.

Concerning their use Miss Kate L. Grant, Merlin, Ont., writes:—"I was very much run down but found health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after other medicines had failed to help me. Two years ago I felt tired all the time; had no appetite; was nervous and cold all the time. Nothing I took seemed to do me any good till I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a treatment with them the drizzling left me; my appetite improved; my blood became warmer and my strength gradually increased. This encouraged me to continue the use of the Pills and now I am feeling better than I have done for years."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do one thing but they do it well—they build up and renew rich, red health-giving blood thus making weak, rundown men and women strong, active and happy. These Pills are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gen. Gouraud, the Military Governor of Paris has sent an autographed photograph and a letter of thanks to C. H. Fittens, a British soldier who went to his assistance when he was wounded at Gallipoli, in 1918.

## On display today The New Series PONTIAC BIG SIX A famous name ... A finer car



Pontiac's economy and long life remain, as ever, the pride and satisfaction of all who drive the car.

When Pontiac is improved upon, the resulting car merits the careful consideration of everyone who is interested in a low-priced six. Come now to our showroom; inspect this finer car with a famous name—the New Series Pontiac Big Six—and find how easy it is to purchase the model you prefer through the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan.

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IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

### Pains Around Heart Weak Spells Would Fall Over

Mrs. James Vanalstine, P. Brocks, Mass., writes:—"I had pains around my heart, and suffered with weak, dizzy spells. Sometimes I would fall over and would have to be picked up and put to bed."

"I used several boxes of

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

and now I am well and strong."

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### BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus