

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lord and Lady Kenmare have done so much for the furtherance of Irish industries, especially in the lakes of Killarney district, where their estates are situated, that their decision to desert the Emerald Isle and to sell, under the terms of the land act, all their Irish property, including Killarney House and the lakes of Killarney, which the family of the earl has owned since the reign of King James I., will be learned with much regret.

Lady Kenmare, a sister of Lord Revelstoke and of Hugo, Cecil, and Everard Baring, seemed until a year or so ago to centre chief interest in life in the promotion of Irish industries, and had spent much time, trouble, and money in developing some, and in founding others, notably a most successful furniture factory in Kerry, where beautiful and artistic articles were designed and executed.

But Lord and Lady Kenmare have, after many years, concluded that their efforts in behalf of their neighbors and tenants are not appreciated, and their difficulty in collecting the rents, for their lands, and the consequent loss of revenue which they have suffered, have caused them to reluctantly determine to dispose of all their holdings in Ireland, to give up their beautiful place on the Lake of Killarney, and henceforth to make their home in England.

They are distinctly a loss to Erin, where they have spent the best years of their existence, having always cared more for life at Killarney House than in London. Moreover, they are people of the most chivalrous sense of honor. For at the time of the collapse of the house of Baring, some fifteen years ago or so, Lord Kenmare, who had not then succeeded to his father's earldom and estates, and who was known as Viscount Castlerosse, came forward voluntarily and surrendered to the liquidators of the firm the entire amount of the large dowry which his wife, the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, had received on her marriage from her father, the late Lord Revelstoke. As every one knows, the liquidation took a number of years, eventually resulting in the payment in full of all the obligations of the firm by means of assets, so that Lord and Lady Kenmare ultimately received their money back; which does not, however, in any way diminish the merit of the heavy sacrifice which they made, for a time reducing themselves to absolute poverty, for the sake of the honor of the house of Baring.

Killarney House is a singularly beautiful place, a modern construction, looking on to the exquisite Lake of Killarney, and being the reproduction in brick of an old Elizabethan mansion. Although the house is modern, yet the wardens are old, and the grand yew hedges surrounding the old bowling green is the finest in Ireland or Great Britain, having often been vaunted by the poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Brownes, of whom Lord Kenmare is the head, had originally from Hertfordshire, and in the reign of King Henry VIII. had their seat at Totterdell, in that county, and at Croft, in Lincolnshire; but in 1583 Queen Elizabeth appointed Sir Valentine Browne, surveyor of estates, to Ireland. Five years later he purchased from Donald, Earl of Glencare, lands and manors in the counties of Kerry and of Cork, and subsequently obtained from James I., who was fond of him, a grant of all the lands of Lord Glencare on the latter dying without issue.

The grant, which bears the date of 1622, expressly stipulates that it includes "the lakes of Killarney, with all the islands in the same, and the fisheries of the said lake, and the soil and the bottom thereof." For a time all these great landed possessions of the Brownes were confiscated, owing to their loyalty to James II., and to the Stuart—that is to say, the Jacobite cause, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that the lands were restored, the peerages which they now hold—namely, the earldom and the barony of Kenmare, and the viscountcy of Castlerosse, were confirmed to them by King George III.

One of the features of Killarney House is the beauty of the door handles, the majority of which are formed of richly-carved and wonderfully carved seventeenth and eighteenth century watch cases, while the great dining-room is tapestried with old Spanish embroidered leather.

In fact, the late Lord Kenmare seriously crippled his resources in rebuilding Killarney House, one of the heaviest expenses in connection therewith being the private chapel of the now widowed Lady Kenmare, a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. She had determined that this chapel should be perfect of its kind and of exquisite proportions, which with its altar of transparent onyx, its walls inlaid with Italian mosaics, its silver candlesticks incrustated with coral, and its rare old vestments, was certainly a gem of ecclesiastical art.

The dowager, Lady Kenmare, who is a daughter of the late Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, has forsaken Ireland since the death of her husband, and now has a place at Sevenoaks, in Kent, and a house in London.

King Edward's extraordinary activity during the season just closed, and, in fact, ever since his return from his annual visit to Menbad last summer, has been a matter of widespread comment, and serves to disprove in a convincing manner all the stories that are constantly being circulated as to his failing health and his loss of physical and mental vigor. For it must be remembered that in addition to all the various engagements that he fills and which are recorded in the newspapers—engagements that keep him travelling all over England—that include the holding of courts, the granting of audiences, etc., he has every day of the

year to affix his signature to many hundreds of documents that need the sign manual of the sovereign to render them effective. The mere mechanical work entailed by the signing of the name so often is exhausting, let alone the fact that Edward, like the late Queen Victoria, makes it a strict practice never to sign a document until he is thoroughly master of its contents.

The activity of the King, who is now 67, becomes all the more striking when contrasted with the decline of the health and strength of those who have been most closely associated with him throughout his adult existence. Numbers have already dropped by the wayside, and now he is losing the services of old Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, the keeper of his privy purse, and of Lord Knollys, his private secretary, both of whom are reported to have tendered their resignations on the score of advancing years and failing health.

Sir Dighton, who throughout his married life has been in a quite particular degree the trusted confidant and adviser of Queen Alexandra, is near 76. He was one of the heroes of the Indian mutiny, where he won the Victoria cross by a magnificent feat of gallantry, and where the cavalry regiment which he raised, recruited almost entirely from Frenchmen of birth, from Pondicherry and elsewhere, and known as "Probyn's horse," rendered most effective service in suppressing the rebellion, obtaining lasting fame throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.

Lord Knollys is over 70, and both he and Sir Dighton have been in the service of the King and Queen—that is to say, members of their immediate household—and in constant attendance on them, living with them, in fact, for over 40 years. They are just as much endeared to their royal master and mistress as ever. But, whereas the work attached to their offices, far from diminishing, is increasing all the time, their strength to perform it is declining, and that is why they are each of them making way for younger men, although they both will be retained in the entourage of the King and Queen in less arduous and more honorary capacity.

Young Charles Thomas Mills, who has just come of age, is the eldest son of the wealthy Lord Hillingdon, and will be the only son of his father's barony and baronetcy but also his great fortune and his partnership in the London banking firm of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co. The late Lord Hillingdon on his demise, left aside from other property, a considerable ready money to the tune of some £100,000, and it is known that this has been doubled or trebled since that time. The late lord died in a startling fashion. He had accompanied the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, with whom he was staying, to the Wilton Parish Church, and the service had just commenced, when he suddenly, without any warning, fell dead by the side of his hostess. He was married to Lady Louisa Lascelles, daughter of the third Earl of Harcourt, and the present Lord Hillingdon has as wife one of the many comely daughters of Lord and Lady Suffield, the two senior members of the household of the King and Queen, and quite the oldest and most intimate friends of their majesties. Lord Hillingdon's best known country place is Wilderness, near Sevenoaks, in Kent, which formerly belonged to the Marquis of Camden, his sale to Lord Hillingdon not being accomplished without a long and costly lawsuit.

Lord Hillingdon's London residence is Camelford House, at the Oxford street end of Park Lane. It was at one time the residence of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and of her husband, Prince Leopold of Coburg, afterwards first king of the Belgians. Previously it had belonged to William Wyndham, Lord Grenville, the father of the "all the talents" administration. Lord Grenville came to live in Camelford House by reason of his marriage with Anne, only sister of Thomas Pitt, second Lord Camelford. To this day no one knows what became of the body of this second and last Lord Camelford, on whose death Camelford House went to his sister, and to her husband, Lord Grenville. For Lord Camelford, who was most eccentric, fought a duel on the morning of March 7, 1804, with a man of the name of Best, a famous duelist of his day, whom he, Lord Camelford, had grossly insulted. The encounter took place in the meadows to the west of Holland House, where Melbury road runs. Lord Camelford fired first, missed his man, and fell mortally wounded by Best's shot. His body was embalmed and put away in a long basket in the crypt of St. Anne's Church, Soho, until circumstances permitted of its removal to Switzerland, where he had left directions that he should be interred, the war then in progress with France rendering it impossible to convey the remains to Switzerland at that time. He was never buried there, nor indeed anywhere. The "long basket" was lost sight of, and to this day no one has ever been able to find out what has become of it.

American tourists visiting London will be interested to learn that King Edward has announced his intention of throwing open Buckingham Palace for the general public to view on certain days in the same manner as Windsor Castle. The latter has always been accessible to English and foreign sight-seers, who have been permitted to view the state apartments, the grounds, and even certain of the private apartments. But no such privilege has been accorded in the case of Buckingham Palace, the internal arrangements of which have remained completely terra incognita to the general public and to American visitors, excepting the relatively few who are included each year in the invitations to the courts

and state balls given by the King and Queen during the season.

The apartments at Buckingham Palace which it is proposed to throw open to view are the throneroom, the great ballroom suite, the picture gallery, the private chapel, and a number of other apartments. The intentions of the King cannot, however, be put into execution until next year, as owing to the peculiar arrangement of the palace certain structural changes are necessary in order to close off the personal, private apartments of the King and Queen from inquisitive eyes. The changes in question will be carried out at the same time as the repainting of the exterior of the palace, which is to be undertaken, at a cost of \$30,000, almost immediately. It is quite necessary, as owing to the smoke,

The Psychology of Woman

AN ENGLISH EXPERT BRINGS CHARGES AGAINST THE SEX.

Says That the Ladies Are Deceitful, Obstinate, Impulsive and Cruel—Can't Do Without Them.

Dr. Claye-Shaw, the distinguished lecturer on psychological medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, has thrown the searchlight of science on the little failings the fair sex thought it had so successfully concealed.

Dr. Claye-Shaw has a host of accusations to bring against woman. She is charged with causing the Boer war. She is called deceitful, obstinate, impulsive, and cruel. Her evil, after picking her to pieces, gives the reasons for her little weaknesses and makes them appear almost commendable.

"The psychology of woman must always remain a paradox to men," he says. "It is a difficult form of mind that it is no more possible for the mere man to predict what the mere woman, will, of necessity, do than it is for the timid person to understand the audacity of a lion tamer, or for the rat catcher to flee at the presence of a mouse."

Dr. Claye-Shaw finds an excuse and a reason for the young blunders early in his article. "In old times," he contends, "brute strength or force was the sign of superiority, so was in this particular inferior. She had to stay at home, chiefly because of her duties, more especially with relation to the children."

"Naturally, too, she was kept out of the state deliberations, and her intellect had no chance of developing. Therefore she had to protect herself, and this she could do only by intellectual or mental means."

COSMETICS. Cosmetics are condoned by Dr. Claye-Shaw. Even false teeth and false hair have their hygienic uses, according to him. "False hair, false teeth, false powers and lotions, beauty preservatives, are decoys," he says, "and must be considered fair game."

"The connote conditions of health. If artificial teeth conceal imperfections they also conceal digestion, and transformations cover up baldness they also prevent colds."

"As to ornaments, they are very useful for purposes of trade. It is the female mind that is irresistible to the male mind. May this always remain so! Think of the awful calamity that would ensue if women changed their view with regard to diamonds. But for this female passion the Boer war would never have been fought, and without its diamonds South Africa is practically useless."

The psychology of clothes next engages Dr. Claye-Shaw's attention. He claims that women do not dress to please man or to make other women jealous, but for their own satisfaction.

The second part of his discourse on women might with advantage be published as advice to husbands, and as a solution of the question as to how to be happy though married. His obstinacy as one of the most prominent emotions among women, and proceeds to excuse it.

WOMAN'S OBSTINACY. "It is obstinacy which comes to women's aid when she is beaten," he says, "and it often makes her illogical. 'Not that the woman does not see that she is wrong, but that, being used to conservatism she wishes to preserve intact the stand she has taken.'"

Dr. Claye-Shaw attributes the efforts of the woman suffragists to the prevailing obstinacy in the feminine character. Their wonderful obstinacy, he says, is due to the sense that there is no good reason why they should not have a vote if they want it. Cruelty in women Dr. Claye-Shaw attributes to her intuitive outlook to avenge any hurt to her children. Moreover, if she is disappointed in those children she may even turn on them and be cruel to them.

"What is the psychological future of women?" asks the doctor. "I see no limit to their occupations. 'If by dint of obstinacy they do not

crime, and soot of the London atmosphere, the metropolitan residence of the King and Queen has a terribly dingy look when seen from the outside.

The King, by the bye, has conceded to the diplomatic representatives of Cuba the privilege of appearing at court functions in frock dress—namely: Plain evening dress coat, white waistcoat, tight-fitting black knee breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps; that is to say, in the same costume as that of the diplomatic representatives of the United States and of Switzerland.

All the other men are obliged to don uniforms, or else the regular English court dress. In fact, the envoys of the United States and of Switzerland, with their secretaries and attaches, always attract attention, and are markedly conspicuous by reason of the simplicity of their garb. It is a matter for surprise that the representatives of the republics of Mexico and of South America should not have had the good sense to follow suit. As it is, they shine by their sartorial gorgeousness, and it has often been a subject of amused comment at the court of St. James that the more insignificant Central or South American Republic, the more profuse was the amount of gold lace to which the uniforms of its diplomatic representatives were adorned.

get into Parliament they will first participate in and then monopolize. They will, by sheer weight of numbers, bring about such social conditions that a revolution will ensue, and men will turn and rend them."

"Why are women so up in arms against marriage for money," is a question Dr. Claye-Shaw is unable to answer. "Man has always been ready to avail himself of woman's help. In these latter days he shows it by marrying for money."

Most generally finds that men who marry women with money are the most docile husbands."

NAPOLÉON'S BENEFACTRESS

HOW HE REWARDED THE WOMAN WHO WAS A FRIEND IN NEED.

During the year 17— a young soldier with his regiment was passing through Lyons when he fell sick, and was obliged to remain in an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and what he had was soon exhausted by the Lyons for a change of his situation. The landlady, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture he had was a couch and chair, and all the sustenance a little barley water. She even refused to call in a physician to see him. It happened that the first floor of the hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agill, who had visited Lyons for a change of air. The friendless condition of the young soldier reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agill through her maid, who informed her at the same time of the landlady's crueling the symptoms of her mistress, and a physician was sent for at once.

THE PREDICTION. When he recovered she supplied Napoleon Bonaparte—he had after some time revealed his name—with money to enable him to rejoin the benefactress. He was named, affected. "Believe me," he said, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. You will hear of me." He departed, and she returned to Geneva with her husband. He was named, affected. "Believe me," he said, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. You will hear of me." He departed, and she returned to Geneva with her husband.

HIS GRATITUDE. Years passed away, when shortly before the battle of Marengo Napoleon passed through Nym, a little town about twelve miles from Geneva, on his way to Italy. Stopping there for a short time, he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady named Agill, and bring her to him. She succeeded in finding her. She had now become a wealthy blind, but did not hesitate to accompany the messenger. Napoleon came to meet her on horseback, attended by his staff, at Versoix. "Gentlemen," he said, turning to his staff, "you see my benefactress, she is whom I am indebted for my life. I was destitute of everything when she succored me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." She passed two hours with him at Nym, where he detailed all his plans to her, and on leaving her he repeated the same words he used at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to this day she has remained blind, but she has not forgotten the words of his coronation she received from him, "I shall never forget it." She passed two hours with him at Nym, where he detailed all his plans to her, and on leaving her he repeated the same words he used at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to this day she has remained blind, but she has not forgotten the words of his coronation she received from him, "I shall never forget it."

On arriving in Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place de la Concorde, opposite the Tuileries, where she found that a completely furnished mansion had been prepared for her. She had a long audience with Napoleon, and he assigned her, besides a house, carriage and servants, maintained at his own expense, six thousand francs a year.

MORTALITY IN THE BANKS.

During the years since the Spanish-American war the papers of the country have told many sad stories of divorces, suicides, and deaths of army officers—and their wives. Does it not seem strange that few if any like tales have been told of enlisted men or their families? The answer has been had because there have been none to tell. In the ranks a wholesome morality reigns as soldiers' wives and soldiers' daughters are looked upon by the men of the regiment as something to guard and watch over. A soldier's daughter is as sacred to him as his father's trade, or company as she would be with her father.

It is a sort of esprit de corps that reigns in the ranks. What a pity it is that this code is not followed by the men of more rank, for all would the daily papers be, if as few scandals were printed about the enlisted man and his family. —Army and Navy Life.

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FAMOUS MEN'S LETTERS SOLD

INTERESTING AUCTION OF LETTERS BY SCOTT, BURNS, TENNYSON AND OTHER CELEBRITIES.

Ninety-five letters written by Scott to Lady Aberdeen, London, the other day were sold at Sotheby's for £610. About thirty of them are unpublished. Scott became acquainted with this lady through his father, who managed the Abercorn estates. The letters are intimate and sometimes whimsical in tone, and contain criticisms of Byron and others whose fame was spreading at the time. The curious holograph draft of a love letter to an unknown lady signed Robert Burns brought £26. An unpublished work in manuscript by Charlotte Brontë was sold for only £22! This was, however, the "Tales of the Islanders," written in her thirteenth-fourteenth years. It is referred to by Mrs. Gaskell in her life. The tale boldly introduces the Duke of Wellington and his sons and other prominent political figures. Thirty Dickens' letters to various persons between 1842 and 1870 brought £56. The manuscript for W. E. Henley's "London Types," for which Mr. Nicholson drew the plates, brought £11. A first edition of Goldsmith's "The Stoops to Conquer," said to contain more errors in pagination than any other, was snapped at £4 15s. "The Tale of the Two Rovers," by L. T. Stevenson, was sold for £24. Another edition, and there was no half-title. The Tennyson family album, containing the first draft of the poet's lyric to his wife, which appeared in print under the title "Rose said the Terrace," was sold for £24. Anniversary years are famous stimulants for the circulation of manuscripts by the hero. During the autumn season Milton's works and relics will probably rain into the saleroom, as Nelson's did in 1905. The first important Milton item was a first edition of "Comus," with dedicatory preface to Viscount Brackley by Henry Lawes, the title written on, otherwise perfect, along with some later seventeenth century plays by Ravenscroft, Shipman, and Hemmings in first edition, the lot bringing £317. A presentation copy, third edition, of "Purchas His Pilgrimage," given by the author to Sir Robert Heath, Lord Chief Baron, and one of Hakluyt's posthumous works, also given by the author to the same dignitary, brought together £250, while Captain John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," a brilliant copy, almost perfect, like other really important books about America that now appear in salerooms, was keenly competed for, selling at \$405.

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CARLING - LONDON

ICE CREAM BETWEEN ACTS.

The curtain went down on the first act. Fans and tongues began to buzz. It being a matinee, the tongues had rather the better of it, but the fans were a good second, for the day was hot.

Down the aisle came the boy in buttons, whose particular function is to carry the trays of ice water. But this time there wasn't any ice water. He had his tray all right, but instead of letting it hang down and carrying it by a handle he bore it aloft where all might see.

And this is what they saw: Six dishes of strawberry ice cream, with a long silver spoon standing on each pink pyramid. Everybody looked longingly at the tempting dishes, but nobody seemed inclined to do the pioneering.

And so the boy went on, looking from side to side, to catch possible orders, until he had got half-way back up the aisle. Then to an accompaniment of giggles four girls halted him and supplied themselves with four of the six dishes at 10 cents apiece. Hot cakes never went so fast as those mounds of pink ice cream did after that. Everybody wanted some, and the buzz of tongues and of fans was enlivened by the cheerful rattle of spoons and of dishes. As a hot weather entrée ice cream promises to be a success.—N. Y. Sun

In some parts of Australia the horse is shod with leather instead of iron, the feet receiving better support; but this novelty is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand.