

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lady Warwick's appearance at court, after many years, for the first time during the present reign, will remain on record as one of the features of the London season of 1909. She received the necessary card from the lord chamberlain, authorizing her to attend the fourth and last court the other day, for the purpose of presenting her new daughter-in-law, the bride of Earl Brooke. But it cannot be said that she received when she passed before the throne that gracious and peculiarly winning smile and nod which the King and Queen reserve for their old friends.

At one time Lady Warwick was on terms of warm friendship with Edward VII. But she incurred the marked displeasure, first of the then Princess of Wales, and then of the King, for the purpose of presenting her new daughter-in-law, the bride of Earl Brooke. But it cannot be said that she received when she passed before the throne that gracious and peculiarly winning smile and nod which the King and Queen reserve for their old friends.

A couple of years ago considerable perturbation was caused by the report that she was putting the finishing touches on a couple of fat volumes of "Reminiscences." It was asserted that they dealt in a most unflattering manner with her friends and foes, with the conditions of court and society, and contained numerous letters which had been written to her at one time or another by distinguished personages. So great was the alarm that the law officers of the crown were actually consulted as to the means of stopping the publication of the work in question. But it was found that the courts were powerless to act, unless the book contained libels, and whether or not there were libels in its pages could not be ascertained until after the work had made its appearance in print. It is even alleged that the unsuccessful attempt of Baron Loreburn to amend the official secrets law of 1889 in such a fashion as to cover indiscretions concerning royal personages and the court, was actually suggested by the being able to nip in the bud Lady Warwick's literary efforts.

It was after that, and probably in consequence of this inability to deal with the countess in any other way, that a compromise was effected with her, and one of its results has been the reappearance of Lady Warwick at court. Exquisitely dressed as ever, retaining her perfection of figure and carriage, she is still beautiful, despite the fact that her abundant hair has become snow white. In fact, she is now many who are of the opinion that her white hair accentuates and refines the comeliness of her features, and the astonishing youthfulness and freshness of her complexion.

Lady Warwick visited America a couple of years ago, and spent several weeks in New York, but was virtually ignored by society, although in former days she would have been welcomed with open arms. The belief that she was in disfavor at the Court of St. James was, however, sufficient to prejudice the fashionable world of New York against her. For the distance between the two countries has become small, and is diminishing every day; so much so, that whereas formerly the Court of St. James was indifferent to what took place in America, now the circumstances that any man or woman has incurred the ill-will of the best American society, is known at once in London, and proves sufficient to not only bar the offender from court, but even from Mayfair.

With regard to a recent dispatch from Madrid, mentioning the capture of the Portuguese Duke of Albuquerque, at the instance of the Portuguese Government, the arrest being ascribed to his complicity in the assassination of King Carlos, and of the crown prince, 16 months ago in Lisbon, it is only right to mention that the man in question is an impostor and an adventurer, the historic Portuguese title of Duke of Albuquerque having become extinct with the death, a number of years ago, of the last duke, who was also Count Mesquitella.

The man arrested in Madrid came into prominence a year ago as the author of a singularly disgraceful novel, in which the bereaved Queen Marie Amelie and the Count de Ribera, the grand master of her household, played the principal parts. It was a novel of the most scurrilous nature.

It is doubtful whether the novel would have attracted much attention, even in Paris, had not a member of the French royalist party, and of the French House of Harcourt, taken upon himself to foolishly challenge the man to a duel, on account of his slanders of a French princess, without taking the trouble to ascertain beforehand whether the fellow was a gentleman. In fact, this silly duel of Baron de Harcourt, which resulted bloodlessly, gave the pseudo Duke d'Albuquerque an advertisement and a standing which he would not otherwise have enjoyed.

It is doubtful if his arrest is due to any complicity in the killing of

King Carlos. It is far more likely to be in connection with his book.

Prince Plessis' sale of his handsome palace in Berlin in the Wilhelmstrasse, has given considerable offense at court. The prince's father was a warm and close friend and admirer of the Kaiser, who bestowed on him for his life the title of duke, and invested him with all sorts of high dignities and offices at court. In those days the favor of the Kaiser extended to the old duke's eldest son and heir. For he officiated as godfather to the prince's eldest son, the other sponsor being King Edward.

Some years ago the Kaiser sent the prince to America, as his personal representative at the inauguration of the new building of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and it was generally supposed at the time that the prince would subsequently return as ambassador. Indeed, he made no secret of his wish for an ambassadorial appointment. But the prince, the Duke of Westminster, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis West, are no longer in as high favor at the court of the Kaiser as formerly. The father's dukedom has not been continued to the son, and the latter, who has been disappointed in his diplomatic aspirations, and who has moreover received none of the great court offices, to which his birth and great wealth entitles him in a measure to look for, has now given public manifestation of his discontent, by selling his palace.

Alan Stepany Gulston, of Derby (which means "The Druids' Home"), Llandebis, Caermarthenshire, has announced his assumption of the baronetcy of the late Sir Emile Cowell-Stepney, who was found dead the other day in a village railroad station in Arizona. While it is perfectly true that Alan Stepany Gulston is a descendant of the seventh holder of the Stepney baronetcy, he can only claim this descent in the female line, and the descent of baronetcies is restricted exclusively to the male line direct. Under present conditions there is no law to prevent Alan Stepany Gulston from assuming the baronetcy, and he cannot be penalized for the usurpation, unless he should happen to become insolvent, and it could be shown that he had obtained credit on the strength of his alleged baronetcy, and that he had used the name of the late Sir Emile Cowell-Stepney, who was found dead the other day in a village railroad station in Arizona.

The original Stepney baronetcy was created by James I. in 1621, but became extinct with the death of Thomas Stepney, the ninth baronet, in 1825. He had two sisters, and it was to the younger of these, Justina, that he left his property. She married Gen. Andrew Cowell, and the son of the union, who by the terms of his uncle's will assumed the name and arms of Stepney, in addition to his father's name of Cowell, was created a baronet in 1871 for military services. The late Sir Emile, who died the other day, was his son.

The ninth and last baronet of the original creation had an elder sister of the name of Elizabeth, who married Joseph Gulston, a member of Parliament. She was estranged from her brother. It is her grandson, Alan Gulston, who is now claiming his grand-uncle's baronetcy, which became extinct in 1825.

Sir Emile leaves a daughter, Catherine Cowell-Stepney, who has inherited all his property. The latter includes about 10,000 acres in Wales. He likewise owned at one time some 15,000 acres of land in California. What disposition will be made of the latter remains to be seen, as there is likely to be litigation. It has been reported that Sir Emile had on the strength of a decree of divorce which he had obtained in Idaho, contracted another marriage. This divorce was, however, never recognized by the English tribunals, and was declared by them to be invalid when it came up for discussion during the proceedings which Mrs. Cowell-Stepney, who is about 33, lives with her mother, Mrs. Cowell-Stepney, a daughter of the late Earl De Tabley and in this way is connected with the Wadsworths, of Genesee, N. Y., and Mrs. Arthur Post, of New York. Mrs. Cowell-Stepney's elder sister is the mother of that Bryan Leighton, who volunteered for service under the American flag during the war with Spain, and went through the entire campaign.

Sir Emile was undoubtedly half insane. Indeed, it was on the strength of affidavits of the late William E. Gladstone, of Viscount Currie, of Sir Robert Mead, under secretary of state for the colonial department, and of Sir Percy Anderson regarding his delusions, that the English court of chancery made an order in 1891, granting the custody of his daughter to her mother. Afterwards Sir Emile was under the treatment of the late Sir William Gull, of Dr. Bordenesley, and of other eminent physicians, besides being subjected to an alienist's treatment for more than a year. Had this been known, it is doubtful whether Sir Emile would have succeeded in obtaining his papers of naturalization as a citizen of the United States. He was proud of his American citizenship, and in writing to his fellow-members of clubs in London, to which he belonged up to the time of his death, always begged that they should address him as "Mr. E. Stepney," since on becoming

an American citizen he had "dropped the baronetcy for good and all."

With the death of Prince Anthony Sulkowski, the Prussian branch of this one-time important princely and ducal family becomes extinct. The prince was predeceased by his only son, Alexander, who died four years ago, leaving a widow, while Prince Anthony's second alliance, with an elderly woman, Josephine Schmidt, who survives him, was childless. This is on the whole fortunate, since the prince's vast possessions of the Prussian Sulkowskis, virtually nothing remains, their great estates near Lisse in the Province of Posen) being mortgaged up to the very hilt, and all their art treasures long since dispersed.

Their connection with the Austrian Sulkowskis is remote. In fact, it is necessary to go back to the middle of the eighteenth century to establish any relationship. The chief of the Austrian Sulkowskis is Prince Joseph, who is likewise Duke of Bleitz, a most eccentric creature, who cannot set foot in Austria, or visit his estates there, owing to the fact that he is a fugitive from an Austrian lunatic asylum, to which he was committed as insane. He has some property, however, in Germany, and the German courts have pronounced him to be possessed of his reason, and perfectly capable of managing his own affairs. Up to the time of his commitment he disposed of enormous wealth, never travelled anywhere but by special train, always insisted on hiring an entire hotel to

Britain's Indian Empire Land of Strange Scenes

Go where you will, the world over, in any community there will be found many, however backward, for pleasure from civilization, who pride themselves on doing whatever they turn their attention to just a little better than someone else would.

Benares is far from savagery. The people of this interesting land were enjoying a civilization second to none hundreds of years before America was even dreamed of. There are traces of decadence now in many quarters. But it is not in evidence among those who hover about the burning ghats of the quaint city on the Ganges, seeking an engagement at their chosen profession of wood piling for a funeral pyre, exhibiting a pride in their workmanship which would be gruesome were it not in such strict conformity with the matter-of-fact manner in which the entire ceremony is conducted.

We witnessed four cremations while in Benares. Whether we were fortunate or not depends upon how you view such affairs. At all events they were interesting, albeit a trifling prosaic even to one unaccustomed to such a sight. The body, strapped to a litter, was brought down to the edge of the ghats, or landing place, and the pyre, a river to purify it. The Ganges is so muddy you could almost cut it, and the water shines in a manner suggestive of anything but purity, but that doesn't matter to the mourners, who adhere strictly to custom.

A Matter of Business.

After the purification has been completed, the body lies in the hot sun on the steps while the friends bargain for wood sufficient for the purpose. You have to haggle over the price of everything in India, even the fuel with which to make a funeral pyre; and nothing would be further from the thoughts of mourners than to pay the first figure asked for a bundle of fagots.

Once a price has been agreed upon, the pyre is built. This is no ordinary task, and the man who piles the wood so scientifically for a funeral pyre, exhibits in the proceedings takes as much interest in making a thorough job as would an artist in putting the finishing touches to a canvas, or a potter in turning out a particularly fine specimen of his art. The funeral pyre, as the friends apply the torch, and the body goes up in smoke. There are varying degrees of cremation, according to the means or inclinations of the mourners. A cheap one means the use of green wood, which does not ignite readily, and causes much smoke. For the most part, however, the pyres, each about three feet high, make quite a fire.

It is a weird sight to pass one of these burning ghats in the evening, and see the dull gleam of a fire, all that is left of some poor chap, deserted even by the mourners, who long since took the departure.

We were fortunate in being in Benares, at the "Boorha Munga," or feast of boats, which takes place each year and lasts a week. I say fortunate, for aside from its ghats and its temples, the latter about as uninviting a place on a hot day as could be imagined, Benares has little to offer in the way of attractions.

We went down on the river one evening during the festival, and having our own boat were rowed back and forth for a time. There were four thousand boats of all sorts and descriptions, with scarcely less variety in the matter of decorations. Some of the more affluent participants would lash two or three barges together, on which a platform would be built and Nauch girls and comedians and jugglers perform for the amusement of those who saw fit to hire them. Some of the boats were beautifully decorated, representing a heavy outfit. Others were old tubs whose unseaworthiness was evident at a glance, but which were pressed into service for the occasion. Hundreds of thou-

sands of persons lined the banks of the river and the ghats fairly swarmed with natives who looked on in pleasure from which to witness the spectacle. All in all, it was well worth witnessing, but the noise and the smell rendered conditions almost unbearable.

There is noise and dust and smell wherever you go in India, but at no other place did we find these elements quite so plentiful as in Benares.

Somewhat Queer.

These festivals are queer affairs, particularly when they possess a religious significance, as is almost invariably the case. We were in Madras during the feast of Vishnu, when many thousands of natives crowded the streets and beaches before the gilt cars which carried the "gods" from place to place. They were nothing more than crude carts, covered with the cheapest of tinsel, but they made a profound hit with the throngs. The Vishnites mark themselves on the forehead with a sacred ash in the form of a V, while the Saivites, not to be outdone, paint on three stripes. It certainly does not improve their appearance, giving a disgusting look.

Of festivals and temples there is no end. Indeed, when the number of these places of worship is taken into consideration you marvel that the people ever found time to build anything else. For a time they are interesting. Like every other good thing, however, imposing structures can be overdone—with one exception, a notable one, too. That is the Taj Mahal, at Agra, the most magnificent building in the world bar none. Words fail when it comes to describing this shrine of a devoted ruler to the companion who had gone before. Anyway, the whole world is familiar with its history and beauty, so anything at this time would be merely superfluous.

Draw Well.

If these religious festivals pall on the stranger, they nevertheless lose their drawing power among the devout natives. At Tanjore we encountered the festival of Kumbhkarna, and the crowds here were really interesting, as they were at every other point, in fact. They poured into town in perfect droves, packing the narrow streets into cars built to transport bullocks. It cost them a "pie," equivalent to one-sixth of a cent, a mile for the privilege of standing in these trains, and they came for hundreds of miles, the festival only occurring once in twelve years. During the progress probably 200,000 devout Hindus bathed in the tank of sacred Ganges water, which is supposed to reach there by some miraculous means. Judging by appearances, it does not reach this spot very often. When we saw the tank, the "water" looked like green paint of a pretty good consistency, it was so thick with slime and grease, were fully one hundred persons bathing and drinking it then.

Can't Escape 'Em.

Which again brings to mind the fact that smells are ever present in India. Everyone at all familiar with India knows of the Nauch girls, the native dancers, who, if you ever visit India and wish to watch them, select a most propitious time than we did. It was on a blistering hot evening that we were escorted to this "treat." The woman was resplendent in tinsel and gilt, and every move of her body sounded like a tank, the "water" looked like green paint of a pretty good consistency, it was so thick with slime and grease, were fully one hundred persons bathing and drinking it then.

Of times being played simultaneously. She wasn't a bad sort of a dancer, "muscling" a love story for our benefit. Hot? There was a dozen of us, besides the dancer, musicians and a dozen native onlookers in a room less than twenty feet square, and under such conditions the exhibition was far from enjoyable or enjoyable. However, this may have been due to lack of appreciation on our part, for the native portion of the audience gave vent to its enthusiasm in no uncertain manner.

India is not lacking in spots of interest. The best city of all, according

to my way of thinking, is Bombay, where there is much to see, and where excellent accommodations can be obtained. Of course, the chief attraction is to a lover of beautiful workmanship in the extensive bazaars that abound, where one can buy the most magnificent specimens of gold and silver work after haggling with the dealer until half exhausted. Everybody else haggles, though, which helps to relieve the strain somewhat. You shop amid strange conditions in these Indian cities. In Jaipur we visited a shop in an alley scarcely five feet wide, in getting there having to pass through a stable in which a couple of bullocks were contentedly browsing, up four flights of stairs, and to a room on the roof. It was worth the exertion, however, for we were shown a collection of jewelry worth at least a couple of hundred thousand dollars—that is, at least value. They ask you several pieces for every article, and if you offer one-third their figure, you are pretty certain to become its possessor, after a lengthy argument in which the dealer protests that he is virtually making you a present of the article.

India is a land of contradictions, of extremes and contrasts of this very fact it is well worth a visit. It can be seen the bright and dark sides of life, splendor and squalor, wealth and poverty, continually rubbing elbows in spite of the caste which permits a man to carry luggage for his master but necessitates his employing a man lower down to handle his own belongings. And, having seen this, you are more contented with your lot.

LARGE SUBSIDIES NO STARS THERE

Norwegian Theatres Run on Lines Unfamiliar to Americans.

[By Madame Sode Bernhoff-Jebe.]

In Norway the theatre is operated on an entirely different system from that which prevails in the United States. In this country travelling companies are the rule, while in Norway the players are found only in the two principal cities—Christiania and Bergen. Other cities have theatres, but the players who appear in them are either visitors from the stationary theatres mentioned or they are in companies who come from neighboring countries, usually from Denmark or Sweden.

In Christiania, the capital, which is our largest Norwegian city, and has a population of about 200,000 inhabitants, there are several playhouses, the most prominent of which is the National Theatre. The actors and actresses belonging to it are engaged by the year, and during the period of their contract they play in that particular theatre, and in no other, except by permission of the management. It happens occasionally that an actor or an actress from the National Theatre is allowed to appear as a guest in another city or country, such as Norway, Sweden, Denmark, or Germany; but these are rare instances in which the player leaves the theatre while he is attached to it. The institution of the stationary theatre is similar to the American stock company, and yet I would not call it exactly that, for the sum of money which the names "star," "leading man," or "leading woman."

The members of the company act under their own names, and there is no more difference between the professional and private lives than there is in the case of painters, sculptors, and other artists. Occasionally changes take place, but many of the members of the National Theatre remain there during their entire lives. We have had several 50-year jubilees. This is an excellent system, for it enables the players to have their own homes, and to live with just as much regularity as if they were not in any way connected with the theatre. If a woman of the family happens to be attached to the theatre, she is brought home after the performance by a servant who waits for her at the stage-door.

An American not long ago asked me if we had any Johnnies in Norway, and I said:

"What is a Johnnie? I have never heard of him."

The National Theatre is not subsidized by the Government, as might be supposed by the name, though the institution is greatly aided by outside contributions. Kitchens and Bladens, business houses often give to it, and the city officials aid in one way and another. For instance, the tax on brandy is devoted to the public benefit, and a portion of this is given to the National Theatre. The banks, too, contribute generously.

The new National Theatre of Christiania was built in 1899, and the style of the architecture is French of the Empire period. The charge for admission is about the same as that asked for in the best American theatres. Norwegians are enthusiastic admirers of the drama, and will pay almost any price to see a great artist.

Visiting players occasionally come to the National Theatre from all parts of the world, and when Madame Sara Bernhoff was there, the price of seats went as high as \$13 and \$14, American money. This price was paid by two or three hundred people. Dusa has also acted at the National Theatre, though the price of seats at the time of her visit did not exceed \$5. The king pays for the royal box.

The National Theatre carries the largest company of actors in Christiania, though the Fahlstrom company has about 50 members who play from the 1st of September until the Middle of May or June. The salaries of the players vary, but they average about a thousand dollars a year, American money. During the summer the employees of the theatre are expected to rest, in order that they may be in the best possible condition for the work of the next season. Occasionally some of them work during vacation, for the purpose of making extra money, but it is against the wishes of the management for them to do so. The national theatre of Christiania is a most interesting one for their old players, who are provided to a pension after 25 years of service. Very few, however, leave the stage at that age.—From an article in the Green Book Album.

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ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF WOMEN.

May 12, the 89th birthday of Miss Florence Nightingale, recalled anew the heroism and devotion of one of the noblest of women who ever shed lustre on the world's annals. The grim struggle in the Crimea has passed into the realm of history; few are left today of the brave soldiers who lined the trenches at Sevastopol, or the daring horsemen who swept down Balaclava Valley "while all the world wondered."

But the tender memory of Florence Nightingale's self sacrifice is more lasting than the stirring record of a thousand battles. Who can forget what the nation owes to the noble Englishwoman who was a ministering angel to the sick and wounded on the bleak shore of the Black Sea. And who, remembering it all, can wonder that the Florence Nightingale passed through the hospital wards on her mission of succor, the wounded soldiers, blessing her name, kissed the shadow which the slim girlish figure cast upon the walls?—Scottish American.