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## HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE

The Sauce that  
makes the whole  
world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England  
2089

# SAUCE

## POINTS ABOUT PEERS

**D**URING his twenty odd years of military life, the Earl of Longford has seen a good deal of fighting. The Boer War broke out when the Earl was on his honeymoon. Responding to the call of duty, he found himself fighting side by side with Dunsay, his newly-acquired brother-in-law, for both of these had married daughters of the Earl of Jersey. Lord Longford took part in the extraordinary engagement at Lindley against De Wet's six thousand men, and had a very narrow escape from death. A bullet hit and seriously wounded him in the neck, the surgeons telling him afterwards that had it struck him half an inch higher, he would have been a dead man. On his return to Ireland, Lord Longford had an equally narrow escape at the Curragh, a stray shot from a machine-gun tearing off the shoulder strap of his tunic.

Lord Longford is enormously wealthy and owns about fifteen thousand acres of land in Westmeath. Pakenham Hall, the family's seat, was once known by the old Irish name of Tullyally, but since the sixteenth century it has changed both name and ownership.

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### Viscount Powis.

**VISCOUNT POWIS**, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at his Welsh seat shortly, comes of a family the members of which have played an important part in English politics and administration during the last hundred years. The first Baron Clive was not only a distinguished soldier in his day, but was the creator of our Indian Empire. It was he whom Pitt on one occasion referred to as a "heaven-born general." Of the many objects of historic interest in the possession of Viscount Powis not the least important is the famous diamond-hilted sword that was presented to Lord Clive on his first return from India and on the occasion of his marriage.

Viscount Powis' magnificent seat near Welshpool is one of the most remarkable mansions in the country. Built entirely of sandstone, it presents a unique appearance, and is known among the Welsh people as *Castell Coch* (Red Castle). It was founded in the twelfth century, and the fine gateway is still flanked by the two original towers. In olden days royalty were frequent visitors to Powis Castle. The state bedroom is still kept in the exact order as it was in the time when Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., and George IV. occupied it. The walls and galleries are lined with valuable portraits, and are hung with wonderful tapestries brought from India by the first Lord Clive.

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### Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

**THE** Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, one of the wealthiest of European widowers, has become affianced to Princess Karola, daughter of Prince Friedrich of Saxe-Meiningen, and cousin of that charming lady, the German Crown Princess. The Grand Duke's first wife was a Princess of Reuss, who died a year after marriage, and since her demise the Grand Duke has been irresponsibly engaged in black and white to quite a number of German princesses. Saxe-Weimar has been the rendezvous of artists and literary men since the days when Goethe was the pivot round which all the courtiers turned; since groups of fair ladies sipped their chocolate to the melodious reciting by Schiller, in his periwig, of his own poems, and Mozart played his sonatas on the

spinnet for their delight. English artists have ever been most hospitably received at Weimar, and during the last year or two they have made something of a god of Miss Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, at the court, and shown a great appreciation of another artist from our midst, Mr. Will Rothenstein, of the New English Art Club.

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### Owner of 100,000 Acres.

**THE** Duke of Montrose, who has been speaking on the Budget, is one of the biggest landowners, possessing over 100,000 acres in Scotland. He is a good all-round sportsman, being one of the best shots in society, and he has done a good deal of big game shooting in Egypt and elsewhere. He is Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and has charge of the arrangements for the election of Scottish representative peers. The Duchess of Montrose was one of the duchesses who held the canopy over the Queen at the Coronation. It is a curious fact that each of the first three Dukes of Montrose died in the same year in which their respective sons and heirs were married. The fourth duke, father of the present peer, however, broke the chain of coincidences.

## Unacquaintance Quite Mutual

**M. FRANKFORT MOORE**, the novelist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and J. M. Barrie happened to be playing a cricket match together. With them was a sporting Englishman whose education was much more thorough in cricket than in books. But he knew that this team was nominally composed of authors and made up his mind to be sociable with them.

For his first essay he ran against the man who invented Sherlock Holmes.

"Would you mind telling me your name? I didn't quite catch it just now," he said.

"Conan Doyle," was the reply.

"Ah!" The sportsman pulled at his mustache. "Do you write?" he asked at last.

"A little?" said the author in some surprise.

The conversation ended and the next man the questioner happened against chanced to be J. M. Barrie, hiding from the sight of men in a quiet corner, as is his wont.

"Feeling fit?" the cricketer asked.

"Pretty fair," said Barrie.

"D'yee know, I didn't quite catch your name a minute or so ago. Would you mind?"

"My name's Barrie."

"Ah!" and a long silence, for Barrie is the most nervous of men in the presence of strangers.

"Do you write, Mr. Barrie?"

"I have written now and then, I am afraid," said Barrie, meekly.

Shortly afterward the sportsman moved on once more, feeling that unmen who wrote were about as unentertaining as last year's newspapers. He tugged at his mustache, and at that moment ran full tilt into Frankfort Moore. The same question followed in the praiseworthy effort to get on warmer terms with his fellow players. And when he learned the third stranger's name, his face brightened wonderfully.

"I needn't ask if you write, Mr. Moore," he cried with enthusiasm. "'Lalla Rookh' is a household word with us."