

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Baroness Eckhardstein's testimony in her suit for judicial separation against her husband in London, to the effect that he had extorted a large sum of money from her for the payment of his gambling debts by threatening to jump out of the window then and there, unless she complied with his pecuniary demands, serves to recall the legend according to which he is asserted to have jumped or dropped out of a second-story window of the old Metropolitan Club at Washington, after midnight, for the sake of a woman and without sustaining any injury.

A tale, as well as the story of how a young sub-officer of the Brandeburg Cuirassiers he, on being attacked one night by a gang of drunken ruffians, placed his back against the wall and slashed about him with his sabre to such effect that three of his assailants were badly wounded and the others took to flight, endowed him with a certain amount of romance in the eyes of the late Sir John Maple's only daughter and contributed in no small degree to her marrying him, in the face of her father's opposition.

The union was bound from the outset to result badly. For the baron had a marked strain of brutality in his character, which served to alienate from him not only English society, but also his own countrymen of birth and breeding, such as, for instance, Count Wol-Wetterlich, the present German ambassador in London, who insisted that the baron's connection with the embassy should be entirely severed.

Then, too, it was known that the baron was a heavy gambler, both with cards and on the stock exchange, and that the money which was being squandered was not his own but that of his wife.

She, on her side, while a handsome woman, has inherited much of her father's lack of refinement, and is moreover frightfully proud. In fact, the Corps Diplomatique and the Great World in London still recall with mingled amusement and horror the time when, during the long illness of the former German ambassador, the late Count Paul Hatfeldt, Baroness Eckhardstein was called upon, as wife of the senior married secretary, to play the role of German ambassador in doing the honors of the embassy.

The matrimonial affairs of the couple are in a pretty tangled condition just at present; for while the baron is seeking a divorce in Germany, the baroness is suing for a judicial separation in England, where the baron, although a German citizen, has his legal domicile.

The baroness has a long list of acts of personal violence and brutality, and of pecuniary extortions with which she charges her husband, showing that only last year she had been obliged to pay \$2,000,000 in order to save him from bankruptcy and ruin. She also imputes to him many acts of faithlessness. He on his side objects to her medical attendant, whom she declines to sacrifice for his sake. In fact, the scandal is a pretty one.

The only foolish thing about the whole matter is the attempt made to describe the union as having been a mesalliance on the part of the baron. For if the baroness is the daughter of old Sir John Maple, the retail furniture dealer of Tottenham Court road, whose public life was only equalled by his appalling and picturesque vulgarity and his lack of aspirates, the baron on his side is descended from a man of the same stamp, Ernest Eckhardt, who made a fortune as army contractor in the early part of last century, and who was annulled by way of part payment of some pecuniary claim of the house of Eckhardt & Co. against the Prussian war department.

It is a peculiar coincidence that at the moment when the affairs of the baron are engaging the attention of the public both in Germany and in England, in such an unsavory fashion, the magnificent Eckhardstein palace on the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin, and one of the finest residences of that thoroughfare, should be in the act of being torn down. True, it passed out of the possession of the Eckhardsteins a number of years ago, but it has always retained the name of the old army contractor who devoted a considerable portion of his great wealth to its construction.

On his mother's side Baron Eckhardstein can boast of a more distinguished lineage. For she is the grandchild of the famous German field marshal, Count Kleist, one of the most heroic figures in the Napoleonic wars, and she is the last survivor of the great soldier's family.

The Duke of Manchester has just received an accession to his income of \$15,000 a year through the death of Harriet, Duchess of Manchester, the second wife and widow of his great-grandfather, the sixth duke. She was the daughter of Conway Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, in County Antrim, and married the sixth duke of Manchester just 57 years ago. Three years later she married Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, secretary to the general postoffice, who died in 1893, but retained her title of Duchess of Manchester and likewise the annuity of \$15,000 settled upon her by the sixth duke at the time of her marriage to him, and chargeable on the estate.

In fact, it was a first charge on the ducal property, and had to be paid before anything else. Not that she needed it. For she had inherited a considerable fortune from her father and from her relatives, and this enabled her to show herself most liberal in her contributions to the various funds of the Methodist persuasion, of which she was a most enthusiastic member.

Indeed, she was a deeply religious woman, who may be said to have devoted the greater part of her long life to evangelization. She was never seen in society, her appearance was altogether unknown to the London great world, and she possessed but the slightest acquaintance with the wife of her stepson, the seventh Duke of Manchester, the woman now known as the Duchess of Devonshire, and with Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the American widow of the eighth duke.

GAL TWO—NOTABLE PEOPLE 6

Both of these women are extremely worldly and ultra-fashionable, the antithesis, indeed, of the Dobbs duchess. The latter had likewise seen but little of the present duke and of his American wife, who was Miss Helen Zimmerman, while it is doubtful whether she ever set eyes upon the present duke's children; that is to say, the great-grandchildren of her stepson.

The increase to the duke's income, resulting from the release of the obligation on the part of the trustees of the Manchester estates to charge the latter with the payment of the late duchess' annuity, will atone in a measure for his having been compelled by the King to resign, after a tenure of only a few months, his lucrative office of captain—and commander—of the yeomen of the guard. He is now back at his place in Ireland, and will not be seen at all in London this season.

For his wife the young Duchess of Manchester, there is not the slightest foundation for the story again published extensively a week ago, to the effect that she is a lady in waiting to the Queen. Aside from any other considerations, her foreign birth precludes her from any such office.

From Vienna comes the announcement of an impending marriage between Archduchess Gabrielle and Count George Festetics, eldest son of Count Tassilo Festetics, chief of the Festetics family and grand master of the court of Hungary. The alliance is leading to a good deal of discussion, owing to the fact that the Festetics belong to the ordinary nobility and not to the mediatized or formerly reigning houses, which alone have the right of matrilial royalty on a footing of equality.

Count Tassilo Festetics is, however, far too grand and proud a personage in point of wealth, power, and rank to permit his son and heir to be regarded as the morganatic husband of any royal or imperial princess, and

insists that if the union takes place, the girl, who is a daughter of Archduke and Archduchess Frederick, shall, in accordance with the custom of the house of Hapsburg, when its princesses wed, be compelled to previously make a solemn renunciation of her rights and prerogatives, and agree to accept the status and to share the precedence of her husband. This renunciation precedes every marriage of an archduchess. But this is one of the first occasions where the renunciation has been made to a mere nobleman, such as young Count George Festetics.

The latter's mother is an Englishwoman—namely, the only sister of the late Duke of Hamilton. True, she has royal blood in her veins, for her mother was Princess Marie of Baden, while she herself had been previously married to the now reigning Prince of Monaco. Her union with the latter was annulled eleven years after its celebration by a decree of the Vatican on the ground that she had been seduced by her mother, and by her kinsman, Napoleon III, to wed Prince Albert of Monaco against her will. The only son born to the marriage, however, was declared by the decree to be legitimate, and will, on the death of his father, succeed him as ruler of Monaco.

Old Scotland Yard, for nearly a hundred years the headquarters of the London police, is about to disappear to make way for the construction of a grand new thoroughfare extending from Whitechapel to Northumberland avenue, and with it one of the most familiar landmarks of the British metropolis—a landmark enjoying a worldwide celebrity—will vanish. It owes its name to the fact that its site was formerly occupied by a splendid palace, built for the reception of the Scottish monarchs when they visited London to do homage to the kings of England for their fiefs in Cumberland and Westmoreland. The last of the Scotch royal family to reside there was Margaret, Queen of Scotland, the sister of Henry VIII, who had her abode there after she returned to England on the death of her husband, King James IV, of Scotland, killed in the battle of Flodden Field. Henry VIII, allowed the palace, after the death of his sister, to fall into decay. In the reign of Elizabeth it had become a ruin, and after the union of the Scotch and English crowns it was dismantled. Thereupon it was converted into the site of certain Government offices and residences.

Milton, there while acting as Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and when the impending agony of blindness first began to threaten him. There, too, lived Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and John Vanbrugh, the designer of the duchess's palace at the entrance to Scotland Yard that, during the reign of James II, Lord Herbert, the poet, and himself the author of a poem the meter of which was adopted by Tennyson in his "In Memoriam," was waylaid from ruffians of jealousy, attacked by hired assassins and severely wounded; and it was at the corner of Scotland Yard that Josiah Wedgwood had, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a showroom in which to exhibit his pottery and porcelain. Not until 1829, however, did Scotland Yard become the headquarters of the metropolitan police, on the formation of the latter by the great Sir Robert Peel to supersede the so-called London "Charlies."

Gen. Sir Arthur Ellis, who has just died in such a dramatically sudden fashion at the opera in London during the state performance in honor of the King and Queen of Denmark, was something more than the mere euryrhythm of King Edward, for he was controller of accounts in the lord chamberlain's department. The title is misleading, for the office is virtually that of permanent chief of the lord chamberlain's department. The lord chamberlain changes with the administration, whereas the controller remains, so that it is upon him that depends the major portion of the work, and, above all, its continuity. The importance of this will be appreciated when it is borne in mind that it is with the lord chamberlain's department that rests the responsibility of investigating the antecedents of people wishing to be presented at court and of keeping track of the doings of those who have already been presented, so that in the event of their becoming involved in any public or private scandal, or even conducting themselves so as to give rise to talk of a questionable character, they may be temporarily or permanently barred from court.

In one word, the lord chamberlain's department is the species of Cerberus that guards the portals of King Edward's court, and which is the censor of the morals and of the conduct of all those who either belong thereto or who have aspirations in that direction.

Of course, it needs a man enjoying the most unique knowledge of English and foreign society for the post of permanent chief of this department, and Gen. Sir Arthur Ellis was exceptionally fitted for the post. During the three decades that he was with the then Prince of Wales as euryrhythm he had to have been the member of the royal household who kept in closest touch with society at home and abroad, and who more than anyone else helped to keep his master posted on the gossip and scandal of the day. Possessed of a perfect knowledge of French, and especially of German, there was no one of the often manifold age who was more intimately acquainted with everything that has taken place during the last 40 years at the courts and in the society of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg, and, being blessed with a singularly active memory, Sir Arthur was able to exercise a greater care in the discharge of his duties than any other man of his term of office as controller than was the case during the previous reign. King Edward had this in view in selecting him for the controllership. The fact that he was often manifested his indignation at the ignorance displayed by the lord chamberlain's department in regard to foreign matters, while he has time and again spoken with warm appreciation of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by Ellis of continental court life and society with which he himself, that is, the King—is acquainted to a degree that amazes foreigners.

Sir Arthur was a courtly and good-looking man, with most velvety manners and dulcet-toned voice. Possessed of fine artistic tastes and a good deal of acting as expert and adviser in most artistic questions to King Edward. That Sir Arthur was a particular favorite of either Queen Alexandra or of her children may be doubted, and he was not a favorite of the King's children, nor was he popular either at court or in society. Rightly or wrongly, he was considered with an extremely jealous disposition—that is to say, jealous of the favor of his royal patron, and with an anxiety to keep away from Edward VII, anyone likely to become a favorite.

Sir Arthur was a veteran of the Crimean war, but saw no active service afterwards. He became connected with the court 45 years ago, and from that time forth all his military promotion—that is to say, from the rank of subaltern to that of general—was won not as a soldier but as an attendant upon royalty. He was a grandson of the sixth Lord Howard de Walden and guardian of the present peer of that name during the latter's minority, and married the daughter of the first and last Lord Taunton, thereby becoming a cousin of Henry Labouchere, proprietor of London Times.

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

A strange incident is reported from Osaka, with the disappearance of a wealthy merchant named Sakamoto, who was to have been married recently to a pretty girl of 20.

Sakamoto, who is 42, was first married 22 years ago, but after the birth of a baby daughter, he quarrel with his wife and deserted her at Omori, near Yokohama. He then went to a northern province and built up a lucrative business as a merchant. His wife died two years later, and the daughter was adopted by a family of the same name.

A few months ago Sakamoto retired from business and went to Osaka to live. He became acquainted with this country, and finally arranged to marry his supposed daughter. He discovered quite by chance that his intended bride was really his own daughter, whom he had deserted nearly twenty years before.

Sakamoto disappeared, after leaving a substantial sum for his daughter—Narasaki's dispatch to London Express.

GETTING AROUND IT.

W. L. David, of Findlay, O., whose masterly prosecution convicted the Standard Oil company in the case of the Standard Oil company, was the subject of the other day about trust methods.

"There are a number of trusts that seem to think that the people are stupid," said these trusts, with some ingenious quibble, break the law, and then believe that their quibble will save them.

"They remind me of two little Findlay boys."

"The mother of one boy said to him last Christmas morning:

"I don't want you to go to Johnny Smith's to play with his Christmas toys. He's a bad boy."

"All right, mother," the lad answered, and a few minutes later, seeing the Smith boy on the doorstep, he said:

"Johnny, mother says I can't go in your house to play with your toys, because she thinks you come on in your house—I ain't rude."

THE STORY OF THE DERBY

FOUNDED IN 1780 BY THE EARL OF DERBY

An Undulating Track—Some Famous Horses, and Famous Races.

It is told of a former Shah of Persia that once he was asked to go and see the Derby. He asked what it was, and when told, he declined to go, saying: "I am already aware that one horse can run faster than another." To most of us that is all that the Derby signifies. We know the owners only by name, and perhaps not always even that much. We hardly know the horses at all. All we know is that some horses started in a race and one of them would run faster than the others; yet the interest in the event is universal wherever two or three Britons are gathered together. Of course, there are reasons for this. One of them is that the Derby is a great historical race.

There are three great races for three-year-olds: The St. Leger, the Derby and the Oaks. The first-named has the longest history. It was founded in 1776. The course is about one and three-quarter miles; the track is nearly level and is kite-shaped. The Oaks was established in 1779 and the Derby in 1780. Both owe their origin to the twelfth Earl of Derby. The Oaks is for fillies; the Derby is open to both colts and fillies. The course is one and a half miles; it is hilly, having both ascents and descents in it. Therefore it is exceedingly trying to horses that are not perfectly sound, and is not a course for exceptional speed, although it has been run in 2:43, which we think is the record for that distance anywhere. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the interest taken in the race that has been regularly run for 127 years should be as widespread as the British people.

But there is a value in the Derby apart altogether from the mere fact that it is an exhibition of speed and a chance for the sons of John Bull to indulge in their natural propensity for betting, and it arises from the fact that it demonstrates what can be done in the way of breeding horses. The winner of this year's race, Orby, comes of a royal family of winners. His grandsire, Ormond, was a Derby winner and was his great-grandfather. Bend Or, who represents the eighth generation from the famous Eclipse, his descent being through Whalebone, who was the progenitor of many Derby winners. Eclipse was the great grandson of Flying Childers, who was the son of the celebrated Darley Arabian, the greatest ancestor of what are known as English thoroughbreds. When a horseman talks of "blood," what he really means, whether he knows it or not, is that the horse of which he speaks can trace his descent back to the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk or the Godolphin Arabian; and this is true to a very large extent even of trotting horses, and most certainly of the Hambletonians, who trace to Messenger, who himself was of the family of the Darley Arabian.

This last-named horse was brought to England about the year 1700, and the other three great sires were his contemporaries, or very nearly so. Some obscurely exists on these points, because the early Stud-Books were not kept with as great exactness as might be desired. The records of the English turf are by no means complete as to speed. There are traditions, which are preserved in the older books on horses, of the phenomenal speed of Flying Childers, a horse which never was beaten. It is told of him that he ran a mile in a minute, although it is only right to add that the story is not credited by horsemen. Contemporary accounts of running leave the impression that his speed may have been something that has never since been approached. It is alleged of Matchem, a grandson of the Godolphin Arabian, that he ran a mile in 1:04, and most of the older books on the English thoroughbreds he is credited with this performance, but like the speed attributed to Flying Childers, the story is probably apocryphal. Eclipse was a wonderful horse. He was on the turf for nearly 20 months, during which times he ran in eighteen races, all of which he won. Contemporary writers say of him that his speed was never tested, because there was no living horse that could give him a race. It was his performance in his last race, which was on May 2, 1793, which originated the expression "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere," these being the words ejaculated by his owner, when asked to declare how he backed his horse to stand in the race.

Just a word or two more on the subject of horses. The term "Thoroughbred" is often misapplied. Thus men speak of a thoroughbred trotter or a thoroughbred Percheron, and so on. But the term has a specific meaning. It means a horse that is entitled to be registered in the English Stud-Book, and for that purpose he must trace in at least eight lines to stock so registered. The proper term to use in the case of Clydes, Percherons, Shires, Hackneys and so on is either pure-bred or registered. The first term is in almost every case a misnomer, because there is hardly such a thing as a pure-bred animal of these breeds. The registers of these horses is of very recent origin, having been got up within the last 25 or 30 years, principally to meet the demand in America for registered stock. The proper term in the case of a trotter is "standard bred"—Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.

The Civilian Catholice draws a distressing and melancholy picture of the suicide epidemic in Europe. The suit or attributes this to the loss of faith. The figures are calculated that in the Protestant countries suicides are more numerous than in the others. While in Spain and Ireland a decrease is noticed, Denmark and Prussia show an increase. Within the last 30 years not less than 1,000,000 suicides have been committed in Europe, and in this total Germany alone figures with 300,000.

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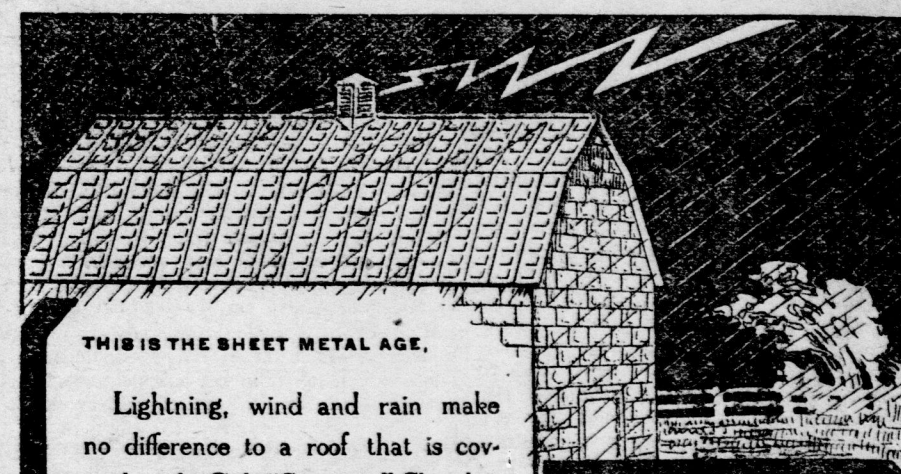
active medicinally than the fruit juices. Where eating fruit only helped to keep one well, this compound actually cured disease.

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113



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