

SIDEGLIMTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

So much has been printed about the mystery of Glamis Castle that it is unnecessary to write any more about the matter in connection with the announcement of the engagement of young Lord Glamis, eldest son of the Earl of Strathmore, to Lady Dorothy Osborne, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, beyond stating that the mystery no longer exists. That is to say, there has ceased to be any reason for keeping secret and secluded any portion of this, the most ancient inhabited castle in Scotland. For Glamis Castle has been during the last three or four years repeatedly advertised as to let, both in English and American newspapers, and its owner, Lord Strathmore, would certainly never have been willing to rent Glamis to strangers had the fortunes and honor of his house necessitated the preservation of any secret concealed in one of the chambers of the castle.

It is quite true that a mystery did at one time exist, and it is understood to have been in connection with some human monstrosity or maniac son of the eleventh Earl of Strathmore, born in 1801, and according to Scottish tradition, that earl's eldest child, who should, strictly speaking, have succeeded his father, instead of the latter's grandchild, offspring of his second son.

In support of this story it is worth noting that nothing is recorded of the so-called Glamis mystery prior to the nineteenth century, while during the last hundred years it has furnished the theme for no end of speculation. It may be pointed out that the old houses of the nobility of Great Britain and of the continent of Europe afford several well-known instances where eldest sons, born as monstrosities or who have in their youth become dangerous lunatics, have been quietly set aside, placed in secret confinement, and classed as dead, their birthright passing to the next heir.

Many of the owners of Glamis have met with violent deaths, three of them, all others, succeeding one another in the honors of the house. Most terrible of all was the fate of the wife of the sixth Lord Glamis, a sister of the sixth Earl of Angus. She was accused, together with her eldest son, of designs against the life of King James V., by poison or witchcraft, with the intention of restoring the House of Angus to the throne, her principal accuser being her second son, a lad of 16. She was burned alive on Castle Hill at Edinburgh, as a witch, after being terribly tortured, while her eldest son, likewise condemned to death on the scaffold, was respite until he should have attained his majority. Before that time had arrived his younger brother had confessed that the whole story was a fabrication, and the young noble was released and restored to his estates and titles as seventh Lord Glamis.

The present Lord Strathmore is the twenty-second Lord Glamis, and the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and of Kintyre. Glamis Castle is full of historic treasures of every description, and not the least among them is the watch which the young pretender left there under his pillow when he rode off with 80 of his faithful warriors after spending a couple of nights in the castle, on his way to Scone in 1716. The ped which he occupied is likewise in existence. The castle was greatly added to by the ninth earl, who was enormously rich, through his romantic marriage to the great heiress, Miss Mary Bowes, of Durham, and of Strathmore Castle. This lady married as her second husband that notorious adventurer, Arthur Robson Stoney, portrayed by Thackeray under the name of "Barry Lyndon," and who spent the last 22 years of his life in King's Bench Prison. It was this ninth earl who added the superb grand staircase, up which eight people can walk abreast, each step of which is fashioned out of a huge block of mahogany.

Young Lord Glamis' fiancée (his name must be pronounced Glamis), is the daughter of the ninth Duke of Leeds, who derives his principal income from the manufacture of gin, and is managing director and principal partner of the leading firm of gin distillers in England. He is descended from that London apprentice boy, who, according to tradition, saved his master's daughter from drowning, receiving as his reward the hand of the girl whom he had rescued, and eventually became the partner and heir of his father-in-law, a man of the name of Hewitt, who was reputed to be one of the wealthiest merchants of the city of London. After being knighted for his services as lord mayor of London he bought an ancient manor house and sent his two boys to live there with their mother.

The dukedom of Leeds is an ancient one as dukedoms go, the first duke having been of King William III. It is a relatively poor peerage, at any rate, as far as territorial power is concerned, and it is only the large income of the present duke, vice-commodore of the royal yacht squadron, derives from his gin distilleries in Deptford, a district of London, that enables him to be a **BRAIN WEARINESS AND FATIGUE.**

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support his title with befitting dignity. He has but one country seat—namely, Hornby Castle, in Yorkshire. It is a vast castellated structure, with an ivy-mantled tower, has been in the possession of the Osborne family for 300 years, and stands in a park of several thousand acres. The duchess, a sister of Lord Durham, is an extremely clever and brilliant woman, who has published several books, including one which went through a number of editions, entitled "Capriccios."

Among the many interesting old pictures at Thornbury, the ancestral home in Essex of the late Lord Petre, and now occupied by his widow, the present peer being excluded by virtue of a special arrangement from the possession of the estates, is a painting which shows the amazing way in which Charles Radcliffe, the Jacobite Earl of Derwentwater, won the hand of Charlotte, Countess of Newburgh. She was the ancestress of the present Lord Newburgh and of his sisters, who include Lady Isabel Howard, wife of the British charge d'affaires at Washington, who has just been gazetted to the English embassy at Vienna.

Charles Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, proposed marriage to Charlotte, Countess of Newburgh, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but fifteen times. She was resolute in her determination to never wed again, her first husband having been Thomas Clifford, of Chudleigh, by whom she had a daughter of the name of Anne, Charles Radcliffe, however, was not the man to take a widow's nay. For one evening he clambered down the chimney into her sleeping apartment—the chimneys were large and roomy in those days—and pointing out to her that she was hopelessly compromised by his presence in her room at that time of night, extorted from her a consent to their marriage. Unless I am much mistaken this is the only instance in the annals of the English aristocracy where a peeress has been won by a sutor clambering, not up to her window, but down the chimney of her room.

I have referred to Charles Radcliffe as the Earl of Derwentwater. While he bore that title it was not his law, for it had been attained by Parliament, owing to his own and his elder brother's complicity in the Jacobite movement. The elder brother died on the scaffold in 1716, while Charles Radcliffe, who had escaped to France, was captured some 30 years or more afterward on board a French privateer by an English man-of-war. When first taken it was believed he was the young pretender's younger brother, Henry Stuart, who died as a Roman cardinal, and was only afterward that his identity was discovered, whereupon he was consigned to the scaffold for the execution of the sentence of death which had been pronounced upon him 31 years previously. The fourth earl was succeeded by his son, Anthony, who died without issue in 1814.

So important is the position and so great the prestige enjoyed by the principal correspondent of the London Times in Paris, where the leading statesmen have for the last forty years been in the habit of making use of that famous organ of the press to convey their views to the world, in preference to availing themselves of any French papers for the purpose, that it may be of interest to announce that George Saunders, a Dundee man, has just been appointed to fill the office held for so many years by the late M. de Blowitz.

The latter was preceded by the brilliant Laurence Oliphant, author of "Piccadilly," a book which divided London society into the "Wholly Worldlies" and the "Worldly Wholes," and who resigned in order to join the strange Harris community in America. Blowitz, on his death, was followed by Lavino, a converted Jew of Dutch origin, whose parents secured naturalization as English citizens.

Saunders, the new correspondent, is an extremely able man, is a graduate of Balliol, Oxford, besides having taken degrees at Glasgow, at Bonn, and at Gottingen. He represented the Times during the last international peace congress at The Hague, was for many years principal correspondent of the Times at Berlin, and has for some time past been principal assistant to Valentine Chirol, the chief of the foreign department of the Times in London. Saunders is well-to-do, being the son of the late David H. Saunders, of Dundee, and of Craigmill, Bialgowrie, and is a man of 50 years of age.

If the French statesmen have always selected the Times rather than any Parisian newspaper for the purpose of airing their views it is because they know that it is the one journal of all others which is scanned every day by all the premiers and ministers, as well as by the sovereigns of every country in Europe, and that its articles carry with these people a weight that no other organ of the press can pretend to command.

Francis, Marquis de Marmier, whose impending marriage to the daughter of the Count and Countess de Guittaut is announced from Paris, is the only son and heir of the third Duc de Marmier, and is a man of 40. He is a soldier by profession, serving as major of the Fifty-first Regiment of Infantry, and some years ago while stationed at Besancon was the object of a mysterious attack, the perpetrators of which have never been discovered to this day. He was found lying unconscious in his bed, which was soaked with blood that had poured from a wound inflicted by some sharp instrument on the back of his head. The marquis was unable to give any account of how or from whom he had received the injury, the only explanation of which was to be found in the fact that some of his valuables had been stolen, but more especially that all his papers had been pulled about in

every direction. The police and the military authorities after long investigation at length came to the conclusion that the marquis was believed to be in the possession of papers and notes relating to the defenses and also to the mobilization, and that his nocturnal visitors had been some of those shady individuals who make a living by securing secret documents of this kind in order to sell them to foreign governments.

This impression was strengthened by the fact that a year previously another officer, a captain of artillery at Besancon, had been subjected to a similar outrage. He, too, had been unable to give any description of his assailants, the police expressing the conviction that in each case chloroform had been used by the thieves to impregnate the atmosphere of the room, thus dull the senses of the sleeping officers before any attempt was made to search for the papers.

The Marmiers are an ancient family, of bourgeois origin, the chief of which bore the title of marquis until the death of the last Duc de Choiseul, the latter having died in 1818 without male issue, leaving only two daughters, the younger married to the Duke of Fitzjames and the elder to the Marquis de Marmier. The marquis was thereupon permitted by Louis XVIII to take his father-in-law's seat in the French Chamber of Peers, as well as his title of duke, though not the name of Choiseul, and thus became first Duc de Marmier. The present duke is his grandson, and is married to Mile. de Moustiers, daughter of that Marquis de Moustiers who was minister of foreign affairs during the closing years of the reign of Napoleon III.

The Marmiers have been a good deal in the public eye in recent years in connection with lawsuits, one of the most entertaining of which was a suit brought by Mile. Anne de Marmier, daughter of the duke, and sister of the present marquis, against her aunt, the widowed Countess de Contades—that is to say, her mother's sister, with whom she had been living. The object of the suit was to have the latter judicially declared as demented, and to secure the administration of Mme. de Contades' large fortune for herself and for her father, the Duc de Marmier.

As evidence of the dementia of the Countess de Contades it was shown that she entertained the most extravagant affection for dolls, of which she had an immense collection. Mile. de Marmier explained in court that it would have been all well if the countess had contented herself with dressing and adorning the dolls, but she complained that she insisted on treating them absolutely as if they were living children, invariably having half a dozen seated with her at dejeuner and at dinner, and causing them to be waited upon by the footmen and served with food and drink. The dolls in question having their own silver spoons, forks, and mugs engraved with the names which they bore and adorned with the armorial bearings of the ancient and illustrious house of De Contades.

It was added that the dolls were of the size of children, and so exquisitely finished in every respect that in the dim light which the widowed countess, like so many elderly women, affected, they were readily mistaken for human beings. They were looked after by a head nurse and three under nurses, one of whom bore, by the orders of the countess, the peculiar apparel, comprising a white cap with long streamers, the cloak and the gay colored skirt of a typical Burgundy "nou-nou," or wet nurse.

This was admitted, constituted the only indication of mental aberration on the part of Mme. de Contades, and was ascribed to the great sorrow of the childlessness of her otherwise happy marriage. In other respects the countess was entirely sane. But the French tribunals, after due deliberation, eventually rendered a decision on the strength of the evidence concerning the dolls, pronouncing the countess as non compos mentis, and appointing Mile. Anne de Marmier and the Duc de Marmier as administrators of her fortune, which they have since inherited.

QUEENS AND BULL FIGHTING

VICTORIA OF SPAIN HOPES TO WIN EVEN IF OTHERS DID FAIL.

Queen Victoria of Spain is, it is said, anxious to abolish in her country the enormities of bull fighting; she has hitherto consented to attend at this favorite national sport, but the last time she went, shortly before Don Jaime's birth, what she witnessed filled her with horror and grief.

So she has caused to be revived the memory of the fact that the great Queen Isabella, when she returned from conquering Granada, declared that it was her wish to abolish bull fighting as a cruel sport, which, she asserted, had been introduced by the Paynim Moors, and which was unworthy of a Christian race.

If the Spaniards of today are reminded that the Queen whom they adore was only prevented by her death from putting down this cruel sport, it is hoped that they may allow their present Queen to make it at least un fashionable for ladies to attend on such sights.

Queen Christina, who so in the early days of her rule as widowed Regent, says the London Illustrated News, but she had so much else to contend with that she was unable to do so.

she had to abandon this unpopular reform.

It seemed impossible not long ago for duelling ever to be abolished as a means of settling personal disputes and wiping out insults among gentlemen, but Queen Victoria achieved it. Acting through her husband, she so arranged that duelling should never again be resorted to by men in the army to end their quarrels or to defend their own honor, and this was speedily accepted as possible and right in civil life too.

HORSES BY THE THOUSAND.

The horse is one of the most important factors in modern warfare, and his education for this purpose is undertaken at great expense by every nation in the world.

In times of peace only two-thirds of the cavalry of the British army is horsed. In times of war—such as during the Boer war—as many as 230,000 horses have been required at short notice. Germany would need about 1,000,000 horses for cavalry and artillery to put her colossal forces in the field, while France could manage with 750,000.

France's bill for horses is estimated at about \$400,000 a year. Prussia spends upwards of \$500,000 annually; while Germany, it has been calculated, must pay at least \$1,500,000 on this feature of military life.—Exchange.

THE DEARTH OF GENIUSES

THIS AGE NOT ONE TO CALL THEM FORTH FROM THE PEOPLE, THINKS AN ENGLISH WRITER.

[London Nation.]

Detractors of the age think it a telling argument to refer us "back to the seventies," asking what men we have to set against the giants of those days. In poetry they ask us, "Where is your Tennyson and Browning, your coming Swinburne, your Matthew Arnold?" "What theologians today can rank with Newman, Stanley, Lightfoot, Martineau or Manning? What historians with Freeman, Froude and J. R. Green? What essayists with Carlyle and Ruskin? Among general thinkers or philosophers, whom will you match against Mill, Spencer or T. H. Green? In this boasted age of science, who stands out as did Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, 30 years ago? Even in the novel, whom will you pit against the George Eliot, Dickens, Meredith of the last generation?" And so they brandish in the world of politics the names of Gladstone and Disraeli, in art those of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and repeat in ever-growing confidence their challenge.

The great men of the seventies carried a certain real distinction of personality, an inspiration of expression, which no body of men of similar influence and authority carry now. Poets, artists, essayists, scientists, were large, strong, conscious prophets or interpreters of new, large, transforming ideas, the quick fruition of recent discovery and audacious speculation in 50 new fields. It was a time of Pisgah views, of swift, unfolding visions and transformations, which furnished strong nourishment and splendid inspiration to men of quick imagining and popular sympathies. The early intellectual and emotional operation of the new scientific and critical ideas was liberative and thaumaturgic; the extension of the reign of law in human history, the doctrine of the conservation of energy and correlation of physical forces, the great conception of scientific evolution, still lay in a vague plaster shape, rich material for the poetic influence of an "In Memoriam" or a "Belfest Address."

Such oracles are now dumb, and it is their trumpet notes we miss, not only among the poets of our time, but among the statesmen, scientists, and reformers. The great liberative and stimulating thoughts of a generation ago seem to have become conservative and restrictive, almost paralyzing influences of today. This is partly what is meant by saying that we live in a too critical age. It is not merely the evident breakdown of old orthodoxies in religion, politics, and general thought, but the rapid subsidence of the effervescence of the new formative ideas. Science seems to have over-mechanized our thinking and our outlook upon life, as it has our industries; the glow and inspiration have died out of the new thought, and have left a successive caution and imposing the intellectual duty in going slow.

We are today cultivating, as the best fruit of modern culture, a type of broad-minded, shallow-feeling man and woman, who move with self-conscious slowness among the intricacies of life, shunning risk and refusing to take risks. Many familiar features of our modern civilization co-operate with this tendency, the growth of material comfort and security in an age of peace, strong governments, and economic advance. Here is also the congestion of ideas and of information pouring out upon the mind in ways that well-nigh inhibit selection and preclude settled convictions upon issues of critical importance to the inner life.

Such conditions are injurious to the emergence and free life of natural genius. Mr. I. bred in these intellectual preserves will not venture as boldly as their fathers into the wilds of life; they will be less eager and less able to "grasp the skirts of happy chance and breast the blows of circumstance" in following their star. It is the general recognition of these facts that leads not a few modern counselors to urge, justly, if somewhat vaguely, that what is wanted is "a new religion." For most patent among our discouragements of efforts is the gradual fading of practical faith, not merely in the personal Providence of current theologies, but in the creative powers of man and the sustaining order of the universe.

Take the present case of politics as a signal example. Is it not evidently the case that the majority of the great work because of our unbelief, and the marking time is most of our great humanitarian movements is primarily due to a want of confidence in man's mission in the universe? Not a few of our churches are alive to the terror of this fact, but the magical rites seem ineffectual for exercising it. It may be, perhaps, to a further, fuller, wiser science that we must first look for the new impulse which shall

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of the human spirit had long been crushed out of her. She looked about her with a vague senseless terror, and she cringed and fawned so pitifully at every question it would have made you sorry and ashamed to see her.

In her vision there was nothing left but disaster; the coming of some stranger, the asking of the simplest question, foreboded trouble. She would not believe that anyone could come to her except with evil intent, and yet she had no idea of resenting anything, but only of trying in some blind way to propitiate misfortune. She had lived in tenement houses all her life, and not being of the kind that find refuge in drink, the utter dreariness of her surroundings had shriveled away the soul of humanity in her until there was nothing left but this shape of perpetual fear. Grand triumph of our civilization! You should see her; she would make you feel so comfortable and warm and full of content. She was dressed in rags, she was gaunt and bent, and in her eyes was an unspeakable terror of you and of me and of all the world that had brought her down to this.—Everybody's.

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