

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lord Bagot, whose troubles with his American wife, formerly Miss Lillian May, of Baltimore, have been occupying the attention of the divorce court in London, is persona grata at court, where it is remembered that he saved the lives of King Edward's sister, the Duchess of Argyll, and of her husband. The latter Bagot, and was known as the Marquis of Lorne.

Late one afternoon, as it was getting dusk, Lord Bagot, who was serving at the time as A. D. C. to Lord Lorne, was driving along in his Lord's horse sleigh, when suddenly he heard a couple of horses bolting behind him. He quickly jumped out of his sleigh, determined to stop them, ignorant to whom they belonged. They were dragging an over-turned and covered sleigh, and were bolting straight towards the Ottawa River. Jumping for their bridles, Lord Bagot was dragged for a considerable distance before he managed to throw one of them. A few feet more and the sleigh would have been over the bank. He had hardly had time to get on his feet before there emerged from beneath the overturned sleigh the governor-general, who, with the help of Lord Bagot, then extricated Princess Louise, badly shaken and bruised, from the rig. In fact, some weeks elapsed before the princess recovered from the effects of the accident to add her thanks to those expressions of gratitude which her rescuer had received from her mother, the queen, and from her brother, the then Prince of Wales.

Lord Bagot, as befits a peer whose Staffordshire estates were, according to the Domesday book, in possession of his family in Saxon times, prior to the Norman conquest, keeps up many old-fashioned customs at Blithfield hall, which is his principal country seat. There is, of course, the Yule log at Christmas eve, and on Christmas Day after dinner, toast and ale are served with quaint ceremony—to the women in antiquated dress gowns and to men in the huge silver loving cup which has been in use for the purpose for hundreds of years. While this is going on, Lord Bagot's celebrated band of hand-bell ringers plays old Christmas tunes and melodies. So great is their skill that on one occasion, when the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was spending Christmas at Blithfield, he insisted on composing a special piece for them.

Another Blithfield Christmas custom is that of hunting on boxing day, and if the weather is too bad for hunting then Lord Bagot takes his guests out for shooting, just as Mr. Wardle took the immortal Pickwick and his companions out gunning on boxing day when they were spending Christmas at Dingley Dell. Lord Bagot, a great antiquarian in his way, is a perfect mine of antiquarian information, which is not surprising when it is borne in mind that Blithfield hall is as rich in old masters and analogous treasures as many a government museum. His collection of paintings enjoys a European reputation, while in the great library are to be found the celebrated Stafford manuscripts.

Lord Huntley, chief of the clan of Gordon and premier marquis of Scotland, has again been engaging the attention of the courts in connection with his financial difficulties, and in a suit brought against him for a relatively small amount, testified that he was entirely without means and dependent upon his wife for every penny piece that he received. He pleaded under oath that he was unable to pay his debts, and the proceedings terminated with an order of committal to jail unless the money was paid within a fortnight.

It is probable that the money will be paid by his relatives as in the case of two other recent orders of committal, in order to save him from the ignominy of prison. But the fact that he should have given evidence on oath to the effect that he was insolvent cannot fail to lead to steps being taken to suspend him from the occupation of his seat in the House of Lords as an hereditary legislator.

Grand Duke William of Luxembourg, who has been ill for several months, is now so completely paralyzed as to be incapable of making any pretense even of administering any longer the reins of government, and his death, which may occur at any moment, is at the best a matter of a few weeks. In consequence of this, George Merenberg has put forward a claim to the regency of the grand duchy. Count George is the only brother of Countess Torby, the morganatic wife of Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and like her, the offspring of a morganatic

union between the late Grand Duke of Luxembourg's only brother Nicholas and of the latter's morganatic wife. This lady, who now bears the title of Countess Merenberg, is the youngest child of Russia's most famous poet, Pushkin, who was killed within a few weeks after her birth in a duel at St. Petersburg by his brother-in-law, Baron Heckeren. When she grew up she married Gen. Dubbelt, chief of the Russian secret police, and who enjoyed as such in an exceptional degree the confidence and regard of the reigning family. But she eloped from him with Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and after being divorced married her royal lover, Count George Merenberg, is, therefore, through his mother a grandson of the poet Pushkin, and as such descended from Hannibal, the famous negro general of Peter the Great.

The count is married to Princess Olga Yurievskaya, the natural daughter of Czar Alexander II. by Princess Catherine Dolgorouka. She was born in 1873, that is to say, during the lifetime of the late Czarina, and seven years before her mother was able, through the death of the Empress, to legalize her relations with Alexander III. by means of a tardy morganatic marriage. Her mother, Princess Catherine Dolgorouka, who had been a maid of honor to the Empress, and who was created Princess Yurievskaya in her own right on her marriage in 1880, was banished from Russia by Alexander III. immediately after his father's murder, as a punishment for all the misery which she had caused his mother, Empress Marie, and she has never since been permitted to cross the Muscovite frontier, making her home in France. Count George Merenberg demands the regency of the duchy of Luxembourg, as the duke of the late Prince Nicholas of Nassau. But aside from the other considerations, the fact that the union of his parents was a morganatic one is sufficient to invalidate his pretensions.

When the grand duke dies he will be succeeded by the youngest of his six daughters, Princess Marie Adelaide, who next week will celebrate her 13th birthday. This is in accordance with the constitution of the grand duchy of Luxembourg, and with the dynastic settlements of the sovereign house of Nassau of 1856, 1857, and 1867. The regency will undoubtedly be vested in the hands of the widowed grand duchess, who is a daughter of the late ex-King Miguel of Portugal, and a sister, therefore, of the Duke of Braganza, legitimist pretender to the throne of Portugal. Among her sisters are the widowed Archduchess Therese, and also the wife of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, the celebrated oculist. Should the minority of her eldest daughter, the regency would pass to the present grand duke's only sister, Hilda, a childless wife of the Crown Prince of Baden, the crown princess coming next in the line of succession to the grand duchy after the six little girls of her brother, the now dying grand duke.

Prince Philip Eulenberg's sudden disgrace, which constitutes the greatest sensation to which the court of Berlin has been treated in many a long day, serves to recall that his career was almost wrecked at its outset by an incident which developed into an international question.

While stationed as a young sub-lieutenant of cavalry at Bonn he was one day inadvertently jostled in the street by a gray-haired and rather portly stranger, whom he at once addressed in the most insulting manner. Upon the stranger replying in a kind the prince drew his saber and cut the man down, inflicting upon him such a wound that he expired a short time afterwards in the hospital. There it was discovered that he was one Otto, a Frenchman, and one of the chefs of Queen Victoria's military detachment in order to attend her majesty's second son, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh (who died as sovereign of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha), during his stay on the continent.

Both the Queen and Prince Alfred were indignant at the outrage, which was made the subject of an acrimonious correspondence between the English, French, and Prussian Governments, the result being that Philip Eulenberg was sentenced to pay heavy damages to the widow and to the orphan children of his victim and to undergo a year's imprisonment in a fortress. He is not, as generally supposed, the brother, but merely the cousin of Count Eulenberg, the grand marshal of the Kaiser's household.

Later on in life he developed into a dramatist, a composer, and a poet, furnishing the words to many of the musical compositions of the Kaiser, and in that way ingratiating himself with his sovereign.

But, in spite of his many accomplishments, his agreeable manners, and his unusual amount of tact, he failed to render himself acceptable to either Emperor Francis Joseph or to the Austrian great world when ambassador at Vienna, and retired from the post some years ago because the atmosphere on the banks of the Danube had become altogether too chry for the Austrian sense, for his health.

It has been alleged that he resigned the ambassadorship at Vienna in order to be more at Berlin and near the Empress. But this is not the case, for since leaving Austria he has lived almost entirely in his country place at Liebenberg and has been rarely seen at court. In fact, the Emperor has seen comparatively little of him in recent years.

Holly Lodge is for sale to the highest bidder, and those on both sides of the Atlantic who will recall the fact that it was for 30 years the favorite dealer and see if this isn't so.

home of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in the outskirts of London, and the scene of her world-wide hostilities, will experience a certain amount of resentment at the idea that it should have been put upon the market so soon after the death of the latest philanthropist of the Victorian era. It is hoped that some means may be devised of acquiring it for use as a public park, with which the memory of the baroness might be associated. For it would be a pity if the beautiful estate, with its extensive gardens and century-old trees, were to be cut up into building lots for the erection of cheap suburban villas, or if it were to be converted into a private lunatic asylum or something of the kind.

The place has been put up for sale, not by the executors, nor in obedience to any testamentary directions of the baroness, but by the principal beneficiary, under her will—namely: her Brooklyn-born husband, to whom Holly Lodge was bequeathed unconditionally. It did not form a part of the estate which she left to him, but when he died in 1922, left the bulk of his widow, the former actress, Harriett Mellon, who died as the Duchess of St. Albans, but had belonged to her while she was still on the stage, and long prior to her marriage to Tom Coutts. It was this which enabled her to dispose of Holly Lodge as she liked, whereas the property which she had inherited from Tom Coutts was comprised in a trust, of which his granddaughter, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was to become later on a beneficiary. The old duchess, therefore, left her Highgate home absolutely untrammelled to Lady Burdett-Coutts, who was her particular favorite. There seems to be a general feeling in England that since W. A. Burdett-Coutts received such a vast fortune at the death of his wife, in addition to the annuity of £250,000 which she had settled upon him on her wedding day, he could well have afforded, at any rate during his own lifetime, to preserve intact the favorite home of his benefactress.

Sir Capel Woseley, whose marriage to Miss Beatrice Knollys, niece of Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, has just taken place in London, is the chief of the younger and Irish branch of the ancient Staffordshire house of Woseley, and it is to his line that Field Marshal Lord Woseley belongs. Sir Capel, who at the present moment holds the office of British consul at Archangel, in Russia, is the ninth holder of a baronetcy conferred in 1744 upon Richard Woseley, grandfather of Sir Charles Woseley of Staffordshire, on his inheriting the Mount Woseley and other Carlisle estates of the family in Ireland.

The chief of the entire Woseley family is Sir Charles Michael Woseley of Woseley, in Staffordshire, who, married to an American woman, the daughter of Daniel Murphy, of San Francisco, can prove by authentic evidence an unbroken descent from the early Saxon times, and can show the inheritance of his present estates in the male line from a period long anterior to the Norman conquest in 1066. In fact, the Staffordshire property of Sir Charles Woseley is on record as having in olden times borne the name of Woselet, and as having been conferred on a certain Siward by King Edgar for his services in connection with the extermination of wolves in England.

It is on this account that a wolf's head figures on the armorial bearings of the Woseleys, and that the wolf also appears in the family motto, which is "Homo homini lupus" (man is a wolf to his fellow man), a singularly appropriate motto for a family which has furnished so many soldiers to the state as the Woseleys.

Sir Charles' baronetcy is one of the oldest in existence, having been created in November, 1628, in favor of Sir Robert Woseley, who was able to show at the time a descent on his mother's side from King Edward the Confessor, second son of King Edgar, who was a Roman Catholic, was born in Paris, was educated at the Roman Catholic College of Oscott, and afterwards went to Oxford, whence he

Asserts Soul Is Material—It Can Be Weighed.

A Boston man says the soul can be weighed. He knows this because he has tested a lot of cases before and after death.

The weight this investigator gives for an average human soul is two ounces. This is the sort of fool science that some men now give us. It is more to the point to tell us how to maintain a healthy body—how to get well if sick, and how to be able to do good work, and keep everlastingly at it.

Poor health is the result of poor blood—if you let your blood get pale and thin, then all the organs of the body are sure to get weak. Ferrozone is the remedy.

Ferrozone is the quickest, surest body and blood builder; thousands have been restored from failing health or complete nervous prostration by Ferrozone, which builds up tired nerves, and helps you to get sound, refreshing sleep every night.

Ferrozone gives an appetite as sharp as a razor—there is lots of pleasure eating when you take "Ferrozone."

Roar color comes back to your pale cheeks and plenty of strength with it, because Ferrozone is the greatest body builder ever discovered. For a tonic to lift tiredness, weakness and ill-health you can't find the equal of Ferrozone. Get a 50-cent box from any dealer, or for 30 days the favorite dealer and see if this isn't so.

entered the army, distinguishing himself in the Afghan war of 1879.

Neither Sir Charles nor yet his cousin, the Irish baronet, Sir Capel, is in the line of succession to the viscountcy of Field Marshall Lord Woseley, and to his barony. Both of these honors will at his death pass to his daughter, the Hon. Frances Woseley, who will then become a peeress in her own right. She is now 35 years old, learned, devoted to all sorts of artistic hobbies, and seems destined to remain an old maid, in which event her father's honors would become extinct, as no provision is made in the patent for their descent to Lord Woseley's younger brother, Gen. Sir George Woseley.

Lord Woseley's wife, like the wife of Sir Charles Woseley, from the other side of the Atlantic, is the daughter of A. Erskine, of Ottawa, and married the field marshal when he was stationed in Canada, at the time of the Red River expedition and the Fenian raids. She is less known in society than her cousin, who has been the case, owing to the fact that her daughter, Frances, is her father's most constant companion. Lady Woseley, I may add, has the finest collection of Irish plate in existence, and it is particularly rich in the now almost priceless old potato rings.

Just at the present moment, when the value of the property left by James Henry Smith, who died in Japan last month is exciting a good deal of attention, it may be worth recalling the fact that "Chicago" Smith, his eccentric cousin from whom he inherited most of his wealth, figures in the records of the English court of probate as having left a fortune of \$25,000,000. The late Baron Hirsch is set down in these same official records as having left a fortune of \$25,000,000, while Alfred Beit, the diamond king, Sir Charles Tennant, father of "Dodo" Asquith, the late Lord Allendale, better known as Wentworth Beaumont, Hugh McCalmont, William Winans, the contractor, and Sam Lewis, the London money lender, each of them left about \$15,000,000. There is no record in the annals of the English court of probate of any fortune exceeding \$25,000,000. Of course, these figures do not fully represent the value of the property left by the people whom I have just enumerated. For, in the first place, they do not include the entailed property, which in the case of Lord Derby, is very large indeed. Then, too, they do not take into consideration the property which the testator may have held abroad, or disposed of by other wills probated by the courts of those countries.

Lady de Grey, who personally and through her pictures is so familiar to Americans as one of the principal and and, rivaling the latter in her marvelous retention of her beauty in mature age, has just become a grandmother through the birth of a son and heir to her daughter, Lady Juliet Duff. This lucky child will in course of time be the richest commoner in England, destined as he is to inherit the colossal fortune of his grandfather, Charles Duff Assheton-Smith, together with Vaynol Park, the beautiful family place in Carmarvonshire, which shares with Woburn, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, the distinction of having within its precincts a superb private menagerie of wild beasts. Vaynol has been in the possession of the Assheton-Smiths for centuries, and there are four families on the estate which have been in uninterrupted possession of the same farms for 500 years, while no less than 48 families have held the same farms for 250 years. Vaynol extends over 34,000 acres, comprising a park, splendidly wooded, more than eight miles in circumference, in which zebras, kangaroos, monkeys, beavers, and many other wild animals are kept, while near the mansion, which commands a superb view of the Snowdon range of mountains, and which was built in the eighteenth century, is the superbly-appointed menagerie, with magnificent specimens of lions, tigers, pumas, and bears of every description.

The present owner, Mr. Assheton-Smith, was formerly known as Chas. Duff, and he assumed the name of Assheton-Smith on succeeding to the property of his elder brother a few years ago, and to the income of nearly \$3,000,000, a considerable portion of which is derived from the great Dinorwic slate quarries.

BUNGALOW.

The word is of comparatively modern date, and is Anglo-Indian. Its origin can be traced to the adjective *bangla* (Hindustani), which literally means "belonging to Bengal." It is an easy step from this to the manuscript preserved in the India Office (England), date 1676, which has a reference to "Bungales or Houels" for all English in the company's service.

Any sketch of a native dwelling in India will show how at first it was not unnatural to bracket "bungales" with "houels." The word was in the making, and the building improved with the word.

In 1771 we find a reference to a "Dutch Bungalow" on the shores of the Hooghly, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

My Remedy Cures All Sick Women

Many of the woes of womanhood, says Dr. Hamilton, are due to kidney weakness.

At first the back aches. Then pains gather round the hips and lodge right in the small of the back.

To stoop or bend seems impossible. Headaches are constant. Dizzy spells and bearing-down pains seem ever present. Urinary troubles steadily increase.

Unhappy existence. No pleasure in life when the body is overloaded with poisons that the sick kidneys can't filter out.

Bright's disease is the next stage, but it can be prevented by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. They cure sick kidneys, and cure them permanently.

When the kidneys work properly pure blood is formed. This means nourishment and strength for the whole body.

Backaches and dragging pains are forgotten. Irregularities disappear, vital energy is restored, and happy robust health is once more established.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills for woman's ills is the slogan of thousands today. Enormous benefit in many ways follows their use, and no woman or girl can use medicine that will do their general health more good.

For the sake of your kidneys, for the sake of your liver, for the advancement of your general well-being, you must improve on Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, in yellow boxes.



Style 368.

The Wilkinson

In the forefront of the new season's vanguard the "Wilkinson" Telescope stands alone. For one season a reigning favorite among College Men, it is now being taken up by dressy men, generally. If you care for quality you'll find it in the "Wilkinson."

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Without one or more claimants, who might put forward similar demands for the disturbance of illustrious dead, in order to establish their pretensions as claimant to the barony and estates of Lord Lovat being a case in point.

Now, however, that all parties interested in the Druce-Portland case, including the Duke and Lord Howard de Walden, are united in petitioning the secretary of state for permission to open a tomb, it is probable that Herbert Gladstone will grant the necessary sanction, if only to put an end to what the authorities seem disposed to regard as a conspiracy to swindle a number of poor and confiding people out of their savings. For George Holman Druce, the chief claimant to the estates, and to the dukedom of Portland, has formed a company for the purpose of furnishing the funds needed for the furtherance of his pretensions in the courts of law, and in the prospectus, by means of which subscriptions are obtained, all possible capital is made out of the mystery in connection with Thomas Druce's tomb and the alleged influence exerted by the Duke of Portland and Lord Howard de Walden upon the Government to prevent the said mystery from being solved by the opening of the grave.

I will not relate here again the oft-told story of Thomas Druce and of the late eccentric Duke of Portland. But I will merely point out that there is every evidence to show that Thomas Druce was a much older man than the late Duke of Portland, and that he succeeded in 1864 to internal abscesses, for which he had been operated upon a few days before his demise by Sir William Forgan and Dr. Edmund Shaw, the case remaining impressed upon their memory owing to the fact that one of the nurses who assisted in the operation got a poisoned hand therefrom and died. Yet the claimant, despite this evidence of the two doctors in question, persists in asserting that his grandfather, Thomas Druce, did not really die in 1864, but survived until 1879, in the role of Duke of Portland, at Welbeck, basing his pretension on the fact that the certificate of Thomas Druce's death was not signed by any medical man, as is required nowadays.

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The Instructor Shoe is made of the best part of the best leather we can buy—it's solid leather through and through.

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In every other children's shoe that's made, the foot is cramped up and distorted. The soft young bones are forced out of place and the agonies of crippled feet assured.

The only shoe that is safe to put on your children's growing feet is the Instructor Shoe. Examine a pair carefully and you'll see the reason why. You'll know them by the name stamped on the sole.



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For Children's Growing Feet

MADE IN 35 STYLES
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Common soaps, loaded with harmful adulterants, eat and destroy the delicate threads of lace and embroidery creations. RICHARDS PURE SOAP, consisting of nothing but purest of vegetable oils, removes the dirt easily, without injuring a single thread. It's well to be on the safe side—USE RICHARDS PURE SOAP. THE RICHARDS PURE SOAP CO., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont. (Cut this out—it is valuable.)

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COWAN'S Perfection Cocoa

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centuries there are references in Anglo-Indian correspondence to wayside houses which are spelled "bungala" and "bungalow," and in one instance, in 1809, a journal of residence in India describes the bungalow as a garden house. The most striking reference which tallies with our own view of the building as described by the word is contained in a book dated 1847, which says: "The bungalows of India are for the most part built of unbaked bricks and covered with thatch, having in the center a hall, the whole being encompassed by an open veranda." That is probably the shortest and most complete definition of the broad meaning of the word that can be found. Of course, we build bungalows nowadays of many other materials besides bricks; but the latter are used, sundried, in many quarters of the globe besides India. Primarily, a bungalow is a building especially suitable for a hot climate, where the broad verandas make cool, shady places for sitting outdoors—indoors and out.

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