

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Through the death at the Chateau d'Oex on the Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland, of an English novelist, who wrote under the pen name of "Lucas Cleve," Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has been relieved of further worry and humiliation in connection with his only daughter, wife of Col. Howard Kingscote, formerly of the Forty-third Regiment.

As Mrs. Howard Kingscote she spent a considerable time in America, to which she went for the purpose of lecturing on "The Position of Women in the Victorian Era." As a lecturer she was, however, a lamentable failure, and in consequence thereof was compelled to resort to all sorts of questionable expedients for the purpose of raising money.

On the strength of her being the daughter of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, then British ambassador at Madrid, and of her being the sister-in-law of Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote, who, with his wife, Lady Emily, is one of the oldest members of the household of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, she was able to obtain considerable sums of money from all sorts of people, including even English diplomatic and consular officials, who were willing to help her for her father's sake.

Time and again her luggage was seized in America for non-payment of board bills, and many were the hotels from which she was ejected as a beggar. With all that she was a gifted and clever woman, possessed of great powers of fascination, and of considerable literary gifts, as may be seen by her various novels, some of which, such as "The Woman Who Wouldn't" and "Blue Lilies," have had a large sale.

Mrs. Kingscote did not go over to America until she had made England altogether too hot to hold her, and among the many men whom she reduced to ruin by fraud was Lord Byron, a collateral of the poet, from whom she managed to extort a sum of no less than \$250,000. She had nothing but contempt for him when he was overtaken by bankruptcy, and, after having ruined himself for her sake, he had the mortification of hearing one of her letters read in court, in which she pronounced him to be "the biggest idiot in all England."

Two clerical men, the Vicar of Cowley and the Vicar of Headington, were also bankrupted through her artifices, and she is likewise known to have obtained a large sum from a wealthy peer of brewing fame, who, as intimated by Sir George Lewis, the great criminal lawyer in London, preferred to suffer the loss in silence rather than to be publicly shown to have been fleeced by the woman.

Moreover, in 1898 Sir George Lewis wrote to the London Times that it had been an open secret for some time that the well-known money lender, D. Jay, of Jermyn street, had been advancing money to a married woman of position at 60 per cent interest, and that entanglements had led her to put in circulation a forged promissory note for \$100,000. It was subsequently

THE TORTURES OF NERVOUSNESS

THE SUFFERER FEELS THAT UNLESS RELIEF COMES INSANITY WILL FOLLOW.

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. Often although in a completely exhausted state is unable to sit or lie still. For trouble of this kind absolutely the best thing in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The nerves are being starved by poor watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood, which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this; thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills, among them is Mrs. Thomas Russell, Wallace Bridge, N. S., who says: "Some years ago I took sick and the doctor pronounced the trouble nervous prostration. To describe the tortures of it is impossible. God and myself only know what I endured. The doctor gave me medicine but it did not seem to help me. Then he ordered me away for a change, but I was afraid to go, as I always seemed to fear some impending calamity, and was afraid to spend the night alone, as I used to think each night that I would die before morning. I tried different kinds of medicines, but with no better results, and finally decided I would go to my parents to see if the change would benefit me. I went to their doctor, but with no better results. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a box. Of course, I did not expect a box would help me, but I continued taking them and in about a month began to feel better. From that time there was an improvement in my condition every day, and in the course of about three months I was again enjoying the great blessing of perfect health. I gained about twenty pounds in weight and my friends could hardly believe I was the same in my grave. I have I would have been in my grave long ago if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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brought to light that the woman was Mrs. Kingscote.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of Mrs. Kingscote's luridly sensational career was the marriage of her divorced sister-in-law, Mrs. Cecil Kingscote, to Capt. William Adams, of the Fifth Lancers. The facts came to light in the divorce suit subsequently brought by Capt. Adams against his wife, who had, however, never been his wife in anything but name. It seems that Mrs. Howard Kingscote, who had an extraordinary and almost hypnotic influence over men and women, persuaded her ex-sister-in-law, Marie Stephanie Drummond Wolff, to commit perjury for her sake, by swearing that she was a married woman instead of divorced, the affidavits and deeds to which she had sworn, and to which Mrs. Howard Kingscote was a party, being necessary in order to enable the latter to raise money from money lenders.

The usurers, however, discovering afterwards that Marie Drummond Wolff was divorced from her husband, were about to cause her arrest for perjury and conspiracy, when Capt. Adams was persuaded, as an act of chivalry, to wed her, thereby ending her once more with the status of a married woman, but leaving her at the church door. He went out to India, and it was only when called upon to contribute to her support as his wife that he placed the matter in the hands of his lawyers, who quickly found sufficient evidence of her misconduct during his absence to secure him a divorce.

The judge, in granting him a decree, declared that in all his life he had never heard of anything so foolishly Quixotic as the behavior of Capt. Adams, whose association with Mrs. Howard Kingscote thus caused him no end of unpleasant notoriety, worry, and an expense of many thousands of pounds in money.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has been unfortunate in his children. For his son, Cecil, the brother of Mrs. Kingscote, has likewise got into all kinds of scrapes, figuring in the bankruptcy court and being compelled to leave the army, in which he had a commission as captain, under particularly unsavory circumstances. Moreover, several young men of rank have been shown, by the legal proceedings in connection with their bankruptcy, to be indebted for their ruin to Cecil Drummond Wolff.

Months, and possibly one or two years, will elapse before Major Lionel Sackville West will be able to assume the title of Lord Sackville, inherited from the late peer, who was both his uncle and his father-in-law. For the entire questions of the illegitimacy of the natural son of the late Lord Sackville will have to be thrashed out in hearings before the committee of the House of Lords, the tribunal to which the sovereign refers all questions of claims to peerages and contested successions to these hereditary honors.

The proceedings before this committee are terribly costly, as practice before this tribunal is virtually monopolized by a ring of high-priced counsel, and the expense will fall almost entirely upon Major Lionel Sackville West. For the claimant has but little money, only enough, indeed, to institute the necessary steps—that is to say, to raise a doubt and a question as to his brother-in-law's succession—and it will consequently be incumbent upon Major Lionel Sackville West to dispel all these doubts raised by his rival in such a way as to entirely clear his rights to the peerage.

A particularly unfortunate feature about the whole affair is that Major Lionel Sackville West cannot demonstrate the illegitimacy of his brother-in-law's claim without at the same time laying bare the stigma that rests on the birth of his own wife, who like her brother, was born out of wedlock. Until the whole question is settled and the committee of privileges has rendered a report to King Edward, rejecting the pretensions of the claimant and pronouncing itself in favor of the rights of Major Lionel Sackville West, the latter will have to remain content with his present designation, and with his status as a commoner.

The King on receiving the report from the committee will issue a summons to the major, and not until then will the latter become, by virtue thereof, a peer of the realm, and be able to take his seat in the House of Lords. This is not the only big expense by which Major and Mrs. Sackville West are confronted. The succession dues on Lord Sackville's property, especially on his magnificent and historic country seat in Kent, known as Knole Park, are so huge that he has announced that he will be compelled, for the next two or three years, if not indefinitely, until his only daughter, now a girl of about 16, makes her debut in society, three years hence, that he will be able to open Knole Park once more.

It is a peculiar circumstance that America, which played so fateful a role in Lord Sackville's diplomatic career, wrecking it, should likewise have been connected in a way with his death. For it seems that it was a fall sustained at Knole Park, while entertaining Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, of New York, and her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Marlborough, and one or two other American friends of his end, that brought about his end. Over 80 years of age, the shock to his system resulting from the tumble was so severe that he took to his bed immediately afterwards and never left it again.

Major Lionel Sackville West has but one daughter, and in the event of his demise without male issue Knole Park

and his undoubted rights to the Sackville peerage would go to his younger brother, Major Charles Sackville West, of the Kings' Royal Rifle Corps, who has himself a son of about 8 years of age.

Gen. Prince Yousoufoff has resigned his command of the regiment of the Chevalier Gardes of the Empress, the crack corps of the Russian army. His retirement constitutes the aftermath of the drama through which his eldest son, Count Nicholas Soumarakoff-Eltson, lost his life a few weeks ago, a drama which was described fully in these letters. It may be recalled that young Count Manteuffel, an officer of the sister regiment of the Chevalier Gardes of the Empress, married a Mile. von Hayden, a girl of rare loveliness, and one of the beauties of the Russian court.

Later on he discovered that his bride had been forced into the marriage; that she and Soumarakoff-Eltson had been infatuated with one another, and that they had been parted through the manoeuvres of an elderly grand old man, who was himself in love with Soumarakoff, and who had brought about the marriage during his absence abroad, with the object of parting him from Mile. von Hayden. Manteuffel, on discovering this and assuring himself that he had no subject for reproach either against his bride or against young Soumarakoff, attempted to commit suicide in Paris.

The fellow-officers of his regiment, declining to believe that the love of his bride for Soumarakoff had been the cause of his suicide, insisted that he should challenge the latter to a duel, failing which they would boycott him and bring about his expulsion from the regiment on the ground that he had condoned his bride's dishonor. It was through this that young Count Manteuffel and had the misfortune to kill him.

And now there has been a revulsion of opinion at court and in society at St. Petersburg. Young Soumarakoff, Count Manteuffel's bride, has been free from reproach, and all three young people, namely, Count Manteuffel, who has left his regiment, the army and Russia, the dead Count Soumarakoff, and young Countess Manteuffel, who has disappeared, and who is believed to be in a convent, are all three regarded as the victims of the elderly grand-duchess to whom I have made allusion above.

Naturally Gen. Prince Yousoufoff feels bitterly against the officers of the Chevalier Gardes of the Empress, who forced Count Manteuffel to kill his bride, and who have justified for the action, and as in his capacity of colonel-in-chief of the sister regiment he was necessarily brought into connection with the daily association with them, he has preferred to resign his command.

Lord Stanhope, who is now in America, must not be confounded with his father, the sixth earl, who attracted so much attention by his vigorous opposition to the action of the English Government in restoring to the American people the log of the Mayflower. Indeed, he actually went to the length of moving in the House of Lords a petition to the crown to put a stop to this act of international courtesy, a petition which was denied.

The present earl is still unmarried, and a soldier by profession, holding a commission in the Grenadier Guards, in which regiment he served through the Boer war. He is in no sense of the word a descendant of Lord Stanhope, and, contrary to widespread belief, has no Pitt blood in his veins, nor can his presence in America be connected in any way with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the foundation of Pittsburgh.

The third Earl of Stanhope was an intimate friend of Robespierre, used to be known as "Citizen Stanhope," owing to his revolutionary sympathies, and moved in January, 1794, in Parliament the French Republic should be acknowledged by Great Britain. He was the inventor of a microscopic lens and a printing press, which were named after him, and of several valuable commercial processes.

He married Lord Chatham's daughter, Lady Hester Pitt, sister of William Pitt, the famous British premier of the Napoleonic era. Of this marriage was born the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, favorite niece of Prime Minister Pitt, the mistress of his household, the heroine of so many fantastic romances, and the fiancée of Gen. Sir John Moore, the victor of Corunna. She died, it may be remembered, in the most mysterious fashion in Palestine, where she spent the last quarter of a century of her existence, living entirely among natives, according to native fashion, and holding altogether aloof from the European element. After the demise of her mother, her father—that is to say, the third Earl of Stanhope—married again, and the present earl, as well as his uncle, Lord Wadale, are the lineal descendants of this second marriage. Lord Wadale, by the bye, is engaged in writing a biography of this extraordinary revolutionary ancestor of his. The fourth Earl of Stanhope was the father of the late duchess of Cleveland, and the grandchild, therefore, of Lord Rosebery.

His principal title to fame was his patronage and championship of that extraordinary and mysterious creature known as Kaspar Hauser, whom he declared to be in reality the kidnapped son of Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden and the lawful heir, therefore, to the throne of Baden. Kaspar Hauser, it may be recalled, was murdered in a manner as strange as the circumstances of his discovery, just too, at the moment when Lord Stanhope had inaugurated the fight on behalf of his rights.

Lord Stanhope's estates extend over 12,000 acres, mostly in Kent, where he

Last Rites of The Church Administered

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM
DEATH OF MME. LIRETTE, OF
SOREL, QUE.



Chevening Hall is a beautiful place, which was rebuilt early in the seventeenth century from designs by Inigo Jones. It is full of all sorts of interesting relics and treasures, including the telescope which Wellington used at Waterloo; Tippoo Sahib's golden powder horn, and the silver casket containing the freedom of the city of Geneva, bestowed upon the third Earl Stanhope, who, prior to his accession to the earldom, was, as Lord Mahon, an officer of the Swiss militia. The earl of Stanhope are the chiefs of a junior branch of the house of which the Earl of Chesterfield is the chief, the first Lord Stanhope having been a grandson of the first Earl of Chesterfield.

With regard to the controversy now in progress in England on the subject of the refusal of the Government to permit the host to be carried through the streets of London in procession on the occasion of the recent international eucharistic congress held in that city, the following story of the great Duke of Wellington, who for a time was one of the strongest opponents of Roman Catholic emancipation in England, may be of interest.

When the English army was in friendly occupation of Madrid in 1808, he compelled all his troops to take part in a procession of the eucharist through the streets of the Spanish metropolis. His soldiers lined the thoroughfares on the approach of the host, the British officers and men should alike bare their heads as a mark of reverence. Capt. Hugh Macdonald, of the Fourth Dragon Guards, however, was the sternest of Protestants, preferring even to disobey orders than to defy his conscience by showing honor to a rite in which he did not believe, deliberately abstained from raising his own helmet, and from ordering his men to uncover as the host passed the spot where his squadron was drawn up.

Seeing Macdonald's men with their heads still covered, Lord Wellington, as he was then, rode up, white with anger, and drawing his sword, struck Capt. Macdonald's helmet off his head. The dragon, seeing that the captain thus forcibly behaved, raised their own helmets in conformity with the remainder of the troops. Though guilty of insubordination, Capt. Macdonald was not cashiered. A certain amount of admiration for his, under the circumstances, almost fanatic steadfastness to his religious conviction, and, moreover, held that he had been sufficiently punished by the indignity of having his helmet struck off his head while in command of his men. In fact, not long afterwards, Macdonald received promotion at the hands of Wellington. The authority for this story is Hugh Macdonald's own great-grandson, Mountjoy Humphrey Day.

WHEN ROYALTY GOES TO COWES

THE LAST PLAYGROUND OF THE
LONDON SMART SET AFTER
SUMMER SEASON.

The last of the playgrounds of the London season is on salt water. On Aug. 1, after the rush and stress of town entertainments, after the great races ending with Goodwood have come and gone, the rich world of London follows its royal leader and sails off to Cowes, on the beautiful Isle of Wight, for several days of nautical pleasures.

Fifty-one weeks in the year Cowes is just a pretty little English seaport town. Then one morning it awakes and a transformation has taken place. The harbor is filled with the fleet of pleasure craft.

There are American steam cruisers of thousands of tons and full-rigged schooners. There are racing craft of all sizes and rigs, great cutters with masts like forest trees, three-masted schooners and little red wings. There are British cruising steamers varying in size from comfortable craft that can face the waves of the North Sea to little boats scarcely larger than steam launches, which slip from port to port on calm days.

The royal yachts lie in the centre of the largest group of boats, and around them are the towering masts of racing yachts. Outside all is the guard ship. This year there were more boats than ever before. All the English world and a share of the American set imbued with a desire to look on at the Cowes races or to enter into contests.

The most beautiful of the steam yachts was Morton Plant's *Iolanda*, fresh from the builder's hands. It is said to have cost \$650,000, and is fitted with every modern and beautiful machine.

Every woman should use these pills regularly, because good health pays, and it's good, vigorous health, that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 10.—At one time it was feared that Mrs. J. Grant, of 23 White street, would succumb to the deadly ravages of advanced kidney trouble. "My first attacks of backache and kidney trouble began years ago. For six years that dull, gnawing pain has been present. When I exercised, I used most everything, but nothing gave that certain grateful relief that came from Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. I am today strong, enjoy splendid appetite, sleep sound, and my blood—cheeks are rosy with color, and I thank the day that I heard of so grand a medicine as Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

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"I look upon my recovery from approaching death as a miracle and it was 'Fruit-a-tives' alone that cured me. I suffered from severe mucus disease for seven years, and I suffered from severe constipation, great weakness and constant pain all the time. I was treated by six different physicians without any benefit and took every medicine I heard of, but nothing gave me any relief. My suffering was so intense that for a year I was unable to get out of bed—and I expected so ill that my friends did not expect me to recover and the last rites of the church were administered to me. At this time I was induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and at once I began to improve. These tablets cured the constipation and relieved the dreadful womb pains. I began to improve, and 'Fruit-a-tives' entirely cured me. Nothing did me any good but 'Fruit-a-tives.' I took in all 18 boxes, and I am quite as well as ever I was, entirely due to the use of this great medicine."

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apartenance for yachts. Mr. Plant has been so interested in this year's racing at Cowes that he said he will join the 25-metre class next year, and has already placed an order with Herreshoff for a racer.

The fleet of racing yachts this season was such as never has been seen at Cowes since the old days when Britains and Americans fought their battles, and it included Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock, the German Emperor's Meteor, Miles Kennedy's White Heather, Lord Iveagh's Cetonia and many others in the 23-metre class.

The most important events were the debut of the German-built schooner Germania, which won the cup the German Emperor presents annually to the Royal Squadron Club, and also broke the record over the course of 47 miles by 15 minutes, and the excellent record of the Shamrock of Sir Thomas Lipton, which won every day except when the Brynild proved all conquering on Wednesday. Another interesting victory was that of Lord Ailsa's Bloodhound, which was built 34 years ago. She won the race, but her victory was short lived, for the weather subsequently was too much for her, and now lies a sorry wreck just off the parade at Cowes.

A decided novelty was the appearance of two hydroplanes which were manned by the Le Las brothers. These little vessels look like fresh water punts of 12 or 13 feet, decked forward and aft, having some machinery installed on their floor amidships and two bucket seats, one in front of the other.

There are two rudders astern, at the extreme points port and starboard, and after that a propeller, which instead of projecting in a horizontal line thrusts itself downward into the sea at an angle of about 75 degrees with the line of the bottom.

These are not the first hydroplanes ever constructed, but to Claude Le Las and his brother Maurice may be given the credit of having achieved a greater practical success than any of their predecessors. The principle that they follow is that of a rocket shot, touching the surface of the sea obliquely, a principle obviously identical with the principle of ducks and drakes of boyhood, the game in which flat stones are made to skip over fair water.

For a vessel to glide over the water rather than through it a flat bottom, remarkable lightness and the largest available propulsive power must be sought in combination. The bottom of the hydroplanes is really a slightly concave on the under side. The sides are of thin wood. The bow and stern are covered with oiled canvas and the imprisoned air gives great buoyancy.

On the one side of the little cockpit amidships is a petrol tank and on the other a tank for lubricating oil. The motor employed is a 12-horsepower Anzani, which works directly on the shaft without any clutch. The weight is only 400 pounds, and the draught is light.

The hydroplanes outpaced the motor boats with considerable ease and were capable of forty kilometers an hour. The most noticeable feature about their travelling was that when in motion they were clear of the water for fully half the length of their bottom and they seemed to proceed by sheer leaps.

An interesting development of the yacht races was that a number of women raced their own boats. The Duchess of Westminster, Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lady Betty Keppel and Lady Constance Butler were all faithful sailors and won in some of the contests.

The King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, and sometimes the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward of Wales, boarded several of the ships in harbor. The whole royal party spent the afternoon on the Indomitable, the battleship cruiser which is the last word in naval design. After her record-breaking trip across the Atlantic to Cowes, the King was most anxious to inspect her, and as soon as she was put in order the royal party cruised around the island on her.

The chirp of the cricket, it is said, is regulated by the temperature. At 60 degrees Fahrenheit the rate is 80 chirps a minute, at 70 degrees 120 per

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