

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lord Mexborough, who has just amazed his relatives and friends by unexpectedly marrying at Florence, the Italian town widow of the late Capt. Claude Clerk (a distinguished Anglo-Indian officer who had charge of the education and training of the Nizam of Hyderabad for ten years), is the only member of the British House of Lords who has made a public profession of Buddhism. In spite of this the wedding ceremony was performed by a Jesuit priest, the Rev. Father Joseph Strickland, the new Lady Mexborough, like her predecessor, being a devout Catholic.

Lord Mexborough's first wife was a Miss Venetia Stanley Errington, sister of the late Lady Cromer, and the last survivor of the senior line of that historic house of Stanley of which the Earl of Derby is a cadet. Lord Mexborough has no children living and the heir to his earldom is his half brother, the Hon. John Savile.

The name of Mexborough is familiar to most admirers of Kingslake, as the most intimate friend and traveling companion of that author, and he figures in his popular book "Eothen" under the transparent pseudonym of "Methley," the latter being the name of the principal country seat of the Earls of Mexborough, near Leeds. Built in 1560 by Sir John Savile, who was a baron of the court of exchequer, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the founder of the Mexborough branch of the Saviles, it has been in the possession of the family ever since. One of the features of the stately mansion is a great gallery adorned with the emblazoned armorial bearings of the principal families of the county of Yorkshire. It likewise contains a number of superb pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Van Dyck, Rubens and Titian. Mention should be made, too, of the queer old powder rooms. These were species of cupboards, a little larger than telephone booths, in which men and women retired in order to be subjected to the number of peers in the house of lords who have Jewish blood in their veins. For John Savile's mother, the second wife of the late Lord Mexborough, although she was a devout Catholic and claimed to be of Jewish descent, has been able to show that Lady Warwick only contributed \$50 to its funds, while the sum total of her donations to the social democratic federation is under \$2,500.

Under the circumstances the intimation by the countess that the return to parliament of the labor and social democratic members at the recent general elections was entirely brought about by the sacrifice of her jewels seems ridiculous and places her between the alternative of having been guilty of the most fanciful exaggeration or else of having had less than \$3,000 worth of jewels.

Lord Abinger, who has recently been suing the American born Lady Helen Abinger, widow of the third lord and mother of the fourth, as one of the trustees of the entailed estates, is a son of the adopted daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, the son and daughter-in-law of the famous poet Shelley. It is owing to this that he bears the name of Shelley, and that he has inherited not only the place at Bournemouth, where the Shelleys live, but also all the treasured relics of the poet. Lady Shelley, who was a spiritualist, imagined that these relics enabled her to hold direct communion with the spirits of her father-in-law, at whose shrine she may be said to have worshipped.

Lord Abinger is only a distant cousin of his predecessor, the late lord, and was on far from friendly terms with him. He is married to the only child of Sir William White, who died as British ambassador to the sublime Porte, and who was the one man of all others who knew how to manage the Sultan.

In 1873 regard to the widowed Lady Abinger, who was one of the daughters of Commodore Magruder, of the United States navy, and is one of the principal leaders of the Christian Science cult in England. Her daughter, formerly known as the Hon. Mrs. Sygne, achieved distinction by taking Belgian and

of a Filipino rebel. Death, even in that form, was perhaps the best way out of his difficulties both for himself and for his family. For he would never have returned to Europe or even have come to America.

The new Lady Mexborough will find much to recall her native land of Italy in the beautiful suburban place of the Earl, near London. Cannizaro House, on the borders of Wimbledon Common, is one of the best known of those picturesque suburban residences which, during the London season, are the scene of so many outdoor entertainments. It was there that Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral plays, "Le Baiser," by De Banville, and "Fairy Rosamund" were performed in the open air in the presence of the King and Queen, the place being owned at the time by the late Mrs. Leo Schuster, a popular London hostess. It owes its odd name to the fact that it was owned and occupied for many years in the eighteenth century by the Neapolitan Duc de Cannizaro, who had purchased it from Duvalles, the colleague of Pitt. The duke married Miss Johnson, heiress of a Lancashire cotton spinner, and after living in great splendor at Cannizaro House with her they quarreled and he deserted her, returning to Italy. The duchess followed him there, found that he had become infatuated with an Italian princess at Florence, and after a vain endeavor to induce him to return to her, seeking at the opera to outshine her rival, she gave up the contest, returned to London, and consigned herself to an Italian tenor. Society, however, was indulgent. Her wealth, her hospitality, and, above all, the magnificence of her concerts caused the great world to close its eyes to her affairs re couer. She never saw her husband again, and predeceased him by a couple of years, dying in 1840.

Lady Warwick has brought a whole hornet's nest down about her ears by a platform remark conferred by a public letter to the effect that she had a single personal level left, owing to the fact of her having sold every one of her gems except those forming part of the entailed estate as heirlooms, in order to raise the necessary funds to secure the return to parliament of the candidates of the independent labor party and of the social democratic federation at the recent general elections.

Now, when a great lady, mistress of the historic Warwick Castle, and whose portrait has often been published showing her in bedecked with precious stones in a magnificence almost barbaric style, talks of selling all her jewels people naturally have visions of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The independent labor party, however, has been able to show that Lady Warwick only contributed \$50 to its funds, while the sum total of her donations to the social democratic federation is under \$2,500.

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English degrees of medicine, and then securing the appointment of physician to the princesses of the imperial house of Mexico. She did not remain, however, long at Seoul, having discovered that it was customary in the event of one of the imperial patients dying to put all the attending physicians to death so as to furnish an escort into the other world.

Emile de Girardin, the centenary of whose birth is about to be celebrated by the French as the father of the cheap newspaper, was, like so many other men who have made their mark in history, of illegitimate birth. He was the "natural son" of Gen. Count Alexandre de Girardin, and spent his childhood in a foundling asylum, only assuming the name of De Girardin after his father's death in 1828. As so often happens in such cases, the fame of the illegitimate scion of the house completely overshadowed that of its other members, and there are few names that occupy a more conspicuous place in the annals of the French Republic than that of Emile de Girardin, the creator of the Petit Journal and nearly a hundred other newspapers.

He left several children and grandsons (one of the latter being prime secretary to Prince Victor Napoleon), and as they make use of the title of "count," to which they have no right, confusion between them and the legitimate branch of the family often occurs. Most of Emile de Girardin's descendants are the issue of his first marriage with the brilliant writer Delphine Gay, author of that charming play, "La Jolie Fille Peur," whom he married a short time before his memorable duel with Armand Carrel, which resulted in the latter's death. Delphine de Girardin died after a quarter of a century of marriage, and her husband thereupon took to himself a second wife in the person of the lovely but eccentric Countess Tieleman, a French noblewoman, and a niece of Prince Frederic of Nassau and a niece therefore, of the present grand duke of Luxembourg and the queen of Sweden.

Girardin, who may be said to have founded Le Petit Journal, the most powerful and widely circulated organ of the French press, settled a large fortune upon the countess, to whom Empress Eugenie took a great fancy. But the union turned out unhappily, especially after the birth of their daughter, who expired at Biarritz in the arms of her godmother, Empress Eugenie. Mme. de Girardin used to delight in exasperating her husband by treating his friends and acquaintances with the most insulting contempt, and matters finally came to a climax when, declining to acknowledge the paternity of a child to which she had given birth, he turned both her and the babe out of his house.

Legal proceedings ensued, and he was compelled to pay alimony. But after his death this ceased, and Mme. de Girardin died about twelve years ago in obscurity and in direct poverty at Geneva, a confirmed morphomaniac and with no trace left of the charms that caused her to be hailed at the time of her marriage as the most beautiful woman in Europe.

No one had a more profound knowledge of popular sentiment or was in closer touch with the ever changing humor of the public in France than Emile de Girardin. This serves to explain not only his phenomenal success as a newspaper man but likewise his hold upon the good will of his countrymen. In spite of the unimpeachable character of his opinions and his cynical readiness to praise that which he had denounced four and twenty hours previously.

Emile de Girardin was far from being the only man of illegitimate birth who has played a notable role during the last hundred years, especially in France. Thus Napoleon III. himself had been repudiated by his mother's lawful husband, King Louis Bonaparte, of Holland, who declared publicly that under no circumstances could he have possibly been his offspring.

His principal minister of foreign affairs, Count Alexandre Walewski, was the illegitimate son of the first Napoleon and of the Polish Countess Athanasius Walewski. The late Duc de Morny, who was Napoleon III.'s principal statesman and "fidus Achates," was an illegitimate son of Queen Hortense of Holland, and of the Comte de Flahaut.

Another illegitimate half brother of Napoleon III., who achieved great distinction in France during the third empire, was Senator Baron Heckeren, who, while still an officer of the Chevalier guard at St. Petersburg, killed in a to this day inexplicable duel the celebrated Russian poet Pushkin. This led to his being compelled to leave St. Petersburg and to seek a new home in France.

After all, when one reflects on the large number of houses of the aristocracy in Europe that have been founded by men of illegitimate birth, the latter can no longer be considered altogether in the light of a disgrace or social disadvantage.

Sir Robert Dashwood, who has arrived in America with the reputation of having, at the ship's concert on board the Baltic, endeavored to play a gallant Romeo to no less than three Julietts, is the premier baronet of Great Britain, and is the head of a notable family, famous in the west of England since the days of King Henry VIII.

One of its most famous, or rather notorious, members was that of Sir Francis Dashwood, known as Lord de Despenner, who in the reign of King Charles II., founded the so-called "Hell Fire Club," of which he was president, and the members of which, arrayed in the garb and cowls of Franciscan monks, met at Medmenham Abbey, and there under the cloak of religion, practiced the most bacchanalian orgies until they were stopped by a practical

joker letting a goat down the chimney by a rope. The revellers, on seeing that the strange noise in the chimney was followed by the startling appearance of cloven hoofs, took it for granted that the latter, instead of being those of a goat, belonged to no less a person than his Satanic majesty, bolted in hot haste from the spot, and never dared to meet again.

Sir Francis, who inherited the Despenner peerage from his mother—it became extinct at his death without issue, the Dashwood baronetcy also passing to his half-brother—became religious after a fashion in the closing years of his life and built the parish church of West Wycombe. It is said, in expiation of his crimes. It is the most odd-looking church that it is possible to conceive, and there is certainly no Anglican place of worship in all the United Kingdom that more nearly approaches, both in its external and internal appearance, one of those old pagan temples devoted to the worship of Bacchus.

The death of Sir Robert's father has always been enveloped in a certain amount of mystery. He was a victim of the alcohol habit, which reduced him to almost complete imbecility and necessitated his being placed under restraint. He was not, however, confined to a lunatic asylum, but was intrusted to the charge of a keeper, with whom he lived in some wretched rooms in the Pantheon quarter of Paris, completely cut off from his wife and children, who would have nothing whatsoever to do with him.

It used to be a pitiful sight to see the old man walking about the streets of Paris almost in rags, accompanied by his keeper, who would follow the unfortunate baronet into the lowest taverns, where the few cents which he was daily allowed for the purpose would be spent in drink.

Sir Edwin died so suddenly that his family became convinced that he had been the victim of foul play, and instituted inquiries which led to the arrest of the keeper. The magisterial investigation did not go far, however, for before the second hearing came on the keeper committed suicide by hanging himself to the bars of his cell window.

Sir Edwin was succeeded by his eldest son Edwin, who died without leaving any male issue, but only a daughter, to whom, jointly with his Australian born wife, he bequeathed every vestige of property which was not entailed, being on bad terms with his younger brother and successor, the present baronet.

A remarkable lawsuit followed in connection with the ownership of the magnificent Gobelin tapestries, which constitute the feature of the Dashwood ancestral home of West Wycombe, and which were claimed by the widowed Lady Dashwood. The question before the courts was to determine whether the tapestries were fixtures, and as such part and parcel of the entailed property, or mere furniture, and as such, at the disposal of the testator. The court, learning that the tapestries had been specially woven for the room at West Wycombe, to the walls of which they had been fastened by battens for over two centuries, decided that they were a fixture of the manor house and therefore part of the entailed property and not at the disposal either of the testator or of his legate.

If I mention this, it is because this particular lawsuit has furnished the legal precedent for numerous other cases since where the question has been raised as to what constituted fixtures and what did not.

Ravages of the White Ant.

"If ever a pest existed to plague the human family, white ants fill the bill," said Richard Douglas, of Bulawayo, South Africa. "There is nothing they will not devour except corrugated iron. They will eat your shoes, your hat, your trousers, and I've had them utterly destroy a fine leather valise. An adobe hut offers no resistance to their invasion, and only brick buildings stand against them. The foundations of houses are protected with tin to keep them out. They are voracious eaters, and it is estimated to produce 500,000 of their progeny each year. The Gambia, where they are found in great numbers, has been almost completely destroyed. There has as yet been found no reliable means of exterminating them, although great hope is had of a new invention, a machine that will scatter fumes of sulphuric acid, thus killing the devouring armies."—Washington Post.

What Does It Mean?

Dr. Hamilton Gives a Full and Satisfactory Explanation.

Look at your tongue! Sometimes it's heavily coated, sometimes it's clear and red.

Study this out and you'll find some interference with the functional activity of the body.

This means the bowels are not regular, the liver is sluggish and the blood is contaminated.

Strong cathartic pills act so destructively on the intestines as to produce chronic sickness, this is not what we want. We want a medicine that purifies the entire system in one night. No other laxative acts with such mildness and certainty. Giving proper stimulus to the liver and kidneys, strengthening the stomach and lending valuable aid to digestion, it's small wonder that such marvelous results accompany Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Mr. George O'Hogarty, of Amherst, writes: "Last winter I worked in a lumber camp and neglected my health. I was dreadfully constipated and had a headache that fairly made me reel at times. I was sick and miserable, and hadn't the slightest ambition to work or stir around. I felt heavy and dull, and had a bad taste in my mouth. I sent into the city for Dr. Hamilton's Pills which I knew were good for my condition. They fixed me up very quickly and have kept me in good health ever since. There are many more who can testify to the value of Dr. Hamilton's Pills also. They say they wouldn't be without the pills for ten times their price."

Every dealer in the land sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25 cents per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.



Summer Suits

HERE are a couple of styles to choose from. You have three choices in buying your summer suit. You can go to a cheap custom tailor and get what you don't want; you can go to an expensive custom tailor and stand a chance of getting what you want (by paying well for it); or you can go to a 20th Century Brand agency and take no chances at all. Thousands of men in Canada have already learned to take no chances at all.

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TORONTO.

Venomous Bird of New Guinea.

Ripr N'Doob, of New Guinea, is the name not of a man, but of a bird—the only venomous bird that exists. That there should be one venomous bird is not strange; it is strange that there are not more than one, for birds, anatomists says, are reptiles—prehistoric snakes that in the dim past put forth wings and sprouted feathers.

So, since there are so many venomous serpents, it is natural enough that there should be one venomous bird, the Ripr N'Doob.

The Ripr N'Doob is held in fear in New Guinea, for it is singularly savage. It will not, when feeding, flee at a man's approach. It will, on the contrary, attack the man if he draws too near.

The Ripr N'Doob's venomous bite causes burning pain all over the body, convulsions and temporary blindness. Sometimes lockjaw sets in; then the patient dies.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Injuring Chances of Marriage?

"No one will marry you, my dear!" says the alarmist to the young women of business. If they are young enough, they answer, in their hearts, "Nonsense!" Whatever their lips may say, as they grow older, the inner repetition may be, "Which goes to prove," says I, "that knowledge is a luxury, not a necessity."

"Exact," says Peter. "So the most ignorant man can get rich in dollars while the most smartest is gathering only interesting facts," says I. "Pre-ceive," says Peter, "you've studied some yourself."

"Some," I answers, "but not too much, as I prefer the happy medium. When I see you fidgeting over clouds I am more convinced than ever that ignorance is bliss, as the fellow says."—Scribner's Magazine.

The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland have issued a circular to be read in all the chapels of the four provinces, warning the young generation against the evils of emigration.

Knowledge Is Power

"As the fellow said, knowledge is power," I ventured to remark. "Wind-power," said the old man, kind of sad. "That's one of the things I found out while I was aquaint' with you. Look at me—me who has studied all my life and learned most everything, gettin' old and likely to die most any time, and all I leave behind is my wife, a clearin' and grandpa's rifle. The facts I've got together won't be of any use to my widder. Why, if I started to give 'em to her she just wouldn't listen."

"You must write 'em down, Peter," I says.

At that old Pottisher laughed like he would die. "Write 'em down—the idea!" says he when he could speak audibly. "Don't you understand that if I tried to write down all I know'd I'd have to live over a hundred years to finish up?"

"Well, since it won't do you any good," I asks, "why are you botherin' about how far you are from that cloud?"

Peter, he smoked quiet like and studied. Then, after a bit, he says, says he, "Knoo!" is a habit. If a man has brains, the more he puts in 'em the more they demands. The other day I seen in the county paper the figners tellin' how far we are from the sun. It didn't say how it was found out, but I judge it took a heap of studyin' and squintin' and sightin' and calculatin'. What good does it do us to know how many miles it is to the sun if we ain't intendin' to walk it? Not a bit; yet it's a nice thing to know."

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A young man named Gaultier murdered his stepfather recently at Nantes, France, in order that the term of his service as a conscript might be one year instead of two years, as the "only son of a widow."

Clean White Teeth

mean sound teeth, fit for their work, the condition they are kept in by using

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To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irresolute, drowsy, languid and useless.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, belching of wind, faintness, and fullness and distention of the stomach are a few of the many distressing symptoms of the poor, weary dyspeptic.

Dyspepsia is a disease that in one way or another resembles nearly every other disease, and the only way to get rid of it is to tone up the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. This will be quickly done by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast losing flesh owing to the run down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

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