

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Although in England the King is above the law, and could not be penalized for any infraction by the courts which exercise justice in his name, yet this immunity does not extend to the members of his family, not even to the heir apparent, whose chauffeur was the other day arrested for speeding the royal automobile in the neighborhood of Salisbury and fined \$25 and costs. The chauffeur pleaded immunity and privilege, on the ground of his being in the employ of the Prince of Wales, and that the machine was a royal equipage. But the board of magistrates, headed by the Earl of Radnor, and consisting entirely of county magistrates, declined to recognize this plea, and expressed their regret that it should have been advanced, in delaying their judgment against the chauffeur.

King Edward, who has been extraordinarily fortunate thus far in escape from any accident while automobiling, ran down a man just before leaving London for Goodwood, and, returning back to Buckingham Palace from Kingston, where he had been dining with Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the King was driving with his equerry, Col. Streetfield, and while the man, a laborer of the name of Hardwick, was seriously injured by the royal car, he is on the road to recovery. The King was much upset by the affair, and provided in the most liberal fashion for both Hardwick and the latter's family.

The King, in addition to his chauffeur, always carries by the latter's side an engineer fully qualified to repair without delay anything that goes wrong with the machine, and both have the authority of police officers, so that they may be sent to serve the same time as a species of body-guard.

While an English swindler has been posturing as Frederick Vanderbilt in Austria, where he is alleged to have succeeded in defrauding many prominent people, including a member of the reigning family of Hapsburg, a German-American, travelling under the name of George A. Ferguson, has just been brought to book in Germany for posing there as the nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan. On the strength of this relationship he has managed to dupe people right and left by buying most of the hotels where he stayed, as well as the local banks, under the pretext of forming them into a typically Pierpont Morgan trust. Among the hotels thus purchased on paper only, have been the Hotel Royal in Bonn, and the Domhof, or Cathedral hotel, in Cologne. He also declared that he was a member of the United States Secret Service, had a private secretary, who he insisted was one of the famous, able Princes Salm-Salm, and declared that his wife was the daughter of the multimillionaire, Col. Porter-Bayly, of Chicago.

In course of time, he was arrested in France and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but the completion of which he was turned over to the Swiss authorities, who also wanted him in connection with similar charges, and who gave him sixteen months of their penitentiary. These ended, he was turned over by the Swiss to the German police, who have now sentenced him to a long period in jail, and at the same time established the fact that his real name is Joachim van Scheilha, that he served for a year in the First Prussian Lancer regiment of the guard, and that he made his way to America to join his father, the late Charles J. von Scheilha, who made his home in the United States after his divorce from his wife, a Countess Matuschka. She has achieved some success in literature as a novelist.

Extraordinary is the judgment given by the British House of Lords, sitting as a court of final appeal of the realm, in the case of the treasury against the Duke of Richmond, and the latter's son and heir, the Earl of March. For although the duke wins the decision is to the effect that the transaction into which he entered with his father, the late duke, was devised for the express purpose of evading the so-called death duties, or succession tax, with the chief of "doing" the treasury. The judgment, however, adds that the transaction was rendered possible by certain omissions in the death duties laws; that on account of these omissions it is impossible to punish the duke and the earl, or to compel them to pay the amount charged from them, and that to prevent anything of the kind in the future, it will be necessary to pass through Parliament an amendment of these unpopular laws.

OLD FOLKS' COUGHS

TELLS OF A SURE CURE AND A NEVER-FAILING COMFORT FOR COLDS, COUGHS, CATARRH.

Mrs. M. E. Walford, wife of a well-known grocer in East Sheffield, writes: "For three years I suffered with a hard racking cough and bronchial irritation, which annoyed me so much at night that I couldn't sleep. I tried many remedies, catarrh tablets, sprays, etc., but they only helped for a short time. Catarrhazone brought me wonderful comfort from the first. I inhaled its balsamic fumes every hour or two, and am now free from any trace of cold, bronchitis or catarrh. I can go out in all kinds of weather and don't take cold."

There is no remedy so certain and safe as Catarrhazone, but being a good remedy it is imitated. Beware of the substitutor. Large Catarrhazone lasts two months, price \$1.00; smaller size 50 cents. All reliable dealers, or the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ontario.

junction with his son, the present duke, and his grandson, now Earl of March, disintegrated the family estates in Scotland, and then mortgaged them to the tune of \$4,000,000, to admit of a nominal payment to his son of \$2,500,000, and to his grandson of \$1,500,000, sums representing the value of their respective interests in the entail. According to the testimony furnished of the duke himself, and of March, the entail still subsists de facto, though not de jure, and neither he nor his son ever received a penny piece of the mortgage money due to them—had not even asked or expected it, the entire transaction having been purely a nominal one, devised for the express purpose of evading the payment to the treasury of the death duties on the estates, on the ground that the latter were so heavily mortgaged and hypothecated that there was no margin of value left on which to pay duty.

This plea was allowed at the time of the late duke's death in 1903; but subsequently the treasury became aware of the character of the transaction, and it was on the strength thereof that legal proceedings were instituted. These have been carried from one court to another; and while the lower courts decided against the duke, the supreme court of appeal of the realm, the House of Lords, has pronounced itself in favor of the Duke of Richmond.

The major portion of the aristocracy and territorial magnates look upon these duties as unwarrantable oppression, and as part and parcel of that persecution of the classes by the masses which they assert is the feature of the present age. They point out that these duties enable the state to tax estates each time that the late duke's hands through death, sometimes twice within the space of twelve months, the amount of the tax being proportioned to the value of the estate, and the relationship of the heir to the defunct. Thus, it frequently happens that when a peer succeeds to the family honors and estates, he is obliged to either close up or let his castles and manors, and to cut down his expenses heavily, to obtain the large sums of money needed for payment of his succession duties.

German genealogists have taken exception to claims put forward by the French, that John D. Rockefeller is descended from the Marquises of Roquefeuil, in Languedoc, who were driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They have, by careful investigation of state, communal and parish records of the former municipality of Neuwid, ascertained that he is descended from Johann Thiel Rockefeller, who emigrated with his wife, Anna Gertrude Alsford, and children, from Bonfeld, in 1735, to Germantown, in New York. Thiel Rockefeller was the fourth son of a certain Tonges Rockefeller, who in 1655 married Gertrude Paul, in Bonfeld. Tonges Rockefeller himself was born in 1660, his father, Johann Wilhelm Rockefeller, having been killed in the Thirty Years' War.

John Thiel Rockefeller, the ancestor of John D. Rockefeller, and who emigrated to America in 1735, was by no means the only member of his family to seek his fortune in the new world. For a few years previously, his cousins, John and Peter Rockefeller, and John William Rockefeller, had emigrated to America, in 1735, to the principality of Neuwid, to Kinges, N. J. The parish records show that the Rockefellers were numerous in the principality of Neuwid, not only in Bonfeld and Segendorf, but also in Altwied, Melbach, Rengsdorf, and in the latter part of the sixteenth and throughout all the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It is a curious fact that the parish registers of the Neuwid village of Fahr, show that a Johann Rockefeller was born there on July 26, 1841, and that in his boyhood he emigrated to America, to join his relatives. Some people have attempted to identify him with the petroleum king. But there is nothing to warrant this somewhat extravagant belief, save the mystery which has always existed with regard to the father of John D. Rockefeller.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, who is in the United States with her husband, on her way to visit one of their sons in British Columbia, is the great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist. Sir Walter's daughter married John Lockhart, the historian. They had three children, the youngest of whom, Charlotte, married James Hope, who received the permission of the crown to assume the name of Hope-Scott. The Hope-Scotts had three children, the eldest of whom, Mary Monica Hope-Scott, is the present owner of Abbotsford. In 1874 she married Joseph Maxwell, younger brother of Earl Herries, of Everingham Park, and her husband, after the wedding, took the necessary steps to assume the name of Maxwell-Scott, which he bears. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, and her husband's brother is the father of the present Duke of Norfolk.

cheels, exclaiming: "Here is all we have left of Sir Walter!" Mrs. Maxwell-Scott bears a considerable resemblance to her celebrated great-grandfather, and the familiar drooping eyes of Sir Walter look out from beneath a wide, full brow, which is so like that of Chantilly's head of the novelist that it might have served as a model. She herself is a gifted writer, and has edited the last and best edition of "Sir Walter's Diary," has been a frequent contributor to American magazines, and is the author of "Incidents in Scottish History," "The Making of Abbotsford," and several other popular works.

It was always asserted that the late Queen promised, on the birth of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's eldest boy, who bears the name of Walter, that when he attained his twenty-first year, he would bestow a knighthood or a baronetcy on him, so as to revive the title of Sir Walter Scott. But for some reason or other she neglected to fulfill this pledge, if, indeed, it was ever seriously made, although he served with gallantry through the Boer war, winning the distinguished service order, as a captain of the Cameron Highlanders, he remains without the promised honor to his name. There is a baronet of the name of Sir Walter Scott, but he is in no way connected with the creator of Abbotsford.

Just what the imposts contained in the new budget of the British Government mean to landowners, will be understood when it is shown that his provisions, either curbing the superfluous gardens with which his metropolitan residence, Holland House, is surrounded, or else to pay additional taxes under the head of "undeveloped land" to the tune of nearly \$100,000 a year.

As the Earl of Essex, whose mother, Viscountess Maudslayi, was a sister of the late Sir Henry's father, Essex is therefore a first cousin of the late Sir Henry. But in taxes, for the park and garden around Holland House, he will undoubtedly sell the property, if the Government carries its revolutionary budget through Parliament.

The disappearance of Holland House would be a great loss to the British metropolis. It lies in the centre of Kensington, and may be said to be a beautiful oasis in the midst of a desert of brick and mortar. The house dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the park around it is much older. The mansion has been occupied in turn by Oliver Cromwell, by William Penn, and by Addison, who died in the apartment now occupied by Iles-ter as a dining-room. The finest room in the house is the so-called "Gilt Chamber," originally prepared for Charles I. and his French bride, Queen Henrietta. Macaulay, the historian, was a frequent guest there, and it was in the park of Holland House that George III. courted Sarah Lennox, to whom many historians insist he was secretly married.

The founder of the family of which Iles-ter, the present owner, is the chief, was Sir Stephen Fox, who commenced life as a poor choir boy, and who had the good fortune to hear of the death of Oliver Cromwell before anyone else did, and was the first to inform Charles II. of the news. This won for him the good-will of the Merrie Monarch, who gradually promoted him.

What will become of Temple Bar? For hundreds of years it constituted the western entrance and gateway to the city of London, Eng., and on the spikes of which the arch was surmounted, the heads of traitors were placed, until the effects of time and wear had sent them tumbling down into the street below. The building of the great law courts on the border line of the city some 25 years ago necessitated the removal of Temple Bar. Mrs. Meux then induced her multi-millionaire husband, the late Sir Henry Meux, to purchase it, and to have it reconstructed, stone by stone, at the entrance of their country place, Theobald Park, where it looks picturesque among its rural surroundings, framed, as it is, by a setting of superb trees at least its equal in age.

When Henry Meux died, he bequeathed to his wife all his estates, and a sum in ready money, amounting to several millions of dollars. There were no children. The property was left at her free disposal. She is now, as a result of her illness, in a precarious state of health, and may have no legal heirs, there is much speculation as to who will become the possessor of all her property.

At one time it was expected that she would bequeath it to the Earl of Essex, whose mother, Viscountess Maudslayi, was a sister of the late Sir Henry's father. Essex is therefore a first cousin of the late Sir Henry. But in taxes, for the park and garden around Holland House, he will undoubtedly sell the property, if the Government carries its revolutionary budget through Parliament.

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Truth and Efficiency Of Liberal Principles

Mr. Churchill on the Achievements of the Present Government.

Mr. Winston Churchill recently opened the new building of the Bank of England, which is situated about half-way between Bournemouth and Poole. He congratulated the local Liberals upon the acquisition of such a club, and alluding to the fact that it was to be conducted on temperance principles, said "sober, organized, and educated democracy has nothing to fear from any foe." (Cheers.) A suffragette interrupted with the remark, "You have no right to be here," and was promptly removed.

Subsequently Mr. Churchill was present at an open-air meeting on a ground close to the Alexandra road. Mr. C. H. Lyell, M. P., for East Dorset, who presided over a large gathering, said Mr. Churchill had just come from a great personal triumph. He had solved a great national crisis, and had conferred a great public benefit. (Cheers.)

Mr. Churchill, who was given a very hearty reception, said the club which he had just opened would, he ventured to predict, have a long and prosperous life when the present distress were represented in Parliament by his friend and kinsman, Captain the Hon. P. E. Guest. (Hear, hear.) He was glad to come down to this juncture of support, "because," he added, "the battle may not be very distant. The issues which will depend upon the struggle will be as great as, if not greater than, has depended on any election in this country for many years." (Cheers.)

The Miracle of South Africa.

They saw around them in the world today more than one tangible proof of the truth and power of Liberal principles. Where could they look to such a proof at this moment if not to South Africa? (Cheers.) The miracle of South Africa—for he could call it nothing else—(hear, hear)—that was a living, immediate testimonial to the truth and power and solvent force of Liberal principles when they were boldly applied. Where there was bitterness and division and hatred and all the smoldering embers of a fierce war there was now union and reconciliation and prosperity—(hear, hear)—and as one of the very distant, when they came into contact with this wonderful South African story in stormy times, not only in the field—(hear, hear)—but in the House of Commons, it was a source of constant pleasure and delight to him to dwell upon the speech which it now bore witness to. When they saw men who only a few years ago were fighting each other fiercely in the field, and who were divided by party bitterness such as he had not seen in this country for generations, now working hand in hand as the result of the application of Liberal principles on the broadest and boldest scale, they in that club would not have to look around in vain for ex-

amples of the truth and permanence of those principles. (Cheers.)

The Threatened Coal Strike.

In the old days Liberalism was accustomed to generalize more than it was at present. Those who went before them saw that competition was a great and healthy process; they did not see that competition pushed to unhealthy extremes would result in the wake of monopoly. The old days saw that the combination of industries and of individuals led to production on a much larger scale than was possible before; they did not see that as we see now that combination led to a certain point degenerated into monopoly. The old days saw that the combination of industries and of individuals led to production on a much larger scale than was possible before; they did not see that as we see now that combination led to a certain point degenerated into monopoly.

Mr. Lyell had reminded them, we were on the verge of a great coal strike. It was quite true that that was a matter which had to be decided by the people engaged in that great trade, but the matter did not affect them. (Hear, hear.) It affected the blast workers and steel workers, the shipbuilders, and the householders. No one could possibly say till late yesterday afternoon what the outcome was going to be. If a strike had taken place it would have deranged many a household, the same as was done by sickness, unemployment, and other things over which a person had no control. To meet that what was wanted was organization and interdependence.

The Armor of Insurance.

"I hope," he continued, "that I shall live to see the people of this country secure in their own homes, self-reliant and independent. Indeed, but entering on the battle of life clothed in the armor of insurance—(cheers)—and I hope that even before this Parliament has reached its conclusion, unless it is violently broken up by a foul blow—(cries of 'No fear!')—we shall, I trust, be able to carry through both houses an extensive measure of insurance against unemployment—(cheers)—based on the principle that a man will make a weekly sacrifice which he can easily afford while his work lasts, and that to that will be joined a contribution from his employer, who has a responsibility for the man he employs, and that there shall be a further contribution from state, which has a responsibility for all; and that as a result, when the bad time comes, as it does come to such a large proportion of our industrial population, that then there will be a substantial benefit sufficient to carry the great majority over that bad time safely to the other side. That is the scheme at which the board of trade is at present working, and which I shall have the honor to introduce to the House of Commons next year. (Cheers.)



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which I shall have the honor to introduce to the House of Commons next year. (Cheers.)

Illness and Death of the Breadwinners.

His friend, Mr. Lloyd-George—(cheers)—who was winning the money for these purposes in the teeth of the greatest obstacles which perverted industry could place in the path of reform—(hear, hear)—would next year, he believed, introduce to Parliament an even larger scheme for unemployment insurance, which, working through the great friendly societies, who had done so much for our country—(hear, hear)—and who certainly would not be injured by any policy the Government would propose—would enable householders to guard themselves against sickness—(hear, hear)—against invalidity, and against the death of the breadwinner. That was to say, a provision would be made for widows and orphans to an extent and a degree which had never yet been dreamt of as practical in the history of our country. (Cheers.) Trade unions and friendly societies had done so much that their interests must be watched and safeguarded, but after all, they did not cover some of the worst parts of the ground.

The Security of Property.

They must not let it be supposed that the policy on which the Government were engaged at the present time was a policy which would render property insecure. It was a policy which would render property secure, which would give to this country the stability which was necessary for all prosperity and progress. Property was insecure in this country not on account of repressive laws. There were far more repressive laws in other countries where life and property were not so secure. It was not the House of Lords that made property secure. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.") Orders of aristocracy more powerful and even more noisy than our own—(laughter)—had been swept away when they had failed to move with the times and had barred the path of great reforms in the interests of the commonwealth. What had given us security was first of all that we had always been changing. We had never stood still. Unwilling to advance, we had never marched backwards into the past. We had always been broadening the basis of our society by admitting new classes to share with the governing class of the country. If property was secure here it was because we had over a long period of history been consistently laboring to force reactionaries to concede and revolutionaries to forbear. It was because we had tried, as we have never been trying now, to see that the burdens of the state were fully borne as they could best be borne; because we had always been laboring, as was being done now, he thought with an increasing measure of success, to reconcile the private interests of each with the public interest of all. (Loud cheers.)

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

After 30 or 40 years of absence a man finds time to spend a prolonged holiday in his own native parish. Sadly his eyes wander around the familiar landscape. Since the days when he climbed these steep, and waded these streams in innocent boyhood, much—so much has happened to him and to those with whom he was then associated! The familiar faces—where are they? Every man and woman he meets is a stranger! The homes he expected to see again have been ruthlessly removed and not a stone is left to mark the spot on which they stood. The old-fashioned cottage, with its roof of thatch in which he was wont to sit, is gone. No stone is left to mark the spot. He has come to see what he can never see again. He goes away sadder than he came, for his hopes ran high and he expected so much, but, ah, me! there was so little left for him to see, and so few with whom he could converse in days gone by! He is known by few, and he has no desire to see the place again, for it brings only sad memories with it when he does see it.—Scottish American.

DANISH FOLK-DANCING.

Even Mr. Turveydrop himself at his most exacting, must, one likes to think, have been content with the department

displayed had he, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," been fortunate enough to see the Danish folk-dancers at Olympia, says the London Post, for their high spirits, their abandon, their evident enjoyment were ever tempered by a ceremonious dignity. The lasses are in neat skirts and aprons, with quaintly ornamented bodices and Sunday headgear; the lads also in their best, some with knee breeches, others in "shorts"; some with "toppers" of fantastic shape; one swain, with short, wide trousers, hard felt hat and vest all over buttons, looking like a cross between a tar of Nelson's day and Mr.

Chevalier's typical coster, "got up dotty." One and all enter into the exercises with extraordinary zest and agility. The programme begins simply enough with an ordinary hornpipe, but as by an inevitable crescendo the succeeding movements become more and more difficult and complex, until in the last, called "Weaving Frieze," the revellers appear to be inextricably woven together in a network of interlaced arms. Some of the best of the measures have vocal accompaniment, and the singing is just as charmingly unstudied and spontaneous as the footwork.—London Post.

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