

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

The intimation contained in the cable dispatches to the effect that Alfred de Rothschild had loaned his private band to the American ambassador to discourse sweet music during the dinner given at Dorchester House in honor of King Edward last week serves to draw attention to a form of luxury which, so far as I am aware, has not yet crossed the Atlantic, and is unknown, until now, in America. The private orchestra of Baron Alfred Rothschild is famous throughout the United Kingdom. It is composed of some 50 or 60 pieces. Each one of the members is a virtuoso, and they are in the baron's steady employ, year in, year out, having nothing else to do, and receiving princely pay.

Lord Londonderry is another notable man who has a private band, which is always heard to great advantage on the occasion of the Kaiser's visits to the Lowther Castle in Westmoreland. The late Lord Dudley's private band, which was celebrated throughout the world by his eldest son, the present earl, who is not imbued with the same craze for music as his eccentric father, Lord Londonderry, however, has a private band. So, too, has the Duke of Westminster, while the King's private band is a fine one, indeed.

On the continent of Europe great nobles have not only private orchestras, but private theatrical troupes, as, for instance, Count Francis Esterhazy at Tokos, his country place in Hungary, where the chateau comprises a beautiful private theater, where some of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century graduated in the lifetime of the late Count. Nicholas Esterhazy spent immense sums of money in training them. The grandeur of the Esterhazys is, perhaps, best illustrated by the fact that, although shorn of much of their wealth through extravagance, their landed possessions still exceed in area the whole of Ireland, and when the first Napoleon offered to make them the chief of the house of Esterhazy king of Hungary, the old prince proudly replied that, much as he valued the crown of St. Stephen, an Esterhazy could not condescend to be indebted for it in any way to a Bonaparte.

Lord Northcliffe, better known as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the newspaper magnate, is reported to be looking for a purchaser for Sutton Place, his country seat, near Guildford, in Surrey, and is prompted thereto by his recent illness and other troubles, which both he and his friends are disposed to ascribe to the fact that in popular estimation Sutton place is an unlucky house and burdened with curses which exerted a blighting influence upon its occupants. The houses known as "unlucky" usually owe this reputation to the fact that prior to the reformation they belonged to the church and were sacrilegiously taken from the latter by King Henry VIII.

But Sutton Place has other causes besides this for being regarded as unlucky. For King Henry presented the estate to Sir Richard Weston, his country seat, near Guildford, in Surrey, and is prompted thereto by his recent illness and other troubles, which both he and his friends are disposed to ascribe to the fact that in popular estimation Sutton place is an unlucky house and burdened with curses which exerted a blighting influence upon its occupants. The houses known as "unlucky" usually owe this reputation to the fact that prior to the reformation they belonged to the church and were sacrilegiously taken from the latter by King Henry VIII.

The king evidently felt that he owed some reparation to Sir Francis in the matter, and appointed him a knight of the Order of the Bath, and treasurer of the kingdom. Moreover, he honored Sir Richard Weston with several visits at Sutton Place, welcomed not only by the father of the man who had sent to the scaffold but also by the grief-stricken widow and 6-year-old son of the innocent victim, Henry by name.

The history of the Westons from that time was one long series of dramas and tragedies until the family became extinct, and Sutton Place passed, during the Victorian era, into the possession of their cousin, Francis Henry Salvin, at whose death, without issue, two years ago, the property was purchased by its tenant, Sir Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe. He alone can tell whether there is any truth in the stories current in the district for hundreds of years to the effect that the place is haunted by the headless ghost of Francis Weston, who "walks" the corridors and the grounds on certain nights of the year, carrying his head before him in his hands.

King Edward has just added the feather of another diplomatic victory to the many with which his cap of maintenance already is adorned. For he has succeeded in compelling King Peter of Serbia to dismiss the five leading military commanders of Serbia who were indebted for their high offices to the fact that they had been the chief actors in the shocking assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The other foreign pow-

ers had protested and threatened in vain. King Peter paid no attention to their remonstrances, and their envoys were compelled to rub shoulders and to break bread with the actual murderers who had slashed Queen Draga to pieces with their swords, subjecting her remains to nameless indignities before they pitched her corpse and that of the king, divested of all clothing, out of the window and into the palace grounds below, where, months afterwards, a gardener, in digging up a flower bed, found the severed little finger of the queen with the ring still on it.

King Edward, however, not only recalled his envoy from Belgrade, but broke off all diplomatic relations declining to receive any Serbian representative at his court. This boycott of King Peter by King Edward, enforced with the utmost rigor despite the intervention of King Victor Emmanuel in behalf of his Serbian brother-in-law, has ended by accomplishing what other monarchs fruitlessly endeavored to bring about. King Peter has at length exactly three years after the assassination of Alexander and Draga, retired Gen. Athanazovich and his four chief confederates from office—on full pay, it is true, but banishing them from his court—and now diplomatic relations are about to be restored between Serbia and England, the impression created by the victory of King Edward in the matter being great throughout the Balkans.

There are certain families of the British aristocracy which seem wholly incapable of living in a quiet, orderly, respectable, humdrum fashion, but which appear destined to be forever coming before the public in connection with some romance, or, more often still, some scandal. Pre-eminent in this respect are the Sebrights, who have been established in Worcestershire for more than 500 years, and whose baronetcy was acquired by purchase in the then customary fashion from King James I.

The present holder of the baronetcy Sir Edgar Sebright, is the most respectable member of the lot, and is persona grata at court, especially at Marlborough House, owing to his having been the equerry of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, mother of the Princess of Wales. His younger brother, Arthur, however, after a most sensational career of scandal and crime, wound up in the penitentiary, from which he has lately emerged, after serving a sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labor, for swindling Lord Downshire.

And now there comes the news of the divorce of young Guy Ivor Sebright, who is next heir but one to the baronetcy, the only life between him and the title being that of his father, who has no other children. Should the young fellow, whose marriage has just been dissolved, die without issue, the convict who first achieved unenviable notoriety by terrorizing "Baby" Scott into a marriage in order to prevent her trustees from prosecuting him for having squandered in a questionable manner her entire fortune, amounting to about \$150,000. The marriage was annulled by the divorce court after a most scandalous trial, and a few months later "Baby" Scott became Mrs. Dick Russell, her youngest sister marrying the Earl Russell. The Countess of Russell has since divorced her husband, not, however, before the latter had put his mother-in-law, Lena, Lady Scott, behind the bars for six months as guilty of criminal libel, following which by bankrupting her. The countess subsequently married a groom (afterwards arrested for theft at Toronto, Canada), under the impression that he was an Austrian prince, and is now earning a precarious livelihood on the variety stage. Let me add that Lady Scott's father, the late Sir Claude Scott was the tout and business associate of the notorious money lender, Padwick, who ruined so many members of the British aristocracy.

The member of the Sebright family who furnished the greatest amount of romance in recent years was the late Lady Sebright, sister-in-law of the present baronet and of the ex-convict, and mother of the late Sir Edgar, how after being jilted by Lord Westminster's daughter, the Hon. Frances Guest, died in a rather mysterious fashion, in the neighborhood of Singapore. Lady Sebright was at one moment one of the most conspicuous figures of the English great world, and it was in her salon that Mrs. Langtry, until then unknown, made her debut as a society beauty. In view of Mrs. Langtry's subsequent career, the sponsorship of Lady Sebright was peculiarly appropriate. For Lady Sebright was justly regarded as fast. Certainly there was no house in London where higher play was carried on, and more than one of the great card scandals of the day took place at those green tables, from which she herself rarely rose until 5 o'clock in the morning—then to devote a couple of hours or more to breaking in or schooling in the park some particularly high-spirited and unmanageable horse. Her power over horses was as remarkable as her seat in the saddle and the daring of her riding.

It was at her home in Lowndes Square, by the bye, that the notorious Levantine adventurer, Lambri, who styled himself "pasha," was wont to win large sums of money from his guests, until Henry Labouchere, in London Truth, cut short his social career and brought about his disappearance from view by exposing the fraudulent character of his claim to be a man of rank, as well as his unsavory antecedents. Lambri at first

endeavored to brazen the matter out, and actually had the audacity to institute proceedings for libel against Labouchere, who was, of course, acquitted by the jury on the ground that the evidence went to show that Lambri was an even infinitely greater scoundrel than shown in Truth.

It will scarcely be believed that after all the notoriety of the man in connection with the exposure, Lambri was actually able to win the hand and fortune of an enormously wealthy American woman, namely, the widow of the late P. T. Barnum of circus celebrity. True, he gave his family patronymic of Callias, and it was not until afterwards that her relatives and friends became aware that Lambri Callias of Mitylene was identical with the bogus "Pasha" Lambri, the card sharper, unmasked by Labouchere.

Fortunately, Lambri died before he had made any deep inroads into the fortune of his American wife. But ever since his demise his disreputable brothers have been suing their American sister-in-law for what they declare to have been Lambri's fortune, on the ground that Turkish law invests a husband with his wife's property on marriage. And from an Ottoman point of view their claims are well founded. The fortune bequeathed by Phineas T. Barnum to his widow, became the property of Lambri, when she married him. And when Lambri died his four brothers were entitled to share his fortune with his widow. The ex-Mrs. Barnum has had the good sense to go beyond the reach of Turkish jurisdiction since Lambri's death and has married an Italian nobleman, from whom she is now separated.

But to return to Lady Sebright. In spite of the many stories current as to the extraordinary goings on at Lowndes Square, she was so fascinating, so clever, so witty, and so popular that she was invited everywhere, no social gathering being considered complete without her. Her most intimate friend and associate who lived with her was an equally charming woman of the name of Miss Probyn. One summer, when they were bathing at Biarritz, a big wave carried Miss Probyn out to sea and she was drowned before the eyes of Lady Sebright, before assistance could reach her. This tragedy had the effect of causing Lady Sebright to withdraw from London and to retire to Tunis, where she started a horse-breeding establishment which resulted in failure, and where her little daughter died. She thereupon returned to London, so aged and broken that many of her friends failed to recognize her.

For some time Lady Sebright found consolation in religious exercises and was devout, but towards the end of her life she sought excitement, and, above all, oblivion of the past, at the card table, and died an inveterate gambler. Indeed, it is related of her that on being warned by her physicians of the approach of death, she duly made her peace with the church and thereupon summoned the undertaker and played cards with him until the last moment. The loser to stand the expenses of her funeral. She won, and, indeed, it was the satisfaction of defeating the undertaker which brought on the fit of cholera which carried her into another world.

Sir Halliday Macartney's death has followed within a fortnight that of Count Henry Coudenhove. Both had married Oriental women. Sir Halliday, who only retired a short time ago on a pension from the post of first secretary and counselor of the Chinese legation in London, which he had held for 30 years, married as his first wife at Nan-kin the daughter of the mandarin who was associated with him in the direction of the Imperial arsenal there. She retained her national religion instead of becoming a convert to Christianity, and, after giving birth to a boy and a girl, died and was buried at Nankin, according to native rites, a beautiful Chinese monument marking her grave. The son of this marriage is one of the most distinguished members of the Government service of India; has the order of the Indian empire, besides several war medals, and is now British consul at Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, where the fact of his belonging through his mother to the leading families of China, naturally caused him to regard him with exceptional good will and respect. Moreover, it enables him to fathom the mysterious depths of the Chinese character to an extent altogether beyond any European or American who does not happen to be half a Chinaman himself.

Count Henry Coudenhove was a scion of one of the grandest houses of the Austrian nobility, which, for three or four hundred years, has played a conspicuous role in the history of Bohemia, where it has vast landed possessions. And there are always some Condenshoves holding high office at the court of Vienna. Count Henry, who has just been gathered to his fathers, spent a number of years in the diplomatic service, attached in turn, to the Austrian legation of Athens, Buenos Ayres, and Rio, before being transferred to Japan.

While acting as charge d'affaires at Tokio, at the time of the war between Japan and China, he fell in love with

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a Japanese woman of the name of Mitsuo Aoyama, and married her there, according to Roman Catholic rites, after having induced her to forsake Buddhism and to become a convert to Christianity. The union did not meet altogether with the approval of the department of foreign affairs at Vienna. He was recalled, retired from the diplomatic service, and withdrew with his Japanese countess to his chateau of Ronsperg, in Bohemia, where he devoted himself to his studies. These were of a sufficiently remarkable character to lead the University of Prague to confer its highest honorary degree upon the count, who, I may add, was one of the leaders of the anti-dueling movement in Europe.

His marriage brought him much happiness, and he leaves a family of three boys and a girl, the eldest boy about 13 years of age. They are entrusted to the guardianship of their mother, who likewise will control the administration of her husband's extensive estates until her first born attains his majority, eight years hence. It is, I believe, the first occasion of a Japanese woman finding herself in such a position—namely, mistress of a great feudal domain in Austria—and of all the hundreds of families dwelling on the estate, and free to educate her children and to expend their money as she sees fit.

As an extremely wealthy widow, she is certain to be much sought after in marriage, and it will be interesting to observe whether, in spite of the retired life which she has led with her husband at the chateau of Ronsperg, she will possess sufficient experience and knowledge of the world to withstand the wiles of fortune hunters.

Popularity is fickle and Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal, who has done so much for the people of her adopted country, has within the last fortnight been subjected to the disagreeable experience of being vigorously hooted and hissed. This demonstration against her took place at a bullfight at Lisbon, the other day and was intended by the crowd as a manifestation of animosity against her, on account of its action in the recent political crisis, rather than against the person of the Queen, who spends half her existence in the magnificent hospitals with which she has endowed the city of Lisbon.

King Edward some six and thirty years ago underwent a similar experience in a London theater, but by a display of perfect composure and dignity converted the hostile demonstration into a friendly one. Queen Alexandra was with her father, the late King Christian, when he was hissed and hooted by the populace of Copenhagen shortly after his accession.

Gustave Von Bohlen, the young German diplomat, whose engagement to Miss Bertha Krupp, the richest heiress in the world, has just been announced, has a strain of American blood in his veins, and comprises among his ancestors the Hones and the Oswalds, of New York. Philip and Catherine Hone had a daughter, who, in the last days of the eighteenth century, married in New York Philip Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald's daughter Caroline married a German nobleman of the name of Bohl von Bohlen, and from this union is descended, among others the fiancée of Miss Bertha Krupp, the proprietress of the greatest iron works in the world. Moreover, this young girl is the present mistress of the world's chief producer of heavy ordnance. For there are no arsenals or gun works in the universe where so many cannons are turned out each year as at Essen.

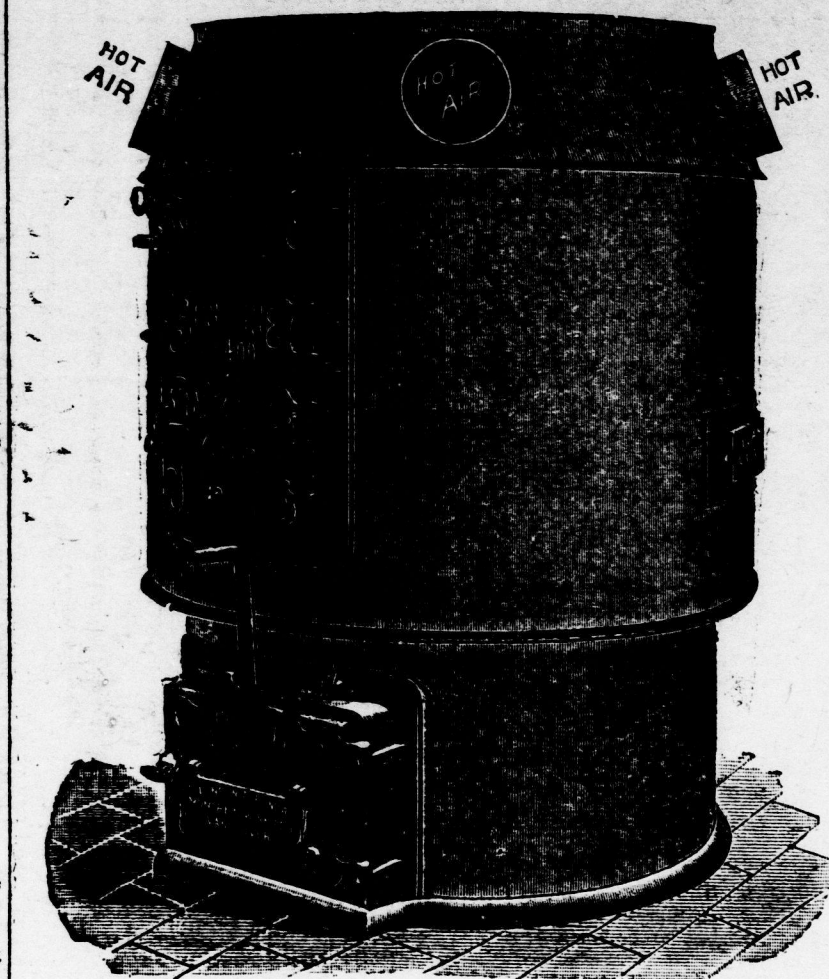
The Bohlenes are of the North Prussian race—that is to say, they were sprung from the nobles of Germany, and while some of them are counts and others barons the future husband of Miss Krupp has no title beyond the nobiliary predicate of "von." Until now he has been secretary of legation at the Vatican, but has just been promoted to the post of first secretary of the German legation at Peking. His transfer to a mission at the other end of the world within a fortnight after the announcement of his engagement has, of course, given rise to much comment, and it is understood that the young girl's mother, her relatives, and her trustees do not view her choice of husband with entire favor. They are disposed to regard it as a passing infatuation on her part, due to a certain romantic temperament, to which she gave rein on the occasion of her recent stay in Rome, where young Von Bohlen showed himself the most devoted and interesting of clerics. The separation of the young people, due to Peking, is a pity. During the time Miss Krupp will have plenty of leisure to compare him with other possible suitors, to reflect as to whether he is really the man most likely to make her happy, and, in a word, to submit her love for him to a wide test. If, at the end of a year, she remains determined to regard him no further objections will be offered by those who have her welfare at heart, and the Emperor will have a good pretext for conferring increased rank upon him by way of recognition of his diplomatic services at Peking.

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The Bishop of London recently referred to the poverty of the English clergy, and especially to the poverty of country clergies. There were 1,500 clergyman whose livings were under \$350 a year, and there were 7,000 livings with less than \$75 annual income.

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A FIGHT WITH A LEOPARD

BENGALI KILLED THE ANIMAL
AFTER DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

[From the Lahore (India) Tribune.]
Babu Jatindra Nath Mukerjee, a short hand writer in the financial department of the Bengal Government, recently visited his home in Kaya, near Kustea. On the morning of the 25 inst., there was a great panic among the quiet villagers, as the story got abroad that a huge leopard killed some head of cattle and injured a child overnight and was hiding in a shrub within a mile of the village.

The young man promptly got up a party to rid the neighborhood of the pest. The entire party could muster only one gun—a more or less useless breech-loader—between them all. This precious weapon Jatindra gave to a cousin, who, though reputed to be a good shot, was of less robust build, and was, therefore, less likely to be able to give a good account of himself without the aid of firearms. He himself was armed only with a latih and a Nepalese Kukri. The villagers beat the patch of scrub for half an hour, when they found a formidable-looking animal in prime condition and with a beautiful skin. He promptly tackled one of the villagers, who, however, made good his escape unhurt.

The only gun was a hundred yards away and from this distance Jatindra's cousin took a difficult shot, which hit the animal on the neck, but the bullet glanced off without doing more serious damage than a skin wound. The thoroughly roused animal now charged Jatindra, who, however, stood firm to receive the rapidly-advancing mass of black and yellow. As the animal sprang on to him he nimbly jumped to one side and delivered an ugly gash on one side of the animal's head, followed by a rapid succession of cuts on the stomach and chest. The animal roared and hit and clawed the left arm of the sportsman, who throttled him with the right and shook him off with such force that the animal lost its balance and rolled on the ground.

Jatindra promptly took advantage of the situation and planted his right foot on the animal's belly, thus pinning him down on the ground while he rained vicious thrusts with the dagger all over the brute's body. Although badly wounded, the animal had still plenty of fight left in him, and craning his head and lashing his tail was able to plant his fangs into the shikari's thigh just above the kneecap, while the deadly claws were incessantly at work on other parts of the youth's body.

Jatindra's dagger came into play again, and one terrific blow drove the kukri through the brain. The beast then let go his bite and lay writhing in death agony on the ground, but yet impatiently snapping its jaws together every now and again at its assailant, who finally thrust his dagger into the throat. With one mighty snap the beast held the blade in its jaws and expired. It was a job to release the dagger from the grip of the fangs of the dead leopard. The spectators were horrified and in the spellbound by the sight, so much so that not a finger was raised to assist Jatindra in his unequal fight. The leopard measured seven feet from tip to tip, and was a magnificent specimen of its kind.

Jatindra was brought down to Calcutta in a raving fever and delirium, suffering from intense blood-poisoning. His quarry accompanied him in the same train. The dead leopard, whose wounds were no less frightful than the shikari's, drew crowds of admiring visitors for two days, the people pulling off its hair to keep as charms, and amusing themselves by twisting its ears and tail.

Jatindra is a dark-complexioned youth of 25 or 26, tall, slender and well-built. His

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cessors had had to slope it toward the shoulder. He would go down to posterity, he resolved, glorified by the power of his wrist.

In vain Sir Thomas Lawrence pointed out that, as a matter of art, it would never do, that the sight of a man perennially carrying a sword from his wrist would fatigue those who looked at his picture. The duke insisted upon having his way. Lawrence did manage to smuggle in a cushion upon which the duke seems to rest his elbow, but close examination shows that arm and cushion do not meet—London Sketch.

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