

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Although Sir John Bigham, president of the English divorce court, granted last month the decree demanded by Major Charles Spencer Hall, formerly of the Oxfordshire light infantry, for the dissolution of his marriage to his American wife, on the ground that after leaving him she had contracted in America another marriage, with Herbert M. Harriman, of New York, in August, 1908, yet he very sensibly threw out of court, and declined to entertain, the gallant major's citation of Herbert Harriman as co-respondent in the case. Sir John thereby emphasized the fact that although his tribunal could not recognize as legal the divorce obtained by the former Mrs. Hall from the courts of Rhode Island, which, from an English point of view, were incompetent to deal with the case, and that consequently her subsequent marriage to Herbert Harriman was invalid in English law, yet that the matter was a technicality, and not sufficient in his eyes to warrant the citation of Herbert Harriman as co-respondent, or to admit of his being mulct in damages as such. Sir John took into consideration that Herbert Harriman was a man of high social position, legally domiciled there, and had married Mrs. Hall in accordance with the laws of his country.

Of course, under ordinary circumstances, the fact of a co-respondent being domiciled abroad does not exempt him from the issue of a decree and damages against him by the English divorce court. In the case of the divorce of Herbert Harriman, the president intimated that he could not be held as having been guilty of any offense, although Mrs. Hall had refused to such an extent against English law, in marrying him before securing her freedom from the English tribunals, that a decree was granted against her to Major Hall.

During the course of the proceedings the fact was brought to light that the former Mrs. Hall, who is now Mrs. Harriman, has an independent income of her own of about a year, of which she will, of course, have to pay the costs of the divorce obtained by Hall. The latter, who has left the English army, was proved at the same time to have had a private income of \$2,500 a year, plus his military pay, which, of course, has now ceased. He is living at a place called "Evergreen," in Somersetshire, Mrs. Harriman, before marrying him, was the widow of C. Albert Stevens, of New York, and of Castle Stevens, Hoboken, and is a daughter of the late Judge John R. Brady, of New York.

Lord Acheson, heir to the earldom of Gosford, and whose wedding to Miss Mildred Carter, daughter of J. Ridgely Carter, American ambassador to Roumania, and granddaughter of Mrs. David Pierce Morgan, of New York, and of Bernard Carter, of Baltimore, is about to take place in London, is a member of the London stock broking firm of Montagu, Oppenheim & Co., of which his uncle, Lord Charles Montagu, younger brother of the late Duke of Manchester, is the head. Lord Acheson, a distinguished soldier and a member of the Coldstream Guards, and being wounded in the battle of the

Modder River, went into business in the city, under the auspices of the Rothschilds, in whose house in St. Swithin's Lane he worked for a short time.

The founder of Lord Gosford's family was Sir Archibald Acheson, who obtained a large grant of land in Armagh, in the seventeenth century, and his sons, as he was known, were the barons and as lord retary of state for Scotland. The sixth baronet of the line was transformed into Viscount Gosford about the time of the American war of independence. His son was advanced to the rank of earl, and the second earl was governor-general of Canada. The present Lord Gosford is the fourth earl. He is vice-chamberlain of the queen, and his wife, a sister of the late Duke of Manchester and of Lord Charles Montagu, and one of the most charming and popular women in London society, is, like her daughter, the Countess of Derby, a lady in waiting to the queen.

Lord Acheson has two other sisters besides Lady Derby, one of whom, Lady Mary, is married to the Hon. Robert Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley, and of John Ward, who married Ambassador Reid's daughter. Gosford Castle, in County Armagh, is celebrated as the biggest dwelling in Ireland, and is famous for the writings of Dean Swift, who was a frequent guest there. Formerly, Lord Gosford was not particularly well off, owing to the difficulty of obtaining any revenue to speak of from his Irish estates. But about six years ago he succeeded in selling the major part of his property for a sum of nearly two million dollars, at the same time retaining Gosford Castle and Park, as well as the sporting rights over the former property.

It is probable that nothing more will be heard of the extraordinary hoax practiced upon Sir William May, commanding the home fleet, and upon the rear admirals and officers of his staff, when they were called upon the other day to receive with royal honors on board his flagship, the Dreadnought, lying off Portland, "Prince Makalin and suite of Abyssinia." For the ring-leader of the hoax is the son of a dignitary high in the hierarchy of the crown, and it is from motives of consideration for this personage that the affair is being hushed up. Also, too, because Sir William May and his officers realize that any further publicity in the matter, such as would be inevitable in the event of legal proceedings, would merely tend to increase the ridicule to which they are now being subjected. The Government was at first inclined to bring the jokers to very serious account, and to proceed against them legally, which could readily have been done, since the leader of the hoax, the Duke of Devonshire, is a member of the royal household, and the signature of one of the lords of the admiralty, announcing the arrival of Prince Makalin and suite, at the Admiralty, and directing him to accord full honors to the royal guest from Abyssinia.

The party were got up in the most wonderful style by "Clarke," the well-known customer and wigmaker of Wardour street, in London, who is, of course, aware of their identity. They

SERFDOM IN RURAL ENGLAND

The Lords Dominate Even the Schools—The Tyranny in the Villages.

One lesson learned from the recent general election is "the slavery" of the country people to their landlords, who dictate how they shall vote. The Times, A. St. John Adeock, writing in the Liberal Daily Chronicle (London), Mr. Adeock is a journalist and novelist well-known in London. He lives in the rural district of Hertfordshire, and writes from personal observation. He admits that the workmen of London and other large cities are "healthfully independent fellows." They do not vote out of fear of their landlords or employers. But it is different with "the farm hands and workers on the soil." These men are far too dependent, too terribly under the influence of their lords and masters. Their souls are not their own. Even the schools are dominated by the influence of the noble lords, and we read:

"There are some church schools in a village not far away from me. Ever since electioneering started in this district of Hertfordshire the little children in that school have been instructed in the 'virtues' of tariff reform, and just before polling day the blue rosettes of the Liberal candidate were served out to those helpless youngsters. The parents of one boy complained to me of this, as they, in common with others of the parents, are staunch Liberals; they not only cure, but complain not remove the ribbon, since that might bring the child into disfavor with his teacher."

"Above the doors of the cottages in this

A WORD TO MOTHERS

No matter whether baby is sick or well, Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the home always. They not only cure the minor troubles to which babyhood and childhood is subject, but will prevent them coming on. If the child is given an occasional dose of the medicine, Mrs. Geo. T. Walker, Mascouche Rapids, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other disorders of childhood, and am so pleased with them that I always keep the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

village appears the duke's monogram; his monogram is also on the outer wall of the church, as if he were the local deity, and they were dedicated to his worship. The villages are the duke's tenants, and since none of the poorer dwellers hereabouts believe in the secrecy of the ballot, it is easy to guess for which candidate they voted, and why."

The deplorable condition of the poor, forced to vote as they are, is a thing to vote against their own interests, is thus dwelt upon under the sub-title "Slaves and Terrorism."

Another charge hereabout has slung in it almost as deplorable as any you can find in the worst parts of London. The villages are very poor, kindly, unformed and uneducated. Their average earnings are 5 shillings a week, and their are several weeks when they are out of work through no fault of their own. How they and their families (large families, some of them) contrive to keep the winter black weeks is more than I can say.

"Nearly within sight of this village lives a peer who has done nothing whatever to earn his title: he owns much property, including a park of many acres, beautiful gardens and preserves and a pleasant mansion. How this gentleman can go, or allow his wife or children to go, to those hard-beset cottages and use them to vote in their own interests, but in his not to vote against putting a tax on their insufficient food, but against a small tax being put on the increased value of his property of land has acquired, not from his labor, but from the labor of the community—this, too, is more than I can say. Humanly speaking, one would think that if he were to look at those small cottages, and their dwellers, and reflect on the lives of their occupants, and reflected on the comfort and ease and luxury of his own lot, he would feel an unconquerable sense of shame against even asking men so ineffectually poorer than himself to cast a single vote in his private interests, knowing how he already has everything and they nothing."

"Several cottages and laboring men had been requested by their landlords to display Tory bills and to vote for that candidate, and they were not going to risk being turned out of their cottages. 'Don't you make any mistake,' they said; 'they've got ways of finding out.' They and their fathers have for so long been under the heels of the little great men of the locality that they are obsessed with a superstition of their omniscience. To some I said, 'You are not a landowner or an aristocrat. The landowners and aristocrats have possessed themselves of more than their due share of land and money by looking after their own interests, of course, not by looking after yours. They are fighting to keep it all, and add more to it; and you suppose they hope to do that by still looking after their own interests or by beginning to look after yours?' 'That's all very well,' said they, 'but if you put this extra tax on their land they'll raise our rents or take it off our wages, and so it's us that'll have to suffer.'"

proceeded in a couple of closed automobiles to the Paddington Railroad terminus, where they had hired a private car on the Weymouth express. On arrival at the Weymouth station they were received by a guard of honor, and by several of the members of the admiral's staff, taken off on board his steam barge to his flagship, and there welcomed by him, with flags flying, gun booming, marines at "present arms!" and all the officers in their dress uniforms. The prince and his suite played their parts magnificently, had the wireless telegraph, big guns and torpedoes explained to them in detail, expressed their pleasure and appreciation with weird sounding Abyssinian exclamations, and after spending two hours on board were conveyed back to Weymouth with the same honors as on their arrival, without the slightest suspicion having been aroused on board that any joke had been played upon Sir William and his officers.

The party are the same humorists who played a similar hoax on the mayor of Cambridge a few years ago, when, pretending to be the Duke of Devonshire and his suite, they were received by the chief magistrate of Cambridge and the municipality at the railroad station, and also by the university authorities with the utmost distinction and spent a day there without anybody penetrating their disguise.

LOOKS SPOILED BY DIETING

Women Going Too Far in the Desire to Be Thin.

Worn Faces as Well as Slim Bodies Produced by Semi-Starvation—Beauty-Making Boarding-House Fare—Special Wrinkles Due to Special Foods.

"This getting thin business is spoiling pretty women," said a beauty missionary, "and if it is kept up a season longer America will lose her name for producing beauties."

Even last season in London there were fewer American beauties than the season before and next year it is safe to predict there will be fewer still. Starvation is killing off the pretty women.

"Dieting with some women means going without food to the very limit of existence, and when a woman does this the effect shows not only in her figure, but in her face as well. She gets thinner, indeed her figure drops away from plumpness to slenderness in a very short time, but her face suffers. It is not so much that the skin gets baggy and that the cheeks sag, for this condition can be prevented by massage and by skin treatment. The danger of severe dieting lies in the harm which it does the spirits. A woman's vivacity sinks with long fasting and she loses both her charm and her chic. How can a woman be vivacious if she has had nothing all day but a cup of hot water? How can she be chic on buttermilk?"

"I had a case of this a few days ago. A woman came to me with bags under her eyes and a dark shadow across her temples. Looking over her hastily to observe the telltale signs of too much dieting, I said:

"What are you eating, madam?"

"Nothing," she replied, "I am dieting to reduce my weight."

"Then what are you drinking?" I inquired. I knew the answer before she told me.

"I am drinking buttermilk," she said, "and it is doing me loads of good."

"Yes, I know," said I, interrupting her. "I've heard all about buttermilk before now; but the truth is, madam, that you will have to stop drinking buttermilk and go back to the family table. I don't agree with you."

"I put her on the regular family diet for three days and her improvement was rapid.

"Few women after a fast will go back to regular eating. The spectre of stoutness looms ever before them. Often, too, they have got out of the habit of eating and the idea of a regular meal has become repulsive to them."

"I've lost my charm," said a woman coming into my shop and throwing herself down on a couch. "Once

EVERY WOMAN WHO SUFFERS

CAN FIND SURE RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. J. Oliver Tells How She Lost Her Pains and Weakness When She Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy.

Elgin, Ont., March 18.—(Special)—Women who suffer, and there are thousands of them in Canada, will hear with interest the experience of Mrs. J. Oliver, of this place. She has suffered and found a cure, and she has no hesitation in saying that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from Backache and Fainting Spells," Mrs. Oliver states. "I was tired and nervous all the time, and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. My feet and ankles would swell, and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised, and bought some. Twelve boxes cured me."

All women who suffer should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They make healthy Kidneys and healthy Kidneys are the first rule of health for women. The female organs depend almost entirely on the kidneys for their health. No woman can hope to be healthy and happy unless the kidneys are right. The kidneys need occasional help or they must become tired or sick. And what any woman can tell you out of her own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the help they need.

RADIUM IS SOLD IN CAPSULES

Austrian Government Puts It Up in Convenient Form.

The sale of radium by the Austrian state department, which controls its production, has now been placed on a more or less permanent footing. The chief difficulty encountered by the department has been to find a suitable way of packing the precious mineral, but the experts of the Vienna Physical Institute, have at last devised a satisfactory way of handling it.

Pure radium, of course, cannot be obtained; but what is sold as radium is really a chemical compound known as radium bromide chloride. Of this there are three different grades in the market. The preparation is inclosed in a so-called radium cell, a round capsule 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and three-quarters inch long. This capsule is inclosed in a screw tube made of nickel-plated brass, with a lead bottom, in which there is a little sunken square which serves to hold the speck of radium.

The cell or capsule itself is sealed by a mica plate which obviates the necessity of opening it when in actual use. All tubes are carefully numbered and each bears an official stamp. Prospective buyers may note that it is not money alone that buys radium. It is only scientific institutions and savants of repute who are eligible as purchasers.

Postal guide books are searched in vain for the names of the dealers in radium. No postoffice has even been called upon to handle a single milligramme. In every case so far the sales have been made to buyers personally or their direct representatives, sent expressly to Vienna for the purpose. It is not surprising that in the case of a product worth \$2,350,000 an ounce the strict rule is "shipment at buyer's risk."

upon a time it was my chief reliance. Now I am without it entirely. I can tell that I've lost it by the way people look at me."

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked.

"I had half a cup of weak coffee without sugar taken through a straw so that I would have to sip it slowly."

"Well, you can't be charming on half a cup of coffee taken through a straw. Go out and get a good lunch. Eat meat and potatoes and ice cream and then take a good walk in the air. Come back to me late this afternoon and I'll see what I can do for you."

"When she returned four hours later there seemed little to be done for her. Her skin was slightly wrinkled from her having gone long on next to nothing to eat, but I persuaded it with some good cold cream and she looked better immediately. She is almost her old self now."

"I may be mistaken in the matter, but I've been in the beauty business long enough to know something about it. If I can't speak with medical authority, I can at least give the results of my observations, which go to show that nine out of ten of the women who come to me have been made ugly through too much dieting."

"At the opera one night I counted twenty women in the boxes who looked like hags. Now they look like bags; thin, well figured bags, but none the less hags. To my certain knowledge they have brought it all on themselves this winter."

"Going without breakfast makes the hair grey. One of my patients had lovely brunette hair until last fall. Then she began to go without breakfast. In the last six months her hair has turned from deep lustrous brunette shade to a dusty grey. I'm working on it, but I can't bring it back; neither can I persuade her to resign from the no breakfast club."

"Living on buttermilk makes the hair grey. One of my patients had lovely blonde hair until last fall. Then she began to go without breakfast. In the last six months her hair has turned from deep lustrous blonde shade to a dusty grey. I'm working on it, but I can't bring it back; neither can I persuade her to resign from the no breakfast club."

"The worst fate of all befalls those who live entirely on fruit, or such is the result of my observation, that I have seen a patient who has been eating nothing but fruit and cracker food. She ate raw fruit of all kinds and nibbled crackers between meals. Her breakfast was oranges; her lunch consisted of apples and she had figs for dinner. On Sundays she had figs and ice cream. On holidays by way of a special treat she ate peanuts and fish."

"When I took her skin was spotted and she had yellow spots on her forehead and sadness in her heart. I put her on a diet, and she is recovering, but the pimples go slowly."

"I suppose you wonder what diet I prescribe. I prescribe the boarding-house diet."

"Take table board for two weeks in a good boarding-house," I say to my patients, "and then follow my advice they come out well."

"As everybody knows the board in the average boarding-house is none too rich. It is good and nutritious, but there is no danger of overeating. The portions are small and you are trained not to ask for more. This gives the ideal diet for the person who wants to be enough, but not too much. There are various wrinkles for various kinds of diet. There are the side to side forehead wrinkles. These are caused by the hot water fad. The woman who takes no hot water, but nothing at all today except a cup of hot water, could show you a new wrinkle for each day of her hot water revelry. She knows the wrinkles are coming in her forehead, but she does not know that they are caused by the hot water fad. If she wants to take them out she must use the hot water externally and follow it up with copious libations of cold cream thinned to a jelly with almond oil. Internally she must adopt food."

"I had a patient who lived on cranberries. Somebody told her they would clear the complexion. They cleared it, but there wasn't anything left. Her complexion was like paste. I had to massage it from the chin up to get tone into it, and I had to feed her on that great beauty maker, sweet potatoes."

"I took a woman who was eating nothing but peanuts and lettuce and put her on a diet of Irish potatoes and beef stew. She ate them once a day and some days twice. For breakfast she ate flapjacks and maple syrup. It would have done you good to see the

"A MIRACULOUS REMEDY"

Lady in Hull wasted away until she weighed only 80 pounds

TOOK "FRUIT-A-TIVES" JUST IN TIME

This Wonderful Fruit Medicine Completely Cured Her After 12 Years Suffering.

134 Chaudiere Street, Hull, Que., Dec. 24, 1909.

"For the past twelve years I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. Finally in March, 1908, I suffered such tortures that I was compelled to stay in bed. I could not digest my food and everything I ate caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation, and at times I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks. My feet were constantly cold. Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicines, but did me no good. My weight came down to only 80 pounds, and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally I had the good fortune to buy 'Fruit-a-tives,' and as soon as I began to take them I felt better. I persisted in the treatment, and to my great joy and to the astonishment of my friends, I improved. Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds, and this is more than I ever weighed, even before my illness. I attribute my cure solely and entirely to 'Fruit-a-tives,' and can never praise them too much for they saved my life. To all who suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation, I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' as being a miraculous remedy."

MADAME ANDREW STAFFORD.

When you read such a letter, you think that "Fruit-a-tives" is indeed a wonderful remedy, yet the action of "Fruit-a-tives" is so simple that a child can understand it. "Fruit-a-tives" is made from concentrated and intensified fruit juice and the finest pervertonics, and acts directly on the liver, causing sufficient bile to flow, which regulates the bowels and cures Constipation. "Fruit-a-tives" also acts on the stomach, producing an abundance of gastric juice, and so strengthens the stomach muscles that complete digestion is assured. "Fruit-a-tives" also regulates kidneys and skin, thus purifying the blood and building up the whole system. Without exaggeration, it may be stated that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Constipation. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, or trial size, 25 cents. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

color come back to her face and the curves return to her figure.

"Peanuts make deep wrinkles between the eyes and a diet of lettuce will bring parentheses around the mouth."

"You see it doesn't pay to starve if you want to be a good-looking woman. My advice to the starvation army is to feed up and to see a beauty doctor."

USE THIN AIR AS MEDICINE

Cabinet Administers Artificial Dose of Mountain Atmosphere.

The doctors are supplying people with so many imitations that it isn't so very surprising to have them offer us a substitute for mountain air. They have a pneumatic cabinet in which they can supply the air pressure of any given altitude. Some physicians use this cabinet with—so they say—good results.

The patient gets inhalations of rarefied air to suit his case and capacity. A reduction in the atmospheric pressure of about half a pound to the square inch is said to be sufficient for most purposes. The sponges are given every day, and gradually increased in length from two minutes to six or eight minutes.

Rarefied air as found at great heights induces a condition known as mountain sickness or balloon sickness, and consists of increased heart action, more rapid respiration, headache, followed by graver symptoms as the rarefaction increases, and ending in death.

There are frequently minute hemorrhages into the spinal cord as the result of inspiring rarefied air, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. The insufficient supply of oxygen in the rarefied air is perhaps the principal cause of the symptoms manifested. More or less prolonged residence in a rarefied atmosphere may be associated with an increase in the number of red blood cells.

RESTORING CHURCH USED BY PEPPS

St. Olave's, London, in Which the Great Diarist Worked.

Pepps was a confirmed "churchgoer." It is therefore quite right that a fund should be raised as proposed for the purpose of repairing the parish church of St. Olave's, Hart street, attended for many years by the great diarist. St. Olave's is one of those quaint city churches, tucked away in a corner, that even its nearest neighbors know nothing about.

Close to Mark Lane, its little graveyard has a row of cheerful skulls over its gateway, reminding the passerby that it was one of the places where that A. modern monument, mainly wig and inscription, has been erected to his memory and is not either beautiful or interesting; but high under the roof of the choir is the memorial of that young wife he so dreadfully plagued in life.

She looks down like a Lely head translated to dusty marble, down toward the place where her husband used to sit in the gallery. The church escaped the great fire and is crowded with queer memorials, notably the famous one with inscription that "I gave I have; that I spent I had; that I left I lost."

A CIGARETTE STATE.

Massachusetts makes a startling showing in connection with the statistics of the internal revenue commissioner regarding the production of cigarettes weighing less than three pounds per thousand. The little "smokes" turned out in this state during the last year numbered 47,398,650, which is a number exceeded by the production of only New York, Virginia, Louisiana, California and Pennsylvania, in order among the states of the Union. There will be noted that of the total of 92,943,892 gallons of spirits rectified in the United States during the year, according to the internal revenue tabulations, 5,928,746 gallons were rectified in the old Bay State, but the figures about the production of cigarettes are certain to run the spirit statistics a close race as a cause for comment in certain circles.—Worcester Gazette.

For Edson and Columbia machines and records, call at Williams' Piano Company, 261 Dundas street. 291-t.