

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

"Long Fin," the nickname by which the new Earl of Dunmore is known in the army and in clubland, by reason of his abnormal stature—he stands nearly six feet four, and has hitherto borne the courtesy title of Viscount Fin-castle—is, like his father, who died the other day, a Christian Scientist, and apparently believes, in accordance with the ethics of this peculiar cult, that there is no such thing as physical pain, the latter being merely imagination. For when, some months before the marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus of Sweden, "Long Fin" was her vis-a-vis at tennis, and had the misfortune to send a ball flying into her face with such force that she was compelled to quit the game, he remained mute, and did not attempt to apologize, assuming, of course, that the blow could not possibly have really hurt her.

The new Earl of Dunmore, though a cavalry officer, won the Victoria cross not as a soldier but as a war correspondent for the London Times. He was doing duty as an aide de camp on the staff of the viceroy of India when the frontier war of 1897 broke out. He volunteered for active service, and, being unable to get to the front as a combatant, went as a war correspondent.

During a brush with the enemy he managed to rescue a dangerously wounded comrade, Lieut. McLean, whose horse had been killed. It was one of the bravest feats of the campaign, and those who witnessed it cannot to this day understand how he managed to escape unhurt, as he and the wounded man literally were surrounded by the savage foe. I may add that on the same day he had no less than three horses shot under him.

He likewise has seen active service in the Boer war and under Kitchener in Egypt and the Sudan, and at the present moment is major of the Sixteenth Lancers, from which probably he will retire now in order to devote himself to the management of the family estate. He is married to a Miss Kemble, daughter of the Scotch laird who owns the greater part of the Isle of Skye, and has written one or two good books of travel.

The Earldom of Dunmore originally was created in favor of Lord Charles Murray, second son of the Marquis of Athol, and who was master of the horse to King James II's daughter, Princess Mary and Princess Anne, prior to their accession to the throne. It was this Earl of Dunmore's grandson who the last British Governor of Virginia, and whose memory is obnoxious in that part of the United States, owing to his wanton destruction of property in the war of independence. He was sufficiently attached to Virginia to give his name not only to one of his sons, but also to cause it to be given to several of his granddaughters.

It was this peer's daughter, Lady Augusta Murray, whose marriage to King George III's son, the Duke of Sussex, at Rome, without the sanction of the so-called royal marriage law, which members of the English reigning house illegal unless the consent of the sovereign in council has previously been given under the great seal of England.

There was a son born to this union between the Duke and Lady Augusta Murray. He figured in English society for many years under the name of Sir Augustus Murray d'Este, and, on account of his pretensions to royal rank, was a source of no end of trouble and annoyance to the reigning family during the early part of Queen Victoria's reign.

Lord Dunmore has many American relatives. One of his cousins, Henry Murray, married a daughter of Samuel Babcock, of New York. Another, Capt. Augustus Murray, of the royal navy, married the daughter of David Lee, of New York. An elder sister of that American born Countess of Waldersee, who, through her first marriage, with Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, is an aunt of the German Emperor. The late Sir Charles Murray, an uncle of the Lord Dunmore, now deceased, married the daughter of James Wadsworth, of Genesee, N.Y., by whom he had a son, Charles Murray, who has

SYSTEMATIC CATARRH HAS BUT ONE CURE

LOTIONS AND POWDERS WILL
NEVER HELP UNLESS THE
BLOOD IS GIVEN ATTENTION.

The cure to radically and permanently cure catarrh is to cleanse the blood of the unhealthy marriage that keeps the mucous membrane inflamed. Catarrhal poison usually interferes with the stomach, kidneys and liver. These organs must be properly toned and strengthened, otherwise you feel sick all over.

To go direct to the source of the trouble—to cleanse, nourish and purify the blood—where can you find anything so potent as Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

This grand medicine regulates the eliminating organs and completely drives the virus of catarrh out of the system. Thousands of cures prove this.

Of course to clear the nose and head of mucous discharges, Dr. Hamilton recommends the use of Catarrh Inhaler which, if used with his pills of Mandrake and Butternut, cures the most obstinate case of Catarrh ever known. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills in 25c boxes.

sat in Parliament, and has spent several years in the diplomatic service. Another son of Sir Charles Murray was that unfortunate Cecil Murray who died of a dose of cyanide of potassium on an ocean line while on the way from Europe to New York. It was ascertained that the cyanide of potassium belonged to his cabin mate, a Major Frederick Helbert, of one of the militia battalions of the English army. It was found also that he had left a will, written on shipboard, bequeathing his entire fortune to this Major Helbert, although he had only made his acquaintance two weeks before sailing for America.

In spite of these extremely suspicious circumstances, the difficulty in bringing home any definite proofs, and, above all, the differences of opinion as to the question of jurisdiction, resulted in no proceedings being instituted against Major Helbert, and while it is doubtful whether Cecil Murray's will in his favor would have ever been admitted to probate by any English court of justice, yet the major, by threatening to make it the basis of a suit in which certain feminine entanglements of young Murray would have been revealed, was able to extort from his family a considerable sum of money by way of compromise.

After a subsequent career of fraud in America, where he was extensively entertained and accorded the courtesies of the best clubs in the leading cities, Helbert was dismissed from the army, and now is doing time in an English penitentiary for robbing a London jeweler.

The late Lord Dunmore will be remembered as the inventor and originator of that now popular form of entertainment known as the smoking concert. He also was famous as an explorer, and one of his principal feats in this capacity was to ride on horseback from Peking to Constantinople. When he got back to England he published a volume describing his trip, which resulted in an odd controversy in the London Times.

In the book he had asserted that one of the great central Asian rulers, by whom he had been entertained on his journey, was so convinced of divine consideration that he was in the habit of granting free passes to heaven by means of letters of recommendation addressed to "My Brother Gabriel."

Either a copy of the book or else some newspaper recapitulating this story must in some wonderful manner have reached central Asia for nearly a year afterwards the London Times received a letter from the dusky potentate in question, which it published, and in which he denounced the earl as a liar, declaring that he had made but a poor return for the hospitality received.

Sir David Evans has not long survived the wife whom he married under such romantic circumstances, and the death of this former lord mayor of London serves to recall the story of his courtship.

The late Lady Evans was a chambermaid of the Oak Hotel, at Sevenoaks, in Kent, almost under the shadow of Lord Sackville's magnificent Elizabethan mansion. Knowle Park, when she first attracted the attention of the young London merchant, who had come down to Sevenoaks for the sake of the fishing in the neighborhood.

He fell in love with her, and, having obtained the consent of her parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boakes, the one village plumber, the other an ex-cook, he married her in due form.

In 1892 he was elected lord mayor of London, and at the close of his term of office he was knighted by Queen Victoria and decorated with the order of St. Michael and St. George, while a distinguished company, including archbishops and peers, cabinet ministers, and six magistrates, assembled at the Mansion House to present to Lady Evans a testimonial, in the form of a life-size portrait of her husband by a famous academician. "In kindly remembrance of the graceful help rendered during the term of office of her husband, Sir David Evans, as lord mayor of London."

It is not whether ever before such a tribute of regard has been paid to a woman who commenced her career as the chambermaid of a village inn.

Lord Kingston, who is just at present in the public eye in connection with the terrible beating which he inflicted upon a burglar whom he had discovered concealed beneath his bed on retiring for the night at Kilmoran Castle, in County Down, the foolish intruder being now in the hospital for the injuries which he received in his nocturnal encounter with the earl, may be said to represent in the female line the so-called White Knights.

The first of the White Knights was the eldest of the three sons of John Fitzgerald, Lord of Deeside and of Desmond, who, some 600 years ago, by virtue of his royal signatory as Count Palatine, created at his three sons by his second marriage, the titles of the White Knight, the Knight of Glyn, and the Knight of Kerry. The title of Knight of Kerry is born today by Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, owner of Valentia Island, on the coast of Kerry, and famous as a yachtman.

The present Knight of Glyn is Desmond Fitzgerald, the son-in-law of Lord Dunraven, and widower of Lady Rachel Fitzgerald, who was in America with her father, Lord Dunraven, at the time of the Valkyrie races for the America cup. The White Knights became extinct in the male line in the reign of Charles I., when their heirs married the first Lord Kingston, King family. The present seat of Lord Kingston, Kilmoran Castle, comes to him through the marriage of the eighth earl with the daughter and heiress of Col. Edward King Tension.

Lord Kingston is a scion of a family, one of the members of which has been

immortalized by the poet, Milton, for it was a son of Sir John King, the founder of the house, whose tragic death by drowning in the Irish Sea was commemorated by the blind poet in his "Lycidas." Another member, namely, the second Earl of Kingston, was the defendant on the occasion of the Irish House of Lords sitting for the last time as a court of justice upon one of its members. The charge against him was that of murder. But Lord Kingston was acquitted on his being shown that if he had killed Col. Fitzgerald in a village inn at Mitchelstown, near Cork, it was because he found his son, Col. King, afterwards Lord Lorton, getting the worst of it in a hand-to-hand encounter with Col. Fitzgerald, who had been caught in the act of making arrangements to abduct one of Lord Kingston's daughters, he (Fitzgerald) being a married man at the time.

The present Lord Kingston is a soldier by profession, and did good service in the South African war as a subaltern of the Irish Guards. He is married to a rich wife, one of the daughters and heiresses of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, whose brewing fame, and may boast of being that rare asset, a popular Irish landlord, since he believes in, and practices, the policy of encouraging his tenantry to improve their holdings not only by means of financial assistance, but also by giving them a secure tenure of their farms.

The French Duke of Avaray has been within the last week subjected to a good deal of injustice in articles contained in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle and other organs of the American press in connection with the alleged forgery of a note for \$1,200 bearing the name of his divorced wife, "Princess Montglyn," now at home at Tapan, N.Y. The information concerning the duke, which is presumably furnished by the lady in question, intimates that she possessed an enormous fortune at the time of her marriage, bequeathed to her by her father; that in 1883 she was married to the Duke of Avaray, "a French nobleman noted for his spendthrift habits," that he squandered his wife's fortune; that "there was no dowry," and notes to the tune of 2,000,000 francs, of which she repudiated the signature, but which she eventually paid, in deference to the entreaties of a family conference, the paying of them practically wiping out her fortune.

The inference intended to be conveyed by the story is that the duke signed her name to the notes, and that she paid them to save him from disgrace. It is added that in 1892 she sued the duke for divorce and won her case.

Now, the real facts are these: The said princess had little or no money at the time when, as the daughter of the Count de Mercy d'Argentan, ex-secretary of the Belgian legation in Paris, she married the Marquis Hubert d'Avaray. He had not at that time succeeded to his father's dukedom, and, as the marriage was dissolved before his father's death, his wife never bore the title of Duchess of Avaray.

The marriage was bitterly opposed by the ducal house of Avaray, and turned out most unhappily. It resulted in a divorce, which was granted in favor of the then marquise in 1892, and which created an extraordinary sensation at the time, owing to the testimony furnished as to the remarkable eccentricities of conduct and insane extravagances in money matters of the lady.

The French newspapers at the time were filled with details of the case, showing among other things that she spent in the neighborhood of \$40,000 on underwear in the short space of six months. She made several attempts to recover possession of her son, now Marquis of Avaray, and 22 years of age. But the French courts decided that the ex-marquise was not a desirable guardian for any minor, and insisted upon the lad remaining under the guardianship of his father, who confided the lad to his mother, the old widowed Duchess of Avaray.

Neither Charles Ney, fifth Duke of Eichingen, nor his duchess is fond of chairs, sofas, lounges, etc., that are of the normal height. They like them low, as being more conducive to luxurious ease and comfort, and, in consequence thereof, shortened all the legs of the furniture furnished to the residence which they rented at Versailles from Mme. de Montmorency. Naturally the latter objected to this treatment of her furniture, which included a Louis XVI. drawing-room set that had taken a prize at the Paris exhibition of 1850, and the result is a most amusing lawsuit before the tribunal of the Seine.

The duke is a younger brother of the Prince de la Moskowa, judicially separated from Princess Eugénie Bonaparte, and both the prince and the duke, whose mother was a Jewess of the Furtado-Hoïne family, are great-grandsons of the most famous of all the first Napoleon's marshals, namely, Michael Ney, surnamed by the great emperor "the bravest of the brave," and who, after a brilliant military career, was executed at Paris by a file of French soldiers, his death warrant being signed by Louis XVIII.

The marshall's eldest son married the daughter of the banker Jacques Lafitte, and, after service for a time as aide de camp to the late Duke of Orleans, died, leaving a daughter, who became the wife of the Duc de Persigny, one of the chief ministers of Napoleon III., and a son, Michael Ney.

The latter, after attaining the rank of general of cavalry in the French army, died in a shocking and mysterious fashion in a lonely house on the outskirts of Paris, both the police and the family having, from motives best known to themselves, always resisted every endeavor to elucidate the circumstances of the tragedy. Additional comment was aroused by the fact that the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Versailles and the clerical authorities accord Christian burial to the duke's remains, on the ground that he was a suicide, they suddenly reversed their decision, and not only permitted the transfer of his remains to the family tomb, but likewise performed the rites of the Catholic Church over the body. It is said that proof that the general had been assassinated was given under the seal of confession to the Archbishop of Paris; that his widow, who afterwards married the Duc de Rivoli, who died four years ago, as well as certain members of his family, was aware of why and how he was murdered, but that the circumstances of his death were so little to his credit that they felt any attempt to prosecute his slayer would be

to the detriment of the name of the general.

The present Prince de la Moskowa and the present Duke of Eichingen are his sons, and of their sisters two, namely, Cecile and Violet, are married to Princes Murat. The Duchess of Eichingen is a lady of bourgeois birth, whose first husband was Count Charles de Brocteau, brother of that Marquis of Brocteau who is married to Miss Garner, of New York.

It may be of interest to add that, according to general belief on both sides of the Atlantic, the great Marshal Ney survived his execution at Paris in December, 1815, for many years, the soldiers appointed to shoot him having purposely fired high. He is said to have escaped, and to have spent the remainder of his days either in South Carolina or in Georgia.

MODJESKA LEAVES BEAUTIFUL HOME

CELEBRATED ACTRESS WILL
SELL HER CALIFORNIA "FOREST OF ARDEN."

Every actor who has played in the somnolent-aided Southern California towns and been bidden, as have been hundreds of players, to that paradisaical spot near Anaheim, feel a sense of personal misfortune at thought of the sale of and desertion by her gracious presence of Madame Modjeska's "Arden."

Having seen her walking slowly down the main highway that led from the crowned top of the strenuous fringed foot of a hill, or gathering blossoms in the blazing glory of her rose garden, or plucking blooms from purple prodigality of her wistaria vine, or greeting or speeding guests from the doorway of the rambling, cream-tinted, noble house, whose many mullioned, stained glass windows lent it the illusion of a temple, with herself as its priestess, one feels that, however the new owner may "modernize" that tangle of bloom, the soul of its beauty has vanished with Modjeska.

Situated on a hill 2,500 feet above sea level, the eminence, thick garlanded with floral beauty, has come to be known to the neighboring towns as "The Hill of the Lost Hope." They called it thus when a band of artistic dreamers, among them Henry Sienkiewicz, who afterwards wrote "Quo Vadis," having established there a colony, was forced by unkind circumstances to abandon it. The name has acquired new significance since Madame Modjeska and her husband, Count Bonomi, determined to leave it also, though the leaving should wrench their heartstrings.

WRAPPERS ALL DAY LONG.

In her merry moods Madame Modjeska had dubbed her "Forest of Arden" the one spot in the world where you may wear wrappers all day on every day in the year.

"First in the morning," said she, "I put on a short wrapper and walked about my garden looking after the needs of my flowers, and at 10 o'clock I put on a longer wrapper and attend to my correspondence, which keeps me busy until noon, for I receive letters from all over the world. Every kind of letter comes to me, many from strangers who make such funny requests, but I try to answer them all. After lunch I put on another wrapper, one of my fluffy afternoon wrappers. Then I take my embroidery or a book, for I read much, and go out on my veranda among the birds and roses. The Honorable roses that bloom like flowers of fire out there over the old open well are my favorites. The flowers are my dear friends, all, but these, they represent my dearest friend, the recipient of my soul's confidences. I find myself whispering strange, foolish things to those roses that grow over the old well, and they turn my faces toward me, seem to understand and whisper back other confidences. After dinner a short wrapper again, and the count and myself walk about the grounds."

Madame Modjeska, one of her last guests on this 1,300 acres of beauty, said that she would remain in Southern California but a few weeks longer.

She would then go to Europe for at least two years. She would write her memoirs. She would not, she thought, ever return to the stage.

She turned the question of philosophy upon her final renunciation of the stage. "The time must come when one must stop. What is the use of struggling against fate? It is best to go at the right time."

"I have been very happy. I have no regrets. I have had many things to make me happy. In my art I have always had ideals. I never, never appeared in what you call a trashy play."

A MELANCHOLY FAREWELL.

There is, despite her assertion that she is happy, a melancholy farewell to the stage—these final words of the exquisite actress who played Marie Stuart six months in London, and who played Lady Macbeth at the time she was in America. One reason I left the stage was on account of the syndicate, what you call the trust. It made things too hard for me. One jump was from Indiana to Quebec and then south. This is such a vast country, too. One appears before a strange audience every night. Riding day and night in the train the rear gets into your head. In America you are not partial to stock companies that play again and again in different plays in your own city, but it is coming to that some day. I predict it."

CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather. Both the prince and the duke, whose mother was a Jewess of the Furtado-Hoïne family, are great-grandsons of the most famous of all the first Napoleon's marshals, namely, Michael Ney, surnamed by the great emperor "the bravest of the brave," and who, after a brilliant military career, was executed at Paris by a file of French soldiers, his death warrant being signed by Louis XVIII.

The marshall's eldest son married the daughter of the banker Jacques Lafitte, and, after service for a time as aide de camp to the late Duke of Orleans, died, leaving a daughter, who became the wife of the Duc de Persigny, one of the chief ministers of Napoleon III., and a son, Michael Ney.

The latter, after attaining the rank of general of cavalry in the French army, died in a shocking and mysterious fashion in a lonely house on the outskirts of Paris, both the police and the family having, from motives best known to themselves, always resisted every endeavor to elucidate the circumstances of the tragedy. Additional comment was aroused by the fact that the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Versailles and the clerical authorities accord Christian burial to the duke's remains, on the ground that he was a suicide, they suddenly reversed their decision, and not only permitted the transfer of his remains to the family tomb, but likewise performed the rites of the Catholic Church over the body. It is said that proof that the general had been assassinated was given under the seal of confession to the Archbishop of Paris; that his widow, who afterwards married the Duc de Rivoli, who died four years ago, as well as certain members of his family, was aware of why and how he was murdered, but that the circumstances of his death were so little to his credit that they felt any attempt to prosecute his slayer would be

THEIR IDEA OF A LADY

LITTLE BRITISHERS HAVE SOME
QUEER NOTIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

New York Sun: The readers of the Sun who made so valiant an attempt some time ago to secure a proper definition of a gentleman, will be interested in the following descriptions of a lady. They were evolved by English school children, and are gleaned from the Graystone Training School Magazine:

Ada (aged 7):—"A lady marries a man and she goes in a carriage or she goes in a motor. Sometimes she is a rich lady, sometimes she goes to a ball, and she has glasses when she can't see, and when her father dies she is a widow."

Bertie (aged 7):—"A lady has got a lovely house (house), and have got some serves and lovely frames and a ring and a lovely long hair and a pony trap."

Edie (aged 8):—"A lady has a very nice house and she has nice things in it, and when she is married she has very nice wrings and then she mite have a nice husband and sometimes he treats her to nice things and then she treats him to nice things and then they be kind to each other."

Lizzie (aged 7):—"A lady is something like a man. But she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes and she's got a lot of work to do."

Ernest (aged 7):—"A lady is a mother oo as a lot of children and she thest (tries) to get rid of her children."

Howard (aged 7):—"A lady has not got some trousers. But a man has got some trousers. A lady has got some Hair. A lady has got long Hair."

Ned (aged 7):—"A lady is like a Mistress and like a sister and she phers (preaches) to people and tehhs (teaches) about God."

Charlie (aged 6):—"A lady is divergent from a man because a lady has different clothes from a man, a lady has different body from a man and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Jack (aged 6):—"A lady has a dress and a man hasn't, and a man has a top hat and a lady hasn't."

Harry (aged 7):—"A lady is a maid and sometimes a cook that cooks the dinner, and a lady is a skirt and when a lady isn't married she is called a widow a lady has long air."

Dolly (aged 7):—"A lady is a kind Woman. A lady is a Gynvnaia. A lady is a Ruler. A lady is a kind and gentle woman to us and gives us clothes."

Jack (aged 7):—"A lady is a nice woman because she don't have torn clothes, and she has a woch with her and she has a chane on the woch."

4244—A PRETTY DESIGN FOR A MISSES' CORSET COVER.

Daintiness and simplicity are the twin attributes realized in this attractive a ccessory of the young girl's wardrobe, here made of batiste decorated with shadow embroidery, and finished with trimmings of beading and lace. The making of the garment is so simple that the least expert of home sewers can easily accomplish it. The shield sleeves may be omitted if desired, though most mothers like to have their young daughters wear them. For the 15-year size 15-8 yards of 27-inch material will be needed for making.

4244—Five sizes, 12 to 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.



Semi-ready

Not for young men only, but for gentlemen of mature years are the Semi-ready designs fashioned.

Good judges of good clothes know that Semi-ready Tailoring is the modern way of getting what you want when you want it.

Fine Sack Suits in Serges and Worsteds at \$20 and \$25. The \$18 Suits are made from less expensive cloths and linings.

Semi-ready

The Signet of Safety

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready

Semi-ready