

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Count Melchior Gurovski, whose death has just taken place at Nice, where he owned the Chateau de Monthon, on the Villafranca road, has many friends and acquaintances, some acquired in America, others in London, where he was connected for a long time with the stock exchange, and others again at Nice, where he held the office of consul-general of Austria-Hungary. His father died at Washington.

One of his uncles, Count Ignatius Gurovski, created a great sensation in the early forties of the nineteenth century by eloping with Princess Isabella of Spain, who was sister of that King Francis, who was the husband of Queen Isabella II. The princess was staying with her father at the time, near Paris, and the elopement took place in the old-fashioned romantic manner, including the descent of the princess by means of a ladder from her window to the ground, and her flight in a post-chaise. The young couple reached Calais in safety, crossed over to England before any steps could be taken for their capture, and were married in due form at Dover. Later on there was a species of reconciliation, and the couple were received at the court of Madrid. But the princess developed into an altogether impossible character, and ultimately a separation ensued, the count dying at Paris in 1887, and the infant also dying in Paris just ten years later.

They left one daughter, of the name of Isabella, who married Charles Allen Perkins, at one time United States minister at Lisbon. This marriage was a source of great annoyance to the reigning house of Spain, the members of which constitute a series of persecutions against the ex-American diplomat, culminating in his arrest and imprisonment in France on charges of fraud, and in his separation from his wife and children.

One of the latter, Carlos Perkins, has achieved considerable fame as an actor at Madrid, being a member of the company which, in point of prestige, may be compared with the Comedie Francaise in Paris.

Charles Allen Perkins died some fifteen years ago in America, and his widow, who has dropped his name, and who is styled Countess Gurovski, makes her home in Madrid, where she is in receipt of an allowance from the reigning family.

Coquelin Cadet's loss of his reason and the commitment of this celebrated French actor, and guardian of the late Marquis of Angoulême, to a lunatic asylum, owing to the delusion that he was really that Emperor Napoleon I, whom he had so frequently portrayed on the stage, shows once more the danger of people throwing themselves too completely into the role which for one reason or another they have assumed. Thus the Grand Duke

Constantine Constantinovich, the most brilliant of the members of the reigning house of Russia, popular poet, patron of Gorki, and of other Muscovite literary lights, president of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and translator of Shakespeare's works into Russian, became so imbued with the role of "Hamlet," which he repeatedly filled on the amateur stage, that his present dementia has taken the form of the conviction that he is really the unhappy Prince of Denmark, of the house of Avon. Many professional actors have in the same way become crazy through the belief that they were really the original characters of the famous personages whom they had portrayed before the footlights.

Then there is the once well-known banker, Carlsen, at Copenhagen, who having been informed that he resembled Alexander III. of Russia, cultivated that resemblance until he had become his double, and then ended by becoming convinced that he was the Czar in person, and consequently an object of Nihilist animosity. In fact, so terrified did he become of the plots which he believed to have been organized by the Russian terrorists, against his life, that he became insane, and died not long ago in an asylum near Copenhagen, which he took to be the Russian palace of Gatchina, and to be surrounded with every possible safeguard against the Muscovite revolutionists.

Not only the British, but even the Irish as well, repose a considerable amount of confidence in the common sense and in the soundness of judgment of King Edward, both in his capacity as a ruler and as a man of the world. This is why people are unlikely to hear anything more of what is now known as the "Dublin scandal," connected with the disappearance of the jeweled regalia of the grand master of the Order of St. Patrick. Even those who were disposed to champion the cause of Sir Arthur Vickers in Parliament, have abandoned their project, taking it for granted that his deposition is not a piece of official persecution but the personal act of the sovereign, and that the sound reasons for adopting this measure, as well as for the peculiar manner in which it was put into execution, since Sir Arthur's office in Dublin Castle was actually locked against him by the police. The hint conveyed, it is said, in the name of the King, that it would be best for all concerned to let the matter drop, likewise seems to have been accepted.

Of course it leaves Sir Arthur in an extremely disagreeable position. For such offices as that of Ulster king at arms are held, like commissions in the army and navy and dignities at court, at the King's pleasure, and there is no redress, either in law or in Parliament, for removal. It may be added that Colonel Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, chief of the Dublin police, and Sir Anthony Macdonnell, the under secretary of state for Ireland, and who was recently in this country, have been particularly hostile toward Sir Arthur from the very outset of the affair, and have insisted upon his being dismissed. Sir Anthony is a man of distinctly national sympathies, like Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant, whereas Sir John Ross of Bladensburg belongs, politically speaking, to the opposite camp, so that there can be no question of any political sentiment in the affair.

Sir Arthur's successor is Capt. Neville Wilkinson, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, and a son-in-law of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, having married four years ago Lady Beatrice Herbert, a niece of the late Sir Mitchell Herbert, who died as ambassador at Washington. The Herbert influence is very great at court, and it may be remembered that Lord Pembroke has filled the office of Lord Steward of the royal household—that is to say, the highest dignity of the latter, both during the reign of Queen Victoria, and more recently under King Edward. The pronounced good will of both the King and Queen toward Lord Pembroke and toward his children has undoubtedly weighed in the appointment of Capt. Wilkinson, who, moreover, is a close and intimate friend of Sir John Ross of Bladensburg.

burg, having been associated with the latter in the compilation of a history of the regiment to which they both belonged, namely, the Coldstream Guards. Capt. Wilkinson is quite as much of an adept in heraldic and genealogical lore as Sir Arthur, is an excellent book-plate which the King and the Queen use for their respective books. He is a son of the late Col. J. Wilkinson, of Southampton Lodge, Highgate, and it may be safely assumed will very shortly be knighted.

As for Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, it may be of interest to recall that he is indebted for his peculiar name to the victory of his grandfather, Gen. Ross, at Bladensburg, in 1814, and who followed up that battle by capturing Washington, where he destroyed the capitol, the national library and the White House. It is only fair to add that this work of destruction, which has been strongly condemned by all British historians, was done by Gen. Ross under the most strict and peremptory instructions only held Washington for 24 hours which killed a few days later in a skirmish before Baltimore, and his son, in recognition of the general's services, received from the crown a patent authorizing him to add the words of "Bladensburg" to his name. Sir John now the chief of his family, is a Roman Catholic, had an elder brother who was a Jesuit priest, served throughout the Egyptian and South African wars, with his first cousin, daughter of the tenth Viscount Massereene and Ferrard.

Old Baron Edward Robert Von Swinburne, who was chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria and a colonel in his army, and who died early last year at the age of 83, unmarried, and with whose demise the Austrian branch of the old Northumberland family of Swinburne became extinct, seems to have left considerable property in England as well as in Austria, but no will. Owing to this, his name has been included in the official list of "missing heirs" that is given out

FABLE OF THE YOUNG MAN WHO LIVED FOR AN IDEAL

Once upon a time there was a young man with many ideals. A balloon couldn't ascend as high as his lofty reflection, and the ambition of his thoughts was only limited by the confines of the universe.

At frequent intervals he went into a cavern and held a conference with himself, and after each of these gatherings he saw more and more clearly that he was one out of many.

He saw visions.

He dreamed dreams.

His village began to reflect his manner of thinking, and his expression was like unto that of one who suffers much but who tries to be patient.

And particularly did he disdain one institution—a disdain so peculiar that if Methuselah had started to guess it in his cradle and had kept right at it, he would have died first.

Was it free education? No.

Was it constitutional government? No.

Was it the right of trial by jury? No.

It was an institution greater than any of these; it was an institution that comprised them all; it was an institution that began with the beginning of time and which has been growing in importance ever since; a worldwide institution; a popular institution; and an institution without which this old world would quickly cease to wag.

It was, in short, that institution known as Young Ladies.

He thought they were foolish. He thought they were giddy. He listened to their conversation and shuddered, and when they giggled he moaned in his heart and cried, "Alas! alas!"

Yes, especially did their speech pain him and bit by bit he fashioned in his mind an ideal girl.

This ideal girl never said foolish

each year in London, and a notification has been issued to the effect that any of his kinsfolk who have claims to his fortune should lose no time in instituting the necessary legal measures to establish their rights, both in London and in Vienna. He was the son of Robert Swinburne, a younger brother of the sixth baronet, and a field marshal in the Austrian service, besides being for many years Austrian Viceroy of Lombardy.

The old field marshal had in addition to the only son who died last year, a daughter named Emily, who predeceased him, leaving no issue by her marriage with Count Lazzarini. He also had a younger brother named Edward, born in 1765, who is generally understood to have come to this country from Northumberland, and of whose marriage and possible descendants the English Swinburns have lost trace, there not being even any record for the radical in the family annals. Now it is the descendants of this Edward Swinburne, that is to say, the youngest brother of the sixth baronet, and also of Field Marshal Von Swinburne, who would have a claim on most of the property of the field marshal's son who died last year. Nor is it until the fact is established that there are no descendants in America or anywhere else of this Edward Swinburne, that the descendants of his eldest brother, Sir John Edward Swinburne, would have an undivided right to the property in question. Among the descendants of the sixth baronet, are his grandson, the present Sir John Swinburne, the seventh baronet, and his other grandson, the famous poet, Algernon Swinburne, now 71 years of age, and who would undoubtedly have been appointed to succeed Lord Tennyson as poet laureate, had it not been for the radical and downright revolutionary opinions which he professed in all political matters, especially with regard to Russian affairs.

The present chief of the family is Sir John Swinburne, the second of whose three wives was an American woman, whose acquaintance he made during one of his stays in the United States, as representative of the English holders of Virginia State bonds. The baronet, Sir John Edward Swinburne, created by King James I., dating from 1669, and was conferred upon John Swinburne, who had previously been the subject of a very romantic and happy love affair. As a child he had been kidnapped, they said, to the continent, brought up in a monastery, there under a different name, was believed to have perished, and when, after reaching manhood, refusing to become a monk and escaping from the monastery he returned to England to claim his extensive estates, he experienced the utmost difficulty in establishing his identity.

This ideal girl never said giddy things. Her conversation was clear, precise and logical, and as for giggling, she would die first.

In the privacy of his soul he often spoke to his ideal and she talked back to him.

"Political economy," he would say to her, "no longer attracts the attention of the multitude."

"Wherein I see," she answered, "a sinister sign of the times, for it is a study that can only be in harmony with the best intellectual tendencies of any age."

And he rejoiced.

"The ignorance of the masses," he mentioned to her, "fills me with doubts of the possibility of immortality."

"Let us then consider Buddhism," she said, "which does not acknowledge the existence of an independent soul, but which regards Nirvana as being synonymous with Extinction."

And he was glad.

For many years he sought to realize his ideals, but one by one he set them aside as unattainable.

No longer did he seek to regenerate the world.

He merely wished to eat.

No longer did he devise systems of taxation which would revolutionize all known methods of government.

He pondered no more upon the teachings of pragmatism.

He listened no more to the temptations of the nebular hypothesis.

He thought no more of the comparative study of Brahminism and Shintoism.

He merely wished to eat.

After many hungry days he found a place as a collector of rents for an agent of real estate and day by day he gathered worldly wisdom.

He learned sly tricks.

He acquired a stock of quips and jests and sorrowing humanity touched his heart no more.

He was there to get the money.

He became skilled in sprightly repartee.

And invariably did he get the money.

He grew stylish in his dress.

He wore a seal ring.

He adorned himself with an edged vest.

And he glorified his eager feet in patent-leather shoes.

One day when he called at a new flat to collect the rent a saucy young lady opened the door, humming a tune and chewing gum.

"Ah, there!" said he.

To which she answered, "Go chase yourself!"

"I've come for the rent," said he, "but I hope it isn't ready."

To which she answered, "Like fun you do!"

"Honest!" said he, "because then I can come again."

To which she answered, "You're a fresh guy."

"Not this time," said he. "I mean business. Say, I could learn to love you if you'd give me a chance."

To which she answered, "Get with a nerve! Well, the rent ain't ready, see?" and she closed the door.

He called again.

And yet again he called.

He called upon her mother, he met her father, and he took her to all the theaters.

"You're my little bright-eyes, you are," he told her one night. "Do you know it?"

She chewed her gum and answered

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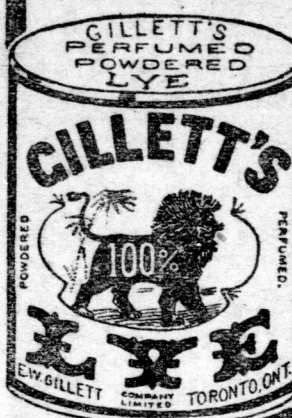
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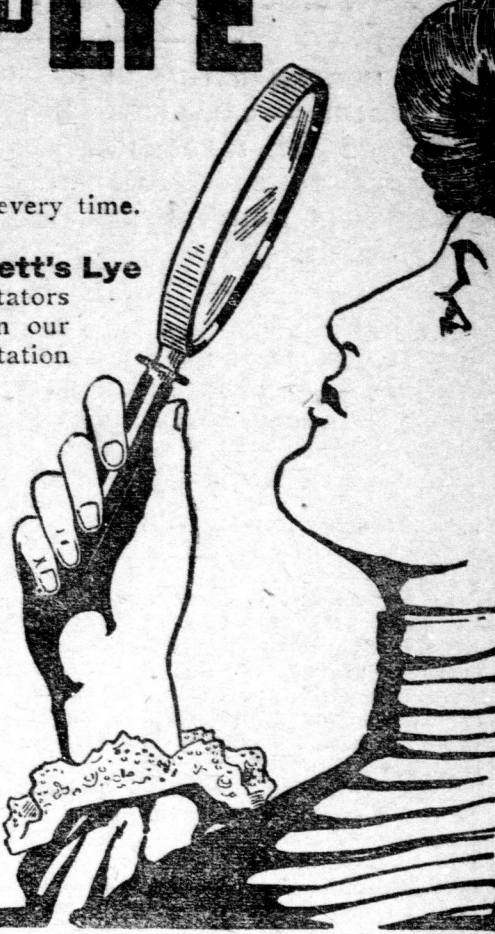
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him, "Huh-huh!"

"Say, what's the use waiting? I'm ready to get married if you are. Ready?"

She chewed her gum again and answered, "Huh-huh!"

"Say," said he; "I've got a peach of a ring. Wait—it's in my overcoat pocket."

He went out into the hall and as he was returning with the ring his ideal girl suddenly appeared and walked behind him, saying:

"Is this, then, to be the end? Are intellectual attainments to be submerged?"

He threw his head back and fetched the ideal a kick right delicately across the shins and as she fell away from him, nevermore to return, his eyes fell upon the real and he lovingly cried:

"Goo-goo!"—New York Sun.

HOW INDIANS TAN DEERSKIN.

The skin dressing of the Indians, both buffalo and deer skins, is generally very beautiful and soft. They stretch the skin either on a frame or on the ground, and after it has remained there for three or four days, with the brains spread over the fleshy side, they grain it with a sort of adze or chisel.

After the process of graining, though the skin is apparently beautifully finished, it passes through another process—that of smoking. For this they hang the skin on a frame in a smoke-proof house or tent. The fire is made at the bottom out of rotten wood, which produces a strong and peculiar smell. The fire must be smothered to make the smoke.

The grained skins must be kept in the smoke for three or four days and after this the skins will always remain the same, even after being wet, which does not belong to the dressed skins in civilized countries.—Life Among the Indians.

PRONUNCIATION OF "TRAFALGAR"

ACCENT ON THE FIRST OR LAST SYLLABLE?

W. J. B. Mystic, asks for the pronunciation of Trafalgar, and if the battle and the place of that name are pronounced the same.

There can be no doubt that the word is generally pronounced "Tra-fal-gar," by English-speaking people, with the accent on the second syllable. Thus we always speak of Tra-fal-gar Square, London. In this we differ from the inhabitants of continental Europe, who lay the stress on the last syllable. The poets have also agreed to adopt the latter mode, probably on account of its more euphonious sound in verse. I will quote three instances of this from Lord Byron, who was born in 1788 and died in 1824. In the 40th stanza of the second canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," we read:

"'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's Cave afar;
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave;
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanquish'd war.
Actium! Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar."

Again the last two lines of the 181st stanza, fourth canto, of the same poem, are as follows:

"They melt into thy yeast of waves,
which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar."

Once more, the fourth stanza of the first canto of "Don Juan" runs thus:

"Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;
Because the army's grown more popular
At which the naval people are concerned;
Besides, the Prince is all for the land service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe and Jervis."

Sir Francis Turner Palgrave, who was born in 1824 and died in 1897, published (through Macmillan), in 1881, a volume of poems entitled "Visions of England." Among them was a long poem named "Trafalgar," which begins as follows:

"Heard ye the thunder of battle
Low in the south and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud

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Crimson o'er Trafalgar?"

The four instances prove that in the name "Trafalgar" the accented last syllable is preferred by poets.

In the glorious victory of Cape Trafalgar, South Spain, Nelson defeated and crushed the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Admirals Villeneuve and two Spanish admirals. The enemy's force consisted of 18 French and 15 Spanish vessels; all of the line; that of the British 27 ships. After a prolonged fight, Villeneuve and the other admirals were captured, and 19 of their ships were taken, sunk or destroyed. Nelson won a bright uniform, which made him a mark for sharpshooters, and during the battle he was struck by a musket-ball. He lived only long enough to learn that he had gained a great victory. "Thank God, I have done my duty," he said, and died without a groan, on the 21st of October, 1805. While sailing towards the enemy Nelson had hoisted the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." Nelson's ship bore the well-omened name of the Victory.

The name of the cape and the name of the battle are, of course, pronounced in the same way.—Montreal Star.

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