

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lady Fawcett, widow of the former English consul general and judge at Constantinople, has been gazetted as a bankrupt in London. Among her only assets are some unredeemed notes bearing the signature of persons who had employed her services as a marriage broker. As there are names of several peers, parliamentary officials, and Americans mixed up in these transactions, which are now to form the subject of a public investigation by the bankruptcy court, some serious revelations may be expected.

Lady Fawcett is remembered as the principal matrimonial agent in the Townshend case celebre, and as the person chiefly responsible for having brought about the marriage between the imbecile dwarf who bears

known as "petit serjeant" from the crown, and in their cases, of course, the virtual entail not only extends indefinitely but, moreover, cannot be broken except by act of parliament.

The ordinary entail, both as regards real estate and heirlooms, as I have pointed out above, always can be broken by the life tenant and the heir coming to an agreement, which the courts invariably ratify in the event of opposition of more remote heirs. And in recent years we have witnessed quite a number of public sales of entailed family treasures coming under the head of heirlooms. Thus, in 1904, the collection of pictures of the Marquis Townshend produced \$250,000; in 1900 Sir Robert Peel's superb paintings were sold, one of the finest Van Dyckes fetching \$130,000, while in 1890 the heirlooms of the Duke of Somerset fetched in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

The Lady Pembroke, whose death is reported from England, was not the wife of the present earl but the widow of his elder brother and predecessor in the family honors, a sister-in-law, therefore, of Lady Herbert, who is now in New York staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson of that city. The thirteenth earl, her husband, enjoyed the distinction of being quite the tallest man in either of the two houses of parliament, standing no less than six foot six in his stockings. He is, however, principally remembered by his amusing book entitled "South Sea Bubbles," by "The Earl and the Doctor," the latter being George Henry Kingsley, brother of Charles and Henry Kingsley. It is a most entertaining description of a prolonged yachting cruise in the southern Pacific, and its humorous approval of the lax morals of the South Sea Islanders led to its being severely boycotted by the public and circulating libraries.

The earl, instead of carrying out the threat contained in the book that he would return to Tahiti and marry one of the dusky beauties of whose charms he spoke in such glowing terms, surprised many people some time later by marrying Lady Gertrude Talbot, daughter of the late Lord Shrewsbury, a woman considerably older than himself, but who survived him until last week, making her home in Carlton House Terrace. They had no children by their marriage, and on her husband's death the family honors and estates passed into the possession of his brother, the present and fourteenth Lord Pembroke, who was lord steward of the royal household throughout the last three Unionist administrations.

I should mention, by the bye, that the late earl, among other adventures in the Pacific, was wrecked on a coral reef in an outlying part of the scattered Fiji Archipelago, and had to live among the wild natives for some time before reaching Levuka and rejoining civilization. The extraordinary stature of the earl was a source of never-ceasing amazement to the Fijians, and led them to endow him with the name of "Ratu Niulangi," which may be translated as "The Sky Reaching Coconut Chief."

Like the present earl and the late Sir Michael Herbert, he was a son of that brilliant Lord Herbert of Lea, one of the well-known statesmen of the Victorian era, whose statue in front of the War Department is familiar to everyone who has passed along Pall Mall, and who figures in Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" as Sidney Wilmot. Lady Herbert, Lea still survives as one of the most prominent members of the Catholic aristocracy of Great Britain.

The ancestral home of the family is Wilton Abbey, within sight of Salisbury Cathedral. It was granted by King Henry VIII, at the time of the reformation to William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke. The mansion was built by the second Earl, a Queen Elizabeth, on the site of the ancient abbey, and it was beneath its roof that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia," the scene of which is laid in the Wilton Abbey gardens, which remain today much as they were in olden times, and nearly every English monarch has been a guest beneath its roof since the death on the scaffold of that ill-fated sovereign.

Few families of the English aristocracy have so many foreign affiliations as the house of Herbert. The seventh Earl of Pembroke married a Frenchwoman, sister of that Louise de Querouilles who was one of the favorites of Charles II, and by him the ancestress of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon. The grandmother of Lord Pembroke was the Russian Countess Woronzoff. The late Sir Michael Herbert married an American, and his sister Lady Mary Herbert, married the German Baron von Hugel.

There are doubtless many people in Europe who will recall the Hon. John and Donald Ogilvie, uncles of the late Lord Airle, although not much older than himself. They were twins, who always traveled together and whose amazing likeness was so remarkable that it was absolutely impossible to distinguish them one from another. If sometimes caused positive consternation in the hotels where they were staying, especially when they entered and took their seats in the dining-room. For the other guests present, particularly those who were not addicted particularly to strictly temperance principles, were afraid that they were beginning to see double, and in some principles, were afraid that they were "seeing things" that they collapsed and caused themselves to be led out of the room.

On one occasion I remember their entering a theater during the middle of the performance, when their appearance caused such a sensation as to almost interrupt the play. First came John, walking down to the aisle to the second row of orchestra seats, and the noise which he made with his heavy footsteps caused everybody to turn round. He had just comfortably settled himself in his seat when similar heavy footsteps were once more heard coming down the aisle, again

disturbing the attention of the audience. Everybody turned round once more to see who it was, and to their astonishment they beheld coming along identically the same man, as they believed, who had walked down the aisle about a minute before. The amazement which prevailed was ludicrous, and for about five minutes every eye was turned and very neck craned in the direction of the Ogilvie twins.

The Ogilvies are one of the oldest houses in Scotland, and formed what the Germans described as the "Uradel." For they were descended from one of the seven great hereditary chiefs of Scotland who, in the eleventh century, exchanged the title of "chief" for "earl." Of course, everybody knows about the ghostly drummer of Cortachy Castle, the ancestral home of the lords of Airle. But few people are aware of the fact that this ghost on one occasion formed the subject of litigation at Edinburgh. The familiar spook of Cortachy Castle is the ghost of a drummer boy whom one of the old lords of Ogilvie in a fit of anger kicked over the battlements of the castle on to the rocks below, the lad only living long enough to declare that he would haunt the Ogilvie family forever. He, however, only makes his appearance on the eve of the death of one of the chieftains of the Ogilvies or of the chief's wife. Then his weird, muffled drumbeat is heard, and startles the entire countryside.

It seems that the sixth Lord Airle heard the fateful and ghostly drumbeat, and as his wife was ill at the time he took it for granted that the summons was for her and not for himself. Without delay he proceeded to insure her life, which in Great Britain can be done through Lloyds and similar concerns without medical examination. A few days later the countless took her departure for another and, it is hoped, a better world. The insurance companies, however, got wind of the fact that the earl had received warning of the impending demise of his better half through the ghostly drummer, and refused to pay. The court of sessions thereupon ruled that the civil law of Scotland could take no cognizance of ghosts, decided in favor of the earl, and compelled the insurance companies to pay the full amount due on the death of the countess.

I do not think there has even been a member of the English peerage who was ever so often impersonated by swindlers of every description, both in the United States and in England, as the late Lord Airle. During the lifetime of his father Airle, during the lifetime of his father there was a man who traveled all over the United States with a female companion, passing himself off as Lord Ogilvie, the courtesy title then borne by the late earl. In England, too, where the real Lord Airle's appearance might reasonably be expected to be familiar to his countrymen, he was constantly impersonated by swindlers, and not long before his death in South Africa a bogus earl spent a fortnight at one of the leading hotels in London, inducing the too confiding boniface to cash a large check for him, which he signed as Lord Airle, actually having the impudence to show himself on one occasion at the hotel in the undress uniform of the First Dragoon Guards, although at the time Lord Airle belonged to the Prince of Wales (now the King's) Hussars—"the Non-dancing Tenth." Six months later, in 1895, in spite of the publicity given to this episode, another bogus Lord Airle turned up, took up his residence at the leading hotel at Bournemouth, where, needless to say, he defrauded the proprietor, and had the incredible effrontery to visit the military barracks in uniform, where the batteries were paraded for his inspection. Emboldened by this, he caused the coast-guard contingent to be paraded for his benefit a couple of days later, and it was while this function was in progress that he was suddenly pounced upon by a couple of detectives and thrown into jail.

Stephen Vere de Vere, whose marriage to the daughter of the Anglican Bishop of Durham has just taken place, is an O'Brien by birth and belongs to the family of which Lord Inchiquin is the chief, being a nephew of the late peer. He assumed the name and the arms of the De Vere family some years ago, on succeeding to the extensive estates in Ireland of his granduncle, the late Sir Stephen de Vere, of Foyens Island, County Limerick. Sir Stephen, an elder brother of the Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, was for nearly half a century one of the most prominent figures in Irish life and politics, and it is the experience which he acquired on the Irish famine of 1847 that caused him to start the agitation which resulted in effective legislation against those sinister engines of destruction, the so-called "coffin ships."

Sir Stephen and his brother Aubrey were such courtly old fellows, and were so patriotic, that it was a shock to learn that the so aristocratic name of De Vere came to them by adoption rather than by family inheritance. The family was founded by one of Cromwell's soldiers, of the name of Hunt, who married Jane de Vere, granddaughter of the Earl of Oxford, and a member of the noble English house of De Vere, long since extinct, and of which Lord Oxford was the chief.

It was one of the descendants of this Cromwellian soldier and of Jane de Vere who, on marrying the sister of the first Lord Limerick, dropped the name of Hunt and assumed that of his De Vere ancestors, being subsequently created a baronet. He was a schoolmate of Byron, and showed his literary tastes by proclaiming the superiority of Wordsworth to Byron at a time when it was fashionable to ridicule the lake poet. The late Sir Stephen de Vere was the fourth baronet, and it is probable that the baronetcy may be revived ere long in favor of his nephew, the Stephen Vere de Vere formerly O'Brien, who has just married the Bishop of Durham's daughter.

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TESTING MISSIONARY'S PATIENCE
The Rev. Frederick B. Bridgman, the noted and successful missionary to the Zulus, was talking in Philadelphia about missionary work.

"I am very hopeful of it," he said. "I may be a little too hopeful, because I have had such good success. It is better, though, to be too hopeful than too doubting."

"Much depends upon the character of the people one works among, and I can sympathize a little with the missionary who returned home from China in a very despondent mood."

"A Chinese convert stole this missionary's watch, and then came back to him the next morning to learn how to wind it up."—Boston Globe.



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**ODD LITTLE ANIMAL
IS THE TRADE RAT**
STEALS, BUT ALWAYS LEAVES
SOMETHING ELSE.

One of the oddest little animals in existence is the California wood rat, better known as the "trade rat." It owes the latter name, says the Strand, to the fact that, though it is a great thief, it never steals anything without putting something else in its place.

The story is told of a paste pot which had been left over night in the assay office at the Silver Queen mine, and which was found in the morning filled with the oddest collection of rubbish.

This was the work of trade rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a piece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire and an unbroken glass funnel.

The object of the trade rat in so scrupulously paying for what he takes is something of a mystery, but these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they collect.

A description is given of a trade rat's nest found in an uncultivated house. The outside was composed entirely of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry, with the points outward. Interlaced with the spikes were about two dozen forks and spoons and three large butcher knives.

There were also a large carving fork, knife and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenter tools, including several augers and a watch, of which the outside casing, the glass, and the works were all distributed separately so as to make the best show possible. Altogether the oddest collection! None of these things was of any earthly use to the rats. They must have collected them just in odds and ends to play with.

GLASS DOOR KNOBS.
"We are now selling," said a hardware man, "more and more glass door knobs. This doesn't mean, you understand, that bronze and brass knobs are going out of use, but that glass knobs are again finding favor."

"Once glass knobs were familiar on furniture and doors—this is a revival of an old fashion. Formerly glass knobs were produced in colored as well as in white glass, a light yellow being the color most commonly seen in colored glass knobs."

"The glass knobs of today are all white, and these are made in cut and pressed glass, and in many styles, both old and new, and in many sizes. For doors and for bureau, stand and desk drawers, for all the uses to which knobs are put."

"Glass knobs commend themselves for their own cleanliness and they are also more easily kept clean than marble knobs, while cut glass knobs glitter in the light. Glass knobs in either old or new styles may easily be beautiful, besides being in the old styles quaint."

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Conform to the shape of the shoe—give a glove-like, accurate, stylish fit. Stay in shape. Wear long.



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