

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Lord Northcliffe has been so much portrayed in print on both sides of the Atlantic as the creator of his own fortune that a general impression seems to prevail among people who have not met him, that like so many self-made men, he is of humble origin and that in his youth he was deprived of those advantages of culture and refined environment which are a sort of birthright of those known as of "good family."

This is altogether a mistake, for Lord Northcliffe, who is now in the United States with Lady Northcliffe for the purpose of witnessing the impending Presidential election, is the son of a distinguished member of the English bar, whose private fortune and large practice were entirely sufficient to enable him to send his numerous sons to the university—a costly proceeding in the old country. Lord Northcliffe's mother, who accompanies him, is the daughter of an Irish country gentleman who owned a picturesque place in County Dublin, where her boys imbibed much of their fondness for country life, and she has all that keen sense of humor, that sprightliness of speech and manner, and that indefinable charm which characterize the daughters of English gentlemen.

It is this fondness for country life that has led Lord Northcliffe to possess himself not of one but of two country seats. Of these, Elmwood, near Broadstairs in Kent, though delightful and a perfect paradise to anyone devoted to outdoor sports, is unable to boast of any historic interest.

Wholly different in this respect is his old Tudor home in Surrey, near Guildford, called Sutton Place. Sutton place, like so many others of the present country seats of the English titled and untitled aristocracy, belonged in ancient times to the church, was confiscated by Henry VIII. at the time of the reformation, and was bestowed by him upon his faithful and devoted retainer, Sir Richard Weston, gentleman of the privy chamber, knight of the bath, and under-treasurer of the realm.

Sir Richard, who was an elderly man, had an only son by the name of Francis, more nearly the age of his sovereign, and the latter's favorite associate on the tennis court. The time came when the Bluebeard monarch became tired of his consort, Queen Anne Boleyn, and so he charged Anne with faithlessness, which in the case of a queen is, according to English law, high treason. On the pretext of this crime, from which history has entirely absolved her, she was sent to the scaffold. Henry, marrying Jane Seymour within an hour after her execution.

The man accused of the betrayal of the monarch's honor in the matter was no other than Francis Weston, who was as innocent as Anne of any wrongdoing. The times were so dark, Sir Richard Weston accepted the sac-

rice of his son, and on the day on which Francis Weston laid his head on the block on Tower Hill, Henry VIII. laid his head upon the soft pillows of Sutton Place as the guest of the man whose son he had thus consigned to the scaffold. To add to the horror of the situation, Henry VIII. who paid several subsequent visits to Sutton Place, was welcomed on that occasion by Francis Weston's grief-stricken young wife and by their 6-year-old son, Henry by name.

Sir Richard Weston died a year later, and was then succeeded in his honors and estates by his at that time 7-year-old grandson, Sir Henry Weston. Sir Henry married an Arundel, distinguished himself during the campaigns in France in the early days of Queen Mary, and as high sheriff of Surrey on several occasions entertained Queen Elizabeth at Sutton Place. The subsequent history of the Westons was one long series of dramas and tragedies until the family became extinct, whereupon Sutton Place passed into the possession of a cousin of the last of the line, Francis Henry Salvin. He left it to Philip Whitlam, from whom it was purchased by Lord Northcliffe, it is said, on the suggestion of his intimate friend and next-door neighbor in London, Lord Rosebery. The two men have a good deal in common besides their phenomenal succession in the third and fourth decades of their respective careers and their retention, at any rate recently, of a singularly pronounced boyishness of appearance and of manner. Where these two close friends differ is that Lord Northcliffe is eminently practical, whereas Lord Rosebery is too paradoxical, theoretical, and philosophical to be anything of the kind. Indeed, these traits of character may be said to have cut short the political career of one of England's most brilliant and intellectual ex-premiers.

The tercentennial celebration in London of Sir Francis Bacon's election as treasurer and president of Gray's Inn, serves to recall the fact that to this great lawyer, statesman, and philosopher belongs the credit for the invention of the method of preserving meat by the frozen process, to which North and South America, Australia, and New Zealand owe so much of their prosperity, although thus far Zealand has been the only country to recognize his service in this respect by the erection of a monument in his honor.

It seems that Sir Francis Bacon, popularly known as "the great Lord Bacon," was not only the pioneer of the meat freezing process but actually brought about his death by his enthusiasm in experimenting with the idea. Driving in Highgate one day, he left his carriage to collect some snow with which to stuff a fowl by way of noting the effect of the cold on the bird brought on an attack of bronchitis, to which he eventually succumbed.

It took nearly three centuries for the idea to work out to the practical benefit of the United States of North America and of Australasia. But late as it is, the leaders of the great frozen meat industry in America might do worse than follow the example of New Zealand and erect a statue to the man who may or may not have written the works of Shakespeare, but who certainly did invent the method of preserving meat by means of cold.

Incidentally, it may be stated that it is incorrect to speak of him as "Lord Bacon," even most of his English biographers being guilty of this odd mistake. His correct designation was "Sir Francis Bacon," after which he became Lord Bacon, and he died as Viscount St. Albans. But he was never Lord Bacon. How he came to be styled thus was as follows:

While still a mere knight he was appointed to the dignity of lord keeper of the great seal and lord high chamberlain, which led to his being addressed as "my lord," though not a peer of the realm. In fact, he used to be known as "Lord Keeper Bacon," and furnished the last instance, unless I am much mistaken, of a commoner fulfilling the office and duties of speaker of the House of Lords. Not until a year after his elevation to the peerage did he become a full fledged peer of the realm.

Dying without issue, his honors became extinct, though the descendants of his elder brother still exist, the present head of the family being Sir Richard Bacon, of the Grenadier Guards, and of the Royal Yacht Squadron. I am sorry to say he claims descent from the celebrated Friar Bacon, which is a reflection on the ecclesiastical celibacy of that celebrated inventor of the telescope and of gunpowder.

The present Lord Verulam is a Grimstone and his only connection with Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is through the marriage of his ancestor, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, speaker of the House of Commons under Charles II. to Anne Bacon, daughter and heiress of Sir Nathaniel Bacon, the nephew of the great chancellor. It was through this marriage that the latter's beautiful country seat of Gorhambury, at St. Albans, came into the possession of the Grimstones, and is now the home of Lord Verulam, whose daughter, Lady Helen Grimstone, is about to marry Felix Cassel, K. C., the nephew and legal adviser of the well-known Anglo-German financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, of Nile Dam fame.

It is odd that Count Rudolph Khevenhüller should be Austrian ambassador at Paris he called upon once again to play an important role in the eastern question. For it was his sensational interview with President

Fallieres in behalf of Emperor Francis Joseph, and as the bearer of a personal letter from the latter, that first made known to the world at large the determination of Austria to annex the provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia.

Twenty-three years ago the count, celebrated for his good looks as "le beau Rudi," was Austrian minister plenipotentiary at Belgrade, where he was among the most devoted admirers of Queen Natalie, then in the full heyday of her remarkable beauty. It may be remembered that Serbia, enraged by the action of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria in uniting the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia to his principality, declared war upon him. Prince Alexander responded by marching into Serbia at the head of a Bulgarian army, inflicting a most ignominious defeat upon Milan and the Servians in the battle of Sivilnitsa and at Piro.

With the Servian army utterly routed and in full flight, the way was open for the victors to Belgrade, when suddenly Count Rudolph Khevenhüller appeared at night in the camp of Prince Alexander, and in the name of Austria, demanded that the Bulgarians should not only cease their advance, but retire, intimating that the alternative would be a war with Austria. Alexander and his army were obliged to yield and to withdraw from Serbia, and only too late did they discover that Count Khevenhüller had acted in the matter on his own responsibility and without instructions from Vienna, yielding, it is said, to the irresistible entreaties of Queen Natalie, who realized that the Obrenovitch dynasty would not survive a Bulgarian occupation of Belgrade, and that she would lose her crown and her only son on the throne to which he was destined to succeed.

That Count Khevenhüller's action in the matter did not meet with approval at Vienna is well known, and he was recalled and placed for several years on the retired list. He is now an elderly man, in the neighborhood of 70, though still handsome, and when he meets in Parisian society Queen Natalie, who has now become enormously fat and rather coarse looking, he must wonder sometimes at his former infatuation.

Few people are aware that it is largely owing to a service which the count rendered as a young secretary of embassy to the Duchess of Galliera, at the time of the Franco-German war, that on her death she bequeathed to the emperor of Austria her superb mansion, which is now the headquarters of the Austrian mission on the banks of the Seine. On the eve of the siege of Paris, when Prince Metternich had left the capital along with other foreign ambassadors, Count Rudolph Khevenhüller remained in charge of the Austrian embassy as chargé d'affaires.

On the day before the egress from the capital was finally blocked by the German besieging army, the Duchess of Galliera came to see him and begged him to take charge of a small box of valuables, on the ground that she was afraid to be robbed of them if she attempted to carry them out of the city, and that they would be equally in danger if they remained in her Parisian mansion; in one word, that they would be in his care when she left the city, and that she would be able to think of the count readily should he wish, and the box in question was brought to him that same afternoon by a confidential servant of the duchess.

The count for the sake of safety placed it underneath his bed, so that in the event of anything happening, such as his being forced by night to leave the building, in consequence of its being struck by a German shell or fired by the Parisian mob, he might have it within his reach. He kept it there throughout the entire siege, and the sanguinary commune insurrection which resulted in the destruction of so much life and property in Paris.

When everything quieted down the count restored the case to the duchess, who thereupon remarked: "Do you know, my dear count, what I thought of the value of this treasure until he restored it to her, as his repose would have been sadly disturbed."

Perney Hirtschman Tells His Part of Story
THE CASE FULLY REPORTED, PROVES THE WORK WAS DONE BY DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 31.—A well-known resident at 92 Sackville street, Mr. Perney Hirtschman, who has been in a somewhat serious condition lately, has recovered, and says: "Six months ago my appetite fell off and my health became very poor. I had terrible attacks of indigestion and often was unable to sleep at night. My poor color showed what an ill man I was. I tried numerous remedies but the only genuine one was Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Two boxes cured my indigestion. My appetite increased and my strength came back quickly. Today I have a fine zest for my meals. I feel as strong and healthy as a young boy. Because they are so cleansing and so tonic in their effect I think Dr. Hamilton's Pills should be used by every person. My wife used them regularly with grand results."

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Without dandruff the hair must grow luxuriantly, except in chronic baldness, which is incurable. Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a germ or microbe. To cure dandruff, this germ—a tiny vegetable growth—must be destroyed and kept out of the scalp by Newbro's Herpicide.

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A woman to be pretty must have pretty hair. Beautiful locks have a subtle charm, for the poet says, "fair tresses man's imperial race ensare." The unpoetic and intensely real dandruff microbe makes the hair dull, brittle and lustreless with later dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Newbro's Herpicide destroys this enemy of beauty and enables the hair to resume its natural luster and abundance. Almost marvellous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide. Overcomes excessive oiliness and makes the hair light and fluffy. It contains no grease or dye. Stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Discriminating ladies who have used Newbro's Herpicide, speak of it in the highest terms, for its almost magical effect upon the scalp, and also for its excellence as a regular hair dressing. It is delightfully fragrant and refreshing.

"I have found Newbro's Herpicide excellent for the hair. The first application stops itching of the scalp and it leaves the hair soft and silky."
(Signed) EDNA D. ALLEN,
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sume if he had felt that he was sleeping on a fortune of \$40,000,000.

The duchess never made much fuss about the matter, nor did the count. But when she died it was found that she had bequeathed her superb mansion in the Rue de Varennes, with its vast grounds, to the emperor of Austria personally, with a view to its use as his embassy on the banks of the Seine. Under the circumstances it is particularly fitting that it should now be occupied, as ambassador, by this self same Count Rudolph Khevenhüller.

It is a palace rather than a house, and one of the most majestic of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was designed by the famous architect Cartonne for the Maréchal Montmorency, and was owned in turn by the Prince of Monaco, by the Duc de Valentinois, by the great Talleyrand, by Princess Adelaide of Orleans, the amazingly elder sister and political adviser of King Louis Philippe, and by General Eugene Cavaignac when president of the republic after the overthrow of Louis Philippe. In the early days of the reign of Napoleon III. it was purchased by the Duc de Galliera.

A REAL FLOATING PALACE.

A steam yacht which, it is considered, represents the acme of comfort afloat left Cowes roads yesterday, bound for America. She has been constructed at Leith, and is the property of Commodore Plant of the New York Yacht Club.

At the last moment before sailing one detail was found to be lacking in the equipment of this luxuriously appointed vessel. There was, the doctor said, no installation of X-ray apparatus in the yacht's two hospitals—one of which is provided for guests, the other for the crew. This omission was speedily rectified by A. R. Dean, of Hatton Garden, who spent three days in the floating palace—while it lay off Southampton—installing a costly system of X-ray batteries and coils.

"The stokers in this splendid yacht step from the stokehold doors into a compartment where special shower baths are provided for them," said Mr. Dean yesterday, describing what he saw while on board. "Below decks I was shown a perfectly equipped swimming bath, such as one would never dream of seeing on board a ship. The cabins for the millionaire owner's guests are particularly luxurious. There is a magnificent fully-furnished library stocked with hand-picked bound volumes. The dining and drawing rooms are luxurious to a degree—softly carpeted, elegantly furnished and illuminated with great clusters of electric lights. Mirrors, costly ornamentations and gleaming fittings face one on every hand in this wonderful ship. She is far more luxurious than any hotel I have entered."—London Mail.

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THE IRISH BROGUE.

The Irish brogue is an interesting subject, and some of your correspondents deal with it in a way to suggest many lines of study. The whole subject still awaits a competent scholar to take it up in all its aspects. Leaving out the parts of Ulster where the Fardowns speak Lowland Scotch, each county of Ireland has its own style of the brogue. Most actors and many writers ignore this distinction and create an artificial brogue of Galliera, or heurial, for the occasion. The common man of the Irish, as a brogue (brogue), which is Gaelic for a shoe, something to put on. By the way, the "Irish" brogue is spoken all over Devonshire today.

The sound of "oi" (or "oy") as that in "eye" (long "i") prevails in several of the English dialects where there has been no Irish influence. The common man of Yorkshire will say "hoist" for "hoist" and "boy" for "boy," and "bile" for "bill," and the same sound is familiar among native Americans north, south, east and west.—Letter to New York Sun.

BRONCHIAL TROUBLES MORE CASES REPORTED—SYMPTOMS MORE SEVERE THAN LAST YEAR.

Fortunately there is a prompt cure, one that everybody can use, day or night, at home or at work. Catarrh—zone is a marvelous cure for bronchial affections. Relief comes instantly in every case.

Capt. Dunlop, the well-known steamboat owner, of Kingston, says: "Along with many others I have pleasure in expressing my grateful thanks for the benefits derived from using Catarrh—zone. I suffered twenty years from bronchitis, and experienced my first relief from Catarrh—zone, which I am convinced is the best bronchial remedy on the globe."

The dollar package of Catarrh—zone lasts two months, and is guaranteed to cure permanently; sample size twenty-five cents at all dealers. Beware of substitutes, which are not so good as "Catarrh—zone."

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

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Is interested in knowing about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new "Treat" for all women's ailments. It gives relief and cures in 10 minutes. Full particulars and directions in booklet. Write to: MARVEL Whirling Spray Co., 100 West 14th Street, New York City. General Agents for Canada: THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, 426 RICHMOND STREET.

FRANTIC WOMEN



Organic disturbances of the feminine system act like a firebrand on the nerves of women, often driving them fairly frantic.

A nervous, irritable woman is a source of misery not only to herself, but to all those who come under her influence. That such conditions can be entirely overcome by taking

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Mrs. Emma Chatel, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I want to tell you that without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For months I suffered with painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the feminine organs. Doctors could do nothing for me, and said I must submit to an operation because I had a tumor."

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Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Surprising Interest in The Hardware Fire Sale

COME WITH THE CROWD SATURDAY

Dash Churn, small size, was \$1.40, now90c
Rotary Washer, perfect, were \$7.25, now\$5.00
Cut Tacks, were 20c per pound, now10c
Poultry Netting, full rolls, 1 foot by 6 foot, per roll60c to \$3.10
Scoop Shovels,60c
Clay Picks, with handle50c and 65c
Axes, Handled75c
Manilla Rope, 7/8 and 1-in., regular 13c, now, per lb. .8c
Binder Twine, was 13c, now, per pound8c
Ready Roofing, 2 and 3-ply\$1.00 and \$1.25
Tarred Paper, per roll50c
Plain Building Paper, per roll40c
Barn Door Hangers, were \$1.25 per pair, now75c
Barn Door Track, per foot, was 8c, now4c
Galvanized Iron, 6 ft by 30 in., per sheet40c
Kitchie, Meat Saws, were 35c, now18c
Lamp Chimneys7 for 25c
Fence Slat, per bundle25c
Carbo-Magnetic Razors, were \$2.00, now\$1.25
Men's and Boys' Lined Leather Mits,25c, 35c, 40c, 45c and 50c

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