

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

In referring to the elevation of George Shaw Lefevre to the House of Lords on the occasion of King Edward's birthday, I omitted to mention that his maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered in connection with the escape of the Alabama from the Murky. He was vigorous in denouncing the gross carelessness of the officials entrusted with the duty of detaining the confederate cruiser, and predicted that, sooner or later, Great Britain would have to pay a terrible heavy price for the neglect.

A curious circumstance attended his second oratorical effort in the House of Commons. He happened to be the first of a series of speakers on the subject of England's relations with the United States, and the late Cyrus Field, who was in the gallery, had arranged that the entire debate should be cabled in extenso to New York, a feat never until that time attempted. Through some unforeseen accident the cable all telegraphic communication between the new and the old world was suddenly interrupted at the moment when Shaw Lefevre's speech had passed in toto safely over the wires, and thus it was that on the following day his utterances figured quite alone in the American press concerning the subject before Parliament—namely: the relations between the two great English-speaking countries—and he acquired thereby a reputation for statesmanship and a prestige on the other side of the water in no sense of the word warranted by his standing here in England.

Eric Gordon's reappearance in the English divorce court—this time in the role of a co-respondent—serves to recall his sensational suit against his former wife, now Lady Granville Gordon and future Marchioness of Huntly. She is an American by birth, married "en premieres nocces" a man of the name of William Close, then married Eric Gordon, whose father has been for years the possessor of the only household of Prince and Princess Christian. In course of time Eric was compelled by his relatives to obtain a divorce, naming his cousin, Lord Granville Gordon as co-respondent. Then Lord Granville married her, and afterwards there followed a most disgraceful suit for the possession of the only child, a little girl, the custody of whom had been accorded to Eric Gordon, but whom Lady Granville refused to surrender. Lady Granville, in court, based her refusal on the fact that the child, although born during her marriage to Eric Gordon, was the offspring of Lord Granville Gordon. So extraordinary was the evidence that in the following issue of the Official Gazette public announcement was made that, by order of the King, Lady Granville Gordon's presentation at court had been cancelled, while the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who had been dropped in consequence of his condemnation by the presiding judge as guilty of conduct "improper and dishonorable to an extraordinary degree."

Lady Granville subsequently kidnapped her child and fled with it to the continent, where she has remained, to all intents and purposes an outlaw, liable to arrest at the moment that she sets foot on English territory.

King Edward's remarkable achievements in the role of the grand conciliator and peacemaker of English society have been recalled to mind by the divorce which has just been decreed against the beautiful Mrs. Atherton, a divorce which involved the efforts of her husband, Col. Thomas James Atherton, a welcome opportunity of clearing himself, by sworn testimony in the witness-box, of the imputation of having accepted a large sum of money to stay

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Breathe Hyomei a Few Times Daily and Be Cured—Goes Right to the Spot.

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Stomach dosing cannot kill these germs. A direct local treatment is absolutely necessary, and for this purpose nothing else equals Hyomei. Its base is the famous eucalyptus oil. This is combined with other healing, aromatic gums and balsams, making a germ-killing, health-giving treatment for catarrh, entirely unlike anything else known. When using Hyomei, the air you breathe is like that on the mountains, high above sea level, where the pine forests fill the air with fragrant and healing balsams that give health and strength to those suffering from diseases of the respiratory organs.

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The complete outfit, consisting of an inhaler, medicine dropper, and one bottle of Hyomei, costs only \$1. Extra bottles can be obtained for 50 cents.

If you cannot obtain Hyomei of your dealer, it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank, that will entitle you to services of our medical department, without charge. The R. T. Booth Company, Hyomei Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

divorce proceedings which he had instituted in 1901 against his wife on the score of her intimacy with a young peer of colossal wealth.

Col. Atherton, who was in command of the Twelfth Lancers, one of the crack regiments of English cavalry, admitted under cross-examination this other day that he had commenced a divorce suit against his wife five years ago. He likewise admitted the existence of widely circulated stories to the effect that he had been bribed to concede his wife's offense, but swore that there was no foundation for any such assertion. He declared that if he had abandoned the proceedings against his wife and the nobleman in question in 1901, it was because friends had interfered and had persuaded him to accept his wife's explanation of her conduct. He might have added that the intervention was entirely the work of the King, then, as now, desirous to avert domestic scandal, to avoid every thing calculated to impair the reputation of English society, and to prevent honored names from being dragged in the muddy gutter.

The co-respondent in that instance was a young duke, by some ten years the junior of Mrs. Atherton, and who when the papers were served upon him as co-respondent in the case, had long since terminated his acquaintance with her and was on the eve of marriage with the lovely girl who is now his wife and the mother of his children. King Edward, who was much interested in the welfare of the young peer, and in that of his bride, both of whom he had known from childhood, and who, indeed, had contributed in no small measure to bringing about their marriage, was, of course, eager to avert any such contretemps as would have been involved by the appearance of the duke as co-respondent in a sensational divorce suit, either on the eve of his marriage or during his honeymoon. Consequently, he endeavored to reason with Col. Atherton and to induce him to put the best possible construction upon Mrs. Atherton's indiscretions, which it cannot be denied were a matter of common gossip during her stay in Africa, she being at the Cape, where the duke was likewise stationed, while her husband was at the front.

Adverse criticism regarding the colonel's reconciliation with his wife and his abandonment of the proceedings was in the part of his fellow officers of the Twelfth Lancers of his course in the matter. Had they not been satisfied he could not have remained at the head of the regiment, the honor of which was more or less at stake and he bore himself with so much gallantry during the war that he was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and with the Cross of the Bath. Mrs. Atherton was even received at court and went about a great deal in London society until she sailed with her husband for India on his regiment being sent thither.

Indian garrisons, especially in the case of the smaller stations, where European society is almost entirely restricted to the military element, with perhaps a small sprinkling of civilians there, are terrible places for titillation and for the part of his fellow officers of the Twelfth Lancers of his course in the matter. Had they not been satisfied he could not have remained at the head of the regiment, the honor of which was more or less at stake and he bore himself with so much gallantry during the war that he was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and with the Cross of the Bath. Mrs. Atherton was even received at court and went about a great deal in London society until she sailed with her husband for India on his regiment being sent thither.

It is quite on the cards that Capt. Yard-Buller will marry Mrs. Atherton as soon as the decree is made absolute, six months hence, in which event she would eventually become a peeress of the realm as Lady Churston. She is still a beautiful and fascinating woman and is quite well off, possessing an independent income of about \$25,000. She is a daughter of the late Sir Edward Dean Paul, and a sister of Sir Anthony Paul.

It was Sir John Dean Paul, the second baronet of this old Gloucestershire family, who, in October, 1885, was sentenced, together with his two partners in the Bank of Strahan, Paul & Bates, to terms of fourteen years' hard labor in the penal settlements of Australia for gross frauds in connection with their failure for nearly \$5,000,000. Sir John, who up to that time had been one of the most popular and respected members of London society, a county magistrate and a deputy lieutenant, underwent all the horrors of what was known as "transportation," that is to say, shipment to Australia and Tasmania in slow, sailing vessels, cooped up in iron cages between decks, like wild beasts rather than human beings. He might easily have escaped. For, after his capture, at the country seat at Reigate, during the middle of the night and his conveyance to the railroad station in the morning, he managed to give his captors the slip there. There has always been a question as to whether he succeeded in bribing the police to allow him to escape or whether they had merely been guilty of carelessness. At any rate, they lost all track of him for the space of 48 hours, and he might easily have sought refuge abroad. But on the following evening he, of his own accord, walked into the Bow street po-

lice station in London and surrendered himself to the police.

Should the future Lord Churston fall to marry Mrs. Atherton the title of Lady Churston, with all the prerogatives and immunities of a peeress of the realm, would pass to an American woman, who has been the subject of no end of litigation on both sides of the Atlantic. For falling Capt. John Yard-Buller, who is now A. D. C. to the Duke of Connaught, Inspector-general of the army, the next heir to Lord Churston's barony will be his brother, the Hon. Walter Yard-Buller, who married in 1888 Lillah, daughter of Gen. B. W. Kirkham, of California, and widow of D. B. Blair, of San Francisco. It is perfectly true that the Hon. Walter and his American wife have been parted by a judicial separation for the last ten years. But this does not prevent her sharing his status in the peerage if he succeeds in his efforts to avoid every thing calculated to impair the reputation of English society, and to prevent honored names from being dragged in the muddy gutter.

Just what has become of Mrs. Yard-Buller I am unable to state. Her litigation with her present husband in the English courts was of the most sensational character, her charges against him being denounced by him as the fantasies of a lunatic. These assertions have received a certain amount of confirmation by the fact that since her return to this country efforts have been made by her relatives and friends in California to place her under restraint. Figuring under the title of "Lady" Yard-Buller, to which she has no right, she has furnished so much material for the stories of a more or less dramatic character that her name and her troubles are known from one end to the other of the United States. I have seen her death reported on two or three occasions. But no mention is made thereof in the standard "peerages" of the present year, and I am quite certain that if her demise has really taken place her husband would only be too delighted to place the fact on record.

Lady Henry Somerset takes exception to the statement contained in my letter of May 28 that at the time of her separation from her husband the latter was retained by Queen Victoria as controller of her household, that his wife's name was entered upon her majesty's black books, and that she was never again received at court during the Victorian reign. Lady Henry states that a special exception was made in favor of the duke excluding from court women separated from their husbands, whether through their own fault or not, and that she was frequently present at drawing-rooms. Lady Henry is anxious that I should make this known, and I hereby comply with her wishes.

Lady Grace Barry is well known in America, though under the name of Lady Grace Murray, as having made many stays there with her mother, the Countess of Dunmore, in connection with that Countess's household, that both have long been so completely identified. There are plenty of people, therefore, who may be interested to learn that the advertisement published in the London Times on Thursday, July 5, among the birth notices, to the effect that Lady Grace had given birth on June 21, to a son, at her residence in Kensington Garden Terrace, London, is incorrect. For five days later the London Times came out with another advertisement to the effect that Lady Grace had given birth on July 3 to a daughter, it being stated that the previous announcement had been incorrect.

Now, both advertisements were inserted in the Times by the family, and as a correction of this kind is without precedent in the annals of the newspaper, it is not surprising that in the wildest sort of speculation as to the cause of the queer mistake made in the sex of the child, and in the date of its birth, wondering, too, whether Christian Science has not something to do with the matter. Lady Grace's husband is the son of Sir Francis Barry, and her father, Lord Dunmore, has achieved fame as an explorer of the wilds of Central Asia. Several members of that branch of the house of which he is the chief have married American women, and so, indeed, make their home in the United States.

King Edward has spent a week at Alnwick Castle, and among the curiosities which his host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, undoubtedly called to his attention was the velocipede preserved as the first of its kind, and the forerunner of the modern bicycle, invented by the second Duke of Northumberland of the present creation during the time which he spent in England between his service under Frederick the Great in the seven years' war in the American war of independence. This duke, by the bye, had an illegitimate brother, James Smithson, by name, who made his home in America and founded the Smithsonian institution of Washington, to which he left his entire fortune at his death in 1829.

While King Edward has always been on friendly terms with the present duke, he cannot be said to have got

along well with the latter's father. The late duke, during his lifetime, enjoyed the well deserved reputation of being the most ill-tempered and cranky nobleman in the United Kingdom. He was a Puritan of the most rigid type, and actually went to the length of reproaching Queen Victoria with the conduct of her eldest son. Moreover, he used to deem it to be his particular mission to go about in society warning people against the prince, who is now King Edward, whom he denounced as a son of perdition, a lost soul, and as an absolutely undesirable companion for the young. When the prince complained to his mother Queen Victoria of his anger by pointing out that she herself had been a sufferer through the old peer, since he had assailed her with reproaches in connection with the excessive grief which she manifested at the loss of her husband, the duke regarded this as wicked in the extreme and did not hesitate to tell her majesty.

There is no truth whatsoever in the story according to which the house of Percy was founded by the knight who managed to raise the siege of the Castle of Alnwick by killing King Malcolm of Scotland, who had invested it. It seems that after the garrison, reduced to its last mouthful, had given up all hope, this knight rode forth to the Scottish camp with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear. King Malcolm approached to receive what he thought was the surrender of the fortress. But the knight, lowering his spear, suddenly thrust it into King Malcolm's eye, penetrating his brain and killing him on the spot, escaping over the adjoining river. That brought the siege to an end. But the knight's name was Hammond and the place where he escaped over the river is known to this day as Hammond's ford, and it was not until 500 years later that the castle Alnwick came into the possession of the house of Percy, which was founded by the Norman knight who commanded the fleet of William the Conqueror and who was with him at the battle of Hastings. He derived his name from the village of Percé, near Villeneuve, in Normandy. His great granddaughter and heiress married the Count of Brabant, brother of King Henry's consort, and a descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne.

The house of Percy has repeatedly become extinct in the male line, but has always been continued in the female line, the husband of the heiress of the family's honors and estate invariably assuming his wife's patronymic and armorial bearings. The last occasion of this being done was when Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire banker, married Lady Elizabeth Percy in the latter of the eighteenth century, and became through her the owner of the title of Percy, which was created by King George III. Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland.

Not one but several volumes of romance and history could be written in description of the fortunes of the house of Percy, which has an American branch—the third Earl of Northumberland had a brother of the name of George, who emigrated to America and settled in Virginia. In the "peerages" he is recorded as having died without issue in 1832. It seems, however, that he left legitimate sons. In the early part of the last century the direct descendants in the male line of this George Percy were still living in Virginia, their ancestry being a matter of common knowledge. I understand that there are still Percys in Virginia today. If they could prove their descent the senior of them would be entitled to the earldom, though not to the dukedom of Northumberland nor to the estates.

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The way to do some of your friends a particular favor is to make a bad mistake.

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It is made for cleaning the Teeth, and does not harm the Gums. That is why it has such a large sale in England. Our booklet tells more and is free for the asking.

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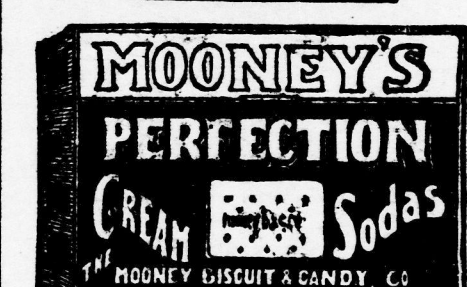
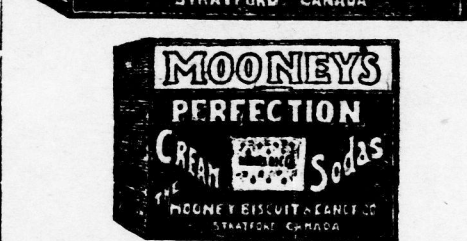
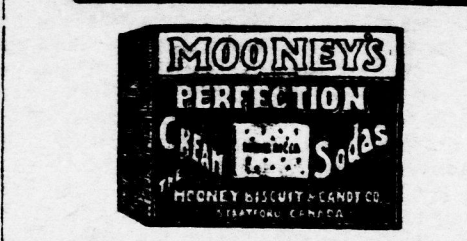
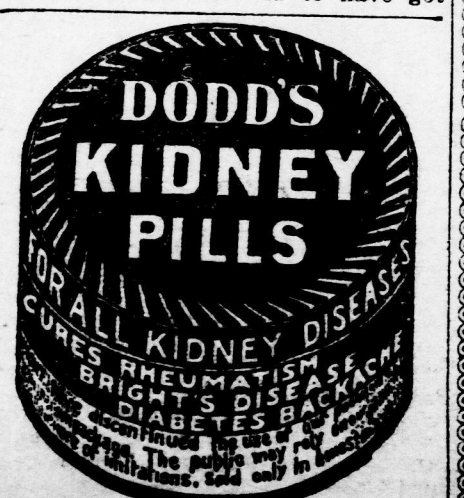
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MULES PULLED

ELEPHANT'S TOOTH

HITCHED TO THE MOLAR AS A LAST RESORT.

"Wow-oo-o-oo-oo!"

Which being translated into human language means just plain "ouch!"

Had you been in the same box with Brazil, a most intelligent elephant, you would have said something more than "ouch!" Doubtless it would have been something that is expressed in newspapers intended only for family reading with a plenitude of dashes.

Brazil had had her tooth pulled. When you realize that her aching molar was 18 inches long and 3 inches across, you may be able to figure up what she suffered, provided you are up in logarithms.

The circus reached Lexington, Ky., last week. Brazil's car looked as if it had been in a railway wreck. She had thrashed around until she had shattered its sides. The train had to come to a standstill before it arrived at its proper siding.

The elephant man was summoned. He knew right away what the trouble was. Brazil had the toothache. Her favorite keeper was called. She threw up her trunk and showed him her big pink mouth. Sure enough, there in one of her mighty molars was a cavity large enough to hold a big apple.

A veterinarian was summoned.

"Get up to be pulled," was his decision. So Brazil was roped and thrown on her side. A dentist came with his instruments. He meant as well have tried to cut off a leg with a penknife.

"Twenty-three for you!" said the ring-master, and the dentist departed for more circumscribed fields.

Then they got a pair of icebergs. These heaved fast to the tooth, but the two canvasmen who seized hold of the handles at the risk of their lives couldn't budge the tooth. Brazil trumpeted dismally some more elephantine oaths.

"Poor critter!" remarked a farmer who was looking on. "I've got a pair of hefty mules that kin skin them lobsters 'bout winks!"

"Fetch 'em along!" said the veterinarian.

The mules were unhitched from the farm wagon, a likely-looking pair of long-eared bays. Forthwith began work for the great operation. Stakes were driven into the ground. Brazil's head was tied fast to them. She couldn't budge an inch. Block and tackle were attached to the icebergs.

"All ready!" shouted the circus man. "Git up!" yelled the obliging farmer.

The mules struggled and panted. They kicked at the ground without gaining an inch to the front. The strain was terrific. The farmer's whip was merciless.

Suddenly the mules stumbled and fell forward. Out came the tooth with a rush of blood. Brazil's face took on a look of subdued content; she ambled back to her car to eat a peck of carrots and a bale of hay with great fortitude. Her aching molar is gone forever.

PASSED ON.

On one of the recent stormy nights a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the distance and remarked to himself:

"I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night and so save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

"Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat and finally pulled out his watch, while the cool wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine on it he scrutinized it an instant and said:

"Yes."

Then he passed on without another word.—Tit-Bits.

From the press of the celebrated Wynden de Worde the first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495.

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—crisp and fresh—with the taste that satisfies—fairly melt in one's mouth—they are

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Full of wheat strength—baked perfectly, by a new and thoroughly hygienic process.

Your grocer has them.

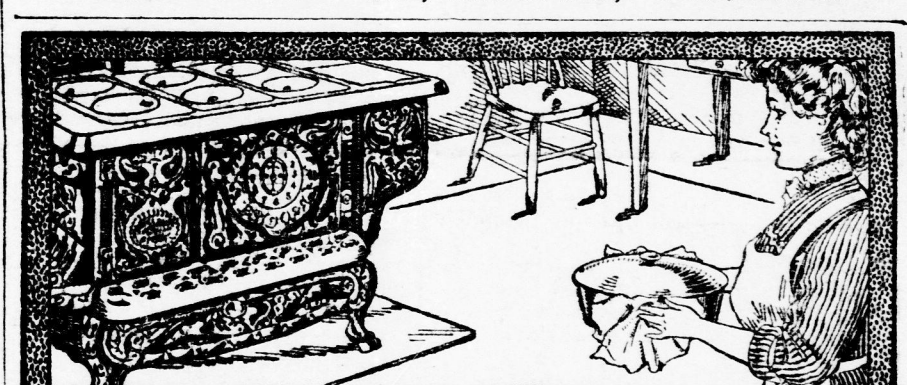
Ask him for Mooney's to-day.

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Cowan's MapleLeaf Label Perfection Cocoa

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OVEN THERMOMETER. NO "BAD LUCK" BAKING DAYS.

Twenty degrees difference in the temperature of an oven is sufficient to make "Good Luck" or "Bad Luck" in baking many kinds of food.

The heat in the oven of a range not fitted with a thermometer, or worse, fitted with a poor instrument, will easily vary twenty degrees—result is unpalatable, burned or half-baked food, a cross cook and a disappointed family at meal time.

Thermometer fitted in oven door of "Pandora" range has been a proven success for fifteen years, and every instrument is carefully adjusted, and tested by heat, before sending out—the first, best and only thermometer which is of any real value to those who do baking.

"Pandora" range is handsome, economical on fuel and a perfect baker.

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