

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Synges, who has arrived in America en route for the far west of Canada, to take up medical practice there as a physician and surgeon, is a sister of the late Lord Abinger, and is half an American, her mother, widow of the third Lord Abinger, having been a daughter of Commodore George A. Magruder, of the United States navy. Mrs. Synges has had a remarkable career. Under rather than above the middle height, with dark brown hair, small features, and olive-brown eyes, she studied medicine at Edinburgh, Brussels, and in London, obtaining Belgian, Scotch, and English degrees, and then spent some time in practice in the zenana of India. Subsequently she accepted the position of physician to the ladies of the seraglio of the Emperor of Korea. She spent two years at his court, her existence being not devoid of adventure, and even of danger, since it has been the custom there from time immemorial to slay the physician when anything untoward happens to the imperial patients.

While in Korea she rendered invaluable services to the Natural History Museum in London, for she is a mag-

possession a paper inclosed in a sealed envelope, and on which he had inscribed a vow to build a chapel to the Virgin if he should be married to his cousin within three years.

The claimant, on its being intimated to him in court that the real Sir Roger had left some sealed instructions before his departure, and on being asked what they consisted of, boldly asserted that he had betrayed his young cousin, and that the document consisted of instructions as to her care in the event of her becoming a mother. It was then that the opposing counsel, to the dismay of the claimant, produced the sealed envelope, opened it, and showed to the court and jury the written vow of the real Sir Roger, thus proving the claimant to be a fraud. This slander of his concerning Lady Radcliffe, that is to say, "Cousin Kate," formed the chief basis of the charge of perjury upon which he was subsequently sent to jail for a long term of penal servitude.

Among the most highly treasured possessions of the Duke of Norfolk, is the identical crucifix and rosary which

from the Gloucester Earl Stair, but from the latter's younger brother. The Gloucester earl was so-called on account of his having been the principal instigator of the terrible massacre of Gloucester, and in his case, as in that of all the other perpetrators and instigators of the deed of blood in question, the so-called curse of Gloucester, to the effect that "may their wives be ever childless," was in a measure fulfilled. For King William III, who signed the decree naming the family of Campbell of Glen Lyon, who commanded the band that perpetrated the massacre, became utterly extinct soon after his own death. The Gloucester earl's oldest son was killed by his younger brother.

Among the many romances and dramas of this house, which began with the execution of the Duke of York, of thousands by Sir Walter Scott in his novels, were the matrimonial difficulties of the seventh earl, who died in 1870. Having married the young and lovely daughter of the Countess of Dysart, the union was dissolved a couple of years later on the demand of a woman of evil reputation with whom Lord Stair had been unfortunate enough, while still a bachelor, to spend a week as man and wife at an inn at Perth. Nor was it until ten years afterwards that he was able to secure freedom from this creature on the tardy discovery that she had already a husband living at the same time when she had stayed with him at Perth. Before this, however, his first wife, to whom he had been passionately devoted, had died.

When Lord Leven, the well-known Anglo-American banker of London, died last summer, it may be remembered that he left a sum of about \$250,000, to be devoted to the restoration of Holyrood Chapel of Edinburgh, conditional on the acceptance of Lord Balcarras and Sir John Sterling, as trustees, of the responsibility of supervising the execution of the work. It was the object of Lord Leven that the Holyrood Chapel, or rather Abbey Church, should be restored so as to serve once more as the chapel of the Order of the Thistle.

Lord Balcarras and Sir John Sterling Maxwell invoked the assistance of Prof. Lethaby, and on the strength of his advice have now decided to decline the bequest, on the ground that the projected restoration was impracticable. It could not be accomplished without the complete disappearance of all the ancient portion of the architecture, which dates from the thirteenth century. Popular feeling throughout Scotland was against the idea of restoration. It was felt that the romantically picturesque ruin of its present condition constitutes a great historical monument, harmonizing with the sentiment of the scene in which it stands, and that any attempt to tamper with it, in the way of restoration, would partake of the nature of vandalism.

Holyrood Palace, by the bye, has just been the scene of one of those interesting finds which are ever and again taking place in ancient palaces and castles, where rooms sometimes waited up, remain unopened for one or two hundred years at a time, and their contents are forgotten, and where great chests, hidden away in vaults and garrets, are left undisturbed for an even still longer period. Most of my readers will recall how Sir Walter Scott rediscovered the crown, the scepter, and the other jeweled regalia of the Kings of Scotland hidden away in a huge chest in the castle at Edinburgh, where they had remained concealed and altogether forgotten for considerably over a hundred years. And now a find has just been made at Holyrood Palace of a quantity of well-known priceless Flemish tapestries, 300 years old, which had been missing since the end of the eighteenth century. They were discovered in clearing out the apartments of the palace, which the present Duke of Hamilton has been forced to surrender to the crown, after being retained for more than a hundred years by previous Duke of Hamilton as hereditary keepers of Holyrood Palace. The apartments were some of the finest in the palace, and when King Edward, after his

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A Sweet Tooth.
Old Lady-Graceous, little man! What's happened?
"Ye-a-a-a! I fell in de molasses barrel and me mudder licked me!"

Mr. Dooley on a Broken Friendship

How Uncle Sam Patted the Japs on the Back and Cheered the Cute Little Sojers of the Mickydoo—Friendship Cemented Two Years Ago Is Busted.

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"Hogan was in here just now," said Mr. Dooley, "an' he tells me he was talkin' with th' Alderman an' they both agreed we're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years. They can see it comin'. Before very long th' little brown hands acrost th' sea will hand us a crack in th' eye an' th' thin ye'll see trouble."

"What's it all about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.
"I said Mr. Dooley, 'Hogan says we've got to fight fr th' supremacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do fr an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippines, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, th' Japs are as valuable as a toy balloon to a horse-shoer, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect them. That's war reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to stand th' little 45-year-old childer to be edgicated in th' San Francisco public schools. A third reason why it looks like war to Hogan an' th' Alderman is that they'd been drinkin' together."

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that anny wan in this country cud even talk iv war with thim delectful, cunning little Orientals? Why, 'tis less th'n two years since Hogan was comin' home fr'm th' bankit iv th' Union iv Surfers with his arms around th' top iv a Jap's head while th' Jap clutched Hogan affectionately about th' waist an' they sung 'Gawd Save th' Mickydoo.' D'ye raimber how we holed with joy when a Rooshian Admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war sunk iv't? An' how we cheered in th' theatre to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoo mowlin' down th' brutal Rooshyn moofies with masheen guns. An' finally when th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' we were about bustin' an' yether had to stop fightin' or not have car fare home, our worthy President, ye know who I mean, jumped to th' front an' cried: 'Boys, stop! It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.' An' th' angel iv peace crowded over th' earth an' crowded lustily."

"Day after day th' pa-apers come out an' declared, in th' column next to th' half-page ad, iv th' Koppenhelmer bargain sale that th' defeat iv Rooshya was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' Czars. If ye saw a Jap annywhere ye asked him to take a drink."

"Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wonderful little people. How they had developed! Nawthin' in th' world iv th' kind was aske, iv th' way they'd come up. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thim anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day fr eight days with nawthin' to eat but a gumdrop. They were high iv civilization. It was an old civilization but not tainted by age. Millions iv years before th' first white man set foot in Milwaukee th' Japs understud th' manyfacter iv patent wringers, sewin' masheens, reapers, tilyphones, automobiles, ice cream freezers, an' all th' other wonders iv our boasted western development."

"Their customs showed how highly they'd been civilized. When a Jap soldier was defeated, after th' war th' Japs an' he sent home to have his head cut off, he wud stab himself in th' stomach. Their treatment iv women put them on a higher plane thim ours. Cinchies ago before th' higher edycation iv women was th' wurrud iv this country, th' poorest man in Japan cud send his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female seminaries, where she remained till she graduated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv th' old Samurai push. After th' Japs th' history iv th' wurrud was aske, iv th' way they'd come up. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thim anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day fr eight days with nawthin' to eat but a gumdrop. They were high iv civilization. It was an old civilization but not tainted by age. Millions iv years before th' first white man set foot in Milwaukee th' Japs understud th' manyfacter iv patent wringers, sewin' masheens, reapers, tilyphones, automobiles, ice cream freezers, an' all th' other wonders iv our boasted western development."

splendid chance. He cud devote his life to paintin' wan rib iv a fan fr which he got two dollars, or he cud become a cab horse. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that western civilization is supposed to excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' gr-reater hars in th' wurrud an' formerly friends iv th' President."

"All these here things I heard fr Hogan an' see in th' pa-apers. I invited this wonderful nation. I wish, sometimes, th' Lord hadn't given me two blue an' sometimes red eyes an' th' alkinke nose, but a nose like an ear, an' a couple iv shoe buttons fr eyes. I wanted to be a Jap an' belong to th' higher civilization. Hogan had a Jap friend that used to come in here with him. Hogan thought he was a prince, but he was a cook an' a student in a theological seminary. They'd him arm in th' rain, an' th' next mornin' what Hogan called th' 'Flowery Kingdom.' 'Oh, wonderful land,' says Hogan, 'land iv chrysanthums an' cherry blossoms an' saysee girls,' says he. 'Japan is a beautiful land,' says Prince Okoko. 'Nippon I salute ye,' says Hogan. 'May ye hammer our old friends an' allies fr'm Woodstock to Moscow,' Banzai! says he. An' th' embraced. That night, in order to help on th' cause, Hogan bought a blue flower pot fr'm th' prince's collection fr eighteen dollars. He took it home under him arm in th' rain, an' th' next mornin' most iv th' flower pot was on his new overcoat an' th' rest was meltin' all over th' Bure."

"That was th' beginnin' iv th' end iv th' friendship between th' two gr-reater nations that owe thimself so much. About th' time Hogan got th' flower pot, th' fire sale ad an' th' Rooshyan outrage news both stipped in th' newspapers. A well-known farmer who th' Japs had taken with a letter iv introduction to th' Mickydoo fr'm th' President, beginnin' 'Dear Mick,' got a brick put through his hat as he went to visit th' fourth assistant to th' man-iv-war who was sent over to th' plumber iv th' bricklayer iv th' Mickydoo, which is th' nearest to his majesty that foreign eyes ar-re permitted to look upon. A little later a number iv Americans in private life who went over to rayve in person th' thanks iv th' Imperor fr what they'd done fr him talkin' 'round th' bar at th' Union League Club, were forced by th' warmth iv their rayception to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan consul. Th' next month some iv th' subject iv our life-long frind an' ally were shot while hookin' seals fr'm our side iv th' Passyfic. Next week a prominent Jap-ness statesman was discovered payin' a social visit to th' Philippines. He had with him at th' time two cameras, a couple iv line men, surveyin' tools, a thousand feet iv tele line an' a bag iv dynamite bombs. Last month th' Japs' nest Government wrote to th' President: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' majesty, Improv iv th' Sun, austere an' patient Father iv th' East, has condescended to our benign attention that in wan fr yer'

populous domains our little prattlin' childer who ar-re over forty years iv age ar-re not admitted to th' first reader classes in th' public schools. Oh, brother beloved, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with yer' heavenly divolence, we wud've shook Rooshya down fr much iv her hateful money. Now we must prove our affection with acts. It is our intution to send a fleet to visit yer' shores, partickly San Francisco, where ye understand th' school system is well worth studyin'."

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' friendship cemented two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether anything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' President has announced that rather thim see an octoginayan Jap previnted fr'm laruin' thim, his a-sho-obs he will divastate San Francisco with fire, flood, dymnity an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately, an' wud hardly

turn-rn over in its sleep fr an invasion. Out there they're beginnin' to talk about what nice people th' Chinese ar-re compared with our old frinds an' allies. They say th' Japs grow up too fast fr their childer, an' that 'tis no pleasant sight to see a Jap-ness pupil comb'n' a set iv gray whiskers an' larnin'. 'Mary had a little lamb, and if th' President wants thim to enter th' schools he'll have to load thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in'."

"We'd bate thim in a fight," said Mr. Hennessy. "They cudn't stand up before a gr-reat, strong nation like ours." "We think we're gr-reat an' strong," said Mr. Dooley. "But maybe we only look fat to thim. Anyhow, we might roll on thim. Wudn't it be th' grand thing, though, it they licked us an' we signed a threaty iv peace with thim an' we signed iv humiliation in our eyes handed thim th' Philippines?"

THE GIRL, THE PICTURE AND THE BOASTFUL BEAU

Antrim boastfully declared that he never would marry. Perhaps it was on this account that every woman who knew him longed to dangle his scalp at her belt.

At the big hotel at Mackinac he met Ethel, whom he knew, and whom he always had feared a little. Many men had found her irresistible. Antrim had no mind to be caught in her snares, but she was so pretty and agreeable that he could not always keep away from her. They strolled on the beach in the afternoons and sat in secluded corners on the moonlit verandas in the evening.

Antrim knew that he was drifting into danger, but for the life of him he could not summon up the fortitude to change his course. If he tried to break away from her she would bring him back with a smile.

As a last resort Antrim sought to save himself by an unworthy device. He pretended that he was consumed by passion for some fair unknown.

"Yes," said this deceitful man, one evening as they sat together on the moonlit porch and gazed at the gleaming water; "yes, I have loved her for years, though she does not know it. Her image is with me always—always. She is the inspiration, the lodestar of my life. I am so unworthy of her that I dare not risk my hopes by a proposal. If she refused me I should die."

"Oh, how extremely interesting," was the eager response. "I should so like to see her photograph. You have her photograph, I am sure. Don't deny it. I dare not risk my hopes by a proposal. If she refused me I should die."

"You will let me see it, won't you?" Antrim hesitated, for he had no photograph to show.

"Please," she beseeched prettily. "I think, as good friends as we have been, that you could grant me just this one small favor."

In this pleading mood she was irresistible.

Antrim suddenly remembered that his sister had a lot of photographs in her room. Perhaps he could find one there that would do.

"I will see if I can find it," he said. "It is impossible for me to refuse you anything."

He ran to his sister's room. She was not there, but he knew where to find the photographs. He glanced through them hastily, and at last selected a demure, sweet-faced girl, posing as a Quakeress. He knew it was a fancy dress photograph, and he thought it was the picture of an actress.

"There," he said, trembling a little at the thought of being such a deceiver, "there you see the only girl I ever loved or could ever love."

She gave a little start of dismay as she looked at the photograph in the dim light. Then she got up and leaned over no and to obtain a better look at the little Quakeress.

She turned back to him with a little cry of surprise, letting the picture fall to the floor.

"Oh, my darling," she murmured, as she threw herself upon his bosom. "I never in all my life heard or dreamed of such a charming way of proposing."

I cannot refuse you."

What could he do but silently kiss the sweet upturned face?

"That was taken years ago," she went on. "We all went to a fancy dress ball and I was dressed as a Quakeress. Next morning I was photographed in that costume. To think you had it all this time. I can give you now a much better photograph of myself."

It was a long time after they were married when Antrim accidentally learned that it was not Ethel, but his sister that went as a Quakeress to the fancy dress ball.

In France the transport trades have the largest number of unions, but the engineering, metal, mining and textile trades have the largest membership.

William Pinckley Whyte, United States senator from Maryland, who recently celebrated his 82nd birthday, has never been inside a saloon, never smoked and never rode in a cab.

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