

THE DIROUETTING PEERLESS ENGLAND'S NEW SENSATION



Ballet Dancing Now One of Lady Stewart-Richardson's Accomplishments

England has a brand new sensation. And it's all due to a daring young woman who has made that staid land of roast beef and rotundity gasp more than once.

To the long list of her other accomplishments Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has added ballet dancing. The ballet mistress at Covent Garden, who has been instructing her, says she has a real genius for the art.

There are few men—and not a woman—in all the ranks of British nobility more noted in sports and athletics than this lithe-limbed daughter of the house of Mackenzie.

Champion swimmer of the London Bath Club, she is also a fine shot and an expert rider. She has ridden through the wilds of Somaliland; has shot big game in the Rocky mountains, alligators in Florida and wild hogs in Texas, and her prowess is no less with the rod, as she holds the English landing record for salmon.

Will she go upon the stage, this handsome daughter of one of Britain's proudest houses? her country people are asking with bated breath. No one knows what the brilliant and versatile Lady Constance will do—that is, no one except Lady Constance and she is keeping her own counsel.

Perhaps a desire to master the art of ballet dancing was born in the busy brain of the then Lady Constance Mackenzie one balmy spring evening shortly before her marriage, when, being on a tour of Egypt, she created a decided sensation at a masked ball in Cairo.

All the elite of the ancient city had gathered in Gezireh Palace, when an acquisition of loveliness drew all eyes

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad letter from a lady whose husband was dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up. Each, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we all have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

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as a magnet draws iron filings. It was the dashing young English woman who was already well-known upon the streets of the cities and the caravan routes of the desert. Lady Constance had elected to appear at the ball in the character of an Egyptian.

"Her costume," stated a news dispatch at the time, "was more beautiful than voluminous. Lady Constance, who is blessed with exquisite feet, had no scruples in exhibiting them, with bare legs from the knees downward. She was attended by Miss Fairbridge, in the costume of a dragoness."

At any rate, the young woman scored a decided success, and was the centre of attraction throughout the evening.

It is not the ordinary or garden variety of ballet of the comic opera and spectacular stage that she has now taken up. She has gone in for the real art of the thing, the art that made LaFontaine, Florence, Tagliani, Fanny Elssler and others famous long before the latest convert was born.

A widespread revival of the old and ever graceful art of dancing has been attracting the attention of Europe and America of late; the best dancers are winning fame and fortune here and abroad.

Even the blasé society circles of New York have taken up the revival with enthusiasm, and not a few of its prominent young people, it is whispered, are mastering the intricacies of the ballet.

"There seems to be no bounds to the length to which Lady Constance Mackenzie will go in her predilection for the unusual, stated an English writer, somewhat plaintively, half a dozen years ago.

Even at that late date the English people had not quite grown accustomed to being startled by the high jinks of society. Aristocratic house parties had not then taken to playing "Raffles" and "burglarizing" for the sport of the moment, or for the dead of night.

"Wherever she goes," the seemingly astonished writer went on, "Lady Constance now carries with her a pet snake—a tiny creature, to be sure, but still a snake.

"This is a familiar as she lodges in the bedchamber of her dress, and on occasion plays with it, much as the average woman toys with her rings, her locket or a jewelled buckle.

"Twice a week the snake is fed upon fish and insects by Lady Constance, who, it is said, has satisfied herself that the reptile is possessed of more intelligence than the average person credits snakes with displaying.

She did unusual things, there was no doubt of that; she had done them since early childhood. And when, four years ago, she placed a crown of orange blossoms upon her many and daring exploits by suddenly contracting a romantic Highland marriage with Sir Edward Austin Stewart-Richardson, both her courtship and her wedding were considerably removed from the ordinary.

Perhaps it had not been expected that the young woman who had entered the world through Somaliland and in many other astonishing but harmless ways set conventions at defiance should ever consent to the stately, more or less prime wedding usually awaiting a society debutante.

Her courtship was romantic. It was conducted largely on horseback while she and the stalwart young baronet of Pitfour Castle were galloping gaily over Scottish hills.

Banns were published in the quaint

little town of Tain, in Rosshire, but as there was nobody in Tain to give the news to the world at large, the world at large heard nothing of it until after the marriage, which was just what Lady Constance desired.

The few persons asked to the wedding received their invitations by telegraph at the last moment, and so suddenly was the hour of the ceremony fixed that some difficulty was found in obtaining a clergyman to officiate. After the ceremony the Scottish pipers struck up a clan march, to the music of which the couple drove away.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson was born in 1882, daughter of the second earl of Cromartie, who was a son of the late Duke of Sutherland. Her father inherited the title from his mother, who was a Mackenzie. The title and estates are now held by the Countess of Cromartie, elder sister of Lady Constance, who enjoys an income of \$20,000 a year. Sons were born to the sisters about the same time.

Four years ago, a few months before her marriage, Lady Constance Mackenzie enjoyed an extensive hunting trip through the United States, her prowess resulting in trophies from the big game of the Rocky mountains as well as the alligators of Florida and the wild hogs of Texas.

Wherever she went she enjoyed herself immensely, but nowhere, apparently, better than among the cowboys and rough riders of Texas, to whom her horseanship, no less than her skill with the rifle and revolver, proved a revelation.

From the first day that found her on the plains of South-west Texas to the evening when she boarded a train for her return home, she rode and hunted from dawn to dark. Two savage wild hogs were killed by her under circumstances that would have shaken the nerve of most men.

"Particularly vicious when at bay are the wild hogs of Texas—called there jawlines and in the dictionary pecararies. Strong and wiry, they possess long and exceedingly sharp tusks that can do fatal execution in a twinkling.

When aroused they fight in a manner calculated to cause terror, ripping and tearing savagely with their dangerous tusks. One of them has been known to kill or maim everyone of a large pack of dogs within a few minutes.

It was after a long hunt that Lady Constance came upon her first jawline. She promptly set out in pursuit until desperate. It turned upon its pursuer.

Lady Constance leaped from her horse and ran straight toward the angry animal, which, in turn, sprang at her in a frenzy of rage.

She fired again, this time with fatal effect, but not before the wolf's head was nearly within striking distance.

Cowboys who had followed and witnessed the encounter, turned as white with fear as their sun-scorched cheeks.

When the next year's contest came on and it was announced that Lady Constance would again enter the lists—of water—more interest was aroused than for a long time. The cream of English society was present, and there were many ladies with proud titles among the spectators. A London

could do; they fully expected to see the daring girl rippled almost into strips by the knife-like tusks of the javeline.

A little later the intrepid young woman shot another wild hog under almost similar circumstances. Her new friends, the cowboys, now highly enthusiastic, loudly cheered both her courage and her aim.

During the five days that she remained upon the Laureles ranch of Capt. John Tudal, a veteran cattle-man, she was busy and kept others busy during all the waking hours, for five days she hunted and rolicked to the limit of the physical endurance of a hardened man.

Almost level, the plain of that section is covered with prickly pear cactus, mesquite grass and thickets, in which hide the wild hogs that stray north from Mexico and Central America. It was a new experience for the daring Scotch girl, and she promptly began the hunt.

It was said that the cowboys, accustomed to spend the greater number of their waking hours in the saddle, were scarcely able to maintain the pace set by the young woman from over the sea, who "strapped her" and there through the brush all day.

One of the entertainments provided for her was an improvised "round up." She placed herself at the head of the cowboys, and all hid themselves over the plains to the pastures where there were 4,000 head of graded cattle.

About one hundred of the lot were "cut out" by Lady Constance and her companions. The Scotch girl "soon roped" the pick of the lot and threw him, but had not progressed sufficiently in knowledge of the work to "hog tie" him.

When the party returned to the ranch house Lady Constance delighted the crowd by an exhibition of "mounting and dismounting." Standing on the ground, with her left hand on the pommel of the saddle, she would vault into the seat, and at times throw herself clear over the horse.

During her hunting trips Lady Constance usually wore the costume of a man, at least, one very similar. At other times she wore kilt—her favorite costume, by the way—a sweater, with a handkerchief around her neck and a belt stocked with pistols. Her riding was topped with a broad-brimmed felt hat, while high top boots completed the attire.

In addition to hunting wild hogs she engaged in a lively wolf hunt and went on a successful fishing trip. Her greatest amusement seemed to be derived from attending several country dances.

All in all, she made a great hit with the appreciative Texans. "She ought to have been a man," remarked an enthusiastic cow puncher. "For a woman she beats them all. For riding and shooting she is the best I've ever seen."

General attention was attracted to this young woman's athletic abilities when, shortly out of her teens, she carried off the ladies' challenge shield at the London swimming contests.

She was conspicuous from the first among other contestants because of her swimming costume of bright green, with tartan trimmings, adopted in honor of her Scottish connections. This costume, reminiscent of the Highlands, was designed to lark in front of all competitors.

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Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who has turned to Ballet Dancing.



As She Appeared While Hunting in Texas



Her Favorite Costume

NEEDS OF THE POOR TO BE ATTENDED TO IN LONDON.

Powerful Sermon on the Subject By Bishop Ingram—The Bishop Has Started a Great Crusade Against Vice.

London, April 4.—As a result of the powerful sermon recently preached by Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, to business men and the millionaires, purpose of relieving the sufferings of the poor, and large amounts have already pledged to carry out the plans of the committee, as soon as they should have taken definite form.

Among the prominent men who have taken the initiative are J. G. Naitne, chief cashier of the Bank of England, Sir Albert Rollit, ex-president of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Altonham, and Sir Boverton Redwood, the famous chemist and petroleum expert.

In the sermon which promises to bring such splendid results, Dr. Ingram said: "To feed London, to obtain a good milk and a good water supply, are great problems, indeed; but that which has heaviest on my conscience and spirit is how to bring the love of God to the home of every child in London. Until we give every child in the great and growing districts of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Tottenham and Edmonton, a chance of knowing and loving God, we cannot rest satisfied. Every night hundreds of children are damned into the world, and thousands of boys and girls fit for heaven are fatally tempted every night that we live. It is time the men and women of London met together, and faced this question. On whom does the responsibility rest? If I did not work from morning until night, if I did not give every penny I possessed I would not be worthy of being the Bishop of London. I must give all I have before I can ask another living person to help me. But, having done this, I come to you, who by building up great business, have brought this great multitude here, and are responsible for this duty."

"You are only stewards for what you possess. Not one penny belongs to you. If you stand by me you will make the support of the Bishop of London's fund a first charge upon your earnings. During the last forty years we have built two hundred and twenty churches in growing parts of

HOW TO TELL If the Kidneys and Liver Are Not Acting Right.

Thousands die every year from aggravated kidney distress that could have been saved if they only knew. Your back may ache—you think it tiredness or physical weakness.

You grow irritable and nervous—it's put down to loss of sleep. Joints ache, muscles get sore—that's all put down to bad weather.

Then digestion gets poor, appetite fades away, color bleaches, spirits droop.

Can't you see it's all from your overworked kidneys which can't keep the body clear of poisons that are now surging through the whole system.

Cure your kidneys with Dr. Hamilton's Pills: "When I was so stooped and back weary, so lame and sore with kidney and bladder trouble, I cured myself quickly with Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes G. G. Ferrier, a well-known merchant in Plainville.

"Dr. Hamilton's Pills touched the spot at once, gave my back ease, lifted depression and weakness, made a new man of me. I can also say for a good spring medicine to clear and enrich the blood Dr. Hamilton's Pills have no equal.

The housewife whose aching back makes every little duty a burden; the working man who is tired all day and can't rest at night; whose back aches and whose feet swell—these people have kidney trouble. Women whose kidneys are sick suffer continually from blind and sick headaches, faint and dizzy spells, bearing-down pains, sharp twinges when stooping, distressing urinary troubles, aching muscles and joints, lack of appetite and loss of sleep. Reach the cause. Cure the kidneys. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butterscotch, which have cured thousands. 35c. per box, at all dealers.

Exclusive Information.

Springfield Journal. "Which is the cow that gives the butter-milk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Cows give butter-milk."

Give your church a fair chance among the interests.

London, Without them, from a religious point of view, London would be a pagan place.

The plan of relieving the needs of the poor is not the only thing occupying the mind of Dr. Ingram, the most energetic bishop, London has ever had.

Alexandra, he has just started a great crusade against vice. The objects of the crusade as outlined in a speech by Dr. Ingram, yesterday, are: The strong discouragement of all degrading spectacles and exhibitions. The removal from all shop windows of undignified inventions to vice. The suppression of those cheap illustrated papers which contain pictures of a directly suggestive character; the abolition of questionable houses. The enunciation of public opinion until what is condemned in woman is no longer condoned in man. The removal of automatic animated pictures.

"By such drastic reforms as these," said the bishop, "and by them only can we hope to make London a decent city—read, if the law fails to help us, the Bishop of Southwark and myself feel confident that we should carry with us the great weight of public opinion were we to bring a bill before the House of Lords." His last point was that they had got so to alter public opinion that what was condemned in the woman was no longer condoned in the man, to make people realize that a fallen man was as bad as a fallen woman.

From Chaps To Erysipelas. The best remedy for all forms of disease of the skin is Wade's Gint. It not only cures wounds and skin diseases, but prevents many skin troubles by its antiseptic germ destroying properties.

Cross eruptions, salt rheum, scaly or itchy eruptions of the skin, pimples, blotches, hives, etc. in big boxes, 25c. at Wade's Drug Store.

Black Watch
Chewing Tobacco
The big black plug.