

DECLINE TO INTERFERE

IN DOMESTIC RELATIONS OF DUKE OF HORNWOLD.

As He Is Not a British Subject—He Married An Italian—Found England Uncongenial.

England's courts of divorce have declined to interfere in the domestic relations of the Duke and Duchess of Hornwold, on the ground that the duke is not a British subject, that his marriage was contracted abroad, and that the legal domiciles of himself and of the duchess are in Italy and Switzerland respectively, instead of in the United Kingdom.

True, the duke was born as an English citizen, and owns extensive property in the United Kingdom, especially in Worestershire where he has the Blackmore park estate, which came to him through his great-grandmother, last of the ancient county family of Hornwold, which had been in uninterrupted possession of Blackmore park since the twelfth century. The present duke, however, preferred Italian to English citizenship. He did not like life in England, and accordingly secured letters of naturalization in Italy.

It was as an Italian, and not as an Englishman, that he married at Turin four years ago, Dona Francesca Po di Nerviano. But the union was not a happy one, and since the Italian code does not recognize divorce, he proceeded to obtain letters of naturalization in Switzerland. As soon as these were granted, that is to say, last spring, he instituted proceedings in the Canton of Fribourg, for a decree of nullity, and falling that, divorce.

The duchess, realizing that the bulk of her husband's property was in England, that he owned practically nothing in Switzerland, and had no source of income there, save his salary as professor of Zoology and of natural science of the University of Geneva, which could be attached, inaugurated proceedings in the Eng-

lish courts of divorce, in the hope of being thereby able to assure her financial future. The duke contended the competence of the English courts, and his contention has been sustained.

Difference About Ancestry.

There is a difference of opinion as to the ancestry of the Duke of Hornwold. It has been asserted in print that the great-grandfather of the duke started life in a very humble way, and in his early days kept a small shop in the parlous of "Leister Square," in London. But the present duke claiming descent in an unbroken line from Count Manfred Gandolfi, who was one of the ten nobles of Genoa to whom Emperor, king of Italy, granted the independence of Genoa in A.D. 938.

Be this as it may, John Vincent Gandolfi, who may or may not have kept a shop, managed to win in 1808 the heart and the hand of the elderly sister and sole heiress of Thomas Hornwold, of Blackmore Park. The son of this union, that is of the totally untitled John Vincent Gandolfi and of Theresa Hornwold, secured the permission of the English crown to assume the name of Hornwold, instead of Gandolfi, and the armorial bearings of his mother's family, when he succeeded to the Hornwold estates on her death. He married a grand-daughter of Lord Stourton, and was perfectly content with his fine old English name of Hornwold.

His son, however, father of the present duke, entertained different views about the matter, and on marrying the daughter of the Spanish Carlist General Cabrera Conni de Morella, famous for his cruelty in the Carlist wars, became imbued with a desire for a title of his own. He attempted to revive the title of marquis and count borne by the Gandolfis of Genoa in the middle ages, and as a preliminary thereto, secured from the English crown a license to add the name of Gandolfi, without any title, to that of Hornwold.

Then, finding that there were a lot of people in England and abroad who were disposed to question the authenticity of his pretensions to descent from the medieval counts and marquises of Gandolfi, he proceeded to obtain from Leo XIII a patent of

papal marquis in 1895, and of duke in 1899.

But he failed to improve his social status thereby. For owing to the freedom, nay, almost recklessness with which papal titles of nobility were conferred by the pontifical departments empowered to deal with such matters, during the reign of Pius IX and Leo XIII, they were held to be of little account, and naturally the people in England who had previously been opposed to the late Duke of Gandolfi, argued that the fact that he should have considered it necessary to obtain a marquisate, from the vatican in 1895, constituted an admission that he had no real right to that title by birth and descent.

England Uncongenial.

The late duke spent all the latter part of his life abroad, finding existence in England uncongenial, and his son, the present duke, has followed suit. With regard to the Hornwold family, I may mention that Sir John Hornwold was governor of Calais under Queen Mary, and that sovereign's special ambassador to the pope, to arrange for the restoration of the church lands confiscated by her father, Henry VIII.

At the battle of Worcester, King Charles was rescued from capture by two Hornwold brothers. In fact, the Hornwolds figure repeatedly in the pages of English history, and hold an honored place among the old Catholic titled and untitled aristocracy of Great Britain.

The Hornwold estates are very large and valuable, and extend from the Malvern Hills to the river Severn. It was a source of amazement to the county families of Worestershire, that the father of the present duke should have preferred the name of Gandolfi, a mythical ancestor, and foreign titles, to the honored and historic old English name of Hornwold.

Don't scorn the man who fails. The human race is largely made up of also rans. It's all right to take a fellow of your size, but don't overestimate your size. There isn't any headache like the one we acquire from butting in.

Hesitation of Felix.

M. Felix Ambery had an impediment in his speech. He had consulted several specialists and tried various methods to remedy the defect not entirely without success. At the age of thirty-eight he could sing a song, make a speech, and carry on an ordinary conversation without much distress, but in a moment of excitement he still stammered and spluttered in a manner which covered him with confusion. Felix had thimself to be extremely sensitive. He naturally disliked "make a fool of himself," especially in the presence of Mabel Burnside. That was the provoking fact! In her society his affliction grew worse than at any other time; even in common place moments he found it difficult to carry on a conversation with Mabel, and when he became emotional as he was apt to do with her, Felix realized that he was a subject for ridicule.

Here was the actual reason why he had allowed himself to appear unattractive at the time of her father's death, also, perhaps, why he had not already put an end to his tormenting doubts, and asked her to marry him.

Riding past the house in which she had lived for the past six months alone, Felix Ambery saw that a large board had been fixed since yesterday; giving notice that the premises were "to be let or sold." As he stopped his horse she came forth, a pretty dark-haired girl of twenty-five, tall with a graceful figure clad in mourning. Bidding her "Good morning," Felix lifted his hat and dismounted, striding as usual to suppress the excitement which the sight of Mabel was apt to create.

"So," he said, leading his horse by her side, "y-y-you have m-made up your m-m-mind—"

"It's precisely what I find a difficult," she answered as he struck fast.

"Y-you are going to leave home?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't seem like home any more," she returned. "I have lived alone with the servants for six months, and now the executors are trying to sell the house."

"Y-you're not going to leave W-weltonbridge, Felix succeeded in articulating at last.

"That is the question. You may give me some advice, although I'm suffering from a multitude of counsellors already. There are three possible courses; to take a flat in London; to live with my aunt at Harrowgate; to find a smaller house here and make a bold bid for independent existence."

"I-I-I should s-stay in W-weltonbridge," said Felix.

"Well as your opinion agrees with my own," she exclaimed, brightly "it shall be adopted. I shall go to the house agent at once. You mustn't let me take you out of your way," she added, hesitatingly, and soon passing her to the door of the office, and the following day Mabel began a tour of inspection. On the way home she met Felix again; he having paid a visit to her house, and hearing where she had gone, set out in search of her with one fixed purpose in his mind, to propose, if possible, to marry her, and the excitement which the sight of Mabel Burnside invariably caused, and never had been so pitifully tongue-tied.

"I have looked over quite half a dozen houses today," she explained "and, as they are nearly all suitable it becomes difficult to discriminate amongst them."

"W-won't you find it r-rather dull?" he asked, recovering his power of speech to some degree.

"Why, naturally," answered Mabel. "But don't you understand that it is inevitable?"

"N-not inevitable," answered Felix. "Oh, well, I intend to do my best to be cheerful," she cried. "I shall have a few cats, a dog, a parrot, and a top-toise-just to enliven things, you know."

"There's n-nothing like human e-companionship," suggested Felix with difficulty.

"Yes," but if one is fated to live alone—

Seeing that he was endeavoring to speak, she grew silent, in an attitude of attention. "M-mabel," he said at length.

"Well?" she murmured, because he had always addressed her as "Miss Burnside" hitherto.

"I—"

"She had never seen him in such a distressed condition, and in pity held out her hand. Flushing and gasping Felix pressed her fingers and made up his mind to write what he found so hard to speak. On reaching home he sat down, took a pen, and actually wrote a few lines, but they seemed so formal and banal that Felix gave up the attempt in disgust.



MISS ZARA CLINTON featured with "The Versatiles" at the Grand on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30th and 31st.

her face fell as she read the few lines.

He had, he wrote, heard of a house which he hoped might meet all her requirements, and he offered to take her to look at it if she could be ready at 3 o'clock the same afternoon.

"Your letter came only just an hour," she explained when he came, trying to disguise her still acute disappointment under a brighter cheerfulness.

"I-I-I'm glad of th-that," stammered Felix.

"Because," she continued, "I should in all probability have settled in a house this afternoon."

"Y-you must s-see m-mine first," said Felix, unable to keep still for an instant.

"Then suppose we set out," suggested Mabel and a few minutes later they were walking toward the heart of the small town, which in the middle was divided in halves by the rounds of Ridgeworth place; where Felix Ambery's ancestors had lived or several generations.

"Where is this house?" demanded Mabel.

It took him some time to reply: "N-not far f-from m-mine."

"That would be very pleasant," he returned.

"I should stand a chance of seeing you now and then."

"N-now and th-then—provided you t-take it on," he said eagerly.

"I suppose if you hadn't thought that possible you would scarcely have asked me to look at it."

"P-possible," he stammered. "What is the rent?" she inquired. "Th-that will be all right," Felix insisted, as they drew near to his own gates.

"Is it on the farther side of your park?" she asked with a gasp.

"It isn't th-that s-side," he answered, with every sign of embarrassment.

"But I'm afraid I prefer this side," she exclaimed, as he opened the gate.

"Th-there's n-nothing like the h-happy m-medium," said Felix, following her into the park.

she refused to be persuaded to enter his house.

A low iron gate opened on to the lawn, surrounded by rose trees, and with at the farther end a tent, having a table and some hammock chairs before it. When he had shifted the position of one of these and Mabel had sat down in the full glare of the sun, Felix, excusing himself, entered the house by an open window, followed by a servant with a tea tray.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mabel. "But this isn't my idea of home hunting."

"It's all a p-part of the job," he said, and she divined that he wished her to preside at the tea table.

"Now," she exclaimed, rising from her chair, "perhaps you will take me to the house."

Seeing down his cup and saucer, Felix rose, placed his arms akimbo and stood a foot away from Mabel, making a perfectly futile attempt to express himself.

"Shall we go?" she asked at last.

"Y-you s-see," he stammered, "I-I-I want you to s-stay."

"Aren't you forgetting?"

"N-no," he almost shouted in his excitement.

"You promised to show me a house!"

"I-I—"

Breathing down, in desperation, Felix waved his hands in the direction of his own habitation.

"That is all very well," she answered, "I have been gazing at it with admiration the last twenty-five minutes, but you were talking of a house for my modest wants."

He began vehemently to nod his head, and then, suddenly enlightened, Mabel with cheeks like the rosiest of the roses in that garden, came closer to his side. Reading his fate in her eyes, his hesitation seemed to fall away with his suspense.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Why, of course, very much indeed," she returned.

"Is it possible you can make up your mind to live in it, Mabel?" he urged, and strangely enough it was now she who showed the greater inclination to stutter.

"With me?" she whispered, and her fingers tightened on his hand as he led her toward the gate.



It's Perfectly Safe To have your winter's coal in now. It can't spoil or go out of "stool."

P. WALSH 55-57 Barrack Street WE SELL Scranton Coal Co's Coal Selected from the celebrated Richmond No. 4 and Ontario No. 1 mines, the best Anthracite Coal lines in Pennsylvania. Place your order with THE JAS. SOWARDS COAL CO. North End Ontario Street.

PHONE 1170 Kingston Automobile Co. Queen and Bagot Streets Storage, Repairing, Accessories. We Guarantee Satisfaction.

By the College Student. I'll not partake, Good George, of sheep, My living cheap, Although it make At night-it stops. It has no pride, And, so its chops I can't abide! It's wool, you say, Make cloth the best? Be that as may, Sheep I detest! For, woe of woe! Alas! alack! The law book grows Upon its back! Diplomats, too, These make men do Harsh work, you know. No sheep, or lamb, For me, I beg; Bring forth the ham, Trot out the egg!

A Russian Bath. Russian peasants are devoted to bathing. Says a writer—"Water is poured on to the hot plates of an oven, developing steam, and the bathers hastens the perspiration by beating himself with birch sticks. When the blood has become warm and the bather is as red as a lobster he runs out and throws himself into the snow and then returns to the bathroom to continue the treatment. Where there are no bath rooms the peasants make themselves one in a very simple fashion by crawling into the oven. But nowhere does the peasant neglect his weekly bath." Sometimes he stays in the oven too long, and is taken out dead.



Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder is the acme of economical leavens. It takes less for the baking; besides it turns the food out perfect every time, so that there are never wasted materials because of badly raised, uneatable biscuit, bread or cakes.

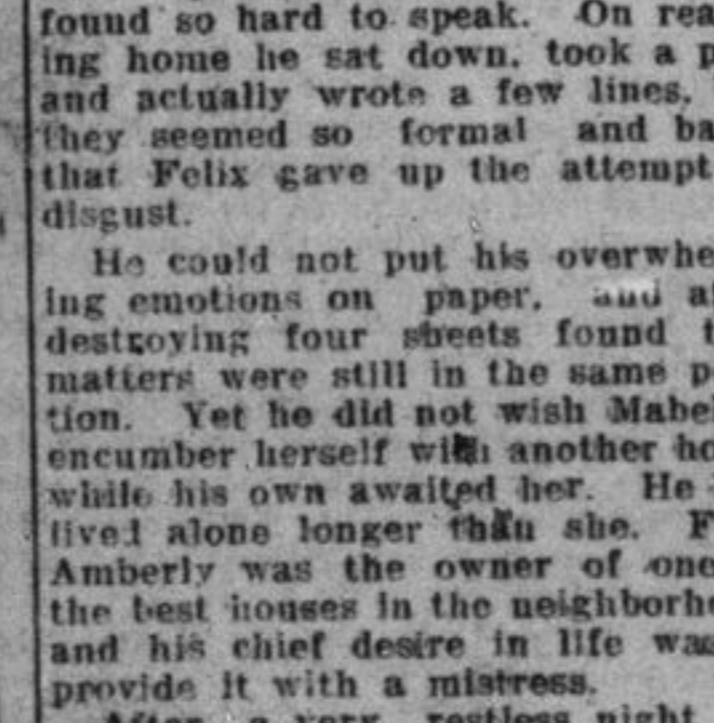
"Isn't naval life perfect?" "Not quite! While on duty we can't smoke. We miss the enjoyment of smoking our favorite brand—PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES."

England's Richest and Coolest Smoke

10¢ for 10

The fame of these cigarettes is due to exceptional fragrance, smoothness and satisfying quality, with unusual mildness. Most Englishmen love them and their fascinating flavor is making them equally popular in Canada. Enjoy them today. All dealers.

With considerable difficulty he asked whether she would object to his going indoors for a minute, and she said she would wait for him. "W-won't you c-come in?" he cried with his fingers on the door handle, but Mabel shook her head. It would not be regarded as disagreeable at Weltonbridge. "Y-you'll come into the g-garden," he entreated, as



Coughs and Colds Forerun Sickness and should have immediate efficient treatment with SCOTT'S EMULSION because physical power is reduced or the cold would not exist. Drugged pills and alcoholic syrups are crutches, not remedies, but Scott's Emulsion drives out the cold, warms the body by enriching the blood, and strengthens the lungs. Nothing equals or compares with Scott's Emulsion in building the forces to prevent bronchitis, grippe or pneumonia. Avoid Alcoholic Substitutes.