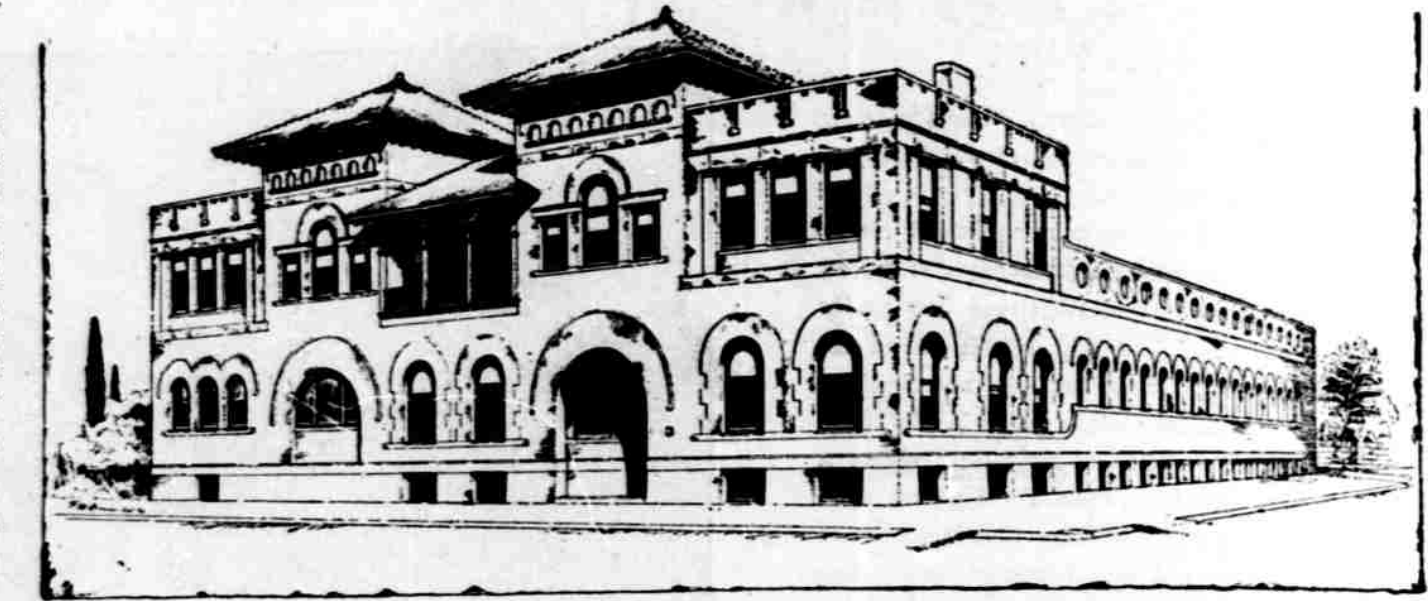


Town Topics' London Correspondence.

Her Majesty's late lord in-waiting, Lord Camoys, will be much missed at Marlborough house, as he and his brother and sister—the Hon. Harry Stoner and the Marquise d'Hautpoul—are among the closest friends of the family there. When the Marquise was Julia Stoner she and the young Princesses were almost inseparable. The Stoner family is one of our oldest Roman Catholic houses. Poor Lord Camoys, who was only forty-one, leaves four sons. He was president of Henley regatta, and devoted to the river. It was really the accidental swallowing of a cherry stone which killed him; but he was already in danger owing to a chill following an operation.

The Prince of Wales was in great form at the Duchess of Sutherland's charity garden party on Tuesday. The object of the affair was to popularize the Harris tweeds and kindred manufacturers, and the fair young Duchess had cleverly managed to extract a promise that "the first gentleman in England" would wear a coat of her tweed. He agreed, but stipulated that the stuff should be dyed black. Really it looked very nice, and so did he, for the new way of cutting coats with seamless backs suits him extremely well.

He was very jolly, too, and no wonder, for all his favorite beauties were present. The Duchess herself, all in white; Lady Warwick, in a quaint printed muslin and the big black hat which is her favorite wear because it so sets off her fairness; Lady Randolph Churchill, in gray; Mrs. Leslie, in cream; Mrs. Moreton Fremont, in blue; the Duchess of Portland, a wee bit cold and stately, but gentle as ever; the Duchess of Devonshire, beaming as usual, and piquant Mrs. "Willie" Grenfell. Mrs. Ronalds had a wonderful frock—a sort of biscuit silk with sprays of mimosa embroidered in high relief—but her pink and green



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hat spoiled the effect. The lovely sisters, Lady Helen Vincent and Lady Cynthia Graham, kept together as usual; they seem to know how they set off each other's beauty. Lady Helen is a "Helen" in very truth, a divinely tall golden blonde, with a skin like rose petals, while her sister is a brilliant brunette with glorious eyes. Both have the proud carriage of the head that is characteristic of the Duncombes; alas, that the "three graces" should be parted for ever since the Duchess of Leinster died. The youngest girl, Lady Ulrica, will be quite as handsome and might take the vacant place, but she is less often seen in society, for she is very serious and studious, caring more for her studies at Girtton than for the things that usually beguile a beautiful girl in her first season or two. I must not forget to add that the Harris garden party was a big success. The Duchess had brought over some of the islanders, who sat under

the trees, spinning and carding their wool, and looking very picturesque in their quaint white caps.

Another pretty fete was Lady Warwick's party to the colonial premiers, quite worth going out of town to see. The gardens alone repaid one for the journey. Lady Warwick's "Shakespeare garden," having a specimen of every plant mentioned by the bard, with its quotation appended, and her "friendship garden," in which everything that grows was presented by some celebrity. Lord Warwick dutifully helped to do the honors, and was seen to present Marie Corelli with a pink water lily or lotus, of a kind specially cultivated by himself. That vivacious little lady was in a much befrilled frock of white chiffon embroidered with pink dog roses and decked with pink and green baby ribbons. Her hat and sunshade matched, and so—most exactly—did the pink lily, which shows that Lord Warwick has profited, if only in the matter of taste in color, by his experience as husband of one of the most fastidious dressers in society.

So poor Barnato's house in Park Lane has been sold to Sir Edward Sassoon for £100,000. Doubtless the new Baronet means to entertain on a scale of Oriental magnificence. During old Sir Albert's lifetime nothing in that line was done, as he was an invalid. Sir Edward is nephew to Arthur and Reuben Sassoon, the Prince of Wales's great friends, Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, who is very handsome, was a Mlle. Perugia, sister to Mrs. Leo Rothschild.

I hear that Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's eldest son, who is now in the Hussars, wants to go in for political life, and is looking out for a seat in parliament. He is rather like poor Lord Randy in coloring, though his face lacks strength. The younger brother, John, is only seventeen and, of course, still at college. His inclination is supposed to be for the bar which, indeed, seems to attract many of our young sprigs of aristocracy.

Perhaps you noted that much of the success of the famous libel action of the war specials, just concluded, was due to the careful working up of the case by the plaintiff's junior counsel. This was Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury's third son, who is both clever and persevering. He never declines any brief, but "fags" away like any other barrister, while when he gets a chance for a speech, the Cecil acumen—and some of the Cecil satire, too—show him to be a chip of the old block. He is married to one of Lord Durham's clever little sisters and his friends confidently expect to see him Attorney General some day.

Is it true that "Anthony Hope" is engaged to Ethel Barrymore? One never knows whether to believe matrimonial rumors about him or whether to regard

them as mere "Comedies of Courtship!"

The opera season has been a financial success, at least, so it is said on good authority. Melba has not been re-engaged, but we are promised Calve next season. Jean de Reszke has given a verbal promise. He goes now to Mount Dore, having netted the neat little sum of £3,200 for sixteen performances; and thence to Bayreuth, to study "Parsifal." Afterward he will proceed to his beloved pine forests, pausing on his way to sing to the Tsar. He was been waxing sarcastic to an interviewer on the subject of musical criticisms. The foreign critics have been accusing him of singing "Salve dimora" to the footlights. "Do they think I shall kiss all the bricks of the lady's cottage?" he asked, scornfully. "Mais, I do not sing 'salut' to the bricks only, but to the flowers, the trees, the whole air that surrounds her; so I sing and stretch out my arms to it all, not to the gas lamps. Ah, those stupid papers!"

He added that he had made love to fifteen Juliets. He told a funny story of how his brother and Lasalle went to sleep during the "Meistersinger," at Bayreuth, and how he had to kick them to stop the snores which were scandalizing the reverent public. He is longing to get away to "my forests" and his great wish is to secure the estate next his own for his friend Paderewski.

Poor Patti is in the throes of domestic trouble. Nicolini's illness, cancer, is, of course, hopeless; but everything is being done to prolong his life. For the sake of the sea air he has been moved to a hotel at Swansea; but she is forbidden to stay by the sea, so she has been going up from Craig-y-nos every day—a tiring journey by road and rail, only staying the night on Saturday and Sunday, because there is no Sunday train service.

The dress craze of the moment is the blue hat. Oh, those blues! About four shades often appear on one hat; straw, tulle, flowers, ribbon, all are blue; and, of course, the hat is worn tilted up on the side till it looks as though it must fall off. Most women look sallow in these hats, especially now that a long spell of gayety has left us shorn of our roses. However, we shall see many blue hats at Goodwood.

Louis Napoleon at Play.

At the Tuilleries madam received me in a salon hung with tapestry. Through a half open door I heard a child's voice; it was that of the prince imperial, who was playing in the next room. Soon we heard the noise of a saw and a hammer, and as I listened Mme. Bizot led me quietly to the door of that room. "Look," she said, speaking low and opening the door a little wider. Then I saw the emperor seated on the carpet and making toys for his son."—Mme. Octave Feuillet.

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