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One former live-in lover, Catherine Nielson, was left her flat plus £1million cash. Another was left her flat plus £600,000. Both, I understand, have received hefty tax demands. Most distressing of all was the bequest to Dinah May, 59, a former Miss Great Britain and Winner's PA for 35 years.

So will Baby Cambridge be King George VII? Not necessarily. Prince Charles liked to tell his staff that he would take the name George when he came to the throne. 'It had a two-fold purpose,' recalls a courtier. 'It would be a nod to his grandfather and mother and eradicate all the bad publicity attached to the name Charles. Of course, this would leave William's son as King George VIII.'

'I am the one who unpacks the boxes and drives to warehouses all over the country. The other day I was in Milton Keynes in a warehouse. And last month I flew to China and found myself in a factory late at night with five men throwing jewellery boxes against a wall to test how strong they were.'

PS....Rumours of beasts roaming around the West Country are nothing new. But there has been a fresh sighting of a 'cat-like' creature in Somerset. According to colourful baronet Sir Benjamin Slade, 66, owner of 13th-century mansion Maunsel House near Taunton, the local council has requested he put up a warning sign.

And although Max has a photograph of the blonde lovely on his desk at Easton Neston, his baroque Northamptonshire mansion, Katia insists that they are not lovers. 'But Leon is such an amazing man that I have done the next best thing; I've fixed him up with one of my close friends,' says Katia, who introduced the 59-year-old businessman to 26-year-old Ukrainian model Yana Boyko.

Propositioned by Steve McQueen and Warren Beatty, Alexandra, 67, almost married Omar Sharif, but their relationship hit a rocky patch when she found him in bed in Paris with another woman. 'I packed my bags and left,' she says. '[Peter] Sellers came with me and said: 'I told you, you should have married me.''

But while Kenilworth, 59; known professionally as landscape designer Randle Siddeley; was pledging his troth to Canadian charity boss Catherine Bachard, 22 years his junior, at St Nicholas Church, near the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, his two ex-wives were meeting up for a drink in London.

Shattered by the death of his friend Sir David Frost, publisher Naim Attallah says he considered the broadcaster a 'soul mate'. The two men collaborated on the Hollywood film *The Slipper And The Rose* in 1975. 'Alas, most of those involved in the film are no longer with us,' says Naim.

'He was a good friend,' Sandy tells me. 'I hope to see a lot of his old muj soldiers on Massoud Day, the anniversary of his assassination by al Qaeda on September 9, and go on up to his home in the Panjshir Valley where his tomb and family house are.' What a trouper.

They were two little girls who grew up a few miles apart in the deprived Tyneside of the Fifties, but their lives could hardly have been more different. Jenny Smith was the adored only child of later-life parents: loved and cherished, she was taught golf by the father she adored using a little club he made especially for her.

Mercia had already given birth to three children (two of whom she had given away) and was living with a man called Tommy Lumsden. She and Wilfred were very much in love, but a future together wasn't feasible. As the birth approached, Mercia left her home in Seghill, Northumberland, checked herself into a home for unmarried mothers and gave birth to non-identical twin daughters.

It felt, says Jenny, as though her world had imploded. Connie confirmed that she had been adopted, but refused to say more: Jenny belonged to her and Sid and that was all her daughter needed to know. But for Jenny it was the start of a quest to find her roots that would stretch across the next half-century.

While clearly thrilled now about Jenny's golf trophies, Helen didn't know anything of her sister's success at the time because she had no idea she even existed. Their connection would have remained hidden for ever had it not been for Jenny's determination to uncover her true parentage.

Jenny went to see Dorrie and was thrilled to be welcomed with open arms by her aunt, the first blood relative she'd ever met and the person who told her she had siblings. But when Dorrie phoned Mercia there was bad news. 'Dorrie said Mercia didn't want to see me, that it was too painful,' says Jenny.

Mercia died in 2004 and that set the scene for the last pieces of this complex jigsaw to fall into place. Jenny, who heard of Mercia's death through a relative, was at last able to track down Helen. She sent an email. 'After doing a lot of investigation, I believe you are my half-sister,' she wrote. 'Sorry for the complete shock, but there is no easy way of telling you.'

It was a life-changing experience for both women when Jenny and Helen finally met at a Newcastle hotel in 2007. 'We clicked straight away,' says Helen. 'It was like looking at myself,' says Jenny. At that stage, they still believed they were half-sisters; it was only when they decided to have a DNA test that they realised they had the same father.

Despite everything, they say they wish they could have told Mercia that things worked out all right in the end. 'I was the lucky one; I escaped,' says Jenny. 'I've had a wonderful life, a lot of happiness. And now I've found my twin sister and she means the world to me.'

I'm very happy that these sisters found each other, and what a heartwarming story. But as someone who has 3 adopted siblings, it always makes me a little sad to hear about people feeling like something is missing without their birth parents. I understand wanting to find out about your past, but is a biological mother who didn't want you really more important than someone who chose to love you and raise you as their own? Maybe I'm a little sensitive; no offense intended.

Some of your comments about abortion or the birth mother's promiscuity are really unneeded and you apparently are incapable of grasping the beauty of this story. You have 2 women who are vibrant, happy and caring. They have managed to overcome many obstacles in their personal lives and in their quest to determine the truth of their backgrounds. To me, this story should be uplifting and heartwarming. Two halves of a whole have found each other. Their families have been extended, and they get the added wonder of getting to incorporate each other into their daily lives. Goodluck to them both. They should write a book about this detailing everything; it would make a very interesting read!

Funny how some people make such rude and hurtful comments especially as Jenny is my mother. If this kind of story doesn't interest you then you have issues and don't click on the article in the first place. Some people who actually have kind hearts ENJOY reading TRUE stories like this. My mom and Helen have been through a hell of a lot with this whole ordeal, so the nasty comments are not needed thank you very much.

What a lovely story this is and good luck to them both. For years I thought I was the youngest child in the family, but due to circumstances my mother had to give up a brother I never knew up for adoption. Casperoff, Bristol I believe you are one of my siblings but do not have an email address for you.

Commons Speaker John Bercow has his critics, but he does not have the drink habit of one of his predecessors from the Sixties, Horace King. In a new book, former Tory MP Sir Richard Body recalls being poured a drink by King. "He poured about four fingers of brandy into a lager glass and filled it up with the best part of half a pint of sherry." Another MP recalls that King was once so plastered he could not climb the steps up to the Speaker's Chair. He finally fell on the clerk's table, his ceremonial wig at 45 degrees. Disgraceful? Maybe. But he sounds more fun than crosspatch Bercow.

Sir Roy, promoting his new book Roy Strong: Self-Portrait As A Young Man, says of his detractor: "He is fantastic. He is by far our most distinguished critic. Over the years he has had endless swipes at me, but if you don't like the heat, keep out of the kitchen! That's public life, isn't it?"

His hostility was a haunt for Kate (whose parents live in nearby Bucklebury) and William when they were dating. The pub, which includes a restaurant and boasts of "enjoying royal patronage", is on the market for £750,000. Says father-of-two Haley, 57, who has run the Boot for 15 years: "It's not that I am losing money or bored, it's just I've worked since I was 15 and never had the chance to travel."

In general parents are not expected to provide for their adult children (unless they are college students), and to buy them houses and cars, I don't see why it should be any different because the father is rich (whether he is cheap or not). Why some people feel entitled I don't know, I never have felt that way, and never thought my parents should be paying for my house, car, or anything else, it is my responsibility as an adult, not theirs.

I don't feel that NOT buying 3 grown adults houses, instead of making them work, save & purchase it on their own, is being cheap, regardless of how much money you have. I am sure they have lived well when growing up and got to do and see many things and places most children won't ever get to experience. He is simply teaching his children that if you want the good things in life you can only get them through hard work. The gravy train has to stop at some point and they need to realize this fact. I mean, let's face it, he is not denying small children Christmas presents, we are talking about purchasing HOUSES for a 29, 27 & 21 year old. He worked hard for his money & he is still doing so late into his 60's with being in a touring rock band, why can't they do the same?

It's certainly an unexpected answer from a young woman who is mostly known for writing about, and dressing in, high fashion. But Ms Medine, the author behind hit fashion blog The Man Repeller, has

never been one to conform - her blunt honesty and quick-witted style commentary turning her into a household name.

For instance, she recounts wearing long skirts and long-sleeve tops to Ramaz, her orthodox Jewish high school. She writes about being kicked out of her grandmother's hospital room after turning up in ripped jeans shorts ('Darling, I know we're in a recession, but surely your father can afford to buy you shorts without holes in them'); and about a pair of drop-crotch harem pants that, to her surprise, attracted two men, one of whom became her husband.

Although 'white socks' are up there on her list of most embarrassing fashion moments ('I forgot to take off my socks!' she yelled after she lost her virginty age 19), Ms Medine claims she 'doesn't really get embarrassed' by her often eccentric choices. 'That's part of learning to be expressive,' she said.

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