

DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE CHUMS WITH FAMILY GHOSTS

LADY ELIZABETH OF SCOTLAND BIDS FAREWELL TOMORROW TO HER CHILDHOOD SPENT AMID GHOSTS OF GLAMIS CASTLE, WHEN SHE BECOMES THE BRIDE OF A ROYAL BRITISH PRINCE

This Simple-Hearted Girl Is the Idol of Her Clansmen, and While Old London Celebrates They Will Light Bonfires on the Northern Hills.

QUEEN MARY ALREADY TUCKS HER INTO BED

When Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon marries the Duke of York tomorrow, no other woman will stand between her and succession to the British throne, as the Prince of Wales, heir to the crown, is still a bachelor. On her marriage, Lady Elizabeth, as a royalty, will be beyond interviews; below appears the only interview granted by her. It is a remarkable and frank picture of a charming girl who was won by true love—the picture of her character as disclosed by herself in her chat on her childhood, the ghosts she has met in her family's castle, Glamis—built in 1376—and her trousseau and wedding gifts. She tells much else besides and gives an unusual picture of the home life of the British royal family.

This interview was interdicted by high command in England, but permission was given for its publication abroad. It was passed on by Lady Elizabeth and by Commander Greig, the Duke of York's equestrian. It appears exclusively in The Advertiser and was secured by the North American Newspaper Alliance.

Lady Elizabeth herself, in a note written and signed in her own hand, gave permission for publication here, after having granted the interview to Jean Victor Bates, one of the foremost of British newspaper women and herself the member of a distinguished family.

Has Met Ghosts Like Conan Doyle

As a child and in later life, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, fiancée of the Duke of York, has been the chum of the ghosts in her family's fourteenth century castle, Glamis. And she isn't afraid of them. She is more intimate with spirits than even Sir Conan Doyle, student of spirits. She says:

"To us the ghosts are just members of the family. Old Beattie is our oldest and best ghost, and the Gray Lady the gentlest and kindest. They frightened Walter Scott out of his senses. As a child I have walked up and looked our ghosts in the face, and they have never hurt me. Queen Mary Stuart comes at times, carrying a sealed letter in her hands. She is very like her portraits."

By JEAN VICTOR BATES, (Late private secretary to Lord Carson, the great Ulster leader, and sister of the Right Hon. Sir Dawson Bates, M.P., minister of home affairs in the northern parliament.)

Special Cable to The Advertiser.

London, April 24.—The most talked of girl in Europe, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who, on Thursday is to be married to the Duke of York, confessed in an outspoken exclusive interview which she accorded me that she is awed by the great position which is soon to be hers.

With a girlish candor in which, once she has become a member of the British royal family, she never again will be able to indulge, the future Duchess of York told of her hopes of serving her country and of ultimately solving some of its industrial problems by co-operating in the welfare work for the toilers of Britain to which her husband-to-be, ever since the end of the war has devoted a considerable part of his time and energy.

Naively Lady Elizabeth talked of her already daughter-like relations with Queen Mary, of her wedding dress and wedding plans, of her care-free youth, and—last but not least—of the famous ghosts of Glamis Castle, which spectres, to my considerable surprise (won't the statement delight Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) she declared she has more than once "looked in the face."

This is the first interview worthy of the name that Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has given to a representative of the press. Being now absolutely insured by royal command against unwelcome journalistic invasion, she is all but unapproachable.

Four Lady of Empire.

Fortune, therefore, favored me greatly when, thanks to a personal acquaintance, I found myself admitted to the town house of her father, the Earl of Strathmore, 17 Bruton street, and privileged to put questions freely to the Duke of York's fiancée, soon to be the fourth lady in the United Kingdom, and, if anything should prevent the accession of the Prince of Wales, one day England's queen.

It was in a room of Victorian atmosphere that I waited, rose-tinted as to curtains and covers, with great pots of spring flowers distributed on mantels and tables. There were book-filled shelves, topped with large autographed photographs of the King, the Queen and the Duke of York.

Liberally covering the sofas, tables and the floor were cases of wedding presents, which had been unpacked and the gifts put back again for removal. I inferred, to Buckingham Palace, where the royal presents are to be displayed after the reception on the wedding day.

My mental camera had taken in only just a part of the picture when Lady Elizabeth entered. Barrie-esque little woman, aerial of manner, smiling, merry, unconscious of self.

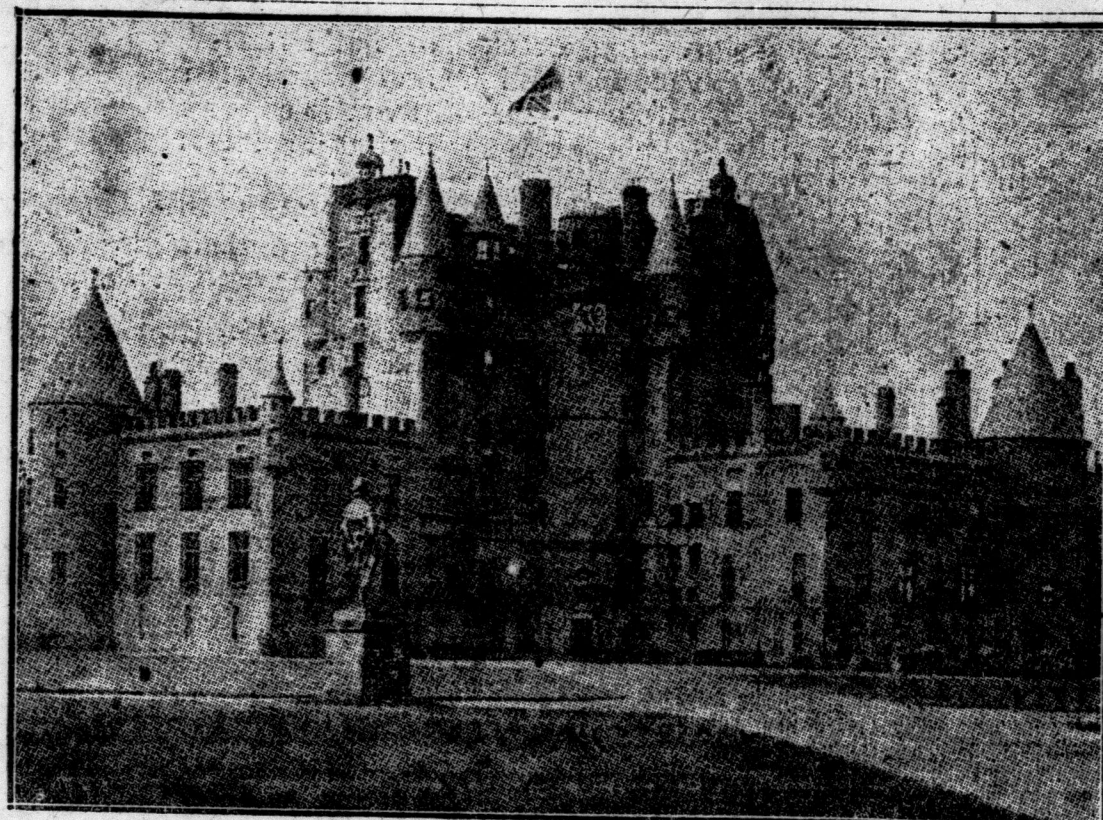
"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I am always late; I hope you don't mind."

"Looks a Bit Like a Shop," She tossed her little blue toque on a nearby chair and ran her fingers through her jet black hair as she pushed it from her brow.

"This room certainly looks a bit like a shop, doesn't it, with all these boxes about? Yes, we are receiving many, many presents. Best of all I like the useful ones. We have to start from the very beginning, you know, to furnish our house, and a house cannot be comfortable done with just ornaments and silver, can it?"

"I don't really know half the people who are sending me things. I am simply thrilled with gratitude. And antiques, which I never could afford to collect—my friends, who know, are sending such rare and lovely ones!"

"You will be Princess Elizabeth after your marriage, will you not?"



A ROYAL BRIDE COMES OUT OF THE NORTH. From Glamis Castle, above, ancestral home of the Duke of Strathmore, comes Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (lower left) to wed the Duke of York, second son of the King of Britain. Lower right—A brown suede shooting suit with a brown felt hat, which is one of the many costumes which form Lady Elizabeth's trousseau.



understands things; and, unless one is practical, talk can do nothing. So he reads omnivorously on the subject, especially books that explain the worker's point of view.

Love Will Solve Problems.

"He studies hard, goes to meetings down at the factories and everywhere, just to learn at first hand; and I mean to do the same thing, because I think these industrial problems and puzzles have to be solved. If we make up our minds to try and solve them in good fellowship and out of love for one another and for our country, we will somehow and some time, I think, get things right."

There is a curious something about Lady Elizabeth that hints at strange and beautiful possibilities. Though small and almost fragile in figure, with tiny feet and tiny hands, she is possessed of a wonderful, girlish air of dignity; and her face—looking at her one realizes why ancient writers of austere temperament so frequently warned men to beware of the Celtic women, who, more than others, are gifted with the power of beguilement.

Her eyes, large and darkly blue, deeply fringed with long black lashes, fascinate with their spell. Now and again, under quick pleasure or excitement or shyness, a faint flush plays across her clear, transparent cheeks, but the mobile mouth with its pretty curves and dimples remains red and fresh.

A Childhood Among Ghosts.

There is a charming snap in her expression when she speaks in definition accents which suggests a temperament not to be imposed upon. If necessary, the future Duchess of York will be able to control. She has the shrewdness of the Celt and a correct idea of justice.

With regard to her life as a child, she laughingly said: "There is nothing very much to tell. My earliest years were spent at Glamis, 'the castle of ghosts,' and my best pal was my little brother David. We were inseparable. We used to wander about, play with our dogs and our rabbits and pets, fish with the clansmen, do a little shooting, and just mucked about generally."

"I never went to school. When David went to college I had governesses. I have never really been finished."

"We had our holidays in Italy, which we spent, sometimes with one of our grandmothers, sometimes with the other. We were mostly in Florence, where we were taught much by visits to the galleries. It was there I learned to love pictures."

Florentine Gown Copied.

"My wedding dress is to be a copy of an old Florentine picture, with the graceful flowing lines, something like the robes of Dante's Beatrice. I am too small to wear anything heavy or elaborate, so the dress has to be made as simply as possible, introducing some ancestral lace, including a bit worn by one of my very great-grandmothers at a ball given for Bonnie Prince Charlie. The sleeves are of Nottingham, as a tribute to a British industry on which I am very keen, and Queen Alexandra has given me a bit to be appliqued on my long tulle veil."

She finally told me her family had lived at Glamis since the year 1376. In that year the castle was given to the house of Lyon as the dowry of Princess Johanna, daughter of Robert II of Scotland. There is no nook or cranny in the whole building with which she is not familiar, and as for its famous ghosts—

"You know," she said, "we forget about the ghosts; to us they are just members of the family. But you have no idea of the number of terrified visitors who have declined to sleep another night in the castle after having met poor old Beattie, our oldest and best ghost; or the Gray Lady, our gentlest and kindest one."

They Scared Novelist.

"Even Walter Scott was frightened out of his senses after going to bed; and the poet Gray was simply frozen dumb the morning after his experiences."

"As a child, I have walked up and looked our ghosts in the face and they have never hurt me. Queen Mary Stuart comes at times, carrying a sealed letter in her hands. She is very like her portraits."

"I shall never forget when I was about six, a very charming American came to Glamis; he was visiting some friends near by. I think he was from Harvard. We, David and I, were greatly taken with him because he was the first American we had ever met. We told him thrilling tales about the ghosts and we answered all his amusing questions."

"One day he said: 'Lady Elizabeth, do you think you and David could "san" one of these ghosts for me to "take back to Boston"? David and I took him very seriously, and we spent some time searching about to see if we possibly could find a very little ghost that might fit into a bottle or a jar. Oh, he was a scream: fancy a "canned" ghost!"

Queen Tucks Her in Bed.

"Tell me of your first visit to the royal home," I asked. "Oh, the king and queen and all of them were so good to me. They made me seem so very welcome at York Cottage, and gave me Princess Mary's own suite of rooms. They are not big rooms—rather small, but so home-like and gay. The first night I was there Queen Mary tucked me in bed. She kissed me and said: 'I am so glad you are here. I have lost my own little girl, and now you are to be just

like a very own daughter to me.' She had put the most beautiful flowers in my room, arranging them all herself. "Do pardon my curiosity, but must you always curtsy to the queen?"

"I always try to, but the queen takes me by the hand, lifts me up and puts her arms around me."

"The decorations in the Abbey will be very elaborate, I suppose?" "On the contrary, the whole idea is to have everything as simple as possible, with no attempt at display—just palms and white flowers, and we hope to have some heather, but it will be rather early for heather."

Honeymoon House Lent.

"Our honeymoon will be spent in England in a house which is to be lent by a friend. We have had many places offered us, but most of them are too big and pretentious. We want just a sort of medium kind of a house, where we can have a quiet life; and some time before the year is over we hope to go abroad."

"We have to economize, you know, because our income will be small, and the duke's public expenses are very heavy. We shall live most of the time at Richmond at White Lodge. Lord Farquharson has left heaps of his wonderful furniture for our use, and he has given some beautiful pieces for wedding presents. As for a town house, we have made no plans. We shall be obliged to have some sort of a home actually in London sometime. I suppose, but where it will be I can't say."

"I wish my dear Scotch people could all come to the wedding. There will be a ball at Glamis for the clansmen that night, and they will light bonfires on the hills. Our people are pleased that the duke is marrying a Scotch woman."

She Loves a Joke.

There came into her eyes a look of longing—for the heather and the highlands and the free life there.

It is to be hoped that court dignity will not erase all of Lady Elizabeth's

natural buoyancy and unconventional charm. As she speaks she spaces her clever sayings with little bits of laughter. She loves jokes and amusing stories, but her sense of humor is well balanced by deep feeling of sympathy. She is keenly interested in life and anxious to please. There is no thought of brilliant prospects or rank. The future Duchess of York is simply happy, and the idea that she may make others happy is foremost in her mind.

On the arms of the house of Lyon is a little lady, richly dressed, rising upwards with a thistle in her right hand. The story of how this lady came to be included in the arms of the house is unknown to the family, but may it not be taken as a sign of the future when, who knows, a daughter of Scotland may rise to help and bless the world of industry, the world which Lady Elizabeth rightly declares is "the real world."

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