

"Well, if you hadn't been asleep but had been doing your duty I should have been here in the House, instead of in a music hall, where I lost my watch."

Later on, however, he knew what he was about, and when Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire—the old Duke, if the appellation is not disrespectful—championed Tariff Reform, and Mr. Balfour, past master in the gentle art of sitting on the fence, would not agree with them, Victor Cavendish stuck to Balfour.

"The family is terribly divided over the fiscal question," wrote the late Duke. "Victor is a Balfourian, Dick a free trader, and Heaven only knows what I am."

If his Excellency is still a free trader his attitude and views should be interesting to some Canadians, though officially, of course, he will have no views.

The Duke should suit Canadians to a "T". He does not overpower with his brilliance, nor is his intellect an amazingly bright one, but he has a pleasing manner, and to him has descended the indescribable but definite charm of Georgiana, the "queen of fashion", the lady who had to be in at everything which was going, even if she tumbled in. Gracious *camaraderie* will do far more for a governor-general than brilliance or intellectuality. We have little time for the former in Canada, and intellectuality here, on account of its supposed synthesis with a quality adjectivally expressed by the word highbrow, is not positively booming. The Duke, in short, is a man's man. Companionable, a good story-teller, somewhat cynical and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense, he is essentially democratic. He has been known to be guilty of irreverence towards his own ducal estate, and has staggered his

guests at Chatsworth before now by telling them that the portraits of departed kings and queens, which hang in his gallery, are really rubbish. Ancestry particularly his own, has been the target for his tilting before now, and it is said that he has been caught helping in dramatic travesties of the traditions and historic happenings which are connected with Chatsworth. He has the modern mind. He is quietly philosophic. He needs to be, for more than fifty per cent. of his immense income has been taken from him for war tax purposes and, before that, democracy was typified by the figure of "the little Welshman" looking towards Devonshire's holding as mee (a) t for repentance.

He has ardour and enthusiasm in abundance, and the very deliberateness of his mind in thinking and his mind in acting infers his quality for throwing himself wholly into what he has to do, and doing it with all his might. Despite this strength of mind and character, the Duke is a "nice" man, in the sense that the word may explain his personal charm and courtesy and capacity for meeting with cooks' sons as easily as with dukes' sons. It is this happy ability for commingling and its counterpart, which he has too, of yet retaining the marks of his birth, that is the outstanding Cavendish trait. Disraeli tried to clothe one of his fictional characters with it.

He may be relied upon to steer a middle and tactful course between extremes of democracy and aristocracy, for like his ancestress Georgiana he might be dubbed "the most amiable and the best bred person in England". He will be faithful in all things to the heraldic motto of his house, "Cavendo Tutus," and will make a worthy successor to the line of governors-general at Ottawa.