



"He is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy"



"Companionable, a good story-teller . . . and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense"

Cambridge. From 1903 to 1905 he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Balfour's government. In 1908 he succeeded to the title on the death of his Uncle. He is the son of Lord Edward Cavendish. From 1891 to 1908 he was member of Parliament for Derbyshire. He has been a borough mayor. He is Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire. He is Chancellor of the University of Leeds. In the first year of the great war Mr. Asquith made him a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the Coalition Government.

So much for facts.

His choice for Governor-General probably astonished many people in Canada and in Great Britain. Of all the many rumours as to the successor of the Duke of Connaught, his name was not mentioned. We were first of all to have "Lulu" Harcourt, one-time Mr. Asquith's Colonial Secretary. Probably "Lulu" himself desired it. He never lets anybody forget that he is a Plantagenet and born to rule. Also he is the most immaculate of the British Ministers, and his training in the Colonial office might have been a useful link with the country which he aspired to govern. His name, however, soon gave place to that of Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary, and some absurd person, not grasping the vitality

and reality of our democracy, suggested that he be Prince of Canada! The suggestion received no official notice, however, and beyond causing a general laugh was unproductive. The Prince came not. At last rumours were set at rest by the official announcement that the Duke of Devonshire was the man.

The Duke has always been "*the*" Duke; the house of Cavandish is the supreme glory of the British aristocracy. This is the result of a combination of circumstances. To begin with, His Grace has 186,000 acres, and is therefore the territorial chief in a land where many have large holdings. On this land are to be found enormous forests with their wealth of lumber, more deer than on the estate of any other English landlord, mines worth fabulous sums, palaces the equal of which even royalty does not possess. His picture galleries outdo even those of American millionaires who mistake themselves for *connoisseurs*. His libraries contain some of the glories of literary England, and when two hundred thousand dollars was offered for it, the offer was refused with something like disdain. Devonshire House in London stands stately and second to none in a city of many mansions.

The Duke's Eastbourne house is one