

thesis of bright, and it is indicative of the mind which works slowly and somewhat ponderously. But if a steamroller moves slowly it moves certainly and to some purpose. The Duke takes his time to decide, but his decision pays for it. The heavy moustache, like that which most of the Cavendishes have worn, droops down, in the case of the present Duke, and gives one the impression of a certain dourness and moodiness, as if its owner was not very well pleased with things in general. In the main the conclusion would be wrong, though he is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy. His Uncle, the famous Duke of ten and twenty years ago, had it, too. He has fits of abstraction, almost morbidity, during which he has the quality of aloofness, amounting to something like sullenness. It is a family characteristic, and has come to him from his ancestor the chemist, who lived a more or less lonely and monotonous life. History says that the latter dined for years at solitary and simple table, and his dinners rarely varied from the menu of a mutton chop and a glass of ale. Londoners have it that the present Duke is much the same and likes to be alone with his moodiness, when simplicity of diet and circumstance best fits him. Roast beef, a London chronicler says, is his favourite dish. If it be so it is another proof that, in many ways, the Duke is a typical John Bull. He has all the solidness and mental weight which are supposed to be that gentleman's outstanding traits.

Simplicity is the keynote of the Duke's disposition, simplicity in its best sense. He is extremely democratic, and therein he will well suit us in Canada. Mr. Balfour once remarked to him that the most useful word in the language is "Hallo".

"I agree with you," said the Duke, laconically.

This simplicity causes him to rebel, sometimes, against the circumstances and world into which he was born.

He would rather pass his time with a friend or two walking across the moors, or, in old and comfortable clothes—the Norfolk suit and knickers of the English sportsman—shooting or golfing. He delights in such small parties, rambling abroad, taking things as he finds them, dropping his ducal rank, and as plain Mister So-and-So, putting up at a country inn and taking what he can get like anybody else. In that connection a story is told which is significant of the man. A few friends and himself put up one night at a country inn in the year when Mr. Lloyd George was out for the scalps of the aristocrats. A grocer, a furniture dealer and a tailor were in the room and with these the Duke and his friends conversed.

Said the grocer: "This 'ere Lloyd George is on the right road. The big estates of these country gentlemen keeps such as me from making a living."

"Yes," said the furniture dealer, "if wealth was properly distributed everybody would want a few new sticks of furniture, and that's where I'd come in."

"You wouldn't be wearing such things as them," said the tailor, pointing to the Duke's old and worn clothes, "if the land hadn't passed into the possession of the few."

"I agree with you," said the Duke heartily and with a grave face.

The Duke's somewhat phlegmatic temperament has been the subject of several anecdotes, some of which may be true and again may not. Unlike many of his rank, he had a good business training, for he was in a chartered accountant's office. He knows something of the law, too, for he was entered at one of the Inns. In those times, his younger days, the reigning Duke, whose features and habits the political cartoonists and writers delighted to lampoon, said to his young nephew one day, blaming him for some sin of omission or commission, "You are a silly ass."