

British Talk

Princess Henry of Battenberg has written a book on the Isle of Wight, of which she is governor. Osborne House and the life of the late Queen



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.

will be interesting chapters. The book will be out in the spring and with characteristic generosity Princess Henry has devoted the profits to local charities.

Prince Edward of York and his brother, Prince Albert, will start at Easter as naval cadets at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and now that the future king is edging out of boyhood there is a tendency to recall his childish sayings. Here is one: He was asked during his history lesson who Perkin Warbeck was. "Perkin was a pretender," he replied. "He pretended to be the son of a king but he was the son of respectable people."

It is a notable fact that Lord Milner and Lord Cromer, recognised as two of Britain's greatest colonial administrators, are both the sons of immigrants. Lord Milner's father was a German and Lord Cromer's a Dane.

Maxim Gorky is about to visit England and in these days of deep interest in Russian affairs the visit is being looked forward to almost with anxiety. Will the "Slavonic Kipling" allow himself to be lionised? That is the question of the hour. Perhaps on closer acquaintance the lionisers won't be so anxious to act.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whom rumour is transplanting from the Home Office into some non-political appointment as yet unnamed, is in many ways an amazing contrast to his father. Gladstone was a fighter, but his son is gentle and shy, extremely popular on both sides of the House, and devoted to manly sports. Oliver Cromwell was not the only sire whose sons reminded you of him by being so different.

The Duchess of Somerset, who after the Duchess of Norfolk ranks above all the peeresses, is a Scotchwoman with brains and artistic tastes. She writes, composes songs and paints. She camped out in Canada with her husband in their early days and did the cooking. As the following story shows, she also has a neat line of repartee. She called at a shop to enquire for some article that had been purchased but not sent. It could not be traced. "May I ask who took your Grace's order?" the shopkeeper enquired with great concern. "Was it a young gentleman with fair hair?" "No," answered the Duchess. "It was

an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

Mr. Barclay-Allandryce, who claims as a lineal descendant of Robert II. of Scotland to be heir to the dormant earldom of Avill, was born at Hamilton, Ont., but made his money as a stockbroker in Wall Street. His grandfather and mother both set up claims to the earldom, which hasn't been working for a couple of centuries, but both failed. This is probably the third and last call.

Queen Maud's visit to her native land has brought sorrow into many a once happy home. For her indulgent husband allows her to wear a coat of pure sables valued at \$25,000. As was to be expected, English society has gone sable mad, and many a noble lord who hasn't the price hangs down his head to avoid the angry glance of his lady who hasn't the sables.

England evidently sees trouble ahead if the different races under the flag get quarreling among themselves. The Government of India has issued a notice to all local governments to discourage emigration of Indians to Canada and warning emigrants that there is no probability of their obtaining employment and that in event of their becoming destitute they will be liable to deportation. It's a wise mother that nips family quarrels in the bud.

Ho ye that are inclined to call your friends from the 12th concession by the endearing epithets of hayseed and granger. Also know ye that the champion farmer of England is no less a personage than His Majesty King Edward VII. At the cattle show at the Agricultural Hall, London, His Majesty in all took ten first prizes, nine "breed" cups and plates, which included his own challenge cup, the champion plate, the Prince of Wales challenge cup and four gold medals as well as an assortment of second and third prizes too numerous to mention.

Little Prince Olaf, of Norway, was during his recent visit to England the most popular personage, big or little, in Great Britain. He was all boy and as he liked "Grandpa's country," of course it liked him. "Coming again soon, Granny," were his farewell words to Queen Alexandra.

Lord Ellenborough is the latest nobleman to espouse an American heiress. He is to marry Miss Hermoine Schenley, of Pittsburg, Pa., whose charms lose nothing by reason of a background of ten or fifteen million dollars.

By the death of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Britain loses one of her great philanthropists. Left an enormous fortune by her father, the great banker, Thomas Coutts, she spent the greater part of it in charitable work. For her noble deeds in the cause of humanity a peerage was conferred upon her by Queen Victoria. Lady Burdett-Coutts was 92 years of age and was the last of those present at Queen Victoria's coronation in Westminster Abbey in 1838.

Various English writers are expressing alarm lest Canada become Americanised and one even goes so far as to declare that Jack Canuck's future children are likely to become a mongrel breed. And if so, will they be any worse off than the folks in dear old England? Are they not a mongrel race, speaking a mongrel language? Are not Angles, and Saxons, and Normans alike responsible for the

Englishmen of to-day? Is that not one of the secrets of English supremacy? Why should results be worse on this side of the Atlantic?

Joseph Chamberlain has addressed a message to the Canadian people in which he once more expresses the belief that the mother country and the colonies will yet be bound together by the bonds of commerce. Mr. Chamberlain admits "this will have to be brought about by mutual understanding—in other words, that England and Canada will have to learn to know each other. Why not introduce a new Education Bill that would compel those voting on colonial matters to learn that Vancouver is more than a nice walk distant from Montreal and that the British Isles could be easily lost in Canada's western wheat fields?

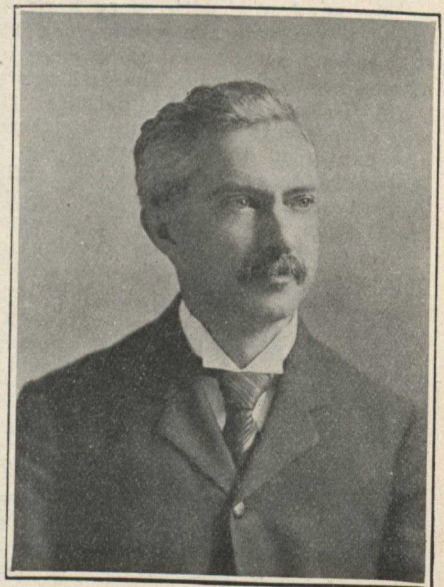
As Britain dug herself out of the recent snowstorm and reckoned up the lives lost and damage done, the Lady of the Snows may have been excused for remarking, "Well, there is something in heredity after all."

A Popular Promotion

The promotion of Mr. C. E. E. Ussher to manage the western passenger traffic of the Canadian Pacific is decidedly popular. Mr. Ussher will make his headquarters in Winnipeg.

Mr. Ussher is of the same stamp of man as some of the higher officials of his company, notably Mr. McNicoll. He can transact business without palaver or delay. This is because he knows. He has brains, application, and common sense. He is not hard to know, and when you know him you will always be glad to see his "croppy moustache over the laugh," as a brother scribe puts it. To me his chief personal peculiarity is the narrowness and the great height of his head. It is a peculiar brain-box, but the works are very active.

If Mr. Ussher lives, he may some day manage the C.P.R. Mr. McNicoll will probably succeed Sir Thomas



Mr. C. E. E. Ussher.

when that energetic gentleman has tired of the strenuous life; and either Mr. Whyte or Mr. Ussher may succeed Mr. McNicoll. In the meantime, Mr. Ussher would no doubt prefer that nobody should speak about it, but leave him to do his daily duty as he finds it.