ENGLAND'S LONELY PEER GIVING ESTATES AWAY

Lord Rosebery Seeks Deeper Seclusion for the Twilight of His Life.

T is not every earl who parts with his estates before his death. But Lord Rosebery has been gradually doing this, withdrawing more and more into the seclusion he has always perhaprmally desired.

Many years ago he gave his Norfolk estates to his son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, who fell in the war. And now he has installed his eldest son Lord Dalmeny, on his principal estate. Ment more, near Leighton Buzzard.

The reason for Lord Rosebery's action, be says, is that he desires to pass the twilight of his life, which follows so distinguished a public career, in complete seclusion.

He is seventy-five. In his youth he declared

that he would marry a millionalress, win the Derby, and become prime minister. And all three ambitions he achieved. His marriage to Hannah, daughter of the

nensely wealthy Baron Meyer de Rothschild. was a love match.

He won the Derby not once, but three times

-in 1894 with Ladas, in 1895 with Sir Visto, and in 1905 with the famous racehorse Cleero.

As for his premiership, he achieved this at
the early age of forty-six, in 1894, when, after

a period as foreign secretary, he succeed Gladstone as leader of the Liberal party. It was this same love of seclusion that was



"The Peter Pan of Politics"

THIS is Lord Rosebery, as portrayed by the famous English cartoonist, "Mat." gift of the largest of his estates to his eldest son, Lord Dalmeny, shown in the inset, he has more appeared in the public eye.

onsible for many of the good stories cor nected with Lord Rosebery's name. Once, when he was staying at the Hotel Bristol, Paris, he he was shaying at the was besieged by newspaper correspondents anxious for an interview. He successfully evaded them, but on taking a walk through the Rue de la Paix he was recognized by a French journalist, who politely asked him several quesns about British politics. Lord Rosebery tened for a few moments, and then remarked:
"I am afraid, monsieur, that you must have

staken me for someone else, possibly for Lord osebery," he added, "whose photograph I am sold I very much resemble."

Yet combined with his aloofness is supreme Many years ago, when he was giving a r to some of his tenants, an old man who nat next to him helped himself to a huge piece of ice cream. When he regained his breath he exclaimed: "Why, this pudding's froze!"

With admirable tact, Lord Rosebery tasted a little from his own plate, and then, his face a wonderful study in genuine astonishment, remarked, "Great Scot! So it is!"

"A lonely man," says A. G. Gardiner, "full of strange exits and entrances, incoherent, inexplicable, flashing out in passionate, melo-dramatic utterances, disappearing into some re-mote fastness of his solitary self."

THE CONCLUSIVE ANSWER OF CAPT. BOBBIE BROWN

How He Pressed the Button and How He

During the weary period of waiting in Germany and Belgium, which the Canadian troops sometimes called "demoralization," prior to "demobilization," Captain "Bobby" Brown, of Galt, was paymaster of the 1st and 3rd Battalions. Some folks had been "out since the first "-of the armistice. Captain Brown had been out since the first of the war, and was still good natured-for a paymaster. But the European type of telephone, with its combination of buttons to press, he found very trying.

Seatel in 1st Battalion orderly room, up fa Germany, at New Year's, 1919, Captain Brown ought to communicate with Brigade H.Q. In the room was Capt. A. W. O. Stewart of Ottawa, assistant adjutant, known to history as the officer who said his heart went "por so potato" in the front line, instead of pit-a-pat.

"I can't hear on this thing," complained the paymaster, fumbling with the telephone head-

"Press the button, Bobbie," advised the as sistant adjutant, who was supposed to know all about such things.

"I am," persisted the paymaster. "Then don't," said the A. A.

"I'm not," was the prompt reply.

And that reminded Capt. Stewart of the equally conclusive answer given by the sentry one night in the line. The adjutant was filling in his report to brigade, and desired to report the direction and velocity of the prevailing "How's the wind, sentry?" he called to the

faithful soldier on duty outside.

"Jake," said the dreamy one, and resumed

FAST WORK.

A lady who had received an interesting bit of ews said to her little daughter "Marjorie dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

Well," said Marjorie wonderingly, wasn't that arranged quick!'-Boston Transcript.

Mainly About People

BEES IN HIS NAME.

At a recent meeting of the Brantford Rotary Club a very interesting address was made on the subject of Bees. At the con clusion W. Hastings Webling, more familiarly known as Huskie, associate editor of the Canadian Golfer, was called on by Pre thanks. Mr. Webling expressed the usual pleasure, but wondered why he had bee icked out particularly in this connection until he suddenly recalled the fact that ha too, was connected quite closely with the He proceeded to explain there was a "b" in his surname, "stings" in his middle name, his wife sometimes referred to him as "honey," he usually carried a comb when travelling, and finally he once had the 'hives''-which was about all his audienwould stand! In fact, the rest of his remarks were lost in the confusion that fo

HON. W. C. KENNEDY TRIED GOOD FISH STORY

The Minister of Railways, However, Is Well-Known for His Skill in Tempting the Wily Trout.

Hon, W. C. Kennedy, Minister of Railways, follower of the trout fishing sport, and is well known in Northern Michigan for his skill is "tempting" the wily trout. The following in eldent, which occurred during his outing last June, explains the emphasis on that word tempting.

Mr. Kennedy and party had departed their private stationed at Lovells, Mich., on the An Sable, early in the morning to spend the day in the stream. Fully equipped with rod, ereel, landing net, and the most alluring flies, picked out by "dad" the village old timer, he had every ing the limit from



Hon, W. C. Kennedu

the sparkling waters that day, weather conditions being ideal. The party separated, some fishing up stream, and others down, agreeing to meet at the car in the evening and compare the contents of their creels.

Evening came and Mr. Kennedy was the last to show up. The rest of the party were seated in the car waiting for supper to be served, when he entered and called the steward in a loud tone, "Warwick, take these twelve trout and cook them up for breakfast." The others looked up in surprise, none of them having equalled this catch, but said nothing. No more was thought of the matter until one of the members happened to enter the kitchen, and out of curiosity opened Mr. Kennedy's creel to inspect the big catch. Therein, reposing on some moist grass, he was surprised to see only two small trout, just over the eight-inch limit. Each evening after that Mr. Kennesky was required to dis-

MONUMENT AND MILESTONE.

Sir Harry Lauder has been telling the story comical blunder which an eminent citizen of Glasgow was eager to perpetrate upon the city's statue of Nelson.

Nothing florid in the way of an inscription was wanted, but something the merit of which would consist in its brevity and sincerity.

"Glasgow to Nelson," was the advice given by a certain well-known sculptor when ap-

"Aye, a very guid suggestion," said one of the citizens. "And, as the toon o' Nelson is close at hand, micht we no juist say: "Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles," so that it micht serve for a monument and milestone too?"



The "Bear Cat" of the Wets

THE "drys" have their "Pussyfoot" Johnston, and the "wets" have their Glenister "Bear Cat," who appears here in a characteristic action trim. J. W. Clenister, prophet of the anti-prohibitionists, who has just returned from a crusade in Europe, comforts his followers with the confident prediction that Europe—and Great

Earthquake Protection

HARRY: "Did you feel the corthquake last

Tobacco Plantation in His Own Backyard.

UEEE personalities are discovered from time to time in that part of New York city know as Greenwich village, where the artists and "near" artists are supposed to congregate to shake their long hair and their flowing silk bow ties. Greenwich village's most remarkable and the man of the picture, who is not only poet, painter and sculptor, but master of 18 trades. He is David S. Jones, the "Wizard," as he is called, an elderly man of 77 years of age, who lives by preference quite alone, and does everything about his own castle of oddities himself, including washing his own clothes. Being an expert tailor, he cuts, fits and sews his own clothes. He grows his own tobac 30 and potatoes in his own backyard. He make his own soap. Every tool he uses was made by himself.

The studio of the Greenwich village wizard is a wonderful mane of strange things he has

made. There are cherubs, allegorical groups, bus reliefs, and several busts of himself. Every aight at 10 o'clock he premptly retires, and, rising always at 4 a.m., he sits by his studio window composing a new verse or two for his great collection of poetry while the rest of the village still sleeps.

hrough a Furious Onset of Compliments Papa Joffre Dined On and Held His Lines

he Hero of the Marne, Having Bargained Not to Speak a Word at a Victori Luncheon, Was Not to Be Enticed by a Ruse.

HERE are times when a total ignorance of | mier had welcomed dozens of prominent people the English language must be rather con-venient—a fact which Marshal Joffre obably discovered during his visit to Canada

Just after he landed in Victoria, following a ge from the Orient, the great French war-agreed to attend a luncheon not included his program, on condition that he did not have speak even a few words in French. The lunchas is the habit of public luncheons, started

and he probably expected the marshal to do jus-

But the marshal did nothing of the sort. No that he intended any discourtesy, for he carrie with him always an old world air of father! kindness which makes it difficult to realize the he won the battle of the Marne. Apparently h didn't understand. He addressed himself to

"We have as our guest to-day a man upon ate and the marshal was frankly hungry. He whose shoulders the very fate of civilization



ate what was laid before him with evident satisfaction. He was still enjoying himself when Premier John Oliver rose to extend the official welcome of British Columbia to the distinguished visitor. If Marshal Joffre had been a Canpremier's first remark would have been his cue to swallow a drop or two of coffee, pat his moustache with his napkin and sit back gracefully with a modest smile of appreciation. The pre-

itself rested but a few years ago," the premier

The marshal munched a piece of fresh bread -saved the world in 1914----' sipped his coffee.

-and so," the premier concluded ten min utes later, "I have the utmost pleasure in welcoming to B.C. and to Canada the papa of the French armies."

The marshal swallowed a potato.

ROSS PAID FOR LILIES TO SAILORS' FRIENDS

When the Grilse Was at Anchor in Bermuda.

WHEN Commander J. K. L. Ross was in command of H.M.C.S. Grilse, during the war, he was probably the most popular commander in the Canadian Navy. His many kind actions endeared him to the sailors. An instance of his kindness happened when the "Grilse" anchor in Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda.

son in the islands, and beautiful, Everybody ad mired the flowers, and leave off the "Grilse," a sight in the winter time, were especially loud in their praises of nature's Commander Ross



may, or may not, have heard his sailors ex

Cdr. J. K. L. Ross. the lilies; but his sub-that all men who desi ed to send a box full of lilies as a present to thair wives, sweethearts of other relatives in Canada or elsewhere, were to do so, and he would defray all expenses. And there wasn't a sailor or, the "Grilse" who did not comply with the commander's order.

EARTHQUAKE PROTECTION.

Harry: "Did you feel the earthquake last Carrie: "No, I was shimmying." Washington

"NEVER MIND, SAMBO"

Father Bernard Vaughan, whose health has been giving cause for anxiety, is a noted raconteur. One of his best stories is about a negro who wanted to enter a swell church in

The clergyman said, "We don't have any col-

ored gentlemen in this church." "But the Lord told me to come here," re-

"Well," said the clergyman, "you had better go and ask for more guidance."

After some days the negro returned, saying, "The Lord still says dis is my church." "I am sorry," answered the parson, "hat we can't take you in."

The negro returned a third time, saying, "I told the Lord what you said. He say "Never mind, Sambo, I myself have been trying to get into that church for years, but have never suc-

THOUGHT HE COULDN'T READ

Earl Balfour was impressed, during his vist to America, by the definess and politeness of the colored hotel waiters. "At one hotel I stayed at in Washington,

he said, "all the waiters were colored men. "The menus there are of inordinate length. It takes too long to peruse them properly So, on the first evening, I laid mine aside without looking at it, and gave the waiter

" 'Just bring me a good dinner, Unele,' I I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I ntinued this plan for a fortnight.

When I left, my waiter said to me Goodbye, sah, an' good luck, an' when you or any of yo frien's comes here what e read the menu, jes' ax foh ol' Calhoun Clay.

THE EPIDEMIC TEN MINUTES

In all universities there is a ten-minute r spite known as an "academic ten minutes, which means that all lectures and classe ommence ten minutes after the hour ap pointed for the meeting, thus enabling pro-fessors and students attending classes in the various buildings to assemble in good time in order to avoid the interruptions if late

Mr. W. J. Dunlop, director of university extension at the University of Toronto, relates that last winter an extension course of two weeks' duration was given on subjects of interest to farmers. Several of the agrarian aspirants of knowledge, being dilatory in entering the classroom, Mr. Dunlop was con pelled to admonish them in a firm, fatherly

"This," said one of the students drily must be the epidemic ten minutes of which you spoke, sir."

TOOK EMMELINE FOR SPIRITIST SPOOK

Exhibition Visitor Had Never Heard of Famous English Woman Who Has Become a Canadian

During the recent exhibition in Toronto an excitable, nervous type of man appeared one evening outside the public health tent at the rear of the government building. The tent was in darkness and no sound came from within except the burr of the moving picture machine as a health film was being shown to interest the people who were waiting to hear Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst speak on "social hygiene." A lady approached

the tent and was about to enter when the nervous man spoke to her. "Pardon me," said be, what is going on in there? Is it a spiritualistic meeting ! "

"No," said the lady, "it is just a picture being shown till Mrs. Pankhurst arrives." "Till Mrs. who

arrives † " inquired Mrs. Pankhurst. the man. "Mrs.Pankhurst,"

said the lady, "Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. She is going to talk on social hygiene."
"Oh, is that so," said the man. "I've never heard of here I'm from out of town."

U.S.A. LOSE MILLIONS ON SALE OF SHIPS.

One of the most remarkable events in the history of maritime affairs was the sale at auction by the United States Government on September 12 of 226 ocean freighters built of wood in the war period. Ever since the close of the war, the Government has been anxious to find private purchasers for this portion of wartime emergency shipping; but there has been no demand. The average cost of these ships was about \$700,000 each. The whole 226 were sold to a single purchaser for \$750,000, a sum less than the cost of some of the individual vessels. It seems almost incredible that they should have spent approximately \$1,000,000 apiece for a good many ships which, while still new, could not be sold for as much as \$4,000 apiece. This rather pitiful end of a great war experiment of wooden steamships merely illustrates-in what is after all a minor detail—the awful wastefulness of war on the material side, even when conducted by most famous business executives as dollar-a-year recruits at Washington.

AMERICAN INCOME TAXES SHOW BIG

The effect of the financial depression which began in the autumn of 1920 on the incomes and profits of the American people is strikingly shown in the recently published report of the Commission of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year neding June 30, 1922. The total collections from income and profit taxes that year were only \$2,088,000,000 as compared with \$3,-228,000,000 in 1920-1921. The current year should see a still further falling off, as with the beginning of the calendar year of 1922 the highest surtax rate was reduced from 65 per cent. to 50 per cent., while the excess profits tax on corporations was done away with altogether, a straight normal tax of 121/2 per cent. on profits being substituted. This falling-away of the returns from these schedules is a matter of serious moment in their thring plan. Collections on these two items for 1920, for instance, amounted to \$3,570,000,000 and this sum was nearly two-thirds of the year's entire tax re-In fact, ever since the law of 1916, income taxes have been overwhelmingly the most important source of the national revenues.

BUFFALO GIFT TO LORD BYNG.

Several characteristically Canadian gifts have been made to Lord Byng during his present west-Upon his arrival at Wainwright, Alta., recently, where the party detrained in order to visit the great buffalo herd in the national reserve there, he was met by the massed school children and large numbers of the citi upon a buffalo skin. Later Their Excelle and party motored to the National Park and inspected the herd of over 7,000 buffale, as well as the moose, elk and catalo contained in the Some prime buffalo meat was also presented to the Vice Regal party who thorighly enjoyed thei unusual gastronomic treat.

While at Edmonton His Excellency was presented with a fine mounted buffalo head and the Cree Indians from the Hobbema Reserve created him Chief Buffalo Head of their tribe.

JUST BEING A NOBODY IS A DELIGHT FOR BYNG

Strictly Incognito at First, He Discusses the Crops With an Old Farmer.

this unassuming and friendly manner, devoid of all "side," Lord Byng captured the hearts of everybody he met during his war in the control of cent tour of the west.

There was one meeting in particular, quite a first, after the gove erner-general's own

While his train was on a siding in a iittle prairie town, he got down to take a stroll. Walking along the trail, he met an old farmer coming to town, The old man, wish-ing to be friendly and not knowing the governor-general, brought his old horse to a stop for a

Lord Byng.

Lord Byng. talk. Lord Byng and he were soon deep into crop conditions, the grasshopper pest and other momentous agriculras just as the old man was about to

on, when the governor-general made his id-known. The poor old fellow was thunderst ... but Lord Byng of Vimy insisted upon showing him through the train, and, afterwards, had him stay for afternoon tea, at which Lady Byng pre

It is just such kindness as this with his o ack of swank which explains why Byng of vimy is the man for Canadians.

EXPECTED A DONNYEROOK WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES

Father Minehan's Reputation as a Theologian Put to the Test by a Dying Irishman.

HE ever-genial Father Minehan, whose recent visit to Ireland was such an important event in Roman Catholic circles, has a well-deserved reputation as a theologian; but, cording to a story which is attributed to him, he met his match in a dving Irishman of the south to whom he administered the last rites, during his stay.



ment Day. In spite of his condition the great interest in this event, and asked that it be explained to him. He was told that it will be the great time of trial when all the people of the world shall appear before the Lord for judgment,

He ponder

It appears that

in the course of his

father had occasion

to mention the Judg-

upon this for a long time and then said, "Faather!" "Yes, my son?" "Will all the Sinn Felners and all the

Ulsther Protesthans be there?" "Yes, my son."
"An' will de Valera be there, an' Collins, an' Craig, an' Carson?"

Yes, they'll all be there." "Holy Mike!" Prolonged pause, and then,

"Yes, my son." "There'll not be much judgin' the first day,

SO SHOULD WE

A great six-foot-three negro was in seeking separation from his He claimed to have been the victim of cruel treatment.

"What did your wife do to you?" his counsel questioned. "She done say she goin' put poison in mah soup!" he replied. "She say too she goin ' cut out mah gizzuhd!'

"What was the effect of your wife's treatment upon your health?' "Well, Jedge" said he gravely, "ah done jes' nachelly lost mah appet.te!"



First Woman Marine Engineer FIRST WOMAN MARINE ENGINEER.

This is Miss Violet Drammond, daughter of Captain the Hon. Mr. Drummond, of Meggineh and Kinshindie, Forfarshire, and Geraldine, daughter of the first Buron Amberst of Hackney, who has adopted marine engineering as a p

tish board of trade license as a marine engineer, Miss Drummond has sailed from the Clyde as Anchises of the Lamport and Holt line.