

ROYAL BETROTHAL THRILLS SCOTLAND

Attractive Brown-Haired Fiancee of Duke of Gloucester Has Strongly Marked Black Eyebrows Said to Denote Royal Stuart Stock — Of Artistic Tastes and Abilities.

The betrothal of Lady Alice Scott, Hunt Ball to a night club), and a thorough daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, to the Duke of Gloucester, has given particular satisfaction to the whole of Scotland, writes a correspondent of the Glasgow Herald, but nowhere was the news received with keener pleasure than in the Borders, where the future bride and her family are so well known and esteemed. The bride-to-be spends most of her time in the South of Scotland, and indeed is not widely known outside the Borders, where she hunts, skates, and goes to all the local functions. One thing we are certain of, is that Lady Alice will have her sister, Lady Angela, in her wedding retinue. They have a great look of each other with their clear fair complexions, brown hair and unexpectedly black eyebrows, strongly marked—brown which are said to denote the Royal Stuart stock. Pretty Lady Burghley, tall Lady Sybil Phipps (always so graceful, with her willowy figure), and indeed all five sisters (like the Duchess of York's sisters) have a strong "family look" making it difficult to say which Lady Alice resembles most—a typical Scott is the verdict.

"Scott Girls"

Though she has artistic tastes and abilities with which some of the other sisters are not endowed, Lady Alice is very much one of the family. She has always known the joy of having sisters and brothers to share her life, a joy which members of large families take for granted, sometimes grumbling against the little annoyances and disappointments of living in a crowd, though in their hearts realizing a crowd's mighty comforting in good times and bad. Being one of many she "rubs the corners off," even if you are a Duke's daughter or a King's son; you grow up with a "community spirit" very useful in every walk of life.

The "Scott girls" are always in a bunch at point-to-points, meets, and Border races, their numbers augmented by the tall and exquisitely beautiful Lady Delamere (daughter of Lord George Scott) her twin sisters (one a bride of last year), and other young people from their sporting group. Simple tweeds, handknit jerseys, a pull-on felt hat, and brogues are Lady Alice's racing uniform.

Her Brother's Supporter

But all her time has not been spent rusticated. She has travelled and she has enjoyed London at its best and gayest, though always retaining a preference for Scotland festivities. Electioneering has also come into her scope on her brother's account.

Lord Dalkeith, M.P., who has the pink cheeks and the shyness of a schoolgirl in spite of his war record, is a contemporary of the Prince of Wales. He was up at Oxford, at "The House," when the Prince was at Magdalen. Judging by the number of men—mostly fellow-members of Buck's Club—who call him "Walter" he must be very popular. Pompous people are seldom referred to affectionately, and one even forgets that they own Christian names. So Lord Dalkeith is not really still—just shy of limelight, which he leaves to his wife, who is a great beauty and was Mollie Lascelles, kinswoman of Lord Harewood.

Lord Dalkeith was in Grenadier Guards, like his uncle, Lord Francis Scott, who married one of Mary Lady Minto's handsome daughters (another connection with the royal family, as Lord Minto's mother is regularly in attendance on the Queen), and of all Lady Alice's relatives Francis Scott is most likely to capture the admiration of her soldier husband-to-be.

For Lord Francis is a great warrior—to use a grand old word—and did his duty nobly by the Brigade of Guards, returning to the trenches after wounds so severe that anyone else would have continued a most justifiable convalescence. Eventually he was crippled, and after war was over settled in Kenya.

The Duke of Gloucester loves Kenya for its sporting appeal, and Lady Alice loves it for its artistic appeal, judging by the excellent landscapes she exhibited at Walker's Galleries in Bond street last July. So as a married couple they are quite certain to revisit the colony.

Already Well Acquainted

The Duke of Gloucester has been such a regular visitor to the Duke of Buccleuch's home for so many years that he's already well acquainted, as we say in the North, with his future in-laws, and they in turn are already attached to him by the affection which comes with friendship, as well as by mutual interests such as hunting, soldiering and the simple life.

Everyone knows the Duke to be a keen soldier, a good horseman, an adequate dancer (who is not overfond of sophisticated parties—preferring a

roughly good fellow in the pleasant sense of the phrase.

Until lately it was not realized that he had the same diplomatic gifts as the Prince of Wales. He seemed just the typical British soldier with a taste for sports and a sense of duty, but the Jubilee Empire tour he completed this spring proved him a man of many parts. Australians summering at home say that he was a genuine success not merely as the King's son but as himself—a simple, observant and easily entertained guest, who fulfilled endless public engagements without sign of boredom.

But we must not imagine Lady Alice's fiancé is an inhuman "wooden soldier." Hasn't he a big circle of hearty men friends, including his brother-in-law-to-be, Lord William Scott, and hasn't he finally shown the good sense to fall in love with a Scots lass and plight his troth to the bonny Borders? If only they could be married in Scotland, what a great day for our country that would be! The Scots are related to so many Scottish families that even were the wedding fixed at Westminster there would be a tremendous gathering of the Clans.

A Sad Coincidence

It is interesting to recall that the Duke of Gloucester was at Eton in the same house as the tragically bereaved King of the Belgians, while Prince Paul of Serbia, now Regent in Yugoslavia (where the Duke and Duchess of Kent have been staying with him at Bled) was an Oxford contemporary of Lord Dalkeith.

Another of the Prince's generation is Lady Sybil Phipps' husband, an old Life Guard, while another Scott much in the public eye is Lord Herbert Scott, who, as chairman of Rolis-Royce, brings the family into contact with "big business."

To trace the ramifications of the Montagu-Douglas-Scott family in Scotland alone is too long a task to attempt here, but it's quite safe to affirm that one and all will give Lady Alice's husband a great welcome and feel proud in their kinswoman's good fortune and interest in the new life which opens out to her as a "Royal Highness."

MORE STATELY HOMES OF OLD ENGLAND SOLD

HARTLEY WINTNEY, Hants, Sept. 16—Bramshill, one of England's most stately mansions, home of the Cope family since 1699, is to be sold.

Behind this announcement lies the story of a series of blows which have befallen Sir Denzil and Lady Cope.

For years Sir Denzil has been ill with nerve trouble, largely the result of the war. An attendant is constantly with him.

With his illness, the full force of the blow falls on dark-haired, dark-eyed Lady Cope, the once wealthy young American beauty, Miss Edna Hilton.

"I cannot tell you my grief at parting with this lovely home," she said to me today.

"Bramshill to me is a sacred trust. It will, I hope, become the property of the nation. I am negotiating for its sale to the National Trust."

"I am glad to say the negotiations are practically complete."

"Ruinous taxation is responsible for the sale. We have just finished paying estate duties in connection with the death of my husband's father."

"My own fortune suffered in the collapse of the American stock market."

I am hoping that after the sale the trustees will allow me to live on here.

"I am still receiving private offers, but I can assure you I would sooner—far sooner—accept a low price from the National Trust than a high one elsewhere."

A mile-long drive leads up to the house. A liveried footman answered the door when I arrived. A butler conducted me past the chapel, beneath windows, engravings with the arms of sovereigns who have stayed at the house.

He took me into the long gallery where the tragic bride of Lord Lovell, one of the Cope ancestors, vanished on her wedding day.

The story of her death is immortalized in "The Mistletoe Bough"—"Oh! Sad was her fate—in sportive jest

She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.

It closed with a spring—and dreadful doom.

The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.

Long after her death the chest was opened, and in it was found the young

ANOTHER FOOL HITS THE PIPE

The latest scheme for the brotherhood of man on an unsound financial basis is pensions at fifty—sixty dollars a month for every man and woman in Canada who reaches that age and is in need of the money.

The plan is sponsored by a citizen of Toronto—where so many crank ideas have their birth—and his notion is that it will help to solve the unemployment problem, the pension being conditioned on the willingness of the beneficiary to knock off work from that moment and give the proper men a chance.

Persons who are foolish enough to want to work after they are fifty years of age instead of doing nothing at sixty dollars a month will of course be allowed to do if they can get jobs, but they will be under the reproach of selfishness in keeping other men out and will not be considered to have deserved well of their country.

It is possible that sixty dollars a month for doing nothing may look good to a lot of people and that ultim-

ately all incentive to scratch for one's self will disappear from the national character but we still have hopes that enough Canadian citizens will keep working after fifty, to pay the taxes which must be the support of these wild dreams.

We imagine that sensible people will go on working no matter what happens.

They will work till man's work is over because they have the habit because they like work, because they have been brought up to work, because work is a blessing and because they don't want to become paupers, pensioned or otherwise.

Meanwhile let Premier Aberhart look to his laurels.

Sixty dollars a month is thirty-four dollars better than the basic dividend he offers and Ontario might get the business.

Sooner or later he must face competition.

All the fools are not in Alberta.—Montreal Standard.

"WAR FOR WAR'S SAKE"

Sir Samuel Hoare, British Foreign Secretary, made what seemed to us an impressive speech Wednesday at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva.

The speech was a call to the rest of the League's members to take steps to halt Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia. Those steps would be economic steps at first—an economic boycott called by the polite name of sanctions. If this noble did not succeed, and Mussolini went ahead with his war, the inference from Hoare's speech is that England would fight and would expect the other members of the League to fight.

In the course of his speech, Hoare uttered the following terrible words:

The spirit of war—of war, to quote the Pact of Paris, as "an instrument of national policy", even perhaps of WAR FOR WAR'S SAKE—has raised its head in more places than one. (Capitals ours).

Which is an echo of Rufus Choate's remark, decades ago, but "that insane and awful passion, the love of war for itself".

We are glad to see the European nations trying to argue this matter out at Geneva. In a peaceful conference we hope they can succeed in persuading Mussolini to call off his war and accept some ace-saving treaty enabling him to get raw materials around the world on the same terms as England gets them. That is the solution Sir Samuel Hoare proposes as an alternative to England's going to war to stop Mussolini from taking his place in the sun by means of war.

BUT if Mussolini calls England's bluff and goes to war anyway, we hope England will allow its bluff to be called, and stay out of it. We say this as friends of the English—though not warm enough friends to want the United States to help the English make Mussolini leave Haile Selassie alone.

We cannot see what England could gain by nobly fighting Mussolini now, or at the start of the African adventure. England got noble about Belgium in 1914, and the cost was a million English dead; we got noble about the submarine ourselves after a while, in 1917, and our blood bill was 50,000 Americans killed in action.

Mussolini for some years past has been giving every indication that he is one of those people who believe in war for war's sake. He evidently feels that a good, bang-up war is good for any nation; that it calls forth great human qualities like courage and daring and honor and self-sacrifice, and lets out excess blood.

The Ethiopians at this time are as happy as can be. They always did like to fight for fighting's sake (as the whole world did until comparatively recent times), and now they are getting all hopped up over the prospect of disemboweling some wounded Italian boys or dying gloriously in battle for their country.

If Mussolini and Haile Selassie go to it, what will it profit England to interfere and turn this little war into a big war?

England, prior to 1914, habitually followed the policy of letting any war go on until England could guess which side was going to win. Then England stepped in and helped settle the fight, generally to England's advantage.

What would be the matter with that kind of British diplomacy now? When

the bride's skeleton, still in her bridal dress.

Recently the chest was sold with other property of the Bramshill House, a pathetic prelude of the end.

Lord Bolton's Home to Go

Lord Bolton of Bolton Hall, Leyburn, Yorkshire, revealed that he is negotiating the sale of Hackwood House, Hampshire, which has been in the Bolton family for 400 years.

The Hackwood House estate is the site of the original home of the ancestors of the Bolton family, one of whom, after the Norman Conquest, became possessor of mansions in

ther Mussolini wins or loses in Africa, England is likely to need all the strength it has after Mussolini's African adventure is over. Why squander that strength now in a noble but foolish big war to stop a little war?

A friend of ours recently remarked that business in his part of the country was good, "and if this war would hurry up and start, it would be a lot better".

There is much of that feeling in the air in this country. Let's put the damper on it in every possible way. We got deeper and deeper into the European situation last time by dealing too freely with the warring nations. At last we got to playing favorites—letting the British search our merchant ships for contraband, but being tough with the Germans on sea questions, and so on—until on April 6, 1917, we found ourselves in the war.

Whatever the European nations may do, let us take every possible means of staying out of it. Some wars undoubtedly are good for some nations; for example, our Revolutionary War. But this is a war which could be nothing but poison to us.—Montreal Standard.

Benito Might Spend It Better Clearing Up Internal Affairs

TORONTO, Sept. 15—There must be an Ethiopian war, but as far as Benito Mussolini is concerned there is the world's speed boat record on his mind. If Mussolini has his way Gar Wood's record will be torn to shreds.

In other words there is a little speed boat war on between the premier of Italy and Gar Wood of the United States. At this time Mr. Wood is busily engaged in rebuilding a summer home in the wilds of Canada and is strictly unaware of Mussolini's challenge for world's speed boat supremacy.

Through the Italian government bureau in New York city comes the word Mussolini will offer \$50,000 in cash to any man who can better Wood's record of 124.86 statute miles per hour.

Construction of an Italian "super motorboat" to lower Gar Wood's record is under way. While details concerning the construction of this boat are being withheld it is known its two motors have satisfactorily passed tests.

HANDLE GUN CAREFULLY IS HUNTERS ADVICE

MONTREAL, Sept. 14—With the approach of the hunting season in various parts of Canada, during which thousands of sportsmen will make for the woods and marshes to seek their trophies of animals and birds, a few precautions concerning use of firearms may be mentioned in order to avoid accidents or possible fatalities which may result from careless handling of guns, particularly in the hands of the less experienced sportsmen, according to C. K. Howard, head of the Fish and Game Department of the Canadian National Railways.

While the hunting season is a time of action in which a series of "don'ts" would seem to defeat the enthusiasm of the sportsman, nevertheless, in view of the possible danger attendant upon the careless handling of such weapons a little timely advice seems in order to safeguard the sportsman and others from untoward injury.

Mr. Howard points out that the American Game Association anxious to protect the welfare of the sportsmen, states that hundreds of people are killed or wounded each year, principally through their own carelessness. Many hunters kill or wound them-

selves in the excitement consequent to the pursuit of game.

Common among causes of fatality and injury are: pulling guns through fences; guns knocked down by dogs; uncased loaded guns in automobiles; firing of guns through bottom of boat; accidental stopping up of barrels with dirt, leaving obstructions in barrels, such as cleaning rags, rods and the like; carelessness in handling guns by letting them explode with barrel ends under water; shooting at a moving object without seeing clearly; and firing at game without looking beyond it in the line of fire.

If the hunter with his gun will keep in his consciousness the fact that he has a weapon of great potential danger and will observe due precautions in handling same at all times, states Mr. Howard, the hunting season could pass without many of the accidents usually attendant upon the hunting activities of the fall season.

LONDON, September 16—Negotiations for the laying of a telephone cable cost \$3,500,000 are to be opened shortly between Denmark and the British general post office.

Jig Saw Puzzle Number Plates Turn Out to be Egyptian

WOODSTOCK, N. B., September 16—Immigration and customs officials at Richmond Corner received a surprise last week when a car drew up to their port bearing a license plate inscribed with characters looking like the hieroglyphics from King Tut's tomb.

Investigation disclosed that the car had been purchased in Egypt, and bore the official plates of that country. It belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne H. Fisher, Los Angeles, who are completing an 18-month tour which took them all over Europe and much of Asia. Wearing of the usual methods of travel, Mr. Fisher bought a car in Cairo to complete the journey.

From here, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher went to the Gaspé coast. Mr. Fisher said that the tenseness which exists in Europe was easily noticeable to a traveller, particularly along the frontiers of the various states, where the most casual observer can note the high feeling which exists.

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