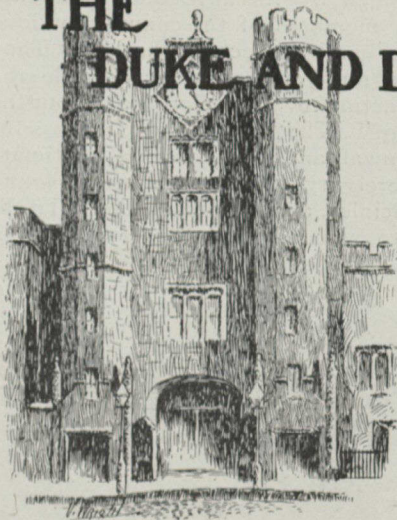


THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT HOME

By Claude Bryan



The present colonial tour recalls somewhat the royal progresses

of old-time monarchs throughout their domains. The difference is largely one of space, for since the world began no empire but ours has occupied so much of the earth's surface or the waters that cover the sea. The Duke of York's commission to these world-encircling dominions is a declaration of visible sovereignty, a pageant-progress that in time to come will enable Britons beyond the seas to say, "With our own eyes we have seen the King."

AN article on the Duke and Duchess of York at home must necessarily be very short, and to be of any length at all it must wander somewhat from the point; that is to say, up to this time the Duke of York has taken almost no part in British political life.

There have been two reasons for this: first, his youth (albeit this is the country of youthful public men), and second, the large place which his father, as Prince of Wales, has taken in public affairs. Everyone knows that her late Majesty Queen Victoria leaned complacently upon her competent and tactful son, who on his part was so equal to the situation that there seemed no need to enlist the help of the third generation in affairs of State.

Time and recent events, however, have changed all that, and the Royal Colonial tour marks the first large commission that has been entrusted to H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall and York. How admirably he is achieving that Imperial work everyone knows; and Canadians are soon to take for themselves the measure of the heir-apparent.

This, however, is not the first time the Duke of York has visited Canada. Twenty years ago he and his older brother, the Duke of Clarence, were there as princely midshipmites; and staunch little seamen they were.

Standing on the platform of Victoria station the day when the royal travelers left London for their empire tour, I was much impressed by the look of sad anxiety upon the countenance of the King. Amid the flaunting of banners and the *maestoso* music of the bands, the heir-apparent was setting out upon the most magnificent voyage it has been in the heart of man to conceive—yet, in spite of the *éclat*, parental sadness seemed to be the feeling uppermost in the royal mind.

This strong affection between father and son is also evident from circumstances quite apart from that above mentioned. Their London residences, for instance, are side by side—for both Marlborough House and St. James's Palace stand at the Pall Mall entrance to St. James's Park. The country seat of the heir apparent, York Cottage, is situated on his father's estate of Sandringham in Norfolk. To these pleasant retreats two or three generations of the Royal Family withdraw when London is in the doldrums; and for the autumn shooting they fly away together to the moors of Balmoral.

And now to say something of the London residence of the Duke and Duchess of York. Their address is,