

carrying a green flag. Giving a look up and down the train he dropped the flag, and slowly, silently, almost imperceptibly, the train moved out.

Every eye followed it, every raised hat seemed to be instinctively held out toward it in mute farewell; bands ceased playing, and for a few moments all was silence. No one moved or spoke. All seemed to realize that the capital of Victoria's world-wide Empire had looked its last upon its best-loved monarch.



"At St. George's Chapel were assembled many of the best known servants of the Empire."

The first sound to break the stillness was audible throughout the station. It was an officer's sharp, though not loud, command, "Raise the colors." Then the guard of honor marched briskly out and the strangely silent assemblage made its way into the busy congested streets.

It was just after 1.30 o'clock when the train departed, and Victoria, Queen and Empress, had made her last progress through the heart of her realm.