



KING EDWARD "THE PEACEMAKER," AS DIPLOMAT, IN GERMANY

King Edward and the Kaiser riding together in Berlin on the occasion of the King's famous visit in August, 1907. The "Peacemaker" scored a great success, for which Europe was duly thankful.



His Majesty, Honorary Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards, (Queen Victoria Regiment), taking leave of his Officers after lunching with the corps in Barracks, Berlin.

## THE KING AND THE MAN

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

FOUR thousand miles from the Capital of Canada King Edward the Seventh of Great Britain and Emperor of India, died at a quarter to eight o'clock by eastern Canada time. It was still but a few minutes to seven in Winnipeg; a quarter to six in Edmonton; and two hours earlier than sunset in Vancouver—when the great King died. From coast to coast Canada was still awake; and before twelve o'clock every man, woman and child of understanding in the great Dominion knew that the King was dead.

Old London was very largely asleep. Half of London and most of Great Britain knew nothing of the Imperial tragedy till next morning—hours after the bells had begun to toll from tower and steeple clear across Canada. This was an accident. Behind the accident there is a great truth. The seven millions and more who make the population of Canada heard the news of the King's death—almost incredulously. It was the incredulity of a people most of whom since childhood have sung "God Save the Queen" and "God Save the King" as sincerely as any of the citizens of London or of Edinburgh or of Dublin. There are in Canada best of half a million people who when King Edward came to the throne in 1901 were citizens of the great American Republic. There are some hundreds of thousands in Canada who on January 21st when Prince Edward of Wales knew he was to be King of England were scattered over half the countries of Europe; thousands also who were just beginning then to learn the language of "God Save the King." All these understand—knowing more or less the fact of a national and an Imperial calamity—that the King is dead.

There are a few thousand people still living in Canada and some in the United States who saw Edward the Seventh when as the young Prince he toured Canada in 1860. Some of these saw him open the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. A month ago one who was present at that function handed an old newspaper man in Ottawa the typewritten copy of a banquet bill of fare served upon that

occasion; and it contained the names of wild game and fish all got the day before within a few rods of Victoria Bridge. There are people in Toronto who remember the Prince dancing with certain fashionable ladies out at the old Crystal Palace hall; and there are some hundreds who saw the Prince plant the hard maple tree that still stands in the Allan Gardens, Toronto, bearing the placard announcing the fact.

By this time every man and woman who ever saw the King either in Canada or in England will have recalled the minutest incident; fetching back the atmosphere of a fairyland fabulous time when Canada was a raw place feebly tied to the actual feeling of the Throne by the presence of Governors-General. But the millions who have never seen King Edward the Seventh have learned to know him quite as intimately as the few thousands who have. The late King's picture has been published in Canadian newspapers and periodicals much more often than the pictures of the United States Presidents. Stories of his doings as Prince and as King have circulated all over the country. His trips abroad are known to every Canadian. Even the names of the King's Derby winners are as well known to thousands of Canadians as they are to Englishmen. The pedigree of "Witch of the Air," winner of the Derby the day before the King died, is known to many a Canadian horseman. In truth we knew the old King in more ways than most of us know our own neighbours; knew him in royal trappings and in plain tweed clothes; on horseback and on foot; hunting on the moors and riding in the gilded coaches of state; presiding at the openings of Parliament and receiving guests at Windsor Castle; saluting Emperors abroad and rambling for his health at Biarritz. Thanks to the pictorial press we have come to know more about King Edward and his folk than the citizens of the United States know about ex-President Roosevelt. We knew him pretty well long ago when he was a gay young Prince. We learned him somewhat all over again when he became the great King. But in the King we still saw the Prince; even more than the Prince,

the man—who had the kind of personality which made him popular with the plainest of people.

When we come to discover why King Edward was so naturally popular as a man we can only say—because the things which interested him were mainly the things that interested the average man. He was shorn of all humbug and devoid of pretence. He loved a good square meal and a broad joke. He knew how to laugh in a healthy way. He was an out-of-doors man; as fond of the hunt and the jungle and the field as he was of the race-track. He was a sailor. He always liked a good healthy show at the theatre whether comedy or serious drama; enjoyed a good cigar and a glass of wine; had no fads and frills and no riotous excesses. He was the kind of man who knew how to bear a vast burden of responsibility and wear a smile. From day to day he moved about carrying himself like a king because at heart he was the finest type of democrat in the world; a man who could have had as good a time in Montreal or New York as he could have in London—so long as the affairs of State were not troubling him, which of late years they began to do more than enough.

This country has never caused the late King any trouble. India has given him worry enough; South Africa perhaps more. Canada and Australia have been the two self-governing colonies which left him no doubt as to absolute fealty to that great throne which of all thrones in these modern times has come to be the object of world-wide solicitude.

King Edward came to the throne in the first year of "Canada's century." He lived long enough to see that the greatest self-governing colony in the greatest Empire was in a fair way to establish her claim not only to the title but to the abiding principle of loyalty to the great throne: a sentiment which is contained in the last stanza of the first English version ever written to that grand old national hymn,

"From bound to bourne, by field and foam  
In hand and heart we bring  
This song of old from fathers bold—  
Long live our noble king!

From shore to sea, by field and foam  
Long live the King we pray where'er we may  
roam,  
God save the King! in Canada our home."