

with their Royal Highnesses' visit to Canada. Referring specially to the review at Halifax, the "memo" said: "His Royal Highness is proud to have seen such a splendid brigade as that which paraded at the review at Halifax. Their appearance and the manner in which they marched past were a credit to all concerned."

The sky was still a leaden grey, and heavy banks of mist obscured the land. To guard against fog and icebergs—in the case of the latter, as it turned out, a highly necessary precaution—the formation was altered, the *Diadem* going on about a mile ahead, and keeping a specially sharp lookout, while the *Niobe* retained her station on the port quarter. All day long the rain descended in torrents. There was no respite; not a glimmer of sunshine broke the dreary monotony of wet decks and a mist-enshrouded horizon. There had been much airy, and more or less sceptical, talk of meeting icebergs, but as we had steamed sixteen knots for a considerable part of the day, and had thus covered nearly 200 miles before those not on duty turned in for the night, the prevailing impression was that we had passed out of the zone in which they were likely to be encountered. This, like many other hasty conclusions where the elements are concerned, was falsified in the result. The first half hour of the middle watch had not gone by before an iceberg was actually observed, right in the course of the squadron, not two miles away.

The signal "Iceberg ahead" was instantly transmitted by the *Diadem* to the *Ophir* and *Niobe*, and in a few seconds the leading cruiser had turned her searchlight on the drifting mass, which was seen to be about 100 feet in breadth, while its depth, since quite 40 feet was showing above water, was probably not less than 400 feet. The night was perfectly dark, and though at first the outlines of the iceberg were nebulous and vague, in the rays of the powerful searchlight, the pale-green, white-frosted, double-humped mass stood clearly out against the foam-cre