The Semi-Weekly Colonist.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR — THE VICTORIA B. C. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4 1901 — VLOUME LXV

VICTORIA'S WELCOME TO THE WHEELS IN MOTION

Arrival of the Duke and Duchess in the Capital City.

A ROYAL RECEPTION

THIRTY THOUSAND loyal citizens shouting a hearty British welcome, perfect weather, and a beautifully decorated city—what more could be desired to make a reception to a royal party a success? On the waters of the Gulf and Straits there was not a ripple; in the city all was quietness, except for the moving of the people to points of vantage, and the police and soldiers to the places assigned them. The citizens were waiting patiently for the coming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and the elements seemed to be doing their best to be just as orderly. Telephone messages commenced to arrive from residences on the higher levels that the royal yacht with the ships of war was rounding Ten-Mile Point, and there was a little more bustle. Then the big guns on the ships of His Majesty's navy commenced to belch forth a royal salute, and it was taken up by the shore batteries, telling the anxious crowds that those for whom they were waiting had commenced to disembark. Crowds lined the water-front along the Dallas road and around the outer docks, and from there to the parliament buildings, where the largest number had gathered. It was 11 o'clock when they landed, an hour later than originally arranged, but the time was made up, and all the afternoon engagements were kept on time. There was not a hitch at any point. The ceremonies at the buildings did not take as long as had been expected, and before the crowds in the main streets expected it, the carriage containing Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party crossed the bridge, closely followed by that of the Duke and Duchess. Along Government street and up Yates to Blanchard the horses proceeded at a walk, but from then on they were allowed to go at a brisk trot, but not so fast that the crowds which lined the streets were unable to get a view of the future King and Queen of England. From the city to Esquimalt the horses were hurried, walking, however, on the bridges. After luncheon with the Admiral, the royal couple inspected the dry dock, dock yard, naval hospital and other departments of the headquarters of the North Pacific squadron. It was a busy day and no time could be lost, so at the conclusion of the visit to the naval station, the party proceeded direct to the Agricultural Grounds, where the exhibition was opened; thence to the Mount Baker hotel for a short respite before the official dinner at Government House, and from Government House to the Parliament Buildings for the public reception, which wound up one of the busiest days that the royal party has experienced since their arrival in the Dominion.

And such a day. From early morning crowds thronged the streets and roads from the outer wharf to Esquimalt, and along Cadboro Bay road to the exhibition buildings to get a passing glimpse at least of the man who is destined some day to rule over Britain, and she who will be his consort. Everything favored them. The weather which Victorians had been enjoying for several days gave every indication of continuing, and there was no such expression as "If it would only be fine." Perfect weather was assured, and the predictions of those who said that the elements would not go back on Victoria on this occasion, when so much depended on them, were fully realized. One of those Italian skies which are so often spoken of, spread over the city from early morning, the sun shone in all his splendor—a little warmer, in fact, than is usual at this time of the year, and the city never looked grander, especially as viewed from the royal yacht and the ships anchored off the outer wharf. The straits were as smooth as the proverbial mill pond, the city with her myriads of flags and bunting flying to the light breeze lay nestled on the little corner of the Island which seems to have been made for a city of homes. On one side stood the Olympic range, the snow capped mountains shining under the rays of the bright morning sun while in the background old Mount Baker poked his head over the intervening hills. Victorians could not have wished their city, of which they are so proud, to look better. Nature had done much for her and the hand of man added a little brightness. With all the buildings decorated, the city looked bright indeed, but night time brought still a grander scene. From one end to the other the city shone forth with a brilliance which few in Victoria have ever seen equalled. Thousands of electric lights made night into day, and the crowds made merry in the streets. Over all shone the searchlights of the ships-of-war which were anchored off the harbor, all to show to the son of Britain's flag that here was to be found a city of loyal and dutiful subjects, ready to do or die for the Empire.

Today the Royal party will have the day much to themselves and doubtless after their long journey they will be glad of a rest in a place which so many visit for that purpose.

THE LANDING AT THE OUTER WHARF

THE LANDING of Their Royal Highnesses at the Outer wharf was a brilliant spectacle. About 8:50 a. m. the big white liner R. M. S. Empress of India, with her flag-draped convoys, the two British cruisers, Amphion and Phaeton, sloop-of-war Condor and torpedo boat destroyer Sparrowhawk, and the Canadian cruiser Quadra, were seen away off in the distance across the waters of the Straits from the higher points of the city. The first sight of the fleet which was bringing Victoria's Royal guests was seen as the Empress and her consorts rounded Ten Mile point, and then, as with every churn of her twin screws in the sun-lit waters, the liner came nearer to the Outer wharf, crowds began to gather, and by the time the fleet hove to off the wharf about 9:30 a. m., the wharves were crowded.

The steamer City of Puebla from San Francisco, gaily dressed in flags, was lying at the other side of the wharf to that reserved for the landing of the liner—now a Royal Yacht with the British Standard flying at her main peak—and further up the same side of the wharf as that at which the San Francisco liner was moored, was the salmon ship Charles Cotesworth, dressed in signal flags from stem to stern. Her upper spars offered a spectacle, upon which many of the members of the Royal party brought cameras to bear upon as soon as the Empress neared the wharf. The big sailing vessel which was not only decorated with flags, but also with great pine boughs, which had been fastened to her yards and spars, formed a grand stand for the ship's crew and their friends, who were perched on the spars high in air, where they stood, hats in hand, to cheer the Royal visitors. One by one many of the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal party brought their cameras to bear upon the unique scene, and Mr. Sidney Hall, Royal artist, accompanying the party, sketches the picture from the steamer's deck. At the other wharf the steamer Charmer was lying, and she was gay with bunting. The Kamakura Maru, and steamer Walla Walla were also expected to be at the wharf, but they did not arrive until later in the afternoon.

When the Empress arrived off the Outer wharf, her consorts were stretched at intervals on her stern, starboard, quarter, lying in the following order, Amphion, Phaeton, Condor and Quadra. The torpedo boat destroyer Sparrowhawk lay on the port side and remained close by the liner's side, the whole spectacle afforded by the fleet being a magnificent one as seen from the end of the wharf. The square yards on both the Amphion and Phaeton were manned by lines of Britain's "handy men," and from bowsprit to jack staff over the tops of the three masts of the British warships strings of flags were waving. The Quadra, without square yards on her two masts, could not man the yards that she had not got, but she looked very fine nevertheless with the gay strings of flags which stretched from her stem to stern over the two tapering masts.

As the liner came forward from her convoying warships, accompanied only by the picturesque four-funnelled torpedo boat destroyer, which remained with the liner until her mooring lines were on the wharf, little clouds of smoke puffed out from the cruiser's sides, and as these clouds broke, the boom of the warship's guns were heard, one by one, until the 21 guns of the Royal salute had been fired. The scene during the firing of the salute, with the little clouds of smoke rolling up from the open ports as the guns belched out their glad welcome, and the sailors standing hat in hand along the yards, cheering their sailor Prince and his Princess, was a most brilliant one.

Then the land batteries took up the salute, and from the wave-washed and sea-colored knolls of rocks across the harbor front where the Royal Garrison Artillery have their saluting battery showing with its background of brick barracks, and cantonments, came more puffs of smoke, and the sound of more guns being fired in honor of the coming of King Edward's son to this far western outpost of the Empire. The gunners under Lieut. Wahl could be plainly seen tending their battery across the blue water, their line of white helmets being seen most distinctly. In the backgrounds the fir groves of Sooke valley and further behind the Sooke Hills with their natural beauties gleaming in the sun, echoed back the glad salutes until it seemed as though the very woods were saluting from batteries hidden within their shades.

Nearer and nearer the liner came to the wharf, as the guns of Work Point boomed their welcome and by the time the 21 guns had been discharged she was within sufficient distance to throw her heaving lines to the wharfingers. The fleet remained hove to off the harbor entrance, but the low-lying torpedo-destroyer steamed on alongside the Empress until the steamer was alongside the wharf, and then the torpedo destroyer veered around and lay off the steamer's quarter, within a few yards of the wharf. The wharf was crowded, but the only sound heard as the liner drew alongside was the cry of the seamen at the steamer's side, heaving the deep sea lead, and shouting the depth of water to the bridge. H. R. H. The Duke of Cornwall and York was seen standing with some of the officers of his entourage on the port side of the upper deck of the steamer, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and some of the other members of the party were seen further aft on the starboard side. Below on the main deck the Chinese stewards, bright in new frocks of blue reaching to their heels were leaning over the bulwarks, watching the waiting crowds, and aloft on the boat deck, huddled between the boats near the steamer's smokestack were a number of Chinese firemen who were off watch, gathered up there in a point of vantage to watch the brilliant scene attendant to the debarkation. On the bridge was Capt. Marshall and some of his officers, together with Capt. Thomson, the local pilot, and Capt. Ettershanks, the well-known Vancouver pilot was standing nearby.

Suddenly one of the officers accompanying the party had his attention drawn to the strange spectacle afforded by the crew perched high up in the rigging of the ship Chas. Cotesworth, and a moment later a camera was produced. Then came other ladies and gentlemen with cameras, for the sight had attracted no small amount of comment. Then another scene was afforded the amateur photographers among the Royal entourage, for the police had arrived, mounted on their chargers, and were riding along the wharf to clear back the crowd, which up to that time was closely pressed to within a few feet of the platform upon which the gangway was placed leading from the liner. The crowd had gathered along the pathway of crimson cloth laid down for the Royal visitors, but, with the coming of the police, they found that another vantage point must be sought and reluctantly, they "moved on," among the last to go being Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, who had taken up a position fronting the point of debarkation.

The crowd cleared from the wharf the guard of honor consisting of 120 non-commissioned officers and men of the R. G. A., were drawn up along the wharf a short distance from the landing stage, preceded by the Fifth Regiment band, and commanded by Capt. McDonald, R. A., and Lieutenants Smith and Gregory. Outside in the paddock off the approach to the wharf the officers and troopers of the North West Mounted Police, brilliant in their scarlet tunics and gold braid, were saddling and mounting, ready to escort the Royal procession, and one by one, officers in gay military trappings were assembling near the landing stage, together with members of the executive, officials, clergy and others of the party gathered to formally welcome T. R. H. to Victoria. Then came His Honor, Lieut.-Governor Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, together with Mr. R. B. Powell, his secretary, the Lieutenant-Governor looking well indeed in his magnificent uniform so richly decorated with gold. Another noticeable figure among the arrivals was Mr. Justice Martin, who wore the full costume which judges of the Supreme court are entitled to wear upon state occasions, including the three-cornered black cocked hat, full wig, knee breeches, and complete uniform of a judge at Nisi Prius, with a brilliant crimson cloak reaching almost to his silver buckled shoes, trimmed with ermine, and with an ermine cape suspended from the shoulders, and larger black silken sash drawn into a bow knot at the waist. There were others too whose gay service uniforms added to the bright spectacle, including Rear-Admiral Bickford and staff, with Capt. Keppel, Flag Lieut. Knox and Secretary Baker of the Royal navy, Colonel Grant of the Royal Engineers; Major Wynne of the Royal Artillery; Major Douglas of the Royal Canadian Dragoons; Capt. Macdonald, Second Lieutenant French, Lt.-Col. Prior, Lt.-Col. Gregory, Col. Holmes, D. O. C.; Major Jones, A. O. C. to His Honor; Capt. Drake and other officers of the two services.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada was one of the first members of the Royal party to leave the liner, and as he came down the richly decorated platform on the carpet of dark crimson cloth, it was easy to see how he had earned the title "he of the sunny smile." The Canadian premier came forward to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor as soon as he reached the wharf, and the salutation was a warm one. Coming forth hat in hand, with the bunched back hair, which has been such a mark to the cartoonist bared to the sun, he addressed British Columbia's Lieutenant-Governor in French, and His Honor replied in the same tongue. It was just a few words, a warm, though formal greeting, and then the Federal premier was introduced to the members of the executive, officials and officers assembled on the wharf, according to each a word or two, before the attention was drawn promptly at 11 a. m., to the coming of Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Preceded by the majority of the members of their party, the Royal couple came over the gangway on to the landing just as the liner struck "six bells," and slowly walked down the crimson carpet to the wharf, where standing in the open door of the large freight shed, they were introduced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, and he, after shaking hands with the Royal guests of Victoria, introduced Their Royal Highnesses in turn to the members of the executive, officials and others standing nearby.

His Royal Highness, attired in a full Admiral's uniform, stood on the planked pathway just in advance of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cornwall, who stood close by on his left hand, clad in a beautiful gown of black, and as His Honor presented the gentlemen of the executive, and those others who were presented, he clasped them by the hand in turn and Her Royal Highness did likewise. There were no speeches, nothing only the brief words of formal welcome spoken by His Honor before asking permission to present those with him.

The first of those standing by to be presented to T. R. H. was the Venerable Bishop Cridge, who is the pioneer clergyman of this city, and of British Columbia, having come here when it was a hamlet whose few inhabitants were protected by a rude, but strong fortification, a representation of whose bastions was built on Belleville street by the Native Sons for T. R. H. to pass beneath while en route to the Government buildings. The venerable bishop was bent with his number of years, as he advanced to welcome the Royal guests to the city, the growth of which he has watched for 50 years. Rt. Rev. Bishop Perrin was next presented, and then the Rt. Rev. Bishop Orth. Then came ex-Governor Dewdney, Senator Macdonald, and then came the occupants of the wool-sacks on the local bench, Justices Walkem, Drake, Irving and Martin. The members of the provincial executive were next presented, Hon. James Dunsmuir being unfortunately absent because of the sad disaster at the Extension mines. First came Hon. D. M. Eberts, Attorney-General Hon. J. H. Turner, ex-finance minister; Hon. J. D. Prentice, minister of finance; Hon. W. C. Wells, chief commissioner of lands and works; E. G. Prior, M. P.; T. Earle, M. P.; L. G. McPhillips, M. P. P.; H. D. Helmcken, M. P. P.; W. H. Hayward, M. P. P.; A. W. Smith, M. P. P., Judge Burbridge, each were presented in their turn.

Then, as the officers gave the command to the guard of honor to present arms, and the band played the National Anthem, the Royal party proceeded along the carpet of cloth laid down along the wharf to their carriages, which awaited them on the open space at the end of the wharf. None other than the privileged spectators were within the gates of the Outer wharf, but thousands were perched on the rocks near the chemical works, and at various vantage points nearby to await the start of the cavalcade. The troopers of the N. W. M. P., who formed the escort, bright in their white helmets, scarlet tunics and broad golden stripes, with their carbines in hand, were lined up ready to march when the command was given, and the equerries and attendants were standing by the open carriage door ready for Their Royal Highnesses to take their seats in the carriage which King Edward gave his Royal son when the future King started on his round of the Empire. The four horses were held by the waiting attendants, and the outriders were astride the outer horses, ready for the procession to proceed.

Slowly the Royal couple came along the wharf to the waiting carriage, and after assisting the Duchess to her seat, His Royal Highness followed, and took his seat, while the waiting attendant arranged the carriage robe, and took his seat on the box. One after the other the carriages on the wharf nearby were filled with the other members of the Royal party, and then the word to start was given.

Out from the wharf rode the scarlet

(Continued on Page Two.)

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

His Royal Highness Opens the Agricultural Exhibition.

MANY GOOD EXHIBITS

THE ROYAL PARTY and retinue, with the dash and speed almost of a battery of field artillery, drove up to the exhibition grounds shortly after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon and in less than five minutes thereafter, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall and York declared the exhibition officially open.

As a matter of fact, it had been open all day, and judging had been proceeding. But the proceedings, on the part of the small number of the public that appeared were half-hearted and without vim. It was not until the exhibition received the sanction and was graced by the presence of royalty that life was given to it, and the entire environments of the grounds.

As early as 2:30 the grounds began to show signs of the advent of the visit. Scores of carriages drove up to the gates and their occupants, ladies being in the large majority, began to fill the building. The band of the Fifth Regiment ascended to the roof of the portico of the main building, and discoursed patriotic airs. At 3:30 a company of the R. H. A. in khaki, under Major Orr, came to order in front. By this time the interior of the building was well nigh filled, the upper gallery, half of the main gallery and the main floor being thronged with promenaders. The booth keepers did a brisk "talking" business to while away the minutes; the directors and board of management saw to the seating of their wives, lady friends, and invited guests in the left main gallery set apart for them, and that all arrangements proceeded smoothly, while police, detectives and special officers hovered watchfully, but unobtrusively about the main entrance. These were waiting moments of pleasant anticipation to many in the numerous throng, for, in these distant portions of the realm it has come to be a common saying that royalty can only be seen once in a life time.

At last the great moment came. The band situated higher, and being able to see more than the rest, played a stanza of the National Anthem; the crowd began to cheer—it hardly knew why, a mounted trooper, galloping almost as a hare, chased by the hounds, dashed into the grounds, and in almost less time than it takes to say it, stood stock still in front of the portico, as if he had been a statue. Then came more and more troopers, in ones, twos or threes, and all lined up in front of the building as if they had been just chiselled out and dropped there.

The carriage containing Premier Laurier came first, then that with the Lieutenant-Governor and party, and afterwards the Royal carriage. The appearance of the Royal carriage in the gateway was the signal for three hearty cheers, which were twice repeated. Before alighting, the Duke tipped his cap. The fatigues of the earlier ceremonies of the day did not appear to have any effect on him one way or another. He removed his cap once or twice more and wiped the perspiration after heartily shaking hands with Mayor Hayward. He then introduced the Duchess of Cornwall and some of the suite to the Mayor and Mr. H. D. Helmcken, vice-president of the British Columbia Agricultural Association. By the way, in addition to being chief magistrate, Mr. Hayward is also president of the association, and it was thus that he came to do honors to the occasion at the grounds. Introductions having been given, the Duchess took the Mayor's arm and headed a procession up the crimson carpeted stairway to the right gallery. The procession included His Royal Highness the Duke, the Premier, Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Mary Lygon, Mrs. Derrick Keppel, Mrs. (Major) Maude, the Duke of Roxburgh, Prince Henry of Teck, Vicount Crichton and Lord Wenlock. Two four-year-old girls, prettily dressed in white, strewed flowers in the path of the Duchess and Mayor Hayward, and continued to do so until the procession, which walked slowly, reached the stand where the official proceedings were to take place. The Mayor, attired in a dark Prince Albert coat, and carrying his tall silk hat in his hand, acted quite gallantly, and conversed with the Duchess until the platform was reached. While etiquette was strictly observed all along the line of the procession, there was nothing in all the proceedings that would give any one the idea of too much formality or straight-laceedness. The setting sun, shimmering through the haze of the warm October sky, shed an orange-tinted lustre through the large glass windows of the exhibition, on the faces and attire of the throng, that filled every part and gave the scene the appearance of a picture that will long remain in the memories of those who witnessed it. The Duke and Duchess stood on the platform while the remainder of the procession came up and took positions around. The platform could not have been better placed, even it had been expressly built that the Royal party could be seen by all, while they could see only directly in front, and all eyes might be placed on exhibition. They were turned on them. Yet there was not an awkward or embarrassing moment in the entire performance. The Duchess smiled and directed the attention of the Duke to groups of Indian work across the gallery, and His Royal Highness then removed his cap and listened to whispered words by Mayor Hayward. It was relative to the presentation to His Royal Highness of a reproduction of the gold medal of the association. The Duke nodded acquiescence and the Mayor then turning towards the Duke said:

May it please Your Royal Highness, it is my pleasing duty as president of the British Columbia Agricultural Association to request that Your Royal Highness may be graciously pleased to accept this gold medal as a memento of this auspicious occasion, and also a small token of the society's high appreciation of the great honor you have conferred upon it today in so kindly acceding to our request to bestow your Royal patronage on this exhibition now formally opened by your gracious command.

In a fine loud voice that could be distinctly heard at quite a distance from him, the Duke replied: Mr. Mayor and President of the Agricultural Association, I am very grateful to the society for the beautiful gold medal which you have just presented to me on their behalf. The Duchess and I were looking forward with great interest to our visit to the exhibition, so that we might see for ourselves the great resources of your province. I have now great pleasure in declaring the exhibition open."

There was again some cheering, and while it was in progress Miss Mary Guthrie, of St. Ann's Academy presented to the Duchess a little book, mounted in bolting cloth, and containing three poems written in gold letters by pupils of the academy, one being by Miss Mary Godfrey and another by Miss Frances Healey, also a piece of music entitled "Heart Thoughts," by Miss Anna McQuade.

There were more cheers and the royal party started to retire. At the corner of the gallery, before descending the stairs, and while the party were in front of the stand of the British Columbia and Alaska Bazaar, the Duke entered into conversation with F. Landsberg, who was in charge of the exhibit, and James Dean, learned in Indian history and lore, also at the stand, in connection with the interesting collection of relics which have already been referred to in the Colonist. After the royal party had taken a good view of the collection, the Mayor informed Mr. Landsberg that His Royal Highness would be pleased to accept from John Robinson, the Indian chief, the stone "doctor," or medicine man, which gift he had expressed a desire to make. Mr. Landsberg, on behalf of Chief Robinson then presented the Duke with the doctor. It is, as has been stated, of stone, and is twelve inches high, the blanket, apron and headdress and bone rattle of the doctor being carved out of the stone. After receiving the gift the Duke thanked the chief personally. The latter, who is a Chilkat Indian, was carrying stone near the secuter of the stand, attired in the blanket and headdress of that tribe. He appeared very much plensed that the gift had been accepted by the Duke. Robinson and two other Indians, Thomas Price, a Tsin-Shian Indian, and a third, were brought here by Mr. Landsberg to show the native manner of work. Price, who wears a blanket, and headdress of cedar bark, hammers out spoons, earrings, bracelets and other small articles out of silver dollars. The Duchess of Cornwall accepted a gift of of a silver spoon from him. It was made like an ordinary spoon, but the handle resembled the wings of an eagle, while a salmon is engraved on the back. Before the party moved on, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Donald Smith made small purchases at this stand. Next the royal party stopped for a few moments and admired the group in front of the booth of Fred. Foster, taxidermist and furrier, and viewed an Indian hunting scene already referred to in the Colonist.

The next stop was at the studio of applied art of Miss McClung, at the opposite corner of the gallery, where the Duchess held a conversation with Miss McClung, and her sister, Miss Clara McClung, and received from Mrs. Denne Harris, of Victoria, a gift of a book of Indian poems, translated by herself (Mrs. Harris). The volume, which was a small but very handsome one, had been bound in green leather, appliqued in white, by Mrs. McClure.

When the party descended to the main floor they made a short tour of some of the booths there, but not stopping at any particular one, and remaining altogether about fifty minutes in the building. They were given three hearty cheers as they departed for Mount Baker hotel. After their departure the business of the fair proceeded as usual. A large number passed the turnstiles during the evening, which proved a merry one, both in the main building and outside on the grounds.

After leaving the exhibition grounds the party proceeded to the Mount Baker hotel, which is to be their home during their stay in Victoria. The guard of honor from the Fifth Regiment, under command of Lieut. Ridgway Wilson, presented arms upon the arrival of the party, who entered the hotel to enjoy a well-deserved rest after their long day.