

alongside whose gleaming faces patent leather lost its lustre and ebony turned grey.

Passing through the "Arch" and rounding out by Hyde Park corner into Piccadilly was like passing from the calm of a harbor into the expanse of a tempestuous sea. Here was the voice of the people in very surety! Ahead lay the line of march, marked out by grenadier bearskins, and running like one long wide canal between the sea of heads which on one side reached to the walls of the houses and on the other, at this particular place, rose into Green Park. These thousands of throats blended into one ceaseless roar, never beginning, never ending, rising and falling, deep and thunderous as Niagara. The effect was electrifying. Like Private Mulvaney before his wedding, we felt that we were treading on clouds. Thick uniforms and heavy accoutrements grew light, the sun scorched less fiercely, and the rhythmic beat of the feet was more elastic. As we moved along thus in a channel cut, seemingly, head deep in a pavement of upturned faces, faces which formed a mosaic from the grenadiers' bayonets to the walls beyond, and thence tier upon tier amid rich festoons to the roof, the sensations which responded in us to the welcome of these people were all-pervading—overpowering.

With the Colonial battalion were three bands, representative of England, Ireland and Scotland. Some few paces ahead of the Canadian company the pipes of the London Scottish were sounding, whilst the same distance behind came an Irish military band; but during the march to St. Paul's the only sound heard above the general acclamation was a sometimes boom of the drums. The cadence was maintained by noting the feet of a detachment of the Hong Kong regiment ahead.

Of decorations the choicest was undoubtedly that of St. James street. Turning from Piccadilly into St. James, the latter descends gracefully to Pall Mall, thus rendering the perspective doubly attractive. The first impression after the quick turn which unveiled the street was akin to awe. Immediately followed suggestions of "Once upon a time," and flooding back into memory came the delights of the "Arabian Nights." Had we stepped upon a magic carpet the transformation could not have been more complete and beautiful. Down either side were Venetian masts set closely together and decked with natural flowers; festoons of the same drooped between and swung above the street so closely together as to form a garland covering. The high stands, reaching to the roof on either side, were gleaming with rich draperies and decked with flowers. The whole vista seemed one charming fairy bower.

The remainder of the march from here to the

Cathedral was merely a repetition, save only that the decorative art displayed was nowhere quite so perfect as in St. James street.

Sometimes above the roar we could distinguish the shout of "Canada," to which the multitude responded with a more vehement effort as the Canadian infantry and "spiders" passed.

Occasionally a grenadier or militiaman lining the streets would let go his rifle, toss up his hands and drop back inert and limp on the curbstone, exhausted by the continued beating of the sun's hot rays. Not a soldier moved from his post. The ambulance attendants, ever alert, lifted the fallen man, another took his place in the ranks, and before one was quite aware what had happened all was as it had been before.

Finally the churchyard of St. Paul's was reached. Swinging by sections, to right and left, the column formed up round the sidewalks on either side and halted to await the arrival of the Queen. Ranks were changed, rifle butts came to the pavement with a sharp click, and everyone was thankful to have a short time to stand easy and wipe away the perspiration which had been oozing from our faces.

To protect the feet of the horses the pavement all along the route was covered with sand. This with the constant tramping rose in little clouds and floated into our nostrils and coated our throats, which were already parched from several hours marching in the hot sun. The excitement, however, had prevented our noticing this, but immediately a halt was ordered we found that each man in the company was possessed of a genuine Anglo-Saxon thirst, and to satisfy this the cool drinks which were handed out from the windows were soon disappearing into steaming, sand-plated throats. A few of the "rifles" were fortunate enough to get some of this nectar; but, whilst those most in need were being served, the greater number of us stood idly looking on, hoping, in vain alas, that the supply would be sufficient for all. At other places fortune was more favorable. Canada's mounted troops were posted in front of a club, where the ladies passed out champagne till all were served, and their generosity being still unbounded they must needs have the men "water" their horses with champagne. At times bottles of lemonade and other drinks were lowered from above with a string, which latter being often too short bayonets were brought to secure the prize, and an expanse of outstretched hands prevented such a disaster as the breaking of the bottle on the pavement. The severed cord was immediately drawn up to receive new freight, and so the fun went merrily on.

In the midst of it all the troops were called to attention and Capt. Ames and four troopers of the