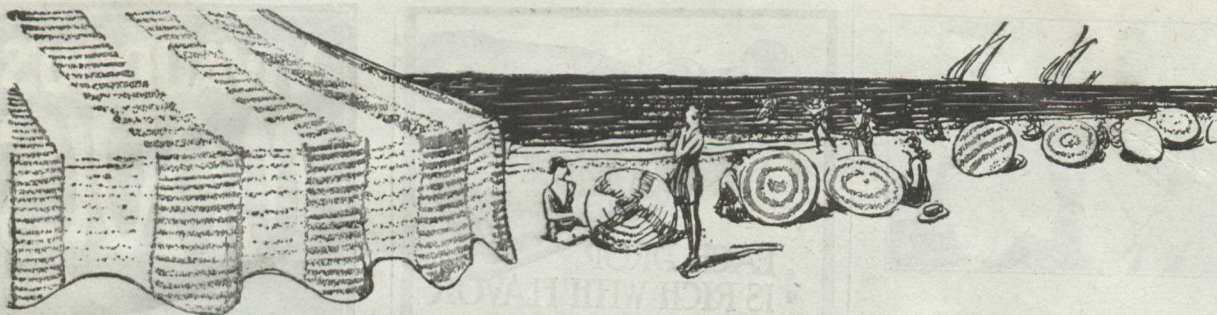




Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 69)

was inaugurating a new era, the happenings of just now seemed to lend conviction that indeed a new phase of history had come into being. It was a phase in which throne and people has been woven into a strong and sane democracy, begot of the intimate personal sympathy, understanding and reliance the war had brought about between rulers and people.

The new buildings replace the old Parliament Houses burned down in the beginning of the war. The fire was attended by sad loss of life, and one of those killed was a lady who, having got out of the burning building in safety, was suddenly overcome by a feminine desire to save her furs. She re-entered the blazing building and was lost.

The new building follows the design of the old structure, though it has not the campanile. The porch where the stone was laid was draped in huge hangings descending in grave folds from a sheaf of flags, this with the façade of the grey stone building made a superb backing to the great stage of terrace upon which the ceremony was enacted. It had all the dignity, colour and braveness of a Durbur.

The Victory Loan was inaugurated by the unfurling of a flag by the Prince. He promised to give to each of the cities and villages (by the way I don't think the villages are villages in Canada, they are all towns), who subscribed a certain percentage a replica of this special flag. There was keen competition throughout the Dominion for these flags, Canadians responding to the pictures on the boardings with a good will in order to win a "Prince of Wales" flag.

Although the Prince was down to visit Hull at a specific time that afternoon, he set aside an hour in order to pay his promised visit to the Labour fete in Lansdowne Park. There was only time for him to drive through the park, but the warm reception given to him made it an action really worth while.

Hull, which is inclined to sprawl as a town, was transformed by sun, flags and people into a place of great attraction when the Prince arrived. And if there was not any high pomp about the visit there was certainly prettiness. The pretty girls of Hull had transformed themselves into representatives of all the races of the Entente, and as the Prince stood on the scarlet steps of a dais outside the Town Hall each one of these, came forward and made him a curtsy.

Following them were four tiny girls, each holding a large bouquet, each bouquet being linked to the others by broad red ribbons. They were the jolliest little girls, but nervous, and after negotiating the terrors of the scarlet stairs with discretion, the broad desert of the dais undid them—or rather it didn't. At the moment of presentation, four little girls as well as four bouquets were linked together by broad red ribbons, until it was difficult to tell which was little girl and which was bouquet. There were many untanglers present, but the chief of them was the Prince of Wales himself.

The Hull ceremonials were certainly as happy as any could be. The little girls gave a homely touch, so did the people who joined in the public reception, but the crowning touch of this atmosphere was the review of the War Veterans.

There were so many War Veterans that Hull had no space large enough to parade them. Hull, therefore, had the happy idea of reviewing them in the main street. Thus the everyday street was packed with everyday men who had fought for the very homes about them. That seemed to bring out the real purpose of the great war more than any effort in propaganda could.

It was in the main street, too, after receiving a loving cup from the Great War Veterans, that the Prince spoke to these comrades of war. He stood up in his car and addressed them simply and directly, thanking them and wishing them good luck, and there was something infinitely suggestive in his standing up there so simply amid that pack of men and women wedged tightly between the houses of that homely street. Wedged is assuredly the right term, for it was with difficulty and only by infinite care, that the car was driven through the crowd and away.

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