

firing a royal salute. The smoke swept away over the trees, and, making a wide sweep over the lawn, the procession came on towards the saluting point. The boom of the guns had scarcely died away, when a hundred thousand voices broke forth in patriotic chorus, and a hundred thousand hands, moved by love of Queen and country, waved and clapped with wild delight. It would be impossible for Canadian blood to witness such an ovation without imbibing its spirit. Impossible to hear the roar of human voices swelling and rending the air without joining in the shout. Impossible to look over the swaying sea of men and women waving hats and clapping hands, without cutting circles in British air with a Canadian "tile." Utterly impossible, and we did it, too, with a will, because our heart was in it.

The Queen's carriage paused between the flagstaffs. The Shah, who rode a white Arab, took up his position on the side of the Queen's carriage nearest the troops. Her Majesty was dressed in black, at her side was seated the Princess of Wales. The Shah, a thin man, with dark features and prominent nose, wore a blue riband across his breast. A large gold saddle-cloth and large silver stirrups were conspicuous, while brilliants and precious stones glittered on bit and bridle of his Arab horse. The Csarowitch wore a Russian cavalry uniform, and the Prince of Wales his uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. Besides these there were stars and ribands and decorations without number. Her Majesty having received the royal salute from the whole of the troops, who presented arms while the bands played the national anthem, and the colours were lowered, the royal party now made for the right of the line to begin the inspection, the Duke of Cambridge having handed the field-state to Her Majesty. While the carriages of the Queen and Princesses passed along the line the bands played the Persian March. They now returned to the saluting point, and the march past began at once.

The Royal Artillery first moved by with their fine bays in noble style, then the Household Cavalry with their powerful horses, the splendidly dressed and stalwart horsemen, passed on with measured pace. The mounted bands were massed in the usual place, and gave time to the passing horses, with sweet and monotonous music. The sun, which had been obscured by clouds, now looked out cheerfully upon the brilliant array. The