

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

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Between these two extremes, right and left, one faces a broad plain, wooded and gemmed with painted houses, and ending in a smoke-blue rampart of distant hills—all of it luminant with the curiously clarified light of Canada.

From Major Hill Park the river side avenue goes East over the Rideau, whose Falls are famous, but now obscured by a lumber mill, past Rideau Hall to Rockcliffe Park. Rockcliffe Park is a delight. It has all the joys of the primitive wilderness plus a service of street-cars. Its promenade under fine and scattered trees follows the lip of the cliff along the Ottawa, and across the blue stream can be seen the fillet of gold beach of the far side, and on the stream are red sailed boats, canoes, and gasoline launches. How far Rockcliffe Park keeps company with the Ottawa, I do not know. A stroll of nearly two hours brought me to a region of comely houses, set in broad gardens—but there was still park, and it seemed to go on for ever.

There are two or three Golf Clubs (every town in Canada has a golf course or two, and sometimes they are Municipal) over the river on the Hull side—a side that was at the time of our visit a place of pilgrimage from Ottawa proper. For it is in Quebec where the "dry" law is not implacable as that of Ottawa and Ontario. Hull is also noted for its match factory and other manufactures that make up a very go-ahead industrial town, as well as for the fact that in matters of contributions to Victory Loans and that sort of thing it can hold its own with any city, though that city be five times its size.

The chief of the Ottawa Clubs on the Hull side is the Country Club, an idyllic place that has made the very best out of the rather rough plain, and stands looking through trees to the rapids of the Ottawa river. It is a delightful club, built with the usual Western instinct for apposite design, and, as with most clubs on the American Continent, it is a revelation of comfort. Its dining-room is extraordinarily attractive, for it is actually the spacious verandah of the building screened by trellis work into which is woven the leaves and flowers of climbers. The ceiling is a canopy of flowers and green leaves, and to dine here overlooking the lawns is to know an hour of the greatest charm.

The Prince was the guest here on several occasions, and dances were given in his honour. For this purpose the lawn in front of the verandah was squared off with a high arcadian trellis, and between the pillars of this trellis were hung flowers and flags and lights and all the trees about had coloured bulbs amid their leaves, so that at night it was an impression of Arcady as a modern Watteau might see it, with the crispness and the beauty of the women and the vivid dresses of the women giving the scene a quality peculiarly and vivaciously Canadian.

The circumstances of Monday, September 1st, made it an unforgettable day.

The chief ceremonies on the Prince's programme were the laying of the corner stone of the new Parliament Buildings and the inauguration of the Victory Loan. But something else happened which made it momentous. It happened to be Labour Day.

It was the day when the whole of Labour in Canada—and indeed in America—gave itself over to demonstrations. Labour held street parades, field sports, and, I daresay, made speeches. It was the day of days for the workers.

There were some who thought that the programme of Labour would clash with the programme of the Prince. That, to put it at its mildest, Labour on a holiday would ignore the royal ceremonials and emasculate them as functions. The men who put forward these opinions were Canadians, but they did not know Canada. It was Labour Day, and Labour made the day for the Prince.

When the Prince had learned that

it was the Peoples' day, and that there was to be a big sports meeting and gala in one of the Ottawa Parks, he had specially added another item to his full list of events and made it known that he would visit the park.

Labour promptly returned the courtesy and of its own free will turned its parade into a guard of honour which lined the fine Rideau and Wellington streets for his progress between Government House and Parliament Hill.

As far as I could gather Labour decided upon and carried this out without consulting anybody. Streets were taken over without any warning and certainly without any fuss. There seemed to be a few police about and there was no need for them. Labour took command of the show in the interest of its friend the Prince and would not permit the slightest disorderliness.

It was a remarkable sight. Early in the morning the Labour Parade appeared along Rideau street, mounting the hill to the Parliament House. The processionists, each group in the costume of its calling, walked in long, thin files on each side of the road, the line broken at intervals by the trade floats. Floats are an essential part of every Western parade, they are what the British people call "set pieces," tableaux built up on wagons or on automobiles—all of them are ingenious and most of them are beautiful.

These floats represented the various trades, a boiler-makers' shop in full (and noisy) action; a stone-workers' bench in operation; the framework of a wooden house on an auto, to show Ottawa what its carpenters and joiners could do, and so on. With these marched the workers, distinctively clothed, as though the old guilds had never ceased.

Laying of Cornerstone Hull, Quebec

WHEN the head of the procession reached the entrance of Parliament Hill, it halted, and the line turning left and right, walked towards the curb, pressing back the thousands of sightseers to the pavement in an effective manner. They lined and kept the route in this fashion until the Prince had passed.

It was thus that the Prince drove not between the ranks of an army of soldiers, but through the ranks of the army of Labour. Not khaki, but the many uniforms of Labour marked the route. There were firemen in peaked caps, with bright steel grappling hooks at their waist; butchers in white blouses, white trousers and white peaked caps; there were tram conductors and railway men, hotel porters, teamsters in overalls, lumbermen in calf-high boots of tan, with their rough socks showing above them on their blue jumper trousers, barbers, drug-store clerks and men of all trades.

Above this guard of workers were the banners of the Unions, some in English, some proclaiming in French that here was "La Fraternité Unie des Charpentiers et Menuisiers," and so on.

It was a real demonstration of democracy. It was the spontaneous and affectionate action of the everyday people determined to show how personal was its regard for a prince who knew how to be one with the everyday people. As a demonstration it was immensely more significant than the most august item of a formal programme.

As the Prince rode through those hearty and friendly ranks in a State carriage and behind mounted troopers, the troopers and the trappings seemed to matter very little indeed. The crowd cheered and waved flags—and sometimes spanners and kitchen pans—and the youth who waved his gloves back with all their freedom from ceremony were the things that mattered.

When, at the laying of the corner stone a few minutes later, Sir Robert Borden declared that, in repeating the act of his grandfather, who laid the original corner stone of Canada's Parliament Buildings as Prince of Wales in 1869, His Royal Highness

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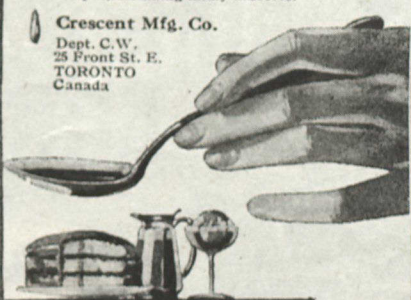
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