

## EMPIRE DAY AND THE EARL

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE Twenty-Third of May is essentially in Canada the day of the young idea. Imperialism is a subject taught in a thousand schools on that date. Schoolmasters explain the meaning of the big word, tracing Great Britain in two hemispheres on the blackboard; thousands of lusty voices pouring forth the strains of "The Maple Leaf," and "O, Canada."

Earl Grey may sometimes send a deputy to look after certain matters of state in Ottawa—venerable Senator Power said so emphatically the other day—but there is one annual affair His Excellency insists on attending to himself. That is the Empire Day celebration in Toronto.

In Toronto Empire Day is a stupendous undertaking. From small beginnings it has grown to be a festival of loyalty assisted by vice-regal patronage. To the school children it is the biggest day in the calendar; principally because it is the one occasion during the year when "grown ups," such as teachers and parents, fade away into insignificance and youth is the talk of the town. The ceremony takes the form of decorating the monuments of the nation's heroes, so many of which are conspicuous in the Queen City, and a parade and review of the school cadet corps.

To understand Toronto's Empire Day, you must see it. You must run up to Queen's Park where the monuments are, and the reviewing takes place, and lose yourself among the crowd of mothers, sisters and baby carriages. Empire Day to a Torontonian is a deeply personal thing. Every street in the town has one or two militant young representatives in the cadet corps; their neighbors know all about them, and those that can take an hour or so off in the afternoon join the second cousins watching the embryo soldiers of the Empire do themselves proud. Three thousand schoolboys, aged fourteen to twenty years, all in uniform, all armed to the teeth like regulars, marched past the Governor-General this year. Such is inspiration.

The military manoeuvres as usual took place in Queen's Park in the afternoon. In front of the Legislative building a marquee had been erected for the convenience of the Governor and his party. Shortly after two o'clock His Excellency, accompanied by Lady Grey and the Lady Sybil, descended from a big limousine and received the plaudits of a vast concourse of spectators. Far away southward down University Avenue, there could be heard the roll of a drum, the lowing of a bugle. Then became apparent a faint mist of colour; which soon could be seen a vivid red, and the scarlet tunics of the cadets heaved into sight. His Excellency stepped out in front of the marquee; a city regimental band

in attendance struck up "God Save the King," which was drowned by the cadet band of the boys.

"Your Excellency, I want you to take special notice of our band," remarked Chief Inspector Hughes, Toronto Board of Education, swelling out his chest, which is as vibrant with martial fervour as that patriotic bosom of his brother of famous memory, Colonel Sam.

His Excellency was a genuinely interested man. He is naturally fond of man in the making, especially so if military training has anything to do with his development—perhaps because the blood of Grey always ran strongly into sabres. This day, as he said in a speech afterwards, was the proudest of his whole seven years' Governor-Generalship. He stood out in the boiling sun in full view of all. Not a detail escaped him. Several times I noticed him beating time as a company passed him. Occasionally he turned to Sir Henry Pellatt or General Cotton, and exchanged remarks with these magnificently accoutred experts. As each of the nine battalions went on its way he saluted its standard.

And if the King's deputy was interested in them, equally were the cadets in the Governor-General. Ninety per cent. of the boys in line were public school youngsters, the oldest of whom would not be more than sixteen years. Very few of these fellows had ever seen a real lord before. In consideration of which, if a little shaver in the ranks, shouldering a firearm almost twice as long as himself, should pause to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at the tall peer of the realm, he might be excused. "Eyes front!"—that was a very frequent command. The officers looked with very stern mien when they said it. But let it be said that even some of them sometimes looked sideways, much to the amusement, I noticed, of the Lady Sybil and her mother. However, the order was excellent. The appearance of the boys reflected credit upon the City of Toronto and the Dominion. On the preceding occasion Earl Grey inspected them only six hundred wore uniforms. Now five times that number had scraped up the full regalia of war.

When the last stragglers were gone, I saw Sir James Whitney sidle up to His Excellency in his working clothes, just from his office in the buildings, where in windows up to the roof civil service clerks were perched taking in the proceedings.

"A splendid fighting force," said the doughty Sir James proudly.

Earl Grey returned the salute of Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said simply.

And, then, more to himself than to any of these present:

"This has all the races in the country beaten!"

## THE GREED OF CONQUEST

(Continued from page 17.)

Another paper spoke of Ralph Lowick at considerable length. "Curse with a terrible inheritance," said this journal, "Mr. Ralph Lowick has already taken the life of a fellow-creature in order—so he has admitted—to preserve the secret of this epoch-making machine, and keep it inviolate for the good of his country. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lowick, now in the hands of murderers, will not value his own life more highly than that of the man he killed. It is probable—nay, almost certain—that further information will be required of him by those who have spared his life. If it had been otherwise, he would have shared the fate of his servants and the police. It now rests with him to cover himself with glory by refusing to part with his secret, to be faithful—even unto death."

A week passed, and though half Scotland Yard was down at Cransea Hall, nothing was found which would give any clue to the identity of the murderers. They had left no trace behind them save the deed, and the bullets which had done their work. These were all of the same bore, and had, according to expert opinions, been fired from old English Martini-Henry rifles. Finger-prints and footprints there were in plenty, but these clues, which might have been of use in an ordinary case of murder, were quite valueless where the search had to be made over all the oceans of the globe.

The vessel, which had lain two miles out at sea off Cransea island, had been seen by only two people on the night of the crime, and unfortunately they gave varying descriptions of her. One man said that she was

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