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An Historic Tour.

The Prince of Wales in Canada.

(I. SAXON MILLS, in "United Empire.")

It was the custom of kings in England in the early days of our history to make "progress" through the realm in order to give their lieges an opportunity of looking in the face of royalty and uttering their complaints and desires. To-day a royal progress through the dominions of their successors is a very different enterprise. To vast numbers of British subjects the Supreme Head of the Empire must remain an abstraction and a mystery. Whatever mechanical science may do for us in developing communications, in the Empire there must be millions whom the King will never be able to visit in their own home. Nevertheless, since the middle of the last century, British kings and princes have from time to time made Empire progresses and have actually come face to face and hand in hand with large numbers of the British people carrying on the great tradition over the water. Amid all the festive ceremonies of the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Canada, nothing was more impressive and delightful than the story of his informal call at a lonely farm-house, where no such

with great affection and conscious national pride. Strangely enlightened words in those dark ages of the Empire sentiment! The Prince was received with unbounded enthusiasm not only in Canada, but also in the United States where Buchanan was President.

Since that date there have been many of these Royal pilgrimages. In 1875 the same Prince visited India, where he made the acquaintance of the great native chiefs, and left behind him a happy and imperishable memory, which was revived by the visit of his present Majesty in 1911. King George has indeed eclipsed all his predecessors in his personal knowledge of his vast realm. In 1879, in company with his brother the Duke of Clarence, he visited, in the Bacchante (to which the Princes were gazetted), the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Ceylon, Singapore, and other parts. Eleven years later, when in command of the Thrush, and on service on the West India station, he represented Queen Victoria at the opening of an exhibition in Jamaica.

Still very memorable, too, is the voyage he took, as Duke of York, in company with the Duchess, to open the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth in 1901. In the course of his journey he called at many Colonies and Dominions, including the Cape and Canada, and on his return concentrated his impressions in that ringing phrase, "Wake up, Eng-

land!" which was worth many speeches and disquisitions. Then came two visits he paid to India in 1905 and 1911: the first as Prince of Wales, and the second as King-Emperor of the Imperial Durbar at Delhi. And in this record, I must not forget the conspicuously successful and memorable Governor-Generalship of the Duke of Connaught, the President of the Royal Colonial Institute, in Canada.

The British Crown is the sign and symbol of Imperial unity. It is the common allegiance to an idea embodied in a House and a Person that furnishes the strongest and most enduring of the bonds holding together our vast Oceanic Empire. And as a reigning Sovereign is less free to undertake these distant journeys, the Empire is happy at this time in having as a royal representative a young Prince of great and attractive charm, who carries with him everywhere the glamour of hope and youth, and the assurance of bright and happy days for himself and the great Commonwealth, with whose fortunes he and the whole Royal Family are so closely linked. And when to those personal attributes are added political sense and knowledge, tact, sympathy, and a happy gift of speech, we have indeed an ideal "Missionary of Empire."

It is difficult to make the record of so extended a tour other than a mere catalogue of names. The Prince left England on August 5 (1919), and made his first "landfall" in Newfoundland. It is interesting to note that before reaching St. John's, His Royal Highness sailed past the little village of Cupids (?) said to be England's oldest over-seas settlement. The landing was made at King's Wharf, the exact spot where his grandfather stepped ashore in 1860. Here, as wherever the Prince went, the loyal enthusiasm was unbounded. The dozen of British possessions has reason to be proud of her record in the War. The Prince, in his speech at the official luncheon, referred to these services. "You have sent over 2,000 men," he said, "to the Royal Navy during the last five years. Then I knew your splendid Newfoundland Regiment on the Western front, particularly on the Somme at the end of 1916, and at Ypres during the summer of 1917, where it was for so long a unit of the famous 29th Division, with which it first saw service in Gallipoli. Over 5,000 of your best served in that regiment, which has established a glorious record." Nor was a tribute wanting to those merchant mariners from this "nursery of seamanship," who faced the perils of mine and submarine with a courage so unquenchable. We can understand the poignant delight with which this brief rehearsal of war service and sacrifice was heard from the lips of a Prince who had himself served with the Canadian and other Dominion troops at the front.

From St. John's in Newfoundland the Prince sailed to St. John in New Brunswick, that prosperous maritime province of whose people and politics we hear comparatively little in this country, perhaps for the happy reason that New Brunswick is a prosperous and contented community. "Happy is the land," said the wise man, "that has no history." But New Brunswick has played her part, during the war, as the Prince took care to remind the world. Here, on entering the Dominion, he struck the keynote of all his many speeches. "I do not feel that I can come to this great Dominion as a stranger, since I have been so closely associated with the Dominion troops throughout the War

and have made so many friends among them. I want Canada to look on me as a Canadian, if not actually by birth, yet certainly in mind and spirit, for this, as the eldest son of the ruler of the Great British Empire, I can assure you I am." And here we are assured, as elsewhere, the manner of the royal speeches was as attractive as their matter.

(To be Continued.)

The Winter of '75.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—It is now generally admitted, by many of the old residents, and truly, too, that the present winter is certainly an old-time one. Consequently I thought I would try and recall to some of their minds a similar winter. It was that of 1875. That year tempestuous weather set in about the first week in January, and continued almost uninterruptedly, till the incoming of March. The prevailing winds were mostly strong Northwest and Northeast, coupled with severe frost, heavy snow falls, and the thermometer registering on or about zero, and sometimes six and seven below. The snow on the centre of Water Street was close on six feet deep, and formed a highway for horses and trucks, from one end of the town to the other. The snow shovelled from off the side walks in those days, was generally dumped in the centre of the street, where it remained till rain and sun finally disposed of it in mid-spring. The ice on the harbor, too, which had been making for a considerable time, was found to be from ten to twelve inches thick. When the sealers' row occurred at Fox's wharf, that spring—to suppress which the authorities were obliged to call out the whole police force—an unique scene, not to be forgotten, was witnessed by many on-lookers from the waterfront. It was the prancing steeds of the Mounted Police, during the disturbance, as they "galavanted" up and down the Harbor, dispersing the hostile crowds, here and there, on the frozen surface. The crews of the different sealing steamers, while preparing for the voyage, had also to saw out 2 channels, to allow them to sail. One extended from J. & W. Stewart's to the Narrows, the other from Bowring Brothers.

Another incident worth relating was that of the brigantine Florence, Capt. Dutton, belonging to Harvey & Co. This vessel arrived off the Narrows from a West Indian port about the 20th January. She was signalled from the Block-house, and her houseflag duly shown. In the meantime the tugboat Cabot (the last of our Clyde-built side-wheel tugs) was hastily despatched to render assistance, but unfortunately, failed in locating her; the wind at the time blowing a heavy gale from the Northwest, with severe frost. For two weeks, however, grave fears were entertained for the vessel's safety, when, happily at about the expiration of the time referred to, news was received that the Florence had arrived at Lisbon, all well. Some of the old sailors of that day were heard to remark that she was blown across.

A fact also worth noting was that nearly every man one met on the street, during the stormy period, invariably wore an "Elsinore" with its flaps tied down.

In the early days of March news reached St. John's from St. Mary's of a very sad happening that occurred there. It was to the effect that some forty men, who had gone from the shore on drift ice, to board an abandoned French vessel, were missing.

While engaged in their precarious undertaking it appears a snow storm came on, causing the ice to open up and move off the shore—an unfortunate happening that made it difficult for them to either see or reach the land. For a considerable time, however, with stout hearts, they battled on the dangerous floe, in an effort to save their lives, but, ultimately, many of the number succumbed. Twenty-eight of the missing men were picked up and brought on shore, while the remaining twelve, poor fellows, were either drowned or perished on the ice. The abandoned vessel was the *Violetta*, from France, bound to St. Pierre with a general cargo.

The next hardest winter was in 1883, historically known as the year of the Wool Factory Fire, when every person who came from their homes to witness the blaze, was frostbitten more or less. The thermometer on

that night marked 9 below zero and the weather was exceptionally severe.

Yours truly,

M. J. O'M.

January 27, 1920.

Tony Weller in Real Life.

The originals of many Dickens' characters have been traced and it is now thought the original of Tony Weller has been discovered. In 1820, the "Granby Head," Chatham, an old-fashioned inn on the site now occupied by Barnard's Music Hall, was kept by a Thomas Weller, and with Dickens's associations with Chatham in his early days there is little doubt the "Granby Head" and its landlord were known to the author. This theory is put forward by Mr. Edwin Harris, the local guide to the Rochester Dickens Fellowship.

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