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The Toronto World.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR | TEN PAGES—WEDNESDAY MORNING JUNE 23 1897—TEN PAGES | L ONE CENT

Senate Reading Room

HOW · BRITONS · HONORED · THE · WORLD'S · GREATEST · SOVEREIGN

SHE SAW HER PEOPLE.

Her Britannic Majesty on Her Tour Through London.

CHEERED BY MILLIONS OF HER SUBJECTS

Who Crowded the Streets Along the Line of the Gorgeous State Procession.

The Greatest Day in the History of the World Passed Off Without a Hitch or a Serious Accident—Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, Was a Social Lion—Canada Brought Straight to the Front—Order of the Procession—The Flower of Civilized Nations Present—Scene in St. Paul's Cathedral—London Was in Holiday Attire—Scenes and Incidents of the Queen's Day of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee—Everybody Sang "God Save the Queen!"

London, June 22.—Every Londoner rose this morning (that is if he went to bed at all), with the firm conviction that the most splendid day in English history had dawned. It is the day when the greatest of English sovereigns comes, in her own words, to "see her people and receive their congratulations." Eight o'clock is generally early enough for the Londoner, but to-day the hour of 5 saw streams set in from suburbs 10 and even 20 miles around London.

By 9 o'clock the stream had become a flood, and the route of procession was well filled, though by no means dangerously packed, as the police had feared. Red, white and blue are everywhere, the flags just fluttering in the gentle breeze, and the bunting and the garlands of imitation flowers hung from Venetian masts at every vantage point. White carnations, red roses and blue corn flowers make up pretty posies and buttonholes, corn flowers especially, as the only flower of true royal blue, being almost worth their weight in gold. Amidst the flowers are many mottoes. "Well Played, Sixty, Not Out," is the greeting of the ardent cricketer, and Tennyson's "She Wrought Her People Lasting Good," is a general favorite.

Every window, every roof, every church steeple had its occupants and did one ever see so good humored a crowd!

The police and the thin red line of soldiers along the route have little or nothing to do. The weather is all that should be.

Some Jeremiahs predicted snow and sleet, and last week's cold winds made it just possible. Instead, it is Queen's weather, cool, yet bright, as some statistician has shown that it has been for 20 years past on June 22.

The Jubilee honors list published this morning pleases everybody. Deficiencies in the procession are in part remedied by the recognition of Sullivan, Gilbert, Lecky, Tosti, Wolfe, Barry and other leaders in the science and art of the reign.

The colonial procession, which opened the day's triumphal event, made an imposing show. Field Marshal Lord Roberts is the popular "Bob" of the crowd, and he received the crowd's ovation as he marshalled the colonial troops to St. Paul's Cathedral to await the Queen's arrival.

For the service here was the true pageant of the Empire. Men were there of every size and color, from the slim, slight, yellow-skinned Singapore and Hong Kong artillery to the bronzed, large-limbed Canadians, Australians and the Poet Laureate's watchdogs of Rhodesia, and again the tall, coffee-colored Sikhs and stalwart negroes of the West Indies, the Gold Coast and the Niger. Every color, too, seemed represented in uniforms.

The crowd, of course, shouted themselves hoarse with cheering, especially when the colonial premiers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier at their head, drove by in state dress landaus, all of them in the gold lace and cocked hats of Queen's Privy Councillors, an honor only conferred upon them this moning.

Troops, people and premiers were mightily pleased with one another. An hour's interval and then came the Queen's procession, and with it, sure enough, there came the first real sunshine of the day, with an hour's blaze of colors, nodding plumes, prancing horses and cheering crowds that made up the Queen's escort. Amid it all there was one figure and one figure only in plain black and white, Mr. Whitelaw Reid's democratic garb was in sharp contrast to the gorgeous uniforms of the Spanish and French Ambassadors, who were in the same state carriage. Among the foreign envoys should have been Munir Pasha. If he was there his name was discreetly omitted from the official list. His attache was there and the crowd let the fez pass uncheered and otherwise unnoticed. The Sultan's envoy may have been there, too, hidden away among the foreign notables, but no one knew it and no one hissed.

At last came the Queen herself, seated in the same carriage as the Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian. I have heard many royal acclaims, but I never heard such heartfelt cheering as that when the central figure of the day drove slowly by. She looked remarkably well and happy, smiling and bowing to the right and left, a living refutation of the silly talk cabled to New York last week.

A remarkable, probably an unprecedented feature of the service at St. Paul's was the leading place given to the presidents of the dissenting bodies in a state service, conducted by a state churchman. This was a fitting sequel to the incidents of Sunday, when non-conformist ministers assisted in Anglican Cathedral services in different parts of the country.

At St. Paul's a royal message was despatched to the Queen's subjects throughout her dominions, and thereby hangs a curious tale of the Empire which has perturbed the official mind not a little during the past few days, England's lines of cables to her scattered empire at the mercy of foreigners, whose territories are touched by the wires. Thus the Queen's message to-day to her own people in India, Australia, South Africa and the West Indies was only able to reach its destination by favor of Spain, Portugal, France and the United States. Now, for the first time the official mind seems to have grasped the fact of England's real telegraphic isolation, which, in time of war, must place her empire in a perilous condition indeed.

Canada and Newfoundland are the only colonies to which the Queen can speak direct without the medium of a foreign state.

IN EARLY MORNING.

Gorgeously Dressed Envoys as They Arrived at Buckingham Palace.

Inside Buckingham Palace, London, June 22.—The Queen breakfasted at 9 o'clock and informed her physician that she was not fatigued by yesterday's ceremonies. Already at this hour, in the great quadrangle of the Palace, there were many signs of the coming ceremonial.

Gorgeously attired servants gathered near the scarlet carpeted staircase, which was lined by rare flowers, while the strains of the National Anthem, as a band passed the palace, announced that the colonial procession had started.

The American Envoy.

At the same time, the special envoys, who were to take part in the procession began arriving in the great quadrangle. United States special envoy the Hon. Whitelaw Reid was the first to appear. He drove up to the great door of the palace, where he was saluted in passing by a dozen men in gold and was escorted to the waiting room by the master of ceremonies, Colonel the Hon. Sir William James Colville.

A minute or so later, General Nelson A. Miles, representing the United States army, rode up on a splendid horse and wearing a fine uniform. He lingered for a moment and then rode out.

Royalties Arrive.

The minor royalties next dropped in, followed by richly-caparisoned steeds, intended for the use of the Princes. The arrival of the Princes who were to take part in the escort formed a splendid picture, full of color.

The Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, a man of the heavy Romanoff type, was not artistically uniformed and was completely eclipsed in appearance by the gorgeous Austrians in Hungarian scarlet and gold, with their white Hussar jackets lined with pale blue and fastened to their left shoulders, their striking attire being completed by high fur caps and stiff plumes.

The brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Prince Mohammed Ali Khan, was mounted on a pure white Arabian charger, which was greatly admired.

The Duke of Cambridge, carrying his field marshal's baton, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter across his portly person, next arrived, and after him came the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Lathom, and a score of White Wand Chamberlains, attired in the darkest of blue, smothered with gold. They mingled with the crowd and later passed up the staircase. Eleven royal landaus then arrived and were mustered in the centre of the quadrangle.

Ready for the Start.

A preliminary gleam of the sun pierced through the clouds at this hour, touching everything with bright light, making the scene as grand a one as was ever witnessed. By 10.20 a.m., the envoys' carriages were loaded and they took up their position in the centre of the quadrangle. Shortly afterwards, the Queen's superb coach arrived, and it had hardly come to a standstill when the landaus with the ladies and lords in waiting and the Princesses were in their allotted positions. All the ladies wore light toilettes of blue, green, lilac and pink, the latest Parisian dainties.

Then the envoys' landaus started.

The Princes next mounted their horses and arranged themselves in groups of threes.

The carriage of ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, who was dressed in lilac and who carried a white sunshade, waited until after the others had gone, while the Duke of Cambridge chatted with Her Highness.

In the meanwhile, a platoon of the royal servants lined up on each side of the great door and an inclined platform from the foot of the stairs to the place to be occupied by the Queen's coach was placed in position and carefully tested by a Scotch gillie.

A momentary wait, a hoarse roar of cheers, quickly started by the Royal Anthem, played by the band outside, announced the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince wore the uniform of a field marshal and the Princess was dressed in pale lilac and wore a lilac bonnet with white feathers. The Prince of Wales mounted by the scarlet-covered steps to the entrance of the palace and then the Hanoverian steeds slowly drew the Queen's carriage into position.

Her Majesty Comes.

At 11.10 a.m., a bustle on the main

Continued on Page 4.

TO-DAY IT'S ALL BUSINESS AGAIN.

Sentiment, Fireworks, Processions Decoration's Have Had Their Day.

The superabundance of loyalty sentiment has spent itself. Queen Victoria has lived through it and so have we. We come back to every day business again and our interest in your ability to serve you in hummer headcover. Fifteen to twenty dozen of the special Jubilee soft felt hats are here to go at $2, while the lot lasts. They're the most comfortable style and shape, and the maker intended them to be sold at three dollars. Temporary address, W. & D. Dineen, 81 Yonge-street.

Fresh air, spring water, green fields—Glenleven. 3

Lake View Hotel, Parliament and Winchester-streets; terms $1 and $1.50 per day. Special rates to weekly boarders. Table d'hote, 6 to 8 o'clock. J. H. Ayre, proprietor. 246

Fetherstonhaugh & Co., patent solicitors and experts, Bank Commerce Building, Toronto.

NO MORE FREE-LUNCH FOR JONATHAN.

PROPRIETOR CARTWRIGHT: Tuck away, all you can, my needy friend, for I intend abolishing this free lunch very shortly.

The Queen to Canadians.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
LONDON, June 22.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,
Ottawa, Canada:

From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them.

VICTORIA,
R. and I.

Spanish Liberals are Still Mad.

London, June 22.—The Standard's Madrid special says: At a meeting of ex-Ministers of the Liberal party on Sunday, Senor Sagasta made an energetic speech, denouncing the home and foreign policy of the Premier and his conduct during the recent crisis, which, Sagasta insisted, had led the people to criticise the decision of the crown. The meeting resolved to issue a manifesto declaring that the Liberals would persist in abstaining from all relations with the Government so long as the Duke of Tetuan is retained in the Cabinet.

Pember's Turkish Baths—Ladies 75c. 129 Yonge.

Offices to Let. McKinnon Building.

Central location, well equipped, electric elevator, steam heating, bicycle room. Most modern and desirable offices in the city. Offices fitted up to suit tenants. Apply J. T. Reeve, Agent, McKinnon Building. 63

Cook's Turkish Baths, 204 King W. Open all night. Bath and bed $1.

When you ask for Adams' Tutti Frutti see that you get it. Some dealers, to obtain a big profit, try to palm off imitations.

Grand & Toy's Snaps

Envelopes, "Envellups," or "Ongvelopes," call them whatever you please, but when you need printed envelopes, don't forget that we are headquarters for same. If it is a good thing we have it. Grand & Toy, Stationers and Printers, Wellington and Jordan-streets, Toronto.

Cook's Turkish Baths, 204 King W Ladies 75c; gents, day 75c, evening 50c.

Blotting Pads.

Strong leather corners, and filled with the best quality blotting, at 15c, 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c, and 75c each. Scribbling pads in great variety, from 1c up. Blight Bros., 65 Yonge-street.

Pember's Turkish baths, 129 Yonge.

Cook's Turkish Baths, 204 King W. Open all night. Bath and bed $1.

DEATHS.

BULL—At his late residence, "Downsview Place," Downsview, on Tuesday morning, 22nd June, Walter Jeffers, son of J. P. Bull, Toronto, in his 40th year.

Funeral on Thursday, 24th inst., at 2 p.m., from the above address, to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

FINLAY—On June 21, 1897, at the General Hospital, Guelph, in the 50th year of his age, James Hunter Finlay, manager Bank of Montreal, Guelph, seventh son of the late Gilbert Laurie Finlay, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Funeral from his late residence, Thursday afternoon, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity. No flowers.

Pember's Turkish Baths—Evening 50c 129 Yonge.

GALA DAY IN TORONTO

The Loyal Enthusiasm of Our Citizens Was Remarkable.

THOUSANDS MARCHED IN PROCESSION

While Tens of Thousands Cheered Those on Parade as They Passed By.

All in Honor of Great Britain's Aged Queen—It Was an Historic Day for the Rising Generation of Canadians—Order of the Procession—The Official Luncheon at Exhibition Park, Where Many Patriotic Speeches Were Heard—The Children's Concert—The Jubilee Sports and Children's Games—Fireworks and Bonfires at Night Wound Up a Memorable Day—Illuminations on the Principal Streets—Celebrations in Other Parts of Canada.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria more than realized the fondest anticipations of the most loyal. It is now matter of history, and will go down to posterity as the crowning event of an unmatched regal career. No single act or hitch marred the day's proceedings: everything was admirably conceived and successfully carried out, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Toronto, the Queen City of the West, did honor alike to herself and to the gracious Lady in whose behalf the pageant and rejoicing were enthusiastically held.

Queen's weather was vouchsafed for the Queen's Jubilee; diamond it is termed, and nothing could have been more brilliant from whatever standpoint viewed. From early morn till shades of evening fell, the weather was fine and bright, and a pleasant breeze tempered the sun's heat to the 15,000 processionists and manyfold that number of spectators.

The holiday was well-nigh universally observed, and more heartily celebrated, owing to its unique character, than any of the city's stated play days. Although many went out of town to celebrate the day with kith and kin, more arrived in the city from places far and near for the same purpose. The prevalent sentiment was that no such stirring event would occur in the lifetime of any, young or old, and occasion was taken by the hand to make it indelibly memorable.

Two things are notable in connection with Toronto's celebration yesterday—the spontaneity with which the proposal was endorsed and the heartiness with which it was carried to a happy issue. Creed and sect, politics and partisanship, rivalry and jealousy, were laid aside, and as sharers of one common glorious birthright rich and poor, the young and the aged, proudly did their part in manifestation of loyalty sincere. Only two examples need be cited of this—white and colored, Catholic and Protestant, remembered nothing but the glorious charter whose flag so profusely floated from every favorable spot and was proudly raised aloft in the parade and waved by thousands of children's hands.

May the happy auguries of June 22 never fade from freedom's records, but be the forerunner of more practical illustrations of the blessedness spoken of by the Psalmist: "Behold, how comely it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Subjoined are graphic accounts of the day's doings—the glorious cavalcade of those whose motto is "Defence, Not Defiance"; the serried ranks of Britain's sons, intelligent, calm, resolute and self-possessed; the youthful ardor of those who will soon step into the volunteer force; the loveliness and melody of children's voices; the patriot's true words with ne'er a time-serving or sinister purpose; the feats of athletes and the youngsters' sports; and last but not the least remarkable of yesterday's celebration, the orderliness not less than the enthusiasm of the tens of thousands who thronged the downtown streets and rejoiced in the patriotic emblems and brilliant legends, eloquent of what was uppermost in every true Briton's mind yesterday: "God Save the Queen!"

MARSHALLING OF PROCESSION.

Early in the Morning There Was a Stir in the Park.

The day opened with bright sunshine and a gentle breeze, making an ideal summer morning, and as a consequence the Queen's Park was visited early by hundreds anxious to see everything of the parade that was to be seen. Everywhere could be seen, as early as 7 o'clock, although the hour was 9 at which the first arrival of those to take part in the day's proceedings was announced, numberless men, women and children lolling and scrambling on the green swards that abound in and around the Parliament Buildings and the university.

The first arrivals were those of the fraternal societies about 9 o'clock, and from that time on there was a steady stream of brass bands, fife and drum bands, uniformed bodies of men, walking, riding and driving, until 10 o'clock, the hour announced for starting the procession.

The preparatory arrangements were such that, as each body arrived and took the places assigned them, very little confusion was experienced. The police were so accurately instructed and carried out the instructions so well, that they assisted materially in the success with which the procession was formed.

At 9.45 the police stopped all traffic on College-street in order to allow the procession to move without interruption. Promptly at 10 o'clock Ald. Hallam gave orders to have the procession formed, and as each body arrived on the street from its place in the park, with flags flying and bands playing, led by Col. Otter, Col. Buchan and Major Lessard, on horseback, followed by the Dragoons and the Governor-General's Body Guards, cheer after cheer went up from the thousands that now thronged every available point of vantage.

The arrangements had been so well carried out that the procession began to move in a solid body along College-street at 10 minutes after 10, being only 10 minutes behind the time announced, a most unusual thing, and continued to move without a single halt until the school children joined the procession, at Jarvis and Shuter-streets.

In one hour and a quarter the last of the procession left College-avenue, with the Mayor and Aldermen in carriages, followed by representatives of the Wolseley Red River expedition of 1870.

The route taken was Carlton, College, Jarvis, King, Simcoe and Queen-streets, thence down Strachan-avenue to Exhibition Park.

THE CITY HALL PARTY.

How the Mayor and Aldermen Showed the Glad Hand All Round.

The aldermen assembled at the City Hall at 9 a.m., all looking their prettiest. Each had his glad hand in the pink of condition. At 9.30 they stepped into cabs and were driven to the corner of College-street and Queen's Park-avenue, where they reviewed the procession, and afterwards fell into line near the rear and immediately in front of the Englishmen. John Hallam monopolized the attention of the spectators and those in the procession. He was the hero of the hour. He owned the town. Each of the other aldermen claimed sections of the votes that passed, but Ald. Hallam's constituents, for the time being at least, embraced the whole assemblage.

"Oh, keep your hats on! That's all for Sheppard," remarked one of the aldermen, as the colored citizens passed by and saluted.

"Here are Shaw's plumpers," said another as the Italians marched past.

The Mayor kept doffing his silk hat as the Germans passed, but some one remarked, "You don't get all those votes. These fellows don't vote in swarms."

For an hour the aldermen stood there smiling and doffing their hats. It was a vote-making opportunity, and they all took advantage of it. Ald. Beale displaying special ability in this line.

In the procession, the Mayor, Ald. Hallam, Scott and Sheppard occupied one cab. All along the route cheering greeted the appearance of this carriage. Ald. Hallam's hat was in the air nine-tenths of the time. Sometimes he bowed, but more often he waved his hat enthusiastically and smiled appreciatively. The Mayor was clean out of it. Occasionally he lost his presence of mind and raised his hat, forgetting that all the cheering was for Ald. Hallam. If it could be possible that any of the greetings were intended for His Worship Ald. Hallam certainly appropriated them all, rather than have any doubt about it. As for the other aldermen, even the members of the Jubilee Committee, they were comparatively "not in it" while the procession was in progress, but when they got mixed up in the crowd at Exhibition Park they circulated to advantage.

ALONG THE LINE OF ROUTE.

Early the People Gathered and Loudly They Cheered the Processionists.

From the moment Old Sol, in crimson splendor, drove back the usurping darkness did the good burghers of Toronto, festively attired in holiday costume, begin to congregate on the main thoroughfares. While "the good man donned his armor," or perhaps, as the case might be, put on his serviceable black coat and shiny tile, the good wife was clearing away the dishes and preparing a lunch for both to eat withal.

It was everybody's holiday. It was an occasion which no true-born Canadian could fail to honor, and right nobly did every citizen of Toronto who was not incapacitated from so doing honor it.

The reign of our noble sovereign has been a period of distinct advance along every line. Therefore, it was but fit and proper that every phase of Canadian life should be represented in the effort to re-

Continued on Page 3.

Satisfactory Coal.

The coal handled last season by the firm of John Kent & Co. gave such complete satisfaction and so pleased the people, that they have decided to handle the same coal this year. The increasing sale of this coal is marvelous, its reputation has spread wonderfully, and if the demand for it continues to increase as it did last season, it will soon be the largest output of any coal in Toronto. They will deliver this coal at any time now for the winter's supply. Office 65 Yonge-street, near King. 246

For indigestion in any form use Adams Tutti Frutti See that the trade mark name Tutti Frutti is on each 5 cent package.

"Salada" Ceylon Tea is delightful.

Fine and Very Warm.

Edmonton, 40—70; Calgary, 54—88; Prince Albert, 44—70; Qu'Appelle, 40—70; Winnipeg, 52—66; Port Arthur, 48—74; Toronto, Quebec, 46—56; Halifax, 48—70.

PROBS: Moderate to fresh, southerly and 48—74; Ottawa, 48—80; Montreal, 58—72; southwesterly winds, fine and very warm, with thunder storms at a few places.

"Salada Ceylon" Tea is soothing.