

GOD SAVE KING GEORGE V!



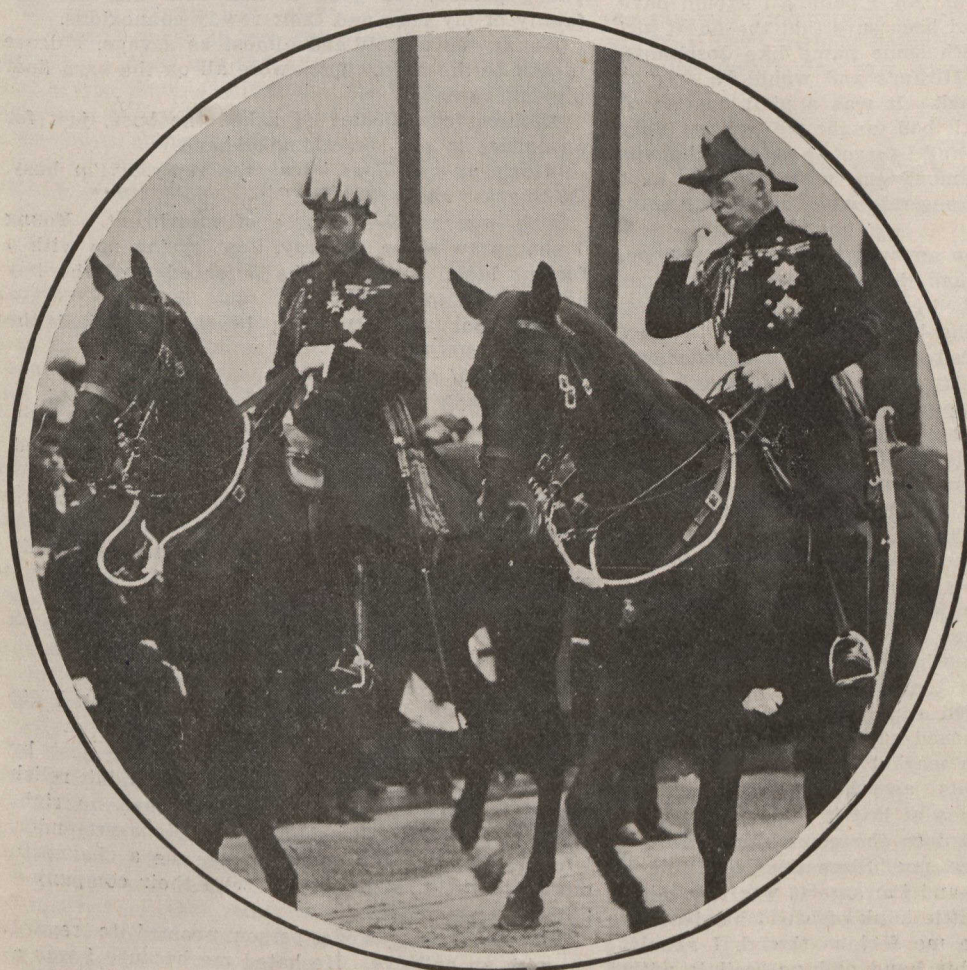
Three thousand Canadian soldiers drawn up in the spectacle on Fletcher's Field, in Montreal, for review by the King's representative and Royal Uncle, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, one of the most inspiring pictures of enthusiasm for King and Empire ever seen in Canada.

clude that we were about to revise the B. N. A. Act and begin to be an overseas spectacle instead of an efficient overseas dominion.

AS the date on this issue of the Courier is the King's Birthday, we take this opportunity of extending to His Majesty—Greetings! The fact that he will probably never see the paper that contains the courtesy makes no difference. Kings do not exist to be treated familiarly by their—subjects we were going to say, but that doesn't fit the case. We don't imagine that King George takes much stock in our assumption that we are subjects. About the only part of the Empire where that notion seems to have much acceptance is India. The dark men of the Himalayas and the Ganges would scarcely know themselves as anything but subjects. They would probably cease to respect the King if he failed to regard them as subjects. Hence the Durbar. But we have no Durbars in Canada. And we are not subjects. We call ourselves citizens. Whether we clearly know what the term implies makes no difference to the democratic idea involved. If we should ever devise a Durbar in Canada with H. R. H. the Duke as the chief figure, the King would very likely con-

So when Canadian democracy pays its respects to King George and the Emperor of India there is no need to go into long-winded eulogies regarding the personality of the King. We know King George pretty well in this country. He has been here twice: in 1901, when he was the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, and in 1908, when he was present at the Tercentenary Celebration in Quebec. In 1901 he was on a tour of the Empire which he wanted to see at first hand for himself. King Edward had seen most of it—but not all. Queen Victoria had seen none of it, outside of Great Britain and the dependencies near by. As a sailor in the Royal Navy, Prince George got his first sensations of the Empire, which he carried into effect when he made the first tour in 1901. When he visited Quebec at the Tercentenary he saw an historic spectacle, the nearest approach to a Durbar we ever had. He saw two races united in a common impulse. He went about the King's business on that occasion with true democratic despatch. The French-Canadians saw in him a coming King as profoundly as any Anglo-Canadians. French-Canadians are more in sympathy with the idea of Kingship than most Frenchmen are. France did away with Kings when she consented to make a hermit of Napoleon. French Canada has never been without a monarch.

In wishing King George many happy returns, we do so in behalf of a people who hope that he will long be permitted to "reign over us" just in the way that he is doing. And in expressing our allegiance to that kind of monarchy we mean what we say when we sing "God Save the King!"



In the good old days just before the war, King George and the Duke of Connaught looked like this when they rode out to review the artillery at Woolwich. But the guns they inspected that day if drawn up in the British artillery of 1916 would look a bunch of files on a large Canadian log-heap.

"BLOW TRUMPET"

(With acknowledgments to Lord Tennyson)

By GLADYS E. GIBBON

BLOW Trumpet, the world is filled with strife,
Blow Trumpet and give our nation life,
Blow through the conflict grand!
Long live the King!
Shall Austrian or Teuton rule our land?
Flash bayonet and hurl bomb, guard trench with sand,
Thrust bayonet and press on!
Defend the King!
Strike for the King and live. His subjects know
That God hath given great deeds to sow.
Stand square and fight!
Let right prevail.
Blow Trumpet, break through with every thrust!
Blow Trumpet, their gasses are but dust,
Pull helmet low, reach parapet—
Let the King reign!
Strike for the King and die; it is for glory.
Does not the King of old live long in story?
Launch submarine and mine!
Let freedom reign!
Blow, for our nation is at war.
Blow and recall our deeds of yore!
Charge trench, make no retreat!
God will prevail!
Our Empire stands for thoughts sublime;
Nor shattered by the shocks of time
In which is destiny Divine
God Save the King!

Acadia Ladies' Seminary, Wolfville, N.S.