

## ROYAL GIFTS TO SHACKLETON

Mascot and Flags From Queen Alexandra—Endurance Inspected.

Queen Alexandra, who is taking deep interest in Sir Ernest Shackleton's projected voyage to the Antarctic regions, and his journey across the South Pole paid a visit of inspection on Thursday at the West India Dock to the Endurance, the vessel in which the explorer and his party intend to make the sea passage.

Her Majesty was accompanied by her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, Princess Victoria, and several members of the Royal and Imperial suites and reached the dock at about 12.30. The ship was gaily "dressed" for the occasion, and her entire company was assembled to welcome the visitors.

Sir Ernest Shackleton received the Royal visitors in person and presented Lady Shackleton and their three children—Raymond, Cicely, and Edward. The officers also were presented, and the Queen greeted them graciously chatting to them about their interesting but hazardous enterprise. The members of the ship's company also were presented and Sir Ernest Shackleton called special attention to those who had accompanied him on a former expedition. To these the Queen talked for some time, putting many questions illustrative of her keen interest in their travels, and wishing them all success in their present venture.

The hut intended for the shore party's quarters was rigged up alongside the vessel, and the visitors inspected it and all its appointments in the greatest detail. They also inspected every part of the Endurance, and Queen Alexandra expressed approval of all the appointments, but was particularly impressed with the severe economy of space which it has been found necessary to practise. Evidently practical as usual, her Majesty felt the mattresses and declared them to be very springy and comfortable, but was at a loss to understand how the occupants could manage in such tiny quarters. The saloon she thought "very nice but very small."

The question of victualling naturally appealed to her and she examined the galley arrangements very minutely, and with evident approval. Sir Ernest expected that the Royal ladies would hardly care to go below but they insisted on doing so. Queen Alexandra remarking "I am going to see everything." So great was her interest and so thorough her examination that the visit, originally intended to last but half an hour, extended to nearly an hour and a half.

The Royal ladies were keen on learning about the motor-sledge which it is intended to use on journeying across the great ice-fields and they had the

## EUROPE FEARS PERILS OF BIG WAR AS RUSSIA'S TROOPS GATHER TO HELP SERBIA



KING PETER I OF SERBIA

Diplomatic relations between Austro-Hungary and Serbia have been severed, and the public of Vienna believes war is certain. The chancelleries of Europe, however, have not abandoned hope.

Russia is the key to the situation. Russia has mobilized her army on other occasions, but has not placed it in the field. However, the vital question now appears to be whether Russia will come to the aid of her little Slav sister in her extremity.



satisfaction of seeing it in operation, though not as a sledge but as a motor boat.

When the inspection had been brought to length to a close, Queen Alexandra made a very interesting present to Sir Ernest Shackleton in wishing him and his brave comrades all success and a safe return. The gift took the form of two flags and a mascot. The flags were of silk. One of them was her Majesty's own personal standard, while the other was the Union Jack. The mascot was a beautiful medallion in enamel, surrounded by crystal.

Sir Ernest heartily thanked her Majesty for her gifts, and said these interesting souvenirs of the Royal visit would be carried with him throughout his journeys to be brought safely back (as he devoutly hoped) after a journey that, in its entirety, had never before been attempted by any human being.

When the Royal and Imperial visitors quitted the vessel after bidding good-bye to her commander and his party the whole ship's company came to the side of the vessel and gave three hearty cheers.

The Endurance will sail from the West India Rocks on July 29 and will call at Cowes, where the ship will probably be visited by the King. Thence she will proceed to Cardiff or Bristol to coal, finally leaving England about Aug. 8 or 9 for Buenos Ayres.

The Ross Sea ship Aurora, which has been acquired from Sir Douglas Mawson, is at Hobart Tasmania and will sail in October.

## It's Tiresome Being a King

Maybe you've had days when you were quite young in which you wished you were a king. Nothing to do, you know, except wear ermine and wave a sceptre, and generally behave as though oil had just been struck in the coal pasture.

Well, having seen kings and a pair of queens in action, any such notion I may have entertained has flown from me.

It's a wearisome, boring, leg-dreadening job to be a monarch. I'm not in the confidence of the royal family, but I'll venture its members run a higher average of yawns per capita than any other clan in England. This notion that a limited monarch enjoys the limit of monotony came to me when I saw the king and queen of Denmark riding through the streets in one of the royal processions. It happened that I was so placed as to see a great deal that went on.

The procession itself paled the ineffable glories of the world's five greatest shows. What with the Horse Guards, jingling in silver armor down streets lined with a vividly red, but I'll venture its members run a higher average of yawns per capita than any other clan in England. This notion that a limited monarch enjoys the limit of monotony came to me when I saw the king and queen of Denmark riding through the streets in one of the royal processions. It happened that I was so placed as to see a great deal that went on.

**A Duke and His Pipe**  
In a crested and cushioned automobile which preceded the state carriage sat one of the royal dukes, all alone. He held in his teeth an enormous briar pipe. All the lines in his face ran downwards.

His machine stopped for a second, and he withdrew that pipe and inspected it solemnly, and with a look of unutterable woe decided that it was out.

Then he tried to find a match in his state pants and couldn't, and couldn't locate a pocket in which to put the dead pipe. So that, just as the car purred softly on, he put it back in his mouth as the only available receptacle, and resumed his pose of patient suffering.

Their majesties of Denmark came next. King Christian of Denmark is a tall, good looking athletic chap, who smiled and bowed all along the route, as though he were running for office.

And, in some degrees, that is what every king in Europe is doing just now. Unless Fleet street opinion is in error, each of these limited mon-

archs is making a bid for personal popularity in these times when thrones are no more sacred than they have been in days past.

The alderman of Holborn presented King Christian and his queen with a golden casket, in which were assurances of distinguished esteem. He was fairly enthusiastic over it.

And then, for a moment, after re-entering his carriage, the mask slipped. Never have I seen such an expression of forlorn, unmitigable boredom as appeared on the face of this brilliant young monarch, riding in a glittering carriage between throngs who sometimes remembered to cheer.

After all, King Christian is young and by that fact still resilient. The true tragedy of reigning came to me that night when I saw King George and Queen Mary entertaining their majesties of Denmark at the opening of the military tournament at the Olympic.

They sat in a nice, prim, uninterested line in the royal box. Now and then they smiled automatically.

Occasionally a look of animation crossed King Christian's features. He being still young, as has been remarked, it looked as though he had caught sight of a particularly good looking girl in the boxes below.

The two queens had their heads together a good part of the time, whispering in each other's ear if they were not appearing scandal they believed their appearance.

And at the end of the row sat King George, gorgeous as a peacock, in gold lace and epaulettes and orders—and hopeless apathetic.

Every one agrees that King George would be a good fellow if his job gave him a chance to be. But practically for the whole of their stay in the royal box he sat there silent, staring dimly ahead, the puffs of fatigue under his eyes, parentheses of uninterested, deep cut on either side of the monarchical nose.

You see about all that he has to do is to change clothes and eat, and ride in the grand entrance.

**No Chance to Relax**  
I became engrossed in the pursuit of royalty. Therefore I went to Aldershot, where 95,000 troops played at sham battling, and played at it very badly, according to critics.

The king and queen were to review the troops there and I was able to get near enough to see them do it. Perhaps it was imagination on my part but it seemed as if they pumped up animation by a plainly visible effort. A regiment would march by, bands

playing, horses prancing, a thousand khaki-clad knees bending as one, a thousand right arms swinging with the route step, a thousand bayonet points catching the sun.

The king and queen would lean forward, simulating intense interest. But they were not interested. They could not be. They have been "fed up" on regiments from the time of their respective royal kilts.

They were unable to maintain the pace. By and by each would lean back and that curtain of utter lack of interest would fall over them. They seemed to need a rewinding for each regiment.

And that isn't all. To be a reigning monarch nowadays demands a certain muscular endurance. The king and queen walked over the Aldershot field and so did I and by and by my heels began to throb and the dust settled in my ears and I went back to town.

The monarchs couldn't. Each day for the week they walked or rode the greater part of the daylight, which doesn't fall into dusk until about 8 o'clock. Each night they field various sorts of levees, as they do almost every night.

They have about the privacy enjoyed by the Circassian woman at a circus. They were actually on view about 14 hours each day, according to a statement of a court attaché.

### MOUNT ZION

[From Our Own Correspondent]  
Mrs. E. W. Howey and little daughter has returned to her home in Brantford after a couple of weeks' holidaying with her parents here.

Miss Marjorie Pampkin of London is spending her holidays with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Read spent Sunday with friends in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clement of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smets

of Fairfield Mrs. Geo. Babjohn of Bay City, Mich., Mr. Smith Thompson of Washington spent Sunday at John Swears.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Shellington of Harley were Sunday guests at Mr. Harry Pampkins.

Mrs. S. Habbershaw and grand children of Bay City Mich. is spending the holidays with the former brother, Mr. Amos, in 1800.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Pampkin spent Sunday in Brantford.

Miss Eva Murray of Amherston, Indiana was a guest of M'iss Pearl Swears on Sunday last.

Mrs. A. Steele has returned to her home in Flint, Mich. after a three weeks' stay with her daughter Mrs. Jackson Woodhouse.

Miss Bertha Carter of Salem was a guest of the Misses Read one day last week.

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## Bargains Every where

time something about his neck struck me; his actions peculiar. His head was continuing in the air and he seemed uneasy."

Carscallen, who was foreman jury, corroborated Mr. Rich- testimony regarding the visit house.

Funeral of Miss York will be on the Methodist Church to-morrow at 10 o'clock. The will be conducted by Rev. Barnes, the pastor, and will

## THFIELD CENTRE

Our Own Correspondent]

Mr. Cotton preached a very interesting sermon here last Sunday. Sunday School has decided to Peeterville this year for their week from Wednesday, Aug.

and Mrs. Sibly and family of are visiting Mr. and Mrs. ivens at present.

Gertrude Sprague is spending days with Mrs. William Mc-

and Mrs. Sanford Clement spent in Paris.

terly services will be held next Sunday at 10.30 a.m.

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