

Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 71)

And beyond this swinging breadth of city that was modernity as well as history, the Prince saw the grey, misty bosom of the St. Lawrence, winding broad and significant beneath the distant hills.

Truly, it had been a mighty day, worthy of a mighty city. And a day not merely big in achievement, but big in meaning also. In his drive the Prince had covered no less than thirty-six miles in and about the city, and on practically the whole of that great sweep there had been crowds, and at times big crowds, all friendly and with an enthusiasm that was French as well as Canadian.

There were naturally tracts of road in the country where people did not gather in force, but almost everywhere there were some. Sometimes it was a family gathered by a pretty house draped with flags. Sometimes it was a village, making up with the flags in their hands for the hanging flags short notice had prevented their sporting.

On an open stretch of road the Prince would come abreast of a convent in the fields. By the fence of the convent all the little girls would be ranked, dressed, sometimes, in national ribbons and, anyhow, carrying flags and with them would be the nuns. Or if the convent was not of a teaching order the nuns would be by themselves, forming a delightful picture of quiet respect on the porch or along the garden wall.

Boys' schools had the inmates gathered at the road-edge in jolly mobs, though some of these had a semi-military dignity because of the quaint and kepi-ed uniform of the school that made the boys look like cadets out of a picture by Detaille.

The seminaries had their flocks of black fledglings drawn up under the professor-priests, and the sober black of these embryo priests had not the slightest restriction on their enthusiasm.

Crowds, Crowds, Crowds!

THERE were crowds everywhere on that extraordinary ride, but it was in Montreal itself that the throngs reached immense proportions. From the first moment of arrival, when the Prince in mufti rode out from under the clangour of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," played on the bells of St. George's church that hob-nobs with the station, crowds were thick about the route. As he swung from Dominion square (in which the station stands) into the Regent street of Montreal, St. Catherine street, crowds of employees crowded the windows of the big and fine stores and added their welcome to the mass on the sidewalk.

Short notice had curtailed decoration, but the enthusiastic employees, mainly feminine, of one tall store, strove to rectify the lack by arming themselves with flags and stationing themselves at every window. Balancing perilously they waited until the Prince came level and then set the whole face of the tall building fluttering with Union Jacks.

From these streets, impressive in their sense of vigour and industry, the procession of cars mounted through the residential quarter to Mount Royal Park. Here in the presence of a big crowd that surrounded him and got to close quarters at once, the Prince alighted and stayed a few minutes at the statue of Georges Etienne Cartier, the father of Canadian unity, whose centenary was then being celebrated, since the war forbade rejoicing on the real anniversary in 1914.

Cartier's daughter, Hortense Cartier, was present at this little ceremony, and she was, as it were, a personal link between her father and the Prince who is himself helping to inaugurate a new phase of unity, that of the Empire.

From this point the Prince's route struck out into the country districts that I have described, but the crowds had accumulated rather than diminished when he returned to the streets of the city about one o'clock, and he drove through lanes of people so dense that at times the pace of his car was retarded to a walk.

The crowd was a suggestive one. All ranks and conditions were in it—and conditions rather than ranks were apparent in the dock-side area, which is a dingy one for Canada. But in all the crowds the thing that struck me most was their proportion of children. Montreal seemed a veritable hive of children. There were thousands and thousands of them.

The streets were bursting with kiddies. And not merely where there were multitudes of girls and boys of that thoroughly vociferous age of somewhere under twelve, but there were ranked

(Continued on page 75)



"So This Is Your Birthday, Grandmother"

"YES, dearie, I am seventy-five years old to-day. It doesn't seem possible, for I don't feel old."

"And you certainly do not look old."

"Were you never sick, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, there was a time in my life when I never expected to live to be fifty, say nothing about seventy-five. When your mother and my other children were small I had my hands full and got run down in health. I got so nervous that I could not sleep and had frequent headaches. Every little thing the children would do seemed to annoy and worry me until, finally, I gave out entirely, and was in bed for months with nervous prostration."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, dearie, I had two or three doctors, but they only told me that it would take a long time for me to regain strength. One day your grandfather came in with some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He said some one told him that it would cure me, and he went away to the drug store and bought half a dozen boxes."

"What did your doctor say about using it?"

"Well, what could he say? He only said

that he had done all he could, and that he had run across a great many cases in which the Nerve Food had been used with excellent results. So I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I was on the way to health and strength."

"And did it cure you?"

"Well, the best evidence is that I am here to-day, well and happy, after all these years. And I am more than ever enthusiastic for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I have used it several times during the last few years when I felt that I needed some assistance to keep up vitality. As a person gets older I think their blood gets thinner, and they seem to need something like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase their strength and vigor."

"That is something worth knowing, grandmother."

"If you will take my advice, dearie, you will not forget about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you get run down, tired out and nervous. This has been my advice to a great many people, and I know that it has done them good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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