

CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN

VICTORIA TAKES SHARE IN EVENT

CITY IS IN FESTAL GARB IN HONOR OF SOVEREIGN

Salute at Dawn Inaugurated the Ceremonies of Day at Empire's Western Gate

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Today is Coronation Day, and all the world shall know it—or know the reason why. It comes, not like the unexpected thunderclap of change enveloped in a wealth of eccentric sound that leaves its impress upon the human mind by a process of displacement, but rather like the long-desired and inevitable triumph that adds a step to the ladder of life and experience. From which new eminence it is possible to visualise ampler areas and more roscate vistas than the step beneath afforded. Although the spirit of the event is all mounting its turrets of conquest in the celebrations of this western city of the Empire, the actual deed of crowning King George the Fifth and his consort, Queen Mary, has elapsed with that arrant wastrel, Time, and is now flying toward the bourne of glory, from whose embrace it is as impossible as it would be sacrilegious to retrieve it.

Apply for Victoria and other places it is possible to crown the King and Queen all day long and all night long as well. The vintage of time is open to them (since the keeper is engaged elsewhere) and the delicious draughts of the stolen juice should be appreciated as a figure so far above par as to make the vintner dream of paradises.

Long ere the sun reached the meridian heights of the west, London had proclaimed a new king, and the world had echoed the clamorous shouts like the booming of a rifle shot over a mountain range; but in spite of that, Victoria goes on "coronating" not only till the sun sets in his arbour of coies and gold, but until the dew of heaven, dropping on the velvet grass like the ringing of myriad matins to the morn, closes on ever the incident of fact by transmuting it into an incident of history, and who reads history, anyway? "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth ten score without a name," said someone with a true prophetic vision, and while the quotation may be embalmed in rhyme or otherwise forgotten, its application goes on with undisturbed serenity and appositeness. It is that crowded hour that Victorians have held up their minds to have and will have, if but half the arrangements for today's festivities are carried through to their issue.

By some extent the magnitude of the programme is accounted for by the fact that Victoria is more than herself to-day. She has been chosen as the central point from which the loyalty effusions and confusions of the entire province emanate the heraldic their messages love and fealty across the world to the newly-crowned occupants of the empire's throne.

Not only so, but strangers and friends from across the border have come into the city in great numbers to witness in a spectacular manner in which Victoria proposes to celebrate the occasion. Hundreds of well-groomed Americans arrived in the city yesterday, and their numbers mingled with the unusual large influx from the mainland. Vancouver was represented by a large contingent of holiday makers; and other cities, unconnected with the influence of workmaking, either by birth or location, were represented also.

To give some idea of the rush of visitors from all parts it may be stated with perfect truth that the hotels of the city were never more crowded than yesterday, when the incoming vessels deposited their loads of travellers at the various wharves. Foreigners of various nationalities could be detected in great numbers mingling with the general crowd and intent on having as good a time as their fellows.

When dawn began shooting incipient rays of light across the darkened sky there was a feeling that the events of the day might be slightly marred or spoiled by a repetition of the lachrymose conditions which prevailed yesterday, but as daybreak advanced beyond the recession of cluster clouds it became tolerably certain that, if the day was not brilliant with sunshine it would not be marred by rain. The same emblems which decorated the solemn area like the drapings on a stage gradually dissolved into opalescent wreaths of hue, promising a complete evaporation or the worst of the "crowning" moment was ushered in the stentorian notes of a brass band which was delivered from the Point. The time at which this salute was given was 5.38 a. m., and the "crowning" moment was ushered in the stentorian notes of a brass band which was delivered from the Point. The time at which this salute was given was 5.38 a. m., and the "crowning" moment was ushered in the stentorian notes of a brass band which was delivered from the Point.



KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES

CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES IN ANCIENT EDIFICE

Crowds Which Line Streets Acclaim Their Majesties—Metropolis Rejoices

London, June 22.—King George V., eighth of the House of Hanover, was today crowned King of the British Empire and given the public homage of his world-wide subjects. With his consort, Queen Mary, His Majesty was crowned in the Abbey of Westminster with all the wealth of religious rites and royal ceremonial prescribed by custom.

The picture in the grey walled Abbey was one of medieval splendor. The coronation services, solemn and imposing, were those handed down from the earlier centuries and the actors in the principal and secondary roles of today's great function were garbed in reproductions of the multi-colored, gold-embroidered trappings worn by their ancestors.

The latter made a wonderfully effective setting around the central figures.

Outside the usually dull streets had been transformed into a mass of colors. The King and Queen's progress to the Abbey and the route to Buckingham Palace was one of unbroken enthusiasm. The route was hedged with a vast polyglot host, with a background of gaily decorated viewing stands and windows and roofs, all of which were crammed to their capacity. Hundreds of thousands of spectators shouted themselves hoarse at central points like the Mall and the entrance to the Abbey archway, where the government stands held a score of thousands. Trafalgar Square was so densely packed with humanity that it would not have been difficult to traverse the square walking on the heads of the people. Parliament Square, Chisland and Constitution Hill held their countless thousands.

The tumult of thunderous welcome was almost deafening as the King and Queen, on the outward and home journeys, preceded in the first instance and followed by a stately superb cavalcade of eminent princes, many themselves heirs to thrones, statesmen, diplomats, courtiers, soldiers and men of all honors and creeds from the four quarters of the globe.

The great ceremony passed off unmarred by untoward incidents. When dawn broke, the skies were heavy and showers fell during the progress of the procession of royal guests and the junior members of the royal family to the Abbey; but as the King and Queen left Buckingham Palace to be crowned, the heavens smiled and a flood of sunshine brightened the splendid pageant.

It was a proud day in the British Empire, but of all its millions, the one who perhaps had the most reason to be proud was denied by court etiquette the honor of witnessing the triumphal event. At Sandringham Palace Queen Mother Alexandra, who, 46 years ago, this month, gave Britain a King, awaited the news that her son had taken his place in the long line of British monarchs.

EARLY MORNING SCENES IN THE METROPOLIS

A drab sky and smart showers early this morning, though they dimmed the freshness of the lavish decorations, could not dull the enthusiasm of the multitude who for months had been planning to make the 22nd of June a red letter day in their lives.

The weather was about the only thing that had not been prearranged with exactness and it was the one thing likely to mar or make supremely glorious coronation day.

Fair weather had been promised, and when John Bull looked from his window this morning upon leaden skies he experienced a pang of disappointment, but this did not dampen his spirits to a noticeable extent. Later his stolid optimism was rewarded, for as the royal coach bearing King George and Queen Mary to Westminster Abbey for their crowning emerged from the yard at Buckingham Palace the clouds gave way and the sun burst through in all its glory, per-

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CELEBRATIONS HELD THROUGHOUT ONTARIO

Toronto, June 22.—Coronation Day is being generally observed, throughout the province as a holiday. In Toronto practically all places of business are closed, including the afternoon newspapers. At 9.30 the day's programme began with games and drills by the children. The Toronto Infantry Brigade, reinforced by public school cadets, marched to Queen's Park where a military review and trooping of colors, ending up with a royal salute, was witnessed by thousands. Free band concerts in all the parks will be given this afternoon, while in the evening a military tattoo of eleven bands and fireworks display will be held in Riverdale Park.

PRINCE RUPERT'S BIG DRYDOCK

Ottawa, June 22.—Plans for the Grand Trunk Pacific \$3,000,000 drydock at Prince Rupert are on a point of being approved by the public works department. The company will get a subsidy of 3 1/2 per cent on the cost of construction.

TRADE CONDITIONS CONTINUE TO IMPROVE

Ottawa, June 22.—Marked improvement in the general tone of industry and a corresponding increase in the activity of general labor is reported in the June Labor Gazette to-day. The crops are doing splendidly. That the fine agricultural outlook had an effect on the commercial community is shown by the increasing buoyancy of orders.

PORTUGAL'S PRESIDENT

Lisbon, June 22.—Arismino Braamcamp was elected president of the republic of Portugal by the constituent assembly yesterday.

CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, June 22.—At a meeting of the Canadian Press Association the following officers were elected: C. W. Young, Cornwall, president; John R. Bone, Toronto, first vice-president; H. B. Donly, Simcoe, second vice-president.

(unable is a more polite word in such a delicate connection) of taking any such advantage, gratuitously welcomed them.

Fortunately, from the picturesque standpoint, the rain which promised all sorts of havoc last night, did not last long enough or develop sufficient force, to destroy any of the spectacular arrangements for the celebration.

Trouble is looked for on the Toronto street railway, the manager having ignored a letter sent by the union asking for a meeting to discuss the alleged grievances.