THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE

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F. J. THURSTON, Editor.

Reception of Royal

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booming of guns, representatives of Canadian forces in dress uniform, mounted escort and so on, but what interested the Members and the privileged guests was not these, but the young man and woman who, with simple dignity, rule over, but do not govern, the vast, spreading, British Commonwealth of Nations. We packed ourselves in as closely as possible, from the main door down the Hall of Fame, that we might come close to the King and Queen as they were shown to their car by the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, and the leader of the Senate, Monsieur Dandurand. There was quite a little wait; then, at the far end of the great corridor, we saw them coming. And one said to another, in a flurry. "Do we curtsy, do we bow?" But, almost at once, the whole assembly broke into the most fervent singing of "God Save the King" I have ever heard, and as that lovely creature, the Queen, bowed and smiled her way along, everyone forgot to do anything but look.

Queen's Beauty Inner Loveliness

It is hard to describe the beauty of the Queen. It is an inner loveliness that radiates. She is warm-hearted and interested in people and somehow she transmits her friendliness with even the most regal bow. It is true that her clothes are perfect for her on every occasion. But there is something more than all that; an elusive, magnetic quality which breaks down all resistance, which wins all hearts. It is this something which causes crowds to exclaim, "The Queen, the Queen."

Trooping the Color

Saturday was a packed day: the trooping of the color and the laying of the corner stone of the Supreme Court building in the morning, the Royal garden party at Rideau Hall in the afternoon and the government dinner at Rideau Hall at night. The day was perfect; blue sky, bright sun and yet cool air. It was the King's birthday or, at any rate, the day celebrated as such, and the traditional ceremony of the trooping of the King's color was briliantly carried out. I am no militarist; I never see the beauty of a colorful uniform without seeing also the death and havoc of war. But on this lovely day, with thousands and thousands of people covering every available inch of space on Parliament Hill, and the red-coated soldiers doing their stuff with precision and grace to the music of massed bands, it seemed only a good show put on for the King's entertainment. This idea was emphasized when I heard that the King, when not chatting with the commanding officer, hummed the airs as the band played.

We had been warned that those of the invited guests who wished to see the laying of the corner stone, which followed almost immediately upon the trooping of the color, must get through the main gate as quickly as possible and walk down Wellington Street, since there was no chance of cars getting through. The first out was the Speaker, the Hon. Pierre Casgrain, and in fun he pompously marched ahead, with Madame Casgrain, daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martin and myself following, down the middle of the street. The crowd, massed on either side, joked with us, calling out: "Poor marching; pick it up there," and, on Madame Casgrain's side, to her utter confusion: "Isn't she sweet?" But she is.

When we got to the site of the Supreme Court building, I was delighted to find that my seat was only a few feet from the stone which was to be "laid;" actually, lowered by pulleys; so I knew I would have a very fine view of the proceedings. It was a simple ceremony. Mr. Mackenzie King handed Her Majesty a trowel, which the press called goth gold and silver, but which looked silver to me, with which she spread cement over the base onto which the great foundation stone was lowered by a workman operating from above, after which the Queen tapped the foundation stone with her trowel and declared it well and truly laid.

Then escorted by the Prime Minister, Her Majesty walked to the speaking desk, where a microphone was concealed, and made her brief but beautifully phrased and clearly enunciated speech. It is said that after the speech was handed to her she wrote in with pen the sentence: "Perhaps it is not inappropriate that this task should be performed by a woman, for woman's position in civilized society has depended upon the growth of law." By that brief sentence she made herself one with all womankind.

Warm Greeting by Royalty

I heard a great many people talking of the deep emotion they felt on seeing Their Majesties — lump in the throat sort of thing. I thought that the Scotch granite in my nature must be the cause of my lack of emotion. But now a little scene was enacted which touched the wells of my being. The Queen came to talk with the three workmen there to assist in the laying of the corner stone; the one aloft of whom I spoke a moment ago, and two others who stood beside her. The latter were Scots; ruddy, redheaded, obvious Scots. She shook hands with them and chatted away for a few minutes, with complete friendliness and no touch of condescension; then half turned toward the King, who was nearby, and he came to shake hands and enter into the conversation. All this time the workman up above, a French-Canadian, was looking down sadly. The Queen caught the look and beckoned him down, and when he started down the ladder the crowd chorused: "Hurry up; hurry up." They didn't want him to miss his great moment. But there was no danger; the King and Queen were waiting for him and, when he came, greeted him warmly and talked with him in his native language. It was the democracy and humanity of the scene that touched me.

Five thousand people attended the garden party and five thousand more could have, so far as room in the grounds is concerned. It was a pretty sight; the stretches of lawn, broken by shrubberies, rockeries and stately trees, with the ladies' dresses making splashes of color. The men were sombre and correct in morning dress with silk toppers. Food was served in three large marquees with a birthday cake—the King's birthday cake—in each. I was very interested in the birthday cakes and asked a lot of questions about them. Each weighed 300 pounds, was three stories high, topped by a replica of the Imperial crown, and was decorated with the rose, the thistle, the shamrock the leek and the maple leaf in white icing. On the huge bottom layer of each cake was a white model of the "Camperdown," the ship on which King George trained as a naval cadet. To my delight one of the tiny ships, about 14 inches long, a lovely thing, was given to me.

Their Majesties walked about the grounds, first together and then separately, meeting some and being seen by all. Part of my pleasure was spoiled by unthinking people who tramped over flower beds and broke off hyacinths and tulips about to bloom. Such ill manners and lack of respect for other people's property I cannot understand. Other than the garden damage it was a perfect party.

State Dinner and Presentation

We reluctantly got ourselves away from it with just enough time to dash home and get ourselves ready for the dinner; in my case, hardly time enough; couldn't find enough hair pins, taxi waiting, fingers all thumbs getting acquainted with the new dress, putting on "yards" of new gloves. But I arrived in time, almost too excited to see at that moment the beauty of the great ballroom in which the dinner was held.

Everybody was in a flutter, finding their place at the table, even though the elaborate plan was handed to us in book form on entering. Eight hundred is a big dinner. But at last I find I am between Joe Bradette M.P., of Cochrane, and Dave Spence, M.P., of Toronto, while across are Sir Eugene and Lady Fiset and Mr. and Pouliot. It was a friendly group and we fell into happy conversation. The half hour which we waited for the Royal party passed quickly. It was an unbelievable experience to be eating in the same room with the King and Queen, but it certainly did nothing to dampen the gaiety of the dinner.

When Mr. Mackenzie King arose and said that His Majesty wished us to be presented we cheered lustily and sang with vigor "God Save the King." There a a real family feeling at that great dinner. The Royal party left the ballroom to have their coffee in the drawing room, and then the presentations took place.

I was thankful that my turn didn't come until at least halfway through. It was an awful moment when I heard Mr. Pereira call my name and I knew that the next moment I must curtsy to the king and shake hands at the same time, not an easy feat. But the great moment was made easier by the Prime Minister moving to the King's side and saying: "This is our first woman member." The King said: "Indeed," and smiled. I don't know what I did, but the next moment I was curtsying to the Queen and hearing her say: "How many women are there in the Canadian Parliament?" I heard myself answering, in a natural voice, and felt that my smile was not so frozen, possibly thawed by the warmth of hers, and I was backing, safely enough, the five required steps.

Unveiling of National Memorial

Sunday morning I awoke and thought: "I can't go to the unveiling of the National Memorial. I've got to broadcast and the script isn't ready and, anyway, twenty years after a war is a silly time to be putting up a national monument. Better to spend the money caring for the veterans." So, in that frame of mind, I worked two hours at the broadcast. But the crowds poured past my apartment windows, the bands played and I began to think that half a dozen blocks from where I sat working, an historical event was about to take place, and I knew that if I could find it there was a reserved place for me. So I set out.

This event drew by far the largest crowd. It is estimated that 100,000 people witnessed the ceremony, from the ground, roofs, window ledges, fire escapes, from every vantage point where a foothold could be secured. It was a solemn, moving service, with the King making the speech. It recalled the awful days of the war, the brave marching away, the thin ranks returning, the sorrow and grief; and the years since, with their trials for all of us, but especially for veterans. An unspoken prayer for peace could almost be heard.

When the King's speech, ending with the sentence: "Without freedom there can be no enduring peace, and without peace no enduring freedom" was concluded and the last hymn sung, followed by "God Save the King," Their Majesties mingled among the veterans for more than half an hour, chatting and shaking hands. It was an event without precedent. The officials were at a loss to know how to handle it. At first they attempted to keep an advance guard ahead of them, and the Governor-General and Prime Minister tried to stay nearby, but the pressure of the throng prevented, and the only protection Their Majesties had was the affection in the hearts of those who surrounded them, and they needed none other. Lord Tweedsmuir and Mackenzie King were jostled rather badly getting to their cars but the way opened before George and Elizabeth.

. . . . . .

When I came out from the Chateau Laurier, after broadcasting that same night, into that same square, it was deserted. The Royal train had gone.

—AGNES C. MACPHAIL.

OTTAWA, ONT.
Wed., May 24th, 1939.

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Push Technique

By I. H. P.

Of the outstanding systems of push technique, as demonstrated within a six by six feet range of vision opposite a gas station along the twenty-eight mile Toronto route of the Royal parade, the cork-screw and wiggle systems might have been observed as most efficient. The push technique may have been altogether different in your section.

Three little boys from Feversham adopted the wiggle system, no doubt copied from the speckled trout, wiggling through the grass back to the river. They patiently manouvered here and there among the forest of tired and limp legs until they reached the curb. While congratulating them one victim of the corkscrew system should not be forgotten. After several hours seated on the razor edge of a car bumper or on the painfully sharp joints of a picket fence, certain wrigglers had begun to be a bit jealous of the advantage enjoyed by a tired little man standing in the third row from the curb. Then the corkscrew system was observed. A delicately pointed female shoulder was deftly and unostentatiously inserted from behind the tired little man. It was pointed in the direction of his lapel. Then by persistent and periodic slight corscrew twists, holding fast to every hairs-breadth gained, the female shoulder had reached his best buttons. One last corkscrew twist and the tired little man's eyes were fairly between the scented shoulders of the female. After all that standing! The little man eased back and abandoned the prospect of seeing his King. The big wrinkle down the back of his coat, like the hair on a scared cat's back, smoothed out. But it did not heal his wound to hear the female say that Heads of Nations should be elected by popular vote instead of inheriting the position. The little man sputtered fiercely, then remembered that he was a gentleman. Although rudely cheated, he would defend his unseen King.

"Madam, you have not the capacity to realize the wisdom or the womanliness of our late Queen Victoria, who gave us such a succession of great and manly British Kings. Not only our present King, but all—every one—have been the pride of our Empire. Madam, we are thankful that the Court at Windsor, like all our Courts of Justice, are not presided over by strong-arm politicians periodically elected and dependent on a mass whim created by an expensively advertised slogan. They are independent for life to serve according to their oath of office."

Within that six by six range, listeners had been, since the Royal landing, reading the highly competitive display of laudatory adjectives, which, though worthy a place in our best literature, had not given every reason for the affection displayed. Some one patted the little man's shoulder. Still directing his voice at the female spinal column, he asked:

"Who else, without the background and training of generations of Royalty, could stand up under the terrific glare directed upon the British Throne? And remember, Madam, we have no apprehension regarding their successors, either. We learn to love them long before they become our Sovereign."

The female shoulders were slumping. Perhaps the little man might yet see his King. But he kept on. "Would you like to have the head of your family held up to ridicule and slandered at every election time, You wouldn't want to, periodically, trade the one at the head of your table, for some one else. That's the way we feel about our King and Queen. Even if British Royalty were to be elected, you couldn't find, in the Empire, a seconder to another nomination. The result wold be an acclamation."

Then to the folk around him, he said, "Their Majesties know it is we, the folk who do the work on the farm and the mill hands, who really welcome them. Their Majesties know that we, the common people, buy the Windsor uniforms. We are proud of the well-dressed ones of our family—the big wigs—whom we delegate to greet them. The big wigs know how to hold their toppers just right. They can pronounce the big words and will say 'have seen' and not 'have saw' even when they are most excited about it all. Even so, we know Their Majesties would rather talk with common people than with the big wigs, but we haven't developed corkscrew technique and not likely ever will."

Just then the Royal car shot past. The female was gone, but the Feversham kids sure had a swell look.

LIBERAL CONVENTION

The Liberals of the riding of Grey-Bruce will hold a Convention in the town hall, Durham, at 2 pm. on Thursday, June 8th, for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the riding at the next Dominion Election. Three delegates allowed from each polling sub-division. Dr. Blair, M.P., will give an address—Dr. T. H. Sneath president; J. C. McDonald, sec.-treas.

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Alliston	Thursday
Creemore	Thursday
Drayton	Thursday
Durham	Thursday
Dundalk	Thursday
Erin	Wednesday
Flesherton	Thursday
Grand Valley	Wednesday
Hanover	Wednesday
Meaford	Wednesday
Markdale	Thursday
Mt. Forest	Thursday
Orangeville	Wednesday
Owen Sound	Wednesday
Shelburne	Thursday
Thornbury	Wednesday

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Right Enough

A rather stout schoolmistress was talking about birds and their habits.

"Now," she said, "at home I have a canary, and it can do something I cannot do. I wonder if any of you know just what that thing is?"

Little Eric raised his hand.

"I know, teacher," he said. "Take a bath in a saucer."

A SMART SCOT

In the dressing room of the train the Scot had been boring everyone with tales of the great deeds he had done. "Well, now," said an Englishman at last, "suppose you can tell us something you can't do, and by Jove, I'll undertake to do it myself." "Thank ye," replied the Scot, "I canna pay my railroad fare."

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