

Truly "Our Gracious Queen"

(By A. H.)

Lady Cynthia Asquith has written a very charming and convincing picture of one of the most gracious figures of our time, Queen Elizabeth. Lady Cynthia has written the life story of the Queen with such apparent love of her task that the result is a very illuminating study of the Queen.

The author describes the character of the nation's beloved Queen, and, noticing that there are no faults mentioned, she adds that no matter to whom she has spoken, they have all agreed unanimously that Queen Elizabeth, even in her early childhood, had the power to make friends and keep them, and never did they see any of her faults. She is the kind of person whom one will never forget.

One of her contemporaries is quoted as writing:

A Lasting Memory of Graciousness

"After those two summers (at Glamis, one of the homes of Elizabeth Lyon, now the Queen) I never saw the Duchess again until I grew up, except once, when I was ten years old, living in London because I was too ill to go to school. Then she came to tea with her governess. Outside the short November day was fading to a close. I lay upon a sofa, watching the gale blow about the tops of the plane trees, listening to the patter of the rain on the window and feeling very small and lonely. The door was thrown open and a lady came in with a little girl. It was over three years since I had seen her, an age in a child's life, and in the dim light I hardly knew her for a moment. She was taller and paler and darker than I remembered. But her charm was the same: the drowsy caressing voice, the slow sweet smile, the delicious gurgle of laughter, the soft eyes glowing with sympathy as she leant forward in the firelight; they had not altered. At the first silvery words all my depression fell from me. And when she went I felt it worth being ill a thousand times over so to be visited."

And that is just one of the many compliments that the lovely Queen Elizabeth receives in this book, which has many quotations from earlier happenings in her life. There is a description of her homes, of her gay and care-free childhood, always spent with her adoring young brother, David, of her delightful family, of her wedding, her children and of her life in general. The fact that Lady Asquith is a close friend of the Queen, adds much to this interesting account.

Several newspapers have mentioned the excellency of the book. "The Queen" says: "The book has at the outset the advantage of having a delightful and much-loved subject. Its author has given it a further charm by writing it with a graceful mingling of reticence and intimacy, of deference and familiarity, and with an obvious love of her task which have resulted in what will deservedly be the outstanding success of the season."

The Queen's Wedding

This is Lady Asquith's description of the wedding of the King and Queen:

"April 26th dawned wet and dull, but in the course of the morning pale sunshine gradually filtered through the greyness. The crowds deserved the comfort of its warmth, for they had not waited to see what the weather might hold in store for them. The glamour of the occasion had been sufficient invitation. The chill was hours of early morning had found them eagerly assembled; and Whitehall, that highway of history, had never been thronged with denser or more patient crowds."

"Young and old had come forth in their thousands to share with ungrudging sympathy in the joy of another man and woman, a joy accessible to every human being, made memorably beautiful by the pomp and pageantry so dear to the English."

"In Parliament Square flags were flying and green garlands swinging in the wind. Outside the Abbey the high wooden stands held thousands of spectators, and from every lamp-post determined boys hung in grape-like clusters. Mounted policemen moved about, gently backing their excited horses into bulging sections of the perfectly behaved crowd, and St. John Ambulance men wheeled their stretchers up and down the line, searching for victims of too-prolonged standing."

"As the hour of the wedding approached, the calm majesty of the Ab-



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth

by, where the dead still keep their state, was gradually invaded by a motley crowd of the living. Soldiers, Statesmen, Indian Princes, Labour Members, Diplomats; a moving mass of colour, they slowly filed in and were ushered to their seats by scarlet men-at-arms carrying pikes.

"From the great organ came the sounds of Purcell's beautiful suite, its strains slowly floating up to wander and stray among the echoes in the dim upper spaces, whose mystery was pierced by the long shafts of light; long shafts that scattered through the twilight of the arches the fragments of a broken rainbow, and touched the gilded reredoses of the altar, on which golden vessels glistened and candles palely flickered."

"Even in this dim religious light the brilliancy of the massed uniforms was dazzling. The gorgeous clash of scarlet, silver, blue and gold, the shining swords and medals, the jewelled turbans; all these united to reduce the wedding garments of the women to insignificance."

"The music ceased. Expectancy grew. In solemn splendour of crimson and gold the Clergy thronged into the Sanctuary."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury with his glittering staff took up his stand before the altar. From far away came the sound of distant cheering; louder and louder, until it burst in a roar that echoed against the Abbey walls. The great assembly rose to receive the King and Queen, and the Royal procession took their seats in the chairs on the right of the altar."

"Another great burst of cheering greeted the bridegroom. Between his brothers he advanced up the aisle. Impulsively Queen Alexandra rose and embraced her three grandsons. The bridegroom's ordeal of waiting is not long, for soon the loudest cheer of all is heard. The most poignant moment of every wedding has come."

"The bride is here. Startlingly, piercingly sweet rise the choir boys' voices—"Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," and through the

wide-open doors to which all eyes are turned she enters with her white following. It is as though those doors were letting in the spring.

"Her father takes her by the hand, and slowly they advance up the nave. Before them a golden cross is carried high. As she reaches the steps the bridegroom moves to her side, and they face the altar together, the sun shining full on their bowed heads as the familiar ritual is spoken."

"The Archbishop of York addresses them in words of grave gentleness, and then they move into King Edward the Confessor's Chapel to sign the register while the strains of "God Save the King" fill the Abbey."

"Soon the bride and bridegroom reappear. Her veil is now thrown back, and from her face shine radiance and gentle resolution, as hand in hand with her husband she walks out to face the cheering crowds and her future on the great stage of English History."

That was the wedding of the beloved King and Queen of the British Empire. Long may they reign!

Local Man Met Present King in Dec. 1918.

Prince Albert Visited Aerodrome in Belgium. Made Fine Impression.

One local man has very special interest in the coronation of King George VI, having met the present king under unusual circumstances in Belgium. It was in Dec. 1918, when Prince Albert, as he was then, with Major Craig as his quarry, paid a visit to the 65th Squadron R.A.F. and had dinner with them. The 65th was at an aerodrome built by the noted German airman, Baron von Richtofen, at Bisegham, near Courtrai, in the north of Belgium. "Prince Albert was very quiet, but he made a fine impression on all," said Flight-Lieutenant F. J. Wolno (as he was in 1918 at that visit from the present king at Bisegham, Belgium). "He was a real prince in every way," added Flight-Lieutenant Wolno, who is sure that he will prove a truly royal king who will be loved and respected for his merits and his kindly ways.

Flight-Lieutenant Wolno is now Bandmaster Wolno, of the Timmins Citizens' Band, and the Lions Boys' Band.

The Prince Albert of those days in Belgium is now King George VI.

Mottoes of King George V.

In many British homes now hangs a little white plaque. On it are inscribed the six maxims of King George V, on which he based his actions.

The plaques are being issued by the British Empire Union. The maxims are:

1. Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game.
2. Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.
3. Teach me neither to proffer nor receive cheap praise.
4. If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast which goes away to suffer in silence.
5. Teach me to win, if I may; if I may not win, then, above all, teach me to be a good loser.
6. Teach me never to cry for the moon nor over spilt milk.

Beefeaters Once Bedmakers

But Don't Mention It to Them the Next Time You're in Lunnon

(Toronto Globe and Mail) England's "Beefeaters," the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, to give them their correct and official title, are famous the world over, but few of their admirers know that the duties of this famous corps once included those of chambermaid.

At least to the Yeomen of the Guard, in the days of the Tudors, was entrusted the "making" of the monarch's bed, and no sovereign of those times would have thought of retiring to rest until the Yeomen reported that this job had been completed with all due ceremony and observance.

This task, presumably, no longer devolves upon the manly Beefeaters, though some of them still are classed as Yeomen, Bed-Hangers and Yeomen Bed-Goers. It has passed out of their hands like many of the tougher jobs imposed upon them by their founder, Henry VII, and the Yeomen have become almost entirely ornamental.

British rulers no longer lead their troops into war, and the King's Bodyguard therefore, is no longer called on to protect his royal person in battle.

On the other hand, it still continues to search the cellars of the Houses of Parliament at the opening of each session, on the chance of discovering another Guy Fawkes and another Gunpowder Plot.

But the purposes of these brief notes is to warn visitors to London during Coronation Week against mistaking the Warders of the Tower (of London) for genuine Beefeaters.

More than 400 years ago King Henry VIII decided that the Tower was no longer a "desirable residence" and moved to other quarters. But he left behind him twelve of his Yeomen, just to show that the ancient fortress was

still a royal palace.

Eventually the Tower ceased altogether to be a residence for royalty, and the abandoned Yeomen became warders and lost their uniform.

However, in the time of the boy King Edward VI, who died when he was 16 years old, this was restored to them at the request of Lord Seymour, who retained pleasant memories of the kindness of the warders while he was a prisoner.

So the Tower Warders now dress like the Yeomen of the Guard and usually are mistaken for members of that body, even by old Londoners. They are a separate organization, take no part in State affairs, and are under the control of the Constable of the Tower.

Empire Air Records

The first non-stop Atlantic aeroplane flight was made in 1919 by two British airmen, Alcock and Brown, who flew from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Ireland in 15 hours, 57 minutes.

The first flight from England to Australia was made in 1919 by two Australian airmen, Ross Smith and Keith Smith, who did it in 124 flying hours (27 days, 20 hours).

British flyers (C. W. A. Scott and T. Campbell Black) won the air race, England to Australia, in 1934, the flight taking 22 days, 22 hours, 58 minutes. An Englishwoman, Amy Molison, made the record for the double journey, England-Cape Town-England (10 days, 22 hours, 43 minutes), and a New Zealand woman, Jean Batten, made the record solo flight England-Australia (5 days 24 hours 3 minutes).

Mails from London to Adelaide, South Australia, take 29 days by ordinary mail and 13 days by air mail. Letters dispatched by air mail (at 6.45 a.m.) reach Geneva or Cannes on the evening of the same day. They take 2 1/2 days to reach Cairo, 3 days to reach Bagdad, 7 days to Rangoon, 8 to Singapore, 10 to Hong Kong, and 12 to Australia.

In 1936 the gross tonnage of steam and motor merchant ships flying British flags was 20,173,000.

We Join in Celebrating the Coronation of Their Majesties

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Just Give Us a Tinkle for the Coronation

Old Country People to be Wakened by Bell Not Knockers

Here is the story just as it appeared recently on the front page of The Daily Mail, of London, England:—

Thousands of folk are not going to wait for Chanticleer to herald the dawn. The State will be knocker-up for those who don't habitually rise early by alarm clocks.

Minions of the Postmaster-General will see to it that a great part of London is up in ample-time to see all that is a-doing in the festive streets on the glorious 12th of May.

To make sure they will need to be out of bed hardly later than 4 a.m. The Postmaster-General will oblige—through his night staff of telephone operators.

He is preparing to "worry" out of bed all subscribers who ask for it by his "alarm" calls, which set the telephone bell buzzing relentlessly until the

slumberer awakens and replies. All the subscriber has to do is to ask the operator the day before "Give me a tinkle at — a.m."

And it is already evident that telephone bells will be tinkling all over the Metropolis at — a.m. on Coronation Day.

"Good morning, sir! It's just — a.m. Lovely day for it, sir. . . . Exchange supervisors have already been given a hint of what to expect. Telephone exchange staffs in the London area are to be considerably increased for Coronation time.

King's Tip Reach as Much as \$500 for the Week-end

Royal tips are on a truly royal scale. After a week-end as the guest of one of his subjects the King leaves as much as £100 to be distributed among the servants, whereas £20 is considered liberal from anyone else.

When the King is present, no one leaves the company until he has given the signal for the break-up of the party.

The jubilee of the first transcontinental train was celebrated in Canada in 1936. On June 28th, 1936, it started from Montreal and arrived at Port Moody, British Columbia, 5 1/2 days later.

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