ROYAL PROGRESS AT THE CORONATION

A Description of the Visit of the King and Queen in State to the City of London---The Distance Covered Was Seven Miles.

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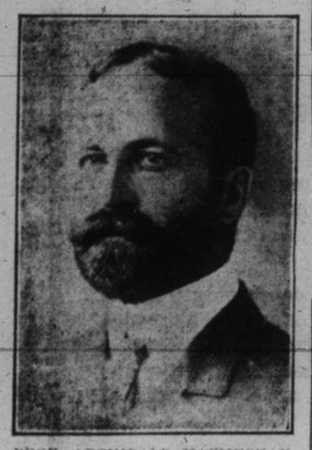
"Progress" is a word with many different associations. To most of us it suggests, first of all, Bunyan's wonderful allegory; to those who care for art it will call up Hogarth's pictures of a wastrel's life; but an earlier application still is to a state journey made by a royal or noble personage. Queen Elizabeth delighted in such functions. The most famous is her visit to the Earl of Leicester,



PROF. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

which Scott has commemorated in "Kenilworth." Now that George V has been crowned as the undoubted king of this realm, custom demands that he shall show himself to his lieges of the metropolis in his new dignity. His visit in state to the city of London is his "progress."

This time the route is five or six times as long as the route to the abbey on the day before, for it stretches far to the east and makes a great sweep to the south of the Thames. Only a map would make the matter clear. Without such an aid, a heap of place-names only bewilders the reader. Suffice it to state then, in general terms, that the route includes the great thoroughfares, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet street, and has for its eastern turning point, the heart of the city, in other words, the Bank of England. Here it turns south, crosses the Thames by London Bridge, and then works its way westward through the southern quarters until it crosses the Thames once more close by the houses of parliament. Here it becomes the route of the day before, passing up Whitehall, through the naval arch and the Mall, and so home again to Buckingham palace. The route is almost seven miles long; the progress will take about three hours; sixty thousand troops beside the police are needed to line the way.

Unless the scribe were a bird and did fly or rode an aeroplane defying the law, it is obviously impossible for him to witness the whole of the spectacle. The best plan is to take station at one point whence the procession may be reviewed as a whole and, thanks to the kindness of the agent general for Nova Scotia, he is enabled to see it from a coign of vantage unsurpassed in all London. This is the window of his official quarters in Pall Mall. From the second storey may be seen not only the whole lengths of this famous street, but the facade and battlements of St. James' palace, where the levees are held and the open space before it. A more favorable position would be hard to find.

Pall Mall is known in London as club land from the number of those masculine havens of refuge which line both sides of the street. Usually it is like the rest of London, rather quiet and sombre in hue; to-day it is transformed. All that color can do to brighten dull buildings has been done lavishly; the result is one swimming, riotous, kaleidoscope from end to end. Scarlet and blue hangings with gold trimmings, Venetian masts with long gay festoons between, bunting fluttering everywhere in a thousand dyes, the national ensign wherever a flag could be flown or hung, groups and strings and lines of flags, shields with gorgeous devices have been spread along both sides of the street from pavement to roof. The very reviewing stands put up for a week have been carefully painted. The result is that Clubland looks like some huge booth at a giants' fancy fair. Multiply this by any number you choose, and you get some faint idea of what London looks like in gala.

It is along such embowered streets, through lines of splendid troops and packed masses of enthusiastic cheering subjects that the king is to pass in stately procession this day.

There really were two processions with quite an interval between them. The first was a parade of the overseas dominions; the second, of the power and majesty of the mother country,—for a procession is a display, a pageant, a show which by constant movement in a line enables the greatest possible number of spectators to see it with least trouble to themselves.

To the heart-stirring sounds of military music, the head of the first procession swings round the corner of St. James' street. Here comes the mounted band of the 2nd Life Guards. The drummer, the drums and the drum-horse would need an article apiece to do them justice. The legerdemain of the drummer, rattling, flourishing, crossing his sticks, beating his drums alternately right and left, the pride of the great piebald which bore him were marvellous to behold. The band wear coats literally covered with gold braid, and peaked black velvet caps like a jockey's. Close behind rolls an open carriage with the premier of Canada and the premier of Australia sitting side by side, a sight which makes one think. The dominion and the commonwealth, with six thousand miles of sea between them, are here side by side in their representatives at the heart of the empire, to do honor to their common overlord. To say that Sir Wilfrid is a distinguished-looking man is a commonplace. Dignified and stately in its bearing, his face is almost harsh in the strength of its lines, and settled in impenetrable repose. No one can guess his thoughts, as he passes along, noting everything with keen eyes, but manifesting no feeling. He is a favorite of the London crowd, and he represents Canada on great occasions like this in a way all must admire. As he passes, he is warmly cheered, and cheering in London, in the West End, at any rate, consists largely of hand-clapping. It seems just a trifle odd to Canadian ears, to express your approval of a passing statesman, or a smart battery, or a squad of fine cavalry by clapping your hands as in a theatre. It does not seem adequate, but it is certainly decorous. To a rattle of hand-claps and shouts and waving hats and handkerchiefs from the stands before the clubs, the premier of the dominion moves down the decorated street.

So with the different detachments. Each one has its own special story, its own past, its own tradition. The keenest eye can gather only a general impression of well-groomed horses passing so near that we could see the brand on their withers, a shamrock or a crown, of stalwart, well set up men in fine uniforms, of glitter of steel from sword and helmet and cuirass. But they jingle and glitter past, and another equally fascinating detachment follows. One group was singled out, however, from all the rest by Canadian eyes, the mounted police. They were all men over the average height. The red tunic, the rough-rider hat, the yellow stripe on the trousers, made identification easy. Though called "police," they really are a dragoon regiment, and they have the regular, indescribable dragoon swagger. There is something in the way they sit their horses, something in the back and shoulders, and the carriage of the head that gives them an air of pride. It did me good to see a number of the force in an Oxford street crowd the other day, looking exactly as if he owned the entire city of London and Westminster. If Canada were to be represented by a simple soldier, he should be a mounted policeman. He looks strong, he looks proud, and he stands for the reign of law. Like the premier, the riders of the plains take the eye of the crowd and are loudly cheered. They take the applause like soldiers, that is to say they pay no attention to it. No mounted unit is better drilled.

Carriage after carriage passes, each with its notabilities. The mere list of the names would fill columns. All the dominions are represented, and to each carriage there is an escort of over-seas soldiers. Being picked men, they reflected credit on the state that sent them to this grand muster of imperial strength. The troopers from South Africa looked particularly capable. They were lean, keen, brown-faced men, fit to go anywhere and do anything. One noticed too the fern-fround badge on the tunics of the New Zealanders. After the dominions came the representatives of India, their procession headed by the band of the Scots Greys,—"Those terrible Greys" Napoleon called them, when he saw them charging at Waterloo. The ringing music fills the street. Indeed the reader is to imagine this stately defile of soldiers and horses, and guns and carriages and splendid uniforms to the accompaniment of martial sounds from drums and trumpets and brasses. The bands were so placed at the front and rear of each section of the procession that one had not grown faint in the distance before another was at hand.

Now the Indian procession is passing. In the carriages are dignified, dark-faced, bearded figures in turbans and long silk garments. Jewels are everywhere. They watch the spectacle of the stands, the decorations and the applauding crowds with calm, appraising eyes. One would give something to read their thoughts. They bear names famous in the history of India and known to every reader of Kipling,—Baroda, Holkar, Patiala, rajahs, maharajahs, khans and singhs. If India is in a state of unrest, there are rulers of India who have testified their loyalty by their presence here, to-day. In their gay silks and many colored jewelled turbans they bring the Arabian Nights home to the London street.

In the royal procession proper, the place of honor was given to the sea-service. At the very head came a detachment of straw-hatted, brown-faced sailor-men, trundling after them six wicked-looking cannon of the most modern pattern, as if they were toys. We all love Jack—for many reasons. One perhaps, is that, though the least showy, he is the most efficient in that whole concourse. The supple case, the perfect rhythm with which these steams of plain blue-clad men moved along was as pleasant to watch as good dancing. Then you thought these soldier-men would have to doff a large part of their panoply to fight, but the sailors could race their guns into the open and begin operations at once. The cheers follow the compact mass of straw hats down the street.

A section of Horse Artillery follows. These are the men whose tradition is to gallop into action. They are gunners with the quality of cavalry. The light guns are drawn by fine teams of six black horses. The driver carries a whip with a short handle and a long lash doubled back into his hand. He controls the off horse by just laying the whip-handle on his neck. The wise creature understands at once. After these come more mounted men and more and more and more—a perfect avalanche of men and horses, dragoons, hussars and lancers—breast-plates, shakos, helmets, plumes, every variety of braided and embroidered and gold-laced jacket, with red and white pennons on the lances fluttering gaily between. Mingled with masses of cavalry are field-guns and howitzers. The living representatives of famous names are there, the Queen's Bays, the Royal Irish, the Scots Greys—the pick of two branches of the land service are defiling through London streets guarded by the third. In London to-day a man may see the flower of the British Army. That in itself is an object lesson in military power hard to equal.

The king's Indian orderlies follow, a splendid splash of the Orient among the tamer costumes of the west. Two handsome bearded fellows in the front are smiling and showing their snow-white teeth, but in the rear a grey old wolf of a man scowls at the crowd. One would like to get at his mental processes for a while. Swarms of British officers of high rank follow, glittering in scarlet and gold, French and Evelyn Wood and "Bobs" himself are in the throng; but they have ridden by before one gets a good look. Then come the foreign officers a very motley crowd, and very foreign-looking; they all seem to ride with a very long stirrup and a straight leg, rather awkward looking to our eyes. Three open carriages follow, full of notabilities holding various offices about the court. In the last is Lady Minto and the Duchess of Devonshire who held Queen Mary's train at the coronation. The servants are in scarlet liveries covered with gold, most gorgeous to behold.

And then after more splendid troopers of the Household Cavalry, more colonials and more Indians, comes the sight of the day, the sight we have been all waiting for so long. Before the royal carriage rounds the corner of St. James street, a louder, deeper roar of cheering runs before it, and heralds its approach. There is nothing languid or forced in the note of that acclaim. The unmistakable ring of pent-up feeling finding an outlet runs through that great wave of sound, which seems to sweep round from one street into the other like a wall of water or a rushing mighty wind. From it emerges the open carriage in which ride the kind and queen of England, our king and queen as well. The cheering breaks out in Pall Mall with redoubled force; and, between the irresistible emotion that grips one's whole nature, the exciting effect of huge volumes of enthusiastic sound and the distracting multitude of objects before the eye, it is hard to see things as they really are. The famous cream-colored horses demand much more than a passing glance. There are eight of them; splendid animals they are under their trappings and housings. Four have riders, and footmen walk beside as well, to see that no accident takes place. They are not indispensable. Just before reaching the stand, one horse required the attention of his groom. Curiously enough I remember a horse "acting," as the carriage conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales entered the court-yard of the province building at Halifax during the "Ophir" tour. The prince half rose from his seat, for it looked as if the wheel might smash against the stone pillar, but the face of the princess did not change a single shade, and she sat unmoved. And here are the royal pair, the king and queen of a fifth of the world. They appear in state, with pomp and ceremony due to their exalted rank, but the effect was curiously simple. What went ye out for to see? It is true that he is in uniform, but he is sitting quietly in an open carriage, beside a lady in white in a plain hat with a blue feather in it. I think it must have been the two together, especially the quiet dress of the queen, far less magnificently robed than her lady-in-waiting, that created the sense of quiet and space and contrast with all that had gone before. After clatter of many hooves, and the varied glare of many uniforms, you have a lady and gentleman sitting in an open carriage as the heart of the long and magnificent pageant. Under the cocked hat you saw an honest, wholesome, bearded face looking pleased at the welcome he is receiving from every man, woman and child on the street that can wave a hat or a handkerchief or shout. From time to time he puts his fingers to the edge of his cocked hat in acknowledgement of the resounding plaudits. The motion is low, easy and dignified. Queen Mary on her side is a grave-faced, clever-looking woman with a will of her own. Character of no weak type is written on every feature. She looks fresh, wholesome and young. The morning light is trying, but she stands the test well. Apparently she has a system or plan of acknowledging her people's homage,—so many stately inclinations of the head on this side, so many on that; and just as she passed the stand of loyal Nova Scotia, her glances were distributed on the other side of the road. However, we all had a good look at her; and the impression will remain indelible of something fresh and wholesome like the morning air, something very well-defined and clear in outline of the personality like the precise and determined simplicity of the white dress and the white hat with the Wedgwood-blue feather. It did not seem that either was tired or bored; they had a duty to perform, but they found the spectacle grateful.

And so they pass all too soon the bearded gentleman in the cocked hat and the lady in severe white with the tranquil face. Kitchener of Khartoum rides at the king's right hand, but no one has eyes for anyone but the pair in the carriage. We should have liked to watch longer and study more closely those two faces on which so much depends, but they have gone by. There are more mounted men and more gorgeous officials, and then a troop of the Lancers who have been standing by in front of St. James' Palace, wheel across, form up and close the upper end of Pall Mall.

For one thing only I should have liked another point of view, for the sake of the ceremony at Temple Bar. This marks the ancient boundary of the city of London. The barrier gate which Wren erected and over which Johnson and Goldsmith saw the heads of the nobles executed for their share in the Forty-Five, has been torn down and given place to a column with a Wonderland gryphon on the top. For this occasion a double arch was erected spanning the street. Here the king is met in state by the lord mayor of London, who gives his permission to enter the city. It is an old custom and the right is jealously guarded. The royal carriage halts; the mayor advances with the mace reversed and presents the sword of London to the king, who touches and remits. Then the lord mayor with the sheriffs mount and form part of the procession escorting the monarch as far as London bridge. The rite is full of significance. But one cannot see everything; this is enough for one day.

Now it is all over. The soldiers who have been keeping the line bivouac on the pavement and eat lunches out of paper bag; the hospitable agent-general entreats his guests to remain for an excellent luncheon, and there is much pleasant chat over the good cheer. Only one opinion is heard among the Canadians as to the magnificence of the pageant. We had seen the flower of the British army. Such men and horses were surely never surpassed, and our feeling at this striking exhibition of the nation's armed strength was a deep and wholesome pride. Now, as never before, did we feel that oneness of interest and future which will be the saving of the empire. Picked soldiers from all the new nations from New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and our own dominion rode in the line with England's best and bravest, and we had no reason to fear the comparison. Indeed there were few troops more splendid in the long procession than our own mounted police, the riders of the plains, though the hard-bitten troopers from South Africa were good to look at, too. All the forces from beyond sea seemed to be in their right place, as claiming their share in the symbolic line of defence.

Perhaps the strongest personal feeling was the sense of contrast between the preliminaries and the heart of the procession. After the long line of mounted men in all the panoply of war, the deadly modern guns, the swords and lances, enter an open carriage with a lady and gentleman sitting quietly side by side in the fair daylight for all to see. So should a democratic king pass through his ancient capital. There was dignity in her demeanor; she always bore herself royally, but in his mien there was undoubtedly both pride and pleasure. The king and queen were together. That was only natural and right, but the fact is significant. Some complain and some exult that we have a "middle-class" sovereign, one who prefers the society of his children to a game of bridge and a consort who likes knitting better than court ceremony. He gives promise of emulating the domestic virtues of the third George which endeared him to his people in spite of his political errors and she has taken Queen Victoria for her model. It will not be hard for Canadians to make up their minds about a royal pair which begin their reign with these ideals.

Archibald MacMechan.

She Told the Congregation.

If brevity is the soul of wit one of the wittiest speeches on record was made by a woman, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Briggs lived in the northern part of Indiana, a long distance from any village. Hearing that Rev. Mr. Goodwin was to preach in a township some twenty miles distant, she resolved to be present, and as no other way offered, she walked the twenty miles.

The pastor heard of this, and was so pleased at the appreciation which it showed that at the close of the sermon he mentioned the fact to the congregation and called upon Mrs. Briggs to tell them how she came.

Rising slowly she looked over the audience with great solemnity and said:

"I hoofed it."

Then she sat down again.

Worriment.

"The king of England seems to have a worried look," said the man who was looking at the pictures.

"I don't see what he has to worry about," replied Mrs. Flimgit's husband. "His wife doesn't play bridge." Washington Star.

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I think that most wrongs, if not most sins, are done in moments of passion, thoughtlessness or through a desire to please others. The old human heart never ceases to hunger for love, whether in a year-old baby or an octogenarian. Deny it love and it becomes indifferent, cold, selfish. The medical and scientific world are just beginning to understand the mighty moral as well as the healing influence of love. It is the ladder by which men and nations climb to greatness. It is the power that will eventually disarm battleships, scatter armies and bring the whole human family into one great brotherhood, where the interests of one will be the interests of all.

I should like to see in all schools the study of love placed ahead of all other studies, for the noblest objects of life are defeated if we are controlled by selfishness, malice, hatred or revenge.

It is well understood by the medical profession that anger and greed do more to produce disease, destroy happiness and shorten life than all other causes combined.

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I want every dyspeptic, every person who is troubled with any form of indigestion, to try my Dyspepsia Remedy. It will not make an old stomach new, but it will enable one to eat almost anything within reason and digest all they do eat.

I want every nervous person to try my Nerve Cure and see how quickly it will give rest to the tired nerves and strength to the whole system.

I want every person who is troubled with biliousness, constipation or any liver or bowel ailment, to try Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills. They are having a tremendous sale, and are doing a mighty work for humanity. These pills keep not only the stomach in good shape, but they cleanse the lower bowel, and soon habituate the bowels to act regularly without assistance.—MUNYON.

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The artist who is married to a blonde makes most of his angels of the brunette type.