

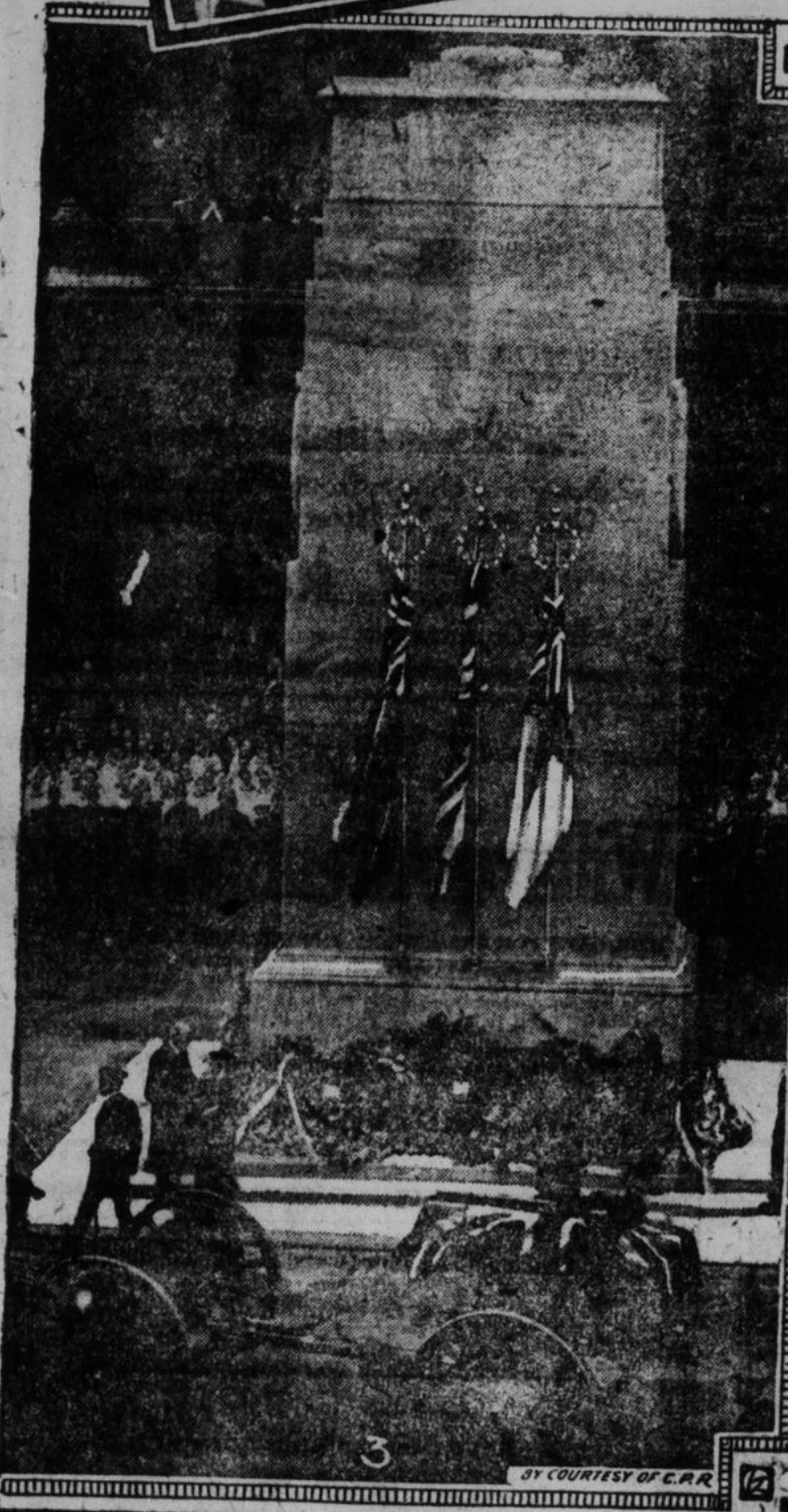
Unknown Warrior laid to rest—Scenes at Westminster Abbey



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- (1) Premier Lloyd George, accompanied by Sir Hamar Greenwood, inspecting R. I. C. and Auxiliary Police in Downing Street, London.
- (2) Armistice Day—The body of the unknown warrior being borne towards Westminster Abbey.
- (3) Funeral of the unknown warrior—The coffin containing the unknown warrior passing the cenotaph in London.
- (4) The Rev. Clarence May, of St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, London, who acts in the pulpit and gives addresses on popular subjects such as "The Right to Strike," "The Garden of Allah," etc.; he draws large audiences.
- (5) A party of English tinplate workers leaving Liverpool for Baldwin's Tinplate Works, Toronto, Canada.
- (6) Home coming of the unknown warrior scene at Boulogne—Marshal Foch saluting the coffin containing the body of the unknown warrior.
- (7) Funeral of the unknown warrior—Coffin entering Westminster Abbey.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

"A British Warrior Who Fell in the Great War of 1914-18—For King and Country."

This was the simple inscription on the coffin of the British Empire's "Unknown Warrior" whose remains, attended by the King, the Royal Princes, and famous field-marshal and admirals and mourned by the entire nation, were borne to their last resting place in the Empire's noblest sanctuary, Westminster Abbey, London, on Armistice Day. There the Unknown Warrior lies, his burial place adjoining those of great statesmen, great poets, and great soldiers—the only grave there without a name amongst those whose names will go ringing down the ages.

No ceremony has ever touched the heart of the British people as this home-coming of the Unknown. Who was he? How long is it since he left England, or rushed to England from overseas to help her? Had he wife and babes waiting to welcome his return, or a mother who will never see her boy again? Name, rank, unit, length of service—all these are lost in the mists of war. There is no blazon on his shield to tell his lineage. He is the "common soldier" who went forth to war at his country's call and, now he lies in the Abbey as representative of the Empire's million dead soldiers.

He brought home with him the homage of France and the salute of Foch, the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies. It was on the quays of Boulogne that the British Expeditionary Force landed; it was from the same quays that this victor returned, clad in the tattered Union Jack that had covered the bodies of hundreds of his comrades. His body was borne through London England, as pail-bearers, Lord Beatty, Lord Haig, Lord French, Lord Byng, and eight other famous captains. His simple coffin was surmounted by a trench helmet, a common soldier's bayonet, and a Crusader's sword presented by King George. Behind followed representatives of the navy, the army, the air force, and the ex-service men's organizations. Nothing could have exceeded the sublime simplicity of the home-coming.

Turning into Whitehall, where thousands of people had waited since the barricades had been closed ten hours earlier, the cortege reached the Cenotaph. Here King George, the Empire's chief mourner, awaited it. In the windows of the government offices fronting on the Cenotaph were women who had been bereaved during the war. Then ensued a brief religious ceremony—the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," and the Lord's Prayer, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King stepped forward and placed his wreath of laurel and red upon the coffin, followed by the



Prince of Wales. The tolling bell of the Abbey alone broke the hush. And then suddenly this silence was broken by the thunderous note of Big Ben striking eleven.

On the first stroke the King pressed a button, and the draped flags floated down fore and aft and refilled the beauty of the newly-completed Cenotaph—the "empty tomb." It stands there, in clear, beautiful austerity, as a monument for posterity, with the simple inscription "THE GLORIOUS DEAD."

Then with the last stroke of the hour the Great Silence fell.

This was the most impressive part of the whole impressive ceremonial, these two minutes of complete silence. By common consent the chief focal point for the crowds was Trafalgar Square, and there had waited. The square, and the sixty-odd streets that appear to feed it, was packed to suffocation. Seething, twisting, talking, laughing—the ceaseless sound of the sea. And then the Silence fell—so profound, so complete, that it was unearthly. It was deeper than the deepest hush of the most impenetrable forest, stiller than the cold isolation of the farthest mountain peaks. The only sound was the whimper of a frightened child or the fluttering of the wings of the pigeons that circled overhead.

The sharp note of the bugle sounding the "Last Post" broke it at last. The funeral procession reformed; the King took up his place immediately behind the coffin, as chief mourner, and the heart-stirring strains of Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" rose. At the Abbey a guard of honor of one hundred wearers of the Victoria Cross lined the nave. Then came the brief burial service. The King stepped forward, and from a small silver shell cast upon the coffin earth from the soil of France. More silence; and then from behind the High Altar came the long roll of drums, followed by trumpets. This time they were playing, not the Last Post, but the "Reveille." When the service was over, and the mothers and the wives were alone with the dead, someone came and placed upon the coffin a wreath of laurel gathered from the fact that it took nearly three hours to traverse the three hundred odd yards from the barricades to the Cenotaph. At nine at night the queues were still as long as at the commencement, reinforced as they were by workers pouring out from offices, factories and shops. And I think that every second person carried flowers.

For three more days longer than I write this the pilgrimage is to go on, and I can see them from the window now, lined up in silent rows.

—C. W. R.



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