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The dignity of the capital of the province. The irony of circumstances, however, sadly marred this particular occasion, so well suited to the exercise of his abilities. His worship had scarcely begun the reading of the address, when, by some misunderstanding ~~of the order of the program~~, the whole choir arose and burst into song. The mayor's voice was drowned in the volume of sound; he spoke louder, and tried to carry on; but after a few moments was compelled to desist. Meanwhile from the steps of the City Hall, frantic signals were being waved by dismayed officials to the conductor of the chorus at Bay Street, who could be seen, with his back to us, energetically beating time and indicating the inflections of the composition, which apparently included no pianissimo passages. Some of the officials desperately plunged through the crowd and finally the message reached the unconscious and unfortunate conductor. The singing stopped in the middle of a bar, and a sudden quietness fell, broken only by the drumming of the rain upon hundreds of umbrellas. The mayor resumed his reading, and the ~~ceremony~~ ceremony went on without further mishap; ~~though~~ but when later on the choir gave another selection, its performance noticeably lacked much of its earlier emphasis and confidence. Mr. Howland bore himself throughout the embarrassing incident with admirable equanimity; but it was evident that for him too, the moment was spoilt.

I stood within a few feet of the principals in the scene, and this close-up showed that the humor of the situation was not ~~entirely~~ lost upon those most particularly affected. For an instant, when the roar of the chorus broke in upon Mr. Howland's reading, a startled expression flashed over the countenances of the Duke and Duchess and the Mayor. Their Royal Highnesses quickly realized the situation: a twinkle of kindly amusement appeared in the Duke's eye, the Duchess seemed to show some annoyance with the bungling of the arrangements, mingled with sympathy for Mr. Howland; ~~but~~ but both, doubtless familiar with numerous similar

incidents, retained the impassive decorum that the circumstances required. As Mr. Howland proceeded in his vain attempt he looked up to the Duke, with a sort of apologetic appeal, and once more I got that familiar impression of the Duke's human good-fellowship and complete understanding of the situation. ~~It flashed~~ It was as though he flashed a wireless message that seemed to say, "Yes, I know; it's all right, a misanthrope too bad for you, but it's funny, isn't it?" And later, when the purely official functions were ~~at~~ over, I saw ~~the~~ him and Mr. Howland laughing heartily together. Perhaps, after all, the mayor's day turned out to be more enjoyable than if everything had gone through with frigid perfection.

The military review which was one of the most imposing features of the Toronto visit ~~year~~ was marked by an incident with which these reminiscences may close. During the march past of the troops, while the artillery was advancing at the trot, four batteries in line, the horses attached to the outermost gun, farthest from the reviewing stand, balked and fell behind. The battery in the rear was coming on at the regular pace, and there was imminent danger of a disarrangement and collision, and possible injury to men and horses. Viscount Crichton, A.D.C. to the Duke, instantly saw the situation, and spurred his horse in a wild gallop, obliquely across the front of the advancing batteries, wheeled about, and seizing the leading horse of the lagging team, quickly brought the gun into line with the others. So rapidly was the whole thing done that only a few observed it. I shall never forget the sight of the tall guardsman, in shining cuirass and helmet with flying plume, riding superbly across the front of the rapidly advancing gun teams. Six feet or more in height, lean, erect, with flowing blond moustache, he seemed like a figure belonging to romantic fiction ~~the~~ rather than to real life. Years later he was killed in the Great War.

With the visit to Toronto ended my participation in the tour. It was with a pang of real regret that I parted with the pleasant and interesting companions of those weeks. My

last hand-shake, as my first, was with Melton Prior. He <sup>22</sup>  
felt sorry to be going; but it was not on my account, or because  
he had fallen in love with Canada. He was getting old, he  
had asthma, and he hated the English winter. "I say," he  
asked, ~~as~~ as the autumn drew on, "can't you get up a rev-  
olution over here in Central America, or a show of some  
kind in The West Indies, where it's warm. I don't want to  
go home to London fog. I ~~haven't~~ missed a campaign in  
the last forty years, and I like 'em best in the tropics. I  
hope something will turn up in a warm climate."

We were reminded of his visit ~~with~~ some time af-  
terwards by the appearance in street cars and newspa-  
pers of an advertisement in the shape of a fac-simile  
letter from Prior to the proprietors of a certain Canadian  
mineral water, well known at the time, enquiring where  
in England he could procure their very excellent min-  
eral water, as supplied to the dining cars on the Royal  
Tour. If the mineral water people knew their business, Prior  
was not left long ignorant or a thirst.

Charles W. Jefferys