

my own feeling. And as a matter of fact, I had seen those eyes before. It was some time in the eighties, and I was a boy in Toronto. The young Prince George, then a midshipman ^{on leave}, was visiting the city and Niagara Falls. His presence was announced in the papers, but his visit was private, and there was no official recognition of the fact. ~~I believe that~~ One afternoon, by accident, I was walking west along Front Street near Bay. There were very few people on the street at the time, — Toronto was not so crowded in those days, — when I caught sight of a boy, apparently about my own age, approaching from the direction of the Old Queen's Hotel, where ~~I believe~~ the Prince was staying. He was alone, and as he drew near I recognized him as the Prince. He looked over at me as he passed, and somehow I caught the impression that of a message, as from one boy to another, as much as to say that he was playing truant and trusted me not to say anything about it. I have a very vivid recollection of that look, and of how it started my youthful imagination building pictures of princes incognito. So, when in 1901, I looked into those same friendly blue eyes again, they seemed so familiar that I had the ridiculous idea that he remembered the boy he had passed on Front Street years before. Remarkable eyes they are, whether a king's or a commoner's, if ^{facial} they produce that effect. And, unless I'm no judge of character, they are a true indication of that power of winning affection, of which ~~the~~ Jubilee year ^{was} the crowning evidence.

The Duke and Duchess evidently enjoyed their outing in the woods at Rockcliffe. It included a visit to the lumbermen's shanty, where they partook of a typical camp meal with the men. One of the French-Canadian lumberjacks outside ~~to~~ the shanty, said to us, chinking with merriment,

ment, "Dey in dere wit' de boys, eatin' pork an' beans. Gee, won't dey ave de belly-ache?" No evil consequences were apparent when the Royal visitors emerged to watch ~~the~~^{an} exhibition of cutting down trees, and a shantymen's dance ~~which~~^{which} followed. An unexpected item on the programme appealed to the Duke's sense of humor. He had expressed his thanks to those who had provided the entertainment, when a stout French-Canadian shanty boss waddled forward and began a reply. As he proceeded, ~~wish~~ it became evident that His Royal Highlanders found his speech a refreshing change from the ponderous formality of most of those to which he had to listen. It is a pity that it could not have been recorded verbatim; but some fragments and the gist of his remark remain. "I have worked in de bush all ma life. Messye Edward," (The late Senator Edwards), "he's give me job when I'm young man. I see Messyer Edward mak' heap of mon. & I think I mak' big monie also. So I start in business fo myself, but I make big mistake instead. I fin' out I was \$1700~~00~~ debt, and worse uordat, I lose ma shantee too. When I was small boy, my mader she tell me this I don't ha ma debts here a will have to pay some place helse. So I go to de pries' and make ma confess, an' de pries' say, 'Better pay your debt!' But I can't pay, so I go to God, an' a say, 'You mak' me good man, an' give me chance for mak' a little home. But you know I ~~see~~ don't can pay dat monie, so I ~~got~~ give you dat \$1700~~00~~. Den I go to Messyer Edward, an' he say, 'William, you come work for me again.' So I do, but still I can't pay dat debt. Now, you tell your fader about me, dat I build shantee for you, and maybee, when William he's get hold, he'll go hover to de hol countree, and your fader, de King, he'll give him a job." Some of the dignitaries were shocked by the familiarity of this impromptu address, and made

a move toward stopping him; but the Duke was hugely amused; he broke into hearty laughter, and waved the officials aside, and indeed, by an occasional remark now and then, ^{seemed to} egged the speaker on, and when he had talked himself out, shook him heartily by the hand and spoke to him for some minutes. Whether he promised him the job is not known; but William Whistle had had his say and was happy when they parted.

The royal party ^{left} Ottawa for the west on September 24th. The train was divided into two sections. The first, which travelled generally about half-an-hour in advance of the royal train proper, carried the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor-General, and her party, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his two secretaries and Mr. Joseph Pope, Under Secretary of State. Two cars of this train were set apart for the journalists accompanying the party. As a consequence of this arrangement, we got the first cheers of the welcoming crowds, and it was amusing to see the chagrin of the populace when they discovered that they had wasted their breath upon mere newspaper men. One cynical journalist professed to see a sinister motive in the scheme. "We're to act as a buffer: if there's a misplaced switch, or a loose rail, we'll meet it and get all the bumps." His fears were needless; every foot was patrolled, an army of track-workers and section-men protected the whole route.

Half a dozen representatives of English papers, and two American correspondents, together with the Canadian ~~and~~ journalists made up our party. To some of the Englishmen, world-wide travellers though they were, it was a new experience to have for seventeen days a railway car as a home, in which they worked, ate, slept, and — above all — shaved and bathed. One realized, with

something like awe, that the British bath was a sacred ritual, akin to morning prayer, or the daily reading of a Bible script. No detail was ever omitted, no square inch of the epidermis ~~was~~ neglected. The scene in the somewhat contracted area of the wash room was impressive, as these naked Britshers each built on a different proportion of bulk and height, splashed, slapped, rubbed and puffed in their ablutions. Perhaps the most astounding fact was that of Mr. E. J. Knight, of the London Morning Post, who had lost his right arm in the Boer War: the ingenuity and thoroughness with which his remaining arm visited every part of his anatomy was a gymnastic triumph. One member of their party, however, before long fell under ~~suspicion~~ suspicion; an early riser, he was usually fully dressed by the time his confreres appeared in the wash room. It gradually dawned upon them that he had never actually been seen to bathe, and a doubt arose as to whether he washed at all, or even took off his clothes, exceptionally neat and dapper though he was.

The Canadian newspaper men eagerly seized the opportunity of setting the British journalists right about the climate of Canada. In 1901 we were morbidly sensitive on this point: we have not even yet entirely forgiven Kipling for "Our Lady of the Snows." So we talked largely and at ~~great~~ length about peach growing, and vineyards, and tobacco, and temperatures in August, and promised them the glories of Indian summer, until our propaganda almost convinced them that Canada was a sub-tropical country and the Canadian winter a myth. For a few days the balmy weather seemed to corroborate our assertions. But when in the early morning of the day after leaving Winnipeg we looked out afresh

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The prairie we saw a spectacle that gave our English friends the laugh on us. A sudden blizzard had swept across the country from the west, and piled drifts of snow against the windward sides of the wheat sheaves standing in the fields. The sunrise lit with gold the eastern sides of the sheaves, which cast long blue shadows over the snow-clad stubble. The picture was as disconcerting as it was beautiful. No amount of explanation as to the unusual character of snow in harvest time could weaken the evidence before the eyes of the Englishmen. Thereafter, whenever our eulogies of Canada verged upon the flamboyant, the Englishman would cock an eye, and say, "Snow on the wheat fields again."

Among the correspondents little groups of congenial personalities naturally formed themselves, whose intimacy, in some cases, led to lasting friendships. For myself, there was the late John Swan, of The Globe, whose acquaintance I then made. In his character, strength and charm were equally blended; his opinions, definitely and firmly established, were tempered by tolerance and sympathy; his conversation was flavored by a delightful sub-acid humor that was always kindly. His writing and his speech revealed keen observation, understanding of a situation, wide experience and a power of clear and easy expression, nurtured by a love of the best literature. He loved good books, he took them as simply and instinctively as one breathes a wholesome and invigorating atmosphere. One could not come into contact with him without feeling respect for his abilities and character, and an affection for his personality. I have always counted it an honor that our acquaintance resulted in a friendship which lasted to the end of his life; and, though in later years, our diverse occupations made our intercourse only occasional, never did I meet him without feeling the glow of his friendly interest.