

Africa was that he found its absence a confounded nuisance<sup>16</sup> especially when he first attempted to ride again. This piqued our curiosity; we could have understood it if it had been his leg, or even his riding arm that was missing. "Well, you see," said he, "without its counterweight, ~~the~~ my seat lost its balance, and I rolled out of my seat and under the horse's belly, till I learned to lean to the right when I rode." In the Spanish-American War he wanted to see the conflict from the Spanish side. Cuba was blockaded by the American fleet; but Knight hired a sail-boat, <sup>and</sup> made the captain run ~~through~~ the blockade to within a mile or so of the coast near the mouth of Havana Harbour, which was as near as the captain would venture. Knight then slipped over the side, and swam to shore, under the fire of one of the Spanish forts. On landing, he was seized by a Spanish patrol, which was waiting for him, ~~was treated as a spy~~, and marched to Morro Castle, where he was confined <sup>as a spy</sup>, until released by the intervention of the British Consul. He got his story, but he could not send it out, until after the siege.

Besides Melton Prior, two other artists accompanied the party. Of one of them, Sydney P. Hall, of the London Graphic, we saw but little. He was attached to the Royal Suite, and consequently was quartered with the officials and frequented their company. He seemed <sup>to be</sup> a somewhat aloof personage, and I gathered that some of the English correspondents resented his exclusiveness. He was already familiar with western Canada, having accompanied the Marquis of Lorne on his journey across the prairies in 1881, when he made some very interesting drawings for his paper. The Canadian Archives at Ottawa ~~possess~~ possess a couple of his scrap-books, ~~containing~~ containing a number of excellent sketches ~~made~~ made on that journey.

The other artist of the tour was Alfred P. ~~earse~~ <sup>earse</sup>, whose name was familiar to every reader of The Boys' Own Paper, wherein his pictures had appeared for years. They generally illustrated scenes such as a gallant little midshipman leading his boat crew to the attack on a slave ship, amid shot and shell, or a young explorer defending himself and his wounded comrade against a horde of savages. The dashing signature of A.P. was always associated with scenes of melodramatic action,

blood seemed to drip from every stroke of his brush: uncous-17  
ciously one mentally visualized the artist as a figure of her-  
oic proportions. It was therefore somewhat disappointing to  
meet him in the flesh, and discover that he was a very mild little  
man. True, ~~he was~~ he wore a picturesque pointed beard, and a  
ferocious moustache, but their effect was neutralized by the  
wild and kindly eyes that blinked behind his glasses, and by  
the gentle soft ~~spoken~~ voice, - with a suspicion of Cockney sing-  
song & in it - that emerged from the moustache. He was the  
kindest soul, an industrious worker, he could always find  
time to help out a fellow worker. He was an unquestioning  
follower of English customs; to him, afternoon tea ap-  
parently was one of the foundation stones on which the Em-  
pire rested, and it was largely due to his persistence that our  
porter was impressed with the imperative necessity of its  
punctual daily appearance. Thirty five years ago, afternoon  
tea was an <sup>almost</sup> unknown institution in business and professional  
life, on this continent.

My connection with a daily paper required that I should at-  
tend at getting a drawing made for each issue. Consequently, I had  
to devise a plan of work, and a schedule, based on an exhaustive  
study of the time-table of our train and that of the east-bound  
mail trains, so that my drawings could be posted at the strat-  
egical times and places. This meant that frequently I had to work  
at top speed in order to finish my drawing in time to fit my  
schedule. I developed a technique, adapted to the environmen-  
of a moving railway car; a kind of ~~rapid~~ <sup>hawk-like</sup> ~~swoop~~ <sup>swoop</sup> of the  
pen hawk-like swoop of the pen, which touched the paper light-  
ly for an instant and was off again before a blot or fizzle could  
interrupt the line. I was, and still am, somewhat proud of  
this feat, and it quite set me up to have Prior and Pearce  
sit and watch with admiring amusement my graphic gymn-  
astics as the car rolled and swayed through the Rockies.  
Once or twice the necessity of finishing a drawing in time to  
catch the approaching east-bound train prevented me from  
going into the dining car ~~for~~ for lunch, greatly to the distress  
of the kindly Pearce, who insisted on bringing back a plate of

two for me, or sending one of the waiters to me with a pot of tea and a tidbit.

I saw a good deal of Melton Prior during the trip, for somehow he had taken me under his wing from the time of our first meeting at Quebec. He was a delightful mixture of the man of the world, and the ingenuous school-boy, thinly veneered by a conventional English decorum that periodically was shattered by an artistic and adventurous Bohemian explosion. He was equal to any occasion. One night, on our journey across the prairie, the train stopped unaccountably at some small station. The usual crowd had gathered to see the royal train pass, and ~~after~~ had experienced ~~from~~ the usual ~~disillusion~~ disillusion that followed the cheering that <sup>had</sup> greeted us by mistake. Prior, always curious to see what was to be seen, threw up the window of his compartment and thrust his head out into the night. It was dark, and raining heavily, and the drip from the eaves splashed upon his bald head, shining in the light from the interior of the car. Suddenly a voice from the crowd shouted, "Three cheers for Melton Prior!", and a rousing western "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!" went up. For a moment Prior was bowled over by this unexpected tribute. ~~Then~~ He drew in his head hastily, and ejaculated, "Bless my soul! They know me out here!" Then, recovering his aplomb, he leaned out again, bowed, and murmured a few words of thanks, which provoked another burst of cheering, in the midst of which the train moved on.

I doubt whether he ever knew the truth. I hope not. It would have been cruelly unkind to have spoiled his naive gratification at this recognition. But the fact was that a couple of the correspondents had jumped off the train to stretch their legs, and seeing Prior peering out, ~~saw~~ in a spirit of mischief conceived the idea and said to some of the crowd in an impressive tone, "Look! That's Melton Prior, give him a cheer". Probably no one among them knew who Prior was; but they were there to cheer anyway, and so, led by one of the local dignitaries, the cheers were given. Naturally, Prior was quite elated by the incident. He anxiously enquired of the porter the name of the place, look-

it up on the map and marked it with a pencilled X, and 18  
altogether was very happy, as was everybody else.

It was instructive to get the impressions that Canada made upon our British friends. The Laurentian territory of rocks and lakes and rushing rivers and evergreen forests excited them greatly; they eagerly enquired about fish and game, and some of them promised themselves a future holiday in the north country. Incidentally, I might mention that our menu on the Royal train advertised our food resources admirably: ~~in the matter of fish~~ we introduced our visitors to Restigouche salmon in the east, to Nepigon salmon west of Lake Superior, and to Pacific salmon on the coast, with bass and trout and whitefish everywhere, as well as partridge, venison and prairie chicken. The correspondents were curious as to mineral deposits and timber, and were interested in our glowing accounts of camping and canoeing; but they complained of the monotony of endless spruce woods, muskegs, and barren rocks, while we carefully ~~repressed~~ abstained from any mention of mosquitoes or black flies. In spite of the blizzard, the wheat-fields roused their admiration. The Rockies delighted them, ~~there~~ though one or two who knew the Alps considered Switzerland more beautiful, and Douglas Storey compared them unfavorably to his beloved Highlands, "The Rockies arouse my cold admiration. The Highlands touch my heart." They all loved Victoria, B.C.; ~~it~~ "Almost like England, you know." They deplored our sudden extremes of heat and cold, of which we had a striking example at Calgary, where a morning of torrid heat was followed by an afternoon hail-storm, a chill wind and a fall of over fifty degrees in temperature.

The Duke and Duchess were greeted everywhere by singing school children, and the sight of these hundreds and thousands of happy, healthy, well-dressed youngsters surprised and delighted the visitors, though the British journalists got considerable fun out of the almost universal rendering of our national song, and made our car echo with their

attempts to imitate the orthodox pronunciation of "The '77  
maple leaf, our emblem dear."

The magnitude and enthusiasm of Toronto's demonstration was perhaps the climax of the Tour, and this in spite of most unfavorable weather on the first day. But not even pouring rain could dampen the ardor of the vast crowds. The royal procession proceeded from the temporary railway station erected at St. George and Dupont streets to the City Hall, where Toronto's official welcome was to be given. At the junction of Bloor Street and Avenue Road a halt was made, to enable the Duchess to perform the ceremony of opening of the Alexandra Memorial Gates, ~~erected~~ erected by the Daughters of the Empire, ~~erected~~ in commemoration of the royal visit. These gates were ~~not~~ carefully taken down last year, to allow of the widening of Avenue Road, within the last few weeks they have been re-erected, somewhat farther apart, but otherwise as they were when the Duchess pulled the ribbons that first opened them.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the reception on the steps of the City Hall; but the proceedings illustrated the truth of the hackneyed saying about the best laid plan. Under the steady rain, bunting sagged and colours ~~ran~~ <sup>ran</sup>, flag drooped, millinery and silk hats became bedraggled, and thousands of dripping umbrellas blocked the view. In the open space to the west, at Bay Street, a large stand had been erected, where a choir of a thousand singers <sup>and two military bands</sup> were stationed. Notwithstanding the soaking October rain, the opening chorus was given with most impressive effect. Then the mayor in his official cut-away coat, with picturesque brass-buttoned cuffs and pocket flaps, stepped forward to read the address of welcome. Mr. Oliver A. Howland was a gentleman of dignified presence and refined manners. The citizens felt that in electing him to the mayoralty, the official duties of the position would be performed with an intelligence and distinction befitting