

# Our King and Queen on their Silver Jubilee



THE KING RECUPERATES FROM SERIOUS ILLNESS IN 1929

On November 11, 1928, ten years after the end of the Great War, the King stood bareheaded before the Cenotaph in London in silent prayer for Britain's dead heroes.

A few days later he was ill with a slight cold. On November 22, a bulletin was issued from Buckingham Palace that the King was

indisposed and would be unable to attend any official functions.

It was only then that the British people knew that King George was seriously ill. From that day until well on in February of the following year, the health of the King was in a state of uncertainty.

Suffering from a congestion of the lung, which necessitated an operation, the poison had permeated through his system and rendered him almost too weak to fight off the ravages of the disease.

It was during this period of illness that the people of the Empire showed their love for their King. Every day thousands of people waited at the gates of Buckingham Palace for bulletins; special prayer services were held to which literally millions of British subjects attended; the visitors' book at Buckingham Palace was filled every few days with notables

from foreign lands calling to express their sympathy.

For the first time during her reign, Queen Mary took over for a few days the official duties of her husband. Later a special council was appointed.

But a strong desire to live, plus a constitution that had been carefully looked after in early life, spared the King and by Easter of 1929, he was able to appear in public again. Our picture this week shows him in Queen Victoria's bath chair at Craigwell House, Bognor, where he rested during the period of convalescence. The publication of this picture in 1929 was the first real knowledge the people had that the King was recovering.

A glimpse of the truth! People who stammer, says a well-known authority, are generally above the average in intelligence. Stammerers have been trying to tell us this for years.

## The World of the Future

(Continued from Page 19)  
later see the real freighters. "In fact," he said, "there comes one now," and sure enough, dropping down to the city came another of the familiar bullet-shaped ships, in length about 300 feet with a double set of wings arranged fore and aft; it had, I was told, a capacity of four thousand tons, but to my untutored mind seemed to be slipping along as easily as the smaller boats. Literally I saw, "The heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Enquiry led to the information that the air was used both for commerce and pleasure and that the mails were transported by means of tubes, lying just under the surface of the ground, connecting all the chief towns and cities, and through which they were blown by pneumatic pressure. It had at one time been intended to use similar tubes for passenger and freight services, but the people had expressed such a preference for the freer travel of the air that that idea had been abandoned.

We picked up a lunch at a restaurant, such as I had been accustomed in my regular life, but the room very evidently designed for the purpose, was restful and commodious; carefully selected pictures adorned the walls and flowers in abundance and tastefully arranged added to the pleasure of the meal; one thing that especially struck me was that nearly everybody had a glass of light wine, but few taking a second, and that tea and coffee were not in evidence at lunch tables.

After lunch we observed the sports, and I saw nothing very remarkable, skiing, tobogganing, skating, the winter sports of the old time all going, all ages taking part.

My guide invited me to go over to Flood's house to dinner, and I gladly accepted. "Who is this Flood," I asked. "Why, Terance Flood, son of your old friend Car," and I recalled that when I had last seen Terry he was a lad of ten years; he must be 60 now, and of course he was; but 60 I soon found was no age in this year 1976—a man was reckoned to be just about half way through, and then I recalled something from my Sunday School days about the age of a man being 120 years; if Terry Flood was the average specimen of the new era he should last that long anyway.

So this is the modern house where a man dwells in the midst of his family; pleasing both in and out; evidently vine covered in summer; set in its own grounds, as all the houses were; no crowding like the cities of my remembrance. The interior though not large gave the impression of spaciousness, but that was the characteristic of all the buildings; the days of land at 20 dollars a foot front had passed like many other useless habits into the limbo of discarded mistakes. I looked for the radio, the radiators, the electric lights and the other

familiar objects, they were absent; so I waited developments and as the twilight began to fade out there came on a glow which increased in volume as the daylight departed, but so gradually that one could hardly remark the change, the effect was that as the natural light died out the artificial took its place; wondering, I asked how that was done and Flood told me that the power came from the central station travelling on the long wave circuit to contact with the ceilings which were of a material which gave a soft and very delightful light; the room was controlled by a switch and the current could be turned on or off at will.

There were just the four of us at dinner, my guide, Flood and his wife, and myself; they were intensely interested in first hand news of what had been so I got but little further information; but a real surprise came after the meal when they said to me: "Our son and his wife have arranged to talk to us tonight, so we will step into the reception room and have a chat with them." We repaired not to the drawing room, as I expected, but into a windowless room at the end of the house, and having carefully closed the door my host threw a switch, set a control, and a soft flow began to diffuse the gloom; we sat down and waited perhaps a minute when to my utter amazement I found myself looking at a young man and woman and two children apparently seated in front of us, though I could have sworn that there were no other chairs in that room than those we four occupied; it was spooky and I stole a covert glance at my companion who with the utmost sangfroid immediately began to chat with the, shall I call them, visitors.

The conversation indicated that they were spending a holiday in Florida and then I observed their dress and sunburned faces and the chairs of veranda type; I was introduced as a friend and grandfather visiting in the interests of the Fortnightly Club of 1935, which I expected would have produced a bit of a shock, but these inhabitants of the world of the future seemed shock-proof and did not even regard me as an unusually interesting piece of furniture. I was just taken for granted and the talk mostly turned on bathing, fishing and the balmy weather.

So to bed, as Pepys used to say, a delicious sleep in an air-conditioned room amid the faint scent of roses, dropping off to the lullaby of a distant hymn which came from somewhere and was audible through some process common to sleeping quarters which I did not have time to delve into; I dropped off to sleep every night during my stay under similar conditions, no matter where I happened to be, and was quite content to take that feature of the year 1976 for granted.

(To be continued)

There's a vast difference between seeing through a thing and seeing a thing through.



IF MARITIME PEOPLE FULLY REALIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THEIR MONEY IN CIRCULATION AT HOME THEY WOULD TRY TO SPEND AS MUCH OF THEIR MONEY AS POSSIBLE FOR GOODS THAT ARE PRODUCED IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

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