

THE PRINCE OF WALES MADE A GREAT HIT IN TORONTO

The People of the Queen City Fell in Love With the Blue-eyed Boy Who Will One Day Rule Over the British Empire—Shook Hands With Over Three Thousand People at a Public Reception.

Toronto, Aug. 26—Toronto fell head over heels in love with the Prince of Wales. The blue-eyed boy, who will some day rule over the British Empire captured the city as completely as the Canadian Army smashed the Hindenburg line. Nor is it to be wondered at. The most hostile people in the world would surely succumb to the perennial smile of the ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired "Prince of good fellows," and Toronto is anything but hostile. Did she not send sixty or seventy thousand of the very flower of her youth to fight "for the King, his father."

And he is so very human; indeed Edward, Prince of Wales, is nothing if not human. Chivalrous, brave, courteous, capable, handsome—he is all of these and more, but it is the human side of his delightful personality that makes the people love him.

A veteran who lost a leg "somewhere in France" accidentally dropped his cap as the Prince was shaking hands with him in front of the City Hall last evening. A great throng was surging to and fro, and the man on crutches had all he could do to maintain his balance. Quick as a flash His Royal Highness rushed to the aid of the crippled soldier, re-

covering his cap from the pavement and handing it to him amid a tremendous cheer from the multitude, which packed every inch of space in front of the municipal building. A little farther on the Prince noticed an infant in arms waving its little welcome as he passed in his motor car, and to the great delight of the crowd he threw the tot a kiss.

His Royal Highness had just emerged from the City Council Chamber, where he shook hands with three thousand or more devoted subjects of the King. There were urchins from the ward, captains of industry, shop girls, merchant princes, artisans in overalls, babies in arms, preachers, and all sorts and conditions of men and women. Some were dumb as oysters, some wanted to make a long speech, some merely shook hands and passed on. An old woman exclaimed, "God bless you, boy," and it seemed to come from the bottom of her heart; others curtsied and shook hands very stiffly, while big, powerful men squeezed the royal hand so hard that the Prince winced. One little girl became frightened as she approached the distinguished visitor and would not shake hands at all.

The best incident of all concerned

a little urchin who will be "strong for the Prince" if His Royal Highness ever goes to war. Barefooted and bare headed, he was clad in a bathing suit and trousers that were held to his little body by a rope tied around the waist. With a happy smile on his grimy face, he advanced toward the Prince, who shook him warmly by the hand and patted him on the head. Titled staff officers and admirals of the fleet could not help but join in the laugh which broke from the crowd, and the Heir to the Throne enjoyed the incident as much as anyone. "At all events that was the coolest way to come," he commented, with a chuckle.

It was such incidents as these—incidents which show how intensely human the royal visitor is—that endeared the Prince to the citizens of Toronto.

British Writers Amazed

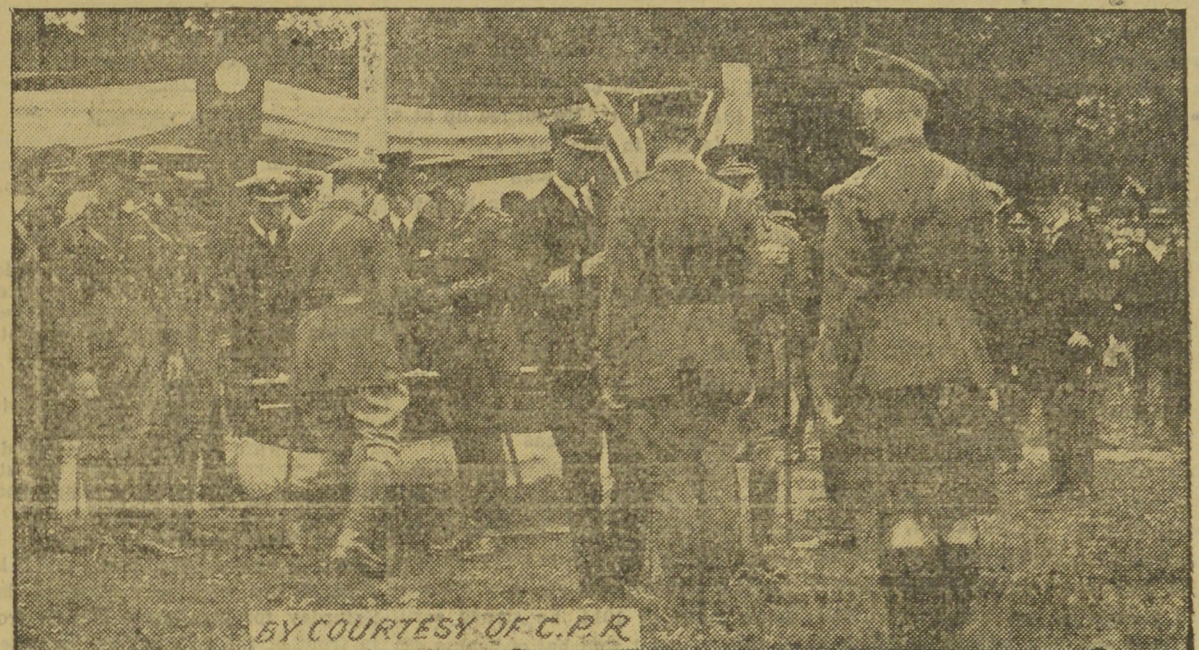
Distinguished English journalists who crossed the ocean with the Prince say they never saw anything like the welcome extended by this city. They are men of exceptional experience—one of whom was the war correspondent of the London Express, and another was with Allenby's Army, in Palestine, representing the Daily Telegraph. They were perfectly amazed at the tremendous crowds and the terrific cheers which greeted the Prince wherever he went—at the Queens Park, at the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds and at the City Hall. Even Scotland Yard men who are charged with the safe keeping of the Royal visitor declare that old London could hardly beat Toronto.

Royalty Honors Valor

Hundreds of citizens greeted the Prince of Wales yesterday at the a smile and a handshake. But when there was led up to His Royal Highness a man bent with age, with a patriarchal beard, bearing on his coat the proud insignia of the Victoria Cross, the whole line of visitors was halted. No mere handshake and formal word of welcome would do here.



Presentation of Medals at Halifax by the Prince of Wales.



Presentation of Medals to Parents at Halifax by the Prince of Wales.

For fully five minutes the Prince and the soldier talked together. His Royal Highness inquiring eagerly all particulars as to where he won his distinction.

The Victoria Cross wearer was Private George Richardson, 88 years of age. He won the Victoria Cross he told the Prince, at Cawnpore, India, April 27, 1859. It was presented to him in London, England, by the Prince's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria.

Yesterday afternoon Private Richardson approached the eastern entrance of the City Hall, and a friend told a policeman that he was the oldest man on the continent wearing the Victoria Cross, and he wanted to see the Prince.

"Go right in. Anyone with a Victoria Cross can enter here," said the policeman.

Walking by favored ticket holders, the aged soldier was taken to the Board of Control room, and when the reception commenced he was ushered into the presence of the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness, this is the oldest man on the continent holding the Victoria Cross," said his friend to the Prince.

The Prince shook hands warmly with the old veteran, and immediately entered into conversation with him, asking him many questions as to where he won the cross, his military record, and other particulars. Meanwhile the crowd in line waited.

After the old gentleman left the Council Chamber, the Prince's aide rushed out to inquire more fully concerning his record. A moment later another member of the Prince's staff made inquiries about him.

Pte. Richardson had a house and lot in New Ontario, the house was burned, the old man saving his wife from the flames, but she subsequently died from the shock, while he suffered partial blindness from the flames striking him full in the face. He lives now in the House of Refuge at Lindsay.

GOOD NEWS IF TRUE.

"You are the only girl I ever loved," he exclaimed fervently. She snuggled closer. "I'll take a chance on that being true," she replied. "If it is you must have saved a lot of money."

Jack Pickford has gone over to the Goldwyn fold. Monday he signed a long term contract with them, and a few hours after putting his name on the paper left for Culver City. The delays in which he is to be starred have not been selected yet, nor his director, but these matters will be attended to as soon as he reaches Samuel Goldwyn in California.

A man must have a certain amount of wisdom in order to realize what a fool he is. Some men do some mighty queer stunts for the purpose of keeping their names before the public.

EXCEEDINGLY VALUABLE FUR RESOURCES OF NORTHERN CANADA

Hon. Arthur Meighen, at the recent Conference on Wild Life Protection of the Commission of Conservation, reminded the gathering of the almost unlimitable resources of the great almost uninhabited northwestern territories of the Dominion. Among other things he said: "Our fur-bearing resources are very extensive in what are known as the 'barren lands,' but which are in no sense barren lands, because no barren land can sustain the animal and plant life that these lands sustain. In that district, therefore, there are tremendous possibilities of greater fur-bearing and, indeed, meat-bearing development. I think it was Selon Thompson who fixed the number of caribou of that country at very many millions, and that it was Mr. J. B. Tyrrell who referred to them as being like the sands of the sea, not capable of being numbered, but only to be estimated numerically on a square-mile basis. It is impossible to conceive that we are not going to do something to extend the geography of Canada, so far as civilization and utilization are concerned, nearer to the Arctic, and make use of these vast domains which, while not comparable with the rest of the Dominion, will, if properly administered, become an exceedingly valuable asset among the natural resources of Canada."

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QUEEN STREET, WEST END

LABOR DAY SUPPER

In the Drill Hall of the Armory, Barracks Square, Labor Day, a Big Supper will be served by the Fredericton Labor Council, in connection with their celebration of the Day.

Men of experience in the preparing and serving of food will have charge and the kitchen and tables will be well manned to ensure quick service.

A reasonable price will be charged.

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