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ENGLAND'S MONARCH
REVIEWS HIS HERITAGE

(Montreal Herald's Correspondent.)
London, July 14—"Great guns" ejaculated Sir James Whitney, premier of Ontario, and nearly fell off the donkey-egine on which he had clambered.

"Exactly," replied Mayor Guerin, after recovering his balance for Sir James had clutched His Honor's arm.

Both were right. They were great guns that thundered forth over the Solent on Saturday. Three thousand of them boomed a welcome to the King and Queen at the great naval review. Sir James and Mayor Guerin both had their eyes glued to marine glasses and the glasses fixed on the bridge of the royal yacht. They did not anticipate the guns, and when the great Armada belched flame and smoke and noise, little wonder that the premier almost lost his insecure footing.

AN EARLY MORNING START.

It was rather a pessimistic journey down to Southampton from London. Three mornings in succession it had been necessary to rise at a fearful hour, snatch a hasty, unsatisfactory breakfast, and rush away in order to see the wondrous sights. It being a special train, the time of departure and arrival was not guaranteed. It started on the minute. Then it crawled along through the mist and sluggish rain for full half the distance. The rain stopped and so did the train. Some time later the sun broke through the mist, the sky appeared blue and uncompromising and we flew across rural England.

SUDDEN CLOUD OF RAIN.

But the Colonials, we are still Colonials in England, were deceived, nay, we were betrayed, for hardly had the troopship Dongola cast off her moorings than out of a sudden cloud poured the rain.

As we turned in the Solent, for ahead we saw a great grey bulk with an infinite number of slim towers. It seemed to block the whole channel. It was the fleet.

Soon the ships began to detach from the bulk and as we drew nearer having swung around a great buoy we saw the long line of warships, motionless on the tossing waters, flags flying in the threatening breeze.

Then the sun, whose rays we had seen dancing in the glimmering waters far ahead, shoved aside the cloud, which had spread above us like an awning, sent the rain about its business of flooding the farmer's fields, and finished up by drying the deck and comforting the brown little bodies of the Lascars, who had formed our crew.

VIEWED BRITAIN'S MIGHT.

We had seen something of Britain's glory, something of her magnificence, something of her power, something of her immortal traditions. Now we viewed her might, her ultimate strength, the fleet.

And yet as it spread out there before us in a seemingly unending perspective, it was indeed difficult to realize the fullness of it.

THE LOON-LIKE SUBMARINES

First came the older ships, great fortresses of steel that were the wonder of the nineties. As we sailed on through the lines, three rows on each side, we saw the development in naval ship-building of twenty years. The first two we passed were the *Latona* and the *Thetis*, built back in 1890, after the *Apollon* type of protected cruisers, and now practically on the retired list. Some miles along is the *Neptune*, the latest, largest and most powerful. The ships of the nineties had a displacement of 3,400 tons, the *Neptune* 19,900 tons. Towards the beginning of the century they began to build the ships lower, humped them up in front till they seemed to crouch in the water. Then came the Dreadnought type with the tripod masts and open bridges that allow a great broadside being fired. Battleships and armoured cruisers, protected cruisers and depot ships, destroyers, and torpedo boats, and lastly, four little submarines that threatened at every moment to disappear like a startled loon. Not less interesting was the array of foreign battleships. Easily distinguishable were the *Deleware*, of the United States and the *Buenos Ayres* of the Argentine Republic, the first by her Eiffel Tower masts, the other by her shimmering whiteness, the only man-of-war of all the great Armada that was not a morose slate-color.

INTERESTING COMPARISONS

The *Delaware* is said to be the most powerful battleship afloat. Her tonnage is greater than that of the *Neptune* by 100 tons. They both carry by twelve-inch guns, and the *Neptune's* sixteen four-inch armament must cope with the 54-5 inch guns of the other vessel. Five machine guns and three torpedo tubes complete the aggressive department of *Neptune*, against which the *Delaware* carries fourteen light guns and two submerged torpedo tubes.

But the centre of all glasses was the "Von der Tann," the German armored cruiser. There were no gaily-dressed visitors on her decks, no idle seamen lazily leaning on the rails and watching the procession of excursion boats. The sailors were being put through a stiff drill. They exercised idly enough, as though they were little used to it, or perhaps their eyes were on the other ships.

ANSWER TO THE THREAT

She represented Germany, it is true, but there was a feeling that she carried, in the depths of her great bulk, a threat, a threat to British naval supremacy. The answer to the threat was just across the way, in the *Neptune*, the Vanguard and other of the newer ships of Britain.

At half-past two the *Victoria* and *Albert* started down the long line. It was quite a procession, the King could go nowhere during the last three days without one headed by three grim destroyers and the *Trinity* yacht *Irene*. His Majesty's yacht *Alexandra*, the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, and the *Fire Queen*, the Commander-in-Chief's yacht followed.

SAILORS DRESSED SHIP

The sailors of each vessel, dressed ship, not as they did in the days of Nelson, for there are no yards on these modern men-of-war, but by lining the rails. The marines, their red uniforms the only touch of color below the flapping pennants, were massed on the bridge. Slowly down the line the royal yacht followed in the wake ploughed by the destroyers. Then as she swung around the end, the signal was given, there was a sudden crash over the solent and Sir James Whitney ejaculated "great guns."

It was fit indeed that the final acclamation should come from the fleet.

"Ocean mother of England, thin 'is the crowning acclaim!"

How should we crown our King, unless with a ward of thine?"

says Alfred Noyes in his new poem, "A Salute From the Fleet." And it was fit that the salute should be given in the Solent, that channel so rife with memories of glorious expeditions and more glorious and sometimes sad homecomings.

"Out of the ages we speak unto you, O ye ages to be!"

Rocks of Sepastopol echo out thunder word, burst it afar!

Roll it, O Mediterranean, round by Gibraltar again!

Buffet it, Portobello, back to the Nile once more!

Answer it, great St. Vincent! Answer it, Elsinore.

Buffet it back from your cragis and roll it over the main!

Heights of Quebec, O hear and re-echo it back to the Baltic Sea!

Answer it, Camperdown! Answer it, answer it, Trafalgar."

AMERICAN TARS CHEERED

The echoes ceased, the white smoke cleared away. The Royal yacht was steaming back. Cheer after cheer, a more human acclamation burst forth, "The strains of 'God Save the King' played by every band was heard intermittently. The sailors of the *Deleware*, under the shadow of which we were anchored, shouted most heartily.

Half-way down the line the Royal yacht came to anchor.

We had seen the King in a new role, one that was quite familiar to him. He stood on the bridge, clad in an Admiral's uniform and returned the salute of every ship. Below was the Queen on the promenade deck chatting with her friends and seemingly taking great interest in the ships, the salutes from the rakish guns, and the crowded liners' and small pleasure boats.

FUSSY STEAM PINNACES

Then fussy little steam pinnaces began to fret through the waters, carrying admiral, rear-admirals, commanders, and foreign representatives to the Royal yacht. Precisely at the moment appointed it was up anchor and away again, and with a final salute the fleet said farewell.

Twilight came on and the great ships seemed to melt silently into the grey of the sky and sea. Then it was that they showed themselves. In the dim light they seemed to crouch lower on the water, ready and anxious to spring forward and away to sterner work. As the night came on they melted away, into the void, morose and restless, yet at rest.

FLAGS TRACED IN FIRE

Then came the transformation. One by one their bulks re-appeared outlined in light. The solent was glorified. Down the line of ships the designs interwove and the units were lost in one great design of straight lines. At the mast heads were flags traced in fire. The whole scene was like a Turkish rug, the first glance at which only brings the beauty of coloring and design the details shaping only after study.

Great shafts of whiteness from hundreds of searchlights chased the flying clouds along the heavens or startled the passengers of excursion and pleasure boat with the sudden glare. Bands played, the sailors

RECIPROCITY

VOTE TO BE
TAKEN JULY 6

Washington, July 14—An agreement to vote on the Canadian reciprocity bill on July 22 was reached by the leaders of the various factions of the senate at 1 o'clock today. The agreement fixes a vote on the house wool revision bill for July 28; free list bill, August 1; reapportionment bill, Aug. 3, and statehood on the legislative day of Aug. 7. It is expected that the adjournment of congress will immediately follow the statehood vote.

The Bristow amendment to the Canadian reciprocity bill proposing a reduction of the sugar tariff and the abolition of the "Dutch standard" basis of assessing tariff on imported sugar, was defeated this afternoon, 38 to 8, after Senator Bristow had made an exhausting speech on the subject.

Senator Cummins introduced additional amendments to the bill, one providing for a reduction of the duty on steel beams, girders and like products, and the other for a reduction of the duty on oil cloth and linoleum. With the late of reciprocity predetermined in favor of that measure, Senators already are speculating on the possible result of the promised votes on the two tariff bills—wool and free list—included in today's agreement.

No one would undertake to predict the outcome but all agreed that the success or failure of the measures depends entirely upon whether the Democrats and insurgent Republicans can get together on any line of action.

The insurgents have no idea of accepting the house bills and some of the Democrats are disinclined to permit them to dictate the terms of legislation. There have been no formal conferences and already it is apparent that much effort will be necessary to bring about an understanding. It has been intimated that if congress should pass and the president veto the woolen and free list bills the Democrats would insist upon the continuation of the session for further tariff legislation. The Republican leaders fear no such result, however, because they say Democratic senators are quite as anxious to end the session as are the Republicans.

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P.E.I. MAN WAS
KILLED BY HORSES

Charlottetown, July 15—From Portage Road a settlement about five miles from this city, there comes word tonight of a horrible accident in which James Casford, an elderly resident of that place was trampled to death by a pair of infuriated horses. Mr. Casford lived with his brother and during the afternoon was attempting to catch a mare and stallion which were loose in the yard near the house.

He went first to the mare and the latter being a quick tempered animal made a rush at the old man which he was too slow to avoid and striking against him stretched him full length on the ground. Before he could recover himself the stallion rushed up from behind and placed his left forefoot heavily on the chest of the prostrate man.

When the animals were driven away it was found that Mr. Casford was terribly injured. So great had been the weight on his chest that his right lung was pressed out almost flat, his collarbone was smashed and he was suffering from fearful internal injuries. He was carried into the house and medical assistance summoned but he died in half an hour in terrible agony. The tragedy has cast a gloom over the community and is the topic for discussion on the streets of the city today. The late Mr. Casford was 69 years of age and unmarried.

cheered and sang and the waters slapping the steel bulwarks beat out a soft accompaniment.

But though it was very beautiful, very gay, very pretty, the night, the majesty, the power was lost. It was too much light, a Dominion Park set in the sea and multiplied a thousand times. It resembled a dainty shawl of lace shot with gold and silver.

One by one the twinkling lines were blotted out. Night came once more on the solent and as we passed through the lines toward Southampton it seemed we were passing through an army of the sons of Anak their great lances held high. Silence and a mighty mass of vague shadowy ships all about.

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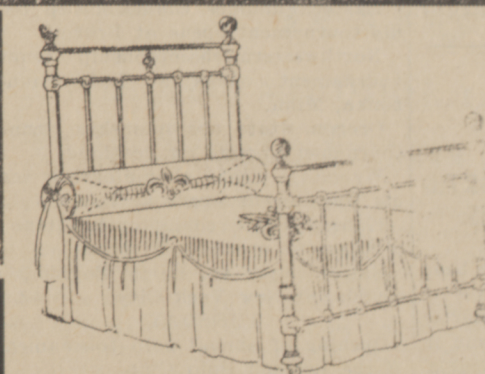
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