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Royalty At Ottawa.

Duke and Duchess Enjoyed the Lumbermen's Entertainment.

Brilliant Reception in the Senate Chamber.

Ottawa, Sept. 24.—The son of a king stood in the midst of the pine woods of Rockcliffe yesterday and spoke words of encouragement and gratitude to his loyal Canadian subjects.

His Royal consort by his side, the Earl and Countess of Minto, representing his Royal father, the king; the Premier of the Dominion, noble lords and ladies-in-waiting, Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, and a host of loyal British subjects as the sun shines upon, were grouped about him.

Dusky redskins from far-off places were there with memories of the great white mother, and bards for traders from distant Hudson Bay trading posts.

The bright sunlight came through the sweet smelling pine trees, and there was a quiet rustling in their tops from the breeze which blew down the river. Barbic colour was the predominant note. The maples here and there were slightly touched with gold and orange and red.

The scarlet shirts and blue jeans of the hundreds of Indian lumbermen lit up a scene unique in Canadian history.

All about the jealously roped inclosure peered thousands of spectators through the trees to catch, perchance, a glimpse of the beautiful scene.

Tall pine trees had been crushed to earth in the presence of Royalty. The shouts of the shantymen re-echoed through the autumn tinted glade as they danced before the Duke.

At a signal all was quiet.

Then there stepped forward a modest-seeming gentleman, dressed in a morning suit of dark gray tweed. Removing his low crowned black Derby hat, he said in a clear voice, which reached and thrilled with pleasure the thousands about him:

"On behalf of the Duchess of Cornwall and York and myself, I desire to thank the lumbermen of the Ottawa for the pleasure they have given us today. Nowhere during our tour of the colonies has our reception been more hearty, and nowhere we have gone has the entertainment provided given us greater pleasure."

And with this little speech the Duke stepped back to the side of his Royal consort and replaced his hat amid a tremendous roar of cheers from the delighted shantymen. Not even their shirts outdid the bright colour which flamed into their faces at the words of their future sovereign. The features of the long haired Indian braves lit up as they grasped the warmth of the message from the descendant of the great dead mother from beyond the seas, and all around was the bright autumn and the smell of the pine trees.

Then, by royal command out stepped into the glade William Whistle the great shantymen of the Ottawa. Cap in hand he moved his great bulk along until within a few yards of the Royal guests. Twice he essayed to speak and then with an effort began in the French language. Loud cries of "Anglais," "Anglais," resounded in the forest. The gigantic lumberman smiled and waved his hand deprecatingly. "I cannot," he said, but at the words a cheer broke forth and he went on in the same language telling in simple language the story of the lumberman's joy to see the son of the King and the Duchess, and what simple shantymen had done that day had been done in all honor and affection for the Royal visitors.

Continuing, he spoke of the trials of the poor lumberman. He had left Mr. Edwards himself in the days gone by with the idea of making a little money, but the money had not been made. He had lost \$17,000, a big sum for a poor shantymen. He had come back to Mr. Edwards, who was giving him another chance.

About the \$17,000 he had lost. Well, what could he do about it. One day he had taken his trouble and his debt to the church and had left it with the Lord. The immense crowd had pressed in towards Whistle as told his pathetic tale and a great cheer went up as the Duke stepped forward and grasped the old shantymen warmly by the hand.

Beaming with pleasure, he was next presented to the Duchess. Tremendous cheers were next given for the Royal visitors and they both bowed and smiled at the warmth of the applause which concluded a day, the like of which will not likely ever again occur in the lives of Canadians present.

Forestry in Canada was what the shantymen showed the Duke and Duchess. They showed it in every branch. The mighty trees were felled, stripped of their branches, sawn and loaded onto vast sleds. Ponderous horses dragged heavy logs about as if they had been fence posts. There was the log shanty with its enormous beams and its cracks so deftly filled with gray colored moss.

There was the immense chimney in the centre, and the smoking interior where the Duke and Duchess went to taste the pork and beans, and then there was the grotesque dancing of the shantymen and the gay carolling of the chanson Français as the tough red shirted, brawny sons of the forest stood in line before the Duke.

The scenes among the pines at Rockcliffe was one of a life time. But they were but part of the entertainment. There was the mad rush down the swirling current of the timber slides before the lumbering at Rockcliffe.

At half past ten o'clock the Royal car which was to convey their Royal Highnesses to Oregon street, where the timber cribs were, left Rideau Hall. Thousands cheered this superb conveyance and its Royal occupants as they proceeded along Rideau and Sparks streets. At Bridge street near the slides, a special line of track had been laid by the Ottawa Electric Railway Co., along Oregon street to the river. A magnificent scene greeted the Royal couple upon their arrival at the slides. The cribs were handsomely decorated with flags, and plaids were laid upon the timber seats for the accommodation of the royal guests.

Hardy lumbermen, most of whom had travelled many, many miles for the historic event, stood in their brilliant scarlet shirts, blue trousers and gorgeous sashes and smoked their short clay pipes preparatory to making the journey of their lives. The canoes also, bow and stern, were decorated. Boats and crews formed masses of most brilliant colors stretching far out over the river.

Sir Wilfrid was the first to arrive, accompanied by Lady Laurier.

He walked aboard the forward crib and was greeted by Mr. S. H. Perley. The Premier wore a suit of quiet gray tweed, and the black derby hat which he affects when on a pleasure jaunt. Sir Wilfrid smiled cordially at the crowd who climbed the surrounding wharves and lumber piles, while Lady Laurier raised her white and black parasol and studied the inspiring scene about her.

Pilot-in-charge William Wade now gave a signal touch to his preparations for carrying his future King and Queen down the foaming, rushing stretch of waters. He was assisted in his task by twenty men, good and true.

These hardy voyageurs were now ready for the journey. They sat down and took a final puff at the pipe. Sam Irwin, in his canoe, hummed a French song to himself, tightened the laces in his spiked shoes, and glanced hurriedly up the wharf.

Amidst loud cheers His Royal Highness was the first to step aboard the cribs. He turned and assisted the Duchess to a seat. Her Royal Highness was attired in a beautiful dress of soft dark material, and she wore a handsome, fluffy boa about her neck. As she bent forward to open her parasol her hair shimmered in the bright sunlight.

The Duke's gray morning suit became him well. He wore a rather low crowned black derby hat, and a turned down collar. His dark tie was encircled by a handsome gold ornament, and he wore a gold watch guard across his vest. In his hand he carried a small, dark cane.

The Royal Standard of England now floated from the crib. The Duke chatted with the pilot for a minute, and then all

was in readiness. The first crib to start on the exciting journey was that occupied by the English correspondents.

At eleven o'clock the cry "all right" was heard, and amid the loud cheers of those lining the shore, the royal visitors moved slowly out into the river.

Crib now followed crib in swift succession. On the royal crib were Their Royal Highnesses, Lady Mary Lygon, Earl and Countess of Minto, Col. Sherwood, Chief Powell, Major Maude, Mr. J. R. Booth. An old voyageur held the flapping folds of the immense Royal Standard back from the Duchess' face.

On the third crib were Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mr. Sydney Hall, the celebrated English marine artist; Dr. Manby, and Rev. Dr. Canon Dalton, of Their Royal Highnesses' suite.

Then came the crib with the Earl of Minto's family, the Lady Eileen, the Lady Violet and the Lady Ruby. Also Captain Graham, A.D.C., Major Denison, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Guise. Crib after crib now drifted down the river.

There was tremendous enthusiasm as the Royal crib plunged forward down the first dip through the swirling boiling cataract. The thousands lining the bridges under which it passed shouted themselves hoarse. A perfect cloud of waving handkerchiefs fluttered high above the swiftly rushing raft. The waves boiled up about the heavy timbers and the lumbermen shouted orders above the noise of the rushing waters.

At the foot of the slide the Royal party entered the magnificent canoe Duchess and the voyage was continued down the river. The crew of the Royal canoe consisted of fourteen Indians and half breeds from far-off Abitibi, the Hudson Bay post, northwest of Mattawa.

One hundred and twenty Indians and rivermen were employed from all parts of the country. The progress from the foot of the slides to Rockcliffe made a memorable sight. There was the long line of brilliantly painted war canoes stretching far down the river with the shouting navigators in their gorgeous costumes.

There were the flashing blades in the bright autumn sunlight. There were the thousands of cheering multitudes lining the beautiful slopes of the river. There were the Parliament buildings showing classic between the surrounding foliage. There were the hundreds of crowded craft from the large steam pleasure boat to the frail little shell, and there was the warm, balmy breeze which stretched the bunting and sent the cheers down the river to where, with the Royal Standard proudly floating, the Royal passengers sailed on.

Past the beautiful Parliament building, past the mouth of the Gatineau until the new Ottawa Boat Clubhouse was reached. And here was the log rolling for the Royal pair, and a war canoe race which made a great spectacle of muscular athletes in blue and white, and garnet and white and yellow and black and red and black, and flashing blades and boiling bows, and when the Grand Trunk won a mighty cheer went up that reached across the great floilla.

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

Ottawa, Ont., September 24.—The Senate last evening for the first time in its history received within its portals an heir to the British throne. Almost over the spot where the King his father stood to well and truly lay the cornerstone of the Parliament Buildings, the Duke of York stood to receive the elite not of Ottawa only but of a large section of Canada.

The forty years which have passed since the Prince of Wales officiated by laying the stone, have wrought a vast change in the surroundings. The magnificent pile which now compose the Houses of Parliament have arisen over the stone. The Parliament grounds, then a wild common on which a lacrosse match was played in honour of the Prince, last night presented a spectacle of most perfect beauty.

As those attending the reception entered the Chamber from the vestibule facing the throne, a scene of dazzling magnificence rivalling anything in Aladdin's Wonderful Palace met the eye.

On either side of the entrance stood two stands of natural flowers amidst which shone hundreds of Duchess of York roses made of Bohemian glass. Inside these flowers, concealed by their petals, were tiny incandescent lamps radiating the roses with a mellow glow. Two similar stands stood, one on the right and the other on the left of the throne. On each side of the throne, too, stood a column, upholstered in crimson plush

and surmounted with the new Royal crown having nine pearls on each side.

These pearls consisted of miniature incandescent lamps pearl shaped and frosted. The columns were entwined with smilax and miniature lamps. The piece de resistance was the throne itself upon which stood Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York and Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto.

Ordinarily the throne is beaded perpendicularly at intervals of about two inches with gold and crimson cord. Last night the beads were composed of miniature lamps. Above the throne and forming a canopy of diamonds over the royal party were thousands of miniature lamps radiating from a central point and drooping in graceful curves to the columns on either side of which they were attached.

Lifting one's eyes to the galleries one saw that the beautiful marble gothic arches which supports the roof were outlined in hundreds of incandescents of the size of marbles. Beneath the arches and resting against the panels of the chamber were huge festoons of smilax and electrical Duchess of York roses.

Each festoon was joined at the junction of the base of the arches with a wreath of smilax and roses through which, as in those of the festoon, glowed a soft entrancing light. The whole scene was one of complete artistic beauty.

Splendid as was the setting, the details of the picture was no less gorgeous. Upon the dais before the throne with its crimson drapings and myriad lighted bunting, stood the Duke of Cornwall and York, in the uniform of a Rear Admiral of the fleet, the Duchess of Cornwall and York in black with a white sash. His Excellency Lord Minto, in his Governor-General's uniform, wearing the ribbon of St. Michael and St. George, and his medals, and Her Excellency Lady Minto in black and white. Grouped on either side of the throne were the aides, in their varied and gorgeous uniforms, the ladies in waiting in half mourning, Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the uniform of an Imperial Privy Councillor, with the sash and cross of G. C. M. G. the members of the cabinet in uniform of Colonial privy councillors, the members of the headquarters staff in their respective uniforms, and the judges of the Supreme Court in their robes.

From the space in front of the throne, down to the entrance to the chamber, the officers of the Ottawa Brigade formed a double line, their varied uniforms making this a very striking feature of the whole picture.

Around stood the ladies in their varied dresses of half mourning, the shades of which gave a depth to the whole colouring which proved most effective.

The Royal party arrived soon after nine, and those who had the private entree, the members of the Cabinet, the headquarters staff, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, were first received with their ladies. The doors were then opened, and for an hour and a half a constant stream of fair ladies and of gentlemen passed the throne, the Duke shaking hands with each one.

The reception was the largest on record, 800 persons being presented in an hour.

The dresses at the reception were quite rich, but the predominant tone was, of course, black or some other of the mourning shades.

Her Royal Highness wore a rich gown of black satin, elegantly made, with a white satin ribbon glittering with diamonds. She wore a magnificent diamond tiara, a diamond collar, suspending pendants and a long string of pearls.

Lady Minto was in white, covered with billows of lace and ruching. She also wore a handsome diamond tiara.

Lady Laurier—Black satin, with lace and sequins, violets.

Mrs. Sifton—White satin and sequins.

Lady Davies—Black satin and lace.

Miss Davies—Maude silk and white lace.

Miss Ethel Davies—Black satin.

Miss Blair—Black silk.

Miss Elizabeth Blair—Mousseline and lace.

Miss Audrey Blair (debutante)—White silk.

Mrs. Fielding—Black sequin net, over black satin.

Miss Fielding—White silk.

Mrs. O'Grady-Haly—Black, with white lace and jet.

Backache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty cloudy, highly colored urine and all ordinary troubles lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, etc. Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life will make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant drains which are often consequent on marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness. As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Half a million women and more have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Elias Silvers, of Newark, N. J., who is eighty-one years old, advertised for a wife three weeks ago, and has received so many bushels of letters in reply to his advertisement that he has not the heart to open them, and has decided to try and remain single all his life. He thinks his principal charm for the fair sex is that he is old as well as supposed to be rich.

What Catarrh is and is not.

Catarrh is not a wash. You cannot force liquids into the lungs. It is not an ointment to be snuffed up the nostrils. Ointments are useless and disgusting. Nor is it a powder to be blown up the nostrils and still further irritate the already congested and irritated membrane. It is simply balsamic and healing substances breathed into the lungs and throat. Cures of course. That is nature's way of curing, and nature's way is the only true way. If you suffer from disease of the throat, lungs, nasal passages, do not neglect to test Catarrh. Two sizes of all druggists, 25c, and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever, or your money back.

Merchants on King and Yonge streets, Toronto, along the route of the royal procession are subscribing 80 cents per foot frontage of their lots for an effective scheme of decoration during the Duke's visit.

Whisky Medicines.

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whisky or alcohol. In this respect, as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's medicines differ from other preparations. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription" contain no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant, and are equally free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. Every family should have a copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing and costs. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

An illustration of how time heals even the worst wounds, occasionally, is to be found in the fact that the President of the United States today is the son of a Southern mother, and had two uncles who fought on the Confederate side during the Civil War.

Wear Brain Workers.

Fagged out, ideas come as slowly as molasses. You think of things just a minute or two too late. Snap's gone! The buoyancy that made work a pleasure—that's gone too. The doctor would tell you that you are run down, not eating enough nor digesting enough. Your stomach needs aid, your digestion needs a bracer too. Your blood requires Phosphorus and Iron that it may be formed readily. Now Ferrozone is a wonderful nerve bracer and blood maker. It's food for the blood and nerves, it will make you strong quickly and permanently. Sold by Chas. A. Burchill.

The Mounted Police barracks at Regina were damaged by fire to the extent of \$500.

ATHLETES, BICYCLISTS and others should always keep HIGGARD'S YELLOW OIL on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises cuts, etc.