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BRILLIANT SCENES IN LONDON.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Pomp and Ceremony

ATTENDING THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

King and Queen Most Cordially Greeted by the Populace.

(London Standard, Feb. 14.)
His Majesty the King, today, in the House of Lords, opened the fifth Ordinary Session of the first Parliament of his reign.

The King and Queen having taken their places, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod was despatched to summon the speaker and the members of the House of Commons, and upon their arrival, His Majesty the King delivered the speech from the Throne:

Long before the time—half-past one—fixed for their Majesties to leave Buckingham Palace to drive to the Parliament buildings, the scene in front of the outer court of the Royal residence was an attractive one. By mid-day the crowds had become very dense, and all traffic about the precincts of the Palace was stopped very early. There must have been many thousands present.

The scene lacked nothing in the way of incident, or of pictures to hold the eye. Troops passed through with hands playing and colours flying, on their way to take up their stations. Most striking perhaps, was the appearance of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, who, headed by their band, rode down Constitution-hill and into the Mall on the way to the Horse Guards Parade. Their lance pennons fluttered in the pleasant breeze, which, laden with suggestions of spring, gently stirred the bare trees. Then came the Irish Guards with their band, and led by the great Irish wolfhound which was the present to them of Queen Alexandra. They took up a position in front of the Palace. Then came the Scots Guards, their pipes playing a gay march as they swung through towards the Mall. On the other side the circular space the 2nd Life Guards sat on their big horses, halted to let the Scots pass, and then they too went on, with the faint sunlight throwing up soft sparklings from cuirass and sword. Following were the 1st Life Guards, who wheeled round and took post before the gates of the Royal residence.

By-and-bye, with a dull roll of wheels and as musical jingle of ac-

HEALTHY LUNGS.

Depend Upon, Rich, Red Blood, Poor Blood Means Weak Lungs and Fatal Consumption.

Every drop of blood in the body must go through the lungs. That is why the lungs are helped and healed and strengthened by the great blood-builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they fill the veins with pure, rich, red blood, that gives health and vigor to weak lungs. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brace the lungs to throw off bronchitis and heavy colds. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the lungs after an attack of la grippe or pneumonia. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved hundreds in Canada from consumptives' graves. No other medicine does this work so speedily and so well. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., says: "My sister, a young and delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. Nothing we did for her seemed to do any good, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after a bad night I'd get up early to see if she had spit blood during the night. A friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and within a month from the time that she had begun their use, she had almost recovered her health. Under the continued use of the Pills she is now well and strong."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only make weak lungs strong, but they cure all troubles arising from a poor or a deficient blood supply, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness, St. Vitus Dance, headaches and backaches, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, and the special secret ailments of young girls and women. Insist upon the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE GERMS OF CATARRH

Not only attack the passages of the head and throat but finally reach the lungs and cause consumption. Nothing destroys catarrh so quickly as fragrant healing Catarrhozone, which relieves the cough, stops the discharge, and takes all soreness from the throat. "I consider Catarrhozone has no equal as a cure for catarrh and lung trouble," writes James E. Wetherell, of Brighton. "It cured me after many good doctors failed to even relieve my trouble." Catarrhozone can't fail to cure—it's guaranteed. Two months treatment, \$1.00; trial size 25c.

courtments, there rode through, at a walk, the Horse Artillery Battery going to take ground in St. James' Park for the firing of the Royal salute when the King should have arrived at the House of Lords. They had hardly disappeared when he heard the stirring strains of Sir Edward Elgar's beautiful March "Pomp and Circumstance,"—a great favorite with Her Majesty—played by the band of the Irish Guards as the Guard of Honor of that regiment marched from St. James' Palace to their post in the outer quadrangle of Buckingham Palace. Carriages with servants in rich liveries drove into the precincts conveying the officers of the Household, and there could be felt the pleasant sensation that a great State pageant was in progress of preparation. This was accentuated by the leisurely march into the inner quadrangle of the Yeoman of the Guard in their half-berts and Tudor dress.

Punctually at 1.15 the Guards of Honour of Life Guards and Irish Guards took post within the rails of the Palace, and the escort got ready. Great objects of interest were the State carriages as they came round from the Royal mews, followed at a little interval by the State coach of their Majesties, with eight "creams," Captain Nicholas being in charge.

Their Majesties left the Palace at 1.30, being preceded by the officers of the Household, and those in attendance. The procession, when assembled in the inner quadrangle, was made up as follows.

FIRST STATE CARRIAGE (SIX BAYS.)

N. W. H. Legge, Esq., Page of Honour; D. A. L. Davidson, Esq., Page of Honour; Lieut. Col. Arthur Collins, Gentleman Usher; Lionel H. Cust, Esq., Gentleman Usher; and Colonel F. B. de Sales La Terriere, Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard.

SECOND STATE CARRIAGE (SIX BAYS.)

Colonel F. I. Maxse, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting; Lieut. Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Silver Stick in Waiting; Admiral Sir John Fullerton Groom in Waiting; and Earl Waldegrave, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

THIRD STATE CARRIAGE (Six Bays.)

General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton M. Probyn, —eeper of the Privy Purse; Lord Knollys, Private Secretary; Viscount Valentia, M. P., Comptroller of the Household; and the Marquess of Hamilton, M. P., Treasurer of the Household.

FOURTH STATE CARRIAGE (Six Bays.)

Earl of Gosford, Acting Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; Lieut. General Lord de Ros, Gold Stick in Waiting; the Earl of Kintore, Lord in Waiting; and the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Lord Steward.

FIFTH STATE CARRIAGE (Six Blacks.)

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Woman of the Bed-chamber; the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse; Lady Suffolk, Lady of the Bed-chamber; and the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes.

SIXTH STATE CARRIAGE (Eight Creams.)

Her Majesty the Queen; His Majesty the King; Captain Hon. S. Fortescue, Equerry in Waiting (riding) and Major P. Ponsonby, Riquerry in Waiting (riding).

A tremendous burst of cheering heralded the approach of the King and his gracious Consort, and the cheers were continued as the Royal procession, moving at a fast pace, passed onward to the Mall.

IN THE MALL.

In spite of the somewhat gloomy and threatening weather, large crowds of sightseers gathered in the Mall even before the troops began to

Tearing down signals does not delay storms. Opium laden "medicines" may check coughing, but the cold stays. Do not trifle; when you begin to cough take Allen's Lung Balsam, free from opium, full of healing power.

take up their positions. On either side of the broad processional road were dense dark throngs of men and women waiting patiently for the coming of their Majesties. Looking either way, the long straight roadway which had been freshly covered with golden sand, seemed to be cut through a sombre-colored mass fringed with scarlet and silver. From Buckingham Palace to the gardens of Marlborough House were stationed 1st Irish Guards, then came the 1st Scots, extending to the east side of the Duke of York's steps, the 2nd Coldstream Guards continuing the line across the Horse Guards Parade into Whitehall. Behind the Guards on the parade were detachments of the 21st Lancers, their plumes of white and red pennons waving merrily in the breeze. By half-past one every place of vantage was occupied and still people were streaming into the Mall and on to the Horse Guards Parade; but, although many thousands were present, there was little crushing.

The bands of the various battalions of Guards played cheerful selections of music which helped to pass away the time of waiting, but there were scarcely any incidents worth noting.

Hardly any of the occupants of the many private carriages which passed along the Mall were recognized, and it was not until the Prince and Princess of Wales drove out from Marlborough House that there was any cheering. Shortly after their Royal Highnesses had gone the sharp command bringing the troops to attention warned the crowds that their Majesties were approaching. As soon as the great gilded coach drew into view, surrounded by the glittering escort of the 1st Life Guards, a perfect roar of greeting went up from the great assemblage and was continued until the King and Queen, who smiled and bowed their acknowledgements of their subjects' shouts of welcome, had passed out of sight across the Horse Guards Parade and through the arch leading to Whitehall.

The 2nd Coldstream Guards and the 1st Grenadiers lined Whitehall and Parliament street, detachments of the 21st Lancers and 2nd Life Guards being drawn across the abutting thoroughfares. People stood three or four deep on the pavements on either side of the broad thoroughfare, but here, as in the Mall, there was no undue crushing. The windows of the different Government offices were well filled, for the most part by lady visitors. Their Majesties, as they passed on towards the Houses of Parliament, were received with repeated bursts of cheering.

AT THE VICTORIA TOWER.

There was never a finer site for the culminating scenes of a great pageant than the roadway of Old Palace Yard, Abingdon-street, and that flanking the base and high archway of the Victoria Tower.

This morning from long before noon lines of police excluded the public from all this wide space, breaking only to permit the passing of carriage after carriage. State coach, private brougham, hansom and four wheeler—all and sundry—came rattling down for hours to the St. Stephen's entrance to the Houses, and that reserved for the Peers. Soon after midday detachments of Guards—Grenadiers and Coldstreams—passed through to line the way, and the scene became one of splendid colour and animation. Officers of Household Cavalry and the Foot Guards rode to and fro, Peers in their Court robes and ostrich plumes alighted on the pavements seeking the way to their places in the House of Lords, while men of every description of uniform known in the Diplomatic serpices, the Army and the Navy, threaded their way in and out.

The whole scene, backed by the splendid facade of the Houses of Parliament and the stupendous Victoria Tower, afforded endless interest to those privileged persons who lined the pavements and filled the windows of the old houses in Abingdon-street. The lack of sunshine in no way detracted from the beauty of the bright spectacle; indeed, the multitude of colors of uniforms, strange liveries of countless servants, coachmen, grooms, and flunkies seemed heightened by the soft grey atmosphere of an early spring day.

The gates of the Victoria Tower were closed, and guarded by only

HEART PALPITATION AT NIGHT.

Rattles even the strongest man, but to the average woman it is a taste of general purgative. Take a little Nervine in sweetened water and away goes the palpitation. You'll be saved lots of worry by keeping Nervine on hand, which is a treasure for all sorts of pains and aches. Nervine cures headache, stomach and bowel troubles quickly. Costs 25c. for a large bottle.

YOUNG LADIES, READ THIS.

If you are bothered with pimples, rashes or ugly blotches on your face, if your complexion is sallow, it's an evidence that you require Ferrozone to tone up your blood. One Ferrozone Tablet taken at meals makes the complexion like peach bloom, cheeks soon become rosy, eyes bright and you'll be the picture of health. Thousands of ladies keep up their youthful appearance with Ferrozone, why not you? Price 50c. at drug-gists.

some half-dozen policemen on foot.

The clatter of arms from time to time announced some Royal approach, and the splendid carriages, their equally splendid occupants safely deposited, withdrew one after another westward of the Tower, where, of themselves, they formed a pretty sight waiting, with the gardens, and river, and Lambeth Palace in the distance.

About a quarter-past one the bells of St. Margaret's commenced to ring merrily, and shortly after the half hour another clatter of arms announced the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their escort of 1st Life Guards.

The Yeomen of the Guard put in their appearance at this time, and a body of the 1st Life Guards on foot, who disappeared within the Palace to line the stairway and approach to the Robing-room and Peers Gallery.

At two o'clock exactly thunders of applause from Whitehall announced the approach of the King and Queen. To the strains of the National Anthem the great gilded coach, drawn by its eight cream horses decked in violet, scarlet and gold, and escorted by its Sovereign's escort of Life Guards, passed by the equestrian statue of Richard Coeur de Lion and entered the archway of the Victoria Tower amidst a scene of great enthusiasm.

IN THE ROYAL GALLERY.

The Royal Gallery by which the King passed from the Robing-room to the House of Lords was filled with waiting spectators a full two hours before the ceremony was due. The long interval was diversified and rendered interesting by the occasional passage of brilliant uniforms, as when a group of Peers walked through on their way to the Chamber. The spectators were largely ladies, and among them was a little group of Japanese girls, in their national dress, who viewed the proceedings with the prettiest animation. The arrival of the "Beefeaters," who lined the gallery, and the Gentleman at Arms put a period to the weary waiting, and at length the bells from the Abbey, muffled and dim, announced that their Majesties had arrived.

A long trumpet note—a stir here and there—a word of command that stiffened the "Beefeaters" to brilliant statuettes and the tall doors of the Robing-room opened. Over slopes of bonnets and a vista of shoulders there came into view an impulse of strong color, the coats of the heralds leading the procession. Very slowly it came down the crimson aisle, a current of scarlet and bullion, to which the gift of the shields overhead was dull and blunt. One great officer of State followed another; a gilt mace sloping over a black shoulder preceded the Lord Chancellor. Two officials groped backwards cautiously; facing them came the Marquis of Salisbury, stooping forward awkwardly with the long sword of state held upright before him. And then, holding the hand of the Queen, came his Majesty the King.

The Queen, sober in mien, something pale, bowed slowly from side to side, as the rows of ladies behind the barrier bent in a formal courtesy. His Majesty gave an impression of fine health; he wore a smile throughout, and acknowledged his welcome graciously. He moved with a fine dignity. After them came more splendour. Crimson pages carried their trains, and ladies of the Household followed. The procession passed into a lane of gentlemen at Arms and disappeared into the House of Lords.

A quarter of an hour more of waiting, and suddenly, like something unpremeditated, and without any announcement of the trumpets, they returned. The Queen was smiling now, and had a little flush of color. The doors of the Robing-room opened before them; slowly the train of uniforms flowed in; the doors closed, and the scene in the Royal gallery was over.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

At the ceremony in the House of Lords there was the usual marked contrast between the gorgeously of the setting and the extreme simplicity of the business conducted. While everything was so ordered as to feast the eye not a word was

That horrid stuff; no wonder people say that about Cod Liver Oil, for it is; but it is real food when properly prepared as it is in "The D & L" Emulsion, and nothing will add solid flesh as fast as it will.

A skin that burns with eczema, and is covered with eruptions that discharge a thin fluid, may be made smooth and slightly with Weaver's Cerate. But this external remedy should be used in conjunction with Weaver's Syrup.

spoken, save the King's brief "Pray be seated," to detract attention from the speech which the assembled Peers and Commons had come to hear.

Before one o'clock there was already a goodly sprinkling of Peers on the red benches of the Upper Chamber, and the galleries above were lined with ladies in full Court dress. Then the Peers began to arrive in their red Parliamentary robes. One by one they came in, Dukes and Barons, Bishops and Law Lords, until only the narrow benches below the gangway were unoccupied. The Diplomatic Corps came early, filling the small enclosure on the right hand side of the throne. Viscount Hayashi was there, and Musurus Pasha and the Chinese Minister, and Mr. Choate, most conspicuous of all in the broad white shirt front and plain evening dress of the American citizen. Count Bechendorff, fresh from Russia, in glittering uniform, attracted every eye in the Chamber as he took his seat just behind Mr. Choate and the German Ambassador, but at some distance from his colleague of Japan; and the popular Marquis of Soveral came last of all.

The most noted of the Peers present were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond and Gordon, Marlborough, Wellington, Argyll, and Buccleuch, who sat on the front bench on the left of the throne; while the two Archbishops, the Bishop of London, and five of his colleagues faced the Dukes on the front bench to the right of the throne.

At the end of the chamber above the reporters' gallery, were some 50 members of the House of Commons. Not an available seat was vacant by half past one, except on the narrow benches below the gangway.

It was fully two o'clock when the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived. The audience received them standing, and remained in that position until the Prince and Princess of Wales took their seats to right and left of the throne. Then the King's procession was ushered in with the audience again on its feet.

The King was dressed in the full dress uniform of a Field Marshal, over which he wore his official robes. The Queen with her dark blue dress and beautiful figure, filled the centre of the picture to perfection. Altogether the Gothic Chamber with its dark panelling and crimson benches filled now with the varied toilettes of the Peers and the trenchant red of the Peers' robes were both pleasing to the eye and satisfactory to the historic sense.

After a pause, during which Black Rod went to summon the Commons and the Speaker of the Lower Chamber came to the bar, the King putting on his cocked hat, and still sitting, read the speech which all were so anxiously awaiting, in a clear voice. The audience listened in dead silence to the end. Then the King and Queen rose, and left the Chamber, the procession forming as before. The Prince and Princess followed, and in a few minutes the Chamber was deserted. Outside in the great lobby the police lined the entrance to the House of Commons as usual when the House is sitting, and a new Session had begun.

THE RETURN.

After a lapse of nearly forty minutes the gates of the Tower were again thrown open. The King and Queen appeared at the foot of the stairs, both robed this time. The return journey to Buckingham Palace was commenced immediately amidst scenes of renewed enthusiasm and the playing of the National Anthem. The Prince and Princess of Wales shortly followed on their way back to Marlborough House.

The crowds along Parliament street and Whitehall had increased rather than lessened when the King and Queen passed on their return from the opening of Parliament, and the greetings their Majesties received were of the warmest description. In the Mall the throngs of sightseers had grown to tremendous proportions, and the Royal procession passed slowly through cheering masses of people.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER

In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut for constipation or piles. Highly recommended because they cause no gripping pains. For prompt and certain cure use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

A man could make a lot of money by not investing it in sure things.

See that the Druggist gives you the right article—the soothing helpful Painkiller that was used in your family before you were born. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. No upright dealer offers substitutes.