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LONG LIVE THE KING!



HIS Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., and his beautiful and beloved Consort Queen Alexandra, were crowned as Sovereigns of the British realms at Westminster Abbey on August 9th, amid the acclamations of a loyal and devoted people. After a fit and reverent period of mourning for the loss of Victoria the great and good, beloved of all good people of all civilised nations, it

that the purely ornamental ceremonial appeals to him, and he has been so trained that sound and glitter has come to be a part of everything which he seeks to make imposing. And what could he want to make more imposing than the crowning of a Monarch? From east to west, from north to south, all people in all times have marked the commemoration of big events by glittering and imposing ceremonies; and the British, in common with the rest, have progressed from the primitive to the elaborate, from simple sound and flowered garlands to massed bands, ornate dresses

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[H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.]

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A SHOUTING nation has been stricken dumb with grief. The joy notes that were gradually swelling to a roar in the streets of London, and in every provincial town of the United Kingdom, while the shouts echoed and re-echoed from every part of our vast dominions, has been hushed by a message almost as startling as it was terrible and unexpected. His Majesty the King—the Sovereign of those realms from which men of nearly every colour and creed on the earth, had gathered at the Empire's capital to do honour to its Monarch—has been stricken down with an illness that, although grappled with at the outset by the most eminent doctors of the country, will cause all his loyal subjects the most sincere and keen anxiety during the next few days or, maybe, weeks. Amid all the disappointments and the losses this sad event has entailed upon His Majesty's subjects, their first thought will be for His Majesty himself, and His Royal Consort, and their children. Our royal family associate itself so closely with all the domestic affairs of the people, rather than with their politics, that sickness in the palace is felt as a household affair in the cottage. It is for this reason that the prayers of peer and plebeian will blend in earnest and sincere tones in calling for blessings on the royal family, and especially for relief to the royal head in his present suffering. The dramatic suddenness of it all came as a thunderclap from a clear sky. We were allowed to know that His Majesty was slightly *indisposed*, by a touch of lumbago or some kindred complaint, as some



[H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.]

rumoured, but none of us men in the street, or on the ships' decks, ever dreamed that the King was so bravely struggling against so dire a disease as that which we subsequently learned to be the case, viz., "Perityphlitic Abscess." He was moving about among his subjects so freely and bearing his burden so bravely that the preparations for his Coronation went forward with steady swing, even in the depressing weather of the first three weeks of what should have been a sunny month. There was no suspicion among the people that there was anything seriously wrong with the man who was the centre piece around which all was being constructed, and the hub of all that was being done. And then, when at last the weather broke bright and clear, and nothing seemed likely to intervene or stop the people from crowning their King with such pomp and ceremony, and amid such surroundings as never accompanied such a function before, from Solomon's time down to the present, there came the sudden and stanning cry of the new-boys in the street, "Coronation Postponed!" People doubted their ears, and held their breath. But, alas! it was true. His Majesty, who had returned to London a few days before, had been under an operation in Buckingham Palace, and lay in the most serious condition at His London home. Money just passing from the buyer to the vendor of seats in shops and houses along the line of streets, through which the gorgeous processions were to pass on the Coronation and succeeding days, was suddenly pulled back by its owners, until they had bought and perused an evening paper, and had read the news which returned their money to their pockets and sent them home with serious faces and sad hearts. Never even in the blackest days of

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In Memoriam.

HER Most Gracious Majesty, Lady Queen Victoria, passed peacefully away, surrounded by Her Children and Grandchildren at about 8-30 p.m. on January 23rd, and a whole world mourns her loss.

At present our hearts are too full of poignant grief, and we are too stricken with sorrow to do more than record the deep sense of our loss, and to offer our humble and heartfelt condolence to the King and the members of the Royal family, whose sorrow is too sacred for words.



THANKFUL AND HOPEFUL.



THE men of the rank and file of the Navy, and we Chiefs and Warrant Officers who have sprung from them, have to be thankful for such small mercies in the way of promotion, and recognition for war or meritorious service, that we have once more to offer our thanks to the Admiralty for the promotion of Mr. Lyne, gunner, to the rank of Lieutenant, and the decoration of Mr. Mascull, gunner, with the Order of the Conspicuous Service Cross. These were the only two rankers of either of the fighting services of the Empire who found a place in the first Coronation Honours' List; and so we suppose that we ought to be grateful that they both fell to men from the ranks of the Navy, considering there were something like half a million of men in the rank and file at that time serving in the fighting forces of the country. We hope, however, we shall not be considered unreasonable if we declare that, in our opinion, such a small recognition to so large and gallant a body of men is little short of a national misfortune, even if it does not approach a national scandal.

