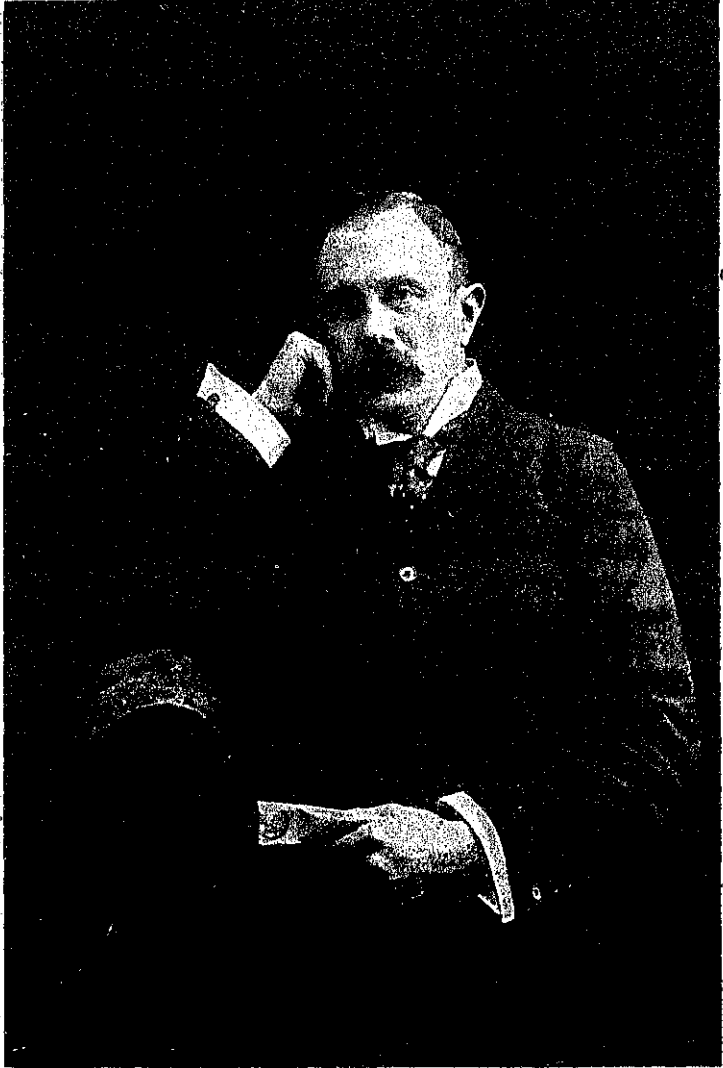


In the heroic days the king was the supreme judge and high priest of the people, and was surrounded with a halo of sanctity that inspired his people with a religious awe, and a spirit of profound veneration for his exalted and sacred rank. None dared question his judgments dictated by the goddess of Wisdom; all listened with strained ears and minds alert to the words of wisdom that flowed from his lips. But the sacred monarch fell before the warrior king, and the warrior king and statesman in progressive communities, ultimately surrendered his powers to the commonalty of the nation. He retained, however, his dignity, and by his dignity, assists his ministers to rule.

Even in these days of socialism and communism, the monarch—or his representative in the colony—is invested with much of that “divinity which doth hedge a king.” His words still command that almost sacred respect that attached to the words of kings when they were in the plenitude of their power. The carefully prepared speech of a commoner, at a function where His Excellency is present, will bore the loyal audience, and

will be given a meagre paragraph, while the reporter will strain every stenographic nerve to report His Excellency in full.

We have only to think of the deference



Sarony.

THE EARL OF RANFURLY, G.C.M.G.

Photo.

and respect that is everywhere paid to Lord Ranfurly, and we see that there still lurks in the hearts of men no small amount of that ancient reverence for rank, and that sneaking regard for a lord, with which Mr. Gladstone delighted to taunt the English elector. Even