

the next man that says "shave" to me, I'll, I'll—gad, I'll brain him."

Not for three months did Smith again journey westward. When he finally reached Winnipeg for the second time, however, he proceeded, as before, directly to the home of the Burdettes. The maid, evidently, did not recognize him, but hastened to do homage to such a distinguished looking stranger by ushering him into the drawing room. His card was presented as a matter of course—there was no fumbling now.

But mental telepathy had forestalled the maid, who had barely reached the door as her mistress fluttered down the stairway.

"Oh Mr. Smith—Gilford—I'm so glad, so glad to see you at last," she cried, as she glided into his outstretched arms.

"But, dearest," she exclaimed, when the fervour of the first greeting was over, "give a better account of yourself—why did you delay coming so long?"

Gilford stroked his neatly trimmed beard with a guilty tremor while his manly cheeks blushed rosy red. "Maud dear, I can't—er—don't ask me that. Ask me any other question you like."

"Well, then, dear, tell me why you want your brother to act as best man. You must realize that it isn't only for my sake that I object, but I feel as if it would spoil everything." The tone had become almost tearful.

"Don't speak that way, precious, returned Smith, again perceptibly embarrassed, "you don't know Charlie."

"Don't know your brother, your twin brother, though I'm sure I thought him ever so much younger than you! What are you talking in riddles for, dear—didn't he come to the house, and, and—"

"Stop, darling—stop—don't cry—I mean—er Charlie just assumed the responsibility of that affair to screen another."

"Why, Gilford! And he wrote that long letter of apology, and you wrote about it, too, you know, and—"

"Yes, dear, he did that to screen the real culprit—Charles is one of the best fellows in the world."

Castes in Canada

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period, in order to fully realize that a natural feeling of diffidence, discontent and distrust must have sunk deep into the hearts of those who were subjected to this regime, what impressions must have been created by the efforts of inefficient and often overbearing officials, to rudely change the old order of things and invade with singular tactlessness the laws, traditions and whole make up of the "Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven."

General Murray, who had taken a prominent part in the campaign against Quebec, became the first British Governor of the Province. In his report to the Home Government in 1766, he says:

"The poor choice of and the number of civil officers sent out from England have increased the anxieties of the people. Instead of men of ability and of high moral character, we have had the very opposite in the most important positions and it became impossible with such men to give the population that impression of the dignity of government which is so essential to the maintenance of society.

"The judge chosen to conciliate 75,600 new subjects and reconcile them to British law and authority was taken out of jail. He was ignorant of the civil law and of the language of the people. The Attorney-General was no better qualified as to the French language.

"The Secretary of the Province, the Registrar, the Clerk of the Council, the Commissioner and the Prevost lived in England and leased out their offices by auction to the highest bidders and were so indifferent that not a single one of these officers understood the language of the country."

It is curious to note that during these long years, when every executive act tended to estrangement and when everything looked so hopeless and dreary, there was no uprising or commotion.

Protests, it is true, were made; an agitation for autonomy in domestic matters was commenced, but the people remained loyal, they took up arms readily in defence of the flag and never failed to give a good account of themselves.

Even when the New-England colonies revolted, they

vainly sought for co-operation among the dissatisfied people of this province. Every inducement was rejected and in that, as well as subsequent conflicts, we have the strange spectacle of a race which considered itself aggrieved and even oppressed, stoutly resisting an enemy which offered the allurements of political freedom to a mis-governed people.

The long struggle from the passing of the Quebec Act of 1774, when representative institutions were introduced here, and which culminated in the regrettable troubles of 1837-38, was in reality a long endeavour to obtain responsible government; it was a struggle varying in form throughout all the great British dependencies. If it was acute and violent here, the cause is to be found precisely in those racial and religious differences which are rapidly being obliterated in the growing national feeling that can easily be discerned everywhere in Canada. The uprising itself was regrettable no doubt; it occurred at a moment when the British Government was inaugurating a new policy of concessions to the colonies and grants of autonomy, but who can deny that there had been much provocation and a long suffering borne with patience and forbearance? Disregard of petitions and harsh treatment had aroused men of impetuous natures who were accustomed to perils and were the descendants of soldiers. Englishmen would not have endured so much.

Then came the court-martial and the executions. It is enough to say they were a grave political mistake which a later statesmanship would not have committed and that they left behind an unnecessary leaven of bitterness. The deportations constituted a severe punishment and were carried out with harshness, but, of course, they had not that supreme feature which marks the taking of human lives. I knew some of the deported prisoners, after they had returned. They were loyal and contented citizens.

One of them had been flogged, on board the Buffalo, the ship which carried the condemned prisoners to Australia; he bore the marks to his grave and his ankle was callous and bruised from wearing the convict's iron ball. He was a man of upright, generous nature. The Buffalo, on its lonely voyage, met a British man of war whose commander boarded the convict ship; he evinced a warm sympathy for my condemned friend, gave him his card and made him promise to look him up later. Long after, when he had served his time, the released man returned to England, without money, almost without clothes. He sought out the commander who had become an admiral. Did he receive him? He took him to his home, extended to the returning exile that hospitality which you meet nowhere but in old England and sent him to his country and family, a contented subject of the Crown.

I need not dwell upon what followed; the union of the two Provinces, which lasted more than a quarter of a century, was a very imperfect measure of redress, but it brought the inestimable boon of responsible government, and confederation swept away the remnants of past grievances, opening a vista of national evolution which we scarcely realize yet.

My object, gentlemen, in thus exhuming an almost forgotten past, has been to accentuate the importance of the task you have undertaken and are so creditably fulfilling. The vicissitudes I have briefly alluded to have left no painful traces, but they have perhaps left upon the character of the people an impress which it is useful to bear in mind in our daily relations and in your patriotic efforts. Mere politics become at times wearisome and distasteful, but it is a cheering and hopeful feature of our public life to see men of different races and creeds associating themselves in aims so unselfish, so timely and so lofty.

In the heyday of chivalry there was a legend which the minstrels and troubadours kept alive in their ballads. Roland, who was the ideal knight, faithful to the king and his lady, had perished, bravely fighting in the dark valley of Roncevaux.

But when any noble cause wanted a defender, then would be heard, in the famed valley, a horn sounded by unknown lips; it was the call of the dead hero, it aroused his faithful companions and with the rising night wind again the valley was "filled as with the shadow of sound, with the pulse of invisible feet."

We live in a very positive age and our 20th century imaginations cannot conjure up these romantic visions which charmed our remote ancestors, but the reality of to-day is fraught with more fruitful results: your call has aroused the men upon whom Canada can rely for a gathering together of the best elements to the furtherance of union and true national greatness.