

A Bouquet of Wildflowers

An Incident in His Western Tour



ONE of the most charming revelations of Sir Wilfrid's thought for children and his understanding of them, occurred on this western tour, during a reception, on a Manitoba prairie. An eight-year-old maid of the harvest field with unadorned straw hat and bare feet, stood like the publican of old, afar off. She looked with wide wondering eyes while a more fortunate little lady in fluffy spotless daintiness gave the great man a beautiful bouquet of roses. She had seen him kiss her, then separating herself from the cheering crowd, she gathered a little ill assorted bunch of prairie flowers and wild weed blossoms, then edging her way back through the throng, she had almost reached him when she was thrust back by a committeeman. Tears sprang to her eyes for an instant, the procession moved, there was a break in the line, Sir Wilfrid turned. The little one found herself almost confronting him. Back into the crowd she sought to go but he had seen here. He stepped toward her. "Were you good enough to mean those flowers for me, little girl?" he asked, with a smile. Half frightened she thrust them toward him. He bowed, took them, then he kissed her, drew a sprig from the bunch and fastened it on the lapel of his coat. When the great man mounted his car and waved his hat to the cheering hundreds there was one happy little girl who feasted her eyes upon a faded wild weed blossom, dropping on his breast.

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He Loved Canada

"The desire of his life was to promote harmony between the two dominant races in Canada and on all occasions he directed his great influence towards this end. He loved Canada more than anything else."