

loss. And when I finally got away from the flood of kindly candor that was sweeping over me I got the finest thrill of all.

I had mastered the art of that exasperating English modesty that had always been my despair! This was more than an intellectual triumph! It was balm to a bruised and wounded spirit!

One time in my salad days two London clubmen entertained me kindly and provoked me to entertain them. By making the customary modest deprecatory remarks about Great Britain, they induced me to unbosom myself with honest candor. After two months at the seat of the Empire I felt competent to tell them many things that were amiss. And being a native-born Canadian I was able to astonish them (my word!) with my accounts of the resources and possibilities of Canada. Almost twenty years later I admit freely that most of my criticisms and boasts have been proven true, but that is not the point. The point is that those two Englishmen got me to