

"I couldn't come. No. Look, Principal. Just take a parallel case. Principal Grant, your predecessor, had only one arm. Suppose he had been invited to your house to meet all the one-armed men in this neck of the woods—do you think he'd have accepted the invitation?"

Mulloy prefers to work among people who can see; because he feels that his best work can be done, not as a friend of the blind, but as a blind man among the people who are doing the normal average work of the country.

When the war broke out Mulloy figured that he might have a work to do that hitherto he had only been pottering at in his Professorship. In his blindness he perhaps visualized that war better than most of us who can see. All the tactics and military history he and the rest of the Empire had might not be equal to the occasion without a different sort of Empire response than that of the Boer War—with all its open patriotism. Naturally he wished, for the first time almost rebelliously wished, that he was not a blind man. There is no place for blind men at the front. Better far to be deaf.

Mulloy was put on the Patriotic Speakers' League. Here at any rate he could do some good. Few men in that League had the ability he had to present the country's case.

HERE was where he got into the bigger swath. Here was where this David chanced to meet a Jonathan. Up in Toronto and all around there a big Irish-Canadian by the name of John Milton Godfrey had been doing a lot of useful new work among the people who ought to be soldiers. Godfrey is a lawyer. We have alluded to him before in these columns. As Chairman of the Recruiting League he went out to a county called Peel, next to York, and with the aid of J. T. Stirrett, now Major at the front, organized that county, man, woman and child, for the war. It was almost a clean-up—in every way for the army and the Red Cross; the work done in sections and cross-sections; the county fine-tooth-combed for men and money so well that Godfrey was asked to extend his activi-

ties to the whole of Military District No. 2, outside of Toronto and Hamilton.

It was while he was working on this extension that Godfrey first met Mulloy, who was working on the Patriotic Speakers' programme. Mulloy made such a powerful frontal attack on the inertia of other people and diffused such a cheery gospel of sunlight with such a fund of historical information and military knowledge to back him up that Godfrey saw in him the other one of a team.

Mulloy went all over No. 2. Wherever he went he succeeded in getting recruits where the men with the flag-wags and the emotional appeals failed. Mulloy talked straight logic. He unrolled his mind as clearly as though it were a large map of opportunity. He had such a friendly way of marshalling his arguments, there seemed always to be such a gleam of come-all-ye in the common, hard horse sense of his arguments, and he was such a pleasant, sociable speaker, that he helped to make a big roundup in No. 2.

Now, the reason he did it was that he ignored all differences of sentiment or opinion. He took men of opposite ideas on their common ground. He got people to pull together. And that was what Godfrey had been doing exactly in an organizing way from another angle.

These two get-togethers themselves got together.

Godfrey is credited—though as much of the credit may be due Mulloy—for the next step in the unity idea. This was the Bonne Entente, which began a little less than a year ago now with the visit of several Ontario men representing a number of businesses and professions to Quebec. All the public knew about it was that several of these prominent Anglo-Saxon people had met several French-Canadians in a number of places along the St. Lawrence; that speeches of amity were made at the meetings; that songs were sung and sentiments exchanged, and that generally speaking Ontario and Quebec had shaken hands when the first hand had been stuck out by Ontario. The occasion was built on two things—Rule 17 and the war. And the sceptics in both Provinces reckoned that about

the time the last dinner was digested the force of the occasion would be over.

Now, the two men who conceived this pilgrimage were Mulloy and Godfrey. The two who couriered it down in Quebec last summer were Mulloy and Arthur Hawkes. These men knew, without saying so, about how much vitality there was behind the movement known as the Bonne Entente. Mulloy and Godfrey believed in the idea enough to identify themselves with it publicly. It was nothing new; only the way of getting it was new. And it worked. The Bonne Entente became a fact. It was repeated in Ontario last fall.

That was for the time being the last of Bonne Entente. The idea had been launched in concrete form. The play, somewhat sketched out previously by editors, had been finished and put on stage by the producers, Godfrey and Mulloy.

These two men were not spending a heap of time and energy just for an interprovincial pleasantry. Bonne Entente was a reality. It must come up again. How? Not by pilgrimages. No, but on account of a different idea. One thing above all had been for two years to bring racial Canada into a real abiding unity. The war, however, had stopped short of victory. Quebec had not gone to war in a big way. The 22nd and thousands other French-Canadians at the front had not been backed up by their compatriots. Discord, dissension, parish politics, race bigotries, the idea that Canada should only fight when attacked on her own soil as though the great menace had not arisen 3,000 miles to the east and would cross here just as soon as it got Europe disposed of—all these were dead against the further participation of Quebec in the war. And there were certain men—notably one—as definitely behind so-called Nationalism in Quebec as Mulloy and Godfrey were behind the Bonne Entente idea in Ontario.

The war has a habit of out-lasting a good many exploded and exploding notions. The unity of the Empire has been strengthened by it. Nobody doubts

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TELEGRAPHY CLASS
CENTRAL Y.M.C.A., TORONTO.

CARING FOR OUR VETERANS

THE one bright ray in the gloom through which we look at the lengthening casualty lists each morning, comes from the fact that the great majority of the names mentioned represent the wounded, and that medical and surgical skill are daily saving men whose cases, only a few years ago, would have been regarded as hopeless. Many of them are condemned to remain maimed, it is true, but it is astonishing what can be and is being done for them. This work deserves the fullest recognition as an illustration of the spirit in which these men, broken in the war, are regarded by those for whom they have suffered. In the history of warfare there has never been anything like it. The surgeon gives an order, and that order—whatever the money involved—is carried out. Let us not do ourselves discredit in underestimating the work that is being done in our midst!

When the roll of the wounded began to outnumber whole armies of former wars it was soon seen that the situation called for organized treatment in connection with the handling of war victims on a scale

hitherto undreamed-of, and Canada, considering that the effects of the war in the shape of maimed manhood were much slower to be manifested here, is entitled to great credit for the promptness and adequacy of her provision in this direction. The care of our wounded commences long before they ever set foot in Canada, but after they reach our shores there is a lengthy period of hospital treatment for many before they can follow the daily round of civil life once more. It is difficult to get accurate figures of the number of soldiers returned to Canada up to date, as these are first compiled in the various provinces, and are increasing weekly. The last number quoted to us was 63,000, but as the actual records of the Ontario Soldiers' Aid Commission show that 54,000 have been returned to Ontario alone, this must fall far short of the mark. Toronto people are apt to overestimate the number of Canadians maimed in battle, because all the amputation cases in the province are sent there, as well

as a number from other parts who go there for special treatment. It is customary to leave an amputated limb six months to shrink before fitting it with the artificial substitute, and the sight of so many empty sleeves and turned-up trouser legs is very distressing. But what must it be in certain parts of England? At the hospital of Roehampton alone over a thousand cases a month of men who have lost one or more of their limbs are being treated.

"Bah! There's always folks who grumble, but there's no kick coming from a decent man!" said a soldier in one of our Convalescent Homes, when asked if the boys were satisfied with the treatment given them in Canada. "I've been in just about a dozen hospitals in France and England and I tell you this is just a little bit of all right! Pension? Well, it doesn't sound much—\$480 a year for total disablement—but they tell me it's the highest in the world. And then no one is simply pensioned off—they always get you a good job unless you're absolutely down and out—and then you're probably in