

• HIGH HONOUR FOR PAST PROPHET MONARCH CARSTAIRS

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

We are not going to allow it to blush
unseen, nor will we admit that its
sweetness is wasted. We will tell.



Most Prophets know from experi-
ence that, when it comes to a matter
of boosting the membership of the
Grotto, P.P.M. Carstairs is an adept at
"getting his man". But probably few
are aware that he acquired that habit
many years ago when a member of
that world-famous force—The North-
West Mounted Police. That was at a
time when the "Royal" had not yet
been attached to their title.

Many years of police and military
experience have developed from Con-
stable a full fledged Lieutenant-Col-
onel. Those who have been privileged
to view his picture as a Constable can
vouch for the fact that he was "up-
right and slim, and every inch a sol-
dier and a man". This has added not
only to his fame, but also to his figure.
His whole life has been devoted to the
service of the Empire, and even at
three-score years and ten, he is ready
to fight his weight in wild-cats, when
any affront is offered "the flag"; that
"old bit of bunting", for the honour of
which thousands have died.

In October last, "G" Division of the
Royal North-West Mounted Veterans'

Association, elected our worthy Fred
to the office of President, and he "bore
his blushing honours, thick upon him".
That was indeed a worthy recognition
of a long and faithful service in de-
fence of "hearth and home", and the
making safe of the pioneer's path in
the west. Besides much arduous cam-
paigning overseas with the British
Army, the Colonel served as Constable
throughout the Riel Rebellion of 1885,
when the combined forces of Indians
and half breeds under Louis Riel were
finally subdued. During that cam-
paign the Mounties played a noble
part, and although the Dominion au-
thorities at Ottawa have not yet seen
fit to give proper recognition of that
service, time has added such lustre to
their name that no mere pension can
supply.

And now, when it seemed that no
greater honour could be accorded our
worthy Fred, the Dominion Associa-
tion of the Royal North West Mounted
Police Veterans' Association, at their
recent meeting in the Memorial Hall,
unanimously elected him Grand Presi-
dent for the whole Dominion.

Past Prophet Monarch Carstairs,
your fellow Prophets offer you their
hand in hearty congratulation.

We are confident that you will fill
the worthy post to which you have
been elected with signal ability and
fidelity, and sincerely trust that time
will deal kindly with you, so that you
may be long spared to enjoy this and
the many other outstanding honours
lately showered upon you. We also
know that you will ever "maintain the
right" and strenuously defend our
dear old flag.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in
the long, long Arctic night,
The Musk-Ox knows the standard that
flouts the Northern Light;
What is the flag of England? Ye have
but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go
forth, for it is there."

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed
amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I toss-
ed the scud in the breeze,
Never was isle so little, never was sea
so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees
an English flag is flown."

—P.L.