

any similarly situated people in any part of the civilized world. It was our day, our century. Our richly laden ship was coming into port. Then the shadow of the coming war loomed upon the horizon, like a rising storm cloud in summer, and the wind left our sails. We were becalmed before the storm broke—before many of our people knew the storm was coming at all. But Europe knew, and from Europe had always blown much of the financial “wind” which filled our sails and kept our national craft sailing onward. So there fell upon us the breathless pause which preceded the hurricane—and Canadian development was staggered.

So sudden was the onset and so absorbing the novel and imperative task of taking our part in this wide field of conflict for our common freedom, that we have hardly yet fully observed what happened to our progress. But it was startling enough. The tide of immigration turned in a night. The immigrant became the recruit. Our country was denuded of most of the fine young English, French, Scotch and Irish boys who had previously come to us to seek their fortunes and help to build up our nation. Moreover, many of the best of our native-born sons followed the flag under fire. Then industry fell into the doldrums—from which it was quickly rescued, however, by war orders.

That has caused a drastic dislocation of our indus-