

when he discovered himself to a rapt and rapturous nation. He had just returned from England with his Message. He had seen the boys at the front, fighting, dying for Canada, the Empire and humanity, all on bacon at five cents a pound "margin," and the remembrance of it scorched his very heart. To the Ottawa Canadian Club, which came under the direct spell of his words, Sir Joseph shone forth as the perfect patriot—a man whose tenderloins were love and his sweetbreads charity. Also many other virtues of the same kidney. In fact, they never sausage magnanimity. "To hell with profits," Sir Joseph said—and the phrase burst like lava from his soul. As he said it, Sir Joseph's bright blue eyes beamed with high resolve. Sir Joseph had the Inner Glow—which is of the spirit—not of the spirits which coarser natures use to get lit up.

For some fifteen minutes Sir Joseph poured his just anger on those who would make money out of the world's agony. He also invited the wrath of heaven to fall upon the offenders. It was apparent to everybody that Sir Joseph could prove an alibi. After the mountain had spouted fire the rain came. In other words Sir Joseph dissolved in tears. The scalding torrent flowed down his face—he was obliged to wipe his streaming eyes. One handkerchief was not

