

monopolistic charter as Charles II. gave to that soldier of fortune, Prince Rupert and his few associates, but in the case of this company a bad system was made to work out for good by the high character of the officials who represented the organization in this country. They ruled over the country for two hundred years without any evidence of discontent on the part of the governed, and during all those two centuries no one of the thousands of Hudson's Bay officials, despite the most ample opportunity for what is now called "graft" was ever found guilty of the nefarious practice that word designates. This is a testimonial from history.

After some days in the growing town at the above point we crossed over to the north of the Peace River and drove twenty miles westward to Fort Dunvegan, through as fine a portion of agricultural country as anyone would desire to see. The crops of wheat and oats were grand to behold, and this section will do much to help Canada in being the granary of the Empire. The same can be said of the Spirit River and Grande Prairie districts to the south of the Peace River from the famous old fort just mentioned, a fort founded by Chief Factor McLeod and called after the seat of his gallant clan in the island of Skye, oversea.

The harvest was on in full blast in these areas and the prolonged days of the North so compensate for the distance toward the pole that the crops were really some ten days earlier than could be found farther east.

Throughout all the region travelled during several weeks, the pioneers were found to be of a highly moral and religious type, deeply interested in the concerns of church and school. There was generally expressed satisfaction that their Province of Alberta had voted overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition, for they were glad to be free from the moral and economic handicap of the drink traffic when they were laying the foundations of a new Northern Empire.

Shall war go on for ever,
O, God of mercy, tell?
Shall awful carnage sever
Christ's hopes, turn earth to hell?
Turn man to brute again, enthroning high
Blood lust and cruelty and hideous hate,
And women turn wan faces to the sky,
In writhing anguish mourn their children's fate?

Is this Man's proud achievement
To prove him Reason's Lord,
To glorify bereavement
By brandishing the sword?
Will all the sightless eyes and mangled limbs,
And pain-racked human wreckage—all the toll
Of blood and treasure—make one wrong seem right?
Can victory cleanse the stain from honour's roll?

Is force the one arbitrament
To settle man's disputes?
Will death, ruin—ravishment
Make just Moloch's statutes?
O, God, by all the torture felt in heart and mind,
By all our youth fed to the cannon's maw,
By Christ re-crucified, "A better way we'll find,"
(May men proclaim) "This is the final war!"
—Wilfrid S. Brookes.