

GEORGE HENRY HAM is a large body of superfine humanity entirely surrounded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is bounded on the south by the line to Drummondville, on the north by the branch to Ste. Agathe, on the east by the Quebec and Maritime sections, and on the west by the four-thousand-mile stretch that ends at Vancouver. Among the eighty-five thousand employees he is the only latitudinarian. And he is a latitudinarian simply because he has more latitude than longitude, latitude of movement as well as of mind. And being a latitudinarian he was free when a Roman Catholic friend called him by telephone recently and complained that his wife was playing Protestant hymns on the piano—he was free to say, “Have the place fumigated and send the bill to the Archbishop.” Any lawful day you may find him in his own office, unless he happens to be running up to Ottawa, or down to New York, over to Chicago, through to Vancouver, out to San Francisco, or across to Drury’s. For he has what is known in university parlance as a travelling scholarship.

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