

accidents, quarrels and broken homes and broken hearts—how can any person be calm and unconcerned who has any love for humanity?

Women could have sobered this country if they had willed it so; that is a sore and withering thought. Why do we hold life so lightly? We, the women who pay for it with sweat, blood and tears? How can we be indifferent to the evils which mar our creation.

But these bitter observations had no part in our thoughts while we were waging the battle for what we called the emancipation of women. We were so sure that better home conditions, the extension of education and equality of opportunity would develop a happy race of people who would not be dependent on spurious pleasures.

“These things shall be, a nobler race  
Than e’er the world has seen shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their hearts  
And light of battle in their eyes.”

We believed that with all our hearts as we went singing up the hill.

The rural women of Alberta were the white hope of the progressive movement in that province. The Women’s Institutes and United Farm Women were not afraid to tackle social problems and their reading courses and discussions showed serious purpose. The women of the cities were more likely to be entangled in social affairs and in danger of wasting their time in matters of constitution and procedure, such as “Who should sit at the head table at their annual banquet?” but there was real stuff in the countrywomen. I can see them yet, coming across the fields to the meeting, to the bare school house, carrying their sandwiches in one hand and a plant in bloom in the other; and it was not long