

universal form of speech, are not wise in their choice of a vocabulary, or hide from view motives and designs which are not in harmony with national unity and fraternal brotherhood.

Tenth. Our new sovereign race will dominate and direct a civilization of lovely cities and beautiful homes. What splendid possibilities for architectural expression in the construction of a new world. The models of the world are ours. London and its Westminster Abbey, Paris and its triumphal arches, Berlin and its halls of learning, Moscow and its princely palaces, Scotland and its venerable castles, Ireland and its round towers, Egypt and its pyramids, Peking and its terraced altars, India and its Taj Mahal, China and its ancient walls, Jerusalem and its crowning heights and sloping valleys. Let us learn the lesson of the world's beauty.

I once stood in the great Congressional Library, in Washington. In that hour I said: "If I were not a preacher I would be an architect." What pillared strength! What blending of curves! What dignity of dome! What arching of space! What contrivance of court and corridor! What fascinating forms in mosaic and decoration! Duly commissioned architects had encircled the earth to find and reproduce arches, domes, stairways, mosaics, windows, fire places, corridors, pinnacles, pillars, doorways, steps, approaches and exits. So may we go from land to land and from city to city in order to find that which may add to all exterior forms of beauty in our North American cities, towns, villages and cross roads.

Winnipeg is a strong city and growing rapidly, but Winnipeg needs to be "beautified." There is enough storm swept and wind blown paper rags adorning our unimproved lots to feed all the goats that ever meandered over the Island of Manhattan before Astor built his hotel or Central Park was dreamed of.

What staggering fences adorned with bill posters in yellow, green and black! What an accumulation of tin cans, in shape and form, to fit fish, vegetable or fruit! What an endless array of bottles, fragrant with the memories of the drug store, distillery and ink well. What strange and eccentric specimens of architecture. What vast acreages of worn out whitewash and blistered paint. What an array of feeble huts and leaning shacks, tottering to the fall. What a succession of back yards, white with bleached bones, gray with ashes, and yellow with sawdust. Clean up Winnipeg? I should think so. Let us beautify the city.

Eleventh. The sovereign civilization of the North American continent will present many creeds but only one re-