

was a lady of quality. At the very bottom of my bag was the garment I really wore, a good, honest long-sleeved "L" sized white flannellette gown from the second floor of the T. Eaton Company in Winnipeg, and very glad I was to have a supply of these for the draughty spare rooms I had occupied.

I felt quite secure and at my ease all evening, but when I ascended the stairs and reached the spacious room allotted to me I found I was discovered! Wilkins had probed deep into my slender belongings and laid out not only the embroidered garment in its well pressed folds, but beside it the other one, the long-sleeved flannelette. Never had its pale blue machine-made embroidery looked so crude and I shrivelled under her gaze.

"Which garment, madam, do you prefer?" she asked me coldly.

I wanted to talk to Wilkins. If there had been the slightest twinkle in her eye, we might have become good friends then and there, but her face was as unpersonal as the marble-topped washstand, and Mrs. Fuller had warned me I must not show any interest in the servants. They would not understand and might resent it.

The meetings of the Council were full of surprises, some pleasant and others depressing. At the opening banquet in the Cecil Hotel, I saw the great Methodist Church in evening clothes and I wrote in my diary that night: "The brightest spot of the evening was Lady Pearkes' diamonds." To Sir Robert Pearkes was given the honour of moving an address to the President of the United States from which I remember one sentence. The President was reminded by Sir Robert that it had been the policy of the church from the day of Wesley not to be a mere platonic preacher of philosophic sophistries or idealistic nostrums, but to translate the plain truths of the Christian faith into the activities of every day