

was guilty, because there was a big Liberal majority. In 1917 we had to take up the whole thing.

But enough of the railway situation. Let me turn to this mighty Empire of ours. I am an ardent Imperialist. The British Empire as we know it to-day has been created almost during my lifetime. In 1856 what was the population of the Empire? There were only 23,000,000 people altogether in England and Scotland. The white population of this country, at most, was only about 2,500,000. How many white people were there in Australia and in those two magnificent islands of New Zealand? In South Africa, Great Britain had only the Cape of Good Hope. We all know what hold she had of India before the Mutiny. Yet look at the Empire to-day! South Africa is now a self-governing dominion, perhaps the richest part of God's earth. Since the War the Empire has grown by thousands and thousands of square miles.

Before the War two things were worrying the British Empire. England had abandoned the two-power naval standard, and the German navy was being steadily strengthened. When the War was over where was the German fleet? At eleven o'clock on a certain morning it was sunk in Scapa Flow. The German crews had been left on board. They opened the sea cocks, and every ship went down. If those warships had not been scuttled England might have had to distribute them among her Allies. So that source of inquietude was wiped out. There remained the German colonies of Tanganyika, comprising 386,000 square miles, bordering on Kenya and Uganda—beautiful territory, 4,000 feet above sea-level, comparable to the fertile plains of the Northwest. Every honourable gentleman knows what happened to those colonies.

We have good reason to be thankful for the improved condition of affairs in India. Lord Willingdon, who had come to us as Governor General after having been the King's representative in the Bombay presidency, was instrumental in bringing about this much-desired improvement. Having lived in India for several years, he was familiar with the Asiatic mentality. While at Rideau Hall he was asked about conditions in India, and he said he was amazed at the Viceroy having conversations with a man who was being held in gaol, because to the Asiatic mind where there is power there is no discussion. The minute you discuss questions with a Hindu he thinks you are afraid of him, and you lose all your authority. The British Government, knowing Lord Willingdon's peculiar fitness for the post, again appointed him, this time as Viceroy of India. To-day we hear nothing

about any political troubles in India. In this case no news is good news. Lord Willingdon realized this fundamental truth, that the respect of the people can only be obtained when those in power realize their one and only duty, namely, that the function of a government is to govern. That is the one thing that commands not only the respect, but the active loyalty of the people.

The most grandiose demonstration of the splendor of the Empire and of its universal power was given to the world by the radio last Christmas Day. London, after having transmitted its good wishes for a happy Yuletide to the provinces, to the snow-covered moors of Northern Scotland, the balmy shores of the South of England, and the rugged lands of Wales, called old Dublin, and offered its sincere Christmas greetings, which the Irish Capital heartily reciprocated. Then, following the diurnal course of the sun, Dublin called Bermuda, extending to this small but most interesting country the warmest good wishes of Ireland to the people of the coral isles. Bermuda, after thanking Dublin and returning the Christmas greetings, spoke to Ottawa, offering her greetings and saying that though she was small in area, her people were as great as any in their fidelity to our Sovereign. Ottawa responded, thanking Bermuda for her good wishes, and returning them most cordially. The Canadian Capital, not only in English, but also in French, assured the Empire that this northern clime was as warm in her affection for the King as Hamilton itself. Ottawa then called New Zealand, that earthly paradise. New Zealand called India, India called South Africa, and South Africa called back to London.

These greetings encircled the Empire, an Empire surpassing all the empires of history, an Empire greater than the great empires of Persia, Greece and Rome, the kingdoms of the Great Charlemagne, the empire of Charles V of Spain, of which it was first said that the sun never set upon it. And when, last Christmas, all parts of the British Empire had greeted each other, then a miracle happened. Each country of the Empire was called, as it were, into the royal presence, and to his countless people, in every clime, spoke the King and Emperor of the British Empire. That is a thing no king except King George V has ever done. And never before did that deep sense of loyalty and of unity which makes the Empire what it is—that family feeling of each for all and all for each—come home to each and every one of us as it did when our King spoke to us in our own homes with all the clearness that would prevail in the actual presence of His Majesty. In my home we all