

ple of the United States and demand a poll-tax. It is true that we require labour for construction work of all kinds, but it is probable that it would be cheaper in the long run to pay more for the labour in order to secure a better class of workers.

It is gratifying to note the efforts that are being put forth by many agencies, such as schools, churches, hospitals, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and by individuals to instruct and help the stranger within our gates. The task is so great, and the need so pressing, that it seems as if our efforts must be multiplied a thousandfold before an impression will be made, or adequate measures instituted.

People who are adaptable and can be easily assimilated are welcome to our shores. Where they are willing to become good Canadian citizens and are ready to maintain the moral and intellectual standards that are essential to this country, every facility should be offered to them. Mere numbers, however, without these qualifications, are more likely to be a source of weakness and disturbance rather than strength and security.

The hope of the future lies in the children and

the young people. They must be given the best education that the public can provide. School attendance should be compulsory. Physical and military training should form a part of the school curricula. Medical inspection and supervision should supplement the work of the teacher, and sanitation, hygiene, temperance, and the elements of vocational training should be emphasized. Canadian and British history should be sympathetically and accurately taught.

So far as the adults are concerned it is imperative that they be given, not only a chance to make a decent living, and be assisted in adjusting themselves to their surroundings, but they should be instructed in their duties and responsibilities as citizens. The barriers that prevent the new-comer from entering into the spirit of Canadian life should be, as rapidly as possible, removed. It is only by devoting ourselves systematically to the work of qualifying those who are making their homes in our midst for their privileges and duties as Canadians that we can hope to sustain our institutions and keep our national ideals.

We know that too rapid immigration may mean

sacrificing quality to quantity; lowering our physical, social, moral and intellectual standards, and perhaps placing ourselves and our national ideals at the mercy of the recently imported crowds. To overcome these forces it is imperative that prompt and adequate means be employed. The church and school must work as they never worked before to cleanse, vitalize and enlighten the whole people. The talent and resources of the country must be more largely devoted to social and intellectual betterment. The militia must be more generally employed in teaching patriotism, in developing physical and intellectual standards, and in making manhood and character. Cadet training in the schools should be compulsory, while universal military training should become a part of our national policy. There is no better method known to teach the elements of patriotism, to develop manliness, to establish respect for law and order, and to create personal and co-operative efficiency than putting a nation's youths into British uniforms, training them to keep step to British and Canadian music, and marching them under the flag. That done, you are well on the road to making real patriots.

Making New Trails

How the West Opened Up a New Vista of Opportunity to a Lonesome Old Man

By LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS

THEY were not able to keep house, so we persuaded them to give up the old home, and come and live with us. It took all the courage we possessed, backed up by a strong conviction that it was the right thing to do, to enable us to make the suggestion. It grips the heart strings to have to put a blighting finger on a home—and the grip is more vital and the wrench more severe when the home is "your own old home," and the makers are "your own folks" whose grasp on life has become too feeble to hold around them the dreams of a lifetime. As soon as we mentioned it, we saw Grandpa shrink, and we knew Grandma shrank inwardly, and our hearts smote us, for we knew we had struck the blow they had been dreading. Neither spoke at once, but a grayish pallor settled on their faces. We slipped silently from the room, feeling the pain of having to hurt those we loved best.

Half an hour later we returned. Their chairs were drawn up side by side. Grandpa's hand rested on the arm of hers, but it was hidden by Grandpa's which held it in a tight clasp. Grandma smiled at us and said, "We have been talking over what you said, and we feel that you are right. We are not able to care for each other, and we know you are uneasy about us. If you think you have room enough for us, we will spend the winter with you. No doubt we will be able to come back in the spring."

"Yes," I agreed heartily, "that is the best way. We will arrange to have Joe Smith and his wife look after the place until you come back."

THEIR faces brightened. They would come back in spring. We began to make arrangements, and we laughed and joked as we planned. Grandma was the brightest and merriest. She told us of the early days. She twitted Grandpa about his bashfulness when he first came a-courting her. You would have thought we were building a home instead of deserting one. But every few minutes they talked of the spring. As we packed the furniture that was going to make the rooms in our city home a bit like the old place, we planned to ship it back in the spring. Some of it we might leave, for doubtless they would wish to spend part of the following winter with us, and we would send out some new to replace it. But the winter would soon pass, and they would get back in time for seeding.

At last, everything was arranged. The furniture and luggage had been sent to the station. Joe Smith and his wife had received full instruction. The cab was at the door waiting to take us. We had arranged it well. There was just time to get to the station. Grandpa had left her shawl upstairs. I ran back to get it. Grandpa went to the kitchen to see that the catch on the back window was securely fastened. When I came down with the shawl, Grandma was standing in the great family living room, the room where we had all been christened, and most of us had been married. She was standing under the old hanging lamp, but she was not looking around. Her eyes were closed, her hands were folded as a child folds them when saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and her lips were moving slowly. On her face there was such a light as I had never seen before. I felt that I had, with rash feet, rushed into the holy of holies. I tip-toed out, but met Grandpa at the door.

"The cab is ready," I said.

He looked around the old kitchen, and back at me. In his eyes was the mute appeal of those beaten by time or circumstances. All fight and struggle were gone. It was the appeal from which doctors and nurses shrink—the appeal of the defeated. I shrank back within myself and looked away. Then I pointed toward the front room. In fifty years Grandpa had more than once had that look, but

Grandma never. Grandpa went in, and I went out the back way and around to the cab where I waited.

It may have been five minutes or it may have been ten, when the door opened, and Grandpa helped Grandma gently down the steps. She was laughing softly as they came out, and she called to me, "It will look much better when we come back in the spring. I always think the fall is a dreary time."

"Yes," I agreed, "and, as usual, you will have so much to do you will not have time to see things."

"I am going to get a new fence," Grandpa said.

Just then they stepped off the walk into some dead leaves, that the wind had piled along the path. "Listen to the leaves, Jim," Grandma said, and she laughed like a child, as she rustled them with her feet. "I loved to walk through them when I was going to school, and they sound just the same. They are sleepy and tired and want a rest."

She showed her feet gently through them all the way to the gate. We helped her into the cab and Grandpa got in beside her. I sprang to the seat with the driver, and we started off. As we turned down the road the old place stood out in full view. It was a bit shabby and battered, and the lawns and trees looked desolate and neglected. One or two shutters hung from a single hinge—but what did it matter? The western sun lighted it up with a rosy glow. Every window was a blaze of light; a lazy curl of smoke wound up from the kitchen chimney; on the back porch Rover sat, watching us longingly—trying to understand why he could not come—and on the back fence a big cat dozed in the sun.

"Home" was writ big all over the old place, and as they looked back I saw Grandpa's hand reach for Grandma's under the rug, and his was waiting for hers. Thus, with closely clasped hands, they watched the old place recede from view. They did not speak until we went down a long hill. "Until spring," Grandpa said.

"Yes," Grandma answered, but their voices did not carry conviction.

The two rooms in our city home which were given exclusively to Grandpa and Grandma, soon took on a look of the old place. To go in there was like stepping from the heart of a city, into a country home of forty years ago. Grandpa in his rough spun suit, sat in the old rocker with the high back, and it kept Grandma busy, keeping the antimacasser in place. Grandma was generally to be found in the small rocker, knitting or doing the family darning. She always wore a black cashmere skirt, gathered full at the waist, and over it a plain bodice that came well down over her hips. In the mornings she wore a coloured apron, and in the afternoon a white one. But the aprons, like the skirt, belonged to another age. The one for morning wear was made of blue winsey—and it belonged to an age frugal both in time and material. It was merely a square piece, gathered into a narrow band, that fastened around the waist with a button. The one for afternoon wear was made of white book muslin—and a concession was made to the natural love for decoration, in the hem. It was wide, and the band, instead of fastening with a button, extended in two long strings, that made a snowy bow behind.

EVERY night, when the worry of the day was over, we all gathered in the room with Grandpa and Grandma to hear them talk—no it was Grandma who talked. Grandpa had but one passion, and that was to test the soil beyond where man had ever been—and men with such a passion are usually silent. Twice Grandma had gone with him beyond where others had been—and twice they had built up a home; once in the bush in the east, and again on the western plains. In a long life she had gained much knowledge, which she expressed so quaintly,

that we never grew tired listening to her. Often she asked Grandpa to verify a statement that no one had questioned, but we noticed that if he did not quite agree with her, she persuaded him that she was right before proceeding with the story, so that his contribution to the conversation could not be said to be very enlightening. And always in every story there was a joke. Sometimes it was on herself, sometimes on Grandpa, and sometimes on one of us. There was a joke when the log house in the bush took fire, and it seemed that nothing could be saved; there was a joke when the horses died and the crop could not be put in and starvation haunted their dreams; there was a joke when the eldest boy ran away because he had to pick potato bugs. Clear eyed youth—he saw they were beating him out, and he gave it up, and started out to look for something he could beat.

It was because of the jokes that she was with us. People who blaze trails must joke; if they do not they fall by the wayside. Grandpa could not always see the joke, and it happened that all along the way he had leaned on the little woman who talked so gaily to us—and as the years passed he leaned more heavily—but she was growing very fragile in body, and every night when we left them we said to each other, "What would Grandpa do if anything happened Grandma?" and never was there any answer.

And then, one night, Grandpa was taken suddenly very ill. He had never been really very sick before, and at first he did not know just what to make of it. He groaned a lot and he told Grandma over and over that he was sure no one had ever suffered as he was suffering. Then, as the hours wore on he became quiet, but the doctor looked very serious, and there was a great silence over the house.

GRANDMA never left his side, but she did not weep or show grief. We were accustomed to her great strength and self-possession, but we could not understand the look of peace that shone from her face. At last I said, "Grandma, you are very tired. Go to bed and I will watch."

"I must be here when he wakens," she said.

"I will tell you," I said.

"No," he would be disappointed if he did not see me. He has always depended on me so much."

"But you cannot stand it," I said.

"Oh, yes, I can," she answered cheerfully, "for I am getting my last and greatest wish."

"What is that?" I questioned in astonishment.

"Jim is going first," she said, "you know I could not leave him, and often lately I have been afraid."

"Are you not so well?" I asked in alarm.

But she held up her hand in warning. Grandpa had stirred. He looked up at her and smiled. Then he turned over and went to sleep. He rallied quickly after that, and as soon as he could sit up they began to plan for the spring. They sent for a lot of seed catalogues, and every night we discussed the advisability of trying some new kind of seed or shrub. For one whole week Grandpa felt so well that he was determined to go to the far west and pioneer again. That was when the March winds began to whistle around the house, and the snow was gradually stealing away in twisted rivulets. Grandma smiled at all his plans, but would not make any. She settled everything by saying, "We will talk it all over when we go home in the spring." She seemed to believe that the springs of thought would flow more freely when they were back in the old place, or perhaps she had had a vision of which she could not tell us. We planned with them about the spring, but no date was set for their departure, and we could not hide from ourselves, that Grandma was failing rapidly.

At last the crisis came. She was joking as usual,

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