

in hand. In short, though Dr. MacBeth did not so phrase it, they rather acted in the best and most common attitude of the British race when trouble is abroad or strife is threatened—they did not assume the *aggressive*; but when attacked, they were not slow in defensive action or hurried in closing a combat until the end brought recognition of law and order.

In this connection Dr. MacBeth tells one story (of many) from the official records of the Mounted Police, the details of which, as recorded in outline, are not only picturesquely amusing, but, if re-enacted for modern "movie-dom," would rival the best staged of the so-called "Wild and Woolly West" dramas and have the merit of being historically true.

The writer of "The Romance of Western Canada" and various other narratives of note concluded an inspiring peroration with an appropriate quotation from "The Red River Voyageur," by Whittier:

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace!

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DR. JAMES CARRUTHERS OF POINT GREY (his D.D. honour came from Eastern Canada), is a Canadian pioneer in more fields than one. Though he did not graduate in Medicine before entering Theology, we have gathered that he took practically the full course of medical training, and in addition to his many years of service as a minister in the East and in British Columbia,—and latterly as Elocution teacher at the Presbyterian College, Westminster Hall, Vancouver,—he did notable work in connection with the establishment of hospitals in Eastern Canada. At that time he had indeed so endeared himself to the people of Eastern Canada that last year he had the unique honour, after many years, of being "sent for" to come East (all expenses paid) that he might be present

at a memorial celebration concerning his own pioneer hospital work. Perhaps it was also exceptional—and no small compliment to him—that he was in demand by people of both sections of the Presbyterian Church,—the uniting and non-uniting.

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Personally unassuming, Dr. Carruthers is at once among the most likable and entertaining of men. Dr. John A. Logan, another Veteran of Charm, and one or two other college classmates were present at the Ministerial meeting, and Dr. Logan, in introducing Dr. Carruthers, testified that he had been one of the most popular of men in those far-away student days, and also a master story teller.

As might be expected, the address of Dr. Carruthers to his brethren in the Ministry was brightened by his characteristic humour, as he reviewed varied experiences of the past fifty years. All who know something of the wealth of that experience and the warm geniality and attractiveness of Dr. Carruthers' personality, will share our hope that he will now find time to write at least a few reminiscent articles for publication in the *British Columbia Monthly*.

## Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K. C., K. C. M. G.

(By the Wayside Philosopher)

The warrior, hero of a hundred combats, sinks to his last rest; the loving husband slips from the affectionate embrace of his life-partner; the revered father and intimate companion bids a loving farewell to the children who were so much to him,—Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., Lawyer, Statesman, Orator, Debater, Outstanding Canadian, is dead.

A personality so distinctive; a life so active, purposeful, and highly useful; achievements so great as to give a lustre all his own to the son of one whose greatness might have swallowed up the glory of a lesser life; a public career whose rugged honesty, sincerity of purpose and high appreciation of proper constitutional ideals, rendered it valuable to his own age and leaves it an inspiration to others; a citizenship earmarked by much of what was highest and best; all these are characteristics of Sir Hibbert that might well and profitably be appraised.

It is not our intent to dwell on that public life, whose achievements are so widely known, except to point out the splendour of his merit, as an active political spirit, in being worthy the stirring encomium of a strong political opponent, that he was "above all things honest." Those who are tempted to disparage our political life and consider it so unwholesome and impure will be thankful for one life, at least, of sterling integrity. We, also, would pay tribute to that true dignity which appraised office not for its adventitious circumstances of position, social distinction, etc., but for the privilege it bestowed of seeking to represent truly the worth, the dignity, the honour, of the British Crown. To discharge that function—the aim; the knowledge that one's best had been given—the highest reward.

To speak of his services to the community in which

he lived and for whose welfare he was much concerned were idle, so well known and appreciated are his virtues as a citizen.

One phase of his character—and a fine one—has been largely overlooked in the praises bestowed and tributes deservedly paid this great Canadian. That phase is the kindly courtesy and generous sympathy he always extended to the young man who found himself handicapped by circumstances. Let us illustrate.

Some years ago, we are informed, a young man, reared in the East with political ambitions, came West, having had to sacrifice all hopes of a political career. Speaking to Sir Charles, then a Dominion Member, he expressed his regret at the turn of affairs which left him ambitionless, and, in particular, his disappointment that he was then unable to get hold of Hansard, a favourite study of his. Sir Charles had listened attentively to the story told him. At once he offered the young man the full use of his private library at home in which "there will not only be Hansard, but, perhaps, other interesting literature, to the freest use of which you are most welcome." When one recalls the amplitude of that library and the delight Sir Charles took in it, one can appreciate best the generosity of the offer to one whose only claim on Sir Charles was an interest in that life in which Sir Charles then moved.

Great in action and achievement the life now ended, but the most appealing to us is the greatness that showed itself in unflinching courtesy to the humblest and a sincere sympathy with those less fortunate than himself, a sympathy expressed in an unostentatious benevolence equally great.

Many and sincere have been the tributes paid Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper in the varying characteristics and