

ative movements are coming too, but to bring all this about the people must develop a new mentality. The people of mother's generation were great people in their own way. They took great pride in their endurance. You remember the old man in our neighborhood who took great pride in the fact that he never owned a pair of mittens in his life, and I knew a woman at Manitou, who had the distinction of having never lain in bed for more than twenty-four hours after her children were born. But these feats of endurance sound foolish now, for the angle of life is changing. Machines have come and just ordinary animal strength has had its day."

"That's all very true," Will said. "And no one is gladder than I am to see machines lifting the burden from human beings, but I still don't see why you should appoint yourself a sort of an unofficial guardian and defender of women's rights."

"I know these people, Will," I said, "and they listen to me when I talk to them. I've had meetings in nearly every one of these little towns and in some of the school-houses, too. The women bring their babies to the meetings, Will, and that means they are determined to come. Women themselves are largely to blame for conditions. They are too much inclined to suffer in silence. They will not speak up on their own behalf and develop a martyr complex which is hard to break, but I can get closer to them than a stranger, for they know that I know what I'm talking about for I, too, have travelled the cold road and had my hair frozen to the bed clothes at night. I have warmed my bare feet in the place where a cow has been lying on a sharp October morning, and when I tell them these things I see their faces brighten and their eyes glisten, and they accept me. I have opened doors in their imaginations, I have made them see that life need not be all trials and tribulations. Canada is destined to