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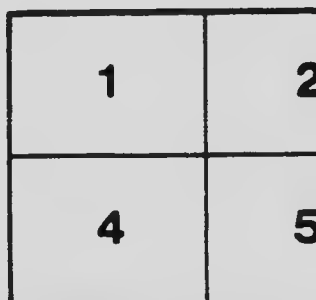
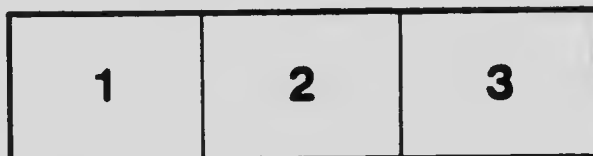
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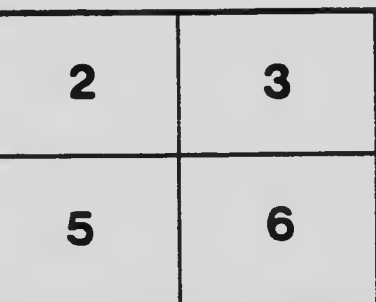
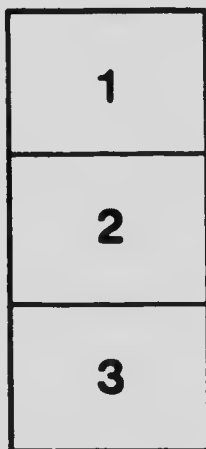
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*Address by Lt.-Col. Charles R. McCullough Hon.-
President of The Association of Canadian
Clubs before The Canadian Club of
London, Ontario, Friday
March 19th, 1920*

The Spirit of Canada



Published by the Canadian Club, London, Ont.

The Spirit of Canada

BY

CHARLES R. McCULLOUGH

HAMILTON, CANADA.

Hon. Pres., Association of Canadian Clubs

In the traditions of India there is a story of Krishna and Karna that shows forth a spirit of self-abnegation worthy the annals of any race or age.

On the eve of battle Krishna comes to Karna, the Archer, and with rare eloquence bids him desist from the impeding fratricidal strife. "Friend will fight friend—brother, brother. Cast away the bow and break the arrows—make a good peace before all is staked and lost," he implores.

With sublime sorrow and unshakable resolution Karna denies him. In such a holy cause there can be no turning back. No accommodation can meet the motions of his soul. True seer, he realizes that the giving of his own life and those of many noble companions will not be in vain. The war won, Righteousness will be restored and Might driven from its unholy seat.

In every age, in every nation, the call of country has had its swift reply from some devoted soul. To the singing shepherd of Israel's hillside came the cry of his dear fatherland.

For God, and King, and Native land stretch forth thine arm against the hosts of Philistia. Tender of lambs—slayer of lions—this day God hath chosen thee to be His champion.

And, by the grace of God, David triumphed over that earlier embodiment of Prussianism in the person of the Philistian giant.

Such a spirit was shown in our own beloved land, when Canada was young.

When spring sent forth her tender shoots in the great year 1660, Ville Marie was in dire danger of destruction at the hands of the terrible Iroquois. Indeed, Trois Rivieres and Quebec itself were included in the horrible programme of butchery and fire.

The first-fruits of French settlement were doomed. The wolves of hate incarnate would spare neither young nor old in their determination to uproot and utterly consume the last vestige of the new civilization in Canada.

Was there "hesitating doubt" as to the duty of the hour? None. Adam Dollard of the Elms and his companions, "The Immortal Twenty-Two," offered their living bodies to stay the tide of inhuman hate, and sanctified with their hearts' blood the ramparts of their race and faith.

Commingled with the soil of Canada is the sacred dust of many martyrs. Whether it be of those who wore the soldier's coat or the missionary's cassock, it matters not. "Upon the blood outpour'd one glory shines." Henceforth that dust is sacred and that ground is holy.

"He saved others, Himself He could not save," is after all, the greatest line in all literature, sacred or profane.

Self-sacrifice is the very foundation of our religion and the very bulwark of our civilization. Cross or stake or gas may kill the body, but the soul triumphant goes marching on forevermore.

Speaking before the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa in November, 1914, your guest ventured to prophesy that the Great War then begun would release spiritual forces long held in abeyance in Canada.

Little did he apprehend the sublimity of sacrifice or the character and volume of high heroism about to be displayed by his countrymen over there—yes, by his countrywomen here at home.

The blackest page in Teutonic history is "The Second Battle of Ypres," 1915. It is the most glorious in that of Canada.

Hear Field Marshal French:—

"Canadians, I want you to know that when you held the line that day you saved the British Empire——." "Well," he added, "I will take that back, for we should finally have recovered what we lost, but for that day at least you saved the Empire's name and the Army."

This greatness of soul—this character of a people—this spirit of Canada—didn't come by chance.

Long and painfully through the ages has it been in the building. David showed it in the long ago, Leonidas displayed it in the Pass Dollard des Ormeaux behind his rotten palisades, Gny Drummoud at Ypres, Edith Cavell before the firing squad, and a multitude of men, and women too, in bloodstained France and Flanders, and wherever else men fought and wrought for four years and more against the Hun and all his works.

The true test of manhood is Character, not Culture. Culture may thrive for a season and gloss over many a weak spot in the individual and the nation, but the end of that alone is Destruction.

From its much-advertised Super-Mannism and intolerable Pan-Germanism an Imperial State has fallen so low that there is "none so poor to do it reverence," and the Teuton must begin all over again at the foot of the hill to climb laboriously to the level of common decency among men and nations.

Let us look back to September, 1914, and read this in the *Kölnische Zeitung*:

"There will be no such country as Great Britain at the end of the war, in existence. In its place we shall have a little Britain, a narrow strip of island territory peopled by loutish footballers living on the crumbs that Germany will throw to them.

"Whatever this war may bring in its train, certain it is that the laughable and childish military system of Britain will shortly fall to pieces.

"Then the once mighty Empire, with her naval strength represented by the few old tubs Germany will have left her, will become the laughing-stock of nations—the scarecrow at which children will point their fingers in disdainful glee."

With slight transpositions in names, and bearing in mind the ignominious incident of Scapa Flow, the prophecy is altogether fulfilled.

Bernhardi gave Prussianism its battle-cry, "World Power or Downfall." Emphasis had been placed on the first part of the phrase—History has laid it on the second. Thereby Christian civilization avoided the fate of other and less worthy civilizations of the past.

When Canadians became convinced that the boundaries of Belgium were in very truth the boundaries of Canada and indeed of the Commonwealth of British Nations, Canada broadened her international mentality. When our representatives at the peace table put us among the signatories to the Covenant of the League of Nations, Canada assumed her share of the responsibility for ensuring the world's welfare.

So you see that whilst we called ourselves National in the years preceding the great European conflict, we became not only fully national, but international after the stress and strife of the world's worst war.

Canada is profoundly interested in the priceless possessions of the human race won through fears and tears, through sacrifices and services, through revolutions and evolutions by many races and many nations of men in whose souls glimmered and grew and burned at length the sacred flame of liberty.

We can never be as we were. Forward and upward must be our motto and purpose and effort. Parochialism must give way to the broader and bigger spirit of nationality and internationality.

Anyone of a thoughtful mind must have been busy at times examining the foundations of his faith during the fateful months following the close of the war. After staking all and holding all at the end were we eventually to lose all through the release of the evil spirits of anarchy, of hate, of envy, and varied forms of social insanity?

After the lion and the bear had exhausted themselves the wily fox appeared on the scene and carried off the disputed carcass, we are taught by wise old *Æsop*.

In the circumstances in which the warring nations found themselves after exhaustion of soul and body was the pen of the propagandist to prove more mighty than the sword of the soldier? It is comparatively easy to kill men, but it is exceedingly hard to kill insidious lies and false doctrines of government and of industrial economy.

If there is one thing our race should be profoundly thankful for it is sanity. This after all rare quality has saved us from the fate of poor, mystical, poetical, misled Russia, whose performances in the great world war at one period were magnificent.

With her morale lowered at home, by the sale of her soul by traitors within and purchase by conspirators without, by the pernicious preaching and the insidious whisperings of unbalanced men, Russia fell into the pit and had almost dragged the whole world with her.

Yes, sanity saved our race too after the French Revolution of the 18th century.

It ought to be understood by us all that general unrest, social strife, sometimes even revolution follow periods of prolonged war.

With the best fighters weakened by sustained effort and awful deprivation, is there anything to greatly wonder at that the social shucker, the harebrained reconstructor, the wily demagogue and the enemy to all industry and thrift, and good government, come out of their hiding and ply their craft with an energy worthy a better cause.

There will always be those in fair number willing and anxious to get something for nothing. Indeed, the indifference or weakness, or blindness of otherwise excellent citizens has been a bigger contribution to the progress of false ideas of government and untrue social relation than the audacity of the cranks themselves.

Charles Rollin, the gifted Principal of the University of Paris two centuries ago, said of Solon the Lawgiver to the Republic of Athens some 2,500 years ago, and whose Laws obtained for a full five hundred years in that state:

"Those persons, who, in public differences and dissensions, did not declare themselves of one party or the other, but waited to see how things would go before they determined, were declared infamous, condemned to perpetual banishment, and to have their estates confiscated.

"Solon had learned from long experience and deep reflection that the rich, the powerful, and even the wise and virtuous, are usually the most backward to expose themselves to the inconveniences which public dissensions and troubles pro-

dance in society; and their zeal for the public good does not render them so active and vigilant in the defence of it as the passions of the factious render them industrious to destroy it, that the just party being thus abandoned by those that are capable of giving some weight, authority and strength to it by their union and concurrence, becomes unable to contend with the audacious and violent enterprises of a few daring innovators."

The most dangerous individual or national condition is when a person or a people is constrained to say "What's the use?"

The spread of this gospel of despair is more dangerous to a state than the projection of theories and practices calculated to undermine society itself.

At a certain stage the erstwhile mad theorist is likely to be met by physical force when he endeavors to put in practice his mad plans. But this agreement in a policy of drift, carries the ship of state not only toward the precipice but over the very brink of Niagara.

Rollin continues:

"To prevent this misfortune, which may be attended by most fatal consequences to a state, Solon judged it proper to force the well affected, by fear of greater inconveniences to themselves, to declare for the just party at the very beginning of seditions, and to animate the spirits and courage of the best citizens, by engaging them in the common danger.

"By this method of accustoming the minds of the people to look upon that man almost as an enemy and a traitor, who should appear indifferent to and unconcerned at the misfortune of the public, he provided the state with a quick and sure resource against the sudden enterprises of wicked and profligate citizens."

What availeth it in the end for Canada that her men folk fought for decency and good order on earth and in sea and sky if we at home unworthily live to lose the things of the spirit for which they contended even unto the death?

Shall the God of Battles shake the very dust of Canada from off His feet because of our indifference? Shall Canadians be altogether worthy in overseas warfare and other Canadians unworthy here?

To have died in vain would be to suffer again the agonies of the hell of war by those great souls who have passed over to a land fairer even than native country.

We have in Hamilton a fine singing organization—the Elgar Choir. A short time ago a programme of rare dignity and excellence was presented in commemoration of those who fell in the Great War.

The Manzoni Requiem by Verdi was given in the great

auditorium of the new Memorial School, to an audience that taxed accommodation.

A tap from the conductor brought the great throng to its feet, and the glorious chords of our national hymn burst forth like the voice of many waters.

The magnificent tonal quality of the choir and the love of country shown by every voice and every face were reinforced and upborne by a great orchestra that had come many miles to co-operate.

I did not sing. I could not sing. There is a depth to human emotion when deep will not answer vocally unto deep. It is the true attitude of worship.

When the great climax came by means of a wondrous combination and emulation of triumphant tone, I felt that I had heard immortals sing and the the door of High Heaven had been for a moment opened to my mortal ear.

My friends that hymn was "O Canada," sung by Canadian men and women but accompanied by a Russian orchestra.

We have intelligence, vitality, initiative, love for native land in Canada—We need more of the arts of other lands. Behind us lie a thousand years of struggle for liberty and progress. Behind the Russians lie a thousand years of mystery, music and tragedy. We want his music, not his tragedy.

Old Dr. Watts best expresses my mind at the moment:

"Seize upon Truth, where'er 'tis found,

On Christian or on heathen ground;

The plant's divine where'er grows;

Reject the prickles and assume the Rose."

We have had in Canada a sort of mischief-maker that has done incalculable harm to that essential unity without which no country can make true national progress.

Forgetting the spirit of the men who, differing politically, racially, denominationally, yet found ground of practical agreement to unite and give the scattered and oftentimes unfriendly British American Provinces a common name and a common purpose—these fomenters of ill-will diligently applied themselves to the damnable job of dividing two peoples whom Confederation had joined together.

Lindsay Crawford, by announcing in New York on Wednesday, March 17th, that the Sun Fein Movement was strong in Canada, had put himself in the same class with Capt. Cook, who did **not** discover the North Pole. With Sun Fein emissaries misrepresenting Canada in the United States it was high time for the Canadian Clubs to sit up and take notice. The time to check a noxious weed is in its early growing stages. If, as Mr. Crawford is reported to have said, there is a strong movement towards independence in Canada, the Canadian Club ought to know about it.

Let us of the Canadian Clubs—let all men of good-will in

Canada reprove, on any and every occasion the man, or company of men that seeks to sow tares in the fair fields of Canada.

Too often a section of the press instead of promoting faith and harmony among our people, has provoked them to anger and engaged them in inter-provincial strife. And that alert fellow—the party politician—has had no compunction of conscience in trading upon the ill-will thus engendered.

But after all public opinion is more powerful and much more trustworthy than an unprincipled editor or a characterless politician.

Let us more and more help to make wholesome public opinion by means of these clubs and otherwise.

John Ruskin in an address to workingmen, many years ago, said:

“It is useless to put your heads together if you can't put your hearts together.

‘Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand among yourselves and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.’”

In the same strain and nationally rather than relating to a class, our own Barry Straton sings:

“Shall we not all be one race shaping and welding the Nation?

Is not our Country too broad for the schisms that shake petty lands?

Yea, we shall join in our might and keep sacred our firm Federation;

Shoulder to shoulder arrayed, hearts open to hearts, hands to hands.”

When old Rome was passing through the greatest crisis in her history—when all faith in the future of the commonwealth seemed dead—one patriotic statesman had conferred upon him the highest honor in the gift of the State “Because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth.”

In the white light of sacrifice of the past five years there is little room after all for the profession of the pessimist regarding Canada's destiny, immediate or remote.

I well remember reading at the time of its appearance the more famous pastoral of the great Belgian prelate—that soul of his people—His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier:

“We had need,” he wrote—“let us confess it—of a lesson in patriotism. Belgians in large numbers were using up their strength, and squandering their time in barren quarrels of class and race and personal passion.”

And then, further on, the splendid exhortation:

“Courage, my brothers, our sufferings will pass, but the crown of life for our nation will not pass.”

I was reading in Emerson the other day that “The French in Canada, cut off from all intercourse with the parent state, have held their parent traits.”

Nowhere perhaps in the world is there a more completely national temperament and a people more racy of the soil than in the Province of Quebec. Instead of reprehending this attachment to the land of their birth, let us seek to understand and by genuine goodwill seek to employ it to the betterment of Canada as a whole.

I think I am right in saying that we do not want any superior race in Canada. What we do want is a superior race of Canadians, comprehending all that is best and noblest in Briton and Celt and Gaul and whatsoever other races as are able to contribute to our national upbuilding.

Can anyone gainsay the magnificent contributions to the character and institutions of England made by those Normans of the long ago? They were in their day, the dominant ones until in the processes incident to time the haughty Norman was absorbed by the slower but steadier English.

Neither can we pass by the absorptive qualities of the French in Canada who took into the family, so to speak, those soldiers of the army of Wolfe, whose names continue to this day, but whose speech and viewpoint of the forefathers have long since disappeared.

England was none the worse for the Norman—Quebec is none the worse for the absorbed warriors of Wolfe.

Now let us drop this absorption and substitute therefor the words intercourse and interchange. And here let me remind my hearers that though the Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. There is co-operation to good purpose!

If the Flemish-speaking and the French-speaking peoples in Belgium could ultimately get together and discharge a high and holy service to not only Belgium but to humanity at large, is it outside the range of the possible to expect that a problem, even bitter problems, can keep apart occupiers of a common country and retard the development of a co-operative citizenship and the growth of a fuller faith of province in province?

We have here in Canada the opportunity of the ages to develop and perfect a national type better than has been. Is it not the bounden duty and service of every well-willed Canadian to make his country better than he found it? Can any section of Canada afford to refuse its full measure of support to the national greatness and enlargement of soul of Canada? Canada has further obligations to discharge to not only herself and to the great Commonwealth of British Nations, but to the world at large. Freely have we received of the riches of the nations, ancient and modern, freely must we give in return.

Of all peoples I assume it is rather true, including the races in Canada, as Emerson says of England:

“Nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise.”

Whilst differing from that great Canadian, the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in matters of public policy, I yet held him in high esteem and do so still. I like to remember him in the following, uttered in old Quebec many years ago:

"And in all the difficulties, all the pains and all the vicissitudes of our situation, let us always remember that Love is better than Hatred, and Faith than Doubt—And let hope in our future destinies be the pillar of fire to guide us in our career."

"You are faced with some difficulties," interrupted a leading laborite in the House of Commons in London, addressing himself to that much-badgered, overworked and altogether devoted Minister, Sir Auckland Geddes.

"Faced with them!" said the Minister. "They surround me—they encircle me everywhere."

Character is developed by contact with hard and harsh things as well as with smooth and soft things, for Sir Auckland has been chosen for what is perhaps the most important ambassadorial post under the British Government—that at Washington.

Talking of convention the other night a distinguished speaker said in my hearing:

"Not so the little girl who, upon being asked by a friend of mine 'How old are you?' replied: 'I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new.'"

Too many Canadians have been imitators—great Conventionalists. We need more Canadians of the sort that went and did big things in quite a new way over there in France and Flanders. The creativeness and ready initiative of our troops were factors in war-winning. Our men were handy men and resourceful to the point of audacity.

They bodied forth the fact that the Canadian has an identity distinguishable in a crowd.

To be the "spearhead" of great allied armies is a distinction that must ever mark our citizen-soldiers in international history. We should emblazon it on our national coat of arms.

It were time for our men of affairs to display more of the originality of our overseas men in the freshness of attack of our manifold national and international problems.

It won't do gentlemen parliamentarians of Canada to ask: "What are they doing in the United States, or England, or elsewhere." It must be, "What must we do in and for Canada now?" It was indeed refreshing the other day to get that breezy and altogether manly message from Ottawa telling our critical neighbors that "What we'd won, we'd hold" in the matter of our national position as a signatory to the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Be it remembered that Canada was the first representative of the Western Hemisphere in this World War and helped to finish at Mons in the last hours preceding the Armistice.

Insularity, Egotism, Self-Sufficiency, eh? O, no. Confidence based on deeds done.

I would have my country strong, resourceful—a real factor in the family of nations of the British Commonwealth and in the still wider family of nations at large.

If the Old Mother is able to supply the needs of the family in men of long and varied experience in world affairs, let Canada and Australia and New Zealand and the rest furnish the old firm with young partners alive and able to contribute woodcraft, and watercraft and aircraft and carry on with an enlarged and enlivened programme that will be for the common good.

It is rather satisfying to find oneself in accord with someone else in this sort of thing; especially so when that someone is a statesman of the larger sort. In the heart of London in December, 1912, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour said:

“The people of Canada and the other overseas Dominions must have and will have their feelings of nationality. Every Canadian ought to want to feel that Canada has got her principles and development and future. Do not let us discourage that local patriotism. Let them cultivate their own feeling of nationality: Canada for the Canadians, Australia for the Australians, but the whole for the Empire.”

Upon his return to England from his auspicious Canadian and American tours, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales said (Jan. 29, 1920):

“The people of the Old Country must realize that the patriotism of the Dominions is national patriotism and not mere loyalty to Great Britain. It is loyalty to their own British institutions; it is loyalty to the world-wide British system of life and government; and above all to the British Empire, of which Great Britain, like the Dominions, is only a part.

“The King, as the constitutional sovereign of the Empire, occupies exactly the same place in Canada and the whole of the British Empire as he does in Great Britain.”

And in proof of the practice of their professed belief, may I add that Arthur J. Balfour afterwards accepted honorary membership in the Canadian Club of Montreal, and that recently Edward the Discerning became the Patron of the Association of Canadian Clubs.

And finally with old Polonius, the Chamberlain, let me conclude:

“This above all: To thine ownself be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell: My blessing season this in thee.”

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