

(March 31)

## A Message From Winnipeg,

BY MRS. SANFORD EVANS\*

AND

## Conservation of Public Health,

BY MISS ETHEL HURLBATT.†

AT a joint meeting of the Canadian Club and the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto the speakers were Miss Ethel Hurlbatt, upon the subject of "Conservation of Public Health," and Mrs. Sanford Evans, upon "A Message from Winnipeg."

MRS. EVANS said:

*Mr. President, Madam President, Men and Women of the Canadian Clubs of Toronto.*—I am indeed honored by an invitation to address this magnificent audience of Canadian clubs; and I am deeply moved, for not a little does this Winnipeg woman still hold in the heart of her remembrance of the youth of the Toronto girl. As I look into the past I recall the vision of twenty years ago as to what might be expressed and achieved for a united Canadianism by a chain of national Canadian clubs, eventually to stretch from ocean to ocean. I think we little dreamed then that so soon the organization would be a completed chain of so many sturdy links. And, surely, never before in our history has the same sentiment and power of these Canadian clubs been more stimulating and valuable nor more necessary.

To-night I would revise the usual phraseology, and replace "this West of ours" by "this West of yours." How do you

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\*Mrs. Sanford Evans, since going to Winnipeg from her girl-hood home in Toronto, has been conspicuous in the social and musical life of the western city. Her husband, Mr. Sanford Evans, is Mayor of Winnipeg and was prominent in the formation of the Canadian Club movement in Hamilton and Toronto. Mrs. Evans is President of the Winnipeg Canadian Club and a speaker of charm and thoughtfulness.

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feel about it? What do we hold in common, you of the East and we of the West, in our Canadianism? I wonder how large a proportion of the population east of the Great Lakes has ever journeyed to the Pacific Coast. Great good is being done by such excursions as those when the manufacturers "excurted" to the coast, and their wives and mothers shared the trip with them. Last year I was very glad to find in Winnipeg that boys and girls also were having given them an opportunity for that excursion.

When the globe-trotters of the world—men of such quality as the British Association of Scientists—stand amazed at the revelation of that New Land, and Alpine visitors become absorbed by the wonders of our Rockies, is it not reasonable that we should desire for the youth of our land the inspiration of such an experience? For my part I would have such migration brought to a minimum of cost; and, where at all possible, give every boy and girl such opportunity before the age of 21. Why should our school prizes not be travel cards, and educational departments co-operate by excursions for the older and more mature pupils?

And we of the Prairies have no more right to deny our children a vision of the glories of hill and dale, valleys and lakes, fruit-laden orchards and rushing river and cataract, with all of Quebec's historic charm, than have you to let your future citizens miss the sweep of that great land-sea—the wheat-covered prairie, with its fields reaching the horizon, its clear, strong air and soaking sunshine, and beyond the everlasting hills crowned by snow and clothed in living green. While still farther awaits the vision of that garden land of fruit and flowers, backed by the wonderland of forests. Surely it is only in the complete realization of our birthright that a Canadian East or West may become fully nationally self-conscious.

And what about Winnipeg? Well, we are the centre of things geographically, but we are still about one hundred dollars from everywhere. But, you say, how about your outlet of five hundred miles to St. Paul or Minneapolis, on the south? There you find the triumph of national sympathies over distance; for, despite the increase of American immigration and the stretch of our at present unproductive hyphen of land from east to west, the Winnipegger's sense of neighborhood prevails, and Toronto, not St. Paul or Minneapolis, is our sister city. And so it seems to me we of the Canadian clubs may do much through our attitude to overcome this hyphen from east to west by the spirit of Canadian brother-

hood, binding to the one united nationality. For, as Kipling says,

“The strength of the pack is the wolf,  
And the strength of the wolf is the pack.”

The sense of change and of rapid movement in every department of life in the West is a stimulus to imagination and to effort. No worthy effort is lost. But its effect is to build for a greater endeavor and result. And here, as an ex-Torontonian, who still holds many of her dearest ties among you, may I speak a word of the quality of the women, as well as the men, of Winnipeg? They are great in heart and purpose, and give unstintedly of time, energy, and wealth to build for a generation that shall know them only by their deeds.

This year has been one of great activities in the public service. In about thirty days the Y. M. C. A. raised \$360,000. Later the Y. W. C. A. raised \$35,000, the Sick Children's Hospital \$12,000, and the General Hospital Fund \$225,000—in all some \$630,000, contributed within four weeks.

As you know, the great problem of Winnipeg and the West is the assimilation of immigration. This overwhelming rush of immigration calls for and develops a paternal sense of citizenship, and the man or woman who has not felt this in overwhelming force in Winnipeg, the receiving and distributing centre for the West, has missed one of the most inspiring birthrights of that region.

Among the many agencies that are doing effective work I would mention three that seem to be especially worthy of your attention. The Development and Industrial Bureau, of Winnipeg, though now only four years old, has a membership of 6,700, of whom 425 are business firms contributing to its financial requirements. The city's grant for five years is indicative of the growth of this institution: In 1906, \$1,500; 1907, \$3,000; 1908, \$6,000; 1909, \$10,000; 1910, \$25,000.

Mr. Charles F. Rowland, Commissioner of the Industrial Bureau, has been called a statistical and literary wizard, who last year wrote 28,915 letters, sent out 1,575,000 pamphlets, 76,200 lines of press news matter, and a weekly news service of 482,000 lines, and this is a small part of his activity. He seems absolutely tireless in his enthusiasm, and is a genius for effective and systematic handling of the immense business of which he is the important centre. I could wish that you, in the movement which I see has been inaugurated recently, shall have such a man as a wireless centre for you. Entertaining at the Gateway City is a great stimulus to the civic spirit. On

one day's notice the Industrial Bureau members sent 106 motors to convey the manufacturers' excursion on a drive about the city. The business men's excursion, organized by the Industrial Bureau, took 72 heads of firms on a special train to see their customers—a purely business trip, yet the tone of higher citizenship held by that body returns to their city a leavening power.

The most recent and unique undertaking of this bureau is the formation of the Committee of Assisted Immigration, now in operation some five months. It was found that many good mechanics were sending money to England to support their families, keeping themselves, and trying to save toward bringing their wives and families out. Some 66 public-spirited members of the bureau went on a bond for \$250 each, making a collateral of some \$16,000. The applicants for funds gave a bond for what they are unable to pay on passage money, agreeing to pay so much a month from wages. In four months 81 were investigated and 56 approved and passed. In addition 27 families were booked for March, April, and May sailings, the total number brought to Winnipeg being 222 persons. The only proviso is that the applicant must be the father of the home, must have a job, and be contented. There is no financial profit save to the beneficiary. In four months' time no payment has been missed, and the undertaking has cost virtually nothing.

The work of our Associated Charities has upon its first report these words of St. Thomas Aquinas: "Charity, chief of the virtues, ceases to be even a virtue when wise order is missing from it," and wise has been the order evolved under Mr. J. Howard T. Falk, as earnest, well-equipped, and intelligent a head as such an organization could desire. The movement undertaken, first by six men from the Board of Trade and six from the Grain Exchange, as a board for the endorsement of charities, is likely to secure Mr. Falk's co-operation; and thus the standardization and co-ordination of various charities and philanthropies will form a substantial background for the work of the Associated Charities.

I now come to the third agency I would submit for your consideration—that of the Dominion Immigration Bureau, represented most ably in Winnipeg by Mr. Bruce Walker, another genius for detail. Before an immigrant passes over the Manitoba border he is met by a uniformed officer, who finds conditions of those travelling, as to nourishment, water, etc., and the condition of health. Other officers meet parties at the station, having with them interpreters—a necessary

adjunct when one realizes that our Bible is distributed for use in Winnipeg in 47 different dialects. Arrived at the Immigration Hall—an old, but clean, well-kept sort of barracks—those who remain for a time are given bedrooms (either single or in families), use of kitchen, fuel, utensils, lights, and milk for children, without any charge. Men may apply to the Labor Bureau, where the demand is ever over the supply, and receive full data as to various situations, wages, etc. If a man wishes to go beyond Winnipeg, cheap tickets at 1 cent per mile are procurable. Within 30 days they may have the balance of through steamship rate from Winnipeg to any point west. For example, I believe it is £10 10s. from Liverpool to Calgary; let it be £10 to Winnipeg; he may have the additional 10s. for his rate to Calgary within 30 days. Maps showing available homesteads in every province and territory in Western Canada are available. These squares, each showing 36 square miles, are figured to show available homesteads. These maps are issued annually, but a filing system is posted weekly, showing changes as reported. Should an immigrant desire to go on to investigate, the immigration authorities retain his luggage and keep his family while he inspects.

From the 1st of March to the 1st of October, 1910, 65,000 British immigrants detained at Winnipeg, at the rate of 1,500 a day, including Sundays and holidays.

The terse, brief records of our North-West Mounted Police show little of the wonderful heroism and marvellous endurance of that body. Mr. Bruce Walker calls them "the eyes of the Immigration Department." As I sat talking over these matters with Mr. Walker he handed me a pile of correspondence from the North-West Mounted Police, showing individual cases reported and relieved during one month. An overwhelming mass it looked, too. One case, of which I am given permission to use the name, was that of Mrs. Mary Houghton, of Humboldt, Sask., whose husband came out a year ago. Going into town, her husband met with convivial companions, became drowsy on his return trip, fell off the sleigh, and was later found dead, leaving a wife and nine children, the youngest a new-born child. Through the Immigration Department's supervision neighbors plowed and seeded 60 acres for her, and, at the intervention of the immigration agent, the Massey-Harris and International Harvester Companies remitted indebtedness on farm machinery. To-day that family is self-supporting. Another case I came across was that of John Zocher, reported by the North-West Mounted Police. He came to Canada from Russia a year ago. Two

small children, a wife, three oxen and a cow represented his belongings. This family was practically starving—in fact, were it not for another Russian in fairly good circumstances, named Miller, I believe they would have starved, he having given them a little quantity of flour and a little potatoes recently. One ox has died of starvation and the rest of the stock is starving for want of food. Zocher has no money. I turned, then, to the report of aid for the following week and read: "Zocher, being 80 miles from the railroad, has received from the Government cache called 'Writing-on-the-Stone-Post,' Grassy Lake District (the department and little store where they keep their supplies), 150 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of bacon, 20 pounds of beans, 20 pounds of sugar, and 5 pounds of coffee."

Another report from Arthabaska, north of Edmonton: "A man, wife, and seven children burned out; 40 degrees below zero; all hurried to a neighbor, who has a wife and seven children and a shack 6x12. He took them all in. Next day they took down the cow stable and placed it over the hole in the ground, put up the stove, and, as the children had run over in their night clothes, divided the second family's clothes among the fourteen. The only request sent in was: 'Please ask that when the Government sends supplies my children may have their clothes back.'"

One report from Notre Dame d'Auvergne: "Trails are three and four feet deep with snow; fuel has given out. For God's sake, rush fuel!" With great zest Mr. Walker told me how he had purchased 15 tons at Swift Current at \$11.50 a ton, to which was added \$20 a ton to haul it, cost, \$31.50 a ton; but, as he said, "It was coal—not gold—they wanted." Ours has been called the most paternal government on God's earth. Said Mr. Walker: "I told Mr. Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific, the other day, that if we came to the danger line between life and death, and fuel was needed, I would think nothing of taking an empty freight train and breaking it up." "I believe you," replied Mr. Whyte, laughingly; "or anything else if you needed it—even an engine."

When a man with a thousand dollars has built a house, dug a well, built a fence, bought a team of oxen, a plow and harrows and a binder, he usually sees the end of that money, and the Government will then advance him seed, and charge it upon the homestead. If diphtheria breaks out, doctor, nurse, supplies, and quarantine, also antitoxine, are provided. Dead are buried and helpless ones are supported. As I sat over these records a man who was very deaf walked in, pre-

sented to Mr. Walker for deportation by one of the Associated Charities workers. By loud shouting he was made to hear, and the order was finally given. I said to Mr. Walker: "He is a fine, intelligent-looking man, and \$20 or so spent on some autophone appliance would probably make him hear, and make him a valuable citizen." "Ah, yes, undoubtedly," said Mr. Walker, "but I could only give him a wooden leg or a glass eye, which are supplied by the department; and, as he has neither of those defects, I don't think either a glass eye or a wooden leg would be much use in his case. Autophones are not included in my relief."

A report was given of one family which received \$149 worth of antitoxine. I rather hesitated over that, and asked Mr. Walker whether that was not rather heavy pabulum to bring east. He said: "It does rather look as though they lived on it, doesn't it?"

And now, I have only briefly outlined or indicated those conditions that create at once the lure, the vision of our Western life, and are at the same time our grave responsibility. We are young, we are ardent with a great prospect; but, with our city's development, we must ever carry immense and increasing responsibilities for those Strangers Within Our Gates, for whom such needs as hospital accommodation and various philanthropic efforts for relief must be considered. Let us consider with wisdom and move with order, unitedly, for

"The strength of the pack is the wolf,  
And the strength of the wolf is the pack."

MISS HURLBATT said:

*Mr. President, Madam President, and Members of the Canadian Clubs of Toronto,*—In accepting your invitation tonight my anticipations of pleasure were immensely increased when I heard that I was to share the honor of being the guest with another speaker; and when I heard that my responsibility as representing a sister club was to be shared by one who would spare you tedium, give you joy and entertainment, and occupy half the time. To be associated with Mrs. Sanford Evans I feel a great pleasure and a great honor. The representatives of the Women's Canadian Clubs of Winnipeg and Montreal meet in the halfway house of Toronto; and, under these conditions, the Canadian Clubs become not only meeting places where fellow-citizens may hear and speak on all matters touching Canadian welfare, where the speech may be honest and frank, from all points of view, the speakers being

free from obligation to respect party or sectional interests; but, under these circumstances of hospitality, they become the warm inns where guests from afar and friends at home may pause on their journeys and taste the beginnings of new friendships and new understandings. And, though it may not be for long that we may linger here together, yet hosts and guests must part stronger in the belief in, and the hope for, national unity for Canada, because of that fearless confidence upon the things which each believes to be of moment to its welfare.

These Canadian clubs are a unique possession. In some respects they are more to Canada than its press. We people read more often the paper of our political persuasion. And is it not a danger of the modern press and modern literature that, instead of depicting the truth in the acid of plain English, they may reflect a timorous public opinion? And a timorous public opinion is more effective in its power of suppression than the most suspicious despot. For these Canadian clubs may, and will be, a great force only in proportion as they reflect fully and fearlessly the hopes and the perils of our national life in all its aspects, its rural, urban, civic, and national opportunities, wants and dangers. They may, and should, hold up to us a mirror of our times. In that mirror we may see to-day the picture of Canada, with the glow of light upon her, in the prosperous Maytime of her national life.

When all men's lives and all things made by men may be the symbols of joyful work; when labor and struggle are hopeful, and sufficient to stimulate to healthy exertion, not heavy enough to crush and overbear with weariness and despair; is that national health? If so, what concern has Canada with fears as to her national health in the future?

I realize that it would be a daring man or woman who would attempt, in the presence of this audience, to handle any one subject of national importance, for you have experts within your gates (I know that some of them are in this room) who would put a stranger to shame. And have not visitors from far and near given to your clubs in the course of this and other seasons expert addresses, the echoes of which linger in your memories.

But we at Montreal are at the end of our season, and at the end of the season it is natural to take stock, and to consider how far our club is fulfilling the part it should play. And the question I ask myself is this: Is it the fate of all countries, like all men, to grow old; and, if they grow old, must they, too, come to a decadence after youth's generous struggles and

manhood's disciplining pain? Or is it possible for a nation to pass from a dauntless youth to a confident prime and a serene and glorious age, "when purposes and spirit shall survive and form the cement of empire yet enduring"? No one can look into the mirror of to-day and refrain from wondering which is to be the fate of Canada.

After four years of residence in Canada; after traversing this continent to the Pacific and the Yukon and to the Atlantic, earning, perhaps, some little title to feel myself a Canadian; after seeing something of the material possibilities of Canada's future; and after hearing, during these four years, the forecasts made by its sanest and most eminent citizens, as an Englishwoman with some experience and knowledge of the condition of England, I cannot refrain from reflections which force one back upon the search for the compass, the rudder, and the chart with which to bring our good ship of hope for Canada safely into port. And the little I have to say to-night is mainly an effort to emphasize what are some of the means by which Canada may be kept in the safe path for national health and prosperity. "If youth had but the knowledge; if age had but the power," is a lament that fits a nation's, as well as an individual's experience. Canada has the power, and she may for the asking have the knowledge. That is her great heritage—the heritage of all the ages, and, in a special sense, the heritage of the experience of the Anglo-Saxon race.

When I think of the condition of England I do not do so as a pessimist. On the contrary, I am confident that there is to-day more awakening, more idealism, more purpose to realize ideals, than perhaps at any other period of her history.

It has recently been averred that the belief in the possibility of social reform by conscious effort is the most dominant current in European minds to-day; that it has superseded the old belief in liberty as the one panacea for evils. Its currency in the present is as pregnant as the belief in the rights of man at the period of the French Revolution. The coming age will be occupied in attempts to translate its ideals into the phrases of practical politics.

England has her full measure of that spirit; and, with the will to serve, which has been for so long the great tradition of her people, there has dawned this new purpose, of the conscious, constructive effort to redeem England from the effects of unrestricted *laissez faire*.

But when I think of England I do picture the late hastening of a people to correct the evils that have happened upon them, for which they have been unprepared, and of which they

were not at first even conscious. I say that no one born and bred in England, and with some knowledge of its present conditions and problems, can look forward to the coming growth of Canada without thinking what Titanic force she may have to exert to bear future burdens, unless she puts out all her thought and will now to avert dangers ahead.

The great change which made modern England was the change from the old conditions of things when half of its six and a half million people lived south of the Trent, Avon, and Severn, and population was thickest from Yarmouth to Exeter, to the condition of to-day, when outside of the great London are a population which is thickest in the district from Birmingham north through Lancashire and the west riding of Yorkshire. The change was from rural to industrial England.

Now, one of the most distinguished of your Toronto citizens, Sir Edmund Walker, has said that it is no silly boast to say that somewhere in the future we may be—Canada may be—one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world. How is Canada going to meet her change? How is she going to avoid the mistakes and evils which lie before all rapidly-growing communities? No country ever had a better chance than Canada of learning by the experience of others. She is one of the great highways of the world, and there pass to and fro across her whole continent those from other lands from whom she may learn so much. She has the great community to the south, with its plentiful presentation of problems, and also its splendid spectacle of conscious effort directed to the solution of these problems. So near is all this to her that she may learn just for the asking.

When we think of our neighbors to the south, caught in the toils of industrial entanglements and social difficulties, do we remember how suddenly their growth, and with it their perplexities, have come upon them, and do we think we should have done better, and are we planning that we shall do better?

The national health of a country, as I understand it, lies in the physical welfare of its people, the life and habits of its people, the mind of its people. And there are two methods of promoting that health—one is to diagnose your case and display the disease, prescribe the remedy, and apply it; the other is to build up healthy, normal conditions of existence, and so increase power of resistance to evil. One is cure; the other prevention. In Canada to-day both methods are needed.

That some measure of cure is already required you do not need me to tell you. It is not necessary for me to remind you that Canada must remove from herself the stigma of a high rate of infant mortality, which threatens us with a double

deficit, in the quality no less than in the number of the population. In the cities, at least, there is room for great improvement. I do not know how it may be in Toronto, but I believe in Montreal we compare about equally with Spain and Italy, both far below the standard of England, where the aim is to reduce the loss of infant lives to a maximum of 80 per 1,000. Nor need I press the argument that for every infant life that can be saved (each in itself a national asset), the level of health of the many others that survive will be materially improved.

The measures for combatting this and all physical deficiency are better known to many of you than they are to me. Ante-natal conditions, post-natal conditions, environment, feeding, housing—all have to be considered and reckoned with. We have learnt that protective legislation for woman is not a sufficient safeguard for her children; that the restriction of her labor in certain industries will not of itself meet the necessity of insuring the health of mother and child. Nor need I remind you how painful experience is setting old and young countries into vigorous activity in promoting better conditions by means of schools for mothers, the provision of pure milk supply, the feeding of women, the feeding of children, and the teaching of laws of health to their school children.

And, while I am on this matter, need I remind you that ignorance of the laws of life is no longer considered an essential condition of an innocent society, but a knowledge of these an essential condition for national morality and national health. Lately President Eliot, of Harvard, the greatest educational authority on this continent, has come out openly in favor of the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools. "The policy of silence," he says, "has failed." If anyone protests that this educational process will abolish innocence, let him consider that virtue, and not innocence, is manifestly God's object and end for humanity.

Or, again, after a visit of Mr. Henry Vivian to Toronto, is it necessary for anyone to refer to the problems created by urban conditions of life, inadequate accommodation, poor building, jerry building, sunless courts, gardenless homes; how children become stunted and devitalized, subject to tuberculosis and other affections, for lack of sufficient fresh air in home and playground; how the unattractiveness, the narrow limits, and the necessarily trying conditions of the tenement dwelling, weakens the home and throws the family out upon the street or place of public entertainment?

Nor can we forget the grosser hazards that beset the nation's working men and working women—sickness, accident,

unemployment, and a penurious old age, and the necessity of assisting the industrial classes to a higher degree of economic stability.

For back of all—health, stability, virtue—lies the great problem of the power of the individual to provide for himself, in health or in sickness, in youth or in age. And we are brought face to face with the problem of the economic basis of our national health. The health of a nation cannot be left to the physician and the medical health officer alone, great as is and ever must be their contribution to it. For, whether men support themselves or become a charge upon the community depends largely upon their keeping well; or, if ill, then upon their promptly getting well.

The medical profession can and does preserve and increase national efficiency, and, by preventive and curative medicine, effects an enormous national economy in the saving of human life from destruction by disease and, what is economically as important, the saving of life from degeneration. But public health and economic conditions are inseparably interwoven. A healthy society must be based upon happy homes, contented homes; and where you have contented and happy homes there you will find the best guarantees for national prosperity.

Mr. Chesterton, whose paradoxes delight and enlighten us so much to-day, says that the evolutionary, optimistic, the ordinary modern, progressive position, is that ours is a bad universe, but that it will certainly get better; while he (Mr. Chesterton) says on the contrary, it is a good universe, even if it gets worse, and that we are far more certain that this life of ours is an amazing enterprise than we are that it will succeed.

Now happily, like Mr. Chesterton, we may say that our Canadian world is a good one. Happily there is more to preserve than to correct in Canada to-day. That is why everyone can be hopeful in Canada to-day, and we must take stock of our present health and happiness, and preserve and build upon that. The conscious effort to avoid or to remove dangers must be fortified by the positive constructive effort to build up and strengthen the things that make for healthy national life.

And what is it that Canada ahead possesses? Boundless natural resources—boundless opportunities. But she will preserve them only if she recognizes that she holds them in trust. It is the fate of some nations to make great sacrifices for the future. Not so with Canada; she needs only to give thought for the future. She has more than enough for present and for future use.

One of the most beautiful of the old Buddha rebirth stories is that which tells of our duty to the next generation. A great forest tree is to be felled, to become the great central pillar of some beautiful temple. The giant of the forest pleads that he may be hewn limb by limb until at last the great trunk may fall with less danger of destruction to the young forest life around it, so greatly might he crush that in his fall. So touched was the god that the great tree was spared—even in use, for the highest purposes every thought was to be taken for the life of the future.

Is that not the need of to-day? In fulfilment of his destiny man labors and conjures nature for his use. But for this generation only. This story of the forest tree carries us to the thought of the great source of Canadian wealth and health—her natural resources. What would Canada be without her forests? Her water springs and her waterways would dry up and her industry and commerce perish. Is it not true what has been said by one of your most eminent of Toronto citizens: "If we destroy the beautiful balance that Nature has given us in our natural resources the entire order of things (our future national prospect) may fall to pieces"? It is not simply that our water-power will decline in value, but our agriculture will not be so valuable; nothing will be so valuable. But if we alter that balance, not only will material prosperity fall to pieces, but we shall lose in character much of the peculiar power and force which, as a people, we must bring to a solution of our national problems.

Whether the Canadian is to possess the "calm strength in repose"—the indifference to little things, the strenuous view of great things—will depend largely upon whether the Canadian retains the great spaces for quiet and liberty, for converse with nature, the power to withdraw, and the habit of withdrawing to the loneliness of the mountain, the forest, the sea, and the prairie, and with that habit of physical withdrawal the habit of looking inwards for his own thoughts and judgments. For is not this a nation's greatest asset—health and independence of mind? National health is a thing never to be lost, for its restoration is costly, is long of accomplishment, is terribly difficult.

Success in any line does not happen, whether in business, in art, in home-making, or in nation-building. No man ever succeeded in the real who was not successful in the ideal. If we would preserve and make our national health we must have for Canada an ideal—a dream of a world grown young again; a dream of a robust age in which men and women work together, taking the sort of interest in their lives that an artist

takes in his work; where neither commodities nor the labor that produces them is degraded; where our Tyres and our Sidons bring their gifts to the national altar; where there shall be design in art, design in craft, design in social life; where each man may seek new highways for his heart's content, new lovely lines, new sounds, new scents. But to do this we must make use of the experience of the Past; and the Past must be for us the leaping-off place for the Utopias.

Mayor SANFORD EVANS, of Winnipeg, one of the originators of the Canadian Club movement and President of the Association of Canadian Clubs, on being introduced said:

*Mr. President, Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen,*— This invitation and opportunity is absolutely unexpected. I don't know whether I should thank you for the opportunity of having the last word to-night or not. I feel, sir, that I am hardly in a position to-night to express fully on your behalf your sentiments with regard to these addresses to which we have listened, but I would like, sir, in my capacity this year of President of the Association of Canadian Clubs, to congratulate the Canadian Clubs of Toronto upon the event at which we have been present to-night, where you have met together and have had the privilege of listening to an address which has breathed the noblest of the ideal and the best of purpose which it is the object of the Canadian clubs to promote among the Canadian citizens. I have listened with profound interest and pleasure to the address which has just closed, and we may congratulate ourselves that in our adopted fellow-citizen we have one who is thinking and feeling along this line of nobler citizenship. I shall not, sir, attempt to say more to-night. It has been a great pleasure for me last night to attend the nineteenth anniversary of the institution which Mr. McCullough, who is here to-night, first conceived, and which some half-dozen boys of us talked over together eighteen years ago. It is a great pleasure to me to attend a meeting where the Toronto Canadian Club is gathered together, for I was present at all the meetings which were held at the inauguration of the movement here. And, as President of the Association of Canadian Clubs, I take especial pleasure in being with you. In that Association there are forty clubs affiliated, stretching from ocean to ocean, and of that forty ten are women's Canadian clubs. I thank you, sir, for this opportunity of expressing the pleasure which I have experienced in being here to-night and in bringing you greetings from the great association which I have the honor to represent.