

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

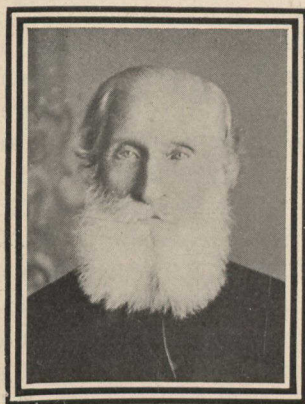
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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. R. W. Scott,
Late Secretary of State.

SECRETARY OF STATE Hon. R. W. Scott, who retires from the Dominion Cabinet to make room for Mr. Charles Murphy, is at least indirectly one of the most celebrated men in Canada. Other men have retired from the Cabinet with more measures to their credit; but the Scott Act, which for many years has been the bulwark of the Canadian temperance party, stands as the monument to the Secretary of State. Hon. Mr. Scott has been in the Cabinet since its formation in 1896. He has been in public life for more than half a century; was Mayor of Ottawa in 1852 and in the first Ontario general election after Confederation he was elected member for Ottawa in the Ontario Legislature. For ten years he remained in the

Ontario House, holding successively the office of Speaker and Commissioner of Crown Lands. Under the Mackenzie regime he became Secretary of State for the Dominion in 1874, in which year also he became a Senator. The following year he introduced the famous Scott Act.

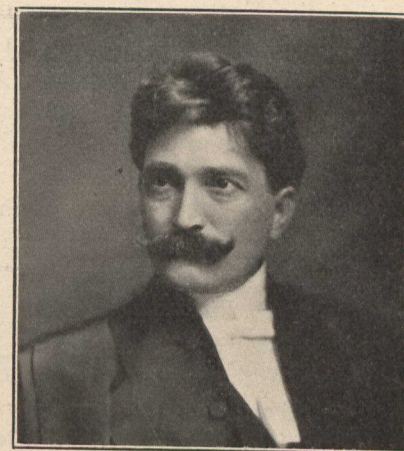
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SIR WILFRID LAURIER is now into the itinerary of his fourth campaign as Premier of Canada. He is now holding meetings in Ontario. Tuesday of this week he opened the Ontario tour by a meeting at Niagara Falls, which as the real seat of "power" for Ontario Conservatives would be hard to equal as a place to promulgate sound Liberal doctrine. Saturday of this week he took a trip to Strathroy. This town is famous in political history as the old fighting ground of the Hon. G. W. Ross. There are Grits enough in Strathroy to elect anybody of that stripe—and they are the real, thorough-paced kind that know what Celtic oratory is like, for they have heard it for a generation. Now they have had a taste of the Latin style, which is more sonorous and stately, and in the case of Sir Wilfrid much less perfervid than the Celtic. Even the editor of the *Globe* would have a hard time making Gaelic go down in Strathroy. Next Monday the Premier talks in Tilbury, which is one of those border towns that divide counties—midway between Essex and Kent. The sort of reception the Premier gets there may be judged by the fact that Tilbury is the largest mainly-French town in that part of western Ontario—barring Windsor, which is too near Detroit and too far from Pain Court. Now Pain Court is the celebrated French settlement of western Ontario. Its dependencies, Big Point and Belle River and Puce, are all as French as Sorel. The French of the St. Clair raise good corn and beans and the best of tobacco; and they love oratory. Once when Mr. T. L. Pardo, ex-M.P.P. for West Kent was campaigning in that part, some of the French were wildly enthusiastic in the belief that he was a Frenchman—because his name ended with "eau." At Clinton, in Huron County, there are a large number of loyal Grits; and when Sir Wilfrid speaks there on September 23rd he will be able to see what Scotch-Canadians look like, quite as well as when he gets down to Glengarry later in the month.

Moreover, at Jackson's Point the Premier will entertain his friends from Tory Toronto, who like his oratory better than his politics.

So that Sir Wilfrid has chosen as diversified an Ontario tour as he could have got outside the large centres. He has chosen to address

the yeomanry. To thousands of these he has never been more intimate than a portrait or a cartoon. For the first time they have had an opportunity of looking at and hearing the voice of a man who in his political and platform personality is surely the greatest in Canada. Sir Wilfrid's oratory may be less impassioned than it was in the days before "the snows of winter" got into his head. But it is still the Pierian spring; still the noble and dignified utterance that by its music and its form suggests the eloquence of the Roman forum and eliminates the petty bigotries and aspersions of party politics. There is that about the Premier which makes him a larger man than a party. At the Tercentenary the man was profoundly in evidence; the stately dignity that had no vain desire for empty plaudits and ignored the floral offerings of a multitude—satisfied to be known as the French Premier of Canada. Independent of elections, Sir Wilfrid is a great Canadian; a man who would do honour to any civilised country and government in the world. His tour in English-speaking Ontario may be the last he will ever undertake; but to many thousands of the sober toilers of a practical province the man Sir Wilfrid, disengaged from the toils of a Premiership, has been one of those rare delectations such as come from reading good books and looking at fine pictures. Other men might have spoken as convincingly as Sir Wilfrid about the Grand Trunk Pacific, Civil Service reform and the enlargement of provincial boundaries. But when it comes to "the snows of winter" and the personal desire to serve his country at least one more term, before like Simeon he repeats his "Nunc Dimittis," it is possible for even a Conservative to forget that there is such an institution as graft. When Sir Wilfrid decides to make his last speech it will be set down in the annals that in his person Canada laid claim to a man who, while he wrought not in government better than he knew, yet was able to inspire Canadians with the spectacle of real individual greatness.



Mr. M. G. Larochelle,
French Commissioner of the Civil Service.

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MR. Michel G. Larochelle, French Commissioner of the Civil Service and confrere of Prof. Shortt, is a prominent Montreal barrister, who for many years has been interested in labour matters. He was born in Sorel and studied law with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Arthabaskaville; for two years was private secretary to Sir Wilfrid; in 1895 was appointed recorder of St. Henri; was once unsuccessful candidate for the Quebec Legislature and in 1897 was offered the nomination in the Dominion House for Richelieu. He is a lawyer, editor and politician; an eloquent speaker and possessed of rare judicial acumen of intellect; a man of dignity and of justice; of great courtesy to his friends and of fair play to his enemies. He was made a K.C. in 1903 and has long been a close student of economics.



A Disaster at Brantford.—A Gas Explosion wrecked several buildings, killed two people and injured several others.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEDMAN BROS.