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## Getting Close to the People

By NORMAN PATTERSON

**A** WIDE gulf separates the methods of the Conservative party from those of the Liberal party. The difference was well illustrated by the two recent visits made by Borden and Laurier to Toronto. Sir Wilfrid came up from Ottawa and had a meeting; Mr. Borden came up and had a demonstration.

Sir Wilfrid spent the day at the Ontario Club meeting the men high and mighty in the party, and the wives of the aforesaid. There were black coats, silk hats and imported gowns aplenty. In the evening he drove decorously over to a decorous gathering, as properly as the Governor-General did in the days when Major Maude managed Rideau Hall and its patronage.

Premier Borden spent the day quietly at Sir Edmund Osler's residence. The Albany Club saw him not. The frock-coated members of the Conservative party were ignored and so were their wives. He was waiting, for other friends, and at 6.30 p.m. he went out to meet them. They had had just an hour and a half to go home and wash their hands and take off their overalls. By 6.30, they were marching past him four-deep and he was doffing his hat and smiling upon them. Having reviewed some three thousand of them with their banners and floats, his carriage fell in behind and headed for the Arena. Along the way, there were thousands upon thousands of them lining the sidewalks—errand-boys, shop-girls, dry-goods clerks, mechanics, with their wives, sweethearts and young men. More hat-doffing, more smiles. By 8.15 the procession was all within the great building and the Premier started for the platform—grand demonstration—wonderful—inspiring.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was received by a few hundreds in the day-time and by seven thousand at night. Mr. Borden was greeted by a half dozen during the day, and by twenty-five thousand at night. There you have the difference—a difference in method, a difference in mental attitude, and a difference in result—perhaps.

**H**AD the fire-alarm rung at this point and had the meeting ended just after those first cheers, the Borden demonstration would have been a success. Happily the fire-alarm was not requisitioned. The chairman silenced the band, quelled the ten thousand flag-wavers, and began the talking. Sir James Whitney followed with what was intended to be an ice-breaker, but was really the opposite. Then came the Big Chief. The applause was terrific and long sustained. "The Maple Leaf" and "Rule Britannia." Then the Premier got his opportunity.

What Mr. Borden said has been told in all the daily papers. It was a defence of his policy of immediate and effective aid to the navy. The audience listened attentively, though hearing was difficult for some people. But this was a mere trifle. They knew that what he was saying was right, for was he not the Big Chief, the Field-Marshal, the King by Divine Right? When he mentioned the "Empire" they cheered and waved their flags if they heard him—because the Empire belongs to the Conservative party and so does the Union Jack. For more than a century it has been theirs—therefore let us cheer. Finally, the peroration—read from a manuscript, and the great speech was ended amid again tremendous applause. On the whole, it was a masterly performance, by a man whose sincerity always appeals. In places it was brilliant. Throughout it was intensely British and Imperial.

**T**HEN came Pelletier—the once-Nationalist. A thousand or two who could not hear Mr. Borden and who were hungry and tired got up and went

out. Those who stayed were soon listening intently. Here was an orator—an actor—a man who understood declamation—a man who waited properly at the proper time for the applause which he demanded and got. In five minutes he was master of the audience and for nearly half an hour they swung and swayed and laughed and cheered at his sweet will. His French accent charmed them. His sallies pleased them. His clear-cut statements convinced them. And three times they said "Go on" before he finally satisfied them.

Of all the French-Canadian orators, only two are known to Torontonians favourably, Pelletier and Laurier. And Tory, Orange Toronto likes them well and listens with pleasure. They can put their feet on the mantel-shelf and make themselves at home any old time they wish. And when Pelletier concluded, the audience was assured that "the unholy alliance" of Conservatives and Nationalists was a figment of the imagination, a cloak to cover the subterfuges of designing Liberal politicians.

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**L**ASTLY came Hazen, the unknown. As he rose, several thousand more left the hall and before he concluded scarcely one-half of the audience



"The Senate may have outlived its Usefulness."

remained. But the Minister of Marine spoke well. He did not arouse the audience as Graham and Red Michael did a fortnight previous, but it was a different audience and the two Liberal orators have no peers in the Big Chief's Band. Hazen is big and handsome, but he is no cowboy in a frock-coat, to borrow the expression of an Ottawa correspondent.

There were those who sighed for one George Eulas Foster. Had he been on that platform, itching for an opportunity to pour his cassiusian oratory upon that gathering, there had been fewer empty seats, and the night cars had done a larger cash business. Perhaps Bennett, of Calgary, or Meighen, of Portage, might have stayed the throng—but Foster is over the unguarded, unpatrolled Pacific and Bennett and Meighen were side-tracked.

Mr. Hazen went on amid the unrest and made his arguments. His misfortune stayed not his flow of oratory, nor dimmed his courage. Those who heard him said, "a fine speech," and made a note to read it in the morning paper.

Finally, the National Anthem, which gave those two great loyalists, Mr. Borden and Sir James Whitney, a chance to put on their top coats, and the chairman an opportunity to stand stiffly at attention as a Sam Hughes soldier is wont to do.

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**N**O, not finally. Outside was a great crowd of torch-bearers, ready to escort the Big Chief to the train. Had these men been bare-chested and black-faced and had they borne assegais instead of coal-oil torches, the scene might have reminded one of the discipline and fidelity of a Zulu army under Cetewayo. But at least there was discipline and fidelity. Up the long street they marched bravely and at the North Toronto Station they refused to leave until the train had got under way—at midnight.

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**T**HAT is what I would term a real demonstration. The Liberals of Toronto or any other city could not put on anything like it. The Conservatives of no other city—and all Canadian cities are Conservative—could equal it. Whatever else the Toronto Tories know or don't know, they know how to get close to the people, the real people; and how to secure and maintain their allegiance.

Those who try to reason with the real people of this or any other country make a mistake. That is the least of political artifices. Mr. Borden is surrounded by men who know better methods than dosing with cold logic. They also know that in the political game a demonstration is several times more effective than a mere political meeting.

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**A**ND over all hovered a great spirit. You remember how Maeterlinck makes the Fairy say to the Children regarding their grandparents:

"How can they be dead when they live in your memory? Men do not know this secret, because they know so little; whereas you, thanks to the diamond, are about to see that the dead who are remembered live as happily as though they were not dead."

Sir John A. Macdonald is not dead, because he lives in the memory of every true Tory. Sir James Whitney and Mr. Borden and Mr. Pelletier all believe that, and therefore they talked about him as if he were with them, guiding and inspiring them. They may not have been reading "The Blue Bird" recently, but they have the same philosophy as Maeterlinck. The Great Chief was invoked to help the work of the Big Chief. The Elements may try to fight against them—but if so it will be the worse for the Elements, and also for the Dog and the Cat.