

Through a Monocle

THE two Ministers who are facing Parliament for the first time this session are distinctly on their trial. No matter how successful a career a man may make for himself in the Provincial field, he enters a new atmosphere when he moves to Ottawa. Not all Provincial "successes" succeed there. Mr. Chapleau was a far greater success in the Province of Quebec than he ever was at the Federal Capital. Sir Henri Joly was another proof of the dangers of transplanting. Clifford Sifton was evidence the other way. Mr. Fielding has carried his Provincial powers to Ottawa; but Mr. Blair again was a comparative failure. Dr. Pugsley is in some measure a pupil of Mr. Blair; and it will be interesting to see how he gets on in the larger arena. Many predict great success for him. He is said to be capable, energetic and "smooth." Mr. Graham we all know so well in Toronto that it is hard to think of him doing other than he has always done in the Legislative Chamber here. But he will come in contact with men who "know not Joseph," and who care but little for his characteristic Ontario humour. We would like to see him succeed; but he must conquer success for himself.

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It is a long time since Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been lucky enough to choose a striking "success." They are not picked up on every bush. When Sir John Macdonald brought out ex-Judge Thompson on the Dominion stage, it was felt that his immediate success was nothing short of miraculous. How had Sir John happened to find him? Sir Wilfrid picked a number of "successes" to begin with—Fielding, Mulock, Sifton, Tarte. But he has not dazzled the eyes of the audience since. Mills was a safe choice; but then we all knew all about Mills. He was not a discovery. Aylesworth looked better on the Alaskan Commission than he ever has since. By the way, I had nearly forgotten Fitzpatrick. He was a success. It is a pity that he was lost to public life. In fact, it is nothing more than the simple truth that Sir Wilfrid's Ministry has lost enough good material to stock two Governments—Mulock, Fitzpatrick, Sifton, Davies, to say nothing of Tarte at his best.

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I know that a politician who has caught the scent of an appetising office is a pretty ferocious game-tracking animal to deal with. He makes Mr. Marten's picture of "a mountain lion," with which you, Mr. Editor, prefaced your last issue, look like a faded blueprint of a sleepy kitten. Old Joe Rymal used to say that to separate a Tory from office was like interfering between a she-bear and her

cubs; and if Joe lived to-day, he would notice that this trait is no monopoly of his old enemies, the Tories. I know all this, I repeat; and yet I feel sorry, every time the present Government names a few more Senators, that it lacks the courage to face down its hungry followers and show the country what sort of appointments it sincerely thinks should be made to a Reformed Senate. The Government no longer needs to add party friends to its overwhelming majority in the Upper House. It has a secure hold there now for years to come. It could afford to be patriotic, to live up to the ideals that some of its members must have entertained when—as Oppositionists—they were talking of Senate Reform.

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That the majority of the Ministers would like to do just this, I am confident. Give them security for their legislation in the Senate, and those who have a soul above personal patronage would enjoy making a name for themselves as statesmen who had treated the responsibility of filling an appointive chamber in a serious and public-spirited manner. A steady procession of partisan appointments to the Senate is a betrayal of public trust. That both parties have been equally guilty does not acquit either of the sinners. When the power to name the Senators was vested in the Federal Cabinet, it was certainly not the intention of the people—whatever the politicians might have anticipated—to maintain this costly chamber merely as a sweet bee-hive of honey from which successful politicians could reward their more faithful followers. It was intended for the benefit of the nation; and, if the party in power coolly takes it for its own benefit, it can only do so by stealing it. Every purely partisan appointment is a straight theft of an annuity of \$2,500 a year from the Dominion of Canada.

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The materials for a Senate of the right sort are to be found in plenty. The political world naturally supplies not a few. When the Government calls a man like G. W. Ross to the Senate, or David Mills, or Sir Richard Cartwright, it is giving the nation the sort of service it requires. When men like Robert Mackay of Montreal or the late Sir William Hingston or Senator O'Brien are summoned from the business community or the professions, the spirit of the Constitution is being obeyed. Senator Cox would be a good Senator if he could afford to give the nation more of his time. Senator David was an excellent choice. It would be altogether unfair to pretend that the country has been sacrificed to party in every case, though in exceedingly few cases—if any—have the interests of party been disregarded. But the number of bad appointments is appalling; and the number of good men neglected equally so. Why should the universities be shunned? One Senator from each would be a capital idea. S. H. Blake would make a good Senator. J. W. Flavelle would make another. John Ross Robertson would make a third. Goldwin Smith would have been an ideal appointment. Sir William Macdonald of Montreal should never be allowed to escape; nor Sir William Van Horne. There are plenty to choose from; and yet men unfit to be Ministers and men whose neighbours judge them unfit to be Commoners are pitch-forked into the Red Chamber to keep them quiet. I should like to see a Labour leader or two there, and several representative farmers. In short, I would like to see the Senate composed of representative men who have never bowed the knee to the god partisanship, but who have patriotism enough to serve their country irrespective of party. I believe enough of them can be found to fill the old Red Chamber to overflowing.



Royal Shooting Party at Windsor

Back Row from Right—Count Paul Wolff Metternich, German Ambassador to England. Marchioness of Lansdowne. Baron von Dem Knesebeck. Mr. Halsey. Captain Campbell. Colonel Baron Marschall. Middle Row—Colonel Honble. H. C. Lezge. H. R. H. Princess Victoria. H. I. M. The Kaiser. H. M. The Queen. Countess Von Keller. Lady Alice Stanley. Prince Christian. Princess Patricia of Connaught. H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. Prince Arthur of Connaught. Front Row—Captain Welch. Duchess of Argyll. H. M. The King. H. I. M. The Kaiserin. H. R. H. The Princess of Wales. H. R. H. Duchess of Connaught.

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