

When Ontario's Law Clerk Speaks the Dead Live Again

Mr. Allan M. Dymond Has Watched Legislators for Over Thirty Years.

TELLS RACY STORIES

If He Would Only Write His Reminiscences, But Says He Never Will.

By F. G. G.

FROM the quiet vantage point of the Law Clerk's office, Allan M. Dymond, for the past thirty years, has watched several generations of Ontario legislators come and go. He knows Hardy, Ross, and many others who played their parts and passed on.

Living as he has done for years and years in the dry atmosphere of legal lore and political lawmaking, Mr. Dymond might be forgiven if

he were a little dry himself. But he is not. Endowed with a fine memory and a capacity for humor, he tells tales of the lighter side of Parliamentary life in which the dead great play amusingly.

Son of the late Alfred D. Dymond, one time Liberal member of the Ontario Legislature, and editorial writer of the Globe, he can talk of George Brown, John A. Macdonald, and the rest as if he were talking of his own family.

He has seen the inside of the House and the Senate, and has made these people live again. If Mr. Dymond would only write his reminiscences! But he says he never will.

In his life he has learned to love nature and books. See him sitting in his office with his knee-haird footstool, and you will understand a little perhaps why a clump of maiden hair fern in a Muskoka dell will send him into a transport of delight.

He may have spent all day, and most of the night, too, wrestling with the drafting of an involved piece of legislation, but when he is alone, he will turn down a volume of poems, or a book of stories, and he will be finding rest and refreshment in the relaxation of beautiful lines in the story of the past. A remembrance of the night before is something to roll round the tongue on his work, and he will find it in his office and something to repeat during the day when a break in the grind makes possible a moment's relaxation.

He finds time for devotion to his work, and he is a devotee of both Provincial and General Synod. He has given much thought to the cultivation of the spiritual and the unseen. But this is not so much an analysis of his make-up as a sketchy record of some of his memories and his own words.

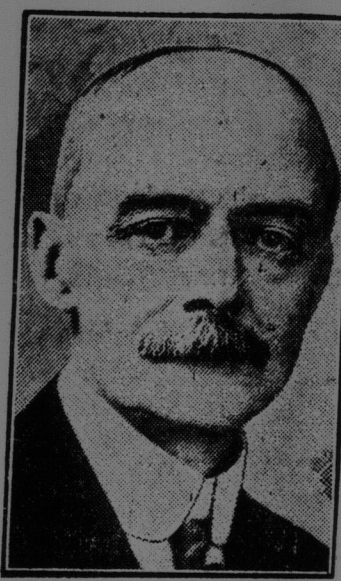
His First Session

"WHEN I entered the employment of the Government of Ontario in November, 1887, the secretary of the Commission for the revision of the Statutes were engaged in making the index for the Revised Statutes of 1887 and preparing the usual tables tracing the disposition of the Act and parts of Acts consolidated.

"I was appointed to my present position on the 1st of March, 1889. Sir Oliver Mowat, remarking with a twinkle in his eye, that there might be some objection to making an appointment on the 1st of April. The session of 1890 was my first session as Law Clerk. During that session two hundred and sixty-five public and private bills were introduced, the largest number yet introduced in the House.

"In those days the duties of the Law Clerk were confined almost entirely to seeing to the correctness of the bills in their various stages, and very little Government drafting was done in the office. The first two or three years I prepared a good many bills for introduction by private members. There were some amusing experiences in this connection. At an earlier date I think during the session of 1889, I happened to be in the office of Mr. Cartwright, who was then law clerk, when a member appeared and inquired for the law clerk of the assembly. Mr. Cartwright bowed politely and asked to know what he could do for his visitor. The old fellow scratched his head a moment and then remarked 'I want to draw me up a bill.' Mr. Cartwright bowed again and asked what the bill was to be about. I shall give an answer as nearly as possible in the language of the honorable member. 'Well, ye see it's this way, I've been in the House several years and I introduced no bills. The paper down our way has been pitchin' into me for doin' nothin' in the House and I went to Mr. Mowat and he told me to come in here and get ye to draw me up a bill. With some difficulty we managed to suppress our feelings and suggested that the Municipal Act afforded a large field of usefulness in the way of amendments and finally after considerable discussion the honorable member away with a bill to introduce, and I have no doubt received due credit from the local press for his industry in discovering and remedying the error we had committed.

"There were two or three members of the House during the earlier years of my incumbency who spoke in English



Allan M. Dymond

ish dialects with which I was unfamiliar and I remember having great difficulty in understanding what was intended by their instructions about 'a' award sometimes wally in a municipality and some 'mes wally in another municipality.' Some of the honorable members' colleagues in the House may still recall their identity. Another member showed great signs of distress one day in trying to enlighten me as to 'tuber-colousus in coos'.

"The Law Clerk, except during the Session, used rooms which were ordinarily appropriated to the use of the members as bed-rooms or private sitting rooms in the old building on Front street West. They were very stuffy, and we were not allowed stenographic or clerical assistance. I often wonder how we managed to accomplish the amount of work turned out.

A Beautiful Character

"I HAD as my assistant Mr. Frank Joseph who had had long experience as Clerk of the Private Bills Committee. I should like here to pay some slight tribute to one of the most beautiful characters I have ever had the good fortune to know.

"Mr. Joseph's father had been Secretary to Sir Francis Bond-Head and his mother was a sister of the late Mrs. John Beverley Robinson. Shortly before the downfall of the John Sandfield Macdonald Government, Mr. Joseph had been appointed verbally if not officially, Librarian of the Legislative Library. The incoming Government refused to recognize this appointment and from that time until the year 1897 he had been acting as Clerk of Committees and had been engaged during the recess in either legal or literary work. He had hoped to succeed Mr. Cartwright as Law Clerk, and it must have been very galling to him to see a man only half his age and with whom, so far as opinions went, he might be supposed to have very little in common, put over his head. I had told myself and had asked the Attorney-General to arrange matters so that Mr. Joseph could be Law Clerk and I should act as his assistant, but was told this arrangement was impossible on account of Mr. Joseph's political opinion.

"From the time I was appointed to my position, Mr. Joseph was the most loyal and zealous support. No one could have been kinder or more considerate. He did everything in his power to smooth my way and help me to make a success of work in the office. He was a man of great passion, hasty man with strong prejudices, he was always eager to hear any little breach which might be caused by loss of temper. He had a habit of disappearing shortly before noon every day, returning in a few minutes. It was only by accident that I found that he carried out at the practice of the prophet Daniel and said his prayers three times a day.

"Mr. Joseph was extremely conscientious not only in the discharge of his official duties but in other matters. He was not assessed for those days the machinery for the assessment of income was rather antiquated and his official income was under the taxable amount, but at the end of every year he would sit down and pay the proceeds for the amount of taxes which he would be liable for at the rate struck during that year. Kind and generous, he was always ready to do good turns to others. He was killed in a railway accident at Weston in January, 1895, while returning from acting as Registrar at an election court in Stratford. It is rather remarkable that not more than a few weeks before his death a man who was rather a character and whom we both knew very well, called at the office soliciting accident insurance. Mr. Joseph told him that he never traveled but finally he was a great sorrow to me. I doubt if I shall ever know a better man."

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THE Rev. W. C. Money, in his new publication "Humors of a Parish," tells an amusing story concerning Bishop Thorold.

He was (says the author) very fond of writing terse postcards. On one occasion a person in the diocese had had some curtains for the sanctuary presented to him. He was very much pleased in his mind as to whether he would put them up or not, and like a goose, he wrote to the bishop about it.

"The bishop, so he wrote, 'Dear Sir, I have received your letter and a longer letter. Back came the answer on a postcard: "My dear Sir, please burn the curtains."

Another vicar wrote to him asking for leave of absence for three months to travel in the Holy Land. The bishop came the postcard: "My dear Vicar, you may go to Jericho."

DR. CAMERON GIVES UP PROFESSORSHIP

Famous Toronto Surgeon Has Been an Outstanding Figure for Many Years.

By W. L. EDMONDS

DR. IRVING HEWARD CAMERON, who has recently resigned the professorship of surgery and clinical surgery of the University of Toronto Medical Faculty and is a member of the staff of the General, St. Michael's and the Sick Children's hospitals, has for many years been an outstanding figure in the medical profession.

When the middle-aged men of today were boys, Dr. Cameron was known as Toronto's leading surgeon, having early in his career, after a course in both London and Edinburgh, made a specialty of that branch of the medical profession.

Dr. Cameron has the manner of the old school, or rather of the English school. He prefers to be called Mr. Cameron, as surgeons are called in England, rather than Dr. Cameron, and while other professors on the staff of the Toronto Medical school have long since discarded the cap and gown during the delivering of lectures to classes, he has never departed from the traditional costume.

Dr. Cameron is a man of high cultural attainments as well as a skillful surgeon, and if there is one feature of his career as a professor which transcends all others it is the persistence with which he has striven to stimulate the students that come under his influence to aim at the possession of similar qualities of mind. In other words, his aim was to make the members of the medical profession cultured gentlemen as well as competent surgeons.

As a competent surgeon, Dr. Cameron was not only a surgeon by some of the most famous in Canadian history, the doctor would pause and ask if there was any relationship or not he would usually for a moment or two put over his head. I had told myself and had asked the Attorney-General to arrange matters so that Mr. Joseph could be Law Clerk and I should act as his assistant, but was told this arrangement was impossible on account of Mr. Joseph's political opinion.

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Former Member of Reichstag a French Presidential Elector

AN odd feature of the recent French Presidential election was the fact that Deputy Abbe Wetterle, who voted for M. Millerand, was, during the war, a member of the German Reichstag from one of the Alsatian districts. Upon the restoration of Alsace to France, Abbe Wetterle was elected to the French Chamber of Deputies. The photo shows, left to right: Minister of Labor Lafarge, Abbe Wetterle and Minister of Transportation Jourdain, talking things over during the voting at Versailles.

enter upon a recital of the qualities of mind and of heart that marked its possessor.

Against Needless Operations. ANOTHER common practice of Dr. Cameron, while addressing the students, was to chalk a classical Latin quotation on the blackboard and then ask for its translation. But whether he had to translate it himself, as he usually found it necessary to do, or if it was translated by one of the students, it always served as the text for a brief moralizing talk.

In the teaching of surgery proper, if there was anything Dr. Cameron tried above anything else to inculcate in the minds of his students it was the importance of thoroughness. "Not just your own, but the patient's, too," he would say, "if you possibly can, what is wrong by a careful diagnosis of the case. And furthermore, try and put yourself in the place of your patient and consider whether, knowing what you do about his case, you would under the circumstances consent to an operation."

Here is an instance showing how Dr. Cameron practices what he preaches in this respect. A certain surgeon had decided that it was necessary that a patient should undergo an operation, but being prejudiced at the last moment from undertaking the task himself, he put over his head. I had told myself and had asked the Attorney-General to arrange matters so that Mr. Joseph could be Law Clerk and I should act as his assistant, but was told this arrangement was impossible on account of Mr. Joseph's political opinion.

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WHY GEN. CURRIE WENT TO M'GILL

In the First Place His Appointment Was Favored by Sir Auckland Geddes.

By F. G. G.

EVER since the appointment of General Sir Arthur Currie to the post of president of McGill University a great many people have wondered just why and how he came to be appointed. Joseph Lister, in Maclean's Magazine, says that after Sir Auckland Geddes, who was first appointed, had become British Ambassador at Washington he was asked by a representative of the McGill Board of Governors if he didn't think the war had produced someone for McGill. He mentioned General Currie Geddes thought it over for a moment. "That's the man for McGill," he said, and it is to be remembered that Geddes knew the university and its peculiar needs. "Yes," he said, "the more I think of it, the more confident I am that he is the right man."

Consulting again with Professor W. G. S. Adams of Oxford in the consideration of the various names he had suggested, the representative brought up Currie. Without hesitation Professor Adams agreed that he was the best choice.

General Currie, himself, has little to say with reference to his appointment. "I cannot say that I have thought of any policy in regard to the principal of McGill," he stated, in answer to an enquiry. "I mean to spend some time in studying the history of the university, and not only that but what it has stood for, and still stands for, not only in Montreal or in Canada, but in the Empire. Of course I know something of McGill, many of the boys over in France came from there, and I know in France passing a lot of the boys coming from the front line. I happened to stop beside a peculiar muddy and dishevelled private. He wasn't clean and he was evidently tired, but he was cheerful. "Well, how're things going?" I asked him. "Fine, sir, fine," he replied. Then came the conventional question, "What were you doing before you came out here?"

"Why, sir," he replied, "I'm a grammar school teacher. I'm at McGill University."

"I can say this much, that I am glad to get this opportunity, because it seems to me a large opportunity."

To Combat Materialism. AN English tourist was on a visit to Arran in Scotland and decided to have a day's fishing. He made inquiries of local experts and was told that the clearest, or housefly would suit his purpose for lure, he sought the highland servant and said, "I say, my girl, can you get me some houseflies?" he asked.

The girl looked at him stupidly. He repeated his question, and added, "Why, girl, did you never see a housefly?"

"Na, sir," replied the girl, shaking her head. "But when I saw a coo jump over a cliff."

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THE CONFESSIOAL--Big Men's Uncensored Talk About Themselves

—Sir Robert Borden

by EMIL LONGUE BEAU

BY EMIL LONGUE BEAU. HE member for King's, who was Prime Minister, told me that he never quite at home with some of us. Carvell used to look at him as if he belonged to another world.

"We tried Rowell again when there seemed good prospects of getting Calder and the other Western men in at the time I was ready to retire for Foster, in return for a honorable discharge, and when the party nearly blew my head off for being willing to retire. But even then, he wouldn't come. I think he was afraid."

"Rowell afraid?" I broke in. "Of what?"

"Of should say of whom," Sir Robert answered, quietly. "Of whom then?"

"To be candid, I think he was afraid of Sirton. Not Arthur, but Clifford."

"But Sirton didn't join the Government," I objected.

"No, he didn't, though he once thought he would. But he was much nearer the cradle than many people supposed. Sir Clifford is a great midwife on such occasions. Rowell is an extremely sensitive man."

"I was under the Sirtonian domination. Whatever the refined truth may be, the fact remains that we only got Rowell when he was satisfied that Sir Clifford was no longer on the job. Cabinet making is a peculiar business. I can assure you. The truth is, I sent a Cabinet you make, but a bed, in which you have to be awake most of the time."

"It's a bed because—" I suggested. "If it were a Cabinet you could lock it up, to be sure things would stay put. It is a bed because there's room for a great deal of nudging, and somehow or other, burrs get into it. They stick to your clothes and tickle your skin—somewhat excessive tickling, I may say. Burrs are very difficult to dislodge—very difficult, indeed." Sir Robert looked hard at me for a moment as if something was attending for utterance.

I remember the going of the Hon. Bo's several weeks before the coming of the Union, and unless I am mistaken, Sir Robert at that moment also remembered the event. But he said nothing about the eminent humanitarian of his first Government who knows very well how to assemble his love. Sir Robert resumed:

"And now I am out of it all, for which state of life heaven be thanked, and good health invoked. For

nearly two weeks—up to an hour before the Cabinet was announced. Literature was not his strong point, and I promised he should not be burdened with copyright, which stayed in the farm department many years ago. And chivalrously stood aside at the last minute when I wired Burrell. That by the way was before he had really decided against including W. F. Maclean. I had consulted Broder about several things, among others the admission of Sam Hughes—on which, too, I thought the advice of Crothers, who had toured the West with me that summer.

"Broder thought Hughes was unsuitable." You'd have trouble with Sam if you take him in," he said to me.

"I know I shall," was the reply; "but I'm afraid I'll have more trouble. I don't take him in." What do you suppose old Andy said to that, Beau?"

"Not the slightest idea, except that it would be something good," I said.

"It was good," Sir Robert continued. "He said, 'I guess that's so, but it's a damned sight better for a man to be outside hanging the door, than to have him inside smashing the furniture, ain't it? You know now it worked out. I had both trouble with the door and then."

"The furniture until the war was two months over two years old, and Hughes was snuffed and such a snuffing. There's always this to be said, though, that if the war was sometimes slow Sam Hughes never was. But I must not dwell on Sir Sam's paces—it's a little disturbing, and after all, within five years of three score and ten."

"In 1911 Sam was the hardest to keep out; who in 1917 was the hardest to get in?" I inquired of Sir Robert the Revealer.

"Rowell, I think, though I'm old Carvell wrote to Sir Wilfrid three days before he was sworn in that he would have nothing to do with our gang." But Rowell was an entirely different problem. Poor Arthur was in despair several times over Rowell."

"Poor Arthur?" I interjected.

"My successor, you know. During that terrible summer he was my fidus Achates. He wasn't in the Cabinet then, but he was the only colleague who had my entire confidence for twenty agonizing weeks. When Laurier wouldn't come we turned to Rowell. He was offered virtually the co-preminership in June. But he wouldn't look at it. He's a very

old man, Rowell, but a very good one. He was invaluable in the Cabinet but never quite at home with some of us. Carvell used to look at him as if he belonged to another world.

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However, I was Premier of Canada for nearly nine years, and that's something I wish I had children to remember."

little indication of a growth of a national spirit.

"I took my position with the Canadian Army in Canada, thinking that I could bring into use some of the things I had learned overseas. But I found out that I was hedged around by limitations, set by people who saw in all military organization a growing menace. With the circumscribed conditions prevailing it took little persuasion to make me leave the military life, though I have learned to love it. But it seemed to me that perhaps in McGill there might be a real opportunity for me to work out some of my ideas that would help to develop a more sane and wholesome ideal of nationhood. I might help to maintain an esprit de corps and might be in a measure instrumental in turning out good citizens with an appreciation of what good citizenship means."

"I do not believe that a university is merely a factory for turning out doctors and lawyers, and engineers and teachers. I want to see it a great seat of