

CORRIDOR COMMENT

Ottawa, April 8th.

THERE are many interesting groups among the two hundred-odd men from all parts of the Dominion who compose the membership of the Canadian House of Commons. Each group seems to have an individuality of its own. Sometimes the units seem to be almost grotesquely mated. For instance, there was long, lanky, western



A. B. McCOIG, M.P.,
West Kent.

Glen Campbell, and short, rotund, eastern Tom Wallace, an inseparable pair in the last Parliament, the Mutt and Jeff of the corridors and caucus rooms. Another pair of Siamese twins constituted the Commons' own and only orchestra, mouth organ, tin whistle, bones and what-not — always the same tune with infinite varieties—the one a Toronto Orangeman, the other a Halifax Roman Catholic.

Over on the then Government side, where there isn't nearly so much opportunity for the display of individuality, even in groups, there was an Ontario trinity who

overcame all party bounds in establishing its universal popularity. Visitors had to examine the seating plan of the Parliamentary Guide to determine the actual designation and home habitation of the three. Most parliamentarians were individually known as Mr. So-and-so, or the Member for Blank. But when anybody talked of "Tom" everybody thought of Mr. T. A. Low, of South Renfrew; when "Archie" was mentioned all eyes were directed to Mr. A. B. McCoig, of West Kent; and when reference was made to "Johnnie Angus" no one needed to be told that Mr. J. A. McMillan was in question. A genial political opponent, on one noteworthy occasion, described the trinity as the "Tom, Jack and Archie" of the Canadian Commons. And no one on either side objected to the indicated general representation of the membership by them. That their personal popularity extended beyond the confines of the chamber was evidenced by the fact

that when the big Conservative landslide was sweeping over Ontario last September it avoided engulfing Tom, Jack and Archie in the debris. They all came back.

Within the trinity Archie was recognized as the unit who put the midsummer sunshine effect in the composite picture. If, once in a while, fleecy clouds cast a temporary shadow on the scene, the House took it for granted that the temperamental individuality of Irish Tom was unduly exercising itself. If a storm cloud appeared on the horizon no one doubted that the militant Highland blood of Johnnie Angus was asserting its presence. But when the sun shone and the sky was clear one could depend upon it that Archie was around.

And Archie was a good man to have around. He radiated good nature. He had a winning way. The whole House liked him for many reasons. He never bored the members with long and tedious speeches. When he had anything to say he said it and sat down. He was a hard worker on committees, where there is much drudgery and little glory going, and he was always willing to take his full share of the little inconveniences which attend the perennial attempt to "house" five members in rooms designed for four. And all the time the sun continued shining.

Archie McCoig hasn't lived very many years, but he has crowded a lot into them. For years he served as an alderman in the council of his native city of Chatham, at the time of his entrance probably the youngest man ever chosen to the post. Moreover, he invariably headed the poll. He acquired that habit early and has kept it up ever since. When the Liberals of West Kent got out their lanterns and started to search for a man who could cope with the astute, able and experienced James Clancy in the legislative campaign of 1905, the only one whom they could locate was Archie McCoig, and he turned the trick. Meantime the federal seat was held by the Conservatives and Archie was again requisitioned when Dominion polling day came round. As a consequence he transferred his representation from Toronto to Ottawa, and joined the trinity. He combines with constant geniality an unusual amount of political sagacity. Archie knows men. And apparently the men of West Kent know Archie. It has been whispered more than once that fate turned him a cruel trick on September 21st last. Had the former government been sustained there seems little doubt that Mr. McCoig would have been selected to preside over one of the important Parliamentary committees. But Archie is young. And youth can hustle while

it waits. That Archie will live up to this maxim is not for a moment to be doubted.

GOVERNMENT members are getting much sound, if strenuous, training in the art of "sizing up" human nature and its versatility these busy days of job-hunting, and many, indeed, are the tales told of the weird and original methods adopted by applicants to gain the coveted goal. It is related of Mr. W. F. Nickle, the young Conservative who captured the former Liberal riding of Kingston, that on the morning after the election he encountered a stalwart who saw him first.

"Me and my two sons voted for you," the man volunteered.

The member-elect beamed his acknowledgments and then put them into words, good, heartsome words, too. But the voter tarried.

"I want to be appointed guard at the pen."

"But how old are you? The age limit is forty."

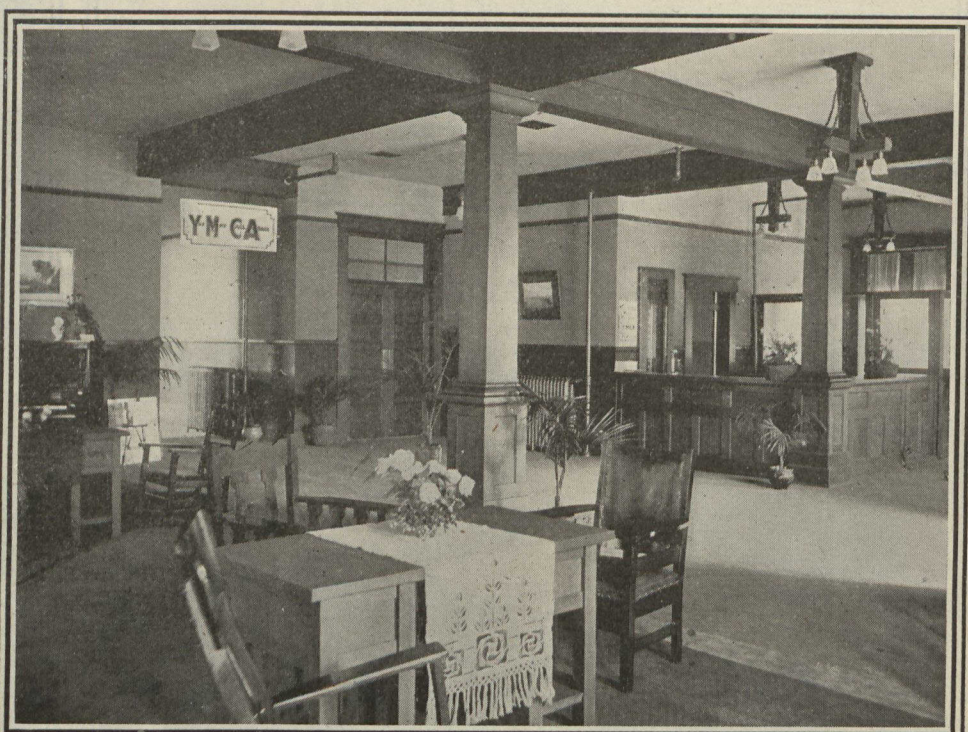
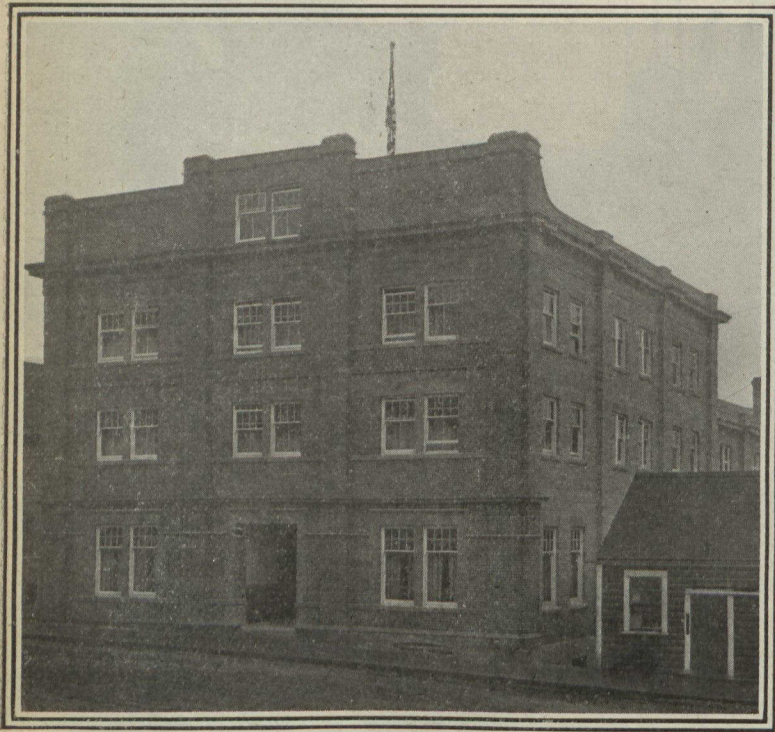
No trouble there. "I am thirty-six," was the prompt, unblinking response.

The member smiled. "Married mighty young, then, weren't you?" he observed. "How old are those two voting sons?"

THE curtain has fallen. The first act of the new Conservative administration is at an end. Its initial Parliament has prorogued. And everybody seems satisfied. Moreover, you have their word for it. Ask any good Tory as he smilingly lugged his baggage along the corridor and he would assure you that everything was lovely, the Government had made good and the Opposition had failed absolutely to make a puncture in its armour. Then step around to another corridor and locate an equally good Grit diligently packing his grip. Give him a chance and he'd tell you that things never looked better, that the Government was demoralized and already broken, and that the Opposition had established itself in public confidence. You "pays your money and takes your choice." Politics is a grand old game in which the very players are frequently at sea. Isn't it wonderful how much difference it makes to the outlook whether you wear the blue or the red goggles? For, after all, they are goggles, as Ottawa wears them, and as Ottawa interprets the battledore and shuttlecock which goes on upon "the hill." So the curtain fell, with the Senate in the stellar role of the finale. Not for many years has the upper house occupied a part other than mildly picturesque. The young Commoner, trained to regard it as a pleasantly innocuous sort of body to which, if he were good, he might maybe some day attain, suddenly regarded it with awe. It was really alive, after all, and it really could bite when so disposed. The Senate came into its own and all but upset the apple-cart of those elaborate and gaudy ceremonial preparations.

H. W. A.

The New Y.M.C.A. Building at New Westminster, Which Cost \$62,000



New Westminster's Y. M. C. A. Building was Thrown Open to the Young Men of that City a Few Days Ago. The Building is 60 x 132 feet, and Three Stories High. Its Total Cost, Including Furnishings and Equipment, was \$62,000. It has a Swimming Bath 20 x 48 feet, and a Gymnasium 55 x 60 feet. There are Thirty-six Bedrooms for Members. It also has a Billiard Room, a Bowling Alley, and an Indoor Rifle Range. The Second Picture Shows the Spacious and Artistic Rotunda, with the Secretary's Office.