

ple truth to say that he attained the eminent position which he afterwards occupied solely by his own exertions. He was proud of this fact, and those who sought to flatter him by asserting the contrary knew little of the man."

Certainly Sir John could not claim "birth or fortune" in the sense used by Mr. Pope, but, as to birth in the sense of being descended from a line of people of strong and high characteristics, he could, and doubtless did, think himself the equal of any. The late R. W. Phipps used often to say: "Sir John, by his ways and looks is an offshoot of the Stuarts, the last of their line." It was mere fancy of his. Sir John had lots of breeding, as the term goes; he was never at a loss in the company of diplomats, peers, or sovereigns, indeed, seemed to be more at ease than any of themselves. Sir John had a great fund of polish and politeness, however he came by it, and the ease of a man always in high affairs and the upper world. But he never set up to be any one other than John A. Macdonald, son of the somewhat shiftless Hugh of that ilk, who had failed in the cotton trade in Glasgow, and had drifted with his family into a Canadian backwoods' settlement on the Bay of Quinté.

Sir John had a distinguished appearance. He was tall, slight, dark, with rich, black, curling locks, not of a beautiful face, but certainly a striking one. It carried lots of expression, and at times seemed to throw off scintillations of its brilliance. MacCarthy's statue, in the Queen's Park, has a squatty look about the shoulders that the old man never had. His son, Hugh John, of Winnipeg, though much shorter in stature and blonde in color, is a true copy. He has the great nose, the same style of hair: most significant of all, the same peek to the head, the same smacking of the lips. I shall never forget a view I had of them in '91, the father and son, sitting together at the one desk in the Commons, when both were members.

All the world over would not produce such a peculiar cock and cockerel. It could hardly be said that Sir John had a Celtic cast of countenance, for there appeared in these pages a few months back the portrait of an Indian Chief of our own North-West who could have been the other Dromio to Sir John's. If all Sir John's photographs and portraits appear unsatisfactory, it is partly because his expression never was twice the same. Dickson Patterson's portrait of him is, to my mind, much the best. Sir John was generally very carefully dressed, loved to the last to be jaunty, and had a trick of pulling himself together when he would emerge from a car, come into a hall, or enter the House of Commons.

Sir John's habits have often been discussed. He grew up in a part of the country where and when there was plenty of hard drinking of Canadian whiskey. He succumbed like others to the temptation at times. Mr. Pope does not hide the fact, nor does he drag it forward into prominence, a thing which political opponents most unwarrantably did. He also loved to hear a broad story. But all this aside, he was the best and most exemplary instance of "a reformed man" in the last fifteen years of his life that was to be found in all Canada, and that is saying much for one who had passed through so much temptation; and like Themistocles, he could say that the wildest colts sometimes made the best horses. But Sir John's habits need no apology: political sagacity, public service, thank God for it, are shown mixed with all other traits. What a miserable world this would be if only the highest virtues went to those who had none of the little vices. How bankrupt we would be. But it is from Jove himself we get the term jovial.

Sir John had a wonderful influence over many men. They would go through fire and water to serve him, did serve him; and got, some of them, little or no reward. But they served