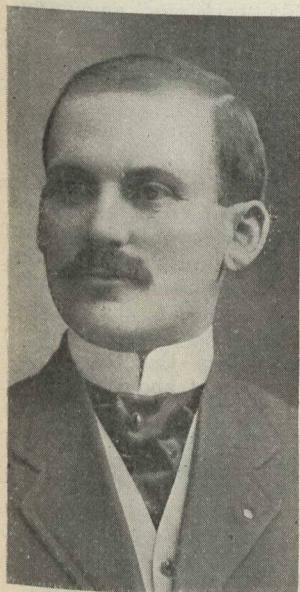


CORRIDOR COMMENT

Ottawa, March 25th.

It is claimed—and apparently with excellent reason—that the political coterie who organized Ontario for the Conservative party in the last federal election established a record for prophetic veracity. They claimed everything in sight, and got about everything in sight. It is said that the confidential forecast of the results supplied to the party headquarters at Ottawa contained only two mistakes. One of these was John Angus McMillan, of Glengarry. The forecast showed Glengarry to be a "sure win." But the forecast didn't know, and didn't allow for, "Johnnie Angus."



J. A. McMillan, M.P.

Winning is a habit with this young parliamentarian. Away back in January of 1905, when the electors of the Province of Ontario were rising in their might and sweeping the Government of Hon. George W. Ross out of power and the party he led almost out of existence, "Johnnie Angus"—for nobody from Sir Wilfrid Laurier down knows him by any other than

this personal designation—entered public life by capturing the Glengarry legislative seat for the Liberals. In 1908, when the federal Liberals were looking around for a man who could secure the riding, they sent out the Macedonian call to "Johnnie Angus," and he resigned from the Legislature and did the trick. And when, last autumn, even his political friends regretfully inclined to number him among the "likely losses," it was he who furnished them with one of their few chances to cheer when the returns came in from auld Glengarry. There are two McMillans—the quiet, genial, altogether lovable young man whom his friends swear

by; and the ardent, militant Highlander whom his enemies swear at. He possesses a rare combination of good qualities—he can speak, but he doesn't. "Johnnie Angus" doesn't take up the time of the House in filling the pages of Hansard, but woe betide the unfortunate who essays to take advantage of his unobtrusive demeanor by putting something over on him. It is then that the Highland blood shows itself. And Johnnie Angus is a braw and bonnie fighter. Otherwise he would not be the representative for Glengarry.

Mr. McMillan is still under the forty mark. He was born in Glengarry, of Scottish parentage, in 1874. He is a natural politician, with a shrewd knowledge of mankind and human nature. They say he knows every man in his home constituency by his first name—and knows the women and children, too. And he thinks that no one can quite equal a Glengarrian. It doesn't make any difference to whom he is talking he will finally wind up with something about Glengarry. There's no divorcing "Johnnie Angus" and Glengarry. His political opponents, who have tried it, now admit it. And the Liberals often wish that more Ontario constituencies had grown McMillans.

HATS off to Colonel, the Honourable Sam. Hughes, the exponent of ministerial perpetual motion. The Minister of Militia has earned for himself a reputation as the busiest man in Canada. During the first week of the present month his colleagues declare that the gallant Colonel was "on the job" for sixteen and seventeen hours a day right along. Here are some of the week's meetings, at all of which the Minister was present and spoke: The Dominion Rifle Association, the Corps of Guides, the Association of Military Medical Officers, the Canadian Artillery Association, the Canadian Cavalry Association, and the Army Service Corps. And it was noted by those present that the Colonel was able to address any officer who spoke to him by name. In addition to these conventions Col. Sam found time to attend the House of Commons, the sittings of Cabinet, the party caucus and three morning committee meetings, beside conducting the administration of his Department. Moreover, to cap it all, Colonel Hughes' name appeared in the social columns of the press on several occasions that week as taking a leading part in private

dinners and social engagements. It is doubtful if a hard campaign in the field would have any terrors for a soldier who can traverse such a series of assignments in one week, and never turn a hair.

It was the early morning hours following the recent all-night sitting of Parliament in which the Manitoba school question was under debate and discussion. It was, moreover, the sitting at which Hon. George P. Graham had resumed his seat in the House as the newly-elected member for South Renfrew. The vote upon the amendment of Mr. Mondou, the Nationalist member for Yamaska, had just been taken, and the members were tramping out into the corridors, the majority on their way to the restaurant for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The ex-Minister of Railways and Canals was strolling down the corridor with a frown upon his face, when Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, accosted him. "Wherefore so downcast, George?" he queried. Mr. Graham shook his head. "It's pretty hard lines," he responded, "to have spent the past few weeks zealously endeavouring to defeat the Government, and then come here to-day and have to cast my first vote in support of them."

ONE of the most ardent of the Opposition newspaper men was reviewing the supplementary estimates in the Press Gallery. He was checking off item after item with keen critical comments. Very little seemed to meet with his approval. "Gross extravagance," "A patent political vote catcher," "Another useless expenditure," "Automobiles indeed; they'll be buying aeroplanes next," were the caustic comments which from time to time fell from his lips as he diligently conned the items. Finally, however, he paused, and read slowly: "Gratuity to the dependents of an official who served for over twenty years in the House of Commons and is now insane." He looked out over the House. It was a tedious afternoon and Mr. Bradbury, who can scarcely be accounted a brilliant speaker, was in the midst of an extended dissertation. "Well," he commented, "I think that vote should meet with unanimous approval."

THEY were Conservative members, and they had harked back to the victory of September last with its campaign stories. "Well," drawled Col. Hugh Clark, "the most genuine congratulations I received were written a month after the election. My admirer mentioned that he would have written before, but had just come to. He had been celebrating for the intervening weeks." H. W. A.

Two Views of the Member's Life at Ottawa as the Session Closes



Liberal Member: "Well, thank heaven! contractors, promoters and office-seekers don't bother me any more."



Conservative Member: "Excuse me, gentlemen. You see, I'm not just exactly a labour bureau. I can't do something for everybody."