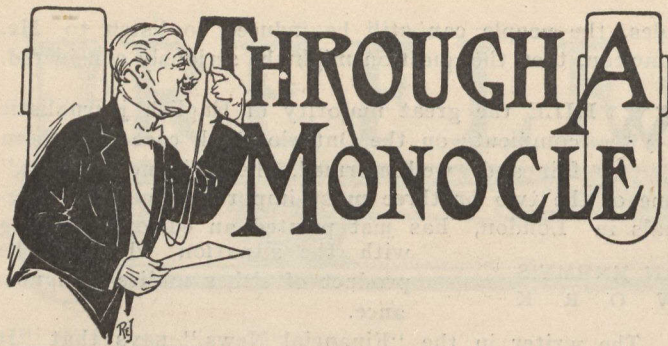




WE were talking of the temporary failure of "Favourite Son seed" in Ontario when my is the matter with Ontario it is hard to Monocle dropped out last week. Just what say. It has not had a real favorite son since Mowat. It loved Sir John Macdonald, but he was the son of the whole Dominion. Blake it never loved. It regarded him, as I am told the boys of a certain university regard their Principal, putting their regard into poetry after this fashion:—

"Oh! we don't like Principal Pete,
We don't like Principal Pete.
He's so far above us,
We're sure he don't love us.
We don't like Principal Pete."

For Cartwright it has grown in his latter years to have a sort of admiration, thinking of him as an old admiral, bluff, caustic, honest and a gentleman. Whitney it is beginning to feel a similar pride in. He, too, is bluff, honest and full of courage, and undoubtedly stands at this moment nearer to the affections of his Province than any other man. The two chiefs of the Ottawa Opposition sit for Ontario constituencies; but they are both importations, one from New Brunswick and the other from Nova Scotia. For Mulock it has a certain admiration, but he has gone. None of the other Ontario Federal Ministers have touched its imagination, though "Billy" Paterson has the love of all who know him, and Alverstone B.(d—d) Aylesworth looks like a coming man.

Quebec, however, has heroes to worship in plenty, though they are all on one side of politics. It always has had heroes. Lafontaine gave way to Cartier, Cartier to Chapleau and Mercier, and these latter to Laurier. At present there is a fine crop of candidate-heroes—Gouin, Lemieux, Turgeon, Brodeur and Bourassa. Sydney Fisher is hardly the sort of material out of whom you make a hero; and, for that matter, neither is Herbert Ames. But both are good, faithful and effective workers, imbued with an unusual measure of public spirit. And the English section of Quebec has produced some very fine public men—Hincks, Galt, Holton and the like. But it suffers from the same impediment as Ontario—its best men do not offer themselves for public service but throw themselves into commerce or the professions. The law courts of Montreal and Toronto are far better manned than the halls of Parliament at Ottawa. The French Canadian, with the gift of leadership, is, on the other hand, quite apt to go into politics; and so is the man of ability in the Maritime Provinces. The consequence is that Ontario and English Quebec are, by comparison, badly served at Ottawa.

The reputation of a Province for producing great men is not always, however, the surest test of the extent of its crop of greatness. A Province which sends a large number of great men away from home is certain to earn this reputation; yet this may only mean a paucity of opportunities for them to employ their talents in their native cities. Ontario certainly offers the widest field for home-produced greatness in Canada; and I rather suspect that we have a lot of the sort of "timber,"

which we call "great" at Ottawa and amidst the American "colony" of Canadians, working away quietly and effectively in Ontario, but not considered "great" because always judged by people who knew them when they were boys. That will damn any man. "H'm'p! Why, that's Aleck Johnson who went to school with me." After that verdict, "Aleck" might as well drop his monocle and take to "specs."

The Monocle has been disappointed in Aylesworth recently. He does not seem to have come out very well from that "fires of race hatred" incident with Bourassa. He should either have proved that Bourassa had the smell of fire about his garments, or he should have frankly admitted that the intoxication of platform oratory had carried him away. It does not hurt a big man to admit that he is wrong when he is wrong; but it does damage his reputation to "dodge." Mr. Aylesworth is a very able lawyer. He is also a splendid Canadian. But there are very few men who can be picked up from the inconspicuous "free-and-easiness" of private life and pitchforked into the second most dignified position in the Federal Government—that of Minister of Justice—with entire certainty that they will know by instinct how to behave. This miracle was worked with Sir John Thompson; but then Sir John had been a local Minister and a judge. Mr. Aylesworth had been neither. As a rule, Ministers should serve an apprenticeship at the private desks of the Commons before they are compelled to live always in that bright light which beats upon the person of a party leader.

That Aylesworth will "arrive" can hardly be in doubt. No man with such a dome of thought could fail. But as yet his debating manners lack "that repose which stamp the caste of Vere de Vere." He does not seem to realise that he is Minister of Justice—the heir of all the traditions of dignity and reserve left by Edward Blake, Dorian, Thompson, Mowat, Mills and Fitzpatrick. He enjoys rather the liberty and vivacity of a junior Minister, which he is by years but not by position. But he will learn—if he thinks it worth while. He will yet be one of the safest debaters in the House. He needs only the steadying effect of responsibility for a while, and then the lime light of some great opportunity—such as came to Sir John Thompson in the debate on the Jesuit Estates bill. It is rather a pity that the Liberals lack a "runner up" for him like the late Dalton McCarthy.

Signs of the Times

IS it one of the characteristics of our age that many people resort only to the priest of the parish on such special occasions as baptism, marriage and burial? We are inclined to think that the laity miss something in this connexion. If they can do without the good offices of the church for the larger part of their lives, one might suggest that they be wholly consistent and cut out their relationship to the church in every sense of the word. But we know that such a suggestion would be an inestimable loss to the layman as well as to the church. There should be an interchange of interest and a common standing ground as well as faith. There should be more communication between the church and the laity than a mere brushing of skirts or touching of elbows. The ideal is that the priest through his good offices may not merely touch the lives of the people at an occasional baptism, or marriage, or burial, but continuously minister to their spiritual welfare, and that the laity in turn should desire to have it thus. On any other line than the above the minister comes under the category of a "private chaplain," existing as a gratuity to the community. Such a theory is not the correct one. Every individual should be willing to pay as much for his spiritual privileges as for the mere material comforts of this world. "What use will it be for a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?"

W. Inglis Morse.