

# Through a Monocle

**M**ESSRS. FIELDING and Brodeur, who have returned with a French treaty, are two of the non-spectacular members of the Ministry; yet they are two of the most effective business men. The business Minister—the good administrator—the man who shapes the business policies of the Government—is not as much in the public eye as the captivating orator and the man with a genius for striking effects. But, without him, few Ministries could keep the business of the nation going. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was such a man in the Macdonald Ministries. He seldom spoke in the House except in explanation of some detail of his department; but he was always there, always ready to undertake the hardest drudgery of any task which fortune threw in the way of the government, always loyal to his chief and always loyal to what he conceived to be the best interests of his country. It is true that he did hate a Grit, but then he regarded a Grit as a national enemy with the whole-souled sincerity of an earlier day. This, however, is merely an aside. He was a business Minister and helped very materially to keep the wheel of the administration moving.

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Mr. Fielding is necessarily much before the public because of his position as Finance Minister and second in command. But he is not what would be called a spectacular man. His budgets are clear; but they are not eloquent. He has no Gladstone magic with which to guild figures with the fire of rhetoric. He is simply a very high type of business minister. Mr. Brodeur is even a less ostentatious worker than Mr. Fielding. He is more like a Scotch than a French politician. But he is an effective worker and his value to the Government is very great. These are the two best men who could have been sent to Paris to negotiate a trade treaty with France. They have the business knowledge, the power and the address. Mr. Brodeur brought to the task the advantage of being himself of French blood, and Mr. Fielding is as nearly as possible an ideal commercial negotiator. If they have not succeeded in getting a good treaty, we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that no one else would have been likely to have done as well.

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Talking of treaties, what do you think—honour, bright—of the effort that is being made to blame Sir Wilfrid for getting Canada included in the Japanese treaty, now that it seems to have got us into trouble over Japanese immigration? Did we not all think that it was a good stroke of business to get favoured access to the Japanese market at the time the treaty was extended to us? Was not Canada practically unanimous in supporting Sir Wilfrid on that occasion? Did the Opposition make any serious fight in the House? It turns out that the Japanese Government does not consider itself bound by the "understanding" that it was only to send us about five hundred immigrants a year; but is it not carrying partisan rancour a little too far to load the Government with the discredit of all this? There seems to have been a mistake made, and, technically, the official representatives of the country are to blame. But it would have been a delicate business to have tried to get Japan at the very moment when we were seeking to secure trade concessions from her, and on the morrow of her great victory over Russia, to put down in black and white a humiliating admission that her people were not as good as any other people and must therefore be excluded from the very country which was asking a trade alliance.

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The pressmen of Montreal will have given—before this

gets into print—a banquet to Mr. C. A. Dansereau on the completion of his fortieth year as a journalist. Four decades is a long span for a man to have covered as an active newspaper writer in Canada. It carries one back to Confederation. And for the greater part of this time, Mr. Dansereau has held a position of such prominence that his figure has been visible to public men throughout the entire Dominion. I well remember when I was a mere neophyte in political matters to have heard about "Dansereau" of Montreal who could write so exactly like Chapleau than even their best friends could not tell which had prepared a document. Chapleau was then the king of the French-Canadian platform and rapidly winning that repute which was soon to take him to Ottawa to act as a thorn in the side of Sir Hector Langevin.

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It is a long time since English Canadians produced a dominating orator. To-day, our national orator is the Prime Minister—a French-Canadian. And we of English speech would be hard put to it to name a man who could act—as they say in golf—as a "runner-up." Mr. Foster is regarded as the best speaker in the Conservative parliamentary party; but he is hardly what we mean when we speak of an orator. "Charlie" Marcell comes nearer to oratory; but he is French. Mr. Bourassa is a capital parliamentarian; but he is not English. Going back a generation, we have Chapleau—as we saw—but whom have we to match with him? Blake was a cogent speaker; but he was not a man to move the masses. Sir John Thompson was a great debater; but as far as possible from an orator. On a question that touched his own heart, Dalton McCarthy could touch the hearts of his hearers; but was he not Irish? McGee was an orator and Davin was at times eloquent; but they were both Celts. Sir Charles Tupper was vigorous; and—for lack of a better—we might nominate him. Yet the English race can produce orators, as a long list from Fox to Rosebery attests.



A Devil of a Game.—Punch.