



Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a nation-cementier, and his coming was quite as opportune.

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Sir Charles Tupper was another of the "giants that lived in those days." He was and is a man of unlimited pluck, of tremendous energy, of mighty driving-power; but we have seen him in action and we have measured him with men of a later day, and it would be the purest hypocrisy to pretend that we think him vastly superior to these men who overcame him at his life-long game. Some of the lesser "giants" we knew, too; as, for instance, Hon. William Macdougall, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Peter Mitchell. Were they not at least quite as human as the men who have succeeded them? Then as you read the list of the "Fathers" printed in this number, you will notice names whose subsequent careers you will find it hard to trace from memory. What became of these marvels? Or were they precisely like the lesser timber which gets into every cabinet in our time and finally finds its way into the wood-box? The truth is that we have always had some genuinely big men in Canada; and that any glance back over a long period seems to show a great many more of them than are visible in the contemporary field at any given moment. But it is doubtful whether we had more big men at Confederation than we have to-day.

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Still Confederation was a splendid achievement—a constitutional miracle before its time. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that it was the child of "deadlock," which is only another way of saying that "necessity is the mother of invention." Necessity spurs the human race to most of its great efforts; and lucky is that section of the race which has at the needed moment the men capable of conceiving and directing the effort. Canada moved toward union at a time when the American Republic was torn with a passion for disunion, when the British public had not yet begun to even think of the necessity of Imperial union, when Australian union was too far in the future to cast the slightest shadow on the path. The great achievement of the Fathers of Confederation was that they, when confronted by "deadlock," did not take counsel of despair but rather of courage and hope, and firmly held the prow of the national ship up-stream. In statesmanship, as in most things, nothing succeeds like—Courage.

Whatever may be the fate of Russia's reigning family when the revolutionists get through with that country, one member of it will be beyond the reach of want. She is the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of the Czar's daughters. Although still a child, she has \$10,000,000 in her own right, and by the time she attains her majority her fortune is likely to be twice as large. Moreover, her millions are invested abroad, where the terrorists can't get them, even if they establish the red republic.

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Some of the Confederation Fathers came pretty well down to our own time, so that we had a chance to judge them—though it must be remembered that we always saw them surrounded by the halo of long service to the State and seated upon a throne of at least one great achievement. Sir John Macdonald was easily king of the company, though many there be who will regard George Brown as a rival sovereign. George Brown died, however, before this generation could become well aware of him. About my earliest political recollection is going home from an errand down town one day, and asking my mother: "Is there such a man as Hon. George Brown?" "Why, yes," she said. "Well, he's shot," was my succinct announcement. But Sir John Macdonald we all knew. He was an astute politician and a successful leader; but was he any better on these lines than Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Sir John was a nation-builder, and he came at an opportune moment.



Militia Training.

Spartan Mother. "Well, I'm thankful our Bill ain't a-wastin' 'is time like that."  
—Punch