

having at the instance of the Federal Government conducted a special inquiry throughout Canada as to the methods employed on Government contracts. One result was the abolition of the "sweating" system, and it may be added that this inquiry, so thoroughly conducted, was the first great awakening as to the need of a Labour Department. Another result was the establishment of what is known as the "fair wages" policy. Thus Mr. King undertook his new task with a certain insight and a determination to make his Department a fit and proper instrument in determining the relative attitude of capital and labour. Canada, moving rapidly into the limelight of industrial prominence at that time, had then and since an average crop of labour disputes and, from coast to coast, the services of the new Deputy Minister were sought. Now at Sydney, N.S., adjusting the existing differences between employers and employees; once more with the factory hands at Valleyfield; again in his home city, Toronto, trying to pacify the telephone operators.

THE PEACE LOVER.

MR. KING'S motto is not only national peace, but international—and even world-wide. In the "Century of Peace" movement, marking one hundred years unstained by war, he has become prominent. The very first public utterance relative to this worthy project came from Mr. King when receiving his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Harvard commencement. Since then he has not forgotten to emphasize the value of such an undertaking. In the fact that for ten decades the two big Anglo-Saxon brothers, Canada and United States, have enjoyed peace and prosperity, there is opportunity of teaching the nations of the world a most valuable lesson. Mr. King would have this flashed on the canvas in every corner of the world. His address at the Lake Mohonk Conference, in May of 1910, set the nations thinking. Again, at the annual dinner of the New York Canadian Club, in the Hotel Astor, some time ago, he outlined in brilliant form the great good which must result from properly commemorating the approaching "Centenary." And the recent developments in the arbitration and peace projects have been well in accord with Mr. King's prophetic outlook.

But the peace movement brings forward one incident in Mr. King's student days, which presents a most interesting contrast. It was during the well-remembered strike at the University of Toronto. Sympathy for the outspoken Professor Dale was expressed by the student body. But who was to take the first step in the Torres Vedras attack. It was the future Minister of Labour. He was the mover of the resolution creating the students' strike. Zealous and sincere as he was on that occasion, he was again true to his convictions in subsequently favouring a motion advising conciliation. It was the only students' strike, but the fact that one of the prime spirits therein became in later years an ambitious apostle of peace gives the picture an interesting setting.

Since accepting the portfolio of Minister of Labour, Mr. King has continued to work in the interests of industrial peace. Although his department is the youngest in the Federal household, and is likewise under the direction of the youngest Minister, it is a model of system. Being himself a past-master in systematizing he has, in addition thereto, been very successful in his selection of capable assistants.

Among the several laws which the young Minister has secured the enactment of was one providing for the investigation of combines, mergers and trusts. In connection therewith his speech on the floor of Parliament was among the most able and scholarly recorded in Hansard. But his greatest work is his constant devotion to the industrial cause. Among his more recent achievements in labour circles was his part in the settlement of the G. T. R. strike, a few months ago. And fortunate indeed is this young country in having a Labour Department, active and alert to the best interests of the country, and under the direction of one who, in his study of social and economic questions and the application of these principles, is ranking well up among the most forceful and interesting figures in Canadian public life.

POWER OF PERSONALITY.

TO know Canada's Minister of Labour is to appreciate him. Readily you read in his very countenance a kindness of heart allied with a strength of purpose. Sincerely, earnestness, sympathy and will-power feature his conversation. There is a quiet, pleasing magnetism about his personality. He impresses you as not only a thinker, but a doer.

His vision of life is a broad humanitarian one. He believes every man wants to do what is right and with that as his golden text he endeavours to arrange the social and economic conditions to meet that principle. That is the corner-stone of his life-work. The golden thread of human interest is running through his every act and effort.

Then lifting the veil from his private life, there are some beautiful touches. In his interesting little book, "The Secret of Heroism," a memoir of his good friend and colleague, H. A. Harper, we learn something of the temperament and noble ideals of the author. Mr. Harper, as is well known, gave up his life, in the winter of 1901, in heroically en-

deavouring to rescue a young lady, who had fallen through the ice on the Ottawa River. No Damon or Pythias could do more. His demise brought deep sorrow to Mr. King. They had been close friends, although their initial meeting occurred under peculiar auspices. It happened one Hallowe'en during their undergraduate days at the University. The students, as per their custom, were out in large numbers, one squadron under the leadership of Mr. King, another marshalled by Mr. Harper. The two sections came together, the leaders became acquainted and a bond of intimacy and brotherly feeling developed which was severed by the sad circumstance of Mr. Harper's death.

MOTORING WITH AN M.P.

Sidelights on the Member for Carleton, N.B.

By KATE HAWS MILES

F. B. CARVELL, M.P. for Carleton County, New Brunswick, occupies an important place in the affairs of Canada. He was born at Lakeville, Carleton County, N.B., less than fifty years ago. His father was Bishop Carvell, a farmer of that place, whose peculiar Christian name gave rise to an amusing error in an Ottawa journal. A sketch of the Member for Carleton contained the statement that although he himself was a Methodist his father had been an Anglican—having been the late Bishop Carvell. Undoubtedly the son of Bishop Carvell, farmer, could



Mr. F. B. Carvell.

understand the needs of the residents of Carleton County, and be of more material benefit to them, as he has, far better than could the son of Bishop Carvell, Anglican prelate.

Mr. Carvell is a lawyer and a good one. More than that, he is an honest lawyer and has worked up a large practise in Woodstock, where he has lived for the last twenty years. Before studying law he taught school. He is a serious-minded, busy man, and if he had attended strictly to law and left politics alone he would be rich now. But for three terms of Liberal rule he has represented Carleton, working hard for Woodstock and Carleton at Ottawa for six months of the year, and working hard for Woodstock and Carleton in his law offices during the other six months. Practically his only diversions have been, first, a horse, and for the past few seasons an auto. When he can get away from business and the office for a few hours he makes the most of them. The auto is also a great help in getting over the county during election campaigns.

An afternoon in Mr. Carvell's auto, for a sixty mile spin over a portion of the county he represents, gave me an opinion of the man which all the speeches he has recorded in Hansard, or all the newspaper comments ever written of him could not have done. He always runs his own car, and the manner in which he does it, if regarded as a sample of the fashion in which the M.P. for Carleton goes after things, is convincing proof why he gets what he starts out to obtain. It has been said that Mr. Carvell's reckless driving would lose him his re-election, for country people have an aversion to automobiles under the best of circumstances. However, he has never caused an accident, and there is no doubt that much as the farmers may hate motor cars in general, they have a certain pride and respect for this car in particular.

On the afternoon of our excursion, Mrs. Carvell had a parcel to post before we started, so we ran up the hill of Woodstock's main street, to the post-office, only to find that the mail for the rural district had gone. Mr. Carvell decided to deliver the parcel himself. It was five miles out of our way over a newly turnpiked road; but the package contained a piece of silk for a country friend, and she must not be disappointed.

After I had crossed and recrossed that piece of road, newly mounded up with heavy sods, I hoped the good lady who got the silk properly appreciated the trouble the M. P. of the county took to carry it to her.

Our way led through Lakeville, and we stopped for two brief calls before coming to our host's home village. We turned into one gate with a terrific

honk-honk to arouse "Aunt Jane," who, Mr. Carvell assured us, "would give us some of the best apples in the country if she had any left."

"Aunt Jane," who was neat as a new pin in her afternoon wrapper, apologized profusely for her appearance, which, she said, was due to "pickling." She seemed energy and cheerfulness combined and hustled into the orchard, keeping up a running conversation with Mr. Carvell while she collected the choicest of apples from certain trees. Her pride in her nephew was apparent, and it was good to see that honour and prosperity had made no noticeable difference in the nature of the man.

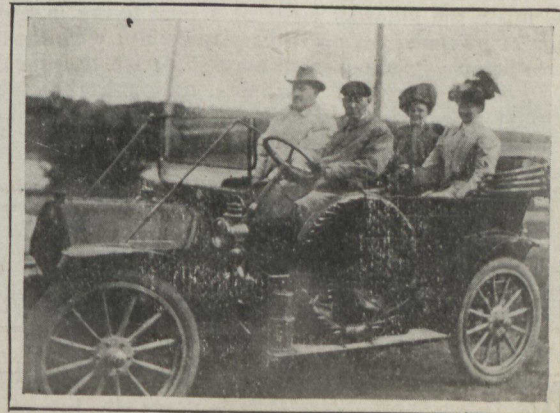
Our second call was on an old man into whose yard we bounded at such a rate that we were in close proximity to the wood-shed door before we had stopped. Our somewhat startling appearance on the scene brought to the old fellow's mind "these 'ere flyin' machines" and "Frank" assured him he expected to travel to Lakeville by that means of transportation before he died. I have not a doubt but that he will.

At Lakeville Mrs. Carvell's early abode was pointed out as we glided up the short street to the little home of the M. P.'s mother. Here again the pride was evident and seemed in no way misplaced. We all enjoyed an hour in that cozy home.

During the whole trip I was amazed to see how very readily Mr. Carvell recognized every lane and crossroad to which we came; how he knew the name of every man we met and the owner of every farm we passed. He knew them all in politics and had settled lawsuits for many of them. We passed the school where Mr. Carvell first taught and as we ran into the pretty little town of Centreville our host pointed out a tiny cottage, far off on a hillside and remarked, "That is where we first set up house-keeping."

As we sped along our attention was drawn to a proposed course of a railway which had been surveyed by the local government. The line had been carried into the neighbouring state of Maine and the grade was in many places impossible. The people in all the counties on the St. John River have waited long for a railroad, and Mr. Carvell is doing all in his power to get it for them by endeavouring to force the local Government either to begin to build the road, or to leave it to the Federal power to construct.

Very often some house would recall to our host's mind a funny incident connected with its owner, either of politics or law. At one place his car had caused the dog of a staunch enemy of his to turn a few somersaults into the ditch. "I stopped to inquire about the animal next time I was passing," finished Mr. Carvell, chuckling, "but its owner was convinced I had tried to kill his dog and had come to crow over him."



The member for Carleton drives his own car.