

"take off his coat and buckle in" if duty thus demands. No doubt this selfsame spirit was very present during his school days and we can well imagine that the proverbial John Jones or Jack Smith had to move round, and move quickly, at James Whitney's bidding. The aggressive, progressive spirit which has characterised his career as Premier was of course plainly illustrated in his boyhood. But a more striking example of his courage and manhood soon arose. The Fenian trouble of 1866 caused a good share of uneasiness all along the Canadian frontier. Many were the sleepless nights experienced by the scattered settlers when some new tidings of the attacking forces were passed along. In the absence of daily papers, telephone and telegraph, all later creations, the dread of what might be sent a chill o'er the very souls of the settlers. Particularly to the women and children was every day a long and wearisome vigil. Just then, and for long years after, the Fenian doings exercised a quieting influence on naughty youngsters. Both the incident and the story had left an imprint on memory's wall, which seemed almost indelible, and consequently the mere mention of the name Fenian had a sort of "Hush-ye! Hush-ye! Little pet, ye! Black Douglas" effect. But it is to the honour and glory of Canada that even at that early day there prevailed a patriotic spirit which was assertive. Then, as now, only no doubt to a larger degree, the struggle for existence in the rural localities was present. Every person in every household shared in the toils incident to the maintenance of home, but yet the male population, particularly the younger men, found time to protect their "ain" firesides, by going forth in defence of their country. Bidding farewell to mother, sister or sweetheart, many of them crossed the family threshold and went forth to meet the foe. And among those brave volunteers, whose example has been so worthily emulated by Canada's sons, was James Pliny Whitney, then a young man in his early twenties. Can we not picture the then future Premier going forth with musket in hand, obeying the commands of his superior officer? Shoulder arms! Order arms! Quick march! How valiant a soldier! For five months he continued in active service. With the lapse of time he never lost grip on things military, and in later years was created Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regimental division Dundas reserve militia. Those months of active service in '66 were memorable, portraying a spirit like unto that which has characterised the career of the Premier during these latter years in the wisdom of his government and his defence of provincial rights.

THE POLITICAL TIDE.

LIFE is moving music. Back in the latter seventies and early eighties, while Lawyer Whitney performed the daily round, the common task in connection with his legal practice, the Conservatives of Dundas were watching his course, and recognising in him the qualities of a successful standard-bearer they finally asked him to be their candidate in the provincial contest of 1886. Mr. Whitney acquiesced, and entered the campaign with characteristic vigour and earnestness. His opponent was Dr. T. F. Chamberlain, who was elected by a majority of twenty-five. But the story of the ballots must be retold. A protest was entered, the Doctor unseated, a new contest finally brought on, and on January 31st, 1888, Mr. Whitney was first elected to the Legislature by a majority of twenty-eight. Since then he has, each time, been opposed in his home constituency, and each time has he been the choice of the electorate. In 1890 his opponent was the present Federal Minister of Railways, Hon. Geo. P. Graham. One feature throughout has been the gradual increase in Mr. Whitney's majority until in the last contest it reached almost the thousand mark. This constant and unwavering growth of confidence is greatly in accord with the Premier's popularity provincially. The story of his career is indeed a succession of successes, not unmingled, however, with struggles and defeats. From the rank of an humble youth, herding the cattle and

sheep, and doing errands about his father's farm, to the leading position of eminence in his province is indeed a far cry, but he has climbed the steep, courageously and well, and throughout those years has brought honour to himself and his native land. Surely in the lives of Sir James P. Whitney and other statesmen there is a wealth of example and encouragement for the youth of our country, but it is only by devout, earnest, faithful, unfaltering effort that such success can be obtained. There is no



Interior of Sir James Whitney's Office at Morrisburg.

royal road to true eminence—none but the path of duty and perseverance.

BACK TO THE OLD TOWN.

IT is not often that Sir James Whitney wanders back to Morrisburg, the town of his earlier love. Without doubt were he to consult his wishes in the matter his visits would be multiplied. As it is, his time is quite fully occupied. In fact the Premier is a very busy man. The daily round of duties, legislative and social, which devolve upon him, can not well be played on the shoulders of others, and at any rate he is not one to shirk responsibility. He is substantially a working statesman. But when he does take time to go east for a few days, his visit becomes one round of handshakings and greetings. Surrounding him, at times, are the men and women who grew up in the community with Sir James, went to school with him, played with him, and our readers may be sure there is a general digging up of ancient antics and occurrences. Then there are the boys and girls who have been growing up physically while Ontario's chief officer has been growing politically, and closely have they watched his career. And once again we behold that group of business and professional men among and with whom he mingled and laboured for years in and about town. All join in extending the glad fraternal hand. Perhaps there is not the festooning of the public buildings with electric garlands, flags and bunting, for down at Morrisburg they do things in a modest way; but there is a true welcome which has no uncertain sound, and in which all participate, for the town is indeed proud of her illustrious son, the first citizen of the province. Local patriotism



Main Street, Morrisburg, where Sir James' Office was situated.

Photos by J. M. Whitteker, Morrisburg

in every small town is strong, and when it gets an opportunity of displaying itself it is apt to do so with a freedom unknown in the cities.

But while time has wrought some changes, the general appearance of Morrisburg is much the same as it was back in the seventies and eighties. To the Premier perhaps the greater change is the absence of many citizens prominent in those days, and the new faces in store and office. Apart from that, however, as he saunters about with as much freedom and at-home feeling as he displays at Queen's Park, he views many familiar scenes. There looms up the same old familiar waterfront, the islands with the recollections each affords, and crowding in with these come reminiscences of his professional and early political days. Of all, perhaps the business section of the town has been least remodelled. In the south-eastern part of the second floor of the Victoria building, north side of Main Street, is the office where he practised law and politics and saw visions of political greatness which have since been realised. Up on First Street is the "old home," the Premier's residence, a comfortable and well arranged brick building, standing back from the street, affording a nice frontage. Down on Lock Street comes to view the *Herald* office, where in those earlier days his political opponent, George P. Graham, now Minister of Canadian Railways, was editor and publisher, meanwhile adjusting his political spurs for

the warfare which was yet to be. These and many other scenes become part and parcel of the Premier's joy, each time he re-visits the old town, where for many years he was just plain J. P. Whitney, Barrister.

Leaving Morrisburg and going through other portions of the constituency of Dundas, evidences of his popularity are everywhere met with, and everywhere people turn out to greet the Premier. During the summer of last year, after the stress of political battle had subsided, one of the most pleasant reunions ever held in the county took the form of an old-fashioned picnic at the Sanitarium grounds, Winchester Springs. The gathering was planned in order that the Premier—separated from legislative duties—might enjoy a real visit, strictly informal, with all the county folk.

SIR JAMES IN PERSPECTIVE.

BUT taking a perspective view of the Premier's career, watching his movements about the halls of legislature, catching a glimpse of him passing on his wheel about Queen's Park, conversing with him or visiting him at his pretty home on St. George Street, the student of men and affairs is strongly impressed that there is a certain something in the man's individuality which impels success. Perhaps this something must be pluralised, for there seem to be several outstanding traits. A certain old Scotchman, during the Premier's political tour of the province some years ago, remarked: "Mon, but isn't he a monly mon!" In those simple words of the canny Scot there was much wisdom, for honesty and manliness are two features prominently to the fore in the make-up of Sir James. Then there is that indomitable will-power, that force of energy, zeal and ambition which reaches out toward the accomplishment of things. And once again that forthright, downright mode of utterance which the people of Ontario have learned to love. Speaking from the chair at the opening meeting of the Canadian Temperance League in Massey Hall recently, Sir James said the newspapers had never charged him with fearing to express an opinion on any issue with which he should deal. Such was the duty of public men even though at times they might be incorrect in their conclusions. This is indeed one of the prime features in the political strength of Sir James.

Glancing from the pinnacle of our present progress in this country we behold a "New Canada" and commensurate with the needs of our advanced status as a nation there must be a new code of political ethics. And among the early apostles and advocates of this "new code" the name of Sir James Whitney has already attained a brilliant setting.