

which the two leaders and their advisors now anticipate the issues likely to arise and adjust themselves and their organizations to meet these issues as they arise in the House. But one thing is almost certain: Borden will ask for an extension of the life of Parliament and will be forced to the country by the Liberals. Few of the weathercocks in Ottawa agree as to the probable time of a general election except to say that it will fall somewhere in the year 1917.

"Upon what issues will the Conservatives go to the country?" I asked a well-informed Conservative whose opinions are usually sound.

"Look 'em over for yourself," he said, smiling.

"Will they appeal on the grounds of a good record in office?"

"Yes, but they can't count much on it. Although all the war-contract scandals took place within the first five or six months of the war, and although Kemp, as the head of the Purchasing Commission, and Flavelle, as the head of the Munitions Board, are both doing splendid work—the country won't be slow to forget the old scandals, however trivial they may be in comparison to the total of our purchases. Sam Hughes will be another drag on the wheel though, mind you, Sam Hughes has done a lot of excellent work."

"But what positive plank will be put forward? The Loyalty cry?"

"Never. In the first place, it would be dangerous, and in the second place, Sam Hughes has spiked that gun by admitting, in Hansard, last session, that the majority of the senior officers in the first Canadian contingent were Liberals."

"How did he come to admit that?"

"That was the time he was accused of having favoured the Conservatives in making military appointments. To meet the charge he made a reply that effectually stops any effort to accuse the Liberals of sloth in the profession of war."

"What will you do about Quebec?"

"I think—I think you will see the Conservatives abandon it altogether. They might then try to hitch Laurier's name with Bourassa's name in such a way as to discredit Laurier's loyalty without appearing to attack the loyalty of the Liberal party. It might be effective, but I don't believe it will be attempted."

"What else, then?"

"Railways. I think—I may be wrong, of course—that this railway commission will bring in a report some time in the next few months. Sir George Paish is ill and can't act at present, but Drayton and the other man (Smith) can go ahead mapping out some sort of a scheme for solving the transportation problems of the country. Paish will then be called on to advise them on the financial end of the project and a definite report will be laid before the Government. Sizing up the personnel of that commission, I venture to think it will be a good report. I expect to see the Government take up the main points in the document, and announce a new railway policy with the promise that Drayton shall be made Minister of Railways to administer that policy."

"Their one trump?"

"Exactly."

And in all this, you say, where the "new politics?" In this:

Last session, when the Kyte charges were being flung across the House, the average spectator in the gallery, if he had ever heard charges made in the House before, yawned. It is nothing to hear men slanged in the Commons. Even Sir Thomas White, who was leading the Government at the time, thought it was only the usual sort of thing, and he rose languidly and was pulling the usual line of bluff that is always handed out on such occasions. He was treating the whole matter as a little thing that would come right as soon as the Liberals had a good night's sleep—when somebody tagged at Sir Thomas' coat-tails and whispered to him, it is said, "For God's sake, shut up." The Minister of Finance scented rats and nipped his speech off as close as he could, moving the adjournment at the same time. By all the rules of the game as it has been played in Ottawa, Sir Thomas had been right in his bluff. But the unexpected had happened. In the corridor outside the Chamber, Conservative members were holding hated discussions even while White was spreading the oil. Men who two years ago would have winked and laughed at the Kyte charges, were giving vent to their indignation, and though the usual party parasites, the boot-lickers who follow the party—whichever party—for what it gives them rather than for what it is, hung around trying to smooth the waters, they failed. They were confronted with conscientious politics.

It is this new kind of politics that will make the difference at the next session. Good fellowship and a dinner won't be enough to guarantee the allegiance of one M.P. to another. The power of the whips

which has so often in the past been based on petty blandishments and appeals to the "one of the boys" instinct, will be missing. It will be sincere conviction that holds the groups together. That is the New Politics, and the New Politics means new chances for new men. Different standards of public conduct are already being forged. And in the next election they will be a challenge to the country to bring out its best men for Parliament. This changed mood may roughly be described as a sort of renewed "honesty." I don't mean only honesty in regard to material things, but intellectual honesty as well. There are many men who have held by their party affiliations without ever considering whether in the

bottom of their hearts they were of Liberal or Conservative turn of mind. Men of this sort are likely to meet a testing time as, for instance, when an accidental Liberal is called upon to support some principle of real Liberalism in connection with the French-Canadians, or when a habitual Conservative is faced with some ultra-Conservative decision affecting, say, the constitutional relations of Canada to London. Hitherto it has been the general custom to evade "show-downs." It is much more comfortable to "stick with the crowd." But it will be much less possible in the next session of the House. That is part of the hope and part of the doubt of the New Politics.

THE PRINCESS DEPARTS

An Appreciation of Her Character

By FEMINA

BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight. The Princess Patricia is surrounded by an added radiance as we see her for the last time. From the beginning her presence was veiled in romance, the very fact of her being a princess dazzled us, for we have never quite outgrown

else but beautiful, all the action in the plot was reserved for the fairy prince. But our princess is not only very lovely, but ever so many other things as well.

The first time we saw her she was a trifle listless feeling, perhaps, a stranger in her new Canadian home: the last time we saw her she looked radiant, and we venture to hope that, mingled with her joy at returning to the Old Land, she experiences a regret in leaving Canada. She never looked lovelier than when visiting a convalescent home in Toronto she talked with a group of men from her own regiment, the "Princess Pats," smiling gaily while the Duchess, who had been chatting with a man blinded in battle, turned aside to wipe her eyes. Another picture of the Princess which will linger long in the memory of those who saw her standing beneath a portrait of Queen Victoria, painted when she was about the same age as the Princess, and when some one drew her attention to the fact, she looked up at her grandmother's portrait and smiled.

Did you ever notice the Princess Patricia's clothes? They are always pleasing and graceful, but never obtrusive. One saw the woman first—the clothes were quite secondary—and if our eyes travelled from her lovely face they were apt to be arrested by the wonderful long rope of pearls she often wore. We saw her only on gala days, and it was difficult to decide whether she looked better in her garden frocks and big picture hats, in a yellow and gold evening gown or a simple costume at the race course dodging photographers—a feat made difficult by her great height. Those who saw her this summer on horseback in the Rocky Mountains, or disporting in the swimming pool at Banff, say that she is a "real sport," and is at her best out of doors. It thrills us to know she is healthy and human like ourselves, but we cling to the vision of the Princess looking as we feel all princesses should look, tall and stately, with a far-away look in her eyes.

An oil painting of the Princess painted in Canada by Miss Gertrude des Clayes, has been very much admired, but the appearance of the Princess Patricia will be perpetuated in Canada chiefly through the coloured reproduction of her miniature by Mr. Montagu Marks, which the small price asked places in the reach of all. Lady White recently announced that the funds of the Red Cross were enriched by \$1,001.20 from the sale of the miniatures at the Toronto Exhibition alone.

Not content with being a Princess and a sport, she is an artist as well. Her paintings have been shown at our prominent exhibitions, where they would have been welcomed had they been signed by an unknown name. One of them now hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and another has been promised to the Art Museum of Toronto. A flower study, "Narcissus," which she donated to the Exhibition in aid of the Patriotic Fund, brought a higher price than any of the other canvases. The studies of flowers and still-life are particularly good, and she is too artistic to attempt a subject that is beyond her powers. The first works she exhibited in Canada included some interesting landscapes, painted while visiting her sister, the Crown Princess of Sweden.

Her love of art has another outlet. She is very fond of music as well, and has begun to cultivate her voice. "Imagine starting to sing at my age!" she said laughingly. To be sure, great singers usually begin when they are very young, but our Princess is so wonderful she may yet become a prima donna! And whatever she does in the future she may be sure of our interest and our love, for she has greatly endeared herself to many whose faces and names are strange to her, and we venture to hope that she will return our admiration by feeling in her old home an affection for things Canadian.



This beautifully-dressed regal woman will be much missed in Ottawa—and all over Canada.

the love for the heroines of our childhood's fairy tales, and they were always princesses and always beautiful. Now that we view them with a more critical eye, we perceive they were never anything