

SIR GEORGE ROSS' REMINISCENCES

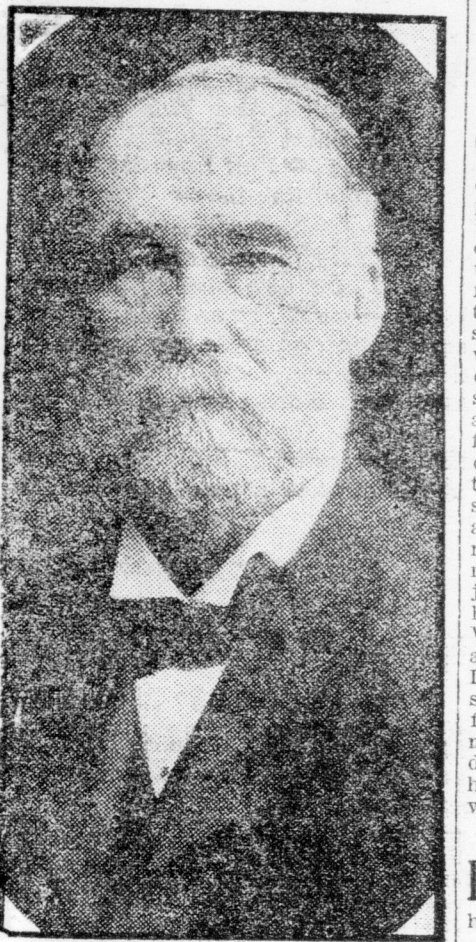
Veteran Senator Tells of His Nervousness in Making His Maiden Speech.

"THAT LITTLE DEVIL"

Was the Way in Which Sir John A. Termed Him—A Memorable Battle.

IN the volume of political reminiscences entitled "Getting into Parliament and After," by Sir George W. Ross, leader of the Liberal party in the Canadian Senate, and former Premier of Ontario, which has just been published by William Briggs, there are some intensely interesting stories told of various political incidents in which the author himself plays a part. In addition there are many concerning some of the persons who played an important part in the political history within and without Parliament.

Sir George in a most interesting passage describes his feelings and emotions when he first attempted to address the House. He says: For



Sir George W. Ross.

come mysterious reason I had the utmost dread of rising to my feet, and often waited for an opportunity, some other member would, perhaps, rise and appropriate the few ideas I had collected. After much decision and resolves and resolutions, however, I concluded that I could not learn to swim without getting into the water, and even if I were to drown I would make the attempt. My maiden efforts consisted first of a speech on immigration of about ten minutes, next of a speech on the necessity of restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors of about forty-five minutes, and a speech on the Pacific Railway of about twenty-five minutes.

I spoke from notes, as was my habit before I entered the House, but such was my state of nervous excitement that I dreaded a moment's pause to look at them. My knees trembled as I addressed the House. To prevent my attention being distracted by the general restlessness of the members present, I fixed my eye upon the Speaker, who seemed to be the only person who took any interest in what I had to say, and poured into his ears with reckless rapidity the arguments that I intended for the House. I never lost entirely the thread of my subject, although more than once I wandered from my premeditated course. A few members, who I fear had not listened to me very attentively, congratulated me on my maiden effort. To myself the effort was far from satisfactory. I pitched my voice several points too high and I galloped along from start to finish like Tan O'Shanter when pursued by the witches of Auld Kirk Alloway. I thought my experience on the platform and in all sorts of forensic combats would have so hardened me for the ordeal that I could face the House of Commons without a quiver. Vain delusion! The House bore no resemblance to any audience I had ever addressed. It was as stolid as the Sphinx and as unimpressible as an obelisk.

"That Little Devil Ross"

SIR GEORGE relates another interesting episode which concerned himself personally while the redistribution bill, commonly known as the Gerrymander, was under consideration. His opponent in West Middlesex, in order to make sure that the constituency would not be overruled in the general shuffle, visited Ottawa and called upon Sir John A. Macdonald. After showing Sir John how, by certain transfers and additions to West Middlesex as it then stood, his election would be perfectly sure, Sir John looked at him rather doubtfully and remarked: "You may put this township in West Middlesex and you may take that one off, or you may make any shuffle you please, but that little devil Ross will beat you in spite of what you do." Mr. Ross' opponent told him of this interview a few months after his defeat as an instance of Sir John's political sagacity. Of his relationship with Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George writes: "Personally I seldom came in contact with him. Incidentally I met him in the lobby my first session, and without the formality of an introduction he shook hands, quoting lines from Pope: "Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?"

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

DELIGHT ON MEN AND WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SCOTCH OR ITALIAN?

HOMER nods and even Hansard occasionally takes forty winks. One day Major John A. Currie, officer of the 48th Highlanders and parliamentary representative for the riding of North Simcoe, entertained the House with an analytical and well-reasoned exposition on the much-debated Bank Act. The Major defended the Finance Department, and in support of his contentions reviewed considerable financial legislation in the old world. "I direct attention," he said, "to the system recently promulgated in Milan, Italy."

Whether the Major's pronunciation was all that it usually is must remain a matter of dispute and uncertainty. He said as it may. The following morning Hansard gravely quoted him as drawing attention to the system "recently promulgated in 'my land, Italy.'"

There were wigs on the green when the gallant Scot subsequently sought out the Hansard reporter.

"Do you want my good Scottish friends," he declared, "to think I am a Dago?"

"The man of Ross," each hissing babe replies.

A Hot Dispute

ON another occasion, during the session of 1883, in discussing the estimates I got into a rather hot dispute with Woodworth of Nova Scotia. Woodworth was capable of using forcible language, and I was in the mood to reply to him with both heat and force. The discussion grew and extended to the back benches on both sides. Sir John appeared to be watching it with considerable interest. About midnight I went downstairs to the restaurant and called for a cup of tea and bread and butter. A few moments later Sir John came down and sitting opposite to me at the table, ordered some whiskey and sherry. After a few moments pleasantly spent in conversation he left me, and as he was passing out remarked to the occupants of an adjoining table loud enough for me to hear: "Come, boys, hurry up, Dug Woodworth and Ross have been into a devil of a row for the last hour and I am going up to take a hand in the sport." I followed him up to take my flogging as coolly as I could. In a minute he got the floor, and greatly delighted his followers by the half-humorous, half-cynical castigation which he administered.

Personal Attacks

REFERRING to the danger of personal attacks, Sir George tells how on one occasion he almost had a personal encounter with Mr. G. T. Blackstock, K.C., at a political meeting. It was during a bye-election in Lennox, in which Mr. Blackstock and Mr. George Hawley were the candidates. At the nomination the candidates had spoken, and Mr. Ross, as a member of the Government, was asked to speak on behalf of the Liberal candidate. "Mr. Blackstock," instead of discussing Provincial politics, as he was well able to do, attacked the Government, particularly the Premier, Mr. Mowat, and Mr. Pardee, for their maladministration of Provincial affairs, but made no special charge, and did not attempt to show from individual cases wherein this maladministration consisted. His language was strong and somewhat irritating. In replying to him, I took ground that his conduct was not only unfair, but contrary to the practice of his profession. I said no person on his trial, much less a member of the House of Commons, should be indicted by specifically mentioned. "Now," I said to the audience, "such a charge is not simply unfair, it is cowardly. If Mr. Blackstock has charges to make, let him make them, and I will give him his answer; but how can I answer blind charges that are intended to hurt, but which he has not the courage to formulate? I repeat, his conduct is cowardly, and no one but a coward would shelter himself behind general terms which admit of no answer. My language was strong and not quite Parliamentary in its directness, and in a twinkling Mr. Blackstock was on his feet, and, in a menacing attitude, challenged me to settle the personal feud out of doors. For a moment the situation was exciting. Mr. Blackstock, however, sat down immediately, and I resumed my speech as if nothing had happened. And there the matter ended, as I was not offered a second invitation and the previous one had expired by lapse of time.

Jimmy Lynch's Fad is Bibles

President of the International Typographical Union Has No Sports or Pastimes—Reads Shakespeare as Pastime.

JAMES LYNCH, president of the International Typographical Union, came into wide notice in 1899, when there was a particularly sour and complicated strike in Pittsburgh. Other leaders of the International Union had tried to smooth out the wrinkles and failed. Lynch was put in charge, on the theory that if he won the fight the union would be ahead, and if he didn't win the fight, Mr. Lynch would no longer bother his betters in union politics. Mr. Lynch is suave and strategic. He knows when to offer the other fellow a good nickel cigar, and when to grit his teeth and holler. He won the fight. The next year he was elected to the presidency of the I.T.U. He has been the chief of the conservative element in that organization. Lynch never discovered any particular fun in fighting, in spite of an Irish ancestry. But in getting what he wants "through the gentler arts of peace he is a jingling wonder."

He is now forty-eight years old, more than six feet tall, weighs more than three hundred pounds, has seven children, probably hasn't half a year's salary in the bank, and has been president of the I.T.U. for fourteen years. The I.T.U. made its greatest progress during Lynch's time as president. Its twenty-seven thousand members were working nine hours a day when he took charge. Now its fifty-five thousand members are working eight hours a day. Lynch made the organization spend \$5,000,000 to win that fight, but he won it. It now has an old-age pension system and pays death benefits; whereas it once had about the cost of a sidehill farm in its treasury, it now has almost a million dollars.

Lynch has always favored arbitration. That's the way the printers settle their troubles nowadays. Samuel Gompers called him the "Napoleon of the labor movement." A big lawyer declared that he "was astounded by the amount of thought that Lynch could hide in the English language." Those who like Lynch at all, love him. Others begin their day with a petition that Lynch shall get a chicken bone cross-wise before vespers. He has no sports or outdoor leanings. He reads Shakespeare as a pastime—which is more than most do who quote the Bard—and goes to the theatre every time he gets an evening off. But his particular fad is Bibles. Show him an old Bible, somewhat frayed and mildewed, and he'll give the day to it.

HAPPY PAIR, DESTINED SOME DAY TO BE RULERS OF SWEDEN



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN, who arrived in London recently on a long visit to the Princess' parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Royal Highness is exceedingly fond of sport, and the distinction of being the only member of a Royal House captaining a hockey team. Like her sister, Princess Patricia, she is an amateur artist of some talent.—From The Bystander.

A PASSION FOR REFORM

LORD NEWTON, who recently introduced a Betting bill in the British House of Lords, is a peer who never hesitates to speak his mind, and this despite the fact that he spent six years in the diplomatic service. In 1886 he was elected Conservative member for the Newton Division of Lancashire, and continued to represent that constituency until he succeeded his father in 1899.

Old campaigners in Newton still remember him as one of the most candid politicians who ever sought the favors of the free and independent. At one of his political meetings a vociferous opponent inquired what was Mr. Legh's attitude toward the Game Laws. Promptly the retort came: "So far as my estates are concerned there is no use for them, for you've taken all the game."

Lord Newton has a passion for reform, and he even brought forth a bill to reform the Upper House, greatly to the consternation of many of his fellow peers. The barony which he holds was only created in 1892, but the Legh family have been settled in Cheshire for several centuries. Lord Newton's seat, Lyme Park, is a striking building of great historic interest. There are still preserved the beds on which the Black Prince, Charles I. James II. and Mary Queen of Scots slept when they visited Lyme.

FRANCE'S PREMIER

M. ARISTIDE BRIAND, who was chosen by M. Poincare to form the first Ministry under the new regime, has enjoyed a very short lease of power, for finding himself unable to keep the Government machine in working order he resigned.

M. Briand is generally reputed to be the Lloyd George of France, whom he resembles somewhat in appearance. Moreover, the careers of the two men are not dissimilar. Ten years ago M. Briand was a struggling Provincial lawyer. Even to attain this position proved a hard fight, and his student days were hampered by pecuniary difficulties. He was, however, a born orator, and when he threw himself into



M. ARISTIDE BRIAND.

politics his abilities soon carried him to the front. For some time he was an advanced Socialist, and it was due to Socialist support that he was elected Deputy for the Loire Department in 1902. Then he began to shed his Socialist principles, and when he accepted the portfolio of Public Instruction in the Cabinet formed in 1906 the fury of his former comrades knew no bounds. But M. Briand was not to be intimidated. When the railway strike broke out he dealt with it in such a manner that the Parliamentary Socialist group expelled him from its ranks, conferring on him such amiable titles as renegade and traitor.

M. Briand is well-versed in world politics, yet he is curiously ignorant of some important phases of English life. English methods of education are widely discussed in France, and enthusiasts are constantly urging the authorities to introduce some of them into Paris. One of these enthusiasts obtained an interview with M. Briand. "Have you ever thought, Monsieur, how useful it would be to send some one to England to study English Public school life?"

"Yes," Monsieur Briand replied, "curiously enough, the same idea has been in my mind for some time past. I am thinking of sending Mr. Poincare, a lady who speaks perfect English, to Cambridge, where she will study English Public school life on the spot."

Not the least humorous part of the story is that the enthusiastic one who urged the introduction of English Public school life into France, was studied at Cambridge University.

IRELAND'S CHANCELLOR

THE appointment of Mr. Ignatius O'Brien as Lord Chancellor for Ireland is undoubtedly a popular one, for his professional abilities qualify him for such a position.

A little more than thirty years ago Mr. O'Brien was a junior reporter. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1881, when the land agitation was at its height. He soon found plenty of employment defending his fellow countrymen, and was very often opposed to Sir Edward Carson, who was also making his way in the legal world. Mr. O'Brien rapidly obtained a leading place as a junior on the common-law side, and in 1899 he took silk. In 1911 he was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, and less than a year after he became Attorney-General. He is generally conceded that he has proved the best Attorney that Ireland has had for many years.

Unlike the majority of men who have attained to legal honors, Mr. O'Brien has never contested a Parliamentary election, his whole energies having been devoted to his profession.

WHAT IMPRESSED HIM

WHEN W. J. Bryan, the American Secretary of State, is delivering a speech he makes a practice of addressing his arguments to some one man in the audience, and this he does in such an indirect manner that the victim is unconscious of the attack. On one occasion he was addressing himself particularly to an old farmer, who followed the speech with the greatest attention. Greatly pleased, Mr. Bryan sought out the farmer after the meeting and asked, "What was it that struck you most particularly about my speaking?"

"Wal," replied the farmer, and then paused in an embarrassed manner. Being urged to continue, he remarked, "Mr. Bryan, you're the only speaker I ever heard whose whole set of back teeth I could see while he was speaking."

King George's Handshake Hurts

An Amusing Story of a Recent Royal Reception of a Titled Lady and Her Rings.

A STORY is being told in London clubs about the way in which King George shakes hands. His Majesty is much more given to this form of greeting than any of his predecessors. Indeed, when he was at Woolwich recently, he shook hands with everyone who was presented to him. He has a friendly grip, and, so firm is it, that if one honours wears rings they get well pressed in the hand.

A lady who knew this, and was aware she was about to receive the kindly salutation, took off all her rings in her alarm, and asked a lady who was near whether she would mind keeping the rings for her till the meeting was over. On her return, after she had talked to the King and Queen, she searched high and low for the lady to whom she had entrusted her valuables, but could not find her. Then the Royalties began to move, and to her consternation she observed that the lady who had received her rings loomed large in the public sight. She was indeed speaking to the Queen at that moment, and turned out to be Lady Fortescue, the Lady-in-Waiting to her Majesty.

The owner of the rings now felt sure that the Queen was laughing at what Lady Fortescue was saying to her, and that the Royal amusement was about the King's handshake and her precautions over her rings. However, when Lady Fortescue came along and returned the wretched rings, she made an urgent request not to tell, she said "Most certainly not."

GEN. MACKENZIE A FINE SOLDIER

Chief of Staff Dismissed by Col. Hughes—Recalls the Dundonald Incident.

WHO IS TO BE THE BOSS?

The Minister or the Chief of Staff?

—Record of Mackenzie's Career.

CANADA has just experienced another Dundonald incident. Brigadier-General Sir Colin Mackenzie, chief of the general staff of the Canadian militia, has handed in his resignation to the British Government because it is said he and that energetic militarist, Hon. the Col. Samuel Hughes, could not agree. The Minister of Militia made some changes in General Mackenzie's department, the latter objected, and Col. Sam. not ready to take backwater, even from a veteran of many strenuous campaigns, demanded his resignation, and got it. It will take effect in the fall, and the general will go back to England.

The Earl of Dundonald lost his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian militia in much the same way. Hon. Sidney Fisher, a member of the Laurier Government, contended



Brigadier-General Mackenzie.

that he had the right, with the Ministry of Militia's approval, to make certain appointments to his own county regiment. Lord Dundonald objected, and was over-ruled by Sir Frederick Borden. Then at a meeting of military men in Quebec he took his side of the story, openly accusing the Government of giving him a raw deal, and of impairing the efficiency of the soldiery. This insubordination was met by a request for his resignation. The Earl next, abetted by Canadian newspapers unfriendly to the Government, tried to stir up trouble for Sir Wilfrid Laurier by making speeches in several large centres. Of course, Tory Toronto was visited, and the Army and Navy Veterans, as well as thousands of citizens, fell down and worshipped his lordship, and bitterly denounced Laurier. What will Mackenzie do? Will he follow the same tactics? Hardly for Dundonald gained nothing by his rebellious tactics, even though he stirred up much feeling at the time. General Mackenzie, a rebel against a Conservative Government, would find little sympathy in Tory Toronto.

The General's Record.

GENERAL MACKENZIE has only been in Canada a little over two years. Besides being a soldier of experience, he is a most enthusiastic sportsman. He is considered one of the first British authorities on shooting, fishing, and all the sports of the record in both of them. He still holds a record very highly prized in the army, that for the highest score for first wicket in India. His record as a sportsman, no less than his career as a soldier, show him to be a man of energy. As his name clearly indicates, he is a Scotsman, and a Highlander at that. He was born in 1861, and after the completion of his education at Edinburgh High School and Sandhurst, entered the army as a subaltern in the Seaforth Highlanders. During a considerable period of his regimental service he held the appointment of adjutant, and went direct from his adjutancy to the staff, passing his examinations with very high marks. He had the honor of serving as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, while Commander-in-Chief in India, being promoted direct from the personal staff to be Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the Quetta District, Baluchistan, which appointment he held up to a short time previous to the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa. His first active service was in the Egyptian campaign in 1882, receiving the medal and clasp and bronze star. Next he participated in the Burma campaign, receiving the medal and two clasps. Following on this he took part in the Hazara campaign, receiving the clasp and being mentioned in despatches.

Was Under Kitchener.

IN 1890-91 he took part in the Hunza-Nagar and Gilgit expeditions, receiving another clasp, being again mentioned in despatches, and receiving the brevet of major. Three years later the Waziristan campaign again saw him at the front, gained him another clasp and another complimentary reference in despatches. He participated in the Nile Expedition under Kitchener, proceeding to Khartoum and gaining two medals and clasp. The South African campaign gained him three special notices in despatches, the C.B., brevet of lieutenant-colonel, the Queen's medal and four clasps, and the King's medal and two clasps. At the beginning of the war he acted as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, shortly after Lord Roberts' arrival, taking over the important appointment of Director of Military Intelligence. For a time he was Military Governor of Johannesburg, and during the latter stages of the war commanded a mobile column in the vitally important district north of Ermelo with marked success. The war has held several important appointments on the staff, and since 1907 has commanded the 6th Infantry Brigade at the front. Mrs. Mackenzie is a daughter of Mr. Hercules Grey Ross, Indian civil service.