

MAINLY PERSONAL

The Temperamental Cynic

SIR GEORGE FOSTER is one Canadian who will be remembered mainly by his speeches. Every time he rises on any platform outside of the House of Commons he looks as though he needed a tonic to brace him up; every time he gets through he has the crowd up on the grandstand fanning itself with a kind of intellectual excitement. Sitting on the stage, he hunches down into his clothes like grandpa just settling for a snooze. Two minutes into his speech and he puts dreamland into the background.

"Speak to the audience!" shouted an officious admirer when Sir George turned his back on the crowd at the recruiting rally in Toronto last week, to lay down the law to those on the platform. That man didn't realize that Sir George, no matter where he speaks, is always in the House of Commons, where his first duty, since the days of Sir John Macdonald anyway, has always been to make his own party feel that he is the voice of the party and of the House, and as far as possible of all Canada. In the House, the Premier may be the leader in business day in and day out; when it comes to a debate, Sir George Foster is the voice of the party; the self-centred intellectual, temperamental cynic who knows how to make great speeches and very seldom any warm, personal friends; who in the House is a leader, but out of it, never. People of both parties have a high admiration for Sir George Foster, the orator. And he deserves it.

The Man With the Pointer

SIR HERBERT AMES looks like a professor. His speech at the recruit meeting had just as good matter in it as Foster's. It was less than half as good a speech. Sir Herbert is what you might call didactic. He wants you to see the map of what he is thinking about. He seems to have a long pointer, making it plain. He has an eternally moral message that he never allows to become commonplace with humour or hammer and tongs. Maybe he emulates President Wilson. But as a rule the average audience doesn't care to be taken on a Cook's tour of thought half over the world in one speech. If Sir Herbert would leave a few more things out, the things he says might have more emphasis.

Preferred Pardee

AS a palpitating contrast, behold F. F. Pardee, from Lambton, Ont., chief Liberal whip at Ottawa, who was chosen to break the ice at the recruiting revival. Pardee goes at an audience like a "pup to a root." He shakes it and charges it and growls at it; glares it in the eyes and defies it not to get what he is "putting across." In fact he



BACK FROM THE FRONT.

Colonel John A. Currie, M.P., who is back in Toronto after getting considerable experience in France in commanding of the 48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force.

is the whip always. When the gong rings he must be up and doing, no matter what the division may be about. But he can furnish up what in other men would be a very commonplace message into a fervid bit of fireworks as obviously exciting as the 24th of May. Fred and the old flag go well together. He knows how to gather himself up and charge home. And when he sits down it doesn't matter much whether it was ten years of trench or a big general movement all along the line.

Singing George Graham

DID you ever watch Hon. George Graham sing? Not that the ex-Minister of Railways is merely the kind of singer that you look at—because he put in years at leading a Brockville Methodist choir, and when he opens up on a hymn or a popular piece he really and truly becomes a vocal performance. And there is no man in the British Empire who can sing "God Save the King" with more amazing gusto than Mr. Graham. He does it like a bush farmer splitting rails with a beechwood mawl. Every bar is a body blow. Every line is a wallop at the enemy. Smooth and amusing as the Hon. George may be as a speaker, shrewdly tactful as he is when he manipulates the ropes of Ontario for his chieftain, Sir Wilfrid, when he rises to a patriotic occasion there is no man who can fling more of his untrammelled, undivided soul into the business of expressing loyalty than Hon. George Graham. He must have been a fine Methodist choir-leader down there in Brockville. And when he sits at the coat-tails of Sir George Foster and sledge-hammers into mighty applause every time Sir George drives a point home, you may be sure that there are times and places that feel somewhat bigger to Mr. Graham than party conventions and councils.

Cheery Col. Currie

COL. J. A. CURRIE, commanding the 48th Highlanders in times of peace, but now back from the front to help give special instruction in trench warfare to Canadian contingents, knows quite a little about talking to a crowd. He should be one of the best recruiting agents in Canada. His farewell remark in Toronto as he stood on the platform of the train pulling out for Valcartier last fall were—"Fill up the 48th!" There never was such a need of it as now. Col. Currie, however, is pulling no long faces over the need. When he talks about war it sounds like a man advertising the difficulties of some newly discovered country that men ought to go to, but not necessarily to bury their past lives without hope. In fact, he talks so cheerily about the good meals, the excellent clothes, the fine behaviour of his troops and the pleasures of football, baseball, etc., behind the lines, that the listener gets the notion that he is trying to throw some discredit on the immortal phrase of Gen. Sherman—"War is hell." Cheerful talk like that is quite Canadian; and probably it's the best kind to get the interest of the great majority still unenlisted. At the same time, nobody goes to war for the sake of a picnic, and any young man who buckles on the armour of the year 1915 may as well get the credit for doing it somewhat in spite of himself.

War and Business

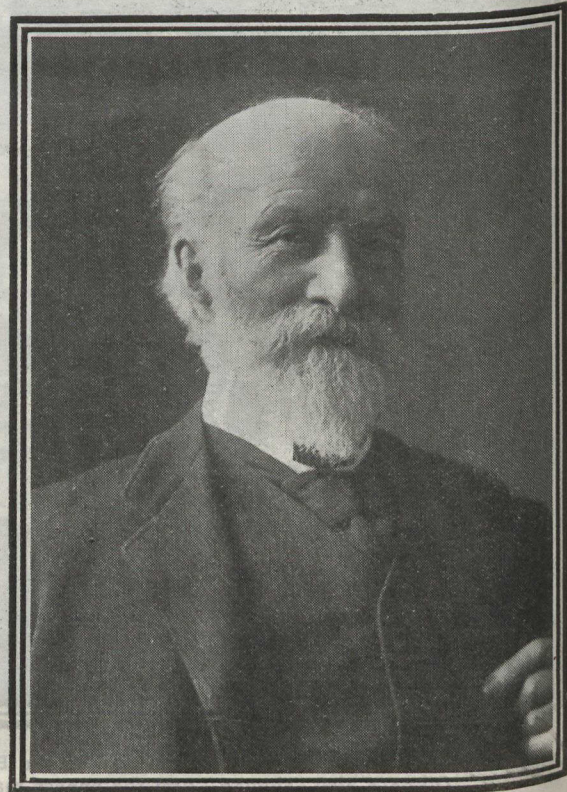
COL. FRANK MEIGHEN, the other Highlander commander back in Canada to give trench warfare instruction, is one of the Canadians who threw up more than a job to serve his country. In private life, Col. Meighen is a very wealthy man, who is the natural head of a big, reputable business with financial interests all over Canada. He has always been wealthy. He has always been a worker. In Montreal he stands among the top row of prominent men who do big things in business and have plenty of time to serve the public interest. His absorbing passion for two or three years in Montreal was grand opera, which cost him a deal of money and a lot of hard work, and afterwards went into history. He is immensely fond of good pictures. And he hates publicity. Soldiering has always been a real business with him. There are quite a few ornamental colonels in Canada, and Col. Meighen could easily have belonged to the list. He preferred real soldiering, as far as that was possible in times of peace. When war broke out he lost no time offering his services at the head of the 5th Royal Highlanders. At the battle of Langemarck, he saw what war is in its worst form and many of his men go down in action.

A National Figure

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING has been noted as Canada's greatest engineer. As Chancellor of Queen's University and advocate of the "All Red Cable" to Australia, he was best known to the

present generation. The Halifax Memorial Tower is another of his monuments. His early reputation was won in connection with the building of the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

Canada loses a great man in Sir Sandford, though his day was over. He was intensely patriotic, keenly aggressive in public affairs, and broadly interested in every movement which tended to the broadening and improving of Canadian life. In this he set an



FINISHED HIS CAREER.

Sir Sandford Fleming died last week in Halifax, at the age of 88. He was buried in Ottawa, which has long been his home. He was engineer-in-chief when the Intercolonial Railway was built and surveyed the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies.

example which has been an inspiration to all those with whom he came in contact.

Canada is the better for having had Sir Sandford Fleming as a leading citizen—and what higher tribute could be paid?

Gompers in Pyjamas

WHEN Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, says that German influences were behind the war-arms strike at the Remington works, he knows what he is talking about. Mr. Gompers has been too long the head of the A. F. L. to speak without proof. He is an odd little genius of organization and agitation. The only time the writer of this column ever saw him, he was sitting up in his pyjamas on the edge of his bed at the then Rossin House in Toronto, giving a sleepy interview about something he had as lief be excused from discussing. What the subject was is forgotten. But the memory of the President of the A. F. L., yawning in his sleep-clothes on the edge of that bed, will always remain as a picture of energy in repose.

Joffre's Early Days

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times has been visiting in the French Catalan, near the Pyrenees and at Rivesaltes, the birth-place of General Joffre. He writes:

In this tiny house Joffre pere was the proud possessor of 11 children, of whom three survive. Besides the General, there is an Excise official and a married daughter living at Perpignan. The elder Joffre's modest circumstances as a working cooper, possessing a little land—a patch of vine in the Roussillon—prevented him from raising this large family. The future General was confined to an uncle, whose interest in his young charge was stimulated by the elementary school's report of his great ability in mathematics. Thereupon, the lad entered the Polytechnic at Paris, after a year's preparation (instead of the habitual two), 12 months younger than is usual. Joffre's subsequent career is known to all. At Rivesaltes, the inhabitants are ready to talk of their illustrious son, of his goodness of heart, and utter simplicity. When he is here, they say, pointing to his country house by the banks of the Alys, which to-day is lined by young men, the future Joffres perhaps, fishing for chad and gudgeon, he makes his own purchases in the market. That is one of the reasons why Joffre is adored. "Ah! he was a wonderful boy, a phenomenon!" exclaims an old inhabitant. "He would fight the other lads in order to be left at peace to work with his mathematics!"