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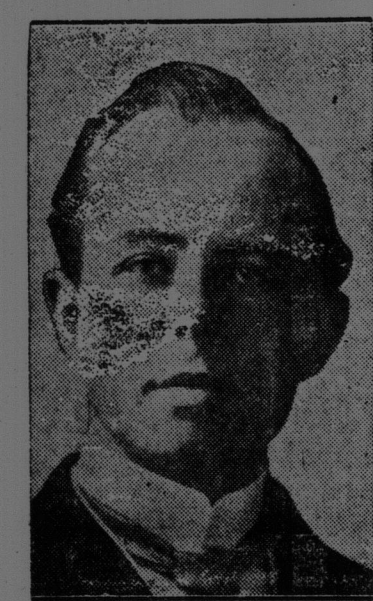
IS BOIVIN TO JOIN MEIGHEN?

Latest Quebec Liberal to Be Talked of For Cabinet Has Had a Fine Career.

IS DEPUTY SPEAKER

Slated for Solicitor-Generalship By Laurier—Offered Portfolio by Borden.

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY.
M. R. GEORGE HENRY BOIVIN, deputy speaker of the Commons, who, according to semi-official report, will shortly accept a portfolio in the Meighen ministry as a Liberal representative from Quebec, is a young man who has had a somewhat lengthy and brilliant political career. Although but 39 years of age he has had the distinction of a seat in the Commons for ten years, achieved front bench rank after being two years in the House. He was marked out by Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a future Liberal solicitor-general and in 1919 was offered a portfolio in the Union government by Sir Robert Borden. Born of an Irish mother and a French-Canadian father, Boivin inherited a Gallic-Celtic aptitude for politics, and at the age of 22, when he was president of the Liberal Law Students' Association at Laval University, took an active part in an election in his native county. Sir Lomer Gouin recognized his ability by appointing him crown prosecutor for the district of Bedford while he was still 25, and four years later, when Quebec Liberal veterans were going down like nine pins before the Nationalist assault, Boivin carried the Laurier standard to victory in Shefford by a majority of 25.



Deputy-Speaker Boivin.

In parliament, where for several years he was the "baby of the house," Boivin achieved early distinction. In the storm tossed days of the naval debate he took a prominent part, and his attack on closure was regarded among the most effective speeches that parliament had heard in years. His eloquence was not of the florid, ardent Gallic kind, but rather of spare sentences that cut cleanly and told of an acute, well-ordered mind. His style, in fact, very much resembled that of Mr. Meighen, and the two men, both rising figures in their respective parties, frequently crossed swords.

After the election of 1917 Boivin accepted the deputy speakership of the Commons. The bitter atmosphere of the election still hung heavily over parliament, and Quebec members resented one of their number accepting what, in actual practice, is a government appointment. They regarded his action as little short of desertion, and for a time his popularity waned. Boivin, however, did not permit the deputy speakership to interfere with loyalty to his party, and continued to vote and act with the Opposition.

Could Have Joined Borden

In 1919 he could have entered the Union cabinet. Sir Robert Borden was then engaged in one of his many attempts to secure French-Canadian representation in his ministry, and offered Boivin a post. There were negotiations extending over several days but they came to naught, current rumor having it that Boivin had asked undertakings on behalf of his province which Borden at that time was not in a position to grant.

Whether Premier Meighen is prepared to give those undertakings now is, of course, not known. It may be that he is, or it may be that Mr. Boivin has become less exacting in his demands but at any rate, negotiations are proceeding between the two men, and the entry of the young French Canadian into the cabinet is confidently expected.

Regarded from a government standpoint, the move would be a good one. Mr. Boivin, unlike Mr. Gauthier, has no past to defend. He has youth, ambition, capacity and parliamentary experience, and what is equally essential to a cabinet prospective, a riding not hopeless to carry. No one, not even the government's most ardent friend would claim that he would bring to the ministry as much strength and prestige as would men of the Lemieux, Beland or Bureau type, but, on the other hand, his legal record has not been undistinguished.

THEIR GRANDCHILDREN

SOME women are willing to admit that they are getting along in years for the pleasure it given them to boast of the cuteness of their grandchildren.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Roosevelt Follows Father's Footsteps

Is Filling Same Positions One After the Other.

THE appointment of Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, son of the famous "Teddy," as assistant secretary of the United States Navy Department, is the continuation of a sentimental journey Young Roosevelt fought in the last war, winning the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which was his father's rank when he charged up San Juan Hill. Returning from the war, he sought and won election to the New York legislature, where his father's political career began. Now he is to go into the navy department, in which position his father made possible Dewey's victory at Manila Bay.

TRAGEDY OF VISCOUNT GREY'S FIRST MARRIAGE

A NEWS despatch in the Toronto papers a few days ago "whispered" that Viscount Grey of Fallodon, former foreign secretary of Great Britain, was to marry again after fifteen years of widowhood. With Viscount Milner getting married for the first time at 67 and our own Sir George Foster taking the plunge again at 73 there is nothing in Viscount Grey's 59 years to deter him. But all the same the "whisper" is never likely to develop into anything louder, for the tragedy of Grey's first marriage has cut too deeply into his life for this cold, austere, seemingly passionless man to be likely to try another venture. In 1885 on entering parliament, he married. It was a wonderful marriage, a beautiful union of comradeship and love. She was a woman of fascination and charm, and yet with an unusual brain for politics and affairs. They were perfect "pals." They would go off for weeks and live in solitude on sardines and canned meat, fishing and forgetting the world and his opponent's manifold. Lady Grey acted as her husband's secretary. One general election, when he was too busy to visit his constituency during the early part of the campaign, she attended all his opponent's meetings, and took full notes of all he said, so that Grey was able to reply to them later in the same places where they were delivered. Then one day shortly after he became foreign secretary in 1905 Lady Grey was out driving when the horses, taking fright, threw her out of the dogcart and dashed her against a tree. Grey, who was in London, chartered a special train and rushed through the



Theodore Roosevelt

night to Northumberland, only to find her unconscious. Two days later she died. The statesman who, at that moment, shut himself inside himself, a silent man with a tragedy which he carried alone.

LORD MILNER QUILTS BACHELORHOOD AT 67

WHEN Viscount Milner got married a few days ago to Lady Edward Cecil, a widow, it was almost as surprising as if the late Lord Kitchener had got married suddenly. For both were most noted bachelors as well as having some what similar careers. And it is only a few weeks ago that we were reading the memoirs of the late Lord Kitchener, which seemed to have a kind of hankering after her. She will have been surprised! Milner is only three years short of seventy. Perhaps Margo's other friend, Arthur James Balfour, may yet take the plunge himself.

Milner has had such a cold-blooded sort of a career as great pro-consul and minister that it is nice to remember not only that he has got married but that he was once a newspaperman. After a brilliant graduation at Balliol College, Oxford, he entered journalism as co-editor with the late W. T. Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette. They often clashed, for Stead was an avowed sensationalist, portraying life, whereas Milner was a sober-thinking logician wanting to moralize on it. One day the latter, in the midst of a distinguished career, declared that he had had a great success at a speech which he had delivered the night before somewhere in the east and of London.

BURSTALL'S CAREER

LEUT.-GEN. SIR HENRY EDWARD BURSTALL, inspector-general of Canadian forces, has been a professional soldier since he was 20 years old. Hardened by over a year's service with the Yukon force shortly after graduating from the Royal Military College, Kingston, he went to the Boer war with the 1st Canadian contingent. He later served with the South African Constabulary in the restoring of peace and order. He not only won the King's and Queen's service medals, but was twice mentioned in despatches. His big opportunity came after years of peace soldiering in Canada, when the European war broke out. He then held the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was made brigadier-general and placed in command of the artillery of the 1st Canadian Division. Later he succeeded Sir Richard Turner as major-general commanding the Second Division. Now he is a lieutenant-general. He is a double "knight," holding not only the K.C.B.

but the K.C.M.G. He had the distinction of being chosen to tour Canada with the Prince of Wales, a sort of liaison officer. He succeeded Sir Arthur Currie as inspector-general.

TIME WORKS CHANGES

THE French Premier, Aristide Briand, who figures so largely in the despatches these days in the imposing of the peace terms on Germany, has been after the fashion of leading French statesmen, premier at intervals since 1899. He was the first Socialist premier of France.

KNOWLES RETIRES

HON. W. E. KNOWLES, the long, lean Westerner, who has just retired from the Saskatchewan cabinet, is like many other successful Westerners, including the prime minister of Canada himself, really an Ontario man. He was born not quite fifty years ago at Allison, Ont., the son of an Irish clergyman and his Irish wife. After attending Pembroke High School he went on to McGill and later to Osgoode Hall. At the time of the formation of Union government he had been a member of the House of Commons for Moore since 1906. He was one of the few western Liberals to oppose the move. In view of his stand it excited much comment at the time. Mr. Knowles should take him into his cabinet after he had been refused the Moore Jaw federal nomination by his former supporters. But untidily observers declared that the Saskatchewan premier heard of independent rampage which would weaken the provincial Liberal party. So he decided that Mr. Knowles could be handled a great deal more easily inside rather than outside the cabinet. It is interesting to conjecture how long such a positive political character as Mr. Knowles will be satisfied with the comparative serenity of his Moore Jaw law practice. Perhaps he but needs temporary retirement to give his loins for the federal fight which looms up somewhere in the near distance.

COP SOUGHT A HOME

THE Minister of Health, Dr. Addison, whose house-building scheme has recently evoked much hostile criticism, was seen laughing heartily a few days ago at a story that was being told in the tea-room of the House of Commons by a colleague of his.

In one of the London police courts said the teller of the yarn a man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

As he was on the point of disappearing below, the policeman in charge of him pulled his sleeve and whispered in his ear in a pleading and perfectly respectful tone: "You don't want to let your house while you're away, do you sir?"

His Concern

FARMER'S WIFE (climbling into the house): "That brindle cow kicked me John, while I was milking her, and I'm afraid my leg is broken."

Farmer: "Ding that critter! Is the milk split?"

New Secretary of U.S. Treasury Is One of Nation's Richest Men

Secretary of War and Secretary of Navy Both Opposed to League of Nations — Secretary of Agriculture Has Decidedly Novel Views Concerning Farming.

ANDREW W. MELLON, secretary of U. S. treasury, is one of the richest men in Pennsylvania, and stands among the fifty wealthiest citizens in the country; but despite his wealth and his connections with industry he has his intimates say, a strong interest in the welfare of wage-earners, and frequently, when capital has attempted to put the iron heel on those, he has interfered to the advantage of the employes.

Mr. Mellon is a Republican of a standing variety. He has always contributed well to the party's campaign and led in movements. He ended up by benefitting the party in the country and his state. Being a student of economics and government, he has not failed to contribute to The People, a paper of such white-hot passion that it was not so much socialistic as anarchistic. In these days the Briand of those days would have been dubbed a Bolshevik of at least the parlor variety. Later on he was on the staff of The Lantern. From that he flitted to The Little Republic, only to desert it and join the famous paper Humanity, edited by the famous Socialist James. Such was Briand in earlier life; today he is regarded, as he has been for years, as a bulwark of conservative tradition, habits and customs in France. He is often confronted with his youthful utterances, but he makes no apology for them. He declares that he himself has not changed, only his surroundings. Which just goes to show that what a man will say on a soap box and what he will say from the shelter of a parliamentary desk are vastly different matters.

Mr. Mellon is, or was, an officer and director in corporations with a capitalization of \$1,013,674,464. He pays the largest income tax in the state of Pennsylvania. He is tall and spare, with a closely cropped grey moustache, is 59 years old, and the father of two children, a girl and a boy. He is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, a patron of art, and is associated in the management of the Carnegie Institute, the libraries and other educational projects in and around Pittsburgh that the ironmaster poured forth his millions to establish.

Outside of making money, golf is his favorite pastime. He cares nothing for fashionable society, and, while a member of prominent clubs, rarely uses them, except for an occasional lunch. He is not known as an orator, as he never made a public address in his life.

Thirty years ago Mr. Mellon built an oil pipe line to fight the Standard Oil, already a dominating factor in the Pennsylvania oil industry. This line extends clear across the state of Pennsylvania. From Marcus Hook the Mellon Company ships its oil in its own tankers to all parts of the world.

The construction of this line was fought bitterly by the Standard. The monopoly first sought to break Mellon financially, and failing in this, it appealed to the courts. There were riots and bloodshed, employees of the Standard fighting to get the line broken. The line was completed the first independent enterprise of its kind since the Standard had become

the dominating factor in the oil industry. It formed the basis of the Mellon Refining Co. On the Monongahela River, near Pittsburgh, is the town of Donora, with a population of 15,000. Mellon chose this spot for an iron and steel plant. He built the town. One of the plants is the Standard Steel and Car Co. He has never been associated with an stock promotion enterprise, but has confined his activities to industrial development.

Weeks Came From Farm

THE career of John W. Weeks, secretary of war, has been many-sided. He was born on a farm, and attended the little red schoolhouse. Then he taught school at the country crossroads. Next came a distinct opportunity—a kindly senator appointed him to the Naval Academy. From this institution he was graduated in the class of 1881. After a two years' service, he, with a number of others of that class, was mustered out of service because of lack of ships.

For the next half dozen years he turned his talents to the engineering fields, serving as a land commissioner for the Florida Southern Railroad. Later he formed the banking firm of Hornblower and Weeks, in Boston, of which he remained a member until 1912. His first political office was that of alderman of his home town, Newton, Mass. Then he became its mayor and thereafter was elected to the lower house of congress. After serving eight years in the House of Representatives, he was elected United States Senator from Massachusetts, serving from 1913 to 1919. He was defeated for re-election because of a factional fight in his party.

During the war, as a member of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Mr. Weeks, with Senator Chamberlain, conducted investigations which led to the reorganization of the ordnance and quartermaster departments, a reorganization of the Aircraft Production Board and a general reorganization of the war.

Denby an Ex-Private

EDWIN DENBY, of Michigan, Secretary of the Navy, is 51 years old, the son of Charles Denby, who was Cleveland's Minister to China.

Mr. Denby was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1887. As a member of the bar in Detroit he soon attracted attention, and in 1894 was elected a member of the Michigan bar, which he remained until 1911. While a member of that body, because of his interest in naval affairs, Senator Cannon appointed him chairman of the House Naval Affairs committee. In two years Mr. Denby enlisted in the navy as a private, and it is said he will be the only private to have risen to be secretary of the navy. His first service in the Marine Corps was in the Spanish-American war. When war was declared on Germany he was 47.

"You're too old," the enlisting officer said. "You're too heavy and you've got a wife. What's more, you'll be a private and that means work and lots of it. I advise you not to enlist."

"I don't want any of your commissions," answered Denby. "I don't come in here looking for a soft berth. I want to join a fighting outfit. I'm looking for a chance to fight."

It was necessary to wire Washington to obtain a special commission for Denby to enlist. He was sent to Paris Island, S. C., the recruiting training camp. He was later promoted to second lieutenant and served as a morale officer. It was his duty to deliver a lecture to new recruits. He was entrusted out of service as a major.

Wallace on Farming

HENRY C. WALLACE, secretary of agriculture, has been in close touch for many years with the actual day-by-day problems of the farmers of the country. As one of the editors of Wallace's Farmer, a "Weekly Journal for Thinking Farmers," published in Des Moines, he appreciates the point of view of the farm producer in contrast with that of the city consumer. In a recent article from Wallace's Farmer on "Sacredness of Food Production," he says:

"I assume that the city point of view in this matter is right. Let us concede for the moment that there is an obligation to produce food without limit. Let us agree to the importance of the farmer's task. Then should we not H. C. Wallace make it certain that the farmer is assured of fair pay for his work? If his task is not necessary to the life of the nation, why should the nation make special effort to see that a reasonably profitable task to him, and that he be able to produce in every way possible, so that he can fulfill his task and will want to continue it?"

The article, after noting the fluctuation in the prices of food products and suggesting that food prices should be more stable than anything else, suggests that the obligation to get food from the producer to consumer in an efficient manner and with the least possible waste is certainly a "sacred obligation" as the obligation to produce. Mr. Wallace then suggests that the farmer's risks, due to rainfall, sunshine, temperature, to changing seasons, to such a large part in farm work, should not fall upon the farmer's shoulders alone, and that the risks "against hail and drought and bad weather generally should be assumed as a part of the cost the nation should pay for food."

THE CONFESSIONAL: Uncensored Talks With Big Men About Themselves

No. 25—G. K. CHESTERTON

By Emil Longue Beau

BOUND for Brantford last Saturday evening on the International Limited, I went into the diner just after we passed Oakville. I was seated at a four-chair table, which presently came a big man and an inconspicuous lady. A paper was in his hand and pence-nez on his nose. As he sat down he drew his left hand across his forehead, graying hair. The lady took the check to write the order, without consulting him. He was a huge fellow, with a fairly Falstaffian front. When the waiter came for the order the lady merely said: "An outside cut, if possible, please; and not very much."

Falstaff as a frugal feeder was something new. The big man was Chesterton, named in the advertisements as a "world-renowned humorist, genius, and the lady Mrs. Chesterton, who mothers him, having no children on whom to lavish a maternal care."

"You must read this," he said to her, pointing to The Star's second page.

"Their man has got a rather new idea about me. He says that though I have written myriads of articles and many books, I ought to take myself seriously, and go to work. That's really amusing."

"And very wide of the mark, as most amusing things in the papers are," said Mrs. Chesterton.

"And in our books too, my dear," she said. "And both of them laughed in their restrained, English way."

"They certainly are frank in this part of the empire," he went on. "Perhaps if we lived in Toronto I should learn to say what I think, exactly the way I think it. This fellow seems to imagine I ought to become a literary navvy, and swing a pick and shovel by day and tantalize a typewriter at night. Exertion my dear, is not my long suit. Pardon me, sir," he said observing me, "but do you live in Toronto?"

"He did," said I; "but there were a couple of reasons."

"They were?"

"Two dollars a chair at the Chesterton show."

"My dear sir," said Chesterton, "you are a man after my own heart. You enlighten me."

"Then," I proceeded, "Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln' was played here a few weeks ago, and a real live playwright always gets the Toronto crowd."

"Do you think, my dear," said Chesterton to Mrs. Ditto, "that I should be a success for the stage? You know, I have often thought of trying something for the boards."

"Turning to me, he said: 'Your engaging candor, sir, and the remarkable fact that you were at the lecture last evening which is an evidence of your courage, if not of your discrimination, impels me to ask if you think I could write successful plays for the transatlantic public. I am always at liberty for literary advice, you know.'

I said all I could, and bowing to a very gracious lady.

And so to a mighty agreeable dinner, with the king of paradox consuming very lean and very well done roast beef, without potatoes and with disdain of gravy. We talked chiefly of Toronto, which the distinguished couple unaffectedly admired. At the close I was blessed with an invitation to smoke a pipe in the state-room of the first Chicago sleeper.

Mrs. Chesterton does not mind smoke, but she preferred a seat in the main car. Here was the chance of a life, and I took it.

"Mr. Chesterton," I began, "last night you were willing to answer my question on any subject?"

He smiled and nodded, stroking his hair and adjusting his glasses.

"I would like to ask you about the most interesting subject in the world."

"Which is?"

"G. K. Chesterton," I replied, with sticky recklessness.

"All right," he said gaily, "what's the first?"

"How do you get your paradoxes and quips? Is it easy to reduce them to copy?"

"The easiest thing in the world," he said. "I have a strange mind, which sometimes does seem to belong to me at all. Oh! I'm not intermittently insane as from your look, you seem to suspect. Things occur to me in the most casual fashion ideas come, and awen so fast that I can scarcely write them down. Nobody in this world ever yet understood what or whence ideas are. You have them; and all; just as you have mumps or measles. Inside here," he tapped his head—"there's a regular Clapham Junction of opposites, which come together as if there's going to be a head-on collision, and they must strike track of their own free will. Perhaps you don't know Clapham Junction?"

"Oh, yes, I used to travel to Waterloo from Wimbledon every day."

"How interesting! Well, one day as I was returning from a visit to George Meredith at Box Hill, and was passing through the Junction a lady in the compartment said to her daughter: 'Isn't it wonderful how the engine driver knows just which of those conflicting facts and ideas converge in this head of mine, just like trains at Clapham Junction. They sort themselves together because somewhere there is an invisible signalman who knows more than I do of what's gone before and what's coming after. All I do is to write what occurs. I have found that the literary gods, where there is no incoherence, are not so much in the public the same way, and that's how it is to have to pay income tax.'

"Of course," he went on, "there has to be a background to all this, mostly of reading. I am a very omnivorous reader. I don't exist like most people who publishers say they fancy. When I begin to write after leaving college I was sometimes turned down by stupid editors, of whom there are enough and to spare in a long-suffering world. But it didn't take long to make a living. Editorial wisdom

marked, without say, whether he had seen The Freak. "The audience was rather thin, and I'm truly delighted to meet some one who thought I was as worth coming to hear as Drinkwater. I see he was in Toronto last night, and he had a crowded audience."

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