

# MAINLY PERSONAL

## Eucharists in Orange Week

CARDINALS are sometimes humorists. It may be imagined that Cardinal Begin, from Quebec, smiled to himself as he went up Mount Royal middle of last week to conduct the public mass of the Eucharistic Congress, which gathered the Roman Catholic bishops from all over Canada. The Congress opened on the day of the Orangemen's walk. His Eminence the Cardinal probably has friends who walked in the parades that day. He has been a broad-minded ecclesiastic most of the time since he was born in Levis, just across the river from Quebec. The Cardinal believes in church union. His idea of the true Church would probably include all the best Orangemen—except the editor of the Orange Sentinel. And there are times nowadays when to be Cardinal at Quebec is more of a satisfaction than being Pope of Rome.

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## "Cead Mille Failthe"

MR. DAVID THOMAS is now in America to supervise all the purchases of munitions for the British War Office on this side of the Atlantic. He was photographed just as he left the steamer St. Louis, arrived in New York, made a few brief statements to the press, and at once set to work to get the lines in operation for one of the hugest and most nebulous jobs in the world. His senior officer, Lloyd George, has great faith in Mr. Thomas, who, like himself, is a Welshman, but has spent most of his life in the coal business. He was born at Yschorwen (pronounced backwards this name is Russian), Aberdare. He is a Cambridge M.A., a Doctor of Laws, and a managing director of big coal companies, besides having been president of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce and the National South Wales Liberal Federation. No doubt Mr. Thomas can talk Gaelic as fluently as the editor of the Toronto Globe. But whenever he lands north of parallel 49 and meets some of our munition manufacturers in Canada he will be kept pretty busy talking just plain Anglo-Saxon. There are over a hundred manufacturers in Canada who would like to see Mr. Thomas and find out just what he wants, when he wants it, and how much. He will be given the freedom of most any city and town in this country, and if he has the time, as many banquets as he can stand. From the kind of man Mr. Thomas is said to be, and the fact that Lloyd George sends him here, he probably has as little use for red tape as a bull has for a red rag. A verbatim report of his first conversation with Gen. Bertram, chairman of our Shell Committee, would make a fine newspaper article. On behalf of our munition manufacturers and workers, we extend to Mr. Thomas the old Gaelic greeting, "Cead Mille Failthe"—a hundred thousand welcomes.

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## Another Premier Sir James?

SIR JAMES ALBERT AIKINS has joined the band of regenerators. Winnipeg is almost echoing yet with the revival cheers of the Tory convention that chose Sir James as the new leader of the curious organization known as the Conservative party of Manitoba. He was chosen with enthusiasm by men who believed that he is the strongest man in Manitoba Conservatism, and that the old party which has just got rid of the power-at-any-price machine Government is still the white hope of Manitoba. Sir James deserves all the thrills he may have got from that nomination. The member at Ottawa for Brandon struck a high note in his few businesslike remarks. He has been too long in the West not to know how easy it is for a lot of men who get excited at a revival meeting to backslide when the revival is over. He has been identified with the main public affairs of the West since before there was any C. P. R. For a moral reformer he is a particularly shrewd, capable business man, who is not likely to be swayed by mere emotions or made the victim of a machine. Sir James is out to buck the machine—and to put the old thunder-factory out of business. At the elections on August 6, he expects to gather in the votes as thick as the wheat-shocks in the Manitoba fields. But of course there is a man called T. C. Norris on the other side of the fence, along with a lot of very impatient and ambitious Liberals.

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## In the Seats of the Mighty

SIR GILBERT PARKER should now send Sir Robert Borden an autograph copy of "Seats of the Mighty." Sir Robert has been there, and if he had time could write a book about it himself.

Of course the Globe very ingeniously points out that Sir Wilfrid Laurier "paved the way" for the Premier to occupy a seat in the British Cabinet. Sir Wilfrid said years ago to Great Britain—"Call us to your councils." He did not expect that in 1915 the first call to any but a British minister to sit at a meeting of the greatest Cabinet in the world would come to his opponent. But Sir Wilfrid won't mind. He

tem without portfolio even for one session.

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## A Practical Optimist

MR. GEORGE BURY, the western head of the C. P. R., speaks out like a man who understands practical psychology. His statement as to how Canada faces the world economically in 1915 should be taken as a model by students of political economy of how to make four out of two and two without quoting Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. Mr. Bury has the railway man's clear, practical vision of cattle and hogs and mortgages and securities. He believes that Canada's economics are sounder now than they ever were before. And when he says so it is a sample of the kind of optimism that does everybody good, because it doesn't stick half the truth in its pocket and wink the other eye.

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## The Moving Mackensen

IF that grim old war-dog Mackensen, with the near-Scotch name, keeps on, he will be given an iron cross made out of the nails in the Kaiser's old boots. A few months ago, von Hindenburg, that other Russ-smashing veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, was picking up most of the laurel wreaths along that eastern frontier. Now Hindenburg is said to have been retired—though it's too silly to believe—because he disagreed with the Kaiser as to where Germany stands strategically at the present time. The German war lines are the graveyards of military reputations. One of these days Mackensen may have his opinions, after he has been forced to sit down behind his battered armies and bite his fingernails. Then he also may be given a walking ticket by the Kaiser. But he will never be able to prove that Mackensen is another way to spell Mackenzie.

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## Personal Brevities

NAMELESS so far as the press is concerned are the painters who gave the pictures which, sold at traveling auction all over Canada, have netted the Patriotic Fund over \$10,000. This is not the first time Canadian artists have given away their wares for the good of the community. In fact, some people claim that the painters are giving away pictures every time they sell them. That is a matter for experts to settle. What is as obvious as a boil on a man's neck is that the people who were hit first by the war were the first part of the community to organize to do something for the country. Ten thousand dollars from a single financier would be just \$10,000. From the artists of Canada it is a gift which shows that the men who spend their time trying to interpret a great country are able to interpret the country's need when it comes along.

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ONE of the most brilliant painters in Canada has gone to the front, Mr. A. Y. Jackson, from Montreal, the neo-post-impressionist of the high-key, unatmospheric school. Mr. Jackson had been living for a year in Toronto. He was almost the beginner of a new movement in Canadian art. What he will be when he comes back from the greatest school of art in the world—the great war—will probably make his former efforts feel like a mild case of hysteria.

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SOME actor remarked the other day that the matinee idol was a defunct person. Now Harry Thaw is out again and we know better. Our fondest hope is that Harry may not get jealous of his wife's popularity and go on the stage.

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WE always knew that Keir Hardie was a firebrand. Since the Welsh miners went on strike, largely at his suggestion, it seems certain that if he were a German Socialist, instead of a British Syndicalist, he would be given free government ownership meals and lodgings for the rest of his unnatural life.

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THE Grand Duke Nicholas goes on record as the most consummate master of rearguard actions since the world began. As a wit remarked the other day, he seems to be an expert on getting towards Retrograd. Now that the Germans have the Galician oil-fields back again, they can make motor-cars do the work of locomotives. But the Grand Duke evidently thinks that if he can play crack-the-whip often enough with the Teutons he can wear them out. And the old master of strategy is still at the head.

## BROTHERS IN A GREAT CAUSE



Mr. David Thomas, supervisor of Munition Purchases in Canada and the United States, as he looked when he landed in New York.



General Luigi Cadorna, generalissimo of the Italian armies, in his first cameragraph since Italy went to war. Another "Old General."

knows that Sir Robert conducted himself with great distinction and was not at all nervous at the grand array of talent among whom he was called to sit. And there is no man in Canada—unless it be Sir Wilfrid—who could have carried himself at such an



His Eminence Cardinal Begin, at the Public Mass of the Eucharistic Congress on Mount Royal last week.

historic meeting with more honest dignity and ease. We are not informed as to what Sir Robert said at that meeting or whether he said anything. But we are all a little surer that the British Government is more Imperial than ever it was since the Canadian Premier was made a British Cabinet Minister pro