

# Hon. W. T. White, Finance Minister.

Two recent incidents in our political history speak hopefully of the future of our national life. writes John Bessell, in Toronto Star Weekly. The resignation of Mr. Monk from the Borden government was as cheerful to earnest political students as the entry of William Thomas White, finance minister, on the stage as a political somebody. In both cases "principles" was not spelt, "punch." Both have been criticized. That is more hopeful still, for whom men criticize is not politically lost. Opposition, as in trade, is the life of a political career. While one incident meant the sunset on a brilliant parliamentary, the other meant a sunrise upon a very romantic figure. Tom White is a tyro in the straight, well-knit frame with the Lloyd George head, the new struggling idealism which has crept very timidly but surely into our political life. The results will be seen more and more in a deeper chasm between the parties split Liberal and Conservative today. The deeper the chasm is dug the better. Greater and more significant principles will rear their heads above the topmost froth and spume of present politics.

Tom White, the minister of finance, has smashed many whistler's axioms. He has proved above all that to be a ministerial success does not imply a previous training as a professional politician. He had no green and salad days as a member. That was an unmitigated blessing. Because no recording angel in the form of a Hansard reporter ever made mark of anything against him in the form of anything he ever said before in the House of Commons. He has lost much fun on that score. Consistency in politics is one of the lost virtues. He who strives to achieve it would be better employed in a will of the wisp hunt. When he finds it, he will have it not.

When Tom White, financier, of Toronto, crossed the Rubicon on the proposed question in the year of Our Lord 1911, there were those who predicted him of divers things. Self-interest was the chief count. Into the debating chamber the charge was brought. The lightning played about the head of his political novice, but it did not paralyze him. His tongue was unloosed and the Celt in him became triumphant, and thus did Tom White leave the Liberal and become Conservative. His first speech in the House was his confession of faith, and from its effect, he knew where he spoke. It was a new sensation for a jaded country to hear a principle made the basis of a political conversation. It was an introduction of a new factor and a new method. He made himself by that conversation the unknown factor, the Winston Churchill of the Conservative party of Canada. When as finance minister of Canada at forty-six and a month, he made the ordinary political druggist, then

you have by no means stated as the French are so fond of saying "Il est arrive."

More than fifty per cent. of the present cabinet is of Irish descent. This should be all decent, well-ordered governments. Tom White is Irish on both sides and Presbyterian also. When Charles Murphy one day accused Premier Borden of neglecting the Presbyterian body in forming his cabinet, he forgot White, but the Finance Minister never forgets it. He is a shining example of the result of the training of Irish Presbyterianism. He may never declare that he swallows in toto the doctrine of predestination or election, but he exhales it at every turn. It is a stern creed which the people of the North of Ireland believe. But those who are suckled in it make worthy children. Romulus and Remus were suckled by the she-wolf in Rome and a Spartan chief are still winners, and Tom White is one of Canada's tributes to Ulster. The parents of Speaker Sproule, Senator Hughes and many others. White all came from the same county in Ireland. In the new scheme of eugenics parents ought to choose County Tyrone in Ulster as the birthplace of their children. He was a law student from Toronto University, a newspaper man, and a financier. It matters not if he were the second before the first, but the last brought him into prominence. As a newspaper man he saw things, learned the art of self-control, and the beauty of keeping cool. As a law student he saw historical events crystallized into codes, and finance then rounded him off. White is a big man because he has always been in touch with big things. He learnt the lesson of leaving off in time. When a man remains too long at one profession he becomes an expert and stupid. He is quoted as an authority and loses favor. Dryden painted the model man "who was everything by turns and nothing long, and in the course of one revolving moon was a chemist, statesman, fiddler and buffoon."

White has made men interested in his political career. They are not so much concerned in his past as in his future. He is a stranger within the party gates. He has not yet passed the stage of being stared at. He grips attention because he grips principles. In short, his chief asset lies in his desire that certain principles should be in force and not a certain clique in office. Thus his entry into Canadian political life has been more than an incident. It has been an event. He has come to solve

questions not in a party sense. The famous Gilbertian generalization about this is untrue. He was not born either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. Of White as of another Irishman it could be said: "He did not, like most of us, pass through the stage of being a good party man on his way to the difficult business of being a good man."

The men in the press gallery have found White an interesting specimen. He was formerly one of their ilk. Few men bear continual inspection, not even a king. So he often rides in a closed carriage. But the eye of the parliamentary correspondent is ever focused on the figure a few feet below him. He notices more than he tells. White's actions are always noticeable, even when he is doing nothing. His profile from the gallery is suggestive of Lloyd George. There is the same wide sweep of the side face from the temple arch to the back of the head. It makes the body seem too small to carry it. There is the same mischievous smile about the corners of the mouth and the lurking gleam in the grey eye. As a child, he must have laughed more with his fine big nose like all merry men, Tom White takes life seriously. His hair is much silvered since he came to hold the money bags. All his wrinkles were not furrowed by laughter. He has had road to travel, but he followed the star.

The portfolio of finance is the hub of the government. It gives the brass for the axle also. But Tom White is no revolutionary. His first budget speech signified that and his revision of the Bank Act proved it. He has well withstood the temptation to pander to any one class of the community. He has made himself interesting because he has everybody guessing whether he is a banker and broker, a butcher and baker, banker and broker, all add the question mark in spelling Tom White. Will he revise the tariff? Will he grant steel bounties? Will he do it? But one thing he will do, he will not sell his principles.

White was not six months in office when the late Sir Edward Clouston of the Bank of Montreal remarked: "He has done well." And White was of the Bank of Commerce. Laurier likes him and they jest merrily across the floor of the House. He is friendly. He Loan from Halifax is the Opposition financial critic. He and White seem like urticaria doves in debate and fence like a lover and his lady. The House of Commons is like a woman. It is moody. When White is speaking, it is sunshine. He sits with his hands and they are susceptible.

But Tom White is a hard fighter. He loves the excitement of the fight, not the wound he gives. He knows what he wants, and gets it. William Thomas White is a tall man. He is like the Venus de Milo. All that there is of him is admirable.

## DARK CASTLE AND LUMINOUS LIGHTHOUSE

Dunskey Castle, Built in 1510, is Now Only a Roofless Relic of Bygone Days—The Modern Lighthouse.

(Special to the Monitor)  
London, Feb. 23.—In the extreme southwest of Scotland lies a mallet-shaped peninsula facing the village of Dunskey. In the center of the outer side is the grey old town of Portpatrick, climbing up an opening between the high precipitous cliffs. Nowadays it is quite gay with its fine big new hotel and pretty villas on the North cliff, while the quaint old houses are furnished with new windows and fresh paint for the summer visitors. To the south a road runs over the cliffs. The south one leads straight into the past, for soon there rises on a bold headland running seaward a striking contrast to the quaint ancient ruin. Dunskey castle, roofless and skeleton-like it stands, as stern and rugged as the great black rocks below, a relic of bygone days. Built for defense it must have been, for the sea surrounds it on three sides, and jagged rocks, which the bravest scarce could scale, while on the fourth are signs of a deep moat, over which a drawbridge would in olden times afford the only means of entering the castle. The present castle dates from 1510 and it replaced an older one, which was in existence as late as 1291.

Now let us return to Portpatrick and take the road leading away from the grim past towards a nobler and freer present. Northward a three-mile walk over the cliffs or, further back, over the breezy uplands by the golf course, and Uchredmacain bridge leads to a structure which forms a striking contrast to the quaint old castle. This building is white and gleams in the sunlight. That is black as the raven. This is of today and tomorrow. That is of yesterday. This grand for universal good. That for personal and family greatness. This is Killantringan lighthouse, also crowning a bold headland and looking out to sea, but not in self defense. It is a lighthouse, and on many a step towards sweetness and light in the busy years between 1510 and 1900. The castle was for the few, the victorious clan whose leader by force or guile imposed his lordship over his neighbors. Possible forced labor erected that castle, bright and clear the lighthouse stands facing the dawn.

"When shall all men's good Be each man's aim, and universal Lie like a ray of light athwart the land Or like a laze of beams across the sea."

Like the Christian Science Monitor, which is a welcome monthly visitor to its lightkeeper and his staff, the lighthouse stands ever ready "To

Injure no man but to bless all mankind." Built for no personal motive, it serves all. From sunset to sunrise it sends forth its "flash-flash-pulses" of 600,000 candlepower. It is worked by clockwork, wound up every half hour, and demands the most scrupulous care from the staff, who take watches like sailors, three hours on and six off, and in fog the reverse, for the foghorn with its three powerful notes, two low and one high, must be in constant readiness.

Everything is in spick and span order, as absolute precision is required. The safety of unseen men depends on the faithfulness of the work done here. The lighthouse is a good friend and welcome guide to

the sailor. Calmly the keeper states the simple fact: "Since this light was put up there have been no shipwrecks on this coast."

### OBITUARY

Mrs. Matthew W. Brannen. Moncton, Feb. 27.—Mrs. Matthew W. Brannen died this morning at the home of her son-in-law, Isaac Burden. She was more than 75 years old. She had spent most of her life in York county. In October she came here on a visit to her daughter. She is survived by her husband, residing in Marysville; one sister, Mrs. William Simpson, of Marysville; one son, Har-

ry, of St. John, and one daughter, Mrs. Burden. The body will be taken to Marysville tomorrow for interment. John C. Sweet. Canton, Mass., Feb. 27.—John C. Sweet, of Canton, Mass., a native of St. John, N. B., died at Canton on Feb. 25, aged 41 years and five months. After leaving St. John he went to live in New York city and then came to New England. His death was not made public until today. Miss L. J. Brundage. Many friends, won during a long life will be sorry to learn of the death of Miss Louisa Jane Brundage. She passed away yesterday in the Home for Incurables, in her 81st year. The funeral will be today at Westfield.

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## GAEKWAR OF BARODA

A remarkable article entitled "The Real Truth about Gaekwar," published in The Pall Mall Gazette, in which journal there appeared last October a defence and explanation of the much discussed conduct of the Gaekwar of Baroda at the Delhi Durbar. The previous article claimed to be the work of "One Who Knows." The answer to it, now published, which not only reads but adds to the charges of intentional discourtesy brought against that prince, is from the hand of "One Who Knows Better." Its purport is conveyed in the following extracts:

"Of the Durbar story it was said that 'the whole thing has been greatly exaggerated,' and that the Gaekwar had an attack of nerves. These statements are incorrect. The Gaekwar is admittedly a rather nervous man, but he has vast experience of public ceremonial, and no more suffered from 'nerves' at Delhi than the Durbar Herald. Wasteful he did at the Durbar was not unconscious.

"One Who Knows" defends the Gaekwar for appearing at the Durbar in 'a plain white garment,' and says that this is 'the costume worn by his highness 'on ceremonious occasions.'"

But in his own state, on occasion, he is wont to appear in much braver array. Those who wish to see a portrait of the Gaekwar as he is accustomed to present himself at times to his own people, may be recommended to turn to the Sketch of December 27, 1911. They will see the Gaekwar in the full uniform of his 'army,' a uniform which is neither very simple nor very chaste. They will see something else, too. They will see the Gaekwar wearing the aliguliettes of an aide-de-camp to the King-Emperor, an honor he does not possess. They will further see him wearing the star of an 'order' of his own state above the star of India and every Indian prince understands the slight thus implied. He wore this same 'order' in the presence of the King-Emperor at the investiture. But perhaps the most about the costume is sufficiently disposed of when I say that at the 1903 Durbar the Gaekwar wore a white satin robe edged with gold and a ribbon of the Star of India. In 1911 he elected to do homage to the King-Emperor in cheap white cotton such as the clerks in his public office would wear.

"The Viceroy arrived at the amphitheatre twenty minutes before the King-Emperor. The programme laid down that everybody was to rise when His Excellency drove into the arena, and to remain standing until he had taken his place beneath the Imperial canopy. Everybody duly rose, save one man. In all that vast assemblage one man remained defiantly seated. That one man was the Gaekwar of Baroda. Just as the Viceroy's carriage drew abreast of the spot where the Gaekwar was sitting, the British Resident at Baroda was observed to bend down and say something to His Highness. The Gaekwar jumped up as if he had been shot, but almost instantly resumed his seat before the Viceroy had alighted from his carriage. A hundred thousand people, including the greatest princes in India, were standing at that moment. 'I come to the act of homage,' said the Nizam of Hyderabad made obeisance first. The Gaekwar came second. His Highness was carrying a stick. I know that one of his little attendants is to carry a stick; but would any member of the English Royal family, any minister of state, any great noble, any of the numberless princes over whom King George is sovereign and sovereign lord, dare to appear be-

fore the monarch at a levee in London with a stick in his hand? Every one in India knows that the Nizam would have done if even his heir had been audacious enough to appear before him in open Durbar armed with a stick.

"The use of the stick was an act of affront, and so was the episode which followed. Instead of making the prescribed number of bows, and backing to the edge of the dais, the Gaekwar stroiled up, nodded to His Majesty, took no notice of the Queen's angry looks, turned his back on Their Majesties (an unpardonable insult in East and West alike), walked off the dais, and went away twirling his stick. There was no mistake about his intentions, nor need I emphasize these statements. Thousands saw the act, hundreds of thousands have seen it reproduced on the cinematograph. The facts are not disputed, even by the Gaekwar himself.

"After the Durbar was over the Gaekwar grew frightened at what he had done. Why was he frightened? Because other Indian princes, proud and loyal and chivalrous Rajputs, told him in fierce terms what they thought of his conduct, said he had brought disgrace upon them all, and declared that he ought to receive the severest marks of the King-Emperor's displeasure. It was then that the Gaekwar really developed 'nerves.' Before his official notice had been given of his conduct, before the Government of India could come to any decision, he volunteered the same night an 'explanation' and an 'apology.' All India expected his deposition, not for his aggressive lack of respect alone, but because the Durbar incident was the culmination of a series of acts of truculent defiance extending over many years. He was saved by the gracious clemency of the monarch he had sought to flout at the greatest assemblage India has ever witnessed; but I venture respectfully to think he was saved unwisely.

"For the Gaekwar of Baroda has been in some ways a very unwholesome influence in India for the last decade or more. The trouble with the Gaekwar is that his head has been turned by domestic influences. He has developed megalomania to such a degree that he expects kindly honors to be paid to him, and he loves to travel, because continental caravanserais, in Scottish country houses, and in New York drawing rooms, he can receive a full measure of income.

"Baroda is not a great state, nor is the Gaekwar a great, or even a very good, ruler. Baroda only includes an area of 8,000 square miles; Hyderabad exceeds 20,000 square miles. The distinction between the Gaekwar and other ruling princes is that, in proportion to the area and population of his state, he exacts far more revenue from his people than any other chief in India. He has no ties of blood with his subjects, for he is a Maharaja, and they are not. There are hundreds of families in England with an initial longer and prouder lineage than the Gaekwar. The word 'Gaekwar' means herdsman, and serves to explain the origin of a ruling house which has existed for less than 200 years. The 'founders' gained their possessions by rapine and pillage, and the records of the State of Baroda are one long story of misgovernment, until the British Raj intervened and deposed the then ruler in 1875. The present

Gaekwar is not even in the direct line of descent. He is an obscure collateral, and when the British Government chose him for high place he was a humble little boy playing about in a remote village.

"It is not pleasant to have to write these things of an Indian potentate who still compares favorably with many of his fellows. It must be said that the Gaekwar has rarely been wisely handled. In his earlier years certain British officers so flattered his vanity that he developed preposterous ideas about his position. In his youth, he was, perhaps, too severely repressed.

"The root of the Gaekwar's difficulties is that he has formed an utterly false and inflated conception of his 'kingly' position; that in pursuance of this conception he has repeatedly tried to flout the Government of India, and at last had the temerity to commit an unwarrantable error in his bearing towards his Sovereign; and that while some of his impulses as an administrator are good, he cares far more about expounding them to an admiring world than about carrying them into effect."

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Most people dread physic. They think of castor oil, salts and cathartic pills. They shrink from the effects as they are taken, and they do not until they get sick; then they do this over and bowel cleansing is a heroic

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