

parts of the globe. He was a man of pure thoughts and high aspirations, and few public men could attain the exalted ideals that he had set up as the standard for those engaged in the nation's building. He was full of human sympathy and anything like coarseness was foreign to his nature. He was thorough in his work, loyal to his country, devoted to his friends. Can anyone wonder that I revere his memory, for John Ewan was my friend.

TRIBUTE OF A FORMER NEWSPAPER MAN.

**A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education,
Ontario.**

Is there not a note of exaggeration, some stranger will ask, in all these eulogies of John Ewan? Let me say at once: None. He possessed to the full the qualities which have been ascribed to him: courage, sincerity, kindness, humour, integrity. His actions, his conversation, his politics, his sociability, his keen disdain of meanness and trickery were all coloured by the virtues that formed the basis of his character. During twenty years of intimate friendship I never knew him to strike an underhand blow, to inflict the wound that leaves a sting, to harbour slow revenge, or to take offence lightly. He was ever companionable. On countless occasions we have dined together, talked together, travelled together, and when we parted it was, on my side, always with reluctance. He held his opinions firmly, truckled to no man's views, and was an outspoken antagonist. He must have struck many a stout blow for the causes he loved because, to quote Allan Breck, he was a bonnie fighter. Yet, a generous foe withal, and you have only to read his monograph on Sir John Macdonald to see this. Dr. Johnson said that, as we grow older, we should keep our friendships in a constant repair. But we are helpless to replace a friend like John Ewan, and with many of us, the niche he occupied can never be filled by anyone else.