

so far makes four Maritime lawyers mentioned in this article. The portrait on the preceding page scarcely does him justice. In the House he looks much older than on the military field. He has a very capacious mind; able to carry a large load of business. Accustomed to handling briefs—being many times over solicitor for large corporations—he can pack his memory with a vast amount of detail when he is required to deliver himself in the House. He is a strong Imperialist and has the courage of a great many convictions. His manner of speaking is much less impressive than the matter of which he speaks. He seems to be thoroughly in earnest and in the matter of national information is a good deal of an encyclopaedia.

Among the Ontario members Mr. Hugh Guthrie is easily one of the most important. He is the member for South Wellington; the son of Mr. Donald Guthrie, who in his day was one of the ablest minds in the Ontario Legislature as well as the foremost lawyer in the city of Guelph where Mr. Hugh Guthrie is still one of the leading citizens. He has inherited much of his father's brains. Chairman of the Railway Committee now for three sessions, he has not failed of recognition in the House—which he eminently deserves. There are few abler debaters in the Commons than Mr. Guthrie. He is not inclined to speak often. When he does take the trouble to prepare a speech he carries weight. There is a large vein of satire in him which gives his masterly elucidation of a party politics problem a great deal of force. When Guthrie begins to develop a smile—look out for a detonation somewhere. He has a fine sense of method. Often he lounges in the House as though very noticeably bored—which he very probably is. But he is capable of concentrating his interest in a very remarkable manner. Outside the Cabinet he is one of the strongest men in Parliament. Inside the Cabinet there are but two or three men who are his equal in debate. There was a time when Parliament and South Wellington expected a great deal from Mr. Guthrie. Perhaps he has disappointed some of his more ardent admirers. But he has not yet grown too cynical to be a real distinguished contribution to parliamentary life.

When the Soldier Talks.

Quite obviously contrasted to Mr. Guthrie is Col. Sam Hughes of Victoria and Haliburton. The Colonel's limpid enthusiasm for his country is as marked as Mr. Guthrie's able cynicism. He is very well known in Canada. Some know him mainly as the brother of Inspector "Jimmy" Hughes of Toronto; which does both of them an injustice. The Colonel, however, is every inch as entertaining as the Inspector; at times very amusing; sometimes a good bit of a bore in the House. But even when the gallant out-riders and empire-builder is most prolix in debate he is often most entertaining. He has what they call "character." There is no one in the House at all like him; none with the simple, abounding enthusiasm for his country and the Empire; none with his bland idealism based upon war and history. The Colonel wastes time with child-like unconcern. He is able to speak in two languages—when he is far more interesting than convincing in one. No doubt as to his patriotism. He burns with it. Members on his own side may yawn and go out when he speaks. Hon. Mr. Lemieux may affably interrupt him by way of baiting him a bit; but the Colonel is not discouraged.

And the Colonel has done quite as much as he has talked. That enthusiasm made him shoulder arms at fourteen years of age; sent him to the Fenian Raid when a youth; to the Queen's Jubilee commanding the 45th Battalion in 1897; made him president of the Dominion Rifle Association; led him to offer to raise corps for the Soudan, the Afghan War and the Transvaal—where he served conspicuously on railway transports and lines of communication and as commander of the mounted brigade, being mentioned often in despatches. A thorough-paced soldier is Colonel Hughes—and for what he has done on the field on behalf of his country and the Empire he deserves more than any reward he will ever get for talking to the Commons.

There are a couple of men from Alberta who are as unmistakably interesting as any two men in the House. Dr. Clark from Red Deer is one of them. C. A. Magrath is the other. One is an Englishman; the other a Canadian. Dr. Clark is from Manchester. He is a Free Trader. A most engaging man. You may have an informing chat with the Doctor almost anywhere in Ottawa. Genial; ruddy of face; outspoken and quasi-intellectual, he trots out his views with a sincerity that is very refreshing after you have listened to some of the artful obscurantism in the rank and file. They say he carries his old-country modes of thought with him always. However, he is keenly interested in the West, of which he is a very capable citizen. He studies labour problems with a huge appetite. He rarely loses a chance to get information; wastes little time—so far as his own mental equipment is concerned. When he speaks in the House he never fails to make his meaning intensely clear. Argument delights him. As a mere politician not remarkable; has strong symptoms of statesmanship—which nowadays is by some confounded with theories of government. Dr. Clark is popular. He is also effective. He is one of the ablest men that ever came out of the West.

But as a real westerner Dr. Clark is very far behind either Magrath or Glen Campbell; or Albert Champagne. Of Magrath from Medicine Hat we have spoken in the *Courier* before; one of the easterners who pounded over the prairie trails finding out things when there were no

English but remittance men in that part of the country. Of Champagne also we have spoken; the stalwart and genial member for Battleford, Sask., who was once member of the Mounted Police and grew up with the West; trail-making and camping till he drove stakes in Battleford and got into politics. Both these are a different breed of men to such as Dr. Clark.

But all three of these together, raised to the Nth power would not make one Glen Campbell, member for Dauphin, Manitoba. Glen Campbell is the giant of the House. He stands six feet four in moccasins. His Stetson

"cowboy" hat is one of the features of Ottawa. He himself is a remarkable character. He is the son of a Hudson's Bay Company factor; born at Fort Pelly back in the fur days; learned to drive dogs as soon as he was able to walk; learned Cree before he understood English—for he heard far more of it. Once upon a time he addressed the House in three languages—English, French and Cree. He is fairly master of each. The nearest approximation to Glen Campbell in that House in the matter of experience is Hon. Frank Oliver, who vitally disagrees with Mr. Campbell on some matters of policy. When he was quite a youth, rawboned and black of hair as a Cree, supple as a wildcat and able to ride any sort of animal ever saddled or hitched on the trails, Campbell was sent away to Edinburgh, back to the old land for schooling; for schools were scarce on the prairie. He learned as easily as a fish takes water. Though he never became a University graduate Mr. Campbell imbibed a good deal of the forms of culture in college life; and then he hit back to the prairie that had cradled him; back to the tepees and the pemmican-men. Seeing the fur era passing out—he went into farming and politics; first in the Territorial Legislature; afterwards elected to Ottawa where he is the most unusual member ever known, and on the street among a squad of river-drivers Glen Campbell the mighty would be singled out as not only a character, but in a hand-to-hand scrimmage a perfectly dangerous man. Glen has a pretty good time at Ottawa. Once in a while he takes a trip out to help along some Conservative rally; but mainly he sticks pretty close to the House where he is as regular an attendant as any and drifts all over the Opposition when he gets weary of his own bench.

Conmee the Casuist.

For sheer human, up-country, out-of-doors interest "Jim" Conmee is the mate to Glen Campbell—on the other side of the House. Conmee is the member for Thunder Bay and Rainy River; known these many years in the Ontario Legislature; a contractor and a builder of railways; mining promoter and expert in waterways; once a trooper in the 8th New York Cavalry under General Custer in the American Civil War; the slouch-hatted, moon-faced, smiling big casuist who is said to have one of the astutest intellects in the House of Commons, able to wind lawyers round his little finger, as shifty and problematical a customer as ever faced an Opposition. Conmee is the unusual of unusuals. He is the front door of Algoma. There is an Indian mystery about Jim that makes him a curious problem in Ottawa—as he used to be in Toronto. Half this session he has been juggling with a scheme to harness and dam the waters of the Rainy River country. Members opposite and even some on his own side shot holes through the Bill till it looked like a kite escaped from a hurricane; but Conmee cheerfully came back to the tatters, and the way he squirmed round the details made him seem like the great unsophisticated, when the House knows very well that Conmee has most of the cunning of a heathen Chinese with most of his mystery.

Then there's the squad from British Columbia; Ralph Smith from Nanaimo on the big island; the English-Canadian, stout-necked and dynamic; champion of labour but not a Socialist; born at Newcastle-on-Tyne; cradled among the coal-heavers and now one of the big figures in the coal country on Vancouver Island; a wholly interesting and aggressive man who never wastes time when he talks.

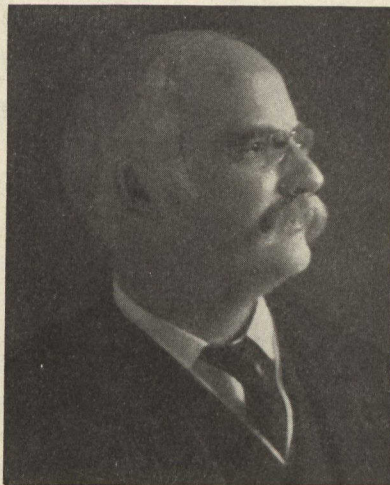
Martin Burrell from Yale-Cariboo, the mountain-locked constituency where votes are hard to collect, and where from the midst of a fertile fat fruit farm a man may look up into a mountain with a mine in it—is one of the strong men on the Conservative side. He is known in the West as one of the kings in the fruit industry.

There is Mr. T. W. Crothers of West Elgin, the lawyer from St. Thomas, Ontario, who has been "mentioned in despatches" lately as one of the Conservative possibilities; a clear-thinking, unemotional, rather concise man who made something of a reputation for his connection with the Ontario Text-Book Commission.

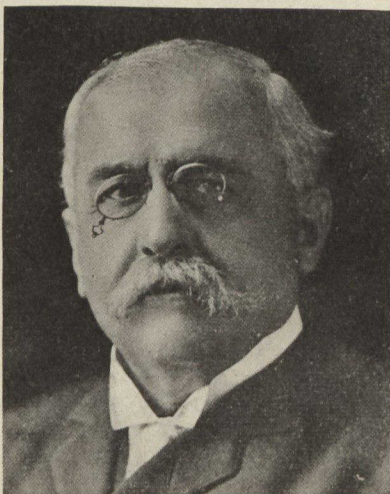
Mr. W. S. Middleboro of North Grey is another legal light; a typical Ontario man—in nine cases out of ten they can be identified abroad almost as easily as the New Englander. Mr. Middleboro often rebukes the sinners on the Liberal side; doing it gently, but firmly and with great dignity. He was once Mayor of Owen Sound.

In many respects most distinguished is Mr. Louis Lavergne, whose good qualities are too numerous to crowd into the brief space of this article; whose ancestors came from Limoges, France, in the days of the *fleur-de-lis* in 1650; a born aristocrat yet a plain man of the people; born at St. Pierre, P.Q.; a lawyer in Arthabaska whose Mayor he is by acclamation and of whose agricultural society he is secretary-treasurer; in politics a Liberal, the Whip for Quebec and winner of the biggest Liberal majority in the election of 1904.

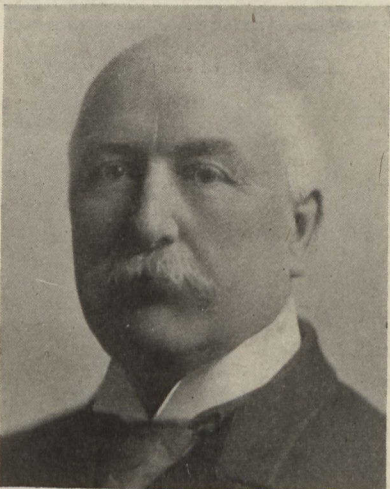
Of Judge Doherty, speculated about as a possible Conservative leader, the *Courier* has spoken in a previous issue. He also is entitled to more space than can be given him here.



Ex-Judge Doherty, St. Ann's, Mont.



Louis Lavergne, Drummond, P.Q.



T. W. Crothers, W. Elgin.



W. S. Middleboro, N. Grey.