

**R**OBLIN of Manitoba—an old Ontario boy—is getting a reputation for “doing things.” Or, rather, to be more exact, he stands out of the way and lets the people of Manitoba do them. Their latest venture is into the telephone business; and there will be a lot of people interested in seeing whether this mixture of politics and wires will be better than that to which we are more accustomed in which the politicians pull the wires and the people get their “hello” inverted. Roblin is the man who proposed to fly a flag from every school house, and so teach the foreigners who have lately come to the country what Empire they are living in now. He does not seem to imagine that the whole duty of a Provincial Premier is to sit on the proposals of his more enterprising friends; and, because of this, the people of Manitoba have much for which to be thankful. The West seems to be growing practical Premiers, indeed, as was shown when Premier Scott packed his “grip” and hurried down to Indianapolis to get that coal strike ended. They will possibly teach the rest of us that the men who draw pay for looking after the interests of the provinces must—in this new time—have more “dig” and less dignity.

Young George Washington Stephens, who has just been appointed chairman of the Montreal Harbour Board, is a man with his foot on the threshold of opportunity. He is wealthy; and so beyond the pressure of financial need. He was born into public life; for his father was one of the best known public men in Quebec—a man of absolute integrity, of unquestioned devotion to principle, with a lack of toleration for the shifts and compromises of “the climbers” in political life which did not make for his popularity. Young G. W. cut his eye-teeth in the bye-elections just prior to the “debacle” of 1896 which brought in the Liberals for their present long term; but he was regarded as rather frivolous while his sturdy old father lived. Now, however, responsibilities are being heaped upon him. He is member of the Legislature, member of the Provincial school board—an important body in Quebec—and is now chairman of the most influential shipping institution in the Dominion. His opportunities suggest those of his fellow townsman, Mr. Ames; but George Washington is quite a different sort of person from Herbert Ames. If the preacher happened to be away on Sunday, you would be quite apt to invite Mr. Ames to fill the gap; but I do not think that the Monocle will ever see George Washington in the pulpit. Still, of course, that may be the Monocle’s fault.

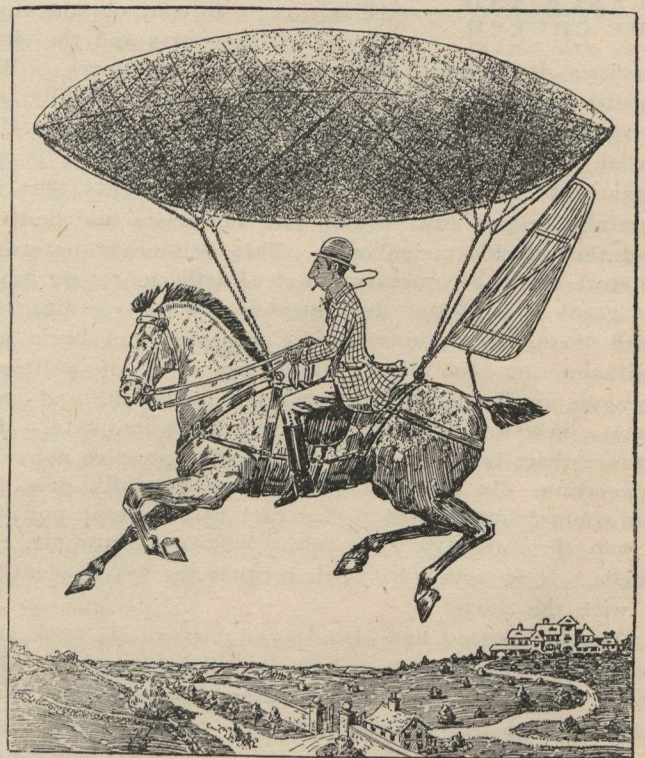
George Washington is a young man. Herbert Ames is a young man. Bourassa, Walter Scott, Adam Beck, Winston Churchill, Hearst, are all young men. The young men are relieving us of the anxiety that when the present collection of old and officially wise men pass from the scene, there will be no one to steer the ships of state. But would you let these youngsters into the wheel-house?—you are asking. Can we keep them out?—I am replying. It is all very well to say that Winston Churchill is reckless and that Hearst is dangerous, but the facts remain that Churchill has beaten Balfour and that it took Roosevelt, plus Hughes, plus a panic among the solid interests of New York, to beat Hearst. Then there is “Billy” Maclean. The Liberals detest him as every boy at the “swimming hole” detests the fellow

who steals his clothes; and the Conservatives disown him. But he is breaking about all the new ground—politically—which is being ploughed up in this part of the farm.

As for George “Washington” Ross, he is being reckoned among “the old boys,” and it is understood that he is soon to join “the old boys’ club” that sits at Ottawa. Just now Ross is under an eclipse. We forget the days when he stood with Mowat as the defender of honesty in a ministry of “wicked partners.” Then he was a part of religious and “moral reform” assets of the Presbyterian party which wore the tag “Reform” when mixing with the world. Now he is a politician who has failed. And he did not give us a chance to pretend that he came his “cropper” by accident. He was like the pedestrian who slips on an icy pavement but who will not accept the inevitable promptly and gracefully. He struggles to keep his feet until everybody within sight has been notified of the coming catastrophe by the spirals his frantic limbs have cut in the air, and then he comes down resoundingly. Ross was struggling to get his equilibrium, with the whole country watching, for several years: and it was no use when he landed to pretend that he had merely seated himself. He had failed; and the world is always inhuman to a failure.

But the Monocle thinks that Ontario will be proud of Ross in the Senate. There will be no better speaker in the House, and no more clear-sighted public man. Ross was always a statesman in theory. It was in practice that he failed. Undiluted, Ross was magnificent; but Ross flavoured with “machine” oil was a nauseous mixture. To rascality, and self-seeking and election villainy and all the rest of it, he was only able to add a disgusting appearance of hypocrisy. But it was not hypocrisy. It was merely helplessness. In the Senate and without responsibility, he will always be on the high plateau of his talks to school teachers. He will cease to be a stool-pigeon and become a bird of paradise.

### Why Give up the Horse?



—N. Y. Life.

There once was a bold aeronaut  
Who the latest machine always bought  
He said: “There’s no need  
To part from my steed.”  
So he fixed him beneath, trim and taut.