

WILFRID LAURIER

My memory carries me back just twenty-five years as I write this name, and, in imagination, I am once more in the editorial office of the *Union Nationale*, on the first floor of an old house (long since demolished and replaced by a building of a more modern type) which stood at the corner where Ste. Therèse street meets the little *rue Saint Gabriel*. There it was that Médéric Lanctôt was to be found in those days, busy receiving his clients, adding recruits to his party, and flinging broadcast over Montreal and the whole country those fiery articles which so nearly wrecked the project for the Confederation of the Provinces. How many of those whom we now reckon as men of note were familiar figures in that office !

Of them all, the one who has beyond question attained to the greatest celebrity is Wilfrid Laurier, the present leader of the Liberal party throughout the Dominion—that unrivalled parliamentary orator to whom our English fellow-countrymen have given, as to a modern Chrysostom, the title of “Silver-tongued Laurier.”

As I write, I seem to see him, as of old, seated before his desk at the far end of the room, with his back to the frequenters of the office,—turning over files of papers and covering the long pages of some legal document with his rapid and elegant writing ; entirely absorbed in the task before him, and apparently unconscious of all the din of political discussion buzzing about his ears.

I was impressed by his self-concentrated seriousness amid all the noise and confusion around him, as well as by his display of a calmness of manner rarely to be seen in the feverish atmosphere in which the journals of that day were launched, written and