colour. When the ship returned north and got into the English Channel a fog came and a raw northeaster blew. The captain pulled up his collar, and yanked down his sou'wester.

"'Brrh!' said he. 'This is the kind of weather I like. To hell with your soft sea airs and your colours of the rainbow.'"

Sir Mackenzie recalled that after the enactment of the National Policy the late John Charlton, a clear Grit, met him and said:

"Well, I've always believed in raising the tariff. But nobody on our side of the House ever had the nerve to get up and advocate it. You fellows have gone much further than I ever thought you would."

"Good reason why," retorted Bowell. "We perform what we promise. You—promise."

"Well, I always believed in calling a spade a spade," said Sir Mackenzie. And he twiddled the scissors tother way on; cocked his other foot and let himself down another peg in the chair so as to be comfortable. He had lots of time. The "Intelligencer" was off the press; the farmers below were calling at the wicket to squint at the two premium pictures on the office wall and to take their choice; the folk on the street below, prinked up in muskrat coats, were dawdling away from market homewards over the hills of Mackenzie Bowell. He was just in the mood to spin it out.

He knows more of the makers of Canada, dead and alive, than any other man. He has been longer in Canada than either of his coevals, Strathcona or Sir Charles Tupper. He has never been High Commissioner and never wanted to be. He has never cared to live again in England; and he has never allowed his eternal love of the old country to stand in the way of his putting Canada first. Most Imperialists have to resort to theories when they combine these two ideas. Sir Mackenzie reverts to experience. He has a bluff-spoken passion for England; and his love for Canada grows out of his immense knowledge of the country which he has got from newspaper life, from public affairs and from travel. He enjoys knocking about as few men even in older middle age do. Just the other day he was camping out on a lake north of Belleville. He has always been fond of the rocks and the trails. But he never was a huntsman.

"NO," he said, as he slung the scissors back on the desk. "I was always too lazy to go ramming about after a deer, and I never had time to sit on a dock or a rock and wait for a fish to come up. I'm fond of dogs——"

Here he told a couple of dog stories.

"And I believe this present Government could carry the country to-morrow if they went to the country," he said, vigorously.

This was before the elections in either South Lanark or Macdonald.

"I believe Canada ought to stick with the Empire," he went on. "And as long as she does she ought to pay her just share of Imperial defence. No man is less a Canadian for saying that. Yes, I've been back to England a few times; but I wouldn't care to live there. Never wanted to. By George!"

He laughed as he recalled the first visit he made after thirty-six years of absence.

"I went back to my old home," he said. "I visited an old aunt of mine. 'Say, aunt, I said, 'is old Jinks the farmer still alive?'

"'No,' she said. 'He died two years ago.'

"'Well, I'm very sorry.'

"'Were you so fond of him?'

"'Well, you remember I used to shoo the sparrows off his corn with the clapper. The old dog never paid me that last fourpence for Sunday, and I had it all calculated up to go after him for that fourpence at compound interest for thirty-six years.'"

"Guess I've bored you long enough," he said to the writer.

And he skipped downstairs, as glad of the fine weather and his ninety years of ups and downs as a moose is glad of the bush and the smell of the morning.