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tion. in passing Hamilton Foley and John Sheriden Hogan. George Brown owed more of his influence to the *Globe* than even to his speaking and it was as a newspaper man he developed those qualities which made him so powerful in the other arena—contemporary with Brown was Thomas D'Arcy McGee (cheers) a man whose oratory—and this was due to his journalistic and literary training—had the attractive qualities which the literary faculty can alone impart. Tom White, a journalist *pur sang*—one of the best—absolutely the best minister of the interior which we had up to his time. Mr. Ross spoke about the intelligence of the people and Mr. Smith about the improvement and independence of the press. Well here is something from which you may take a hint of action and pointer as to criticism—I saw Sir John Macdonald weep over Hon. Tom White's death—aye, weep before the world in the House. Well I had conflicting feelings at the moment for a deputation of the members had to wait on him to get him to take Tom White in. Take my friend Mr. Laurier—for he is my friend though we are political foes. (cheers) his grace of expression, his charm of oratory is well known. Well how did he spend the young shaping days of his early manhood? In the editorial rooms of the *Union Nationale* under the guarding eye and the tongue of Mederic Lanctot, writing sketches half historical, half legendry, becoming editor of *Defricheur* in 1867, and passing thence to *l'Avenir*. Sir John Thompson whom we have recently lost was for some six or eight years reporter in the gallery of the Nova Scotia Assembly. Hon. Wm. McDougall was not only one of our greatest debaters, but one of our foremost journal-

ists. Wm. Alexander MacKenzie who rose to be prime minister, and whom we think of as a stone mason rising high, belonged to the journalistic ranks, having started and edited the *Lambton Shield* and as a journalist he acquired facts and a facility of expression which stood him in good stead when he entered Parliament. The Prime Minister who left the room so recently has been a journalist all his life. One great leader I have nearly forgotten, a great man who also belonged to the rank of journalism, the friend of Baldwin, whose articles in the *Minerve* will be found amongst the most brilliant ever contributed to that paper. I speak of Lafontaine;—he too rose to be premier—and then one other name—how refer to the great statesmen journalists and pass him over—the *Tribune*, the journalist, the wit, the orator, the patriot, the political man of genius who ran through each mood of the lyre and was master of all? I speak of Joseph Hawe,—and did I desire to swell the list with lesser names we should include Cauchon, who owed all to his writing, and Spence and many others. And now let me say a word or two on

THE ACTUAL ROMANTIC IN PARLIAMENTARY LIFE.

Singularly enough most of this is furnished by the statesmen—journalists. In British parliamentary life we have much that is unexpected, much that creates surprise, much that marks probability, much of the Actual—romantic. Disraeli's life is as romantic as that of his own Vivian Grey.

But for a very good reason there is more of romance—more of the unexpected—the unlikely in the Canadian Parliament—while at the same time we have a sombrero background of perennial monotony