

very carefully concealed. Ten years from now, to hear him talk, it would be no surprise to find him owning and operating a farm in western Ontario.

Meanwhile he stays in public life.

"Why do you do it?" I asked him.

He twirled the red and blue badge again.

"Well if you can tell me what makes a man get into this kind of life," he said sleepily, "I'll tell you why he stays in."

WHY didn't the Secretary shoot up and with fine enthusiasm declaim his love for his country and its gods? No, he sat as far down in his chair as he could to be comfortable at all and talked about politics like a man in his sleep.

"Tell me," he repeated, with a weirdish glimmer in his glasses, "how many men in politics lack the necessary courage to get out of it?"

"Well I wasn't aware that public men had any particular scruples as to that."

"Well they—have!" he said with a sort of crawfish manner of conviction.

"Tell me about it. This is interesting."

"Yes, I'll tell you that the reason why a man goes into politics has just about all to do with the reason why he lacks the courage to get out of politics when the time comes that he feels like it."

Here we were on the very principle of the coon-hunt; and I began to observe interesting analogies. After all isn't political life much of an expanded coon-hunt? I didn't say so to Hanna. But he gave me that impression—except that for one thing the man who stays in politics, merely because he lacks courage to leave it, doesn't probably hit the cow-path up the lane with anything slung over his back.

"Now first of all a young man gets in. Why? Well—ambition, I dare say. Ideals—yes. Desire to be of some service to his country and his fellow-man. Yes. Some sort of hankering to follow in the footsteps of other great men—"

He chuckled like a moonlight loon.

But there was no cynicism about his mirth. Hanna is no pessimist. He's one of the biggest lumps of sheer optimism alive; only you must give him a chance to loll a bit if he wants to; because that's the way he is able to let himself out once in a while—with a pounce on some idea like a wild-cat out of a scrub elm.

"Yes," twiddling the badge the other way on, almost with a yawn, "but all this innate desire won't get a man into Parliament—of itself. If he's the right calibre of a man and has enough respect for the real game of politics, he'll have a good healthy opposition. He'll have to organize. He'll need men; friends as well as foes; fellows who are willing to take off their coats and stay out of bed and go hub-deep in mud over the roads to get him in—"

The clerk came in with a card.

"Hmm! Tell him not to go away."

Hanna squirmed up to the level of a day's work at the desk.

"Well he gets in. He owes a big debt to his friends—for putting him into a place where he is permitted to sacrifice himself for their good; at least to some extent. After a while he gets weary of the game. He sees other men, some of them his own friends, making ten dollars to his one. He sees about him men who are so confoundedly busy they have no time to go into politics. Or he may see some big chance looming up whereby if he weren't tied to politics he could cut loose and do something.

"Does he—do it? He may. The chances are that when he thinks it all over and remembers the men that sacrificed something for him in the days when he needed it, he doesn't feel like saying, 'Oh, you fellows came in handy enough when I needed you. I don't need you now. The country needs me I dare say; but there's always somebody else.' No, he cons it all over and very likely he hangs on—oh, till he gets kicked out, perhaps."

He chuckled again.

"Yes, but tell me—what are the rewards of political life, Mr. Hanna?"

"The wha—at?"

"I don't mean tangible rewards."

"You tell me. I guess you know as much about it as I do—what a man really gets out of this game."

"Very likely it depends on the man. What's worth while for one man isn't for another."

"Hmh—hmh." He gave the badge a flip.

I began to figure out just about what it might mean to a man like Hanna to stay in politics; when by his own admission he saves little or nothing out of his salary, isn't his own boss, has to depend on public opinion whether he is kicked out or not, may have to eat a little sand once in a while when he doesn't intimately agree with all his Government does but doesn't probably jump into print and say so. And I'm bound to say that considering the

sort of man Hanna is and the way he talked about public life, it seemed evident first of all that he rather likes the game of politics, and probably gets a better chance to express himself that way than he would in any other business. Besides—he doesn't exactly need the money. He knows his strength in the Whitney cabinet; and he knows that the people know it. His refusal of the chairmanship has boosted his stock if anything. He has his own peculiar hobby in the prison farm where the derelicts think he's a sort of king—and to those fellows he very much is. He has the satisfaction of seeing a band of his own stripe in power at Ottawa. And there's always—ambition.

"Taking the House as you find it now," I said. "Do you think it contains many men who sacrifice themselves for the country?"

"Yes! Of course it does. If I didn't think so—"

He meant to say that he would very probably chuck it. Hanna believes in the principle of public service.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

OUR MINISTERS IN PARIS.

OUR Canadian Ministers broke in on the busy round of dinners, "crushes" and consultations in London, to run over to Paris. And that is where they showed their good sense. London for work, if you like—London for shopping—London for putting things "in hock" at your "uncle's"—but Paris for the joy of life. They took a "week-end" for it, too, I notice. They possibly felt that they could get along without another of those "week-end" visits which are so delightful to the idler; but which must be a bit trying to the great Colonial representatives who are being officially entertained as such. Of course, they could get repose on the Sabbath in London—quite up to the Toronto standard; but English hospitality does not seem to have left them "alone in London" over the Lord's Day. Certainly the Bordens have been accounted for every "week-end"; and far be it from me to intimate that the other Ministers—if left in London—found it dull and thought longingly of Paris.

I NOTICE that the cable correspondent was very careful of the reputation of the Canadian Ministers when in Paris on Sunday. He tells us that they spent the day "quietly" at Versailles, looking at the works of art and strolling sedately through the petrified historic scenes. He neglected to mention, however, that a good part of Paris spent the day in the same place, as is the fashion of the gay Capital; so that, if our noble representatives were "quiet," they must have gone up in an aeroplane. However, being in the Paris district on Sunday, they would be as "quiet" at Versailles as anywhere. On Monday and Tuesday, they were actively entertained by the President of France at the Palace of the Elysee, and, in company with the Prime Minister and an ex-Foreign Minister, in one of the famous restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne. The restaurants of the Bois are various in style and character—you find them mentioned in connection with grave political events, and you find them forming the background of the friskiest scenes in that sort of "French novel" which you must not read.

I MAKE no doubt, however, that our Ministers took occasion to enjoy a rest in bright and happy Paris from the rather drab and severe surroundings which have environed them in masterful London. It is not only his pleasures that an Englishman takes sadly. He does business with a maximum of gravity; and he especially carries on dignified and official negotiations with a close and religious attention to convention and "form" which all Colonials find somewhat irksome. London is the mercantile and financial centre of the world, though Paris is a good financial second. No one can detract from the importance and weight of London. But even the most favourable visitor must confess that it lacks that spirit of gayety and a sunny outlook on life which characterizes Paris. You get the impression that there is no poverty in Paris because you never find anything so dismal as a London "slum." Still there is poverty—all too much of it—but its victims refuse to be borne down by its weight.

TO the aesthetic eye, Paris is a great rest after London. They deliberately try to be beautiful in Paris; and it sometimes seems almost as if they

"After all government is business," he said. "It must be carried on by business men in a business way."

"Yes, but a good many of our leading business men say that government is not business—not enough at least for them to take any hand in it."

He looked at me in a sort of owlish way.

"You mean, they don't think they can afford it," he said. "Well just as long as big business men are too busy to go into politics, I guess they can't. And if they confine themselves to talking about the decadence of government I suppose what they regard as decadence will continue to go on. It's easy to talk."

"But do you think there is a lack of strong men in government? Take our present Dominion Cabinet—"

He cautiously gave me to understand that from his knowledge of these men he was both surprised and gratified at the way some of them had taken hold of their portfolios.

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deliberately tried to be ugly in London. You take the average brick streets of the West End—not a "slum," you will notice, but the homes of the middle class. If there is anything more depressing than to walk or drive down them, one after the other, I do not want to experience it. The dull, dirty, smoked brick fronts, without an effort to relieve the monotony, look their best in a thick fog. Take in turn almost any set of streets in Paris. The buildings are much taller; they are all built under a civic architect to bear a proper relation to each other; they are decorated with rows of light iron balconies, onto which graceful "French windows" give. The whole street front—as far as the eye can reach—looks like one vast palace facade, though you may know that it is but a row of tiny apartments with dressmakers' establishments on the upper floors and small shops on the street level. When you come to such a street as the Rivoli, you have an architectural achievement—one of the productions of the Empire.

A NOTHER difference is the quality of the statuary which they put up in their public places. I defy the most ardent lover of London to say that the effigies of the great of England which have been erected on its squares and streets, are usually works of art. They may be faithful likenesses, but they are not decorative. They are like the Mowat and Macdonald statues in Toronto, and not like the Maisonneuve statue in Montreal. But when you go to Paris, you find the public parks and gardens full of the most charming works of art. They do not merely commemorate a statesman or a soldier there; they take the opportunity to ornament their city. The well-known monument to Gambetta, in the court of the Louvre, is not only inspiring and a faithful representation of the plucky State-builder and moving orator; but it is one of the signal beauties of that beautiful place. So is the statue of Waldeck-Rousseau. A statue to Guy de Maupassant, away out in the Parc Monceaux, is one of the most fitting and fascinating mementoes of such a writer as could well be imagined. And when it comes to pure works of art, left in the open air to constantly educate the eye of the passer-by, Paris is so rich that they say now that she will soon have no more room in which to display her artistic wealth. The gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg are peopled with them.

IN the matter of single buildings, Paris presents a catalogue which cannot be paralleled outside of Italy. You may match one or two of them in other cities; but you cannot match them all. Some of them, too, are matchless. Where else is there a Greek Temple Church like the Madeleine—where a Temple of Pleasure like the Opera House—where a Temple of Art like the Louvre—where a Temple of the Deaf like the Invalides? Where is there another Arch of Triumph like that which crowns the height at the end of the Champs Elysees? Even the Temple of Chance—the Bourse—has nothing to equal it in Europe. But I cannot pretend to exhaust the list of the "first prizes" of Paris. I am only sorry that our Ministers had so little time in which to enjoy them, and in which to become inspired with a noble design to try in our Canadian cities the Parisian system of keeping BEAUTY in view whenever we spend public money on useful buildings or commemorative monuments.

THE MONOCLE MAN.