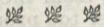


MAINLY PERSONAL

The Man and the Office

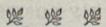
HIS HONOUR GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN, of Saskatchewan, is usually to the front when it comes to a public piece of work for which there is no sort of pay. The latest public courtesy from the Lieut.-Governor of Saskatchewan is the presentation by himself of a portrait of himself to the Province. The portrait was done in England by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, whose portraits are known in this country mainly through the pages of art magazines. It was done in 1914, the last painting done by von Herkomer, who considered it the best portrait he had ever painted. It is done in the grand manner, with plenty of that impressive detail which captivates the average imagination. It may be supposed that the artist painted the office along with the man. But Hon. Mr. Brown calculates that he was not so far astray on the man either. So impressed was the artist with his picture of the man and the office, that he had a special frame designed and built under his own supervision, before the picture was sent out.

The picture now hangs in the legislative buildings of Saskatchewan, and is probably the finest portrait on view anywhere in Regina. The practice of putting up oil paintings and statues of public men is only just beginning in that country, but is making some very hopeful headway, of which this portrait of the Lieut.-Governor is one of the best examples. His Honour deserves to be allowed to do these little things for his country; for he has the interests of his country at heart—and especially the Province of Saskatchewan, where he has been a successful lawyer, rancher and administrator for many years. Most of our Canadian Lieutenant-Governors are pretty public-spirited citizens. Hon. Brown is one of the best of them. And his portrait will become one of the landmarks of Saskatchewan.



A Smiling Judge

ARM-IN-ARM with the Admiral goes Lord Mersey, the eminent presiding judge at the Lusitania inquiry. The learned judge is once more off his guard and down to the common affabilities of living. Any photograph of Lord Mersey taken on the street looks as though he were about to tell some funny story, or had just told one, or was listening to one and had a better. On the bench he is not usually funny; though his caustic wit and his immense knowledge of marine matters, as well as of common law, has caused many otherwise audacious witnesses to feel very humble. Lord Mersey looks as though he were born to occupy the woolsack. He is the kind of Englishman that takes to law as naturally as a duck takes to water. In private life he is used to be John Charles Bigham, son of a Liverpool merchant. He has been a baron since 1910, a year after he was made President of the Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. Why is divorce mixed up with the Admiralty? Ask Lord Mersey. It may be because people who get divorces find they can no longer sail in the same boat. Were Dickens living, or even Boswell, the noble Lord might furnish many an entertaining page of character-study for great books. He is versatile with comedies and tragedies—since 1912 the chief inquisitor into the three greatest marine tragedies ever known, the Titanic, the Empress, and the Lusitania. His knowledge of marine law is as deep as the Atlantic. His acquaintance with human nature is almost as profound. Lord Mersey has been a public man almost ever since he was called to the bar—after finishing his book lore in Berlin. He has served on all several sorts of committees and commissions, always trying to adjudicate on behalf of the Crown and as far as possible the people also. And when the marine history of the great war comes to be written, Lord Mersey should be the historian.



A Tory Radical

SOME Englishmen in public life seem as though they had just stepped out of Oxford to become famous. They are the brilliant irrepressibles who have radical temperaments, incline to eat fire and swallow swords and agitate for anything that looks like a wholesome, popular sensation. Such a man—or somewhat—is Sir Frederick E. Smith, recently appointed Solicitor-General for Great Britain, and therefore a prominent figure in the conduct of the Lusitania inquiry before Lord Mersey. As the loss of the Lusitania was an international affair, the official legal talent of the Cabinet represented by Sir Edward Carson, Attorney-General, and Sir Frederick Smith became part of the machinery.

England has had only a taste of Sir Fred. as a Solicitor-General. He is better known over there as the late chief censor of the news that Lord Northcliffe and other editor-proprietors wanted about the war. When he was appointed the question was asked—Why not make a newspaper-man the chief censor? The answer was Sir Fred. Smith, who is a good maker



How a British artist saw His Honour Lieut.-Governor Brown, of Saskatchewan.

of copy, but knows very little about news. He is a brilliant young man—born in 1872; an able lawyer, and since 1906 an M.P. He has lectured on history at Oxford, written books about international law, literature and travel, and has always been fond of

TWO LUSITANIA CAMEROGRAPHS.



Lord Mersey swaps stories with Admiral Englefield.

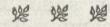


Sir Frederick Smith, Solicitor-General.

the fact that people might get to know him bye and bye. He is, of course, a Tory—as many a brilliant man is. During the fight to put a crimp in the House of Lords, F. E. Smith—he was not Sir'd then—came out as a frenzied last-ditcher in defence of privilege. He has military proclivities, is a subaltern in the Oxford Hussars, and knows how to make brilliant speeches.

Sir Frederick's removal from the office of Censor-in-Chief was part of the work done by the fine Italian hand of Lord Northcliffe, when the Harmsworth

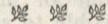
Press discovered that to have a military autocrat in the War Office and a non-newspaperman as chief censor was a bad combination for getting news to its millions of readers.



Lords in the War

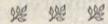
ALL the talk about the decadence of the House of Lords is now itself decadent. The aristocracy, whether hereditary or acquired, has proved that it knows how to take a bull by the horns in a great national crisis. Lord Kitchener's army was raised by a lord. Kitchener himself was put into the war office and afterwards pretty nearly criticized out of it by a lord whose name is Northcliffe. And Lord Curzon has lately been doing as much plain speaking as any labour leader ever did about conditions that must be remedied before the full united weight of Great Britain is flung on the enemy.

Nobody doubts the value of Lord Kitchener. Lately a great many people have ceased to criticize Lord Northcliffe because they believe he brought the deadlock of the censorship and the lack of high explosives to an end. And a large number, a good few of them in Canada, are now finding fault with the Keeper of the Privy Seal, because he complains of the way munitions are produced, handled and delivered. Lord Curzon's worst critics are in Canada, which he happens to know less about than any other part of the Empire. Had Lord Curzon been Governor-General of Canada instead of India, he might have spoken more discreetly about industrial conditions in this country. Or if he had even consulted Earl Grey, he might have been better informed. At the same time, Curzon's criticisms of conditions in England are part of the new movement in complete democracy shaking things up.

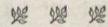


Personal Brevities

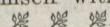
SIR CHARLES TUPPER celebrated his 96th birthday last week, two days after he helped to celebrate Dominion Day. Of all living statesmen, or any other kind of men, Sir Charles knows most about Confederation. He was one of the arch-Confederators. The Canada that is working for the Empire in this war is the boy that was an infant when Sir Charles began to boost for the Confederation idea down in the Maritime Provinces. It is to be hoped that on the occasion of his 96th birthday this G. O. M. got from that other G. O. M. in Belleville at the age of 93 a cablegram signed, "Mackenzie Bowell." These two nonagenarians have no equals in the British Empire for their age. Longer life to them both!



REV. HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON, who has resigned from the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church, in Toronto, says he is going on a long journey. He will go on a good many long journeys before he forgets one of the most interesting little churches in Canada; the church that has had a succession of able preachers who preached to small congregations made up of a large number of people from eminent collegians and musicians down to the street-corner man with a red-rag idea about social reform. Mr. Saunderson is an American and a graduate of Harvard. Now that he has been two years in the First Unitarian Church, Toronto, he has become a cosmopolitan, and must needs go on a long journey.



SO the Crown Prince is not dead—only in trouble with the Crown Princess and trying to forget it by staying with his army in the Argonne. Well, if all stories are true about that interesting wife of his, he might as well be dead as be in unpopular with her. The Kaiser himself had his troubles breaking in the Crown Princess, who broke all the rules of the German court when she got into it, and set Berlin by the ears. He afterwards made shrewd use of her when he wanted to get his daughter married to the Duke of Brunswick, and was at his wits' end to know how to do it till he got the Crown Princess to act as a subtle manageress and go-between. Perhaps the Kaiser will ask the lady to help him out of the greater problem of how to square himself with the rest of Europe.



ONE man the Kaiser would perhaps be very glad to "get" is Dr. Charles Sarolea, who was ticketed to sail on the Adriatic in company with Premier Borden. Sarolea's opinions of Germany and the Kaiser are now being published broadcast in a French translation of his "Anglo-German Problem," written before the war. And Sarolea has raised a mint of money by his lectures for suffering Belgium.