



THE GREAT REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

This, it may be noted, is not a photograph of the convention as it actually happened in 1916, but one of the same event in 1912, held in the same place, the Coliseum. This was the convention from which Roosevelt formed the Progressive Party, now a relic, which will probably support him if he becomes the Republican nominee, in preference to Judge Hughes or Elihu Root.

WHY GOUIN WON

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THESE is a lot of talk about the Gouin victory in Quebec—outside of Quebec—which is very misleading, and which is admirably calculated to create a dangerous feeling throughout the English Provinces. Those who would like to have it so, usually for political reasons, represent the rally of the people of Quebec to Sir Lomer Gouin and his Government as a tidal wave of race feeling, roused by what they tell us is a distorted version of the Ontario and Manitoba attitudes on bilingualism. This theory ignores several obtrusive facts—such as that Gouin carried the whole Eastern Townships without missing a seat; that he got eight out of twelve English-speaking members; that he gained one English seat and lost none, and that he has a habit of sweeping the Province. But what theorist ever abandoned a petted child which promised to bring him political profit, simply because the facts wouldn't fit? At the previous elections the Opposition to Gouin was led, inspired and drummed into a fury by the Bourassa-Lavergne Nationalist combination. Yet Gouin then swept the province. The sweep was not quite as complete as it was this time; but, on that occasion, the official Conservative party, led by Federal Ministers, put up a far harder fight. This time the official Conservative Opposition was so disorganized that it let a lot of seats go by default. The gains made by Gouin were due to this collapse of the regular Conservative Opposition very much more than to the disappearance of Lavergne et al.

I AM not saying this from any notion that the French voters of Quebec do not resent the attitude toward French schools of Ontario and Manitoba. Any of your readers who have done me the honour to follow this department know that they do resent it—and that they have every right to resent it. That feeling is undoubtedly strong in Quebec; and it may some day appear in politics if the powerful English majorities in the English Provinces do not take steps to assuage it. But it did not elect Gouin. Gouin was successful—as we have seen—when Nationalism was in the saddle against him. Nor has Gouin stood forth in any special sense as the champion of that feeling. His has been a distinctly moderate attitude. Of course, he believes that his French fellow-Can-

dians in some of the English Provinces are being intolerantly treated. Why shouldn't he, when he himself treats the English minority in Quebec so very much better? But he has not made this grievance his issue. He has done no more than express his opinion and permit the municipalities of Quebec to vote their money to help "the cause" in Ontario. Other men are leading the Nationalist fight, while Gouin plays the moderate and conservative role.

PERHAPS I have put my finger in that last sentence, quite by chance, upon the secret of Gouin's steady success. He is a conservative—not a Conservative—public man. As a friend put it to me the other day: "I think," he said, "that Sir Lomer would make a good future leader for the Liberal party at Ottawa. He is the nearest approach to a statesman in Canada. He is careful, cautious, reserved and yet strong. It is true that he is French—and the Liberals might balk at two French leaders in succession. But if he once got the place, he would go up to the English Provinces; and the people would come out to hear him, expecting to see a Frenchman, but finding a regular Johnny Bull instead." Sir Lomer took over the affairs of Quebec when that Province had the champion debt of Confederation and when most of its past history was generously decorated with annual deficits; and he has been giving the thrifty Quebecers annual surpluses instead. That is one reason why they rally to him down there. He is a canny, conservative business man—the farthest remove from a racial fire-brand you could well imagine.

OF course, Sir Lomer benefits from his political alliance with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Grand Old Man of Quebec in quite a special sense. As the political partner of Laurier, Gouin gets the large Liberal vote which goes steadily with and for Laurier. This makes him very strong in rural Quebec. Then, when he comes to the centres, like Quebec City, Montreal, Sherbrooke, etc., he enjoys to an extraordinary extent the confidence of the solid business men. They have discovered in Gouin—what business Canada discovered in Sir John Macdonald in the days of his power—a politician with a

strong sense of responsibility for the use of his power; a public man with definite policies and principles. Gouin does not merely follow the lines of least resistance, nor does he yield automatically in the direction of the strongest pressure. He himself constitutes a force in the Legislature—by far its greatest force. He sits—as I used to see Sir John Macdonald sit—in judgment on private bills, and refuses to permit proposals to pass which, in his opinion, would either be bad for the Province or open the path to bad future policies.

I AM aware that this sounds like extravagant laudation—like the praise of imagined perfection. But it is this active leadership and vigilant censorship of his which has won for him the practically unanimous confidence of his people; and the Gouin victories cannot be understood without taking it into account. He has succeeded in uniting the two greatest forces in Quebec—the hero-worship of the French people, won for him by the Laurier alliance; and the commercial interests of the Province, won for him by his own commercial sanity and sagacity. His father-in-law, Mercier, had the former but not the latter. Laurier has never really had the latter—though he may have looked a little like it in the days when his retention of power was a foregone conclusion. But Gouin has it; so there is no firm foothold on which to construct an opposition to him. A demagogue might beat him—but hardly "a safe and sane" business opponent.

I AM moved to put these facts before my fellow-English Canadians because I feel that it would be a mischievous thing if the impression were to get abroad that the sweep to Gouin was a sort of challenge by Quebec to English Canada on the language question. It was absolutely nothing of the sort. If French Quebec had been minded to run its election on the language question, it would have chosen a more aggressive and outspoken champion than this French-speaking "Johnny Bull." French Canada is wounded to the heart over the language question. But it is still in the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech—it is only appealing to the British justice and the sense of fair play of English Canada.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

KITCHENER'S MOB

Pictures of Soldier-making from Awkward Squad to Front Line Trench

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

FROM the time a man—Canadian or British—enlists in his civilian clothes with all the customary ways of the street, home and business about him, until he gets right into the front line of some German trenches driving Fritz out of them, is one of the most remarkable transformations known to the world. It is more thorough, much less sudden, than conversion from sin to righteousness. And how it is done, phase by phase, is told in one of the most interesting of many war books, "Kitchener's Mob," by James Norman Hall. The author is an American, who enlisted as a private in England and stayed with the army until the end of 1915. His regiment was transformed from a crowd of nondescripts into some of the world's finest fighting men who had as part of their programme to help drive Germans out of front line trenches. How the men went through it stage by stage is indicated in the accompanying extracts:

Arms and the Man

Our arms and equipment were of an equally nondescript character. We might easily have been mistaken for a mob of vagrants which had pillaged a seventeenth-century arsenal. With a few slight changes in costuming for the sake of historical fidelity, we would have served as a citizen army for a realistic motion-picture drama depicting an episode in the French Revolution.

One Sunday morning in May we assembled on the barrack square at Aldershot for the last time. Every man was in full marching order. His rifle was the "Short Lee Enfield, Mark IV," his bayonet, the long single-edged blade in general use throughout the British Army. In addition to his arms he carried 120 rounds of ".303" caliber ammunition, an entrenching-tool, water-bottle, haversack, containing both emergency and the day's rations, and his pack, strapped to shoulders and waist in such a way that the weight of it was equally distributed. His pack contained the following articles: A greatcoat, a woollen shirt, two