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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 2.—ALDERMAN JOHN McMILLAN.

The gentleman whose portrait we this week present to our readers, is one who needs no introduction to the temperance public of Canada. For more than twenty years he has been an active worker in the cause, and to-day he enjoys the fullest confidence and respect of the great army of reform, and the cordial dislike and hostility of the whole whiskey fraternity.

We say deliberately "enjoys the hostility" because Mr. McMillan is one of those men who take no pains to conceal their intense dislike of what is unworthy and bad, who are therefore certain to incur the enmity of interested selfishness, and who are endowed with the Irish characteristics of warmth and pugnacity that inevitably lead their possessors into many a scrimmage that colder blooded or more politic people would manage to avoid. When selfishness and deceit combine to misrepresent a case, twisting, distorting and concealing facts to mislead those whom it is desired to influence, then Honest John's righteous indignation will bring him right to the front, and he will never hesitate, in plain terse Saxon, to say what all honest men think about the liars and their lies. Even in deliberation with his friends, if the prevailing opinion upon any matter under discussion is not in harmony with his convictions, there is certain to be a lively time before the question is settled. Straightforward, ready and fearless, he is a born crusader, a dangerous man to all rings and schemes, and so certain to incur the enmity of wire-pullers, and to do more for the general good than for his own personal advancement. Such men are invaluable in public deliberative assemblies. Many a well-laid plot has shrivelled into nothing before prompt exposure and scathing

denunciation. He will be one of the most useful members of the Toronto City Council, to which he has recently been elected. If we were finding fault, or giving advice, we would probably counsel our worthy friend to be a little guarded in even this virtuous vigor. There is sometimes a danger of being too ready to attack what strikes us unfavorably at first, and we must be careful lest we pull up wheat along with the tares.

At Bush-mills, Co. Antrim, Ireland, the subject of our sketch was born on Dec. 21st, 1840. When he was four years of age his parents emigrated to Canada, and young John grew to manhood in the old city of Quebec where he was educated at the Protestant Commissioners' School. His parents, of the old Covenanting stock, hoped to see him a minister of the Presbyterian Church, but the youth did not fall in with this plan, and at an early age he struck out to fight his own way in the battle of life. He has been a teetotaler from his boyhood. In 1860 we find him prominent in a Good Templar Lodge at Smiths' Falls, Ont., and later on an active member of Neptune Division, Sons of Temperance, in the city of New York. In this city he lived for six years, making his mark as a temperance worker, laboring with the foremost workers of the cause, the chairman of a committee that held regularly a series of public temperance meetings in the Botanic Hall, in the Cooper Institute, and on the dock at the foot of Market Slip. Here his association with the pioneers of the prohibition movement

grounded him in the firm principle to which he still adheres. Here, too, another important influence was brought to bear upon his character and career. At twenty-two years of age he was married to Elizabeth Armstrong, who, though only sixteen, was like himself, an earnest worker in the temperance cause, her interest in which she still retains. Her wise counsel and assistance have done much to secure for her husband the success in life that he has achieved.



John McMillan