



IT is all very well to talk about Lord Strathcona resigning, and a Canadian being sent down to assist Ambassador Bryce; but who is to replace His Lordship and who is to go to Washington? Our representatives in London have all been men of mark—Galt, Tupper, Strathcona; and the latter, being a man of wealth, has made it singularly hard for a poor man to succeed him. We did think of Sir William Mulock for the position; but if Sir William's health will not stand the strain of a department, it will hardly do to carry the interests of the growing Dominion in London. Sir Frederick Borden is being spoken of; and we might do worse. But what is really wanted is a man either of Tupperian energy or of the Strathcona wealth plus energy. Fielding would be a better choice; but Fielding has probably not forgotten that another Nova Scotian who stood the heir apparent to the Premiership consented to go to London, with the result that, when the Premiership fell vacant, he was overlooked. Senator Cox would fill the position to a nicety; but the Senator has not got his transcontinental railway built yet and so is hardly ready for the Strathcona act.

As for the Washington position, that has no towering precedent to overshadow ordinary men. The one thing desirable there is a Canadian. Bryce may be trusted to look after Great Britain; and, though we will not want to send a man without the Imperial sense, we will want to send a man who knows Canada, who believes in Canada and who is not ashamed of Canada. If he were not a politician, so much the better. Yet he ought to be a national figure. Our people should know him well enough to trust him. He may have to do some retreating; and he must be a man from whom we will take the word of command to "retire in good order." The late Principal Grant would have served us well. May I say that I think that John Ross Robertson would fill the position admirably? Prof. Weldon of Alberta—as we used to call him—would be an excellent running mate for Prof. Bryce. Chief Justice Fitzpatrick—if he would listen to the proposal—would be almost ideal. We have plenty of men for this position; but we are pretty sure to get the wrong one.

W. W. B. McInnes has come down from the Yukon, taken a look in at Ottawa and then gone to lift British Columbia out of the Conservative column. Young McInnes is a "brash" boy who might easily be taken for the Winston Churchill of Canada. His career in the Commons was short and conspicuous, and he kept himself well in the limelight during his "turn" on the British Columbia local stage. Then his party put him on ice in Dawson City for a while; and now he is back once more with a whoop and a "Here we are again." There is something disquieting in the fact that he found the shortest route from the Yukon to British Columbia to be via Ottawa. He could have resigned his Dawson City job by telegraph; and that would have given him longer in the game on the Pacific Coast. But, in spite of the shortness of the campaign, he decided that it would pay him to journey to Ottawa and back again.

What for? The Canadian people have always distrusted and resented these connections between Federal and Provincial politics. Nothing did more to keep Oliver Mowat in power than the hostility of Sir John Macdonald.

The Monocle will only believe it when he sees it—the introduction of a Government bill by Mr. Aylesworth to establish compulsory voting. Mr. Aylesworth calls himself a Liberal; and the Government at Ottawa wears rather loosely the same title. Now if Liberalism means anything, it means liberty; and to punish a free man for staying away from the polls "in the name of liberty" would be to add the ridiculous to the sublime in the category of crimes committed in that sacred name. All through the centuries, Liberals have fought for the right of the citizen to vote; and now, having secured him that right in this country, they are going to "sicken him of it" by making him vote whether he wants to or not. I should call that "a Tory trick." The Tories, having resisted this universal claim to the vote and having grown heartily tired of the unnecessary clamour for it, might say in their impatience:—"Well, here it is. Tie it around your neck, Rub it in your hair. Put it in your soup. Make yourselves good and sick of it." But the Liberals?—Never! What they have demanded as a measure of freedom, they will hardly turn into a tyranny.

I wonder how many of our public men are properly labelled anyway. There is no better radical in Canada than Tory McLean of the "World." There is no better Conservative in Ontario than G. W. Ross. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a fighting and courageous Liberal in his early days; but confront him with a new idea now and see him turn Tory. His Liberalism is the Liberalism of the middle of the last century. Sir William Mulock was a Liberal; Mr. Fielding sometimes talks like one, though his hands are the hands of Esau. Mr. Borden is probably rightly labelled, as you will observe if you take notice of him trying to accustom his hands to the use of Radical weapons. He apparently thinks that these weapons might do execution; but he always seems to be in mortal terror of cutting his fingers. Mr. Foster, on the other hand, is naturally a Liberal. James Pliny Whitney would make a capital Liberal; and he and Adam Beck are the best pair of fighting Liberals in this Province. Both Sir John Macdonald and Mowat were excellent Limestone City Tories; while William Ralph Meredith was a Liberal in his day. Sir Richard Cartwright had a Tory manner with Liberal ideas, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell advanced Tory ideas with a Liberal manner. The politicians of Canada need sorting out again.

An Illustrated Phrase



"Taking the Consequences."

— N. Y. Life.