

ciation of the public and never had any desire to go into politics. He has never aimed to be popular, and the fact that he is not a spell-binder doesn't worry him. He has never pushed himself into the front row for the sake of getting a seat among the mighty. In fact he says,

"I have only done whatever seemed to come my way as well as I know how. You can find scores of men like me who have done likewise."

"But you believe in individuality?"

"I do. I never believed that a man was the mere product of a system. Men make any system either valuable or the reverse."

"You believe in efficiency?"

"I do. The man who gets himself pitchforked into a responsible position for which he was not fitted by nature and for which he has no intentions of fitting himself by industry—well, I'm afraid he sometimes has a very hard time with me, for I have very little patience with him."

"Then you don't believe in personal influence?"

I know very well that Mr. Flavelle does believe in personal influence, but there happen to be two kinds. Wire-pulling is the name of the kind that he does not believe in. Never having pulled wires himself he is death on the men who do—if they happen to come in his way.

APPLYING this doctrine to his own career you find that every time Flavelle got hooked up to a public job there was some need why he should do so, and some reason why he should have been asked even when he himself didn't know it. He never would have been on the Hospital Board if he hadn't been needed. There was a vacancy. Two benefactors had the nomination of a successor. One was away from town. The other nominated Flavelle. He went on quietly and worked. He was not a hospital man and didn't pretend to be. But here was a job for a man willing to spend part of his spare time in the public interest. He took it on. When the chairmanship became vacant his colleagues asked him to take it. He did not refuse. By the turn of events and the hard work of a few men and the enthusiasm of others, hospital affairs developed to the point where it became necessary for a revolution and the raising of a huge sum of money for a new hospital. Flavelle never caused the revolution. But when it came he was the one man most thoroughly posted by investigation and trained by hard work to pilot it through. It was his personal influence over Cawthra Mulock, though he himself does not say so, that got the first \$100,000 subscription. And when the big project of a downtown hospital, costing nearly \$4,000,000, evolved into a necessity, it was always J. W. Flavelle who, by his tireless study of the thing and the doing of the work day by day, naturally had to take the initiative at the head of an enthusiastic band of supporters. He may not be a hospital man; but if there is any man in America better posted on hospital problems and better able to grapple practically with conditions that arise out of them, he must be as much a hospital man as Robert Raikes was a Sunday-schooler or John Howard a prison reformer.

Take the Toronto *News* as a sample of Mr. Flavelle's extra-mural activities. The main story of it is pretty well known and there has been considerable gossip about the reasons that led him to spend a large fortune in that kind of way. He no longer has anything to do with the *News*. But that doesn't worry him. While he owned the *News* he was not its dictator. He put his money into it because he believed that some paper should be reasonably equipped to give some man a chance to say what he thought about public affairs independent of party. He believed that J. S. Willison was the man. Previous to that he had never personally known Mr. Willison. When the editor of the *Globe* consented to become the partner of Mr. Flavelle it was not stipulated or expected that he should say anything because Mr. Flavelle wanted him to. The financier's unwillingness to run the newspaper show as he does his own business is merely proof that having got the man he wanted connected up to the thing he thought best, he left it to that man's own judgment as to how it should be worked out. The *News* did a good deal for Mr. Flavelle. It brought him in touch with public questions in a more concrete, practical way. It gave him a new interest in life. It expressed his own independence in politics. It was a phase of development; too expensive to be a mere hobby. For some years it did the kind of work that he expected of it. When that was done he had no objection to pulling out.

That's the dispassionate way of the man. Probably if he had wanted to he could have made the *News* a way into public life. But he never wanted to go into politics. Interested? Yes, and in a most peculiar way. He tells it best himself. He is a

Conservative, at the same time a Radical. He believes in efficiency of government; not in governments that pull wires. If he had ever gone to Ottawa he would have given some practical politicians a hard time. In some ways it seems a pity he has never done it.

It was probably his connection with the *News* that placed Mr. Flavelle in line for the University Commission. He was never told so. The *News* had done a good deal of university discussion. He had himself been practically interested, first in Victoria College, later in the University. But he never had any desire or design to become a governor or member of Senate. When Sir James Whitney plumply asked him if he would go on the University Commission, he said,

"Yes, if your government thinks I am the right man for the place."

He went on. Before that time the nominal chairman, Mr. Goldwin Smith, had been quite put out with the *News* for some editorial concerning him. That made no difference with Mr. Flavelle, who hugely admired the Professor for just the kind of qualities that he himself most lacked. When Goldwin Smith decided that he was too old to be chairman of so radical a commission, Mr. Flavelle was unanimously asked to take the chair. Without a murmur—he took it.

"Weren't you a bit nervous over it?" he was asked.

"No," he said, with a smile. "I thought that if my colleagues wanted me for that position because I was the right man for it, why I naturally ought to take it. That's my only idea of public service."

Ask any of these same colleagues and see whether or not this plain man of business that never knew what it was to be physically tired, did the thing that came to his hand in a big, capable way. Consider the man's own almost uncanny clear-headedness and capacity for mastering strange details. Nervous! Why of course not. He had been called to the post; and he went.

"But some men think that you are domineering," I said. "They explain some of your success that way."

He smiled.

"I daresay they do. I daresay there is some reason why they should. The public is not always altogether wrong. Yet, if you will go to any of my own associates in business, to the men in my own office, you will not find that they think I am domineering. Neither will those with whom I sit on boards in other capacities. However, I am quite sure that I have no patience with the man who wants to work schemes for his own betterment, nor with the inefficient pretender, nor with the men who merely want to argue instead of acting as quickly as possible on the evidence submitted. I

am a man of action, not of theories. I have no theories about myself. I do not consider myself particularly interesting. The work—always is."

And there's always some work for Flavelle to do. If heaven is what some preachers used to say it was, he won't be happy when he gets there. He likes music well enough, has a pipe organ in his house; studies the work of the Mendelssohn Choir, to which both of his daughters belong; takes a keen interest in the church choir and the playing of the organ; believes that a Methodist choir should wear surplices, and knows a large number of hymns by heart; but you will never find him long content to play upon a heavenly harp.

In the matter of religion, he believes in it seven days a week. I don't think you could find a Bible in Mr. Flavelle's office, as is said of one prominent business man in Montreal. He doesn't often quote Scripture, and has no use for the man who does so flippantly. He has a particular reverence for the form and substance of religion. He doesn't mind discussing it practically as it concerns everyday life. But nobody ever caught J. W. Flavelle handing out smooth sermons to his employees upon their obvious duty to him based upon his knowledge of the Bible.

AND when he finishes a big day's work—always without fuss, and as quiet as a noiseless typewriter—he has a clear head for the enjoyment of his home. He doesn't go home fagged out for the women folk to wait on him and coddle him into good-humour. He has the self-mastery that makes it possible to cut out methods that waste his time and irritate his temper. And when he gets into his library with the pipe organ at his back and a few well-chosen good pictures on the walls, and plenty of well-digested good books to his hand, he doesn't call for his pipe and call for a light and chuck matches into the grate with his feet cocked up on a second chair. No, he quietly reads and marks and inwardly digests, talks to his friends, entertains a few, has no particular desire for society or the smart set or snobbery of any sort—

Oh, he's what some people would call a colourless, unpassionate, de hobbyized sort of man; but he doesn't lack temperament. No, if he had ever gone into intellectual pursuits he would have become a very learned and very complacent professor or litterateur, for he knows how to marshal his words because he knows how to use language as an instrument of thought, not as an advertisement of the man.

And I rather think that is, after all, a pretty interesting sort of man to know. Anyway, there don't happen to be very many like him. And if there's anything in this article he doesn't like, he won't write a tart letter about it, either.

National Service and Party Politics

By SIR HENRY CRAIK

THE following article, by Sir Henry Craik, in the "British Review," for September, is reproduced without apologies. It protests against the "futilities of party politics" and shows how partisan feelings are holding back imperial progress in Great Britain. Curiously enough, a similar protest is now being made in Canada by the Canadian League. Can it be that the party system is running the Britannic Alliance on the rocks?

A GREAT question and a great opportunity now lie open to this nation. It is for the nation itself to say whether it will rise to the dignity of the occasion. With all the greatness of our historic past, with all the momentous issues that hang upon our decision, with all the experience that the past has given us, can we rise superior to the trammels and futilities of party politics, or are we to fritter away our inheritance in meaningless attempts to perplex the question by striving to gain some petty party gain, to depress our opponents under some cloud of misrepresentation and to make the vital interests of the empire the sport and plaything of the old fruitless party struggle?

Or shall we, calmly and patiently, strive to lift this question out of the mire and turmoil of our old ceaseless fight between the Big-endians and the Little-endians: to ask the nation to consider it impartially in the light of common sense and experience: and to exclude from the arena all the miserable figments of party recrimination?

Let us weigh carefully the actual issue which now demands our deliberate judgment. We are not

asked to decide as to the intricate problems of foreign politics. We have not to weigh one foreign power against another, nor to pronounce an opinion upon the bearing of policies, or the possible issue of European complications. As to all these, various views may be taken, and he would be rash indeed who should venture to predict their possible results. But this we know for certain. We possess an Empire larger and more open to attack than any that the world has ever seen. Other nations have ambitions like our own, and must necessarily watch our great inheritance, not with jealousy or hostility perhaps, but with the consciousness that it represents much which might stay the progress of their own advance. These other nations are not slumbering, in serene contentment, amidst the never-ceasing struggle between the world's forces. They are striving with restless and unsparing effort to take their part in that struggle: they are multiplying their armaments and developing from month to month their efficiency. They are sparing no sacrifices that will help them to gain their end, and they are deterred by no craven fears of other possible combatants. We are anxious for peace and we are conscious to ourselves that our motive is not aggressive. But can we not understand that, in holders of a world-empire such as ours, such a desire for peace may easily appear to others only a mark of arrogance? May not our professed desire for peace easily be translated by them into a claim that a system which gives us all that we possess had better not be disturbed by any inconvenient ambitions on the part of others? Can we not recognize the teaching of all history—that great