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THE MONTREAL PAPER MILLS COMPANY
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MEN OF THE DAY



EDWARD BLAKE.

EDWARD BLAKE

Strange turmoil in the political world towards the close of 1871!

For the ten nights succeeding the 8th of December, the disgracefully shabby old chamber in the Legislative buildings in Toronto looked actually gay, for its steep ungainly galleries were vivified with tier on tier of those highly interesting natural ornaments—eager human faces. Night after night it had been so, and “standing room only” could have been truthfully placarded on the outer walls. Tickets for admission were at a premium, and handsomely dressed ladies were to be seen standing in the lobbies, wearily, wearily waiting to gain access to the unusual spectacle being presented within. Influential persons, who had failed to secure places in the galleries, employed every device to get admitted to the floor of the House, and so much was the privilege abused that the crowd coming in behind Mr. Speaker’s chair elbowed each other within the space sacred to the representatives of the people. It was certainly an unusual proceeding, only to be excused by an unusual occasion.

The fighting instinct is strongly marked in people of British blood. The word “British” is used advisedly, because it is, perhaps, even more strongly exhibited in the Celtic character than the Anglo-Saxon stock to which the term “British” is most commonly applied. In all contests throughout the Empire, therefore, there is an impulse to select champions, in whom the common mind is more interested than in the actual principles they represent. It was so in those December days, and the two sides represented in the eager faces in the galleries were more concerned in the duel between Sandfield Macdonald and Edward Blake than they were in the triumph of the principles that each supported. The respective

champions offered such contrasts physically and mentally that, to persons of any decision of character, there would be no hesitancy of choice. On the one hand you had the white-haired, tall, spare old man, entering his 71st year, battling to maintain the supremacy dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. On the other you have a young man, but, nevertheless, an exceedingly grave young man, of more than the ordinary stature, flushed, elated and inspired by the hope of ultimate triumph.

The Provincial Assembly had convened on the 8th of December, 1871, the session following the general election. Parties then in provincial politics, even more than in federal politics, were but loosely organized or defined. The Government itself was a mixture, some of its members having in pre-Confederation days belonged to the Conservative party and others to the Reform party. So it was that after the general election it was difficult to say which side of the House, on a division, would have a majority. The meeting of the Assembly was, therefore, looked forward to with great interest. The ground of attack adopted by the young general of the Opposition was skilfully chosen. He moved, in amendment to the speech from the throne, a condemnation of the course of the Government in the previous session in having appropriated a sum of a million and a half of dollars for aiding railways, without receiving the authority of Parliament as to what particular projects were to be assisted. In eloquent speeches Mr. Blake and his colleagues maintained that a great constitutional principle was involved in the matter. A Government receiving *carte blanche* for the expenditure of a million and a half of money might unscrupulously use it to debauch constituencies and corrupt members, for the sole purpose of perpetuating itself in power. The Ministerialists, however, did not hesitate to affirm that the resolution was cunningly devised to capture the votes of certain representatives whose constituencies had been ignored in the distribution of the good things. Indeed, a shrewd politician of the present day has said more than once on the public platform that he would take care not to do as Sandfield Macdonald had done—heap up public treasure, to be eventually bought out of office with his own savings. Without depreciating the importance of the principle involved in Mr. Blake's

amendment, it must be admitted there is a great deal of point in this homely summary of the situation.

The forensic duel raged, as has been said, for ten days and nights. The excitement was at fever heat. The spectators applauded and were threatened with expulsion. The members said bitter things of each other. The young leader of the Opposition showed the calm and repose of a veteran. He in particular was picked out for attack. He was declared to be cold-blooded, without human sympathies, full of intellectual arrogance, and followed more from fear than from love, etc. One of his colleagues, Mr. Archibald McKellar, was instanced as a man of entirely different mould. It was Mr. McKellar's genial sunny nature that held the heterogeneous mass of atoms known as "the Opposition" together. Mr. Blake had patiently endured these personalities, but in a speech made on the night of the 13th of December, deigned to notice them. Those who had the good fortune to hear him on that occasion may congratulate themselves. They may have heard him address meetings of various kinds since, but it certainly never was the lot of the writer to hear him play on the same strings as he touched them that night. It would not be difficult to find in Hansard loftier themes engaging his voice, but the determination of the Ministerialists to paint him as a being apart from his kind—a mere intellectual frigidity—disclosed a mine of deep feeling in his own breast, and a capacity for touching a responsive chord in that of others, for which he does not generally get credit. As one who had the privilege of hearing him that night, I cannot, after this lapse of years, give a verbatim quotation from the speech, but I remember the profound impression some of its passages made on me, as on every one who heard it; and I remember the tremendous cheering that greeted his reference to the attacks on himself.

"I know," he said, alluding to one of the taunts of his opponents, "that I am not possessed of that affability and urbanity that distinguish my colleague on my left (Mr. McKellar), but I sometimes venture to indulge the hope that I have some warm personal friends among the gentlemen gathered around me, and it is ever my endeavour to act so as to win their confidence and respect." It was more the manner than the words of the speaker, the lowering of the

voice, and the tremour in the accent that caused his followers to break into vociferous hand-clapping, beating of desk-lids, and other exhibitions of approval, which lasted some minutes, and in which many in the galleries secretly joined. It was altogether a remarkable episode, and doubtless made a deep impress on the minds of the many young men present taking their first draught of political wine.

A few days later Edward Blake was premier of his native province.

His political career had been brief but notable. He was born in the township of Adelaide, County of Middlesex, Ontario, on the 13th of October, 1833. His father, an Irish gentleman, having but little knowledge of the hardships of life on a bush farm in those early days, had settled down in the midst of the forest, proposing to make for himself a home in the wilderness. He soon realized that the task was not for such as he; and his subsequent history shows that, if he deemed his talents entitled him to occupy a more congenial sphere, he was not led astray by overweening self-esteem, for the dissatisfied pioneer farmer became, in the fulness of time, Chancellor of Ontario. He made Toronto his home, and here his son Edward received his education. In his early school days, the boy appears to have been more distinguished for omnivorous reading than for persistent application to his text books. In 1847 he accompanied his father on a European tour, an experience that did much to expand the growing mind of the lad. The period of his residence abroad was in those troublous times of '47-'48, when the very civilization of the Old World seemed jeopardized by the spirit of democracy, then beginning to realize its infinite strength. We can well imagine that many seed-grains of political speculation, to be afterwards matured, were then implanted in Edward's mind. When he returned to Canada he seemed to fully realize that this was a serious world, in which it would not do to fold one's hands. He took up his studies with redoubled vigour, and at this time he formed a habit of indefatigable industry, which continued until, in later life, the warnings of impaired health told him that even a virtue may be carried too far. Without anticipating our story, it may be said that Mr. Blake's labours in the days when he was

winning his way at the Bar, and afterwards, when public duties were added to his already pre-occupied hours, were simply herculean, if labours of the brain can be appropriately so described. In due course he entered University College, Toronto, and graduated with first-class honours in classics. His father's profession had, from the very first, been his choice as an occupation, and he entered into its study with an enthusiasm and energy which promised an early subjugation of the equity half, at least, of the vast kingdom of legal lore.

Edward Blake was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It is true he was the son of the Chancellor, but he had to win his way by his own talents. Many lawyers of the old school will remember when Edward and his brother Samuel had their offices in what was known as the Wellington Chambers, on the north-east corner of Jordan and Melinda streets, Toronto. They will also remember that the furniture and appointments were not indicative of superabundant means in possession of the two brainy young men who were to make such a mark in law and politics. There were a good many law books about though, and they were well thumbed, too, and a great deal of their contents had been appropriated by the fraternal partners, and was at the command of clients, for whom they waited, but not in vain. The business, indeed, flourished apace, undergoing, ever and anon, enlarging changes, but the brothers Blake were always at the top, no matter how long the string of partners grew.

In 1858 Mr. Blake married Miss Margaret Cronyn, a daughter of the late Right Reverend Benjamin Cronyn, Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Huron. The mention of this name naturally suggests the question of heredity, a point that bears great weight with many students of character. Mr. Blake belongs to a family known as the Blakes of Cashelgrove, in the County of Galway, Ireland, which, by marriage, was connected in times past with the nobility of that island. More than 130 years ago an ancestor, Dominick Edward Blake, married a daughter of Lord Netterville, of Drogheda. She died, and this Dominick Edward took to himself another partner in the person of a daughter of Sir Joseph Hoare, Baronet, of Annabella, in the County of Cork. His second wife bore him four sons.

One of his sons, also named Dominick Edward, took orders in the Church of England, and married Miss Anne Margaret Hume, eldest daughter of Mr. William Hume, of Hunewood, M.P. for the County of Wicklow. Mr. Blake's father, William Hume Blake, afterwards Chancellor of Ontario, was one of the fruits of this union. William Hume Blake and his elder brother, another Dominick Edward, on the conclusion of their collegiate course, determined to seek their fortunes in Canada, a resolution which they carried out in 1832. As has been already stated, William Hume Blake struck into the forest, where the subject of our sketch was born. It is not generally known that the man whom we know as Edward Blake was christened Dominick Edward, like his great grandfather, his grandfather and his uncle, but the first name has never been used by him. Among the friends and neighbours who accompanied the Blakes to Canada was the Rev. Benjamin Cronyn, who subsequently became Bishop of Huron, and whose daughter, many years afterwards, became the wife of Edward Blake. Thus our lives seem to move in circles, ever receding, and yet ever touching and intermingling. Mr. Blake's family consists of three sons and a daughter.

We are all familiar with the scriptural phrase, "many are called but few are chosen." Politically, Edward Blake was both called and chosen. About the time of Confederation, leading Reformers, who saw of what stuff the son of their old ally, the Chancellor, was made, began to urge Edward to take a part in public affairs. These tempters met with such success that, in 1867, he offered himself in South Bruce for the Provincial Assembly, and in West Durham for the Federal Parliament. He was not only elected in both, but immediately took a leading place in the two Houses. The year following his entry to the local House, he was chosen leader of the Opposition, and we have already seen that, towards the close of 1871, he had succeeded in ousting his opponents from office.

Before this period, however, he had been offered by Sir John Macdonald the Chancellorship of Ontario, a position which he nevertheless saw fit to decline. A few years later he refused a still greater honour, the highest judicial office in the Dominion,—the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court.

In 1872, on the abolition of dual representation, a measure which he had warmly supported, he abandoned the local field, and henceforth was to be seen in Provincial affairs no more.

On the wider stage of Dominion affairs, he had, since his advent to the House, taken a foremost place in the councils of the Opposition, and, as he rang down the curtain on one administration, he was fated to give the *coup de grâce* to another on a later and even more historical day. This was in 1873, when the Government of Sir John Macdonald fell. It was a striking tribute to Mr. Blake's powers, that his party assigned him the task of following Sir John Macdonald when that gentleman would deem it proper to answer the remarkable charges that had been made against him. The debate on the motion of want of confidence, moved by Mr. Mackenzie, had gone on for days, but still the Chieftain held his peace, and the member for South Bruce bided his time. The batteries of oratorical artillery on each side of the House had already discharged all their effective field pieces, and were now reduced to a pitiful fire of musketry. And yet it was known that there remained ready for the match two of the weightiest pieces, loaded to the muzzle, whose discharge would turn the tide of battle either one way or the other. As the hours and days sped by, the imminence of the final salvo increased, and the capital was filled with people who had travelled hundreds of miles to witness the last dread discharge. The Premier entered on his defence on the 5th of November, and spoke for five hours. It was an effort worthy of the occasion, and is a specimen of forensic literature impossible to read unmoved. When he sat down, Mr. Blake rose in a house thronged in all its parts with hushed and expectant listeners. It was certainly the greatest hour of his life. He had a terrible array of facts, and they lost not one sinister feature by his eloquent and skilful handling of them. His logic was pitiless, but he preserved throughout a gravity and dignity of thought and expression that added tenfold to the weight of his arraignment. When he sat down it was felt on all sides that the Government was doomed, and the subsequent announcement that the administration had thrown up the seals of office was received without surprise.

In a mere sketch such as this, it would be futile to follow in

detail the subsequent and well-known incidents in a career of which we have shown two of the hours of triumph. Mr. Blake has sustained many political reverses since then, has doubtless been many a time weary unto death of the littleness, sordidness and falseness of public life, and of some of its worshippers; has suffered in health by the Titan tasks he has imposed on himself, and now, at the time of writing, he is, we will not say like Achilles, *sulking* in his tent, but he *is* in his tent, and leaves other hands to wield the spear against the Dardan hordes.

One circumstance may be mentioned here. It would be difficult to find, not alone in our annals, but in the annals of any country, a public man of the first rank, who has profited so little and who has positively made so many material sacrifices for the public service as Mr. Blake. When he succeeded to power in Ontario, in 1871, he chose for himself an office to which no salary was attached. When his party gained the treasury benches at Ottawa, he again contented himself with a position in the cabinet without emoluments. Some time before the election of 1887, he found that his health would not warrant him in continuing the practice of his profession in addition to the performance of his public duties. We all remember the thrill of admiration that went through the community,—an admiration that even the Conservative newspapers could not refrain from expressing,—when it was announced that he had determined to abandon his professional work and devote his time to public affairs. It meant the throwing up of the largest income ever earned by a professional man in this country,—an income with which the legitimate monetary rewards of a minister in office would compare very unfavourably indeed; but when it is remembered that the man who thus gave up a princely income was in the cold shades of Opposition, the significance of the sacrifice may be better appreciated.

As an orator and debater, Mr. Blake takes the very first rank. In the initial sketch of this gallery, Mr. Waters draws some interesting parallels between Sir John Macdonald and the late Lord Beaconsfield. A similar set of coincidences and likenesses might fairly be discovered in the characters of Mr. Blake and of that Grand Old Man who was for so many years the late Earl's most

prominent antagonist. Of Mr. Gladstone's fluency of speech, wealth of vocabulary, and force of invective, there is a full reproduction in the younger statesman, as there is also a strong reflection of the great Englishman in Mr. Blake's earnestness, probity, reverence and Christian life. Mr. Disraeli more than once sneered at his great rival's "fatal fluency," and if Mr. Blake has a fault as a rhetorician, it arises from the very clearness and microscopic power of his mental vision, which leads him, like Edmund Burke, with whom he is not unworthy to be compared, into refinements, discriminations and dialectic niceties not unlike the hair-splitting of the schoolmen. His efforts might not inaptly be compared to the productions of the pre-Raphaelite school of English painters, whose philosophy is that every blade of grass in the field must be painted before the meadow lives for the eye of the beholder, whereas a rival produces the effect to the common gaze with a daub of yellow paint laid on with a palette knife. Pre-Raphaelitism in speaking is useful and necessary in addressing a bench of judges, whose very trade it is to discriminate differences and discover likenesses, indiscoverable to a layman's less sharpened senses, but popular assemblies love the broad and brief treatment that with a happy phrase sums up a volume and creates a new force. Disraeli's "Peace with Honour" moved Englishmen more than Niagaras of eloquence, and Sir John Macdonald's "Tall Chimneys" routed Bastiat's irresistible economics. Their amplitude is almost the only criticism that one ever hears of Mr. Blake's speeches, and it is at least not an amplitude of dulness. Their power, range of information, and flawless reasoning, excite constant admiration, even on the part of his opponents. When he resumed his seat last session, after his remarkable deliverance on the policy of submitting constitutional questions to the Supreme Court, a gentleman expressed to an old parliamentarian his admiration of Mr. Blake's cogent and powerful deliverance. "Yes," said the veteran, "he has been delivering speeches as good as that and better for the past ten years, but when the votes are counted he is always with the minority."

And that brings us to his character as a politician. It has always appeared to me unfortunate, from one point of view at least, that Mr. Blake should have leaped into the political arena full-

fledged, like Minerva all-armed from the head of Jove. We have seen that he left his barrister's chambers to lead a political party. He came into that bustling throng with the bloom still glistening on the enthusiasms of youth. He had an unshaken belief that high-mindedness, purity of purpose, self-abnegating labour, and the eloquence of conviction had but to appear to send political sinners howling to their hiding-places. It was but necessary to blow on his magical horn, and the walls of Jericho would tumble to their foundations. If a mixing of metaphors may be pardoned, he deemed that a Sir Galahad was what the political world required, and the bitterest draught he has had to drink has doubtless been the realization that all the false knights were not in Heathenesse, but some of them, at least, were his companions about the round-table. An apprenticeship might have revealed these bitter truths before any mistakes had been made.

It has been said that it is the part of a leader of men to take them as he finds them, with all their imperfections. Out of the rude material that comes to his hand he must build the faultless structure. If Mr. Blake has realized that the average man is not so much moved by patriotism, reason, and righteousness, as by an earnest yearning after the loaves and fishes, he is not the first noble spirit to whom that conviction has come chilly home.

As a lawyer, Mr. Blake occupies an undisputed position. Any of his great legal contemporaries are proud to take a second place to him. His incomparable qualifications as a counsel were strikingly exhibited in the Manitoba railway crossings case, which he argued last year before the Supreme Court. In that case the greatest lawyers in the Dominion appeared, and it is no disparagement to them to say that Mr. Blake's refulgence was rather heightened than impaired by the proximity of great lights with whom he could be compared.

What is now to be the mission of this undoubted power in the body politic? For two sessions he has been a simple soldier in the ranks. Last session he was something more than this. Temporarily, at least, he seemed to have stepped out of the lines of both hosts, and played the role of a candid and independent critic. It is frequently affirmed that there is no possibility of a man of marked

character maintaining himself in a deliberative assembly outside of the party fold. If that is true, it is a pity. It seems to me that such a one, endowed with Mr. Blake's qualifications for enacting such a part, would possess tremendous influences for good. I am confirmed in this opinion by the events of last session. The unusual spectacle was then afforded of the Government accepting an important suggestion, involving a weighty principle, made by a gentleman not only not a member of the party in power, but actually affiliated with its opponents. The value of Mr. Blake's contribution to the Rykert debate was immeasurably enhanced by the quasi-judicial position which he seemed to occupy. No, I cannot help but think that the true meaning of the phrase "Tribune of the People" would be realized in the person of a man of high talent who weighed the questions that came before Parliament with scrupulous and impartial judgment and delivered himself accordingly. The people, who are frequently terribly befogged and mystified amid the clamours of party, would hear and heed above the din such a voice, as of one crying in the wilderness.

After all, who shall appraise the value of a man's lifework! What standard shall we set up? Shall those only be accounted benefactors of their race who have climbed or crawled into the world's high places? Shall Cromwell be held in grateful memory while Pym and Hampden are forgotten? "I'd rather be right than President," sums up the whole moral law, and the public man who follows its principle unflinchingly, uncoerced, self-respecting to the end, will have more right to live in the annals of his country than those lobby and caucus statesmen whose sole possession is that sixth sense, as Carlyle calls it—an itch for antecedece of their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Blake appears to have voluntarily and permanently retired from leadership, and his political career is sometimes spoken of as a failure by political adversaries. From this judgment there are, I am sure, thousands of Canadians who will dissent. If his abilities have shed a lustre on our Parliaments; if his purity of purpose has heightened the tone of public life; if his private character has shown that politics need not be disassociated from lofty living and the practice of Christian virtues; if his renunciation of a princely

income and scorn of emoluments have helped to eradicate from the minds of the people the idea that politician and spoilsman are synonymous terms, then, I think, that Mr. Blake's best friends can scarcely regret that for twenty-three years he has placed his talents at the service of his country.

It may be permitted me in closing this inadequate sketch to insert here two brief extracts from Mr. Blake's utterances to give the reader some idea of his power as a speaker. The first is from his remarks in seconding the address of condolence with Her Majesty Queen Victoria on the death of her son, the Duke of Albany. It was delivered on the 3rd day of April, 1884 :

"The position of the deceased prince," said Mr. Blake, "was especially trying, living as he was all his short life under the shadow of that doom which has at length overtaken him, and which, however much it may have weighed on his secret spirit, never seemed to have overborne him in those exertions which he made for the public good. That delicacy of constitution to which reference has been made, would naturally make him all the dearer to his mother's heart, and make this loss of him, over whom she must have watched so anxiously all this time, even severer than if he had been of that more robust constitution which happily is enjoyed by the other members of the royal family. We may address her, then, from the bottom of our hearts, in the language of the poet whom I have already quoted :

'Break not, O Woman's heart, but still endure;'

We may say to her, speaking in the name of the Canadian people, that we do indeed mourn the early extinguishment of that young life, and we respectfully lay at her feet our tribute of sympathy with the sorrow of her who survives to mourn that loss."

The extract which follows, in a different key, is the concluding portion of the speech already mentioned which preceded the fall of the Government in 1873. It was delivered on the night of the 4th of November in that year :

"This night or to-morrow night," he said, "will see the dawn of a brighter and better day in the administration of public affairs in this country. I have never claimed for myself or my friends that we are the embodiment of purity, and that all the gentlemen who

sit opposite are corrupt. Far from it : I cannot be so ungenerous ; but I desire that we, who are advancing these views to-night, shall be judged by them for all time to come ; that in whatever situation my friends around me may be placed, the position we have taken, the ground upon which we stand, will be held as the only sound and true ground. We are here to set up once again the standard of public virtue. We are to restore once again the fair fame of the country, which has been tarnished ; we are here to brighten, if we may, that fame ; we are here to purge this country of the great scandal and calamity which those who are entrusted with the conduct of its affairs have inflicted upon it. We cannot even by the act of justice which we are about to perform ; we cannot even by the solemn judgment which we are about to render ; we cannot even, by the purgation we are about to effect, wipe away, in other eyes and amongst other peoples, altogether the stain and shame which has fallen upon the land. I have no feelings of joy at this result. I deeply deplore the truth of these facts ; but I am one of those who believe that what has to be deplored is the existence of facts, and not the discovery of them. I do not understand that Spartan virtue which deems a theft no crime as long as it is undiscovered. I do not understand that morality which will permit a crime unseen, but is deeply shocked and alarmed for the credit of the country should the crime become known. Sir, you will not eradicate the festering sore by healing the skin above it. You must lance it and cleanse it and get good healthy flesh to grow around it. Painful though the task may be, arduous though it is, I believe it is about to be accomplished. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. I trust and hope when the vote is rendered it will be rendered on this occasion by every man amongst us with reference to those principles of public virtue which he would apply in his own transactions as the standard between himself and his neighbour. Let us not be carried away by the absurd notion that there is a distinction between the standards of public and private virtue. Let us not be carried away by the notion that that may be done in secret which it is a shame to be known in public ; let our transactions be open ; and as the shame exists, as it has been discovered, as it has been conclusively established, as it has been con-

fessed, let us by our vote,—regretfully it may be,—give the perpetrators of it their just reward.''

Mr. Blake is equally strong in invective, in irony, in repartee, and in a species of satirical badinage that fairly withers that on which it lights, and a collection of his parliamentary utterances would illustrate the truth that our English tongue is truly a harp of a thousand strings. Such an anthology would be no mean memorial of one of Canada's greatest sons.

JOHN A. EWAN.

Ottawa, 20th January, 1891.



Do your duty to your Country! Take up
the responsibilities, as you enjoy the
privileges of Citizenship! Give your talents,
your energies, your labor to the work!
Though the skies be dark, yet trust we
in the Supreme Goodness! We believe
our cause is just and true, we believe
that truth and justice shall in God's
good time prevail! It may be
soon; it may be late. His ways
are not as our ways, and his
unfathomable purpose we may
not grasp. But this we know,
that in our efforts we are in the line of
duty. We hope indeed to make our
cause prevail. But, win or lose today
we know that we shall receive
for the faithful discharge of duty
an exceeding great reward;
the only reward which is worth
attaining, the only reward which
is sure to last.

Edward M. Walker

MEN OF THE DAY



JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU.

J. A. CHAPLEAU

Here we are in 1867 at the first breath of the Canadian Federation. Nobody is free from anxiety, for the drama of a people's future will begin to be played in a few days before the electoral footlights. What will this Confederation be? The Minotaur which devours maidens, or the Angel which keeps watch over nations? The political chiefs have sounded the first blast on the trumpet: and the people, restless as they are, have now but to cast themselves into the tempest of a general election, unique in passion, uncertainty and grave issues.

Montreal, which had been the hearth-stone of the anti-Federal resistance, was more than ever the seat of war. A goodly contingent of the Conservative youth, under the leadership of L. O. David, Ludger Labelle, and Honoré Mercier, had just quitted the old camp. Lanctôt had made himself the idol of the workingmen by a diabolical campaign, and still Sir George Cartier, the true author of Confederation, had to secure his election in the city of Montreal, which had given him, in 1863, a bare majority of 37.

It was at the very highest pitch of what may be called that political debauch that Sir George Cartier held his first public meeting on Craig street. The two opposing factions were drawn up in battle array. By his co-operative stores, by the ceaseless propaganda of *l'Union Nationale*—an exceptionally bright newspaper,—by his deplorable lies and his still more deplorable demagogism, Lanctôt had succeeded in cajoling almost the entire labouring class of Montreal. Ludger Labelle, Sir George's old friend, the very type of a keen, cunning conspirator,—himself an Opposition candidate—had in his turn provoked the withdrawal of several Conservatives, while the old Liberal school kept all its adherents. Cartier

then had but the calm, upright portion of the people, which sees clearly, judges accurately, but is never impulsive.

From the first moment it was easy for the organizers of the Conservative committee to realize how far the election of their chief was jeopardized. Sir George Cartier was received with hooting and hissing, and vainly tried to get a hearing. The excited crowd groaned as if it were a volcano in eruption. Suddenly the pale face of a beardless youth appears in the window beside Sir George. Is this magic? The crowd is seized as if by some invisible force, which suddenly imposes silence on its potent fury. Then a voice, clear and penetrating, throws a word or two above the tumult, and lo! the populace is conquered. This young man has just pronounced a few words, a phrase or two; now he speaks; now he has his way; now for a full hour he hurls back at the mob the eulogies of him they wished to stone.

The name of this young man was Joseph Adolphe Chapleau. That very morning he had, against the will and the commands of Cartier, been elected by acclamation member for Terrebonne; and he it was who, that same evening, saved the Conservative chief, and perhaps Confederation, by breaking down the blind opposition which had been decided on against it. For at that opportune moment the throwing open the doors to free and loyal discussion was equivalent to affording a chance for winning back the insensate populace and restoring confidence in all the counties, and in all the provinces of the new Dominion.

For the rest, Mr. Chapleau's reply to Sir George, who came after this speech to thank him heartily, discloses the whole man: "There is no need, Mr. Cartier; it is not for you that I did it!" This goes to show that I have to paint the portrait of a man full of devotion and impulsive goodness, but firm and proud as a knight of the Middle Ages; unable to withstand the prayer of the weak, but brave as a lion against the onslaught of the mighty. Those who wish to know well the many-sided character of Mr. Chapleau will unlock the solution of the problem only with this key. He has all account of virtue in a corner of the human heart; he has, too, all the tender and enlightened weaknesses which God has placed to the independence of a powerful intellect conscious of its own dignity and worth.

A man may combine great talent, fascinating eloquence, exceptional brilliancy of intellect, but Mr. Chapleau, who has all this, would not be the brilliant personality of to-day if he did not possess also that duality of temperament which has made him a leader of men. What a marvellous organization! Take him in repose, at rest from his labours, so to speak: you will find him a charming talker, inexhaustible, without affectation, unconsciously filling you with delight and astonishment as he passes

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

throwing right and left brilliancy by the handful. Stir him up a little, start a discussion, challenge him to make an estimate of a man or of a work, and he will bring you without an effort into the loftiest spheres as if he had devoted his whole life to the study of the sciences or of philosophy. Try a joust in the tournament of wit, and he will make the sparks fly. Then you will understand what is meant when people talk of a man quick, even terrible, at repartee.

Now suppose you try this grand organ at its full pitch: take note of its compass in a moment of intensity. To drop figurative language for a moment, look at the man in the House, on the hustings, at the Bar, when everything about him is instinct with energy, sparkles, quivers, while a hundred thousand sensations within him are let loose, while an electrical storm seems to rend him, and magnetism comes forth from him as freely as water from a well saturated sponge. This is an experience which you will not meet often in a lifetime. For my part, I have never seen another like him.

It would be ironical flattery to represent him as always eloquent, always on a loftier plane than other men, always soaring, always victorious. Permanent greatness is not of this world, and if he were always in the enjoyment of it, then intercourse with Mr. Chapleau would be embarrassing and wearisome. Eloquence is made only for great occasions.

Perhaps it is abroad that Mr. Chapleau has touched the highest peak of oratory. It was at Bordeaux in 1881. The magnates of that town had entertained him at a banquet. The man's artistic nature was still freshly impregnated with the ineffable emotion of

his first brotherly reception in old France, and he was perhaps the only Canadian who had then received such a public tribute. What he said there I no longer know, but what I do know is that, when he took his seat, all these hard-headed men of business, these cold plutocrats, these millionaires, were profoundly moved, and declared that since they had heard the great French orators, from Lacordaire to Gambetta, they for the first time were equally impressed by the oratory of another.

Human eloquence will probably never surpass Mr. Chapleau's speech at the fête St. Jean Baptiste of 1884, and all contemporary narrators recollect the thrill which went through the audience, when, with inspired eye and brow enwrapped with a veritable halo, his voice quivering with emotion, Mr. Chapleau pronounced that memorable discourse. He has had so many oratorical triumphs that it is difficult to discriminate as to their value. From him the public has heard masterpieces extemporised in a couple of minutes, as well as models of academic eloquence, which, literally and without figure, enraptured his hearers. The extraordinary success of his speech at Toronto, at the banquet tendered to Sir John Macdonald in December, 1884, has become a tradition in Ontario. As a model of parliamentary eloquence, I know nothing more striking than the peroration of his great speech on the sale of the Q.M.O. & O. Railway in 1882, in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. Who could have thought that, after an elaborate effort of fourteen or fifteen hours, he could have kept vigour enough to draw a word picture so perfectly designed as that which, on the spur of the moment, he made of political adventurers.

Mr. Chapleau is of French-Canadian birth. His father, the late M. Pierre Chapleau, was one of the most admirable types of our race. Six feet tall, well made, of a commanding presence, he inspired respect as much by his uprightness of character, his exceeding sense of honour, his scrupulous integrity, as by his noble aspect. Without education, a masonry contractor by trade, he would have been quite at home in a gathering of men distinguished either in Society or Letters. Needless to say how strong was the affection of such a child for such a father. In a model of eloquence, of that eloquence of the heart felt alike by hearer and reader, the

Secretary of State pays this tribute to his father's worth :—" Proud am I of the people from whom I come and to whom I owe all that is dear to me. The brave and honest man whose memory I cherish, who gave me life and who has been all too soon taken from the bosom of his family, was for me an honourable representative of the Canadian workingman. I have said already that the greatest eulogy which could be made of him is that, during his life, he was satisfied with this one precept and this simple rule of life: To work, to love, and to pray. From the modest home in which his affections, his pride, and his hopes were centered, he loved, and he knew for fifty years of active life only two paths,—one to his work and the other to the church. At the end of the former of these two ways was the source whence flowed profits and comfort for his family; at the end of the second was the fountain of encouragement and gratitude of success, of consolation and strength of soul in the days of adversity. Hardly can one dream of a better, a happier life. It is the full discharge of the duties of humanity; the observance of that mysterious and admirable law of expiation and renewing of man by labour; the joys, the benefits, and the fruits of love, crowned by the veneration and the worship of the Almighty. Nor do I deceive myself when I say that such is the life of the mass of the moral, quiet workmen of this country."

Recalling the experiences of his childhood, rekindling into a glowing flame, with filial breath on the old domestic hearthstone, the ever warm ashes of sacred memories, Mr. Chapleau has been led naturally to a study of that great labour problem, a stumbling block of governments. Demagogues, too vaulting in ambition, exceed in its discussion the bounds of common sense; governments, too conservative, lose their heads and exaggerate the needs of resistance. Upon himself for a long time past Mr. Chapleau has imposed the duty of the solution of this vexed question, and he can lawfully claim in this complex work, bristling with difficulties, his undoubted share of success. He, in the labour question, may be said to have acted with the same agility as characterises a player who takes the ball "on the hop." A vacancy for the Commons occurs at Montreal, that is to say, at the very heart of Canadian industrial interests. While others are looking around thinking it needful

to hunt up a candidate who, according to tradition, should have a name, a social position, influence, Mr. Chapleau knocks at the door of a labouring man whose merit he had, with one glance, discerned. He does not trouble himself either with astonished public opinion or with hesitation from influential quarters, or even with certain apparently justifiable insubordination: he sees afar off, he knows whither he goes, and he makes a labouring man a member for Montreal.

What he has accomplished since then in this direction all know. Without claiming for him the paternity of the Labour Commission, it can at least be said that he rocked the cradle of it with fatherly solicitude. In fact it was to him that his colleagues entrusted the conduct of the enquiry for the Province of Quebec, and later on it was he whom the Government selected for the co-ordination of the voluminous documents furnished by all parts of the Dominion. In 1889 the Paris Exhibition opened up new avenues for the study of this labour question. The English colonies were not free to take an official part in it; but the Secretary of State took it on himself to counsel one of his old Commissioners to follow the proceedings of the great Labour Congress; then, on Mr. Helbronner's return, he causes his colleagues to recognize a report on "Social Economy" which will always remain useful and precious to the public men of our country. Besides, Mr. Chapleau has already set himself to modify legislation on the labour question so as to protect the working classes without affrighting or threatening capital. But let us turn aside from this natural digression to resume the work of the biographer.

Madame Chapleau, the mother of the Secretary of State, was a remarkable woman, and we believe that the present case confirms the theory generally received that all brilliant men have resembled their mothers. The talent and admirable management displayed by this excellent woman in bringing up, with the limited means at her disposal, seven children, all of high intelligence, and who all made a course of study in our houses of Superior Education, is something hardly credible.

It was at St. Thérèse, the 9th of November, 1840, the Prince of Wales' birthday, that Joseph Adolphe Chapleau first saw the

light. He commenced his course at the "College Masson," Terrebonne, and, after his rhetoric, he thought of going into business. But evidently a thirst for learning possessed him, as some time after we find him making his course of philosophy at the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe.

Mr. Chapleau's sojourn at St. Hyacinthe may be considered as the good fortune of his life, for he was there during the beautiful magisterial rule of the Reverend Mr. Desaulniers; and he imbibed from this great philosopher, this magnificent interpreter of St. Thomas, the healthful notions which have been at the base of his career, the exact knowledge which gives so much authority and irrefragable common sense to his pronouncements. Everybody knows that Mr. Chapleau is a sincere Catholic. Completely devoid of bigotry, he is, however, never afraid of proclaiming his faith; and in the House of Commons and at banquets, the most essentially English and Protestant, he has rendered homage to the Catholic Church and to the Canadian clergy with an eloquence which will bear fruit long after he shall have quitted this mortal scene.

In 1861 Mr. Chapleau was called to the Bar. He entered the law firm of Moreau and Ouimet, and later into that of Mousseau, Chapleau and Archambault, then into that of Carter, Church and Chapleau, and finally into that of Chapleau, Hall, Nicholls and Brown. Let us note, by the way, as a curious coincidence, that the Honourable Mr. Mercier, now Premier of Quebec, made a part of his law course under him.

On the 25th November, 1874, he married Miss Marie-Louise King, the remarkably gifted and distinguished daughter of Colonel King, of Sherbrooke, who contributes greatly to her husband's prestige.

He was elected for the first time in 1867 to the Local House for the County of Terrebonne, which he has since always represented and from which he cannot be dislodged by his opponents. He was named Queen's Counsel in 1873, Commander of the Order of St. Gregory in 1881, and Commander of the Legion of Honour in 1882. He is a Professor of International Law in Laval University, which has conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Chapleau entered the Ouimet Cabinet as Solicitor-General

the 27th of February, 1873, and left it on the 8th September, 1874, upon the voluntary resignation of that Government. On the 27th January, 1876, he entered the De Boucherville Government as Provincial Secretary, a position which he held up to the Letellier *coup d'état*. After the Provincial Elections of May, 1878, he became leader of the Conservative party at Quebec, and on the 30th October, 1879, after having overthrown the Joly Government, he was sent for by Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille to form a Cabinet. In this government he himself took the portfolio of Railways and Public Works. On the 29th of July, 1882, he resigned, to be replaced by the Honourable J. A. Mousseau, while he himself succeeded the latter at Ottawa as Secretary of State of Canada. The 4th of July, 1884, he was sent to British Columbia as President of the Royal Commission on Chinese immigration. On this subject he published a remarkable report; and the suggestions put forth by him and adopted by the Government, averted a crisis which threatened grave complications in the Pacific Province. Some years ago he established the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa, a work of enormous importance and which his influence alone has made a success.

Ill health has cruelly tried Mr. Chapleau, and he would probably have gone to "the bourne whence no traveller returns," if he had not withdrawn from the Provincial Leadership in 1882. After entering the Cabinet at Ottawa, he was enabled to pass the summer and autumn in Europe, then the winter in Southern California. As his mother, one of his brothers, and one of his sisters died of consumption, the same fate threatened him; and it was only by reason of the precautions taken at that critical time that he was saved, and remains to-day without the least trace, or even the least threat, of his old malady.

Without fear of contradiction it can be said that few personalities loom larger in public esteem and admiration in the Dominion of Canada than Mr. Chapleau. It could not well be otherwise with a man of his talent, who has been a militant politician since 1859, that is to say, for thirty-two years; who has been a member of the Legislature and of Parliament for twenty-four years; a member of different Cabinets for fifteen years; who may be truly said to have,

single-handed, overthrown the Joly Government, and who has been First Minister of the Province of Quebec.

Upon his head he has drawn as much hatred as he has gained friendship and devotion. He has taken part in all great events, figured in all great circumstances, put his hand to all great and good movements, inaugurated a thousand reforms. The recital of his success at the Bar seems, as it were, drawn from a fairy tale. Judges and juries became the sport of his eloquence, as soft wax in the hands of a moulder. When the Conservative youth rose against Sir George Cartier, in 1865, he it was who broke that dangerous movement by pronouncing boldly for Confederation. Had Chapleau allied himself with that movement, all the younger generation would to-day be Liberal. His attitude it was in the Legislative Assembly which determined the abolition of the "double mandate." It was he who renewed the commercial relations between France and Canada by placing a public loan on the Paris market, by introducing the *Crédit-foncier franco-canadien* into Canada, and by placing in France a Commissioner-General for Canada. Before the creation of the *Crédit-foncier*, property mortgaged had to pay seven and eight per cent. interest. The rate of interest fell immediately to six per cent.; it is now five and a half, not only for the Province of Quebec, but for all Canada; for this institution, now powerful, exists officially in the other Provinces, in several of which it has enormous interests.

He it was who realized for the Province of Quebec eight millions of dollars by selling the North Shore Railway. This act, which has procured for him so many insults, will perhaps be his greatest title to glory, for it is a matter of public notoriety to-day that the Pacific Company, which made the purchase, would be disposed to lose some millions upon the original price, could a purchaser be found. It is sufficient to read the reports which he published then as Minister of Railways to see how clearly he foresaw the construction of the Canada Atlantic and the Smith's Falls line of the Pacific, two rival roads which reduced to a relative insignificance the old Q. M. O. & O. Railway.

Mr. Chapleau it was who, at the great political tournament at Sainte-Croix, in 1875, secured the triumph of the Conservative cause by infusing into the electorate the most absolute confidence in

the result of the general contest. When he put upon the programme of his Government, in 1879, the encouragement of butter and cheese-making, the Opposition greeted the declaration to that effect by bursts of laughter. While his adversaries could not rise above the level of treating the matter as a joke, Mr. Chapleau saw far enough to know that he was gifting the Province of Quebec with one of the most flourishing industries she will ever have.

No wonder then that a man who so uniformly and so consistently put at the disposal of his country the benefit of his precious qualities, should to-day be the idol of the people. Unheard-of successes were won by him, such as the complete reversal of popular feeling in a parish by a single discourse, as at St. Guillaume in 1877, which entailed the defeat in Arthabaska of the Honourable Mr. Laurier; and the people remained fascinated by these achievements which are traditional.

He has been the champion of railways in this country, and his eloquent word it was which revived in the Provincial Legislature the old subsidy to the North Shore Railway and obtained one for the Northern Colonization Road, thus taking the original steps toward a national railway policy.

He had his share in contributing to the success of these financially perilous enterprises; and he can boast of having directly brought about the building of five lines of railways, the Laurentides, the Pontiac, and the continuation of the St. Jérôme, by his active and persistent co-operation, and the St. Eustache and Joliette roads, by his official and personal protection.

Adversaries in search of arguments have represented him as a restless, ambitious spirit, and have even wished to make him out an intriguer. Nothing can be more false. When, in 1875, he had only to say a word to overthrow the De Boucherville Cabinet, of which he had good reason to complain, he gave it a support so firm and so vigorous that the crisis was avoided. In 1880 he refused to enter the Dominion Government because he did not think he had completed the re-constitution of the Local Conservative party in the Province of Quebec.

In 1884, when the Government at Ottawa seemed determined to refuse the Province of Quebec its just demands, regarding the debt

contracted for the building of the North Shore Railway as part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, almost all the Quebec contingent to the Federal Parliament begged him to take their lead in forcing the Government's hand. He had only a word to say (at least the probabilities authorize the statement) to hold the destiny of the Cabinet in his own hands : but he remained thoroughly loyal to Sir John, knowing that justice would be done in the end without violence. His loyalty and the excellence of his political judgment were equally conspicuous in 1879, when the Marquis of Lorne refused to sanction the dismissal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de Saint-Just. The French-Canadian Conservatives were almost unanimous in accusing Sir John's Government of weakness, and, at a meeting held in Montreal by the most influential Conservatives, to protest against the retention of the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Chapleau stood alone against the excited crowd of his own friends in combatting the violent tactics they wished to try.

When Riel was executed, Mr. Chapleau could have become King of the Province of Quebec. The Liberals united with the Conservative members in begging him to put himself at their head. There is no doubt that his action would have entailed the fall of the Government at that time and that he would have returned to power with an immense strength. One can get an idea of it by the wholly unexpected strength which this incident alone suddenly gave to Mr. Mercier. What would this weapon not have been in the hands of a man whose prestige was already so firmly established? For all men of sense and moderation, Mr. Chapleau gave, in these circumstances, proof of a courage and a self-denial which the purest disinterestedness could not surpass.

It is now generally admitted that his talents and his services have not had an opportunity of achieving all that they could at Ottawa, since it is unheard of that a Minister should have remained eight years simply Secretary of State ; that is to say with a portfolio carrying no patronage. In our constitutional system, patronage is as necessary to popularity as the air is essential to the lungs. Generally a Minister is beloved according to the services which he can render, or the favours which he can distribute. There is no doubt that Mr. Chapleau has been obliged, as others, to experience

sometimes the curious exigencies of politics, but, nevertheless, from him a complaint has never been heard. The fact is that he has never troubled himself to find out if his role in the Government was an indifferent or an essential factor. Political duty attracts him as the pole attracts the magnet. We have seen him throw himself into the *mêlée* always with the same impetuosity and the same devotion, winning elections thought impossible, in Montreal East, in Richelieu, in Napierreville, and God knows that Mr. Chapleau is a man of elections. There it is that he reveals that wonderful combination of faculties, power of work, fecundity of genius, firmness and suppleness, personal magnetism, incessant activity, nature of iron, which delights amidst sleepless nights, storms, cold, rugged roads, dangers, as the halcyon in the tempest; and with all this, rapidity of decision and a memory of details still more important than the conception of the whole. In 1878 he went personally into eighteen counties and they were gained. In 1881, as Prime Minister, he made a journey through the Province, went into each riding, stirred up the masses by his eloquence, and held them by his talent as an organizer so well that he carried all the counties through which he had passed, that is to say, fifty-three seats out of sixty-five. At the Federal elections of 1887, he had a moment of hesitation in face of the powerlessness in which he found himself, and which made him at a glance foresee a defeat in the province. And one can see what an immense influence he exercised over the Conservative party in Quebec, which was then almost paralyzed. The day he entered the hall of the Conservative Association at Montreal, there was a frantic cry, there were transports which lasted during the whole time of the elections. From that moment not a Conservative had the slightest doubt as to success, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Chapleau regained all the counties lost six months before in the Provincial elections.

To this long array of brilliant and solid qualities one must be added of no less importance, but of a kind likely to excite surprise in this artist nature; for this particular speciality is wholly prosaic and "of the earth earthy." Mr. Chapleau is a man of business. He will speak about financial operations like an economist; about banking just as a bank manager; about small

savings just as a simple householder ; about the building of railways just as a railroad president ; and all this in no theoretical or visionary way, but in a fashion the most practically orthodox, minute and provident. Thus the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, placed so high in the world of finance, has lost nothing by electing him as one of its directors, any more than the French bankers find that they have made a mistake by naming him President in Canada of the *Crédit-foncier*.

Another quality much admired in him is the absence of all rancour. He has given blows enough in his life not to be surprised at receiving some in return. He has been sometimes abandoned, betrayed by some friends, threatened by others, deceived, played with, insulted. These reverses and griefs he bears with dignity ; but he never suffers a chance to escape of effecting a reconciliation when circumstances render it honourable. His friends know this well. He can handle them roughly, use them harshly, refuse them the good offices asked for even in an ungracious way, neglect them, vex them, perhaps, by remarks too sharp, but the first moment of ill-humour over, they confess that they love him too much to keep this in mind. This indulgence is the result of his sincerity, which no man doubts. It is well known that if he is guilty of a fault, it is only through excessive frankness ; and in reality this venial fault is nothing more than a very great quality essential in a leader of men. Wherefore, Mr. Chapleau can boast of a picked body of friends—faithful, devoted, solid, and remarkably intelligent.

He is a parliamentary tactician of the first order. From the time that he took the leadership of the Conservative party at Quebec, never has an adversary been able to force his hand, not even a man of the strength of the Honourable Mr. Irvine, whose witty phrase, when Mr. Chapleau left the Quebec House in 1882, I cannot forget : "From the moment Chapleau goes, I see no more what I have to do here." The fact is that during his struggle against the Joly Government and as Prime Minister at Quebec he has displayed the most powerful qualities as a statesman. He has been active, firm, provident, full of resources, equally strong in attack and in defence, and his own rear-guard remained unassailable. He pushed matters strongly because of his quick perception

and true glance. A word was enough for him to become conversant with a project, with an enterprise, or with the merits of a dispute, and he saw his way immediately with a safety of judgment which has gained for him the glory of not having left behind him one fault as an administrator. His partisans adored him; and meanwhile he never flattered them, for wheedling he has always detested; and although he has been sometimes besieged by petitioners, he has never had weaknesses even for those whom he loved the best. He knew how to refuse without wounding.

Singular medley of paradoxes! This man, so excellent in essentials, still shows sometimes in the intercourse of life childish rudenesses; in a discussion of no moment, in the thousand and one trifles of ordinary conversation, he will have words as sharp as a razor for his best companion at table, on the walk, or in a friendly chat. It is a matter of unconscious pleasantry; for the moment afterwards some talk personally most delightful will completely obliterate the memory of this blinding flash. The fact is that he will exhaust all the resources of his kindly heart to console a bruised partisan, to reassure a timid one, to sustain a friend in need of sympathy and of encouragement, to ward off a trouble or a weariness from one of his own. If you dispute with him about the five cents to which he has a right, he will demand it with the earnestness and tenacity of a miser from whom a thousand dollars had been taken. Parsimony, you say? You are not right, my friend; this is correctness of judgment. He insists because he has the right. He wishes justice in its full length and breadth for himself as well as for others; but be sure you will have from him the same measure as he claims for himself, if not double. After getting back the pennies in dispute, he will throw pounds away in fistfuls for no matter what project, so long as it be neither extravagant nor stupid; for in this as in other respects he is magnificent with judgment and discretion. An election is at hand; the funds do not arrive; he waits but little. The bank is there, he puts his credit under contribution as he starts off for the war, risking repayment or loss as the case may be.

He never refuses help asked from him by an acquaintance really in need: his fidelity to his friends embraces all sorts of attention:

pecuniary aid, ministerial protection, and kind consideration in misfortune. Of all these qualities it is, perhaps, friendship which shines in him with the greatest lustre. He never forgets, never forsakes, and never disdains. The friends of his youth who have not been able to follow him in his flight, find in him always the old and kindly friend. He urges them, encourages them, and, while mindful of his own rank and dignity, he does not withdraw from them that familiarity of the Auld Lang Syne so precious for them. Those of his own more immediate surrounding have all the reasons in the world for having the most absolute faith in his devotion. He is all things to every one of them, according to their several dispositions and in the measure in which things are feasible. He is not the one who will turn against a friend on a stormy day. The darker and the heavier the cloud may be, the more unpopularity may seem to follow some unfortunate, the more joyously will he enter into the lists to fight his friend's duel and to win back for him his good name.

It is this chivalrous side of his character which drove him irresistibly to go to the defence of Lépine and Lagimodière at Winnipeg in 1874. Truly at that time the road was trying and the journey cost much. He knew the poverty of his unfortunate clients, from whom he did not exact a penny. He contented himself with looking up his own bank account and off he set. Yes, full of care, sad, with a heavy burden on his heart; for, in accepting this task, he was delaying the greatest happiness of his life. He had to tell his betrothed that the day fixed for their marriage must be postponed for some months.

In personal appearance Mr. Chapleau is distinguished-looking and strikingly handsome. He would enter into a hall filled with strangers and everyone would be impelled to look at this remarkable face. There is something indefinable about him, unlike anybody else. His is no ordinary look; his is no ordinary head and face; his is not an expression which can be forgotten. His eye has that indescribable sweetness inseparable from the blue, and that penetration which emits sparks as from a metallic point. As a matter of fact, he has the look of men gifted with intellect specially privileged. His lips are finely cut, of a design so perfect that wit and

humour seem to always play about them. His nose is Roman, the nose of strong characters; his complexion pale, framed with luxuriant hair, formerly black, now silvered. There is poetry in the appearance of the hair and forehead, a brow sculptured by the chisel of a great artist-master, who had need of giving a royal frontispiece to a thought so masterful. In a burst of eloquence, it is useless to try to analyse this countenance. Rays of light pass over it, flashes which quiver and change like the streams of the aurora borealis over the gray firmament.

Whether it is said or not that I touched on the style of a dithyrambic, it matters little to me; I know that I am within the limits of truth. If it were not difficult to believe in the traits of this grand personality, they would not be extraordinary. The foregoing is a photograph; such it will remain in history. Truly, time flies, seeking to keep us unaware of its passage. The Chapleau of 1891 is still so much the Chapleau of 1860 that it seems always to us that this personage without pretension is the young man whom we have all known. We do not think about the past, we have so much to do with the present. But it is when one is obliged, as I am now, to ferret among old happenings, to make a review of thirty years well filled, that one stands confounded before the whole. I, who have passed my life with him, perhaps never discovered all that he is until this very day when I have to write about it. We are under the influence of the charm without taking into account that a charm exists. We abandon ourselves to friendship, to the ordinary intercourse of the world, and we think that it is all; that this friendship, that this confidence, that these needs of mutual encouragement pass quite simply across life as the water which flows in the river. But there comes a moment when realities assert themselves. One of these I now offer to you, one very beautiful, very consoling, and very indisputable.

ARTHUR DANSEREAU.

Montreal, 25th December, 1890.

[Translated by John Francis Waters.]

Artes. Quel que 's'informant de quoi que
je me porte de venue au Musée et que je me
sois d'ore" connue le Canadien Breant. —
Parmi les plantes rares qui possèdent ici, on
rencontre ^{ce} à ^{la} des taupes d' "eximie " ; je ne con-
naîtrais pas cette espèce avant aujourd'hui, mais
elle est très vivace ; il n'y a pas au type de
s'arracher — A vous
J. A. Chaplain

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