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THIRD SECTION

SOME STIRRING FIGURES IN PARLIAMENTARY HALLS

Gadsby Writes in His Luminous Way in Regard To Members of the Union Government — He Sketches Hon. N. W. Rowell and Others.

Ottawa, March 30.—That was a ripping good joke Sir George made to-day," said the Hon. Frank Carvell as he came out of the Green Chamber arm-in-arm with the Hon. Dr. Reid.

Just imagine it—Frank Carvell, Fighting Frank of ye olden time, Carvell whom good Conservatives used to regard as the devil's own scourge, Carvell the thorn in smug self-satisfaction's side, breathing sweet nothings into Dr. Reid's ear and passing compliments to Sir George Foster! Oh these intimacies of the council table! These amazing friendships of Union Government! Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

Not that Sir George Foster does not deserve all the compliments Frank Carvell can pay him. For some years now I have watched Sir George ripping and mellowing, his moribund satire turning into gentle humor under the sun of brotherly love and one way or the other getting near heaven as a politician can. "Sir George looks back over his shoulder at a long, useful life, and he has become very tolerant of his fellow man on both sides of politics. I miss my guess if he was not ready for Union Government a good six months in advance of the rest of his colleagues—such was the mood of amity he had achieved.

And now Sir George is making jokes—jokes which attract the attention and arouse the admiring comment of that ancient and robust enemy, Frank Carvell! They must be good jokes—to command the praise of such a truculent critic. But then Sir George can turn the laugh on anybody or anything. Only the other day he had an argument with a Mogul engine at the Union Station in Toronto which sent Sir George to the hospital but which changed the engine's point of view and no doubt broadened Sir George's sense of humor. At all events Sir George did something then to which no other orator in or out of Parliament has ever aspired. But this feat of derring-do was not, enough. Lying on the flat of his back, with his hands tied down by his side, Sir George piled up a majority of sixteen thousand. If a man can do that with a majority by means of absent treatment, what can he do when he is up and busy? Some joker is Sir George. No wonder Fighting Frank Carvell takes off his hat—he has had many encounters in his life, most of them successful, but he has never yet taken a fall out of a locomotive. All one can wish for Sir George now is that he may live forever.

An interesting conjuncture is the Hon. James Calder and the Hon. Newton Rowell. They are seat-mates and the Press Gallery has already christened them the Two Mountaches, the contrast being quite as marked as the symbolism. The Hon. Mr. Calder has a moustache of generous proportions, not as drooping as that of the walrus, nor yet as bristling as that of Frank Oliver, but an impressive ornament just the same, and fairly typical of the breezy western spirit. It is in fact built to resist the weather, and blizzards have raged through it with a little harm to the fabric as the gentle chinook. Mr. Calder's moustache hints to me of spacious skies, wide horizons, and broad opinions well ventilated by the keen air of the prairies. I have a great deal of faith in it.


The Hon. Mr. Rowell's moustache is of an entirely different character.

It is black and might be luxuriant if it were allowed to have its own way, but, like Mr. Rowell, it is under the strictest moral discipline. Its close-clipped neatness seems to represent all the propriety of the effete east and all the goodness of Toronto. Some day Mr. Rowell will wax that moustache and that day will see him hailed as good fellow and taken to the bosom of the average sinner who has passed through enough fire to become human.

Just here is the place to say that Mr. Rowell has in him the makings of a useful statesman. He is honest, earnest, industrious, and eloquent. Really eloquent—no wind, no padding—the eloquence of compact language, close reasoning, and definite purpose. On the hustings or in Parliament, Mr. Rowell makes equally good speeches. He never makes a poor speech because he never trusts to the moment to throw a lot of flub-dub together. He prepares his speeches, midnight-oils them to the last syllable, in which matter he sets an example to our Elder Statesmen, who have long thought that anything was good enough for the crowd. Mr. Rowell's critics, and they are many, take the ground that Mr. Rowell may be earnest, but that he is earnest about only a few things. He is earnest about moral reform, about winning the war, about the greatness and solidarity of the British Empire—all sentimental questions as it were—the pie of politics—the subjects, that is to say, over which any one with a spiritual side to his nature may smite his lips. But how does the tariff and the other sordid details which make up the daily fare of politics? When will Mr. Rowell show an expert interest in these homely but necessary matters? When does he will cut a much greater figure in politics than he does now.

Meanwhile, his task is to conquer a certain unpopularity with the man on the street, who would love Mr. Rowell more if he could respect him less. Just one amiable failing—just one little cigarette, smoked in public—in the lobby of the Chateau—and Mr. Rowell would win many hearts. "What is one mass?" said Henry of Navarre, foregoing for the moment a conviction to win Paris. What is one cigarette—we'll let it go at that.

The Hon. Chas. Murphy's remarks about Mr. Rowell continue to reverberate down the corridors of time. Mr. Murphy is Irish, and when he speaks about Mr. Rowell he speaks not only con amore but Connemara. Mr. Murphy is known as the Shillelagh of Opposition—and a doughy shillelagh he is, and deals many lusty blows. The general opinion was that he certainly did beat up Mr. Rowell, but about the result there were two schools of thought—one that it was bad for Mr. Rowell, because it would create sympathy for Mr. Rowell, the other that it would be good for Mr. Rowell because it would show him the treatment he might expect when he got away from Toronto, where the Globe and the Star and the good people generally are always presenting him with prizes for good conduct. There is a large cold world outside Toronto, and this fact Mr. Murphy has conveyed to Mr. Rowell in language not over delicate. There ought to be a lesson in it for somebody. Personally I believe that Mr. Rowell suffers from the kindness of his newspaper friends, who will insist on painting the lily and crying up the



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It may interest the gentle reader, and the ungente one likewise, to learn that the Hon. C. C. Ballantyne is a gigantesque statesman, almost as tall as the high tariff he favors. He is remarkably like De Wolfe Hopper in face and figure. One does not know whether his voice has the same bourdon quality as the big comedian's, but if it has it ought to make a big hit with Parliament. One wonders also whether Mr. Ballantyne has the comic quality, but I don't see how that can be, because well, because the tariff is no joke. It is no joke, and yet it is no curse—because it is a smooth way of extracting money from a people who pipe yet for the rough, bluff methods of direct taxation.

Even Dr. Michael Clark, has modified his views of the tariff to the extent of blaming it for everything except our recent severe winter. This shows how much Union Government has done for the great apostle of free trade. I don't see how we are to get along without a tariff for some years to come. It will be one of many ways of raising a lot of money. We have one plumber in Parliament, but it will take more than one plumber to solder up the leaks in the treasury. We have also one dentist, but it will take more than one dentist to fill the cavity in the revenue. Still, whenever I look at Mr. Ballantyne I remember that De Wolfe Hopper once sang for an elephant at all night and that elephant ate all day, and somehow or other I link that elephant up with high tariff.

However, nobody reckons to meet that elephant crossing a bridge this session—not even the western members.

—H. F. GADSBY.

HATED FOE BEATEN.

Munich Paper Ghosts Over "Defeat" of English.

Zurich, Switzerland, March 28.—The Munich, Bavaria, Neueste Nachrichten of last Sunday, commenting on the offensive on the western battlefront, says: "The first violent blow in a vast and decisive battle has been struck against our bitterest and most dangerous foe on French soil. England has suffered a defeat, the magnitude of which cannot be disregarded."

"The English have defended themselves with all the stubbornness of their race, but up to the present they have been unable to bring the fight to a standstill. A great victory has been achieved, but much mightier things are impending. We must not forget that we are experiencing only the beginning of a decisive battle. But we are firmly assured that no power on earth can snatch victory from us."

An increase of \$1,719,424 in the expenditure for postage stamps during the year ending with March 31, 1917, as compared with the previous year brought the total to \$23,174,601.

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