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# MEN OF TO-DAY

## *The Man Who Spelled Hate.*

**T**HE well set up man, a vivid likeness of whom appears on this page: Lord Devenport in his Bond Street morning coat, button shoes and silk tie, venturing forth with determined step from his great London residence in Grosvenor Place—recently incurred among a section of the people of England the reputation of being the most hated man among the aristocracy.

There are degrees of dislike. A man may growl that he "hates" someone in the apartment above him who insists on pounding the piano when he desires to sleep. A statesman may become unpopular with the nation because of his policy, as Lloyd George to-day in certain quarters; and a mob may even rush his automobile. But it is difficult to imagine an attitude of aversion, mingled with such bitterness, as that of the striking London dockers to Lord Devenport.

His Lordship is Chairman of the Port of London and a large employer of dock labour. When the men who take the cargoes from the ships which drift up the Thames to London from all corners of the world, went out in a body last May, Lord Devenport coolly sat tight. He refused to recede from his position that the men were in the wrong. The funds of the strikers began to decrease. Conferences between him and the labour leaders were arranged to effect a settlement. The Chairman of the Port would not recede an inch.

All England was amazed. Lord Devenport had



Prime Minister Borden, Lord Strathcona, and Colonel O'Grady, Commander of the Canadian Bisley Team.

formerly impressed those who had come in contact with him as a mild, magnanimous sort of man. It was probably expected that with a chairman of this character, an early compromise would be the solution of the strike trouble. But the public found him a stubborn fighter. As the battle went on, the labour newspapers affected to see a claw beneath the velvet exterior of his Lordship. He absolutely refused to be moved by the sight of thousands of grimy, disgruntled, idle men, tired women with anxiety in their eyes and starvation written on their shrinking forms, nor the thin, wasted look of little children who cried for food, and wondered why mother wept and father only muttered and turned away when he was spoken to.

Such a situation had to have its climax—and what a climax! One day, while Mr. R. L. Borden and the war lords of the Asquith Government were talking in millions and of Dreadnoughts in Downing Street, Ben Tillet and thousands of dockers climbed Tower Hill, and upon that historic spot, where the pride of many a blue-blooded one had been humbled in ancient time, the starving dock folk knelt down and actually solemnly invoked Providence to strike Lord Devenport dead!

Theatrical, but terribly true. This man visualized to the simple London labourers the octopus of capital which they felt held them powerless, and they were ready to appeal to the supernatural to have the yoke removed. Lord Devenport showed that he felt keenly the responsibilities of his position. Shortly after the Tower Hill demonstration, he and the leaders of the strikers apparently got together and made an agreement to end the strike. But the dockers did not rush back to their jobs. Thirty thousand of them held a meeting and voted no surrender. However, better counsel is prevail-

ing and they are slowly resuming work.

The incident is significant at this moment in that it shows that the war scare is only one of the perils of England; a more serious one is the social unrest.

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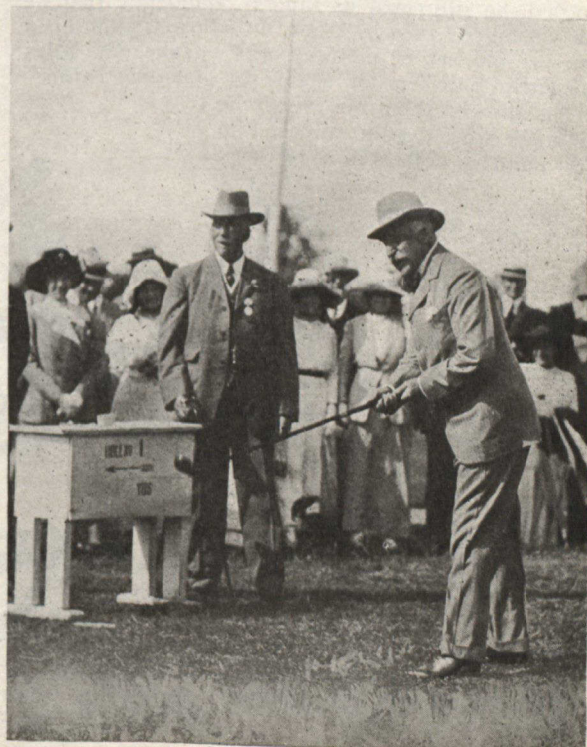
## *Mr. Borden Shakes Hands With John Bull.*

**T**HERE are two features of Mr. Borden's visit to England interesting to Canadians. We are anxious to hear the ultimate result of his mission to the admiralty. But we are also intensely curious to know how our first citizen "got on" with the people over-seas. The average Canadian is jealous of his country's impression abroad, and willing to drop political considerations when he wishes to size up its representative at the courts of other nations. Both Conservatives and Liberals were proud to own Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the occasions they shook hands with John Bull.

Mr. Borden has not the fire nor the easy wit of Macdonald, for whom new audiences were an incident; nor has he Laurier's white plumes nor finesse. The Prime Minister of Canada is the big, brainy, rugged type with few temperamental qualities in his make-up, impressive in his very stolidness. Mr. Borden, in his appearance and manner, does not suggest the usual conception of a court diplomatist. But the boyish, winning smile and the open, hearty speech of Canada's Prime Minister afloat in London officialdom for the first time have made him "solid."



Lord Devenport, Chairman of the Port of London, Leaves His Residence for a Turbulent day at His Office.



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught Takes a Drive at the St. Charles Golf Club, Winnipeg; Sir William Whyte is the Other Figure.