

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## The Editor in the Cabinet

JUST the other day there was a unique, almost a curious, gathering in Edmonton; newspaper men of Alberta and all that part of British Columbia lying hitherwards of the Rockies; scribes gathered to hear words of wisdom from two eminent men. One of the celebrities was Lord Northcliffe; the other Hon. Frank Oliver; newspaper men both. In fact long before Mr. Harmsworth dreamed of starting the magazine known as *Answers*, to be followed by his cycle of dailies and weeklies culminating in the *London Times*, Frank Oliver was the publisher and proprietor of the first newspaper ever printed west of Portage la Prairie; and that was the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

There was a coincidence about that meeting the other day which both of these celebrities missed in their speeches. Some years ago looking through the only extant files of the old *Edmonton Bulletin* clear back to the year 1880; right through the four sizes from regular news size to a folder the size of a tract—the writer came across a rather remarkable item. It was the reprint of a comment made by the greatest newspaper in the world regarding the littlest newspaper in the world; the greeting of the "Thunderer," now owned by Lord Northcliffe, to the *Bulletin*, owned by Frank Oliver; the lion noticing the mouse. I remember the *Times* devoted about three lines to that notice, alleging that the paper in question, though very small, contained the usual proportion of "draper's advertisements," and so forth; when without a doubt the editor of the *Times* had about as much idea where Edmonton's "drapers" lived as a man in *Tierra del Fuego* has of the north side of Greenland.

However, the *Bulletin* kept coming out. There were about nineteen reasons why it should. It had about nineteen subscribers—in winter; in summer none at all—when the people were out on the trails. It was a lone little lamp in a huge, dark land. It was the tale of the times told without much comment and little colour. Its very name was significant. In 1880 when Oliver started the paper he was a storekeeper who in the east at the town of Brampton, where he was born, had known something about a printer's case. The C. P. R. ran a telegraph line from Calgary way, up to a point about where Leduc now stands—to the Hay Lakes. There it stopped. Edmonton, which was a straggle of log shacks above and a fur post below, desired to get in touch with the civilised. Merely to print the story of the carts that came in, and the bears that were shot, and some vagrant threshing machine that got a job somewhere, would not fill even one page of the paper as big as one's hand. It was necessary to use the wire. But the wire stopped at Hay Lakes.

The citizens of Edmonton—about enough to fill a box car—got together and got the line extended to Edmonton. Alex. Taylor became the operator; afterwards postmaster for many years and chairman of the school board. The news "Alec" got over the wire was printed in the *Bulletin*, which was got out by Messrs. Oliver and Taylor. The *Bulletin* became all the rage. Everybody read it—except those of the halfbreeds who couldn't read.

The *Bulletin* grew. In the winter it boomed. In summer time it stopped circulation, because there was nobody left in town to read it. As the years passed and the town waited, trying to grow, the newspaper got a size bigger and then a size bigger still. Rev. Mr. Baird, then Presbyterian minister in the wooden church on the river bank, wrote the editorials. Mr. Oliver was not then as well versed in the English language as he is now. They were some of the ablest editorials that ever appeared in the West. By the time of the Klondike rush or shortly afterwards the *Edmonton Bulletin* was a semi-weekly published in a brick building and patronised by a share of government advertising.

Hard as the row had been to hoe in the earliest



Hon. Frank Oliver,  
Minister of the Interior. The Cabinet Minister who drove dogs before he became an Editor.

years, there were knocks ahead of the *Bulletin*. Once upon a time there was an entertainment put on in Edmonton that pleased not Frank Oliver. He decided to slate the thing. He was waited on by a number of angry subscribers who demanded an apology or they would cancel subscriptions. The *Bulletin* lost the subscribers and did without the apology. But it was not long till a few fresh cart-loads of people came to town and they all took the *Bulletin*—which was evidently a paper with a purpose.

Long after that when the railway got into Edmonton there was an agitation to tax the real estate men that set up shacks on the street. There was a lusty opposition to the tax. The *Bulletin* was expected to help the opposition; was warned that if it didn't there would be a slump in the advertising. The *Bulletin* hated to lose the business; but it went dead against the real estate men; lost the business; but picked up a lot of commercial business immediately afterwards.

Hon. Frank Oliver is now the only Dominion Cabinet Minister that ever owned a western newspaper. He got up the long ladder very largely by means of the *Edmonton Bulletin*. It is his own personal organ and in the earlier days it did some "bronco-busting" against the clear Grit party in the House; in the days when "Honest Frank" was a straight independent.

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## A Cosmopolitan Cleric

ARCHBISHOP BEGIN, head of the Archdiocese of Quebec, has seen as much of the world as any cleric in America. He has travelled most of Europe, a good deal of Asia and has seen a good deal of Canada and the United States. He began his itinerary by going to Rome to study theology. That was when the authorities of Laval University at Quebec decided to add theology to the course—more than forty-five years ago. He was then but a few years off the little farm near Levis where his father, Charles Begin, lived to be ninety-one years of age. During his five years at Rome Rev. Mr. Begin took up with languages—Hebrew and Syrian, Chaldean and Arabic. Whence much of his travels that he might hear the languages spoken; in which itinerary he visited Austria and Hungary, Rou-

mania, Serbia and Bulgaria, and the two Turkeys; the islands of Lesbos and Tenedos, Rhodes and Cyprus and Lebanon; going on to the main land he took in also Phoenicia, Palestine and Egypt; afterwards Sicily. On one of these trips he succeeded in bringing home to Laval University some highly interesting mummies.

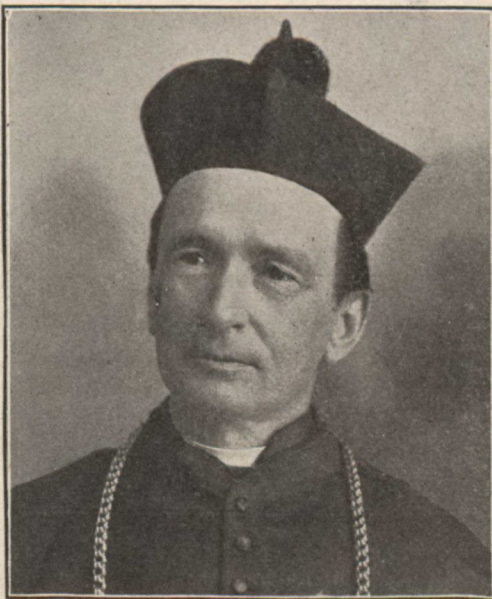
In Canada for the past forty years Archbishop Begin has been vitally identified with education and has gone through all the degrees of promotion in the Church. He has published a list of works; was principal of the Normal School at Laval till in 1888 he became Bishop of Chicoutimi, whose cathedral he brought to completion, enlarged the seminary and renovated the palace. In 1891 he was made coadjutor to Archbishop Taschereau with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene; afterwards administrator of the archdiocese of Quebec, where the Plenary Council is now being held.

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## The Irish Archbishop

ARCHBISHOP McEVAY of Toronto has about the same relation to the Roman Catholics of Toronto as the head of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has to the church of that city. The Arch-

bishop is an Irishman and most of his church folk are Irish too. St. Michael's is one of the venerable monuments of Ontario; standing directly across the road from what was once the cathedral of Canadian Methodism, the Metropolitan Church. In the old days when Archbishop Lynch was thundering in St. Michael's, Dr. Potts and men of his calibre were holding forth in the Metropolitan. Archbishop McEvay was born in Lindsay, Ont.; educated at St. Michael's College in Toronto, as well as at Milwaukee and Montreal. He is president of the Catholic Extension Society; particularly interested in the spread of Catholicism in the West.



Most Rev. L. P. Begin,  
Archbishop of Quebec.



Archbishop McEvay,  
Head of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.