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MEN OF TO-DAY

The Man from Medicine Hat

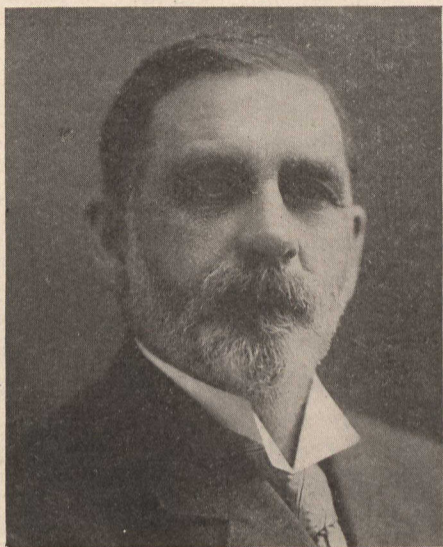
THERE is a place in Saskatchewan they call Medicine Hat, and it is famous; notorious Medicine Hat which was said by Kipling to have "all hell for a basement"—a roaring, burning centre of natural gas for all that part of the Southwest. Just the other day a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* alleged that Medicine Hat was not in Montana, but in Assiniboia! That gentleman would do well to correspond with Mr. W. Cousins, who is the best posted man on Medicine Hattism in the whole world, and is incidentally president of the Associated Boards of Trade of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. Mr. Cousins has been in Medicine Hat since 1883. He was born very unobtrusively in the quiet city of London, Ontario, where for some time he kept a grocery store. Anybody who lived in London as far back as 1883 will bear testimony with Mr. Cousins that it was slow enough to drive a man out—even to Medicine Hat, which at that period of history was as ungodly lonesome a spot as could be found on any railway in the world. But Mr. Cousins went—not caring a continental for the weather which is said to originate in Medicine Hat, though there's a good deal of it that never started in the basement. Quite naturally, being one of the few white men in that camp of log shacks, he soon became the whole town. He was general merchant, clerk of the court and justice of the peace; chairman of the school board and president of the agricultural society; mayor of the town and president of the baseball team that "flabbergasted" the prairies before the "Bone-Pilers" were organised in Regina. At a later date when Mr. Cousins had conquered all these worlds and might have vamoosed to the Great Bear Lake in order to be a Poohbah to the Yellow Knives, he was seized by the associated boards of trade of the two new provinces and made president. When the new octopus got big enough to swallow Manitoba, Mr. Cousins from Medicine Hat quite naturally got the headship of that body also. He is one of the winds of the west—ready to blow about Medicine Hat till the "lid" comes off the basement.

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A Live Winnipegger

THE past nineteen years in Winnipeg has made Mr. E. D. Martin president of the Winnipeg Board of Trade—which in the third commercial city in Canada is an honour second only to being mayor. Mr. Martin is an example of a man who in choosing a profession found himself

at last conspicuously in business. When as a youth of seventeen he left his home town, Milton, Ont., and went to Toronto to attend the School of Pharmacy, he probably had no intention of being anything more than a good druggist making a comfortable living in a quiet, conventional way. He spent thirteen years as a druggist in Ottawa; but in 1890 he went to Winnipeg, where he branched out at once into the wholesale drug trade. He was not long in the West before he became a member of the Council of the Pharmaceutical Association of Manitoba—of which body for two years he was also president. About the same time he became president of the Winnipeg Liberal Association. In 1899 he was Liberal candidate for the House of Commons, but



Mr. E. D. Martin,
President Winnipeg Board of Trade.



Cadet Grasett, R.M.C.,
Winner Sword of Honour.



Hon. Kung Hsin-Chao,
Chinese Consul-General, Ottawa.



Mr. W. Cousins,
President Western Boards of Trade.



Mr. J. O. MacLeod,
Superintendent Mail Service in B. C.

was defeated by the Labour candidate. It is proof of the fact that as yet politics have nothing to do with civic or trade preferments in Winnipeg, that Mr. Martin, who has always been a staunch Liberal, should be president of the Board of Trade in a city which has a Conservative mayor and is capital of the province under a Conservative Government. Mr. Martin has always been a prominent worker in both church and Y.M.C.A. work; is a member of the Church of England, also of the Executive Committee of the Diocese of Rupertsland and of the Council of St. John's College. At the time the Y. M. C. A. building was erected in Winnipeg, Mr. Martin was president of the Association, which position he occupied for six years.

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Military College Graduate

THE Royal Military College, the big Canadian training school for our aspiring soldier boys at Kingston, Ontario, held its annual commencement exercises the other day. On that occasion, Cadet Read of Ottawa was granted the gold medal; Cadet White, also of the capital, the silver medal; and Cadet Grasett, of Toronto, the sword of honour for good conduct and discipline throughout his term. Cadets Reiffenstein, Ottawa; Hutton, Toronto, and Grasett, Toronto, were three bright graduates who received commissions in His Majesty's regular army. Cadet Arthur Edward Grasett, one of the young chaps mentioned, who are going off to dig ditches, build bridges and perform the labours incidental to Tommy Atkins' share of the weaving-of-empire process, falls into a military career by instinct. He is of a family of warriors. His grandfather, whose example he emulates, was Lieut.-General Hewett, well known to fame as the founder and first commandant of the Kingston Royal Military College. The grandson has done credit to that institution and to the memory of his forbear. During his course at Kingston, he has attained to the most coveted of R. M. C. honours, the Battalion Sergeant-Majorship. By a curious coincidence, Cadet Grasett is to be attached to the Royal Engineers, the same corps in the service of which his grandfather Hewett carved out distinction for himself.

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New Chinese Consul-General

SO, even China has awakened to our trade possibilities. His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to send us a representative to keep an eye on the areas of No. 1 hard and the lumber kings for the four hundred million souls at home. Honourable Kung Hsin Chao, the first Chinese Consul-General to Canada, is an advanced Chinaman of the modern up-to-

date type, who are doing their best to dissolve the torpor which has so long smothered any healthy social and political activity in the "land that sleeps." Mr. Kung is a member of the Hanlin Academy in China—the significance of which is that Ottawa intellects will meet their match in his celestial wit. Mr. Kung's diplomacy is an inherited possession. His father for years figured as Chinese Minister at St. James and the other courts of Europe. The son assisted in the paternal embassy duties so well that he caught the attention of Li Hung Chang. He became the old statesman's attaché and secretary in 1900. A wide experience of foreign affairs and problems especially fit him for the important office of a mediator between the commerce