

POOR DOCUMENT

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THREE BIG MEN ON HYDRO BOARD

They Represent the Three Kinds
of Men—Prophets, Priests,
and Kings.

SIR ADAM A PROPHET
Mr. Lucas Stands for Cold Reason
and Conservation and Col.
Carmichael Practical Action.

By J. E. MIDDLETON.
THREE men form the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario: Sir Adam Beck, manufacturer and sportsman; Hon. I. B. Lucas, lawyer and former Attorney-General of Ontario; and Col. D. Carmichael, D.S.O., M.C., who entered the army as a farm boy, winning promotion and decorations by sheer merit as a fighter. Not only are they three men, but they represent three kinds of men; the only kinds, some are inclined to think—prophets, priests and kings.

The prophets are the ones who see visions and dream dreams; the poets, the writers, the artists, the statesmen. They are vigorous and articulate. They can spread their canvases of their fancy before the great crowd and make the things of their imagination vivid and real.

The priests are not the clergy alone, but lawyers, judges and officials. It is their temperament to prevent us from casting aside the old and the tried things while the new and the novel are being tried. They are the dampers of enthusiasm, the men who appeal daily to cold reason, to common sense, to the theory of philosophy, doubt. They call for evidence, for expert testimony, before allowing us to try the new pass, the unfamiliar way.

Who are the kings? Who are the men of action, the fighters who plunge into the battle of competition and endure hard knocks for the pleasure of it?

In this democratic land, where every opinion counts for something, in the polling booth, at least, the king, or the "plain business man," is well-looked upon. The people listen to this king's judgments on public affairs and are content. He is known as a hard worker. Very likely he began as a poor boy.

In Ontario now the Legislature is commanded by the kings and for a while the priests are out of favor. Neither group can exist without the prophets, who devote the plan for others to carry out or oppose. Oddly enough, the prophets are about acknowledging their inspiration. They will not confess that they have the gift of prophecy. No man arises before the public crying, "I am a statesman," or "I am an orator," therefore you must listen to me and follow the course I have outlined as the one desirable above all others.

A Well-Balanced Commission
THE prophets know that they and their predecessors have been stoned from the foundation of the world. They know that men hate those who tell them of old habits, or afflict them with new ideas. For reasons of common prudence the prophets affect colloquial habits of public speech and put brakes on their enthusiasm.

The tendency is to regard at its best in Parliament. No one nowadays speaks like Gladstone or Edward Blake. Orators exist, but they know full well that oratory is discredited. How frequently one hears that statement: "I am not much of a politician, I come before you as one plain business man speaking to you on a question of common interest to us all."

What he really means is this: "I have a New Idea, an inspiration, which will revolutionize the customs and habits of all people. I feel the impulse to rouse within you the Spirit of Wonder, to command you to open new eyes that you may see. I claim the authority to lead you into new paths, knowing that you will find that all the priests are wrong."

"But," you may say, "that is Egotism." Of course it is. Every prophet is a sublime Egotist, beginning with himself and ranging down the centuries with Aeschylus and Virgil, Shakespeare and Dante, Cervantes and Marlowe, and James Watt and Graham Bell, Lloyd George and Marconi. When millions of people desire above everything else to be alone only Egotism will inspire one man to shake them out of their lethargy and start them blundering sleepily along a new highway, leading to a glorious somewhere not yet clearly defined.

More than Egotism is required. The spirit of Domination must be present. Most prophetic reforms must compel attention and drive folk into action. A statesman of the highest rank makes the people go his way, but uses such diplomatic methods that few will be offended. Sir Adam Beck does not believe that he is a statesman. He fancies that he is a business man talking business. Yet his enemies call him a demagogue. They can see into a grinsome as far as any philosopher. They know that Sir Adam is the protagonist of a New Idea. They know that he can command the sympathy and support of any audience, that he can hold the confidence of Grit and Tory, of farmer, labor man and business man. Plainly, they know full well that he is the most accomplished statesman, or politician, of our day. They express belief by flinging at him the epithet which every politician has won frequently in his time.

Dismal was called a demagogue, Gladstone, thundering about the Bulgarian atrocities, was called a demagogue. Sir John Macdonald was called a demagogue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was called a demagogue. Roosevelt was called a demagogue. All these and more were called demagogues—until they died. Then they were distinguished statesmen, delivered by former enemies. Sir Adam Beck sees in the great Hydro-Electric enterprise the real



Brig.-Gen. W. T. F. Horwood

NEWLY appointed commissioner of the London Police, to succeed Gen. Sir Nevil Macready, Gen. Horwood won several decorations in the World War and was cited seven times for bravery. He has been connected with Scotland Yard for many years.

Fabric of his own vision, the realization of his own dream, the crown of his unremitting and enthusiastic labors. Frequently he says: "I do not like to argue about anything when I know that I am right." There is the sound and reasonable Egotism of the Prophet. He is a dominating personality. Everyone admits it. But in the platform his manner is ingratiating while his argument is convincing. He has humor mingled with frankness, charm with vigor.

He has prophesied with effectiveness. The Hydro-Electric System is selling at cost to 236 municipalities of Ontario not less than 210,000 h.p. of electric energy and saving coal by millions of tons.

Is it not eminently fitting that the Commission managing this immense organization is composed of a Prophet, a Priest and a King?

British Soldiers Who Became Potentates

Instance of Adventurous Spirit Who Won High Rank.

KAID SIR HARRY MACLEAN, who died recently, was not the only British soldier who found in foreign lands the fortune he did not find at home. Sergeant Baiding was given \$6,000 a year by the Emperor of Morocco in 1909 to instruct the imperial cavalry in European line and one Trooper Ward, of the Yorkshire Yeomanry, made such an impression on the Prince of Parma that he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Italian army. Then through the following stages: Personal groom to the Prince, attendant at a special dinner, reformer-in-chief of that army, Ambassador at Vienna, commander-in-chief of the army of Parma. On his return to England Lord Palmerston received him, and described him as "one of the most remarkable men of the age."

Then there was Pte. James Hattie, of the old 5th Foot, whose comeliest career may be summed up in this wise-promoted sergeant at Mauritius. Given a commission as lieutenant for bravery in extinguishing a fire. Entered the Governor's service. Appointed tutor to the sons of Radama, King of Madagascar. Returned with these sons to Madagascar. British Resident at Madagascar. Abolished the export slave trade. Reorganized the Malagasy army on the European model. Became chief adviser to the king, and—crowning distinction—had the honor of taking the salute from his old captain and company of the 5th when they attended an important State ceremony.

Wasted Energy
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"So you write poems, doctor?" she said.

"A little—a little; just to kill time," he replied.

"Why?" asked the lady. "Have you no patients?"

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A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

'MAC' LANG, M.P.P. FROM FAR NORTH

Represents Porcupine Miners,
Cochrane Farmers, and Hud-
son Bay Trappers.

ESKIMOS LOOK TO HIM
This Mining Contractor and
Prospector Is One of Legisla-
ture's Interesting Characters.

By A. G. DAVIE.
AJOR MALCOLM LANG, M.P.P., representative in the Ontario Legislature of the most northerly constituency in the Province, that of Cochrane, is one of the most interesting of the varied types of humans who infest Queen's Park during the session.

Major Lang's looks and actions might not indicate that he was any different from the general run of legislators. U.P.O. Labor, Liberal or Conservative, for being a son of the Silent Places, he is not given to much speech or any form of self-advertisement.

Major Lang is a mining contractor and always a prospector with a great faith in the wonderful wealth of Northern Ontario. As a mining contractor, he undertakes assessment and development work on other men's claims, as well as doing the necessary work of his own claims. He has returned a hundredfold in golden dividends for the sacrifice of the trail, the hard work and weariness, the plague of black flies and mosquitoes and the ever-present danger of forest fires.

Major Lang's constituency starts where Capt. Tom Magdalen's leaves off, somewhere north of New Liskeard, and embracing a wide circle of clay belt, forest wealth and gold mines, sweeps off northward to Hudson Bay and even to the Arctic circle as far as any fixed boundaries are concerned. Indians and Eskimos are part of Mac Lang's care as representative, but he is not a student of the aborigine of Northern Ontario is well able to take care of himself.

Scottish-Canadian by birth, associations and choice, Major Lang has the Scotch love of a good joke and the Canadian quickness to see the point, and one of his most attractive features is his merry and frequent laugh, spontaneous and unaffected as the great outdoors. Mac Lang has been a Scotch Liberal since the cradle, but associations with Tories of the Liberal-Conservative type has mellowed Mac's politics until he will even admit that Tories under exceptional circumstances may be admitted to Heaven.

Mack's Camp Open House
WHEN Porcupine was scourged by the first great forest fire in 1911, Mac Lang had a camp at Pottsville, which old-timers will remember as "a whoop and a holler" from Golden City across the lower part of Porcupine Lake. Mac's camp was open house for everybody. Pottsville was wiped off the map with Golden City and South Porcupine, and all the buildings round about, but the great fire and Mac's cabin and effects with them. He was able, however, to render very efficient service in the relief work which followed.

The second big fire occurred while the war was on and Mac, then a lieutenant in the 18th, was taking a special course at Kingston. It is a crowning distinction—had the honor of the North when news of the disaster reached him—left without official leave, for he was unable to locate his superior officer, and he felt that he should be with his suffering people as soon as possible to do what he could for them.

Although over military age and having a wife and child, Mac could not stay out of the war and enlisted in the 18th Battalion, Northern Pioneers, gaining a commission as lieutenant after a short course at the military school. He was sent to school all over again. However, he swore he would go to France if he had to foot it as a private. He did get there, but was shuffled into a forestry unit much against his will. However, he rendered efficient service behind the lines in France running a sawmill and keeping the supply of trench and railway timber up to requirements. Returning to Canada, Mac was



Rebel Countess Again Bobs Up in Ireland

COUNTRESS GEORGINA MARKIEVICZ, the notorious leader of the Sinn Fein, addressing a meeting recently of the Sinn Fein "Flanna" annual commemoration. Since 1916 the Countess has been jailed about four times, serving in all more than 23 months. She fought in the Dublin rebellion dressed as a man and led the detachment of rebels that captured Dublin University. The Countess is the first woman to be elected a member of Parliament.

The Moderator of Presbyterian General Assembly is a Diplomat

Professor James Ballantyne Has Been on the Staff of Knox College Since 1896—Fine Scholar, Specially Gifted With Tact.

By W. L. EDMONDS.
IF Professor James Ballantyne, the new moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, had followed in the footsteps of his father, the late Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, his life's vocation would have been connected with the dairy industry and not with the Church. And it would have been a natural thing for him to have done, for the particular Ballantyne clan to which he belongs takes as readily to the making of butter and cheese as the Cecil family of England takes to the making of whisky.

But if Prof. James Ballantyne had the blood of a dairyman in his veins it was the lure of the Church that decided the vocation he should follow. And when that lure came upon him he set himself to the task of acquiring the subjects he does at Knox College. He is a student of the staff of Knox College in 1896 specialized particularly in Church history, his education had been so broad and deep that he had become a recognized authority on the subject, hence his unexpected call to the professorate.

As to his qualification for teaching the subjects he does at Knox College, no one apparently has any doubts. He is a student of the staff of Knox College in 1896 specialized particularly in Church history, his education had been so broad and deep that he had become a recognized authority on the subject, hence his unexpected call to the professorate.

Then he took up the more serious study of theology, in the course of which he entered in turn Knox College, the Princeton Theological Seminary, and the Edinburgh University. In 1885, five years after graduating from the University of Toronto, he was ordained into the ministry, and became pastor of Knox Church, London, where he remained nine years, leaving to accept the pastorate of Knox Church, Ottawa.

When in 1896 Knox College wanted a professor of Church history, the lot fell upon the Rev. James Ballantyne. Whatever it might have been to others, it was unexpected by himself, but after due consideration he accepted. Twenty-four years have elapsed, but he is still lecturing to Knox students and to the general public, and a few old students.

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George N. Barnes, M.P.

BARNES' UPHILL FIGHT FOR FAME
British Labor Leader Was Dull
Scotch Youth, Born of Wandering, Poor Parents.

HE GOT NO SCHOOLING
Relentlessly Educated Himself
and Overcame Natural Obstacles.

THE fact that George Barnes, the son of a humble workpeople, himself a mechanic without early advantages, was recently named from a Lloyd George Cabinet, became a British Cabinet Minister, is no longer remarkable. English politics has instances like it aplenty. The peculiar distinction of Mr. Barnes is his high order of administrative ability. He cannot make a brilliant speech like Tom Mann, he is not a born agitator like Bob Smillie. He has no personal charm like John Burns. He is no leader of men, like "Jim" Thomas. George Barnes has not even a nickname. He is a plodding, unobtrusive, self-effacing and solidly respectable workman, simple, domesticated, even pious. He is an administrator with a capacity to make official machinery work smoothly, silently, cheaply and with speed.

George Barnes was read in the Yorkshire Post, is a Scot, although he does not reveal his origin in his accent. His father was a Scotch mechanic. His mother was the daughter of a mechanic. She was a pious woman, reared in the strictest notions of the "kirk," and she took pains to see that her son George—widely known as "Barnes"—was reared in the same manner. The parents of young Barnes roved about the British Isles because the father of the family worked in the iron industry, and he was out of work and in the mill he reached the age of ten he was quite a traveler. He had to subsist in dire poverty, his mother cutting down his father's old clothes to fit him. George got about a year's schooling and when he was eleven he went to work in a mill. When George was thirteen he was earning fifty cents a week in a Dundee knitting mill. The conditions under which he had to live and labor were those of the slum and the industrial yarn-house. Until he was nearly fifteen he lived in a factory hell.

Given a Start
THE parents of young Barnes had contrived to save a little out of their joint earnings, and George was bound apprentice to an engineer when he had attained the age of fifteen. For the next five years he was dependent upon his father and mother, for he had no earnings of his own. He was not a student of the staff of Knox College in 1896 specialized particularly in Church history, his education had been so broad and deep that he had become a recognized authority on the subject, hence his unexpected call to the professorate.

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"So you write poems, doctor?" she said.

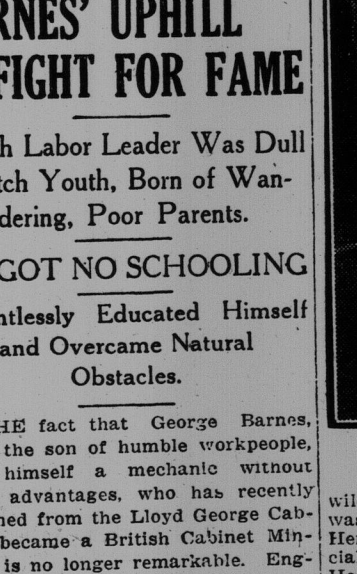
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Governor Robertson

Governor Carries Lunch in a Bucket
Oklahoma's Head Has Reason for His Demography.

IF Governor Robertson of Oklahoma ever attempts to revive the old campaign of "a full dinner pail," he will be prepared to speak with authority, and not as one of the pampered few who can eat only at richly appointed tables.

A score and a half of years separating Governor Robertson from the days when he plowed on an Iowa farm have not taken from his memory the practical lessons that a farmer boy can learn.

When Governor Robertson went to the office at the Oklahoma Capitol a year ago he took with him a lunch in a tin bucket. And virtually every day since then he has done the same.

It was no lack of regard for hot food that led the Governor to adopt the lunch bucket, nor was it affectation to appear one of the masses in appeal to voters. He had a practical reason.

"Lunch time is almost the only period in the day when I can shut out visitors and do any work," Governor Robertson explained. "By carrying my lunch with me I can shut the door when noon comes, eat my lunch in ten or fifteen minutes and get rid of a big pile of papers before the people to see me get back from eating."

A CHEAP HOUSE
GEORGE ROBEY, the famous English comedian, tells the following story which will appeal to all house hunters:

"A friend of mine had been up and down the land for months, vainly seeking a small house at a reasonable rent.

"At last, when he was almost in despair, he found one which he had one to let—rent £22 per annum.

"My friend went to view it in high hopes, but alas! he returned shortly afterwards very much disillusioned.

"That house you sent me to," he said, addressing the agent in an appalling state of despair, and damp as damp. Why, there are ten stools growing in the kitchen, and the dining-room walls are covered in mildew.

"Mildew? That's all right," ejaculated the agent contemptuously. "Well, what do you expect for a quid a week? Orchids?"

Prince Age of Denmark
WHIO because of his marriage to the daughter of Count Calve de Bergo, the Italian envoy at Copenhagen, was compelled to give up all his prerogatives and status as well as his place as the Prince of Denmark, and to descend to the ordinary nobility with the title of Count Rosenborg. In view of this he found it more convenient to sever his connections with the Danish army, which secured a commission as captain in the French Army, in which capacity he is serving in the French stronghold at Metz. His wife and child are with him.

HIS CROWDED LIFE
AN amusing story, illustrative of things, is told by Mr. W. Douglas Newton in his book descriptive of the recent Canadian tour of the heir to the throne, "Westward With the Prince of Wales."

H.R.H. was on a hunting expedition in the wilds, and struck a tiny clearing in the forest where were a few shacks inhabited by a score or so of Indians and half-breeds. He got into conversation with a young Indian lad, asking him how he liked the place. The boy replied that he didn't like it at all.

"You wait," he said. "Next year I go. Next year I am fifteen. Then I go out into the woods. I go right away. I can't stand this city life."

Col. Sir David Harris
ONE of the most noted officers in the British Army, he has been decorated many times, notably for his part in the Gallipoli campaign, the Beuchan campaign and the Beuchan campaign. Although sixty-eight years of age, Sir David is still active, being chairman of the Jagdarmee Estate and Diamond Mining Company, also representing Kimberley in the South African Union House of Assembly.

Col. Piccio, Italian Ace
OF the Italian Air Service, the first Italian aviator to become an "ace," photographed on his arrival in New York from France. During the war he downed 32 enemy planes with the Sutherland Highlanders and two observation balloons. He is on business for his Government.