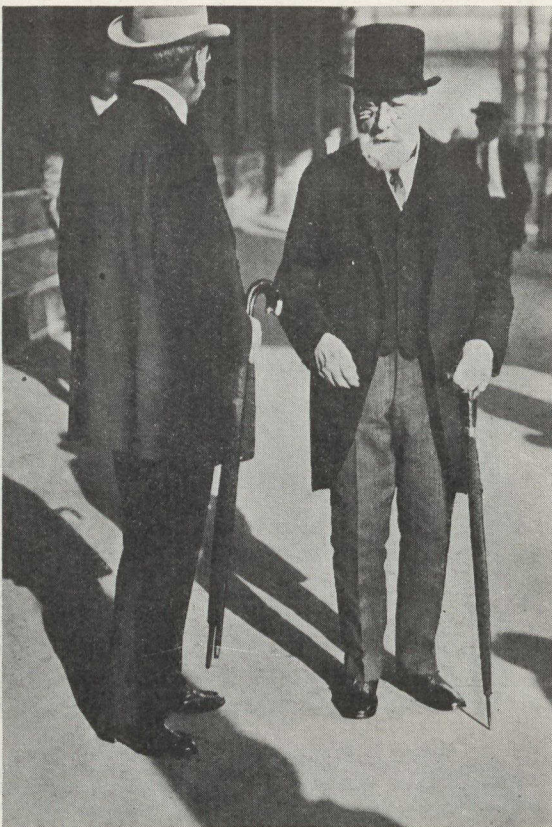


Donald A. Smith, Aged 50, at the End of His Governorship of Rupert's Land.



Lord Strathcona on His Last Visit to Canada, With Viscount Haldane, in September, 1913.



Lord Strathcona and Sir William Macdonald, the Co-benefactors of McGill.

The Genius of Strathcona

Who Lived Two Complete Lives Before and After the Age of Fifty

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IF Lord Strathcona had lived a few thousand years ago he might have been written about by some biographers as mysteriously as the life of Moses was done in Holy Writ. It is quite inconceivable that Moses had any greater world-conquering personality than Donald A. Smith, or that he accomplished more in the interests of getting, not one tribe, but as many of the tribes of the world as possible into the Promised Land—which in this case is Canada. The biographer relates miracles accomplished through Moses. If the newspaper biographers of Donald A. Smith, who died at 2.45 a.m. Wednesday, Jan. 21st, 1914, had not lived in a time of cables, telephones and multi-millionaires, posterity might have been content to know that this super-eminent and tremendous Norse figure was mysteriously buried on some Mt. Pisgah, after a long, hard life spent in giving the world a real glimpse of the Promised Land.

But millions of people the world over have read

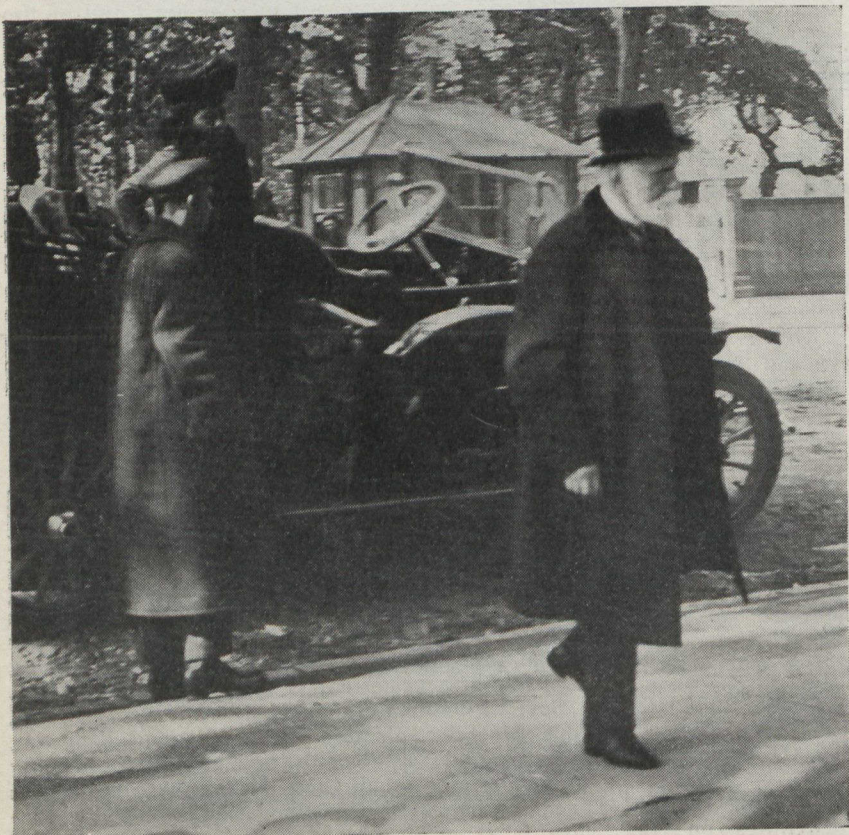
in almost as many languages as are spoken in Canada, that a great trail-maker and Empire-builder died in one of his six or seven palatial homes; a man of immense wealth, holding the highest post that Canada could give in the Empire; a financier, bank president, railway builder, philanthropist in the millions, recipient of degrees from ten universities, a knight and a peer and a statesman, member of Parliament and of Legislature, Commissioner of Territories, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, chief factor, chief trader, dog-driver and obscure company clerk in Labrador, a thousand miles from Montreal.

The lines of this man's tremendous life from the time he was a penniless lad in Forres, Scotland, until he died in Grosvenor Square, known as a great figure in every civilized country in the world are more or less clearly traced in the newspapers. It is known that a Canadian has passed away who at almost any era of the world's development and in

any country whatever would have been essentially a great man. He had the strength of a genius in both body and mind. The work he did called for the expenditure of physical force and endurance, as well as of brain and will power and nervous organization that would have made him successful as a great general at a time when most of the world lived by warfare. As a driver of dogs and a manager of red men, he was as eminent as he afterwards became as a financier and a statesman. His greatness was of that pan-human quality that could succeed as well at dog-driving as being the first Imperial citizen of Canada in London. When he was a young clerk in Labrador he ate pemmican and bannock with more gusto than ever he dined among the lords as High Commissioner. He was more than a Scotchman. He was the universal genius of achievement and endurance and development.

In 1838, the year after the accession of Queen Victoria, Donald A. Smith went into the wilds of Labrador, under Sir George Simpson, Hudson Bay Governor. He was there book-keeping and dog-driving and swapping goods for peltries till he was thirty-one. He spent most of his time reading what books and papers got straggled in by the Labrador dog post, and writing letters home to his mother. Thus he acquired facility in clear thinking and expression of his ideas that were of great service to him afterwards in public life.

It was incredible that this young Scotch clerk ever



The High Commissioner, at the Age of 90, on His Way to Address the Students of McGill



Driving the Last Spike of the C.P.R. Main Line at Craigellachie, B.C., in November, 1885.