

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## MILITIAMAN AND BANKER

**C**ALL in at the palatial offices of the Home Bank on King Street, Toronto—it used to be an unpretentious building on Church Street before the Home Savings Loan Association became a bank—and you will find one of the quietest general managers in Canada. He is Col. James Mason, who has lately been gazetted to the full rank of Colonel in the Canadian Militia. Col. Mason is one of the most untalkative men in Canada. At first you think him unsociable; but that's a mere impression: get him loosened up on some subject in which he takes a particular interest and he quite forgets how time flies. In that respect he is like a good many military men; fond of reminiscences—of which he has an abundant store.

Col. Mason's connection with the militia of Canada dates back a good deal farther than his attachment to the Home Bank. His active memories run clear back to the Fenian Raid when he served as a youthful private in the Queen's Own.

Captain in the Royal Grenadiers, he was one of the frontiersmen in the Riel Rebellion of 1885. Fish Creek was the place where he saw the best of the fighting in that affair; and Fish Creek was a lively spot; the place where the halfbreed rangers, a sharp-shooting lot of horsemen cached away in rifle pits and ambushes of all sorts, picked off Middleton's men to their hearts' content for a while. Captain Mason at the head of his company volunteered to Middleton to lead his men across the South Saskatchewan and rush the pits. Middleton cautiously held him back; long enough for Dumont and his sharpshooters to crawl out and hit for the outer marches. However, Capt. Mason was able to get a wound from the rifle pits of Batoche, which was the last engagement in the war.

Military honours came to the Captain thick and fast after the Rebellion. He was gazetted Major of the Grenadiers in 1888 and Lieut.-Colonel of the Grenadiers in 1893. Six years later he retired from the Grenadiers and was appointed to the command of the Fourth Infantry Brigade. He represented Canada at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897; on that occasion being presented to Her Majesty. At the Quebec Tercentenary last year he was in charge of a brigade of infantry; decorated with half a dozen medals and crosses—the general service medal, the Northwest medal, Diamond Jubilee decoration, and the Cross of the Order of the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. He is an active man who takes an interest in all the things that take a militia-man into contact with the constructive life of the country; and his appointment to the full rank of Colonel carries with it the endorsement of militia and civilians alike.

## AN ELOQUENT PROVINCIAL LEGISLATOR

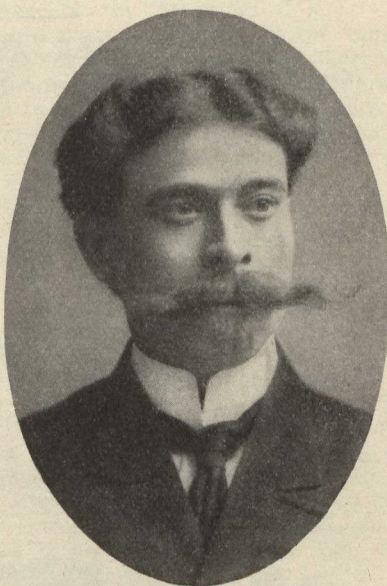
**M**R. JOSEPH BERNIER, M.P.P. in the Manitoba Legislature, is the case of a French-Canadian who has got in the West some

of the outlook that makes the travelling French-Canadian one of the broadest and best citizens in Canada. We are accustomed to considering the French-Canadian as a parochial character, which he sometimes is because of his intense local attachments to the place that gave him birth. But even the members of the Quebec Legislature have a bigger outlook than they used to have years ago, and the French members at Ottawa have the Canada-first-as-part-of-the-Empire feeling in a still larger measure. Perhaps it is safe to say that the French-Canadian member of the Legislature in Manitoba or Alberta has quite as broad an outlook as any of them. In fact, Mr. Bernier has a view of the navy question that looks a deal bigger than the views of some of his English-speaking fellow-members in that very same House; for it was just the other day that Mr. Bernier gave utterance to an expression of opinion that went far beyond the half-Canadian, Dreadnought policy enunciated by the Roblinites. He is for an imperial navy; quite independent of politics to which properly the question does not belong. In which respect he is a hopeful sign of the times when apart from race, language and religion the problems of empire are being discussed.

Mr. Bernier was born at St. Jean, P.Q., in 1874; son of the late Senator Bernier. He was but six years of age when he went to



Colonel James Mason,  
General Manager Home Bank.



Mr. Joseph Bernier, M.P.P.,  
St. Boniface, Manitoba.



Senator W. C. Edwards,  
A Lumber King.

Manitoba, so that he had the advantage of growing up in the country; a mere lad in the fur-post city when the first trains went in over the C. P. R. He was educated at good old Boniface, where the bells ring over the River Red; afterwards at the University of Manitoba, where he got his degree of M.A. at a time when university degrees were not so fashionable as now. He chose law for a profession and was first elected to the Manitoba Legislature in 1900; again in 1907. He is a past president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Manitoba.

## AN OTTAWA LUMBER KING

**O**NE of the most prominent of the coterie of lumber kings who make their homes in Ottawa is Senator Edwards, who is equally well known in politics, lumbering and in the raising of stock, and is one of the most active members of the Conservation Commission. The Senator is far from being one of the somnolents—which a certain class of half-public opinion has set down to the discredit of the Upper Chamber in Ottawa. In that aggregation of capable intellects that gives so critical and rather august a complexion to the red chamber, Senator Edwards is one of the most aggressive. He is a public man who when not in the Senate mixes hard in the public and business life of the capital. Even as a lumber king alone he is entitled to prime consideration. Not so rich as Mr. J. R. Booth, whose wealth is uncountable, he is much more of a public man. His experience in Canada is life-long. His father came to Canada in 1820 and settled in Russell County when that county was fair in the woods. The Senator was born in the woods—in 1844; born to the lumberman's life at a time when agriculture was just beginning to emerge from the forest primeval. His interest in farming is not that of a hobbyist. He understands how the farmer had to fight his way up with the axe, the plough following the cross-cut saw and the peavey. As a lumberman he knows the value of conservation. His mills have helped to remove many a square mile of Canadian forest. It was part of the way of the times. The country had little else but its mills; and if the mills stopped the industrial life of the country stood practically still.

So he has seen Ottawa grow from Bytown dimensions to what it is now, the "Washington du Nord"—and he lives now on Laurier Avenue right next to the Prime Minister who coined the modern phrase. In the days when Senator Edwards' mill whistles first blew down the valley of the Ottawa it would have taken a cleverer man than Laurier to foresee in that crude, unshapen Bytown the remotest resemblance to Washington. He formed the lumber firm of W. C. Edwards & Co. just one year after Confederation when the pines were still standing by the acre on the Laurentian hills. He entered the House of Commons in 1887 and remained a member till 1903, when he was made a Senator.

Senator Edwards is perhaps as much entitled to distinction because of shorthorns as on account of either lumbering or politics. He is said to have one of the finest herds of shorthorns in America; which is a distinction that falls to but few senators or members of Parliament. Rockland, Ont., about thirty miles out of Ottawa, is the place where the Senator raises his prize cattle. Look through almost any catalogue of pure Scotch shorthorns and you will find pictures

of some of the beauties raised by Senator Edwards at Rockland. If you are reminded of an art exhibition catalogue it is because the animals are as comely as artists' pictures, and because the price set on such a rare bovine as "Emma the 47th" is considerably over a thousand dollars. Senator Edwards' shorthorns are not raised for beef—though the present agitation over the high price of steak makes the consumer feel as if he were buying nothing but thoroughbred sirloin.

## A DISTINGUISHED PATIENT

**C**ANADIANS who respect the remarkable intellectuality and public spirit of Mr. Goldwin Smith will hope that the distinguished patient of the Grange may remain for some years yet a man of to-day. The recent accident by which the greatest scholar in America broke a thigh-bone has a somewhat ironical character. A few years ago the Professor, just beginning to be somewhat of a hermit in his movements, even while he remained a cosmopolitan in his writings, said to the writer that he had about given up going down town except in his carriage. "There are so many street-cars, automobiles and bicycles," he said, "that I feel much safer hobbling about this old place of which I have been the natural *custos* so many years."