

An Empire Builder

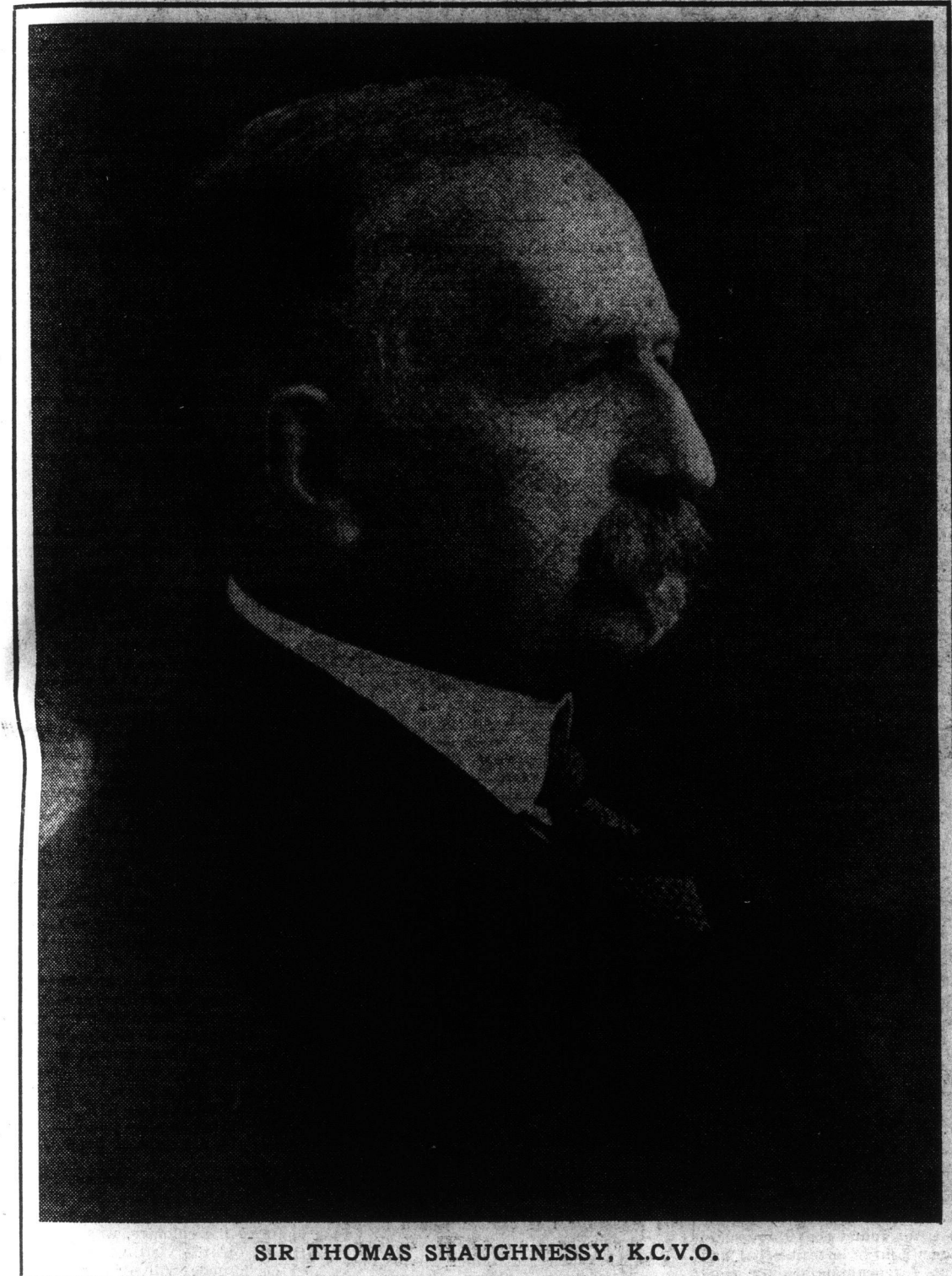
The author, who called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows" would have been nearer the mark if he had called it "The Land of Hope and Glory"—a title now applied to the whole Empire—or "The Home of Unknown Possibilities," or "The Land of Ungarned Millions," or by any other name that was a little less picturesque but more in conformity with the real character of that vast and romantic region of the king's realm known as "The Dominion." With just as much truth as Napoleon's dictum that every French corporal carried a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, it may be averred that every boy who leaves the shores of Old England and the used-up, overcrowded atmosphere of London for the larger life of the illimitable North West carries a millionaire's passport in his breeches' pocket.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, for instance, could tell you something about the soundness of that axiom. He arrived in London from Canada a few days ago. Sir Thomas is himself a living witness to the amazing possibi-

hand, only to shatter them all one by one, by mutual loyalty and determination to be conquered by nothing.

Today the C. P. R. is the largest private landowner in the Empire. The C. P. R. has made Canada a nation. Our own tiny country has no parallel to the marvellous results which have sprung from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's industry. This England of ours already had an overcrowded population when railways began, and with their advent every town in the country waited anxiously to be linked up for the facilitation of its commerce. The commerce and the passengers were ready for the trains as soon as they ran. But in Canada the C. P. R. laid its mighty tracks, across thousands of miles of almost untracked solitudes, where human life was all but unknown. The C. P. R. had to make its own business—and it has made it!

By Sault Ste. Marie, which 50 years ago was an Indian village, now passes each year a tonnage of shipping—thrice that which threads the Suez Canal. At Winnipeg the



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.

ties of Canada. When, way back in the early Victorian days, the father and mother of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy bade a sorrowful farewell to Ireland's shores and started upon that perilous journey to the new world in an old sailing ship, their loftiest dreams could not have compassed the possibility of their giving to the world a son who was to revolutionize a half of the North American continent by the creation of a great railway across the Canadian Dominion. Sir Thomas came into the world a citizen of the United States of America. It was at Milwaukee that the Shaughnessys gave to the world one of its present most illustrious sons. They had hard struggles in their western surroundings, but they brought up their boy with high ideals and noble ambitions. Those ideals have been justified.

At 16 Thomas Shaughnessy went into the service of the local railway. He has never looked back. His life has been one tremendous round of application to business, and no words can adequately convey the results of his life's work. And he is still on the right side of 60.

Bit by bit Thomas Shaughnessy's business capacity won the confidence of the railway directors for whom he worked. Step by step he mounted the ladder, until he became General Purchasing Agent for the entire system, and was known as one of the cleverest railway men in America. He was certainly recognized as such by the general superintendent of the line, William Van Horne. The latter eventually went "over the border" and joined a new line which was under construction—the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then Van Horne sent for his old comrade in Milwaukee, and together they have marched onward along the great steel girdle of the C. P. R., encountering difficulties on every

C. P. R. has the largest railway sidings in the world—120 miles of track. When, on the 7th of November, 1885, Lord Strathcona drove in the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Craigellachie the City of Vancouver was an almost untroubled forest. Lord Strathcona was even then a white-haired old man, but he has lived to see Vancouver a great city, with a population of 100,000, and a magnificent land-locked, mountain-sheltered harbor, whose ships are found in all the greater ports of the world.

The ramifications of the C. P. R. are almost beyond belief. Our own familiar Midland, G. W. R., G. N. R., and other English lines are babies by comparison. The C. P. R. has over 80,000 miles of telegraphs, a thousand elevators, a series of magnificent hotels between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and it controls a fleet of 72 steamships of 20 different types. Twelve thousand men are required as crews and shore staffs to cater for its passenger and transportation activities. The amount of coal burned per day by this fleet would require seven trains of 40 trucks each to transport. The total distance traveled by these ships on their ordinary schedules per year equals 57 times round the world. Placed in a single line—but, there, C. P. R. statistics are so colossal that the brain is bewildered.

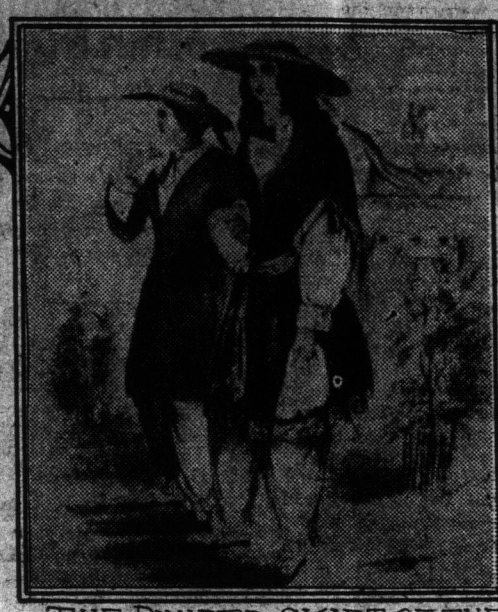
Nor can the extraordinary details and the romantic and triumphant surmounting of all the gigantic obstacles presented by the construction of this great railroad be embarked upon here. How succeeding Canadian Conservative and Radical governments in turn facilitated, then obstructed, the making of the road; how the treacherous "muskegs" (large swamps that looked like safe soil, but required millions of tons of earth to fill up before trains could run over them) were negotiated; how

THE ORIGINAL "HAREMS"



THE GENUINE HAREM SKIRT IN ALGERIA

An Algerian girl wearing genuine Eastern "rice bags," from which modern skirt is devised



THE DIVIDED SKIRT OF THE EARLY VICTORIAN ERA

Reproduced from the cover of an old piece of music, "The Bloomer Polka Schottische"



THE GENUINE HAREM SKIRT IN MONTENEGRO

Voluminous Turkish trousers which are the prototypes of the modern harem skirt

the unknown regions of the Rockies were blasted, mighty rivers bridged, and glaciers conquered—how millions of dollars had to be repeatedly found to carry on this tremendous gamble, in hope that it might some day return—these are a narrative which only a good-sized volume could adequately describe.

In all these Titanic struggles the financial genius of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy marked him out as the coming chief of the great transcontinental railway. With him were Mr. Donald Smith (now the nonagenarian Lord Strathcona), Sir William Van Horne, and George Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen), who was the initiating genius of the line, and the first President of the Company. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy became President in 1900, and was knighted the next year. The C. P. R. has grown under Sir Thomas Shaughnessy until it has over 10,000 miles of railroad, and controls over 5,000 more in the United States. The C. P. R. has given us the "Already All Red Route," the greatest connecting link in the British Empire. It is difficult to think of Empire builders who can come into the same category as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy—Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, Lord Cromer in Egypt, Lord Roberts in India—all great men, to whom the debt of Empire can never be paid. But for its gigantic results in the creation of a nation the lifework of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy stands alone—Throne and Country.

CONFESSIONS OF FAMOUS MERRY-MAKERS

Readers must often have wondered, when listening to a comic song or enjoying the vivacity of a star comedy turn, how it was that these famous merry-makers appeared always to be in such high spirits. We seldom think, somehow, of the private joys and secret sorrows of our stage favorites, and yet a little reflection will show us that, though always in the public eye, they have their ups and downs like the rest of us, and are, perhaps, more frequently in "the dumps" than they would care to admit.

We thought it might be of interest if some of our best-known public favorites would tell us when and why they found it hardest to play their accustomed parts. Here are their confessions.

Mr. Horace Mills, who is nightly causing roars of laughter as chief comedian at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, says: "Alas! the occasions when I found it hard to be merry have been only too numerous. Many a time, when I have been cracking jokes with a splitting headache, the lot of the 'funny man' has appeared anything but a happy one." Never shall I forget a certain matinee of "Aladdin," played in Manchester. So ill was I on reaching my dressing-room that I sent for a doctor, who ordered me not to play. The house was packed and my understudy had gone to London. Mr. Robert Courtneidge declared that if I did not go on he must dismiss the audience—a loss of some £150. I was 'put into my clothes' somehow and assisted to the wing in a semi-conscious condition. I nearly fell, but G. P. Huntley caught my arm. In fact, had it not been for him, George Graves, and Ada Reeve (who were in the cast), I doubt if I should have been able to drag through my part."

Mr. G. H. Elliott, the only chocolate-colored coon impersonator, writes: "From the time I was five years old, when I started touring, my mother has traveled with me and proved my mascot and protector. Two years ago, just as I had reached the highest pinnacle of success, to which both she and I had looked forward together, my mother was taken dangerously ill. I wanted to relinquish my engagement, which was in a town some miles away, in order to stay by her, but the doctor said that to do so might prove fatal to my mother, as he did not desire to let her know how ill she was. An operation was to be performed, and I was charged to be in readiness to return at once if I were wired for. You can imagine my feeling at having to sing eight songs to an Irish audience, who are always bubbling over with mirth, when I knew my mother's life hung in the balance. Happily, she got better, and is with me now."

Miss Phyllis Dare has no very tragic incident to retail. "Can't you give me one instance when you were not 'in tune' with your

bright surroundings?" I asked. She looked up with that sweet smile of hers and said: "Well, it doesn't seem so very terrible to look back upon now, but to my then-childish mind the news that I was to leave the stage, after tasting the joys of the footlights, nearly broke my heart. It was all arranged before I was let into the secret. One night, as we were going to the theatre, my father told me that he had arranged to send me to school in Brussels. I don't know how I got through my part that night. My mind was all the time upon a prison-like school. However, I was told after that I had never played better in my life, and a manager was so pleased with my performance that he wanted me to sign to join his company directly I returned to the stage."

"It was some years ago," said Mr. George Robey, "that I felt more like crying than being funny. The 'ghost walk' was lighter in its tread then than now, and I was just completing an engagement. I was also negotiating for others. As is often the case when affording with novices, the managers were very slow in deciding. One morning, however, to my great joy a letter awaited me which only needed my signature to complete the engagement. Directly I got home I hastened to sign the contract and posted the letter on my way to the theatre, and I felt as happy as a sand-boy when I entered my dressing-room. I was waiting my 'call' and singing to myself, when a second letter was brought to me. It contained a definite offer from another manager at a salary nearly double the other. I don't think I have ever since found it so hard to be funny as I did that evening."

Mr. Whit Cunliffe, who, the Yankees say, is the most entertaining and refined artiste that England has sent across the water, had a very painful experience at his first performance in America. The arrival of the boat was delayed considerably, and he reached New York a very short while before he was timed to appear on the stage. His stage dress-basket was quickly unpacked, but, horror! everything was water-soaked and spoiled. A buttonless waistcoat, a pair of house-boots, and a pair of blue trousers were all that were wearable. So he had to go on in the very neglige traveling suit he had on. "Imagine me singing 'A Different Girl Again' dressed like a tripper. The whole point of the song was spoilt," said Mr. Cunliffe.

Mr. Jack Pleasant, whose name so nearly resembles the character he always maintains, has one more than one occasion felt very disinclined to "make merry." The time, however, which stands out in his memory as being the most painful happened when he first started in the profession some years ago. He was wired for to open at a music-hall in the North of England. It was an old-fashioned one-house-a-night place. The prices were "popular" and the audience somewhat rough. The hall has since been pulled down. He arrived late, with a bad cold, and not in time for a band rehearsal. They had a strange custom of engaging a comic singer to sing the last song and sing the audience out at the same time. Being new to the profession, he did not know the custom. But to continue in his own words: "The 'last turn' was called and on I crept. Three parts of the audience had left the building, but a few of the 'boys' in the gallery were much in evidence. The opening line of my song was, 'I went up to London a twelve-month ago.' I got that far, but was so hoarse that it must have sounded horrible, for a wee, small voice in the 'gods' called out—'What a pity you didn't stay there!'—'Tut-Bits."

Feminine Auditor (at the amateur theatricals)—I beg pardon, but, do you know, it seems to me the gentleman who has the leading part does his love-making in a tame and spiritless manner.

Wife of Leading Actor (intently watching the performance)—He won't put any more spirit in that while I've got my eye on him, madam, let me tell you.

A father remonstrated with his son, an Oxford undergraduate, for wasting his time in writing for local papers, and cited Dr. Johnson as saying that a man who wrote except for money was a fool.

The son wrote back immediately: "I shall follow Dr. Johnson's advice, and write for money. Please send me twenty pounds."

HOUSE DECORATING EXTRAORDINARY

In spite of the advance in taste in this country in the internal decoration of houses, yet the average house-painter's main idea is still to paint and "grain" all the woodwork in the place and cover the walls and ceilings with paper or distemper. Occasionally, however, an original occupier takes the job out of the hands of the professional wielder of the paint and whitewashing brushes and strikes out on a new and original tack. An American beauty, for instance, has papered her boudoir entirely with letters, being her correspondence since she put her hair up and "came out." She has covered the walls with ordinary epistles containing invitations, announcements of her friends' engagements, or other domestic occurrences, and so forth; while above runs a frieze of envelopes. But the piece de resistance in this instance is the dado, which is entirely composed of love-letters—lucky girl!—all arranged in chronological order, those containing a definite offer of marriage being placed at the top to catch the eye. Not wishing to pillory the swains who had laid their fortunes at her feet, she had, at any rate, the sense to cut off their signatures.

A philatelist has a little room in his house entirely papered with old postage stamps. This decorative plan has frequently been used in the making of plates, ash-trays, and the like, often combined with cigar bands, but few people would be bold enough to contemplate the covering of the walls of even a very small room with such tiny scraps of paper as the postage stamp represents. Nevertheless, when it was completed and varnished it had a very unique effect, and who shall say whether this room may not a hundred years hence if these decorations still survive, be a perfect treasure chamber?

There is a story told of a man who, during the making of one of the South American states, papered his room with notes which had originally represented thousands of pounds, but were not worth half as many farthings.

Artists very often decorate their own rooms. Mr. Cecil Aldin has made his children's nursery a perfect fairy-land with his inimitable paintings on the walls of the nursery heroes, such as Polly Flinders, Little Jack Horner, Jack Sprat, and the rest of the immortal company. Sir F. Carruthers Gould has adorned his study with a very remarkable frieze, representing the modern Froissart. There you may see the pilgrims marching round the room—the late Lord Salisbury almost too heavy a burden for his patient mule, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on a particularly frisky donkey, ahead of his lordship and turning round to tell him to "hurry up." It is a very amusing decoration, and one in which all the great caricaturist's friends take an interest. The late Lord Leighton's house is open to the public, of course, and it is an index to the artistic mind of its master, but not everybody, by any means, has seen the interior of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's house. The hall and staircase are unique, by the fact that almost every great contemporary artist has contributed a panel to its decoration. There can be seen masterpieces by great living Academicians like Poynter, Sargent, Abbey, and Marcus Stone, and such deceased masters as Orchardson, Swan, and Leighton.

SMART REJOINDER

The following story was told to me by a friend some time ago, and as I am acquainted with both parties concerned I can vouch for its accuracy.

A certain young man, whom we will call Jones, had thrown up a fairly good position on the railway in order to commence business for himself as a greengrocer, etc.

Another railway man—Robinson—a former companion of Jones, on learning of this, was heard on several occasions to express the opinion that Jones was little better than a certain well known variety of fool for throwing up a safe job to start "huckstering."

In course of time Jones heard of this, and meeting Robinson one day, he accosted him thus: "Aw say, Robinson, has ta bin tellin' fowk as Aw'm nowt but a silly fo'?"

The reply came without a moment's hesitation.

"What, me? Naw, Aw wor gooin' to do; but they aw knowed!"