

MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

FRED. HEUBACH OF WINNIPEG

IN Winnipeg they have a very lively organisation known as the Development and Industrial Bureau. This enterprising body of missionaries in the industrial field represent a hundred and fifty business houses of Winnipeg, including factories and warehouses, and they control an output of more than a hundred million dollars a year, which is rapidly increasing. The real aim of the organisation is to boost Winnipeg as a city of smokestacks and transformers as well as of box cars and railway sidings. They are succeeding very well; so well that "made-in-Winnipeg" is getting to be a very good understudy to "made-in-Canada."

The newest president of the Bureau is Fred W. Heubach, who has been in Winnipeg so long that he remembers when the only smokestack there was the chimney of old Fort Garry. He went there in 1879 just when the N.P. with its smokestack programme was beginning to be worked out. At that time he was an official of the Hudson's Bay Co. At present he is one of the wealthy men in Winnipeg; was one of the original promoters—the most aggressive one—of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition; a shrewd business man—as good as the best in Winnipeg, which is saying a good deal.

But he is also a philanthropist; no particular splurge about that—though one large item to his credit is the gift of a hundred and sixty acres of land to the University Commission. This land is next to the Agricultural College and the new city park.

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UNSTAGEABLE MR. BORDEN

AMID all this genial fluster about Sir Wilfrid Laurier electrifying the West—what about Mr. R. L. Borden? Three years ago he did the western tour, on the Halifax platform. So far as memory goes he gave the West more real doctrine on that tour than they will get from the Grit contingent. Mr. Borden was not feeling the public pulse. He was doing instruction. As a mere politician on that tour he was a splendid failure. As a spellbinder he was less effective than a self-binder. So far as newspaper reports went he seldom cracked a joke; once in a while told a story; most of the time fist-hammering on the Halifax platform.

Mr. Borden is a wiser man now than he was then. He is a stronger man. Of course he has let slip Mr. Foster—not altogether a sad parting; has lost Mr. Monk—no tears. He has all the rectitude of which a man is capable. Of statesmanship ideas he has enough to reconstruct Ottawa. There has been considerable talk about other leaders. But nobody is liable to displace Mr. Borden. Even the Grit reporters respect him; particularly at close range; mainly because he carries into public life the strict morality of private character.

But he simply can't be staged. There never was a political playwright able to write a play with Mr. Borden as a star actor. He doesn't act. He just—is; ethical, capable Mr. Borden.

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A SYNDICATED INTERVIEW

A FEW years ago just after the sessional indemnity at Ottawa had been raised and Mr. Borden fell heir to seven thousand a year stipend as leader, he was the unconscious means of getting a Toronto reporter into a fix. It was known that Mr. Borden was in Toronto, paying a semi-official visit to Premier Whitney. It was midsummer, when news up at the Legislature in Queen's Park was at a minimum; and when the simplest item was enough to send a city editor into scare-head dimensions.

"Say," said a shrewd scribe on another Toronto daily to the reporter in question, "Borden is sure in the building somewhere. Now we can get an interview out of him. You steer the other fellows away and I'll sleuth for him. I'll get the interview and we'll syndicate."

Agreed. The reporter chaperoned the rest of the scribes into various remote parts of the building. His crony shadowed Mr. Borden and got the "interview," which he syndicated according to agreement.

"Main part of it seems to be this: he says he was quite justified in taking the increase in stipend, because since he became leader his legal practice has considerably fallen off and he needs the money." Which looked important enough to the city editor of reporter



Mr. F. W. Heubach,
President, Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau.



Mr. George H. Perley,
Recently appointed Conservative Whip.

No. 1 to make a front-page splash. Noticeable, however, that the other daily—Conservative—had nothing about this; apparently a scoop.

Next morning editor-in-chief of the paper with the big item called the reporter to his inner sanctum; very portentously grave. He alluded to the item on the front page of yesterday.

"Now Mr. Borden has just telephoned me from Ottawa to say that he said no such thing; that his legal practice has not fallen off—and that if any further allusions to the item are made by his friends we shall have to insert a correction. Now, how did you get this 'information'?"

"I didn't. It was syndicate."

"Great Caesar! Syndicate—an interview?"

The reporter kept his job, however; and Mr. Borden made no further trouble.

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THE NEW CONSERVATIVE WHIP

WHEN the Conservative members of the House of Commons gather themselves together at the opening of Parliament in November next it will be different. Some of the hands who have been guiding that party for a quarter of a century have finished their political tasks, because their owners have earned superannuation. As an example of the changes which are occurring, the veteran Conservative Whip, Mr. George Taylor, member for the County of Leeds since 1882, will be succeeded by a man who came into the House twenty years later. Mr. George H. Perley, though member for Argenteuil, a county on the north shore of the Ottawa River, is a resident of Canada's capital city. He once attempted to represent the County of Russell, but Mr., now Senator, W. C. Edwards got more votes than he did. On the death of Dr. Christie in 1902 he made another attempt in Argenteuil, but again found himself somewhat short of ballots. In 1904 he had better luck, and since then he has come to be a force in the House.

A Whip's business is to be a manager of men and to be industrious. Mr. Perley being in the lumber business knows how to manage men. Everybody in the lumber business does. His industry seems to have come to him by inheritance, since his father was a great lumberman, and himself member of Parliament for the City of Ottawa.

Mr. Perley shares with our friends, Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Castell Hopkins and others, the honour of being an American by birth, a Canadian by training, and a Britisher by predilection. He was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, but educated at the Ottawa Grammar School. Later he went to Harvard University, and this fact may have helped him in his political career, as it is said to have helped the Minister of Labour. He is a director of the Bank of Ottawa, a past president of the Rideau Club, a prominent member of the Golf Club, and takes an interest in all social and charitable work.

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PROBABLY BOTH WRONG

ON all the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway just now one man and two others are particularly discussed. The one is Mr. C. M. Hays; the other two are Messrs. Murdock and Berry, the strikers' representatives. On a Grand Trunk train this week Mr. Hays was talked over very freely. One man in the smoker alleged that the President must win this fight; if he should lose it his days on the Grand Trunk would soon be over. The other contended that the sooner this came the better. The argument about Mr. Hays lasted about seventy-five miles.

The train in question was running late; with little or no freight traffic to keep her back. The parlour car was the only good car on the train. All the others seemed to be second-class coaches jerked in from side lines. The train made a very good run; except for the fact that there was nothing on board to read but old papers and nothing whatever to smoke. She would arrive only half an hour late in a ninety-mile run; but when within five blocks of the Union Station at Toronto the train stopped another half hour. A westbound express went roaring by. The train moved up a peg.

"Just waiting for that express," said the pro-Hays man.

"No business to wait!" snapped the other.

The train stopped again; backed up.

"We're on the wrong switch!" bellowed the anti-Hays man.

The train halted again. Late—the station was reached.

"Well, what about Hays and Murdock now?" said each of the arguers to the other.

"Hmph! Both wrong. Never should have been a strike at all."

Which seems to be about the conclusion the public generally arrives at; the poor long-suffering public!