

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

Man Who Holds the Helm of the Greatest Railway Corporation in the World

(From the London World.)

The bronzed and weather-beaten British lion that crouches at the southwestern corner of Nelson's monument looks straight into the windows of the chief London booking-office of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There, displayed to his admiring gaze, are a few glass urns containing samples of grain, a neat model of one of the C. P. R. Empress steamers, some photographs and sketches of emigrant groups and typical Canadian scenes, and one or two handbooks with a legend inviting those about to emigrate to step in and take one—not a great deal to tell him of the pulsing activity of the far-off iron road that joins the Atlantic to the Pacific, the huge and intricate nerve-system of one of the mightiest limbs of the empire.

But, if the lion is as wise as he ought to be, considering the amount of life that passes daily and nightly before his unblinking eyes, he probably knows all about it. Though he may not be able to read the gold letters which inform the passers-by that the C. P. R. is ready and willing to convey them not only to Canada, but to Australia, China, and Japan, yet, by virtue of the commanding position which he occupies in Trafalgar square, he is as familiar with the general appearance of the unemployed as any statistic in London. And the C. P. R. window has a peculiar fascination for the better sort of unemployed, those who want work but cannot find it in this right but too tight little island—sturdy yokels, with muddy, hob-nailed boots and corduroy smelling of the soil; shabby, dispirited clerks, with tired city-bleached faces; athletic-looking

prosperous, and contented, the lion can hardly tell that they are the same men. The change is almost as startling as the difference between his old friend John Burns of the reefer coast and the right honorable the cabinet minister in his court suit. Still, it is not difficult for him to put two and two together, and conclude that the window opposite is one of the short cuts to the promised land.

As statistics go, the lion is, of course, only a cub. He was born—or at least he was erected—in 1867, and has, therefore, fourteen years the best of it with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific railway, though it is only fair to say that Sir Thomas looks much the younger lion of the two. But, few as are his years, Landseer's lion has been fifteen more of them than the C. P. R., which is a mere strippling of twenty-six. Not many months after it was opened, young Thomas Shaughnessy, who had started life at the age of sixteen in the purchasing department of one of the western railways of the United States, left the country of his birth for Canada, since when he and the railway have grown up together, to their mutual benefit. For if it is true in a sense that the railway has made its president, it is equally certain that the president has been one of the chief factors in the extraordinarily rapid and successful progress of his railway, which, of course, owed its being to the heroic pertinacity of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen.

Although he was born of Irish parents, Sir Thomas has none of the traditional eloquence of his race when

States, and was made a K. C. M. G. in 1894 to bear the increasing burden of his work, and in 1885 was officially appointed assistant general manager. Six years later he became vice-president, and on his chief's retirement in 1890 to the dignified, but less onerous position of chairman of the board. He succeeded him as president, and was created a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order in 1901.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw's chocolate-cream soldier boasted of his hundred servants and horses, and his thousands of blankets and spoons and other household goods, his prospective father-in-law asked with childish awe whether it was the emperor of the island. The incensed Petchoff, confronted with a list of the possessions of the Canadian Pacific, would probably not have asked if its president was emperor of Canada. He would have lost what few senses he had on the spot. For the immensity of the C. P. R. is a trifle bewildering even to British minds. Besides controlling the right-honorable miles of railway, which it adds at the rate of a mile a day, it has called into existence three fleets of steamers, one in the Atlantic, another in the Pacific, and a third on the American lakes. From Liverpool it will take you half round the world, more swiftly than ever Jules Verne imagined, to Montreal, to Vancouver, to Hongkong, to Yokohama, to Sydney, on its own boats and trains. It possesses tens of thousands of locomotives and railway cars of different descriptions, and a vast number of telegraph, express, carriage, and money-order systems; works its own coal mines and its own lumber trade; and is the absolute sovereign lord and master of millions of acres of land. The man who is at the head of it all is a greater than Bluntschli. He worked hard to get there, but he has not yet learned to stop there. Sometimes, to use his own phrase, he is crowded to death, especially when he visits London and becomes the courteous prey of the British journalists. The Canadian Pacific is made up of fifty-seven different railway companies, each of which must maintain its legal entity, and he is a director of them all. He is on the board of the Royal Trust Company, the Bank of Montreal, and one or two other important concerns, and altogether, as landowner, farmer, coal miner, lumberer, fruit grower, merchant, and steamship and railway director, has to work pretty hard for his living.

And yet, quite obviously, he enjoys it all and thrives on it. Many business men ignore the fact that the human machine, if it is to do good work, must eat, wear and sleep well. Sir Thomas makes that necessity a principle of his life. When he goes home from his day's work at the office he tries to put away business and business thoughts. He lives in an old-fashioned house in Montreal which has grown with his family, and in which there is always room for his friends. Sometimes, for their sakes, he is so far from himself as to make court at bridge, but his favorite "recreations," as Who's Who would say, are listening to music and an occasional game of billiards. In earlier days his chief hobby (about the time when he had a suburban back garden, say eighty feet by ten) was on wheels. He still makes periodical inspection tours over the C. P. R. system, but he no longer lives for a month at a time in his private car, which combines inspection-room, office, state-rooms, dining-room, bath and kitchen all in one. During all the years, twenty at least, that he has owned it, though he has always carried with him a supply of guns and ammunition while travelling through some of the best sporting country in the world, he has never yet fired a shot at bird or beast. He has had no time for sport.

That very nearly gives one the key to his character. The ordinary man—the ordinary Englishman at all events—would probably jib at a life in which there is no time for sport. Sir Thomas has successfully followed the advice of the millionaire who urged the little lift-boy to "get on." He has worked on and he has got on. But all getting on and no play makes Jack a very dull boy. And Sir Thomas is by no means a dull boy. We must look a little further for the secret of his life. And we find it in the absorbing interest of the Canadian Pacific railway. A man who works so zealously and yet so completely satisfying a mistress is not to be pitied because he has had no time for sport, especially if he is lucky enough to enjoy, as well as the relaxation of a happy home life. For the Canadian Pacific is something far greater than a mere business concern. It is a corporation of millions of human beings, whose happiness and welfare and very existence depend on the able administration of the company's property. There is nothing in the Empire which holds out a brighter promise for the future, not only of the present inhabitants of the Dominion, but of the thousands of sons and daughters of the Mother Country who are migrating across the Atlantic in yearly increasing numbers to a life of far greater comfort and usefulness than they would ever hope to enjoy at home. Some of them cry halt when they reach Quebec and Montreal and Ottawa, the busy centres of Canada's chief industries and commerce. But for most of them the Land of Promises lies much further west, in the fertile plains of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, where giant wheatfields and cattle ranches and forests stretch in unbroken succession for hundreds of miles. In this goodly heritage climate and soil and rainfall seem to have been specially ordered, for the prospect of successful farming, and though when it is cold it is very, very cold, and when it is hot it is torrid, still the seasons, unlike those in England, know their places and keep them. In Montreal, says Sir Thomas, "we don't get blizzards on the 27th of April."

The land is crying out for men. Concessions of a hundred and sixty acres may be had from the government for the asking, or the C. P. R. offer for sale, for less than the value of the right to twenty-five dollars an acre, allowing ten years for the completion of the purchase. As a rule the railway blocks are better situated and enjoy more facilities of transport than the government land. But a hardworking man with a small capital who starts on a government block will soon be in a position to buy one of the neighboring privately held blocks, and thus increase his holding. And all the time he is not

only making a home and a living for himself and his family, but is adding one more brick to the great foundation which in the future will strengthen the hand of the Mother Country when she speaks with her enemies in the gate. Therefore, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the head and one of the chief organizers of this great system, is to be numbered among the Empire-builders, and is to be envied and admired for what he has done and what he is, in spite of the melancholy fact that his busy life has left him no time for sport.

A good deal has been heard lately of ignorant and condescending attitudes, totally unfit for life in a new country, who have been lured to Canada by the specious promises of unscrupulous stippling agents. Mispractices of this sort cannot be too severely condemned. They are bad for the country, bad for the unfortunate people who are the immediate sufferers, and bad eventually for the companies by whom they are authorized. The broken promises, or less are the worst possible advertisement, and the greater the disappointment the more harmful are the complaints of the victims. If, instead of returning laden with the produce of the promised land, their report tells only of its nakedness, sooner or later the deceit practised will recoil on the heads of its authors. What Sir Thomas Shaughnessy wants for Canada is men who will not look back once they have set their hand to the plough, but will put their work before everything else, with the same relentless energy that has made him the president of the C. P. R.

PROSPECTS GOOD IN NEW PLACER FIELDS

Miners at Ingenica Are Three Feet From Bed-rock.

Vancouver, June 26.—Thomas Ellis, a well known mining man, who left Vancouver six weeks ago, returned today from the new gold diggings at Ingenica. He says two hundred and fifty men are now in the district and many more are coming in the arrivals being from Edmonton, Ashcroft and other places. Five hundred men will be there by July 1st.

Ellis says that the miners were three feet from bedrock and were taking out fifteen to twenty dollars per day. The prospects looked exceedingly good. A new creek, as yet unnamed, has been discovered eight miles to the northwest.

VANCOUVER WON.

Yesterday's Match in Terminal City Went to Canadians.

Butt could do nothing before Paddock's masterly pitching at Vancouver yesterday, Vancouver winning by a score of 10 to 4. Heavy hitting, combined with costly errors by Mundorf, gave the Miners three of their runs, while Swain tallied fourth with a home run. The game was characterized by heavy hitting, the Beavers having the best of the swatting.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Northwestern League.	
Spokane	30 20 500
Tacoma	27 22 551
Vancouver	27 26 509
Seattle	26 21 456
New York	25 22 450
Aberdeen	24 31 426
National League.	
Chicago	34 29 530
Pittsburg	33 24 559
New York	32 25 559
Cincinnati	31 27 534
Philadelphia	26 27 491
Boston	26 35 428
St. Louis	25 28 490
Brooklyn	21 36 388
American League.	
St. Louis	35 24 593
Chicago	35 25 593
New York	32 25 559
Detroit	32 27 543
Philadelphia	27 30 474
New York	25 26 439
Washington	21 27 435
Boston	20 37 428
Coast League.	
Los Angeles	38 32 543
Portland	35 31 531
Oakland	34 33 472
San Francisco	33 41 461

HIS LAST PORT.

St. Jerome, N. B., June 27.—Capt. H. T. Whelan, of the schooner, Ruth Robinson, fell down the hatchway as the vessel was coming into port yesterday and was killed. He was 57 years of age and leaves a wife and six children.

The marriage of Mr. John Jennings Creelman, only son of Mr. A. R. Creelman, chief collector C. P. R., Montreal, and Miss Katherine McLean, of the Galveston, Texas, took place yesterday in Trinity Episcopal church, Galveston, at 5 o'clock, says a dispatch. The future home of the young people will be at Montreal, where they will be at home after September 1st.

BIG WHALING CATCH ON COAST

HUNTING PROVES EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD

Orion and St. Lawrence Total 250 Mammals Up to Date.

Although hampered for many weeks at the opening of the season by heavy gales and continued unfavorable weather, the two steam-whalers, Orion and St. Lawrence, hunting from the Pacific Whaling company's stations at Sechart and Kyuquot respectively have so far caught 250 whales between them, or nearly half the total catch made last year. The season for hunting is not yet half over and the two months of July and September will probably be marked by exceptionally good hunting. Up to last Sunday the steam-whaler St. Lawrence had towed in 119 whales to the Kyuquot station and the Orion had up to yesterday brought in 125 leviathans, her last week's hunting adding 19 whales to her catch.

SAYS BRITISH SEA POWER IS DECLINING

Remarkable French Criticism of the Navy—Germany the Rival.

That the gradual decline of British naval supremacy is endangering the peace of the world and that an armed conflict between Britain and Germany is inevitable are the opinions put forward in a remarkable article in the Temps (Paris), which recently played the part of candid friend in regard to the British navy. The writer says: "The British have authorized have allowed themselves to be surprised by the rapidity of naval evolution and hypnotized by the progress of the next largest navy. Ever harassed by the fear of invasion, they did not foresee the consequences of the Russo-Japanese war any more than they foresaw the consequences of the invention of the dreadnaught."

"Now that the naval supremacy of Britain is no longer absolute, the naval ambitions of other nations are being openly asserted. America in a few years has constructed a navy which is now the second in the world, but which will soon be surpassed by that of Germany. America asserts her naval rank by a piece of bluff—the naval voyage round the world. It has been said that the American people speak true and strike hard, but in connection with this naval voyage Americans are really too boastful.

Nevertheless the naval parade has a peculiar significance of its own. For instance, the Australian premier's invitation to the fleet to visit Australian ports is accepted with enthusiasm, but when the British government invites the same fleet to visit England the invitation is refused on the ground that it would delay the journey of the fleet. At the same time the British fleet is obliged to steam 4,000 to 5,000 miles out of its course.

"Yet, while England has received this little affront from America, another young naval power has just set its foot to the avowed task of supplanting its naval ancestor, England. This power is Germany. Germany is now following Lord Cavendish's policy of laying down four first-class battleships every year, while at the present time Britain is only laying down three. The gradual diminution of British naval supremacy, whichever way we look at it, is bound to diminish the chances of the maintenance of peace in the Pacific, where Britain has waived her supremacy. A conflict of interests has arisen between the United States and Japan, and is not yet completely settled. The British merchant flag is gradually disappearing from the Far Eastern seas. Even in the Indian Ocean British merchant navigation is affected.

"Though in the Atlantic and her dependent seas Great Britain maintains her position, she is directly threatened by the ever-increasing German naval power. Armed conflict is inevitable sooner or later. The two countries' interests are too much opposed for an entente to be possible. When this conflict will come and how it will ensue no one can tell, but the conflict is inevitable."

—Upon the arrival of the N. Y. K. liner, Aki Maru at Seattle on Thursday, a search revealed the presence of ten stowaways hiding in the cargo of tea brought over by the Japanese liner. The men were almost starved and were nearly smothered when found. They were placed in gaol.

—At a meeting of the executive of the British Columbia Agricultural Association, held yesterday, it was decided that no liquor should be sold on the grounds at the forthcoming fall fair. On this understanding the privileges including side-shows and the right to make books on the races was let to W. R. Jackson for \$2,000, or \$500 less than Mr. Jackson was willing to pay if a permit to sell liquor were included among the privileges. It was reported that good progress was being made on the new buildings, and that they would be ready in time for the fair. There were present at the meeting Mayor and Miss Henderson, R. W. Paterson and Dr. Tolmie.

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This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients are printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of all woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments. Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets and Antiseptic Suppositories may also be used with great advantage conjointly with the use of the "Favorite Prescription" in all cases of ulceration, and in pelvic catarrh. They cost only 25 cents a box each, at drug stores or, sent by mail, post-paid on receipt of price in stamps by Dr. Pierce whose address is given below.

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TEACHER WANTED for the Lower Beila Cools Assmt. School. Duties to commence with beginning of school term. Must be young lady preferred. Apply Mrs. E. C. Jacobson, secretary, Beila Cools P. O. B. C.

The big steamship Minoela, which was formerly a tramp steamship, and was converted into a yacht by Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, is due shortly from the Orient. It is not known whether she has the distinguished party which has accom-

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