

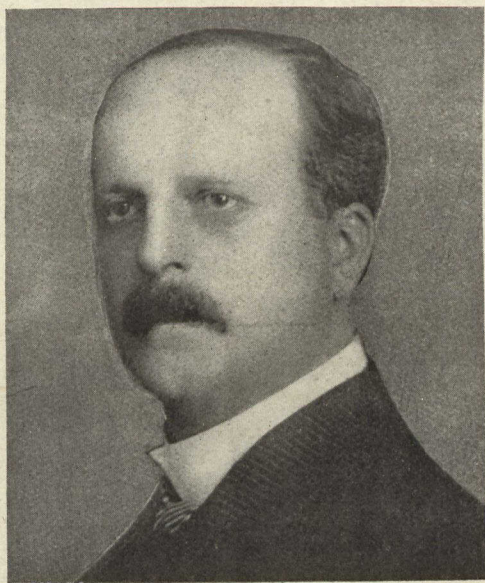
MEN OF TO-DAY

McL. BROWN OF THE C.P.R.

MR. GEORGE McL. BROWN has taken another of his long strides. He is to succeed the late Mr. Archer Baker, who for the past two years has been chief C. P. R. representative in Europe. This may seem like a commonplace statement; for there are a great many Browns in Canada. But it happens that there is only one G. McL. Brown of the C. P. R.; and McL. Brown has for years been almost as much a vital part of that great railway system as genial George Ham. He is the son of another remarkable Brown, Hon. Adam, the oldest postmaster in Canada, who lives at Hamilton. Like his father, McL. Brown is a giant in stature; but one of those easy, quiet, swift-moving giants who when they move start a current of things moving along with them, without friction.

For a good many years now Mr. Brown has been one of the prime movers of the C. P. R. He grew up with the system. Years ago in the early stages of railway history in the West he followed the steel to British Columbia where he began to work up the rungs of the railway ladder—beginning, however, as ticket-agent at Vancouver, which in those days was not a heavy job. He soon became influential and worked up through the various preliminary stages till he became chief representative of the C. P. R. executive in that part of Canada. Some years ago Mr. Brown, having proved his great executive capacity in the West, was transferred to Montreal to take charge of the sleeping-car and dining-car service of the great railway. Perhaps there is no branch of the service in which he could have shown greater administrative capacity in relation to the whole transcontinental system; for a passenger agent may be a local man, whereas the manager of sleepers and diners must of necessity be a transcontinental man with his finger on the entire passenger service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as far north as the steel runs, and all through the infinite ramifications of a system by means of which every day thousands of people travel while they sleep.

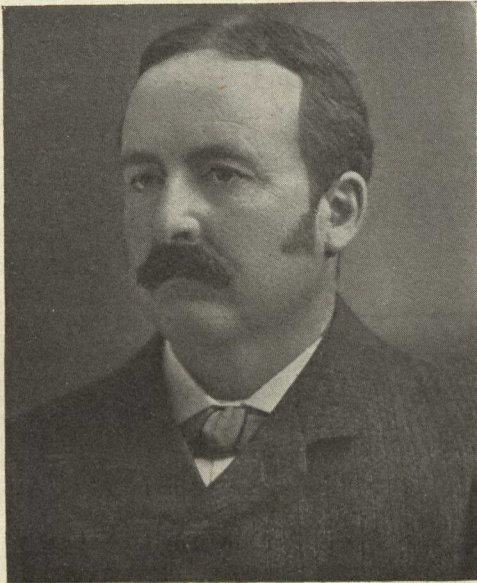
Mr. Brown succeeded so well in this department that when the C. P. R. organised its Atlantic steamship service he was put in charge of the passenger service. Here again McL. got an extension. From the Pacific, interested mainly in Western and Oriental trade, he swung to the Atlantic, getting in touch with the positive pole of the system that reaches out to Europe, practically girdling the globe. In this capacity, and all through the remarkable era of expansion in the steamship passenger service feeding the greatest railway system in the world, Mr. Brown remained till the end of 1908, when he went to London to succeed Mr. Allan Cameron as general traffic manager. Now he is chief representative of the C.P.R. for the whole of Europe, succeeding Mr. Baker, whose recent death left a very large gap for a large executive man to fill in a very practical way. That Mr. Brown will represent the C. P. R. as well in the population and trade centres of Europe as he already has on the Pacific and the Atlantic is well believed by all who know what a genial, dynamic giant George McL. Brown is. Canada could have no better practical, working representative in Europe than Mr. Brown; and McL. Brown could wish for no greater system to represent than the C. P. R.



Mr. George McL. Brown,
Appointed Chief Representative of the C.P.R.
in Europe.

Maritime Board of Trade meeting not long ago members kicked as hard for the tunnel as members at Ottawa lately kicked for a fixed minimum representation in the House of Commons. The tunnel is a passion. The people being islanders have much of the concentrated, incisive "want-what-I-want-when-I-want-it" character. That they don't always get it that way only makes them the more insistent. They never forget. Most of them are farmers—and good ones. They can raise more potatoes, oats and politics to the acre there than anywhere else in Canada. In politics they are as strenuous as the Halifax Herald.

The Premier is himself a farmer. By profession he is a lawyer. That, however, is partly because he was born to politics, and law makes more politicians than all other professions combined. His father was a farmer, and a member of the Legislative Council. Premier Haszard was born at Bellevue, which is a very picturesquely pastoral place near Charlottetown. Born on a farm, he learned farming at the plough-handles. Education and law never spoiled his bucolic tendencies. He graduated from Prince of Wales College and studied law with Hon. John Longworth, after whom he seems to have been named. As a lawyer he was a very active man. He formed numerous partnerships; has been secretary and president of the Law Society and agent for the Department of Justice at Ottawa.



Hon. F. L. Haszard,
Premier and Attorney-General of Prince
Edward Island.

But for most of his legal career Mr. Haszard kept away from politics; content to have for a time-long hobby agriculture and fruit-growing. He has been a member of the Fruit-Growers' Association and president of the Exhibition Association at Charlottetown. But in the general elections of 1904 he came out as the representative of Queen's County, fourth district. When the government was reorganised he became a member of the Executive Council. From that to the Premiership was but a natural step. Whether he ever had a public ambition or not, he has become the first citizen of a flourishing province, with honour to himself and efficiency in administration. He probably understands that semi-turbulent, pastoral little province in the lap of the sea, much better than any other premier in Canada comprehends his vast domain. His premiership has that personal relation which enables him when driving through the country to shake hands with almost any plough-man, calling him by name; and when he revisits the old homestead near Charlottetown he is as much at home as though he had left its plough-handles last week. If Prince Edward Island were a principality or a kingdom with a first citizen for a king, Mr. Haszard's position would be fine enough for a play.

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NEW COMMANDER OF THE SEVENTH

THE 7th Fusiliers of London is one of the oldest and best known regiments in Canada. Its new Colonel is one of the most widely known citizens of the city of London, where the 7th is the most notable organisation. Lieut.-Col. Archibald Alexander Campbell was born only a few miles from the city of which he is now a leading citizen. His father was Warden of Middlesex County for three years in the early sixties and also held a captain's commission in the 6th Middlesex Militia. His son was educated in Strathroy, but strangely enough he got his early business experience in the Western States. He was stenographer in a steamship office in San Francisco in 1884. Later he was secretary to Senator W. A. Clark, the copper king of Butte, Mont. To-day he is vice-president and managing director of the People's Building and Loan Association of London, and director of the Toasted Cornflakes Company and other institutions. He is also a prominent Mason, and was Supreme Grand Master of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, Knights Templar, 1907-8.

The Seventh Regiment was reorganised some years ago after a period of misfortune, and Col. Campbell was one of the officers to receive a captaincy. He gained his majority in 1908 and became lieutenant-colonel on January 1st last.

The new Colonel is known to be a man of strong patriotic instincts. His early career in the great republic to the south of the Great Lakes has only made him more pronounced in his Canada-first and pro-British tendencies. No doubt he is all the better Canadian for having known the great democracy. At any rate he has escaped the onus of being merely a provincial Canadian.



Lt. Col. A. A. Campbell,
Seventh Regiment, London.

THE ISLAND PREMIER

HON. FRANCIS LONGWORTH HASZARD is Premier and Attorney-General of the smallest province in Canada, which is Prince Edward Island; the little storm centre of politics which a week or so ago kicked up such a racket in the House of Commons about representation—or misrepresentation as they would call it. Prince Edward Island has never been satisfied. She has a yearning ideal; partly expressible by her desire for a tunnel. The ice-breaker Earl Grey is all very well in its way. But the island province prefers a submarine connection independent of ice and of ferries. At the