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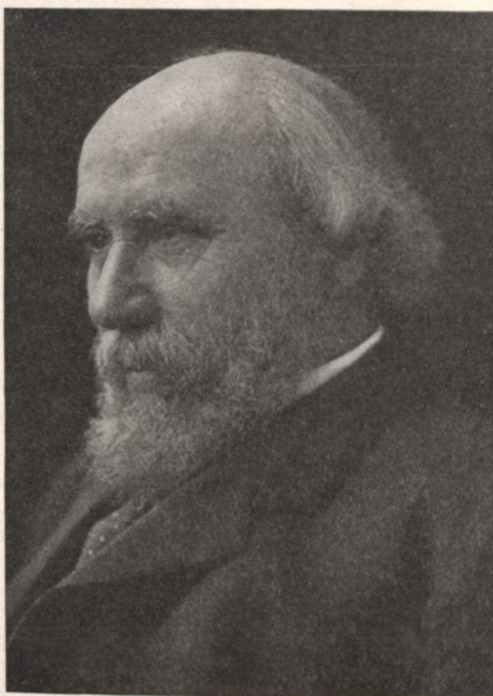
MEN OF TO-DAY

The Man Who Made Rockwood Famous

LONDON *Tidbits* has a gentle history of James J. Hill. Quite the rosier and mellowest biography of a Canadian railway king that has been written of late. It was stated among other things that in his boyhood days James J. wandered away from his Ontario home, book in hand, to go into the depths of the forest and the sweeps of the prairie; and there reading about Fennimore Cooper's Indians, he dreamed dreams of the marvellous land that he should gridiron with steel and dot with box cars. But if any summer visitor should stop off at the little station of Rockwood on the Grand Trunk, seven miles west of where Mr. D. D. Mann was born, he would discover that if little James J. ever went to the prairies from that farmhouse it must have been in a dream. Even the far-famed Rockwood Academy has not got a bust of Mr. Hill. And you may go to the Rockwood fair—by some people in Wellington County considered the greatest fair in the world—and not hear a word about the magnate of the wheat belt. Quite likely the store is still there in which James was clerk after his father died; and any dropper-in would be likely to hear stories of Hill, who was the first railway magnate that Canada ever sent to the United States. But it's a long while since Mr. Hill saw the old town on the limestone hills; in which respect he differs from Mr. Mann, who has very often been back to Acton, the glove town, near which his father still lives on a farm. Some day it will be noted that there was something quite similar and wholly remarkable in the fact that these two masters of transportation should have been born within seven miles of each other on the old Grand Trunk—though Hill was building railways long before Mann struck out across the fields to the station to go to the woods of Alpena, Mich. The cold facts about such men as Hill and Mann are more romantic than any of the idyllic stories the biographers tell. They were both hewed out of the woods and were both as hard as the rocks of Rockwood. And in the life story of both it has come to pass, that whereas in boyhood they were just the distance of a good coon-hunt from each other, in the present day they are getting to be neighbours by the railway, out on the plains of the Canadian West, of which forty years ago neither of them knew anything worth while.

On Minnesota Day at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Mr. James J. Hill received perhaps the greatest honour of his long remarkable life, when a bronze bust of the railway financier was unveiled. The great Canadian-born builder of railways came in for some unusually high encomiums. Mr. Jacob C. Schiff, the New York banker, said:—"There are few men whom I hold in such high esteem as Mr. James J. Hill." Speaker Cannon said:—"I think it is peculiarly fitting that there should be a lasting memorial to the life and labours of James J. Hill, the great 'empire builder' of the Northwest." John D. Rockefeller added:—"He has wrought a great work. All praise to him! I would that we had more such men."

Most people will agree with the laudatory sentiments of the Oil King to his brother of the railway. Mr. J. J. Hill deserves all the



Mr. J. J. Hill,
The Canadian Railroad Magnate.



Mr. R. C. Cochrane,
President-Elect Union of Canadian Municipalities.



Mr. C. B. Martin,
Rhodes Professor at Manitoba University.



Mr. W. A. Kirkwood,
Lecturer in Classics, Trinity College.



Mr. F. J. Birchard,
A Canadian Graduate of Leipzig.

Mr. Martin is an Oxford post-graduate but his *alma mater* is the University of New Brunswick, from which he graduated in 1902 with a list of honours as long as a family tree. He had medals and scholarships, book prizes and cash prizes for almost everything from Greek and Latin to economic resources. He spent two years teaching before going to Oxford. In 1904 he became a Rhodes scholar—the first from the University of New Brunswick. At Balliol College he went

ecomiums coming his way. He is the type of the pioneer nation builder of the West. Old John D. sees the necessity of such men as Mr. Hill.

So it is more than usually fitting that London *Tidbits* should have contained a recent life story of Mr. Hill—even though some of the story is a bit over-romantic.

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An Expert in Municipal Civics

PRESIDENT of the Union of Canadian Municipalities is Mr. R. C. Cochrane, who for ten years has been Reeve of the Township of Blanshard, Man. Mr. Cochrane may not have been known to the whole of Canada a few weeks ago, but he is mightily well known in Blanshard as one of the best reeves that ever lived, and in the West as President of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities in 1906 and 1907. He has made more than a hobby of municipal civics, which is playing so large a part in western life. Also he was tolerably well known down in Kemptville, in the county of Grenville, where he was born forty years ago, and where for some years he taught school before going west in the early nineties. Mr. Cochrane established himself as a storekeeper in Oak River—Hess & Cochrane, general merchants; and he is still in that business. But as soon as the Union of Manitoba Municipalities was organised he became a member of the Executive. He was also a member of the Telephones Committee, which had for its laudable platform the establishment of Government telephones in Manitoba. His work on committee made him a prominent man, largely because in a small community he has established himself as not only a good business man but a municipal officer without a superior in the West. That he is now President of the Canadian Union is the natural result of a high sterling record. Against scores of men from big towns and cities he was nominated by Mayor Evans, of Winnipeg, who knows the value of a good man in municipal counsels. Mr. Cochrane has a chance to write his name high up in the effective development of the West along lines of peculiar usefulness.

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The Historian Abroad

FROM the archives at Ottawa to the chair of history at Manitoba University is the step just taken by Mr. Chester B. Martin, who is another of those temperamental New Brunswickers. Mr. Martin has chosen a fascinating career.

A chair of history in a new country like the West is sufficient of a novelty in its character to give a man pre-eminence. History in Manitoba is a brief matter—less than a hundred years old, as a matter of fact; although in three years' time the people of Winnipeg will celebrate the beginning of annals in the Selkirk settlement, and Mr. Martin is already the best posted man on that event in the world, for he is writing a book on the life and work of Lord Selkirk, soon to be issued under the auspices of the Brassey Trust at Oxford.