

C. C. Ballantyne went to and the city he lives in. He has long since got past the point where he is able to tot up how much he makes in a week. As managing director of the Canadian Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. he no longer needs to trouble his brain about the mathematics of mere money.

Yet he does not consider himself a wealthy man; does not particularly want to be merely wealthy. From what I could learn about Mr. Ballantyne in an interview at his office I concluded that he has a healthy respect for the chunky youth that packed his trunk from Morrisburg to Montreal and got two dollars a week as office boy. That was the time when he understood the ethics of money along with the mathematics. He didn't need algebra to tell him how to spend his money; though Euclid may have come in handy to prove how a youth of the most unpretentious habits could pay his board and lodging and buy his clothes on two dollars a week.

It was probably one of the half-accidents that make most men's lives that took him into the paint business. There's nothing about paint to work on a young man's imagination. Of course youth has always been accused of tinting the future in all sorts of gorgeous hues. Very likely, even in the Montreal of two dollars a week and no electric lights, the youth Ballantyne was able to foresee the day when he would get as high as forty dollars a week.

But when he went into partnership with W. H. Cottingham, in a paint shop down on Peter St., he had no expectation that he would ever have much to do with a day when between two and three hundred millions of American capital would be invested in Canadian factories, thanks to a good, stout tariff. Now this paint shop on Peter St., down among the gloomy stone walls and the historical tablets telling when priests, Indians and traders made things much more lively than the Montreal of the '80's and '90's, was the real making of C. C. Ballantyne. He had a perfect hunger for work. His partner was a remarkable hustler. One in the shop and one out beating up sales, they covered the town doing their best to paint it red. They did no mixing of paints in that shop; unless it was in a back room where together they made pictures of what they intended to do in business whenever they were able to cut loose. The paints they handled were made somewhere else. They had several lines of leading paints. One of them was Sherwin-Williams, who in those days were selling paint in this country over a very respectable tariff wall.

But that was before the advertising sign was invented about covering the earth. Cottingham and Ballantyne were beginning to cover part of a very large section of the earth with that particular brand of paint. Montreal wasn't big enough to keep them busy putting on paint. They shipped paint anywhere in Canada. The paint shop on Peter St. became an emporium.

ABOUT the time the tariff became so interesting to American manufacturers, the firm with whom Cottingham and Ballantyne did a large part of their business decided to open a branch for the manufacture of paint in this country. Cottingham was called to the head works at Cleveland. Ballantyne became sales manager in Canada.

The American idea had got hold of these young men. By hard work and hustle and originality in methods and modern advertising C. C. Ballantyne had demonstrated that he knew how to organize and to build up an industry. It was a mere accident that the capital in this industry was American capital. I don't think C. C. Ballantyne ever had the least desire to be anything in business but a Canadian.

Neither is he. Of course he is a Liberal and a believer in a measure of reciprocity. But it wasn't reciprocity in any measure or of any kind that put him where he is as a commercial manufacturer. It was a tariff. He believes in tariffs. Very likely there's no reason why the firm of which he is the head shouldn't have remained what he and Cottingham first helped to make it, a mere branch of an American firm. But when the opportunity came to buy out the Canadian end of the business, Ballantyne was the leading spirit in the purchase. There was a reason. He more than any other man except Cottingham had helped to make that business a profitable venture on American capital.

So it was just a case of a personality working out in a business. Down in the Peter St. paint shop the law was Ballantyne and Cottingham; when all the customers knew was that these two young Canadians were the most enterprising purveyors of paint in Montreal. When it came to consolidating the Canadian branch with the Canada Paint Co. and the British company in London, it was Ballantyne and Cottingham who thought out the terms of the

consolidation and reduced the economics of the deal to print. There was no reason except Ballantyne and Cottingham why the head offices of the big concern should not have been in London instead of Montreal.

However, this is a little too much paint for the personality. C. C. Ballantyne is a brainy, big-trunked man who has never had much trouble being able to define "where he was at." Since he was an office boy at two dollars a week he has been rolling a snowball. It takes a power of men to budge the ball now; but it's still moving. And C. C. Ballantyne is still shoving with his shoulders down to the heft.

In something like twenty years since he became partner with Cottingham he has become the main reason why a huge Canadian concern could have been built up on a foundation first of Yankee capital and management, next of British capital. The paradoxical success of this venture is a fine tribute to the value of a name. Shakespeare didn't live in an age of branded goods and advertising agencies or he never would have asked "What's in a name?" Not all the millions of capital in this Canadian-Pan-American-Imperial concern could buy off the Yankee name.

Which proves that business, like music, is a universal language.

Mr. Ballantyne would have done as well in any one of a dozen other lines of business. He happened to start with paint. He has stuck to the paint ever since. In so doing he has not ignored the personality of Ballantyne, which it would take a great deal of paint to disguise. He has not forgotten that since he went to Montreal there is a new Montreal, a new Toronto, a new Winnipeg, a new Canada. Though he is still a young man he has seen the cities of Canada change as much as the difference between his shop on Peter St. and

the works in which he now has his office.

He knows as much as any man what are the forces in this country that get men on in the world. He understands the problems of public life and what are the demands of public service. From what he said about politics the morning I saw him in his office, I judge that he might take off his coat in a general election for the sake of what he conceives to be a principle of government. He has never been in public life—except to be Mayor of Westmount. His services to the Harbour Commission are probably invaluable so far as they go. On that Board he works as a shipper and a commercial man. Of course he gets a salary; but that long ago ceased to interest him and he could just as well afford to do it for nothing. At the end of this year he will retire from the Commission. It is more than likely he will go into some other form of public service. There is no reason why he should not. He has money, experience, success, influence and great ability as an organizer. The things he could do whether in a party or a parliament—or even in a city council, save the mark!—would do more to advertise him in the newspapers than all he has ever done with paint. I don't know that he cares much for publicity. But it's a safe wager that he has a healthy hunger for problems; and that if he has a mind to rob enough time from his business to take hold of them, he will find problems enough even in the city of Montreal without hankering for parliament, to make it worth his own and the country's while to tackle them.

C. C. Ballantyne is a big man; as big mentally as physically; and he is the kind of all-round, aggressive and thoroughly reasonable personality that should exert a big influence on the more or less public life of the country where he has made his name and built up his business.

The New Queen's

By W. L. GRANT

ON the grounds of Queen's University still stands the building in which, on the arrival of Principal Grant in December, 1877, the whole University was contained. To be exact, it was smaller then, for a story has since been added, of which Principal Grant told the architect that he had achieved the impossible, and made the building uglier than it was before. Now there are thirteen buildings, of which eight are larger than the enlarged original home.

Then there were 80 students; at his death there were 800; now there are over 1,600.

All the work of Principal Grant and Principal Gordon, and of the band of teachers whom they gathered round them could not have done this without the backing of hundreds of private individuals throughout the country. Ministers in country charges went without badly-needed books, to give a hundred dollars to Queen's; schoolmasters went without holidays, and gave to their Alma Mater what they had saved. To the endowment fund of 1878, 2,500 benefactors gave \$150,000. The city of Kingston gave the main Arts building, passing the by-law by a three to one majority. When the county of Frontenac refused to follow suit, and to give Frontenac Hall, the students themselves promptly collected the money and gave Grant Hall instead. Not satisfied with this, though a greater proportion of them than from any other Canadian university earn their own living and make in the summer what puts them through the winter term, the students have since built a large gymnasium at a cost of over \$25,000. Last year a new Metallurgical Building was needed, and one of the Professors gave \$40,000, almost his whole savings, to help in erecting it.

And we get value for our money when we build at Queen's. Not in vain is Kingston called the Limestone City. All those buildings are of the same stately stone, which we can build in Kingston cheaper than brick in less-favoured Toronto. Even the province builds cheaply in Kingston. In 1901 it gave two new buildings to the newly established School of Mining, founded by the liberality of the citizens of Kingston and the adjoining municipalities, and affiliated to the University. For these the University granted a site on the Campus. In digging the foundations of one we came upon a quarry of excellent limestone, so that the excavations of one were built into the walls of the other.

QUEEN'S had been founded by the Presbyterian Church, and much of the spirit of optimism and sacrifice which inspired her growth sprang from that vigorous Scottish faith. Most, though

not all, of those who toiled and gave were Presbyterian. Yet it was this very spirit which made it necessary for the new Queen's to cut the formal connection with the Church.

The University outgrew her constitution. She draws her students from Nova Scotia and from British Columbia, and from every province in between. A university which is doing the work of the nation should have the support of the nation, not of any segment of it, however worthy. Though it was the spirit of Presbyterianism which had given the impulse, we had students and professors of all creeds and of none.

In a modern university, if students increase in arithmetical proportion, the need for buildings increases in geometrical. At present we need, and need badly, a students' union, around which the various faculties may gather, a new and enlarged library, a new and enlarged physics building, a women's residence, and several other things.

The Presbyterian Church as a body had always refused assistance, save a pittance to the theological faculty. So, not without regret, but following the larger hope and the larger ideal, Principal Gordon set himself to carry out the plan of his predecessor, and in 1910 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church gave its consent to the formal severance of all connexion with Queen's, reserving to itself the theological hall as a separate though affiliated institution. The necessary Acts were passed by parliament, and now the new Queen's sets out on her new career.

NEGOTIATIONS are now on foot for the closer incorporation within the University of the School of Mining, and for tightening the bands with the medical faculty. One faculty is missing, greatly to the regret of not a few. Some of us thought that the time was ripe in Canada for such a theological faculty as that at Harvard, which studies theology as men study chemistry or physics, in the pure, scientific love of truth. We felt that there was no need to put the truth of God under a case, however transparent, and that one of the greatest gifts of Queen's to Canada would be a theological school which

"Throws itself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him."

But prudence said no, and for the present Queen's is without a faculty of theology, and the search for truth at the affiliated Queen's Theological College goes on within the limits of the Westminster Confession. The rest of us hope to pursue the search untrammelled.