

MEN OF TO-DAY

Two New College Presidents.

ALL the colleges in the Dominion will have got down to the humanities and football by the time this number of THE COURIER is shuffled over the three thousand odd miles between Halifax and Prince Rupert. An academic year means many changes—graduates fading out, freshmen taking up the college yell, members of faculties moving into new positions. Two Canadian universities greeted new presidents this brown back-to-college month. Professor Arthur Stanley Mackenzie is now getting acquainted with the furniture in the presidential office at Dalhousie University, Halifax. Chancellor Abraham Lincoln McCrimmon has just turned the wheels of another regime in McMaster University, Toronto.

* * *

President of Dalhousie.

PRESIDENT MACKENZIE, as will be observed from the portrait on this page, is long-headed and Scotch in appearance, though he was not born within smell of the heather. He arose in the most Scotch province in Canada, the son of a lawyer of Pictou, Nova Scotia. At twenty, he was a Bachelor of Dalhousie, and immediately became a pedagogue. In his professional work he has had a varied and rather unusual training. For instance, during fourteen years, Professor Mackenzie taught the American girl mathematics at Bryn Mawr, Uncle Sam's great university for women—where, it is said, the Nova Scotian was very popular. This was not his only experience in the educational institutions of the United States. He also lectured at Johns Hopkins and the Stevens Institute of Technology. All the time Professor Mackenzie was absent from Canada improving the culture of our neighbours, he cast back languishing glances at his Alma Mater. Nothing, not even the deep-chested, deep-minded Harrison Fisher or H. C. Christy, princesses of American womanhood at Bryn Mawr, could cause to swerve his set purpose of packing up and returning to Dalhousie for good sometime. Twice he shook the dust of the Republic from his soles, and arrived at Dalhousie to fill lectureships for short periods. Now he is back at the head of affairs. Having studied Dalhousie all his life, Professor Mackenzie is quite capable of guiding the strongest university in the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

Chancellor of McMaster.

IT might be said of Chancellor McCrimmon, pilot of McMaster, that he has been in training for his present office ever since he got his B. A. hood in 1890 from the University of Toronto. The fathers of McMaster have been patting each other on the back because they did not find it necessary to import a collegian with foreign frills after his name to manage the leading educational institution of the Baptist Church in the British Empire. They found right on their own staff a hustling young Baptist with large ideas and broad culture, and they promoted him. Professor McCrimmon is a tall, dark man, with shoulders developed in the gymnasium of the Ontario farm of thirty years ago. He speaks to the point without Miltonic periods affected by some college presidents. Always there is a twinkle of humour in his eye which helps him along with his classes. But he means business. He knows McMaster like the manager of a departmental store the branches of his emporium. By the way, McMaster with its allied institutions is not unlike a departmental store. At Woodstock, Ontario, is the boys' preparatory school; Moulton College, Toronto, is the girls' school; Brandon College, Manitoba, and Okanagan College, in British Columbia, are Western branches of the university. Chancellor McCrimmon was at Woodstock for fifteen years—ten as principal. At McMaster, he has taught seven years education and political economy.

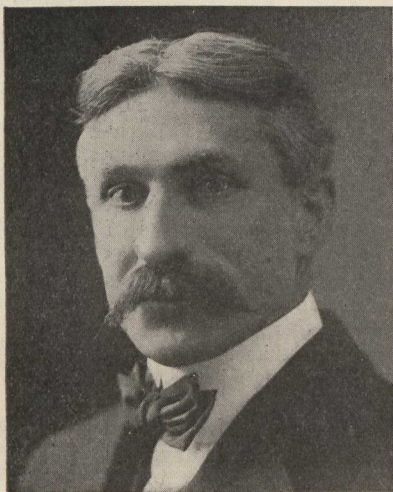
Under Chancellor McCrimmon, McMaster embarks on a new era. Additional buildings will soon be shooting up, for the institution is now so crowded that freshmen are pushing each other out of bed in the residence. McMaster University, since Queen's

cut the tie of the Church, is the chief denominational university in Canada; its future under the new Chancellor will be interesting to students of education throughout the Dominion.

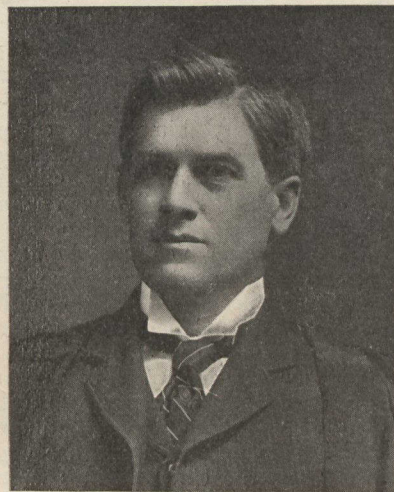
* * *

A Canadian Author Abroad.

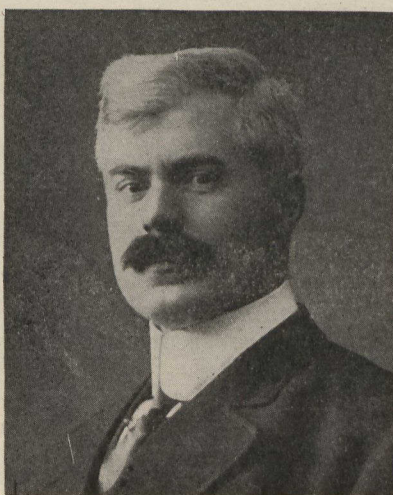
IN one of the New York magazines there is running a series of articles, "Adventures in the Psychical." The author is Mr. H. Addington Bruce. He is a young Canadian who has made a striking literary success in a rather unusual and difficult field. University of Toronto men of the class of 1895 will remember Bruce. He was the six-foot Trinity senior who cleaned up on English essays and was the marvel of half-baked football heroes. By birth Mr. Bruce is a Torontonion, the son of Lieut.-Col. John Bruce, a well-known military man, formerly commandant of the 10th Royal Grenadiers. At Upper Canada College he began his scribbling on the student paper. After leaving Trinity by the



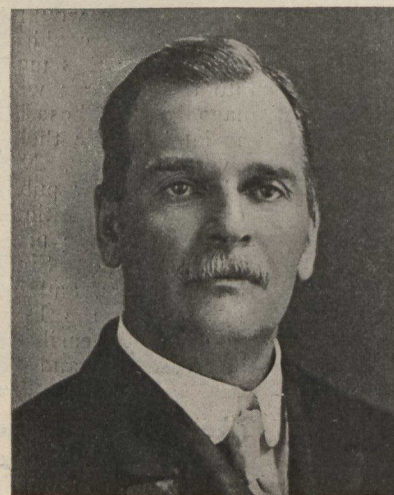
PROFESSOR A. S. MACKENZIE
Halifax
The new President of Dalhousie University



PROFESSOR A. L. McCRIMMON
Toronto
Appointed Chancellor of McMaster University.



H. ADDINGTON BRUCE
A Canadian, who has achieved fame abroad
as a writer on history and psychology.



MR. W. S. CARTER, M.A., LL.D.
Fredericton
Elected President Association of Canadian Clubs

B. A. route, Mr. Bruce was so proficient in sentence structure that Professor Goldwin Smith gave him a position on his paper, "The Week." The Sage of the Grange liked his style and packed him off to New York.

He arrived in the Yankee capital of Art about the time Messrs. Arthur Stringer, Arthur E. MacFarlane, and Arthur Heming were living on flapjacks, and accepted stories. Unlike the three Canadian Arthurs, Mr. H. Addington Bruce did not begin besieging editors with experiments in fiction. His fast-expanding mind developed historical ambitions; he would write the real history of the American people. And during his fifteen odd years with Uncle Sam, Mr. Bruce has written historical works like: "Daniel Boone and the American Wilderness," and "The Romance of American Expansion." Apart from their historical value, these works illustrate Mr. Bruce's peculiar and almost original method as an historian. Mr. Bruce is a psychological interpreter of history. He himself says that he does not believe a man can write history accurately without studying the working of the human

mind. For that reason Mr. Bruce is a psychologist.

As a psychologist, Mr. Bruce is perhaps better known than as an historian. He was a most intimate associate of that great Harvard psychologist, the late Professor William James, brother of Henry James, the novelist. Mr. Bruce has written many popular articles on mental subjects and two books, "The Riddle of Personality," and "Historic Ghost and Ghost Hunters." But psychology to him is only a means of furthering his historical plans. He has just finished assisting Ambassador Bryce in the revision of his great book, "The American Commonwealth," and is now plotting an extensive historical and psychological prose epic of American expansion since the Revolution.

It seems to be a shame that such a writer should be forced to leave Canada because the student of history or of psychology cannot make a living here. This is an old complaint, but it is still true. The Canadian litterateur must emigrate or starve. It makes one grieve to think that such brilliant delvers and ditchers as H. Addington Bruce should be compelled to work in foreign fields.

* * *

A School-teacher President.

AT the annual conference of Canadian Clubs, held in Winnipeg this summer, Mr. W. S. Carter, M.A., LL.D., was elected president of the Association for all Canada. The chief aim of the great speech-after-luncheon movement, founded by Charles McCullough, in Hamilton, in 1892, is to teach true Canadian nationalism. As a school-teacher starting humbly down in New Brunswick, and climbing until in 1909 he became Superintendent of Education for the Province, Dr. Carter has probably had more experience elucidating eloquently the virtues of Canadianism, than many of the business men who belong to the Canadian Club, and have not encountered Young Canada in the raw as he has. School teachers and university professors are too infrequently called to identify themselves officially with broad national movements in this country. This is not so in France and Germany and other European countries where pedagogues sometimes lead revolutions and are made heroes of novels.

As head of the Association of Canadian Clubs, he will have an opportunity to organize public opinion in a quiet but effective way. The Association represents all the Canadian clubs of the Dominion, but has no power over them, either in administration or in legislation. Its chief business is to unify opinion and experience in Canadian club work, to help the weaker clubs, and to assist in founding new clubs. Its influence is thus incidental, but none the less important.

* * *

A Reverend License Inspector.

NO man was more surprised than himself when Rev. John Ayearst, who has resigned as Provincial License Inspector in Ontario, was offered the appointment in 1905. Rev. Mr. Ayearst was then in charge of a Methodist congregation in Western Ontario, and was on one of his visits to "stiffen the back" of Hon. W. J. Hanna, who had announced when appointed Provincial Secretary that Ontario Bonifaces would be made "keep hotel." For years Mr. Ayearst has been an ardent temperance advocate, and the enforcement of the liquor license law as he thought it should be, was the great thing for which he strove. Time after time he called upon Mr. Hanna concerning this matter.

"Now see here, Ayearst," Hon. Mr. Hanna is reported to have said. "Just try it yourself."

Mr. Ayearst never dreamed of such a proposal and it made him stare for a minute. A Methodist minister as a license inspector was something new for him. But it was up to him. "What could I do," Mr. Ayearst said in relating the incident to a friend. He took Mr. Hanna at his word, and for the last six years he has been going up and down Ontario from Cornwall to Kenora, prosecuting illicit sellers of liquor and hotelkeepers whom he caught selling in local option districts. Regarding his position as something akin to detectives, he called in all his photographs. A likeness of John Ayearst is about as scarce as hens teeth.

He now goes to Edmonton at an increased salary to carry on similar work.