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REMEMBER THE PLACE.

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Joker's Corner

A DELICATE REPRIMAND

An excellent story of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is told in a recent number of The Tatler. During a rehearsal of "Fleas and Melancton" Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Martin Harvey had just reached that supremely tragic moment when the young lovers have declared their passion, and are stalling, gazing into each other's eyes in ecstasy. Here one of the bandmen took the opportunity to expectorate. A shudder ran through the great actress, and she stopped suddenly, frowning down at the man in the orchestra, who, however, was quite oblivious to the annoyance he had created. The scene was recommenced; the moment had again arrived, when the lovers stand silently transfixed, and again the man in the orchestra took the opportunity to expectorate violently. "Once more the actress staggered back as some one stepped forward, and again the scene was stopped to be recommenced. As it happened however, the offending bandman, who pretended he could not read, saw something written on the score, and being irritated by the warmth of the theatre and the continued repetition of the same scene, got up suddenly and murmured in a loud whisper that his music was so badly written that he could not read it. "Look 'ere," he grumbled, holding up his score to the conductor, "I can't read this 'ere music." As he spoke, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose ears caught the offender's voice, stopped suddenly. "What is the foot-light, when demanded to know what the man wanted. "I can't read this 'ere music," he said, sullenly. "It's bin written badly. I don't know what these 'ere notes mean." The actress took the score and glanced at it hurriedly. Handing it back to him, she said, "It means, don't spit."

GOT EVEN.

An irascible merchant entered a certain English postoffice exactly at four o'clock, and, approaching the money-order desk, politely requested the presiding genius to issue him an order for forty-eight shillings. "Too late," said the damsel curtly, pointing with an ink-stained finger to the clock. The indignant merchant stormed, raved, and finally challenged the correctness of the timepiece. The imperturbable lady smiled.

The following afternoon two minutes before the closing hour, the merchant again presented himself, and calmly asked "Am I too late?" "Only just in time," replied the damsel, crossly.

"Thank you. Now miss, I must trouble you to issue me forty-eight orders for one shilling each."

"Forty-eight!" gasped the horror-stricken woman—her tea was standing on a table behind the screen—surely you are joking."

"Madam," said the merchant, raising his hat politely. "fourteen gets courtesy."

APPROPRIATE.

The kindergarten teacher in a certain Sunday school, who is also a public school teacher well on in years, announced to her class of little ones that as she was very tired and much in need of rest she would not teach them during the summer.

The children's sympathies were aroused and they collected in the class a sum of money to buy their teacher a gift.

One evening the mother of the boy who was the leading spirit in the movement, asked:

"What are you going to buy for your teacher?"

"I'm not quite sure," replied the small boy, "but we saw something in the Sorist's window today that we thought she'd like. It was a pillow, all made of white flowers, and right in the middle in purple flowers it said, 'At Rest.'"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

An old man who looked like a foreigner was walking along a London street playing a concertina that had seen better days. Noticing a brass plate with the words "Doctor of Music" written under the name on it, he went up to the house and rang the bell. The door was answered.

"Please," he said, "is the doctor of music in?"

"Yes, what is it you want?" the servant asked. "Why, just pop in and ax' him how much he'll charge to mend my concertina!" was the reply.

CONFIRMED.

Ethel (confidently)—"Do you know Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?"

Clara, (with enthusiasm)—"Oh, I am delighted, dear. Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?"

One of Canada's Nation Builders

(Toronto Globe.)

Anybody knowing Mr. M. J. O'Brien's reputation as a railway contractor and engineering specialist, would imagine a big, rough, masterful man, with a heavy hand and the voice of a gang boss. At any rate, that is how I used to imagine him.

Any anybody judging him only by his photograph would picture a refined gentleman, sensitive individual of intellectual pursuits; gifted with special spiritual prophetic vision, and by preference a champion of the idealistic type. That, at all events, was the guess I made when his photograph was first shown to me. And then one day I met him, and found that he was neither the one nor the other, but a little of both and a good deal more. That "spiritual" expression which his photograph gives does not exist upon the original. It is, therefore, not the expression of the man's character, but merely the result of fine lines seen in repose. The result of an unusual purity of contour and delicacy of chiselling in his visage; these, reflected in the camera, make a fine picture, but a bad likeness.

PRE-DOMINATING VITALITY.

Your impression, when you have met the real article, is not of an intense, but unconscious strength. Here is a man who has forged to the front as a leader in enterprise not because he has found he has advantages over the average man in mental or physical attributes, and is "taking advantage" of these advantages; but simply as a natural expression of the vitality that is in him. Consequently his is not an assertive personality. Keen, daring and tenacious as he is, modest and retiring. This is why Canada knows so much of O'Brien, the contractor, and speculator, and a little of O'Brien, the man.

You can see, when you come to meet him, that it is no accident which has given him a place among the elect of Canada's successful men. A phenologist could discourse in an instructive way upon the meaning of the exceptional frontal development of the cranium as illustrated in his career; it is sufficient here to say that he certainly and literally has a great head on him—a head that impresses you, and that, once having seen, you do not easily forget.

With a name such as Mr. O'Brien wears, it is not necessary to say that he comes of Irish parentage. But there are Irish and Irish, and Mr. O'Brien is a distinctive type of the former, and not the latter. If Mr. O'Brien had been a girl, instead of a boy, he would have been a beauty. As it is, he has to put up with looking like a clergyman of stained glass design.

Imagine, now a man with big, clear, grey-blue eyes, dark brown hair, and a complexion of cream and peach-bloom. Well, it is agreeable, of course. It does you good to meet such a man. But what a girl he would have been! It is the dark-haired, blue-eyed Irish type.

He has, too, a curious little trick with the eyes that would be a priceless asset for a social debutante. When he is looking at you, instead of narrowing his eyes to a keener scrutiny, he opens them widely with all the ingenuousness of a child—Waterford, Ireland, was where his father, John O'Brien, came from, but he himself was born in Antigonish County, Nova Scotia, in 1851, so that he is now fifty-nine years of age, though he looks much younger. He had the usual common school education, and that was all. Out he had to go into the world as soon as he was physically able, to earn his livelihood, so that the best part of his education was gained in what Herbert Hubbard describes as "the University of Hard Knocks."

SELF-RELIANT FROM BOYHOOD.

Fourteen years of age found him working on the Intercolonial Railway. With that railway he remained for years, subsequently becoming timekeeper and foreman. From the position of walking boss, he became a contractor on his own account. He moved from Nova Scotia to Ontario, and from there until now, Renfrew, Ont., has always been his home, though Montreal has been his working headquarters.

His first big undertaking on his own account was the construction of a section of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Montreal and Ottawa. Since then he has had his finger in practically every railway pie that Canada has known. He assisted in building the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, and the Northern Pacific Junction Railway in the Nipissing

district; the Baileys Chaleurs Railway in the extreme east of the Dominion; the Central Counties Railway in eastern Ontario; the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific in British Columbia; the Midland, the Richmond & Inverness, and part of the Halifax & Southwestern Railways, in Nova Scotia; the La Loque branch of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, a big section of the Canadian Northern Railway in the Province of Quebec, and a large slice of the Quebec, Montreal & Southern Railway.

Mighty good service he has thus done Canada in opening up the wilderness to civilization. Men with his capabilities for organization and execution, his genius for gigantic tasks, and his sincerity in carrying them out, are men of whom the Dominion may well be proud. They presently in superlative degree the abounding vitality, the buoyant hope, and the largeness of vision which are this young nation's salient characteristics.

DEVELOPING CANADA.

But the carrying out of big contracts in the construction of the railways above named form but a small part of the development work in which he has engaged. He is taking a large share in building the National Transcontinental railway through the northern Quebec and Ontario. His contracts here total over six hundred miles of grading, and run into some fifteen million of dollars.

In these various enterprises he has had various partners. Mr. A. R. MacDonald was one, but the best known was Mr. Mullarkey. For a long time the firm of O'Brien & Mullarkey bulked largely in the railway world; a typical pair they were, of the best type of Irish sons.

While Mr. O'Brien was out in the wilderness grinding many an honest dollar out of the arduous task of railway building, he was keeping those sunny, grey-blue eyes of his ever on the lookout for a quicker way to the wealthier for greater things. For instance, a few years ago he bought 1,125 square miles of timber limits in Quebec, and has ever since had the pleasure of seeing them steadily rising in value. When Cobalt began to loom upon the horizon, he was discovered to have been one of the first to peg down a good bit of silver, and it was with that lucky stroke of business that he really sprang to the front as a man of great wealth. The O'Brien Mins. of which he is four-fifths owner, constitutes one of the greatest of the Cobalt properties. The fact that he refused an offer of \$4,000,000 for his share in it from one of the most powerful syndicates operating in the silver field, is an indication—but only a slight one, it is said—of the value of the mine.

Cobalt, however, by no means bounded the limit of his ambitions. He was one of the original discoverers of the mineral world of the mining properties in Gowganda, and owns large interests in that tremendously rich camp. Last winter he was in the Porcupine gold fields investigating before the news of the remarkably rich finds had reached the general public, and he was the first man to test the value of the discoveries there. His steam drilling outfit was the first piece of machinery to reach the Porcupine, and it was rushed in as soon as the snow roads over the ice would bear. Thus it was through him that the value of the gold-bearing ore at depth was proved. He now has many big and valuable holdings in the district.

Then, again, he has a quarter interest in the nickel property at Sudbury which is valued at \$50,000,000. He is interested in farms lands in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and in mining factories in Ontario. In the latter Province he owns about 8,000 acres of timber and farm lands. He has nice mines in Quebec, graphite mines in Hastings county, coal properties in Alberta, gold properties in Nova Scotia, and interests in gold and silver mines in Mexico.

Just at present he is greatly interested in a project for the develop-

ment of the Yellowhead Pass country while some 3,000 miles east of that field of activity he is pushing rapidly to completion the Matane & Gaspé Railway. He was elected President of this railway last year. The railway starts at St. Flavie, on the Intercolonial Railway, and opens up the south shore of the St. Lawrence as far as Matane, in the county of Rimouki.

All these business activities do not make Mr. O'Brien forgetful of his duties as a citizen. In a quiet way he has done much good work in the public interest. In Renfrew, which has for so long been his home town, he has taken a notable lead in municipal enterprise. For instance, as the place lacked a suitable hall for public attractions, he gave the town in May of last year, an opera house seating nine hundred people, and costing in the neighborhood of \$40,000. His modest way of referring to the part he took in providing this public boon is that it was "merely a business arrangement—but it's a nice little place," he adds with pride.

In Montreal Mr. O'Brien occupies luxurious offices in the Imperial Bank building. It is, however, touch and go with him all the time. He is no armchair director of enterprise, but exercises an active supervision over the various schemes in which he is interested. Thus he travels constantly and far, in this, as in every other particular, believing the photographic presentment by himself as a gentle visionary detached from the more material aspects of this strenuous age.

C. LINTERN SIBLEY.

No man succeeds in a big way unless he surrounds himself with men who can do many things that have to be done in his business better than he can do them himself.—Joseph Lyons.

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Calgary News—Calgary leads Canada in the matter of public utilities and now that the suggestion that we invest in a municipal dairy has been made it would not be surprising if it were adopted. We own our water supply; why shouldn't we own our milk supply? The ownership of the water supply ensures pure water to Calgaryans, and the ownership of the milk supply would ensure pure milk, and this is a consideration too important to be overlooked.

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