

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Power Behind

DURING the present year, the relative fields of labour of the two big men who make up the firm of Mackenzie & Mann have been well exemplified. Mr. Mackenzie made two trips to London, and on each occasion floated a large bond issue. Mr. Mann made two trips to British Columbia, and an agreement was concluded with the Government of that province for six hundred miles of new railway. An election followed, and the agreement was almost unanimously approved by the people. No doubt Mr. Mackenzie might have made an equally successful bargain; no doubt Mr. Mann could sell bonds in London. These "happenings" only prove that each member of the firm does his business well. Some firms succeed with one big partner and one little partner; here is a firm which scores huge successes because it contains two big men, with a number of working associates of exceptional ability.

Mr. Mann's success in his British Columbia deal is the most spectacular of all his performances. It has come home to many people that here is a railway magnate who is able to rank with the best on the continent. Last January when in Vancouver and Victoria he made addresses to the Canadian Clubs on trade and reciprocity which echoed across the continent. When he cares to make the attempt, he can impress an audience as he impresses the business men and statesmen with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. D. D. Mann is a remarkable figure in Canada. He is one of the most remarkable railway men in the world. He was born on a farm a few miles from Acton, Ont., where nowadays they make kid gloves, which, however, were not worn in the days when young Donald wore buckskin-faced mitts to the country school. He was a big chunk of a restless lad who took hugely to some things at school, had a contempt for some others, and went to Sunday School regularly when he was not engaged in playing "hookey" in the graveyard. He was intended by his father for a Presbyterian minister—in which case he might have had a D.D. after his name as well as before it. He himself had no intention of occupying a pulpit. Neither did he desire to farm. He was too broad for the job. He had the yearning to leave home that came to many an adventurous boy in those walled-in days when the bush hugged close round the barn and there was nothing in farm life but eternal "niggering" among the stumps.

So while he was still a lad of seventeen he announced to his father that he would take a whack at the big world which he saw racing by every day on the Grand Trunk; the world which a generation before James J. Hill had struck out for from the village of Rockwood, seven miles up the line. He cut across the fields to the station and boarded the train; with his father's blessing and a small Bible he put for the pine woods round about Alpena, Michigan, which in those days was a favourite resort for restless young Canadians who wanted to earn big wages at hard work. He went bush-whacking and river-driving; both in Michigan and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Parry Sound, where he was camp boss and where he learned most there is to know about trees, including railroad ties. And in a curious moment he went back to the farm to help his brother work out of the woods; but he stayed only a short while till he hit the trail again—and this time he followed the trend of the C. P. R. heading towards the end of the steel that was pushing along the north shore towards Winnipeg. He got contracts of getting out ties for the C. P. R. It was only a short while till he got contracts of building sections of road; and he built the part of the C. P. R. that runs into Winnipeg. Afterwards he took various and sundry contracts on the prairies and out towards the mountains; and in the course of experience he bumped into Mr. William Mackenzie, who was also a contractor on the C. P. R. They worked together—and they were a mighty pair of builders. They shoved roads east and west and north and south, hitching up the outposts with steel; and when they got all the lines built that the country could stand, Mr. Mann went down

to Chili and then again over to China, thinking to get a job building roads out of Peking, but disliking the prospects he came back; which was not very long previous to 1895, when he and Mr. Mackenzie got a chance to buy out the old Manitoba and Southwestern charter which had running rights over the C. P. R. as far as Portage la Prairie and a short line from that into the Dauphin country, where people were raising wheat ahead of the railway. That stub line was the progenitor of the great Canadian Northern system.

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A Message from Mars

THE spectacle of the deceased Disraeli and Gladstone looking down from the golden streets of Paradise and whispering spirit messages via the "Letters of Julia" to Mr. William T. Stead concerning the Lloyd-George budget—that is something quite as *outré* as anything ever given vent to by Mr. Stead. Of course Mr. Gladstone was the first finance minister ever known who was able to make a budget speech read like an Arabian Nights romance; and apparently the habit has clung to him even in death. The only technical objection that might be urged on the scale of modernity is that Gladstone did not choose a celestial airship from which to deliver his message.

Stead is the jocular enigma of modern England. He is the irrepressible ego of journalism in politics—not without a touch of sentiment that really belongs to the Victorian era. Mr. Stead is well known in Canada. He has been here at least twice. Last time he was here—about two years ago—he delivered four speeches at one dinner and gave a free-for-all interview afterwards at which half the newspaper men of Toronto took a hand. In his speeches he told us what had been the matter with the navy years ago when as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* he first exposed its infirmities. He gave reminiscences of his interviews with the crowned heads of Europe—a feat in which he seems to have beaten even William Jennings Bryan; and by the way there is a remarkable similarity among the three great modern Williams of journalism, William T. Stead, William Bryan, and William Hearst. Mr. Stead spoke of Hearst that evening, alleging that he told the father of the yellows one summer's night that all he lacked was a soul; and he also took a fling at the other great William whom he failed to interview, meaning the Kaiser, to whom he wrote and said: "Dear Kaiser: If Fate had not limited you to the station of an emperor, you would have been one of the greatest journalists the world has ever known." And what a quartette of newspaper Williams the world would have had! Not to mention the other editorial William, who in the *Toronto World* goes tilting full speed against vested interests.

In the interview that evening Mr. Stead planted himself on a chair with his feet upon another and said between puffs of a big cigar: "Now, then, come along, boys; don't be bashful. And the rest of you—by all means stay and see how a great interviewer is interviewed."

Well, there was a deadly silence while the young reporters sat pencil in hand waiting each for the other to begin, till Joe Clark, then of *Saturday Night*, spoke up and said with a twinkle in his eye: "Mr. Stead, I want to ask you one question, sir, about a subject you didn't mention in any of your speeches this evening. What do you think about Canada?"

Whereat Mr. Stead delivered a sedulous lecture on Canada, tracing its history, evolution and prospects; and in reply to a query affecting annexation with the United States, he said it was his doctrine that every country

should be let go to the devil in its own way.

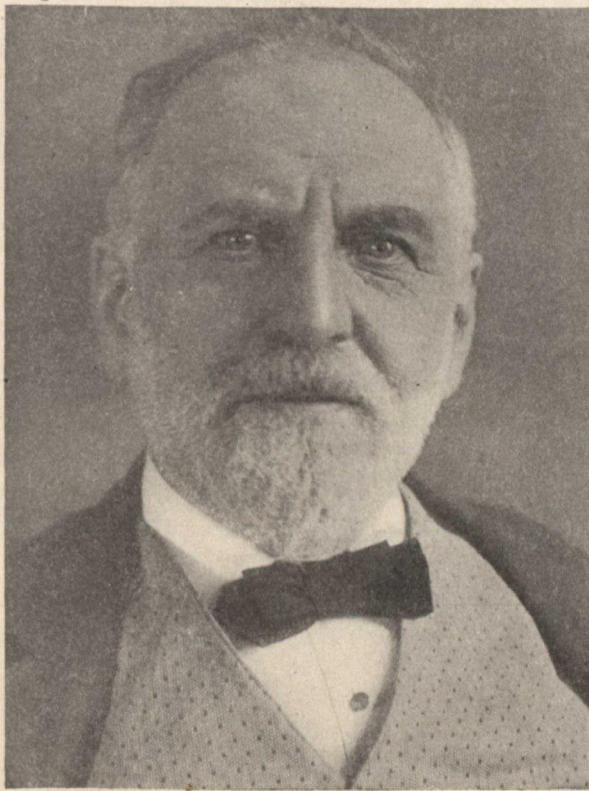
Meanwhile John Ewan of the *Globe* had said nothing. But at a convenient lull in the argument Ewan stood up and spoke in his cryptic fashion. "Mr. Stead, I want to tell you, sir, about a little episode that occurred in South Africa during the Boer War. We were travelling one day across the veldt, sir, and came to a Boer farmhouse. Now, sir, I'm sure you could not imagine what the members of that family were doing as we came up."

Mr. Stead looked puzzled and apprehensive; could not imagine. For as everyone knows he opposed the Boer War very violently.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Ewan, "they were earnestly engaged in perusing a placard by one William T. Stead."



Mr. D. D. Mann, who has become one of the Transcontinental Railway Kings of America.



Mr. William T. Stead, who has established a Bureau of Political Communication with the Spirit-world.