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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Lord Strathcona at Quebec.

WITHIN the past year or eighteen months three of the littlest great men in the world have visited Canada. A year ago last fall Andrew Carnegie, who is about five feet six; last autumn Rudyard Kipling, who is about five feet five; this week Lord Roberts—no bigger than either. Three more diversified little great men perhaps never lived contemporaneously in this world. Iron and steel; stories and poems; battles; but each of these men in his way an Imperialist. Kipling has never written an ode to Carnegie; perhaps never will; though when the famous Andrew made his Toronto speech to the Canadian Club he said some things that made very good reading for those who believed in Anglo-Saxon federation, whatever they thought of reformed spelling. Similarly Mr. Carnegie has never tried to simplify Kipling's spelling, though in most of the hundreds of libraries he has given away Kipling's works may be found.

But Carnegie came and went with nothing more to his credit

than a civic reception and columns of newspaper talk. Kipling came in to Toronto by night and had to mope about the labyrinthine precincts of the Union Station before he was taken in tow by the secretary of the Canadian Club. Lord Roberts has been announced on the programme for weeks. He came as a hero to many thousands of people who knew him best by the verses of Kipling entitled "Bobs." All over Canada there were civic telegrams and letters praying the hero of Kandahar to come and see those of the fellows in khaki who had been good enough to go under him in the trenches of Paardeberg and stayed with him till he took Pretoria. Days before his arrival small boys went about the streets selling little flags inscribed "Our Hero Bobs." On St. George Street and up at Westmount, and in officers' quarters at the Armouries, he may have been known as Lord Roberts; on Yonge Street and on the streets of Quebec and in the camps he was called "Bobs," by thousands who had no way of calling Kipling pet names and would not have dreamed of calling Mr. Carnegie "Andy."

Like most men of deeds, Lord Roberts said little or nothing even to the Canadian Club. He came and was seen—and he conquered. Kipling came and saw and asked questions, and made speeches that were among the most shrewdly diplomatic and eloquent ever delivered in Canada. The speeches of the other little man were carefully prepared and as carefully delivered. But nobody pretended to make an idol of Carnegie because there was little about Carnegie that appealed to the imagination. That he had revolutionised the iron and steel industries of the world and made modern railway expansion possible was no great matter to cheer about; and although he had given away libraries and pipe organs and vast unheard of sums to benevolence, the people knew little or nothing about him. But what Kipling has done, though he never shouldered a gun in a battle nor gave away a library; and what Lord Roberts has done, though he has written but one book and made no steel rail—every one knows; in some way knows that "Bobs" is a hero who looks bigger on a horse than any man since Napoleon; that Kipling is a universal hero who on a horse would look rather ridiculous; and that Andrew Carnegie on the finest horse in the world would never be a hero of any kind

but merely a well-known great man with a genius for finance. But these three little great men have done more to make the history of the twentieth century than any other three little men that ever lived at the same time. An Irishman; an Anglo-Indian; a Scotchman; Great Britain represented by three men all of whom have had much to do with Greater Britain beyond the seas—assuming with Mr. Carnegie that Anglo-Saxon federation is possible. In all the years to come it is doubtful if Canada will ever have a chance to receive within eighteen months three such distinguished little men whom the world calls great.

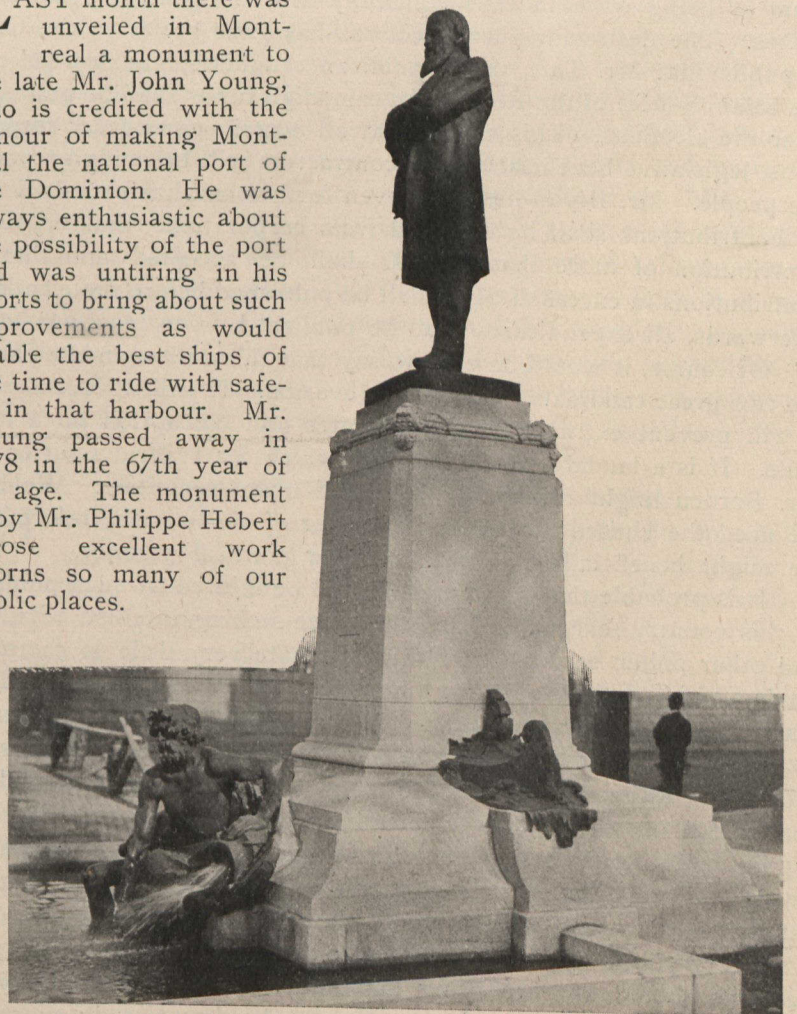
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AGAINST these, place that great Canadian Scotchman, Lord Strathcona. He also is in Canada while Lord Roberts is here.

Candidly it must be said of him that he has done more for Canada than any of the other three; as much for Canada and in a different way as Lord Roberts for the Empire, and Kipling for Greater Britain, and Carnegie for the United States. More of mystery hangs about Strathcona; he is a lord of the North. In India, there never could have been a Strathcona. The monsoon was never any breath for a man like that. He needed the north wind and he got most of it. Of elephants he knew very little, but of dogs very much—by thousands and thousands of miles. Of battles he never had but one—and that was most of the time he was conquering Rupert's Land. Most of Lord Strathcona's life was spent in a land where steel rails were never known—and in order that steel rails some day might come. There never can be another such a man in Canada, because there never again will be the times that make such a man possible. What Lord Strathcona knows about Canada he has never put into a book. Much of it has gone into the books of other men; none of it, however, into the works of Kipling. Ten years older than either Lord Roberts or Mr. Carnegie, he had done most of his life work before Kipling was ever heard about in literature. But he is still young—at eighty-six; a marvellous, vital old man.

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LAST month there was unveiled in Montreal a monument to the late Mr. John Young, who is credited with the honour of making Montreal the national port of the Dominion. He was always enthusiastic about the possibility of the port and was untiring in his efforts to bring about such improvements as would enable the best ships of the time to ride with safety in that harbour. Mr. Young passed away in 1878 in the 67th year of his age. The monument is by Mr. Philippe Hebert whose excellent work adorns so many of our public places.



Statue of Mr. John Young, in front of Customs House, Montreal.