

MEN OF TO-DAY

ANOTHER FROM BRUCE

ANOTHER Bruce man has blazed his trail into eminence in the part of the world that owes more to the exiles from Bruce than does any other part of Canada; which is the West and not least in Manitoba where Hon. Thomas Graham Mathers has been made chief justice of the Court of King's Bench. The man from Bruce—Scotch-Canadian as they are made—succeeds an eminent French-Canadian, Chief Justice Dubuc.

Justice Mathers was born in Lucknow in 1859. Two years before the Rebellion of '85 he followed the C. P. R. to Manitoba, being then a man without any immediate business except that of a newspaper man. He went to Portage la Prairie, where he became the first editor of the *Manitoban*. But the very next year he went back to Winnipeg and entered the office of Hagel & Davis as a student-at-law. He was a good Liberal. In four years time while still a student—getting a thorough ground in law—he was appointed railway solicitor to the Manitoba Government. Those were the fighting formative days of Hon. Thos. Greenway when "Fighting" Joe Martin, now member of the new British House of Commons, was beginning to emerge. Mr. Mathers had charge of all the legal work connected with the Red River Valley Railway and the Portage extension. But not until 1890 was he formally called to the bar, when he resigned his government job and went into partnership with Munroe and West.

Five years of this and he got into association with "Fighting Joe," at the very time when Mr. Martin was getting a powerful reputation for being an excellent big noise and a strong push in politics. Mathers himself was not so much of a noise. Most Bruce men are quiet—except when they are at barn-raising and logging bees, now almost obsolete. He plugged away with the Martin alliance till 1898 when belligerent "Joe," finding the postage-stamp province too narrow for his genius, went to British Columbia to become the stormy petrel of the Pacific coast. Mr. Mathers formed a fresh partnership with Mr. H. M. Howell, K.C. That same year he took a strong hand in Winnipeg civic politics, being elected to the City Council for Ward Two by a big majority over the late Dr. Orton. He took so prominent a part in public affairs that within a year he was appointed chairman of finance and understudy to the mayor. Next year he made a bold run for the mayoralty but was bowled out on a narrow squeak of 70 majority by the labour vote in two wards. In 1905 he left the turbulent arena and went to the Bench.

Justice Mathers is one of the really creditable constructive acquisitions to the public life of the new land. As Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench he will have a bigger leverage on public affairs than as though he had been Mayor of Winnipeg.

THE WAR-PICTURE MAN

YOU have read Kipling's "The Light That Failed" and may have seen it acted by Forbes Robertson; remembering the pathetic story of the war artist who went blind in the Soudan. The original of the hero is now in Canada; the greatest war artist in the world, Mr. Frederic Villiers, at present engaged in the peaceful pastime of making sketches of an English settlement called Greencourt in northern Alberta. This settlement, which has beaten the machine gun into gang-ploughs, is a colony of "old boys" from Greencourt School, Canterbury. Mr. Villiers—if he can so far compose himself as to realise that a casual camp of Crees is not an aggregation of whooping "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," will draw quiet pictures and write placid descriptive articles about Greencourt for the *Illustrated London News*. Perhaps if he should stay in Alberta until the month of leaves he might get a real reminiscent touch of the old war-whoop times in the painted thirst-dance. But even that with all its gaudy magnificence, its troops of ponies and its congregation of face-pigmented braves from the hills of poplar would seem like a Sunday School picnic to Mr. Villiers, who has depicted with his pencil more real wars than any man that ever lived—though in volume of literary correspondence he was probably outdone by the late De Blowitz and Julius Caesar.

Frederic Villiers is an Imperialist. He has seen the struggles of the Empire in various parts of the world and of other peoples who had nothing to do with the Empire. He is almost as much of a firing-

line veteran as Florence Nightingale. One of his earliest experiences with the pencil was in the war between Servia and Turkey in 1876; next year the Russo-Turkish war; in 1882 in the Soudan with Lord Beresford and Wolseley. In 1885 when the Saskatchewan and Alberta redskins were popping over redcoats in the Canadian West, Mr. Villiers was quietly engaged in the Soudan, straddling the hollow of a camel across the Sahara, till the camel was shot from under him at Abu Klea and he got a bullet through his puttie. In China and Japan and in most of the Orient he has been at the front with his sketch pad and his pencil. He is supposed to be the hero of Kipling's tale. On the grilling sands of the Sahara he has seen and drawn the pictures so remarkably and realistically described by the late G. W. Steevens in his book, "With Kitchener at Khartoum." He has drunk gallons from an African gourd and gone slack-belly with hunger when he was too busy with his pencil to bother noticing hunger. Sweat and blinding sand and roasting, sizzling suns in the land of Gunga Din, whom

often he may have blessed with curses even as Tommy Atkins did, have browned and bronzed this veteran of the fighting pencil into as nail-hard a specimen of the out-of-doors as any Indian on the plains. There's nothing in camp, corral or coffee-pot that Frederic Villiers doesn't know. A bucking broncho might be a novelty, but he wouldn't mind it in the least. Pemmican would be a joy to his palate. He will probably heave a sigh or two at the spic-and-spanneries of the North-West Mounted Police who no longer round up the ravaging redskins. But it would have been a real contribution to the literature of war in the Empire if Mr. Villiers could have followed some of the boys under Colonel Steele on the twisted trails of the prairie, when there was no correspondent and no artist to tell the story. This is his first trip to Canada. He has a notion that before he comes back again he may be in the uneasy Balkans doing sketches for the English papers. War is second nature to him. He believes in the German scare. The recent peaceful utterances of Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollwig have no charm for him. He is a man of war.

Mr. Villiers was the first war correspondent to use a bicycle in an European campaign and the first correspondent to use the cinematograph on a battlefield anywhere. On his return trip through Canada he will probably give his famous lecture on war pictures—no doubt with occasional references to the navy.

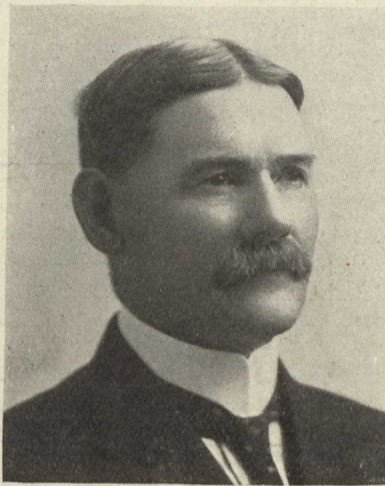
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A FORESTRY EXPERT

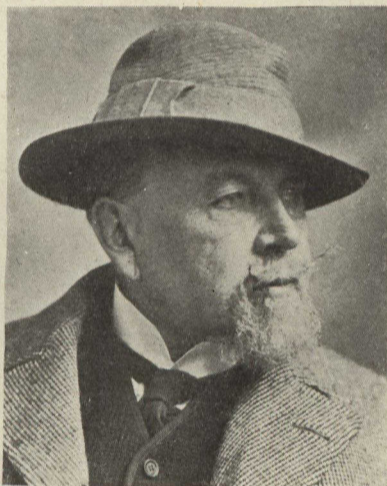
FORESTRY experts were a rather unknown species in Canada until recent years. Perhaps it would be better to say that the forestry expert of to-day is different from the forestry expert of a generation ago. The older expert was a man who knew the science of destroying a forest in the shortest possible space of time and who knew how to do it so thoroughly that the country would become a treeless desert. The newer expert is a man who is studying the science of preserving forests. It is a huge difference.

One of these new experts is Mr. A. H. D. Ross, assistant to Professor Fernow in the Faculty of Forestry at the University of Toronto. Mr. Ross is now contributing a series of articles to this journal on various phases of the forestry question. He comes originally from Carleton Place, on the edge of the Ottawa Valley timber limits, but early migrated to Kingston. When he blossomed out as one of the graduates of Queen's University he became a high-school teacher, but a progressive one. In 1893, five years after graduation, he went up with Mr. R. P. Low on an exploring trip in Ungava. Three years later he was lecturing on botany at Queen's summer school. These were his extra activities. In 1904, he entered the Yale Forest School and his real career began. After graduating from Yale, he entered the Dominion Forestry Service and finally entered upon his present position.

This life-story in detail is interesting because it is a personal picture of the growth of sentiment with regard to forestry. It is one of the modern sciences. Under Dr. Fernow and Mr. Ross, there are now 45 students who will shortly be Masters of Forestry. Some of them are undergraduates, some are taking a post-graduate course. In a short time Canada will have a body of experts who can take care of private timber limits and public forest reserves and give scientific advice as to the proper handling of these. They are destined to teach Canada how to take ripe timbers out of a forest and still leave the forest there; to teach Canada how to supply its timber requirements without really diminishing the supply. Many young men are now considering a course in forestry at the university—whose grandfathers worked their heads off to get the trees down which the present generation is trying to replace.



Hon. Thomas Graham Mathers,
Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench
for Manitoba.



Mr. Frederic Villiers,
British War Correspondent now visiting
Canada.



Prof. A. H. D. Ross,
Faculty of Forestry, Toronto.