

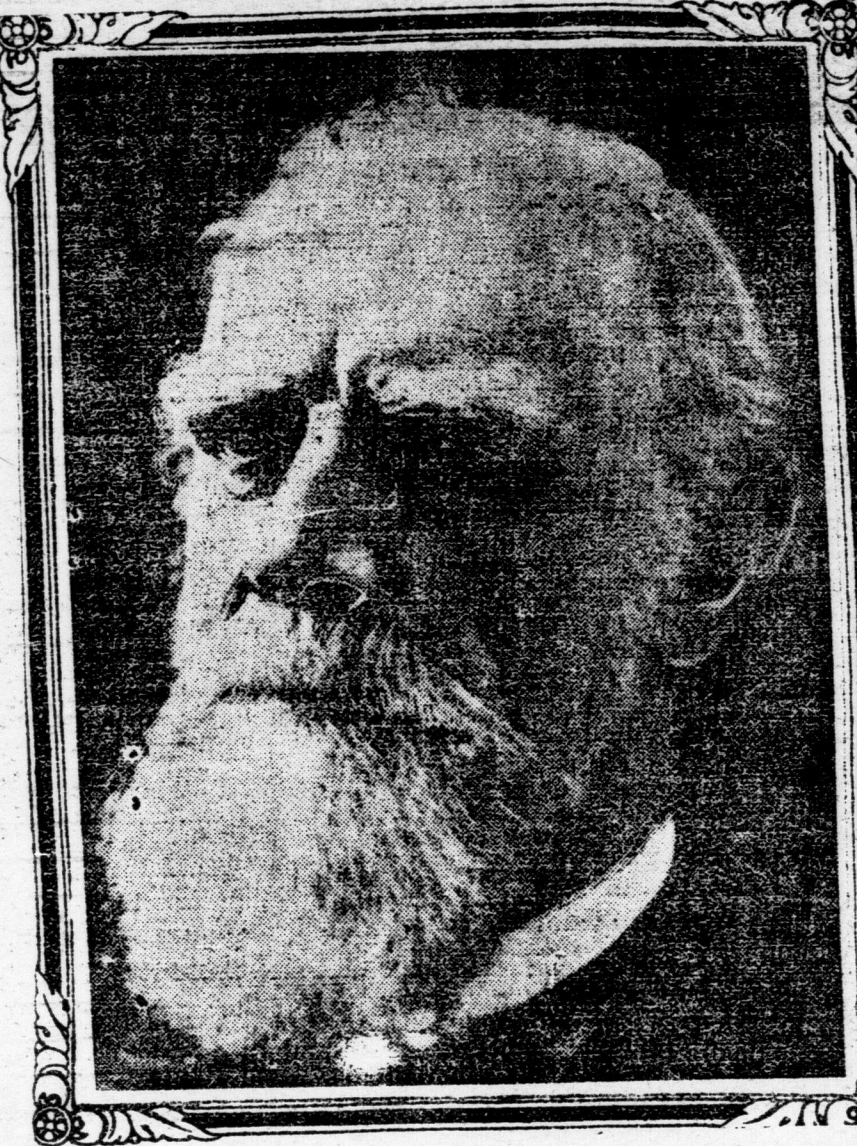
LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.

51st Year.

Career of Late Lord Strathcona--Was a Mighty Epic Performed Herculean Labors for The Dominion

Life Story of Donald Smith Shows Him One of the Greatest Nation Builders--A Titan In a Race of Giants Who Fashioned a Nation From Western Wilds

LORD STRATHCONA



Milestones In a Great Life

Born in Forres-Morayshire, Scotland, Aug. 6, 1820.
Came to Canada as employee of Hudson Bay Company, 1835.
Spent thirteen years in Labrador, from 1835 to 1848, when he was removed to the Canadian Northwest.
He later became chief commissioner of the company in all Canada in 1869.
Elected special commissioner of the Dominion Government to inquire into the Riel rebellion, 1869.
Represented Winnipeg and St. John in the first Manitoba Legislature.
Elected to represent Selkirk in the House of Commons, 1870.
Resigned his seat in the Legislature in 1874, but remained in Parliament until 1880 as a representative of the province.
Vice-President Bank of Montreal, 1882.
With Lord Mount-Stephen and associates completed the C. P. R., November, 1885.
Knighted by Queen Victoria, 1886.
Returned to Parliament again as member for Montreal West in 1887.
President, Bank of Montreal, 1887.
Cancellor of McGill University, 1889.
Re-elected to Parliament in 1891 by large majority.

Royal Northwest Mounted Police, by suggesting and assisting in establishing the nucleus of that body. In 1880 he was defeated in a by-election, and for seven years remained out of the Legislature. In 1887 he stood for the constituency of Montreal West and was elected by over 1,400 majority. He became daily more closely identified with public movements of all sorts. He was recognized as a leading Canadian, was appointed to this club and chairman of something like a dozen committees, and was a delegate to such and such important convention. In 1892 (and again in 1896) he was the Canadian delegate to the Commercial Union Conference in London. He was a delegate to the Manitoba Government from Ottawa on the question of separate schools. That same year he was sent as commissioner to the Pacific Conference in London. In short, he was everywhere in a country which at that time (and even now, for that matter) was only too lacking in big men.

Rendered immense services. Thus began Donald Smith's public life; thus had ended many a distinguished citizen's service to his state, but not Smith's. One might add a list of his benefactions—a million to McGill University, half a million to the public schools of Canada, a million to the Strathcona House from Canada into the South African war, fifty thousand to Queen Alexandra's fund and endow (in co-operation with Lord Mount-Stephen) the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal! And the man's services to state and humanity might seem complete. Yet the services he had rendered his country thus far are the greater services he rendered. In the matter of transportation, in the opening up of the Canadian West, and the knitting together of the scattered parts of Canada, in the building up of Canadian financial institutions, and in Canada's credit abroad, and in the stimulating of a spirit of fine imperialism: these were the greater services he rendered to his country, and to the Empire. In 1882 he was vice-president of the Bank of Montreal. In 1887 he was president, and in 1905 honorary president, always an active and most successful factor in determining the course of the senior bank in Canada.

ada; he was knighted and later made a peer of the realm. But these things were the reward for more than his services to art, education, and literature.

In 1872—twenty-two years ago—it cost four cents a pound in cash to move goods of any common class from St. Paul to Winnipeg. The Canadian west had communication with the outside world only through the United States, and by Hudson's Bay was bad. Donald Smith, resident governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, as a leading westerner, took an especial interest in this state of affairs. The Riel rebellion had been settled. The "wintering partners" disputes had been closed. The great empty plains, hungry for population, fairly sucked at its boundaries to obtain the things it needed—men, goods, railways.

There was one steamer on the Red River, "The International," owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. It was the only competitor for the cumbersome Red River carts that were used to carry freight and passengers from Brainerd, the nearest (American) railroad point to Fort Garry. Between the easy-going "International" and the sleepy Red River carts, the transportation business of the plains staggered and rolled along in a self-complacent fashion. One day, however, a brilliant Yankee launched the steamer "Selkirk" on the Red River, and by exercising some influence at Washington, succeeded in having such handicaps placed upon the "International" by the American customs as threw all the trade into the Yankee vessel's hold. The "Selkirk" flourished; the "International" fled up—to think things over.

Needs of Transportation. Eventually the resident governor found a way round the difficulty by registering his company's ship in the name of the St. Paul agent, and thus making her an American vessel. With the same rights as the "Selkirk," but the difficulty had set him again thinking about the need for better transportation into and out of the west. The north shore of Lake Superior and the chain of lakes and rivers connecting that body of water with Fort Garry was a seemingly impassable wilderness, navigable only by fur-traders and Indians. The seemingly logical route into Western Canada was by way of Chicago and St. Paul, and Smith looked for a means of improving that connection. Certain burghers of Amsterdam had been induced by American promises to buy the bonds of a railway which had set out hopelessly from Chicago to the Pacific, but had fallen by the way-side. Donald Smith, J. J. Hill, Mount Stephen, and the bonds from the Dutchmen at a few cents on the dollar, issued \$8,000,000 more, and completed what were pleased to call the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Northern Railway Company, of which Smith was president.

Meantime the C. P. R. had been talked about and about, but no real work was done. Schemes were mooted, assailed, defended, assailed again, and dropped. Friends became enemies, sons quarrelled with fathers, Governments tottered and were wrecked by the project. From the first, Smith was chief among those who let the national Government know that the C. P. R. must be built—dare not be denied. He became as it were the voice of one crying in the wilderness. And whatever theories were advanced, failed, or succeeded, Smith was the spur to further effort. The C. P. R. had no peace until the thing was done.

Saved the C. P. R. The history of the C. P. R. needs no explaining now: of its trials much has been written, of the sordid passages and the bright passages of the story much is known. But there came a day when in spite of fabulous guarantees and endowments, the Canadian Pacific Railway scheme was in imminent danger of collapse, and in these circumstances Strathcona and a few associates stepped in and completed the venture. How the road nearly starved for funds, how Strathcona fought and argued and

skipped and saved, and "dug up another million"—this is the story not of a mere climax in his life, but of a crisis in the life of the embryonic nation. By Herculean efforts the C. P. R. was built, the steel rivet, holding together the sides of a tremendous nation, was forged and hammered tight at both ends! All through, Smith kept his name as much from prominence as possible. He had already tasted the bitterness, which most public men know, of having every act subjected to criticism and insinuation. He remained in the background, the power behind a tremendous enterprise.

The Pacific Scandal. In 1873, two years after his introduction to the House of Commons, the Pacific Railway scandal was unearthed. The Macdonald Ministry was overthrown and a new government called. Donald Smith was no longer with the old party, no longer lined up behind his old leader. His rigid Scotch conscience would not permit him to condone the scandals in question, and in spite of all the influence that could be brought to bear upon him, he retired from the party. The fate of the Government at that time depended upon just a vote or two. Smith was the pivot of the situation. As he rose to address the House, the members waited almost breathlessly to hear what he should say.

"For the honor of the country," he said, working toward the conclusion of his speech, "no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support." He had cast his lot with the Opposition. The Government was lost. The scene which followed has been described as one of the most furious ever known in Ottawa.

Went his Way Unhurt. The controversies that raged about Donald Alexander Smith, have been set down, on a ship in a blistered page in Hansard. A less courageous, overwhelmed by the mounting pressure of gaining anything but a partisan hearing, would have abandoned his efforts, disgruntled by the woodiness of the eyes, and the heart, had not been given Donald Smith in vain. Calmly and steadily he refuted charges, upset his traducers and went the way he chose, and he went, unhurt. Those who were in a position to gauge the real merit of a man, never wavered in their conviction that here was indeed a public servant. In 1886, after the completion of the C. P. R., he was knighted and the public rejoiced in his recognition by Her Majesty.

In April of 1886, he retired from political life in Canada, and after much urging was prevailed upon to accept the position vacated by Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner in London. In the following year Queen Victoria was pleased to elevate him to the peerage as Baron of Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glenora, in the County of Argyll, and of Montreal. From this time Lord Strathcona's activities were in the larger sphere of imperial politics. In London, his high position and his splendid personal qualities enabled him to do in a more effective manner for Canada in the Empire, and in the eyes of the world, than can be estimated at a glance. His titles, his honors, his offices thrust upon him, were seemingly without number. He was governor of the great Hudson's Bay Company, a friend of kings, patriarch of the Canadian nation, philanthropist, and statesman. His fortune was estimated at \$20,000,000.

Before this he had been accustomed to do his duty to his country as a man his junior by decades. A trans-Atlantic trip, a flying visit to Ottawa, and a quick return to London had been a mere nothing to him. But this was changed. The man's spirit faltered. To the Canadians in London, who every day all at the offices of the High Commissioner, and who frequently have demands to make upon the Commissioner's kindness, he was an almost insupportable figure. But when at the close of the day he stepped down to his club and drove home to the great house in Grosvenor square, he was more alert, less alert. His daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Robert T. Fless Howard, succeeded by his special command to the title, and his grandson, Donald Howard, now only a lad, will one day wear the great name, "Lord Strathcona." But Donald Smith is dead.



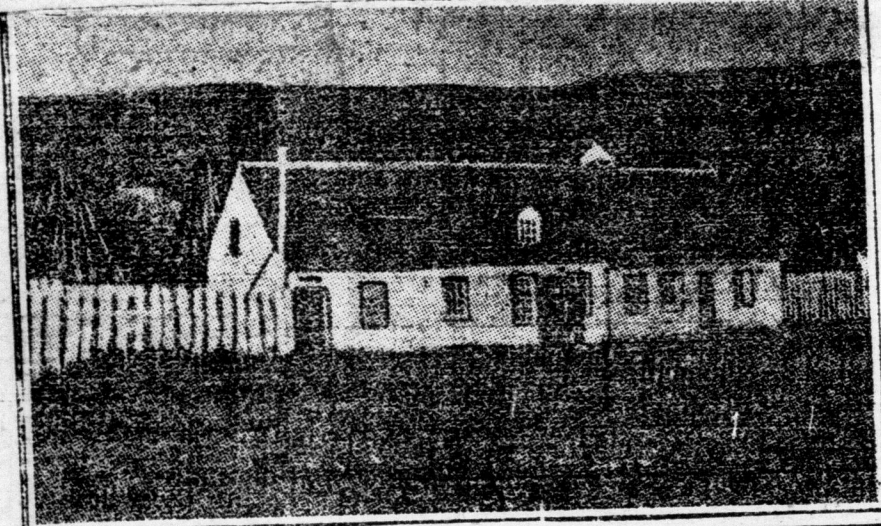
P. C. (directing traffic)—When you get there, turn to your right and you'll see the old Bailey ahead of you; go right past—Countryman—Oh, ay; but what like o' chap 'id Old Bailey be?—London Daily Graphic.

(Written Specially For The Advertiser By B. B. Cook.)

With the passing out of the aged Canadian High Commissioner in London, Lord Strathcona, there is marked the passing of the old Canada, the rough, crude Canada that bred the Herculean sons because she had Herculean work for them to do. With the removal of the fine familiar old face and figure that has so long been known in the streets of cities in the British Isles, in the streets of Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg, and that once was a legend among the Indians and trappers of the Northwest Territories, there is removed the last of the men who are like links between the Canada we know today and the Canada they knew fifty years and more ago. With Lord Strathcona is buried Donald Smith, the man who made Canada the Scotch lad for the Hudson's Bay Company. Under the heap of titles which men have laid upon them in their clumsy effort to mark one of the men who had done so much for the nation, they deemed great, less Sir Donald Smith, the man who had done so much for the nation, than any other, to make the Hudson's Bay Company successful, to make the Canadian Pacific Railway what it is to this nation, to make Canada what it is today in the eyes of the world.

With Strathcona are buried things—knowledge of the beginnings of the country—which studies hundreds of years hence, or even earlier, will dip deep to try to learn. The middle-aged Toronto wholesale dealer, the successful Hamilton or London manufacturer, the complacent bank president, the much-equipped university professor, the sleek real estate promoter, and all the men who today constitute the life of the country, and who gather together to discuss in large and airy tones, the difficulties they have experienced in getting their business under way, or the problems of the labor market, or the apprehension with which they look upon the political drift in Canada—these men seem like the veriest children, troubling themselves about mere child's play, compared with the man whom the Dominion and the United Kingdom honor in their thoughts, and compared with the tasks which he and the other Canadians of his generation faced, and overcame. Lord Strathcona is gone, and with him another of the race of giants who, as it were, with bare knuckles, and the crudest implements fashioned from the rock and shape of a nation from the rock and the clay of half a continent.

Lord Strathcona's Home In Labrador



other of the race of giants who, as it were, with bare knuckles, and the crudest implements fashioned from the rock and shape of a nation from the rock and the clay of half a continent.

His Life An Epic. The life of Donald Smith is an epic. It was not without possible exception. There are many who have found fault with the Canadian high commissioner for this or for that thing done or undone, but no more than the measure due any man who had the courage to make friends by the making enemies, if need be, and the completed story of the man's life leaves these things out of account. In the telling of the story of a great life they fall away as passing wheels. The old drops from a man's memory, the House of Commons, in the streets of Canadian cities, and which sometimes set fever burning from London to the prairies, are as cold and dead long before they have passed away. There remain only the stones with which to build a monument to his memory, the memory of a great man.

The story begins in a quiet little Scotch town. Forres is the name of it. It is said that in this town Shakespeare found the setting for Macbeth. That may have been; it offered shelter to a child who, in the realm of Empire-making, is quite as great as the greatest in the realm of play-making. Forres was a quiet place between the Findhorn and the River Spey, a place where trade flourished and men grew quietly rich as riches went in the old days, 90 years ago, before a man could turn rich over-night in real estate. Alexander Smith, of Archlestone, was a merchant in Forres of some small account; not a rich man, nor yet poor, but honest and shrewd. Barbara, a Stuart, of Leancholl, was his wife, suited for a merchant's wife: cautious, careful, a thrifty woman, with a change of the things that make a man of a boy. To them, on Aug. 6, 1820, was born a boy they named Donald, a family name. Thus was the epic begun.

To be a Lawyer. They planned the boy, and Alexander, her husband, that the boy, when he grew up, should do better than the father had done in his time; that he should not be a struggling merchant, but should have a chance to bring distinction upon himself and his family in the study of the law. They planned it for a long time. They saved the money for it for years. The lips of this son, Donald, should not have to pass upon the price of her-

ring and tea, sugar and Jamaica rum, but should expound and extol the law, should plead the cause of the down-trodden, lift up the oppressed, and in short, do all the things which a mother believes a lawyer, if he be her son, does in the course of a day's work.

But one day there came to Forres, one John Stewart, brother to Barbara and uncle to the boy Donald, who was already gaining some preliminary experience as an apprentice with the firm of Grant Brothers in Manchester. John Stewart was a lean and rugged man, with a tanned skin and a remarkable capacity for silence, which was only to be equalled by his capacity for story-telling when the humor was upon him. Forres saw him walking up the street, heard that he had but just left a ship just arrived from Canada, and, as it were, listened about the doors of the Smith home, where he entered as a guest, for news of the man who had brought him to the Great Lakes, had made his way in the fur-trade as far north as the buffalo-Rays, had pushed across the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and had scaled them, following the lead of one Simon Fraser, another fur-trader, whom, apparently, he held in great respect. He told the great great rivers he had seen, the great towering mountains, the yawning canyons with gold hidden under the clearest cold waters that ran in the bottom-most part of them. He told of reaching Port Hood, and the great canoe which leads out beyond Vancouver Island to the open Pacific, and he told how, standing there, facing the Western sun, one could see East by looking West.

"Nae a Bad Land." The son Donald was invited home to meet the great traveller, his Uncle John. A special permit was granted for his return by the merchants with supper table in his father's house, after supper in the small sitting-room of the small merchants' house. Uncle John's story-telling humor, hungry for more paintings of the fairy-land which he had seen.

Like Marc Antony, stirring the people against Brutus without appearing to do it, Smith set influence at work to strip Riel of his allies. By argument, by persuasion, by hint of reward or of punishment to come, he weakened the supports of the rebel dictator, and then, facing the dictator, laid down the message he had been commissioned to bring.

"Canada," he said, "is prepared to respect the people of this country and grant them everything that is just. You must believe this. This is the message of the Government."

Riel's answer was to keep Smith practically a prisoner. He longed to have him done away with. He felt that here was a dangerous man, yet he dare do nothing. This quiet, calm Scotchman with the bushy eyebrows and sparkling eyes, and the straight, blunt jaw underneath, was the first to put the fear of consequences into the soul of the rebel.

"Shoot that Scotchman," he is reported to have said. "Shoot him if he resists, even if he disobeys my instructions. That man is making trouble for me. He is a clever man—too clever. I wish he were not here."

And the unhappy Riel's intuition was right. Had he had the courage to shoot Donald Smith, Manitoba history might have had a different color, for at least. The longer Riel's underling, the man who had been with him since he was a boy, the more he was convinced that Riel's strength until General Wolseley arrived with his redcoats there was nothing to fight but a disappointed half-breed who almost wept, as he pointed at the Scotchman by the general's side, saying: "There's the man who upset all my plans!"

Went to London. When the Red River troubles, due to Louis Riel, had been ended, then Smith became temporary head of the local government until the arrival of the new governor. The so-called "wintering partners" of the Hudson's Bay Company, the trappers and others, became hunting lands and had sold their living along with the lands. They wanted a good-bye to Montreal, and travelling by schooner and trail, by dog train and by snowshoe to the farthest west for many years, he traded with the Eskimo and the Indians, kept the books of the factor, ran errands for the chief clerk, and made himself the most feared of the district of the posts. His voyage across to Canada had taken fifty days in a clipper built ship of 800 tons. The country in which he had come at this time (1838) had scarcely 200,000 inhabitants. Montreal's population was only 35,000. To the loneliest edge of a lonely country he had been assigned.

In the hard school of the fur trade he won slow success. First he won a senior clerkship, then a factory over which he and he alone had authority in the absence of any superior officer. Then he was given a larger district to command, and still larger areas until, having in 18 years been stationed at Hamilton Inlet, Northwest River, and Rigoulette, all of them Labrador posts, where the winter is eight months long, and another ten years at various Hudson Bay posts, he was made chief

factor upon the death of Sir George Simpson, and later, at the age of 48, was appointed resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada by the London board. For the first time, Donald Smith emerged from the inside and underneath of the fur-trade to the top. With the tremendous vitality his experience had bred in him, the power of endurance and the discipline which the routine of the trader had taught him, he began now to loom large in the eyes of the young Canadian community. The resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company was a man of consequence. This was the end of the second part of the epic.

More of a Man. The man's life was so long, and his interests and achievements so varied, that to tell of the multiple affairs that, from this time forward began to engage his attention, is indeed a task for any historian. Once, as a green clerk at Fort Chimo, his eyes had troubled him, and with his factor's permission, he had trudged on snowshoes all the way to Montreal to have them properly treated. He had met the chief factor, Sir George Simpson, on the street, had explained what he had come for and was told: "Go back to your post, young man. You were told to go there and to stay there. If you value your eyes more than your service to the company, you had better abandon the one your value least."

And back the clerk had been ordered without any treatment for his eyes. This same sore treatment had brought out all the steel in the man's make-up. It was harsh treatment and it either made a man or broke a man. It made of Smith more than a man—a Hercules.