



CANADIAN COURIER



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ON THE ROAD TO WHITE HORSE, Y. T.

FROM these few words by our subscriber—so far as the editor knows the only one—at White Horse, Y.T., we have been trying to get a satisfactory mental picture of the man. We have never even published a photograph from White Horse. We have little or no idea of the kind of life a citizen of that town lives. If the Governor-General suddenly sent us an order to proceed at once to White Horse carrying a message to this man, we should need a map of Canada and a half a dozen railway folders with all the steamer routes included before knowing how to start. And if we had the time and the money we should jolly well like to take the trip.

When the subscriber at White Horse makes the remark, "Somebody evidently 'swiped' it en route,"

he probably feels something like a north country camper who on striking camp and unpacking the canoe suddenly discovers that he has left

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WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

White Horse, Y.T., Station, July 5, 1917.

The Canadian Courier:

Gentlemen,—You will find enclosed twelve cents in postage to cover copy of the "Courier" for June 23rd, as I did not receive my copy of that date. Someone evidently "swiped" it "en route." Kindly forward me another copy.

Yours truly,

G. H. NICKERSON, Cashier.

White Horse, Y.T.

P.S.—I don't blame the "someone."

behind his large tin of smoking tobacco. What that subscriber missed by not getting his copy of June 23 we do not now recollect. Three or four issues have passed through the office

since that and they are somewhat blurred in memory.

That subscriber will not worry because his copy gets to him more than five weeks late. When he gets it he

will perhaps read a little more of it than the editor did. In doing so he will realize without knowing exactly how that for the time being he belongs to a bigger world than the Yukon. In trying to imagine ourselves in his place we also have felt ourselves belonging to a much bigger world than our conventional Canada.

If he thought he was the only subscriber to the Canadian Courier within 500 miles he might not care whether he got that copy or not. But he knows that in reading his Courier he gets the best assemblage of world material seen through Canadian eyes, read far and wide by the most representative community of Canadian readers in the world. His sensations on turning over the pages may be similar to what we might realize if we suddenly found ourselves on the hurricane deck of an up-Pacific boat goggling our field-glasses on the first shore dots we could make out that looked like a settlement—and it might not be White Horse at that.

SIR JOSEPH FLAVELLE, BART.

WHEN J. W. Flavelle started a provision shop in Toronto, in 1887, there was no hog in Canada selling for more than 2.75 cents a pound on the hoof, and half the people who were to pay 50 cents a pound for bacon in 1917 were just being born. The average farmer from the Flavelle country round Lindsay, Ont., got \$3.10 per cwt. for his hogs—dead weight. Bacon was selling at a maximum of 10 cents a pound. It was the golden age.

If people had to wear diamonds in order to keep well, the diamond king would be a dangerous despot. High prices forced upon common necessities have made it possible for Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., to control the production of \$40,000,000 worth of Canadian food in 1916. As this comes to about \$5.25 a head of our population, such a man for the time being, becomes as important as a Premier.

Owing to the High Cost of Living report, Sir Joseph is the first subject for the scrutiny of Hon. W. J. Hanna, K.C. Mr. Hanna never had such a case at any court.

No great business ever works on a different principle from that of the ultimate man at the top. What the Wm. Davies Co. is, that also is Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart. If we knew the man we should understand his business. The average chances of getting to know him by means of his business are very small. No important man in Canada is so little known in relation to what he does for a living. The Wm. Davies Co. is a private concern. Its stock is not listed on the Exchanges.

The average man's interest in J. W. Flavelle, until bacon went over 40 cents a pound, found itself pleasantly divided among trust companies, banks, department stores, Canadian motor cars, newspapers, universities, great hospitals, Methodist Conferences,

NOT FORGETTING JOSEPH.

THERE was once another man who controlled the food supply of his countrymen. His name also was Joseph, though on account of his early arrival in the world, no one thought of making his second name Wesley. And this Joseph, being unpopular with his brethren because he had a coat of many colours, was previously cast into a pit. But he was released by some one journeying that way and taken to Egypt, where he became second only to the King, had charge of the stores, and for all we know got a title. And when his brethren came that way, thinking he was dead, he forced them to take corn from him at his own price or to go without.

Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., was never actuated by motives of revenge. His one great principle in life has been to let his right hand do so many big things in the public interest that it never stopped to inquire what the left hand might be doing, and thereby keep people from abusing him like a common politician.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Foreign Missions, and Imperial Munitions. In all of which the hand of Sir Joseph has been that of authority and power.

That he chose the Hog steel as his lowest common denominator was only an accident. He could have done as well at steel rails or lumber. But the hog route to success happened to be open and rather untravellered. At the urgent invitation of Wm. Davies, who drove to Mr. Flavelle's house in an old open buggy, he consented, some time around 1890, to dispose of his retail provision store and become the manager of that company, then a struggling concern

known to nobody outside the trade.

Henceforth the margin between the hog on the hoof and the bacon on the breakfast table became the field of J. W. Flavelle. Largely through his organizing energy and consummate business ability the Wm. Davies Co. became a cycle of businesses. There is nothing eatable to-day in an average Canadian home that a Davies store with the big red blinds, the plate-glass window and the sawdusted floor cannot supply. But it all converges upon the bacon hog, whose evolution from the fat-pork, bushwhacking leviathan to the long, lean and profitable Tamworth, etc., is one of the triumphs of modern civilization.

ON page 19 of this issue, Mr. Ogden Armour narrates the practical philosophy of the hog in civilization. Mr. Armour knows no more about bacon than does Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart. But nobody can remember Sir Joseph expounding the hog. Other men may do that expounding. Sir Joseph is a master at picking and using other men; as he is of organizing other interests.

A prominent Canadian who has intimate knowledge of the unsurpassable efficiency of the C. P. R. said, not long ago, that in the head office of the Imperial Munitions Board, Ottawa, he found ability scarcely equalled by any of the C. P. R. magnates he knew. Financiers in Toronto admit Sir Joseph's amazing ability in economic pursuits. These are mere straws in the wind.

A few scenes from the variegated career of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., will illustrate his singular union of versatility and concentration.

Head office National Trust—ask Sir Thomas White; Directors' Meeting Bank of Commerce—inquire of Sir Edmund Walker; Board Room—the Robert Simpson Co.; Chief Editor's Sanctum, the Toronto News—consult Sir John Willison.