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Men of

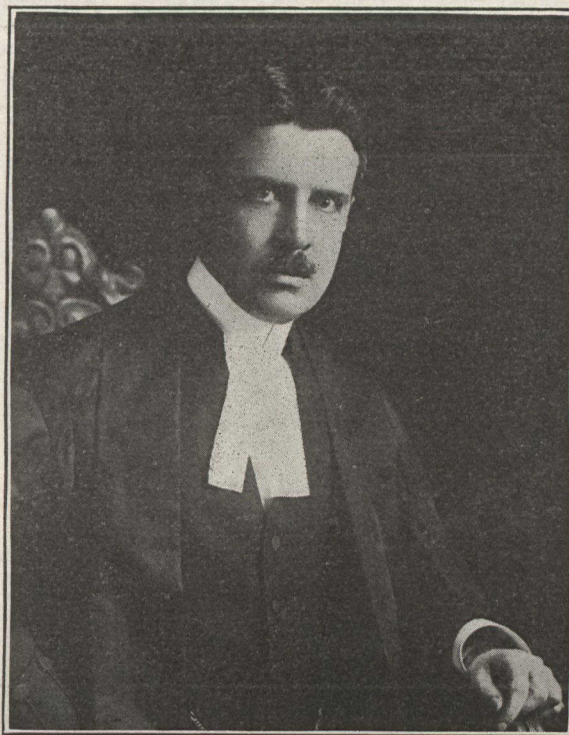
Arbiter of Railways

THE new Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission is personally just about all the late Chairman, Judge Mabec, wasn't.

Up till a few days before his appointment to the leadership of the most important tribunal in Canada, Henry L. Drayton, corporation counsel for Toronto, was as much of a "dark horse" as any of the Democratic nominees at Baltimore. No mere observer of the young counsel, just into his forties, would have slated him for the post to which Judge Mabec had given such a robust and strenuous distinction. He hadn't the make-up that popular sentiment had associated with the Chairmanship of the D. R. C. A small, rather stockish man, with a square head on narrow shoulders; the carefully groomed habit, the pale countenance of the typical indoors city man, the precise, almost dapper lineaments of style—are all in contrast to Mabec.

Mr. Drayton embodies subtlety and finesse. It is these qualities which give him that peculiar distinction which spectators in a crowded court room would not take him to possess until they heard the silken, smooth tones, and observed the suave, insinuating force of manner of the man who has just become the most important tribune in Canada. Mabec was greater as a personality than as a lawyer. Drayton is pre-eminently the lawyer. Judge Mabec had a sort of sixth sense which enabled him to get at the truth without the labour of detail. Mr. Drayton, precise, intellectual, digging at his papers in his little, black bag, has the coldly legal method of approaching problems.

No pedlar ever unpacked a valise with more bewildering finesse than Mr. Drayton unloads that black bag—till he has books, papers, by-laws, private bills, letters, memoranda, and all the visible machinery of argument on the table before him. With an elastic band twiddled about the fingers of



HENRY LUMLEY DRAYTON, K.C.,
Who Succeeds the Late Judge Mabec as Chairman of
the Dominion Railway Commission.

one hand he proceeds to unfold the argument. He may have heckling opposition.

But before the last word is out of the critic's mouth the Drayton smile anticipates it; he slides in on the retort—

"That is perfectly true, but—"

"My friend Mr. H. is quite right."

"Then the city of Toronto is a kind of philanthropic institution," remarked a cynical heckler in the Ontario Private Bills Committee.

"We are more or less philanthropic," smiled the counsel.

And he proceeded to weave his deft web of argument with the skill and the nicety of a very alert spider; never perturbed by an opponent; seldom raising his clear-cut, quiet tone above the level of conversation, but once in a while landing on some obstreperous party in a real James J. Corbett style.

Such briefly is the temperamental characteristic of H. L. Drayton; and it may exert some change on the rather man-made procedure of the Railway Commission court.

A Professor for President

THE second scene in the Presidential drama has just finished at Baltimore. The actors have walked off the stage to prepare speeches for the next. The Democratic Convention was just as historically stupendous as the Republican duel.

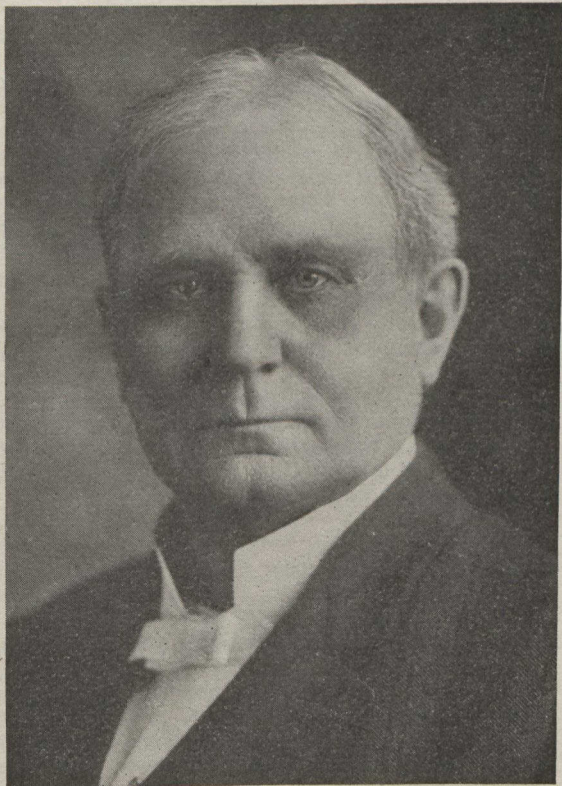
The selection of Governor Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of Princeton University, as Democratic candidate, has created a sensation. The excitement produced is mainly because of two circumstances: In the first place his nomination is the end of a long, intense struggle of forty-six ballots to decide whether Speaker Champ Clark, frank annexationist; Governor Judson Harmon, conservative; Oscar W. Underwood, unruffled, from Alabama; William Jennings Bryan, three times Presidential loser; or Governor Wilson, the professor in politics, should bear the party's standard in November. The stage in the final moments was cleared for Clark and Wilson, with Bryan in the wings prompting now and then. At one time Clark had Wilson beaten two to one; then came the deadlock; then

To-Day

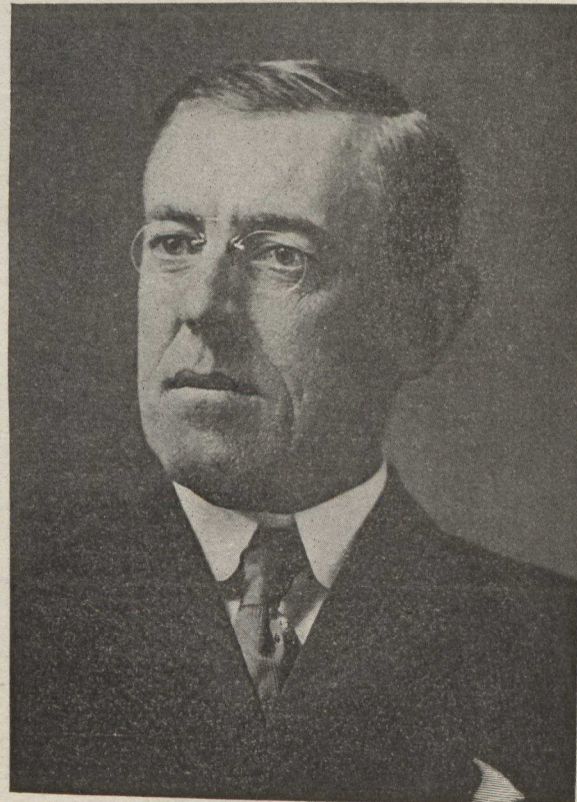
the gradual desertion of other forces to Wilson and the final verdict: Wilson, 990; Clark, 84; Harmon, 12.

In the second place the nomination of Woodrow Wilson is remarkable because of the man himself. Two years ago, Dr. Wilson had one of the best academic positions in America. He was known as a man of predominant ability; a quiet scholar, who liked to write critical, constitutional books like "Congressional Government," and evinced practical interest in democracy by carrying on crusades in college halls against millionaire student clubs. Suddenly he resigned his position. The lean, tall, college president and political theorist stepped out of the cloister and electrified the State of New Jersey by announcing himself as candidate for Governor. For years no Democrat had been able to buck the Republican line. But Dr. Wilson's striking phrases got him through. He became Governor. He was a success. The schoolmaster whipped the trusts and the machine who were disturbing. Last autumn, it became rumoured that he was a Presidential possibility. The Doctor made a great many speeches. He placed a young Princeton chap, with turned-up trousers, called McCoomb, in charge of his campaign. He is now near the final rung.

Will a lion hunter or a college professor be the saviour of the American people? What forces does Wilson represent? His critics claim that he is more radical than Bryan or Roosevelt and a risky experiment. His admirers urge that he stands for the new idealism in United States politics; for the forces which in young Hunt, of Cincinnati, rescued that city from the clutches of Boss Cox; for tariff revision downward, the income tax—a cure for millionairism; that he is the only true Progressive. And Wilson says about the nomination, "I feel very, very solemn."



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK,
Who Ran Second in the Race at Baltimore.



GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON,
Democratic Nominee for President.