

NATION BUILDERS TO THE NORTH

BIG MEN, INCLUDING AMERICAN BORN, WHO ARE DOING BIG THINGS IN CANADA

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, CREATOR OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN



SIR THOMAS SHOUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC



THE LATE SIR ROBERT REID, BARON OF NEWFOUNDLAND

D. D. MANN, CANADA'S GREAT RAILROAD CONTRACTOR

SIR WILFRED AND LADY LAURIER, THE PREMIER AND THE FIRST LADY OF CANADA



JUDY R. BOOTH IN ONE OF HER GREAT LUMBER YARDS

LAURIER, the premier, who began his life as a sickly lawyer, and whose ancestors took part in open rebellion against the government: Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shoughnessy, both American born, graduates from a telegrapher's key and a clerk's stool, respectively, and now two of the country's leading railroad developers; Lord Stratford, who began his career with the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk in an obscure post; John Rudolphus Booth, another Frederick Weyerhaeuser, who followed the plow until he came of age; William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, railway kings, the former an erstwhile school teacher, the latter an old-time foreman of the lumber camps—these are some of the nation builders to the north of us who today are big men in Canada and beyond. And a short while ago there was Sir Robert Reid, now in an up-to-date network of railways and splendid steamship connections with the outer world.

A Canadian Weyerhaeuser.
Snowy white of hair, mustacheless head and eyebrows, stooping slightly, wearing a rough suit, his general appearance that of a backwoods farmer of the traditional Middlewest variety; walking with a long swinging stride that he maintains as easily for a day as for ten minutes; slow but direct of speech, and forceful—this is John Rudolphus Booth, of Ottawa, owner of one of the world's most extensive lumber businesses and one of the Dominion's most picturesque living nation builders.

"What is the best time to interview Mr. Booth?" recently asked a newspaper man of one of the lumber king's clerical staff.
"In the morning—early," was the reply.
"What do you call early? 10 o'clock?"
The clerk smiled. "If you want to make certain of seeing him," he answered, "you should be here shortly after 8 o'clock, before he starts on a tour of the yards."
The caller made a rapid mental calculation. "Why," he said, "he is now over 80 years of age, and you tell me he starts his work so early?"

"Come and see," was the laconic answer. The visitor adopted the suggestion, found it a good one, interviewed Mr. Booth as the latter, passing energetically from branch to branch of his vast establishment on the Ottawa River, gave orders here and there to foremen and assistants, and went away tired and wondering whether if he lived to be 90 years he would be capable of one-half the endurance Mr. Booth had displayed that morning.

As is the case with practically all the other prominent living empire builders of Canada, Mr. Booth "came up" through his own push and ability. Born in Quebec in 1827, the son of a farmer and himself a farmer until he was come of age, Mr. Booth left the plow to work for several years as a carpenter on bridge construction for the Central Vermont Railway. As such he got interested in lumber, and when the opportunity presented itself he conducted a sawmill for a private owner. This job, when, for the first time, he was practically his own boss, lasted for a year; at the end of that period he became his own boss in reality, renting a little sawmill close to the site of the wide territory now covered by his present works.

Disaster met him early, his mill being burned down a few months after he was turned over to him. About all he had left in the world was his determination to get ahead and become a somebody in the lumber industry. Using this asset, he doggedly established on the ruins of his first venture the foundations of his present business, adding to it as the years went by, surviving fires, the base of the lumberman, business depression and difficulties of a like nature with unflinching determination and unshaken faith in his ultimate victory. Today the timber limits he owns or leases in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec cover thousands of square miles, and would make of themselves a province of no mean size, and the products of his mills grade the world.

Up to 1866 Mr. Booth was a railway owner as well as a lumber king. The Canada Atlantic Railway, connecting Ottawa with Montreal and the New England states, and the Arrapric & Parry Sound Railway, "Booth's" first railway, were his establishments, called them—both 60 miles of main line and 190 of branches and sidings, were his, until he sold them to the Grand Trunk Railway.

For one with world-wide business interests, Mr. Booth is peculiar in one way—he never advertises. This peculiarity is a principle with him. Another of his characteristics often commented upon is his steadfast refusal to accept municipal aid, in tax exemptions of any kind (a frequent inducement offered by Canadian municipalities to get industries established), or in any other form. Even when in the great Ottawa drive of 1880 for the Ottawa River bridge, he was almost swept out of existence he maintained this attitude. In the 35-odd years he has been in business for himself, the thousands of men on his roll have received their pay promptly on the day it was due. This, too, is a principle with him: towards hospitals, and he is one of the founders and best supporters of St. Luke's Hospital, Ottawa. His sons are actively associated with him in his lumber industry.

"Bill and Dan," Inseparable Empire Builders.

Two men who are deep in the work of trying to make Canada "the country of the 30th century" are William Mackenzie and Donald D. Mann. In the minds of their fellow-countrymen these men and their works are so inseparable that the name of one is seldom mentioned without that of the other. "Bill and Dan" is the familiar term frequently used by newspapers in references to them, sometimes good naturedly, often in bitter criticism, and every Canadian reader knows who is meant. The record of their achievements in empire building is lengthy, and both are still young enough to have many years of activity before them, in the natural course of things.

Mackenzie comes first, but perhaps only because he is the senior member of the firm of Mackenzie, Mann & Co., with its almost hundredfold lines of industrial activity. A man of medium size, slender build, finely shaped head and face set off with black hair, mustache, neatly trimmed whiskers and deep-set, dark-blue eyes, he contrasts markedly with the medical practitioner in appearance that a captain of industry. A Canadian of Ontario province nativity, his parents Highland Scotch farmers, he is credited by many with possession of that uncanny "second sight" which is a marked characteristic of many Highland families.

As a young man, Mackenzie, like Mr. Schwab in his demeanor, no matter with whom he is dealing, and one of Canada's most famous financiers, Mr. Mackenzie is a fighter in every sense of the word. Behind his genial bearing there is a heart that scorns the thought of defeat and a highland temper that sometimes drives the bonds of almost perfect control. The dream of his life, as it is that of his chief partner Mann, is the completion of the Canadian Northern Railway (of which he is president) as a transcontinental highway, with its own ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, and fleets of steamers plying between Canada and the Old and New worlds.

In his youth he was a public school teacher, afterwards engaging for a short time in the lumber business. Even then his mind was set on being a railway king, and that in Canada, which he loves passionately. He set about realizing his ambition by contracting to build a section of the Grand Trunk Railway and was so successful that the Canadian Pacific Railway gave him many contracts. At this stage of his career he was a member of the contracting company, including Mr. Mann, that built the Canadian Pacific Railway's short line through Maine. Ultimately, with Mr. Mann, he turned his attention to the Canadian Northern Railway.

The early history of this road was marked by troubles and anxieties that would have driven most men out of the business into asylums for the insane. But not "Bill and Dan," and, as a result, they have today reached the stage where their greatest undertaking is practically assured of success.

Through Mackenzie's ability to persuade the canny moneyed men of Scotland to back him with their golden hoards has been proven time and again to be powerful, were you to see him in public, why they did the same thing. Meanwhile, from the province of the Dominion government, they secured charters to build the links that one day will tie their line together from ocean to ocean. Sneers and jibes, the tolerant laughter of other financiers and railroad men have moved them not at any stage of their task to make their dream a reality.

Mackenzie does the financing for the road chiefly in Scotland; millions of dollars have been furnished by shrewd Scotch capitalists. He works alone when he goes abroad for money; no member of his staff accompanies him, and he knows nothing of the results until they read his interviews, given to the press on his return.

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Mann was three years this side of 30 when he became a sub-contractor on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Soon thereafter he branched out as contractor, his success in the construction of various mountain sections of that road making a great reputation for him. But it is as a contractor of the Canadian Northern Railway that Canadians know him best. This work is with him as with his partner-chum, Mackenzie, the pride of his heart; the more so that it is all in Canada, and Mr. Mann is a great believer in the "made-in-Canada" idea. Mr. Mann has, of course, an intimate knowledge of all Canadian railways besides the Canadian Northern. But would you like to know anything of railways east or projected in Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Chili or China? Mr. Mann could tell you about them—that is, if he could be induced to talk. All those countries were visited by him prior to his entering upon the construction of the Canadian Northern, with a view to sifting up possibilities in the railway contracting line. Governments, diplomats, capitalists and railway men were interviewed by him, and on rare occasions real seekers after advice in respect to those foreign railways can get from Mr. Mann information regarding them. It is brought right up to date, too, for he has kept in touch with the men in those countries who know.

Identified with many of the street railway and other enterprises of which his leading partner is head or controller, Mr. Mann does not figure so prominently in them; he is too busy with the Canadian Northern. He dislikes public functions, and is a poor speech-maker. The very idea of having to make an address in public makes him nervous. He seems to like to do things and say nothing about them. For instance, within a comparatively recent period, several Toronto newspapermen heard that he and his partners had acquired a rich iron mining property in Northern Ontario and proposed to establish big smelting works there to be reached by a branch line of the Canadian Northern. They rushed off to interview him. He listened quietly to what they had to say and then began: "When we acquired this property about a year ago, the newspapermen gasped. Here was a good story—and it was a year old."

Mr. Mann and Mr. Mackenzie both make their home in Toronto.
From Clerk to President.
For a decade president of the Canadian Pacific, Sir Thomas Shoughnessy, who was born in Milwaukee 55 years ago, has been a Canadian railroad power and nation builder for over a quarter of a cen-

ture. His first job, after he left the public schools, was that of clerk in the stock room of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. At 25 he was the company's general storekeeper. Three years later, Sir William Van Horne, in search of a competent purchasing agent for his Canadian Pacific, captured Shoughnessy, carried him off to Montreal, and made a Canadian out of him in time, finally giving him his own position of president of the railway. As such he heads an army of 25,000 men, manning a transcontinental railroad that reaches one-sixth of the way around the world, with its own telegraph system, its own chain of hotels, its three fleets of steamships on the Atlantic, Pacific and Great Lakes, and its immense tracts of agricultural, forest and mineral lands in the Canadian Northwest.

It is almost true of Sir Thomas that he works all the time. Most of his waking hours his immediate staff is generally gathered about him, and not infrequently he leads his members to the railway offices for work on Sundays, holidays and evenings. At such times he generally interests himself in investigating the official records, and it is said of him that no accountant can conduct a stricter audit of books. He has even been discovered going over the books in which his own office boys keep track of the stamp account. Securing his first railroad training in the department of supplies, he watches like a hawk this branch of his railway. When he travels he usually takes his staff along, and many a letter has been dictated by him while his secretary awaited patiently back and forth in the aisle.

Sir Thomas' method of managing the men under him was revealed in part by him one day not very long ago when he was standing talking to two friends in the train shed of the Montreal terminal of his line. He noticed a man, laden with two heavy grips, step up and speak to a trainhand, stationed a short distance down the platform. The stranger asked a question, apparently, for the employe followed with an offhand wave of a hand that indicated at least a half dozen different locations. Sir Thomas, quickly excusing himself to his companions, stepped up to the man with the grips, and asked him what he desired to learn. It came out that he wished to locate a certain train to pull out. "I will show you to it," cheerily responded the Canadian Pacific's president, as he took one of the man's grips in his grasp and started ahead with it. The rebuked trainhand speedily developed into one of the most polite and attentive men employed about the terminal.

Though Sir Thomas is now a good Canadian, he never fails to make a yearly pilgrimage to his birthplace, there to spend a brief vacation with his mother, when he is just plain Tom. It was to his old father and mother that he sent his characteristic telegraphic message when he was knighted: "You may be gratified to know that His Majesty has conferred upon me the honor of knighthood. One owes a great deal to a good father and mother." It was while he lived and labored in Milwaukee that Sir Thomas cultivated a liking for a certain game that is associated with the West; this liking he carried with him to Canada, and there indulges it when railroad matters are not too pressing or there is no athletic contest to watch. For he has a healthy Irishman's love of the outdoors and sports.

Laurier the Premier.
Premier of the Dominion since 1896, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said not to have an enemy in the world, and it is pretty universally conceded in Canada that he has kept all parties and factions at peace and greatly increased the power and resources of his country. Frail in physique and always suffering from the ill health upon which His Majesty has conferred, he is one of the hardest workers among the high government officials.
Among the French Canadians, of whom he is one, he is all but idolized. In illustration of this feeling for him among a large portion of the Canadian population, the following story is told by our northern friends:
An old French Canadian, on his annual visit to Montreal, was informed of the death of Queen Victoria.
"The Queen dead! And who, then, rules in England?" exclaimed the simple minded old fellow.
His informant explained that the Prince of Wales had succeeded to the throne. The habitant's eyes lighted.
"Mon Dieu," he said, softly, "but he

must have a great pull with our Laurier!"
How Sir William Van Horne rose to his present eminence is fairly familiar to the average American, and the exploits of the late Sir Robert G. Reid, in Newfoundland, who when he landed on the island, found it undeveloped, with

wagon transportation and miserable mainland connections, and left it with an up-to-date network of railways and splendid steamship connections with the outer world.
It is interesting to note that two of the 33 fathers of Canadian confederation (1867), and, therefore, real nation builders, survive. They are Sir Charles Tupper of Nova Scotia, now in his 87th year and in retirement, and the Hon. Andrew Archibald Macdonald, now in his 89th year, and Senator for the province of Prince Edward Island.

They Wash and Iron the Face

Women Make Acquaintance of New Youth and Beauty Restorer.

WOMEN who traveled in Germany last Summer are coming home with complexions like new. Face, neck, throat and even the hands and arms have a fresh youthful appearance. The fact is that the Germans have invented a new kind of bleachery or laundry for the face, and this Summer for the first time it was discovered by American women abroad. A woman who visited one of these facial laundries thus describes her experience.

She passes over the matter of price, which was high and had to be paid in advance, together with various extras. The owner of the beauty shop did her work with a will and she turns out a careful and always satisfactory job. "I went to this face laundry," says the American woman, who has just returned with a countenance like that of a girl of 16, "and determined to take the entire course of treatment."

"You can have your face merely scrubbed. In that case you must do the ironing at home, for all faces must be ironed after they are scrubbed. Or you can have your face washed and ironed in very simple fashion without coloring or starch. But having been out in the sun all Summer and exposed to wind and waves, I wanted it all."

"The laundry process began in earnest when I was taken to a hot water bath and ready for a face shampoo. It is seldom that a woman can really wash her face because of the waves and hair dressing that surround it, but this time a woman cared nothing for the hair."

"She brought out a little rubber bath spray and attaching it to the hot-water supply for the face, she began to spray the face, said she. 'Then we will put it to soak for a few minutes. It is easier to do your laundry work in the article than in the house.'"
"A few minutes later I sat in a warm room with my face buried in hot cloths. Then came the wonderful face scrubbing. The German beauty parlors are famed."
"It is not such a vigorous scrubbing, but it is very thorough, far and wide. There is nothing like it to be found in this world, and that is probably the reason why the German beauty treatment is so famous."
"With a big soft brush which had been well rubbed upon a great cake of soap the big-armed, soft-handed laundress went to work. The brush was similar to none I have ever seen elsewhere, but I have since found the purpose nicely. It should be quite new, well lathered and used with persistence."
"Ten minutes is not too much to devote to the actual scrubbing. Then comes the little hose which takes off the soap and leaves the face clear and shining."
"The stiffening process comes next. The facial manipulator took a little cake of pure white substance which she said was mutton tallow just tried out. She broke it bit by bit into a little double boiler. Then as it melted she dropped in some pure almond oil, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes she had a clear white cream. While warm she began to massage it into my face."
"Your face," said she, "is quite firm. If it had been flabby I would have used a little pure milk thickened with the beaten yolk of an egg and stirred until like cream. This feeds the skin and makes it younger in texture. In your case the skin merely needs manipulation."
"If your face had not been the right color I would have stained it. You have a slight flush and need no rouge."
"If you were too white I would take some strawberry juice and hold it with a few grains of borax and just a drop of lemon. This I would rub into your cheeks until they were the right color."
"Of course I would go slowly, for it is possible to make a skin as red as a poppy with strawberry liquid. I would work easily, experimenting drop by drop. I have used quince juice for a very yellow skin, and I have also used crabapple."
"My worst cases are those that require the potato treatment. I take a very old and very ripe potato and lay it in a warm place for a few days. Then I cut it open lengthwise and lay it in a warm oven for two or three minutes. It is now all starch upon the surface and I rub the woman's face with it until the starch is exhausted."
"Then I take a fresh slice, keeping on until the potato is gone. It should

dry on the face and if possible remain on for a couple of hours."
"While the woman talked she manipulated my face and made the muscles feel firm. And when it was as shining and plump as possible she brought out an electrical contrivance to do the ironing. By experiment since I arrived home I have found that any ordinary electric iron will do the work. The main point is that the iron shall never become too warm and that its surface shall be perfectly smooth."
"The lighter the iron the better, and the one who uses it should learn to bear on very gently, so that the iron shall not injure the skin. The manipulator told me that spitting with the warm palms of the hands would do almost as well. 'But,' said she, 'few ladies will allow you to slap them in the face. They are offended even though they understand perfectly that it is part of the treatment. But if a woman really wants to iron her face quickly and inexpensively after the washing or laundry work has been done she can accomplish the task by face spitting of the vigorous kind.'"
"My skin after the iron had traveled over it a few times became almost miraculously smooth. The laundress explained to me that the heat of the iron opened the pores and allowed the cream with which it had been rubbed to sink into the skin."
"The laundress saw that the effect would last all day and all night and probably part of the next day, but that it would be necessary to repeat it at least twice a week to make it permanent. The ironing of the face was necessarily brief in its effects. It would soon fade away, but many successive treatments would cure the skin, so to speak."
"There are a few things which the skin shall be olive, shall have a Spanish hue. The beauty manipulator always objects to the process, but if the woman on olive beauty intent insists, there is nothing to be done."
"The staining of the skin with walnut juice is seldom successful for the reason that the stain is generally too deep and that the heat of the iron, in addition, too strong an aroma of Mocha."
"Any druggist will stir a little yellow coloring into a jar of cream and the home manipulator can massage the cream into her skin with the assurance that it will influence the complexion. The object is not to get deep brown skin, but one that is delicately olive."
"The finishing touch, in the olive process, is obtained by rubbing some boric powder into the face, after which the complexion is typically olive. The skin is slightly brown and the cheeks have the glow which belongs to the olive beauty."
"In my own case, after the ironing process I was allowed to cool down. Then some clear cream was given me and I rubbed a few drops of it into my skin. Finally I put on some blond powder and my face was complete, except for what the manipulator called dusting."
"This was both necessary and effective. With a brush made of the softest kind of wool my face was dusted until not a single grain of powder remained upon the surface. I did not know the best way to describe it, for the process certainly took years off my appearance."
"Most women when they do the face are apt to forget the neck and ears. My ears were tipped with pink in the shape of a good rouge and my neck was covered with a whitening substance which looked very pretty shining through my lace gown."

Candidate Days.
Nashville American.
In fishing for plums object to your place. The candidate comes with a smile on his face. His manner is bland. As he sees you afar and hastens to hand you a low-grade cigar. How genial his plums. As he grabs for your mitt to show you who he is, or who is going to be it. You seem to have met a friend to adore. On whom you can bet several dollars or more. He pours in your ear. If you will but stand and patiently hear ears were tipped with pink. Some reason that seem too good to have met. Why he would esteem a ballot from you. The candidate's smile is a picture urbane. While compliments pile in torrents like rain. Downpouring and wet. Your patience to tax. The while you can bet tie's grinding his teeth.