

CANADIANS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

George P. Graham, Canada's Minister of Railways and Canals, Who
Jests While He Works

(Augustus Bridle in Toronto Globe.)

Somewhere about twenty-five years ago there were in the town of Morrisburg, in the county of Dundas, three people who have since become known clear across the continent. One was a young lawyer with a bristling manner and a heavy jaw, and the name on his shingle was James Pliny Whitney. One was the young rector of the Anglican church, the Rev. Clarendon Lamb Worrell, now the Bishop of Nova Scotia, of whose church Mr. Whitney was a member; and in those days they met often when neither was very busy and talked about politics and religion. The other of the three prominent citizens was the newspaperman who in his callow youth was running the Morrisburg Herald with a handpress and a job klant on the side, glad to get the contracts for printing township by-laws and auction sale bills. His name was George P. Graham, and the trinity of town talk was never quite complete without him. Certainly the most angular and gaunt of the three, this young man was on the other side of the political fence from the lawyer, with the clergyman between. How they talked! Now and then George P. Graham found the text for an editorial in the arguments of the lawyer, and not seldom the rector got the suggestion for a sermon from the things casually said by the editor.

Well, they grew up and went their several ways, these three; and last summer they all met by accident on a train in eastern Ontario—the Bishop, the Premier and the Minister of Railways and Canals. How they talked! each remembering rather better than the other the good old corn-cake times in the little town on the St. Lawrence. Probably the Bishop called the Premier "Sir James," and the Premier may have reciprocated the courtesy in addressing the Bishop, but its very likely likely the other two said "Jim" and "George," a good deal. If Sir James had been like a certain other statesman, he would have said when they parted "When shall we three meet again?" But it's quite likely George P., the quondam editor, grabbed his valise, jammed his hard hat down over his eyes, and, with a big, good-humored laugh, said: "Well, Jim, next time you come to Ottawa, look me up; Kennistown Apartments, if I'm not at the House."

And it would have taken a pretty solemn bishop not to have had a jolly good time with these two political people.

They say of George P. Graham that when he was a lad at the country school at Eganville, in the county of Renfrew, he had a huge talent for talk; so much so that his school-mates made a diversion of elevating him upon boxes and blocks of wood at the noon-hour, just to hear him orate upon whatever might come into his mind.

As Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government, Mr. Graham has long ago found out that the art of politics in his case consists in the minimum of talk with the maximum of hard labor. Among all the Ministers there is probably none who works quite so hard as Mr. Graham—except the Prime Minister. And there never was a Cabinet Minister in Canada who shouldered such a variety of unaccomplished burdens as did the big, genial and bony Irish-Canadian who in August, 1907, took over the portfolio laid down by Mr. Emmerson.

Glance over the rows of Ministers when the House is in session, and you will single out three men for immediate personal distinction; the Premier, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Railways. To be candid, Mr. Graham looks like the most leisurely man in the House—a large-sized sort, with good-nature beaming over his Irish face. He usually affects a red tie, and often a boutonniere quite as red. He drifts loosely, yet very quickly, into the House, bows jerkily to the speaker, and swings into his seat, puts on his Christie hat again, and tilts it jauntily over one eye. Likely as not some member of the Opposition—probably Mr. Foster—is in the act of gibbing the Minister of Railways at that very moment; for the autocrat of the transportation department occasionally comes in for a round of bombardment from the Opposition guns. The hon. member raises his voice when he sees the Minister, becomes scornful and quite vindictive. Mr. Graham leans over, picks up a file of evening papers, meanwhile bestowing a most benevolent air of attention upon his critic. Then if his departmental estimates are before the House, he pilots them over the rocks of Opposition criticism by sheer good-nature and skill in handling men.

That perennial air of bonhomie and leisure! It is the despair of the critic and the conundrum of the Opposition. George P. Graham knows now to rest in the House, and how to listen at the same time. He has ferreted out the easy way of doing a vast amount of work in his office and in Cabinet Council. But let the hon.

member opposite prod him just once more and George P. rises to the occasion, and when he does he has a battery of guns trained on the member and he bangs them off with such imperturbable authority that he is able to convert the raspiest naggerfest of a debate into a real contribution to the gayety of nations. Perhaps he was born that way. He must have been a despair to his school teachers; and quite as likely a very good member of Stalky & Co., to his classmates. But with whatever dower he was born—and he has cause to be thankful for most of it—Mr. Graham has learned from a discursive experience the art of getting on in the world in the particular part of the world's work that tries most the temper of the average and the un-humorous man. George P. was never born to be a mere plug horse in politics but, with the temperament of a blood horse, he has done a deal of plugging in his time.

To begin with, he has been most of his life a journalist. Therefore he has never known what it was to heap up riches not knowing who should gather them. He began his newspaper career on The Morrisburg Herald, in the part of Ontario so absorbingly represented by Sir James Whitney, against whom he has tilted in politics. Years ago he went first to Ottawa and worked on The Free Press. He did the Parliament buildings and the House of Commons debates for that paper when he was the lankiest reporter that ever saw Parliament Hill. In the course of time Mr. Graham drifted back to the more reposeful haunts of the town of Brockville, where, until he entered the Dominion Cabinet, he was managing director of The Recorder. At the present time one of his two sons runs the paper that gave Mr. Graham his real clench-hold on the local electorate and much of his grip on things in general in the Province of Ontario.

He put in full time on the plain duties of citizenship: being a member of the County Council and Warden of the county; a perfect authority on roads and drains and taxes; as good a type of municipal pater as could be found in Canada—for it is certain that, whatever problem, however primeval, Mr. Graham tackled in order to solve, he got as much out of it for the good of the people and in the name of supreme common sense as it was possible for any man to get. When he left county politics to go into the Ontario Legislature in 1898, which is only twelve years ago, there were some good people down in Brockville who said they told him so, and some others who imagined that he reached his reasonable limit when he managed a county.

But in the larger field Mr. Graham was not long proving what a brainy, hearty Irishman could do who had spent forty years in a county. Little more than a decade since he was the last word on statute labor, township drains and turnpikes; now he is the complete authority on a system of transportation that includes twenty-five thousand miles of railway besides several thousand miles of lakes, rivers and canals, with thousands of miles of railway projected to all parts of an empire of half-discovered territory. Yet it was only last summer that one of his plain constituents, calling on the Minister at his Brockville home, found a still plainer man sweating like a farm laborer as he swung a scythe, cutting weeds in his own backyard—the pathmaster once more backyard—the pathmaster once more.

Such is the plain, simple and comprehensible, yet half-mysterious Geo. Graham, who is as Canadian as a bull thistle and as Irish as a sham-rock. Such a man you never can quite lay out or wind up. He has always left that immeasurable element of easy, elastic go that limbers up as naturally as a sapling grows. Such he was in the Ontario Legislature, when for a while he was plain George Graham, the member from Brockville. But it was not long till this out-sweeping Irishman with the long elbow became an aggressive Provincial Secretary in the late lamented Ross Government; when it was discovered that here was a man who had somehow the intimate faculty of leadership. There came a day when George P. Graham was the visible and tangible hope of the party that his old opponent in Morrisburg pretty nearly wiped off the slate for the time on that memorable January day in 1905. George P. Graham, as leader of the Ontario Opposition, was the spectacle of a big man with a small retinue. But when he faced James Pliny Whitney, his old-time opponent, as leader, it was understood that here was a pair of duellists good for years of slugging; though any student of purely human nature knows that—

Oh, well, comparisons are odious, especially when political. George P. might have stayed in the Legislature to be a thorn in the side of Sir James of Morrisburg. But there came a day when the most astute

citizen of Canada had need for a man to fill a gap that for years had caused him sleepless vigils. When the successor of Blair himself needed a successor the hand of selection went forth and naturally picked George P. Graham off the family tree. The plain, unostentatious Irishman who could have as gracefully occupied the platform of a village hall packed his official trunk and went to Ottawa; and the very day he took office was the day the Quebec Bridge fell.

Now, this was a bad augury for the new Minister of Railways, who, being Irish, might have been credited with superstition. In all public works disasters in Canada there had been none to equal the Quebec Bridge; a big link in the great railway project undertaken by the Department of Railways suddenly gone to the bottom of the St. Lawrence with a toll of eighty-odd lives. This was the first vivid prospect the new Minister had to face. It was enough to make him wish he had never left the county of Dundas and The Brockville Recorder. But he faced it. The story of that and of its reconstruction will be one of the large items to the credit of George P. Graham.

Then there was the Intercolonial, the proverbial enigma of transportation, and the byword of Oppositions. The Intercolonial had been regarded as a farce, having the faculty of losing money better than any hole in the ground up in Cobalt. George P. Graham had never hankered after any such enigma. He simply fell heir to it, along with the Quebec bridge. But he tackled it without fear or favor. There were peculiar and intrinsic difficulties, more in number and more varied in character than can well be discussed in an article like this. Here was an Ontario man chief of a railway system which since its inception had been regarded as the natural perquisite of the Maritime Provinces. Just what that meant the Minister of Railways ought to know better than any other man. He acted on the initiative of George P. Graham, who understood that he had been called to his portfolio in Canada not to be merely a cat's-paw to a Government, but to be a capable, aggressive and, to some extent, an autocratic, Minister. He is said to have insisted that he should be given an entirely free hand. He well needed it. That was the year of the slump, when the Intercolonial was heaping up deficits quite as fast as any other enterprise in the country. The net result of his management and of the new system which he inaugurated is that in one year the Intercolonial saved three-quarters of a million which, for a man getting seven thousand a year, is a fair margin.

Next in the list of hard luck bogeys came the Cornwall Canal, that smashed her locks and tied up navigation for a few weeks. A very little while after Hon. George P. Graham packed his valise and took the first train up to the Soo Canal, one of whose locks had been rammed by a freighter at full speed ahead, blocking the channel and causing a tie-up for several days right in the middle of the wheat-hauling season.

Finally came the snarl over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the arguments about overclassification, the sudden resignation of Mr. Lumsden, chief engineer of the Government on the construction of the eastern section, and a series of windy debates in the House, with the Opposition, headed by Mr. Foster, digging up alleged scandals; the appointment of a committee to inquire into the matter—which committee is now engaged in investigation.

It is just a week or so ago that Mr. M. J. Butler resigned the post on the Intercolonial he had held for a year so efficiently, to go into iron and steel; leaving Mr. Graham to hunt up a successor which in short order he did, in the person of Mr. A. W. Campbell.

Fate seems to have predetermined George P. Graham to the labors of Hercules. But there never was a day when the Minister of Railways got the blues so bad he couldn't crack an Irish joke. He tramps down the work and shouts for more. All over the country the railways are getting ahead faster than any other line of business. Problems are cropping up faster than Canada thistles on a clay bank. Many a day George P. Graham has thanked heaven for the Railway Commission and James P. Mabee, whom it appointed. He has enlarged the scope and the size of the Commission, which now numbers upwards of fifty people, all ultimately responsible to the Department of Railways and Canals; the only department with what might be called a complete civil service under its control, in addition to the regular list serving on Parliament Hill.

But the work of George P. Graham doesn't stop with his own department, as the work of most Ministers does. Neither with the regular meetings of Council, when matters of Government import are on the programme. This Irish-Canadian's work is measured only by the size of the man—and that's quite incalculable. He is to the Liberals of Ontario what the Premier is to the Liberals of Quebec—so far as the analogy can hold. He is the near-yes, the next-adviser to Sir Wilfrid. The newest Minister save two, he is probably as deep in the ultimate councils of the State as any of the old guard that came on in 1896. Nobody grudges the Minister of Railways his pre-eminence; largely because nobody else could possibly tackle the wire-

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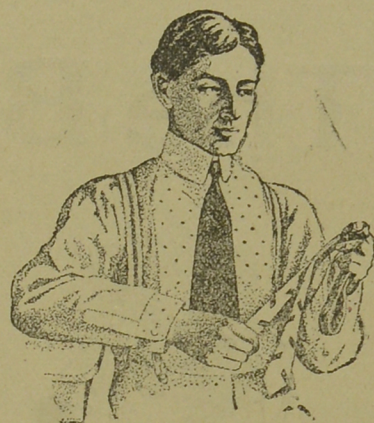
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The following directions for making it have been condensed from a bulletin issued by the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station:

Either gravity or separator cream containing at least 20 per cent. butter-fat, should be used. For good results, the cream should be from 12 to 24 hours old, and should be held at as low a temperature as possible (35 to 45 deg. F.) for at least two hours before whipping. (Another authority says cream is sure to whip if taken from milk that has been standing 24 hours in a cool place). The whipping also should be done in a cool room. Some people find difficulty in whipping pasteurized cream, but it was found at the station that pasteurized cream whips as easily as any if it is thoroughly cooled and held at 35 degrees to 45 degrees F. for at least two hours before whipping.

For best results, cream should whip in from 30 to 60 seconds. When a longer time is required, there is danger of some of the butter-fat churning. Experiments were made in adding powdered sugar, powdered milk, salt, caramel, gelatine, junket and cornstarch, but none of them proved as effective as a low temperature. The addition of one-tenth to three-tenths of commercial lactic acid, however, proved beneficial in hastening the whipping, and making it possible to whip cream which was fresher. The use of white of egg when whipped separately and mixed, produced a lighter foam, but had no effect upon the time required to whip, while the use of cream from cows near the end of their lactation period, whipped with slightly more difficulty than did cream from fresh cows.

Whipped cream will not keep sweet as long as unwhipped cream, hence, just enough should be made to answer the purpose required. The

cream-whipper, which may be bought at the hardware store, is the best for speedy work, but a Dover egg-beater answers very well if the cream is put in a round-bottomed bowl. It is, of course, necessary to make the beater revolve as rapidly as possible.

SOME EGG DISHES.

Baked Eggs with Tomato Sauce.—Make a tomato sauce with canned tomatoes, thickening to taste with flour. Place in an earthen or granite baking dish a layer of the sauce and place poached eggs over the top. Cover with grated cheese and put in the oven for two or three minutes.

Creamed Eggs.—2 tablespoons butter, 2 small tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 4 eggs, salt and pepper. Boil the eggs for 20 minutes and lay them in cold water. When cold, remove shells and cut each egg into 6 pieces. Cut the onion fine. Place the butter in a small frying pan, and, when hot, slowly cook the onion in it until a yellow hue. Remove the onion, add the flour and stir until the paste is smooth and frothy, but not brown. Draw the pan back, add the milk gradually, return to the heat, and when the sauce boils put in salt, and pepper.

MEATLESS DISHES.

RICE AND EGG BALLS.

Boil six eggs one-half hour. Remove shells and put through a potato ricer, or serve with an equal quantity of boiled rice. Season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Make into small balls and dip into beaten egg and cracker dust. Fry in deep hot lard until light brown. Serve on thin slices of buttered toast, with melted butter dressing.

PEANUT CANDY.

Two cups granulated sugar; melt slowly until it becomes a syrup, stir occasionally at first and continually toward the last to prevent the sugar from burning. After removing from stove stir in one-third cup of chopped peanuts. Pour into buttered tin. When cool cut into squares.