



- (1) Sunday morning in the square, Cologne, outside the Cathedral.
- (2) British Army in Italy. The car and the oxen.
- (3) Army Dairy Farming in Germany. Tommies milking the cows.
- (4) "River Clyde" re-floated off Gallipoli and in Mundros Harbor on the way home.
- (5) With the Russian forces loading Ice Blocks in the White Sea. This is dangerous work.
- (6) Canadian Sisters visit the ruins of famous Ypres which was defended by Canadians for four years.
- (7) The train in which Marshal Foch arrived at Danzig.



Memorials to Lord Strathcona



Men Who Did Big Things: Left to Right are Lord Shaughnessy, present Chairman of the Board of Directors of the C. P. R., and the late Lord Strathcona, who drove the last spike in the Transcontinental C. P. R. Line, connecting the East and West, on November 7th, 1885; on the right is Lady Strathcona.

There was an impressive ceremony at Westminster Abbey a few days ago when His Majesty King George V. laid the memorial window in the nave to Lord Strathcona, under whose direction the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent was completed in 1885.

The window represents Richard II. Hearing mess in the Abbey before at Stratford after the death of Wat Tyler. Underneath the tablet, which is held by angels, is inscribed: "In memorial to Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, a great Canadian Imperialist and philanthropist, born 1820, died 1914."

The tablet is decorated with the shields and arms of Canada, the Hudson Bay Co., Manitoba, Quebec, McGill and Aberdeen universities, and regimental badges of Strathcona's Horse and the Liverpool Scottish.

The memorial was subscribed for by resident admirers in England, the movement being inaugurated in April, 1914. The committee included former Premier Asquith, Andrew Bonar Law, Viscount Northcliffe, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Pirrie.

The unveiling ceremony recalls the wonderful career of Lord Strathcona. An article in the London Financial Mail tells a story:

When, in the year 1837, young Donald Smith, saddler's son and errand boy, turned his back on his native Scotland to seek fortune across the Atlantic, he little dreamed that one day he would return to the native haunts a Peer of the Realm and a man of many millions. Two months later the same, red-haired youth had presented himself before the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to offer his services. "Send me to Labrador," was the prompt and blunt sentence of the king of the fur trade on the uncouth young Scotsman; and to that frozen land of exile, over a thousand miles of snowy wastes, Donald Smith was dispatched forthwith. In this terrible land, compared with which even parts of Siberia would have been enviable, he toiled and suffered untold hardships for nearly thirty years, making long and hazardous journeys into the interior on snow-shoes or by canoe, bartering for furs with the native Indians and Esquimaux; counting, tanning, pressing and packing the skins, and sending them away to distant Montreal. In time his industry, and honesty, told their tale. "We knew," said one of his superiors, "many years later, "we had a remarkable servant out there in the backwoods." And from one step he was advanced to another, until, when he was approaching middle-age, the industrious Scotsman found himself Governor of the Colony he had served so long and so faithfully.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Pioneers.

He had now become a man of note, with the ball of fortune at his feet; and the rare gifts of diplomacy he exhibited in putting an end to the Red River rebellion, confirmed his position as one of the really great men of Canada. From this stage of his career his progress towards riches was rapid and easy. His brilliant gifts as financier and administrator led to his appointment to the Presidency of the Bank of Montreal. He conceived the idea of linking the Atlantic with the Pacific, and the momentous enterprise, after surmounting incredible difficulties was an accomplished fact. Sixty years after Donald Smith had crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of a sailing vessel, he returned with his staff of secretaries and his retinue of servants as the "Right Honorable Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal," of Glasgow, G.C.M.G., laden with honors as with years, and a millionaire several times over.

Donald Smith had not long been on his quest for the golden fleece when his cousin, George Stephen, a Highland herd-boy, took it into his head to follow in his footsteps. Leaving his flocks and herds, he first drifted to Aberdeen to learn the elements of business behind a draper's counter, where for four years he sold tape and pins to the ladies of the "granite city." But all the time the call of the West was in his ears, and when 1850 came he could resist it no longer. He, too, crossed the Atlantic as Donald had done thirteen years earlier, and spent three years in the dry-goods store of his cousin, William Stephen, at the end of which time he was promoted to a partnership. When William died in 1853, George took the reins into his own hands; and by adding cloth manufacture to his now prosperous business, he rapidly qualified as a capitalist; and within twenty-six years of landing in America an almost penniless draper, was Governor of the Bank of Montreal, and was recognized as one of the soundest men in all Canada. Then came Cousin Donald's scheme of the railway to link the two great oceans, and to tap the latent riches of the great Northwest; and on this scheme George Stephen embarked his money, his brains and industry with such enormous advantage to himself that in ten years' time he was a baronet and a millionaire. Still the tide of honors and wealth flowed on, and the quondam herd-boy wore a coronet as Lord Mount-Stephen, an earldom as Lord Strathcona, first president of the C.P.R. and, like his cousin, Lord Strathcona, will always be known as one of the greatest philanthropists among our kings of commerce.