

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land

A Fight for a Fortune.

THE Dunsmuir millions are at stake again. In a week or so, the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia will have to defend his colossal fortune against a host of family claimants. Of all contested wills in Canada that of Dunsmuir probably holds the record for the sum involved—\$20,000,000. The case, which will be tried at Victoria, has attracted great attention throughout the West. It is rather an interesting story how so much money became the object of scramble in the courts.



Ex-Lieut. Gov. Dunsmuir.

Robert Dunsmuir, father of the Hon. James, was one of the first men to strike luck in British Columbia coal. He located his diggings at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. Here the coal deposits proved to be of great extent and Robert Dunsmuir was on the job at the mines day and night. His coal sailed down the coast to 'Frisco, not at first in his own vessels; these came later when the Canadian coal magnate had usurped Uncle Sam's market for black diamonds. Japan and the East were other great markets to which he gained access for his product. Twenty years ago, Robert Dunsmuir died leaving all his property to his widow. Two big sons were ready and anxious to step into their father's shoes—James and Alexander. So it happened that James stayed at home mining, and pushing his way up the rung became British Columbia's chief citizen; and Alexander, his younger brother, went away to do the marketing for the firm of Dunsmuir. In the year 1900, James and Alexander bought out their mother's interest in the business. Shortly afterward, Alexander died in New York, his will turning over everything to James. Hon. James Dunsmuir was now the sole proprietor of his father's wealth. He was the coal king of the coast.

But uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. His sole right to the Dunsmuir millions was immediately disputed. Family connections whispered that he and his brother had got the mother's share of the coal mining interests for thousands when they were really worth millions. A lawsuit made matters lively for a time. Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, well known to the Canadian theatrical public, whose stepfather was Alexander Dunsmuir, said that Alexander Dunsmuir was of unsound mind when he made the will in favour of his brother. Justice Drake, of Victoria, decided against Miss Hopper. The actress dragged her case from court to court. The last resource was the Privy Council, which decided against Miss Hopper. Will the present claimants fare better? Speculation is rife.

A Book with a Purpose.

ONE of the most benevolent books in the world is the book called "The Sowing," by Emerson Hough. This work, recently off the press, was originally run as a serial by that enterprising magazine, the *Canada West Monthly*. It was intended to create a mild sensation and in a manner for a while the work did so. It was frankly heralded as the work of a "Yankee" whose interest in Canada had led him to investigate a huge Imperial problem. Mr. Hough has investigated—both in Canada and in England. The result is "The Sowing."

No one will ever quarrel with Mr. Hough for writing the book. It is a contribution to the literature of empire. That it was written by a Yankee is not in itself a condemnation. Most outsiders get a view of a country that the inhabitants themselves are apt to miss. Mr. Hough had got a little weary of writing cowboy and love stories. Canada seemed like a good fresh field for his pen. He deserves to give Canada a vote of thanks for providing him with so great a theme. In case Mr. Hough fails to make any money out of his book we shall be glad to extend him a vote of thanks for having on the whole treated us so fairly.

We must confess, however, that it would have been much easier to read and digest the book if Mr. Hough had not worked into it so many of his theories about political economy. There are passages in the work which seem like rhapsody; rather reminiscent of Henry George. The West has evidently seized upon the writer's imagination. He sees two vast pictures; the crowded population centres of England; the unpeopled, romantic reaches of the great prairie. So far as a casual visitor could be

expected to do, he knows England and its slums—some-what a matter of theory, however. Much more intimately he knows the Canadian West because long ago he knew the west of the United States, which though different altogether in local colour was much similar in the problems of civilisation.

Mr. Hough, however, does not know the whole of Canada; little or nothing of Ontario and Quebec and the eastern provinces, all of which have more or less practical interest in the sowing of Canada with people. The most constructive part of the Canadian West to-day comes from Ontario and the east, and the movement began long before Mr. Hough saw a Canadian fur post. He contrives some vast eulogiums on the invading Yankee who has crossed the border fifty thousand in a year and has invested millions in the country. He takes it for granted that the Hudson's Bay Company is entitled to some credit first for establishing law and order in a great land and afterward for selling out to the Canadian Government when the prospects for fur seemed to be waning in the presence of the railway. But he does not credit Ontario with having been the backbone of the Northwest Mounted Police, who established the second era in the development of the West after the sale of Rupert's Land to the Canadian Government.

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To the Land of Promise.

MR. T. D. PICHE, editor of the *Peace River Pilot*, is one of the prime boosters of a prospective colonisation expedition to the Grand Prairie country. Mr. Piche and other enthusiasts held forth in Edmonton the other night and unfolded their scheme. A general muster of the party would form at Edmonton. There would be a trip to Entwistle over the brand new G. T. P. Thence to Whitecourt, fifty-five miles, by sleigh. Whitecourt, which is located at the confluence of the Athabasca and McLeod rivers, would serve as a sort of halfway house. From here parties would be sent out to cut the wilderness trail of one hundred and forty miles which leads to the land of promise. This trail is the big stumbling block. It has daunted a great many people who have had visions of domiciles at Grand Prairie. But Mr. Piche is confident that he can persuade enough people of pioneer hardihood to brave it.

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Lord Strathcona's Many Mansions.

THE English weekly, *M. A. P.*, is the authority for the statement that Lord Strathcona possesses more residences than any peer in the realm. Just the other day "Canada's Grand Old Man" bought another fine house. His new acquisition is "The Priory," a graceful structure on the little island of Oranstay in the Inner Hebrides. This brings his list of domestic establishments up to ten, the others being: 1157 Dorchester Street, Montreal; "Silver Heights," Winnipeg; "Norway House," Nova Scotia; "Debden Hall," Newport, Essex; "Knebworth Park," Herts, Colonsay, N.B.; Glencoe, N.B.; and 28 Grosvenor Square and 17 Victoria Street, London. It is no easy matter to catch Lord Strathcona at home. He is everywhere at once. A testimony to the energy of his years is the fact that the Canadian aristocrat manages to dine every year in each of his numerous and widely-scattered homes.

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An Attack on Ralph Connor.

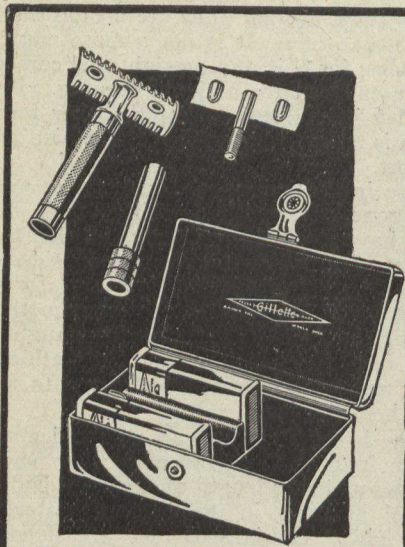
"NOW you can easily imagine the impression created upon the minds of English readers of 'The Foreigner,' in regard to Winnipeg. They must think it is a sort of Odessa or Moscow, where bomb-throwing and all sorts of violence and sudden death are liable to break out in the streets at any moment."

A Winnipeg man so writes in the *Edmonton Saturday News*, taking violent exception to Ralph Connor's novel, "The Foreigner." After criticising severely the story's literary defects, he proceeds to attack the author, intimating that, in his opinion, conditions in the western metropolis have been grossly misrepresented by Dr. Gordon. According to him, Dr. Gordon has painted "a sanguinary anarchistic picture." His apparent motive has been to "out-jungle the Jungle Book about Chicago."

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"Money Talks."

CANADIAN immigration officials have been putting their heads together, attempting to calculate what the influx of settlers during the year 1909 meant to the Dominion in cold cash. Consul Harry A. Conant, of Windsor, Ont., is the authority for the statement that ninety thousand, one hundred and forty-eight of Uncle Sam's brawn and brain climbed the line fence and took up land out West. Men at Ottawa who are long on mathematics say that these new citizens represent a capital of ninety million dollars, it being estimated that the average wealth of the American settler is at least one thousand dollars.



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