

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

ONCE in a while the death or elevation of some man marks a whole epoch of local history; not seldom in the case of men who having left home at an early age have got to positions of eminence in another country. Such was the late Mr. Alex. Troup, who died in New York the other day while waiting for a train to his home in Connecticut. But if Mr. Troup had kept travelling till he got to his real, original home, he would have got to Halifax, which city he left when he was a printer sixteen years of age and went to Boston, afterwards to New York. But he did not stick at the case. The story of Mr. Troup's rise in the newspaper world till he became the close personal friend of William Jennings Bryan is succinctly told by the *St. John Globe*:

"In his early years Mr. Troup set type on many newspapers. Messrs. Cummings and Troup worked in the same office when young men. In time some of Mr. Troup's writings got a place in the *New York Tribune*, which was rapidly becoming one of the leading journals in the United States. In 1871 Mr. Troup went to New Haven, where he founded a paper, and he has lived in that city ever since, the head of a large printing establishment and an editor of marked ability, publisher of a daily journal of great influence. The political movements of the day and the natural bent of his nature took him into the democratic lines, and he was ever a strong supporter of reasonable treatment of working men. He has filled many important public positions in New Haven, has been in the State Legislature, and he held a lucrative federal office during the Cleveland administration for the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Since Bryan has been the representative of democratic principles and ideas, Mr. Troup had become one of the most important aids in New England. He had filled the position of chairman of the state Democratic committee in Connecticut, and was a member of the National Democratic Committee and also of the executive of that committee in the United States, and was practically the leader of the party in New England. There is no doubt at all that had Bryan been successful in his former contests, or in the coming one, Mr. Troup would either be in his cabinet or be made a foreign minister."

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THEY are talking of landmarks in the West now. Edmonton has discovered one; a reminiscence of the first generation in that land; the first school-house ever built in the old log town that stood on the ramparts of the outposts for a large number of years waiting for the feet of the white man. This old school has been standing out in a large lot along the river bank, vacant now for some time; not far from the log house first lived in by the Hon. Frank Oliver. School in those days was a luxury. People at the outposts were kept busy getting a living. Education was supposed to belong to the east. But as the town grew the school problem pushed out to the front as a very live issue. Now they have more than a dozen schools in Edmonton, all modern and progressive; and they are talking about the duty of preservation of the old school as a memento of strenuous days. Built in 1872; only two other buildings in the town then outside of the fort. In a very few years the storekeeper came and took the old school, Mr. Sutter, now immigration agent there, being the first storekeeper.

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JUSTICE LONGLEY and Lord Milner are now of one mind—on Imperial Union. It will be remembered that a few months ago the Halifax judge was accused by the press of uttering unloyal sentiments at a dinner in New York. Every one knows now that he was simply saying out loud what thousands of the best Canadian Imperialists in the world are thinking without words. Lord Milner—now touring Canada—has reverted to Judge Longley's views in the paper called *The Standard of Empire*. The Judge replies in part as follows:

"Lord Milner does me a little less than justice when he intimates that I place autonomy ahead of Imperial Union in importance. I simply regard autonomy as the only feasible basis of Imperial unity, and in this I have the sanction of his great name. The whole discussion arose out of a simple statement of mine in New York that Canada would not always be a colony. It was worth all the misrepresentation I endured to achieve the concurrence in this simple proposition of one of the most active and zealous promoters of Imperial Unity. A colony in the ordinary sense of that word Canada cannot, and will not much longer, be. A part of the Empire, let us hope, she will always be."

THE city of Toronto congratulated herself at the recent provincial elections on being into the game from every possible angle. Vancouver, B.C., in the present federal struggle intends to be as cosmopolitan as Toronto. Recent announcements of candidates for that city are: Mr. George E. Cowan, Conservative, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, better terms for British Columbia, and the general advancement of the interests of the port of Vancouver; Mr. W. W. B. McInnes, Liberal, precisely ditto; Mr. Joseph Martin, Independent Exclusion League, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, general reduction of the tariff, a system of direct taxation, and discontinuance of the granting of charters to private corporations for the carrying on of public functions; Mr. E. T. Kingsley, Socialist, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, and the general interests of the Socialistic propaganda.

No matter who goes in, the Oriental must be kept out; reminding us that in 1873 the price of British Columbia's remaining on the map of Canada was a transcontinental railway, whereas now three transcontinentals are doing business, and when British Columbia is asked for an opinion says that no transcontinental, neither any railroad running up meridian is wanted if it is to be built by brown or yellow labour.

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IN these dry, dusty times when the chemical formula of rain seems to have been forgotten—though it may be raining by the time this gets into print—it is refreshing to note that a correspondent of the *Orillia Packet* detects natural beauty in a Muskoka landscape; for there is no poet left in Ontario to note any charm of field or wood and the cat-bird meows but will not sing a note till before a rain. The Muskoka prose poet says:

"This has been a good year for all but raspberries in this district. Of all wild berries, give me blueberries—'blaeberries,' as our Scotch member says. What is more delightful than to paddle up to a lovely little island, besprinkled with pines, about

four or so in the afternoon, when the lake is a sheet of silver broken only by an occasional ripple from some wandering 'cats-paw,' the distant shore a haze, a solitary loon uttering protests against our disturbing his 'lonely, melancholy reign'—all the charming surroundings of a Canadian backwoods lake—and then find the ground carpeted with the crisp, shining leaves of the plant, springing from amidst the scented fallen pine needles, while a generous crop of berries makes the bushes look almost blue, and promises a liberal reward for a little industrious picking. As one works, the wind whispers through the pine tops; it seems never silent there day or night; and is a sound that haunts one for years. Well may Ruskin speak of the 'lands God has gladdened by planting there the pine.'"

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NEITHER is Commander Kingsmill the only fresh-water mariner of renown in Canada. Captain Dunn has his place; he of the steamer *Vigilant*, terror to Yankee fish-poachers. The captain will be retired at the end of the present year. His cruises with the *Vigilant* are almost over. He has trod her decks since 1904. From 1893 to 1904 he was commander of the *Petrel*, another stormy little terror to fish-lifters, with but a single gun, a fighting crew and Captain Dunn. Before that he was captain of the cruiser, another police boat. Like many other expert mariners, he came from Owen Sound—though he was born in Birmingham. When he was eighteen young Dunn bought a tug called the *Okavra*, which became historic in 1871 when Dunn helped Lord Wolseley to ship his troops from shore to vessel. Afterwards the same tug ran foul of the Yankee authorities for towing vessels in American waters; this was at Wyandotte. Afterwards she was rigged up as a passenger vessel.

## Political Meetings in Canada

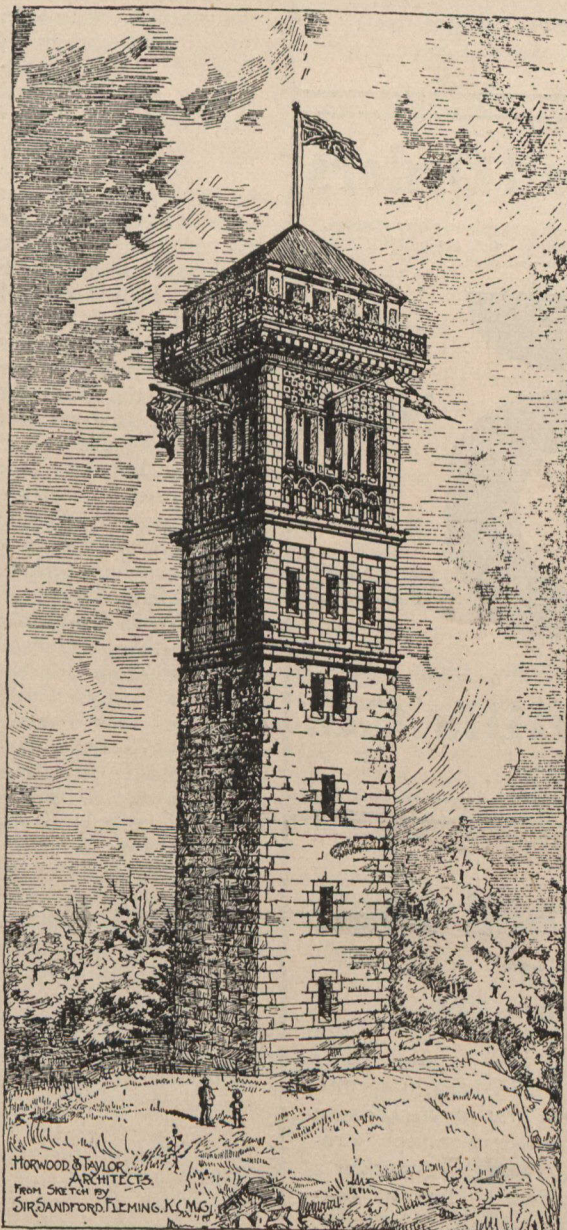
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most of his glory; shakes hands with the chairman, takes a nonchalant seat and strokes his chin as he scans the sea of faces; looks abruptly over at the wing wondering when the rest of the actors are coming on. In a moment to another strenuous tune from the band, the procession appears—local candidates, cabinet ministers, party workers and organisers, and special members from the House of Commons. The stage is filled—every chair dramatically taken. The picture is complete; stage management is triumphant.

Now for the feast of words. Everybody in the audience knows precisely what will be said by most of the speakers. Most of those present except the ladies have been at one or more ward meetings. The chairman's statesmanlike and comprehensive utterances are mildly applauded; audience not yet limbered up. Local candidates one after another rise as their names are called. Each gets a round of cheers and applause that makes him look as though the proper thing to do would be to blush and look embarrassed. Five out of seven begin by remarking on the degree of pleasure it gives each to be present and to face such a magnificent audience. Four out of five get off to a good start by welcoming the ladies in the same old way—a fashion set a hundred years ago. The local candidate goes over the speech he has given nine times before. Those who don't, confine themselves to a few generalities about intelligent and constructive statesmanship, business government, and other things which everybody has read a hundred times in the newspapers. One candidate confesses that five minutes before he entered the hall he had no idea what he intended to say. But every one of them is able to say just what he wanted to and what seems to go with the crowd, in an easy speech of from four to thirteen minutes. Each of them is certain the audience is waiting to hear the leader. When the leader rises at the middle of the programme the entire audience rises with a shout. He says what he has often said before, and he hammers the doctrine home.

Two hours and a half and no one is weary; twelve or thirteen speeches and everybody saying something he actually thinks—and this is the sort of political experience meeting that twenty years ago in Canada would not have been appreciated nor understood.

For nobody is able to remember that a single speaker spouted; or that one quoted poetry or got more dramatic than the mere hurling of invectives and the reading of the deadly parallel editorial from the opposition newspaper.



Sketch of Historical Tower which it is proposed to erect at Halifax, as a Memorial of the Establishment of Representative Government one hundred and fifty years ago. The Tower is designed to correspond with the Growth of the Province and its Constitutional Development.