

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**T**HE Dreamers are the latest trouble of the Mounted Police; and for rough doings they give promise of being a much different problem from the late wandering Doukhobors. For the Doukhobors hadn't even clothes, whereas these fanatics from the south who desire to discover the promised land of the Doukhobors are well provided with rifles and knives and revolvers. They threaten to open fire if arrested; and the well-known restraint of the police may be counted on to keep the actual bloodshed down to a minimum. It would be so easy just to shoot the fanatics down—for they are doubtless wild shooters that could not hit a man on a horse except by accident. But the mounted police have never been addicted to massacres even in the Indian days, and it is hardly probable they have changed their traditional tactics with the Dreamers.

**I**T seems that a seaman down in Halifax has been fasting for thirty-four days; not because he was a fanatic, but because he couldn't get anything to eat. Thomas Meikle held a mate's certificate when he was found on a pile of rags near an old vacant distillery in Point Pleasant Park, and for more than a month, unable to get work and too proud to beg, he had been wandering in the by-way places of Halifax till his original two hundred and thirty pounds was worn down to half that weight.

**VICTORIA**, whose newspaper men sometimes complain that the English city on the island is not up in modernity to the hustling towns on the plains, has evolved one very modern thing that Saskatoon and Calgary and Edmonton and Winnipeg will never have in a million years. That is a high pressure salt-water system for putting out fires. The system has been installed by the B. C. Electric Railway Company and is in style a replica of the plant which the city fathers intend to put up. The plant was tested the other day and a Victoria newspaper report summarizes the system somewhat as follows:

"A ten and twelve-inch suction main feeds the salt water into the pump, which forces it through the six and eight-inch mains which the company has laid throughout its premises. On the latter are seven three-outlet hydrants and twelve stand-pipes throughout the buildings and yards. Ordinarily these mains are filled with water from the city's system, but as soon as the alarm is given the man in charge of the pump pulls a lever which turns on the motor, and inside of a few seconds the salt water at high pressure is available, the valve admitting the fresh water from the city's system to the company's mains being automatically shut off."

**W**HEN a far eastern man goes west he is likely to do some things that even the born westerner does not dream of doing. Mr. Karl M. Creelman, of Truro, N.S., who now lives in Winnipeg, has completed the circuit of the world on a bicycle. Of course Mr. Creelman did not ride his bike on any of the seven seas, but he kept to his saddle every inch it was possible to find *terra firma* enough to wheel on. The remarkable thing about the story is that it took place nearly ten years ago and it has only now come to light. It was in 1899 that Mr.

Creelman left his Truro home, which he had never left before, and started on this globe-trotting trip. When he left his native town he had three cents which was handed him by one of a gang of small boys that followed him out of town to see where he was going. His itinerary runs thus-wise: He crossed the American continent, passing through Winnipeg on August 25th, 1899, and afterwards went to Vancouver, thence to Melbourne and across Australia; thence to China, Japan, Ceylon and across India, where he was four months ill of malarial fever in Benares. Next he went to Bombay, whence he sailed to Aden, visited through Arabia, the Suez Canal, and Egypt, where he spent five weeks. He went through England, Scotland and Ireland, returned to London, crossed the continent of Europe and did Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy and France, crossed back to Liverpool and returned thence home to Nova Scotia.

**A** MAN who has built five thousand boats lives in Vancouver. Andy Linton is the oldest boat-builder in British Columbia and probably the oldest in Canada except those famous veterans we hear of every little while down in the Maritime Provinces. Andy does not build ocean liners; but he puts up mighty good fishing smacks and gold-prospectors' boats, and he has been turning these out at the rate of nearly one boat a day for the last twenty-five years. Of course he has help and a little saw-mill, as well as most of the modern appliances for craft-making. And there is perhaps no boat-builder in the world whose crafts have plied on a greater variety of waters or seen more hazardous and topsyturvy trips than these barques of Andy that are built to suit the streams they navigate as well as ever were the birch bark canoes of the oldest boat-builders in America—the Indians.

**W**HALING in the St. Lawrence is the latest fish story evolved during the recent hot weather. Nobody of late has seen the proverbial sea-serpent anywhere, so that the Montreal whale seems to fill what is popularly known as a long felt want. The regrettable feature of the story is that the whale did not make a dramatic escape churning the water to a foam on its way to the finny deep, but it was actually harpooned a few miles below Montreal by the well-known local whaler, Joseph Pilon. Mr. Pilon had no whaling outfit, either, such as they have up at Herschell Island. All he had was a crew and a couple of stout skiffs in which he had about all the excitement that comes to the average seaman in a lifetime—till along about evening, opposite Varennes, whose inhabitants will vouch for the story, he caught the whale, twenty-five feet long, and towed it back to Montreal.

**B**OSTON capitalists promise to make the Fraser River the biggest gold-dredging field in the world. They state that the Fraser River swarms with placer gold at an average of twenty cents a cubic yard of material lifted, when ten cents a yard would be a paying proposition. New dredges will be built at once to replace the old ones which have been letting gold slide by them for a good many years. One of these gold dredges is a remarkable

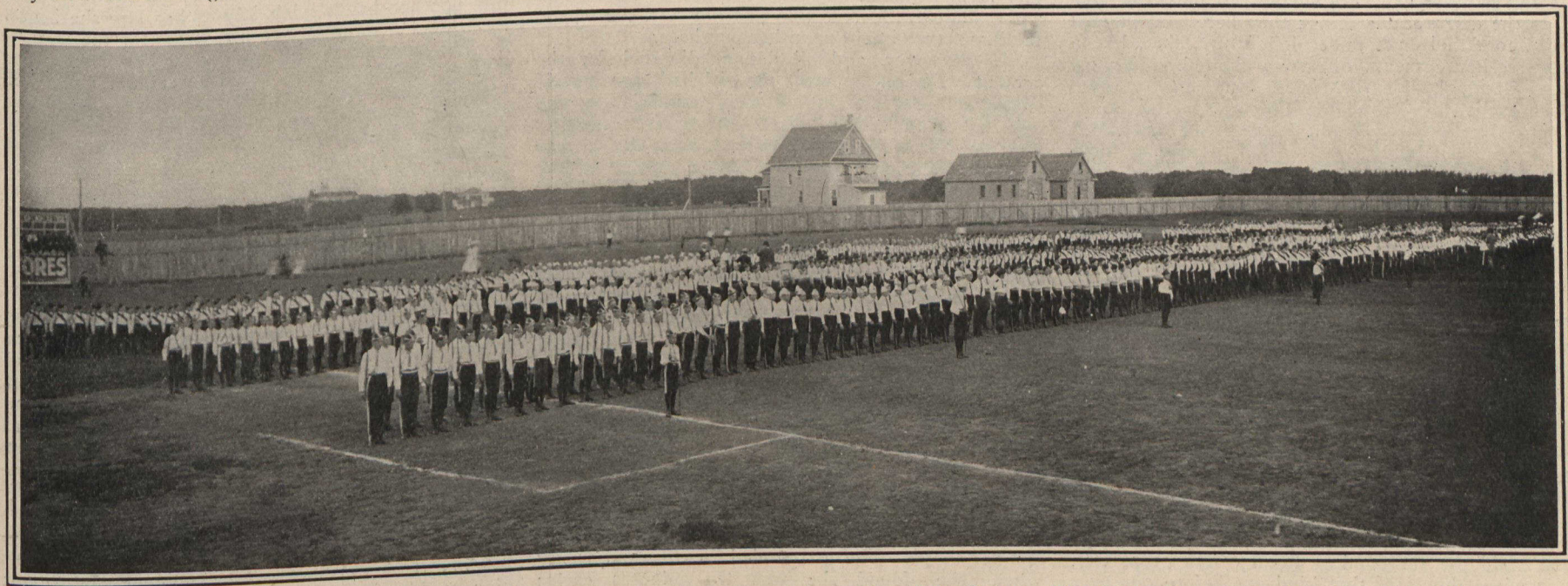
sight; quite as unusual a craft as can be found on any waters; anchored and guy-roped in mid-stream it is a combination of barge and factory and steam-shovel—most of the excitement of railroad-building, with the difference that the stuff taken out by the dredge has money in it.

**D**EAN FERNOW, of the School of Forestry in Toronto University, is one of the most cultured members of the faculty of that institution, and he has charge of a department that nowadays is a great deal more practical value to Canada than Greek and Latin roots. The roots of the trees and the mathematics of forestry are Dean Fernow's particular business. At the same time the Professor takes a keen interest in music and in art. In his address to the Nova Scotia Lumbermen's Association on July 1st, he outlined a forestry policy for Canada in the following summary:

"That a shortage of natural supplies is in sight; that wasteful lumbering not only destroys useful material, but wastes the soil; that climate and water-flow are unbalanced by forest destruction. Nobody in his senses would proclaim that a timber famine is in sight in Canada, if only the needs of the present population are to be considered, for Canada has at present the largest per capita allowance of forest area in the world, namely, at least 40 acres, or more than five times as much acreage as the next best supplied countries, Sweden or the United States."

**T**HOSE highly moral folk down in Chatham are incensed over the skull-fancings of some people who have been picking up relics from the river bank of the old graveyard eaten into by the Thames. Various opinions obtain as to the immorality of this practice; some were always indignant when London medical students went down there and picked up a few for scientific purposes; others are quite sure that the present skull-fanciers are vandals. At the same time there was once a clergyman in Catham who on a visit to Walpole Island bought of a Pottawatonic Indian a beautiful skull for five dollars; and as he was crossing the island with his booty he was met by a reverent if not reverend old chief who forbade him to remove the ancient skull—because he did not believe in the traffic of skulls. As to whether a white man's bones are more sacred than an Indian's, neither science nor religion has yet declared.

**A** CERTAIN lady whose home is she scarcely knows where is just now having a royal time at the expense of one of the steamship companies at Victoria. Not being desired in Victoria, she was deported towards Seattle; but at Seattle she was not wanted, so she was retransported towards Vancouver, where she was not permitted to land. Already she has made four round trips on the triangular run between Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle and has been living luxuriously, fanned by ocean breezes and fed on the best the bill of fare affords, but unable to land anywhere. Querv: When airships come into vogue, how will the authorities prevent undesirable immigrants from landing? And what a fine time it will be for the smugglers!



One Thousand Schoolboys on Review in Winnipeg, on occasion of the annual inspection of the Cadets. The drilling is supervised by Lieut.-Col. Billman of the 90th Regiment.