

# ABOUT PEOPLE

CANADIANS of all sorts are welcome subjects to this department. True storiettes and anecdotes are all useful. If possible send photographs. — Editor.

## LORD ABERDEEN AND THE REPORTER

By WILL FROST

WHEN Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada he occasionally resided in Montreal, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen and his retinue.

It was during one of his earliest sojourns in that city that the Cub Reporter was "wished upon him" by an enterprising local newspaper. As defined by his City Editor the cub's duties were to keep track of His Lordship—where he went, what he did, and what he said—illustrated by pictures from life made on the spot by "Our Own Special Artist."

The cub described himself as an Artist-Journalist; the victims of his pen and pencil described him strongly otherwise. So it came to pass that everywhere His Lordship went, the Cub was sure to go. His Lordship's doing, illustrated, had appeared in the paper quite a while before the victim realized that he was shadowed by a recording fiend. As the alleged portraits of His Lordship drawn by the Cub Reporter generally resembled various types of criminals, it is possible that they passed unrecognized.

One afternoon the Cub entered the office hurriedly, his chin in the air, slapped his copy on the desk, slapped his knee and guffawed.

"Listen," he cried, "Listen to this, ye low-born caitiffs. You know," he continued, "that Lady Aberdeen was to open that sale of Irish linen in Blank's store this afternoon, and His Lordship was to speak. Well, of course, I was there. The place was jammed, but no Lord Aberdeen. 'Yes,' said Her Ladyship, 'he should be here, he's very late. I can't see him anywhere.' So I took up a coign of vantage behind one of the counters and got out my sketch-book. You fellows know how it is when you get up against the bar counter for a drink, you rest one foot on the rail below. Force of habit. I felt around under the counter with my foot and rested it on a bale of cloth.

"Oh, boys! The bale squirmed and I pressed harder to steady it. Suddenly a hand clutched my leg and a voice said, 'Hist!' I looked under—and met the basilisk optic of His Lordship."

"Go away," he said, in that tone of 'get to blazes out of here you meddling igit.' Of course I started in to apologize.

"Keep quiet," he said, 'this is a joke on Her Ladyship.'

"He crawled out, wiping the dust off him, got into the crowd and onto the platform amid cheers and laughter. So you see," concluded the Cub, with the air of a victorious prize-fighter, "it is not every newspaper man can boast of having had the neck of a belted earl beneath his heel!"

Arctic Circle." While in Victoria, Stefansson was entertained at Government House, and in the studio mentioned. While he was making an incidental call at Mrs. Hamilton's studio the artist caught an excellent sketch in pastel of Stefansson. After hanging for a while it was taken to an establishment to be framed.

Two years after (in June, 1917), I made another call at Mrs. Hamilton's studio, in Victoria. One of the first paintings I looked for was that of Stefansson's. Not seeing the picture I said in the usual curiosity of woman, "Where is Stefansson's pastel?" The artist informed me that she had sent it as a gift to his dear old mother in Saskatchewan. The artist thought that the explorer had done so much for Canada, the proper spot for the picture was in his home. Shortly after the presentation of the gift, Mrs. Hamilton received a very sweet letter of acknowledgment from Mrs. Stefansson, thanking her for her thoughtfulness.

While making the same call I noticed hanging in almost the same spot, a picture of Major Pringle, sketched while he was making a hurried call en route to Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Hamilton having been a member of his Port Arthur Presbyterian congregation. To add another link to the chain of interest, the writer had seen the subject of the sketch, entertained him, and listened to his recruiting lectures just a few months before, during which time he wore the same Highland uniform as that shown in the picture. On my return from Victoria, just three

months later, I found on my writing desk a photograph of his son, Lieutenant John Pringle, who had fallen in the Battle of the Somme. This boy, who inherited his father's gifts for walking through the wilds, traveled (by foot) five hundred miles through the Peace River district to Edmonton, Alberta, to offer himself for overseas service.

Speaking of Major John Pringle, who is still doing excellent work as chaplain, in France: No man in Canada, Great Britain or the Yukon, has worked harder in the interests of men's souls (and women's too). During his five years' labor in the Yukon he was often known to turn bar-rooms and worse places into temporary prayer-meeting rooms, in order to approach men, thus making many converts when he otherwise might not have had an opportunity of approaching them. Major John Pringle is especially gifted in ferreting out Canadians in faraway places, particularly personal friends. Just a few days ago I was hailed on the street by a woman friend whose husband is a patient in a French hospital, to tell me "in making his ministerial calls on the patient, Major Pringle called out 'Are there any Canadians here?' The patient replied, 'Yes; I'm from Port Arthur, Canada; my name is Rogers,' Major Pringle said. 'Do you know W. C. Dobie, the police magistrate?' Rogers answered, 'Yes, I do, officially but not criminally; I was his assistant.'" It is in just such interesting ways he ferrets out many other Canadians in another sphere.



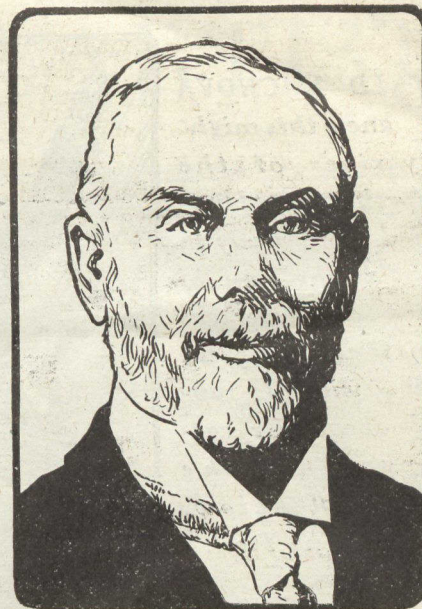
## THREE PICTURES

By BELLE DOBIE

ASSOCIATED with three men and three pictures is a chain of interest that inspires a few fragmentary recollections. The subjects are (Major) John Pringle, Chaplain of the Highland Brigade, Canadians, France, (formerly of the Yukon); Lieut. John Pringle, late of Sydney, Cape Breton; and Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the Canadian explorer, in the far north, who has reached Fort Yukon, Alaska.

While each man illustrative of the story possesses strong individuality, no doubt had it been their good fortune to meet, chat, compare experiences, and exchange interests in such places as Massey Hall, Toronto; Albert Hall, London, Eng., listeners would have been rendered spell-bound, later carrying away impressions never to be forgotten. However, it will never be the fate of "the three" to meet. Two may meet, but Lieutenant John Pringle (son of Major Pringle, now on duty in France), who gave his life in the Battle of the Somme, now occupies a spot in the "Garden of Rest" and field of Honor in France.

Two years ago, while in Victoria, B.C., I called to see an old girl friend, Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, now a celebrated artist. Shortly after I entered the studio, in looking at a picture, I remarked in rather an abrupt manner, "who's the man with the interesting auburn hair?" The artist replied, "That's Stefansson, the explorer, who outfitted in Victoria, before starting out on his journey to the



## CLIMBS TREES AT 73

By DOUGLAS BUSH

IN an age when teachers, like poor Joe, are "always on the move," a period of thirty-one years as headmaster of one school is something to be proud of. That is the record of J. S. Jamieson, M.A., who in 1914 retired from the principalship of the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute, which he had held continuously since 1883. Next to a newly-elected M. P. no one has more need of infinite patience and tact than the principal of a high school. That Mr. Jamieson has an inexhaustible supply of both was shown at the time of his retirement, when graduates of all ages, from far and near, united to do him honor.

Born at Kars, in 1844, Mr. Jamieson, like many another in those days, divided his early years between farming and studying. It is characteristic of such men that neither occupation suffered. After graduating from Victoria College he taught in several high schools before going to Morrisburg.

When, in the teaching profession, a man holds the same position year after year, nine times out of ten he grows stale. Mr. Jamieson's case was the tenth. With him increasing years meant no decrease in work; he was an abler principal in 1914 than in 1883.

One cannot measure the achievement of such a man. Mr. Jamieson was no mere overseer of studies; his watchword was "education," not "cramming." Examinations were a minor consideration, his aim was to make boys and girls useful and upright citizens. In school and out he was a father to his pupils; all over Canada and the United States are men and women who look back with gratitude to the inspiration of his words or (more often) his example. As Mackintosh said of Dugald Stewart, he "breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils." There is no greater praise.

People say that to keep young one must have a hobby altogether outside one's work. Mr. Jamieson never had a hobby—except his school—but there is no doubt about his youth. Unique among teachers for continuous service, he is unique in another point—he drives a car, and moreover, knows where the grease-cups are situated. Mr. Gladstone in his old age was content to take exercise with an axe; when Mr. Jamieson, at seventy-three, desires relaxation, he climbs a fifty-foot maple and saws off a few limbs in memory of his boyhood.