

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LONGBOAT is a maker of surprises. He has been demigodized to a position among Greek heroes; has been mourned over as a sick man whose heart would not permit him to run more than five miles; has been poohpoohed as a dead Indian whose cigar store was no longer popular—and it was such a pity to have had such a hero all of our own production, a real simon-pure Onondaga, and then to have had him fall down at the Olympic Marathon the way he did. So the moral was, put not your trust in princes; also there was another verse of the Scripture expressing the vanity of having any faith in the legs of a man. We never would hero-worship so absurdly again; might have known that Indians are a decadent race anyway; perhaps if Tom had been left on his reservation and not been trotted round with the Y.M.C.A. and with Flanagan and his outfit he might have remained a great runner; though at the Olympic it was plain to see he was doped by the stimulants; perhaps twenty miles was his outside limit; anyway he came back to Canada and did some more fumbling—so it was plain that Tom Longboat was a false alarm and a very great enigma. So the talk hung till a week or so ago when Longboat won the Ward Marathon in Toronto, nineteen miles and a fraction, shaving a minute or two off the record and landing a mile ahead of anybody else; a week later he went to Montreal and did a similar thing, coming in seven minutes ahead of the man from Halifax, with all the other hundred and forty-eight straggled and dropped out and done for—when thousands upon thousands screeched themselves red in the face because they reckoned that the greatest runner in the world was Tom Longboat, the Indian who had been a back number for months. Now Tom is to turn professional and in true Indian fashion go straight after the scalps of Hayes, the nominal Olympic victor, and Dorando, the real winner, and afterwards Shrubbs, the English track-beater who for months has been whooping in the newspapers and brandishing tomahawks at Tom. So we shall all brush up our enthusiasm and cry "Evoe!" for Longboat; "Big Injun Tom," believing as we always did that somehow the noble red man is entitled to our admiration, though we can't explain why.

MOVEMENT of manufacturers westward is predicted by Mr. P. W. Ellis, the well-known manufacturing jeweller, member of the Hydro-Electric Commission and treasurer of the Ontario Power Commission. Mr. Ellis has been on an extended trip to the West. Speaking at Regina, he said:

"Let Winnipeg put in power at the rate they hope to sell from the Lac du Bonnet plant, and the manufacturers of Canada will leave Toronto and the eastern cities. At least they will have to start branch factories in the west, and the manufacturing business of Canada is destined sooner or later to be centred here on the plains. This applies with equal force to Regina, and before your city can ever hope to occupy a prominent position as a manufacturing centre, you must provide cheap power."

NOW Mr. Arthur Stringer comes in for a slating at the hands of a western newspaper writer who is able to perceive that when the author wrote so entertainingly about "Canada-Fakers," he was doing so because he was jealous of the success that seems to have come to these people. It is so easy to impute motives. We had imagined that above all people the poet would have been immune from attacks of this sort. But it seems not. At any rate, here is part of the argument:

"Following in the footsteps of those who so severely criticised Mrs. Humphry Ward because she allowed one of her characters while in Hamilton, or somewhere near there, to gaze on the waters of the St. Lawrence, or some other body of water a few hundred miles away, Arthur Stringer has taken it upon himself in a recent number of *Canada West*, to subject many of our leading writers to a wholesale raking over for giving, as he says, a wrong impression of Canada to the reading public. But after all, has Kipling, or Jack London, or Sir Gilbert Parker, in any of the novels referred to, posed as an historian? Are they not, first, and last, and always, merely story writers and entertainers? If so, what if they are guilty of certain inaccuracies? What poem, or work of art of any sort will bear the searchlight of a rival artist's merciless criticism?"

THERE is a man north of Edmonton who in thirty-four years has received only twelve letters. His name is James Riggs, formerly of Detroit.

Mr. Riggs went into the wilds in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. After a few years of fur posts he went into trapping on his own hook. But though he has trapped and skinned nearly every kind of animal grown in that country round Lesser Slave Lake, he has never once been out of the fur belt to see what civilisation has been doing until the other day he drifted down to Edmonton just to see if all the fuss the newspapers were kicking up amounted to anything anyway. In that ambitious city he saw his first electric light and automobile and spoke over his first telephone; he saw his first Galician and his first asphalt pavement; for the first time read about a pink tea and got hold of a daily newspaper west of where he came from; in short, this man found himself with the delectable task of beginning life all over again. He will be a long while getting the tired feeling; but the moment he gets it he will hit the trail north for the Lesser Slave and probably never come out again.

CAPTAIN COX is dead. Many Canadians knew nothing of Captain Cox, who had the distinction of having been a mariner on both the Atlantic and Pacific, besides having seen most of the seven seas. He died in Victoria and had been a well-known figure on the Pacific coast for twenty-four years. He was born in Maitland, Nova Scotia, where his father was a noted ship-builder. He went to sea in one of his father's ships and has been on the sea ever since. During the Civil War he made trips east to the Black Sea; afterwards he lived in the south of South America and in the city of Montevideo he met and married his wife. He was commissioned while there to look into the affairs of the Welsh colony as a result of which he opened up that colony to communication with the outside world. He lost three schooners down in those treacherous seas and returned home to Nova Scotia to outfit a fourth—but his father persuaded him to remain in the old town. That was in 1874. Ten years later he shipped for good to the Pacific coast, where he became a pioneer in the lumber shipping business and engaged in sealing. He bought the seal steamer *Sapphire*; became one of the best recognised experts on the sealing question—his evidence being called during the sittings of the Joint High Commission in both Washington and Ottawa. He died of appendicitis in Victoria.

MR. MORTE H. CRAIG, author of "The Klondike Valentine," a poem, in a recent interview at Vancouver said some highly characteristic things about Dawson. He says:

"Gambling has entirely gone and the festive sport has vanished like a mist before the rising sun. The swish of the dance hall skirt has lost its frou-frou, and what there is left of her is paying for ordinary meals out of her own little stocking. This is all very well and a consummation receiving general endorsement in the Yukon, but when they go as far as to enforce the very letter instead of the spirit of the Lord's Day Act upon the commerce of Dawson, impoverished as it is by a fierce, relentless climate and a rapidly vanishing population, they are doing an incalculable injury to the people to whom Canada owes much. To explain: During nearly eight months of a cold and gloomy winter, locked

in the Arctics by long leagues of drifted trail and ice-bound river, over which almost fabulous prices must be paid for transportation, it has been impossible for the average merchant to make ends meet for the past few years. There is hardly a store in Dawson one half as warmly built as the houses of lower California and old Mexico. This is literally true. Fuel is \$10 per cord, going sometimes higher, and it is but conservative to estimate the cost of heating the home and store of the smallest dealer at \$500. Electric light, which must be turned on during a part of the winter as early as 1:30 in the afternoon, costs 40 cents per kilowatt. To the fruit, periodical and cigar dealer the most profitable day during a summer of barely eighteen weeks is Sunday. But Sunday is a closed day in Dawson."

ONCE in a while a man wanders away from the old fireside and disappears for the best part of a lifetime as though the earth had swallowed him. A few months ago two brothers were introduced to each other at an Old Boys' reunion in Guelph; they had not met since childhood and each thought the other dead. Not long ago a Canadian woman got a divorce from the name of her husband because he went away on a mining expedition and as he never came back he was thought to have fallen into the inside of a mountain. Now in Ottawa they have a romance rather sombre in outline—concerning a man who nearly forty years ago left home and went no one knew whither, coming not back and sending no word; so far as could be ascertained he was as dead a man as ever lived. He did a forwarding business in Ottawa and his name was Maurice Malone. One day thirty-six years ago he left word at his office that he was going to Brockville and would return the next day. The next day came but no Malone. Years went by and in spite of detectives and advertisements, no Malone. His friends and relatives gave him up. A few weeks ago an advertisement appeared in a Quebec paper asking on behalf of a legal firm down in Texas for information concerning Maurice Malone. One of these, a sister, happened to be living in New Jersey. She received word from her daughter in Ottawa concerning the item. Steps were at once taken to find the Texas lawyers. The sister went to Texas; she got there; found the lawyers; but she had no news of Malone. She found out, however, that her brother had died only a few weeks before while on his way back to Ottawa to find his relatives. He took sick on the journey and died in San Antonio.

FOLLOWING letter has been sent to the editor of this page:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Nov. 7th under the heading "People and Places," you have an article in which the name "Tete-Juan-cache" appears twice. I believe I am right in saying this should be "Tete-Jeune-cache," from the "cache" of an old prospector who had a camp on the headwaters of the Fraser River, and who was nicknamed Tete-jeune by the early French-Canadian "courier-du-bois" on account of his fair or yellow hair, and after whom the Yellowhead Pass was named.

Yours very truly,
GEO. J. PALMER.



Dawson is said to be a cold, hard place, but they have Greenhouses and Gardens in that city as well as sixty below zero.