

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Museum of the Arctic.

TIMES change. Up at Fort Simpson on the Mighty Mackenzie there is a cluster of log buildings, the beams of which are now getting a little rusty with rot. Years ago, there used to be tall stools in those buildings, heavy ledgers, and an army of strapping young chaps who rubbed their palms together to keep warm, and when they were feeling comfortable, took a spell at adding up tall pyramids of figures, and talking smoothly to their red brothers, whose wont it was to drop in off the trail with a pack of pelts. That was Fort Simpson in the days that it was the headpost of the Hudson Bay Co., the headquarters for guns and food before the board packed the whole outfit, clerks and all, down to Fort Smith and made it the base.

The evacuation must have taken place suddenly. For the H. B. C. clerks left considerable treasure behind them. This property tells a highly interesting and creditable feature of the lives of the clerks of Fort Simpson; skins and figures were by no means their whole existence. At Fort Simpson you will find taxidermy and literature; a collection of Canadian birds whose equal no museum in the Dominion possesses, and a library—antiquarian. It was

now. In Toronto, for instance, there is a very reputable organisation known as the Guild of Civic Art, which evolves from time to time romantic and costly ideas in municipal aesthetics. A few years ago, how a town was laid out or looked—well, it "didn't matter." Getting on was the thing. So. But now we are sprucing up a bit. We are donning store clothes and we are "getting on"—better. Just like young whippersnappers of clerks see the value of facing their customers with a good front, so the mushroom cities are realising the value of appearance. One of the bodies which is encouraging municipal sartorial work, is the Ontario Horticultural Association. These people are due at Toronto Nov. 17 and 18, when they will meet in convention assembled. Civic improvement is on the programme. Richard B. Watrous, secretary of the American Civic Association, is down to speak with lantern slides. No one has yet thrown out a hint as to what Mr. Watrous is going to say. Likely he will have a few paragraphs on modern office buildings and new parks. Here is a tip to him and all civic embellishers: Why don't they teach us how to begin at home; to care for a few flowers. Flowers! If

AMERICAN WRITERS IN ENGLAND



On the grounds of the Bishop's Palace at Exeter, the party touring the South of England for "copy" was photographed for an Exeter newspaper.

Bernard Ross, chief factor in 1859, and one Hennicott who got together the birds and the books—mainly Hennicott. He was an old army veteran who loved the open places, and a chair and a book before the glare of the campfire when the sun went down. The books have the biggest appeal to a delver in the museum of the Arctic. There's humanity in those sere, mosquito-bitten pages. They belong to a hardy age; before the literary era of Robert Chambers and the hammock. Here is part of the mental menu of old Fort Simpson:

"Virgil," printed by order of George II., with a royal proclamation signed by Hollis Newcastle, 1741; "Works of British Poets," Robert Anderson, M.D., 1795; "History of Europe," Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., 1859.

The traders at Fort Smith are going to chase back after their things aesthetic it is reported. And there is a rumour that the National Museum is to receive a present of the birds.

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Municipal Aesthetics.

"CIVIC improvement" is an expression looming up big in the vocabulary of Canadian towns just

there is one thing that catches hold of a Canadian visiting England and almost seduces him from his home street, it's the floral incense on a bright summer day. In Canada we have not as yet got the garden idea.

An Overburdened Hen

THERE is a certain hen, residing on a certain small farm on the Hamilton road, just outside the city limits, that is one of the most overburdened of mothers.

Some time ago she hatched out nine beautiful chicks. The same day two incubators which had been at work brought out 175 birds.

The hen, being a poor hand at arithmetic, and possessing an open heart, imagined herself the mother of the whole tribe, and daily she does her best to keep order in the family, and scratch for the 184 little bills.

When she croons to them, a perfect avalanche of broilers races in her direction. When she seeks repose, she is almost smothered under brand new chickens.

When an *Advertiser* man saw her she was doing her best to get her wings over all the chickens, but in a minute she looked like a well-decorated miniature pyramid of spring fowl. —*London Advertiser*.



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