

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

A PROGRESSIVE HIGH SCHOOL.

IN Sault Ste. Marie there is a high school with an attendance of two hundred and fifteen pupils. Four years ago there was no high school at the Soo whatever. There are six teachers in the Sault High School. Two more will be added as soon as the Technical Building is opened. It is just three years since the school was built. In three years it is estimated by the inspector that there are more pupils in the Soo High School than in the combined schools of Fort William, Port Arthur and Kenora. This is not saying that the other places are not going ahead in educational work. All the western towns are progressing rapidly in educational facilities.

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"MORE STATELY MANSIONS."

THE optimism of the West is never dead. This year it is rampant. Winnipeg was the first city in Canada to reflect the return of prosperity. Just as soon as the big crop of last year became a certainty, times began to get good in the wheat city. Now Winnipeg is face to face with a year of building expansion that makes the record of last year look like a fly-speck. The state of the financial and industrial mind in Winnipeg is finely reflected by the following little editorial in the *Winnipeg Saturday Post*:

"What a contrast in business between this year and a year ago! Take the one item of building in Winnipeg for the first three months of both years: Last year the stated cost of buildings for which permits had been taken out up to the first of April was but \$141,000. During the three months of 1909 just closed, permits have been issued for buildings that will cost \$1,059,900, or nearly eight times as much as last year's figures. The total value of buildings for which permits were taken out in March is \$851,700, the largest for the month of March in the history of the city. These figures mean a good deal. Men do not spend money for buildings for which they have no use. A hundred men respond to the hankering of humanity for a bit of Mother Earth, held in their own right, and buy a house lot or a bit of land of some sort, where one goes to the expense of putting up a building. A very large proportion of land sales are made for speculative purposes, but your builder of houses, business blocks, stores, banks, and the like, sees his money on its way back to him before he engages an architect to draw plans, or considers even remotely the laying of stone walls and concrete."

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A DOG TRAIN IN SASKATOON.

SASKATOON has been visited by a dog train. This is counted a remarkable thing in Saskatoon which a few years ago would have been a great deal more set up over an ordinary freight train. Now, however, that freight trains and express trains and feminine trains have become a commonplace in Saskatoon, the advent of a real live team of half-breed dogs from five hundred miles north in the region of Ile a la Crosse in charge of Mr. J. L. Cumines, trader, was a sight to behold. Mr. Cumines paraded his dogs and told the inhabitants yarns of their marvellous strength. To back up his remarks he hitched on the brutes to the civilised bus of the Queen's Hotel, and with one man aboard—the whole contraption weighing nearly a ton—the dogs rushed away as though they had been on the trail with a toboggan load of store goods for Ile a la Crosse. A writer in the newspaper filled with curiosity about these creatures, went into an elucidation of the ways and habits of huskies, just to please the tenderfoots who had never seen such a thing—and neither had he for that matter, for there are a large number of things in the West that the green reporter has to explain as though he knew it all from the year 1. Said he:—

"The dogs were a very peaceable and unpretentious looking lot when breakfast was served. The menu consisted of a course of white fish, their only diet, and a drink of water. Beef would cause the dog to foam at the mouth when he had travelled some and in the cold this would freeze, resulting in much difficulty. At the end of a long trip the animals are thrown a feed of fish. Their wolfish nature is shown on the slightest occasion. If given liberty they will fight among themselves, but should

one get into a quarrel with an outsider, then the entire lot will side in with their kind. The jaws and eyes and ears as they jumped at the meal of fish suggested the wolf in most every case. One fellow, a big, grey animal, is half timber wolf. The huskie is the real train dog, but it is practically impossible to get a pure bred huskie now."

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PAGEANTRY ON THE BOW.

CALGARY on the Bow is in for another monster pageant—this time a double-header. There will be a wheat pageant and an historical pageant. The red man with his vanishing paint and prowess will be there in all the splendour of a decadent race; the tribes from the cow levels and the foothills and the eastern plains where the wheat-grower is now the king. Clear from the ancient glory of the primitive red man, as far as the red man of to-day is able to simulate it, to the intermediary epic of the cowboy, and from that to the present and greater epic of the wheat, will be the procession of men and events that will this summer attract sightseers from both Canada and the United States. Three months are to be spent in preparation for this monster pageant. Perhaps Calgary is the best town in Canada for such a spectacular march past of living history. There on the huge campus of the lower foothills will be spread out a drama that may be less historical than the Tercentenary at Quebec, but if the Indians are given full fling to get themselves up regardless, and to sell ponies and pagan outfits for fancy money to the visitors—there will be more colour to the square inch that Quebec had to the acre.

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A MAKER OF HISTORY.

THE oldest newspaper man in New Brunswick is dead; Mr. James Anderson, who for forty-two years was connected with the *Daily Telegraph* and died at the age

of eighty-seven. He was born in Fort Howe, St. John, in the days when that city was a military headquarters. His father was in the civil department of the Royal Engineers. His grandfather was deputy-sheriff of Sunbury county, which in those days was the whole of New Brunswick, before the United Empire Loyalists settled in that part of Canada. At the age of twenty, Mr. Anderson was appointed barrack-master at St. John. About the same time he became associated with the quill-driving fraternity—being news-getter, shipping editor, editorial writer and head of the mailing department on the *New Brunswicker*, which was one of the earliest newspapers in that part of the world. When in the early fifties railways and surveyors began to get busy in St. John, Mr. Anderson went out on survey. He assisted in locating the roads in both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He was afterwards storekeeper to one of the English contractors building the European and North American Railway from St. John to Shediac. When the road was opened up for traffic, he went back into journalism—on the *Telegraph*, with which he was connected ever since until old age laid him on the shelf.

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DEADMAN'S ISLAND TO BE LIVELY.

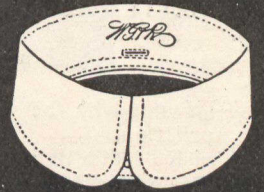
ONE of the liveliest places in Canada one of these days will be Deadman's Island, if the schemes of Mr. Theodore Ludgate, the lessee of the island, are carried out. This island lies at the western end of Vancouver Harbour. Mr. Ludgate expects to build a wharf seven hundred feet long; to build an electric railway from the wharf to Coal Harbour Bridge—part of a line projected from the present terminus of the C. P. R. On the Vancouver side of the island a long wharf where vessels of moderate draught may unload will be built—with a forest of warehouses. All this will be part of the programme on Deadman's Island, where the squatters now hold sway—if the needed arrangements between the lessee and the city of Vancouver can be carried out.

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INTER-URBAN MOTORING.

FROM Vancouver to Spokane by automobile—is not merely a trip projected by some enthusiast, but a way of travel which may be open to any man in either Vancouver or Spokane who may have a car to ride in. They are building roads fit for automobiles. The road from Spokane to Vancouver will soon be fit for motors—and therefore good enough for any other sort of vehicle.

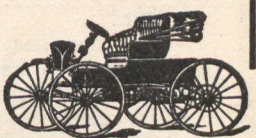
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