

PEOPLE AND PLACES

FIFTY years ago on the twenty-third of March the first gold was prospected on the Fraser River. But one of the survivors of the great rush is living—Mr. James Moore, who lives near Victoria and is a veteran in his seventy-sixth year. At the time of the news about the Fraser find he was in San Francisco. The steamer Otter of the Hudson's Bay Company brought the news in the usual innocent way. The purser of the boat had some gold dust which he got from the Indians on the Fraser. A prospecting party was formed with Mr. Moore as one of the members. Moore was the first man to locate a claim on what is known as Hill's Bar. Some lively times were had in those days; one of the most exciting in the memory of Mr. Moore being a fight over whiskey. A boat belonging to a Captain Taylor came in with a cargo of whiskey which the captain declined to sell to the miners but began to dispense to the Indians at five dollars a bottle. The miners of course rose in arms. They had no desire to see a lot of drunken Indians lifting their scalps; so they pitched into the Taylor crew and confiscated the liquor, which however they did not drink in the usual way, but spilled it a hundred gallons strong into the bar and gave the buccaneer half an hour to vamoose.

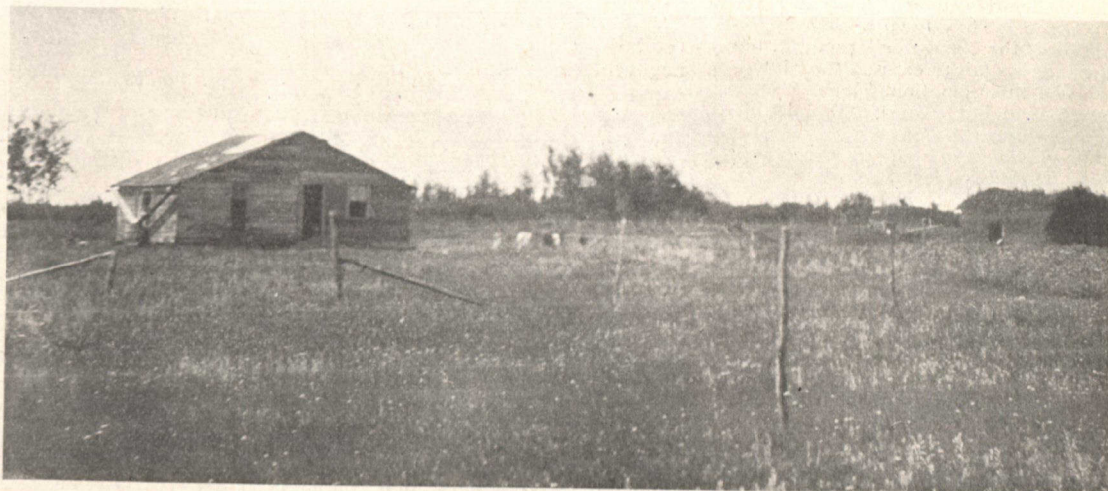
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ONTARIO is clamouring for more hired men. With all the shoals of unemployed immigrants hanging about the towns and cities the farmer is still in the quandary which he began to be in ten years ago when the West took away the surplus natives and most of the legitimate hired men. The gap left by the exodus has never been satisfactorily filled. Now at the turning of the furrow the thought of the farmer once more reverts to the old problem—who are you going to hire this year? It's hard to keep a man on the place any more. The old-style hired man was good for a five-years contract without a line of writing. He naturally grew up with the boss and took his wages whenever the boss happened to have any money in the fall. He lived in the house, or if he was a married man he probably had a house on the place with a garden and a cow-pasture thrown in. He worked the year round and he was paid by the year. In the winter he helped the boss cut wood and get out rail cuts and timber for barns and stables. Now there is little to do in winter but feed cattle, and that has become so scientific that a hired man seems to be no longer such a necessity. So the rush comes in the spring and the chances are that here and there you may find a farmer who misses the parade and who has to borrow his help from the neighbours.

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GONE are the good old shack days on the prairie when every man's shack was every other man's that happened to come along. In the former days a man who had a house on the prairie was supposed to keep an inn, for there were a lot of men likely to be a long way from home when night or meal time came. A few years ago near Edmonton the writer of this and a companion were driving out on a houseless country and at noon came to a shack which looked good to the eye but was vacant, for the owner was away in town. He tried the door, but it was locked; the windows, but they were nailed down. The other man said unprintable things about the lack of hospitality that leaves a house locked.

for we were hungry and the man probably had eatables. However, we found his hen-house and rummaged out four eggs, which we took down to the creek along with an old tin pan able to hold water in one corner. We boiled the eggs and ate them without salt. An exchange prints an amusing



The Kind of Prairie House that was Supposed to be Always Open

story about an experience that happened to the owner of a prairie shack in the old days. This young bachelor was absent from his shack very often and on his return he began to discover that his few possessions were rapidly disappearing—axe, sleigh, grindstone, etc. No doubt some of these things had been borrowed in good faith by neighbours, but it was bad form to take them in that way, and he decided that he must put a stop to it, and in order to do so he went "home" to sleep at nights. The first night was uneventful, but on the second he had a dream, in which he felt that he was on the sea crossing the rolling billows towards his English home. A noise awakened him, and his amazement may be imagined when he discovered that his residence was actually gliding across the prairie. Various wild theories flashed over his mind as he sprang up, but on looking out of his little window he found that a team of horses was rapidly hauling his shack away, the long grass serving almost as well as snow for the purpose. His indignation was great and just, and his first impulse was to take summary vengeance, but being a young man with a strong sense of humour, he threw himself on his couch and decided to wait until morning and see the strange adventure through. At daybreak his shack ceased its long journey, and it was evident by the noises outside that it had reached its destination. Those outside imagined that this was to be its future site. Then the door of the shack opened and the rightful owner stood there smiling cheerfully on two startled men who were unhitching the horses. "Well, boys, you needn't unhitch here," he said, genially. "I'd planned to go to town this week. Won't you drive me on in while I get breakfast? You must be hungry."

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DOWN in Kingston they are wondering what will happen to the old Model School, now that the new Normals have been decided upon. But for a

long while now the Model School has been a wonder to Ontario. There are some thousands of teachers in the province who got the first of what they know about teaching in one of these curious places. The Model term was the time in every young tyro's career when first he learned to tremble and to loaf.

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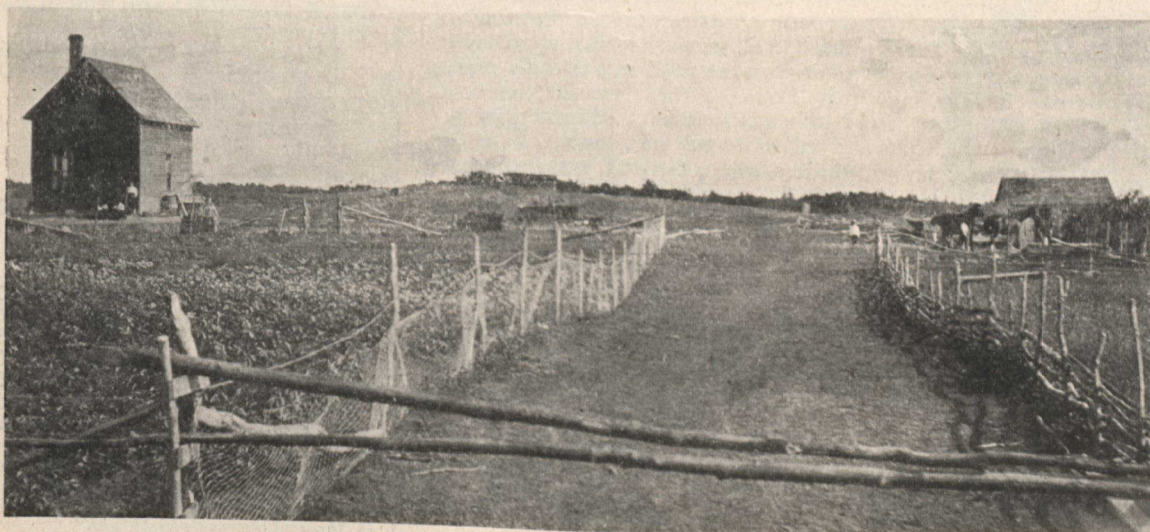
MAJOR STRICKLAND, commander of the Fort Saskatchewan division of the Mounted Police, is gone. The Major was one of the youngest chiefs in the force; he was under forty years of age. He had seen service in the Yukon and in South Africa. He was one of the original force sent into the Arctic at the time of the Klondike rush, and he had been in command of divisions at Regina, Prince Albert, and Edmonton before going to Fort Saskatchewan, which is twenty-five miles from Edmonton. He was born in Lakefield, near Peterborough, Ontario.

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A FRENCH-CANADIAN giant named Louis Dubois has killed a bear out in the Rockies; not with a gun or a knife or an axe, but in a polite hand-to-hand scuffle catch-as-catch-can style, in which the Frenchman and the bear exhibited all the latest wrinkles of the pure science of wrestling. Dubois and a Scotchman, Campbell, were cutting cordwood somewhere round the Toulon mountain when they came on this bear's den and began to investigate. Louis thought he saw the bear's nose sticking out of the hole and he aimed a swipe with his chopping axe. What he had hit, however, was the foot and that was lopped off and out came the bear. Louis aimed another blow, but the bear sparred and knocked the axe out of his hand. Campbell quit the scene to run for help or something. Louis found himself in the hug of the bear. The struggle was very earnest and there were no immediate spectators. Louis managed to trip the bear, however; he got him down and sat on him and pinned his throat to the earth. Before he let the bear up Campbell and another hand had come up. They finished the bear.

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NOVA SCOTIA coal is nearly all marketed in Nova Scotia, which speaks well for the industries of that thriving province. This is indicated by the figures from the mines report. According to the report the amounts of provincial coal sold in the different markets were as follows: Nova Scotia (by land) 1,554,229, (by sea) 288,190—total 1,842,419 tons; Quebec, 1,709,592; United States, 616,312; New Brunswick, 427,128; Newfoundland, 146,502; Prince Edward Island, 77,493; Mexico, 7,591; West Indies, 2,598; other countries, 12,483; bunker, 204,572. The bulk of the United States and Newfoundland and all the Mexican shipments were from Cape Breton county, as well as all the bunker. The St. Lawrence shipments from Cape Breton totalled 1,388,926 and the Nova Scotia sales amounted to 1,195,201 tons.



A Step Further in the Evolution of a Prairie House; back on the Hill may be seen the Homesteader's First Dwelling