

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## THE STORY OF KAMLOOPS.

KAMLOOPS has decided to have a centennial. August of 1910, the town on the other side of the mountains will be a hundred years old. Kamloops was originally called Fort Thompson. Almost weird with romance is the story of the old fort settlement; the days when one factor of the fort challenged his brother-in-law, a wandering botanist, to a duel; days also of old John Tod, another factor who was a strategist to deal with the Shuswaps. The fort was built with room enough inside the stockade for the largest horse brigades with all their accoutrements. Pompous, warlike days of fur and red men; but now the modern town is as new as the newest, fashion and music and fairs and all sorts of modern fold-ers. In brief, the history of this hundred-year-old fort settlement called Kamloops is as follows:

Old Fort Kamloops was discovered in August, 1810, by David Thompson, astronomer of the Northwest Fur Company, on his overland journey from Montreal to Astoria, by way of the Yellowhead Pass. The Northwest Company was one of the pioneer fur trading institutions of this district, and afterwards amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company. Next upon the ground after Thompson was Alexander Ross, who, in 1812, conducted operations there on behalf of Astor's Pacific Fur Co. After the coalition of the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company, in 1821, the fur veteran, John McLeod, was in charge of the district from 1822 to 1826.

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## SUGAR-MAKING SCIENTIFIC.

DOWN on the River Avon South Perth there is a maple sugar camp which is a very scientific place and not at all like the haphazard, stuck-in-the-woods old bucket shop where the old folk used to make sugar and syrup. Mr. A. Mountain has a factory in his sugar bush that turns out two hundred and forty gallons of sap from four hundred trees. His evaporator is big enough to boil the sap from five hundred trees. His storage tank holds twenty barrels. The bush lies on the west and east side of the Avon so that some part of it gets the sun all day long and keeps the plant running to full capacity. The sap is gathered twice a day—horse and stone-boat and barrel. The sap is strained three times; average of boiling per day about twelve gallons. Sixteen barrels of sap are gathered in a single day. Two men are hired in the busiest part of the season. For his two hundred and forty gallons of syrup last year Mr. Mountain got a dollar and forty cents a gallon which amounts to a nice little "plunkey" as a mere side-line on the farm when there is not much else to do.

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## SOMETHING IN A NAME.

PLACE names in Alberta are troubling the Edmonton News, whose editor sets forth how the modern march of progress and railways obliterates the fine old names that used to stick out so prominently in the talk of the trailmen even when nobody else knew how to find them on a map. The old pathfinders and baptisers of towns were not over particular about whether some other place a few hundred miles away got the same or a similar name. They had no worry about the march of progress and the coming of civilisation. So they called a place up on the Peace River "Fort Vermilion"; and somebody else called a river running into the Saskatchewan "Vermilion"—because that was a thing well known to the painting Indians—and now there is a town called "Vermilion" on the C. N. R. and somebody has suggested dropping the "Fort"

off the northern name—leaving a mix-up with two Vermilions. Similarly there were three Lobstick Lakes: one in Alberta, and one down at Keewatin, one near Lake of the Woods. But the Alberta lake must now be called Chip Lake. Keewatin has been afflicted with the horrible pseudonym "Kineynew." South somewhere also is a river called Kootenai and that has been confounded with Kootenay, B. C.; so that the former must now be called Waterton. But if there is a town in Canada that should be up and down glad to see its name changed, that town is surely Leavings in Southern Alberta. Whoever called that town Leavings?

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## TOO MUCH JOHNSON?

VICTORIA, B. C., has as much regard for the nice proportions of things as any city in Canada. It happens that Victoria lies handy on Vancouver Island for the visitation of celebrities. The number and variety of prominent people who visit that English city is very large indeed. Of late the variety has been more marked than usual. Concerning one celebrity a writer in the *Colonist* delivers himself more or less cheerfully—with just a delicate intimation of "too much Johnson."

"Victoria probably got a greater advertisement yesterday in consequence of the arrival here from the Anti-

podes of Mr. Jack Johnson than it did on the occasion of the coming via the same route a few weeks ago of Lord Northcote, ex-Governor-General of Australia. Yesterday every newspaper in the world almost, of any consequence, had dispatches bearing a Victoria date giving the gist of an interview with the champion pugilist of the world, and we will wager that but comparatively few printed much on the occasion of the arrival here of one of the foremost British statesmen—which shows the sense of proportion possessed by the newspaper-reading public. Great is the man with a \$30,000 punch."

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## THE OLD-FASHION DOMINIE.

MOST people are familiar with the schoolmaster who was so busy turning out great lives from his scholarship mill, that he had no time to become a great man himself. A few years ago, in Ontario at least, there were a

large number of these old pedagogues who had never got a salary bigger than \$800 a year; men who had taught school till they got too old to learn anything else; who had been in half the school sections in the townships, dreaded, revered and misunderstood; of most of whom it might truthfully be said—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

For these old schoolmasters had not only the knowledge of books, and of human nature as represented by the young rustics and their parents, but they understood the whole technique of farming. They could have gone into the woods and hewed themselves out a good comfortable homestead. But they stuck to the old school-house, better known sometimes for what they were than for what they knew, and in so doing left themselves a record of great character—too often unappreciated by a commercial and political generation.

Such a man seems to have been old Nicholas Wilson of London, Ont., of whom the *Advertiser* says:

"Nicholas Wilson died full of years and honours. Mr. Wilson's record of activity was something to marvel at. He entered the teaching profession in 1844 and continued in it until 1907. His career as an instructor of the young spanned three generations. In his later years he taught boys and girls whose grandparents had been his pupils."



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