

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**A** SUNDAY or two ago the twenty-sixth birthday of Regina came round in the calendar. History expressly states that on nine o'clock of August 23rd, 1882, the Canadian Pacific Railway reached the banks of the Wascana Creek which runs between the city of Regina and the barracks of the mounted police; meaning no doubt that the first locomotive steamed westward to that point on that date and hour; for we are told that in the private car of Sir William Van Horne the jumble of log shacks got its poetic and loyal name—Regina. The party which presided at the christening was as distinguished as that which in later years fetched forth the language of Frank Oliver at the opening of the Legislature in that city. Present there were Lieut.-Governor Dewdney; Hon. Judge Johnson; Hon. D. A. Smith—now Lord Strathcona; Hon. J. C. Abbott; Manager Clouston of the Bank of Montreal; and several officials of that other great and previous corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company. It was the judge who, standing on the steps of the car, lifted his voice and pronounced the

talk concerning Roosevelt's campaign against political and commercial corruption. The president has been censured for undue activity along certain lines, and for failure to follow to conclusions some of those actions begun by him. Yet his work and the developments of the past four years are not now subjects of contention. Mr. Bryan is not including in his campaign any criticism of what has been done. He agrees with it, and the people as a whole accept everything as satisfactory."

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**L**AND grabbers will be on the rampage in the vicinity of Moosejaw and Prince Albert very soon now. Around Moosejaw alone twenty-five thousand homesteads are to be thrown open to the public, who in this case are expected to develop the most spectacular rush for free lands ever known in the West. At Prince Albert, Doukhobor lands are the attraction and a stampede of the Oklahoma variety is expected there also. They had one land-grab there two years ago. This one will probably

when he came down from the haunts of the aurora where they do not eat pork but caribou. Again it was the man who had never beheld a horse—deeming it some new sort of moose. Later the *novus homo* was the trapper who at his first glimpse of the electric lights on the streets thought the *aurora borealis* had got strayed away from home. Now the celebrity is Mr. Campbell Young, brother of the ex-factor of Fort Edmonton, who, immured in the *ultima thule* for a number of years, has never beheld an automobile. Unhappy man! He will now be sure to require a car—and how will he ever run it on the banks of the Mackenzie?

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**O**NE Fraser, who keeps a harmless necessary cigar store in Montreal, believes by all the signs of horoscopy and genealogy that he is the rightful Lord Lovat, and that the said nobleman of that name who was featured in the Canadian newspapers some weeks ago got into the title by a side door. Mr. J. E. Fraser says he has it on the authority of Burke's Peerage, eleventh lord mentioned in the same, that he is direct descended from a son of the great and notorious Simon Fraser, who did not discover rivers as did his illustrious namesake last century, but was very much of a treason-monger and all that—highly respectable in an ancestor but in a contemporary odious. Armed with forty documents obtained from his aged father in Quebec City, Mr. Fraser is prepared to prove to the hilt that he is rightful heir to nearly two hundred thousand acres of land in Scotland. So certain and sanguine is he that he broached the matter—as gently as possible—to Lord Lovat when he was in Montreal; result, much astonishment. The line of descent is about as clear to the average Anglo-Saxon brain as the path of a squirrel up a tree; but the trail looks good and promising to Mr. Fraser, who intends to have a lawyer look well into the matter. In case the legal mind ferrets out enough evidence there will probably be a well-known cigar store for sale on Mount Royal Avenue.

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**O**NE of the best known cartoonists in the United States, Mr. Norman Ritchie, is a native of St. John. Mr. Ritchie is cartoonist for the Boston Post and has been home for a visit. Twenty years ago the lad Ritchie left home and went down to the state that has attracted so many of his fellow-countrymen in all lines of work.

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**R**ATHER historic oaks have been discovered at Goose Lake, near Lindsay, Ontario. These oaks were at the bottom of the lake; had been there for the best part of half a century, a sunken crib of squared oak that went down long ago in the days when people in that part of the country used to make money getting out oak for shipment to England. Fifty thousand dollars is estimated as a good probable value of the crib; the same timber if sold when it was sunk would probably have brought somewhere near ten thousand. As to who is the owner no one precisely knows. Discoverers are busy with stump-pullers and will probably look equally well after the proceeds.

magical name, saying "Success to the City of Regina!" They also drank to the toast; and we fear they drank it not in water from the Wascana, but in champagne such as the red men and other denizens of those treeless and drouthy plains had been thirsting for many moons owing to prohibition. For it was not many years afterwards that a prominent member of Parliament on his way home from Ottawa was wakened from slumber and arrested as soon as the train crossed the boundary between Manitoba and Assiniboia, because he had a flask of whiskey in his hip pocket. However, the young city so auspiciously baptised has carried out the programme imposed upon it. Regina has succeeded far beyond the fondest dreams of its earliest promoters. It would require a book to tell the things that go to make this Capital of Saskatchewan one of the most progressive cities on all the plains; in the forward front push with Calgary and Edmonton and Saskatoon and Prince Albert.

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**F**OURTEEN million bushels of grain is prospected for the elevators of St. John this coming winter. The predictionist is Mr. C. Castle, Dominion grain inspector. He asserts, however, that the facilities for handling grain at St. John elevators are not good enough. Sand Point elevators load grain into steamers at ten thousand bushels an hour. This is not counted fast enough. Mr. Castle claims that twenty-five thousand bushels an hour is little enough—and even that would not equal the rate at the other end of the spout at Fort William and Port Arthur.

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**P**RESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, perhaps the most eminent living native of the Maritime Provinces, has been on a brief visit to the scenes of his youth. While there this noted educationist gave freely his views concerning the presidential outlook in the United States, where even college presidents sometimes tilt with the head of the nation. He said:

"The present contest in the United States is the quietest I have ever witnessed, and although efforts are being made to create enthusiasm, the lack of a clearly defined issue even of secondary importance, has dulled the sharpness of the campaign. As in Canada and elsewhere, the two great parties have now much in common. Certain lines of policy are recognised as the best that can be pursued and on these all leaders agree. It is only on less important matters and on questions of temporary interest that differences occur. There has been a great deal of

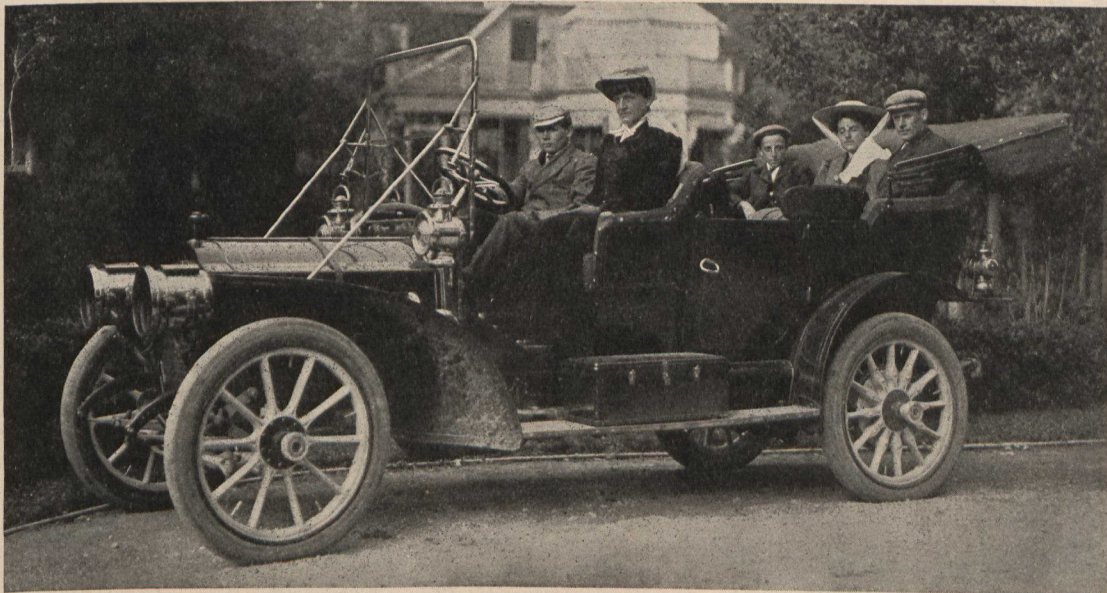
beat it. Lands in the West have got popular of late. Some of the land to be grabbed around Prince Albert is worth fifty dollars an acre; so that a chute has been constructed at the land office to let in but one man at a time.

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**S**ATURDAY night of this week the greatest exhibition ever held in the city of St. John will have a spectacular and impressive opening at the hands of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, Premier Hazen and Hon. Wm. Pugsley. Thus in St. John they do not go abroad for talent to set the wheels in motion; having at all times great faith in the oratory and public presence of their own great men.

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**N**OW they have discovered in Edmonton—that historic arena for curiosities—a man who is very far behind the times. By the discoveries made in Edmonton is the progress of civilisation marked. For in the log shack and cart days it was so that they unearthed a man in that town who had never seen a pig; thinking same was some devilish thing



The big 401 mile automobile reliability tour of the Winnipeg Automobile Club in August resulted in four cars making perfect scores. In a later test run of 112 miles, the above Packard, owned by Mrs. E. Nicholson, won the Oldsmobile Trophy.