

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

ABDUL'S NOVA SCOTIAN ADMIRAL.

THERE was a man born in Nova Scotia who is credited with having twice saved the life of Abdul Hamid, the red-handed. He may not be proud of the distinction. At any rate he is a sailor; an admiral, and his name is Rainsford Buckman, commanding the Turkish imperial navy. He is also master of construction, has command of the red-handed Abdul's flagship, or the imperial yacht or something of that sort, and is besides naval adviser and aide-de-camp to the great high-murderer of the Orient. Admiral Buckman was a mere gaffer when he left his Nova Scotian home and went to sea; going first to the American mercantile marine; captain of a Standard Oil steamer at the age of twenty-one. He is claimed by the Philadelphia press as a smart Yankee. Well, he is smart enough; still under forty; plenty of time to take the pale-faced murdering mummy of the Bosphorus out on the waters of the Black Sea and drop him gently overboard, with one of the Sultan's five hundred pianos chained to his feet.

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IMPROVING THE ZOO.

RED deer for Vancouver Island is one of the latest innovations. A while ago it was lobsters for the Pacific. More recently it has been rats in Winnipeg. Now it is the red deer for the island. There is a scarcity of big game on the island. The Wapiti are the biggest left. Red deer have been imported into New Zealand, which now has thousands of these beautiful animals.

Vancouver Island is considered quite as indigenous for red deer as New Zealand. Indeed to the average man it would seem to be a great deal more so. It is surprising that Vancouver Island has no red deer. The idea seems to be to import the stock from Scotland; and the experiment may be tried this summer.

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THE TREK OF THE FUR-BRIGADE.

EDMONTON

is now getting lively with the fur traders. Most of the surveyors have hit the trail. The fur men follow soon. Every spring there is a round-up of old-timers who remember when the fur trade was the only thing that gave Edmonton an excuse for staying on the map. Now the annual gathering of the fur men is but an episode in a big, busy place that is more hugely concerned over the C. P. R. high level bridge than about all the hides and pelts in the whole north land. But the fur trader is as ardent as ever. He is besides an historic figure. One of these days the fur entrepot will be no longer at Edmonton, but somewhere north of Athabasca Landing.

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NO-MAN'S LAND IN ELGIN.

THERE is a no-man's land in Ontario, and it is not on the Abitibi. There is a plot of thirty-five acres to which no man has an effective title, and it is one of the finest, pleasantest and most popular bits of landscape in the world, visited annually by hundreds of thousands of people; yet nobody seems to own it and people wonder why. The place is the picnic grounds at Port Stanley down on Lake Erie at the foot of Elgin County. In the public imagination this land has always belonged to the city of London. But it turns out that when it comes to a case of London being sued for damages on that property, etc., London is not actionable for London does not own the land. An aged resident of that city, Mr. Wm. Bowman, hardware merchant, is the nominal owner. He got identified with the land about sixty years ago. In 1856 the railway from London to Port Stanley was built, and Mr. Bowman was president of the company that did it. As such he got the deed of the picnic grounds on behalf of the company. But the road got into the hands of the city and from that was footballed to one company and another—till now the Pere Marquette owns the road and the picnic grounds that made it worth while nomi-

nally belong to Mr. Bowman, but really to nobody.

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PRINTING IN GOW GANDA.

GOW GANDA has a newspaper; the first legitimate second cousin to the Cobalt *Nugget*. It is called the *Gow Ganda Tribune*—which is a poor sample of a name. If the paper were as poor as the name, it might as well go out of circulation. The first word is a beauty. What a name for a book! Say—"The Road to Gow Ganda," or something like that. The road to Gow Ganda is surely a marvel. The editor and publisher of the *Gow Ganda* oracle says he counted eight hundred teams on that road not long ago. As an interesting item of economic news, he says that a teamster on that road to Gow Ganda makes on an average fourteen dollars a day. For eight hundred teams this would be nearly twelve thousand dollars a day—which of itself would be sufficient to build a mile of railway every day. However, that is not his arithmetic. His business is to get out a paper and he is doing it very well. The miners will have a chance to read something every week—written and set up, proof-read and run off on the press, folded and pretty nearly delivered at the door by the same man. It is an interesting sheet; almost original in spots; but not the name.

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DOWN WITH THE HAT.

TWO cities in Canada have declared against the new feminine headpiece. Guelph has spoken through the Ministerial Association. The preachers object to preach-

ing at the new hats. They complain that the gospel has a hard row to hoe among these new-fangled contrivances of millinery. They recommend that the hats be removed or else that moderate-sized hats be worn. Out at Edmonton also the abomination has become big enough for newspaper notoriety. A writer in the *Edmonton Journal* looks at the hat question from the viewpoint of the man in the congrega-

tion who wants to see the preacher but cannot because of the hats. He waxes witty and eloquent; almost vying with St. Paul in his denunciation of the new headgear. For example:

"Are women such devotees of fashion that they must needs haul these unseemly, outlandish constructions to church with them to make the devout groan and the undevout almost swear? Those of us connected with church work realise that it is hard enough to get men to attend church these days, and we don't want anything to discourage them or make it more difficult for their minister."

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"NOTRE AMBITIEUSE RIVALE."

IT has now come about that Montreal and Toronto are in something of a real race for a big census. An idea seems to have got credence that the bigger a city can be made by annexing suburbs the better for all parties concerned. So Toronto has been annexing west and north and east—not being able to go south. Montreal has also a number of suburbs, some of which are not yet annexed. "Greater Montreal" has become a slogan. A writer in *La Presse* shows that by the most recent census Montreal had 61,000 more population than Toronto; but that since the annexation of all those suburban towns—what? He hints at Montreal of half a million souls; says in part:

"Par le dernier recensement, Toronto avait 61,000 âmes de moins que Montreal. La cite-soeur s'en est depuis annexe plus de 70,000. Il n'y aurait aucune excuse de laisser abaisser le prestige de notre cite en ne prenant pas les precautions voulues pour contrecarrer les efforts de notre ambitieuse rivale."

"Notre ambitieuse rivale" is the real sting in the tail. It is difficult to understand just why Montreal should fear the growth of Toronto, or vice versa. The success of the one city must eventually be of benefit to the other. The success of both is the success of Canada.

\$500.00 In Cash PRIZES

We offer \$500.00 cash in prizes. First, a prize of \$800.00 to the Farmer or Stock Breeder who will send in the best suggestion for a name for our new *Farm Weekly*; then, as a consolation, 20 cash prizes of \$5.00 each, and 50 cash prizes of \$2.00 each to the 20 and 50 persons sending in the next best suggestions, making seventy-one prizes in all.

THE JUDGES WILL BE:

Mr. Wm. Rennie, the well-known Seedsman, and author of "Successful Farming."

Mr. Thomas Graham, of Graham Bros., Claremont, well-known Horse Breeders.

Mr. J. H. S. Johnstone, editor of the paper.

DESCRIPTION OF PUBLICATION

The new publication will be a large illustrated weekly. The subscription price will be only \$1.00 per year, though it will be made the best farm journal in Canada.

It will be edited by Mr. J. H. S. Johnstone, for ten years Associate Editor of "The Breeder's Gazette," Chicago, which is well-known as the best Stock Journal in the world. He is also the author of "The Horse Book," which is the recognized authority on horsecraft.

Special inducements are being offered those who will take subscriptions for this new journal.

Descriptive advertisements are appearing in many other papers this week.

CONDITIONS

This generous prize offer is entirely free to subscribers. Every prize winner must be a Farmer, Stock Breeder, Horticulturist, Fruit Grower, or in some way actually interested in Agriculture.

Send \$1.00, for which the paper will be sent you for ONE YEAR, and with your \$1.00 send your suggestion for the name of the new publication. Use the Coupon.

Every Coupon with a suggested name must be mailed on or before May 22nd, 1909, to be eligible to win a prize.

The person who FIRST SUGGESTS the name adopted will win the prize, and priority of suggestion will be decided by the POST MARK ON THE ENVELOPE in which the winning coupon is mailed. In this way all who submit suggestions will enjoy equal chances to win the money. Subscribers in Nova Scotia and British Columbia will have exactly the same advantages as those in Ontario—no more, no less.

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