

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## MEN OF THE DORIES AND TRAWLS.

THE bank fisherman of Nova Scotia is one of the world's characteristic and romantic workers. Islanders living a couple of thousand miles from the cod banks may well be pardoned for knowing nothing of the lives of these people out in the dories among the trawls. But the fish they catch amount in one year in Nova Scotia alone to more than eight million dollars. Lunenburg County alone, for instance, according to a clever writer on the subject—Mr. J. L. Freeda of Chester, N. S.—produces annually about three million dollars' worth. From the first day of spring, which is the twenty-first of March, the bank fishermen are out on the blue—or the green, as the case may be, leaving the farmers of the garden of eastern Canada to look after the green of the fields. The cod banks to them are the green places of the earth. Twenty vessels under full sail at once they drift out to sea; ships of a hundred tons and less and each under the skipper that for years has gone with the same boat; much the same crew and knows every wimple of the banks as a farmer knows the fence-corners of his fields.

Out on the banks the anchor goes down and the dories go out—eight dories to a ship; to each dory its crew of two oarsmen and its cargo of trawl-tubs—the tubs that hold the nets which the fishermen have been mending and tarring since the first day of open weather. A water-jug and a few sea biscuits—these are the sinews of war as out in the dories they go with the trawls; each trawl a line of net more than a mile long with branch lines loaded with hooks and baited with herring or "squid." Long rubber goloshes and woollen sweater and oilskins, the crews dangle away the long days setting out the lines, which in a few days are loaded with cod and ready for the haul-up.

Crisp of the daybreak sees the dories glide out from the ship to the net-lines—under-running the trawls, hauling the long lines of net over the side of the dory, stripping off the cod, till the dory is full of fins and tails and back to the ship they put, forking the cod on deck.

And the average day's work as described by Mr. Freeda is something of a song of toil; the ceaseless rhythm of the sea and the pitching, tumbling dories—"where the deep sea swell runs ceaselessly day and night, where the wild winds know no pity, where the drifting fog covers the approach of the great ocean greyhound or the drift of the dread summer berg from the Greenland coasts. There are days of lovely sunshine, in the sweet summer months, when the long, blue seas are alive with sails and dories; days when the sea lies oil calm beneath a cloudless sky or dimples at night with glittering moonbeams. But with the calm comes often the wet blanket of fog, shutting out from view everything beyond a radius of a few yards. Behind that thick grey curtain lies a heaving ocean filled with moving craft. So the fog horns toot unceasingly, while sometimes the shriek of a liner's siren tells the quaking fisherman that a great steel monster is close at hand rushing through the water at twenty miles an hour."

## THE MAN FROM ATHABASCA.

THERE is a man in the west known as Von Hammerstein; sometimes known as the "Count," and he is one of the most persistent explorers and travellers in that part of the world. At present he is boring for oil up at Fort McMurray on the Athabasca. Seven times he has been up in that land exploiting natural resources. He came to Edmonton ten years ago with the Klondike rush. At that time he was partly famous by reason of his piano recitals—being able to place a cloth over the keyboard and play amazingly difficult music. Perhaps he was regarded as a freak then, for that land was full of natural curiosities in human shape—especially from England. However, Von Hammerstein has started to develop the north and in so doing he has developed himself. He has given up the lure of gold. But he has taken up the lure of petroleum, of salt and copper and silver, natural gas and coal. Seven years now he has been boring for oil just as before his day M. W. A. Faser did in the same country. He and his company have spent some sixty thousand dollars putting holes in that part of the earth. He expects to see Fort McMurray on the map as a good healthy community just as soon as a railway gets in there.

## MORAL JOURNALISM.

MORAL journalism seems to have got hold of some of the cities and towns of Western Ontario quite as much as in the larger centres. The other day a negro was hanged at Stratford, which is a law-abiding city minus a hanging for these fourteen years until then. Just a few days before the hanging one of the papers there administered a dignified rebuke to its confrere, the *St. Thomas Times*, for having published some of Mr. Arthur Brisbane's alleged tommyrot about the "heathen Chinese."

This was considered hugely and highly indiscreet if not immoral. Then the hanging came along. The authorities had purposely tried to keep the thing secret from the public by not announcing the hour, so that morbid sight-seers would not be on hand to climb trees and telegraph poles to look over the wall. Some adventurous folk, however, did manage to get up at half-past four to be on hand at five when the execution took place. Had they only known what the moral newspaper intended to do they might have saved themselves the trouble. The paper in question came out that day with a full half-page on the front of the paper, accompanied by a photograph of the murderer and with so complete and circumstantial an account of the execution as seen by the reporter, that the most sensational reader could not have desired anything further.

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## LAW AND LABOUR.

MR. BONAR LAW, the New Brunswicker in the British House of Commons, has gone on record as having opposed the Labour Exchanges Bill fathered by Mr. Winston Churchill. This bill has a practical object in the interests of Imperialism. It proposes to establish an Imperial Labour Bureau so that labour may be sent from those parts of the Empire where it is congested to those parts where it is most wanted. It aims to relieve the congestion of Great Britain without causing unemployment in Canada and Australia and New Zealand. It aims to supply British labour for Empire needs instead of letting the Oriental and the south-European come in and gobble up the jobs. Incidentally it may aim to diminish the numbers of both the Japanese and the Italian—though it will be hard to replace the former in the saw-mills of British Columbia and the latter on the trans-continental railways. Above all things it aims to relieve the steamship companies and railway companies from the onus of transporting men who in a slack season may become more or less charges upon the country to which they are brought. Mr. Law, however, criticised the bill as something of a "blank check." And he added: "If eloquent speeches can cure unemployment, this Government will do it. If anything else is necessary we must wait for some other Government."

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## FROM WHALES TO WHEAT.

THERE was an old man in Winnipeg a short while ago who spent several hours trying to locate the old haunts of the Winnipeg he used to know in the days of old; but he got lost in the maze of the streets among the boots of Europe and gave up the task. He went home; back to Ile a la Crosse where he was born; for he was a man of ninety and he knew the fur posts and the trails and the dog-trains and the Indians—but not the wheat city and the electric towns. Mr. Cunningham is the son of a trader and he has lived all his long life in the fur land. Lately he has been out to old Battleford visiting his son. That town has more of the old landmarks than most of the others, and the old man talked freely of the times and places that made the west and the north before even Battleford was on the map. He knows the Hudson's Bay and the polar bear and the wild goose haunts—the "wavies" where they build their nests. He has seen the polar bear load their cubs on their backs and go down to the coast to devour the dead whales. But the whales are passing and the wheat is coming—as Miss Agnes Deans Cameron might say.

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## SWANSON BAY AND BULLY POINT.

THE Swanson Bay sawmill is one thing; the sawmill at Bully Point used to be quite another; so thinks the clever editor of the *Saturday Sunset* in Vancouver. He has been watching the Japs at Swanson Bay wrestle with the Douglas firs that come down to the mills. He notes that those "catlike, sphinx-faced Asiatics" are a tolerably swift lot of men. The way they manipulate the giant firs compels his admiration. But he remembers the men of Bully Point, which was in the county of Bruce; the men of his own boyhood—how old is McConnell, anyway? He says with just measure of pious regard for the welfare of his country:

"But between the crew of Swanson Bay and the men of Bully Point, what a contrast! The Jap, cool, self-poised, self-confident, quick, alert, soulless, unenthusiastic, as professional in his movements as a surveyor laying out cemetery lots. Pride in his work? Yes, of a kind, that sort which gloats in the conquest of a rival supposed to have been his superior. And I asked myself if the race which produced the Bill Cuylers, the Bob Mitchells, the Tom Laverys and the Bones Andersons of my boyhood has quit breeding the men who could and would man the mills, the mines, the fishing boats and the logging camps of this grand province and hand down to coming generations the unflecked, stainless ideal of a white man's country, as those men did in Ontario."



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