

PEOPLE AND PLACES

WHILE here and there a learned professor gets a public appointment that throws him in touch with practical life, now and then one goes out to the wild outpost places and beyond, in search of that Something which neither governments nor books are able to afford. Such a scholar is Dr. A. P. Coleman, professor of geology in Toronto University, who has climbed more mountains than any other professor in America and bids fair to rival the great scientist Tyndall, whose exploits were in the Alps, whereas Professor Coleman has confined his attention to the Canadian Rockies. How many mountains he has scaled no one has publicly recorded. He has just returned, however, from another try at the famous Mount Robson, said to be the highest peak in the northwest ranges of the Rockies. This same peak, with his brother Mr. Lucius Q. Coleman of Morley in the foothills, the professor tried last summer, but was prevented by snowstorms from getting more than three or four thousand feet up. This year he went farther; reached eleven thousand—with more to follow. This mainly inaccessible peak is near the headwaters of the Fraser on the other side of the Yellowhead Pass. No one has ever scaled it. Last year a party of ambitious United Statesers were rumoured to be heading that way; and it was to head them off that the somewhat venerable, but splendidly vigorous Professor organised his train of pack ponies out in the foothills at the ranch of his brother and got in there at the headwaters of the Saskatchewan and beyond. In this country these brothers behold little less than Paradise. They are ardent and almost celebrated mountaineers, years and years trekking off together from that ranch up into the blue fastnesses that speak eternity to the thoughtful mind; the alluring imbrolios of peak upon peak reaching back into infinitude in the blue haze and among the caravans of white clouds; the sunlit, dazzling tops that kindle the eye of age and make a man of books take kindly and eagerly to pack ponies, spiked boots and alpenstocks. So they keep going it, these two; the everlasting lure of the high and the wild places that calls louder than the cloister to Professor Coleman. Something of knight-errantry there is about these Colemans. They have somewhat to seek and to get before they stop. Already they have scaled many mountains; Robson being yet two thousand feet higher than they have been able to go. Next summer—well, one can only conjecture what may happen from the practical words of the Professor to a western reporter concerning the trip:

"The Mount Robson Glacier is one of the greatest in the Canadian Rockies," he said. "At one time we were fifteen or sixteen hours on a great field of ice and snow without touching or seeing any earth or rocks. We succeeded in obtaining a great deal of interesting geological information, especially as regards the glacier, which has never been visited by white men before. We also mapped out several hundred square miles of country hitherto not appearing on any map and including the headwaters of Moose River, Grand Forks River and Smoky River. The two first named belong to British Columbia, but the latter belongs to Alberta. In one place we also mapped out part of the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. The line runs right across the glacier and is not definitely marked, but there is hardly likely to be any boundary dispute at any time. Part of the water from the glacier runs down in British Columbia, and part into Alberta."

FULL-GROWN fight with a huge black bear was enjoyed by Mr. Macdonell, head of the firm of Macdonell & Gzowski in Vancouver. The bear was one of those cute pet things that have grown up since cub-hood with the family and has been kept at the C. P. R. grounds at the hotel in Field for four years. Wary of being gawked at and talked about by folk who never came near, when an eight-year-old boy got within reaching distance the bear took him to heart and carried him into his den. Arrive Mr. Macdonell, who is a giant and knows how to handle a big contract such as this turned out to be; for he had to haul out the bear by the chain and for five minutes he fought like David of old to get the boy away—which he did. Then the bear turned on the man and went for him tooth and claw;

whereupon began one of the finest struggles ever unpainted very likely; for the man alone and without weapons fought the bear till he managed to get away; after which the beast was ignobly shot.

MEANWHILE with eighty-four in the smoky shade down in Ontario, there is snow at Edmonton and Calgary. Fans in Toronto churches and Montreal theatres; fur coats on the streets of Edmonton; ice-cream vendors on the streets of the east; coal-sleighs in Calgary. Such is the spice and the variety of life in Canada. They will tell you in that western country that September snows are miracles. There was one in 1900—a foot of snow; or to be precise, ten inches. The like has not happened since till lately. This is part of the poetry of the West, which still has some native born vigour that occasionally delights in going on the rampage without regard to the calendar. At the same time up in the Peace River country in all probability the balmy weather with chinooks blowing. N.B.—This was written during the warm weather.

NOT often a Canadian political leader gets notice at the hands of the New York press—unless he be Premier. Mr. R. L. Borden has had good things said about him by the New York *Tribune*; and as is often the case the perspective of the outsider has managed to catch most of the essential lineaments of the man without reference to his party affiliations. Words such as these: "Five years after entering Parliament, this almost unknown Halifax lawyer was elected leader of his party in succession



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to Sir Charles Tupper. Tact, a quiet and growing personal popularity, a good legal reputation, a pronounced and favourable impression as to his ability, were the elements of preliminary success. There was no oratorical genius in his personality, no raging roughness, or clever bitterness, or enthusiastic rashness in his political character. He gave the impression, which still exists and grows with every year in the popular mind, of a sincere belief in defined party principles, of clearness in personal and political life, of instinctive fairness in character, and conspicuous honesty in purpose. He is earnest and at times aggressive, and is improving steadily as a public speaker, and growing rapidly in public popularity and respect. He has become a master of parliamentary rules and debate. He believes in public ownership of railways and other utilities under specific conditions. He puts honesty in the administration of affairs as above all else in public life."

A MARITIME captain has been remembered who became temporarily famous during the Cuban War. Little had most of Canada to do with that brief scrap, but what little there was fell largely to Captain Robbins of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, who was at that time in command of a British barque, *Buccleuch*, drifting about in those southern waters near the Philippines; and when having smashed the fleet at Manila, Dewey desired the surrender of the place on his own terms, he sent his word through lines of Spanish soldiery by means of an unknown shipmaster—Robbins of the *Buccleuch*. In the hold of his boat the Captain carried the document that spelled the terms on which Dewey would take over the Philippines; and he carried it through; he got

the answer and he took it to Dewey, who volubly assured him of his deep gratitude. Afterwards the episode and the name of the Captain were buried in the debris of an official report which has at length brought to light the deed of the doughty Yarmouth mariner who is now living on land in his native town. In the report, which tells the whole story of the episode, occurs this statement as to the return of Captain Robbins to the Admiral's ship:

"The despatch being written, it was handed to me and the consul advised me that if I found any difficulty in returning to the quay I had better return and stay over night with the vice consul. I, however, reminded them of my boat's crew waiting for me and decided to start at once for the quay. I was stopped twice on the way down, but explained that I was an English shipmaster and going aboard my ship, which explanation satisfied them and I was allowed to proceed. At this time it was very dark; there were no lights in the city and the streets were lined with soldiers, through whom I had to pass. However, I met with no further interference, and in due time arrived at the quay. I found one of my boat's crew drunk, and was informed that he had been quarrelling with the soldiers. I got two of my men to take him into the boat and had him tied down to prevent any further disturbance with the soldiers. I then proceeded to my ship, and on arrival there I handed the despatch to the American consul, who thanked me very kindly for my services and said that I would very probably hear about the matter again. I was very glad to get aboard my ship and to feel that I was relieved of all further responsibility."

THE congress of all nations out in the Canadian West has become very quiet since the subsidence of the Doukhobor mania. All accounts from the West agree that the back settlements there are prospering and assimilating in a remarkable degree. Just about now it is to be feared the genial member and the organiser will be stirring them up in the name of patriotism. But the Doukhobors have ceased to be spectacular and are beginning to be useful.

AS fine a story of pioneer life as Canada ever knew has just been brought to light by the death of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir in Victoria, British Columbia. This woman—mother of the Lieutenant-Governor—died in her eighty-second year. Fifty-seven of these years were spent in British Columbia. Only the imagination is able to picture what that means; a woman with her husband coming to

the furthest west of Canada in a time when civilisation had not even begun to get its tentacles on the land; twenty years before a railway was dreamed of between the east and west of Canada; when the Hudson's Bay Company had its grip on Rupert's Land; when Calgary was not even a cow camp, but only a meeting-place for Indians; when Edmonton was a fur post visited by York boats; when Winnipeg was a straggle of log houses and a fort, fed only by carts from the south and boats from the north; when the whole West was an unpeopled Siberia, east of the mountains, and west of the Rockies wilder still, except that the wooden tubs with the sails drifted up there from San Francisco and Seattle bringing some tinge of civilised life. The great transition from the old to the new Mrs. Dunsmuir lived through and saw to the full; she who had the comfortable home notions that came to her from the hills of Ayrshire sacred to the plough and the poetry of Burns; but who having set her face westward with her family turned not back but became a way-maker in the land. In the great march of progress, her oldest son, James, the Lieutenant-Governor, born at Fort Vancouver, has become a millionaire. But James will need to work hard both early and late at government before he is able to leave the land such a legacy of patriotic living as did his aged mother.

The last years of this pioneer woman were darkened by the trouble which family disputes over property invariably bring. The Dunsmuir suit has supplied material for the sensational paragraph more than once and it does not look as if the matter were yet out of court.