

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE Montreal maniac book agent who held fifty policemen at bay and killed one of them is graphically described in one of the newspapers: James Smith had no companions. For years he has walked the streets of Montreal softly, looking neither to the right nor left, fresh and carefully groomed, sometimes with a little parcel under his arm. Smith was not the ordinary book agent. He was not the sort of man who could be flung down stairs. He spoke softly, quietly, intelligently. He made a delightful bow, and then said: "Mr. Jones, knowing you to be an educated man, I take the liberty of showing you a specimen of a new work which I venture to think will appeal to you as a man of culture." He went on, always quietly, to speak about the work every now and then with an impressive air, remarking that he knew the opinion of Mr. Jones in respect of such a work would be valuable. He would not pretend, in the presence of so cultivated a man as Jones, to speak of the merits of the work. Smith was a man of wide reading himself, and, therefore, could be impressive. Moreover, he never forgot the deferential manner. No elevator boy or man forbade him to go upstairs. Rarely was he denied access to the best people. Straight as a poplar, dignified in his walk, clean and fresh-looking, Smith worked up a considerable connection in Montreal.

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MARRIAGES may not be made in heaven, but there is a young man in Alberta who has offered to get married in an airship. The thing is this—does he need a clergyman, or will a marriage in the air be legal anyway?

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THERE are sixty thousand Canadians in Buffalo; as many or more in Detroit; several hundreds of thousands in each of New York and Chicago. According to President Roosevelt they all get jobs. The recently-elected president of the Canadian Club in New York of course is a Canadian; Dr. Neil McPhatter, born near Galt, which is a very Scotch town, poetic and industrial; the *locale* of the story, "St. Cuthbert's," by Rev. R. E. Knowles.

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MACKINDER, the British geographer, predicts that Canada will become the economic centre of the Empire. He is not the first to discover this.

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RATS have arrived in Manitoba. This is a novelty. From Winnipeg to the Rockies and north to Herschell Island, hitherto not a rat—except tame ones. Near Emerson, Manitoba, however, the rodents have got in—somehow; fifty-one having been killed under a barn. Is it possible they were a new species of gopher?

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THERE are enough prairieites in Victoria, British Columbia, to form a union. This new organisation of men from the wheat land levels have called themselves "The Prairie Club." They are probably sea-sick for the land; for the real seas of land; perhaps have the same sort of longing for the levels of the prairie as maritimers have for the sea when they get to the prairie.

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JOHN AULD, M.P.P. for South Essex, Ontario, is likely to drop out of politics. Auld is one of the characters of Amherstburg, where he publishes and edits and owns one of the biggest weekly newspapers in Canada—the Amherstburg Echo. He is an old-timer in that quaint, Frenchy little town that sees more ships pass in the night than any other town of any size in the wide world. He knows everybody in the town; the oldest houses in the place; the antiquated fireplaces; the farms hewed out of the woods by the United Empire Loyalists, and the graves of the fellows that fell in the two Rebellions fighting under Colonels Prince and Proctor. As a type of man Auld will be largely missed in the House if he decides not to come back after the election.

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AN archaic story comes from Boston about the first trolley in Moncton, New Brunswick—the trolley that vanished. This is the way of it, according to the Boston Herald:

"It was all of ten years ago when Moncton hit upon the idea of a trolley line. The capital was divided into small shares and every one was invited to come in. The stock was snapped up. The track was laid through Main Street. Moncton started to ride. It rode to business and home to dinner at

noon. The growing generation rode to school. It might be quicker to walk; it might even be shorter for residents of certain parts of the city; but it was the thing to ride, and everybody rode. If baby wanted an airing, big sister took it on the trolley car and rode down Main Street and up again. For months Moncton rode in the two trolley cars up and down Main Street. Soon the dream was shattered. The road didn't pay expenses, let alone dividends. The answer wasn't far to seek. Few of the passengers paid any fares. Every one who had stock in the road not only had a pass but could have books of free tickets for his family for the asking. Since almost every one had stock, almost every one and his family rode free. At last it got to be so that only strangers in town paid fare. And, of course, there were not enough strangers to pay the wages of the two motormen, let alone the conductors. The trolley line was in operation about a year and then it quit. The tracks and the poles and the wires were removed. Although Moncton again walks sedately, it doesn't forget that once it rode."

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UNITED STATES farmers to Canada increasing already sixty per cent. over the same period last year is the phase of Western development that seems likely to give the black eye to any further talk of hard times in this country. This time many of the arrivals are from Texas. The prairie schooner is rumbling in; racking over the trails from the south; men with bands of horses and wads of money and some outfit with which to begin work on the prairie as soon as they drive stakes in the land, whether it be on the North Saskatchewan or the

A NEW national song has been made in Victoria; another of these possibilities that cause Canadians to feel that we are to pay a heavy price in responsibility for striving to be a nation. The words of this song are by the city clerk of Victoria, Mr. W. J. Dowling; the music by George Werner of that city; recently sung by Mr. Gideon Hicks at the Canadian Club there; by the Club endorsed in a resolution forwarding a copy of the same to the National Battlefields Commission. So many enormities have been perpetrated along this line in times gone by that many patriotic Canadians are to be pardoned for indulging in considerable scepticism not unmingled with hope. The title of the song is "Canada's Song of Freedom," by which we presume the author means that he desires to see Canada an independent nation.

PREMIER ASQUITH'S YOUNGSTERS

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out of the leadership of the Liberal party. If he could obtain a hundred thousand pounds by a gamble on the stock exchange, he thought he might be acceptable. At that time he had never been in office and he was still under the cloud of his courageous, uncompromising hostility to the Chamberlain policy in South Africa. Perhaps he sees things differently now that he takes precedence of those official Liberals who did not rejoice when, from all over the country, as soon as the Boer War was over,



"Grubstake" on the Trail from Idaho to the Saskatchewan—two months on the road.

South, or along the Old Man and the Bow. It's all one great movement and a big one. Those farmers are a bigger asset to the land than any other one class. They have both capital and experience. They have a good time on the road—such as come in the schooner. The outfit illustrated on this page were on the trail seven weeks, trailing every day, rain or shine; two men with a bunch of horses and a camp fire and a frying pan with hunks of bacon; haul up anywhere for noon "grubstake" and make a fire while the horses tug at the buffalo grass and the pea-vine; then on again, knowing well where they came from and vaguely where they are going to, but seeing in every mile of the trip the great black reaches of soil and the fat grass in the wind, and sure that when they arrive they will have it right and will drive stakes never to pull again.

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A MAN out in Victoria has invented an electric incubator. His name is William Baylis, and he is the editor of the Canadian Poultryman. His chickens will probably wear switches. Of his own invention he says: "As soon as the incubator is heated to 103 and set at that mark, the light switches on and off automatically. My first incubator I started with 75 eggs and I hatched out on the twentieth day 55 good strong chicks. I am perfectly satisfied that the percentage of chicks hatched by the electric light will far exceed those hatched by the coal oil lamp, as the air is far more pure when free from the coal oil fumes."

Liberals who planned demonstrations asked headquarters to send Mr. Lloyd-George if Lord Rosebery could not be prevailed on to speak. He knows Canada, west and east, and was the first President of His Majesty's Board of Trade to send a special commissioner to Canada.

The Colonial Office changes are satisfactory enough. Lord Elgin was able, unimpressive, and at a disadvantage compared with his amazingly clever lieutenant. The new Colonial Secretary has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and has for his second wife the younger daughter of Lord Rosebery. The Earl of Crewe's father was Monckton Milnes, who was a Mæcenas of poets, a genial mentor of politicians, and a literary gentleman of high, but not dazzling quality. The Earl of Crewe's grandfather refused a peerage and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, so that he is of respectable, self-denying, political lineage. He is also a sincere Liberal, with the traditional seeming lack of enthusiasm which belongs to his class. As a speaker he has the most polished, most natural manner of all the members of both houses. To hear him is to know how charming public speech may become. He will not set the Thames on fire, he will not presume to rediscover the whole galaxy of the King's Dominions Beyond the Seas. He has never preached the gospel of efficiency, but he has taken his father-in-law more seriously than his father-in-law has taken himself. Which is a lesson in politics as well as in sonship.