

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Moose at Moncton.

NEXT is the hunting season. Swimming, sailing, and lazing in the sun are about over for another year; soon time to get down your trusty carbine from the wall and load up. Go to Moncton this fall. According to the *Transcript*, published in this New Brunswick railroad terminal, the moose go by stalking in the streets. No necessity for a chap to hike bushwards in tall boots for his Sunday venison. The deer comes running down street and rests his antlers on the curb. Certainly the government game protective system has carried out its programme in New Brunswick. Wild animals have increased in numbers very rapidly. Indeed, they have become a positive nuisance, a menace to certain citizens. The other day a milkman waxed wrathful before the Chief of Police in Moncton. Moose were thrashing through his crops ripening in the field. They were worse than crows; ground hogs weren't a patch on the eighteen fine bucks he had set his dog to chase over the fence. Very civilised and domesticated too, the moose. By way of example: Recently a deer slipped into Moncton to do some shopping. It is whispered that he had his eye on a Friday bargain ribbon sale. But he was balked. Some youngsters began to tease him. Whereat he snorted for the freedom of the woods, and in an effort to get there, leaped through a china shop.

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Dr. Doughty, Archivist.

OVER at Ottawa, there is a quiet literary gentleman at the head of one of the most valuable of the civil service departments, whose name rarely struggles into print. Occasionally you see the name of Arthur Doughty written in the preface of books—some hard-working author, acknowledging the worth of his services. Or, perhaps, you will notice a line or two in the newspapers when he is bringing some new find to the Archives Department. That is all. If Dr. Doughty lived in New York, very likely he would be scareheaded to a million Sunday loungers once in a while—certainly after that recent scouting trip of his to Europe. But Dr. Doughty does not give newspaper interviews. He hates notoriety. It rubs hard against that delicately adjusted temperament of the connoisseur of the beautiful, the artistic—what is worth while. Tell Dr. Doughty the public is interested in his archives, and he will be obliging. Canada's guardian of poetry and romance will show you all his treasures; and he will give you every information. But he won't believe what you say about the public. For he knows that the public is not interested in archives.

However, Dr. Arthur Doughty is not shrugging his shoulders at the land hungerers. He is proud of his musty old archives—and he is a very shrewd gentleman. He can dip into the future. Some time, when this strong, industrious, young country grows up, and has a few millions in the bank, it is going to look back, and see how it was all done. Then there will be much searching of old maps and ancient records.

The archivist has just got home from a voyage of discovery to England. What he dug up there Dr. Doughty, at the earnest request of the CANADIAN COURIER, modestly and briefly synthesises:

"I obtained a number of the papers of Sir Charles Bagot; the original journal written by Lady Durham

in 1838; Charles Butler's account of Durham's mission to Canada; private letter books of Lord Durham and miscellaneous letters.

"Permission was given to me to copy two private collections of letters relating to Canada between 1819 and 1867; but it will be some time before they will reach Canada.

"I brought with me one hundred prints and drawings; twenty water colour sketches by Wane in 1844 of the Rockies, Fort Garry, Fort Vancouver, etc. These are beautiful sketches, and I am very pleased with them. Wane was sent out by the British to the Oregon country. I have several prints of a military nature; the Wars of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837, views of Upper and Lower Canada in early days, some of which are quite rare.

"I secured about fifty pamphlets relating to Canada, mainly in the eighteenth century."

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Newfoundland Celebrates.

THEY have been having a tercentenary at Newfoundland—naval displays, boosting of industry, and fireworks. The occasion was the celebrating of the first permanent settlement in the colony. All school-boys know that Cabot had the first look at the codfish banks there back in 1497. A hundred years later gallant Gilbert annexed the big island for good Queen Bess. Not everybody here in Canada can tell at first blush about the first settlement in Newfoundland; of John Guy and his British merchants putting out to sea with horses and live stock and emigrants in the year 1610; and the building of Guy's castle to defend him from the fierce pirates; and the erecting of his grist mill, the starting of his fisheries, the turning of the first sod—the birth of the first child at Cupid's Cove.

Newfoundland since 1867 is more familiar. How long can it hold out? is often the attitude of the great Dominion Federation toward a possible province. But Newfoundland has stood the competition. Just a quotation from a Maritime paper:

"Newfoundland has the satisfaction that its population has increased fifty per cent. during the past forty years. While the population of these Maritime Provinces has increased only fourteen per cent. in the same period, so that if this rate of progress is maintained Newfoundland will very soon exceed New Brunswick in population, and within a few generations will be equal to Nova Scotia."

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Alert, Progressive Halifax.

MONCTON organised a Boost Club early last spring—now it's "Halifax Boosters, Unlimited." A bunch of energetic young fellows got together there the other night, clubbed \$250 and immediately started in to bombard the municipal problems at the city hall. Naturally they had their say on shipping matters, for that is a live topic since Halifax is going to cradle the infant Canadian navy. Drydock was the talk. The Boosters want the present dock put in the navy class. The drydock company need financial assistance in order to enlarge. Solution—bonus and exempt them. But would that be fair to smaller concerns? The Halifax drydock is a big tangle. One thing President Johnson of the Board of Trade is sure of—unless the dock is whipped into up-to-date shape, it's going to close up business; Atlantic coast headquarters are going to move from Halifax.

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