

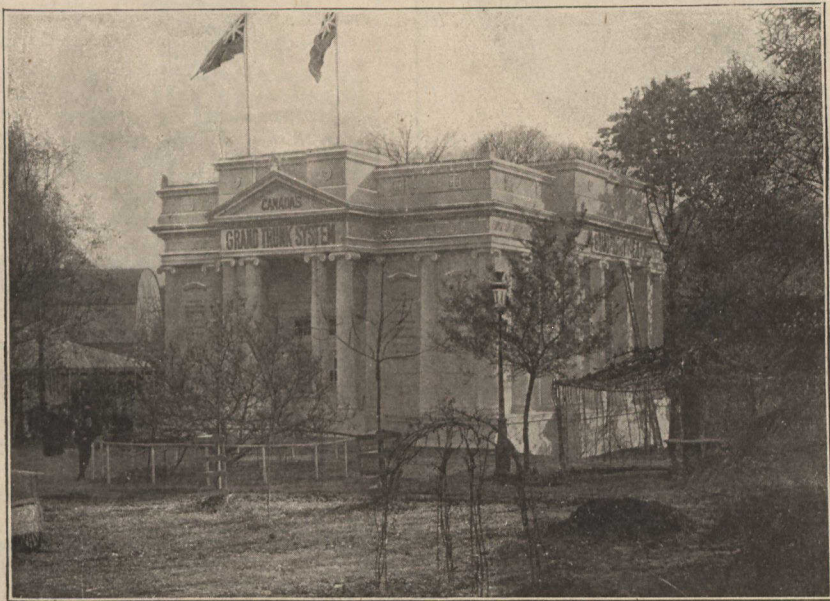
PEOPLE AND PLACES

Passing of the Songhees.

OUT in Victoria, B. C., the Songhees Indians squat down on their reserves right in the middle of the bustling coast city. They have learned to wear cotton clothes; have got used to the hum of the street car over their ancient trails. Some of the braves have developed acute business sense. They have sized up the green-capped tourist who hikes for the reserve, anxious to exchange some of his small change for a tomahawk or a belt of wampum; proof positive to the people over seas of an encounter with chiefs in red paint. Now the long-haired basket-sellers are discovering that there is not much sentiment in business. They have got into a mix-up with the Victoria City Council — which is a very shrewd body indeed. The council is hard up for park lands just now and is on the hunt for a depot site. The Songhees reserve land looks good to them. So they

not optimistic. Bushwhacking is none too prosperous just now. The man from Dalhousie blames the weather—too much sunshine. The logs are being held up on the drives — twenty-five million feet of them on the Restigouche River alone; only rain will float them. According to Mr. Hilyard, there will be a shrinkage in the St. John output this year. All through New Brunswick shingle mills are running half slack. The situation is general over the whole continent. Seattle reports eighty per cent. of the shingle mills dead throughout the State of Washington.

The usual fires which lick up the forests, to the horror of the Conservation Commission, are crackling out west again. Some careless camper moves and leaves his camp-fire smouldering; or a smoker with an abstracted air throws aside his lighted match—hundreds of dollars go up in the blue smoke. The other day flames swept through a broad



Grand Trunk Railway Building at the Universal and International Exposition, Brussels, Belgium.—“The best bit of advertising Canada has ever had is the Canadian Exhibit at Brussels in 1910,” remarked Mr. D. A. Gordon M.P., Wallaceburg, to the *COURIER* the other day, just after his return from Europe.

have drawn up a plan of the land of the red men knifing it into streets, and roads, and road-beds for the steel rails of the transportation companies. The other night a meeting was held and the plan was thrashed out by the members. There was some guff over the details, but it was approved; an offer will be made to the Songhees for their land. At present, it looks as if a settlement would be reached with difficulty. The tribesmen are busy potlaching. Excitement is high. Four hundred representatives from up and down the coast are gathered together with their pots, kettles and blankets—to see Willie Jack produce the picture and flag of his grandfather, which will establish his claim to the chieftainship of the Songhees. However, this patriotic fervour will not long prevail against the rush of modernity in Victoria. As the *Times* says:

“The fact is apparent that an Indian ghetto cannot be permanently maintained right in the midst of the city, immune for all time from the modifying and progressive influences of its surroundings and impervious to the course of human events.”

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Tales from the Woods.

“HOW is lumbering this year?” asked the *St. John Telegraph* of H. M. Hilyard, the Dalhousie magnate, last week. Mr. Hilyard was

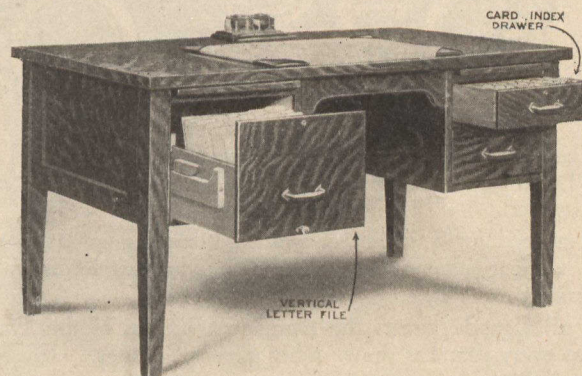
area of sticks drying in the sun near Prince Albert. Ontario lumbermen have been singularly free from such disasters so far this year.

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High Horses.

HORSES have crept up three or four times in value during the last ten years; even the ranchers are rebelling. This was quite strikingly illustrated not long ago. Messrs. Ryan and Fares, Winnipeg, and Mr. E. P. Day, Medicine Hat, wanted to build tanks and reservoirs on their properties. Horseflesh, they concluded, was too dear to waste on this kind of work. How was construction to proceed? Then came a happy idea. The ranchers quietly disappeared. After a few weeks' absence they came back to Portal with 228 cow ponies and 146 mules. There was silent envy among other cattle men who can't pay the long prices for horses. The presence of the new steeds was explained. They had been roped in off the Mexican plains. Despite the heavy duty, the ponies and mules are a cheaper investment than horses. There is work in them, too. The cow ponies, who have been trained to bull-fighting, are expected to pick up the tricks of the round-up with ease. Their board bill won't cost much; they live till forty and over, munching only the tough prairie grass.

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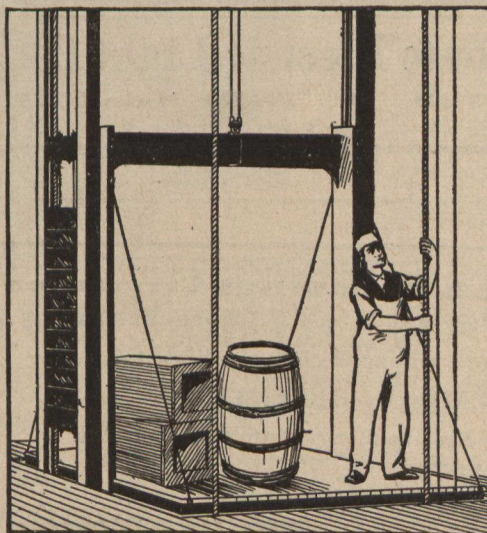
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