

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE farthest north saw-mill in America will be in operation next week. This mill is being erected at Lesser Slave Lake and is sixty miles farther into the great timbered limbo of the far north than the next thing of its kind. Flour mills on the Peace River, of course, are no novelty; but a saw-mill, which usually goes in first, will perhaps cause the Indians around Slave Lake to blink a little. Two young men from Edmonton own the mill. One of these is an old Ontario lad; his name is Jack Blewett; he is the son of the well-known lady writer, Mrs. Jean Blewett, and the nephew of A. B. McKishnie, author of "Gaff Linkum." Jack hails from Blenheim, which in its day was a purely saw-mill town. He is an enterprising, adventurous young man who has had a good many diversified experiences in the West, scowling on the Saskatchewan and taking horses into the north country. He is an example of a certain kind of young man who by virtue of a restless temperament fits in well into the pioneer economy of a new country.

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INHABITANTS of the land about Louisbourg are finding out stories of the French and English wars which took place along that part of the coast prior to the conquest of Canada by the English. Boularderie Island is one of these war haunts. This little isle is now very pastoral and peaceful; but after the falling of Louisbourg into the hands of the British, a British ship was sent to destroy some French settlements along the shore of the Golden Arm. The settlers were warned by Indians and the women and old people fled back into the interior. The men stayed to fight the British. At a place called Point Clear the battle took place; from their inland place of hiding the women and the old people listened for the guns. The result was easy to foretell. The French settlement was broken up and the survivors scattered, some to France, others to various parts of Isle Royal. Near here also at Man-o'-War Point a certain French ship was being built—a ship that should help to light Admiral Boscawen's fleet for the defence of Louisbourg. But on the arrival of a British ship the French builders fired the ship and the charred timbers and twisted irons still tell the story.

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AN Ontario boy who became a citizen of Manitoba has been chosen as the Rhodes scholar to represent that province at Oxford. Howard Henry was born at Wroxeter, Ontario. At the age of eight he went to Winnipeg. He was for some years a clerk in the Molsons Bank and later for three summers on the staff of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition. He has been a music student also and has been prominent in athletics. He is now president of the student body of Manitoba College.

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PREPARATIONS for the biggest carrying trade in the history of the Great Lakes are being made in the vicinity of Port Arthur. Thirty new vessels are being launched on the upper lakes this coming season, which will open early—for Port Arthur has for several weeks been free of ice. The entire cost of these ships will be nearly ten million dollars, which does not include the new "City of Cleveland," being rebuilt at a cost of a million dollars. The carrying capacity of this new fleet will be 204,700 tons each single trip. There will be twenty-six new bulk freighters, two of which will have a capacity of 10,500 tons. It is estimated that the total value of the vessels now in commission on the Great Lakes is more than 150 million dollars.

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MR. LUTHER LONG, one of the eminent naturalists, has been up in Algonquin Park studying wolves. Dr. Long likes wolves. He got as near to some of these genial animals as he was able without becoming part of a wolf. He says these things are not particularly dangerous, and he does not seem to worry much over the fact that a pack of them kept a pair of trappers all night up a tree near Port Arthur. Perhaps the wolves in the Park are more docile animals; they may be Government wolves, whereas the wolves farther West are probably outlaws. However, the wolves in the Park have killed a large number of deer during this winter. Dr. Long states that he could count more than a thousand deer carcasses lying in the Park, the work of these genial, innocuous wolves.

ONE of those romantic and mysterious Counts has lately been in Montreal. This one's name is Prince De Sagan and he was the fast and furious rival of Boni de Castellane, he of the spendthrift propensities who married Anna Gould in spite of all the wiles of De Sagan. This prince was on his way to the land of rich women to see what he might do by way of binding up the wound that Anna had left in his heart. In fact he was on his way to see Madame Castellane, who has since been separated from Boni. At Montreal the prince had some little trouble with the United States authorities, but on producing his necessary four dollars he was allowed to cross the border. He was in no way hard up either, for he had on his person a letter of credit from Paris for twenty thousand dollars.



Grave of an Arctic Indian in the Yukon

NOW they are talking of a rate war up around Skagway. The steamship companies are getting lively. The season is opening up. This will be a very new thing for that part of the world where high rates for freight and passengers are as natural as high water in a flood. Grievous tales have been told of the many times over which the freight multiplied the cost of goods to get them from civilisation into Alaska and to Dawson. It is now no longer a mysterious voyage up that coast, to get to the lonely land where the red man's grave stands in the air with the dead Indian on top of it. People rush up there for an outing as complacently as once they used to run from Toronto to Hamilton or Niagara Falls. Now that a rate war is likely there will be a large number of picnicking parties will perhaps go from Vancouver to Skagway for an outing.

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SASKATOON has a new big bridge. This is the Grand Trunk Pacific structure which spans the South Saskatchewan. The last span is practically complete. All that remains now is the driving of a few more rivets. There are nine spans in this bridge, as the South Saskatchewan at that point is a wide river. Up to the present wooden bridges have been the vogue on that river. That branch got one of the first bridges in the country, a mammoth wooden thing that had a habit of being washed away in a big flood, thus cutting off train communication between Regina and Prince Albert. Now the old wooden bridge will be regarded as one of the town relics, and the relics are fast disappearing from Saskatoon, which in spite of the fact that it was first settled by a temperance colonisation company, is a very lively city indeed. They tell strange, romantic stories of a certain Ontario man of considerable education who went to Saskatoon some years ago and got on the rocks so hard and fast that his wife had to bake biscuits and rolls which he peddled on the streets; but now he is wealthy and all the rest of it. Such is Saskatoon.

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NOT the least lively phase of the immigration movement these spring days is the English boy. Three hundred Barnardo lads arrived recently in Toronto for distribution hither and thither on Canadian farms. There has been a good deal of unkind tommyrot written and spoken about the Barnardo boy, just as there has been a lot of unjust criticism of the average British immigrant. The Barnardo boy up to the present has been an asset to Canada. Here and there one has turned out a criminal. But the average Barnardo boy has contributed to the industry and the thrift of this country, and has per-

haps been a better average accession to Canadian industry than the average Englishman.

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IMMIGRANTS at St. John and Halifax and Montreal—shiploads of them from Great Britain; immigrants crossing the border at Portal, North Dakota, into Manitoba—in one day recently a thousand; down in the middle states Premier Roblin preaching up the Canadian West to the farmers that plough under the Stars and Stripes. And so the great movement of population to Canada is again in full swing for 1908, which in spite of a hard times winter and a good deal of blue ruin talk in newspapers promises to be as good as the average of the past five years in number and probably somewhat better as regards quality of immigration.

Meanwhile seeding has begun in the southern West. Ploughing is well under way. Seed grain is moving—plenty of it in Alberta for all the farmers in that province; plenty of it going into Saskatchewan from elsewhere.

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THE kind of red man that prefers to be buried in the way shown in the illustration on this page is not very common in Canada. This grave is in the Yukon and it seems likely that the man whose remains have been peacefully reposing there along with his trappings is one of the Lochieux. By the same token it is probable that the ribbon of cold white water in the background of the picture is the Yukon River. The picture was got from a man in Edmonton who got it from he knew not where, so these things are rather problematical. But the Indian is properly dead, however improperly he may be buried. So far as appearances go his graveyard is about as lonesome a place as any regular graveyard in Canada. It may be gathered from the general aspect of things in the picture that the man's comrades had to do a good deal of rustling to get together the timbers necessary to cache his remains. There is no inscription. There were probably no flowers. Beside the Yukon—a cold, grey place, as decently buried as any Lochieux that ever went to the happy hunting-grounds where there are caribou all the year round.

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CANADIAN tobacco has been getting a boost in the Agriculture Committee of the House of Commons. Two Wiggles were present a few days ago to testify that the kind of tobacco grown in Essex County, especially that part of it known as the Island of Pelee, is good enough to warrant a duty on American leaf, except on leaf for the manufacture of fine cigars. There are some great tobacco fields in Essex. On Pelee Island, a field of fifty acres of the finest and most luxuriant White Burley is a common sight. About ten years ago this industry was revived in Essex and Kent down there in the toe of the province between the lakes. Farmers who had been raising corn and beans went in for tobacco, which in a good year was capable of yielding a revenue of a hundred dollars an acre. Of course to raise tobacco is the hardest kind of slave work, and nowadays the raisers will be hot-bedding their seeds under glass to be ready for the transplantation in the fields just as soon as the last frost has faded into the summer. After that—no end of work till the plants are cut in the fall. Near Walkerville are a dozen of the finest tobacco farms on the continent, the property of the Walker Bros., who have some thousands of acres devoted mainly to tobacco.