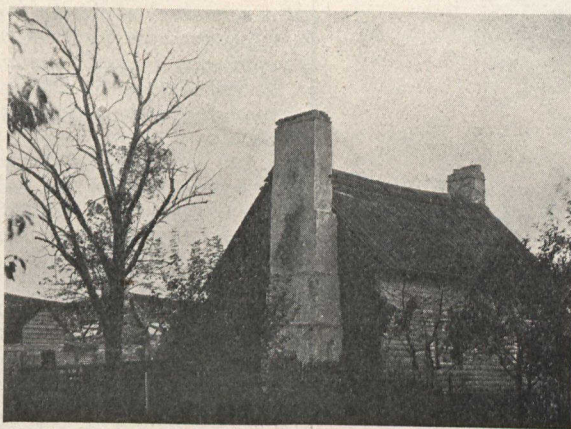


PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

OUT in the great camping grounds of the nations beyond Winnipeg almost every sort of strange personality may be found from almost any land in the world. The most notable of recent years is the enigmatical anarchist Ludofsky, who has been sued by the Czar of Russia he soon drifted westward and got entangled with the Doukhobors on the Canadian prairies; also with one Sachatoff, a partner and as violent a socialist as Ludofsky himself. The exile had none of his roubles left by the time he got to Winnipeg; but he had been into several farm colony schemes and was in a fair way to becoming a decent citizen of that cosmopolitan city of Winnipeg when the Czar hurled a bomb at him half around the world and caused Mr. Ludofsky to become a defendant. He and Mrs. Ludofsky were living quietly in the Manitoba capital and were about to open a store with a stock of Japanese art wares. This, of course, was a sort of satirical reflection on the Czar; for Ludofsky was a violent hater of Russian rule and thought he would help to get even with the autocrat of the Russias by selling things made by the Japs to Canadians. Both of them were making preparations to learn English. Now their property is under in Winnipeg for the recovery of several thousand roubles which he embezzled when he was Governor of Turkestan. It was in 1906 that Ludofsky, suspected of complicity in a lot of assassinations, skipped out from Turkestan and got mixed up with the murderous mutineers in the Russian ship "Potemkine." He went first to New York State and bought a farm with his Turkestan roubles, but seizure; about twenty thousand dollars' worth, including a house and a Japanese fancy goods store in the centre of the city, replete with Japanese goods of all descriptions. According to popular rumour, the residence of the couple in Winnipeg has been the scene of strange happenings. Late in the night, men, heavily muffled in furs, would visit the house, and occasionally a veiled lady in an automobile. While the visitors were there a man stood on the watch at adjacent corners, and frequently, when the meetings were not being held, signals apparently would be sent to some one by the electric lights from the windows of the house.

TECHNICAL education is booming in Nova Scotia. In seven months from the date of passing the Act for that purpose, the province has technical institutes at Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney. To cap the work, a technical college is now under way at the capital, which, according to the Act, will afford facilities for scientific research and instruction and professional training in civil mining, mechanical, chemical, metallurgical and electrical engineering, or any other departments which may from time to time be added. A novel

and very practical feature of the curriculum will be courses in coal mining, for which complete provision has been made, as well as for courses in metallurgy and woodworking and allied crafts and industries. For educational purposes, the portions of the province which contain the collieries have been divided into five districts and an instructor is appointed who devotes his whole time to teaching coal mining and surveying in that district. Classes are held at almost every colliery centre and all instruction is absolutely free to the students. In the districts that are so large that the regular instructor cannot overtake the work, local assistants are appointed to aid him. At present there are 18 coal mining schools in operation.



Old Elliott Homestead at Amherstburg, Ontario, built in 1800, by a Virginia Planter, who joined the U.E. Loyalists. This is the oldest house in that part of Ontario, and was built in the days when Fort Malden alluded to on this page last week was a centre of activity in border warfare.

FOR the first time in many years the Chaudiere Falls at Ottawa are frozen over—unless the past warm spell has thawed them out. To Ottawa this is a rare sight. The same thing occurred in 1894 when several adventurous citizens walked across the falls on the ice, among them being Major Lawless. Of course the entire falls are not frozen, neither has the Ottawa River gone solid.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING has been at the White House. He is the third descendant of the famous William Lyon Mackenzie who ever had that honour. His visit to Washington had no political significance. He talked with the President on the subject of labour, especially the Industrial Disputes Act which has given Roosevelt a

practical desire to see similar legislation pass Congress. This visit followed naturally on the heels of the Japanese imbroglio. It also giped rather happily with the visit of Bryan to Canada. With Bryan in Toronto and Montreal, with Bryce at Ottawa and Mackenzie King in Washington, the international relations between Canada and the United States ought to be satisfactory to all parties concerned. Mr. King was chosen by Sir William Mulock as Deputy Minister of Labour soon after the Labour Department was created.

A NEW BRUNSWICK girl, waitress in a Boston lunch room, has fallen heir to \$200,000. Her name is Miss Georgia Smythe. She is the great-great-granddaughter of Maria FitzHerbert, who is celebrated in history as having been married to King George the Fourth. This ancestor died in 1837 and her papers, including letters from George IV, were sealed by her orders for seventy years. They were afterwards opened at Windsor Castle, by order of King Edward. Miss Smythe received from her home in New Brunswick an advertisement published in New Brunswick papers calling for heirs of Miss FitzHerbert. The lady was said to be wealthy in her own right in addition to receiving a princely income from the espousal of George IV to a German princess. The fortune aggregated something like \$12,000,000.

SIXTY miles of logs have been rafted from Port Greville, Nova Scotia, to Everett Harbour at Boston. There were seven thousand logs in this, the biggest raft ever sent from Canada to the United States. To carry the same number of logs on bottoms would have required fifteen schooners. As it was, but one tug was necessary. The raft encountered two storms and once put in to Portland; but it was soon under way again to Boston, which seems to have an urgent need of Canadian wood. The raft days on the great lakes are over. The export tax on pine from Ontario killed most of that. Fifty years ago, however, the forests of Ontario were being floated in logs and square timber across the lakes to American ports. In the early days elm logs were not worth rafting; only oak was wanted—the best of Canadian white oak squared in sixty-foot lengths in the Ontario woods and rafted by means of tugs across the lakes. When elm got scarce for barrel staves down south the elm logs began to go across—at three dollars a thousand feet; whereby the farmer was able to make his board and clothes for himself and his hired man by cutting elms in the back woods and teaming them out four or five miles to the lake bank. Now elm timber is worth ten dollars a thousand in the tree and almost impossible to get at that. The stave mills of Ontario have eaten up what the United States rafters left.

ANOTHER MENDELSSOHN CYCLE

A STATUE of Pan should be erected in Massey Hall, Toronto, to commemorate the fact that the Mendelssohn Choir in the year 1908 sang almost every kind of music known since the world began except grand opera and ragtime. With the exception of the ragtime the Thomas Orchestra completed the bill. In a sense there is no further word. This means not that there do not remain many great works as yet untouched by this Choir; but that, in the matter of sensation derived from music, not much greater things can be expected from any choir of voices in the world. As Mr. Stock remarked in conversation, it is probable that no other choir in the world quite compares to the Mendelssohn Choir in the complete expression of universal choral music. No greater choral work has ever been written than the German Requiem, the masterpiece of this season's programmes. The performance of this work alone in the way it was done by the Canadian choir last week is enough to give any choir the stamp of premier virtuosity. It is doubtful if this work has ever been given so well by any other choir in the world. What may have been done on Mars does not concern us. There are even those who do not expect to hear anything better in heaven.

Such is enthusiasm. There are bigger choirs in England. There are leaders in England who have a longer reputation and a larger repertoire than Mr. A. S. Vogt. The best of these, the Sheffield Choir, will visit Canada this coming autumn. But the

great Sheffield Chorus, which gave thrills to Germany and France, is perhaps not so good in some respects as the great Canadian choir which sang this season to Toronto better than it sang last year to Gotham when the critics of Gotham heaved bouquets in a chorus of acclamation. The Sheffield Chorus is purely English—yes, a purely Yorkshire chorus. The Mendelssohn Choir is almost as cosmopolitan as Canada. This makes a great difference—in breadth of tone and in musical sense. This much the Choir is able to claim on its own merits. Its virtuosity and its technique have come from the man who organised it and now conducts and manages it in the wise way of which he is the perfect master.

A letter written by Father Bonhag, the eminent critic of church music, from Buffalo aptly illustrates this. Father Bonhag attended the first three concerts given in Toronto and he has heard the Choir in Buffalo these past three seasons. In a letter to the conductor after the Tuesday performance of the choruses from the great Bach Mass in B Minor, he alluded to the recent edict of the Pope banishing women and ornate music from the services of the Roman Catholic Church. "But as I listened to the voices of the Mendelssohn Choir," said the critic, "I could not help wishing that the Pope could have heard it also." Neidlinger, the composer who came from New York to hear the concerts, said that he had never heard anything like the Mendelssohn Choir anywhere in the world. Similar things were

said wholesale last year by eminent and critical New Yorkers who had heard the best things ever given in Europe.

Well—and on the site of Massey Hall a hundred and some odd years ago wildcats were hunted. So this premiership means big things to Canada. President Falconer, of Toronto University, aptly hit the nail on the head when at a rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir he said that the latent energy of Canadians had hereby found an original expression; that there was something in the national life of this young people with the greatest north-land area of any country in the world except Russia, which would make Canadian life and art something entirely distinctive in the world.

We have spoken of the German Requiem. A lady who heard it said: "I wished then as I do now that the Requiem could have been given as a separate performance. I wanted to hear nothing more after that was done. For that evening at least it was the last word." This was more than a criticism of the length and variety of the programmes. It was a deep appreciation of the Requiem, which is a universal utterance as big in its scope as *In Memoriam* or *Hamlet* in poetry and drama. We in Canada have shuddered at Brahms for being mystical and cold and yearningly vague. But we had not heard Brahms. We could not believe as one has said that the greatest composers in the world are the three B's—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. But in the Requiem, Brahms at the age of thirty-three said