

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND

## AN ART GALLERY FOR WINNIPEG.

SINCE the stimulus given the city of Winnipeg by the convention of the scientists that city is probably to have an art gallery. The people of the West are early finding out that art in various forms has a great value in a community, especially in its formative stages. Winnipeg already knows a good deal about pictures. There are wealthy men in Winnipeg who buy pictures—though perhaps none of the sort like the western millionaire who a few years ago commissioned a friend of his touring Europe to buy him three pictures at a thousand dollars apiece—"Oh, anything so long as it's good at the price," he said. Not long ago a prominent Toronto artist held an exhibition and sale of pictures in Winnipeg. Another has been out there for the past few weeks superintending the erection of several of his frescoes in the Royal Alexandra Hotel. No doubt a good many United States pictures are imported there although the sympathies of the people are mainly British. At the Selkirk Centennial in 1912 no doubt a large number of European pictures will be shown. In the matter of museum relics the West has a large variety. Manitoba University has accumulated a good store. St. Boniface has many. There have been mound-builder discoveries made not far from Winnipeg. The story of the West as told in pictures is largely yet to be. Few have tried to paint the prairies; but some have done the Rockies—none too well. One eastern artist has made a specialty of Indian portraits from the West—a really valuable collection. He has been there again this summer doing compositions. In a few years we shall look for some art colony to establish itself in Winnipeg which has already a considerable Bohemian element and a good deal more local colour than most eastern cities. Meanwhile a special committee of the City Council is finding out what are the best means of erecting a fireproof building to be Winnipeg's home of art.

## BUILDING MEN-OF-WAR IN CANADA.

NOW that it seems to be a certainty on paper at least that we are to have a Canadian navy, it becomes of some importance—where are we to build the ships? The British shipbuilder will of course say that they can't possibly be built in Canada. This will not be believed by most Canadians. It is not believed by Halifax and St. John, Collingwood and Toronto. It is very much disbelieved by Major Currie, a director of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, who has lately been in Halifax, telling the Haligonians that the ships and the guns, too, for that matter, can be built in that city. He quotes Collingwood which has produced some of the best lake steamers in the world; alluding to the *Hamonic*, which lately figured on the cover of the *CANADIAN COURIER*, which was built in Collingwood almost entire and is said to be a better vessel of the class than could have been turned out by any of the shipbuilding firms of the Old Country who tendered for the contract. Major Currie reminds Halifax that if warships are to be built in the Maritime Provinces they must be built so as to pass through the canals of the Great Lakes—since there are twenty million dollars' worth of mercantile marine on the lakes to be protected; which, being a military man, he of course intends to imply that Canada expects to have war with the United States.

## AN ELEGIAC ON VICTORIA.

PROF. JOHN MARSHALL, who lectures ably on English literature in Queen's University, is a courageous man. He has gone full tilt against the city of Victoria, B.C., and in a letter to one of his home papers gives his impressions of that city which many of us have been considering one of the cities beautiful in Canada. Prof. Marshall has always been something of a radical. When he was English

master in the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute in Ontario he used to propound some startling theories about Shakespeare. But the things he says about Victoria are what poets term "the limit." For instance as to the city beautiful he says: "The city is not so substantially built as Vancouver, nor so imposing. The Parliament Buildings, the C. P. R. Hotel, the Empress, and by a stretch of courtesy, the postoffice may be called fine buildings, but for the most part the buildings are low two or three storey structures, and such as they are, are all about one or two corners. The beauty of Victoria lies in its unparalleled series of sea beaches and sea views; the long arm of the sea, with its reversible waterfall at the gorge, that runs inland for several miles and divides the city into two parts; the Beacon Hill Park on the sea shore, and the Gorge Park at the other side of the city."

Wherein he seems to concede that though nature has done much for Victoria, the people have done little—which again seems hard to credit.

Again it has been frequently said that as Halifax is the most British city in the east of Canada, so Victoria is the most English on the Pacific coast. Herein Prof. Marshall begs to differ—in this black-eyeing fashion:

"English in a certain sense it certainly is. The fresh English complexion, pink and white in the women, florid and ruddy in the men, is pretty com-

Victoria is a vision; and we do not therefore thank Prof. Marshall for using such ugly language about Victoria.

Meanwhile Victoria might organise a Boost Club and appoint Prof. Marshall honorary president—on the principle that "every knock is a boost."

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## ANOTHER WHO DID HIS DUTY.

THE town of Almonte, Ont., in the Ottawa valley, is in mourning. That little city of industry has good cause to feel sad over the death of George E. Eccles, who was a wireless operator on the steamer *Ohio* when she struck a rock a few days ago on her way from Seattle to a Canadian port. He sent out the C.Q.D. message just as Binns did when the *Republic* was rammed by the *Florida*. Binns got off; but before the two or three steamers that answered Eccles' call could get quite all the two hundred passengers off, the *Ohio* went down and Eccles at his instrument went down with her, along with three members of the crew and one passenger. The last words George Eccles spoke were the wireless, soundless message: "Passengers all off and adrift in small boats. Captain and crew going off in last boat. Waiting for me now. Good-bye."

When they got to him he was gone. The body was sent back to Almonte. On September 7 the little city closed its places of business and sent its flags to half-mast—though George Eccles probably had no idea he had become a hero or done any more than his duty.

But he was born in the town—thirty-five years ago; attended the town schools and when a boy learned train despatching with the local agent there. Twelve years ago he was one of the sessional clerks in the House of Commons at Ottawa; moved to Winnipeg and later to Seattle where he learned wireless operating.

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## ALBERTA WHEAT VIA PACIFIC.

ALBERTA already has her wheat eye on the Pacific coast. Premier Rutherford has been looking into the problem of how to get Alberta wheat through the mountains and into elevators at Vancouver, for shipment down the coast and across Mexico—the full story

of which will appear in a near-future issue of the *CANADIAN COURIER*. On this important economic subject Premier Rutherford says:

"It is obvious that Vancouver with its immense harbour facilities, better than any other point in Canada, and with that harbour open every day in the year, with no winter freeze-up closing navigation for months, and no fogs on your coast to impede shipping, will command the transshipment of the millions of bushels of grain which Alberta is each year growing in increasing volume. Not one acre in ten is yet producing its quota of wheat, so that the immensity of the grain trade which will centre in Vancouver as the result of the rapid development of Alberta, will make it the Liverpool of the Pacific in very truth."

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## POLO IN POLO-LAND.

LAST week in Winnipeg, the grounds of the St. Charles Country Club was the scene of one of the most successful tournaments in the history of the game in Canada. The event of the meet was the competition for the Winterton Cup, a trophy presented by the public-spirited Earl of Winterton, while on a visit to Winnipeg last summer, for the encouragement of the game in the West. In the struggle for the prize, two Winnipeg teams were opposed to aggregations from Pincher Creek and Pekiskow. Three matches were played. The first day's play went to Pekiskow and Pincher Creek. On the next day the Winnipeggers were again outclassed. The third day saw the exciting final between Pekiskow and Pincher Creek. The end showed the score 3-1 in favour of Pekiskow.



Much of Winnipeg's Wealth and Fashion may be found at the Country and Hunt Club on the Assiniboine. But the Newport of Winnipeg is at Keewatin, where a number spend their summers. Here is Keewatin's New Clubhouse.

mon while the soft English accent with its vocalised r's and its diphthongs instead of vowels is everywhere, modifying even the burr of a MacMillan for example. But English in the best sense Victoria is not. It is not English in the non-conformist sense. It is the English of fifty years ago, the English of a class of clerks and what-nots brought out by the Hudson's Bay Company."

Then as though he had not given Victoria the perpetual black eye, the Professor goes on to say in the tersest of English—derived from Latin—that Victoria is "one damned lunch counter." On this head he enlarges in this fashion:

"In short, Victoria is during the movement of tourists, one damned lunch counter. In ordinary times it is a rather sleepy place. The Oriental quarter has its interest. It lies right up against the business section of the town with no obvious demarcation, the buildings, though a little dirtier and dingier, being of the same style and material as those in the white sections."

We refuse to believe that Victoria is as bad as Prof. Marshall makes out. We have never been nearer Victoria than twenty miles this side of the Rockies; but we incline to believe that the city on Vancouver Island is still the beauty spot of the Pacific; that it is not merely dispensing guff when it talks about the scheme for civic adornment; that in the march of travel from east to west each city is by courtesy more comely than the last visited; so that while Halifax is lovely and Quebec beautifully quaint; Montreal splendid and Ottawa the Washington of the north; Toronto beautiful by nature and Winnipeg a joy forever through art; Vancouver handsome and a dream of delight—