



Banker's Bay, Gow Ganda—A New Ontario Silver Town in the making.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

*Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.*

### THE TOWN OF GOW GANDA.

THE social season is right on at Gow Ganda. The bank clerk has been there some little while. The town has settled down to stay. The Gow Ganda Tribune is still coming out—and it is one of the cleverest mining-town weeklies ever published in Canada. At least one prominent Toronto musician has been putting in the summer up on the rocks of Gow Ganda; shoepacking it with a well-known official of the Toronto Electric Light Co. Such is the change in the habits of people—who a few years ago would have required a yacht and a hammock, neither of them procurable at Gow Ganda. If there is so much as a single hammock it is probably used in the evening for a tennis net. There is no doubt that Gow Ganda is far more impressive in the winter. But even in summer it is perhaps as remarkable and unusual a town as can be found in Canada.

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### FIRST CHINESE SCHOOL IN CANADA.

VICTORIA, B.C., has the first Chinese school ever established in Canada—recently opened with as much ceremony as the Chinaman is capable of putting on, minus the joss-sticks. The situation is odd. Some years ago the Chinese began to ship juveniles across to Victoria—because in that good obliging city they found benevolent folk who were willing to teach the little Celestials the useful rudiments of an English education; all very satisfactory to John who desired to have his children grow up with a good laundry education duly starched and with plenty of frills. But the educators began to suspect the smug blinking Chinaman of being too much interested. The Victoria school board quarreled with the Chinese settlement. There were pow-wows that made the old Indian functions of that ilk rather tame in comparison. Surely the education people could not deny to the darkened celestial the privileges of education. Was it not better to have little Chinks learning English ways and make of them citizens? How the Johns blinked and gabbled when the trustees shut the school doors in the faces of the aspiring little pigtailed. Then they went to the British courts. Here at least they would get that fine British justice of which they had heard so much in China. But the courts held that the trustees were right. The little heathen Chinese might go back to China for education.

But the Chinese settlement had come to stay. The merchants organised and decided to open a Chinese separate school. The Chinese Benevolent Association was rung into operation. Rooms were rented. They were soon full. The Chinese section decided to have a real school of its own. They put up a building—which looks like a blend between a pagoda and a Canadian school. In this they had the moral backing of the Government at Pekin—whatever that amounts to. They also had the money which is more important; for the Chinese merchants in Victoria and Vancouver make some profit, as was discovered by the Commission which inquired into Mongolian affairs on the Pacific Coast last year.

When the new school building was opened east

and west got together in a curious style. In the morning the ceremonies were of purely a Chinese character. The Consul General from San Francisco and a number of other distinguished visitors were present. The officials of the Chinese Benevolent Association were there in their robes and the principal guests were greeted on their arrival by the setting off of enormous firecrackers and bombs; followed by the clashing of cymbals and the weird playing of stringed instruments. Then the pupils who were assembled outside the building cheered the guests and sang one of the national songs of China. In the afternoon there were speeches in English and a number of orators were present, chief among them being the famous newspaper editor, Ng Pun Chew of San Francisco.

Half of the teachers are Canadians who teach English and mathematics, the other half being modernly educated Chinese. The pupils have morning and afternoon sessions, and in addition to that the same pupils return to the school in the evening for several hours, and a few of the more earnest spend an hour or two after that at one of the mission schools.

These same pupils, in the short intervals between their study hours employ their time in the rooms of the Young Chinese Athletic Association where they are beginning to learn the art of boxing, dumb bell exercising, club swinging, baseball, football, and all the other sports and games with which Canadian boys are familiar. Most of them dress in English style, have their hair cut short, and speak English oftener than Chinese.

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### ST. JOHN RIVER AND THE TARIFF.

THERE is a clause in the Payne-Aldrich tariff which enacts a bit of opera bouffe on the St. John River. The text of the opera runs back to the days of the Ashburton Treaty. This vagrant river rises in Maine—and when the Treaty was passed it was not deemed advisable to transfer the mouth, including the city of St. John, to the United States. So when the governments began to tinker up tariffs between the two countries the boundary rivers that rise in Maine and empty in New Brunswick gave rise to some peculiar problems. Of course there was no duty on the water which was permitted to run into Canada in the natural way. But there were pine and spruce forests along the St. John and the St. Croix Rivers—both in Maine and New Brunswick. They were the same sort of pine and they grew side by side; some Canadian and some United States. Both floated down the same rivers to the same ports, to the mills of St. John. Standing on the bank of the St. John River you saw the logs driving down as soon as the ice broke up; and no man could tell except by a stamp on the logs which were Uncle Sam's and which not. At St. John the logs cut by Maine lumberjacks on the Maine side of the river were sawn and piled and loaded on ship by mill-hands and deck-hands paid by United States capital. The logs cut by the New Brunswick shantymen were handled by the same kind of men paid by St. John capital. So far the logs were on an even basis. But the moment the

cargoes began to drift out to the ports of the United States the Canadian lumber paid a tax of two dollars a thousand before it got into the markets. The Maine lumber was admitted free. And some Canadians kicked about this—largely without cause; for were not many mills of busy St. John owned and operated by United States capital paying wages to the citizens of St. John? Did not the farmers of New Brunswick sell truck to the lumber camps up in the Maine lumber camps along the boundary—for there was no backward duty on his goods. And the merchants of St. John sold goods to the mill hands who got wages from United States capital.

But the new tariff has changed all that. Two years from now the mill men of Maine in the city of St. John, N.B., must pay a duty on all lumber sawn in St. John—no matter if the logs do come from the woods of Maine on the St. John River. Hence the mill men of New Brunswick incline to chuckle because for once they are on even keel with the United States competitor. But the farmers of New Brunswick and the merchants of St. John are not chuckling; because a mill in St. John is worth ten in Maine—and so long as the town gets the money what difference who pays it?

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### BI-LINGUAL BUBBLES.

THE Association, for the advancement of science, should have investigated the dual language problem created by the Ukrainians of Manitoba. These people, or rather their teacher-representatives, have been meeting in convention in Winnipeg, headed by Mr. Stefanik, who is inspector of Ukrainian schools and something of an educational firebrand. Mr. Stefanik has about sixty schools under his supervision and expects to organise forty more very soon. Thus he is doing a large work. But he has also a large kick coming. He does not like it because it seems that during a recent session of government a resolution was introduced to amend the school act so that the Ukrainian language may no longer be taught in the schools of that province. So because the Ukrainians have a high regard for their own language and at the same time learn English almost as naturally as a duck takes to water, they strongly and fervidly object to being disallowed to teach their own language in the schools where the majority of the rate-payers are Ukrainians. Fiery and sincere resolution to that effect; carried by the convention; whereas the feeling here and there is that the public money should be used to teach no other languages but English and French; for if Ukrainian why not German and Russian and Doukhoborts and a few more? However, the Ukrainians are zealous about education. There need be no haste about assimilating them. They are rapidly assimilating themselves—in almost every way; are making good citizens. One generation of bi-lingualism may give place to the one-language system when the present race of Ukrainians are dead and gone. English is bound to replace all languages but the French. There is not much occasion for alarm either on account of the hysterical sayings of Miss Agnes Laut who on a trip down the Saskatchewan last summer, declared that she heard no English in goodness knows how many days' travel except the word "no" spoken by a Galician boy who was indignant at being accosted as a Doukhobor. Well, even "no" is something. Carlyle had a great re-