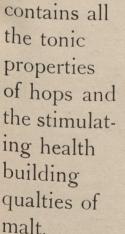




Chief Office for Canada : TORONTO ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IRISH & MAULSON, Limited **Toronto General Agents** 

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#### CANADIAN COURIER

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

#### ANOTHER TREASURE ISLAND.

BELL ISLAND off the coast of that other remarkable and somewhat haunted island, Newfoundland, has developed a mystery. For some time past explorers have been finding out "tokens" and other such things that seem to indicate that once upon a time somebody buried a treasure on the island. The somebody has been designated as the late Capt. Kidd, who seems to have bestowed pirate treasures on islands in the seven seas. One moonlight night not long ago a man and a boy rowed over to the island of iron. The man started digging on the beach with a pick. He un-earthed something hard—which, however, was not at all like anything des-cribed in Poe's gold-bug story; but it was a simple human skull under a slab of rock. Later another superstitious citizen of St. John's rowed across to the island nocturnally. He also discovered a skull and rowed away again. After-wards he seemed to be haunted by a voice that seemed to whisper in his ear —that he had omitted to bury the skull. So he went back and buried it. All which has little or nothing to do with a buried treasure, at least so far as an ordinary man can see. But the folk in those parts are not ordinary. They are intensely superstitious. They are fond of mysteries. To them a token is some-thing to observe as religiously as a Delphic sign by the Romans of old. A party has been organised in St. John's to search for the hidden treasure. One moonlight night not long ago a man and a boy rowed over

#### \* A "CELEBRATED" WEDDING.

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A "CELEBRATED" WEDDING. A LADY who used to live in London, Ont, where she was born in compara-tively simple surroundings, has just been married in New York. She married a gentleman named James Mayer. This has produced a mild sensation in the bosom of the Advertiser, on whose front page Mr. and Mrs. Mayer are shown leaving the church after the ceremony. A correspondent from New York sends an illuminative note which seems to show that marriage in New York is a far more ominous affair than marriage in London, Ont. Miss Bessie Shoebotham, who is doubtless a very charming woman, might have been mar-ried in London to a man with just as much brains and personality as Mr. Mayer; but she never would have got her picture on the front page of the newspaper. Oh, dear, no! It seems, indeed, to be a remarkable thing that a city in Canada should be able to produce a woman good enough to marry one of these United States millionaires. At any rate the wedding report, evidently written by a woman, contained this information:— "There was a gathering of the Havemeyers yesterday afternoon in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church for the marriage of John Mayer, of Morristown, and Miss Bessie Shoebotham, which took place at 3.30 o'clock. Mr. Mayer's first wife, you know, was a Havemeyer, one of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer's daughters, and yesterday's bride is a daughter of the late Captain William Baker Shoebotham, of London, Canada."

#### \* \* DOCTORING ON THE TRAILS.

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DOCTORING ON THE TRAILS. PIONEER epics are not all dead even in Saskatchewan. A few days ago Donald Munro, who lives at a place called Mirror, was seriously injured by a falling tree. His spinal chord was fractured and one of his legs broken. He was practically paralysed; unable to get relief from the local physician, who knew very little about spinal diseases. Happened, however, that at Cob-lenz, forty miles distant, was a doctor who had made a special study of spinal affections. The neighbours reckoned that if they could only get Donald over there he might get help. But the doctor assured them that it would be im-possible to move him in any rig. So in true Biblical style twenty-four of the near-by folk rigged up a litter. Twenty-four men, with Donald atop on the litter, they went on a two-days' journey across the prairie. Six at a time they spelled one another—though it looks as if twelve men could have done the trick as well as twenty-four. However, they all wanted to be in on the act; and after a night's camping and a second day out they reached Coblenz with the injured man. At Coblenz they were made the guests of the town. Donald will probably recover.

#### DIAMOND KING IN ONTARIO.

DIAMOND KING IN ONTARIO. T HERE is a man in Peterboro', Ont., who has five hundred diamonds. But he never bought one of them. He has several hidden in a rock. He is a sort of diamond Capt. Kidd. But he is not a pirate. He did not steal these diamonds. Neither did he make them. He picked them up. Mr. O. S. Fer-guson is the man. He used to have a tin shop. But about sixteen years ago he started to pick up diamonds in Ontario. He is not the first man who has done this. Diamonds have been credited to various parts of Northern Ontario. But Mr. Ferguson is the first man to make a real collection. He refuses to tell where he got them. But he has them safe enough. He has sent some of them away to Tiffany and has tested them out. A few years ago when Albani was in Cobourg she tried to buy a string of these stones from Mr. Ferguson. He declined to sell them. A short while ago he paid three hundred dollars to have one of them finished for a wedding present to his daughter.

#### A SASKATCHEWAN COBALT.

LAC LA RONGE is the place that seems lately to be attracting the attention of Prince Albert. This lake, which is a hundred and sixty miles north of the city and near the Churchill river, has been discovered to possess rich treas-ures of copper and gold and iron. A company has been formed to exploit. This company owns sixteen quartz claims round Lac la Ronge, comprising over eight hundred acres. A writer in the Davidson *Leader* very happily and optimistically alludes to the find in these words:--

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"Although from time to time for years past trappers, fur traders and In-dians have made frequent allusion to the hills of copper and islets of silver in



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