

PEOPLE AND PLACES

HAVING just celebrated the discovery of the Fraser River, the inhabitants of the Pacific Province will now proceed to dredge it. For three hundred thousand dollars the Marine Department have secured a dredge that will make a thirty-foot channel clear up to a place called Millside, which is large on shipping lumber. The dredge will have performed the longest journey ever undertaken by a craft of that ilk; for she will get to Vancouver via Cape Horn from Germany. Not that Germany makes any better dredges than plenty of other countries, but this was a "Fruhlin" that had become a white elephant on somebody's hands, and the Marine Department whose business often takes it overseas and into strange, remote places, got it at a bargain. The dredge will soon be tracing the route followed by Captain Vancouver more than a hundred years ago.

* * *

CANNING industries in Ontario aggregate more than in all other provinces combined; sixty-four factories in the province. These can almost everything but music. They pay to farmers every year nearly a million dollars for fruit and vegetables; for corn, tomatoes and peas; for pears, peaches and apples; for all the sorts of things that Canadian farmers have the soil and the climate to grow. Hands employed by these factories total nearly seven thousand. Prince Edward County is the native home of the canning industry. Twenty-six years ago one Warrington Bolter, who was a shrewd, practical man, started the first cannery in Canada. He very likely was a farmer whose wife made a bee for six months every year doing down fruit and pickles, somewhat after the fashion of Snider, the catsup king, the Canadian whose wife gave him the recipe for the catsup that made him famous and a millionaire. One Gilbert Parker also is said to have started a cannery in a place called Bloomfield. Since these two pioneers in the industry the dumps of Canada have been bountifully decorated with the tin cans that travel over all railroads and trails; to the Yukon and to Cariboo; to the transcontinental camps in Northern Ontario; to the lumber camps up the Saguenay; to the mining camps in Cape Breton, and out on the prairie where every new town is known by its suburbs of tin-can dumps.

* * *

FORT FRANCES is headlong into a huge new enterprise—proposition to develop idle water-power into electrical energy on a Niagara scale. This young city seems to have water on the brain. Every little while some new water-power project gets under way there. She has water to burn. Present concern is capitalised in St. Paul at seven millions, under the name of the Minnesota and Ontario Power Company—note that the name of the State where the money comes from goes first, the origin of the power being a secondary consideration. Thirty thousand horse-power is aimed at from the electrical energy end; but there is also to be a huge pulp and paper mill having daily capacity of two hundred tons of news print paper with fifty tons of surplus sulphite. Lord Northcliffe should take a villa in Fort Frances.

* * *

THERE is a university professor somewhere in the United States who expects that in time the newspapers will tell nothing but the truth. In short he would abolish elections, fashionable wed-

dings and obituaries; also he would play the dickens with the fanciful readabilities of some temperamental quill-drivers who every now and then break loose and into pictures of the here and the hereafter. In a western paper a few days ago appeared one of these yarns; which reads so excellently well that one forgets the importance of naked truth and thinks it a fine bit of fiction. The story concerns Billy, a Kyoquot Indian, and his *klootchman* Louise, who for thirteen days were adrift in an open boat on the Pacific—being lost from a schooner; at first with seven biscuits, most of which a hungry wave gobbled up, reducing the drift-aways to a ration of one inch of hard-tack each per day. The story speaks eloquently for itself; in fact Jack London would need to work hard to beat it. For example:

"The sky portended rain. Billy sang an old shaman song to the gods of his fathers, crying for rain. At last it came. With a sail spread the cast-aways caught the welcomed rain and drank deep. The water made their hunger more cruel. The determination to eat no more than the little ration allotted to them was hard to keep. The tenth day brought them food. They sighted a sleeping fur seal. Craftily the old *klootchman* steered the canoe toward it while Billy watched with poised spear. Aim was a question of life or death. The *klootchman* brought the canoe closer. Then the spear flew true. It pierced the sleeper, and with glad cries the famished Indians drew in the carcass. They skinned it. This because of the habit strong in them. A fire was made in the bottom of the canoe to cook the seal meat. There was no fuel, other than the masts and canoe gear, so Billy broke up his spear pole. They had water held in the basin made by the sail, a saving from the rain of the day before, and when they made a fire the seal meat was roasted. They could not wait. Both clutched at it and ate their first meal for ten days. They ate again, and with renewed vigour and more hope paddled on until the grey of the land loomed in the distance, and with the goal in sight they paddled strong. It was Unimak island they had found, and on the fourteenth day after they had started from the schooner they landed at Bristol Bay inside False Pass."

* * *

IN the West nowadays must be sought most of the extremes in domestic architecture. Log shacks are still fashionable in some sections; on the trail you may see the mud hut of last year doing duty for a stable this year; and in Winnipeg may be found some of the most modern and elegant residences in Canada. Home-building is becoming a science out west. The homes of Winnipeg and Calgary and Edmonton will bear comparison with those of almost any eastern city. Newness of course is leading characteristic. It will be a hundred years before historic family residences become a feature of western cities. But some of us may live to see the day when the civilisation curiosity hunter from Great Bear Lake takes a scout out to Winnipeg to observe some of the old-fashioned, comfortable old mansions, built so solidly and with such large rooms and all that sort of thing.

* * *

"S T. JOHN, the New York of Canada," is becoming something of a slogan in New Brunswick. This is by way of intimating that Montreal must expect to rank as a secondary inland city if the prediction is ever fulfilled. Three facts are impressively cited as tending to show that this is no dream: The rapidly growing and soon-to-be

enormous volume of the ocean-borne trade of Canada; the determination of the Canadian people and of the Liberal Government that all the trade of the country shall be carried on through Canadian channels; the position of St. John which makes it incomparably the best Canadian port through which the shipping of produce may be carried on during the winter season when the St. Lawrence ports are closed to navigation. As to distances of water haulage the figures are: Halifax to Liverpool, 2,450 miles; St. John to Liverpool, 2,700 miles; Portland to Liverpool, 2,843 miles; Boston to Liverpool, 2,807 miles; New York to Liverpool, 3,034 miles. Statistics are also given to show the obvious advantage of St. John over other ports in matter of railway haulage and competition; also plans are freely submitted showing how the Government purposes to deepen the harbour and build wharves. All very encouraging. Pity that on the eve of an election a lot of people will sniff the air and say it looks like a campaign dodge to get votes. But then, it may be no such thing. It may be that the facts cited by the enthusiasts are to win out on behalf of St. John. If they do, nobody will be sorry. St. John ought to be a great port. But the facts of the case should be hammered at a long while before an election so that nobody may be able to say that it is just a political pipe dream.

* * *

NEITHER has the ginger departed from western journalism nor the colour from western life. The projection of the G. T. P. is beginning to unearth some such romances in the vicinity of Edmonton as came to light during the glorious delirium of the Klondike rush. The Edmonton Journal has a recent convulsion of picturesque language concerning gold, the new transcontinental—and a woman, saying:

"Two first-class, rough and tumble, rock-ribbed, copper-fastened, indurated sour-dough prospectors of the class who climb to the haunts of the mountain goat and the bald-headed eagle in the pursuit of the elusive treasure vault of the hills, and chase the fickle rainbow from Cape Nome to Terre del Fuego, came into town last night and brought with them a string of stories that would give a Hearst reporter the jumpy-jumps for a month. The first, in point of interest, is the announcement that a new gold region of great promise has been discovered in the Fraser River country. The second is that the Grand Trunk Pacific is not likely to be completed through the defiles of the Rockies for five years. And the third is that lovely woman, personified by Mrs. Mary Schafer and Miss Molly Adams, society women of Philadelphia, have invaded the wilderness and have gazed on the scenic grandeur of the Yellowhead. They are the first white women to look on the glories of Mount Robson or to visit the embryonic townsite of Tete-Juan Cache. They will have the unique honour of enlivening the pink tea circles of the Quaker City this winter with stories of travels in a country where few men and no women have ever set foot before. Messrs. Summers and Kaecke report the discovery on the Beaver Creek, fifty miles below Tete-Juan Cache and fifty miles above the outlet of the Little Smoky River, of a ledge, ten miles long, sixty feet wide and as plain as a turnpike, carrying \$10 of gold and 50 ounces of silver to the ton. Their discovery is in a country heretofore unvisited by prospectors, red, white or black, and so close to the sky-line that a pack-train of bald-headed eagles would be the most feasible plan of getting supplies in, pending the construction of the G. T. P."

SOME WINNIPEG RESIDENCES



Home of Mr. D. C. Cameron.



Mr. A. A. Andrews, President Exhibition Board



Judge Phippen's Home