

PEOPLE AND PLACES

TWO starvation stories—one of a Vancouver man in Alaska, the other of a woman in St. John. The man went hungry ten days because he couldn't help it. The woman fasted forty-eight days because she thought it was good for what ailed her. Singular how much longer a human being is able to go hungry when the act is voluntary. The young woman in St. John had "acromegaly"—which is excuse enough for almost anything desperate; a swelling of the tissues, enlargement of features and rapid increase in weight; for which abstinence from food seems to be the only remedy. Abstinence from breathing will yet be recommended by some wise curist. The St. John lady has enjoyed her fast; has lost thirty pounds; felt no ill effects; drank plenty of water and took lots of fresh air. The Vancouver party also had plenty of air and water; nine surveyors in Alaska being marooned on a river island through the break-away of their boat in the rapids. Archie Runaels was the Vancouver man in the party, and he had no appetite for fasting. Singular that when a man is forced to be without food he rebels. Archie was in a manner lost. But though marooned and hungry he decided that it was his business to make a break for food somehow. There appear to have been no berries in the land, and as the travellers were not wearing moccasins they had nothing of which to make soup as has often been done by northern trail-men lost without grubstake. Archie swam the river and took a four-days tramp across the mountains to reach the main camp of the survey. That four-days hoboing it without even an Indian camp on the way was an experience that no Scotchman would care to duplicate. However, Archie reached camp; and of course as he had done the work he got first to the grubstake which was six days' late reaching the rest of the party. All doing well at present.

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FIRST courts have been opened in the Peace River country. Two Alberta judges—Noel and Beck—took a month's trip up into the northernmost part of that far-reaching province and established the law which hitherto has been dispensed by the mounted police. Peace River Crossing was the first court; the court-room being the police barracks. The judges were present; likewise the clerk of court, the police and the spectators. But there was no business; neither plaintiffs nor defendants. Peace River seems to have been well named; Potomac not being comparable for peace and quietness. As they do not have white gloves in that country, Mr. J. K. Cornwall, who is the steamboat Ookanett in the last great West, gave the judge a pair of brown leather ones.

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A SUBMARINE relic has been dug up at Victoria—and one of the local papers thus introduces the story of the find: "Barnacle covered, corroded, showing ample evidence of its submersion in the tidal currents of the Narrows for nearly twenty years, the port crank shaft of the wrecked steamer *Beaver* was recovered yesterday afternoon by Mr. C. C. Pelkley and his associates, who comprised an expedition that went in search of the relic."

This port crank shaft was very ancient; and of course it would look very singular on exhibition in Regina, for instance, where they are more likely to show up the right wheel of a Red River cart. But the coastwise population of British Columbia are nothing if not nautical; and the article goes on to tell the story of this historic and venerable crank shaft as follows:

"The relic aside from the historic associations connected with it as belonging to the first steam vessel to plough the waters of the Pacific, is also of great historic value through the fact that it is known that it was built under the supervision of James Watt, the famous inventor of the steam engine. Anyway, this piece of machinery, made in a bygone age—1834—is tangible proof of the fact that they certainly made substantial machinery in those days. The solid, massive shaft is considerably heavier than would be made for a vessel of the *Beaver's* size at the present day. The substantial manner in which the braces and arms for the paddles are bolted to the mainshaft shows that the machinists of those days took no chances on a breakdown. And in fact, it is a matter of history that despite her antiquated machinery, the *Beaver* had practically no breakdowns—at least from flaws in her machinery—during her entire existence until she came to an untimely end one night when a quartermaster carrying too much of a deckload put her wheel the wrong

way just when she was entering the Narrows with a small boom of logs away back in the late eighties."

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ACCORDING to Rev. Prof. Pisani, an Italian church dignitary who has been touring the Canadian West, there are a hundred and fifty thousand Galicians in that country. This is a remarkable statement. Eight years ago there were less than twenty thousand of these foreigners in sheepskins; so that the rate of increase since has been six hundred per cent. in eight years, or nearly a hundred per cent. each year over the original number. This is fulfilling the scriptural injunction almost with a vengeance; but it is almost too good to be true. The Professor must have taken a wrong census. However, he has seen much of the West and he relates very interestingly his impressions, part of which are as follows:

"In Winnipeg the Italians are not numerous, being no more than 1,000 all told. These, however, are prospering, about sixty being shopkeepers, and at any time in the past three years the Italians of Winnipeg have felt in a position to build a church for themselves. There are no Italian farmers in the West, the majority being occupied in the mines. In the coal mines of the C. P. R. and Rocky Mountains 500 are engaged. In British Columbia there are 1,200 all told. In Calgary there are 150 and others are in the neighbourhood."

Then appears this archaic statement about Edmonton, which makes the reader wonder what Edmonton the Professor could have seen:

"Edmonton was particularly noted as a town of great promise. Though the houses are few and of log or wood, the streets are wide and well laid out; the churches, the schools and the banks are all of stone or brick. From this the visitor inferred that religion, education and the prosperity which comes with the accumulation of money, all bade fair to develop most favourably."

Log houses in Edmonton are about as plentiful as Red River carts.

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ANYBODY from down south who doubts whether Canada is a nation or not had better come up here next Monday. The spectacle is presented to the world of a general election representative of more pure geography than any election ever held in the wide world. The candidate for Cariboo knows that. Lord knows who he is—but he won't get his returns all in over the pack trails till a week or two after the polls are closed. That man's constituency may have power to win the country. Manhood suffrage—the basis of democracy; very fine thing—but when you have such geographical miracles as Cariboo from limbo to limbo where any man of age and residence qualifications is entitled to a vote, well, it's much like the British subject who was imprisoned by natives somewhere in the heart of darkest Africa, and it took a punitive expedition to get him out, since every non-criminal British subject is entitled to liberty. And there may be some gold-washing half-breed down in a canyon of Cariboo who has heard the phantom sound that an election is being held next Monday. He has a hazy idea that if the man they are all talking hardest about gets in—whatever he gets into and wherever it may be at a place called Ottawa—well, maybe the gold will drizzle out of the sluice a little bit faster and things will be better in Cariboo. As to the ballot—he knows not what it may be; but a very necessary thing. So he quits the sluice and he hits the trail for the pilgrimage point where they vote. Takes him days of travel; all the same; his only outing—to get somebody else in.

Also up at Prince Rupert there will be voters; this baby-new precinct where nobody as yet is corrupt; where a vote has no price and all is poetry even in politics. Is it? Still they are having progress in Prince Rupert, and as according to Henry George that spells also poverty, it may be presumed to mean also a few social infirmities such as come very close to the surface in the east about election day. There are six hundred people camped in that town with the far-fetched name; there is a large dock; also freight sheds—public works of a kind, but nothing to do with politics. But there is no liquor in the town—though there are two hotels.

But whether in the furthest canyon of Cariboo or at Prince Rupert; up in Dawson City or down in Pelee Island; in Charlottetown or in Victoria—the election makes everybody Canadian on Monday. All those Canadianised United Statesers in the heart of the wheat belt—they also will have to read up

on our elections as well as on their own; and because most of them know a hanged sight more about Bill Taft than about Borden, and think a great deal more of Bryan than of Laurier—yet when the third of November comes just a week after the twenty-sixth of October these expatriates will cause a fine hulabaloo here and there and a great sight bigger one than they will kick up next Monday. But some day they will forget it all and the biggest day in the quadrennial calendar to the sons of these people and of all other naturalised nationalities will be election day.

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SOMEONE has written a fine little poem on St. John. The author's name is not intimated. The verses were published in the *Victoria Colonist*. They are the right sort of stuff—barring the technical flaws in construction. Here are a few of the stanzas, space not permitting them all:

Smile, you inland hills and rivers,
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of grey St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace, and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This grey port by the grey sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too—slip my moorings
With the ships of grey St. John.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbour
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
As they clear the island bar—
Fade, till speck by speck the mid-day
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight the vaster sea-line,
Wider lee-way, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
With the ships of grey St. John.

Nova Scotia's Memorial

(Continued from page 11)

Joseph Howe, uttered the well remembered words that many men then living would "hear the whistles of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days." Within a few days I shall myself be hearing the "whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rockies," and the significance of your anniversary will be brought home to me as forcibly as if I were actually present at Halifax.

With best wishes for the success of your memorial celebration, and kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) MILNER.

I venture to enclose a small contribution to the subscription which is being made for the erection of the memorial tower.