

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

**A**USTRALIA owes a good deal to Canadian irrigationists. Though especially strong on large spaces of land, Canada also knows a good deal about water. The best-known irrigationist in America is Mr. J. S. Dennis, of Calgary. The Chaffey brothers in Australia are also Canadians and they have done some big things by way of carrying water to the arid tracts of that remarkable island. These brothers, however, learned most of their water-craft in California. By their scheme of irrigation they have practically created a new community of four thousand people on the banks of the Murray River in Victoria. In the midst of a huge tract of aridity they have planted a garden—known as Mildura. The town has its own irrigation system and managed by a trust. Ten thousand acres are irrigated. The chief crop is grapes, which are made into raisins and not into wine—since Mildura is founded upon water.

**F**OR snow sport take the Montrealers. They know all about snow that there is to know; and when one reads about the huge merriment these people extract from the snow it seems a problem what any Montrealer would do in the tropics. The other day four hundred snowshoers took a tramp over the mountain. The weather was seven degrees below zero and the wind was as high as the thermometer was low; but the spirits of that northern four hundred were higher than the wind. No relation to the New York four hundred. No resemblance, in fact; but a band of jolly snow-loving people who went as far as they could and made as much noise as possible and looked as picturesque and dazzling as human beings know how against a background of snow. They had songs and bugle calls and rattling of drums and were altogether one of the most inspiring sights to be found in any clime or country.

**A** WRITER in the Lowell *Courier-Citizen* saw a great many interesting features in a recent trip through New Brunswick. He discovered that a political rally in that province has some unique features not to be found even in the land of strenuous elections. The picture he draws seems pastoral enough to be a classic in some polite novel where people are looked at through delightful colored glasses. A few extracts from the story are more convincing than any effort to condense it:

"The candidate was a successful lawyer in St. John and had been counsel for the little railroad that Russell Sage owned, a fact which would militate against his success in the States at the present time. He was busily engaged when I arrived in getting next to his constituents in esse and in posse and he was extending the glad hand to all within reach. Meanwhile along the river road from both directions came a stream of vehicles of all descriptions, buggies, democrat waggons, hay racks filled with women and children, voters and non-voters, Liberals and Conservatives, for the candidate was campaigning on the picnic plan with special inducements to the women folk and little ones. Cyclists came whizzing along; a motor boat spluttered up to the nearby landing and from various points along the river came rowboats bearing their quota to the assembly, a picturesque sight indeed. Now the band

struck up a popular melody with a vigorous blare, the settees in the marquee began to fill up, the candidate's son and other young men passed around little Canadian flags for every one and candy and peanuts for the women and children."

**O**N the other hand a western editor discovered a sample of local colour "way out west" near the boundary line that brings back the luridest yarns in any of the works of Ralph Connor. Stump-Town is so near the boundary that the inhabitants could almost throw stones into Canada. They are a mining outfit and one of the main streets is known as "Hell-Roarin' Avenue." They do not hold pink teas on that street; neither ice cream socials. They do just what the name implies; but not long ago a sky pilot of the Connor variety got among them and he beat out the hell-roarers at their own game. The preacher was evidently a genius—from the description:

"If a man didn't come it wasn't because he thought he wasn't welcome, for Ole, a fireman; Hans, a drayman; Atwood, an alderman; and the good old Scotch elder personally invited every man on Hell Roarin' just before each meeting, while the preacher worked the barrooms and cafes. At a card table in the Shamrock four men were trying to open a 'jackpot.' 'Here, fellows, it's my deal,' interrupted the preacher, passing around the Gospel meeting cards. 'The meeting won't sweeten the pot, but it will sweeten life.' Amused and amazed, they looked up, one saying:

"'My friend, you seem to know the game.' 'Only enough to know that the Gospel game over in the hall has got it beat,' replied the preacher. 'You fellows change the rules to-night and let our "full house" take your "four of a kind." All four came out with, 'Darned if we won't!' and they were soon lustily singing the Gospel songs."

**T**HERE seem to be as many Counts in the West—especially in British Columbia—as there are in New York. But the Canadian Counts are not after Canadian gold. Some of them go after scenery; some for agriculture; some mining; some are not counts at all but have a great deal of fun and experience convincing people that they are such, and are therefore entitled to consideration and long accounts for groceries and other necessities of life. The latest good-humoured fraud of this sort has lately turned up in Victoria in the person of Von Gassendorff, who came a year ago and posed as a titled German of great wealth. He ran up a grist of bills at various hotels and stores and at last victimised the Poodle Dog Cafe; but the Poodle Dog gathered him in. He went to jail for six months and after his release he travelled to the coast states where he played Count again and got into more trouble. The story of his life as told by himself is unusually suggestive and convincing:

"My estate," said he, "is near Dortmund, in Westphalia. There is an ancient castle upon it, and my family is very old and noble. My father is dead and I possess the titles, but I cannot sell the estate, as it is one of those forbidden by the crown to be sold. I have seen eight years' active service with the German army in South and West Africa, fighting the black people. I ranked as lieutenant. In

1907 we were ordered back to barracks in Berlin. There I fell from a horse and nearly lost my life. Afterward an officer insulted me and I challenged him. We fought a duel and I was not wounded, but my adversary was killed."

**D**URING 1908 the Granby Mines at Phoenix, B.C., shipped 1,060,000 tons of ore. This is said to be about equal to the combined shipments of all the other metal mines in Canada and is equivalent to one hundred thirty-ton cars every day in the year. To break this amount of ore two tons of dynamite and a mile and a half of fuse are used every twenty-four hours. Before being shipped to the smelter the ore is crushed by four gigantic ore crushers, each capable of handling a rock three feet in diameter. The first shipments were made in 1900 and since then about five million tons have been handled. The present workings, amounting to over twelve miles, extend over an area of about one hundred acres and the annual crop is valued at, according to the company reports, from four to five million dollars. Over three and a half millions have been paid in dividends.

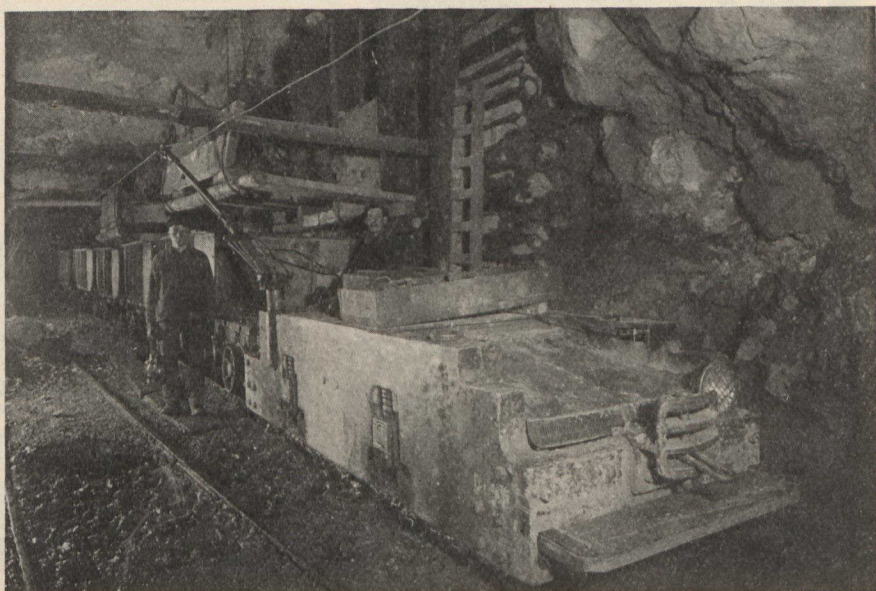
**C**HINAMEN as theatrical scenery is one of the most abstruse hoaxes ever perpetrated on customs officials. Ten Celestials were being smuggled from Montreal into the United States the other day. The car was labelled "Theatrical Scenery," for Albany. Detectives mooching about the yards decided to investigate. They found the "scenery" duly supplied with food and plain water, ready to be set up in Albany whenever the play was scheduled to begin. But the play was called off—as there is a heavy duty on that kind of scenery.

**P**ROF. HUTT, B.S.A., of the Guelph O. A. C., has launched out on an educational campaign. He will associate with school teachers, trustees and inspectors in an effort to beautify school grounds in Ontario. Old Arbour Day was good enough so far as it went. It gave the scholars a holiday and got several of the big boys busy hauling mould out of the back pastures, digging up young maples, building stone plots and walks, while the girls planted flowers. But a good many of these home-built school gardens were very ephemeral. Prof. Hutt is to see that the beauty idea in school grounds becomes permanent.

**T**HE biggest gusher in Canada is at Medicine Hat—the town which Kipling described as having "all hell for a basement." This new well that has just started to spurt the resources of the nether world into the pure air of Alberta, has developed a flow of more than five million cubic feet of natural gas in a day. At this rate for a few years Kipling's hell will need to be a fairly good-sized place not to run short of gas. The Medicine Hat people, in no way alarmed at being over what acts so much like an earthquake, have decided to hitch this subterranean monster up. They will use the gas as power and heat for manufacturing sewer pipe. The company guarantees to spend \$300,000 on a plant and to employ a hundred hands.



General View of Phoenix, B.C.



Copper Ore Train in the Granby Mine at Phoenix