

PEOPLE AND PLACES

GAYLORD WILSHIRE—he is remembered as the Canadian who became too much of a Socialist to stay in Canada—has been acting up in a New York theatre. Seated in a box Wilshire listened to an anti-socialist play in which the actor Lackaye was the star. The magazine publisher was not thinking of the old days down in Elgin when he ran as Socialist candidate for the Ontario Legislature. He was waiting for a chance to rise in his box and administer a swipe to the anti-Socialist. So at a convenient point in the play when the psychological moment seemed to have arrived, the author rose and challenged the actor to a debate on Socialism. There were cries of "Get the hook," followed by a desultory jamming of words between the actor and the author; but the debate did not come off and the actor had the last word in a speech before the curtain.

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GALICIANS are some of the most remarkable people that ever came to Canada. Ten years ago they were "Sifton's sheepskins," as unpromising a lot of immigrants as ever landed out of colonist cars. The other day a Galician named Krikewosky ran as candidate for the office of school trustee in the city of Edmonton and he polled a respectable vote. A few years ago Krikewosky wore a sheepskin coat and had his troubles with the English language. To-day he is doing fine and becoming a citizen just about as fast as the law allows. So this is what a writer in the *Saturday News* has to say about the Galicians:

"The showing that Mr. Krikewosky made is quite sufficient to indicate that our fellow-citizens of Ruthenian birth will before long be a factor in the city government. At one of the meetings of the recent campaign, a speaker protested against the disposition to look down upon them, declaring that they were doing everything in their power to be good Canadians and were deserving of the most considerate treatment. The protest was a very timely one. The term 'Galician,' as applied to them, is no more correct than if all Canadians in New York were called Ontarians, because the majority of Canadians who live in that city come from Ontario. They are part of a race which has a high reputation for industry and frugality and which has produced many men of great ability. They are adapting themselves to the conditions of their new home very rapidly and when a few more of them are numbered among the landed proprietors of Edmonton, we shall see a change in the feeling that they now so justly resent."

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BUT in the Canadian West just now some thousands of people are talking reminiscently about the marvellous gardens they had last summer; gardens in which everything vegetable grew inside of a wire fence that shut off the illimitable prairie. There are great gardens in that land, both of flowers and vegetables; and those English folk who are so fearful of being lonesome in the West should learn that even an English garden might look poor and wretched beside some of those swaggering gardens on the prairie.

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THE case of Donjour Jouti in British Columbia is one of the strangest stories that have ever affected both the old world and the new. Jouti, as he called himself, lived a life that would have delighted Dumas. He was a French absconder; his real name was Theodore Tijou, and in Chemille, France, up till 1896 he was a notary; was at one time a wealthy man; managed estates for rich relatives—respected and prosperous, but like many other trustees of large wealth he began to get into mysterious debts; debts for which he could not account—and they drove him out of France. So he went to British Columbia, which was about as far from France and those debts as he could get; and he reckoned that no Parisian Javert would be likely to follow him there among the mountains. In Vancouver Jouti became a teacher of French; suave and affable and innocent. He had jewellery marked with his own and his wife's name and papers that might have betrayed him. He entered the office of the French consulate—a daring thing to do. Still he was not traced by the French police. He was entrusted with diplomatic business; travelled at the expense of the French Government whose minions of law he should have been fearing. And after years

of this citizenship, respected and smooth and prosperous in the new land even more than he had been in the old, Jouti alias Tijou died—on a train! The Consulate began to dig into his past; they found a career—the double strange career of Theodore Tijou.

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MEANWHILE, following the benevolent message of President Roosevelt in regard to the conservation of natural resources in Canada and the United States, the logging nabobs down in Maine are ingeniously busy on a scheme that will prevent New Brunswick from getting one log more down its rivers than she is entitled to by law. Logs have a habit of following rivers once they get into the current. Logs cut in Maine and dropped into a river that ignores a national boundary and runs through a part of New Brunswick are liable to land up in New Brunswick and get sold there or manufactured there. And this is not good economy for those smart Yankees; neither was it contemplated in the Ashburton Treaty. The scheme of log protection is set forth in a Bangor paper which in addition to a lot of other economic talk says this:

"A vast expanse of northern Maine is drained by the river St. John and its tributaries, which waters until recently formed the only means of log transportation. The ocean outlet is at the city of St. John on the Bay of Fundy. Since the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad reached the region of the Aroostook and Fish rivers, tributaries of the St. John, the lumber commerce of those streams has been diverted to home channels, but for the vast and immensely rich timber country of western Aroostook



A TOMATO PATCH AT SASKATOON

This photograph is sent us by an amateur gardener from Saskatoon. A few weeks ago a picture of a tomato patch at Haileybury, 335 miles north of Toronto was published. This patch is 600 miles north of the Toronto line. In both 1906 and 1908, Mr. Belyea succeeded in ripening tomatoes in open air at Saskatoon. The plants were set out on May 24th, and ripe tomatoes were picked during the whole of August. Mr. Belyea believes that tomatoes may be grown without artificial protection even farther north.

in what is known as the Allagash region, the river route to the Bay of Fundy is still the only outlet, and that way every year go many millions of Maine logs, on a slow and expensive journey to New Brunswick mills. The resourceful Yankees of Maine are hopeful that the year 1909 will see a long stride made toward overcoming the adverse circumstances of the northern rivers flowing east to the Bay of Fundy instead of south to the Penobscot. This plan involves the building of a railroad from the northern boundary of the state, through the forests of western Aroostook and northern Piscataquis to a connection with the main line of the Bangor & Aroostook, thence to the sea."

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THE Smithsonian Institute is getting anxious about some new species of caribou recently discovered on Graham Island, British Columbia. There seem to be a good many species of caribou in Canada and the latest investigations of Curator Kermode of the Provincial Museum in Victoria establish it beyond a doubt that this Graham Island sort is something quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Seton-Thompson became busy on this specimen some time ago and after a deal of goggling and drawing he concluded that the new variety ought to be called Rangifer Dawsoni out of respect to the eminent geologist Dawson. But the wise-acres in British Columbia do not agree with Seton. They have expert evidence to show that this novelty is an original sort of caribou of which no man knows anything. Meanwhile the Smithsonian Institute, which has been wiring for a sample of the new craze in caribous, will have to wait, for an Order-in-Council has been passed prohibiting these interesting animals from wandering away from Graham Island, or anybody from shooting the same.

ONE more link of empire has been forged in Ottawa. That is the Canadian and Imperial Service Association, which is a body of men organised among the militia for the following purposes: To assist those who have rendered service to their country; to visit them when they are ill; to render pecuniary assistance to them if necessary, and last but not least to extend to them proper burial, rather than that they be placed in a pauper's grave. These benefits are to be extended to any in need, throughout Canada. Another aim of the organisation is the establishment of a home in Canada wherein its members in their old age may find a place of rest and comfort. Officers of the Association are: President, J. W. Thompson; Vice-President, J. R. Thompson; Secretary, R. C. Hull; Financial Secretary, A. W. Sturgess; Treasurer, T. W. King; Executive Council, F. W. Fregin, A. T. Shore, J. W. Boville and W. Marsh.

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A WRITER in the January *Philistine* has made the discovery that there is a good deal of benevolence on at least one Canadian railway. He probably means the Grand Trunk, for the story he tells concerns a touching little episode which he encountered at London, Ontario, and which he describes in detail. This man must have had his eyes wide open, for most of us have been travelling on the Grand Trunk for a large number of years without observing any extraordinary examples of benevolence. He saw on the train a family of five German children who were travelling all alone from the home land to some place in Illinois; unable to speak a word of English and knowing nothing about the big, wide country through which they were going with so many more people who seemed to know exactly where they belonged, and who owned the railway, and what train was to be taken next, and when they should arrive and all the rest of it. And because these little Germans were in a great big fog the conductor seems to have taken time from his punching of tickets and looking daggers at the rest of the passengers to give the youngsters a real good time. Anyway, this was what the observant traveller saw as recounted by himself—on that Grand Trunk train; or perhaps it was a Wabash?

"At London, Ontario, our train waited an hour for Toronto and Montreal connections. Just before we reached London, I saw the conductor take the three smallest little passengers to the wash room at the end of the car, roll up their sleeves, turn their collars in, and wash their hands and faces. Then he combed their hair. They accepted the situation as if they belonged to the conductor's family, as of course they did, for the time being. It was a domestic scene that caused the whole car to smile, and made everybody know everybody else. The children had a bushel basket full of eatables, but at London, that conductor took the whole brood over to the dining hall for supper, and I saw two fat men scrap as to who should have the privilege of paying for the kiddies' suppers. The children munched and smiled and said little things to each other in Teutonic whispers. After our train left London, and the conductor had taken up his tickets, he came back, turned over two seats and placed the cushions lengthwise. One of the train men borrowed a couple of blankets from the sleeping cars, and with the help of three volunteered overcoats, the babies were all put to bed, and duly tucked in."

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NOW they are agitating for a million club down in Nova Scotia; the object being to secure for that province population of a million, which is no more than so beautiful and wealthy a province ought to have, since in these days of civilisation by statistics the number of folks you have in a place seems to determine how good a place it may be. No more deserted villages for Nova Scotia. Enough of pastoral peace and untenanted valleys; sufficiency of Wordsworth and of Ruskin—for them the smoke-stack and the crowd and the scurrying street-car loaded to the doors. It's the Winnipeg idea that has got loose. It has struck Nova Scotia hard. The arguments in favour of the million are hard to prove and are explicitly set forth in a recent issue of the *Halifax Herald*.