

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN STEAMSHIPS.

THERE has just been another centennial down east. It was just a hundred years ago the other Monday that a little craft twenty-five feet long puffed into Quebec from Montreal in 48 hours. The two dozens passengers were heroes amid the plaudits of the spectators who lined the St. Lawrence, banks listening to the throb of the ship's engines and watching the black train of smoke which hung over the waters. They were the first who had ever made the trip except behind stiff canvas and a breeze. To-day an Allan liner glides over the miles and there is no more mention of her than of a passing shadow. There is nothing more romantic about steamboating on the St. Lawrence. It is so big a fact that it is a commonplace. But the great shipping marine which Canada now controls, had its beginning with the voyage of the sturdy little *Accommodation*. This boat was the proud possession of Hon. John Molson of Montreal. The owner was as whole-souled a Canadian as ever lived. He invested wealth in an invention which was as uncertain as the modern airship; he insisted that every stick which went into his craft should be made in Canada. He prospered. The *Accommodation* soon had a sister, the *Swiftsure*. The success of the Molson boats made other masters of ships sit up. Why should not steamboats from Montreal take in Liverpool? In 1853, Messrs. Allan built the first of their greyhounds and called it the *Canadian*. Then came the *Indian*, the *North American* and the *Anglo-Saxon*. The course of the first of these Canadian ocean liners did not run too smoothly. The surveyors were not aware of all the eccentricities of the route, and the government did not do much ice-breaking at the time. Sometimes the ships never made port, and the papers would leak out harrowing tales of the sea. However, the navigators had faith. They persisted. Conditions improved. So, to-day, Montreal is but a week from the centre of the Empire and the St. Lawrence is among the great inland shipping routes of the world.

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INDIAN WORRIES.

THE Blackfeet at Gleichen held a big powwow on Thanksgiving Day. They came to talk about lands and the memory of the shaggy buffalo. They told all their troubles to the big white chief who controls all the land. The Minister of the Interior stood on the platform of the Agency offices, all the braves gathered about him, and spoke soothing words. He assured them that the King's ministers would protect them from dishonest white men who were filled with envy of their acres. They had ever stood by them. In the old days, the buffalo wobbled through the tall grass and great was the rivalry of the Blackfeet with the Crees. When the tomahawk was drawn, the government chorused in the Blackfeet war cry. The buffalo vanished. The Blackfeet had nothing to eat and the government fed them. They sat down by their wigwam fires and watched the thin smoke curl. There was nothing more in life to do. Then the government ceased sending over delicacies. The Blackfeet must sow in the springtime, and reap the golden grain in the summer, just like their white brothers do, in order to live. They must learn to toil like other men. They had land as far as the eye could see; they had horses and cattle; their numbers were many. They could have pretty houses and bright raiment if they would roll out of their blankets and follow their chiefs to the ploughs. If they would not, the white men who wanted all the land, would say that they were careless, and did not deserve nor need their possessions. The government would teach them new and easy ways to till the soil if they would hearken. Then, in a short time, they would become very clever and surely would outwit all their enemies.

The Blackfeet are not the only redmen who have been ruffled lately. The Kespiox warriors out in British Columbia spilled their paint in excitement a couple of weeks ago. It was all over Premier McBride's railway. Railway troubles have caused British Columbia's premier a few bad nights lately; but probably he did not have half the lurid nightmare of screeching engines and crashing cars which Foreman McCulley and his construction gang say the Kespiox experienced, when the government engineers started throwing the iron rails across the green of the Kespiox valley. The Kespiox hissed defiance. Foreman McCulley dipped two of them into the water to cool off and thrashed a third disdainful chieftain. Then two hundred braves held a powwow, laying formal claim to their beloved valley, and swearing unutterable vengeance on the valiant McCulley. The foreman got his congregation together, too. He locked heads with the chief constable of the district. One dark night, the P. C. and McCulley with fifty roystering blades sneaked over the Skeena to the sky-pilot's house. The preacher told the raiders of the wolves in his flock. In ten minutes, eight ringleaders snarled in irons. There was a romantic jaunt down to Hazelton jail in a big canoe by moonlight.

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ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

IT is written in the Ottawa books that Mr. William Beech has a homestead farther north than any nation-builder who has yet paid the required ten. Mr. Beech squats down on the south shore of Churchill Harbour. He grows fruit up there; he hunts; a great deal of his spare time he gives up to archaeology. The other day, Mr. Beech and Mr. Beech Jr. got off a train in Winnipeg, darker-skinned with the Arctic gales than any foreigner in the cosmopolitan metropolis. They opened their grips for their friends. With the whiff of the northland breeze came forth cranberries, blackberries, blueberries, of a flavour and taste which would make an Ontario fruiter gasp; also furs—white fox, mink and otter; and walrus whiskers, teeth of the polar "Teddy," and a thousand oddities of Eskimo ingenuity in the shape of paper-knives, miniature harpoons, paddles, spears, and gods. The travellers had not brought the whole north with them at that. They told of minerals at Hudson's Bay—of anthracite coal, which showed but one per cent. of ash. They told of romantic happenings, too. They heard whispers in the north of a little ketch *Paradox* which got jammed in an iceberg. The icy water was eating into the hull. Along came the good ship *Pelican* of His Majesty, the Hudson Bay Company. Now, the skipper of the *Pelican* refused to accommodate the *Paradox* tars on his craft unless they would agree to abandon their little ship. It was very cold; they did so. They were towed to Churchill. Then, according to report, they were told to drift—but not with their ship. There is talk of an investigation into this tale of heartlessness.



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