



Naught but a lone Windmill to mark the fifteen-mile reach between Shelbeach and Eastchurch, over which the Hon. C. S. Rolls flew in his Airship on December 21st, 1909—in merry, crowded England.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

Man-less Land and Land-less Men.

THEY are talking about the land. In England and Scotland—so much land that nobody tills; and in both countries millions of people who are land-less. The prevailing idea in this country about England is that one town reaches out to lock horns with another, and that just between are a few parks and the castled estates occupied by the lords and the rest of the aristocracy.

It seems, however, that if one should take a photograph of a typical piece of Canadian wooded prairie and put it down alongside an average picture of unoccupied, unploughed, unproductive territory in England, the resemblance would be almost startling. Far and away over either the eye may roam and find no house and no smoke of life; neither cattle nor horses—except the horses of the huntsmen with the hounds. Besides, they are complaining in England that the woodcock, gamiest of birds, is dying off. *Miserabile dictu!* Down in London there are human woodcocks who never had half a chance to live and who might be considered as well worth consideration as the perishing woodcock on the preserves.

But they say the Hooligans and the Embankment crowd don't appreciate land; say they wouldn't know how to farm it if they had it; that they're merely slum dwellers who like the slums, just as the Italian loves the Latin Quarter and the Hebrew the ghetto; so what is the use of opening up woodcock preserves to these people? As well send them to Canada where if they don't like the land on the prairie, perhaps they can "lump it"—because they won't be able to get back home; whereas in England a man can walk in a week from John o' Groat to Land's End. Moreover, the gates of England are open wide to continental Europe; not only the goods of other nations, but the indiscriminate drift-folk of all nations may go to England free of head-tax, and most of all to London, whose bountiful poor-laws are said to permit no man, woman or child to starve. So they come—to London alone a hundred thousand a year; by which means they have the biggest city in the world, and the city most abounding in misery.

Meanwhile the vacant land is useful not only for hunting upon, but for flying over as well. The airship is no machine for the slum-dweller who would no more know what to do with wings if he had them than with the land if he had that. So what's the use?

Booming Regina.

"WE are going to show Moosejaw and Saskatoon that we are just a little bit awake down here," announced some indomitable westerners the other day. They came from Regina. Of course, it being the first of January, they were rather long on New Year resolutions. They told of a big one which Regina had made. The men of Saskatchewan's capital have adopted this as their slogan for the year 1910: "Patronise Home Industry and Boost for a Greater Regina." Moreover, an organisation has been

formed to carry out this ideal, to wit, the Greater Regina Club. Membership in this fraternity is within the reach of every one who is willing to chip in and help along the prospects of the home town. "The Greater Regina Club" taboos such frills as a "waiting list," though the rate of growth of the club might indicate that one should be necessary. The treasurer has only held his office a few days, but he has gathered together fifteen thousand dollars.

The Granary of the Empire.

MR. F. W. THOMPSON, vice-president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, became very enthusiastic about Canada's wheat prospects a few days ago. Mr. Thompson was talking to some Montreal journalists and imparted some very interesting statistical information. He deplored the ignorance among Canadians of the wheat-growing capacities of the Dominion. A great many people, according to him, were not aware that the golden grain could spring up five hundred miles north of Edmonton; that the total area of the western trinity of provinces for cultivation was two hundred and fifty millions of acres of which only seven million have been so far touched by the plough. Last year this land produced 115,000,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Thompson illustrated that at the apex of its development the Northwest should yield 1,600,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum. These are startling figures. They mean that Canada's wheat supply would satisfy three times over the demands of the British Empire; five times the requirements of those portions of it which hunt elsewhere than under the flag of Britain for their sustenance; and would equal one-half of the present wheat stores of the whole world. Mr. Thompson submitted that in consideration of these figures, no one could sympathise with those who feared the ability of the Empire to support herself.

Back to Nature.

MR. J. W. ROBERTSON, principal of McDonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., has begun to encourage nature study in the rural schools of Manitoba. He has started his campaign in a novel and popular way. The other day, after Christmas holidays, when thousands of ruddy young westerners had creaked over the frozen snow to the school-house, the first thing they noticed was a neat, green book in teacher's hand. It did not look at all like the arithmetic or the grammar. The mystery was explained when they were told that Dr. Robertson of St. Anne de Bellevue, away down east, had sent each school of Manitoba a Christmas present for the library—a book called "Elementary Nature Study."

The King in Canada.

A WHITE-WHISKERED, weather-beaten old tar in jersey and peak cap, stood out in front of his little Kent cottage recently, and recalled the

days when he sailed the seven seas with the present king. Mr. George Tinker related an amusing incident which occurred while his royal master was en tour in Canada. The experience is thus related by an English journalist who interviewed Mr. Tinker:

"It was during the King's visit to Canada that an amusing incident occurred. He was travelling incognito, and arrived one evening at a little inn on the river St. Lawrence. The landlord realised that he had no ordinary guest, but could not guess who it was. With a view of finding out he kept making excuses for entering the Prince's sitting-room. The first time, he asked, 'I think, Captain, you rang the bell.' The second time he brought in some fine wild raspberries, saying, 'We've just found these in the woods, Major. Will you taste them?' Again and again he came in, calling the Prince 'Colonel' and then 'General.' Finally, just as he was leaving the room, he fell on his knees and said, 'May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don't behave suitable. I mean no offence in calling you 'Captain' and 'Colonel.' What shall I call you? For all I know you may be a King's son.'

"There was a burst of laughter at this from the Prince's companions, and the landlord, who had guessed so accurately, left the room still mystified."

The Old Prairie Trails.

HONORE JAXON—who was once known as "Jackson" and the able lieutenant of Riel in the Rebellion of 1885, is out on a rampage for the preservation of old trails. This is one of the really noteworthy projects in the West. Any man who should write the history of western trails in Canada would make a book of some of the greatest stories in our literature. The traveller by railway sees little or nothing of the old trade routes that once made all the human history there was in that vast country. Indeed, nowadays people incline to forget that the West is a huge limbo of interminable travel. At Christmas and New Year's scores of people boarded trains at the far-out towns and took a little jaunt east to Ontario. In the days of the old trails and the carts that made them, it took a whole month to make the journey from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Time was less valuable then. Space had scarcely any value at all. The cartsmen looked at long leagues of landscape, untenanted by a shack and uninspired by even a camp smoke, and he merely dreamed dreams of the distant day when the land-hungry white man up from the south and the east, and from across the Atlantic, would begin to measure, and fence and plough and build the scores upon scores of towns whose elevators seem to hold up the distant sky and whose railways cross-maze the country like the tendrils of a huge vine with its roots in Winnipeg.

With the obliteration of old trails and the construction of new roads has passed away much of the epical charm of the country. The West may be more valuable to Canada now that the railways have got hold of it; but in the time of the old trails the prairie had a character which in the days to come will never be noticed. If there are old trails that can be preserved as modern roads, it is part of the duty of governments and municipalities to preserve them.

Ancient Toronto.

ACCORDING to an article by Prof. A. P. Coleman in the *Canadian Magazine*, the most notable and interesting thing about Toronto is the relics. It appears that in Toronto there are sandpits and beaches that contain geological evidences of a system of political economy that dates back 50,000 years. The reader is requested to transport his focal imagination back to the time when all sorts of improbable beasts crashed through the forest and when the climate of Ontario in winter was balmy and serene. This is known as the inter-glacial period. Not long ago when the present waterworks tunnel was being put under the bay the excavators discovered curious footprints of an aboriginal that must have been an ancient when the Indians came on the scene. All sorts of old things seem to crop up in Toronto. No wonder it's hopelessly Tory; unchangeable and archaic; when the geologists go prowling round the streets and dig up out of sandpits things that carry the imagination back fifty thousand years. History of course is worth preserving even in sand-pits and geological strata. It is not clear, however, that the contemplation of reliques ever does much for the amelioration of social conditions. Modern cities find as much as they can do to look after the welfare of people living now without bothering about those that have lived thousands of years ago.