

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**P**AT BURNS and Pere Lacombe is the latest alliance out in the West round and about Calgary. The aged priest is engaged on a new philanthropy—a home for the aged and infirm of Alberta; for they are really beginning to have old folk in that country now. Mr. Pat Burns has given Pere Lacombe the land, at a place called Midnapore, which is just down the line from Calgary in that delightful cow country that makes even old folk feel young again. Pat has lots of land. He is the cattle king of the Canadian West. In the C. P. R. first days Pat came to the West as a construction hand on the new railroad; a thick-set, hectic and jovial Irishman who would as lief fight as either work or eat. But he worked and fought his way up, did Pat—until foot by foot he got away from railroading into ranching and has now become the man with the long purse strings and the king of the cattle men. Shrewd? Yes, Pat was not born with one eye open. The ranchers know him quite as well as the Indians for forty years have known Pere Lacombe. But not for the same or even very similar reasons. Pat is known to be able to buy cattle with remarkable thrift. But he drives about Calgary in a “cowbite” of a hat and a huge smile and a glad hand for everybody—even the rancher. Lately also Pat has married a young wife in whom he takes great pride. Now he has become philanthropic.

**M**UCH has been recently said in public assembly as to the Church healing the sick by anointing and laying on of hands. Many clergy of the Anglican Church believe in the efficacy of such methods. Not long ago a girl from London, Ontario, went abroad; she was deaf; she went to a shrine somewhere—and she wrote a letter home in which the first joyful paragraph was:

“Many thanks for your letter of congratulation. How strange your having heard of my wonderful cure at the Oratory! They say it is all over Paris, and in all the French papers, but I did not know it had reached London.”

After which the writer goes on to describe the scene; thousands of people waiting for a miracle; and the miracle when it came was the cure of the girl's deafness. Her description of the cure is interesting:

“I was kneeling at the ‘Grille’ of the Grotto, saying my rosary for the souls in purgatory; suddenly I felt dreadful pains in my ears. They were saying the rosary aloud, so I tried not to say anything to disturb them; however, they grew worse and worse until I called out in absolute agony. They increased in force, and I thought I should lose my mind with the terrific pain; then all my body started twitching and jumping. There was a dead silence, and this lasted for about four minutes; then, when I thought I should go mad with pain, I went into a kind of lovely dream, and don't remember anything until I heard. Oh joy! I really heard the ‘Magnificat.’”

**T**WO thousand five hundred miles by canoe—all but a very small percentage—has been covered this summer by Mr. J. W. McLean and his party

from Winnipeg to the far north beyond Prince Albert. This trip was for the purpose of paying treaty money to Indians who are unable to journey out for the “soo neahs”; tribes scattered here and there over a vast limbo that has never heard of a railway. From Prince Albert Mr. McLean took his party to Green Lake, which was one of the bases advertised during the Klondike rush when Prince Albert was trying to divert travel from Edmonton, and for years an old base of supplies for the Hudson's Bay Company. They had tribulations teaming that hundred and sixty miles. Floods had carried away bridges and made rivers of creeks and creeks of tiny rills, and swimming the horses was a commonplace. To the height of land between the Mackenzie and Churchill Rivers was the next objective by way of Ile La Crosse—and the rest of the journey was a devious, primitive wandering in that remote, uncivilised region where a dollar is hard to get and hard to spend and has not much purchasing value when you get it.

**I**DYLLIC sentiment being a rare thing in the present political campaign—as witness the Roblin-Macdonald flower-fest—it becomes something of a dream to read about the picnic tendered to Mr. Rufus Pope, “the Compton boy,” on the occasion of his fifty-first birthday. This was held at a place known as Cookshire, which is somewhere in Compton County, Quebec; and to that point most of Compton journeyed; stores were closed, mills shut down and farmers left their sugar beets in the fields and hitched up to the democrat with all the family inside and the roads smoking with joyful dust and everybody in harvest-home mood. The picnic lasted all day; in the afternoon many bright speeches were delivered, not least brilliant of which was that of Mr. Pope, the boy from Compton in the present contest. But the politics of the thing are not the point. The people made the affair; and it was Pope's picnic—which would have been just as happy and successful if he had been a Grit.

**T**HERE are a lot of clear-minded, clever Englishmen in Canada west of Kenora. On the prairies you begin to find him—the Englishman; not so long ago when he was mainly a remittance man and something of a cheerful nuisance. But the Englishman who drifts of his own accord far west nowadays and sets up shop—whatever it may be—on cow ranges or among the mountains or out on the coast, is often one of the sharpest-minded men in the country. There are two or three English editors in Vancouver and Victoria and they do some of the very cleanest and best editorial work in the country. Up at Banff also there is an Englishman with a mighty vigorous, clean-cut mind and his name is Mackinder. He has been writing to the *London Times* telling the dear British public some facts about the race problem on the coast. Here is a sample of what he says:

“Canada has beside her an object lesson to which she cannot be blind. The long-drawn tragedy of black and white in the great Republic is not near

its end, though it cost four years of civil war. With her western provinces, moreover, Canada faces the enigma of an awakening Asia. If there is one object of policy on which thinking Canadians are firmly united it is that of a white Canada. Mixture of races must result either in inter-marriage, with physical and moral consequences which, to say the least, are deeply uncertain, or in a caste system fatal to democratic ideals.”

## Ten Years' Progress in Agriculture

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decade into systematic and permanent road improvement. This applies more particularly to Ontario. This movement in the other provinces is largely in its initial stages. The million dollar road fund, inaugurated by a former government of Ontario and continued and enlarged by the present government, is gradually being taken advantage of by county councils and a few more years will see a network of permanent and improved roads between the leading centres of the province. The statute labour system is being replaced by the more common-sense plan of paying into a general fund and expending it in permanent and systematic improvement of the side roads and concession lines.

There are several other lines of improvement that should be noted did space permit, such as in farm implements, conveyances, etc., all tending towards economy in labour and convenience. Then there is the improvement in the quality of farm products. More systematic instruction is bringing cheese and butter up to a higher standard. The fruit product is being increased and improved by better spraying. In live stock, the fancy or show animal takes a second place to the more useful and practical one and so on almost *ad infinitum*. The farmer's boys and girls come in for more attention than they did ten years ago. The rural school is being gradually adapted to rural conditions. The school garden and the consolidated rural school are becoming vital forces in rural education. The schoolhouse is better built, better lighted and better ventilated than the old one.

But why continue? Enough has been said to show that progress in Canadian agriculture during the past ten years has been most marked. And it is only at the beginning. Another ten years will show as marked a change as the past decade has given us. The tendency is towards more concentrated effort, more and better products from the same area. Better roads, electric railways, the rural telephone, and possibly rural free mail delivery are the big things of the future. The telephone has already obtained a strong foothold. It is bringing town and city closer together, eliminating isolation, facilitating business, and promoting a better social life on the farm. Rural life in Canada is in a state of transition. Improvement is in the air; progress is the watchword; there will be no turning back; 1918 will be far in advance of 1908. Watch Canadian agriculture grow.

## RECENT RAILWAY DISASTERS IN ONTARIO



The Wreck on the T. H. & B. Railway at Mineral Springs, Sunday, Sept. 27th.



C. P. R. Collision at Islington, on Saturday, September 26th.