

PEOPLE AND PLACES

DONALD McLELLAN of the River Denys station in Nova Scotia has a name that ought to rank with Roderick Dhu for poetic charm. But Ronald in plain prose is able to do a few things that Roderick would have found a little awkward up on Loch Katrine. Ronald twists a horseshoe with his hands; not an old, worn-out, fag-end of a shoe either, but a brand-new set of corks fresh from the blacksmith's anvil. He is twenty-five years of age, six feet two inches high and weighs over two hundred pounds; he is an athlete and a Canadian by two generations—forbears from Morar, Scotland.

ON the other hand, there was a student at the Ontario Agricultural College who last week got so weary of being a miserable derelict that he bought fifty morphine tablets, went to a hotel, took dose after dose and set in to watch himself die. He also made notes of his condition at various stages, the test lasting nearly an hour. The suicidist had evidently been a farm hand at one time, for his first written observation on the case was: "Am sweating as though I were pitching hay on a hot July day." His last writing states: "I have just taken five more tablets. It won't be long now."

WADA, the Jap musher extraordinary and marvellous, has just set out on another Arctic run. Not long ago he returned from a pleasant little hoof-joint to Herschell Island and back. This time he undertakes a circuit of five thousand miles. He is racing with the steamboats. He goes down the Yukon two thousand miles in a small boat to Nome—oh, sometimes the miles pile up fast in that country—but anyway Wada's business is to get from Nome on a whaler to Firth River, which is not the Firth of Forth but a neighbour of Herschell Island. It is on the Yukon that Wada expects to beat the steamer. He is going up after gold; a baby brown man of one hundred and thirty-six pounds, born in Shikoku island, southwest of Japan, has been most of his life at sea and has a passion for whalers, whence his familiarity with the Arctic waters and trails.

THEY have a Niagara problem at Fort Frances on the Rainy River. Navigation in that river is none too good by reason of rocks and shallows. The Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission propose to dam the rapids of the Long Sault and raise the level of the river high enough for both navigation by locks and for a constant head for power.

MR. BONAR LAW, the New Brunswicker, one of the slowly growing band of young Canadians in the British House of Commons, seems at present to be rather overshadowing either of those other aggressive candidates for the Imperial spot light—Messrs. Hamar Greenwood and Sir Gilbert Parker. Mr. Law has made his great speech to full benches—speaking on the hackneyed topic of tariff reform; whereby the London *Standard* regards him as the legitimate successor in authority to Mr. Chamberlain. That paper also says of Mr. Law:

"Unemotional, but with swiftness of delivery and with never recourse to a note, except to quote an opponent, Mr. Law poured into the ministry the shot of deadly argument. He had a full House, closely knit in attention. He showed how, with a reduced revenue from sugar, owing to the lowering of the tax, a smaller return from income tax, owing to bad trade, and the necessity to provide for old age pensions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would next year be faced with a deficit of something like seven million sterling. He easily demonstrated how Mr. Asquith had vacillated. Further, he reminded the House of Mr. Asquith's promise that the strength of our navy must be kept proportionately ahead of the German navy, and, knowing the German naval programme, the expenditure of millions on naval construction would have to be faced next year."

THAT Canadian maritimers know something about railroading as well as about ships is well attested by the recent appointment of Mr. William Cunningham, a Carleton County boy from New

Brunswick as lecturer on transportation at Harvard University. Mr. Cunningham is a young man to be teaching the young idea in Yankeeland how to run trains. He was formerly in the employ of the C. P. R. in St. John city and later in the Boston office of that company before he became statistician of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. By this company he was recommended to Harvard. This remarkable rise to a high practical position has been made in twelve years by this progressive Canadian—another proof that when Canadians get hold of things in the United States they get hold hard.

AARON DE SILANS at home might have been sipping claret, riding after the hounds and wearing a peruke at a stately ball. Baron de Silans the aged miner, has just gone north on the mush trail from Vancouver to his remote claim on the Ten-Mile concession in the Sixty-Mile district. Tall and slender, the old man has wrinkles for age; but he has all kinds of animation and energy in the west land and he is not moping about the faded, fickle grandeurs he left in Europe. Such is the effect of the West on the imagination.

CONCERNING CANUCKS, a Canadian writing in the New York *Sun* has this to say in a recent issue:

"There seems to be a great deal of misapprehen-



Cochrane's Camp, Upper Canada College, Temagami Region.

sion hereabouts concerning the significance of the word Canuck. For myself and my fellow expatriates I wish to protest against the term. Most New Yorkers seem to have the idea that all persons hailing from Canada are Canucks, and many of them use the term as if it were one of opprobrium. Now a Canuck is a French-Canadian or habitant, and the samples of that type who have drifted across the border into New England certainly have done little to make the title one of good repute. But the Canuck in his native Quebec village is a pretty decent sort of citizen, as those who have read Sir Gilbert Parker's stories know, for Parker has recorded the habits and traits of these people with faithful exactness. Canuck means French-Canadian and nothing else. Will New Yorkers please remember that?"

PASSENGERS from Lesser Slave Lake are announced as blandly in the Edmonton papers as though Edmonton were Halifax reporting the arrival of an ocean liner. The port of landing for these north-faring passengers is Athabasca Landing, which is the first seaport town north of Edmonton, distant one hundred miles. The steamer *Northern Light* and her mate the *Midnight Sun* are two of the liners that ply between Lesser Slave and the Landing, which so far as the imagination of Edmonton and of J. K. Cornwall, the owner, is concerned, is but a link in the future all-water route from Athabasca Landing to Herschell Island at the mouth of the Mackenzie.

A SCHOOL trustee who can neither read nor write English has been discovered near Winnipeg Beach in Manitoba. This trustee is a Ruthenian, one of the band which the educational authorities are trying to teach English to in Brandon. He is able to read and write Ruthenian, but as that does not seem to suit some of the English ratepayers at Winnipeg Beach, he is in danger of losing his seat. As yet it is not known whether or not he can be removed legally.

WHITE porpoises off Father Point are playing havoc with the cod in the Father Point waters. Porpoises which are exceedingly beautiful to look at have succeeded in almost exterminating the useful and edible cod. Porpoises are of no use to eat. The hide and oil of a porpoise, however, is said to be worth about forty dollars; and there is talk of a bounty on porpoises—dead ones—in order to save the cod.

STRAWBERRIES at Victoria and on Vancouver Island are an enormous crop. The local berries grown in British Columbia have been on the market for two weeks. They came in at fifty cents a pound but soon dropped to thirty-five cents. Twenty thousand crates each of twenty-four baskets have been sent out to the suburban growers, and the fill of these crates is expected to be only two-thirds of the crop close to the city alone. Victoria growers made three hundred dollars an acre out of strawberries last year. This year they expect to make six hundred dollars an acre.

THE Old Man River and the Belly River in Southern Alberta have been on the rampage. Macleod has been under water. The dry belt has for once become very wet. Houses in Macleod have been carried away. Telephone and telegraph lines have been put out of business. Freight and passenger traffic has been stopped for part of the railway has been under water. Bridges have been washed away. So that civilisation in that country is seen to carry some extreme penalties. Twenty years ago there would have been nothing to carry away in the cow country but cattle.

WILLIAM WILSON of Woodstock, Ontario, is a clever man. Just the other day he succeeded in congregating a hundred people in his town to prove to them that they were heirs to the city of Philadelphia—heirs of old Colonel Becker, who served in the Revolutionary War and is said to have had hundreds of acres given to him under a ninety-nine years lease—the present site of Philadelphia. In case Wilson proves his

claims there may be another exodus of Quakers to Canada.

NOVA SCOTIANS are returning home from the United States. Trains into Truro are crowded with these returning exiles who went across the border years ago and are now coming back, not merely because of the financial slump in the United States, but because the prospects for good times in Nova Scotia were never brighter than this year. Crops in that province are looking better than ever remembered in the minds of inhabitants. The grass wintered well; rains have rushed it along; pasturage and dairy industries are humming along merrily hand in hand, and the acreage of crops is much larger than that of last year.

A NEW sawmill costing a quarter of a million dollars and capable of sawing one hundred thousand feet of lumber in a day is another of the lumbering enterprises launched by United States capital in British Columbia. This new mill is already being erected at the foot of Shuswap Lake by the Adams River Lumber Company. This firm is one of many United States firms who during the past three years have invested millions of dollars in sawmills on the Canadian timber belt. When the duty against foreign lumber is removed by next Congress—as is anticipated—British Columbia lumber may be shipped as far east as Buffalo and as far south as Kansas City.