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THE EXPLOITS OF

Lieut.-Col. "Klondike" Boyle

BY DOUGLAS WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

Some time ago a humorous weekly published a drawing of an inebriated gentleman in a hotel surveying a huge fish enclosed in a glass case. "The man that caught tha' fish," the "i.g." was saying after deep thought, "is (hic) a liar."

In writing of Joe Boyle, otherwise known as "Klondike" Boyle—since the war Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle, wearing the Stanislaus, 4th class; the Vladimir, 4th class; the Order of Queen Anne with swords (all Russian decorations); the Order of the Crown of Roumania, the Star of Roumania and Grand Cross, and the Regina Maria, 1st class; a gentleman listed in the Roumanian Peerage as the Duke of Jassy—my only worry is in how much of the truth I can write before my readers charge me with invention.

As a matter of fact, Boyle's career is more extraordinary than any ever conceived by the vigorous pen of Jack London. With all his adroit genius for creating heroes of romance, Dumas never pictured a more engaging figure than this Canadian. In London, Petrograd, and Paris, "Klondike" Boyle is known as one of Europe's first gentlemen of adventure.

Without the least exaggeration it can be said of this native of Ontario that he juggled statesmen, diplomats, and generals as other men play with dice. In the tragi-comedy of Bolshevism he wandered on and off the stage at will, directing and changing the course of events by sheer force of a personality that could be felt even through the medium of an interpreter.

He is a man who has lived in the open, and has assimilated something of the vastness of nature's broad expanse. When I met him in the "Ritz" in London, surrounded by Roumanian Staff officers, there was still an air of the North about his thick-set figure, with its powerful face and shaggy light-brown hair. He does not talk glibly; therefore, when he speaks, one listens.

"Colonel Boyle," said the Queen of Roumania when she visited London, "is Roumania's friend. Our country owes him a debt we never can repay."

So much for so much. This is the true story of the exploits of "Klondike" Boyle.

CHAPTER II.

Boyle was born in Woodstock, Ontario, the son of an Irishman who had settled in Canada many years ago. He is related to the Earl of Cork, and is devoted to the Empire—although possessed of his race's natural love for "alarums and excursions."

His first bid for fame was to start for the Klondike in 1897 as manager for a heavyweight prize fighter. Unfortunately for the completeness of this narrative, the name of the pugilist is unknown; but it can be assumed that he was knocked out, either by an adversary or by adversity, for his manager appears to have left him shortly after their arrival. At any rate, it was not in the nature of things that Boyle should remain a fighter's Boswell—one could as readily conceive of Lord Beaverbrook devoting his life to chronicling the activities of Ramsay Macdonald.

In the rush of '98 Boyle staked an eight-mile claim, subsequently selling it for a large sum. Now, if this were fiction the story would end here—any author knows that when his hero makes a million in the Klondike, his story is over. Give him a pretty wife, describe a sunset—and voila! C'est fini.

Not so this adventurer of the North. Having achieved money, he started out to see what life held for him. He became heavily interested in railroads, in dredging, and invested money in various enterprises of Dawson City. In a short time he had ceased to be an individual, and had become one of the Yukon's sights of interest. It is not easy to dominate a mining-country, for the lure of gold draw men of jaw and character—but Boyle had both, and imagination besides. By common consent he was given the sobriquet of "Klondike" Boyle, and his fame began to spread from Vancouver to New York. Probably the only place that hadn't heard of him as the "Klondike King" was Woodstock, Ontario.

When the war broke out, Boyle gathered together two hundred choice spirits, called them "The Yukon Pack Company," took them to England at his own expense, and offered them to the British Government. Afterwards, as part of the Yukon Machine-Gun Battery, they did gallant work in France.

Some day, it is to be hoped, the full history of that little band will be written. It recalls old times described in Conan Doyle's White Company, when English knights used to raise bands of men, and crossing the Channel, waged chivalrous warfare upon the French, with much glory to themselves and their ladies' eyebrows.

But there is one difference—adventurous spirits as they were, the Yukon men went for a great cause; and to-night, in the wind-swept fields of Flanders, many of them are at rest. Is there any one whose imagination is so dead that there is not for him something gripping in the thought of those men of the North, who had once wrestled with the earth for her riches, now lying asleep in her forgiving bosom?

CHAPTER III.

Possibly if Boyle had gone to France he would never have been heard of again; but the military authorities, in one of those flashes of intelligence which sometimes illuminate officialdom, decided that he should be sent with the Canadian Transport Mission to Russia. And that was the real beginning of the romance of "Klondike" Boyle.

It was in June, 1917, after consultation with the Russian General Staff, that he was sent to the south-western front to examine and report on the condition of their light-railway and horse-transport system. He took along with him the official interpreter of the General Staff, and had just completed six weeks' work when, on his way back to Stafka, there was a break in the line at Tarnopol. This struck Boyle as something which needed attention, so he entered the place to investigate. Things were in a "pretty kettle of fish." The officer commanding had bethought himself and gone, the inhabitants were passing from a state of confusion to one of riot, and the enemy was preparing to exploit the situation.

"Assuming an authority I did not possess," Boyle subsequently wrote in a charming naive report, "and with the assistance of two young Russian officers, I got a Russian Death Battalion (women) to throw a cordon round the town, and establish patrols, and restore some semblance of order."

Having done that, Boyle stayed around for a day, during which time the place was twice attacked from the air, and feeling that everything was fairly satisfactory, proceeded on his way.

The incident needs no comment. D'Artagnan could not have done more.

After reaching Stafka, he was asked to attend a conference with the Government at Petrograd. He did so, made his report, and had the satisfaction of seeing his recommendations accepted in their entirety.

For the sake of space, as I want to write of his more spectacular exploits, it is necessary to pass over his work of the next few months. It is sufficient to note that he began to interest himself in Roumanian as well as Russian transportation, being furnished with a special train or a destroyer whenever he wished one. At that time Russia had about a million men in Roumania, and had not shifted a pound of flour for some weeks, whereas the army was eating a bread ration of two pounds a day per head. The Roumanian wheat was disappearing fast, and experts estimated they would be at the end of their supplies by January, 1918.

Enter "Klondike" Boyle.

He promptly arranged for eight draught boats for Lake Yalpukh, prepared a system which was subsequently carried out, and for several months five hundred tons of flour per day were delivered from Russia to Roumania.

Having adjusted that trifling matter, the worthy Klondiker then hurried to Stafka and interviewed Kerensky, who, after the Korniloff trouble, had invested himself with the rank of Commander-in-Chief. At the conference with Boyle and Kerensky were General Alexieff and General Doukhonin, who later became the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces. Owing to General Alexieff's approval of Boyle's suggestions, the Canadian was placed in complete charge of reorganization and construction-work on the Bessarabian railways.

At this stage in Boyle's career officialdom decided that he had been a free-lance long enough, and the general who was chief of the British Transport Mission informed him that he was under the Mission for orders. This struck Boyle as absurd, and he protested; but the British Ambassador at Petrograd and the War Office informed him that he was subject to regulations.

It is difficult to harness a hurricane.

Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle tendered his resignation to the Russians, offering first to complete his Bessarabian work, and then steal silently away. The Russians were much perturbed, and invited him to Petrograd to confer with the Minister of War, the Minister of Ways and Communications, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Gentlemen," said Boyle, who felt that his knowledge of local affairs made supervision not only irritating, but unnecessary, "I am tired of working in the position I occupy, not because of any effect it has on my work, but because of constant annoyances from the British and American Transport Missions."

The matter was adjusted by the "Stevens" Mission and the British one being kept to the civil area, while the man from Canada was placed in complete charge of the military area.

(To be continued.)

A Song of Days.

Sing of the bee, taking her busy flight,
Sing of the sun, driving off the night,
Sing of Dame nature's days, fresh and bright.

Happy the springtime, strolling through the grass,
Happy spring hours that brighten as they pass,
Happy our youth, it comes but once, alas!

Sunny the days that go to make July,
Sunny the life beneath his flaming sky,
Sunny the summer as our life goes by.

Fruit fills our orchards in the autumn days,
Fruit of the vineyard shimmers through the haze,
Fruitage of life work fills our harvest trays.

White is the winter, snowflakes cover all,
Yellow the fireplace in the cheerful hall,
Golden our visions as the evening shadows fall.

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Made Him Feel Small.

A foppish young man who could only find a seat next to a fishwife in a North of Scotland smoking carriage expressed his disgust by many disdainful glances.

At length the woman remarked:

"I'll bet ye, my manny, you an' me's baith thinking the same thing."

"What is that, woman?" demanded the youth haughtily.

"You are wishing you was sitting next a gentleman?"

"I am, indeed," replied the young man.

"So am I," the fishwife replied calmly.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Canada's Silver Fox Farms

Silver foxes on a ranch at Hungry Hollow, near Regina, are epicureans and live on the fat of the land. This need not be wondered at, for silver foxes literally are worth their weight in gold.

The little aristocrats are fed as expensively as guests in the best hotels. The meat served them is kept in a perfecly regulated and spotless refrigerator. It consists of the choicest cuts of tenderloin steaks and pork chops, with a little horse meat added by way of variety. The foxes have shredded wheat prepared as carefully as it might be for some wealthy and querulous invalid. Other breakfast foods, cereals and vegetables pamper the appetites of the little beasts.

The ranch is tightly fenced in with wire eight feet high and sunk in the ground several feet. The fox houses are constructed on scientific hygienic plans. They are kept scrupulously clean.

The success of this fox ranch on the Canadian Pacific Railway and of several others near Winnipeg has demonstrated that the prairie provinces are as well adapted to breeding silver foxes as Prince Edward Island, which is the world's centre of the industry. Some of the fox ranches in Prince Edward Island are operated by corporations capitalized at several hundred thousand dollars. Many of them have made immense fortunes for their owners. Others have lost heavily. Breeding foxes seems to depend as much on "know how" as any other business. In the possibilities of enormous profits the industry seems as alluring as gold mining. One breeder started two years ago with two pairs. He now has fifty-six animals. He has sold $16,000 worth of pelts. A silver fox pelt brings from $200 to $2,500. He sells his two-year-old animals at $400 to $2,000. He sold eight-months-old pups this year at public auction at $900 apiece. He values his breeding stock at close to $100,000.

Woman's Sphere

The Way They Feel About Teacher.

The way the children feel about their teacher depends almost entirely on the way their parents feel about her—that is, if the way the parents feel is allowed to enter into their talk before the children, and it oftentimes does, to the detriment both of the teacher and the child.

For instance, a young teacher friend of mine said to me the other day: "What do you suppose little Doris Handy told me yesterday? Why, she climbed into my lap during recess, and put her arms around my know how I am going to live down that accusation."

Seldom do remarks of a single parent prove so far-reaching in their effect on the teacher and the school, but always they affect the one child's conduct and attitude toward his teacher. The child coming to school with his father's rather blunt expression: "That teacher of yours don't know nothing" ringing in his ears isn't going to buckle down to his lessons properly. Instead, since teacher doesn't know anything, he thinks, "What's the use of learning what she tells me to learn?" Or the child who, because of some misdemeanor was compelled to remain after school hours, was comforted at home with the assurance, "If that teacher keeps you in another night I shall take up the matter with the school board," is not going to come to school with the determination to be as good as possible all day long. He is, however, going to endeavor to get kept in so that his mother can cause trouble for the teacher. And in nine cases out of ten he succeeds.

Parent-teacher associations have done much to bring parents and teachers together for a better mutual understanding of home and school conditions and aspirations. Yet there are many small communities which have not as yet such associations, and there are many mothers who could not attend the meetings even if they were held near at hand. But, whether or not there be a weekly or monthly gathering of parents and teachers, the same responsibility rests on the parents regarding the talk about the teacher their children hear at home.

Not always, of course, can good things be said of the teacher—yet very seldom is it that the children cannot be told that their teacher is trying hard to teach them right, that she is doing her best, that it is a hard task teaching so many active, eager little children, and that she needs their help every minute if she is to give the school a good name and record. But even though the parents do not consider the teacher as good as a previous one, or do not approve of her methods of teaching or correcting unruly scholars, there is no excuse for airing these beliefs before the children.

Every parent should take sufficient interest in the children's progress at school to feel approval or disapproval of the teacher's methods or ability, but discussion of the latter should be carried on when the children are absent. Whenever possible the teacher should be invited to the home, neck in that loving little way she has; then she startled me by saying: 'Mama says you're just a little girl, and I can't expect to learn anything from you. She says we ought to have a grown-up teacher—but I like you better."

My friend smiled at thought of the child's affectionate words, then continued soberly and thoughtfully: "I suppose I am just a girl, but I'm trying to do my best as a teacher. Sometimes I get discouraged, though, and now, since Doris' mother made that remark before Doris, I'm almost afraid I'm going to lose control of the whole school. Doris won't take anything I say seriously; she has been told I'm just a girl, and given to believe I know no more than she does herself. And she has communicated her feeling to a good many of the other scholars. I really don't where problems presented by the children can be discussed when the children are not around, and the parent and the teacher can come to a better understanding.

But whatever your real feelings toward the teacher, if it be not good let no inkling of it reach your children's ears. Instead, pick out all the teacher's good points and hold them constantly before the children.

Saving Time and Strength on Washday.

I think one of the hardest jobs a farm woman has, especially if there are small children and men to cook for, is the washing. A large washing done in the old way means such a hard, busy day.

I was never very strong, and I finally got so that I could not do the large heavy washings in the old way, and found such an easy, efficient way that the washing to-day is my easiest work, and the clothes are beautifully white and much sweeter than if sent to the laundry.

The day before I wash I put all the white clothes to soak in cold water. If there are fruit stains on tablecloths, etc., I pour boiling water on them first. Either hot or cold water will remove tea, coffee, and cocoa stains; but I think hot best for cocoa, cold for milk and egg stains, and sweet milk for ink stains.

At night I wring the clothes out, and cover until morning. While getting supper I melt a bar of soap with a little water added in a granite kettle, adding a teaspoonful of lye and about two tablespoonfuls of coal oil. I let this boil up and set away until morning.

The next morning, as soon as the fire is lit, I put the soap solution in the boiler and fill half full of cold water. I put the white clothes in the cold water, and cover. After the water comes to the boiling point I let it boil about fifteen minutes. While the clothes are boiling I get the breakfast and dishes out of the way.

When the clothes are boiled (I punch them good while boiling) I put them in a tub of cold water; punch and rinse them well; wring, blue, and starch. Now they are ready to hang out, and even the roller towels and men's underwear are beautifully clean.

As soon as I take the white clothes out of the boiler I put enough cold water into cool it—just enough so you can put your hand into it—then put the colored clothes to soak while wringing out the white ones. I soap all very soiled spots, such as on men's work shirts, etc. When I am ready for them, I simply punch them well, and very seldom have to use a washboard for anything.

I have a big washing out by ten o'clock, my floor mopped, and have time to rest before starting dinner.

That much soap will do a large boilerful of white clothes. The secret of getting such good results is in putting the clothes on in cold water. The cold water loosens the dirt and it boils out.

When I bring the clothes in from the line, I fold and put away many articles without ironing. Everyday towels, pillow slips, and all flat pieces I fold and run through the wringer and put away. Underwear if folded smoothly and pressed out with the hands looks as well as if ironed, and is sweeter and healthier.

A Home Blackboard.

A very useful article in our home equipment, writes a contributor, and one that has successfully combined pleasure and profit for the children, is our home blackboard. It occupies a well-lighted corner of the dining room, is two feet wide and three feet long, is framed in stout oak and is clamped solidly against the wall. Ten years ago we bought it for three dollars and fifty cents as an entertainment for two boys. It has been one of our best investments, not only as the means of unlimited entertainment, but also as the source of real educational benefit.

When we first put the blackboard in place, small Rob knew nothing of letters or figures, but he often spent hours "making things" upon the smooth, black surface. Then one day he voluntarily set about copying the figure he saw on a large calendar. Unaided, he learned to make the numbers as far as thirty-one. Then he began to ask questions about the numbers. With a little help he was soon counting up into the hundreds, and each day filling the blackboard with crooked rows of tippy figures; but gradually the rows grew straighter and the figures stood up better. The boy who learned thus early to work things out for himself has always liked arithmetic.

As the children grew older the entertainment that the blackboard provided gradually yielded to utility. An arithmetic problem brought up in review of the day's lesson, a sketch, a bar of music, an outline map, or perhaps a drawing of some article made in the manual-training shop appeared in rapid succession on its surface.

Once a veteran of the Great War spoke to the school children about the value of the habit of prompt obedience. Our boys were much impressed, and upon returning home they wrote the words, "Prompt Obedience" on the blackboard. As the subject was further discussed that evening, other desirable traits of character naturally suggested themselves, and such words as "Honesty," "Unselfishness" and "Industriousness" went up to join "Prompt Obedience." Thus they formed the habit of expressing in black and white anything that they might wish to make especially impressive. Our blackboard long since became a sort of bulletin of family progress, without which we should feel much at a loss.

Frenchman First Canner.

The art of canning fruit, vegetables and other food was discovered by a Frenchman, Francois Appert, who was employed by Napoleon to help provide food during the blockade of France by Great Britain.

Largest Airplane Motors.

Italian automobile engineers have built the world's largest airplane motors, a twelve-cylinder affair of 720 horsepower.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Baldness.

Baldness—the medical term for it is alopecia—requires no definition. With very few exceptions every man who lives long enough gains practical knowledge of it through his own experience. Why this should be so, why women so seldom suffer from baldness as compared with men, and why a man does not get bald on his face, are mysteries. Indeed, it is often noticeable that the stronger and more luxuriant a man's beard is, the earlier and the more nearly completely does he get bald. It is generally believed that the pressure of the man's hat, by shutting off part of the blood supply from the scalp, starves the hair and causes it to fall. But most men wear their hats only for a fraction of the day, and the pressure of the brim of the hat is never enough to shut off the blood supply altogether; so probably that is only one of the factors that cause baldness.

One cause undoubtedly is seborrhea, or dandruff, and for that reason, as well as because of the unsightliness of the white shower on the coat collar, no one who cares at all for his appearance, either present or future, should neglect to treat dandruff. It is comparatively easy to cure dandruff; but when the hair follicles have been destroyed, the baldness that results is irremediable. Indeed, the futility of treating established baldness is proved by the number of dermatologists of middle age who are themselves bald. In cases of premature baldness, except those caused by dandruff, the victim is almost always in poor health. A chronic invalid seldom has a good growth of hair.

After an attack of some acute disease, such as typhoid fever, the hair very commonly gets thin on the top of the head, but it usually returns as convalescence is established, and its return can be hastened and assured by the use of a tonic taken internally and daily massage of the scalp. A good shampoo is made of tincture of green soap containing ten grains of thymol to the ounce; but the scalp should not be shampooed oftener than twice a month, and after shampooing it is a good plan to rub into the scalp a few drops of olive oil or liquid vaseline.

Lloyd George Predicts His Own Defeat Soon.

Ill fortune has attended statesmen intimately associated with the framing of the Treaty of Versailles, in the opinion of Premier David Lloyd George, of Great Britain, according to a newspaper article published in Paris.

In conversation with a member of the Chamber of Deputies the British Premier is said to have expressed an opinion that the "peace treaty was hard luck for anyone having had a hand in it."

"Yes," the Deputy is quoted as replying, "Premier Orlando is out of office, Premier Clemenceau is again in private life and President Wilson has met with reverses in Washington. Only you have been spared."

"Yes, and in less than six months it will be my turn," is the reply attributed to the British leader.

Highest Mount in England.

Scafell Peak, 3,210 feet, is the highest mountain in England. It is in the county of Cumberland, in the Lake District.

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