THE MIRROR IS THE MOST ANCIENT DECORATION

Most ancient of all accessories is the mirror, that reflecting bit of vanity which means so much in our daily life, as well as in our scheme of decoration. Its origin is shrouded in the twilight of mythology and our only real clews are the fragments which mother earth and the tombs have rendered back to us, sometimes in a fair state of preservation.

We know that glass was made by the Egyptians, yet the only mirrors that have come down to us from them, as well as from all other ancient sources, are of metal, very highly polished, and often containing silver and gold. The first form of the mirror was the hand-glass, and it is the fragments of this that remains to us. We know, however, that metal mirrors were made in sections so arranged in grooves in the wall that they could slide up and down to show the figure at full length. Cleopatra is supposed to have possessed such a mirror, but its magnificence can only be imagined, as no authentic description of it is available.

Glass mirrors coated with tin have been found in Italy that were used in the days of Pompey, but just when and where silverbacked glass was first employed has never been definitely established. As early as 1373 the Germans had acquired a knowledge of glass mirror work, and in the fifteenth century they invented a curious form of mirror construction called the "bull's eye."

In the sixteenth century the Venetians did much business in the manufacture and exporting of glasses with quicksilver backs, and in 1665 the French Government induced twenty of these glassworkers to come to Paris, where in the year 1691 a method of making plate glass was perfected which made France thereafter the mirror market of the world.

The history of mirror-making in England might be said to date from 1670. From this time on, rapid strides were made in the manufacture of looking-glasses, those of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods being particularly notable.

Mirror glass in its early stages was "blown," and beyond the length of three and one-half feet was too thin to serve as mirrors. In case a greater length was desired, it was necessary to add a second piece, and thus the longer glasses of the early eighteenth century were made in two pieces, one overlapping the other, or finishd with a molding to hide the intersection.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Chippendale-made mirrors of great charm were made, and it was during this time that Chinese designs became popular. Later, Hepplewhite and the Brothers Adam designed mirrors of real worth, the former in shield and oval shapes, usually in pairs.

During the earlier part of the Georgian period the revival of the Queen Anne mirror began, and by 1800 the lines of this model were much in evidence. Previous to this, looking-glasses were manufactured in large numbers in this country, and from 1880 to 1790 the famous "Constitution" glasses were made. This period also marked the vogue of the quaint Girandoles and Bull's Eyes.

Mantel glasses were in great demand throughout the eighteenth century, but more especially after 1760, when both oval and oblong shapes began to be popular. The cheval-glass, never at any time a common piece of furniture, enjoyed its greatest favor about 1830. Some excellent designs of this type had been previously fashioned by the great English cabinetmakers, notably Sheraton, but comparatively few have survived in this country.

Wet Weather.

It is the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon the sea,
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon each feather,
The scent of deep, green woodlands where the buds are breaking free.

A world all hot with sunshine, with a hot, white sky above it—
Oh then I feel an alien in a land I'd call my own;
The rain is like a friend's caress, I lean to it and love it,
'Tis like a finger on a nerve that thrills for it alone!

It is the secret kinship which each new life is given
To link it by an age-long chain to to those whose lives are through,
That wherescever he may go by fate or fancy driven,
The home-star rises in his heart to keep the compass true!

—Isobel Ecclestone MacKay.

Encouraged.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author.

"Two cents," answered the P. O. clerk. "It's first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

Books Not Needed.

"Yes, Father, I've finally, after much consideration, decided to be a writer. I'm going to write a book."

Father (anxiously): "But, John, do you believe it will pay? Most everybody around here has got a book."

A Bright Blue Gown.

The tide ran high, the tide ran low.
(Oh, heave away, away, away!)
We left our port at morning glow,
Before the breeze began to blow,
And said farewell to harbor tow.
(Oh, heave away, my hearties!)

The waves rolled up, the waves rolled down.
(Let out more sail, more sail, more sail!)
We saw the last of our old town,
Its chimneys red, its roofs so brown.
I saw but Nancy's bright blue gown!
(Let out more sail, my hearties!)

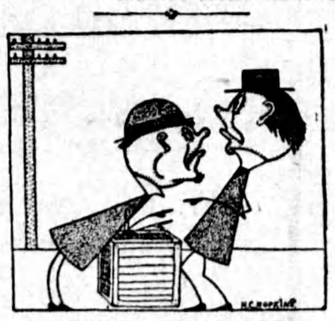
The gulls flew here, the gulls flew there.
(Now port the helm, the helm, the helm!)
The wind was fresh, the day was fair.
Our vessel sailed with jaunty air,
And we had health and strength to spare.
(Now port the helm, my hearties!)

The ocean rose, the ocean fell.
(Watch out ahead, ahead, ahead!)
We bravely took each dip and swell,
And loved to hear the wild wind yell
In rigging where it whistled well.
(Watch out ahead, my hearties!)

We cast to left, we cast to right.
(Let down the nets, the nets, the nets!)
And when we hauled with all our might,
It was, indeed, a goodly sight
To find our nets no longer light.
(Let down the nets, my hearties!)

We cut the foam, we cut the spray.
(Now head for home, for home, for home!)
And every heart aboard was gay,
Our harbor soon before us lay—
I saw but Nancy's gown, I say!
(Now head for home, my hearties!)

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE.

Pittsburgher: Cleanliness is next to Godliness, my friend.

Country Visitor (disgustedly): Next to impossible—in this town!

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

THE JOLTS IN LIFE

By John Blake.

If it were not for the jolts life would be rather monotonous. Also it would be considerably harder to support.

Man has always learnt by means of jolts since anything has been written about him.

It is so easy to fall into a beaten path, to do the same kind of work for the same kind of pay, taking it for granted that work and pay will continue for ever, that nothing but a jolt will save a man from wearing a rut so deep that it will soon swallow him up.

The world had begun to feel that wars were at an end and that everybody was going to live in concord for all time when in 1914 it received a violent jolt.

It knows better now. As yet it has not exactly discovered what ought to be done, but it is earnestly trying to find out.

But more jolts will be needed before peace can be made permanent.

The business man or clerk who goes to and from his work with faithful regularity day by day will continue to do so without any appreciable results till he gets some kind of a jolt.

Then he will wake up to the fact that he must look ahead if he is to go ahead, or he will be likely to hit something.

Often the failure of a firm which employed many men has been a good thing for all of them, although they did not think so at the time.

It gave them the jolt that comes with the discovery that no man is quite secure as long as he depends entirely on the guiding brains of some other man.

In the event of such a failure the men who have shown unusual application and ability are the first to find new places.

Those who have not had any jolts, but have gone on the theory that life would go on for ever as it had been going, will not do so well—at first.

But if the jolt of unexpected unemployment is hard enough it will be good for them. Next time they get a job they will do something better with it than merely holding it.

We all long for serenity and an even course through life, but that is the surc way to dry rot.

So don't worry about jolts. They are merely the little prods that keep us from sleeping on our feet.

Unthinkable.

The lawyer turned in his swivel chair and solemnly asked Mrs. Yelverton: "Do you sign this deed of your own free will?"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid lady, fixing a look of menacing suspicion on the legal luminary.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the little, meek man sitting behind her. "Henry? I'd like to see him compulse me."

How Do You Pronounce It?

On you and yours I like to dine,
O Vitamine, my Vitamine;
You keep me graceful, strong and thin,
O Vitamine, my Vitamine;
You're potent though you're never seen,
O Vitamine, my Vitamine;
By any name come live with me
And join your cousin Calory.

—Elias Lieberman.

Unreasonable.

"What makes the snapping turtle so snappish and ill-natured?" mused old Gaunton Grimm. "Nobody stops him when he is in a hurry and tells him funny stories that he has heard before and which never were funny, anyhow."

Swallows in Palestine.

In Palestine the swallows are allowed the freedom not only of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and sacred tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.

You have a disagreeable duty to perform at twelve o'clock. Do not blacken nine and ten and all between with the color of twelve. Do the work of each and reap your reward in peace. So, when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present, you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light shall overcome its darkness.—George MacDonald.

Lullaby.

If, my dear, you seek to slumber,
Count of stars and infinite number;
If you still continue wakeful,
Count the drops that make a lakeful;
Then, if vigilance yet above you
Hover, count the times I love you;
And if slumber still rebel you,
Count the times I do not tell you.

Too Much Arithmetic!

Every schoolboy will raise his hat to Professor Nunn, Principal of the London Day Training College, University of London, for his outspoken comments on present-day education.

"The irreducible minimum of arithmetic with which the average man and woman can live is less than most people suppose," he said. "I do not mean that arithmetic is of no use, but in everyday life many things are of more utility."

Harold's Progress.

Harold—Oh, Mother, I got one hundred in school to-day in two subjects!

Fond Parent (kissing him)—Well, well; in what subjects?

Harold—Fifty in reading and fifty in arithmetic.

AT THE PICNIC.

Mother: Your dress is just full of grass, my dear!

Daughter: It's a lawn dress, mother, don't you know?

Breaking Trails in Canada's Northwest

The lover of out-doors is constantly looking for new experiences. No sooner is one area examined or explored than he is laying plans for the next. Many plans are made and many are discarded as additional information renders them less attractive. Getting beyond what Dr. W. T. Hornaday terms "the last tin can" is the ambition of every nature enthusiast, and breaking new trails is a task worthy of the best.

Reaching what has been the hitherto unknown brings a reality of man's utter insignificance as compared with the works of nature. Gazing, as he oft times does, upon vast rivers, tremendous waterfalls, huge canons carved by hurtling waters out of massive rock bodies, trees representing many hundreds of years of growth, strange wild life local to the uninhabited regions, the traveller feels that he is entering a region where he is superfluous to the organization.

For some years western Canada has been visited by many travellers, in search of new experiences, and many interesting stories have been written as a result. Canadian Government explorers are constantly breaking new ground, and the information thus gleaned is made available to the public.

A trip made by Mr. F. H. Kitto, exploratory engineer of the Natural Resources Intelligence Branch of the Department of the Interior, Canada, through the north-western portion of the north west territories proved to be one of considerable interest. One of the striking features of this trip is the fact that the route is practically all down sream, thus eliminating much of the heavy labor.

Leaving Edmonton, the Edmonton, Dunvegan and Peace River Railway was taken to Peace River, whence by steamboat and canoes the Peace River, Slave River, Great Slave Lake and Mackenzie River were in turn taken to Fort McPherson. This portion of the route has been many times described, so our description of the trip will commence at Fort McPherson and detail the lesser known and more interesting portion of the trip.

The Fort McPherson-Fort Yukon Canoe Route.

The canoe route connects the Mackenzie waterway with the Yukon by the Peel, Huskie and Rat Rivers, MacDougall's Pass, Little Bell and Bell and Porcupine rivers. Except for the ascent of the Rat, the traverse of MacDougall's Pass and a mile or two up the Yukon River from the mouth of the Porcupine to the steamboat landing at Fort Yukon, the route is all downstream. The distance is, approximately, 600 miles, made up as follows: Peel, 15 miles; Huskie, 20 miles; Rat, 15 to Destruction City, with 40 additional to summit; MacDougall's Pass, 3 miles; Little Bell, 12 miles; Bell, 65 miles to La Pierre House, with 40 additional to Porcupine; Porcupine, 90 miles to Crow River, 65 additional to Rampart House, and 235 additional to Fort Yukon.

As this route has never been accurately surveyed, these distances are only approximate.

The craft best suited to this route are canoes of large, sturdy design, such as the 18-foot cruiser or freight models, and light poling boats. Strong, serviceable paddles, poles and tracking lines are necessary. Camp equipment should be restricted to the minimum. Power boats are not practical on this route. Guides are necessary from Fort McPherson as far as Bell River. The Bell and Porcupine Rivers can be run by experienced canoemen though unacquainted with these waters.

Condensed provisions should be used where possible in order to eliminate unnecessary weight and bulk. Fort McPherson should not be depended upon as a source of supply. Staple supplies en route may be obtained at Crow River and at Rampart House.

Fort McPherson.

The establishments here comprise the Hudson's Bay Company, the Northern Trading Company, Limited, Lamson & Hubbard Canadian Company Limited, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Anglican mission and a small settlement of white traders and Indians.

In latitude between 67 and 68 deg. north, it is located on the east bank of Peel River, about 12 or 15 miles above the delta of the Peel and Mackenzie. Mackenzie River steamers from Fort Smith, operated by the three trading companies above enumerated, call one a year to collect a cargo of fur and to leave a year's supply of merchandise. The time of call is usually between the first and fifteenth of July. The midnight sun is visible for over a month, and the summers have perpetual daylight for about three months. To the south, east and north the country is flat, but the mountains can be seen rising in the west. A winter portage, about 25 or 30 miles in length, runs easterly to Mackenzie River, and another portage, between 75 and 100 miles in length, leads west through the mountains to La Pierre House on Bell River.

Peel River is a large, wide, muddy river, with a uniform, steady current, and is navigable by large steamboats. Spruce woods line both banks, which become low and flat at the delta. A channel running to the east at the head of the delta connects with the Mackenzie. Another channel turns to the left and then runs north and is known locally as the Huskie River.

Huskie River is the name locally applied to the most westerly channel of the Mackenzie delta. The current here is steady and the water muddy. The banks are low and covered with small spruce and willows. The channel is crooked, but is navigable for the ordinary type of river boat.

The Rat River enters the Huskie from the west. Its mouth is not prominent, the banks being low and bordered by willows and spruce. The lower part of the Rat is very crooked, has a sluggish current and is overhung by large willows. It is a favorite breeding ground for ducks. About ten or twelve miles before reaching the Huskie it breaks up into two or more channels, the main one being on this route. About one day's paddle, or, roughly speaking, fifteen miles, brings one to the rapids.

Destruction City.

This point is known as Destruction City, because the Klondike stampeders in the late 90's reached such serious obstacles to their progress in these rapids that they were forced to abandon great quantities of supplies. From Destruction City to MacDougall Pass the ascent is very steep, being variously estimated at from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in a distance of 40 miles or thereabouts. There are almost uninterrupted successions of rapids and small falls to be overcome.

The most important landmarks on the Rat are the canon and the Barrier River which enters from the south. Above the cano there is more sand and gravel and the boulders are less troublesome; the scenery also improves, as the upper part of this river lies right among the mountains. The forks of the Rat consist of three branches, the centre one of which leads to MacDougall's pass. It is not the main river, being only a large stream. A small fall at its mouth makes a short portage necessary.

MacDougall's Pass.

The small lake at the head of the Rat river is first crossed. Next comes a short portage to a small stream, which is ascended for a mile or so. After skirting the edge of a small lake and crossing another cne a short portage is made to a narrow stream, which is followed a little distance. Another short portage to a miniature lake precedes the main portage, not over half a mile, however, to a very pretty little lake on the summit. The scenery is wonderfully fine here, and there is excellent fishing, grayling trout being very plentiful. From the summit lake a short portage brings one to Little Bell river.

Little Bell river has a deep, narrow and crooked channel, overhung by willows and small spruce trees. The current is sluggish throughout the greater part of the distance. The mountains overhanging this river have a very grand appearance.

The Bell river is quite wide, and at good stages of water would be navigable for motor boats. In shallow water several bars appear and it is necessary to drag the canoe over them at times. This river also is very crooked. The ruins of La Pierre House are to be seen on the right bank. The portage now used, however, actually starts from a point a few miles downstream from La Pierre House. Some swift water but no rapids of dangerous proportions may be encountered before the Porcupine is reached.

Porcupine River.

The Bell river enters the Porcupine at a big bend of the latter. Salmon Cache and Driftwood river are landmarks below the Bell, after which Crow River is reached. The Shultz trading post makes a welcome port of call at the Crow. If this point is reached in two weeks time good progress is being made. It is roughly quoted at 300 miles, or one-half way, but indicates by far the most difficult part of the journey as being accomplished. Below Crow river the ramparts of the Porcupne extend 75 or 100 miles. Rampart House lies on the north bank, at the Yukon-Alaska boundary line. Cadzow's trading post is located here, also the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks and an Anglican mission.

Old Rampart House, now nearly deserted, is on the left or south bank, several miles below the boundary, and at the end of the ramparts. Beyond this the river is wide and in places broken into several channels and the banks are low and flat and covered with spruce woods.

The Porcupine enters the Yukon a short distance below Fort Yukon, the buildings of which are not at once visible. The waters of the Yukon may readily be recognized as they are much more muddy than the Porcupine waters.

Fort Yukon.

A mile or two of stiff paddling against a strong current is required to reach the Fort. There is a trail leading from the mouth of the Porcupine, which may be used as an alternative. There are three trading posts at this point, a United States wireless station, hospital, church, school and two restaurants. Sleeping accommodation is very limited.

Fort Yukon lies just north of the Arctic Circle, and the entire route between this point and McPherson is in the Arctic zone. Travel on it is practically limited to the months of July and August.

Commodious river steamboats ply between Dawson and Fairbanks, calling en route at Fort Yukon. A boat for Dawson is thus available practically once a week. The sailing time between Fort Yukon and Dawson is from three to four days.

From Fort Yukon the return was made by the Yukon river and the White Pass and Yukon railway to the head of navigation on Lynn Canal, thence by Pacific coastal steamers to Vancouver.

This trip is one which once taken will never be forgotten. It is not an easy one, but will well repay the time and energy required to cover the distance. Anyone considering making this trip, or other trips into the more remote portions of Canada, is advised to get further information regarding equipment, etc., from the Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, well in advance.