The AUTOMOBILE

Learn How to Handle Your Car.

It is quite evident to folks who frequent our highways either on foot or in motor cars that even some who have owned their cars for some time have not yet become very skilled in mastering them.

The prospective driver seats himself behind the wheel. It is a good idea to have an experienced man by his side until he gets on to the fundamental principles of driving. One of the first things to do, of course, is to start the engine. This he does by stepping on the self-starter pedal. If there is no self-starter he will be required to get out and crank the thing.

But before starting the engine there are a few preliminary details that need attention, and they are very important, too. For instance, he should place the gear-shifting lever in the neutral position, put the emergency brake on, retard the spark fully, or, if well acquainted with the motor, to a point where the spark will surely occur after the crank has passed top centre. Open the throttle about one-third. (After getting acquainted with the machine he will find a position for the throttle where the motor will always start best). Put on the switch. If the motor habitually starts hard, prime the carburetor.

After the engine starts close the throttle and advance the spark about three-quarters. If the engine has been started on the battery and a magneto is used, switch immediately from the battery to the magneto. Do not allow the motor to race. When running idle it should turn over at its slowest speed. Always place gear lever in neutral when the car is stopped and make sure that it is there before starting the motor. Don't let the car stand with the motor stopped in the winter time, unless the radiator is filled with anti-freezing solution. Look the car over thoroughly after each run.

Testing Bearings.

The motorist is sometimes puzzled to know just what shape his bearings are in and does not know how to test them. Connecting rod bearings should be tested by tapping them very gently with a hammer and watching for play. For the crank shaft bearings, rock the shaft a little and with petcocks open; if you can do this the bearings are all right.

Tank Noises.

In certain fuel tanks of the cowl variety there is a tendency to emit noises, which increase in volume as the tank is drained of its liquid contents. The owner is puzzled by the fact that irritating noises have begun after he has traveled a hundred miles or so, whereas there were none at the beginning of the journey. The obvious remedy is to keep the tank filled up.

Motor Traffic Into Canada.

Returns compiled by the Canadian Department of Customs indicate a 600 per cent. increase of motor traffic into Canada. Automobiles entering Canada for touring purposes during the last calendar year totaled 617,285, compared with 93,300 for the previous calendar year.

Of the total number of cars registered in the last calendar year 615,074 remained in the Dominion for less than one month and 2,211 for more than one but less than six months. The Parks branch of the Department of the Interior has calculated that this motor traffic represents an expenditure in Canada of more than $198,000,000, and it is estimated by the same authority that on a basis of 5 per cent. "improved roads are worth over $2,000,000,000 without taking into account the service they render Canadians themselves."

The Parks branch estimate of expenditure in Canada by motor tourists is based on a stay of seven days for the larger number of cars and thirty days for the smaller number, while the daily expenditure for the former is put at $25 and $20 for the latter.

Heed These Maxims and Avoid Grouches.

Here is some excellent up-to-the-minute advice offered by the latest issue of "Motor Travel" to those who would heed that "word to the wise," which is said to be "sufficient":

An ounce of attention is worth a pound of overhaul.

An oiling a day keeps the repair man away.

Look before you back.

Spare the oil and spoil the car.

A rolling car gathers no crowd.

A tool in the kit is worth thousands in the garage.

Service is as service does.

Fools rush in where experts fear to ride.

A little knowledge of electrical systems is a dangerous thing.

An ounce of instruction may save a pound of repair.

A skid to the wise is sufficient.

—and the worst is yet to come

TEMISKAMING IS BIG FUR AND GAME AREA

BEST IN WHOLE WIDE DOMINION.

Annual Pilgrimage of Keen Sportsman to This Happy Hunting-Ground.

An experienced hunter and trapper who had followed his calling all his life in every section of Canada and then settled in the region of Northern Temiskaming finding there the goal of his dreams, described the country as the best fur and game section of the wide Dominion. Allowing the justifiable claim of other areas of an expansive realm to this distinction, one cannot, after but a rough and cursory inspection of the region, but concede that such assumption has a basis of proven merit, and that the area on either side of Lake Temiskaming is, in fact, a veritable paradise for the hunter, fisherman, or out-o'-door lover. Not only in this section, by reason of the ruggedness of its formation and rough topography, the natural habitat of big game animals and fur-bearing fauna, but for the very same reasons is likely to largely remain so in perpetuity and this haven never be attacked by the inroads of more domestic industries.

The unique feature of this country is that it is by no means as inaccessible as its primitive, unblemished nature would suggest, and whilst existing in a state but little changed from when nature completed her work, is in daily touch and communication with the modern, civilized world, with such conveniences and advantages as this may bring in its wake. From the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Mattawa, a branch line runs for forty miles to the settlement at Temiskaming, on the lake of the same name, whence a lake steamer travels three times a week the seventy miles to the lake's further extremity. From such points as Montreal or Toronto it is little more than a matter of an over night's travel to leave civilization behind and plunge into the immaculate realm of nature. The wilds here are surprisingly close to the centres of Canadian business activity, with all that this means to the man of affairs with but a limited time for holiday or diversion at his disposal.

Quaintly Picturesque Scenery.

The steamer trip upon the calm waters of the lake is in itself a lovely pleasure which is, in some ways, unique—stealing calmly between tree-darkened shores, with no visible indications of human life, save an occasional trapper's log shanty. The water is strewn with thousands of logs, borne for many miles on the current, and bound for the mills below. The vessel steers gingerly round many a log jam, or rides valiantly over a boom. It is not at all unusual to see from the rail a moose making his way across the lake from one shore to the other, to glimpse a deer at the water's edge scurry away at the closer approach of the vessel, or to disturb a bear at his abdutions and send him lumbering clumsily into the timber.

All is as nature first planned it, the only modern touch being the little steamer serenely pursuing its way, bound from the point of railway contact to an economically productive sector at the northern end of the lake, without in any way disturbing the tranquility of the shore life between. The vessel with its human freight passes between the densely wooded shores and when it has passed on all is still again, as if even the fringe of civilization's progress had never touched there. Only where, in a symetrically rounded bay, the Kipawa river pours its temptuous waters over boiling rapids into the lake, is there a sign of human dwelling where the hunter and trapper, who found his life's dreams realized, has established a log camp.

Tree and bush life on either shore of the lake are so thick as to appear almost impenetrable. For the main part they constitute the undisturbed dwelling-places of nature's wild things. Merely a few trappers and hunters inhabit the region, and they have blazed out trails which are gnown only to themselves. But there are a thousand unknown and unmarked paths between the timber. Bear are plentiful and are shot and trapped in considerable numbers. It is impossible to travel any distance in the bush without encountering the tracks of moose and deer upon the soft earth near some stream or pond where they pass by day or come down under cover of darkness to drink.

Teeming With Fish and Game.

Not only the waters of Lake Temiskaming, but the many rivers which pour their waters into it, and countless smaller lakes inland on either shore, teem with varieties of fish and furnish excellent sport and the most satisfactory fishing. Bass, pike, pickerel and whitefish are to be found in the larger lakes and rivers, whilst many of the smaller lakes contain trout. These same waterways are a joy to the canoeist, the lakes and streams interlocking for miles and permitting lengthy and varied travel through most wonderful country without the inconveniences of portaging.

Not a few ardent sportsmen from widely separated points on the American continent have discovered the joys of Temiskaming and make their annual pilgrimage there to unsullied nature, taking their toll of the region's bear, moose, deer or fish. For the main part they hold the secret of its charms close, fearful of spoliation. But it deserves to be more widely known among out-o-door lovers of the continent, for it can provide numbers with the most enthralling of outings without undue toll being exacted of its fish or fauna and without in any way losing that charm which disappears with the onslaught upon nature's strongholds by too many of the human kind.

French Discover Ancient Sacrificial Altars.

The veil has been rent from the terrible blood-stained mysteries which, in ancient Carthage more than 2,000 years ago, attended the worship of the Goddess Tanit (the Phoenician Astarte).

Two French scientists, MM. Pouissot and Lautier, who are now searching the ruins of Carthage, have discovered the ancient inner sanctum of the Temple of Tanit, and in front of the altar have found sacrificial vaults standing three deep before the altar of the cruel deity. Each of these vaults, when unearthed, was filled with the charred bones of thousands of infants, ranging from new-born babes to infants one or two years old.

The two archeologists conclude that they discovered one of the temples where the secret rites of human sacrifice to Tanit must have been practiced.

Infant children were usually sacrificed to Baal, the other chief diety of Carthage, being slipped alive into a roaring furnace one by one.

Just Natural.

Some youngsters were playing a game which consisted of everybody in the room making a face, the boy making the worst face to receive a prize.

Every boy, it appeared, was doing his level best. The boy acting as master of ceremonies finally went up to one of the most diminutive lads present and said:

"Well, Harry Peters, I guess you have won the prize."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Harry, "I ain't a-playin'."

Sounds.

I woke as midnight turned upon its
purple hinges,
And heard the sounds day hides within the core of silence.
I heard the shadows running races in the garden;
The lonely dew that wept beside the sleeping lilies.
I heard the stars play hymns on gold and silver organs.
I heard the moths steal honey from the dreaming roses;
The fairies snipping patterns out of crimson gauzes;
The cocoons spinning wings of black and yellow spangles.
I heard the forest chant a story to its children
As I awoke at midnight.

I woke as midnight turned upon its
purple hinges
And heard the mosses sprouting on the rotting shingles.
I heard the cobwebs weaving garments for the rafters;
Lost echoes searching up and down the dusty stairway.
I heard the attic step and step among the spiders.
I heard the gnomes that sit and snigger on the bedposts;
The "things" that rock in empty chairs and set them creaking.
One secret sound was stranger far than all the others;
I heard a laugh that had been left among the worries—
As I awoke at midnight.

—Jennie Harris Oliver.

London's Amazing Palace.

There is so much electric wire in the new London County Hall that it is impossible to measure it. All that can be said is that there are hundreds of miles of it.

This is only one example of the amazing figures relating to the great building which cost $20,000,000 to build and which contains 30,000,000 bricks, 2,500,000ft. of wood, 175,000 tons of concrete, and 50,000 tons of stone.

Fifteen hundred men worked there every day for ten years, and this is not surprising when one learns that there are 114 acres of paintwork and 100 acres of plaster. Fourteen miles of sanitary pipes had to be laid and 250,000 tons of earth removed. Ten million steel bolts were needed in the building operations.

Stories of Famous People

The Switchman and the Duke.

A good story is related of the Duke of Connaught when he was traveling through a rural district in northern Ontario. The train on which he was traveling was run on a siding until the oncoming express had passed. One of the switchmen who had heard a great deal about the Duke of Connaught, but had not had an opportunity of seeing him, resolved that he would not let slip this chance of seeing a real live duke. He therefore ran nimbly along the platform, peering excitedly into the various coaches, of which the blinds were drawn, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the great personage for whom he was looking. As it was only 4 a.m. and not quite dawn, he feared that it would be too early for those on board to be about, but, seeing a closely muffled figure sauntering towards him, he ran excitedly up to him and said in a stage whisper, "Say, where is his nibs? But I suppose people like him wont be awake yet." The man accosted said, "Of whom are you speaking?" "Why," said the switchman, disgustedly, "the 'dook,' of course." A twinkle appeared in the Duke of Connaught's eyes when he replied: "Yes, the duke is awake. What can I do for you, sir?" at the same time extending his hand, but a face-to-face encounter with a real live duke proved too much for the unsophisticated northerner, for with one bound he cleared the track and disappeared into the semi-darkness with the swiftness of a marathon, and it is said that some hours after the search was being continued for him.

From Hearsay Only.

Rather an odd meeting occurred recently. The authors of two of the most noted books of recent times encountered each other at a London hotel—Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," which has reached its 30th edition, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the American author of "Main Street," a novel which has also been wonderfully successful.

They shook sands and engaged in mutual congratulations. But they did not waste any time in vapid and untruthful flatteries. It came out, early in their conversation, that neither had read the other's famous novel. Frankly, they said so. They ought both to remedy a serious omission.

The late Sir Herbert Tree was more backward in matters of this kind. It was not until he had highly praised Barrie's works that Barrie got him to confess that he had never read any of them, or seen them played on the stage.

Round the World for a Flower

By Ernest A. Bryant

The spirit of adventure did not perish in the grave with Shackleton. It is the force which is urging the little Malaya forth upon a three years' cruise to lands afar. A modest cruiser of ninety tons, she is fitted out by Dr. C. Lockhart Cottle to sail in quest, not of fabulous gold from ships bemired in deep-sea ooze, but of the spoil of forest trees and tropical jungles. Dr. Cottle and his merry men twelve strike a sounding furrow round the world, with romantic islands of the great oceanic South for goal, with orchids for main prize, and half a hundred lesser schemes for camera and curator, which shall permanently record the result of holding a mirror up to Nature and fixing her reflection.

To some of us orchid-hunting may not imply operations to stir the pulse or beguile a man from the amenities of civilization. But the lettered botanist has his tomes of travel and daring written by he men who risk life and limb to seek these bizarre beauties in their steaming haunts, flowing in fantastic majesty high and remote upon the trunks of unfamiliar trees, princes of parasites in a nightmare paradise-inferno, to which a man must cleave his way, wth an axe, and perhaps fall dead beside his prize, felled as surely by malaria as his tree is felled by steel and human effort. The annals of orchid seeking are a shimmering romance of courage and endeavor, with tragedy here and there commemorated by dead men's bones.

The treatment of tropical diseases advances so rapidly towards the position of an exact science that we may expect Dr. Cottle to safeguard his expedition from perils to which many of their predecessors fell victims. But his way is wild enough to demand unsleeping vigilance. Clearing their last European port they sail southwest to the French West Indies, thence to Trinidad, Colon, Panama, Gallapagos Isles, Marquesas, where disgruntled Londoners sought a year ago to evolve new existence which should know no taxes and very little else; on then to Manahiki Islands, Phoenix Islands, Gilbert Islands, Solomon Islands, North New Guinea, Vle Islands the Malaccas, South East Borneo rivers, Singapore, Penang and the North Sumatra hinterland. Who would not envy Dr. Cottle?

His little craft has set out before ausicious breezes, a model for the roving naturalist. She has every conceivable appliance for the accommodation of botanical specimens; she has an armament of guns for the disadvantgae of big game; she has tackle for the entertainment of such fish as bait and net may secure, and Mills bombs for the stunning and capture of some of the uncanny lords in rivers as yet uncharted.

No one quits the beaten track without camera and kinematograph to-day, and necessarily the Malaya has hers for recording scenes and customs among the sable gentry to whose villages the schooner will bear our party. And, that nostalgia shall not prove intolerable, wireless sets are of the equipment, so that voices, riding space where the sea-wind sings, may be heard over the aerial telophone. The same mechanism will enable the wanderers to keep in touch when the party splits up into sections to explore the forests.

Many adventures such as this have gone into the records. The conveyance of the cinchona plant from Peru to malaria-stricken India; the smuggling of seeds of the rubber plant from Brazil to Kew and from Kew to the East, to give the Old World a new culture, a new industry and undreamed harvests of wealth—these are two of the grand romances of latter-day history achieved by heroic practical men who feared none of the many dragons which beset their paths. But if there is one place to which, more than another, the story should appeal, it is to Pitcairn Island and other ocean paradises to which descendants of the Pitcairners have rowed or steamed. For the mutineers of the Bounty, who first peopled Pitcairn, were upon a mission resembling that of the Malaya.

It was Sir Joseph Banks who fitted out the Bounty and put the then Lieutenant William Bligh in command. The little Bounty was despatched to collect bread-fruit plants in Tahiti in mid-Pacific, some 2,000 miles northeast of New Zealand, and transport them to the West Indies. The orders under which Bligh sailed are still extant, and one of them may interest the men of the Malaya, if this should reach them in one of their ports of call.

After insisting that the plants should be bathed in fresh water with more care than was exhibited in regard to the ablutions of the crew, the memorandum runs:

"No Dogs, Cats, Monkeys, Parrots, Goats, or indeed any animals whatever must be allowed on board, except Hogs and Fowls for the Companys use; and they must be carefully confined to their coops. Every precaution must be taken to destroy the Rats, as often as convenient. A boat with green boughs should be laid alongside, with a gangway of green boughs from the hold to her and a drum kept going below in the vessel for one or more nights; and as poison will be constantly used to destroy them and cockroaches, the crew must not complain if some of them who may die in the ceiling make an unpleasant smell."

The rest is history. The crew, enervated by six months of luxurious life at Tahiti, and seduced by the syren voices of the island's dusky beauties, mutined, clapped Bligh, with eighteen men faithful to him, into a boat and cast them adrift in the open sea. His magnificent voyage, in that little launch, to the Indian archipelago, more than 3,000 miles distant, is still a record achievement for frenzied famishing oarsmen. The mutineers, reduced to nine, made Pitcairn, with six Tahitian men and twice as many women. There the native men murdered all but one of the Englishmen, whereupon the Tahitian women murdered all the Tahitian men. The one white survivor, John Adams, was ultimately left lord of the island, of eight or nine wives and several children.

From that tragic inception descends the Pitcairn settlement of to-day, with many hopes and hazards interwoven in its later story. The Malaya will bring no unpeopled island within the orbit of the Empire whose dominions are marked red on the map, for we order these things better than our forefathers. Dr. Cottle knows his men, and they know him; an estimable company of right-hearted adventurers with the Dumas motto of "One for all and all for one!"

Radio.

How many lovely sounds that else
were lost
Are borne today along pulsating air
To lonely listeners of otherwhere;
What largesses upon the winds are
tost
Nor time nor space nor world storms
may exhaust.
That scatter endless comfort far and
wide;
Poles speak with poles, and lilts of
summertide
Waft cheer to those immured by winter's frost.

Perchance some day, since wonders
never cease,
It may be, from beyond the bounds
of death,
That words of those we mourn may
know release,
And, whispering to us with wistful
breath,
Bring that dim, unknown land so very
near
That doubt and grief and dread shall
disappear.

—Charlotte Becker.

Vocabulary of Shakespeare Comprised 8,000 Words.

Shakespeare is said to have employed the largest vocabulary of any writer in English, exceeding that of another voluminous writer, Milton, yet Shakespeare's words count only about 8,000. Modern poets and dramatists manage to express themselves by using from 2,500 to 3,000 words. Writers on science, as they need technical and scholastic terms in addition to their large command of ordinary words, now lead the list in vocabulary.

Honor Pasteur.

The French Senate has unanimously voted 2,000,000 francs for the observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Louis Pasteur, this year. In voting the appropriation Pasteur was described as the "symbol of French science."

Baiting a Bear With Buns.

In ancient times bear baiting was a popular European recreation. The bear was chained to a post, and dogs were set upon it to the delight of the spectators. While Lord Frederic Hamilton, the author of Here, There and Everywhere, was in India, he baited a bear in a way that was certainly more amusing, if not more humane, than the old way.

We were at breakfast, he says, when kubber (news) of a bear only two miles away was brought in. My best, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, at once ordered the howdah elephants round. Opposite me on the breakfast table stood a large plate of buns, which the camp baker made most admirably. Ever since my earliest childhood I had gone to the zoological gardens in Regent's Park on every possible occasion, and therefore was in a position to know what was the favorite food of bears. That they did not live on buns in the jungle was owing merely to the fact that there were no buns there to live on. I argued that the dainty would prove just as irresistible to a bear in the jungle as it did to his brethren in the big pit near the entrance to the zoo at home, and, ignoring the rather cheap gibes of the rest of the party, I provided myself with half a dozen buns, three of which I attached by long strings to the front of my howdah, where they swung like a pawnbroger's sign.

The bear was lying in a small patch of bamboo and broke cover at once. As I had anticipated, the three swinging buns proved absolutely irresistible to him. He came straight up to me, and I shot him with a smoothbore. He is most decorative in his present position, as a rug on the floor of my drawing-room—a fact that is wholly owing to the buns.

The color for mourning varies. In Europe it is black; in China, white; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, blue; while kings and cardinals mourn in purple and violet. The ancients wore sackcloth.

Banding Wild Birds.

Over 500 bird lovers in the United States and Canada are now engaged in the interesting work of banding wild birds and this new method of making ornithological observations has opened up such interesting and valuable knowledge with regard to the habits, life and migrations of birds tht the Bureau of Biological Survey in the United States has taken over the movement and made it national in scope. Bird banding does not injure the birds themselves and by it intimate details of individuals and even character studies can be secured. Befor Baldwin discovered the facts by banding who would have thought that the timid house wren sometimes leads a double life as judged by human standards, that the eternal triangle is not uncommon in bird relationships, and divorces in midsummer not unknown.

The method is extremely simple and consists merely of placing a small numbered aluminum band on the bird's leg, adjusted in such a way that twigs cannot catch on the ring and yet so that the circulation is not checked. The birds are either taken from the nest while fledglings or are caught in a special bird trap. Marking birds in this manner was first introduced into America early in the nineteenth century when Audubon placed silver threads around the legs of a breed of Phoebes and was rewarded by having two of the birds return to nest in the same vicinity.

In Europe, bird banding was attempted as early as 1710, but it was not until 1899 that it was undertaken systematically. In the United States active experimental work was begun in 1901, and between that year and 1909 several local attempts were either planned or prosecuted. In 1920 the work was taken over by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, and under its direction it is now being widely carried on.

Mr. S. Prentiss Baldwin of Cleveland, Ohio, who banded 1,040 birds in February and March in 1921, states that the birds soon become accustomed to being trapped and frequently fly straight from his hand on being liberated to feed in the next trap. Careless or inexperienced handling may result in accidents, but these can be avoided if a careful study is made of the available literature and the instructions implicitly followed. To avoid confusion only one set of numbers is in use on the continent and these are allotted by the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington. Bird lovers who wish to carry on this work in Canada require a permit from the Canadian National Parks Branch, which has charge of the administration of the Migratory Birds Convention Act in this country. Two reliable testimonials certifying that the applicant has sufficient ornithological knowledge to carry on the work are also required.

Playing Ball in Church.

The late Mr. W. Andrews, in his "Lore and Legend of the English Church," gives some interesting information about church games in olden days. He mentions an extraordinary custom which there used to obtain of playing at ball in church at Christmas. The origin of the game, though it has been supposed to be distantly related to the ancient custom of presenting a ball to one's friends. However, it was conducted in a manner which implies that it had some significance, and was, like its commencement, a ceremony. The clergy and immediately before the antiphon, marching in stately step from one side to another of the choir.

"Certainly, when the clergy reached the last verse, on their return threw it to the side of the antiphon, the congregation began, meanwhile, to sing statutes of the cathedral in the size of the ball, and in many places it is still a tradition that the ball is especially appropriate to Monday, and in several places quite recent times football was played in the streets on that day by a miscuous concourse of people. It is natural to imagine that there is some common origin of this and practice just described. Of course we have lost the religious significance of the ball in these days.

Autumn.

Shy whortleberries, black and blue
Hide in bog marshes wet and
green;
Wild clematis and roses, too,
Blow on the hillsides just between,
In all the wayside's dust and there,
Amidst harsh grass and in wan
fields,
The goldenrod with wealth to spare
The treasured one of summer yields.

Frank W. Gunsaulus.

Multum in Parvo.

An airplane engine developing 1,000 horsepower, although weighing only 220 pounds, has been constructed in England.

Mr. Tom Morris, the Australian long distance champion, achieved a notable swimming feat in the Thames recently. He leapt, with his hands and feet tied, from Westminster Bridge, and then swam, still bound, to Cleopatra Needle—a distance of half a mile.