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Fine tea is always the most-desired. The slight falling off in price of cheaper teas cannot entice the tea-lover from his discriminating choice.

"SALADA" TEA

The Finest of All Fine Teas

The Romance of Men in Scarlet

Records of Royal Canadian Mounted Police Replete With Heroism and Adventure—Detachment Stationed at Jasper National Park

Romance dies hard. There is something wrong with the judgment of those who dolefully shake their heads at this mechanical age and long for "the good old days." If they only knew it, there is as much glamor about a twentieth-century "express" train as there ever was about one of the good old-fashioned creaking, jolting stage-coaches—and a hundred times more comfort. What the doleful ones forget is that romance keeps step with the times. Romance is eternal: it does not die: it changes. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police was cradled in glamor and in glamor it has grown to manhood. Times have changed since the Klondike went scalping over the plains, in the seventies; the fever of the Klondike has glimmered out; the plains have [illegible] and cities; and if times have changed, the "Mounties" have changed to meet them: they have been pushed to the far reaches of the white North; they have taken [illegible] romance with them. The tradition of the romantic past and the romance of the present are symbolized in the scarlet tunic. It is no wonder that girls from Kansas and California who come to Jasper National Park every year, [illegible] on account of the tall, [illegible] men with the yellow stripe down their breeches are thrilled to the marrow with a someone suggestion that they be photographed with the "Mounties."

When the city of Winnipeg was a scrap heap of shacks, almost indistinguishable from the mud, the North West Mounted Police force was born. It was in the winter of 1873. Canada itself was only six years old. As someone has said, it was significant that the force should come to life in winter. It was prophetic of the hardships the policemen were to endure, and of the courage and steadfastness with which they were to endure them.

Quartered at Lower Fort Garry, on the Red River, near Winnipeg, the 150 clerks, farmers and carriage-makers, who were the originals threw themselves into rigorous training. It was they who were to start the ball rolling to fulfil the dream of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Dominion's first premier, for a mobile force that would patrol the outlying stretches of the wild country linking far-flung British Columbia with the eastern provinces, deal with the Indians, collect customs and prevent whiskey-smuggling. They were paid [illegible] cents a day and if their feelings ever flared in the dignity of a non-commissioned officer they were liable to lose a ten-dollar bill out of it in fines. But they were allowed some liberties. "Individuals of the police force can choose themselves" according to one of the first regulations, "as to wearing whiskers, mustaches, or beards, but those who prefer to shave must do so daily."

As the handful of greenhorns who had, to administer 300,000 square miles of territory, was added, in the spring, another handful of greenhorns much greener, because the first 150, after a hard winter, were now swaggering veterans.

In '74, the scarlet made itself seen in the West. Handicapped frightfully by inexperience, by lack of equipment, the force crossed the plains from Winnipeg and went to the foot of the Rockies. These were the genuine wild and woolly days when a letter such as this from a man at Whoop Up manifested the temperature of the country:

"Dear Friend, my partner Will Geary got in putting on airs and I shot him and he is dead the potatoes is looking well. Yours truly Snookum Jim."

In Red River carts, squeaking and shrieking to the four winds of the prairie, on weary horses on foot, the "Mounties" of '74 made their historic trek to the mountains. They battled prairie fires; they suffered heat and hail and drenching rains; they were plagued by grasshoppers and misled by mirages and deceitful guides. But out of that travail, out of those dreadful 1,000 miles, was born the esprit de corps for which the force is famous to this day.

After the days of suffering came the days of Fort Edmonton, Battleford, Poundmaker, Sitting Bull, the Indians and the whisky brigands faded out of the picture, and the doleful began to think that the range had gone with them. But then the Klondike broke upon the world and the North West Mounted Police came to life as one of the greatest police forces in the world.

"The Work of the Police" says Lewis Green, in "The Great Force," began at the sources of the Chilcoot and the White Passes, where the shock troops met the wild-eyed stampeders, examined them, and their goods and spread them on after combing out the bandits. The bravo of these good-hearted opportunists melted away, their backbones bent into a posture of humorous docility, and these fiery terriers who, on the western watershed, had slit a man's throat if they could not conveniently reach his pocket, became patterns of correct behavior."

As an illustration of the superhuman tasks imposed upon the force, nothing could be better than this: "The detachment at Lindeman, consisting of a sergeant and a constable, had to keep 4,000 people in order, regulate the sanitary conditions, see that the sick were attended to and to the burial of the dead settle hundreds of disputes, give information and perform the regular police duties. And it was so from the summit to Dawson City. Longstreth calls "The Triumph of the Yukon," and quotes incident after incident to bear out his chapter title.

The Yukon passed into history, and the force, out of the glare of the limelight for a time, went on quietly with its work. It worked quietly in secret service during the war and immediately after; it is still working quietly—indeed it has always worked unostentatiously, even when events threw it into the spectacular. The North West Mounted became the Royal West Mounted Police a few years ago, with its territory extending over the entire Dominion. Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Today, the stories of the force have to do with the grim North White Frontier. They have to do with long patrols in 40 circles, with blizzards and sing'ing-hailed battles against freezing winds, and with the patience, the same old devotion, the same high-minded sense of justice combined with the pathetic understanding of circumstances. The man in the scarlet has brought magic into the life of the white trader is murdered by Indians months pass. Out of the sky comes the law. The Sergeant is alone, becomes Justice of the Peace and policeman. He issues warrants, executes them. He gathers jurors and witnesses. He turns into a jailer. The Judge comes in his wig and gown and the jurors are sent off into the wilderness where white men are as thick as mosquitoes.

There is in Jasper National Park a man who stands in himself all the traditions and all the romance of the force. Sergeant J. B. Paton, with his Military Cross in the war, adjutant with the 16th Canadian Scottish—was transferred in the far British Columbia, with Sergeant Wunsch, and a corporal named Cooper. The Liard post is the most isolated in the force, because of distance and the roughness of the country and difficulties of transport. The patrol which worked from Wrangell, Alaska, was to get in touch with wandering Indians, and white trappers and prospectors. It was in January last year the temperature had been 40 and below zero but it had risen to 10 below. Paton was ahead on the trail, feeling the ice of the river with a pole, suddenly slipped and fell. His left arm up to the elbow went into the water and wetting his right leg, he scrambled to his feet. He knew the peril and he knew it. He ran to the cabin and shouted to his companions to help him. They unhitched the dogs and followed. But his hands were frozen white as ice. Wunsch and Cooper worked all night rubbing them with snow. Their own hands began to freeze. Paton implored them to let him alone and look after themselves. But they kept on until circulation stored and the white became red and green. Paton suffered without a word of complaint. Injured themselves. The large constable made a carry-sled of the dog sleds, and brought his comrade safely to the post. Everything possible was done for him for weeks his suffering was great. In March, Inspector Wunsch amputated one of the fingers with a razor. For months Paton was helpless and in pain and to-day is a crippled man. But his only regret is that he will never be able to do his duty again.

"The fortitude displayed by Sergeant Paton and the wife of the constable evinced by Sergeant Wunsch and Constable Cooper fully upheld the best traditions of the Mounted Police." said Superintendent [illegible].

The Mounted Police detachment at Jasper consists of one inspector, one sergeant, and four constables. The inspector is Capt. E. C. Freeman, who served in Eastern Canada, the Arctic came to Jasper. The Sergeant is J. B. Paton, hero of the Liard patrol.

All police work in Jasper National Park is intended to be this like. Patrols both by horse and motor cycle, take up a good deal of time, particularly in the summer months. Members of the famous force, in scarlet tunics, may be seen in the vicinity of Jasper Lodge every day.

The barrack building, which was completed in the spring of 1927, is self-contained, consisting of a mess-room, living quarters, bath and recreation rooms, a kitchen, guard rooms (or cells) for lawbreakers.

Honor Police Heroes

A prophet may be without honor in his own country, but it is not with the hero. The founders of Canada's North and west are with heroism and Canada does not forget her pioneers. The mounted policeman has always been a figure of romance in Canadian history, and it was a typically Canadian gesture that, when it came to the name of stations along the Hudson Bay Railway, two mounties, who, 30 years ago, died the death of heroes, should be remembered.

The point which has hitherto been known as Mile 178.96 will be known in future as Hoskin, and farther along the line is a place called Wilde. Corporal C. R. Hoskin was killed, in 1897, by the Indian, Almighty Voice, and Sergt. W. D. Wilde was killed by another Indian named Charcoal, the year previous. Both men died at their duty, trying to maintain the law.

In the revision of station names along the Hudson Bay Railway, a number of other men, whose lives have not been so spectacular, but who have worked their way for the opening of the new country, are commemorated.

Rawebb is named after Ralph Webb, former Mayor of Winnipeg, and there is a point bearing the name of General Paterson, President of the On-to-the-Bay Association, both of whom have been unresting in their efforts to bring the North, to its own. Jacan stands for J. A. Campbell, former M.P. for The Pas, and Bird is named after the present member for Nelson. The recent visit of Right Hon. Amery, Secretary of State for the Dominions, is commemorated at Mile 356 which becomes Amery.—Canadian National Railways Magazine.

Poland Ten Years After

Development of Nation Since War Attributed Largely to U.S.

It was on the original Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, that Poland, after having been divided for more than a century among Russia, Austria and Germany, again became an independent nation.

"Oldest of Poland's industries to be affected by new methods are her salt mines, which were adding to the savor of Central European foods as early as the tenth century. The first iron-forge began operations in 1333, and may be looked upon as the beginning of the iron-founding industry which now contributes millions of dollars worth of values each yea. to Polish manufacture. An important lumber industry, based on timber lands covering 52,000 acres, was begun in the eighteenth century. A tree must be 90 years old before it is cut. The entire forest area of the country is more than 22,000,000 acres.

"One of Poland's most interesting industries is a plant for building railway equipment that was started in Napoleonic times as a wagon factory. The textile industry keeps more than 3,000,000 spindles busy, and there are numerous factories for the manufacture of paper, chemicals and metal articles.

"Only Germany, which is Poland's nearest western neighbor, exports more goods to the country than does the United States. The latter furnishes approximately 16 per cent. of all Polish imports. In size, Poland, with 150,000 square miles, is sixth among European countries, being exceeded only by Russia, France, Spain, Germany and Sweden. It has a population of approximately 30,000,000, a total exceeded only by Russia, Germany, France and Italy.

"America's traditional friendship for Poland dates from the time of the American Revolution, when two young Poles, Kosciuzko and Pulaski, gave their services to General Washington and commanded American [illegible]."

CASTRATED CHILDREN

Castration is one of the most common accidents of childhood and the child suffering from it positively cannot thrive. To keep the little one well the bowels must be kept regular and the stomach sweet. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative; are pleasant to take and can be given to the newborn babe with perfect safety. Thousands of mothers use no other medicine for their little ones but Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Record is established by imports of rubber. This is getting to be a bouncing country.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Interesting Japan Customs Centuries Old

A SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF THE MIKADO

The religious parade of the Mikoshi who gathered from all parts of the Empire to dance before the Imperial Palace on the morning of the coronation as their forefathers had done for over two thousand years.

World Honors Amundsen's Memory

Norway Observes Two Minutes' Silence—Bells Toll All Day—Noble Sends Message

Copenhagen—All Norway paid tribute recently to the memory of Captain Roald Amundsen who discovered the South Pole seventeen years ago. Thousands of people assembled in the streets of Oslo and stood bareheaded for the two minutes of silence that was observed throughout the nation.

The spectacle of the vast crowds recalled armistice day observances in other countries. Throughout Norway bags were at half staff and in the capital city, more flags were seen than on any previous occasion in living memory.

All day long, except during the two minutes of stillness, church bells tolled from one end of the country to the other continuing until sundown.

The official ceremony at Oslo was attended by King Haakon, Crown Prince Olaf, members of the Cabinet, President of the Storthing, and members of the diplomatic corps and of the Italian mission which arrived here especially to show Italy's admiration for Captain Amundsen, who was lost in the Spring when he went with five others to the rescue of members of the crew of the wrecked dirigible Italia.

From almost every civilized nation the government received messages, including this one from General Nobile, Commander of the Italia.

"On the day that Norway commemorates Roald Amundsen my thoughts are turned with deep respect to the memory of that great explorer. I ask you to consider me present in spirit at your memorial festival."

A speech made by Lincoln Ellsworth in Brooklyn was broadcaster in translation by an Oslo radio station.

San Francisco—San Franciscans gathered this afternoon beside a battered little old ship on the edge of Golden Gate Park and paid honor to the memory of Captain Amundsen. Grouped about the Gjoa, a little fishing boat in which Amundsen wrote history when he navigated the northwest passage in 1906, they took part in ceremonies commemorating the explorer's name and deeds.

The deck of the vessel was heaped with flowers. Leading members of the Norwegian colony, who sponsored the program, were speakers. Norwegian songs were sung and emphasis was laid on the manner in which the explorer went to his last quest, which was one of succor to Commander Nobile and others of the disastrous Italia expedition.

Sport Wins

English Town Prefers Tennis Courts to Roman Temple Ruins

Colchester, England.—This ancient town is in the throes of a controversy between age and youth, archæology and sprouting tennis stars. Roman ruins and English boys and girls.

On one side, the local antiquarians, backed by the inspector general of ancient monuments in Great Britain, the national committee of distinguished archæologists and other high-sounding names and organizations. On the other side is the Town Council.

Between the two are seven acres of disputed land upon which are the remains of a Roman temple that stood in the middle of a market place when Colchester was a thriving Roman city about two thousand years ago. The archæologists insist on excavating the ruins, which they claim are as valuable as any in Britain. The Town Council wants the seven acres for tennis courts, and wants them soon.

"We have had enough Roman remains," declared one alderman. "The town is full of them. The health of our young people is far more important than a lot of old bricks and stones, no matter to what ancient period they belong."

Futuristic art is now being faked, but there is no proof yet that the fake is any better than the original.

It is when a boiling stock market begins to cool that the water becomes most evident.

OWL LAFFS

BY O.W.L. (ON WITH LAUGHTER)

Golf Gossip.

During the British Open Championship golf yarns old and new were "swopped" by many of the leading contestants. Here's one. One morning early two London newspaper men were enjoying a walk over a celebrated golf course, when they espied in the distance a famous professional giving lessons to a distinguished personage. Scenting copy, the reporters made a furtive detour, and crept behind a bunker to overhear the conversation. What they heard was not the interesting backchat they expected, but the following terse speech from the pro.: "Will your Highness kindly endeavor to keep your Highness' stomach in?"

People expect too much of a boy who is at the growing age. When he has done his eating and his growing he has put in a pretty full day.

Questions We Can't Answer.

If Niagara Falls will Horseshoe Bend?

Will they ever bury the Dead Sea?

Why was Austria Hungary?

Will the Florida Keys open anyone's cellar?

Are the Northern Lights equipped with dimmers?

If there were an explosion on the British Isles where would Glasgow and where would Scotland?

When the office seeks the man it usually finds him dressed up ready to go.

Among the nuts both large and small,
Of any age or any clime,
Man is the only one of all
Who can be skinned the second time.

Keeping up appearance and keeping down expenses just can't be did by the same people.

The Golfer—"They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"

The Girl—"Oh, I don't know. It may be your face."

Speaking of handicaps, we heard of a boy that was born to the Cass family and his fond family decided to call him Jack.

We call our youngest boy "Franklin" because he has aircooled teeth.

The Folks We Like.

The man I like
Is old man Kiss
He eats his soup
In silent bliss.

A man I like
Is Willie Mingers.
Eats his chicken
With his fingers.

A man I like
Is E. Z. Poise,
He eats his toast
Without any noise.

"Opportunity seeks and finds only those who have paid the price of preparation."

There must be a lot of money in the show business. Few get out of it with any.

Owning a harem is all right until your wives start talking turkey.

A philosopher is a man who can be cheerful about your toothache.

THEY'RE BEAUTS

She: The West has wonderful mountains—so beautiful.
He: Yes, lots of them are buttes.

Check Colds with Minard's Liniment.

ISSUE No. 52—'28

Trinity College Sets High Record

Supplies Three Out of Six Rhodes Scholars from Ontario During Past Three Years

MARKED PROGRESS

The award of one of the Rhodes Scholarships for Ontario for the year 1929 to Mr. George Stevenson Cartwright, a student in the Fourth Year in Arts in Trinity College in the University of Toronto, has been announced. This is the third consecutive year in which one of the two Rhodes Scholarships open to the students of all Universities in Ontario has been awarded to a student of Trinity College. In December 1926, Mr. Escott Meredith Reid was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. Again in 1927 the Candidate from Trinity College was successful in the person of Mr. William Lyndon Smith, B.A.

The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes in establishing this scholarship wished that in the choice of scholars regard should be had to

(a) Force of character, devotion to duty, courage, sympathy, capacity for leadership.

(B) Ability and scholastic attainments.

(c) Physical vigour, as shown by participation in games or in other ways.

It is particularly gratifying to the friends of Trinity College that members amongst its students possessing these qualifications in a conspicuous degree.

The standing of Trinity College students at the Annual Examinations of the University of Toronto is regarded as the best since College federated with the University of Toronto in 1903. Five obtained the highest standing in the whole University in their Courses. In all, 17 obtained Class Honours, 33 being placed in Second Class and 25 in the Third.

In athletics many students of Trinity College secured places on University teams, four playing on the intercollegiate Rugby team, and two on the O.R.F.U. team. The College was well represented on the Soccer team, the Intercollegiate Harriers, the University of Toronto crew which won the Intercollegiate championship.

It is hoped in the near future to proceed with the erection of residences for men and for women on Queen's Park. There are now 140 men in residence in Trinity and 70 at St. Hilda's—the College residence for women.

Hearts, Not Treaties

New York Sun: It is ironic that the fact that Bolivia, whose attitude is causing so much at the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration of the nations that have adhered to the Kellogg pact for renunciation of war, while Paraguay has not signified an intention to sign the treaty. "The heart of a nation is more important than treaties," President Coolidge in his message to congress ago. It always will be. The United States and Canada could go on for another century or two without and without peace treaties, these are peoples who think in terms of peace.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands.

BEETS HAVE BLOOD

Debtor: I can't pay you in cash, but I can get blood out of a turnip.
Creditor: (preparing to leave) True enough, but I can get blood out of a beat.

TO THE MOTHERS OF ALL PALE GIRLS

If Your Daughter Shows Signs of Anaemia a Tonic is Needed.

Anaemia is simply a lack of blood. It is one of the most common and at the same time most dangerous troubles from which growing girls suffer. It is common because the blood so often becomes impoverished during development, when girls often overwork and overstudy. It is dangerous because of the stealthiness of its approach and because of its tendency to grow steadily worse. Every growing girl should occasionally take a tonic to ward off this insidious trouble. It is because of their powerful action in rebuilding the blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made a world-wide reputation. The case of Miss Claire Sullivan, Pincher Creek, Alta., amply proves the value of this medicine. Miss Sullivan says: "During my school days I suffered a great deal from thin and watery blood. I was continually weak and tired; my appetite was poor, my sleep unrefreshing and I was troubled with headaches. To make matters worse I was attacked with acute appendicitis and the operation left me in a very weakened state. My mother, learning of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, had me take them and after a long time I can say the results were truly wonderful, as they completely restored my health, and now I have plenty of vitality. I always recommend these pills to weak, pale girls suffering as I did."

You can get the pills from any druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

For Rheumatism

"What are you [illegible] fellow who [illegible] "Come to [illegible]"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe

An amateur [illegible] in crossing a [illegible] This and another [illegible] Christmas [illegible]

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Colds are caused by [illegible] Minard's. Rub [illegible] and [illegible]

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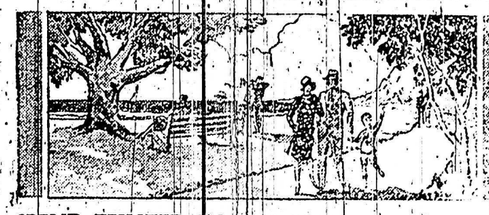

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The Gulf Coast

Rich in legend and historic [illegible] curious hotels, apartments, cottages. The Pan-American Pullman train, leaves Cincinnati 10:20 A. M. daily and reaches Gulf Coast points next morning.

New Orleans

Every day is "holiday" in New Orleans. All sports. Historic shrines. Excellent hotels. World famous restaurants. Reached in less than 24 hours from Cincinnati on the Pan-American.

California

The most fascinating way to go "abroad at home" is to follow the sun to the Pacific Coast. The Pan-American connects with finest western trains at New Orleans. Liberal stop-over privileges allowed. No extra fares.

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