

Where The High Country Calls



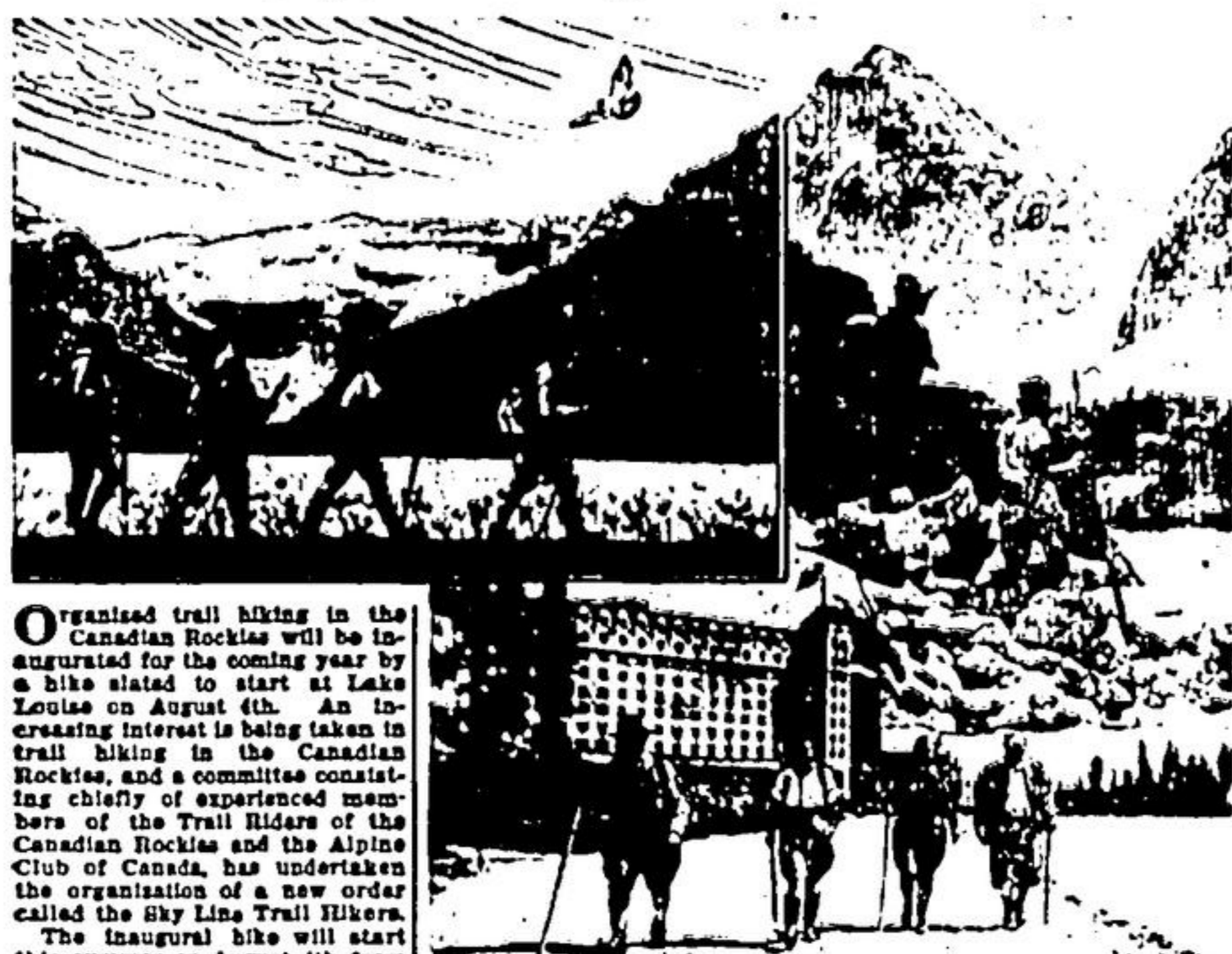
A venture has found a splendid and thrilling outlet in the new order of the outdoors, the Sky Line Hike of the Canadian Rockies. Organized at Banff and Lake Louise this season, the new order provided such happy, healthful opportunities for hiking over the high passes, Alpine Meadows and mountain trails of the National Parks of Canada, that devotees of the outdoors throughout Canada and the United States are now eagerly anticipating the inaugural hike to be held near the large party of enthusiasts, under the expert direction of Walter Gaudin, Ernest Fox and Rudolf Asenauer, through Paradise Valley, over the high trail past Lake Assinette, and over the high trail to Moraine Lake. The second day's journey took the hikers across the magnificent Wenkchemna Glacier, and through the flower-decked meadows of the Paradise Valley, and finally over the snow-bound pass of Taggart's Pass to the Yoho Valley on Tokson Creek. The third day saw the conquest of Opabin Pass.



Some tricky work on the glaciers and finally the Lake O'Hara Hike. Hike in the O'Hara country and the Pow Wow occupied the fourth day, and the eighth day hike to Wapta ended this year's historic expedition. Norman B. Hanson of Banff, is the President of the new order, which is now in full swing with steadily increasing membership. A four-day hike in the Yoho Valley will be one of the major activities next summer.

The picture layout well illustrates the happy moments on the trail. Carl Hunsley, International famous artist, is now exhibiting the virtues of the Alps at the Mas de la Lanchard, a celebrated mountain club and New York society. A group of the hikers triumphant on Wapta Peak enjoying the splendid view down in the mountain valley below. The first annual Pow Wow and the Banff-Hike.

Sky Line Hiking in the Rockies



Organized trail hiking in the Canadian Rockies will be inaugurated for the coming year by a hike slated to start at Lake Louise on August 4th. An increasing interest in being taken in trail hiking in the Canadian Rockies, and a committee consisting of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies and the Alpine Club of Canada, has undertaken the organization of a new order called the Sky Line Trail Hike. The inaugural hike will start this summer on August 4th from Lake Louise and tramp over the saddleback through Paradise Valley and over Sentinel Pass to Moraine Lake, where the first night's camp will be made. On Saturday, August 11th, the party will hike from Moraine Lake over Wenkchemna and Opabin Passes and will have the thrill of crossing two glaciers before arriving

at Lake O'Hara. On Sunday the hikers will be able to take in the magnificent scenery around Lake Mearns, Lake Oesa, and Mount Odaray, and members of the party will be able to enjoy the excellent fishing in Lake O'Hara. The Pow-Wow will be held on Monday, August 13th, after which the members will hike to Wapta and

catch the evening train back to Lake Louise. The magnificent scenery of the Canadian Rockies and the pure joy of achievement, together with the comforts afforded by the excellent hotels and the Canadian Pacific Railway make this one of the finest and most healthful of today's outings.

St. Andrews-By-The-Sea



See bathing in the warm waters of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick, and sun bathing on the shining sands, are two of the most healthful and entertaining occupations of those who visit this popular and smart resort, which centres on the Algonquin Hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The illustration shows a group of socially prominent people from Canadian and United States cities sun bathing after a most refreshing plunge, and includes Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rodmond; the Hon. Perry, Hazel and Anne Shaugnessy; Judge and Mrs. Bond; Miss Margaret

mond; Mrs. B. Watson; Mrs. R. D. Bell; Mrs. George Halford; Mr. Donald Markey; Col. Allan Magee; Gordon Shirree; Gordon Reed; Miss Dora Mills; Miss C. Wainwright; Mr. R. C. Stapanan; Miss C. Cantile; of Montreal; Mrs. H. D'Arcey; St. Louis; Miss V. Schonmaker, New York; and D. A. Anderson, Ottawa.

Peaceful
Minister—"I hear, Paddy, they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives."
Paddy—"Dry? They're perished. I've had a letter from him, and the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin."

Spartan Simplicity
Book Agent—"You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school."
Farmer—"Not on your life. Let him walk, the same as I did."

Debates
Teacher—"Junior, if you are always very kind and polite to all your playmates, who will they think of you?"
Junior: "Some of 'em would think they could lick me!"

Another Language
Mr. Mowgli: "I don't see why you fellows should be so set out of society. I got the money an' money talker."
Mr. Oldman: "But, my dear man, your money comes from such a strange place our set can't understand it."

The Last Straw
Client: "Bill, has the depression hit you yet?"
Bill: "I'll say it has—first Ah lost my job an' went back to father's to live; then Ah sent my two children to do orphan's home; now mah wife's gone back to her mothah an' Ah had to shoot mah dog."

Strange
The vicar was enquiring of one of his flock why he had not been to Church for several Sundays.
"Well, you see," said the man unobtrusively, "I've been troubled with a bunton on my foot."

Exchanged

By SUSAN GIBBS

"Helen!" often that Romance may be traced to the roots. Finally it is associated until it bursts into bloom.

"So, when Ned Christie told Helen that she was made for him she did not believe it."

"How do you know?" she asked, smiling.

"Has your mother never told you about our earliest days—your and mine, dear?" he asked.

Helen shook the head that would have been a riot of eyes if she had permitted them to grow long enough to be so much as fastidiously brushed. He was wondering why Helen's eyes were so bright with the wonderful story from her daughter. Knowing this, she almost at once told her own mother, her mother, that she must have had good and sufficient reason for her silence.

"Well, is it such a deep-seated secret that no one can tell?" asked Helen, smiling.

"Oh, no, no, no," she was very happy, very much in love and nothing was so natural.

"Just—beautiful!" said her mother.

"As beautiful as our Romance?" asked Helen.

"It is our Romance," he told her. "It is our Romance, in the most romantic sense of the word. It is our Romance, in the most romantic sense of the word. It is our Romance, in the most romantic sense of the word."

"You were a tiny girl—a wee baby in arms—and your mother had wanted you to be a boy."

Helen sat up and was about to protest when he soothed her into acquiescence again.

"My mother had been disappointed because I was a mere boy who she had always wanted a daughter. Our mother had been friends since college days. They had confided in each other and each other's friends. It was in her wish for a child of another sex—they still confided. I don't know just how it all came about, dear, but it was a little thing that had changed. I would go to your mother for a week. You would come to mine and so both mothers learned to love us almost equal."

"Yes—and the fun I used to have with all your things," added Helen.

"Then we went away to college and—well, you know as well as I do, apart. Your mother, for the first time, appreciated the value of a lovely daughter."

"How?" interrupted Helen, in mock humbleness.

"And my blessed mother began to be proud of a big son. There was a certain, well-controlled jealousy in her attitude when I had to go to your house so much during vacation, and I noticed that when you came to visit us, your mother came along. It was amusing—she was still in love."

"But what happened after mother took me to Europe? Did they quarrel—or what?" asked Helen, serious now.

"Yes—I never knew exactly how it came about, but I think your mother said something about your belonging to her eventually, after all. Missing, of course, that you would marry me."

"The idea," began Helen with a smile.

"Wait a minute, dear," consoled Ned. "It has all come out right, hasn't it? You're back from your trip abroad, your mother and mine had written many letters that cleared the situation for them and they fell into each other's arms and returned."

"They decided they were selfish to have quarrelled—and well, that each of them had gained, at last, her heart's desire. I don't mind saying that I think your mother is getting the best of the bargain, dear."

"I can't subscribe to that, but I do think mother might have told me all about it."

"I believe she was afraid, deep down in her heart, Helen, that if you believed she had picked out a husband for you while you were still in your cradle, you would have none of him. She was wise in keeping her secret unless from you until it was too late for you to balk," laughed Ned. "And it is—too late— isn't it?"

"Also—it is," answered Helen.

Algeria
The first impression of Algerian natives comes when sailors and boatmen swarm up to the steamer at the time of landing. They are a piratical and cut-throat-looking gang, decidedly picturesque, and anything but clean. Although descendants of pirates, they are considered awkward and stupid at managing a boat. In the streets of the towns are many oriental types—the Moors of mixed Spanish and Arabian blood have degenerated physically and mentally from the builders of the Alhambra, being now mostly beggars and petty laborers. The Arabs, or Bedouins, "stolid and squalid" also look like a degenerated race. Most of the shops are kept by Jews, but the Kabyles form the largest part of the population. These men are of a pure Semitic race showing traces of Greek and Roman ancestry in their complexions, and even in their laws.

CHANGING ENGLAND.
Men of Good Family Not Uncommon in Police Force.
Authority is changing its aspect and class in the country. The police are arrested by the right people. Rockless motorists may be handed summaries by follow-up customs, again in by a relative, or hauled out in an Oxford accent.

Mr. Henry Fowler's experience was not uncommon. Motoring to his office a traffic bobby stopped him, beckoned him to draw up to his side where he could lecture him. The officer who spoke so pompously was his son, undergraduate at Cambridge, now learning the trade of constable on the Derby force.

In London, since third degree and corrupt practices caused Lord Byng to dismiss men by twenties and thirties at Scotland Yard, constables have been chosen from out-of-luck or tax-depressed upper and middle society. On the metropolitan force is an admiral's son, who joined at 18 a week. A jester at a London police court in an expensive motor car and speedboat for sport, implying he has independent means. The son of a heir in a good living is a suburban constable with a paternal allowance.

Purser army officers are quite a commonplace, reports the Express. One who was a major in the Intelligence service during the war has turned out a clever detective.

PUT TIGHT IN THE LAW.
The Volstead Act has always been looked upon as the anti-dry for the excessive crime and the increasing number of homicides in the United States, and the chances are that the wets will keep straggling on it as long as it remains on the statute books in Washington. The Volstead Act is not a direct cause of crime and murder. In Michigan, Illinois, and in other States where crime has increased, the lack of sufficiently severe deterrents is largely to blame. Crime is not soverely punished and is not soverely punished and is not soverely punished.

THE COUNTRY PAPER
(Printed Where You Used to Live)
Tunt, filled with cuts and pictures, and the latest news, the country paper is often dampened and the print is sometimes blurred. There is only one edition, and the eye quite often catches traces of a missing letter and at times a misplaced word.

No cabbagans nor "specials" anywhere the time you're perusing. The make-up is maybe a trifle crude and primitive, but the atmosphere of home life fills and permeates the pages.

Of the little country paper printed where you used to live.

Now the heart grows soft and tender while its columns give the pertinent. Every item is familiar, every name you know full well, every name and a flood of recollections passes over you as you're making.

On the page and wonder about you an imaginative spell.

You can see the old home village, once again in raily seeming.

To be clapping hand of neighbor, or friend and relative; And their faces rise before you, as you're fully, fondly dreaming Over the little country paper printed where you used to live.

And you note a vine-clad cottage with the misty morning round it; Hear the voice of mother calling for the long gone fugitive; Like the echo of the growing memories, repeat and sound it Through the little country paper printed where you used to live.

Every printed line reminds you of the days long gone and departed; Here a boyhood chum is mentioned, there a schoolmate's name appears; And the eye grows moist in reading while the soul grows heavy-hearted.

Over the changes time has wrought throughout the swiftly passing years.

Memory's trail has deep impressions that are stamped upon the fast forever. Of sweet pleasure which the busy city life can never give; And in fancy you're roaming through the quiet town whenever you peruse the country paper printed where you used to live.

—Nova Scotia Breviatur.

RACE OF SUPERMEN
Vladik, Professor of Clinical Medical Aspect of Alps Group.

A race of supermen, with extraordinary attributes that show of them, was a vision of the future history of Professor Sir J. Arthur Thomson, the scientist, in reviewing evolution at the Algonquin Club, Conference at Oxford, England, recently.

"I'm very sorry with us as the double stamp of our humble origin, but it is not wise to be always looking into the pit where we were born."

The latest fact in the story of evolution was the mental aspect of life, and of this trend modern man was the first to be aware.

But who could say that the smattering of this side of our brain had reached its limit? He should it stop?

Man's body was a waiting museum of relics. Rich vestiges as the history of a third world in the inner corner of the eye were unintelligible if they were not in the mind and reality. There were some distinctly human features in development. A baby, for instance, and the power of gripping with its toes that pointed back in an abnormal apprehensiveness.

As to the form associated with the divergence of sensitive mind, there was the theory that, forced from the trees, the ape and the monkey of the forests during a period of aridity, tentative man would have to face a new state of existence in which brains counted for more than brawn.

There was, however, no warrant for dogmatism, since the facts were few and uncertainties abounded.

A RADE DISCOVERY
Skeletons Found in West May Be Remains of Early Native.

Ethnologists and archaeologists in British Columbia are still intensely interested in the discovery, by a road crew, of a group of skeletons near Vernon. It is believed that they may prove to be the remains of a race that preceded the native race that met the first coming of the white men to the interior valleys 120 years ago.

The particular skeleton that is the most interesting is that of a man, it measures 5' 10" and a height of the man in life would have measured at least one inch or possibly two inches more. The skull is much larger and of different shape to those discovered in other excavations in the district.

The find was made by a road gang working on the Vernon-Kamloops highway, about four miles out of the former place. Six skeletons were uncovered. One was that of a woman, three boys in their teens, one a girl and a fifth of a young man, possibly 18 or 20. Nearby was located the frame of the man in the skeleton.

In close association with the human remains were found stone implements, different but little from the type of implements used by natives on the arrival of the white man. This, however, does not give any indication as to the period at which the aboriginals lived, as there is no definite evidence of the date of the stone age west of the Rockies.

Among the Indians there are legends of the existence of a race of giants who inhabited the country before the coming of the people of Mongolian extraction.

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YIME
There are no clocks here, David. Only the weavers. No hour, but colors marks the sun's slow climb; By shine and shadow in an ordered gown; Heavily shows time I need no sands imprisoned in an hour-glass; The birch-buds swell, a flower stalk hangs with seed. A bird drifts south, the leaves at dawn are silver— 'Twas hours I need.

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