

Mountain-Climbing on Vancouver Island



Cameron Lake showing Mount Arrowsmith in the distance.

Vancouver Island is becoming famous for many things. Among the chief of these is its climate, among the more utilitarian its strawberries; and among the tourist attractions its marvellous scenery, and magnificent drives, its many fascinating trips both by boat and by rail. But, while tens of thousands of visitors holiday in the Island every summer, very few of them are aware of the fact that within less than a day's journey of Victoria there are mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, and massive glaciers, which defy the warmest of the summer sunshine, where those who enjoy that most exhilarating sport, mountain-climbing, may put all of their skill to the test.

The most popular mountain from an Alpinist's point of view is Arrowsmith. It is about six thousand feet high, and to reach it one travels by one of the most magnificent scenic railways on the continent. There is a diversity of country all along the hundred miles from Victoria to Parkesville. Parkesville is on the east coast of the Island, and Victoria, situated at the extreme south of the Island is the starting point for the journey. One of the first summits to be crossed is that of the splendid Malahat, about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Here, from the "Lookout," one looks down on a wonderful panorama of green-embowered hills, narrow winding waterways, the wide stretch of the sea itself and the Olympian mountains on the Mainland in their dazzling dress of ice and snow. After crossing the Malahat there are miles along the shores of the salt water, quick passages through picturesque villages and towns, journeyings among sweet-scented woods which are always gay with flowers.

At Parkesville the road divides one branch swinging toward the west. And there begins the first trek in the journey which leads to the everlasting hills. As one nears Cameron Lake, whether one travels by rail or highway, one sees the beginning of the vast forest of Douglas fir, than which there is no finer stretch of timber in America.

Just across the lake from the Chalet one begins the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith.

The particular day when we made the journey was in early June. It was sweet and cool near the water, the bracken thrusting up branchy and tall, maiden-hair ferns just unfolding, all of the trees and shrubs wearing their new dresses of fresh, young green.

We started at noon, and from the very outset, found the trail fairly steep. With only occasional stops for breath, we pushed on for five hours before we made the Hut, a distance of about 3000 feet up. It was rather early in the year for mountaineering and the trail had not been cleared since the winter storms, which made our going rather more difficult than it would otherwise have been. But every step of the way displayed some

magnificence of scene that called forth exclamations of delight.

The Hut was practically buried, for the snow lay deep on the upper reaches. It took us an hour or more to tunnel into it, for although our packer had gone ahead with the blankets, he could not accomplish much alone. But we finally dug our way in, cleared the snow from the windows, made a fire, and before very long the aroma of boiling coffee and fried ham filled the little cabin, and we sat down to eat with ravenous appetites.

The sleep that comes to one on these high, snowy altitudes, far above the slightest sound of life, is deep, dreamless and infinitely refreshing. We awoke at eight the next morning, full of eagerness to continue the climb, which from there on is a real test of strength and endurance.

The final five hundred feet were very steep, and no without danger for the unwary. We had a few tumbles, and slides, which only added to the enjoyment, and when we had pursued our journey to the end our satisfaction was very great. For it was an objective worth striving for.

The view was grand beyond conception, snow-peak all about is, dazzlingly splendid in the sunshine, clouds of mist lifting from the valleys, and rolling away to give a glimpse of lakes blue as periwinkle, of bare cliff-sides coloured with the tints of the rainbow, and bright, green valleys, and forests of sturdy little jack-pine, while now and then when the clouds would roll up and melt into the blue of the sky, we could glimpse a farther view, and we said it was the sea and the mountains beyond the sea, but the distance made it almost as vague as a half-forgotten dream.

It is a journey that one can easily make within the day, providing there is no miscalculation, and it is a most joyfully exhilarating climb, while the picture which the summit discloses must always stand out conspicuously in the gallery of one's memories.

No Longer Bedridden

London Woman Recovers from Protracted and Painful Rheumatic Attack—Gives All the Credit to Dreoce the Famous Health Builder.

The plight of Mrs. Minnie E. Hetherington of 322 Eleanor Street, London, Ont., is best described in her own brief words, "I couldn't even turn over in bed, much less walk." So severe was the pain she suffered that two weeks before Christmas she took to her bed and there remained helpless, until the splendid healing properties of Dreoce came to her aid. Many people, men and women, are martyrs to this painful ailment—rheumatism—usually caused by improper functioning of the kidneys and other digestive organs and it is to help just such people as these that Mrs. Hetherington makes her statement.

Says Mrs. Hetherington: "Just before Christmas I caught a terrible cold that settled in my kidneys. My hands, feet and limbs became very sore and began to swell with rheumatism until, suffering agonies of pain, I took to my bed. The pain and stiffness was so severe that I couldn't even turn over. I was very nervous and couldn't sleep and had no appetite. Constipation also added to my sufferings and all the medicines I tried gave no relief.

"My daughter, however, heard of the wonderful help other people were getting from Dreoce and brought a bottle home for me. That was only a week and a half ago. Now I am able to walk, a thing I haven't done for two months. I am feeling like a new woman. My bowels are regular, I sleep soundly and have a good appetite. The pains in my limbs have almost gone as has the swelling. I unhesitatingly recommend Dreoce to anyone suffering as I did."

Dreoce has been the source of relief for thousands of similar sufferers. It is prepared from Nature's own herbs, roots, bark and leaves and acts in a natural way. By its toning and regulating properties it speedily disperses the noxious gases and poisonous acids that cause biliousness, rheumatism and other distressing ailments, building the whole system up to a fine, healthy vigor. No one need suffer the awful pangs of rheumatism when Dreoce will give them such remarkable relief.

Dreoce is pleasant to take and contains no mercury, potash or habit-forming drugs.

Dreoce is being specially introduced in Durham by McFadden's Drug Store, and is sold by a good druggist everywhere.

We shall all have to enter the non-stop mosquito-swalling contest.

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The School is thoroughly equipped to take up the following courses:

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Each member of the Staff is a University Graduate and experienced Teacher.

Intending pupils should prepare to enter at beginning of term.

Information as to Courses may be obtained from the Principal.

The School has a creditable record in the past which it hopes to maintain in the future.

Durham is an attractive and healthy town and good accommodation can be obtained at reasonable rates.

C. H. DANARD, B. A., Principal.
C. L. GRANT, Chairman.

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It doesn't cost so much to start in business now. Ten dollars will buy a fairly good sucker list.

The cost of living doesn't seem to have very much effect on its popularity.

Woman's intuition is a very good thing but it doesn't show up very well when the bride uses it in making biscuits.

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Shoe Polish
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It's Important to Cut Silage at the Right Time

If silage is cut too green—or after the frost has taken hold of it—it won't make nearly as good or profitable feeding as if cut at just the right time.

That's where one of my "Toronto" Ensilage Cutters proves its worth. Makes you independent of a hired outfit—enables you to cut at the right time.

Enables you to refill after shrinkage, too—a feature which helps pay for the Cutter in a short while. And it will cut your straw in the winter.

A small gasoline engine will operate this efficient Cutter. Let me demonstrate its quality features to you or ask me for free literature.



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