

The Automobile

LAND OF EVANGELINE LURES MANY AUTOISTS.

Nova Scotia is the province down by the sea, the Land of Evangeline, the oldest discovered part of North America. It is famous for its historic forts, its picturesque fishing villages; for wide valleys and a hundred miles of apple orchards; for literally a thousand lakes and streams. In one of the finest summer climates in the world, the visitor finds golf and tennis, fishing, hunting, yachting and surf bathing, and the superb highways of a storied and romantic coast. There are nearly two thousand miles of fine motor roads, half of them following the coast, which has a tale of privateers and pirate, phantom frigate and buried treasure to every mile. At eighteen tourist camps the visitor may find accommodations.

Nova Scotia has the oldest European settlement on the continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. In its ruined fortresses the student may retrace four centuries of American history. Here is Fort Anne and Fort Edward and Beauséjour, and the desolation of ruined masonry which was Louisbourg—Louis the XIV's "most splendid city"—the mightiest stronghold of French power in the New World. Here are the descendants of the Highland Scots who were "out" for Prince Charlie in 1743, who subsequently found refuge in this New Scotland, and still speak their ancient Gaelic tongue.

None of the waters in Nova Scotia are preserved. Countless rivers, brooks and lakes provide trout and salmon through a long season. There is moose and deer hunting in season; and the best of duck and grouse shooting; and yachting for the blue water.

BALLAD OF A SYMPATHETIC MOTORIST

If your car is weak and wheezy—though it used to be so breezy, If you're having trouble climbing little hills; If the carburetor sputters and the differential mutters, And you do not dare repair it—for the bills. If you've tried your best to trade it and the dealers all upbraid it, And deny it has the value that you think; On a night that makes you shiver while there's a chance of selling it for junk!"

Why, you ask me, hesitating, do I favor perpetrating Such a crime as this, advising it be sunk? You remark: "You hadn't oughter shove the car into the water While there's any chance of selling it for junk!" But a car is worth befriending when its useful life is ending. When its will to face the hill on high has ceased; Would you junk a friend, I wonder, have him torn apart, asunder? You'd rather drown him first, to say the least.

—Harold S. Osborne.

The Missing Wild Man.

Circus men are always looking for novelties to recruit that more or less amusing collection of "freaks," genuine and manufactured, which is called the "side show." One morning, says Mr. Gil Robinson in his book, *Old Wagon Show Days*, the most remarkable-looking specimen of humanity I had ever seen came to the front door and asked for a job. His hair was at least a foot and a half long, and his whiskers looked like a haystack after a cyclone. He was immediately hired as a "freak" and given a dollar to bind the bargain. "We'll call you the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I told him.

The fellow walked away, pleased at the idea of breaking into the circus game. About one o'clock, while I was in the side-show, the ticket taker called to me. "Say, boss," he yelled, "here's a man who claims he is the 'Wild Man of Yonkers' and he wants to get in for nothing."

"Pass him in," I called.

A gentlemanly appearing young fellow, with short hair and a clean-shaven face, came in.

"You're not the 'Wild Man of Yonkers,'" I said.

"Oh, yes, I am," he grinned.

"But," I protested, "where are your whiskers and long hair?"

"Oh," he said, still grinning, "I spent the dollar you gave me for a shave and hair cut!"

He had shaved away his value to us.



John Price, conductor of the famous Rhinoceros United Choir of South Wales which by command sang before the King and Queen at Windsor Castle.

Tackle the Bigger Thing.

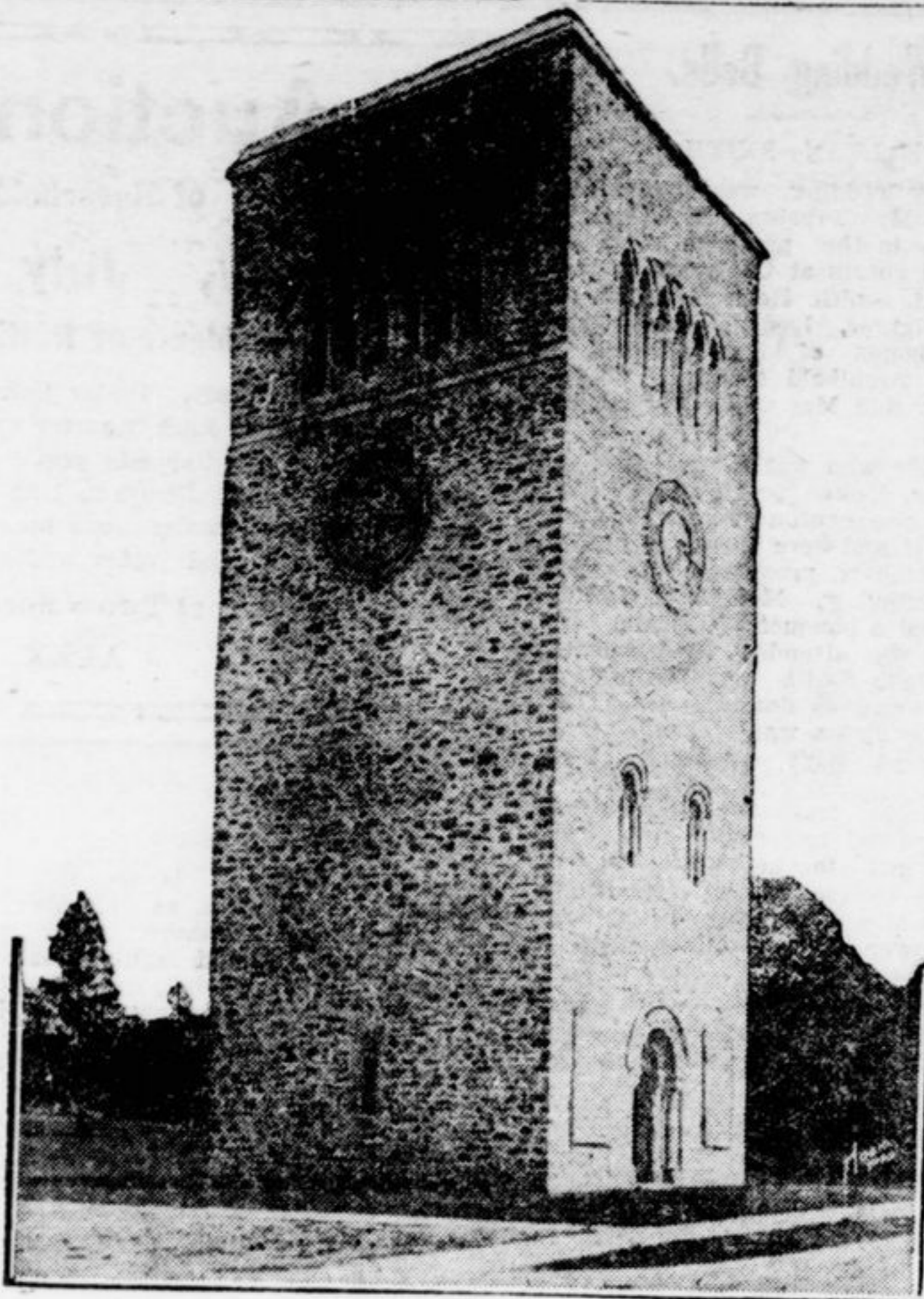
Do not be afraid of tackling the new and bigger thing. In making a change spare no pains to make sure that you are looking up with a boss who knows how to pick men and knows how to treat them, for then there will be such growth and expansion that there will be lots of promotions before one becomes gray-haired. Join a team which knows how to play the business game squarely and successfully, and whose captain sees to it that his team workers get freedom to develop into star players.

Henry VIII. was the first man to lay down hard tennis courts in Europe, according to one authority.

Tiny ukuleles, stringed instruments like guitars, are being introduced as handkerchiefs for parrots this summer.



Photograph of the Geneva Conference, taken at the signing of the protocol, outlawing gas warfare, to which 27 nations agreed.



The carillon tower, containing 23 bells, at Simco, Ont., which was unveiled recently as a memorial to the fallen dead of Norfolk county. The total cost of \$30,000 was raised entirely by individual and corporate subscription, the county council giving \$1,000.

The Chinook Talk.

What pidgin English is to the traffickers of the Chinese ports the Chinook jargon is along the Pacific coast of Canada and the north-western states.

The language, says a writer in *Adventure*, was already in use when Lewis and Clark visited the Columbia in 1805. Astor's agents along the northwest coast and the British traders at Nootka had been handicapped by the fact that fourteen languages, as different from one another as English is from Arabic, were spoken by the natives.

The Chinook dialect, which was the simplest, furnished the grammar of the jargon and also a few dozen of its words, but the language, like Topsy, "just grew."

In its ability to assimilate words it rivals English. It drew terse expressions from the dialects of the tribes that spoke it. A great number of its words were formed by onomatopoeia; that is, by the sounds representing the thing spoken of. Thus *tikitik* means a watch; *tum-tum* means the heart beating; *tum-wat* is a rapid; *wa-wa* means to talk-hee-hee—but you can guess that.

From the French Canadian voyageurs the jargon, characteristically enough, drew many of its expressions that relate to love-making, drinking, singing, dancing and the like. Thus: *Beebee*, from *baiser*, means to kiss; *labouti*, from *la bouteille*, means a bottle or the contents thereof; *mahsie*, from *merci*, means thanks; *malleh* and *tasse* come from the French words meaning to marry and to dance.

English furnished some peculiar expressions. *Oleman*, from "old man," means worn out; *kwahta* and *tollah* are recognizable coins; *wamm-sick* means fever, stick-horse, a frame dwelling; *nose* means promontory; *Americans* are *Kinchortehi*—King George.

Pelton was the name of a crazy man who lived at Astoria. So *mika Pelton* means "You are crazy."

The inability of the coast tribes to pronounce *r*, *f* and *nasal n*—in this respect as in others they resemble the Chinese—gives a curious twist to some English words. *Lice* and *glease* and *cuppy*, for *rice* and *grease* and *coffee*, sound like the talk of an Oriental cookey in a lumber camp.

What Johnny Hates.

"Do you like going to school, sonny?" the stranger inquired of seven-year-old Johnny.

"Oh, yes, I am," he replied.

"Oh, you, sir," was the reply. "I like going well enough, and I like coming back, too. What I hate is staying cooped up there between times."

Scorn Fear.

Don't let fear clutch at you with coward-hand: With head held high, march proudly down life's land! You are a hero—if you will be one; Small deeds or big heroically done Shall win your knighthood! And your strength will grow With every tussle, and with every blow You strike at dread and all dread's kindred knives. Over your head success's banner waves If you but keep it flying! Don't lay down Your weapons. Don't let cravens' drowns With craven doubts the battle-cry of "Hope!" With every mile spreads out, a wider scope Work and usefulness for valiant wils. Then struggle on—until you scale those hills Which rise before you; scorn to feel dismay; Remember "Blackest night proceeds dawn's day!"

—Lillian Gard.

A Pointer.

The genial but overdue boarder came downstairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Monahan," he called out cheerily. "Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather we are having these days?"

"Well, there's your board bill," the landlady informed him politely.

Might Spoil Them.

Book Agent—"Have you any children in school?"

Farmer—"Yes!"

Agent—"You're just the man. Why not buy them an encyclopedia?"

Farmer—"Was, it might be all right for the girls—but, by gum, the boy ain't no better than me—and I had to walk to school when I was a boy."

Religion of last week's puzzle.

WAGES DIM URBAN
OATS PERMITS AKA
NATYR APT EARLY
I TR SPARK V O
STOOP CRE TINGS
TUBERIST
AT PARAL BEA BE
TOW CATTIFF GAR
IN CHAD DEFT DI
C SPEAR DEN CLOSE
RES BEGEM L W
FILED PAR ASSET
ODE EVOLVES OER
BEDLW TICE HAPPY

Stories About Well-Known People

Exhibition—Before-and-After.
Cross-examining a boy whose arm had been injured in a tramcar accident, Lord Birkenhead—then F. E. Smith—asked him: "Would you mind showing the jury how high you can lift your arm since the accident?" The boy raised it to the shoulder.

"Now show us how high you could lift it before the accident." Up went the boy's arm, well above the head! Lord Birkenhead's insight into the boy's mentality had won the tramway company their case.

Forty-five Years of Sea Life.
One of the most interesting of recent books is "Hull Down," in which Sir Bertram Hayes, K.C.M.B., D.S.O., R.N.R., chats about his forty-five years of sea life.

He retired at the end of last year after commanding the world's largest ship—the *Mauretania*—and he has only had one collision in all that time. Even this collision was not written down to his discredit, despite the fact that he was responsible for it.

The other ship was a German submarine, you see, which he rammed during the war. This gave him his D.S.O.—Downed Submarine, Official.

Sir Bertram tells an amusing story of an American packet ship, in the days when ships and discipline were not as they are now. The sailors did pretty well as they liked, which meant they did nothing at all beyond making the ship go; and the third mate, describing the voyage, observed:

"There was grass on her decks six inches long when we arrived at Calcutta!"

But the best story in Sir Bertram's book is of a certain transport officer during the war. A cynical commentator on war officers once observed that their first idea seemed to be to get a thing done, and afterwards to find out whether it was a thing worth doing. Sir Bertram's transport officer was of this type.

A number of motor-cars had to be shipped in a steamer that was already full of cargo. The F.O. buzzed around, peered down one of the after-holds, and cried:

"Take that thing out, and there will be plenty of room."

"You can't take that out, sir," replied the chief officer. "That's the tunnel."

"I don't care what it is—take it out!" was the reply.

But when he learned that the ship could not go to sea minus the propeller shaft, which passed through the tunnel, he agreed that room must be found for the cars elsewhere.

Tommy's Test.
"Well, Tommy, what do you think of your new commanding brother?"

"Something's the matter with him, pa. I dropped him as hard as I could on the floor, but he wouldn't bounce."

Short faces with eyes far apart are said to be the characteristic type of people with musical talent.

Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa says:—

Canada on July 1st again celebrated her coming into being as a Confederation. Great progress has been made in the 58 years since this great event, and to-day the people of Canada, and particularly those who have been our leaders in government, finance, agriculture and industry, may well feel proud of the world position Canada is taking.

Canada's natural resources are becoming increasingly important as one looks over the field of industry. Any review of domestic or foreign trade emphasizes the fact that, in the several classifications into which our trade returns are divided, the primary and basic sources of supply are the lands, the fisheries, the mines and the forests. These, with our developed and potential waterpowers as prime movers in the industry, constitute the foundation upon which the Canadian people hope to place Canada in the forefront among nations.

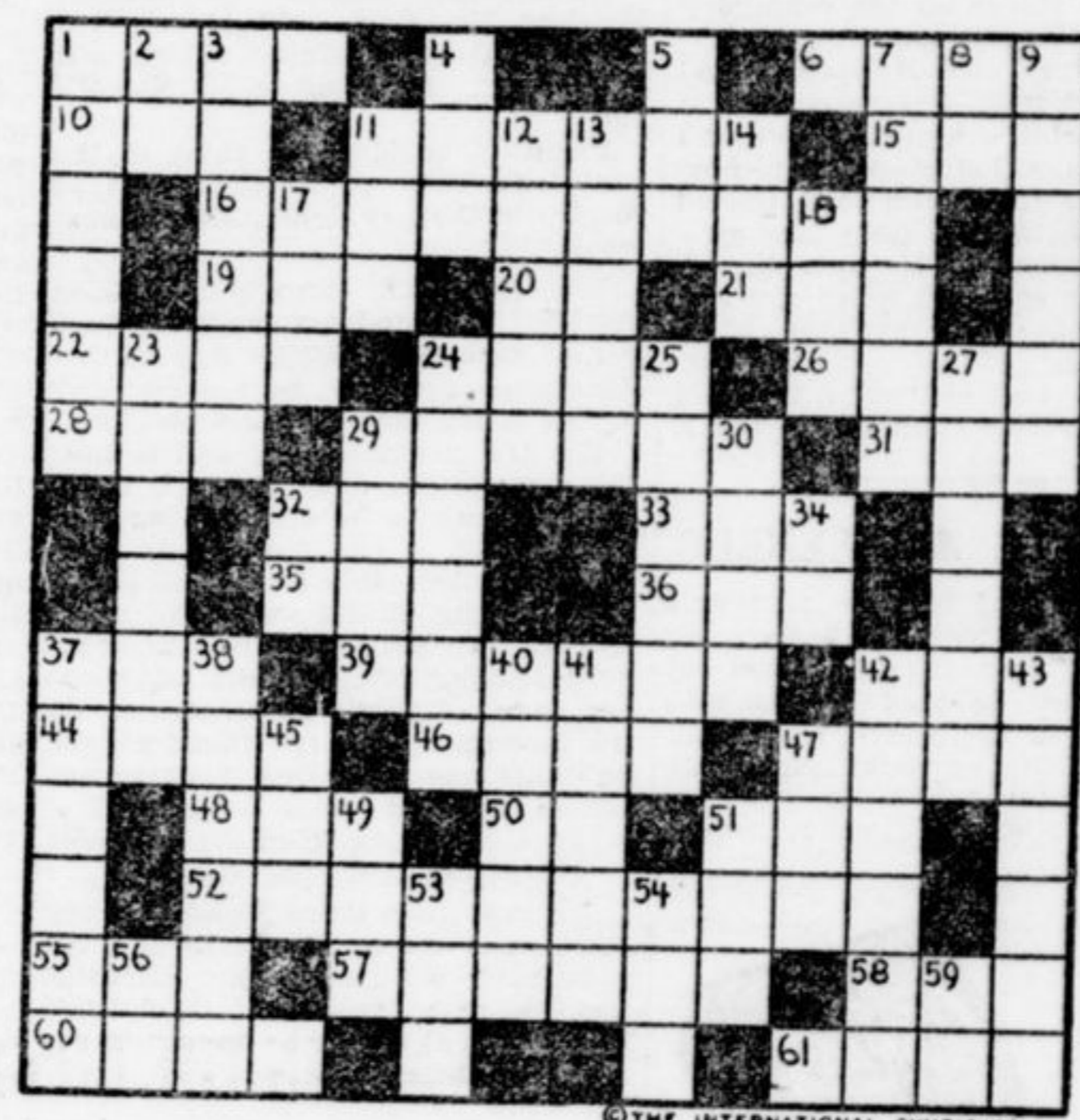
But what of the Canadian people. While all due credit must be given to our natural resources, we must admit that they existed centuries prior to the advent of our ancestors. They existed, but of what value were they? Biographies of early explorers all bear witness to the luxuriant forests on all sides; David Thompson, in his diary of his trip from the Hudson Bay to the Pacific coast in 1801, tell of the coal outcroppings on the banks of the South Saskatchewan river, which he followed on his return trip; the fishing banks on the Atlantic coast were attracting fishermen from Europe centuries before the birth of Canada. It remained, however, for the early pioneers and those who followed in their footsteps to make these natural resources valuable.

While not in any degree underestimating the value of our natural resources in the upbuilding of our country, let us also remember the obligation we are under to the voyager, the trapper, the prospector, the lumberman, the surveyor, the frontier farmer, the civil engineer, and other sturdy but humble and, in many cases, unknown heroes who, by their deeds of daring, suffering, privation and hardship, carved out of the forest and prairie the foundation on which statesmen and financiers afterwards built up this country of ours.

Those early pioneers are gone, few are even remembered, but their work remains. Canadians of to-day, in looking backwards, should do honor, even though much overdue, to the brave men who opened up this Canada of ours.

Canadians are proud of their country, proud of its record in peace and in war, contented and happy, and eager that others share this condition with them. They are determined, however, that those who share this heritage shall be such as will appreciate its many advantages and be prepared to adapt themselves to their country and its conditions. Canada has still much pioneering work to be done in every line of activity; the field is large and workers are needed, but not needed at the expense of lowering the standard already attained by her people.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

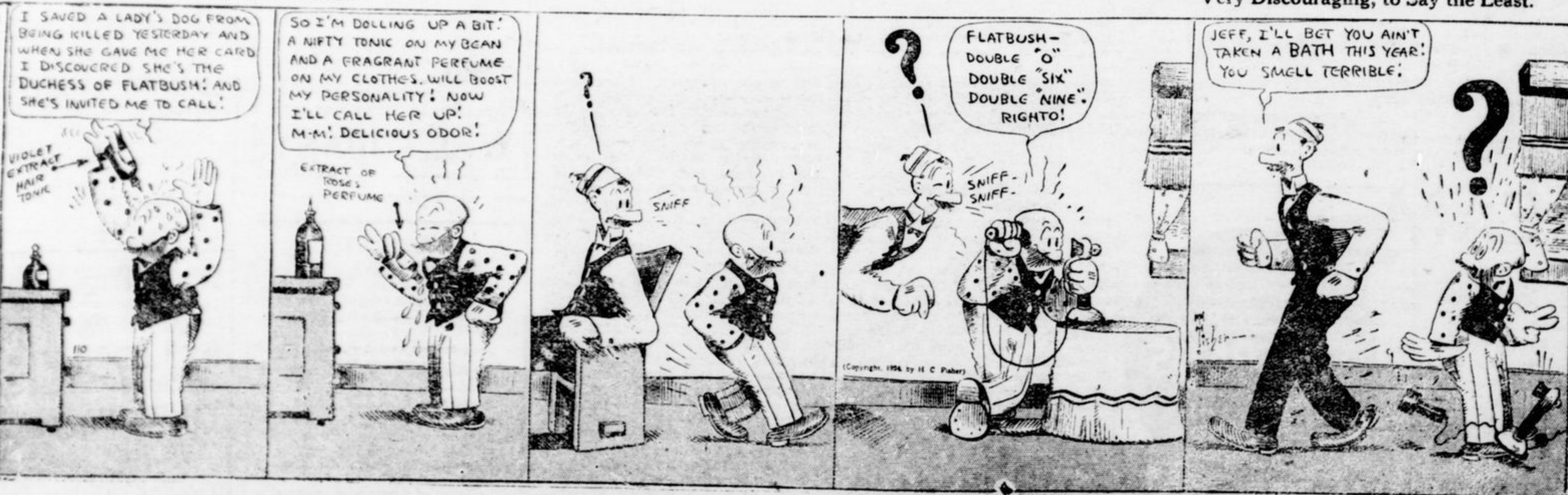


SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
| 1—Convulsed breath | 1—Pungent root |
| 2—That is here present | 2—Part of verb "to be" |
| 10—Hobgoblin | 3—Flavored |
| 11—Unwell | 4—A tree |
| 15—Affirmative | 5—Individual |
| 16—Lack of caution | 7—African animal (pl.) |
| 19—Domestic animal | 8—That is (abbr.) |
| 20—Pronoun | 9—Most secure |
| 21—Container | 11—Likely |
| 22—Perpetual | 12—Swellings |
| 23—Spawn of oyster | 13—Perfect |
| 26—Tubers | 14—Wild animal |
| 28—Bohemian | 17—Deface |
| 29—To place wrongly | 18—To call out |
| 31—Immovable | 23—Excusable |
| 32—To forbid | 24—One who utters melodious sounds |
| 33—Insect | 25—Placed for future consideration |
| 35—Unit of work | 27—Servant |
| 36—To drop back | 28—Market |
| 37—Existed | 30—Period of time |
| 39—Bank employee | 32—To exist |
| 42—Permissive | 34—Latin phrase meaning "for example" (abbr.) |
| 44—Lofty mountain range of Europe | 37—To roll in mire |
| 46—Highway | 38—Excessive strain |
| 47—Narrative | 40—Parasitic insect |
| 48—To regret | 41—Slight fault |
| 50—Above | 42—Married woman |
| 51—Speak | 43—A color |
| 52—Envy | 45—Total |
| 55—A fetish or charm | 47—Likewise |
| 57—A race or strain (pl.) | 51—College degree (abbr.) |
| 58—Ejaculation | 53—Part of circle |
| 60—A rod | 54—Edged tool |
| 61—Once more | 56—Barium (chem. sym.) |
| | 59—Pronoun |

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



To the Beaten Soul.

A famous Scottish preacher was fulfilling an engagement recently in New York when this incident occurred. A prominent New York daily was advertising the preacher's sermons, one of which was entitled: *To the Beaten Soul*. The minister delivered the sermon, but to his chagrin he felt that he could not finish it the way he had intended. Under a curious constraint he added two sentences at the end, feeling as if they were quite appropriate. The sentences were these: "The member you can always hold on a bit longer. You never know when you're waiting for you round the next corner."

A few days later he received a letter from a man who had been one of the men. The man said that at the time he thought he had finished with the preacher because he felt that he had said too much; he had decided to commit suicide. On the morning of his decision, however, he had seen the advertisement of the sermon, *To the Beaten Soul*, and he made up his mind to hear it. He attended the service but was left cold and unimpressed. Right at the end two sentences were read to grip him: "Remember you can always hold on a little longer. You never know what is waiting for you round the next corner." These two sentences saved him. He realized then, that he had "rounded the next corner" and discovered a chance to make life worth while after all.

It is such incidents that make us feel the truth of the *Beaten Soul*. There's a divinity that stirs our ends, Rough hew them how we will.

"Lloyd's" Originally a Coffee House.

"Lloyd's," for whose new home King George recently laid the foundation stone, arose, like most other British institutions, from a very modest origin. It can be traced back to a casual gathering of merchants who met once or twice a week to discuss the state of the coffee trade. More than two hundred years ago a coffee house kept by Edward Lloyd, first in Tower Street, and afterwards in Lombard Street, since it is now the present quarters in the southeast corner of the Royal Exchange, where benevolent undertakers will quote a premium for every imaginable form of risk from the founding of an insurance to the loss of a silk hat. The society has been divided into "underwriting members" and "insuring members." To one of the two latter classes, London merchants in a large way do business find it well worth while to belong. "Lloyd's" has long since overflowed into Fenchurch Street, where in a fine building with beautiful views and marbles, the Shipping Registry is now conducted by a separate department. The spacious new premises now being erected in Leadenhall Street will completely transform a famous London thoroughfare connected with Charles Lamb.

Old Sol's Name.

In the language of the Hottentots just as in Teutonic, the moon is "the sun's sister," and rude tribes in both hemispheres still make the moon masculine and the sun feminine.

On the other hand, a medieval writer says the sun used to be called "Holy Lady." For the aborigines of North America the peace pipe is the gift of the sun. In the coast the pipe is always passed around, following the sun's course.

The Natchez lived under a monarchy, and the royal family, children of the sun, like the face of the Inca in Peru, stood high above the common people. In Mexico the sun was pre-eminent over all the other gods.

In the Hebrew sacred books there are denunciations of sun worship, but the heathenish sun used to be called "Holy Lady." For the aborigines of North America the peace pipe is the gift of the sun. In the coast the pipe is always passed around, following the sun's course.

Radio Millenium.

The history of the photograph is being repeated now with the radio. In the beginning in both instances, "the thing," just to see how it would go. Then, with a sudden flash of cheapening themselves, they refused to have anything to do with the affair. Finally they began to see that even they could not withstand the imperative use of the new invention and allowed their art to go to the greater world.

In the case of the radio, they are still doing this in a somewhat hesitant manner, but the pregnant fact is that they are doing it. Dame Nellie Melba, and also Paderewski and Lata Trazzini in England, and a number of them on this side of the Atlantic.

Sentence Sermons.

A Man Who Has Money—Can send a college from which he cannot graduate.

—Can buy art masterpieces which he cannot appreciate.

—Can pay his way into a concert that he cannot enjoy.

—Can publish a book, but he can't get it read.

—Can build a home, but his money won't make it a home.

—Can win an election, but it takes more to win public confidence.

—Can buy anything but personal ability.

Stockings ornamented with "clocks" each other in appearance and character, but are likely to have the same sorts of disease due to inborn defect or weakness.

—Can have a phosphorescent glow in a gas light are a new fad in Paris.