

Prince's Race To King's Side Stirs Britain

Subtle Change in Public Sentiment Toward Heir Shown in London Press Comment

With the dramatized midnight meeting between father and son in King George's sick room coming as the climax to the Prince of Wales's spectacular 4,000-mile dash from the wilds of central Africa to the heart of the British Empire, a subtle but nevertheless unmistakable change in public sentiment toward the heir to the throne may be detected by observers of opinion here.

The spectacle of the King's eldest son and heir hastening back from his hunting trip in one of the most inaccessible parts of the empire to the bedside of his father, lying critically ill in his palace in London, has appealed to the sympathetic imagination of all the people as a truly dramatic episode unparalleled even in the rich history of our times.

World Watches Race.

The Prince has never run a more wonderful race than that heading dash from Dur-es-Salaam to London, and every phase of his journey of 4,000 miles, in which all existing records in land and sea travel were left far behind, was watched with anxious interest by the civilized world. Naturally, it was followed with the utmost intensity by the British people themselves. There were moments of acute suspense when King George's life appeared to be hanging by a thread and when the Prince appeared to be fighting a losing battle with time and space.

Hopes that a reunion of the King and his son would be achieved—by the swiftly ordered plans of British authorities and the instant co-operation of friendly governments—at the earliest moment human agencies could make it possible, and that it would find the King well on the way to convalescence unhappily were not fulfilled.

But the same circumstances of the reunion, when the King still was fighting desperately for his life and only just able to recognize his son, served to stamp only more firmly on the public mind a different sentiment toward the "travel-worn, weary and anxious Prince, who hurried straight from the train into his father's sick room, from that held toward the Prince who set off so lightly heartedly for the African jungle three months ago.

Prince Wanted to Fly Home.

That the Prince of Wales himself has lost none of his adventurous spirit, which has endeared him to the sports-loving British people, was stressed by the disclosure since his return that—not satisfied with the speed of rail and warship—urged by his keen anxiety, which has left obvious marks upon him, he wished to brave the hazards of flying home from Central Africa at the worst season of the year, and was only dissuaded by the most urgent remonstrances of his family and the British Cabinet.

Public feeling toward the Prince, nevertheless, has changed unmistakably. In the minds of the British people on his return there were vividly present the Prince's own words, spoken at Ottawa on August 2 of last year at a dinner tendered him and Premier Baldwin by the Dominion government during their tour of Canada: "If some day it should fall to my lot to assume that high responsibility (the crown) I trust I may be found worthy of it."

This simple but solemn reference by the Prince to the prospect of his succession to the throne was inevitably recalled by the tragic circumstances of his home coming and public sentiment, consciously or unconsciously, has reacted to it.

The change of feeling was cautiously summed up editorially by "The London Times" on the morning of his return: "Those who have known him only as a diffident boy, a gallant young soldier, a hard-riding, pleasure-loving young Prince, have seen no more than the first sketch of the picture. It is the fashion, perhaps, to regard him as a modern version of Prince Hal, who must some day renounce his youthful companions and moderate his light-hearted impetuosity, but there is something more serious in the picture than that superficial view might detect.

"It is certain he has long realized in every detail, and will always observe with absolute fidelity, the duties and limitations of his position. In helping the King he can best help also to build for himself hereafter the same sure and permanent place in the hearts of the British people."

Moon Leopard.

This water wrinkles under the moon's hand
Like a sulky leopard tamed reluctantly.
The great rocks at the shore are patient beasts
Leaning hard, dark heads to lap up the sea;
I hear them dribble and suck at the spongy weeds,
And I stretch out upon their knotted heads,
Cold and gray and gaunt; but I cannot touch
That trembling golden leopard the moon leads.

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

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 stagecoaches—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 Blackfeet went scalping over the plains, in the seventies; the fever of the Klondike has glimmered out; the plains have given themselves to farmers and cities; but if times have changed, the "Mounties" have changed to meet them: they have pushed to the far reaches of the white North; they have taken to themselves a new glamor. 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 on vacations, insist on snapping their Kodaks in front of the tall, straight men with the yellow stripes down their breeches and are thrilled to the marrow when someone suggests 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 fulfill the dream of Sir John A. Macdonald, the Dominion's first premier, for a mobile force that would patrol the outlying stretches of the wide country, linking far-flung British Columbia with the eastern provinces, and deal with the Indians, collect customs and prevent whiskey-smuggling. They were paid 50 cents a day and if their feelings exploded in the vicinity of a non-commissioned officer they were liable to lose a ten-dollar bill out of it. But they were allowed some liberties. "All individuals of the police force can please 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 greater, because the first 150, after a lusty winter, were now swagging veterans.

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

"Dear Friend, my partner Will Geary got to 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 sitting Bull came the days of Louis Reil, the rebel, and Poundmaker. Gradually the Indians and the whiskey brigands faded out of the picture and the doleful began to think that romance had gone with them. But '98 and the Klondike broke upon the world and the North West Mounted Police rose to heights of the greatest efficiency.

"The work of the police," says Longstreth, in "The Silent Force," began at the summits of the Chilcotin and the White Passes, where the shock troops met the wild-eyed stampedees, examined them and their peders, and sped them on after combing out the bandits. The brave of these good-hearted opportunists melted away, their hackbents bent into a posture of humorous docility, and these very terrors, 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, re-

gulate the sanitary conditions, see that the sick were attended to, and that the burial of the dead, settle hundreds of disputes, etc. Information and perform the regular police duties." And it was so from the summit to the son City. Longstreth calls it "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 most unostentatiously, even when events thrust it into the spotlight. The North West Mounted Police and the Royal West Mounted Police and, a few years ago, with its territory extending over the entire Dominion, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Today, the stories of the "Mounties" have to do with the grim North, "the White Frontier." They have to do with lonely patrols in the Arctic circle, with blizzards and desperate single-handed battles against the freezing winds, and with the same old patience, the same old dogged devotion, the same high-minded ideals of justice combined with the old sympathetic understanding of circumstances. The man in the scarlet tunic has brought magic into the North. A white trader is murdered by Eskimos. Months pass. Out of the sky drops the Law. The Sergeant is alone, but he becomes Justice of the Peace and policeman. He issues warrants and executes them. He gathers evidence and witnesses. He turns into coroner. He becomes jailer. The Judge wins in his wig and gown and the murderers are sent off into the country where white men are as thick as mosquitoes.

There is in Jasper National Park a man who fulfills in himself all the traditions and all the romance of the force. Sergeant J. R. Paton, who won his Military Cross in the war—he was adjutant with the 16th Canadian Scottish—was on patrol in the far north of British Columbia, with Inspector Sandys Wunsch, and a constable named Cooper. The Liard post is one of the most isolated in the province, because of distance and because of roughness of the country and the difficulties of transport. The object of the patrol which worked in from Wrangell, Alaska, was to get in touch with wandering Indians and meet white trappers and prospectors. It was in January last year. The temperature had been 40 and 50 below zero but it had risen to 35 below.

Paton was ahead on the trail, feeling the ice of the river with a pole. He suddenly slipped and fell, plunging his left arm up to the elbow in the icy water and wetting his right mitt as he scrambled to his feet. He was in peril and he knew it. He ran to a deserted cabin and shouted to his companions to help him. They whipped up the dogs and followed. Paton's hands were frozen white and solid. Wunsch and Cooper worked for hours, rubbing them with snow and slush. Their own hands began to freeze and Paton implored them to leave him alone and look after themselves. But they kept on, until circulation was restored and the white became black and green. Paton suffered agonies without a word of complaint. Injured themselves, the Inspector and the constable made a carry-all of one of the dog sleds, and brought their comrade safely to the post. Everything possible was done for him but for weeks his suffering was extreme.

In March, Inspector Wunsch had to amputate one of the finger joints with a razor. For months Paton was helpless and in pain and to-day he is a crippled man. But his only regret is that he will never be able to go north again.

"The fortitude displayed by Sergeant Paton and likewise the self-

getfulness evinced by Inspector Wunsch and Constable Cooper splendidly upheld the best traditions of the Force," said Superintendent Duffus. The Mounted Police detachment at Jasper consists of one inspector, a sergeant, and four constables. The Inspector is Capt E. G. Frere, who, after service in Eastern Canada and in the Arctic came to Jasper, in 1926. The Sergeant is J. R. Paton, M.C., hero of the Liard patrol.

All police work in Jasper National Park is attended to by this little force. Patrols are both by horse and motor cycle, take up a good deal of time, particularly in the summer months. The members of the famous force, in their scarlet tunics, may be seen in the vicinity of Jasper Lodge every season. The barrack building, which was completed in the spring of 1926, is self-contained, consisting of an office, mess-room, living quarters, bedrooms and recreation rooms, a kitchen, and guard rooms (or cells) for the law-breakers.

Honor Police Heroes

A prophet may be without honor in his own country, but it is different with the hero. The foundations of Canada's North and west were laid with heroism and Canada does not forget her pioneers. The mounted police 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. H. Hoskin was killed, in 1897, by the Indian, Almighty Voice, and Sergeant W. D. Wilde was killed by another Indian, named Charcoal, the other year. Both men died in 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 in their way for the opening of the new country, are commemorated. Raweb 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 mentioned in their efforts to bring the North to its own. Jacam 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 355 which becomes Amery—Canadian National Railways Magazine.

CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Constipation is one of the most common ailments of childhood and the child suffering from it positively cannot thrive. To keep the little one well the bowel 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.

American Citizens

Detroit Free Press: An American citizen is an American citizen, whether he was born in the United States or outside it. Only the right to become President separates the foreign-born from the native-born. Other wise they are politically identical.

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

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

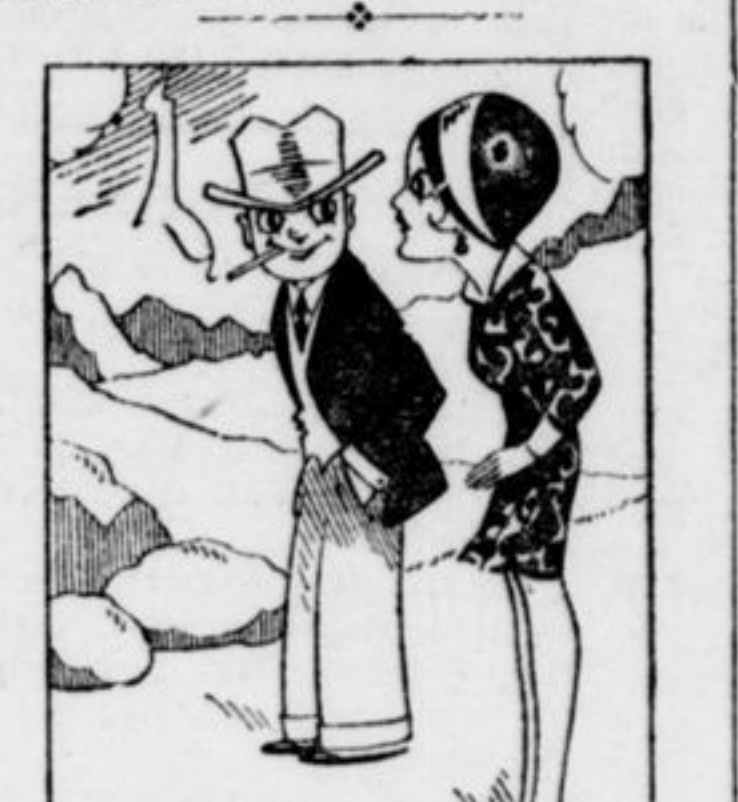
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TO THE MOTHERS OF ALL PALE GIRLS

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 using them for some time I can say the result was simply wonderful, as they completely restored my health, and now when opportunity occurs I always recommend these pills to weak, pale girls suffering as I did."

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



THEY'RE BEAUTS

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

Hearts, Not Treaties

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

Check Colds with Minard's Liniment.

A Dangerous Precedent

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A New Haven man is suing for divorce because his wife smokes. Petition should be refused. The precedent, under suffrage, would give wives the right to sue on the same grounds, and the institution of marriage would be wiped out.

An amateur gardener has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion. This adds another horror to the Christmas gift cigar.

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.

OWL LAFFS

GOLF Gossip.

During the British Open Championship golf yards 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. Scouting copy, the reporters made a furtive detour, and crept behind a bunker to overhear the conversation. What they heard was not the interesting hackback 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 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 atrocious teeth.

The Folks We Like.

The man I like
Is old man Kris
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.

BEETS HAVE BLOOD

Debtor: I can't pay you—you can't get blood out of a turnip.
Creditor: (preparing for action) True enough, but I can get it out of a beat.

Most of the plungers seem to think Wall is a one-way street.

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ISSUE No. 52—'28