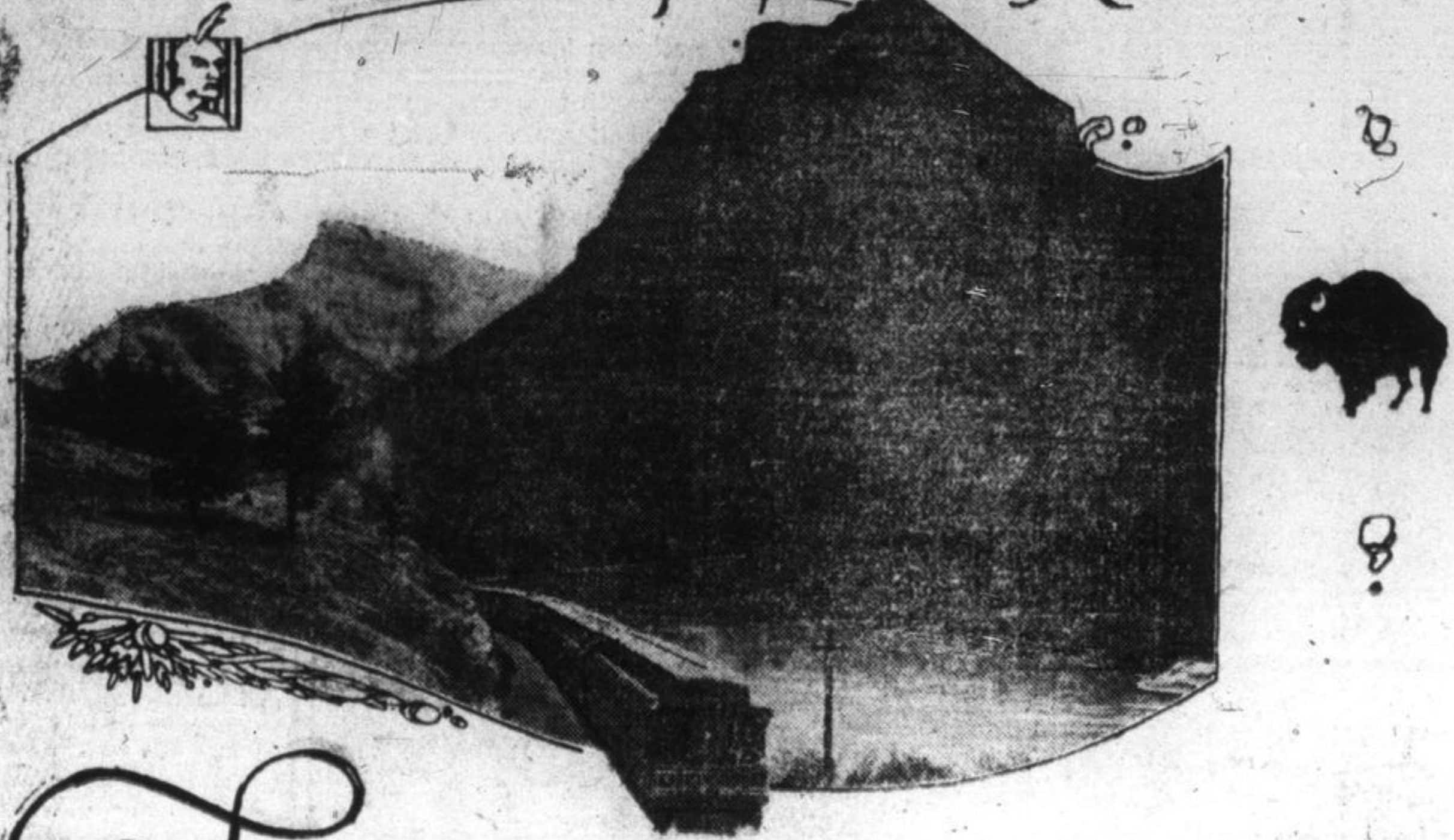


CANADIAN SILHOUETTES

The Gateway of the Rockies



THIRTEEN years had passed since last I saw the gateway of the Rockies, and I was prepared to discover that my memory exaggerated its majesty.

Into this wild country we rolled from the kaleidoscopic town of Calgary, where civilization has come so quickly upon paganism that, despite granite houses and concrete sidewalks, the air of a frontier town still clings to it.

The new day coming on the benches of Alberta seemed wistful, or pathetic. It was a young Canadian poet who found the spring so, and commented:

The old, eternal Spring again Comes back the sad, eternal way.

It was light enough at Cochrane just to see the place as a wisp of green, more imagined than visible. Cochrane, in that early light, looked more like a mirage than a place. Its scattered handful of frame houses, hotels, livery stables, and the rolling bush-dotted hills enfolding it, all wet with dew, seemed like a faint-colored picture in a book seen through the tissue paper originally inserted to protect the page.

At Morley it was not bright enough to take a snapshot photograph while the train stopped, paused a minute, slid out again; but the view there was photographed men-

tally—a strip of platform with a frame house on it; the name "Morley" painted on the gable; the station agent on the platform; a section gang standing by the track side, beside their pump for waiting for the train to pass on and give them the track. They were armed with picks and shovels, and wore the disgusting look of people going forth, in clothes not yet warmed comfortably, to manual labor.

On we went, and I looked out to behold again the great gateway of the mountains. There were the rolling hills, the dingles, the twisting and leaping streams. Long scarps of mist swept athwart the mountains, hiding the summits. I looked at the mists, and wished they would dissolve before the day that had followed the train from Calgary.

Then a brightness overhead, as of a flashing mirror, very high, made me look up, look deliberately up, as one looks for a soaring-jack rather than for a crest of mountains.

"Look!" I cried.

"Oh!" said my fellow-traveler. "Look!" and then was silent. The mists did not hide the peaks. They were coiled merely along the beginning of the mountains; and high overhead, in dizzy space, as if hanging in that glittering blue cavity in which all the worlds tumble, was the ridge of the Rockies. The train dwindled to nothing—was like an ant in long grass. There, high, ever so high, quiet, serene, august, were the Rockies, hanging in space, and glittering as a chunk of galena, held in the hand, glitters in the sun. But that was like a tremendous wall of galena, a precipice of it. It was as if these clouds that coiled before us had been solidified in their higher parts, and had then been painted upon to represent the scene.

Memory had not exaggerated. I had under-rated, foolishly made sceptical of the rightness of the gift of God. The Rocky Mountains at dawn do not roar; they hang across the sky, glittering out at the planets. I stand now at this hour (even to-day when the white man is "rubber-ucking" around) some old Indian may be seen to step out of his tipi and, drawing erect, hold up his two palms, raising his head, in salutation to the sun as once again it lights up the miracle of the world.—By Frederick Niven, author of "Hands Up"

EDISON'S SUBMARINE.

Present Type Will Be Revolutionized He Says.

West Orange, N. J., Nov. 11.—Thomas A. Edison, while studying the submarine, announced today that the type of undersea craft in use today will be revolutionized.

Mr. Edison said he would build a submarine some day. He said: "I have been studying the submarine for some time. I study a thing thoroughly before I commit myself on its possibilities and so I might say that after going into the matter of submarining it is safe in saying that a type of submarine will be built in the near future that will make obsolete those now in use."

The wizard is still devoting attention to the new "talking movie," which he calls the kinetophone, and he indicated to-day that something new in this line would soon be forthcoming. "I told the people when the kinetophone was first put on the market that sooner or later they would be able to see and hear operas by the best artists for a nickel," he said. "The working man has popularized the 'movie' and now we are going to give the poor man and his family something more for a nickel."

A SUSPICIOUS MONUMENT.

One in French Village Ready for German Guns.

Paris, Nov. 11.—The Intransigent calls the attention of the authorities to the remarkable nature of the monument erected in 1910 at the village of Champigny-sur-Marne, 13 miles east of Paris. Acting on information received from Champigny readers, Intransigent reporters visited the monument yesterday. It consists of a granite obelisk with an inscription commemorating Wurtemburgers killed during the battle there in 1871. The obelisk is situated in a platform 20 yards square, on hills commanding the Champigny fort, with a full view of the towers of Notre Dame.

According to their instructions, the reporters tore up the sods covering the platform, which they found to be of the solidest construction, the material resembling cement. At two points of the platform were holes six inches in diameter, suitable for affixing supports for mortars which to bombard Paris.

Inquiries elicited the information that a large number of official-looking Germans visited the spot last June, while a retired Ulman, major, who left shortly before the mobilization had been living in the neighborhood since 1910.

Detroit Germans Warned.

Kingston fort or station cells in Canadian cities may jaw for Detroit Germans who attempt to make a trip to New York via the Grand Trunk, the Michigan Central or any other road crossing Canada, according to a warning to Young Germany printed prominently in the Detroit Abend-Post. The Abend-Post urges all young Germans planning such a trip to go by way of Toledo. "Scarcely a day passes," says the Abend-Post, "that does not bring to our notice the troubles of young Germans who, in making a trip to New York, are taken from the train by Canadian officers in Windsor or elsewhere in Canada and are detained for from 24 to 48 hours. Others less fortunate in case it is established that they are reserves of the German or Austrian armies, have been sent to Kingston fort and treated as prisoners of war."

A wise man takes no chances on a chance acquaintance.

FOOLED THE KAISER

BY SPLENDID WAY THEY RALLIED TO BRITISH FLAG.

Six Are At the Front — One of Them Seventy Years of Age — Forces and Money Gifts From All.

The Kaiser, it is said, counted upon an uprising of India's forces when he declared war against Great Britain for had his spies not told him that the natives were seething with discontent against British rule? Never was the monarch more woefully misled and mistaken, for with one accord the rulers of the native states of India, who number 700 in all have rallied to the defence of the empire and offered their personal services and the resources of their states for the war.

India has sent over 70,000 men to the front, and accompanying these are six Indian princes, who are worth at least \$250,000,000. Even the veteran Sir Partab Singh, the regent of Jodhpur, will not be denied his right to serve King George, and in spite of his seventy years he is on his way to the front, accompanied by his sixteen-year-old grandson. Sir Partab is one of the most popular rulers in India, and for many years was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, to whom he wrote constantly, giving her his views upon current Indian affairs of importance.

The maharajah of Baroda who has placed his troops and resources at the disposal of the British government, is one of the most powerful of Indian rulers, as well as one of the wealthiest. His forefathers fought against us in the Indian Mutiny, but the Maharajah is proud and eager to be on our side to-day. He rules over a state larger than Wales, and has an income which is said to be more than \$10,000,000 a year.

Another familiar prince is the Maharajah of Mysore, who has placed fifty lacs of rupees (about \$1,650,000) at the disposal of the Indian government for expenditure in connection with an expeditionary force. His state contains nearly 6,000,000 Hindus, who contribute the flower of our Indian army, and he is one of those Indian rulers entitled to the imperial salute of twenty-one guns.

The maharajah of Gwalior, in addition to sharing the expenses of the hospital ship, the idea of which originated with himself and the Begum of Bhopal, has offered to place large sums of money at the disposal of the government of India and to provide horses as remounts.

This Indian prince, however, has in the past given many evidences of his loyalty and generosity. It was he who gave \$40,000 to King George to be distributed among charitable institutions in commemoration of the coronation. He accompanied the British expedition to China eleven years ago, and presented on that occasion a hospital ship for the accommodation of the wounded. He is one of the most energetic and enlightened rulers of India.

Mention of the Begum of Bhopal recalls a visit which she paid to Great Britain three years ago, when she was presented to King George and Queen Mary. She reigns over a territory of 7,000 square miles, consisting of about 1,000,000 inhabitants. She is an extremely accomplished woman with an intense admiration for all things English, and is beloved by all her subjects.

Another potent Indian ruler is the maharajah of Kashmir. He recently presided at a meeting at Srinagar, his capital, and delivered a stirring speech to 20,000 people, which resulted in the subscription of many thousands of pounds. Kashmir is one of the largest and most prosperous of the Indian states, and noted for its shawl-weaving and lacquer work, while its silver and copper

QUEEN'S BOWLERS.

The Queen's Journal.

Our Bowlers they meet on a classical green. Ah ha! let the bows whirl! And an obstinate lot are our Bowlers, I ween.

As they balance their bows, and with Puritan mein Have success in a twirly-cum-twirl, Oh yes! in a twirly-cum-twirl.

Our Bowlers' broad backs are turned to a Hall. Ah ha! yet the bows whirl! Where learned professors in classical fall

Keep droning on themes that poor Bowlers appal, With their minds in the twirly-cum-twirl, On the difficult twirly-cum-twirl.

Our Bowlers face full on a glorious lake, Ah ha! let the bows whirl! But so eager they are to capture the stake, They only have eyes for the kitcherish "jake."

And heed but the twirly-cum-twirl, The dangerous twirly-cum-twirl. Yet Bowlers are men of the sterlingest make, Ah yes! let the bows whirl! With hearts that perchance might happen to break,

And souls that reflect sky, sunshine and lake, Notwithstanding their twirly-cum-twirl, Their fervour in twirly-cum-twirl.

King Edward's Christening Shield. It would serve the Kaiser right if King George were to send back the beautiful Cornelius shield which the emperor's father sent as a christening gift to his godson, the late King Edward—a wonderful example of the silversmith's art that hangs in that monarch's room 60 years. Like his son, Frederick William was always on easy terms with the Almighty, and the design for the shield was of a religious character. In the centre is the head of Christ; underneath it a representation of the Protestant Sacraments, on the border the Christian king in pilgrim's cloak and hat crossing the sea in a ship guided by an angel and driven by the chained demon of steam, and a wreath on the shore of the angels by St. George, Wellington, and the Prince Consort.

That daring German journalist, Maximilian Harden tells us that when the British courtiers say this marvelous symbol they smiled discreetly, whilst the Whigs and Radicals laughed aloud; further, that the little Albert Edward was not made mous by the sight of this devout shield of his Berlin godfather, hung over his cradle. Few are interested to-day in knowing what has become of the christening-shield whose religious design this war of German investigation has turned into a mockery. Has King George consented it to the lumber-room at Buckingham Palace, or because Frederick William was more sincere than William II, has he allowed it still to decorate one of the walls?

All things are possible except, perhaps, losing an opportunity you never had.

POTATO EMBARGO MODIFIED.

Imports From Canada Allowed With Certain Restrictions.

Ottawa, Nov. 11.—The department of agriculture has succeeded through negotiations with the United States authorities in securing such modifications of the embargo against the importation of potatoes from Canada into the United States as will allow of the resumption of this important export trade, except under slight restrictions in some localities. The embargo was placed on Canadian potatoes by the United States in December of last year, because of the existence of powdery scab in some portions of Canada. A similar embargo was placed on the movement of potatoes from the state of Maine, where the disease also existed. Later, arrangements were made for the movement of potatoes from the state of Maine under certain regulations as to inspection and certification. The Canadian government has contended that equal facilities to the movement of potatoes from Canada to the three states between Maine and potatoes to the maritime provinces, which have hitherto exported large quantities of the crop.

The modification of the embargo, which is similar to that adopted in the case of Maine, is of special importance to the United States because of quantities of potatoes to the New England markets.

PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Wholesale Raids Made on English Households in Germany.

London, Nov. 11.—The Hague reports that the arrest of British subjects in Berlin on Friday morning has been followed by something like a wholesale raid on every English household in the country. The number arrested in Berlin exceeds 300, in addition to 100 arrested in Dresden, many at Leipzig, 50 in Hanover and 400 in Hamburg. The number taken in Munich is not reported, but the English population there is considerable. Those arrested in Berlin were put in trains and taken to a race course at Ruhleben. Most of them were escorted through the streets on foot to Alexander Platz station.

SON AMONG DEAD.

Archer Thompson Was Aboard Ill-fated Cruise Hawk.

John Thompson of this city, has received word that his son, Archer Thompson, stoker, was among those lost when the cruiser Hawk was sunk by a German submarine. Archer Thompson was twenty-two years old last July, and had been in the navy for several years. In addition to five brothers and a sister in Ireland he has a brother and sister in the case of the brothers, William, is a drill instructor as well as his father. One instructor in Dublin.

BRITISH WAR RELIEF.

Application For Incorporation of New York Association.

New York, Nov. 11.—An application was made to Supreme Court Justice Fendleton for the incorporation of the British War Relief Association. This organization will raise a fund to provide an automobile ambulance corps for service in the European war. The money received will be used also to send out as many volunteer nurses as possible and to relieve severe cases of distress among British subjects in this country. The headquarters of the club in New York. Among those named as directors are Theodora Mary Anne Spring Rice, a relative of the British ambassador.

KAISER'S NEW QUARTERS.

Preparations at Potsdam for Emperor's Return.

London, Nov. 11.—The Daily Mail's correspondent at Copenhagen says he hears from Berlin that preparations are making at Potsdam for Emperor William's return. The correspondent adds that it is rumored to be the emperor's intention to transfer his headquarters to Potsdam.

HOW GERMANS MEET BILLS.

Juggling With Cheques to Meet Haul of Wool.

Copenhagen, Nov. 11.—When the Germans occupied Antwerp they found a stock of wool of an estimated value of \$2,400,000. They then commandeered and paid for by cheque, but when the cheque was presented for payment to the German army authorities they again handed out a further cheque, drawn on the Belgian authorities, who, of course, declined to meet it. The wool belonged to private individuals, but was very welcome to the Germans, who in sore need of winter clothing for the troops.

CONDITIONS IN HAMBURG.

Nearly All Commerce Has Been Stopped.

Copenhagen, Nov. 11.—A Dane, who has just returned from Hamburg, where he has been in business for twenty years, states nearly all commerce has stopped there and at other places in Germany. Nowhere is it possible to get a staff. All men are at the front or on their way, and Germany has reached the end of her resources, having no more reserves.

Big Leap in Values.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The important farm crops of the United States this year are worth \$5,069,743,000, or \$104,000,000 more than the value of the same crop last year, notwithstanding a loss of \$418,000,000 sustained by cotton planters on lint alone as a result of the European war.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kid You Have Always Bought. Beware the signature of J. C. Watson.

PILES Do not suffer another day with itching, burning, smarting, or bleeding. Dr. Cass's Ointment will cure you at once. It is a certain cure for all cases of hemorrhoids, or piles. Dr. J. C. Watson, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Never Questioned Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure and wholesome. It is made from highly refined, pure, cream-of-tartar, an ingredient of grapes. Not an atom of unwholesomeness goes into it; not an unwholesome influence comes from it. It perfectly leavens the food, makes it finer in appearance, more delicious to the taste, more healthful. Its superiority in all the qualities that make the perfect baking powder is never questioned. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure No Alum