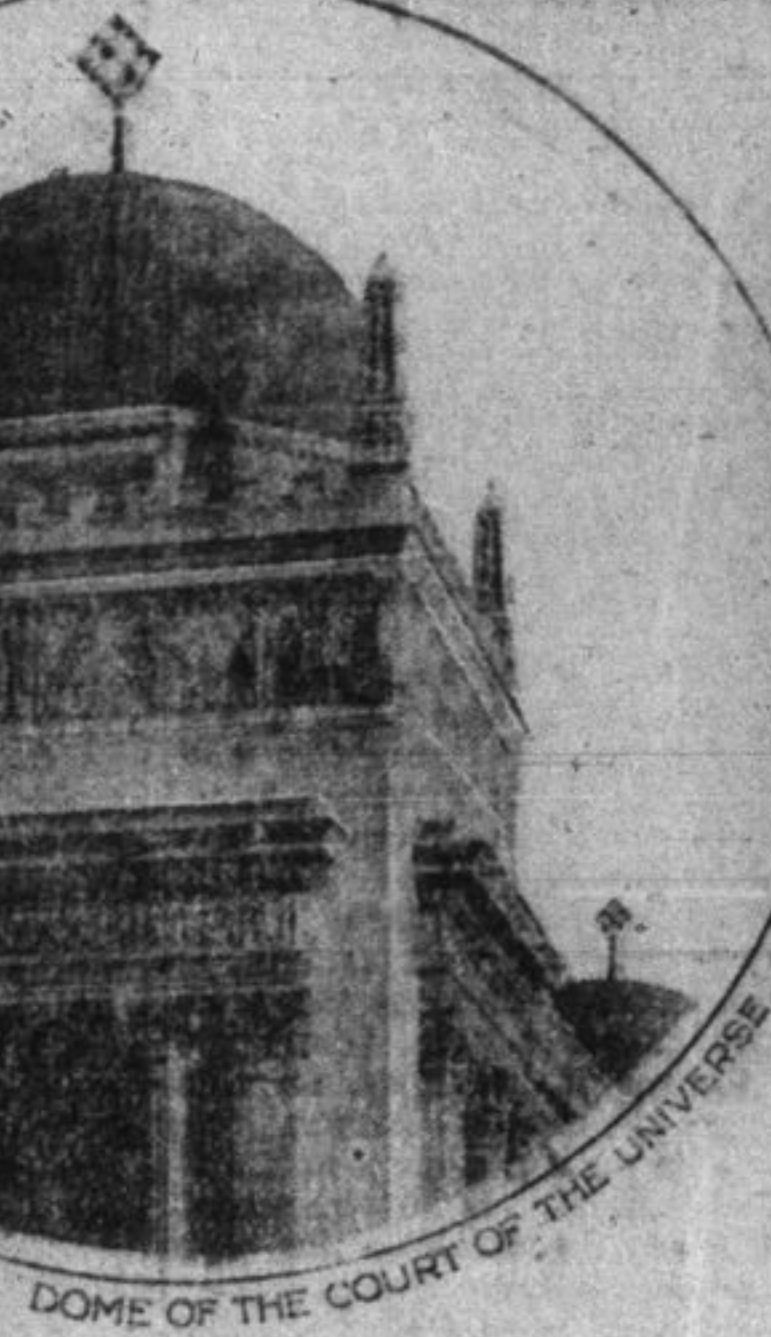


The SCULPTOR at the FAIR



AMONG the Indians of the Coast of British Columbia there is a legend of the coming of the Santiago, a Spanish vessel captained by Juan Perez in 1774. The vessel was seen far at sea from the Indian village known as Oum-Mis, near what is shown on the chart as "Hole-in-the-Wall." On first sighting her the Indians thought it was an enormous bird, but when she came nearer and they could see people on board it seemed to be "some wonderful and very large canoe come back from the land of the dead with their by-gone chiefs."

The colonization of the Pacific Coast dates back four hundred years from the day when Balboa first gazed on this Western Sea, but it was not till 1769—just ten years after Wolfe captured Quebec and France handed over her Empire in North America to the British—that any serious movement was made by Spain towards the Northern Pacific Coast. The cross accompanied the sword, and the history of California became the history of the religious settlements founded by Fray Junipero Serra and his brave Franciscan brothers. From San Diego de Alcalá up north, at intervals of forty miles, the bells of their simple round-arched

The gold rush accelerated the development of the Pacific Coast. From May, to July 1858 over 30,000 miners left San Francisco in search of gold along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. The invasion of this populace required a stronger rule, so it was natural that the political privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company were taken over by the British Government and the colony of British Columbia was founded on August 2, 1858.

When the various independent provinces had been united under the Dominion of Canada nine years later, British Columbia agreed to come in on condition that a railway should be constructed to link Atlantic with Pacific. The Canadian Pacific Railway was the result, being built, so far as possible, along the lines of the old fur traders' route and the trails taken by the seekers after gold along the Fraser Canyon.

Thus are the Spanish explorers, the pious colonizing Franciscans, the dauntless English Sea Captains, the fur trader the gold seekers, and the builders of the Canadian Pacific linked together in the history of this lovely and romantic Coast. The fur trader is now overshadowed by the tourists who pour in countless thousands through the precipitous passes of the titanic snow-capped Canadian Rockies. Past the glaciers where grey-green cliffs overshadow the transcontinental train, they speed to the palm trees of Los Angeles, lingering perhaps at the Lakes in the Clouds, six thousand feet above the sea, before they bathe their eyes on the azure bay of San Francisco or gaze into the submarine depths of the Pacific through the glass bottomed boats of Catalina Island.

The year 1915 should be a red letter year in the calendar of the Pacific Coast. Two of the most interesting Expositions ever organized are being held in two of the most interesting cities—San Francisco and San Diego. Each of these Expositions has its particular characteristics. San Francisco exhibits the manufactures and civilization of the United States and of the World, from the Panama Exposition it is that the pictures portrayed here have been drawn representing the magnificent sculptor work which will meet the eyes of the visitors. Over 250 distinct groups and hundreds of individual pieces of statuary will be shown. These comprise among others the following: "Nations of the East," "Nations of the West," "The Colossal Column of Progress," "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "Fountains of Energy," "Primitive Woman," "End of the Trail," "Electric Power," "Fountains of the Rising and Setting Sun," "Fire," "Adventures," "Soldiers," "Nature," etc. Besides these figures and groups are many beautiful friezes, spandrels, capitals, niches, and columns decorated with allegorical subjects.

missions tolled the knell of paganism and carried the gospel of faith and irrigation along the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific. Captain Vancouver, in 1792, voyaging from England in the "Discovery" to settle the claims of Spain and England to this Northern Coast describes the Mission San Buenaventura, as he found it at Santa Barbara, with a garden "far exceeding anything I had before met within these regions—not one species having yet been sown or planted that had not flourished."

"The "Discovery" had sailed on the Pacific on an earlier voyage. This was in 1778 with the redoubtable Captain Cook in command under instructions from the British Admiralty to search for the North West passage—a passage for which the expedition of the Hudson's Bay Company had vainly explored from the Atlantic side.

The Gospel of Faith which had heralded this settlement of the Pacific Slope yielded place the farther North it went to the trade in furs, for Juan Perez, Captain Cook and Commander Vancouver found the Indians willing to barter the precious skins of the Farther North for goods from the Old World. So too it was the fur traders who blazed the trail over the Canadian Rockies for the overland route of the Pacific.

Alexander Mackenzie, for the North West Company of fur traders, reached the Pacific on July 20, 1793, at a time when Captain Vancouver was cruising on that self same coast. He found the natives hostile, owing, as he said, to having been fired at by Vancouver.

David Thompson, also sent by the North West Company, crossed the Canadian Rockies by the Howse Pass and discovered the Columbia River.

Simon Fraser, another emissary of the North West Company, shot the rapids of the Fraser River to reach the shores of the Pacific in 1806.

John Jacob Astor, a German merchant of New York, organized the Pacific Fur Company in 1810. The expedition, which founded Astoria, March 22, 1811, had hardly driven the last palisade when the news came that the North West Company was erecting a fort at Spokane. The Canadian traders eventually bought out the Pacific Fur Company in 1813. In 1820 the North West Company amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company. The fort at Astoria was transferred to Fort Vancouver, near the present Portland, six miles above the junction of the Willamette with the Columbia River. Neighboring land was put under cultivation to supply food for the fur traders at Alaska. Anticipating a change in the International Boundary, a new headquarters for the Hudson's Bay Company was established at Victoria on March 1, 1843.

THE GERMANS IDOLIZE

VON HINDENBURG, WHO IS THEIR WAR HERO.

But For Twenty Years He Was a Joke in the Army—Had a Craze For Lakes—Most Good-Humored Man In German Army.

By Herbert Corey.
Two months ago they named streets in Germany for Paul von Hindenburg, the man of the Tannenberg fight and the Lodz battle, and a score of other savage fights in unknown places along Germany's eastern front. One month ago they began to rename towns for him. He is the war hero of Germany. One sees a dozen of von Hindenburg's portraits to one of any other man. And that includes the Kaiser.

Von Hindenburg is the sort of a man who would be popular anywhere—except, perhaps, in a gathering of persons opposed to the free exercise of appetites. He is a big man, is Von Hindenburg. He has a big voice. He has a big appetite. He lives wholly and sincerely each blessed minute. He likes nothing quite so well as to sit at a table in a favorite cafe, with a few intimates about him, and draw maps of the cloth with red wine, and roar argument and batter down opposition, and perhaps sing a German song in a great, roaring, bull-like bellow that is still melodious in an overwhelming sort of way. He is peppery and good-

natured. He will whang the table with a ham of a fist until the steins dance over the edges and the waiters stand near the door and try to pretend they have not heard. And when he is out-argued and beaten and corned he will surrender with a huge shout of laughter, and his blue eyes will gleam, and his big rugged warlike face will fairly explode with enjoyment. "More wine," Von Hindenburg will shout. "More wine!"

Don't think that Von Hindenburg is a pot warrior who wins his battles at the tables. He wears on his wide breast the Iron Cross of the First Class—a rarely given reward for valor—which he won when he was a young lieutenant.

Lakes As Defense.
For twenty years—maybe for thirty years—Von Hindenburg was the butt of Germany's military wits. Not that anyone said anything that would really hurt the bluff old fighter. They loved him too well, for one thing. But he was commonly reputed to be possessed of a "bug." He preached the doctrine of the Muzorian Lakes in season and out of season. He talked lakes and swamps and Russians and morasses. He insisted that this belt of mire and mountains and water was Germany's best protection against the Russian. And he insisted that a war with Russia was sure to come.

failed to do something—the story is a bit hazy—and he was temporarily in disgrace. He was sent to the eastern front in order to expiate his offence. Like any good soldier he began to study his new environment. By and by he became an enthusiast. He studied that long eastern front until he knew it far better than any one of us knows the palm of his hand. He was offered command elsewhere, and refused to take it. He wanted to know more about his Muzorian Lakes. He traveled with baskets of maps and documents, all about the Muzorian Lakes region. He talked about nothing else.

By and by he became almost a nuisance. Everyone liked the old chap, but they had completely lost the appetite for his abominable lakes. The men who surrounded the Kaiser would have none of his theories. Six years ago he was retired on a pension, greatly to his disgust. Berlin journalists declared that it was to nuzzle his eternal preaching of the Muzorian Lakes. He went to Hannover—which is a reasonably lively little city, thank you—and began to build up a lake cult there.

Theory Proven.
Three years ago Von Hindenburg heard that the government contemplated shoving up the Muzorian lakes empire, and the court cabal. He went to Berlin with his books and his maps and his big, red, good-natured, determined face, and that Jewish fellow. He camped on the emperor's doorstep. When the emperor de-

clines to receive a person, that person is usually expected to take a hint and go away. Von Hindenburg wouldn't. He just made more fuss until at last the Kaiser told him to come in and speak his piece. And so Von Hindenburg thundered and fulminated until the Kaiser threw up his hands with a laugh:

"Keep your lakes, general," he begged. "Keep your lakes. Only go away."

When this war of nations began Von Hindenburg was still in retirement. His dear Muzorian lakes were still wet, and still surrounded by swampy borders, through which roads ran on a mystic maze pattern. Another man was sent to the eastern front to conduct the campaign against the Russians. He fought the battle according to the most nickel-plated ideas of the general staff. He should have won—but he didn't. And so the general staff at last thought itself of this retired fossil—this relic of the last war with France—who had been at war with the staff over this same problem for a generation or more.

"Give the old man a chance," ordered the staff.

The world knows what Von Hindenburg has been doing on his own pet territory ever since. He is probably the most genuinely happy soldier of the whole war. The theories for which he was laughed at for thirty years are being proven true. Those verdant whippersnappers who laughed at him have been forced to admit themselves wrong. Little babies are being named Paul Von Hindenburg through the length and breadth of Germany. Carloads—literally carloads—of gifts for him clutter up headquarters.

One-Man Railroad.
The European war and the failure to secure foreign money to promote railroad building has no terrors to Rudolph Myer, the one-man railroad builder of Hodgeman county, Kansas. Several of the big dailies hearing of Mr. Myer's work in the grading of a railroad from Jetmore and alone and without apparent financial aid from any quarter, have sent reporters here to interview him. Mr. Myer informed them that his business concerned the building of a railroad from Jetmore to Garden City, and not to talk with newspaper men.

Mr. Myer is attending strictly to business. He is on the job every day and has completed the grade some five or six miles out of Jetmore. None of the residents here has been able to ascertain who is backing Mr. Myer in this unique enterprise, but the general belief is that the same few will in time take up the work and extend the Jetmore branch to Garden City.

A GOOD RECORD
The year 1914 has been a banner year for the Mutual Life of Canada, having written the largest business in its history. This success is due very largely to the excellent settlements to Policyholders in the way of profits and the fact that it is a purely mutual company, being relieved of paying any of its earnings to stock holders.
Towards "Saturday Night" in its financial review, says the Mutual Life is probably the best Life Insurance Company in Canada today. The fact that this year's business secured under conditions of such financial depression speaks volumes for the merits of the company.
Those contemplating insurance will save money by placing their application with this excellent company.
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Try a few doses now, and you will KNOW what it means to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes and greater cheerfulness after your system has been cleared of poisonous impurities. For children, parents, grandparents, Beecham's Pills are matchless as a remedy
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Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents. The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women.

One Woman's Opinion.
"I have been asked what kind of advertisements influence me most. Unquestionably, the ones I read in our own local paper. I read that paper when I am at home and thinking about household affairs. When I am away, my mind is fully occupied with other things.
Perhaps I do see bill board and street car advertisements, but I certainly do not remember them. The advertisements that attract me most in the home paper are the ones that give real news, such as prices, styles and particulars of quality."
It pays to advertise intelligently in the home paper.

Can you reach it?
Is the telephone within reach?
Is it within the reach of each member of your staff?
When you or your assistants want to use the telephone, do you have to walk across the room and perhaps wait until someone who may be using it has finished?
When a customer wants to talk to you or to a member of your staff, can he get you on the minute, or is the "line busy"?
Your answer to these questions will indicate pretty accurately the status of your business.
The cost of an extension telephone figures out at only a few cents a day. You should have one within reach of every man in the office!
If you have a Private Branch Exchange, an additional line to Central will care for business the value of which may outweigh a hundred times the expense of the extra line.
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