

Pages

Swing Day In Burgess Pass

Thank



FOR one of the most beautiful places in the Canadian Rockies... Burgess Pass... The first snow-capped peak appears—a few more steps are taken when a glacial hung summit comes into view; then more peaks with their snow fields, even the crevasses were discernible, another few steps and the summit is reached; never as long as I live shall that moment be forgotten; looking ahead for the summit I little dreamt of the view behind. Mountains, mountains in all directions, as far as the eye could reach—Mount Burgess to my left with Emerald Lake lying at its base (more green, if possible, than any emerald) in a most beautiful valley. President and Vice-President ahead of me, Mount Wapta to my right, with its pony trail leading to the Yoko on its side, Cathedral and Mount Stephen southeast of it, and to the south range upon range of snow-capped mountains. I was literally dumb and numb at once. No thought or words could express such a moment, it was several minutes before I could think, and then I found my soul breathing a prayer of joy—utter joy in the fact that I was alive and could enjoy such a view. It surpassed even the Grand Canyon of Arizona. To be under the canopy of heaven with no living thing in sight as far as the eye could reach, where only silence is heard, for a silence such as that is not silence, for the "Infinite" speaks. It surpassed any service ever attended on Thanksgiving Day. I was not only on the summit, but further away I knew not where, on another plane; another world—at least in the world of thought. The sun was now dipping behind Mount Burgess and how quickly the color changed, the Emerald Lake became the color of olives, the mountains began to grow hazy. It was time to leave or darkness would overtake me, so I started, loath to go. After an hour and a quarter walking steadily I sat down to rest; the color...

ing was now in all the rich tints of Roman days. The mountains were blue and purple, the pine trees looked dark and dismal, and the yellows and reds of other trees looked deeper and richer than they had an hour ago. The dusk was falling quickly, and the path was barely discernible when nearing the end of the trail. The lights of Field now began twinkling through the trees like so many stars. There were fifty minutes before my train left, though one had just passed and I wondered if I had mistaken the time on account of the mountain and Pacific time, so why leave? I sat down on the trail, the night had come, the day was passed and my wonderful walk a thing of the past, but what memories, and what a Thanksgiving Day. One never to be forgotten. "Alone!" No, one is not alone when with Nature, for many voices are heard; such were my thoughts at this moment when I heard a sound—what was moving on the trail? A figure emerged from the gloom, and he too was "alone." I spoke first and asked if the train had just passed and the regular, and to my joy it was not. This "Lonely Figure" had walked fourteen miles. We went back to the hotel together. Kindred spirits and one with nature. He told me of his travels in the Alps and the Sierras, but nothing touched this perfectly. He asked if there was much to see at Banff, and I said nothing that compares with this. "I should," he said, "imagine it were rather the edge of things," and my answer said that expressed it perfectly. We both agreed that to see the real nature of the mountains the beaten trails and high roads should be left and the pony trails and high roads should be taken, either on foot or riding, then the grandeur, the magnificence, and awe inspiring Canadian Rockies can be seen to the best advantage. A few days should be spent at Field, or if time will not allow, at least miss one train to go through Burgess Pass, for the whole trip is certainly worth that one glorious view.—E. C. McE.

HAS ROMANTIC PAST.

South Africa Possesses No Literature to Tell Its Story. "Of all the dominions of the British Empire, South Africa has had the most varied and romantic history," Ambrose Pratt writes in "The Real South Africa." From north to south, from east to west, the country is dotted with monuments to commemorate battles, treaties, and other critical events. South Africa, moreover, is a land of extraordinary scenic splendor, of fascination and of mystery. In no other part of the world are there to be found vast stretches of high tableland so weirdly broken and relieved with strange shaped hills, deep gorges and dongas, and dark inaccessible ravines. There are taller mountains elsewhere, but none more bold and starkly menacing in form; none that ring out such endless successions of jagged, frowning spurs; none that offer a more powerful appeal to the imagination. "The most experienced traveler meets startling surprises in South Africa at every turn. The country has been in a fashion peculiar to itself. The veld is without a foreign prototype. It resembles nothing so much as the flat roof of a mighty battlemented Gothic castle pushed sheer upward into the blue sky, and supported and defended from the lower world by a multitude of giant flying buttresses—each rock a straight and lofty mountain, each buttress a naked mountain spur incomparably bleak, magnificent and stern. The air has a quality of clarity that makes even the limpid brightness of the Australian atmosphere seem like mist. The sunsets surpass in gorgeousness and brazen glory the sunsets of all other lands, and the vivid coloring of the bush, the dour scarlet starred monotony of the veld, are facts and contrasts that strike like shafts of fire into the fancy. Inexorably the thought arises in the traveler's mind: 'Here is a country to compel into existence an original and peerless literature, to breed a race of poets, with a brand new message for mankind.' He merely prepares for himself another astonishment. "This wonderful land is practically destitute of an indigenous literature; it has almost absolutely failed to inspire its own children. Olive Schreiner has written 'The Story of a South African Farm.' Sir Percy Fitzgerald has written 'Jack of the Bushveld.' The few literary achievements of South Africa that are worthy of note very nearly begin and end with those two books. The country is equally tongue-tied in poetry. One hears of a few English versifiers and reads their songs on to do sharply disappointed. The Dutch Afrikaanders have no prose literature deserving of the name at all, and but one singer, Mr. Jan Celliers, has ever reached a reputation. The Taal has no grammar. It is a wretched patois, merely the stammer of a dozen languages jumbled together. That Mr. Jan Celliers is acclaimed a poet at all, confining himself to such a medium, is remarkable; yet even his warmest admirers admit that his voice is 'still and soft,' and his range narrow."

England Speaks For Herself

I HAVE before me a great pile of printed matter and photographic information which the British Pictorial Service and the newly-formed Department of Commercial Intelligence are sending to the ends of the earth in the interests of the British Empire's side of the war. What a healthy change this policy represents from the first cautious months, when the authorities were afraid to let anything out for fear of "comfort to the enemy!" In this article I wish to deal with the work of the Pictorial Service. Thousands upon thousands of battle-front pictures have been taken, at sea and on land, and the photographers have dared anything and everything to get them. There are four pictorial booklets—"The Sentinels of the Seas," "Carry On," "Behind the Lines," "Through Swamps and Forests." They are the first in a series, broadcast in all tongues. There is a string of beautifully illustrated papers, portraying all phases of military activities, published at consumption in the East, near and far. Among the extensive assortment of maps and diagram sheets here is a great chart showing "WHAT GERMANY WANTS: HER CLAIMS AS SET FORTH BY LEADERS OF GERMAN THOUGHT." The whole world is here laid out, on Mercator's projection, and the red spots are the would-be dominion of the Hun. All South American is red, and most of Africa. The bloody trail is over Scandinavia and the whole of Central Europe, Turkey, Syria, China, the Dutch West Indies. One wonders at the moderation of the cartographer in leaving out the United States. In the border of the chart there are thirty-six quotations giving the swollen victimizations of Prussian imperialism. "Holland, together with her royal family, her European possessions and her colonies in South America, the Indian Islands and Australasia, must become the all of Germany," writes Tannenbergh in "Gross Deutschland." Werner Sombart claims Dover, Malta, and Suez as stations for the German fleet. General von Bernhardi lays stress upon the value of Denmark as commanding the approaches to the Baltic. Ernest Hasse intends to absorb the Scandinavian countries. The bold editor, Maximilian Harden, whose independence of thought has been admired even by his foes, talks of "German cannon on the routes to Egypt and India" as "worthy of great sacrifices." Another portrays "The British Empire at War," giving the homes of the fighting men and the routes they have traveled to come to Britain's aid, and the part of the far-flung battle-line that they hold now. The territory occupied by the Central powers outside their own borders adds up to 709,500 square miles. The territory held by the Allies outside their own borders adds up to 676,010 square miles. There are also four-page pictorial sheets, such as "Bagdad in British Hands," "Hail's Smashing Blow in the West," and "The United States at War." The latter presents on the front page the president's portrait. Above it in French, German, and English are his words: "We are now about to accept rage of battle with this national foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power." There is also a war atlas, bound appropriately in red cartridge paper, the maps made at Stanford's classic establishment. Poor Stanford died last spring, heart-broken over the loss of his son. The foreword to the atlas explains: "This atlas has been designed to illustrate for the student not only the actual battle fronts, but also some of the general aspects of the world war." The first five maps show without comment the theaters of war in the West, in the East, on the Italian front, in the Balkans, and in the Asiatic possessions in Turkey. The sixth map illustrates in greater detail the British front in the West, while the seventh shows the various theatres of war in which British troops are engaged and the vast distances which they have safely traveled under the protection of the British navy. "The eighth map demonstrates the collapse of Germany's ambition in the East, and the ninth illustrates the vast extent of the possessions which she has lost overseas. The tenth map shows the isolation in which Germany has placed herself by her criminal outrages on civilization, and the eleventh explains, by chapter and verse, the claims to world domination which have been put forward by her leaders. The twelfth map illustrates the growth of the military domination of Prussia, while the thirteenth is an effective exposure of the professed desire of the Central powers for the 'free development of other races.' "The last map shows how Germany, at the commencement of the fourth year of war, is gripped in a relentless vice of steel, and points to the final and decisive victory of Great Britain and her allies."—Pulbert S. Waldo in Detroit Free Press.

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The Opinion of the War Office Times

EXTRACT FROM "WAR OFFICE TIMES" Amongst the troubles with which the Army has to cope is the question of sore feet amongst the men. This may sound trivial, but in reality is a matter of the gravest importance. Obviously, to be of use, an army must be in good marching condition, but it is a physical impossibility for even the bravest man to go on if he is suffering from sore feet. From information which reaches us from the front, however, this difficulty is being met by the use of Zam-Buk, which is proving most efficacious for this painful ailment. We should like to see a box or two of this excellent "first aid" supplied to every soldier. In our opinion it would greatly add to the efficiency of the Army. ZAM-BUK

on the requirements of the men in the Army will naturally be of interest to those who have relations or friends in the service. The clipping, given herewith, is an extract from this paper and shows that Zam-Buk is regarded by those in authority as indispensable. So much so, in fact, that large orders for Zam-Buk have been received from the Government for the British Army in France. Zam-Buk is put up in boxes of convenient size for carrying in the pocket, so that a man may have it ready to apply at the right moment. Many a case of blood-poisoning has been avoided by the timely use of Zam-Buk. There is nothing can take its place for cuts, burns, barbed wire scratches, blisters, bruises, sprains, rheumatism, chapped hands, cold cracks and sores of all kinds. Don't let your soldier go without his box of Zam-Buk. In the home, also, Zam-Buk is just as necessary for the many little accidents which are of almost daily occurrence, as well as for more serious troubles such as eczema, chronic sores, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c box, 3 for \$1.25.

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The Telmann School of Music. Piano, violin and other stringed instruments; Elocution and Dramatic Art. Fall pupils may begin at any date. Terms on application. 216 Frontenac Street. Phone 1610.

Chesterston Fined. Mr. G. K. Chesterston was fined 10s by the Becclesfield magistrates for having an unscreened light in his house. He admitted the offence, and said the police constable was only doing his duty in bringing the case forward. World's Apert Valley. The deepest valley is believed to be in Patagonia. It is at least one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the sea. It takes a ton of apples to make about one hundred and fifty gallons of cider.

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