



A Whale Ashore The authorities of Cloughton Wyke, a small village near Scarboro', in Yorkshire, are in a quandary. They have a white elephant on their hands in the shape of a whale which was washed ashore some time ago. For a time the whale was a curiosity and brought many visitors to the little village. Trade in picture postcards became brisk and business of all kinds began to look up. But that was some time ago, and now the whale is keeping all tourists away. The sign posts directing the way to the leviathan have been taken down. No longer are they needed. "Follow your nose" is the advice. Having outlasted his usefulness the whale must be got rid of, and the sooner the better. Tenders are to be issued, for the contract is a large one. The whale weighs fifty tons at least, and must be cut up on the beach, carted away and buried. Not many years ago an adventurous whale wandered in from the ocean highway and made his way up the St. Lawrence as far as Longueuil, where his career came to an end. He was harpooned by inexperienced whalers, and towed across the river to Montreal, where he remained on view at the wharf until some enterprising showman secured him for private exhibition, after which, in the natural course, it became necessary to dispose of him for good.



Canada and South Africa These happy little ones are the children and grandchildren of subscribers to the "Canadian Pictorial." Their father, Mr. Walter Moodie, went with the first Canadian Contingent to South Africa, leaving his British Columbia home to start a new one in that distant land, in which he remained. After the war was over he entered railway construction work under Sir Percy Girouard. Their home is in Vicksburg, Orange River Colony, and the picture was taken at a Cape Colony summer resort.