

Railway Station and New Hotel in Calgary



About three years ago, the C. P. R. opened this handsome railway station in Calgary. Since then, two new wings have been found necessary. In the distance is the new C. P. R. Hotel, now nearing completion. It will cost nearly a million and a half.

the room. "You are surely not that bad man who we all hate?"

The member bowed with Chesterfieldian deference. "Madam," he responded promptly, in the same resonant baritone which has so often hurled anathemas across the Commons chamber, "I pay a heavier penalty than I thought for doing my duty."

IT is not very often that anyone scores off Hon. George E. Foster in repartee, but no one enjoyed better than the clever Minister of Trade and Commerce the interchange which occurred between himself and the Hon. Dr. Pugsley in the House when the West Indies trade agreement was under discussion one evening recently. Dr. Pugsley was playing questions. Mr. Foster was parrying in his brightest and ablest manner. Finally the former, momentarily overlooking the rule of the House which requires members to address all their remarks to the Speaker and through him to their fellows, furnished an opportunity for the alert Minister to smilingly call him to order. "The right honourable member for St. John," began Mr. Foster, when the laugh of the members called the attention to the fact that he had unduly honoured his opponent. He joined in the laugh, observing: "I do not know why I addressed the gentleman as the 'right honourable' unless—"

But he got no further. "Ah," interrupted Dr. Pugsley, in his silkiest tones, "that was because the honourable Minister recognized that I was right."

The whole House enjoyed the retort, none more so than Mr. Foster, who smilingly resumed his seat and abandoned his protest.

The Three-Point Flag at the South Pole

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN told three thousand Canadians last Saturday how he discovered the South Pole on December 14, 1911. He is as fine a type of explorer physique as could be imagined: lean in the leg, broad in the shoulder, keen of eye, with a most prodigious nose as sharp as an eagle's beak. With a voice that could be heard from the bridge to the bottom of the Fram in a roaring gale, and with over a hundred slides and movie films he told the simple story of how he and his crew got from Christiana, Norway, to S. Lat. 90 between August, 1910, and December 14, 1911. The large audience was immensely pleased, but not thrilled. Capt. Amundsen is no spell-binder. He has no resemblance to Peary. He said nothing about Fate and the Demon of No-Man's Land. He did not tell humorous stories like Shackleton, whose name appeared so often on Amundsen's chart, clear down to 88 deg. 23 min.

S. Lat. His knowledge of English is rather limited but very effective.

But it was the sketch outline of a great story. The Fram, which years ago, under Nansen reached farthest north of any ship, and touched farthest south in the Bay of Whales next to the great ice barrier in S. Lat. 80, took five months to sail from Christiana to where Amundsen's crew unloaded her. They reached the Bay of Whales in January, 1911. It was then fall in the Antipodes. They got ready for the long winter of night which began on April 23. They built a main station and as far south as possible threw out a line of depots, caching supplies on the route which they intended to retrace.

Here they discovered that the Eskimo dogs they had brought, instead of the Manchurian ponies used by Shackleton and Scott—still on the South Pole quest—were a wise choice.

On April 23 they went into winter quarters, dogs in huge tepees, men in the "hut," and a village of cave-rooms tunneled from the ice in the Barrier. Pictures of these peculiar ice-walled, under-ground igloos were shown. Here they spent four months—though what they did besides feeding the dogs and eating and sleeping the Captain did not relate. He probably thought it was of no interest.

How the party set out in October, traversing the

750 miles between the barrier and the Pole, was very briefly described. There seemed to be no tremendous difficulties, beyond climbing mountain altitudes of 10,700 feet and toiling over man-hungry crevasses, all of which had been described by Shackleton. No lives were lost. Nobody went astray. For 39 days averaging 19 miles a day, which even in sub-Arctic regions is remarkably good going for dogs, the party pushed south.

Along towards 88 deg. 23 min., when the party began to reach the point made by Shackleton when he turned back from lack of provisions in 1909, there began to be a thrill of dramatic interest. How did they know, that when they got to S. Lat. 90—the British flag would not be there? For it had been a race between two nations on two widely divergent routes. And for months the Norwegians had not heard of Captain Scott.

With no more than a fair outbreak of applause from the audience, Amundsen showed the colour picture of the three-point Norwegian flag on the Pole. The story was practically done. Nothing now but to leave the flag of Norway on the farthest south spot in the world and to retrace the journey to S. Lat. 80, where the Fram lay waiting among the humpback whales. The moving pictures told most of this part of the story.

Is Honourable Lloyd George as Democratic as He Claims to Be?



Some of the English Papers are Pointing Out That Lloyd George Rides in a Sumptuous Motor Car, Plays Golf, and has Numerous Residences. This is a Picture of a Country House Which he has Recently Built Near the Walton Heath Golf Links in England. He also has a Country Home at Criccieth, Wales, an Official Residence at 11 Downing Street, and Last Winter he Lived in the Villa Dragonniere, Cap Martin on the Riviera. A Canadian Statesman With Such an Equipment and Such Habits Would be Accounted an Aristocrat, not a Democrat.