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"FROM CALIFORNIA TO YOU WITHOUT TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS."

## Grandma Goes Up

Continued from Page 9

"I heard you, Grandma," shouted the young aviator, nodding. "It's your helmet—the air pressure you know—hard on the ear drums. I'll be very careful. Don't be a bit afraid, now,"—and he took his own seat.

He said other things which came to her but faintly—"contact"—"wings"—"transmission"—"air pocket"—"tail-spin"—"stunt-flying." Presently she understood that he was explaining the airplane and that he meant they'd go straight and do no "stunts" en route. She nodded back at him vaguely, her old face set and white, her eyes full of fear but of courage, too. The car began to tremble and throb, and this was followed by a wobbling motion of the plane, a spinning of the wings and a gradual rushing of air past them.

They were off! Higher and higher they rose, light as the air itself. Grandma clutched the edge of the car, and held her breath, giving it out in great gasps. At first she didn't dare look down, but after a minute or two curiosity got the better of fear and she saw a moonlit countryside dotted with flattened-out objects that she knew afterward were barns, steeples and roofs. Patches of silver were water. Long, winding, grey threads were roads. The bosom of mother earth looks strange from aloft.

"We're flying very low," Captain Derby called back.

But she couldn't hear him. Presently he waved a gauntleted hand to the right and down.

"Here we are! Just five-and-three quarter minutes," he cried, and she understood that they were just over Kay's Crossing.

There was the bridge and the rapids and the little village itself nestling against the hillside! Grandma peered down wonderingly, her fear forgotten. This was magic itself! Why, it usually took her and Sairey the better part of an hour in the covered buggy! The old lady blinked and looked down again. No, there was no mistake about it. They were at the Crossing. And the airplane now began to nose toward the ground, slowly, gracefully, like a giant bird. They landed in a field above the bridge.

"I'll undo your helmet, Grandma, but we needn't get out," said the aviator, suiting the action to the word. "There'll be people here in no time and we'll be surrounded so we can just sit tight and send someone for the doc. There!"

"I can hear you now, all right. My, ain't it plum wonderful!"

"Six minutes—and easy going at that. I could have done it in three."

"Well, I'm much obliged t' yew. I s'pose, though, yew'd really have liked a nice young lady 'stead if an old body like me!"

"I don't know, Grandma. An airplane isn't much of a place for—er—that sort of thing, and anyway I haven't got a girl. I'm too bashful or something."

"Do tell!"

"That's right. I don't make a hit with the fair sex. I'm as cool as you please up in the clouds, but down on terra firma in a parlor I'm—nix,"—and Captain Derby shook his head sorrowfully. "Here come some men, running," he added.

"Yew come an' visit me some time, young man," said the old lady, intent on his first words, "an' I'll interdooce yew to a mighty nice young lady, so I

will. She's a mite lonesome-like, too, an' she's talkin' of goin' tew town, but mebbey we can stop her yit."

Captain Derby looked only mildly interested. He supposed the old lady had in mind some red-cheeked, husky, fat-armed dairymaid.

"I guess I ain't told you my name," Grandma said apologetically. "I'm Mrs. John Miles, senior. The young lady I mention is Miss Westover an' she's a-stayin' with me overnight."

And now the young man did look interested. He swung around.

"Is her name Grace?" he demanded, and at a nod from the old lady went on in a rush: "Well, if this isn't Chink's luck! I've been wondering if I'd ever have the good fortune to meet her again. I

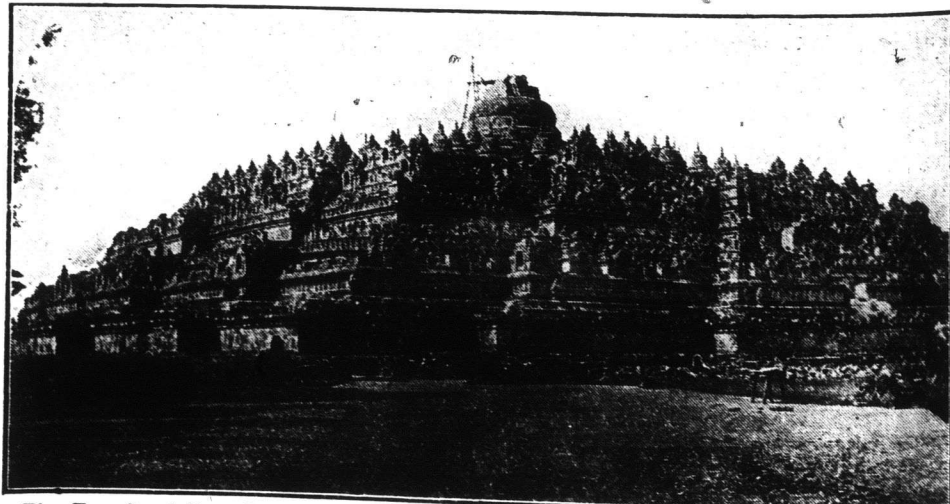
Continued on page 56

## UNHEARD OF WORLD WONDER SOON TO BE BETTER KNOWN BY AEROPLANE SERVICE

By Francis Dickie

A striking example of how fast the world is progressing is the recent announcement which comes from the Malay Archipelago that an aeroplane service will shortly be started to carry mail and passengers between the various islands, where for centuries old ways have been tenaciously clung to. The most interesting thing in connection with this is that perhaps Boro-Budur, one of the wonders of the world, will become better known to the outside world through being visited by travellers. Though requiring more labor to build than the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and though an infinitely superior work of architecture, the wonderful temple, for some strange reason not explainable, has remained utterly unheard of by the world at large. It stands in central Java, and is the greatest structure of ancient times, remaining to-day in a good state of preservation. As seen in the accompanying photograph, it is a series of galleries, cupolas and spires, surmounted by a vast central dome fifty-two feet in diameter. The temple is one hundred and fifty feet high, from dome top to level of the plain, but there are two more terraces six and ten feet below the ground, which were covered up by the ancient builders to strengthen the rest of the building while under course of construction. The whole interior is one long line of bas-reliefs telling all the incidents in the life of Buddha, which carvings if placed on end would reach over three miles. The temple is 2,000 feet to a side, or a walk of more than a third of a mile around. It was built in the seventh century A.D. by Buddhists as a shrine in which to place a vase containing some of Buddha's ashes. It became jungle covered and forgotten in the 15th century when the country was overrun by Mohammedans. It was discovered in 1814 by Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of the island, who had reclamation work begun, which was continued by the Dutch when they took over the island at the end of the Napoleonic wars. Due to this the temple is in almost as good a state of repair to-day as when work was abandoned on it five hundred years ago.

With an aeroplane service to the island this wonderful piece of ancient work will undoubtedly at last receive the attention it deserves by many travellers, being able to reach it quickly and easily.



The Temple of Boro-Budur, in Java, one of the most ancient and interesting structures of the world.