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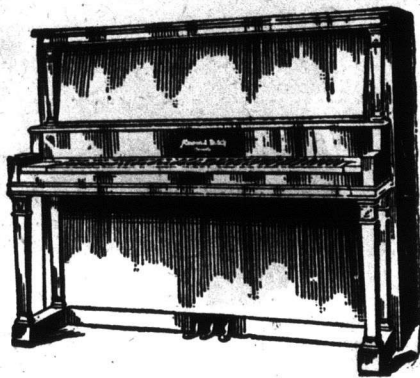
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The new Russia will retain the old flag, which has three horizontal stripes—white, blue and red. A few years ago the imperial emblem, a black eagle on a yellow field, was placed in the upper left-hand corner of the flag, but the provisional government has ordered that it be removed.

Father (when Willie had returned from his first day at school).—"What did you learn at school to day?" Willie.—"I learned to say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Father.—"You did!" Willie.—"Yep." — Christian Register.

The Dwellers of the Plains

By D. E. Nimmons

Contd. from page 17

In the spring and fall there issues a period when on account of freezing or breaking up the ferry cannot run, yet the river cannot be crossed on ice, and in one of these seasons many an unlucky farmer has taken his turkeys for a twenty mile airing to the river, only to have to turn back again. Sometimes issues the awkward predicament of horses on one side and driver on the other. Again there comes a time when the ferry sinks, or breaks loose, or plays other naughty tricks that only a ferry of poor connections would think of. Following an incident when a ferry strays from its moorings and a horse or two is drowned, to say nothing of a man, the ferries are usually all ordered up on account of high waters. Often concurrently with this, the railroad lines happen to get washed out and a real "tie-up" occurs, which means that as far as connections with the outside world go, one might as well be up at the North Pole.

Nevertheless most of these ferries are located at very beautiful spots. The Iddesleigh Ferry, better known as "Happy Jack's," is one of these ideal places. Here is the home of Mr. Jackson, one of the old cattle men of the country, in whose pasture were dug up the remains of one of the huge dinosaurs for which the Red Deer country is famous. His old log house and stables are picturesquely situated in a clearing by the river, and his big log corral with its many intricate entrances is a glimpse of the past ranching days.

Not far from here, on the plains, is Cravath Corners, where on a corner of the crossroads are the four homes of the Cravath men and women, a curious arrangement on the prairie where homes are usually so far apart. To an on-looker the whole of this district seems to have adopted some of that broad-minded community spirit so necessary to social advancement. This growth has been largely aided by the efforts of a particularly broad-minded and capable teacher, a university graduate, who for the past five years has been educating and expanding both young and old minds in that district. The school is the most completely equipped of any around, and not only boasts a particularly fine library, but such extra equipment as a piano and gramophone, the latter being largely used in the teaching of folk-dancing. One of the prettiest sights at a recent school picnic was the Sir Roger de Coverly and Maypole dance given by the little people of that school.

Away to the north-east are the districts of St. Eloi and Blood Indian, both fairly well settled. Blood Indian Creek, whose name frightens many a teacher from applying for the school of that name, is one of those fickle freaks of nature that in the spring is a dashing demon of water and rolling rocks, and which later metamorphoses into an uninteresting dried bed with deep stagnant pools that gradually die out as summer advances.

Each community boasts its quaint local character. There is the old bachelor, whose proud boast is that he knows the Christian name of every married woman north of the Red Deer. There are the "suitcase homesteaders," who rush in in the spring for six months and in the fall as speedily rush out. Time was when the "Water Witch" was one of the popular characters, and for a stated sum you could get your place "witched." The wizard walked over the farm with his willow, and where it nosed toward the earth, there was the place for water. But the wizard waned in popularity, and, finally, like every other fad, passed away. There is a superabundance in the food of dried prunes, better known as "Alberta strawberries!" Here, too, Eaton's catalog reigns supreme. Even the windmills bear in large letters Timothy's

countersign, while almost every little chap in school displays a tag on the back of his overalls, bearing the magic sesame, "T. Eaton Co., price \$1.50."

Along the banks of the Red Deer lies the village of Steveston. This tiny place, nestled among the trees by the river banks, has already made its landmark in history. Here it is that, for several years past, scientists have been digging for the fossilized bones of pre-historic animals that now repose, thanks to the generosity of the Canadians and the Dominion of Canada, in the American Museum in New York. What a generous lot we are, to be sure! And here is Alberta, who boasts of her progressive legislation, sitting by while the looting takes place, and wailing like a spoiled child that bawls for mother to come and help her out of a tight place, but makes no effort to help herself.

Steveston itself lies some five hundred feet below the surrounding prairie, where into the Red Deer runs the cool green stream of Berry Creek. It is as quaint and attractive a little stream as Echo Creek in Banff, so well known to every tourist. Below it lies the inevitable ferry, and extending down the river bed lie the famous Bad Lands, the field of exploration for fossil hunters.

This huge abortion of nature, known as the "Bad Lands" or "Dead Lodge Canyon," reminds one of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. It is an immense acreage of grotesque figures, rough-hewn hills and boulders that, weather worn and fantastically sculptured by nature, extend down the river for many miles. There is constant change in the outlines of these rocks, which vary from smooth beehive to grotesque pinnacles and ridges, with odd escarpments sticking out here and there, or flat shale levelling their summits. The formations are of dull grey sandstone, intermingled with yellow and brown clays. Running in and about them a black streak of coal may be distinctly traced for great distances, sometimes widening into a substantial seam. Aside from its scientific material this spot is remarkable for its scenic beauty, and has been described as one of the most remarkable gorges on the continent. Rumor has it that this picturesque spot is to be made into a national park, and that consideration of the idea is now under way. At present the general public is hardly aware of its existence, though fossil hunters are still gloating over it.

Dead Lodge Canyon is the burial ground of many forms of dinosaurs, crocodiles, turtles, and amphibians, and contains an enormous amount of perfectly preserved impressions of plant life, especially water-lily leaves. The huge skeletons are found embedded in the rocks, sometimes many tons of earth having to be removed before they can be secured. They are of enormous size, the skull of one spiked lizard found there being six feet in length, while the complete skeleton often measures 30 or 40 feet. The one best known locally is that of a dinosaur or leaping lizard, affectionately called "Leaping Lizzie," not without a touch of local humor. The bones of these animals generally crumble when exposed to the air, and accordingly the explorers cement the bones as they unearth them. It is an enormous work to excavate, cement, remove, and reset one of these skeletons, before it is ready for exhibition purposes.

It is stated that six carloads of Dinosaur material from the Red Deer have found their way to the States. Among them, discovered at Steveston, is the most complete skeleton of a crested duck-billed dinosaur ever known. It was found in a swimming pose, which reveals the natural attitude of the animal and settled the vexed question of the animal's habits. Mr. Barnum Brown, who had the good fortune to unearth this, has discovered the most productive field in the vicinity.

Aside from the enormous amount of material sent out of Canada, some

(Continued on page 72)