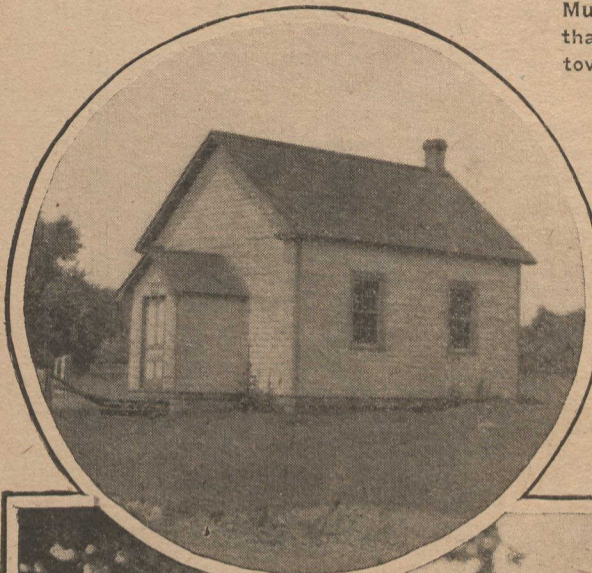


# PICTORIALITIES IN PROSE

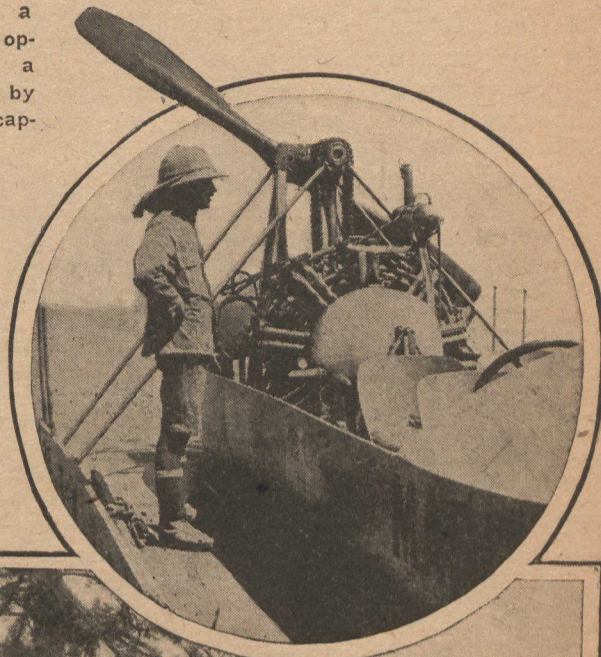
FIRST imagine this is a little school-house in Muskoka, and then decide that it's probably the only township hall in the world butts alongside a graveyard. Also observe how aptly this graveyard town hall illustrates the lines of Gray:

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Any Port Carling lad would want to be township reeve when he sees this town hall.



THIS craft is called a hydro-glisseur. It operates in Mesopotamia; a British military boat, run by a windmill forward and capable of 45 miles an hour. There must be some high winds in Mesopotamia. Hydro-glisseur seems to be a musical term. Glissendo in a pianist is the thing that makes him scoot his right thumb nail down over the keys ten times faster than he could hit them. So the gliding-hydro boat goes on top.



HERE stands the monument of a Scotchman's dream. When a Scotchman so far forgets himself as to dream, something is sure to happen as a result. Donald McLaren, once upon a time came to Canada with the idea that he was to become a sort of Laird o' Cockpen in the highlands of the Caledon Mountains. With much labour—which no Scotchman ever begrudges—he gathered the inexpressive stones from the hillsides and built this really noble castle on the heights from which on a clear day he can see Toronto, 40 miles away. You observe at a glance that the builder had real architectural taste and the right idea for a baronial castle. Even Sir Henry Pellatt, with all his hilltop magnificence, never had a finer idea of castle-making than Donald McLaren, of Inglewood.



GO back into history 100 years to learn about this old anchor now seen at Holland Landing, Ont. Old inhabitants quote their grandfathers as saying that the anchor was hauled overland by ox teams from Toronto, heading for Lake Simcoe, to be used on some old British ship in those waters about the time that the Yankees lost the War of 1812. Was it a warship? We don't know. But it surely was a big anchor. A man can crawl through the ring of it without touching sides or bottom—if he is careful enough and not too large. It only remains now for some cheerful liar of the distant future to narrate that the said anchor was carried there from Halifax by McAskill, the Nova Scotia giant, who was disabled in New York by shouldering and carrying an anchor weighing 2,200 pounds.



PEACHES are playing pranks with householders this year. One place on the street they are 65 cents a basket on Saturday; at another, the same peaches are 85 cents on Monday. This picture of rolling wealth shows the coming-in of peaches from Burlington (Ont.) way to the station; the long train alongside the landing being loaded to the roofs with peaches. No, it is not possible that the fruit is heaped in the cars like potatoes or wheat. Each car is built up with racks on which the fruit is shelved, tier above tier for the long haul to—Winnipeg! the consumption point where peaches from Niagara meet apples from Okanagan.



WE are again into the football season. The striking photograph of the great game is not of Rugby as you may guess. Because a man who has to go on crutches is not likely to be very fond of a scrimmage. So the patients of the Manitoba Military Convalescent Hospital, Winnipeg, undertook a soccer game as part of the programme given a few days ago at Tuxedo Park. There were also foot races for soldiers who had lost arms. Nothing like being cheerful when you are in hard luck. Some of the returned soldiers can give the rest of us pointers about taking an optimistic view of things.