

**NINETEEN HUNDRED
MILES IN ZERO
WEATHER**

Canadian Policeman Travels
by Dog Team, Canoe and on
Snow Shoes to Investigate
an Alleged Crime.

"Go where you are sent" is the translation the trappers of the North West Mounted Police give to the motto of the force "Mantien le droit." This famous body of men says the New York Herald has been reorganized and has a new name, but its traditions and sense of duty have descended to its successor and its co-operating bodies. An instance of this is found in a recent official report by the Saskatchewan Provincial Police, and constitutes one of the most remarkable details ever given to a single officer, in that it was undertaken in the mid-Winter of North-Western Canada, it entailed 103 days of consecutive duty with the necessity of providing food supplies in an almost uninhabited region and it involved a journey of 1,900 miles by snowshoes, dog team and canoes, the thermometer hovering all the time between 30 and 50 degrees below zero.

Fifty Below Zero.

An Indian tramping down from the Arctic circle region told a priest at Fond du Lac, on the northern frontier of Saskatchewan, that he had found a man dead in a shack about 100 miles away. The priest notified the commanding officer of the police at Prince Albert, 500 miles to the south. Within an hour Officer M. Chappius was on his way to investigate the matter. It is from this report, written with the least expenditure of words and with no attempt at magnifying his task, that the details of his trip are gathered. When he reached Isle a la Crosse on February 16 he had to buy a dog team and a sleigh "owing to the fact that no one would hire me a sleigh and no one would make the trip with his own dogs." Five days afterward, when he reached Cree Lake, the snow was four feet deep and the thermometer about 50 degrees below zero.

Near Starvation.

His guide refused to go farther and the native Indians declared it was impossible to reach Fond du Lac, but a white trapper agreed to accompany him. The only food he could

buy was four quarters of caribou. On March 12 they had left only a little tea and half a bannock and no food for the dogs, but he says, "we kept on." The next day "we had nothing to eat, our dog team got smaller, as I had to leave two dogs behind, which were eaten by wolves." In the evening of March 14 his "feelings were revived" by the sight of a shack, the first he saw since leaving Cree Lake. He found in it some frozen fish. "I took fifty of them; I could have taken more, but it is not a good policy, as I did not know who was the owner of the fish and was afraid of putting him in the same position we were, almost starving." He found out later, however, who the owner was and paid him "10 cents a fish, making a total of \$5."

After he had reached Fond du Lac he had yet an eight-day journey on snowshoes, as the dog team could not travel much of the way owing to the high banks of the rocks. He found that the man whose death he had come to investigate had died from natural causes, perhaps cold or starvation. He had been dead at least a year. It was impossible to bury the body on account of the solid rock. So, he says:

"I pulled the rock stove to pieces and brought in some stones from the outside and lowered the bed and body to the ground; after wrapping up the remains with a blanket and canvas I put a number of logs and wood over the body, then placed the stones on top, thereby forming a grave. Before leaving I nailed up the door and window and wrote on the door in English, French, Cree and Chipewyan that this was the grave of Emmanuel Persson, and that no person was to interfere or attempt to go inside the shack."

A Real Policeman.

A few little details, which were crowded into the last paragraph of the report and which Officer Chappius almost forgot to mention, were that the trip back "was harder owing to the fact that I took a lunatic at the request of the residents of Fond du Lac and handed him over to the Alberta Provincial Police," that he saw no game, but was never out of sight of a large number of wolves, and that for much of the distance "there was such a blizzard blowing that we could not see the dogs in front of us." Chappius' job was a man's job, one for a man of resources and of the kind of grit that looks upon "insurmountable obstacles" only as something to be overcome. Obedience of orders was as natural as drawing breath; he was sent and he did what he set out to do. He was the real policeman, to whom the sense of duty is above everything else and it matters little whether his post covers 1,900 miles of Canadian snow or a city street.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WEDDING

Being a mere man and not interested in the gowns and furbelows of the wedding of Princess Mary, our attention was centred on two incidents that, to us, seemed to stand out from all the rest.

In the Abbey the course of the bridal party to the altar was marked by a strip of scarlet carpeting. At one point this path broke from its straight course to the chancel, diverged to the right for a few steps and resumed its former line.

Thus the king, the queens, the princess bride and all the retinue that marked the pomp and pageantry of a mighty empire turned aside that they might not tread on ground that was sacrosanct—the Holy of Holies of Great Britain and her Dominions beyond the seas, the resting place of the Unknown Warrior who laid down his life that they and we might live. And thus will turn aside on the path to their coronation scene all the kings of England, for so long as there is an England and English kings.

And on the return after the ceremony the bridal coach was halted at the cenotaph, where the bride handed her bridal bouquet to a soldier to lay on the memorial to those dead whose work for us will live long, long after we are gone on from here.

We Anglo-Saxons may not be as temperamental as the more volatile Latin races, but when the occasion demands, we muddle through.—F. C. Pitkin.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

GAMBLING IN AUSTRALIA

Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing, president emeritus of Western Reserve University, who made observations on a recent visit declares that of all civilized peoples the Australians perhaps are the greatest gamblers.

We gather that he did not form a high opinion of the Australians. He found too much drunkenness, sexual laxity and gambling to arouse his admiration, but he concedes that these vices are typical of pioneer societies, and is not without hope that eventually Australia will rid herself of them as she grows more populous and life there becomes more varied and interesting. One of the reasons why Australians are so prone to gamble, he believes, is that life is not interesting enough for the Australian. The country is larger than the United States with a population smaller than the city of New York. There is loneliness outside of the larger cities, such loneliness as was a feature of the American West forty or fifty years ago.

Moreover, the Australian is by tradition a gambler. The first large human beginning of the country followed the gold rush of 1851. Now a miner is a gambler. One blow of his pick one swish of his pan may unlock possibilities of vast wealth. On the other hand it may not. But one who followed the occupation in the early gold mining days of Australia was always thinking of the stroke of luck that certainly awaited him. It is not unnatural that people descended from the old gold miners should have a belief in luck and be willing to take a chance. The climate is also favorable to the development of a gambling instinct. The raising of crops in Australia is a yearly gamble. If there is no rain there is no profit. Rain beckons. If there is rain, the grass becomes tall and of juicy herbage, the harvest waves full-headed and heavy, the sheep are wrapped in full fleece which blinds the eyes and sweeps the ground. There is prosperity and abundance for all.

The Agricultural Gamble.

The farmer or herdsmen can afford to lose one harvest in four and still make money. When he sows he has no notion in the world what sort of season is to follow, or whether he is to wind up the year with a serious loss or a handsome profit. To a certain extent this holds true of farmers in all parts of the world, but nowhere perhaps is the farmer and stock raiser likely to be such a gambler as in Australia. It is always a case of double or quits with him, not a question of a varying profit of perhaps \$2,000 or \$3,500. People whose fortunes thus depend upon the luck of the rainfall are not likely to perceive the immorality in betting on a horse race, and Dr. Thwing says that with the exception of ministers of the Gospel, it is almost literally true to say that everybody in Australia will make a bet on a horse race.

The Australians are great lovers of horses, for the simple reason that until a few years ago most of their travel was on horse-back. Horses and sheep were the only companions of thousands of them for months on end. The climate is admirably adapted to the breeding of good horses and good horses are bred in hundreds of studs. What the Derby is to the English racing man or the King's Plate to Ontario, the Melbourne Cup is to Australia. It represents a week of races which occurs early in November, and it is not uncommon for 200,000 people to flock to it, some of them coming thousands of miles to see the great contest. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are offered in prize money and bets to the extent of millions are made. It seemed to Dr. Thwing that everybody in the country, whether a native of the bush or a great capitalist, had his bet on the Melbourne Cup.

Still another reason for the gambling mania of the Australian is offered by this observer. It is the climate. He says, "He, this new Britisher, has come from a cold and foggy climate to this Mediterranean zone of balm and genial winter winds. He feels that all is well with the world and he is sure that all is as well with himself. He is an optimist and as he is certain he is willing to take a chance." The typical Australian, in fact, is like a Toronto gentleman who, knowing little or nothing about stocks, made several thousand dollars in C.P.R. a few years ago. He explained later by saying that it was a beautiful balmy Spring day

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when he decided to buy. "I felt so good," he said, "that I thought it would be a good day to buy C.P.R." Dr. Thwing is of the opinion that Australia lacks spiritual ideals. The people have discarded the faith of their fathers and have progressed no farther than a crude cynicism in developing a workable substitute.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENTS WITH FARM CROPS

Interesting New Varieties

Practically all of the farm crops which some Ontario farmers are now growing were obtained originally from the Ontario Agricultural College through the medium of the co-operative tests of the Experimental Union. Individual farmers have obtained hundreds and even thousands of dollars benefit from these tests. As the result of this work, it is estimated that the increase in the value per acre of farm crops in Ontario has already been sufficient to pay the entire average cost of the Ontario Agricultural College for the next five hundred years or more.

The co-operative experiments for the Spring of 1922 number in all thirty-five, and include not only the well known classes of farm crops, but also new introductions which have been tested at the College but which are as yet but little known throughout Ontario such as Sudan Grass, Hubam Sweet Clover, Field or Cow Cabbage, Soy Beans, Hairy Vetches, Grimm Alfalfa, Rough Buckwheat, Sugar Mangels, Gold Nugget Corn and Fodder Sunflowers.

Any Ontario Farmer wishing to conduct a co-operative experiment in 1922 should apply to C. A. Zavitz, Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, for a Circular explaining the nature of the work, giving a list of experiments, and furnishing a blank form on which to apply for the material of the particular experiment selected.

TO THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE'S YOUNG PEOPLE

The message of the season
The message of the Spring
When rain, and frost, and sunshine
Is what it seems to bring.
Let's look beneath the surface
Let's see the hopeful sign
The law of growth is shining
And glorifying time.
The pessimist is dying,
The dark and gloomy cloud,
The optimist is growing
We hear him shouting loud.
For this we were created
To smile, and laugh, and sing
To help each other gladly
And peace, and comfort bring.
The creeping, toddling creatures
To help them for to stand
The frail and dotted aged
To take them by the hand.
The young but oft discouraged
To help them banish fear
And those who try to do things
Inoculate a cheer.
So in this Spring and seedtime
We might be counted one
Of which the world is better
The little that we've done.
The groggy cranks that's talking
I think we need not doubt
'Twould make each one more happy
By simply dropping out.
Each in their little garden
Their energies bestow,
Their gleaming, shining weapons
No chance for Rust to grow.
The simple little helpings
We need them here below
Oh let us freely give them,
We all can say, Hello.

—W. B. LAWS.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.
In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh.



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Do you know that two coats of the best floor paint are less than 1-100 of an inch thick?

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