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## Story of the Storm

(Concluded from page 13.)

wind through the front door. It sometimes does that, but never in the wild, weird key it was then producing. There was something peculiarly uncanny about this. I saw that the screen door was outstanding about six inches, and next observed through the glass front of the door that the verandah curtains were blown into ribbons, and that a steamer chair left outside was gliding smoothly from one end of the verandah to the other. Then, the front door threatened to blow open, and I seized it to keep it in place; then the long oval glass panel of the door blew entirely in, and I promptly backed around to a sheltering wall. Simultaneously the window glass of the parlour and dining room came flying into the hall, and the contents of both rooms were in a general whirl.

Now, for the first time, I realized that forces were in operation far transcending the resistance of human machinery. However, with four other people in danger under my own roof, I attended strictly to business.

My two sisters-in-law, who happened to be visiting us, came rushing from the parlour and dining room in much alarm and agitation with inquiries for my wife, and I started upstairs in search of her. She at once appeared, however, on the way down, and gave us the wise advice to make for the cellar. The ladies did this.

As the chief disaster seemed to be over, although the wind and rain were still active, I did not join the company in the cellar, but busied myself trying to close the rear door, which had blown open, and which I had some difficulty in propping, not yet realizing how very little difference it really made whether that door stood open or shut. I was soon joined here by the others, and from the rear window noticed that a small frame house standing perhaps twenty feet from mine was utterly gone, and I have not seen a vestige of it since. The owner's wife is one of the dead.

On the next lot due west, facing on Smith Street, I saw that a larger frame house was quite off its foundations and apparently gone. I then realized that what had partly happened to my home had already happened in full to many other people. Passing to the front of the house, facing Lorne Street, I found that the brick veneer house directly across the street was also off its foundations, the whole front blown out; the brick wall on one side gone and the frame work badly doubled in the centre; in fact, a total wreck.

The rain and wind quickly abating, I donned a waterproof and stepped out through the middle of my front door, with the thought of life first in my mind, and promising to return in a few moments. I then discovered that I was minus a very good and substantial verandah, and a glance down the street told me what I had even yet scarcely realized, that a tremendous catastrophe had swept over the city. Briefly, with the exception of my own and a few other houses, and these badly damaged, the west side of Lorne and the east side of Smith was a total ruin for three blocks, and the larger part of that area absolutely flat on the ground. At the foot of this district are the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches and the Y.W.C.A.—total wrecks, and several other splendid public buildings very badly injured.

Now, what I have said of this district generally describes the railroad section, the wholesale section, the north side residential section, where comfortable working homes abound, within the zone of the storm, from south to north of the city. Outside of that zone, scattered more or less irregularly, the same kind of damage in greater or less degree is to be found in spots. Within the zone you may call it a clean sweep.

I would say that the damage I have indicated was done within sixty seconds after I entered the house, and if I had been from one to three or five minutes later in returning home in all probability I should have been caught on the street, either Lorne or Fourteenth Avenue, in the very centre of the path of destruction. We hear of dozens of the narrowest of escapes, such as my own. Another of the dead was taken

from Fourteenth Avenue, between Smith and Lorne. A third from Lorne Street, in my block. Seriously injured persons are still in the hospital from each of these three places of death.

Just an instance or two of the force of the storm: A slight splinter of wood, under two inches thick, may be seen driven into the brick wall of the home of Mr. W. E. Mason, on Scarth Street, and still sticking out some four feet. In the upper storey of the Y.W.C.A. there was visible something looking like a ladder driven through the wall from the inside and standing straight out some six feet. One of our city architects stated to me that he had examined our Parliament Buildings, which stand intact with the exception of some window and partition damage in the upper storey, and that he found the gravel of the roof had been driven by the wind into the cut stone of the wall of the parapet, not to remain embedded, but leaving the holes. Pieces of canoes were blown from the lake six blocks, and are found in numerous situations in various parts of the city. My sister-in-law is taking one home as a souvenir; she found it beneath the stand in my room, three blocks from the lake.

I think I am about the limit of your space, and I pass over all the rest that might be said. The kind and prompt opening of homes by friends; the placing of my family in their care; some efforts to assist individually and collectively the injured, was followed by a long evening at the City Hall, where the Mayor and City Council were actively engaged in organization and the meeting of immediate needs. Here I was fortunately able to give some little assistance in the appointing of special constables.

To put it short, Mayor McAra is a brick, and a magnificent general to be in command at this crisis. He deserves the greatest admiration, and all of our leading citizens are backing him up in the finest and fullest way and deserve the same unstinted praise.

THE foregoing story in response to a wire from the Canadian Courier may be taken as a fair illustration of the experiences of many in the city of Regina. Cyclones are not an absolute novelty in the West. But the cyclone of the last day of June, 1912, is the first on record whose operations amounted to a calamity. Most civic calamities in Canada have occurred through fire, of which we have had not a few, such as Fernie, Hull, Three Rivers, Campbellton, N.B., Toronto and Porcupine. By floods Canadian cities have never been overwhelmed. We have never had a calamity from an earthquake. The falling of a mountain on Frank, Alberta, was one of the most sudden and unusual catastrophes that ever visited a Canadian town.

The Regina cyclone stands on record as causing the greatest loss to life, limb and property in the actual time occupied. According to Judge Hannon's story the whole time of destruction on his property and premises occupied not more than one minute. In that sixty seconds of time fifty people were killed, hundreds injured, \$5,000,000 worth of property destroyed, 3,000 people deprived of shelter and a great part of the city of Regina reduced to a condition of wreck. On a basis of property destruction this exceeds even the Titanic whose \$20,000,000 worth of property took hours to sink. All the damage was done by the cyclone. There was no fire. Storms move with tremendous rapidity over those vast areas that are practically seas of land. At Regina a couple of horsemen on the skyline look like ships at sea. There are no trees; and the hills and coulees are not of a height and depth to interfere with the career of such a storm as that of June 30.

The first cyclone that ever visited Regina may be the last. In the meantime the city with typical Western energy will be rebuilt on a better and sounder basis than ever. Regina has a class of citizens of whom any city in the world might be proud. And the men who are working now to restore Regina may be depended on to do all that men could do in such a crisis.