

of Mattawa. For more than two hours these animals, frightened from the forest by a couple of well-known American gunmen, raced the east-bound Imperial Limited on the main line of the C. P. R. between North Bay and Mattawa. The sight was hugely enjoyed by all the passengers able to see the race; and the most weary yawner in the day coach forgot to study the timetable as he watched the new schedule being made by the horned animals of the woods. Just how the moose and the cariboo negotiated all the details of that seventy-mile steeplechase is not clearly recorded; but a Montreal scribe tells the story as recounted to him by eye-witness Mr. W. C. Jordan, of Lumsden's Mills. Here is the description:

"The engine was puffing away and rolling out black clouds of smoke. The moose would from time to time heave his massive head and neck, antlers spread like palm branches and pointed and the cariboo with antlers hardly of less dimensions, but shaped like a bow bent in the direction of the neck, and plentifully spiked, was swinging gracefully. When the station of Deux Rivieres was fully reached it was thought the race would end, but no; even when the animals might apparently have got ahead as the train slowed up they seemed to think it was unsportsmanlike to sneak away. They plunged boldly into the two rivers and swam across both, gaining the opposite shore as the train was still on the bridge. The cariboo was the first to give out. Bisset, Rockcliffe, Mackay, Moorlake, Bass Lake and Wylie had been passed. Rivers and creeks had been dauntlessly swum—Gordon Creek, Green Creek, and Abimica Creek—each time the racing animals came out refreshed. It was near Chalk River when the moose too, dropped away, sinking down exhausted in a red pine clump."

SASKATCHEWAN cities are competing for the new university. Regina, Prince Albert, Battleford and Moosejaw are the claimants. Each has ancestral claims of a high order. Battleford has age and local history, a former capitalship of the Territories and is headquarters for a division of mounted police. Prince Albert has considerable age, has for years been a college town—the first in the land—and is also a divisional headquarters. Both these young cities have a prodigality of scenery—odds rather in favour of Battleford; although North Battleford is about as bald a place in its north backyard as anything about Regina and gets most of its rare charm of landscape from looking across the river gorge at old Battleford, white and dazzling in the dreamy distance. Regina again is headquarters for all mounted police, became the capital of the Territories when Battleford relinquished the title, is the capital of the new province and has more wheat commerce and real estate values than both the other towns put together. Regina, however, is not naturally aesthetic in geography. If the imagination is to be considered, the university should go to either of the other cities. But it's a ticklish business talking about these ardent young western communities. They are all very deserving and magnificently hopeful. As to Moosejaw—not so much is well known. The name is not inviting. The town is thriving and rather historic. But no doubt Moosejaw has inherent claims quite as cogent as any of the other three.

NOW the damming of Lake Temiskaming is being considered by the Department of Public Works. The recent drop in the Ottawa River has alarmed the engineering authorities. Of course Lake Temiskaming is really an enlargement of the Ottawa. The proposal is to build a dam at the foot of the lake capable of holding 27,278,400,000 cubic feet of water—remarkable accuracy! Dams are also contemplated at the head waters of the Quinze and Lake Kippewa and half a dozen other spots in that picturesque and romantic country. Down in New Brunswick also the river gods are giving trouble. The editor of the St. John Telegraph has this to say:

"What is happening in the case of the Ottawa River will happen in the case of the St. John a few years hence unless the men who rule New Brunswick take measures to protect the forests, the rivers, and hence the whole country. The Ottawa River last spring had a rush of disastrous floods. The damage was very great, and is bound to recur. During November the Ottawa was unusually low—so low that industries depending upon stream flow for power were shut down, while the

capital city had a scant supply of very bad water—not enough for power and fire purposes, and unfit for drinking. The cause of this serious situation, which bids fair to be worse year after year, is mainly the destruction of the forests by fire and by wasteful lumbering along the upper reaches of the great river and its tributaries. The vegetation which held the moisture and maintained the steady flow of the river, prevented sudden floods, provided ample water for power and navigation, and made the great valley fertile, is disappearing."

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LURID stories in the press of late concerning the manufacture of bombs by the Hindus at Millside, British Columbia, turn out to be rather wild talk. The Hindus disclaim that they have any intention of blowing up a part of the Empire before they are deported to Honduras. The Sikhs appointed a deputation to prepare a letter for publication in the *Vancouver World* saying:

"The writer has accused the Sikhs and Hindus of Millside of the manufacturing of bombs to help the Banglies of Calcutta and other affected districts of India. We beg to ask the writer if he is acquainted with the history of the Sikhs? The civilised world knows that the great warlike Sikhs are the backbone of the British government in India, nay, not only in India, but also in other parts of the Empire. The Sikhs have gained a reputation as first-class warriors by displaying unparalleled courage and chivalry in all the wars that have been waged by Great Britain, in Africa, Soudan, Somaliland, South Africa, in Asia, in China, in Burmah, in Afghanistan, on the Indian frontier, Thibet and in other campaigns. They fought well and this is the reward of their hard work for the British flag,

"I'm at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. But remember, he is a first-class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. That's the treasurer. He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened face old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—Bohemian.

My Assistant's Natural History

(Continued from page 13)

the lack of the longer hair on the neck and shoulder, called a mane by many writers. Say, what is a mane, sir? And has the ocean long hair, too, for I heard you call it the mane?"

"Main laddie," I corrected.

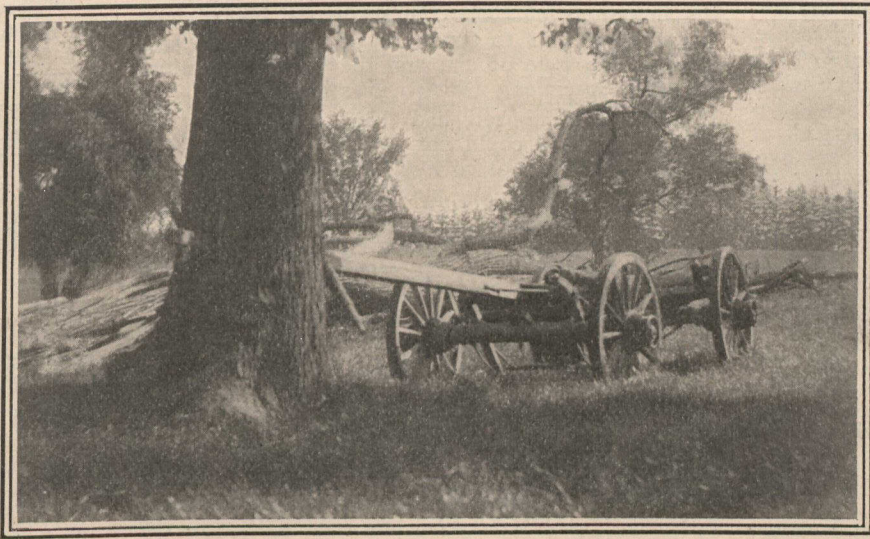
"The front flippers we see are without nails, yet the marks for their — oh, say sticking-out-place are there. All of the body is covered with the thick coat of fine hair. It is seal brown below, but has been sun-bleached to light yellow above. These animals are viviparous or oviparous—I don't know which."

"They are viviparous—producing young alive. The little sea lions are born on the rocks near the shoreline, so that as soon as they have grown strong enough on the food furnished by the parents they can slide and roll off into the sea and catch the small fishes for themselves," I told him.

"Thanks for the timely information. Hand me my scalpel? What? Not with you! Run and get it." Here the lad heaved a deep sigh—"How like a boy to forget the most needed articles! Thank you," he gravely muttered as I handed him the scalpel. "It is always well to see," he continued, copying my very tones, "that the hands have no freshly-cut places upon them before you start dis-

section, else blood-poisoning is to be dreaded. The first cut should be straight down the body, just cleaving the skin, then across in the form of a cross. Note a coating of two inches of blubber. Golly! ain't he fat? See, here is the heart! Why, that's as big as a cow's heart! And look at the big lungs! No wonder he can float well. One, two, three, four big livers, and see the great big bladder! My, that will make a fine football! See the big kidneys! Why, they are all marked like a honeycomb when I cut them across. And perhaps she wasn't a gay old lady with the fish! Why, she is just full of salmon and herring bones and parts of the half-digested fish. Look at those grand muscles! No wonder she can turn her flippers, and back and plunge and flop all over the scenery at once. I'm going to skin her and preserve the hide for our cabin."

True to his word, the lad did skin her, and a pretty fair job he made of it, although I was pursued by Sea Lion every time he got within ten feet of me in his hunting clothes for a week after. We found the fore-flippers very hard to cure; but the hide, well salted, then sprinkled with saltpetre and alum, tanned well. He found it very hard to dissect, without as much as wetting, let alone soiling his hands. I always aim at this, as my subjects are sometimes a trifle ancient before I can get my knife working. So the work goes on, the merry laughter and quaint remarks of the lad helping to lighten many a weary tramp and heavy carry, many a lonely night and dark wet trail, while we together study the many wondrous things the Creator has so plentifully scattered over and around this most blessed of all islands, Vancouver.



Farm-truck with Tongue through Trunk of Basswood Tree, after a spirited runaway.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. SNIDER.

that they are treated worse than swine in the colonies and are blamed by certain 'newspapers' of the manufacture of bombs to throw off the British yoke from India."

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THE close of the most peculiar season of navigation in Canada has been marked by the most phenomenal output of grain ever known in the northern ports. Smoke, fog and storm have all been adverse to the ships of the great lakes. Elsewhere on this page may be found the picture of one of the lake carriers, the Keewatin, making her first voyage on the lakes.

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A RUNAWAY that breaks all known records for novelty occurred on the farm of Mr. Peter McGarvin, four miles up the Creek Road from Chatham, Ont., the other day. A correspondent sends both photograph and a terse description of the accident.

Mr. McGarvin had been breaking a four-year-old colts and had them pretty well under control when the lines were laid down for a few seconds, in order to close the gate. After they had been driven into a field, they took fright at some unusual noise, ran down a hill and had got up a pretty good speed when they ran into a basswood tree, eighteen inches in diameter, with the result as shown, the tongue of the farm-truck being driven completely through by the heft of the horses, which were big strong fellows.

SOMETHING LIKE COBALT.

HELLO, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"