

**Preparing for The Attack**

The tide is coming in and the children are all excitement as each wave comes closer to the fort they've built to resist the attack.

Is there any other such place to build bone and muscle and courage for the battle of life as at the seaside?

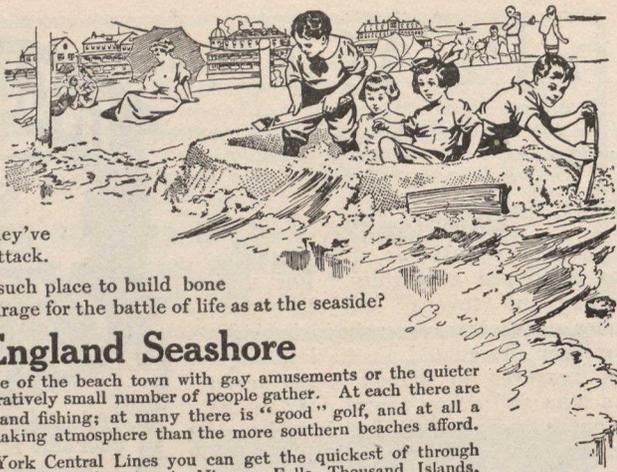
**The New England Seashore**

gives you your choice of the beach town with gay amusements or the quieter beach where a comparatively small number of people gather. At each there are surf bathing, sailing and fishing; at many there is "good" golf, and at all a ruddier-complexion-making atmosphere than the more southern beaches afford.

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For folders, time tables or particulars apply at C.P.R. or G.T.R. city ticket offices, Cor. King and Yonge Sts., and Union Station, or address:

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that locality, the stories they told were so weird and so much like some of those in the Arabian Nights, that few were disposed to believe them. But it has been proved by those who visited that country last year that gold, silver, copper and other minerals exist there in great abundance."

It is claimed that the Lac la Ronge deposits lie in precisely the same formation of rock that contains Cobalt on one end and the Yukon on the other. All you have to do is to look at the map to note that La Ronge is just about halfway between. Anyhow the explorers have gone in there with pack and wagon and high hopes. They have trekked and camped and brought back samples some thirty, some a hundred-fold. There may be another Cobalt or even a Yukon. But we remember that when the Yukon craze struck the world about twelve years ago, Prince Albert people got highly excited. Not dreaming that within two hundred miles of their own town lay such a prospect as La Ronge, the Board of Trade got out an elaborate and convincing pamphlet, showing beyond peradventure of a doubt that via Prince Albert and Green Lake was a much more sensible route for overlanders than via Edmonton. They did not succeed in establishing the route. Now they don't care a continental whether they did or not. They have great hopes of La Ronge. Here in Ontario we have all we can do to keep track of Cobalt, Elk City and Gow Ganda and their various mining propositions.



On the road to Lac La Ronge.



A Break in the Journey. The Transport halts for food and rest.

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- SUPPLIES**

We have a very attractive proposition to be had for a postal card. How many copies can you sell? **Manager, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.**

**A VICTORIA HOME-BUILDER.**

ANOTHER of the fine early English women of Victoria is Mrs. Frederick Carne, who has lived in that part of the world for best of half a century. It was in the fifties that Mrs. Carne with her young husband came out to America and settled on Lake Superior. But California with its gold fields attracted them. Superior was a desolate place; about as bleak and lonesome a part of the world as anybody could have chosen; bad enough for even an Orkney Islander let alone a young English couple from the shady lanes of England. So they decided to try balmy California. But Mrs. Carne went back to England with her baby. They parted in New York in 1855; he to the gold fields. He had not been there long when the Fraser river furor started him northward. He went to British Columbia. In a few years she followed. Five years ago, Mr. Carne died. Mrs. Carne, who is the mother of several children, is now seventy-six years of age but still managing the business.

**"THE BACKWOODS POOR."**

DOWN in Oshawa they have discovered a new poet who writes of "the backwoods poor." According to his way of thinking the people who live in the back places of the earth and who by their poverty have contributed to the character of the nation, are entitled to a place in the public regard. We were under the impression that most of the backwoods poor had vanished out of Canada since the mortgages began to lift. We have been imagining that the farmer was among the happiest of mortals; one of the kings of the earth. But along comes Mr. Barton and says:—

"Then memory ope'd a casement, and I saw in the nor'west,  
With none of the noise of the city, none of its fierce unrest,  
A rocky, pine-clad island, by the soft blue waves caressed,  
Calm and peacefully quiet, as an island of the blessed.  
And murmuring hum of insect, music and scent of pine  
Soothed my heart's sadness, as in that far-off summer time  
When friends sat and talked together of life and care and pain,  
And all its joys and sorrows, and the end we all would gain.  
These rocks so grand and silent, these waters so calm and deep,  
The moonlight on the river and scent of the pines so sweet,  
May bring calm to the city weary, banish his pain and care,  
But to the man fate compels to toil for a living there,  
They are the hands that would bind his heart and soul in chains,  
Crushing life's hope within him, mocking his labour and pains,  
Only the faith of his fathers keeps him from sinking down  
In his despair and anguish, to the depths of beasts around."