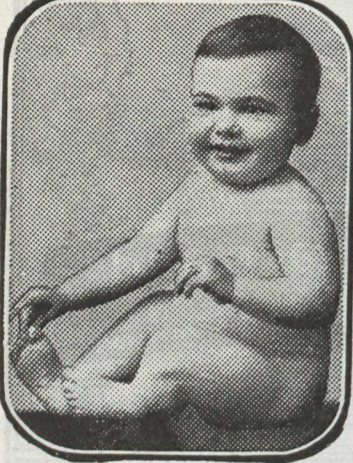




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Ottawa,
Nov. 23, 1916.

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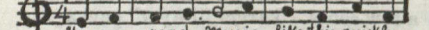
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 34)

his place in the "grub queue," carrying his plate to the cookhouse and demanding his particular choice in bacon and eggs, broiled trout, flapjacks or the wonderful white flat bread which the cook, an Indian, Jimmy Bouchard, celebrated for open fire cooking, knew how to prepare.

Sometimes before breakfast the Prince indulged his passion for running. Always, after breakfast, he set out on foot, or in canoe for the day's fishing, returning late at night, hungry and tired with the healthy weariness of hard exertion, to the camp meal. There were spells round the big camp fire burning vividly among the trees, and then sleep in the tent.

The fishing was usually done from the bass canoe, two Indian guides being always the ship's company. And fishing was not the only attraction of the stream and lake. There is always the thrilling placid beauty of the scenery, the deep forests, the lake valleys and austere, forest clad hills that rise abruptly from the enigmatic pools. And there is the active beauty of the many rapids, those piled up and rushing masses of angry water, tossing and foaming in pent up force through rock gates and over rocks.

He tried the adventure of these rapids, shooting through the tortured waters that look so beautiful from the shore and so terrible from the frail structure of a canoe, until it seemed to him as though not even the skill of his guides could steer through safely. He got through safely, but only after an experience which he described as the most exciting in his life.

The fishing itself proved disappointing. The famous speckled trout of Nipigon did not rise to the occasion, and the sport was fair, but not extraordinary. The best day brought in 27 fish, the largest being 3½ pounds, not a good specimen of the lake's trout, which go to 6 and 7 pounds in the ordinary course of things.

And the disappointment had an irony of its own. The man who caught the most fish was the man who couldn't fish at all. The official photographer, who had gone solely to take snapshots, also took the maximum of fish out of the river. Indeed, he was so much of an amateur that the first fish he caught placed him in such a predicament that he did not play it, but landed it with so vigorous a jerk that it flew over his head and caught high in a fir. An Indian guide had to climb the tree to "land" it.

Nevertheless he caught the most fish, and when he returned with his spoil the Prince said to him:

"Look here, don't you realize I'm the one to do that? You're taking my place in the programme."

The reason for the indifferent sport was probably the lateness of the season; it was practically finished when the Prince arrived, and the fact that Nipigon had had a record summer with large parties of sportsmen working its reaches steadily all the time. The fish were certainly shy, particularly, it seemed, of fly, and the best catches were made with a small fish, a sort of bull-headed minnow called cocotose, that creeps about close to the rocks.

Walking and duck shooting were also in the programme, and there were other excitements.

The weather, delightful during the first two days, broke on Sunday, and there were bad winds, rainstorms and occasional hailstorms, when stones as big as small pebbles drummed on the tents and bombarded the camp.

So fierce was the wind that the Royal Standard on a high flagstaff was carried away. A pine tree was also uprooted and fell with a crash between the Prince's tent and that of one of his suite. A yard either way and the tent would have been crushed. Fortunately the Prince was not in the tent at that moment, but the happening gave the camp its sense of adventure.

During this rest, too, the Prince suffered a little from his eyes, an irritation caused by grains of steel that had blown into them while viewing the works at "Soo." His right hand was also painful from the heartiness of Toronto, and the knuckles swollen. To set these matters right the doctor went up from the train, and by the Indian canoe that carried the mail and the daily news bulletin reached the camp.

When he returned on Monday, September 8, the Prince was looking undeniably fit. He marched up the railway from the lake in footer-shorts and golf jacket with an air of one who had thoroughly enjoyed "roughing it."

"Nipigon a Little Germ Culture of Humanity"

WHILE the Prince and his party were camping the train remained in Nipigon, a tiny village set in complete isolation on the edge of the river and in the heart of the woods.

It is a little germ-culture of humanity cut off from the world. The only way out is, apparently, the railway, though, perhaps, one could get away by the boats that come up to load pulp wood, or by the petrol launches that scurry out onto Lake Superior and its waterside towns. But roads out of it there appear to be none. Follow any track, and it fades away gently into the primitive bush.

It is a nest of loneliness that has carried on after its old office as a big fur collecting post—you see the original offices of Revillon Freres and of the Hudson Bay Company standing to-day—has gone. Now it lives on lumber and the fishing, and one wonders what else.

Its tiny station through which the transcontinental trains thunder, is faced by a long, straggling green, and fringing the green is a row of wooden shops and houses equally straggling. They have a somnolent and spiritless air. Behind is a wedge of pretty dwellings stretching down to the river, falling off into an Indian encampment by the stream, where, about dingy teepees, a dozen or so stoic children play.

There are three hundred souls in the village, mainly Finns and Indians become Canadians. They are not the Indians of Fenimore Cooper, but men who wear peaked caps, bright blouse shirts or sweaters with broad yellow, blue and white stripes (a popular article of wear all over Canada), and women who wear the shin skirts and silks of civilisation. Only here and there one sees old squaw women, stout and brown and bent, with the plaid shawl of modernity, making up for the moc-casins of her ancient race.

Small though it is, or perhaps because it is so small and observable, Nipigon is an example of the amalgam from which the Canadian race is being fused. We went, for instance, to a dance given by the Finns in their varnished brown-wood hall on the Saturday night. It was an attractive and interesting evening. The whole of the village, without distinction, appeared to be there. And they mixed. Indian women in the silk stockings, high heels and glowing frocks of suburbia danced (and danced well) with high-cheek-boned, monosyllabic Finns in grey sweaters, workaday trousers and coats and bubble-toed boots. A vivid Canadian girl in semi-evening dress went round in the jazz with a guard of the Royal train. A policeman from the train danced with a Finnish girl demure and well dressed, who might have been anything from the leader of local society to a clerk (i.e., a counter hand) in one of the shops. For all we knew the plumber might have been dancing with the leading citizen's daughter, and the local Astor with the local dress-makers' assistant.

In any case it didn't matter. In Canada they don't think about that sort of thing. They were all unconcerned and happy in the big, generous spirit of equality that makes Canada the home of one big family rather than the dwelling place of different classes and social grades. This fact was not new to us, naturally; we had seen and mixed with Canadians in hotels and on the street elsewhere. In those gathering places of humanity, the hotels, we had lived with the big, jolly, homely crowds without social strata, who might very well have changed places with the waiters, and the waiters with them without anybody noticing any difference. That would not have meant a loss of dignity to anybody. Nobody has any use for social status in the Dominion, the only standard being whether a man is a "mixer" or not.

By way of a footnote, I might say that waiters, even as waiters, are on

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