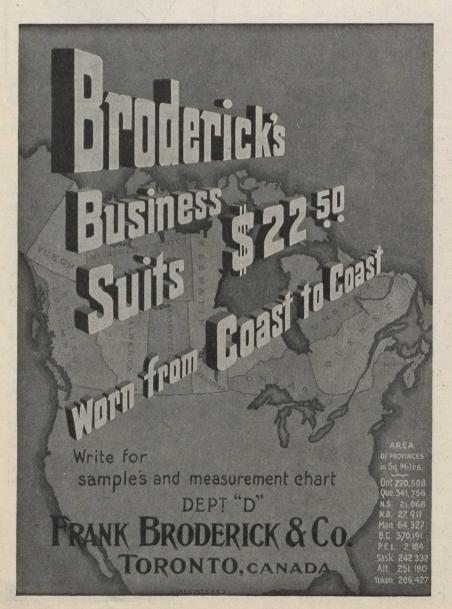


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People and Places

CONCLUDED.

necessary to move the College or to acquire more land. Opinions are divided as to the wisdom of granting the College a free site in the city. But there is no difference of sentiment concerning the value of the College to both city and province, and the wisdom of dealing generously with the College in the matter of financial encouragement. Merely on a commercial basis, as one writer points out, Dalhousie is as important to Halifax as any factory paying out to Halifax as any factory paying out a hundred thousand dollars a year though the analogy is scarcely a parallel perhaps.

PEACE RIVER PROGRESS.

T WO men who know, have lately T WO men who know, have lately been giving experiences about the far north land which at this time of year when navigation begins to open, is once more acquiring that perennial interest to the voyageur and the man who has a hanker to find new places. Mr. A. M. Bezanson is perhaps the best living authority on the Peace River land. For years he has lived in that valley. A year ago he married in Edmonton and took his wife in by sleigh caboose, settling on wife in by sleigh caboose, settling on a sort of farm in the Grande Prairie. A few months ago his wife died and he went out to Edmonton again. He has more faith in the Peace River country than ever before. His story of the gradual creeping up of the civilised man into the last great northwest is far less lurid than the tale of the settlement of the so-called "lone land" when the Saskatchewan River was the furthest north. But if there are no yarns of smuggled whiskey and or horse thieves it will be remembered that ten years ago many a man saw the Peace River valley for the first time when the greatest gold trek ever known was under way—when scores of outfits pushed their way

scores of outfits pushed their way down the big rivers of the ultimate north to reach the Yukon, not desiring to establish homes, but simply to get there and to get rich quick. The treks that Mr. Bezanson describes are very different:

"Three years ago," he said, "I believe about six homeseekers found their way into the entire Slave Lake and Peace River districts. Two years ago about 30 and last year about 200; 60 locating on Grande Prairie alone. At a proportionate rate of increase At a proportionate rate of increase a veritable army of homeseekers will be trekking northwestward in another three years. While my three-year acquaintanceship with the new northwest does not entitle me to a mem-bership card in the Old Timers' club, yet it takes me through some marvelous stages of development. About velous stages of development. About 30 teams are now in Edmonton from Grande Prairie and Spirit River settlements, after their next year's supplies and machinery, and more are coming. Three years ago I believe it safe to say there were not 30 teams owned by white settlers in the whole northwest, excepting Fort Vermilion, after passing Athabasca Landing. Three years ago a few homesteads were taken and some small patches put under cultivation in the Prairie River country, where now the major River country, where now the major portion of four townships has been entered under the homestead laws and is rapidly being put under cultivation. Grande Prairie, which three years ago, was virtually known only to the fur trader and his dusky skinned clientelle, produced oats sufficient for home consumption last year, and that in face of a 200 per cent increase in

in face of a 300 per cent. increase in population, after seeding time.

"From Edmonton to my place on the Big Smoky river at the eastern extremity of Grande Prairie, direct, the distance is about 275 miles; by the

present line of travel, viz., via Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River Crossing, Dunvegan and Spirit River, the dis-tance is 550 miles. Think what this means to myself and neighbours in time and money, yes, and hardship. It means in part an eight-cent, instead of a four-cent freight rate. It means a 30 instead of a 15-day trip for a loaded team. However, the people of my country are optimistic."

* * * A MYSTERIOUS PATROL.

O N the other hand Inspector Pelletier brings back word of a lonely weird patrol on the edge of the Arctic; a long journey in which he and a band of mounted police had experiences by land and sea such as never fall to the average rider of the plains. The journey began last June from Edmonton, from which point the Inspector and five men travelled to Great Slave Lake, which they reached in August. In that region they searched for Coldwell, the missing R. N. W. M. P., who has not been heard of since the two years ago when he made a romantic appearance among the red men there, and for aught any one knows may have become a red man himself by this time. Eastward the party pushed on to Baker Lake, and from that on and ON the other hand Inspector Pel-Eastward the party pushed on to Baker Lake, and from that on and out to Cape Fullerton, which is just south of the Arctic Circle. From there, sailing in a forty-four foot open boat, one of the party, Corporal Donaldson, lost his life in a pack of walruses—the boat being capsised and he with his comrade swimming for shore. Long past summer the party shore. Long past summer the party got out into the Fort Churchill country, where they met the tribes that never saw the face of a white man, according to their country. But according to their own story. But there is far more in Inspector Pelletier's story of the north than he has as yet told; and it is believed that he knows about fabulous natural resources in that country.

FAMOUS CANADIAN DANS-EUSE TALKS.

M ISS MAUD ALLAN, the famous Canadian danseuse, who has done more to classicise the modern dance than any other woman of the dance than any other woman of the present time, has been talking about the dance at one of the London clubs. Miss Allan originated the famous Salome dances. She also was the first to dance to Chopin's F "Marche Funebre"—which, of course, was meant for a funeral march. Those who have seen her say her art is truly wonderful. Those who write about her claim that her dancing is more symbolical than sensuous—but a great deal of both. She is immensely popular; more in vogue at the ly popular; more in vogue at the present time than any Canadian acpresent time than any Canadian actress or singer anywhere. At any rate she is taken seriously by critics and her performances have been discussed in English papers as a form of art on the same plane with music and painting. Miss Allan's own views of her art are exceedingly elevated, as may be gathered from these remarks to the London club. "Dancing is not an acquired art. It is a spontaneous art; revealing perhaps, more than any other, the

perhaps, more than any other, the temperament of the dancer. Without that undefinable quality which is called temperament, the dance meaningless. Dancing is the spontage of enjoyitual state. taeous expression of spiritual state. The dancer's art is the dancer's life. In the dawn of art, dancing purely religious in character. Every In the dawn of art, dancing purely religious in character. Everything points to-day to the fact that we are returning to the religious ideal, to the ideal of the Greeks. Let us foster the ambition; let us once more cultivate the beauty of movement, and dedicate the results to the service of beauty and of truth, which are one."