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BOYS'

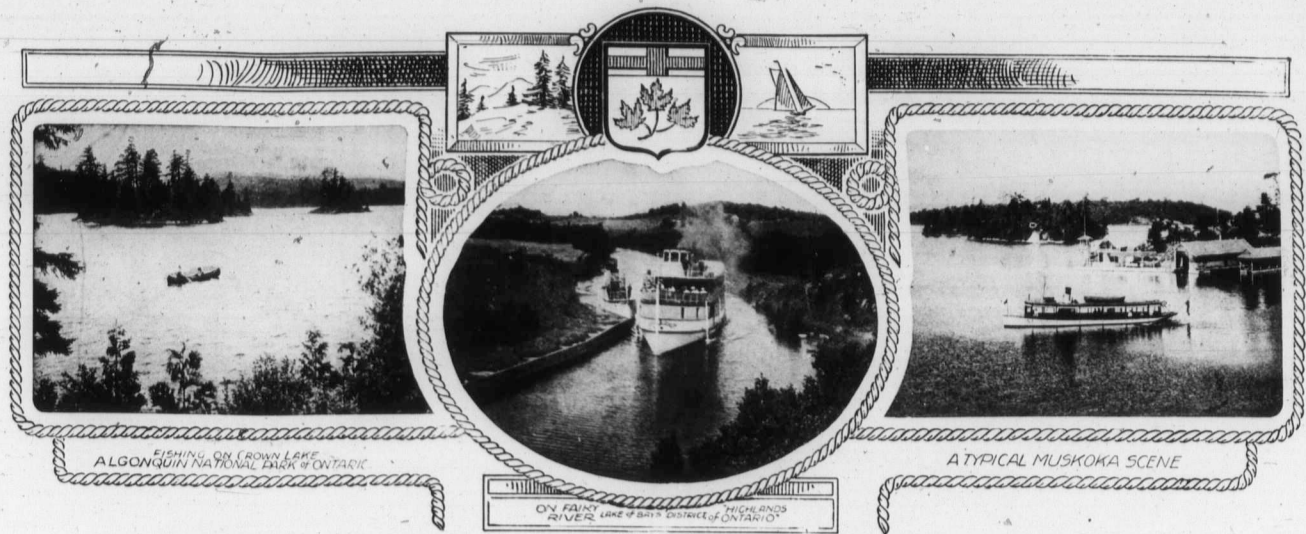
- Hockey Boots \$1.60, 1.90, 2.25, 2.50
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WHITE STORE



By the Cool, Quiet Lakes

OUT of Chicago, the twin trails of steel known as the Grand Trunk Railway, take you, via Detroit or Sarnia, to Toronto, the natural gateway to that wonderful wilderness known as the Highlands of Ontario.

From Toronto other trails lead north, northwest and northeast into an Outer's Paradise, so vast and so varied in its scenic beauty and attractiveness that the incoming tourist, having read a few of the many descriptive pamphlets which picture the various resorts, suffers from an embarrassment of riches. But no matter which trail you take, it will lead you into a land exceedingly fair, for there are thousands of lakes and resorts between Toronto and Hudson's Bay that are indescribably charming and attractive. There are the Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay, threaded by the splendid steamers of the Northern Navigation Company, for those who like to sit and lounge lazily aboard ship, and watch the islands drift by like play-house scenes of childhood. And there, away to the north, is Temagami, made more interesting recently by the marvellous discoveries nearby of Cobalt and Gowanda, probably the richest silver fields in the world. Temagami Lake, with its many islands and its three thousand miles of shore line, and two attractive hotels for those who want hotels, is an extremely fascinating spot for those who want to get "back of the people"—"beyond the settlement". In the lakes, reached by short portages from Lake Temagami, the best bass fishing to be found on the continent can be had. From the head of Lake Temagami, the canoeist may drift down the Montreal River, find splendid fishing and have a glimpse of the new mining fields along that stream.

If you take the trail due north from Toronto, three or four hours' ride will bring you to Muskoka Lakes, and to the Royal Muskoka Hotel—the Ponce de Lion of the north. A few miles farther up the line, you arrive at Huntsville, where pretty little lake steamers with romantic Indian names, carry you down Fairy River, across Fairy Lake, to the Wawa, easily the most charming and delightful summer hotel to be found in the Dominion. There is boating, golf, tennis and entrancing trails that wind about through the native forest. There are ample airy rooms with hot and cold water, brass bedsteads, electric lights—in short, all the modern comforts of civilization with the wild wood at the back-door. In a tower at the top of the house there is a revolving searchlight, that lights the little Island-studded sea, picks up the incoming steamer, the fishermen coming in with their fish, the young couple in the bark canoe, her hand in his.

The boats that call at the Wawa, sail on up the Lake of Bays to Dorset, from which point fishermen may portage over to Hollow Lake, where the largest trout are taken. And then, too, from Toronto, there is that wonderful sail down the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands, through Lachine Rapids to Montreal.

This, of course, is only a splash, a mere hint, of what the Highlands hold for the tourist.

The vexing problem of what to do with the boy in the "Dog Days" is being solved by hundreds of American and Canadian parents, who bundle the boys off to one of the many boys' camps in the healthy Highlands of Ontario, where they can be taught a little, entertained much, and kept clean-minded and happy.

The general idea is to establish a camp in some wild spot, where the boys may live under canvas and get a genuine bit of simple life. A corps of instructors maintain discipline and give such book instruction, or none, as the boys may desire or need in their regular school work, or preparation for college. A feature of the camp is instruction in the elements of woodcraft. The farther in the wild the camp is pitched, the more interesting is the camp life, and the more valuable the woodcraft training, making a veritable School of the Woods.

Canada is probably the only country in the Western Hemisphere that can offer the most attractive territories for life in the untrammelled wilds and where there is still a magnificent wilderness of land and watercourses, forests, mountains and rivers, lakes and streams, which teem with the gamiest of fish, and whose forests abound with numerous species of big game and game birds.

Among the principal districts that appeal to the lover of "out-of-doors," Ontario has the most attractive, and several popular localities in this Province are becoming better known each year. The territory is known as the "Highlands of Ontario," embracing nine distinct districts. Those most suitable for camping and canoeing, however, are the "Temagami Forest Reserve," the "Algonquin National Park of Ontario," the "Lake of Bays" region, and "Lake Couchiching."

It has come to pass, owing to the waste and destruction of the forests of America, sometimes by fire, and to make fields for the farmer, that the American tourist has nowhere to shade him from the summer sun. The man who seeks the wilderness when the old "Spring-fret" comes to him,

must turn his face to the North. And nowadays the North no longer means anything but Canada and its fastnesses.

One of these "silent places" that is just beginning its passing, and yet is within thirty-six hours of Chicago, twenty-four hours of New York City, and twelve hours of Buffalo, is the Temagami Forest Reserve, situated 300 miles north of Toronto in Northern Ontario.

The Reserve is a practically unbroken wilderness of 5,900 square miles of forest and water. Lake Temagami, shaped much like a giant octopus, has 100 square miles of water, 1,400 islands and 3,000 miles of shore line. The whole Reserve is a network of lakes and connecting streams, lying in an unbroken forest. Here the campers can go for hundreds of miles by canoe and portage without seeing a clearing, a house or a white man.

Nature was in an ironical mood when she made the Temagami region. To the eye it is a beautiful mingling of forest and water and hills. The hills are solid rock. There is nothing here for the farmer. There is nothing here for the grazier. It would be a paradise for the lumberman. It may be a second Cobalt for the miner. It is unexcelled for the city man, who yearns to get near to nature's heart. Seeing these things, the Province of Ontario created a playground of 5,900 miles of forest reserve for the people.

It seems almost ridiculous to speak of a country as a wilderness, when there are three hotels on its principal lake and two steamboat lines running on regular schedule. Moreover, there is the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Bear Island, in the body of Lake Temagami, with its store and church and little cluster of dwellings.

But this is literally all. There is nothing else. Here and there you may catch from the steamer a glimpse of a tent showing white against the gray of the rocks and the green of the forest; you may see the spiral smoke of a camp fire in the distance, and you may even meet or pass a canoe paddled by campers or anglers. But over all hangs the silence and mystery of the wilderness. The hotels and the post but emphasize the solitude; the steamer's course is but one path in the wild. Behind the nearest island it is quite possible to run into a lordly moose or a noble red deer or a lumbering bear.

To the right and left, before and behind, lies a labyrinth of islands, and beyond the islands yet other labyrinths of portage and lake and hills in the midst of the virgin forest. Some of the Reserve is even unexplored; last year parties from the Keewaydin Camps found and named five new lakes, and added them to the Government Map.

In a vacation camp the boy gets into intimate touch with nature and learns things that are not in books, such as self-reliance, decision, and steadfastness of purpose. Rubbing elbows with a hundred other boys from all parts of the country is good training for the apron-string boy, for there is no test like camp life to show up the lazy boy and the selfish boy and the boy with the yellow streak, and to effectually check or cure these blemishes. Also this life near to Nature induces clean thoughts and decent ways.

The American boy takes kindly to the wilderness, and in return the mother of all men gives him strength, physical, mental and moral. And the young fellow who has learned to take care of himself in the wilderness has a better chance to succeed in any walk of life to which his lot may call him.

Camping, with all its pleasures, is probably the most healthful way to enjoy an outing in the woods, and where one has good fishing, beautiful camping spots, clear and pellucid water for drinking and bathing, magnificent scenery, interesting canoeing routes and all the pleasures that can be derived in outdoor life at an altitude of 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the sea-level, a week, two weeks, a month or the entire summer can be spent with the utmost profit. Such a region is the territory known as the "Algonquin National Park," situated on the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk Railway System, about two hundred miles north of the City of Toronto, and one hundred and seventy miles west of the capital of the Dominion—Ottawa.

The "Algonquin National Park" is a region that has already won favor with a large number of travellers who are looking for new fields to explore, for a place where civilization has not yet encroached upon nature's domains, and where man's handiwork is not in evidence. Irrespective of the scenic grandeur of the entire park, the main attraction is the grand fishing that is offered, and which is open to all true sportsmen who recognize the carrying out of the regulations for the protection and preservation of the fish and game.

The situation of the Park and contiguous territory might be called the eastern section of the "Highlands of Ontario," and covers an area of 1,800,000 acres of forest and water stretches, there being no less than 1,200 lakes and rivers within its boundaries.

The charm of the delightful region of the Maganetawan River is in its rugged scenery, its magnificent rivers and its inland lakes, dotted with myriads of islands set on the bosom of the waters like gems scintillating in an emerald setting.

The steamers of the Maganetawan Navigation Company are modern and handsomely fitted-up, and they are lighted by electricity and equipped with searchlights.

For fifteen miles the river is followed, winding to and fro, as all Muskoka rivers seem to do. Lake Cecebe forms the next link for ten miles, at the foot of which is the Village of Maganetawan.



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