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See Our Samples.

Read the Ads-It Pays

Five Canadians Awarded for Conspicuous Bravery.
Five Canadians are included in the list of 20 soldiers awarded the Victoria Cross. Captain Thain W. Macdowell, a B.A. of Victoria College, enlisted at Ottawa in 1915. With the assistance of two others he captured two machine guns, besides two officers and 75 men, and continued to hold the position for five days, although wounded.
Sergeant Ellis W. Sifton, son of an Elgin farmer, near Wallaceburg, captured a machine gun and single-handedly killed all the crew. He then held off an enemy party advancing down a trench until British troops gained the position. In carrying out this gallant act he was killed after having saved many lives by his conspicuous valor.
Lieut. F. M. Harvey, of Medicine Hat, attached to the Strathcona Horse, ran ahead of his men, jumped into an enemy trench, shot down machine gunners, and captured gun.
Private Wm. Johnston (#27586), of Moose Jaw, killed crew of machine gun with bombs and captured the gun in first German line; on line reforming he again located another machine gun and stalking the second gun as he had done the first, he succeeded in putting second crew out of action and capturing the gun. He was killed shortly after capturing the second gun.
Major Frederick Lumsden, Marine Artillery, brought into the lines under heavy fire, six enemy field guns.

Canada's Crop Outlook.
While unfavorable climatic conditions, in all parts of Canada, prevented the early completion of sowing operations, and while there are indications, in the great wheat-producing Provinces that a somewhat smaller acreage than usual will be planted, the outlook for the Dominion as a whole is that the total volume of food crops for the coming season will be somewhat greater than the average. The appeal for greater production has been general throughout all the Provinces, and reports received at the Government headquarters in Ottawa indicate that the response will justify the assurance that Canada, when the harvest season rolls around, will be able to offer for export a volume of grain approaching, though possibly hardly equalling, that of last year.
A condition could hardly be imagined in which Canada would not be able to produce far more than enough of the staple foodstuffs to meet the needs of her own people. But the domestic requirements now seem comparatively in comparison with the duty of supplying food in liberal quantities to the allied armies at the front. Canada realizes this imperative need, and, under more favorable seasonal conditions, would have prepared to meet it. Wheat is the great staple crop in the chief exporting Provinces, and, theoretically at least, it cannot be raised in fields; it grows most luxuriantly in the middle of thousands of acres of rich land in the wheat belt could not, it is said, be sown until after that time. But there is nothing to prevent sowing these lands with oats and forage crops, and this course was followed. Oats are a good substitute for wheat, and should be raised where conditions do not permit the production of corn crops. The great aim should be to add to the bulk of the world's grain supply. It is not necessary that the grain should be wheat.
Impressed the Huns.
Writing thirty feet underground, with the guns of Vimy Ridge blazing overhead, a young soldier, with his heart full of pride at the glorious victory, says:
"I know there must be flags flying in honor of what the Canadians did here.
"Oh, what a sight when all our guns opened up, in a second the quiet was broken with the din of our big guns. The German prisoners told me that we take our hats off to the Canadians, and well they might that day.
"Our boys are still advancing, but we are staying back for a few days' rest. We worked twenty-four hours the first day, and it was very little food we had time to eat, but did that matter as long as we were getting the poor boys out?
"There is so much talk just now about our prisoners in Germany and in how they are treated. Now, I am in a position to know that the prisoners we take are well treated, what one would say returning good for evil, such as our boys passing them cigarettes and food as they pass along.
"Why, I have talked to lots of them, and they were tied to death to be taken prisoners by us, and work! Say, they couldn't do enough for us. I had four of them with me while the rush was on."

Must Raise Revenue.
British Columbia is facing the problem of revenue-raising somewhat determinedly. The special features of the new plan now proposed are a poll tax upon those not already paying a minimum of five dollars in provincial taxes; increased levies on wild lands; an increase in succession duties and in the taxes on war profits; and a tax on the streets. The poll tax is a reimposition, and in its new form will not affect any otherwise bearing their share of the public burden. Men who are best able to bear the larger burdens will be called upon for a super-tax on incomes.

Record Mineral Production.
British Columbia last year established a new record in its mineral production, which approximated the \$45,000,000 mark in its monetary value, and the Government is hopeful of quoting even more favorable figures at the end of the present year.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOHO



(1) The Famous Takakawa Falls. (2) Camping under the Takakawa Falls.

A MOMENT the Canadian Rockies and you meet folk from all over the world. And you really do meet them, but just read the tops on their luggage. People who wouldn't dream of following up their inclinations to know you if they met you on Michigan Avenue or Broadway, calmly introduce themselves and you part friends.
"I'd been staying at the Glacier when I knew everybody from the waters up and when I had to leave and go - and again I'd have cried on Sir Donald's shoulder. It's the best I've ever had - ten thousand feet above sea level and covered with a week's snow at that."
"Oh, but you'll make friends at Field," they told me - "comfortably." "Mount Stephen will take Sir Donald's place in your heart."
Field is a little bit of a town that looks as though it had been washed up by the Kicking Horse River and thrown at the feet of Mts Stephen and Dennis where it hangs on by means of the long twin-steel rope of the track.
On the train between Field and Lake Louise you pass the fantastic gas-posts of the Yoho Valley a few minutes out of Field. But it took us more than four miles of scenic road way to reach there passing on route the aerial silver mine whose great doorway perched hundreds of feet above us looked like a swallow's nest for very littleness.
Next morning we were up bright

and early for the beautiful drive through the Yoho Valley.
After passing Caribou Creek the road turned sharply to the left and we entered the valley that grows narrower and deeper and narrower and steeper for close on six miles. Here the crystal Kicking Horse falls into the glacial-muddy Yoho with a result that reminds you of marble cake until the two streams are thoroughly mixed.
Mt Ogden towers 4,795 feet to our right as we swing round the corner of Mt Field. Mt Niles, a thousand feet taller still, lies north again, and beyond its bulk rises another thousand feet up into the blue.
The valley narrows. The plucky horses take one switchback after another as the trail goes up the mountain in a series of sharp Z's. The road, however, is a miracle of picturesque engineering.
At last the roaring river - it does pour between the granite bars of its long cage - is a hundred and fifty feet below and the bank on which the horses pause is so steep that it's almost undercut. You can hardly see the headlong Yoho, and if there aren't stout fences on which to lean, undoubtedly mother wouldn't get out of the carriage to love Canada as closer range. As it is we shiver at the lonesome awesomeness of this dark gorge.
The valley widens again. There are broad benches rising above it before they are precipices, and higher still the snow.

And then at last we come to Takakawa Falls.
The business looked at the evening curtains of it and they said to one another, "Takakawa!" which means "how wonderful." Over on the other side of the valley lies the camp which in a way deserves a "Takakawa" of its own. There are rough beds and little stoves in every tent; there is the magic totem in the center of the clearing where the slightly five corners sprightly staves out of the guides.
Not far from camp there is a big stream coming down the mountainside to the left, which, when it hits the valley branches into a perfect family tree of streamlets, a dozen big ones and dozen dozens how many grandchild-like brooks that run here and there like fresh air excursions hidden on a farm. Every winter the conglomeration of the place changes and the streams about and their all over again. No wonder the trail got lost.
We passed over the boulders. But boulders are treacherous animals to play with and will bite you in the back. This one didn't approve of being raced over. The worn turned, I turned too - not quite a somersault - landing on my hands and knees in one of the grandchild-like brooklets.
There was a long hot ten minutes of silence. I was glad the sun on the stones were strong and drying.
"Takakawa!" I cried, the fountain of my womanly sympathy carefully corked. "Did you go and fall in love with the Yoho too?"

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