

AN EXTINGUISHED GEYSER

Geysers at Banff is Reached by a Tunnel

Few persons ever heard of a defunct geyser, but they are not uncommon. It is said that that beautiful widening of the Mississippi River known as Lake Pepin is really a defunct geyser or perhaps the crater of a volcano, but the most remarkable one on this continent is near Banff, the Canadian summer resort.

Here is a large cave or chamber within a mountain, and in its centre is a small, hot lake. The domelike roof comes to an apex some twenty feet above the water, and in this is an opening, or vent, two feet or so in diameter, which pierces the rock roof six or eight feet until it reaches the outer air. This is thought by scientists to be an extinct geyser, and that the vent in the roof has been raised by the eruption of the waters.

One reaches this hot pool now by means of a tunnel, but formerly it was necessary to descend through the vent, and a story is told of a distinguished Canadian official who, some years ago, tried to make the descent. Half way down the shaft this important person stuck to the alarm of himself and friends. He remained a fixture for some time, in spite of strong language on his part and various devices used by outsiders for his extrication.

The entrance tunnel was afterwards constructed by the Canadian Government, but the process of squeezing through the hole, leaving some outside in the descent, and the knowledge that a slip would mean a ducking in a hot lake below was a novel experience that the tunnel cannot furnish.

LEARN TO RELAX

If You Are Troubled With Insomnia Rest Your Brain

Sleep is a habit. It is a very natural and beneficial habit, but one that can be easily broken through injudicious living and thinking. Poor sleepers are usually high-strung, nervous people, who have too active bodies or brains, or both, and who are ambitious and inclined to neglect themselves.

Insomnia cannot be cured by drugs. It is always dangerous to use drugs to produce sleep, and they should seldom be resorted to except in serious illness, and then only on the advice

New Strength In The Spring

Nerve Needs Aid in Making New Health Giving Blood

In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out the seeds of disease and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Miss Edith Broussau, Savona, B. C., says: "I was as pale as a ghost, suffered from headaches, severe palpitation of the heart at the slightest exertion. I had little or no appetite and seemed to be drifting into a decline. I was attending High School in Vancouver at the time, and the doctor advised me to stop. I did so and took his treatment for some time, but it did not help me in the least. Upon the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a very short time they gave me back complete health, and enabled me to resume my studies. I have enjoyed the best of health since, and owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

or a physician.

If you cannot sleep, and find that your sleeplessness is becoming a habit, begin immediately to go lower. Gurb your ambition, leave off all unnecessary work and learn how to rest. Your body and your brain need repose and rest, but the trouble with the people who "cannot sleep" is, they do not know how to rest. They do not stop thinking, planning, worrying, and go to bed with active brains and only partly relaxed bodies and then worry because sleep does not come. Perfect relaxation of the body and mind is the first essential, and relaxation of either one helps to relax the other.

There is one exercise, which, properly practised, will be found beneficial in more ways than one. Stand erect, but without stiffness, arms hanging easily at the sides. Now very gently inhale air through the nostrils,

BIRD LIFE IN CANADA

Seventy-seven Species Observed in One Winter by C. W. Nash

People who say that bird life is practically an unknown thing in Canada during the winter time will be found to be wrong to know that Mr. Charles W. Nash, ornithologist of the Toronto Globe, located about 77 different species in and around Toronto in one winter. Many of these birds are denizens of the north which find their way south in their natural haunts, or else because their normal conditions being absent here the boundary line of their peregrinations is extended. On the other hand, the raven, crow, meadow-lark, and numerous other common birds never migrate entirely. Wherever there is some extra measure of shelter or some additional supply of food they remain. The services rendered by these birds to man are enormous. Red-polls and snow-birds in particular are invaluable as weed destroyers. If the snowfall has not been a particularly heavy one; the heads of the taller weeds stick above the snow and the birds feed on the seeds, thus preventing a spread of the plant. Many of these winter birds live on the berries left hanging on the trees, the mountain ash berry, or the berry of the North-West maple, or barberries being typical examples of the winter food of the common grosbeaks. Many birds formerly migratory are now no longer so. A notable instance of this is the common crow, and the reason he stays is that increased cultivation, and particularly the custom of farmers of manuring their land in the winter leaves large quantities of grain on which the birds can feed. There is also the fact that unthreshed corn is often stacked for the winter. The visits of northern birds are erratic and difficult to understand, sometimes one species appearing in great abundance and at other times some other species. Some six years ago the North of Canada jay, or Whiskey Jack, as it is called by the lumbermen, appeared here in large numbers. This was their first recorded appearance, in any quantity, since 1837, when the Hon. W. Allen observed a similar visitation. The northern birds particularly prevalent were the pine grosbeaks, evening grosbeaks, red-polls, and an unusually large number of snow bunting or snow-birds as they are commonly called. It appears that the migration of birds is governed almost entirely by the quantity of available food, and if they are able to get a sufficient quantity, and also shelter such as that provided by evergreens, houses, or barns, the birds will remain. The goshawk is another bird present in considerable quantities and although an inveterate foe of rats, mice, and other injurious rodents, he is also a poultry killer. Its particular prey being absent it turns to the farmyard for food, so that in the winter time particularly the presence of this bird of prey is rather a disadvantage than an advantage.

Build Hut on Highest Peak

German Alpinists who swarm in Switzerland and the Tyrol every summer, and scorn the services of professional guides even for such summits as the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, and the Jungfrau, are now seeking adventure farther afield. The Hanover section of the German Alpine Club has appropriated \$2,000 to build a hut on Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak of the African continent. Kilimanjaro is located on the northeastern boundary of German East Africa and overlooks Mount Blanc by some 4,000 feet. The mountain consists of two peaks, the highest of which has an altitude

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of their caps. Heroic tales are drifting in here with thousands of wounded French, peasants English soldiers French territorialists cheer when they see the shoulder tab of Canada—it has been Canada's battle, and although not won yet the main German attack has spent itself. French reinforcements have retaken a goodly portion of the lost ground. Villages on the Yser Canal, which the Germans are still claiming in their wireless reports, have been recaptured. And the surprise which the Germans hoped would leave them an easy road to Dunkirk has failed, and the allies' steady troops are now thinking only of revenge for the bloodiest battle in the bloodiest war of history.

Canadian estimates of casualties vary from eight to ten thousand, but it must be remembered that hundreds of men overcome by gases, are still being rescued. On the other hand the officers of thirteenth and fourteenth battalions, who were on the extreme left of our lines on that Thursday tell me that the advancing enemy bayonet scores of unconscious men. A battalion which seems marked out for extraordinary mention is the 16th. According to one officer who belongs to another battalion they drove through gases and met the advancing Germans, practically annihilating two Hungarian regiments. Western battalions seem to have borne the heaviest part of the attack, as it was their turn in the trenches, but the eastern battalions, called up from the reserve, took part in three charges, which will be engraved perpetually on the honor roll of British arms.

General Alderson and his staff especially Borstal, seem to have done superhuman feats. They rode along the whole line, not only cheering companies, but they handled the division so that there never was any real chaos. There was not a cog in the whole machine out of place. The ammunition column did heroic work, bringing up ammunition through the deadly gases of shells that were bursting behind our trenches.

The artillery never fought so well before, and they have been mentioned

in special messages from headquarters several times. One wounded artillery officer tells me that the guns had the exact range of the first charge of Germans, though they could not at first see the effect or the fire because of the yellow cloud gas which drifted across the front for about an hour. They had the satisfaction of knowing everywhere was finding densely massed bodies of advancing infantry.

The Eighth and Tenth Battalions were in the thick of the fighting and lost heavily. The Sixteenth Battalion, in preventing the Germans from completely outflanking our left, fought against tremendous odds, and, I am told, have the largest number of casualties.

The main attack came early on Thursday afternoon. There had been an aeroplane over the lines appeared to be British. The Germans seemed to be shelling it. But the word phoned over from headquarters was that it was a British machine recently captured and manned by Germans. Our guns drove it back. Then huge gas shells began raining into our trenches, and behind a yellow cloud which floated towards the French position—the Canadian were at the point of salient—could be seen thousands of the enemy's infantry advancing. Some leading ranks had divers' dresses on and spray apparatus on their backs; others had a sort of nose protector like mine rescuers wear. Several wounded Canadians have these as trophies.

"Our left line advanced and caught many Germans with an enflading fire. Then Gen. Alderson brought word that the Moroccans and Senegalese had given way. We had to fall back to join on their line. This movement, under the direction of Gen. Alderson, himself, was without disorder, though at one time a section of the Canadians were fighting practically back to back.

"The capture of the guns, which were behind the French lines, is already known, so is their re-capture. It will remain a historical event. Then came our charge which regained most of our lost ground and drew off the pressure on the French until reinforcement were hurried up.

"The latest news from the front today is good. The French are reported to have surrounded and captured a whole German battalion near Liezerne. The Canadians are still holding their lines in great shape."

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Clark, of Lower Wakefield, were in town to-day. Mrs. Clark was a caller at "The Dispatch" office.

Miss Nellie McKeown of Northampton made a brief visit to friends here on Tuesday.

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