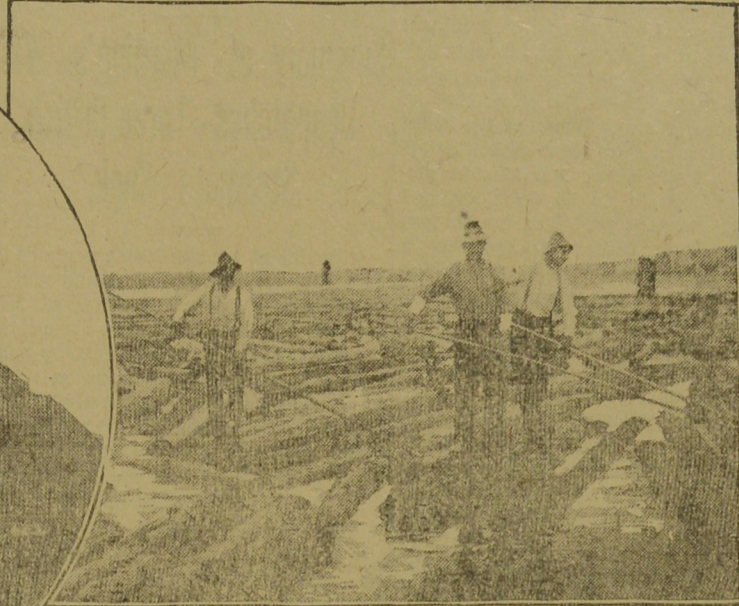
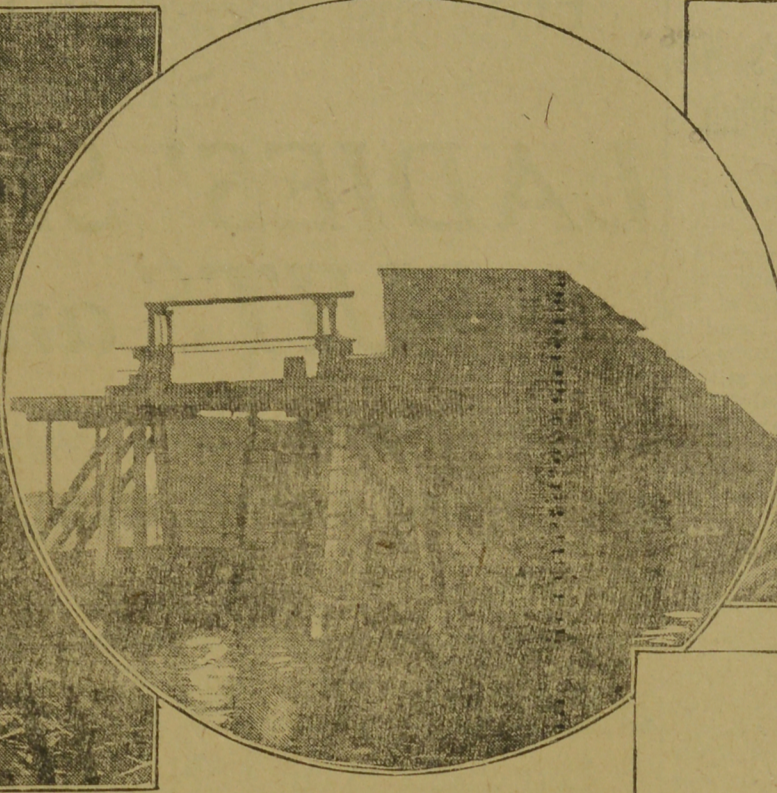
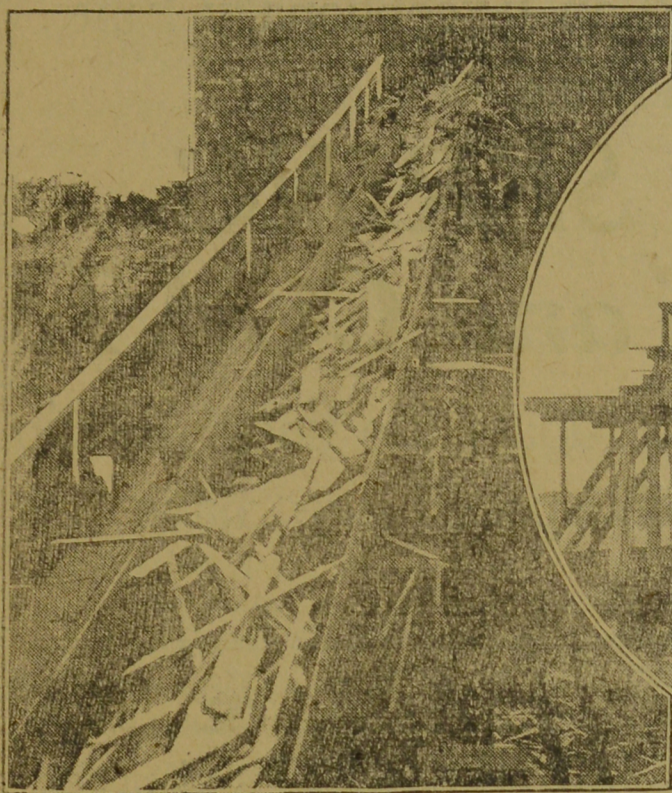
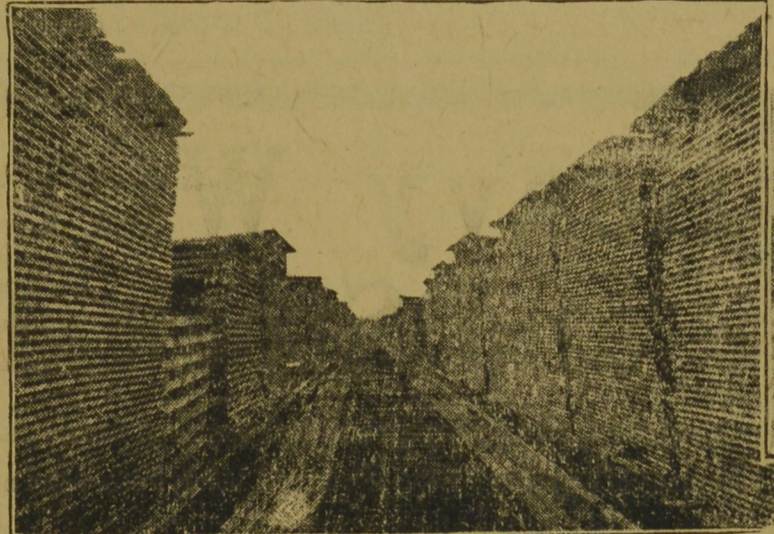


LUMBERING IN THE MUSKOKAS



THERE are something like a thousand million acres of woodlands in Canada, and about two hundred million of these acres are covered with timber suitable for trading purposes. It would be difficult to enumerate the various kinds of trees that flourish on those great tracts, but amongst the most important of the varieties are: spruce, pine, fir, poplar, tamarack, cedar, hemlock, oak, elm, ash and maple. Every province has its forests, and every forest has its own interesting features. In Alberta parts of the Rocky Mountains are covered with huge timber areas of great value. In British Columbia the forest area is estimated at about 180,000,000 acres; the forests of Quebec cover about 130,000,000 acres; then the large forests of Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Yukon are regions from which much valuable timber is taken annually.

Not alone are the forests interesting for the value of their trees, but they are attractive through the grandeur of their appearance and for the wild birds and beasts, which they shelter; and every farmer loves the trees, for they are to him a fortification that breaks the fierce rushes of the storms that fain would destroy his property on those occasions when the elements get into an irritable mood. In portions of Western Canada some districts are very much exposed to the blast. With a view to affording them protection the Dominion Government has distributed trees for planting along the prairies. The young trees are given away gratis, but definite conditions as to the method of cultivation must be complied with. The Canadian Pacific Railway



Company has also given out young trees for a similar object, and the great transportation Company organizes competitions and gives prizes at intervals for the best plantation wind-break. In former years many of the Canadian forests suffered much destruction from fires, but of late the loss has not been so great. Some of the forests have their keepers who reside in pretty homes in the woods. Between each home there is telephonic communication, so that if a fire breaks out the news can be quickly spread and fire fighters brought to the spot before the flames become really formidable. Our Government has not been forgetful of the necessity for preserving the wild

animals that might become extinct had hunting been allowed to go on indiscriminately, for there are certain forest reserves specially allotted for sheltering them, and on these parts no hunter may trespass.

The forests are administered by the Provincial or Dominion Government in most cases, and licenses to cut timber are sold by public auction at certain periods. But the tracts that are laid bare by the woodman's axe are not now always allowed to remain so. The country is awaking to the necessity for conserving the forests, and in many cases the planter follows the hewer.

Amongst the prettiest of Canadian forests are those of Ontario which

cover 102,000 square miles. Amongst them run a network of beautiful rivers, and lakes very valuable for the untold power that is in them and for the delight they give to the sight-seeing traveller or fisherman. Through these forests the Canadian Pacific Railway takes its track, opening up the region to the possibility of a great future. As a protection against forest fires in the Canadian Rockies the Canadian Pacific use oil burning engines beyond Pelly.

The illustrations of "Lumbering in the Muskoka" tell their own story, but it will not be uninteresting to narrate that the lumbering season begins about the time the snow begins to fall. Then the trees are lightened by the loss of their foliage. When the trees are cut down and divided into logs suitable for the length of the boards into which they are to be sawed at the mills, the

hollows in the rugged ground are filled up by snow, and the horses or oxen can travel freely over paths that in summer would be impassable. Drawn by the horses, or oxen as it may be, the logs slip gracefully along the surface of the snow to a convenient point where they can be easily loaded on to sleighs to be drawn to the mill. But if the mill is far away the timber is often taken to the edge of a river ready for the drive to the mill when the ice melts. In other cases it is piled on the edge of a lake and when the ice breaks is gathered into booms and floated to the mill.

There is an enormous supply of pulpwood in the Province of Ontario, and the district of Patricia, which has an area of 146,000 square miles, has vast timber resources which have not yet been thoroughly examined.

TRY "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS IF SICK OR BILIOUS

To-night! Clean Your Bowels and Stop Headache, Colds, and Sour Stomach.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and bad colds—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight strengthens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken.

SKIRTS ARE GETTING WIDER.

In Holland the smartness of the peasant woman's garb is measured by the fullness of her skirt. Perhaps "smartness" is hardly the word to use in this instance, but it comes as near as any word to approximating the distinction that attaches to full skirts in the land of tulips.

Our style creators may not be following the example of the Dutch dress-makers, but certainly they recognize no restrictions in the width of spring costume skirts. One naturally wonders where this present tendency will lead to. With skirts getting wider each day, where will they end? Is their vogue destined to die of overdoing? It may be that those of styles which Dame Fashion would destroy she first overdoes.

But who cares for the future of a style as long as it is attractive in the present? And surely these full-skirted spring frocks are fascinating in their quaintness. No woman will fail to find a "come hither" appeal in them.

SHORT SKIRTS.

"A propaganda seldom interests everybody."

"Oh, I don't know. I think the 'Rainy Daisies' have succeeded in enlisting all the women."

MR. O NELINER

Well, we went to the show.
I won't name it. We can't afford to peddle advertising around for nothing or less.
But suffice it that it was a first run film.
At a good, new house.
And had in the CAST
Some people who made Mrs. Oneliner's lamps sparkle like an incandescent cluster.
It wasn't exactly the sort of thing she had come for.
After a news pictorial that showed her a wreck on the New Haven.
A snow slide in the Cascades.
A swimming match at Palm Beach and a ski jumping contest at Montreal, all within a week.
And a comedy including the greatest blunder of history.
The real thing we had come for started in.
It has always been my joy's longest suit that she is unaffected by the play.
Where I weep all down the front of a three-year-old dinner COAT.
And disgrace the family

And whoever is with me.
At any show, Jane has ever been unaffected.
She sat through Nathan Hale unmoved.
When the ushers used mops between the acts.
And she heard without a whimper John McCortack sing when women all round her were under the seats.
But under this new spell I noticed something pass out by me and up the aisle.
It was Jane's goat.
The movies had got her.
I looked;
She was gripping the arms of her chair.
And her breath came quicker than that of the most successful movie star.
She was all in.
At the end of three hours I mildly suggested.
That we go home.
We had been through the picture twice.
And were rounding the turn for the third lap.
"Oh, Henry," said she, "let's see it just once more."
Yes, gentles, I have lost my wife.
Gone is the domestic lady of my heartstone.
In her place I have gained, it is true,

A CRITIC.

My joy and pride knows more about Charlie Chaplin, Pearl White and that ilk nowadays than she formerly knew about Fanny Merritt Farmer and Mrs. Rorer.
It's all very artistic and fine but it shows in the biscuits.

THE SOLDIER WHO SAYS HE DOES NOT FEAR SHELL FIRE IS LYING

(By Mary Boyle O'Reilly.)

London, March 24.—"O'Leary of the Guards"—Lieut. Michael O'Leary, V. C., the first Irishman to be awarded a Victoria Cross for bravery in the present war, had faced a Yorkshire blizzard to meet me at the King's Head Inn.

"Let's tell war stories," said I, "beginning with the Irish Guards."

The V.C.'s frank blue eyes smiled consent. "That's easy," assented O'Leary, V. C., "but you should be warned I'm no official eye witness. The fact is I rate the guards and the Connaught Rangers among the bravest fellows in the war."

"If any man says he is not afraid of shell fire he is a fool—or a liar. The terrible screech is worse than the danger. Still, like everything else, we get used to it. No amount of dodging can save a man—so why try?"

"If I were to talk until I was black in the face I couldn't tell a tenth of the fine deeds I saw out there. When the Guards landed in France they gave away their badges and buttons to the nearest girl, lost their hats, begged or borrowed a battered cap, and by not washing for a week became fine specimens of tramps. Then, looking like anything except soldiers, they settled down to sober fighting."

The way a joker can make Germans waste ammunition is a caution. Some days Irish guardsmen set a biscuit tin flashing in the sun till the Germans think it is a helicopter. So they fire big shells all day, exploding thousands of dollars' worth of ammunition. But

come down, there stands the twopenny biscuit tin.

"The coolest thing I ever saw in action was one Irish private of the Highlanders, who milked a cow under shell fire to get something for his wounded mates to drink."

"Not long after, two privates of the Connaught Rangers were left in care of a dozen German wounded hidden in a cave. The maimed men begged in broken English for biscuits and water. Now the Connaught men had but nine biscuits and half a bottle of water, but this they divided as best they could."

"Before dawn German shells fell all around the cave, and the wounded were all for putting up a white flag, but this the Connaughts would not do. By noon three poor wretches, suffering from terrible wounds, were all but dead. At sunset it began to rain, and by crawling out of the cave the Connaughts managed to collect enough rain water to moisten their prisoners' mouths. They could not keep from pitying dying men even if they were Germans."

"One of the Royal Irish told me a fine story. German cavalry scouts had captured an R.I. outpost and carried him to a farm, where the enemy lay in ambush. He saw their game, and, just in time, dashed out to warn his comrades. When the Germans fled the Royal Irish found their rescuer dead with a dozen bullets through his body. Even his identification disk was missing, so they laid him in a nameless grave. His cross carries this inscription:

"He saved others; himself he could not save."

How O'Leary Won the V. C.

Excerpt from report, Feb. 1, 1915: For more than a week the Guards 1st Battalion had been holding trenches near LaBasse, and losses were heavy. Finally the Coldstream Guards' outposts were surprised and the position lost. Next day the Coldstreams attacked. The Irish Guards followed at a tidy pace, but were outstripped by Corporal Mike O'Leary, who being an orderly that day, not on active duty, carried no bayonet. But he rushed into the German line, killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade and attacked the second, sixty yards further on. This he captured after killing three Germans and making prisoners of two more. He practically captured the position single-handed and prevented the rest of the storming party being fired on.

Additional interest in O'Leary's exploit to Canadians is the fact that he was for a time previous to the war a member of the Northwest Mounted Police.

BUTTER PAPER

Bring your Butter Paper to the Mail office or if you prefer we will supply and print you 500 sheets 1 ream for \$1.75 or 2 reams 1,000 sheets for \$2.75.

We use a Special Blue Butter Paper Ink. It will not run or stain Butter.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAYS ONLY
1000 Butter Papers \$2.50. 500 Butter Papers \$1.50.

We also have in stock a quantity of Butter Paper without your name, just Choice Dairy Butter for 25c per 100.

The Mail Publishing Co.

Correct Millinery

BEAUTIFULLY INTERPRETED, is now being displayed in our show rooms. Choice importation of American, French and English Hats which are all delightfully different. Flowers were never so beautiful and ribbons and tulle never more abundantly used. All this combines to make the Millinery of this season stand apart.

For the next few weeks we will have new shipments of attractive Hats daily.

MISS MORGAN 476 Queen St.

NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

IMPERIAL COLD CURE

Will check a cold in a few hours. Does not cause ringing in the head. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

C. Fred. Chestnut

The Quality Drug Store

572 QUEEN STREET.