

Each of the 109 Years

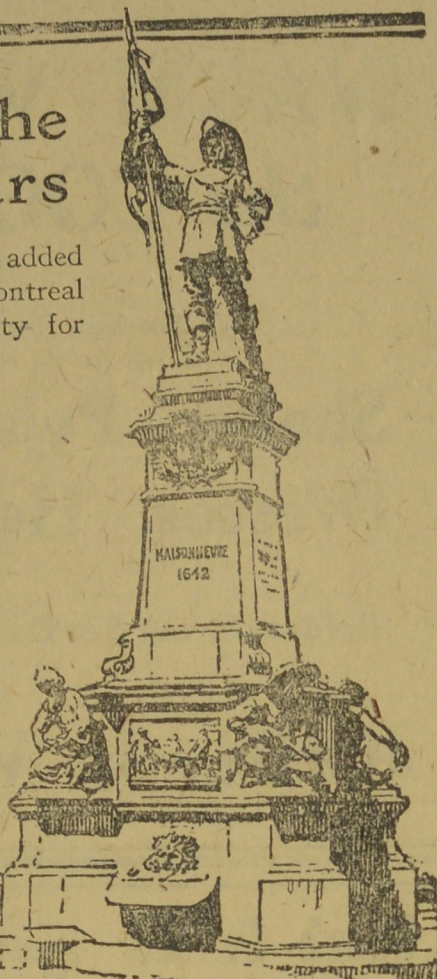
of its business life has added to the Bank of Montreal strength and capacity for financial service.

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HISTORY.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was wed,
The presents on the davenport,
The tables and the bed,
We've given most of them away,
With no tears of regret,
But we have seven salad forks
And sixteen fruit bowls yet.

P. F. Blanchet of Saint John is a
The Queen.

NO POET.

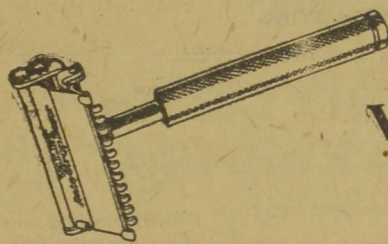
A poignant pain assails me as I see
The brown leaves fall and sorrow
fills my cup;
'Tis not because they mean so much
to me,
But that I am obliged to rake them
up.

Rub—I play bridge for fun.
Dub—I don't know much about the
game, either!

MANY GOLDFISH WERE POISONED

London, Nov. 6.—A real Sherlock Holmes story has come to London. It has all the ingredients—a respectable elderly English gentleman, two obvious foreigners (with caps pulled over their faces), a crime of fantastic nature, and most important of all, an element of the grotesque—yet a kind of grotesquerie which can easily be visualized and seized by an ordinary reader. In the present instance the elderly gentleman was a suburban Londoner, whose business was the importation of gold-fish. The two villains were young men speaking broken English who visited his great aquarium one afternoon. The crime was the poisoning of 75,000 goldfish kept in the aquariums. While the importer was led aside for a moment by one of the visitors the other dumped arsenic pills into the tanks. It is thought they were continental rivals in the business aware that the Englishman had just completed a shipment of 100,000 goldfish.

The stopped keen
edge reflects in
your appearance



Valet
Auto Strop
Razor

A LITTLE THING

THE power called habit is a little thing * * * *
but it can pull your eyes open at a certain
hour every morning, determine whether
you dress the right or left foot first, drop a
fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee
—free your mind for thoughts that demand ac-
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appeal to you, frees your mind from any guess-
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choose wisely when you buy. If you are familiar
with newspaper advertisements, you can discrim-
inate merits, weigh one product against another,
these truths against those. And the habit of buy-
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shopping; puts in a good, sturdy sure.

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Columns today.

MIRAGES ARE VERY COMMON IN THE AFRICAN DESERT; THE WONDERS OF THE SAHARA

If one knew enough about them one might classify men according to their taste in natural scenery. Some love the sea and are never so happy as when beside or upon it. Some are irresistibly drawn by mountain which in youth they must climb and in old age they long to behold. Domestic scenery is the delight of some, and water wherein fish can be captured by others. The greatest of all pleasures to my eyes, a pleasure even greater than that yielded by mountains, comes from the flattest and most barren and sandy desert, illumined by the glory of the radiant sun. Nor am I unique, or, indeed, very exceptional among Englishmen in this affection; writes Sir Martin Conway, M. P., in the London Telegraph.

It has been my good fortune to travel in desert regions in Asia, Africa and South America. Familiarity has not blunted the edge of their effect, nor much altered the impression made upon me by my first sight of a great desert expanse, which I saw some forty years ago, from the top of the Great Pyramid. The desert from the first moment I set foot upon it seemed to me peculiarly homelike. I felt as though it was there that I properly belonged. Others have related to me a like experience. We feel as though, deep in our previously unconscious self, there lay buried a very ancient experience inherited from far away ancestors, just as the remote emotions of cannibal forefathers revive in some when they first eat sucking pig!

Berbers in Britain?

The lowest identified stratum in the population of the British islands is held to be of Berber, or, at any rate, Mediterranean, race. Did some ancestors of ours wander from the fringe of the Sahara, up through Spain, and along the West Coast of France, at any rate, is no improbable theory. In Britain they met the red-haired Nordic man, hot-blooded, stalwart, a lover of cold baths, the parent of law and order and of telling the truth—men very different in human type from the "shy-trafficker", small of stature, dark in color, lover of warmth and sunshine.

The two races mingled, and with other alloys composed our existing population, so that in any one of us (as what seems like chance may decide) a throw-back may cause him to find an echo of his ancestry either at the edge of some shrunken glacier in a remote mountain fastness or in the blazing expanse of a sandy desert.

Approaching the Gateway

Thus, when I found myself in Algiers, mainly occupied in visiting ruined Roman cities, the call of the desert, thence so easy to reach, proved irresistible. We turned our car southward over the plateau region, and made haste toward Biskra, Touggourt, and the Sahara. For many miles we traversed the plateau where once waved the corn crops which supplied the Roman colonists with the wealth that paid for the erection of sumptuous cities.

It was the time of year when many Bedawin families were moving in the same direction as ourselves. They went in groups upon their camels, with their women perched aloft in a sort of little tent, and their sheep driven before them in successive multitudinous flocks. Just so did Abraham travel from the plains of Shinar, probably with little alteration of costume or ordering of the way. Low hills accompanied us on either hand, with the wide plain between them, the gray sky above, and these long trailing lines and groups of camels and cattle slowly drawing across it.

In like surroundings we came to the edge of a descent bending down toward a mighty wall of bare and splintered rock that seemed to bar the way. A torrent had cut a gorge right through it, just wide enough for the floods to pass and for a road to be carried beside it on a shelf. Here the cliffs rise vertically on either hand of the gorge, and the waters roar below. It is the gateway of the Sahara—el Kantara, the bridge—so named from the arch which the Romans flung across the stream at this physically dramatic point. In the jams of the pass is a little hotel, also built on a shelf.

Damaged by Flood

A short while before our visit a flood, rising suddenly some fifty or more feet, had battered against the massive stonefacing of the cliff below the house, and carried much of it away. If the flood had lasted another hour the shelf and all the buildings upon it would have been destroyed.

Beyond the pass you are in the desert, but you likewise at once encounter

a large oasis, through which the water led in many little canals, nourishes scores of thousands of date palms and supports the industry of several populous villages. The tortuous road leads down through a ragged and barren country, mile after mile, affecting the traveller with its mesmerising monotony. At length you mount the low shoulder of a hill; round the corner—lo! stretching far, far away to a horizon line remote and level as the sea, the flat expanse of the Sahara of one's dreams, with the oasis town of Biskra in the foreground beside its vast extension of palm groves.

Camel Caravans

Not long ago Biskra was a true Saharan oasis. Now it is a tourist resort, and a centre of luxurious habitation. A light railway has been flung out from it southward, some hundred miles or so over the desert to Touggourt. A day's journey in a slow but comfortable train carries you thither, and the journey is full of entertainment. The trains have by no means supplanted camel caravans, though they take a week to cover the ground which a train covers in a day.

Long strings of camels following tracks older than the Romans are continually in sight. Some of them are about to launch forth into the depth of the desert to remote oases. The traveler can also observe the many kinds of ground of which the desert consists. Here are big dunes of sand, there the surface is stony. In parts it is dotted with small bushes marvelously tenacious of life, behind each of which the sand, driven by the prevailing wind, takes refuge and piles itself up. Here are also great areas with a peculiar roughened surface, looking like a plough-land, and there are chotts. A chott is the level bed of a more or less dried-up lake. After rain a thin layer of water may lie upon a chott in patches, but usually the ground is flat and hard. Patches not easily distinguishable by the eye are in the nature of quicksands, and will easily engulf man and beast.

Mirages Common

Large areas are often covered by a white saline efflorescence which looks like snow. Here also mirages are common, though nowhere in these parts did I see examples of that phenomenon comparable to those that dance on all sides of a traveler in the Puna of Atacama, in South America. For these and other reasons this trip by rail from Biskra to Touggourt is well worth making by a novice in deserts. Touggourt is a large oasis, where thousands of date palms flourish. It



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"You're lucky. How much do you give her a month?"
"All I make."

was the time of the date harvest when we were there, and under the fronds of each tree the golden bunches hung down on their yellow stems. The date groves are not only, or now mainly, owned by the local inhabitants. Large areas belong to companies, and many private individuals, whose homes are far away in Algiers or France, invest in date groves, and visit them at the time of harvest to watch the picking and packing, and to arrange for the sale or transport of the full boxes.

Buyers also come from afar to purchase and handle the harvest, and these men visit every oasis, making long desert journeys to that end. For these people more or less simple inns have long existed. They are now being replaced by comfortable hotels in places likely to attract holiday travelers.

Zam-Buk ITS ROMANTIC STORY

A World Search for Rare Medicinal Herbs.

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