

Peace Hath Its Victories



They are not featured on the front page of the daily press. You do not find them figuring in that weird amalgam of crime, folly, conceit, self-advertisement and grotesquerie that goes to make up what is called "news," but none the less it is of such as these that the best blood of the nation is made up and these six young fellows are types of whom any people may justly be proud. They have PRODUCED something, in contradistinction to the vast majority of those who feature in the news who have only destroyed something, whether it be morals or lives. They are the champions of the various competitions throughout the Western Provinces which have for their aim the improvement of hog-raising and in which numerous Boys' and Girls' Pig Clubs have

taken part. They have won handsome trophies for their feats, awarded by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in addition were the guests of honor of the railway at the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto recently held. While they were there, they not only thoroughly enjoyed themselves but also availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the many fine specimens of bacon hogs and porkers on exhibit there.

The above photograph shows the winning teams from the three Prairie Provinces. The Manitoba winners from left to right are: Stanley R. Hunt, standing; Gerald McLean, sitting; Saskatchewan winners in the centre: sitting, George Hume, and standing, Edward Hume; Alberta winners: sitting, Walter Kobitzsch; standing, George Matthews.

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 actual choice.

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MANY POLICE DOGS DIED IN THE WORLD WAR; BELGIUM USED SCORES TO CARRY MESSAGES

Through its connection with the canine family the German police dog comes under the category of "dumb animals," but those who have seen this particular breed under training no doubt are tempted to leave off the first classification, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun.

As a matter of fact, those who have had any connection with Herndon, the Catonsville estate of Edward T. Boswell, are willing to concede that these splendid chaps have more sense than some humans. Furthermore, they will find that there is no truth to the old adage that "you cannot teach an old dog new tricks," when applied to the dog and not to the human. Old dogs take to new tricks like puppies, it is proved.

"Trained," as applied to police dogs suggests to most people vicious, aggressive beasts, taught to attack anyone prowling around a home at night, whether he be friend or foe. The truth of the matter is that a properly educated animal of this species is a friendly, defensive guardian of the home, attacking only when he or his master is attacked, but standing guard in a most effective manner.

Outlines Training.

The ramifications of the complicated system of training were explained by Lieut. Gaston Remy, commander of all canine cohorts of the Belgian Army during the World War, who has a score of dogs under his discipline at the Herndon kennels.

Remy himself is a most amazing fellow, and his theories upset some of the oldest traditions of dogdom. One is moved to wonder whether he was not born under the dog star, so great is his understanding of his charges; so willingly do they heed to his commands and rejoice at his word of praise.

It was Remy who trained the Belgian war dogs. It was Remy who sent them flying through impenetrable barbed wire and tangled barbed wire with messages and on Red Cross duty. It was Remy who was decorated by three countries for his work. It was Remy who took pride in the military decorations conferred on his charges, and it was Remy who mourned the loss of 80 per cent. of his intrepid messengers.

Results Amazing.

And now in the time of peace the Belgian is still training his dogs, but for the protection of the home. His system is interesting, but the results are amazing.

Instead of the vicious beast standing ready to attack all that come near the home of his master, one finds a splendid, impetuous, powerful, intelligent friend who merely "arrests" visitors who are not known to him as friends.

This "arrest" is a curious procedure. For instance, a stranger appears within the domains of the home under guard. The dog goes to him without any great show and in no way suggests viciousness. He then proceeds to bark. If the visitor is familiar with the situation he will stand and wait until the master comes and identifies him.

Will Tug at Clothing.

If, however, the guest turns and starts away the dog will stop him with a tug at his clothing. A few of these tugs will show the man that he is expected to stay for further developments and starts to run, he most likely will find himself lying on the ground with a formidable figure standing over him and barking furiously.

If the man establishes his unfriendliness by drawing a gun, knife or club, he will feel sharp teeth in his wrist and the violent shaking of a powerful body which most likely will disarm him.

In other words, that man is not going to leave the place unless it is by order of the master or over the dog's body. Any injuries he may receive will be gauged by the amount of resistance he puts up.

Remy demonstrated the point. At the time he was talking one of the big animals was playing boisterously about his interviewer, submitting playfully to ear-pulling and nose-tweaking from a perfect stranger.

"Guard that man!" Remy said sharply.

Demeanor Changed.

At that second the dog's front paws were on the visitor's chest and he was mouthing a hand. At the command the paws dropped to the ground and in a flash the massive body was alert and a calculating look seemed to come into the intelligent eyes. He stood quietly beside the man with whom he had been playing a moment before.

"Do not move," said the Belgian, "you are under arrest and you will stay under arrest until I give a counter command."

It appeared rather ridiculous to the interviewer for the moment and he decided to make a little experiment—he

moved. It was only one step, but the fine animal was ready. He started forward quickly, ready to stop a retreat. But it was enough to show that he meant business, so no more steps were taken until the counter order was given.

The usefulness of these dogs does not stop with home defense. They are taught other duties which they perform with the intelligence and faithfulness of their breed.

Will Guard Objects.

For instance, they will guard any object entrusted to them, surrendering it only upon command of the person who gave the command.

Again Remy demonstrated with the aid of Mrs. Remy, who shares with her husband the confidence of the dogs and helps in their training.

While his wife brought a suitcase to the lawn, the lieutenant slipped on a heavy pad of stuffed-burlap sleeves. The suitcase was placed on the lawn and Mrs. Remy gave a command to one of the dogs. Without the least hesitation he lay down beside the black case and took up his vigil, eyes and ears alert to all about him.

Remy approached softly from behind but he had not gone many steps before the animal spied him. At once his attention was focused on the man and he snuggled closer to the bag. As Remy circled closer and closer, he showed his fangs in warning and kept his watch.

Leaped to Defense.

Suddenly, the lieutenant's padded arm shot forward, but it never reached the suitcase. The beautiful black and gray body launched upward and pow-

THE SECRET IS OUT, LEGS ARE COLD PROOF

Washington, Dec. 1.—Winter winds, blowing on legs exposed from the knees down by fashion decree, do not chill American women. The legs become accustomed to the cold.

This is the view of Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, surgeon general of the United States. He believes as a general rule women are dressed warmer this winter than ever before, despite abbreviated skirts.

"American women are wrapped up in fur coats, tightly tucked around their necks; from the knees down there is little covering, but that part of the person becomes accustomed to the temperatures, just as the face and hands do," Dr. Cumming said.

"Women very seldom complain of being cold, so I judge that habit and will power have a lot to do with it. There is very little warmth in silk stockings? But the Scotchman who wears kilts, with bare knees, shows conclusively that lower limbs become acclimated to exposure at low temperatures."

erful jaws closed on the extended padding. Protected by no more than ordinary clothing, the arm probably would have been cut deeply.

"I would not hesitate in the least to leave one of my dogs in charge of a valued article on a crowded sidewalk," said the Belgian, "for I know he would take good care of it. No matter what the article might be, an automobile or a handkerchief, the dog will never surrender it."

Absolute devotion to children is one of the characteristics of the trained police dog. He will play with them and suffer all manner of torment at their hands without taking the least offense and he will protect them with his life.

WOLF TOTEM POLE AT PRINCE RUPERT

This totem pole, which now stands at Prince Rupert, B.C., formerly belonged to a Nishga Chief, named Dauk, and stood in the front of his lodge, at Gitlakdamix, on the Upper Naas River, in Northern British Columbia.

The carved figures seen on the top of the pole represent the principal actors in legends describing the origin of the family crests. The owner of the totem pole belonged to the "Wolf Clan."

The principal legend which explains how the wolf was adopted for the family crest is as follows:

One day, long years ago, a great lava eruption took place, at Gitwunilikqu, on the Upper Naas River. The molten mass pushed the waters of the river back across the valley to the mountain-side and formed a great lava plain, which extended from the head waters of the Kshluich to the canyon, at Gwinaha. The fiery flow overwhelmed villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the surrounding hills. Among these fugitives was an Indian chief named Gum-lu-gidis, the ancestor of the owner of the pole. Gum-lu-gidis fled, with his family, to the highlands of the Shkamal River where they camped. Night after night they had no rest, but were disturbed by weird sounds and voices accompanied by the beating of tomtoms. At length the Chief and some of his braves determined to set out and discover where the sounds came from. The legend describes how they found themselves in the abode of "Luluks". Spirits of the Dead, where they beheld many strange things. Escaping from these haunted regions, Gum-lu-gidis, overcome by fear, again took up his flight, this time across the Grease Trail to the Skeena River, leaving the Naas, with its terrors, far behind. When the winter snows had melted and the ice had left the river, Gum-lu-gidis and his companions travelled down the Skeena River, in dugouts made from cottonwood trees, until they reached the island of Khern, now known as Kaien Island, on which Prince Rupert is situated. Not very long after they had settled at Khern, Gum-lu-gidis' rest was once more disturbed, this time by the nightly howls of wolves which seemed to be calling Gum-lu-gidis by his name. The old fear overcame him once more, for he thought the spirits of the lava had again found him out. After the howling had continued for two nights, the old Chief determined to meet his fate. Dressed in his ceremonial dancing robes, with face painted and his long hair tied in a knot, after the manner of the warriors of his tribe, he set out alone from the camp armed with his Chief's tomahawk, set with abalone shell. Following the direction from which the sounds proceeded, Gum-lu-gidis came face to face with a large white wolf. Raising his tomahawk prepared to defend himself he noticed the animal was in great pain and unaware of his approach, as it was trying in vain to dislodge a sharp piece of deer's bone which had pierced its jaw. Gum-lu-gidis said to the wolf "Brother, do me no harm and I will remove the bone which otherwise will cause your death." After Gum-lu-gidis had removed the bone, the wolf became very friendly, and each time the Chief went out hunting, the white wolf killed a deer for him; thus supplying him and his family with food.

So, the legend states, Gum-lu-gidis adopted the white wolf for his "Ayouks" (crest) and in his ceremonial dances always wore a white wolf skin robe.

After some years of peace, Gum-lu-gidis became homesick, and he returned to the Naas, for he longed to fish once more in the waters of the Kshluich, where the "hanginwezuch" (white salmon) spawn.

