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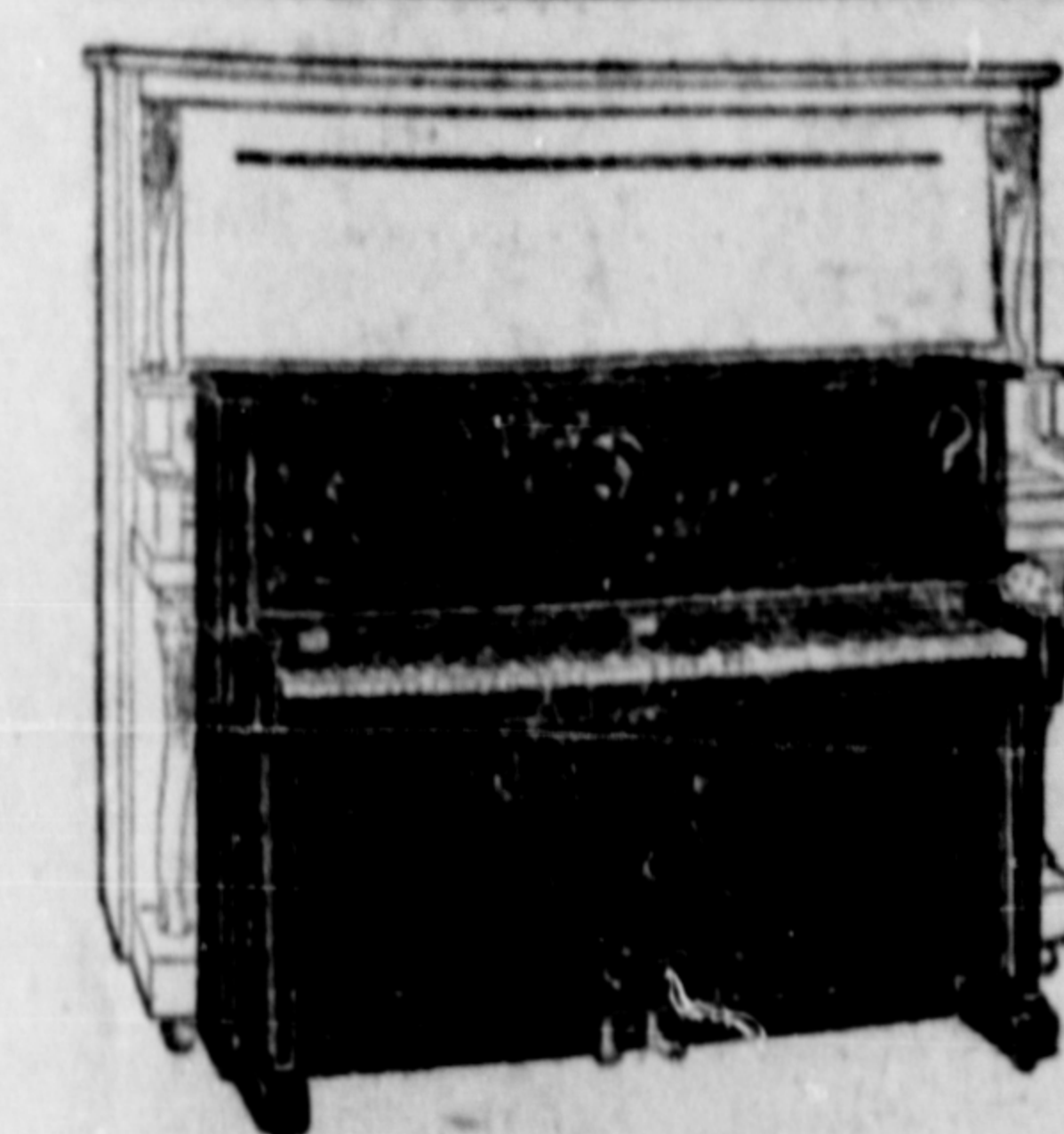
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DATES ARE SET FOR STUART SHIELD AND GILHULY CUP GAMES

Football Association Last Night
Announced Program for
Month of July

Dates for the Stuart Shield and Gilhuly Cup Senior football series were set at a meeting of the league executive held last evening. It was decided to stage the Gilhuly Cup competition this season on the regular league basis instead of the cup-tie plan as has been followed in the past. The first halves of both competitions will take place this month, games being played alternately, one game a week in each series.

The first half time table issued is as follows:

Stuart Shield

July 9.—Groffo vs. Sons of

Canada, Referee Russell.

July 17.—Sons of Canada vs.

Sons of England, Referee Roberts

July 23.—Sons of England vs.

Groffo, Referee Russell.

Gilhuly Cup

July 12.—Sons of England vs.

Groffo.

July 20.—Groffo vs. Sons of

Canada.

July 26.—Sons of Canada vs.

Sons of England.

All proceeds from the Stuart

Shield games will be placed in a

fund for the protection of players

injured during the playing season.

The winners last year of the

Stuart Shield were the Sons of

Canada while the Callies are the

present holders of the Gilhuly

Cup.

SMITHERS CELEBRATES HOLIDAY WITH SPORTS AND GAMES IN SPITE OF DOUBTFUL WEATHER.

(Continued from Page one).

low to go without trying their

luck.

Secretary Windt was on hand

with the cash for those proving

themselves entitled to a share of

it, and promptly at the adver-

tised time had the program

under way.

Following are some of the

events with winners:

Boys' race, ages 10 and 11—

Edward Smith, William Fidler.

Boys' race, ages 12 and 13—C.

Clayring, J. Berg.

Girls' race, ages 12 and 13—

Theodora Rabbe, Ethel Millar.

Boys' race, ages 14 and 15—J.

Graham, W. Orchard.

Boys' hop, step and jump, 16

years and under—J. Graham,

30ft. 1in.; J. Berg, 27ft. 3in.; O.

Hoskins, 25ft. 8in.

12 years and under—E. Smith,

27ft. 6in.; J. Devoin, 25ft. 1in.

"Chuck" Rolston, 24ft. 11in.

Boys' running high jump, 16

years and under—J. Graham, J.

Green.

Girls' potato race—Jean Smith

Avis Wall.

Girls' consolation race—Irene

McIntyre, Dorothy Devoin.

Boys' consolation race—H.

Fotherby, J. Hines.

Base running contest—G.

Roberts, 14½secs.; C. Warner,

and P. Hoskins, 16secs. each.

Baseball Match

The next item on the program

was the baseball match between

Telkwa and Smithers. As both

teams were out for first place,

and each having their full quota

of supporters, the best game of

the season was played. The best

indication of the class of ball

played is the final score of seven

to six, Smithers emerging win-

ners in the last of the ninth.

Bill Wallace was in the box for

Telkwa, while Robbie pitched for

Smithers, being relieved in the

first of the ninth by "Smiffy"

Arnold.

J. A. McIntyre handled the in-

dictator, giving satisfaction to

both sides.

Toddlers' Race

The infantile element then took

the field and the toddlers' race

for boys of four years and under

was won by Billy Smith, followed

by Barney Wakefield. The cham-

pion girl toddler was Eva Dim-

mock, with Margaret Mutch a

close second.

The boys' race, ages 6 and 7,

was won by Carol Robbins, with

Danny Foster second.

Winnie Hann and Della Car-

penter took first and second

prizes respectively in the girls'

race, ages 6 and 7.

Other events were: Boys' Race,

ages 8 and 9. A Fotherby, E.

Stoney.

Girls' Race, ages 8 and 9.

Nora Boland, Stella Oulton.

Boys' Sack race: B. Knutson, E.

Smith.

Girls' Baseball Throwing con-

test: Dorothy Devoin, L. Gilbert.

The Girls' Soda Biscuit race

was productive of much laughter

and while Muriel Adams is con-

vinced that a soda biscuit is not

the best thing to "wet" her

whistle with she carried off the

first prize. Asora Knutson was

second prize winner.

J. Graham and G. Wall were

placed first in the Boys' Three-

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Cameron Lake showing Mount Arrowsmith in the distance.

Vancouver Island is becoming famous for many things. Among the chief of these is its climate, among the more utilitarian its strawberries; and among the tourist attractions its marvelous scenery, and magnificent drives, its many fascinating trips both by boat and by rail. But, while tens of thousands of visitors holiday in the island every summer, very few of them are aware of the fact that within less than a day's journey of Victoria there are mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, and massive glaciers, which defy the warmest of the summer sunshine, where those who enjoy that most exhilarating sport, mountain-climbing, may put all of their skill to the test.

The most popular mountain from an Alpinist's point of view is Arrowsmith. It is about six thousand feet high, and to reach it one travels by one of the most magnificent scenic railways on the continent. There is a diversity of country all along the hundred miles from Victoria to Parksville. Parksville is on the east coast of the island, and Victoria, situated at the extreme south of the island is the starting point for the journey. One of the first summits to be crossed is that of the splendid Malahat, about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Here, from the "Lookout," one looks down on a wonderful panorama of green-embowered hills, narrow winding waterways, the wide stretch of the sea itself and the Olympian mountains on the Mainland in their dazzling dress of ice and snow. After crossing the Malahat there are miles along the shores of the salt water, quick passages through picturesque villages and towns, journeyings among sweet-scented woods which are always gay with flowers.

At Parksville the road divides one branch swinging toward the west. And there begins the first trek in the journey which leads to the everlasting hills. As one nears Cameron Lake, whether one travels by rail or highway, one sees the beginning of the vast forest of Douglas fir, than which there is no finer stretch of timber in America.

Just across the lake from the Chalet one begins the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith.

The particular day when we made the journey was in early June. It was sweet and cool near the water, the bracken thrusting up branchy and tall, maiden-hair ferns just unfolding, all of the trees and shrubs wearing their new dresses of fresh, young green.

We started at noon, and from the very outset, found the trail fairly steep. With only occasional stops for breath, we pushed on for five hours before we made the Hut, a distance of about 3000 feet up. It was rather early in the year for mountaineering and the trail had not been cleared since the winter storms, which made our going rather more difficult than it would otherwise have been. But every step of the way displayed some

magnificence of scene that called forth exclamations of delight.

The Hut was practically buried, for the snow lay deep on the upper reaches. It took us an hour or more to tunnel into it, for although our packer had gone ahead with the blankets, he could not accomplish much alone. But we finally dug our way in, cleared the snow from the windows, made a fire, and before very long the aroma of boiling coffee and fried ham filled the little cabin, and we sat down to eat with ravenous appetites.

The sleep that comes to one on these high, snowy altitudes, far above the slightest sound of life, is deep, dreamless and infinitely refreshing. We awoke at eight the next morning, full of eagerness to continue the climb, which from there on is a real test of strength and endurance.

The final five hundred feet were very steep, and not without danger for the unwary. We had a few tumbles, and slides, which only added to the enjoyment, and when we had pursued our journey to the end our satisfaction was very great. For it was an objective worth striving for.

The view was grand beyond conception, snow-peaks all about us, dazzlingly splendid in the sunshine, clouds of mist lifting from the valleys, and rolling away to give a glimpse of lakes blue as periwinkle, of bare cliff-sides coloured with the tints of the rainbow, and bright, green valleys, and forests of sturdy little jack-pine, while now and then when the clouds would roll up and melt into the blue of the sky, we could glimpse a farther view, and we said it was the sea and the mountains beyond the sea, but the distance made it almost as vague as a half-forgotten dream.

It is a journey that one can easily make within the day, providing there is no miscalculation, and it is a most joyfully exhilarating climb, while the picture which the summit discloses must always stand out conspicuously in the gallery of one's memories.