

Horrockses' Flannelettes

ARE MADE FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED COTTON.

The nap is short and close. No injurious chemicals are used.

Quality, designs, and colourings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this comfortable material for Underwear all the year round would buy the BEST ENGLISH MAKE, they would avoid the risk they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

See the name "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge
every two yards.

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION
yards.

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Limited, Manchester and London, Eng.

visits and preached sermons of a length commensurate with the rarity of their delivery. One of the humorous bits of the early Upper Canadian archives is the request sent to London that a "pious" missionary be sent out to the benighted settlers of Upper Canada. The first log school houses also deserve a word, with the huge box stove in the centre around which long wooden benches were ranged, too high for the feet of the toddlers to reach the floor. Tired and sleepy, the tiny students sometimes created a panic by tumbling off their uncomfortable perch!

The administration of justice was accomplished under arduous conditions. There were few gaols or courthouses; accommodation for jurors, lawyers and others was most limited, and many a trial was held under the trees or in a tent. Jurors were often compelled to journey fifty mile or more, and to take ten or more days before returning home. When the first gaol was built in York it was made large enough to hold debtors as well as criminals of a deeper dye, the gaoler receiving 5s. a day salary, and 1s. 3d. daily for the maintenance of each prisoner.

Such are some of the glimpses of early Canadian days. All honour to our sturdy pioneers for the work they accomplished, the characters they evolved, and the rich heritage they passed on to their children. May we of the twentieth century be as true to our conscience and country as our grandfathers—and grandmothers!

Freak Parties

Society is always calling for novelty—novelty in all things—and for some time freak parties and dinners have been all the rage.

A short while ago a company of sceptics formed a Thirteen Club in London, as a protest against superstition. A large dinner was held to celebrate the event, and on the way to the feast the members passed under ladders. They sat down in thirteens at separate tables, broke mirrors, opened umbrellas over one another's

heads, spilt salt and helped their neighbors to it, crossed knives and forks, and did many other equally foolish things, to "kill" superstition.

The "very latest" At Home, in America, took place at the bottom of the Pacific, and all the guests—eighty in number—attended in diving dress.

Enormous amounts of money are often spent at these parties, the pies and different dishes often containing valuable jewellery, etc., but the record is held by H. Hart of Connecticut, who used 2,200 dollars stock certificates as name cards and souvenirs at a dinner party to thirty children and grandchildren. When the guests entered the dining room, each found a certificate for forty shares of Stanley Works stock, quoted at 65 dollars, on his plate. The total value of the gifts was \$66,000.

The sumptuous mansion of the Comtesse Aynard de Chabrilan in Paris was for a night converted into a scene from the "Thousand and One Nights". An immense tent was erected in the courtyard, and it was hung with superb Persian stuffs and tapestries, while the *elite* of Paris assembled in gorgeous Oriental costumes. The Comtesse herself presided, and the Princess d'Arenberg came mounted on an elephant richly bedecked with Indian trappings. Other guests came in gold cages, Egyptian canopies, and other Oriental equipages. The chief events of the evening consisted of Oriental music and dances.

A number of Chicago society folk organized a "Cave Man" dinner where there were no knives or forks, finger bowls, tables, etc. Whilst in Moscow, to celebrate his golden wedding, a mining magnate sent invitations made of pure beaten gold with the lettering done in enamel. There were two hundred guests, and each card weighed two ounces, the gold used coming from the magnate's own mines in the Ural Mountains. The invitations alone cost 1,000 pounds.

A banquet of another kind was indulged in by sixty-six persons at Gorleston. This was on a huge "sea-pie," which weighed 200 pounds. It was prepared by an old

smack-skipper and was built in three storeys. The foundation consisted of beef bones and inside were six large rabbits, half a dozen kidneys, thirty pounds of beef-steak, half a hundred-weight of potatoes, half a stone of onions, and three stones of other vegetables. After the feast the remains of the pie went to the making of several gallons of soup, which were distributed to the poor.

On a gigantic watermelon, seventy railroad employees recently feasted, at Fort Worth, Texas, and all had their fill. The melon, one of the largest ever raised in the United States, weighed 140 pounds.

After the last big English coal strike an extraordinary dinner took place at which guests of coal were handed round to the guests as souvenirs. The dinner was held in connection with the Studios Club at a well-known Bohemian restaurant in London. The ladies and gentlemen, some forty in number, were dressed in Grecian costume and wore sandals. The menu was in Greek, and the waiters were dressed like Roman priests, bare-footed, and with olive leaves entwined round their heads. During the course of the dinner the chef entered dressed as Bacchus and mounted on a donkey, and distributing pieces of coal wrapped in gold leaf, inscribed on which were the words, "In memory of the coal strike."

A novel festivity was engaged in last season by the numerous visitors at Matlock, in the form of a topsy-turvy banquet and ball. For one whole evening they learnt what it was to be domestics, whilst their places were taken by their servants at the different establishments. After the banquet, the ball took place, and whilst this was in progress the new waiters and waitresses did the washing-up. Nothing was left for the original staff, even the tablecloths being laid ready for the next day.

A family at Southend celebrated the coming of age of the eldest son in an unique fashion. The son is said to have been the victim of a succession of misfortunes, and the event took the form of a "13" dinner, with a view to counteracting the "bad luck" previously experienced. Thirteen

members of the family sat down to dinner. The menu consisted of thirteen items, and a programme of thirteen songs and toasts was carried out.

Last November five thousand sportsmen from all parts of the United States participated in a feast at Agricultural Park as the guests of Sacramento. For a week prior to the feast scores of hunters were engaged in providing the 1,500 wild geese served in the big stew. Immense brick fireplaces were built, and big iron kettles provided for the stew. In the pavilions plates were laid for 2,000. It was necessary to serve the guests in relays, the first 2,000 sitting down at 1.30. An hour later these gave places to another 2,000 and the feast continued all afternoon.

Nine convicts from the state penitentiary at Florence, Ariz., were recently given a dinner by the governor. The governor made a speech to the convicts, to which one of their number responded, conveying the thanks of the men for the interest shown by the chief in prison affairs, and predicting his re-election. The convict guests were members of a ball-team selected from the prisoners, and the dinner followed a game with a local town team.

A ball, which did not take place, was advertised in Rotterdam at the end of December last. A dancing master of that town, after having circulated hundreds of invitations to a ball which he described as "the wallflower's last chance in the dying leap-year," had to abandon the function because only women came in answer to his call.

The Age of Elizabeth

The class in English History was in session, and the professor was telling of the impressionable age at the time of the Elizabethan Era. After speaking for some minutes on the subject, he turned to one of the young men and asked: "How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Holmes?" The young man wore a far-away expression.

"Eighteen, on her last birthday, sir," came the reply.