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INDIAN SUN-DANCE.

There is another feature in the character of the Indians to which we must draw special attention, and that is their wonderful and heroic endurance of pain, whether in times of war or in going through certain ceremonies required of them by their religious beliefs. Take, for instance, the sun-dance, a great ceremony amongst many of the tribes, on the occasion of which the young men are made 'brave', or recognised warriors. And we must remember that the dances of the Indians, grotesque and strange as they may appear, are as sacred to them as many of our religious ceremonies. One gentleman told us that, after seeing some of his Indian friends, dressed and daubed in feathers and barbaric colours, going through all sorts of fantastic antics, to the sound of unearthly music of tom-toms and whistles and trumpets, in the streets of the town, he remonstrated with them, and asked them how such wise men as they could make such fools of themselves. And, on hearing these remonstrances, they looked much shocked and said, "But are you an unbeliever? Do you not know that this dance is a solemn thing, a tribute that we must yield at this time of year to the Great Spirit." I think these words will make us recall to mind professing Christians who have much in common with these Indians whom they would look on as mere savages.

But to return to the sun-dance. On passing through an Indian reserve, near Calgary, we saw a large number of trunks of trees leaning against one central pole, forming a circle, and surmounted with what appeared a collection of rubbish, sticks and feathers, and such like. Our guide explained to us that this is where the sun-dance takes place, though last year, owing to the persuasions of the missionaries, the ceremony did not take place, and the authorities are anxious to do all in their power to prevent its recurrence with its attendant cruel practices. We give you a picture of what a young man who desires to be made a 'brave' has to go through. He first goes up to the pole in the centre, and, clasping his arms around it, prays for strength to go through the ordeal, for which he is afterwards prepared. This preparation consists in first painting the whole body a dead white, and then making a slit below two muscles in the chest, underneath which a wedge of wood is introduced. The wedge is then attached by cords to the top of the pole, and the candidate for the honours of a brave has to sway himself backwards and forwards and jerk himself until the wedge is torn out

of his flesh by force. He must not utter a groan or a cry during the process, but is given a whistle where-with he may divert himself, and he is considered the bravest who laughs and jokes most during his agony, which often lasts for hours.

When the gasty object is at last accomplished, the fly-made brave is taken charge of, often in a fainting condition, by the medicinemen, who have various processes of their own whereby to heal the cruel wounds. The bravery which is required to go through such tortures clearly shows what backbone there is in the Indian character, if it can only be made use of for the service of the God of love, and the betterment of their race, instead of for such purpose as the deliberate maiming and wounding of themselves in order to please the imaginary requirements of their Great Spirit. Many other stories could be told of prairie tribes, which would excite our sympathy; but we must pass on in our next paper to the coast Indians, and their customs and arts, and home manufactures.

—From "Through Canada with a Kodak," by Lady Aberdeen.

Canadians who love their country have with in late years awakened to its value historically. It may be deemed a late awakening, but we may be content that the sleep of years has at last been disturbed. Writers such as Kingsford, Read, Mrs. Edgar, Miss FitzGibbon, Dean, Harris, Judge DesBrisay, and others, have been prying among the musty records of national or local history, and giving to the press books worthy of the time and of the past which they reveal. To the names above mentioned are to be added soon those of the Misses Robina and K. M. Lizars, who have a work of exceeding interest in the press, which is shortly to appear bearing the well-known imprint of William Briggs. The Misses Lizars have chosen a field than which, in many respects, Canada presents none better to the historian. Their work is entitled "In the Days of the Canada Company," and in brief the history of the settlement of the Huron Tract.

The story of the work is well sustained. The writers have written

con amore in a most delightfully style, and evidently have made extensive collateral research. "In the Days of the Canada Company," we are convinced, will rank among the most valuable, as it will undoubtedly be the most interesting and readable of the historical works that have been offered to the public.

A careful sifting of evidence adduced has evidently been made regarding the then vilified Canada Company, with the result that justice is done to both public and Company. The three most interesting people, perhaps, who ever came into Canada—the Dunlop brothers and the woman whom the elder made his wife—are set before us in a life-like sketch, and such chapter titles as "The Spirit of the Times, Canada as the Company Found It, From Champlain to Gooding, Huron's Age Heroic, The Canada Company vs. The People, The People vs. the Company, A Social Pot-Pourri, and others as striking, partly indicate the interesting matter which is to be found in the . . .

STILL GROWING IN FAVOR.

Manager Garland, of the American Dunlop Tire Co., feels highly gratified at the manner in which "Dunlops" are winning their way among the rank and file of riders. As a consequence, the output of the Dunlop factory in Toronto for '96 is already larger than that reached during the whole of '95. This result is doubtless to be laid to the fact that no expense that experience can suggest is spared to make the tires as mechanically perfect as possible. The fabric used in the construction of the covers is so closely woven that it is very difficult to puncture, and this resistance is increased through the unstinted use of rubber, adding at the same time a degree of resiliency the equal of which, experts acknowledge, no other pneumatic possesses.

In proof of this may be pointed out the long array of records held by the Dunlop tire. With mighty few exceptions all the English and French cracks use them, and witness the tallies recently established over there—Tom Linton's hour record of 30 miles and 214 yards (better than a two-minute clip throughout), and Hurst's 50 miles in 1:43-42 1-5.



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