

A Page for the Women

A CANADIAN NOVEL.

(Thursday's Daily)

People who have enjoyed the Rev. Mr. Knowles' novel of "St. Cuthbert's" with its promise of even better in the future, will appreciate this comprehensive review of Mr. Knowles' new book by the Rev. J. W. MacMillan in a recent number of a Winnipeg paper.

In his second book, Mr. Knowles has set himself to write a novel, "St. Cuthbert's," we remember, was called a novel, but while a line of plot ran clearly through it, it was more than half a series of sketches. "The Undertow" is an out-and-out novel, the whole story moving systematically toward the final denouement, and everything else kept subordinate to the story.

It is the narrative of a minister that, in Kipling's phrase, found himself. The first chapter rises upon him as he comes out of college: handsome, talented, popular. It is an insight granted by the author's profession, evidently, that a young man may dedicate high talents to noble service and yet be an unloved character, with elements mingled in his composition exceedingly dangerous to himself and to the results of his efforts in his calling. The purpose of the story is to show how this young man won his manhood. He had his temptations, reinforced by an unworthy past. And, on the other hand, he found angels by the way, who helped him as he pressed on in the fight.

The story carries the hero, Stephen Wishart, almost immediately from college to his home in an Ontario farm house. There dwells his patriarchal father, a fine, stern, pawky, true-blue Covenanter, with his mother and brother. The mother dies, and the student sets off to pursue his studies across the Atlantic. He leaves behind him Miss Bessie Burnett, whose lovely eyes are quite uncertain whether she regards him or his former brother Rube with greater favor. Distance and a young woman whom he picks up in distress on the streets of London ultimately settle the matter for Bessie.

Then we are shown, in rapid succession, London at night, with the salvage corps of General Booth at work in the slums; Edinburgh, with her famous preachers; Hamilton, Ontario, and a particularly frivolous and fashionable congregation therein, of which Stephen becomes the minister. He conceals his marriage to Hattie, the wife of London, and so gets deeper into trouble. Other complications set in. He gets into debt, and to his only enemy. He finds a loving and sagacious friend in an Irish Catholic priest. He brings his wife to Canada, but as a result of the beguiling of the enemy from whom he had borrowed the money, doubts and disowns her. She flees. He discovers his mistake and, after a long search, finds her in New York.

Mr. Knowles has a wonderful art of touching up the high lights of the commonplace. Only in so doing he makes it to cease from being commonplace. His gift of sympathy rivals his rhetoric talent. He finds both fun and pathos, and both together, in any company he introduces us to. His materials are not the riotous records of adventure and strife, but the simple annals of such people as we meet every day.

When Burns wrote his "Epistle to a Young Friend," he said in the first verse:

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

"The Undertow" is both song and sermon. It is a story told by one with the gift of the story-teller. It easily enchains our interest, and there are passages where a smile or a tear will attest how deeply. But we think that the author's purpose lies more in the moral of the narrative; that it is the discipline rather than the exciting qualities of Stephen's experiences he would have us note, and that it is the victory of noble, humble, Christian manhood which is the true message and climax of the book.

SECULAR CONCERT BY CHOIR.

The choir of All Saints' church will give tonight (Thursday) in the school room of the church a secular concert for which a delightful programme has been prepared under the able direction of Mr. Vernon Barford, the choir director.

All Saints' choir presents a sacred cantata twice each year in the church, but no secular concert has been given within the past five years. In that time the choir has been so augmented by new voices, carefully trained from year to year that from its present strength of forty voices an enjoyable performance may be expected. The programme will include, with various other numbers, a male quartette in the "Troubadour Serenade," the entire chorus of mixed voices in "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," and De Kyven's "Owl and the Pussy Cat," by a quartette of male voices. The programme and the excellence of the choir assure to the music lovers of Edmonton an opportunity for enjoying a musical treat.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

Since ma's got "Christian Science" she does not use a whip. To punish us, but simply takes pucks in her lip.

And thinks and thinks right at us, until she near goes blind. And then she says she's hipped us by whipping in her mind. That is the "absent treatment," but anyone can see.

That it doesn't make connections with such a bow as me.

But pa—now he is different. When he's at home, he'll say: "Yar children best be careful, not be bad today." You just believe we're "careful," 'cause pa, he says that he will give us "switching science," hot from the willow tree.

And as for "absent treatment," why, he says with a wink: "I'll tend to all the switchin'—ma can stand by, and—think."

Baltimore American.

SOCIAL.

Mrs. Ewing entertained at a small bridge party last night in honor of Mrs. Walter Scott.

Mrs. Day was the hostess at a very enjoyable card party yesterday afternoon.

The rehearsals for the amateur production of "The Private Secretary," under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire, are being actively carried out, and the play will shortly be presented at the Edmonton Opera House. The ladies and gentlemen filling the parts of the cast are: Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Mrs. Barrow, Miss McCauley, Mr. Vernon Barford, Mr. Burley, Mr. Harold Greenwood, Mr. Bruce McLeod and Mr. Silas.

Mr. Edward Bayfield, K.C., Mrs. Bayfield and Miss Bayfield, of Prince Edward Island, have taken a residence at 1460 Barclay street, Vancouver, for the winter.

Mrs. Charles May entertained this week at a bright birthday party for Miss Alice May. From seven to ten the guests—all girl friends of Miss Alice—enjoyed themselves with games and dancing and a merry supper, after which they were cozily packed in a big sleigh and driven home. Some of the guests present were the Misses Maxine Morris, Marjorie McQueen, Effie Kinnaird, Connie Griffin, Beatrice O'Connor, Marjorie Wilson, Nesta Mercer, Kathleen Findlay, Kathleen Brading, Irena and Bernice Blackett, Vera May and Annie Bellamy.

(Friday's Daily)

THE TUNE MOTHER PLAYED.

He was only a tramp! The organ fast in the thronging way rolled the notes of the dear old tune that his mother used to play. He looked at his rag—his worthless hands—

He scratched his stubble grey, And heard the notes of the liting tune His mother used to play. The kissless and weary way:

"Move on," He drifted down the street—

But his feet kept time to the dear old tune That his mother used to play.

INDIAN JEWELRY.

The Indian of the far north is in the height of fashion today in respect to his taste in jewelry. "Silver is to be used for rings and bracelets, both men and women wearing the former," says an English trade magazine, with authority.

For over 150 years the Indians have been supplied by the Hudson's Bay company with silver rings, watch chains, brooches, etc. In all the posts probably 70 dozen are distributed throughout the year and a shipment of these will shortly be sent to Athabasca Landing, there to remain in the warehouse until the spring.

The rings are in shape exactly like a wedding ring and would sell at the posts on the average at about a dollar each. An Indian, if he be at all self-respecting, sees to it that his wife and family are well fitted out.

Before a young Indian woman is married, if she can do so, she will load her fingers with the wide band of silver, sometimes both hands being so adorned, but when marriage has presumably toned down her love of display, she takes off all but two or three. Many of the Indian women have slender fingers and though the rings set up are of medium size the request sometimes comes that smaller ones be forwarded.

A good many Indians are very well off and they invest not a little of their wealth in the wide and cumbersome silver watch chains which comport well with the new ways of civilization.

THE QUALITY OF CITIZENSHIP.

There is food for thought for women—and for men—in the following extract from a lecture delivered not long since in Halifax by the Rev. Neil Herman, of Winnipeg.

"I believe with Lord Strathcona that the end of this century will witness the magnificent population of 50,000,000 people in the Northwest Territories. The call of the hour is for men, but there is still a louder call—the call for manhood. Quality, not quantity makes a nation. Quality made England, quality made Canada, quality made our beloved Nova Scotia. We want men, but only the best men. Why? Because only the best can succeed. A man who cannot succeed in Halifax will go to the wall in the west."

"I say the call of the hour is not only for men but for women. What kind of women? The best—only the best. In that cruetous race of life beyond the Great Lakes, only the best women can achieve those great results that belong to women only."

"Let us have a larger immigration of women. We cannot build a nation without the fireside; and the queen of the hearthstone is woman. I believe that ultimately our western national life must rise or fall on womanhood. We are entering upon the most glorious period in our history. The vista of our life is as bright as the promises of God."

"In the grand march of our progress the only danger is that which confronted nations in every age. What danger do you ask. Soil without the fruits of righteousness. Commerce and competition without conscience. Men without manhood. Politics without God. Government without principle. And I might add another, Christianity without Christ."

We are building the west from a tried corner stone of the best national life in all history. The stone which the builders rejected in the erection of Rome and Greece, we honor by placing it as our foundation."

ALL SAINTS' CHOIR CONCERT.

The secular concert given last night by the choir of All Saints' church was not as well attended as it deserved, doubtless owing to the cold weather, deterring people from leaving their ain firesides. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Vernon Barford, sang most acceptably an opening number from Reay and Roeckel's "Madelaine." The strength of the parts was always well-balanced and the singing, marked throughout with a quality of grace rather than power, was particularly pleasing. In the evening, reflecting exquisite pieces of lace, cut glass and decorations of white chrysanthemums, made an effective setting for an attractive repast. Those invited to meet Mrs. Scott at this enjoyable breakfast were Mrs. John McDougall, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Chas. May, Mrs. Bellamy, Miss Beck and Miss Graves.

A DISTINGUISHED TRIO.

This story—a variation of an old one—has drifted into Edmonton from a Savannah paper, and considering its source and the people of whom it is told its details are funny from their very improbability. Imagine the classic Lord Rosebery asking a street urchin to hit a policeman a "swat" on the back! And the idol of Birmingham—poor, monochrome, orchid and all-looking on!

The Georgia funny man's story runs: The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is fond of relating an incident that occurred while he and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theatre one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy who, after sweeping the mud from their path asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idea struck him. "My boy," said Rosebery, "if you will hit that policeman a swat I will give you ten shillings." Promptly to the word, the boy crept in back of the officer, and, raising his broom struck him in the back, then turned and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery, the officer caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentleman would not listen, and took them all three up to the station. They were then taken before the judge of the station, and, after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name, "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery." The boy was next, and stepping up to front he drew himself up to his full height, and waited for the usual question, "Your name?" "My name," said the boy, "Well, judge, I'm not the kind as what goes back on me pals. I'm the Duke of Wellington."

SOCIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Butchart, 8th street, will be at home this evening to the young people of McDougall Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McLeod arrived in the city last night, home from a brief honeymoon trip. For the present Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are staying at the Alberta hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McLeod Station, announced the engagement of their daughter, Kate M., to Mr. A. McKenzie, of Winnipeg. The marriage will take place on the 12th of December.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Willis, of London, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillian, to Walter A. Nisbet, of the law firm of Willwood & Nisbet, Moosehide, Sask., formerly of Arndt & Nisbet, Toronto. The marriage will take place early in January.

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(Tuesday's Daily)

Lady Von Haast, who has been the guest of Mrs. Ferris for some time, left last night for Vermilion, where she will spend some months with her son.

Mrs. Edmiston, with her mother, leaves today for New Brunswick, where she will remain until after the New Year.

Mrs. Riddell, accompanied by her young son, Master Harold Riddell, left today for the Pacific coast, where she will spend a couple of months.

Hon. Mr. Rutherford and Mrs. Rutherford entertained at dinner last night. The guests included the Lieutenant Governor, Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. Walter Scott, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Dr. and Mrs. Hislop, Mr. Babbitt.

At a dance given recently in her honor by her aunt, Mrs. Roberts Allan, of Ottawa, Miss Ellinor Taylor, of Edmonton, wore a very dainty gown of white accordion-pleated silk, with bertha of old rose point. About fifty guests were present, among whom were Miss Mary Davies, the Misses Oliver, Miss Louise Hays (of Montreal), Mr. A. A. Lefebvre, M.P., Mr. Edward Pope, Mr. Alvin Powell and Mr. Hatfield Pringle.

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Sensible Fashions For Home Dress-Making

4084 A SMALL PLAY APRON

This apron needs no advocate, so efficient has its services been in the protection of small frocks. One especially suited for wear during the play hour or when the owner assists her mother in little tasks about the home is shown. It is made of white material with washable ribbon or featherstitching. The cap is of the same material.

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4108 A BOY'S NIGHTSHIRT. So many mothers make their husbands' and sons' nightshirts that a good pattern for such has been requested. The most popular style for a boy is that sketched with the yoke and gathered back. Any amateur sewer will find it entire-

ly simple to make. The pocket may be omitted if preferred though any man or boy who has enjoyed one will never be satisfied without it. Long-sleeved or short-sleeved, for material of which 3 yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size.

4116 A LITTLE PLEATED DRESS FOR EVERYDAY. In this age of simplicity, the one-piece dress for the small maid is chosen not only for the play hour but for nice occasions as well. A dress which is excellent for general wear made in serge, crash or mohair is sketched. It may be worn with petticoats or bloomers of the same color and serve for hard use such

ing while the lower portion is tucked across the front and back. The top of the sleeve is also tucked and hangs free below. The sashes are easily made and for materials there are the light silks, albatross and enamel. For the medium size the pattern calls for 4 1-8 yards of 27 inch goods.

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4108 TINY FIXINGS FOR TINY FOLKS.

The accessories of a baby's wardrobe are not so numerous that anyone should be deprived of their possession and they are quite as dainty as those belonging to any wardrobe. The set given here of cap, sack, and mittens may offer a suggestion for holiday gifts, all being simple to make and most welcome to any mother. The box of the sack add extra warmth while the sleeves are free and loose so as to slip easily over small arms. Cashmere or washable wool in white, blue or pink would be lovely. The edges bound with washable ribbon or featherstitching. The cap is of the same material.

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wearer. A charming little gown of this kind is pictured. The fullness of the front is regulated at the neck edge by a ribbon drawn through eyelets or a heading. The back has a yoke to which the skirt part is gathered while the sleeves are loose and very graceful. These might be drawn in with ribbon also if desired. A fine haircock or longhitch may serve as materials of which 5 1-2 yards are needed.

A BONNIE YOUNG PRINCE.

The little Crown Prince of Norway, son of the new King Haakon, has become a popular idol in Christiania, reports from Europe tell us.

His overflowing spirits and the irresistible charm of his little baby ways have completely conquered the warm-hearted Norwegians.

He is of the Norwegian type, brilliantly fair with his mother's beautiful blue eyes. It is claimed for him that he is one of the best looking of all King Edward's grandchildren and the only one who has inherited Queen Alexandra's delicate coloring and finely chiseled features.

Prince Olaf's entry into Trondheim with the new monarch and his Queen was in reality a triumph. A grizzled naval officer, boasted the short-frooked toddler aloft on his shoulder, and the baby prince laughed, kicked his white-socked legs with glee, and kissed his hands to the people who roared back their delight. And the enthusiasm was redoubled when the chubby Prince flourished a Norwegian flag borrowed from a boy on the quay.

At the coronation of King Haakon Prince Olaf again distinguished himself. Becoming weary of the speeches he darted away from the royal party into a throng of small boys. They had banners which he coveted. Selecting the boy with a brighter one than the rest he struggled with him for its possession, secured it and ran back to the King, grinning in the pride of his conquest.

King Haakon then took his enthusiastic heir in hand and held him tightly on his knees while they drove to the palace. But Prince Olaf stuck to his banner, and waved it vigorously at every cheer from the people and at every shower of flowers from the balconies.

At the end of this exciting day when the King and Queen Maud came on to a balcony to receive the plaudits of the people there was a deafening cry for "Olaf." When Queen Maud thereupon brought the child to the front, and the King held him at arm's length above his head—a bright, beaming, fair-haired little fellow. So firmly did he conquer the people that the next day the children of Christiania subscribed for a fur costume for him, the subscriptions being limited to a penny each in order that all might be able to participate in the gift.

Nor is this the only present the little Prince has received. An English lady, Miss Ada Musgrove, recently made over to him the absolute ownership of her lovely island named Fortin Bras, some 20,000 square yards in size, situated in the summer resort of Gode Sound. The island is a little fairy realm with beautiful woods and summer houses and miniature mountains and valleys.

After the pretty coronation incidents of Prince Olaf, related there was such a run of photographs that the demand exceeded even the demand for the pictures of the new King and Queen. And later when the royal family had settled down in residence the popular Prince had to undergo a daily mobbing by admiring ladies during his "constitutionals" in the park.

Already the Prince is being initiated into the mysteries of state ceremonial. At one of King Haakon's courts he ran about the room insisting upon shaking hands with everybody in imitation of his father and mother, and when the King and the Queen bowed to their visitors before leaving the apartment he stood very straight and gave a military salute.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Alberta Natural History Society was held in the Orange Hall, Innisfail, on Wednesday, November 7th.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Hon. President, Hon. W. Findlay, Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. 1st Vice-President, Geo. Harcourt, Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. 2nd Vice-President, P. B. Greison, Blackfalds.

President, Dr. H. George Innisfail, add natural history society.

1st Vice-President, F. H. Wooley, Dods, Millarville.

2nd Vice-President, S. B. Sanson, Banff.

Secretary—Treasurer, Jas. Jensen, Innisfail.

CANADIAN



THOMAS BELLAMY.

(Candidate for Mayor)

Thomas Bellamy is one of Edmonton's old timers. He was born in Clontarf, in the county of Durham, of the old slanting of Liberalism, the banner province. He came to Edmonton when the city was young, in 1882 and established a branch here. He Massey-Harris Co. In 1896 Mr. Bellamy started in business for himself in the agricultural machinery and vehicle line, following this so successfully that he is now able to retire with a sufficiency.

Almost since the day of his arrival Mr. Bellamy has taken an active interest in municipal affairs. In the early days the city's policy was in the form of a vehicle line, following this so successfully that he is now able to retire with a sufficiency.

At the end of this exciting day when the King and Queen