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V. 6, no. 5, April 1916.

# CANADIAN PICTORIAL

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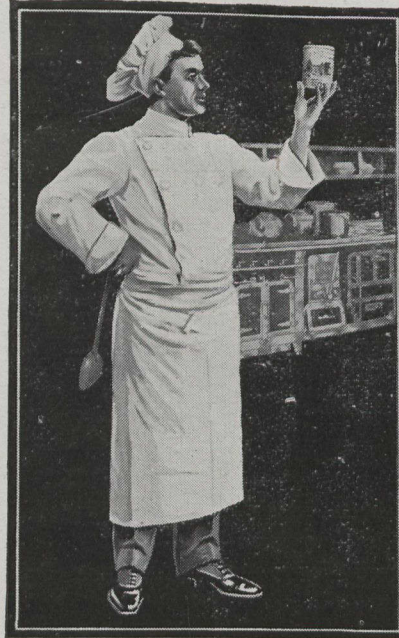
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"The 'Canadian Pictorial' has been steadily improving with each year of its existence, and is a credit to Canadian journalism."

—From "The Presbyterian Witness,"  
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142 St. Peter Street, Montreal

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are absolutely the perfection of sugar refining—brilliantly clear and sparkling—and an ornament to every table.

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**Unconventional Portraits** This is from a photograph taken in London, on March 9th, after Their Majesties had paid a visit to the National Gallery. From now until after the Coronation, in June, the whole world will be especially interested in our King and Queen. — Copyright, Central News.

# Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 6, No. 5

One Dollar  
a Year

APRIL, 1911

142 St. Peter Street  
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

## The Voice of Spring

I come, I come! Ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and  
song!

Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violets, birth  
By the primrose—stars in the shadowy grass—  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut  
flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;  
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,

And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a tinge of softer green;  
And the moss looks bright where my step has been,

From the streams and founts I have loosed the  
chain;

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

—Mrs. Hemans.

## St. John's Story of the Resurrection

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene, early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

And he, stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie.

And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Then went in also that other disciple which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

For as yet they knew not the scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.

Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary! She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni! which is to say, Master!

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

# NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

King George has announced his intention to entertain a hundred thousand London children at the Crystal Palace on June 30 in celebration of his coronation.

By the explosion of a moving picture machine in a small theatre in Bologoe, Southern Novgorod, Russia, causing a panic and fire, over a hundred persons lost their lives, many of them being children.

The expulsion of Jews from various parts of Russia is being pursued with great ferocity, those from Tchernigov alone numbering 2,000. Many families in Chel'abinsk have been listed for expulsion, the majority of the men being grain merchants. They have appealed to the Minister of the Interior to consider their case.

The will of the late Lord Swaythling the London banker, has been sworn for probate at £1,500,000 or \$7,500,000. All bequests to the testator's children or those inheriting through the children are subject to a clause providing that at his death they must be professing the Jewish religion and must not be married to persons not professing it. It lays a solemn injunction on the children against abandoning the Jewish religion or intermarrying outside of it at any time or under any circumstances. The trustees are empowered to withhold three-fourths of their inheritance from two daughters who have assisted the Liberal Judaism movement if after his death they assist it directly or indirectly.

The United States Senate has by a vote of 46 to 40 decided not to declare illegal the election of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, who was charged with having obtained his seat by bribery and corruption, and whose case has caused much acrimonious discussion both in Congress and the Press.

The notorious outlaw Hakim Khan, who has been for years a thorn in the side of the British northwest frontier Indian forces, was surprised the other day with thirty of his followers in a cave by a force under the command of Lieut.-Col. Sir George Roos-Keppel, chief commissioner and agent to the governor general of the northwest frontier province. Hakim refused to surrender and a machine gun hailed lead into his den until all but five of the party were killed.

Pekin despatches say that the Chinese government have agreed to the appointment of Russian and Chinese commissioners, with full powers, finally to determine the frontier, from Abagajtujewsk in the province of Transbaikalia, to the Argun River, which, throughout its course of 40 miles, forms the boundary line between Russian territory and western Manchuria.

The German operations against the rebels in Ponape, Caroline Islands, have ended. Fifteen murderers and officials were court-martialed and shot. The other insurgents numbering 426, were banished. In the recent revolt four Europeans and five friendly natives were killed, and in the subsequent fighting the German forces lost several in killed and wounded.

President Taft has issued a proclamation fixing April 4th for the convening of the sixty-second Congress in extraordinary session to enact legislation regarding the tariff agreement made between the United States Department of State and the Canadian Government, a bill endorsing which had passed the House of Representatives but had failed to reach a vote in the Senate.

The Earl of Dudley, Governor-General and commander-in-chief of the Commonwealth of Australia since April, 1908, will retire in July, and will be succeeded by Lord Denman, a prominent Liberal peer.

An Imperial rescript, published in St. Petersburg on March 3rd, announced the intention of the Emperor Nicholas of completing the work of his grandfather, Alexander II, by transforming the peasants into free and economically strong land owners. This will be achieved by affording them facilities to leave their peasant communes and by improvement in the science of agriculture. A jubilee over the emancipation of the serfs was celebrated throughout Russia on Saturday, public rejoicings and the singing of 'Te Deums' in all the churches being reported. The Emperor and Empress attended the services in the Cathedral at St. Petersburg.

The Earl of Crewe, government leader in the House of Lords and Secretary of State for India, was taken suddenly ill at a dinner party on March 3rd and fell down, causing concussion of the brain, and it is feared that it will be at least two months before he will be able to resume his leadership in the upper chamber or the duties of the Indian office. His illness is particularly unfortunate in view of the important business coming up in the House of Lords which includes Lord Lansdowne's reform bill and the government's veto bill. The Earl's duties have been assumed temporarily by Viscount Morley, Lord President of the Council and former Secretary of State for India.

Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at Oxford indicated that the government's Home Rule for Ireland bill will be on the lines of Gladstone's second home rule measure, subject to modifications that time has shown will be wise and rational. He said that the government was now engaged in an enquiry into the financial position of Ireland preparatory to granting Home Rule.

Sir Edward Tennant, brother-in-law of Mr. Asquith, has been raised to the peerage on the occasion of his appointment as Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland in succession to the Earl of Stair, an office which is always held by a peer.

After four days debate the veto bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 368 to 243. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's amendment to the effect that the House would welcome the introduction of a bill to reform the composition of the House of Lords, while still maintaining its independence as a second chamber, was previously rejected by a vote of 365 to 244. The bill was then referred to the committee of the whole. The Unionists gave notice of numerous amendments they would submit. The date of the committee stage was not fixed. The House of Lords passed on its first reading Lord Balfour of Burleigh's bill creating a referendum, which he said was designed to restore the reality of power to the people instead of having power in the hands of a Cabinet oligarchy working through party whips. The bill provides for a reference to the people of matters disputed between the House of Lords and the House of Commons or any matter regarding which a certain fixed proportion of the House of Commons demands a referendum. The result of a referendum will be final unless the majority on the affirmative side is below 2 per cent. of the negative vote.

The Norwegian Government has introduced a bill in the Storting entitling women to hold any State office, except military or clerical positions. The Government wanted to include clerical posts, but the bishops opposed it.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany will attend the unveiling of the memorial to the late Queen Victoria in London on May 16.

A bill has passed the Dominion House of Commons requiring railway companies to pay their employees bi-weekly.

Prof. Jacob Heinrich van't Hoff, the chemist and author, died on March 2. He was professor at Berlin University, and in 1901 received the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for research in chemistry. The professor had written extensively on the subject which he made a life study. He was born in Rotterdam in 1852. In 1877 he published 'Ten Years in the History of a Theory,' a book on the relations of atoms in space. The views he advanced were ridiculed at the time, but his theories have since been substantiated in large measure.

A bomb, evidently intended to end the activities of Superintendent Denham of the criminal investigation department of the Calcutta police, was thrown on March 2 at his motor car in the centre of the city. It failed to explode, and the thrower, a native youth, was arrested. It happened that Denham was not in the car, which was occupied by a public works official.

George Anderson, alias 'Old Bill' Miner, the man who robbed a Canadian Pacific Railway train in British Columbia some years ago, afterwards escaping from prison, has been arrested and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for robbery of an express car on a Southern Railway passenger train in Georgia near White Sulphur Springs. Had he escaped conviction, arrangements had been made by the Canadian Government to have him held for extradition, so that he could be taken back to British Columbia to serve out his life sentence for robbing the Canadian Pacific Railway train.

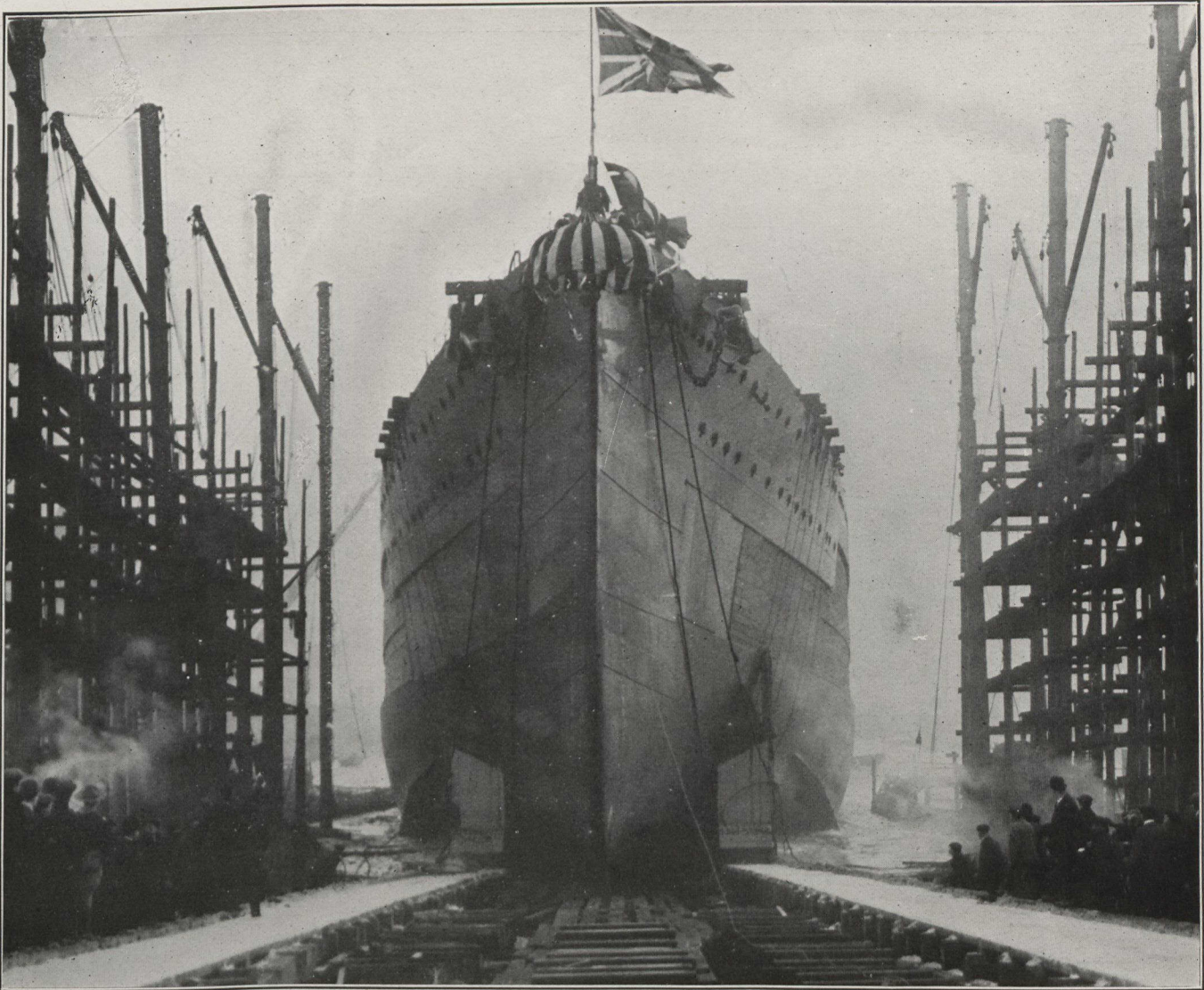
In a cautious and diplomatically phrased speech in the Prussian Diet on March 2, the German Chancellor admonished the Roman Curia that persistence in the recent tendency to the issuance of decrees affecting Germany without previous consultation with the government will lead to retaliation. One result might, he said, be the abolition of the Prussian legation at the Holy See.

The charges that hundreds of young English girls are being sent to the Mormon colonies in Utah and other parts of the United States by agents of that church in various cities of England were brought up in the shape of questions in the House of Commons on March 2. Numerous anti-Mormon meetings have been held throughout the country of late and relatives of the girls and women who have been enticed to Utah have been flooding the Home Secretary with petitions asking for an investigation of the matter. Replying to the questions in the House Mr. Churchill said he had no official information to bear out the charges. The matter was causing a good deal of concern in certain quarters and he was treating it in a very serious spirit.

Fifty United States millionaires, negotiating through a syndicate in Belfast, have chartered the new White Star liner 'Olympic,' which is being built for that company and will visit Great Britain in June in the giantess of the seas to attend the coronation.

McGill University is to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the Quebec Premier, Sir Lomer Gouin, in special recognition of his efforts to advance education; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, for his work as member of The Hague Tribunal of Arbitration; and Mr. George William Parmalee, secretary of the Department of Public Instruction, for his 'devoted efforts in the cause of education' and his high standing as an educationist and writer.

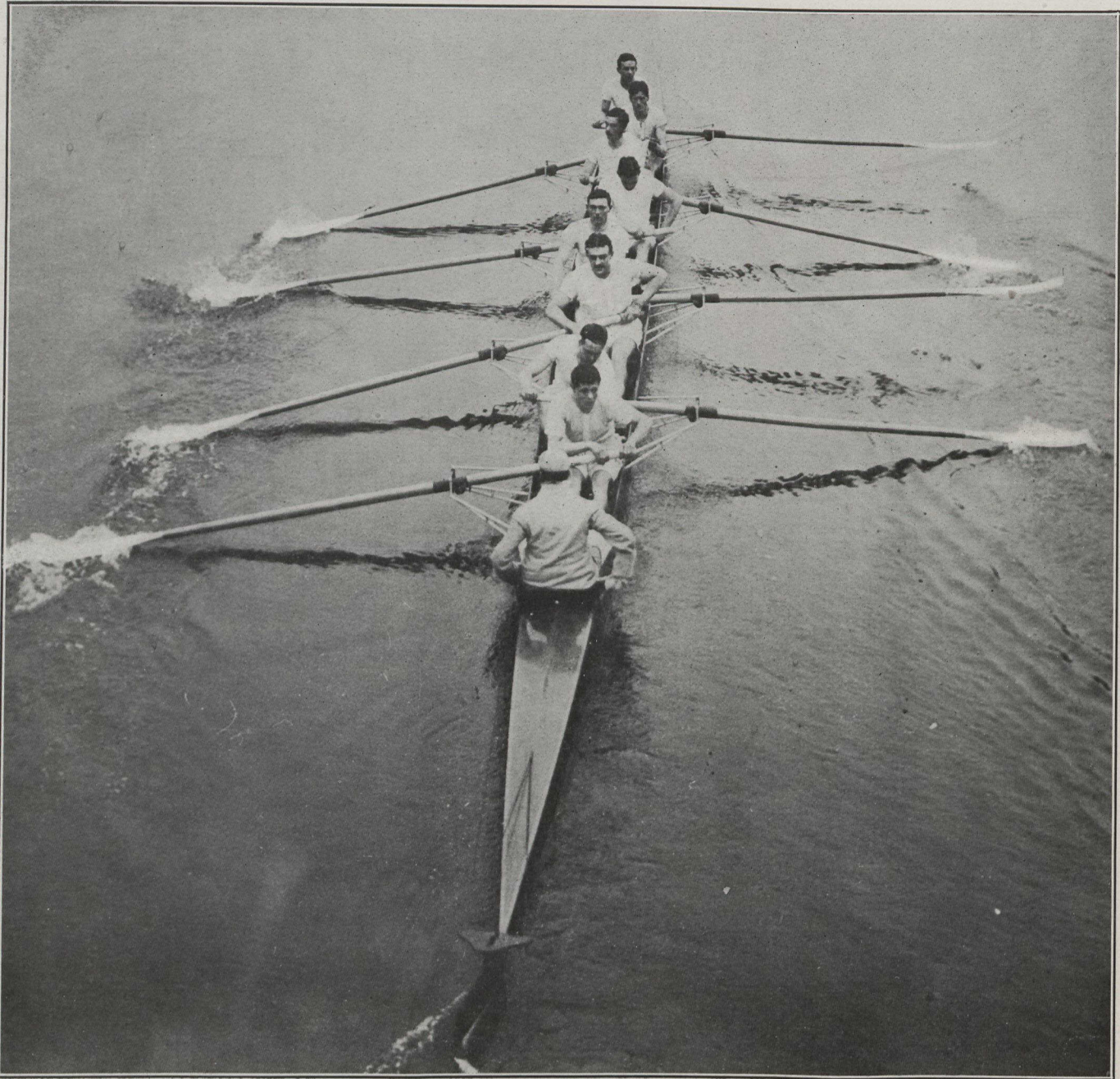
A despatch from Odessa says that a tragedy of the sea was revealed in the discovery in the Caspian Sea, a few miles off Astrakhan, of a derelict vessel, the whole crew of which, numbering thirty, had been frozen to death. The ship was a mass of ice.



**The Latest "Dreadnought"** The "Thunderer," the first ship of the Dreadnought class to be built on the Thames, and one of the two largest battleships in the world, was launched recently at Canning Town. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Randall Davidson, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. *—Copyright, Central News.*



**A Spring-Time Breakfast** A youngster giving his rabbits their morning meal. Note the big brother sitting on the pen. *—Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.*



**A Famous Boat Race** The Cambridge Crew making their first appearance at Bourne End at a recent practice prior to coming to Putney at the end. —Copyright, Central News.



**The Dark Blues** The Oxford Crew making their first appearance at Henley to try their new boat. —Copyright, Central News.



## IN THEIR STATE ROBES



### The King and Queen

The special interest of this royal group lies in the fact that the Queen is wearing the great Cullinan diamonds, the tokens of loyalty from the Transvaal. These two glittering stones, the finest which Africa has produced, are capable of being worn by the Queen as here shown and of being placed in the head of the two sceptres which will be used at the coronation. The Queen is also wearing the ribbon of the Garter *en sautoir* from left to right, unlike the generality of others, which are worn from right to left. The eight-pointed star is fastened on the left side, and the garter itself high up on the left arm. The Order of the Garter has belonged to but three ladies in our own day—to Queen Victoria, who as Sovereign was head of the Order; to Queen Alexandra, on whom it was bestowed by King Edward within a few days of his accession; and to Queen Mary, whom King George, following the precedent set by his royal father, has recently made a Lady of the Garter. This photograph was taken after King George had opened his first Parliament.

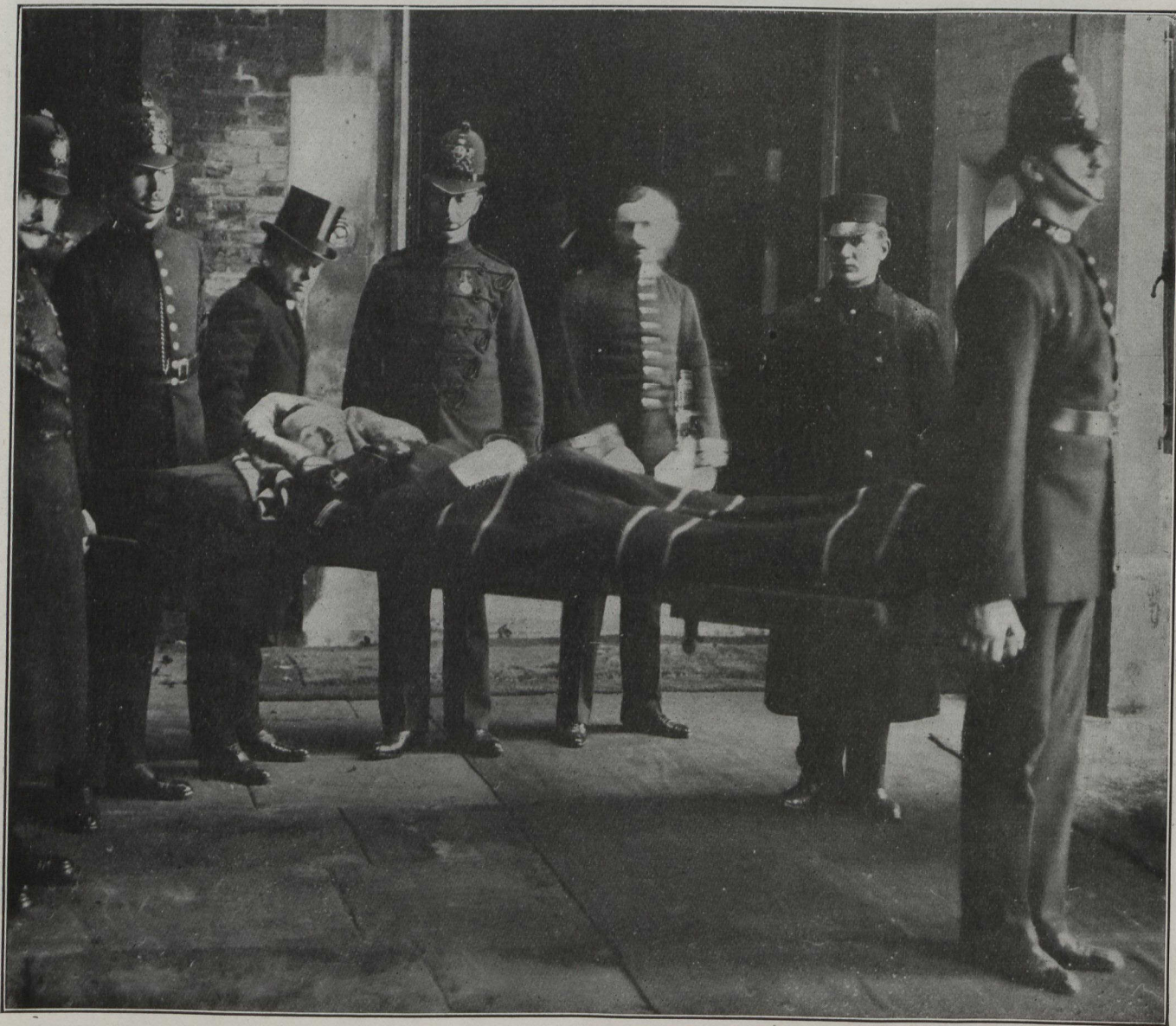
—The Sphere.



**Joining the Canadian Navy**

This is one of the most promising groups of young men who have offered for enlistment in the new navy. They are attached to H. M. C. S. "Niobe", at Halifax.

—Photo by Geo. D. Graver, H.M.C.S. "Niobe."



**The King Decorates a Police Hero**

Police Sergeant Woodhams, who was wounded in the Exchange Buildings affray, being decorated, before being removed to the London Hospital in a motor ambulance. Standing at the head of the stretcher (in tall hat) is the Secretary of the London Hospital.

—Copyright, Central News

## EASTER IN JERUSALEM



**The Festival in the Holy Land** Crowds made up of nearly all nationalities, watching an Easter procession at the entrance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. In the distance, against the wall of the Church can be seen photographers with cameras "taking" the same throng from the opposite point of view.

—Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

## An Easter Scene in Rome



### Baptising a Jewish Child

In the middle ages, on Holy Thursday, the Jews used to be driven to church, where they were forced to go through a ceremony of conversion. The only relic of this practice in modern Rome is the baptism of a Jewish child on Holy Saturday in the church of St. John Lateran.

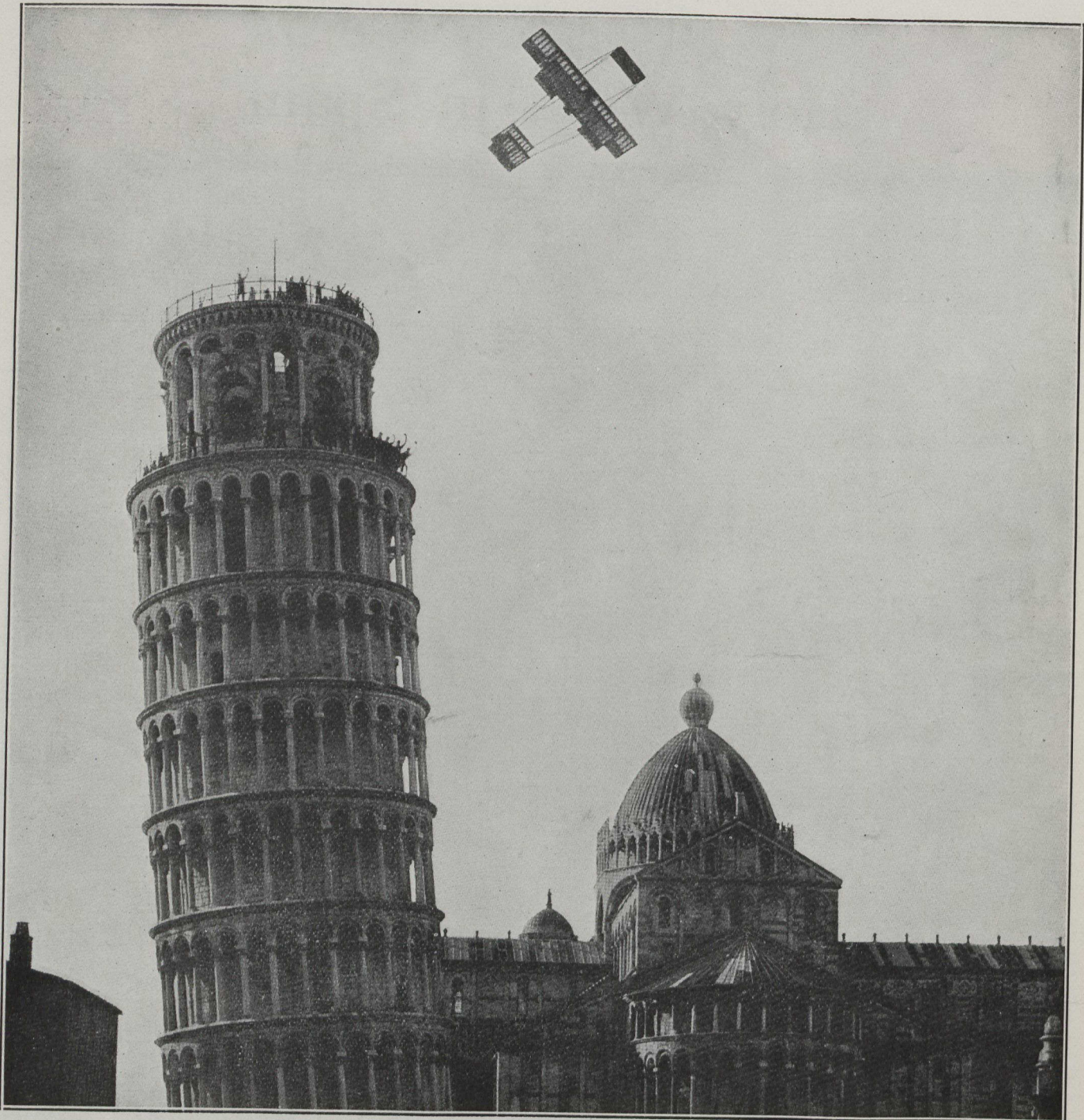
—Illustrated London News

## Holy Week in Spain



### A Religious Procession in Seville

The ceremonial of the Semana Santa, or Holy Week, in Seville, is second in interest to that of Rome alone, and is in some respects quite peculiar, especially in regard to the processions of painted and graven images, which are carried through the streets by the various brotherhoods, many of whom wear masks and high-peaked head-dresses. This picture shows the image of our Lord and a "paso" of life-size figures representing the Crucifixion defiling before the Royal pavilion.



### Flying Around the Leaning Tower

A few days ago, Signor Mario Cobianchi, a skillful aviator of Bologna, flew from the Hippodrome of San Rossore near Pisa to the famous leaning tower of Pisa. The above picture was taken while he was turning just above the tower. Spectators can be seen in the act of cheering from the upper galleries, from which Galileo made the famous tests with falling bodies, proving that globes of different weights reached the ground at the same moment.

—*The Sphere.*



### End of a Record Overseas Flight

Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, of Baddeck, Nova Scotia, made a sensational flight, from Key West, Florida, to within nine miles of Havana, Cuba, the other day; his supply of oil became exhausted and he was forced to abandon the attempt, with the goal in sight. He had covered over 100 miles of the 110 mile flight. He was picked up by one of the vessels stationed to watch the course. His aeroplane is seen floating in the water.



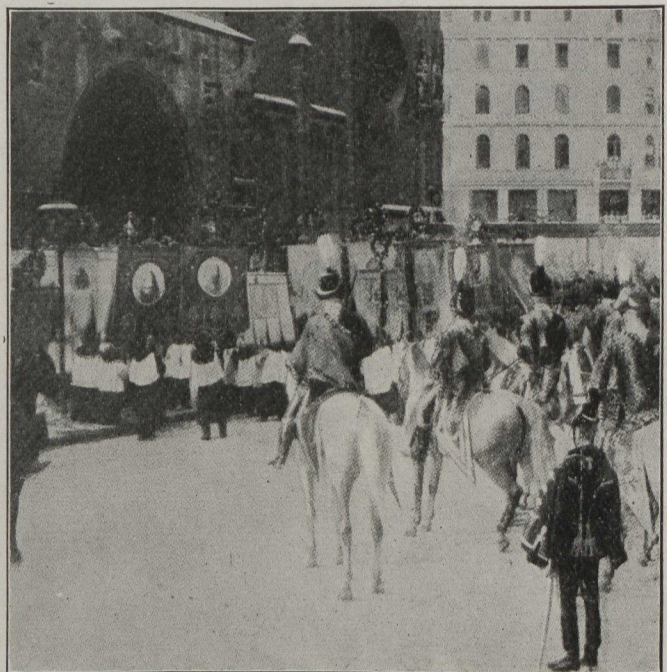
**Shot by the German Crown Prince**

The special correspondent of *The Times of India* wrote from Jaipur: "The Prince has now fulfilled what is the dearest wish of every true sportsman who visits India, viz., to shoot a tiger. As soon as the party was ensconced in the machans — shooting platforms in the trees — the beaters got to work, and did their work so thoroughly that in a minute they routed up a large tiger which made straight in the direction of the Prince's machan. The tiger was galloping along at a rapid rate when the Prince fired his shot, getting home just below the left shoulder. The wounded animal covered over one hundred yards before dropping dead. It proved to be a fine male over nine feet long and in excellent condition." King George disposed of a tiger on nearly the same spot. —*The Sphere*



**Easter in Greece**

The crowds of people going to and coming from the Cathedral in Athens.



**Easter in Austria**

The Hungarian Life Guards attending the service at the Cathedral in Vienna.



**The King's Royal Garter Banner**

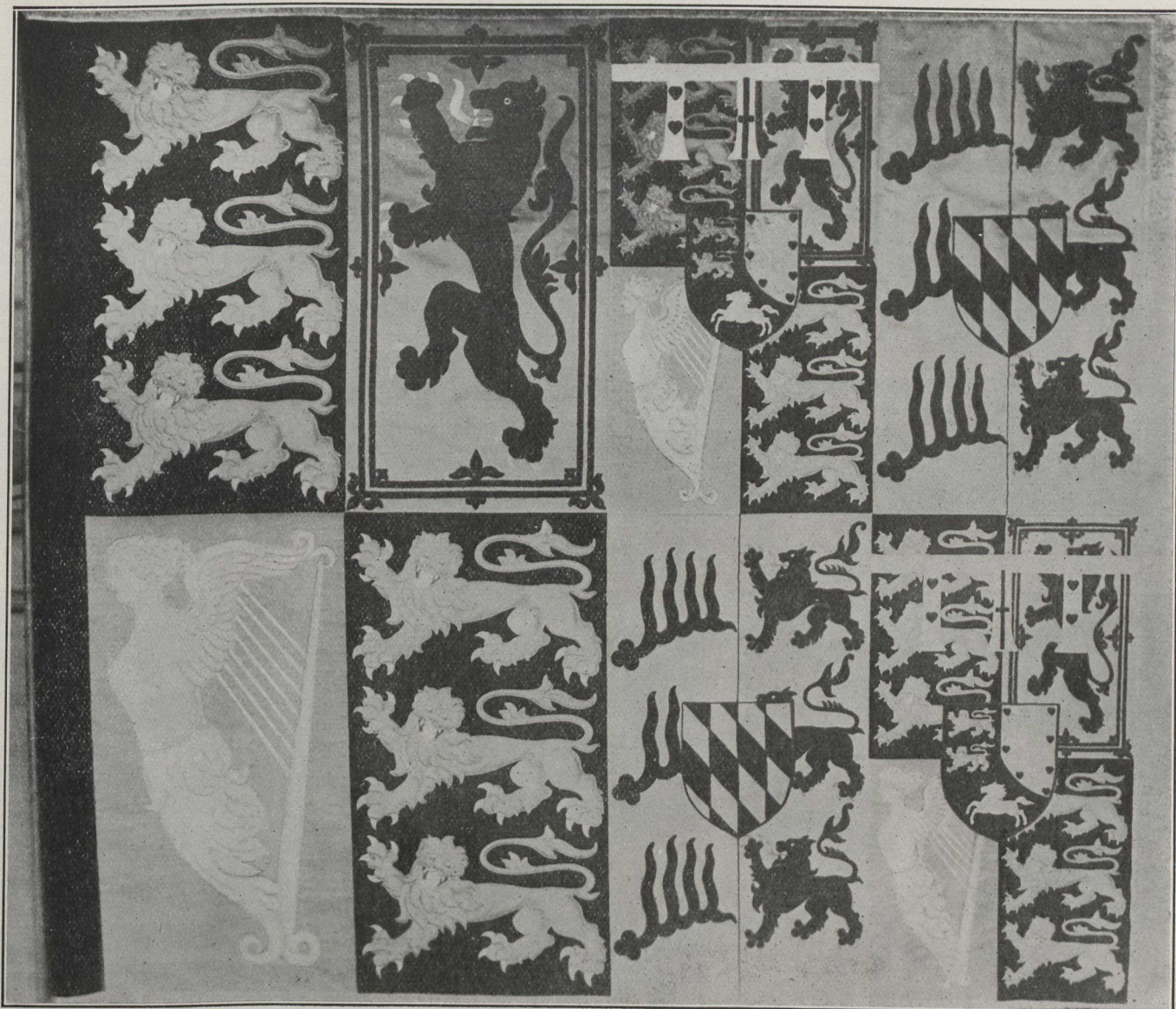
The Garter Banners of the King and Queen which will be hung in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in place of the banners of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, have now been completed. This view shows the King's banner, which is the same in design as the Royal Standard. The Queen's Banner is on the opposite page. The banners have been made by the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington. —Copyright, Central News



**The Flag in New Zealand**

It was a happy idea that led the children of the Yardheads School, Leith, Scotland, to send a flag to the Albany Street School, Dunedin, New Zealand. The above picture shows the scene at the unfurling of the flag in Dunedin. See the corresponding scene on opposite page.





**The Queen's Royal Garter Banner** The Queen's Banner bears the Queen's arms, impaled with those of the King. The Queen's arms, are those of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, quarterly with those of her father, the Duke of Teck. The material coat being the Royal arms, is, in this case, placed in the first quarter.

—Copyright, Central News

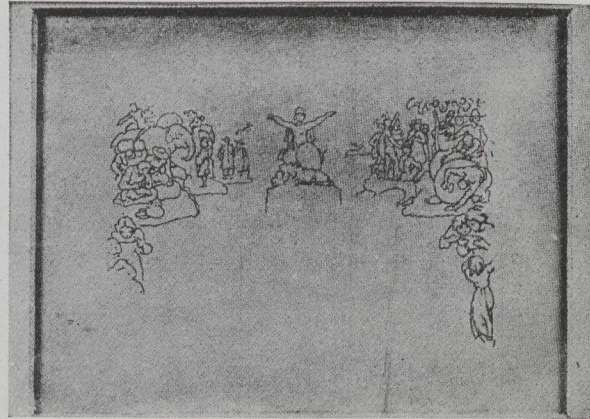


**The Flag in Scotland** This picture shows the scene at the presentation of the flag sent by the Albany Street School, Dunedin, New Zealand, to Yardheads School, Leith. The presentation was made by the Earl of Glasgow.

# Stamps from the King's Collection

Without doubt, the majority of the King's subjects who are interested in postage stamps have been aware for a considerable time that his Majesty is a philatelist of note, but few outside his immediate circle had seen specimens from his collection until the opening the other day of the Essex Stamp Exhibition, at the Walthamstow Public Library. We give on this page photographs of stamps from His Majesty's

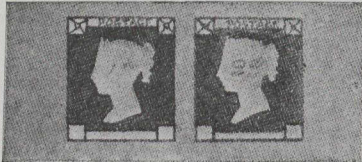
[Continued opposite.]



THE ARTIST'S OWN SKETCH, MULREADY'S DESIGN FOR THE FAMOUS ROWLAND HILL POSTAL ENVELOPE, GENERALLY KNOWN AS THE MULREADY.

collection, and of others of importance. To the descriptions under our Illustrations, we may add the following details. The 2d. mauve, printed just before the death of King Edward and subsequently withdrawn, has been described as "magenta", but "mauve" is correct. His Majesty showed a pair from the left hand bottom corner of a sheet and a single specimen on an envelope addressed to himself and post marked

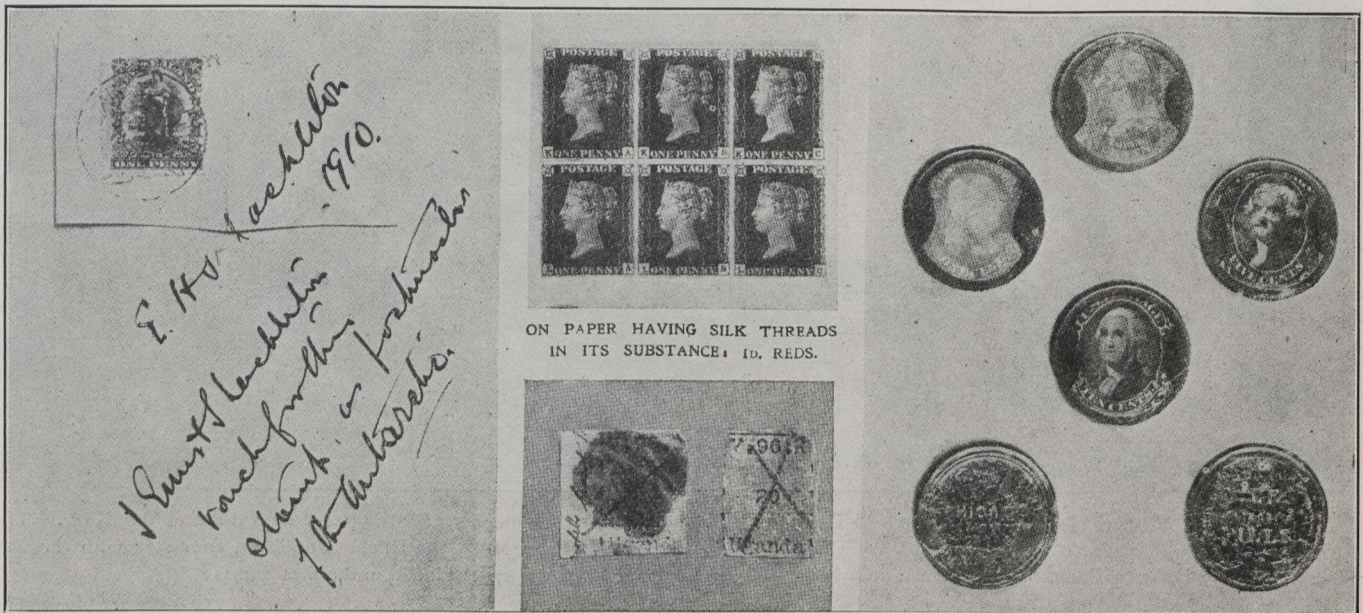
[Continued below.]



THE WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES FOR THE FIRST 1d. AND 2d. STAMPS.



WITHDRAWN AFTER KING EDWARD'S DEATH THE 2d. MAUVE.



VOUCHED FOR BY SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, AS POSTMASTER OF THE ANTARCTIC: A NEW ZEALAND STAMP OVER-PRINTED "KING EDWARD VII'S LAND".

PRINTED ON A TYPEWRITER BY A CLERGYMAN: PRIMITIVE UGANDA STAMPS.

MADE BY ENCASING POSTAGE STAMPS IN METAL DISCS: STAMP-MONEY USED DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.



SIGNED BY KING EDWARD VII, AS APPROVED: STAMPS SUBMITTED FOR THE POSITION OF THE HEAD.

USED BY THE BRITISH FORCE IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY, STAMPS ISSUED IN LHASSA.

THE ONLY KING EDWARD VII, 2d. MAUVE USED IN THE POST, AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO THE KING.



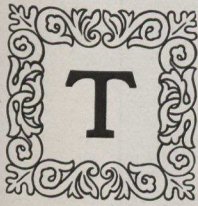
HALF-A-DOZEN DESIGNS SUBMITTED BY CONTRACTORS FOR NEW STAMPS FOR USE DURING KING EDWARD'S REIGN.

[Continued from above.] "May 5th, 10." From the King's collection came also Mulready's only sketch of the envelope that bears his name. The idea of the design was given to the artist by Queen Victoria, and carried out in accordance with her suggestions. The original water-colour sketches for the first 1d. and 2d. stamps were formerly in the possession of Sir Rowland Hill, who received them from Sir F. T. Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the time of the introduction of postage stamps. The 1d. reds, the paper of which has silk thread in its substance, are in Lord Crawford's collection. The Uganda stamps were printed on a typewriter by the Rev. Mr. Miller, when Uganda was included in the Postal Union. The stamp-money used in the Civil War in America was made by encasing postage stamps in metal discs. These then passed as currency. The backs of most of them bear advertisements such as "Take Ayer's Pills," "Fremont House, Chicago," and so on. The Lhasa stamps were used under Colonel Younghusband, on August 3, 1904, when his force reached the Forbidden City. They were in circulation for only a few days. The postmark is misspelt "Lahssa."

—Illustrated London News.

# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## The New Millinery



HERE are no pronounced changes to be noted between the new hats for spring and early summer and those to which we have become accustomed during the winter, so far as shapes are concerned. The new models are built along

the lines that have already won favor. At the same time there is a great deal of variety, big hats, little hats, and medium-sized ones all being provided, some with drooping brims, others having the brim upturned; in short, everyone should be able without much difficulty to find what will be most becoming to her.

For spring wear, the draped toques and turbans have first place. There is a similarity in all these turban effects, and yet they are varied as to both size and shape. They are all close fitting and come well down on the hair. Some are without any brim at all, others have the brim turned up deeper at one side than the other, or the same height all round. The woman who likes a

massed around the deep brim, and the top of the crown formed of silver tissue ribbon interwoven with a design of violets in blurred tones. In another a distinguishing touch is given by the introduction of a bunch of the flowers in quite a different tone from the other violets. A lovely rose toque has moss green velvet ribbon looped among the roses along the edge of the brim, and ending in a flat little bow at the side front.

The large hats—which must not be inordinately big—are of light straws, mohair braid, Leghorn, tulle, and almost any summery material one chooses. The crowns are large enough to fit well on the head, and the brims are gracefully undulated, with a decided tendency to an upward roll somewhere. One can have her hat brim tilted smartly up in front, sweeping upward gracefully at one side or the other, or rolled at the back to show her coiffure, just as she finds most becoming.

The so-called "peasant" sailor is likely to have a good deal of vogue through the season. It goes charmingly with the peasant style of dress, cut sleeves and bodice in one. It is a sizable hat, with a roomy, rounded crown, and the brim rolling from the hair to the outer edge which is upturned all round. Straw braids, somewhat coarse in appearance but light and supple, are much used for these sailors, the trimming of which usually consists of flowers and velvet or other ribbon in varying proportions. A pretty and becoming hat of this order is in a creamy shade of straw; the brim is faced with black velvet, and the trimming is of black velvet ribbon lightened with rather small, richly shaded roses, disposed so that it does not interrupt the lines of the shape.

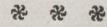
In hats of medium size the bicorne is still noticeable, although it is not so generally becoming as to be really popular. A smart model, rolled straight up along the front and set on the head at a becoming angle, is of fine white chip, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with a bunch of black feathers. Another of the medium hats is of the drooping order, but posed so that it does not hide the face. One model is in amethyst straw, and the trimming consists mainly of roses in a harmonizing shade, planted in irregular dents around the base of the crown. A third model is a street hat of white straw, slanting bell shape from crown to edge of brim at the right, encircled by a fold of black velvet ribbon, while the left side of the brim, which is faced with black velvet, curves up sharply from the face and hair, and is fastened to the high round crown by a bow of black soft satin and a stiff feather.

Flowers are everywhere in hat trimmings, for the early part of the season at all events. Roses are again first choice, chiefly the small sorts, which are made up with petals of fine satiny texture and the most exquisite tints and shadings. Lilac, primroses, forget-me-nots, daisies, and other small flowers are used to deck the spring hats, put on in little bunches, or loose garlands, or sprays. Beautiful large roses are sometimes used singly, but this arrangement is not so popular as the smaller flowers. A simple and pretty little hat of black mohair in modified bell shape has for trimming only a twisted chenille cord in pastel pink and blue threaded with gold around the base of the crown and tied at the left in a looped knot into which is tucked a couple of small bunches of daisies, both white and black, with gold hearts, the stems and sparse foliage trailing down on the brim.

Black velvet ribbon is used effectively on very many models, and colored ribbons in Liberty satin and soft silk give a bright touch to some of the straw hats for wear with dark tailored costumes. Feathers are not greatly in evidence on the advance models, but the willow plumes and other handsome plumage are always accepted as most appropriate on "dress" hats for formal occasions.

Black hats have their usual important place in the head-gear scheme. Black and

white, or rather white and black hats are very popular, and when the combination is made with artistic taste, nothing is more effective. While various colors are seen, the really new touch is afforded by a bit of coral pink, just a line of the bright coral edging a black band, a perky small bow of coral velvet, or perhaps a buckle or ornament of coral beads.



### In the Spring Fashions

The models for tailored coat and skirt costumes are now settled. What is to be noted is that the coats are considerably shorter than those of last year, and that the skirts are plain and straight.

The new suits are very smart in appearance. The skirts while built without an inch of superfluous fullness are not so narrow as to impede free motion, and there is no pulling anywhere, if they are cut properly. Many of them have a panel effect, front and back. The jackets, of hip length, continue the lines of the skirt. While there is a family resemblance between all coat



**Easter Millinery** Flower toque of tiny roses and foliage, brim of moss green velvet, butterfly bow of velvet ribbon.

rather wide and ample turban can have it readily; she who wants height instead of width can be suited as easily; and the jaunty, youthful little caps, simple of line and scant of trimming, are provided for those who can wear them.

Straw braids of various kinds, as soft and supple as satin or velvet, are used in the spring toques, draped in graceful lines. They are very light and comfortable, and are adapted for wear with street costumes or afternoon gowns, according to the quality of the straw and the trimming. For ordinary wear, the trimming may consist of a fold of soft ribbon or velvet and an upstanding bow, a bunch of flowers tucked into a knot of the drapery, or a wing-shape or buckle of burnished straw. For wear with the more elaborate suits and gowns, the toques are of the finest braids, with willow plume trimming.

The flower toques, which appear as regularly as the spring, are unusually lovely this season. Violets are most used, next come small roses, lilac, lilies of the valley, poppies. A pretty violet toque model has the flowers



**Easter Millinery** Practical street hat of white supple straw braid, faced with black velvet, a white wing smartly posed towards the back.

models, variety may be effected by the management of revers, collar, and trimming.

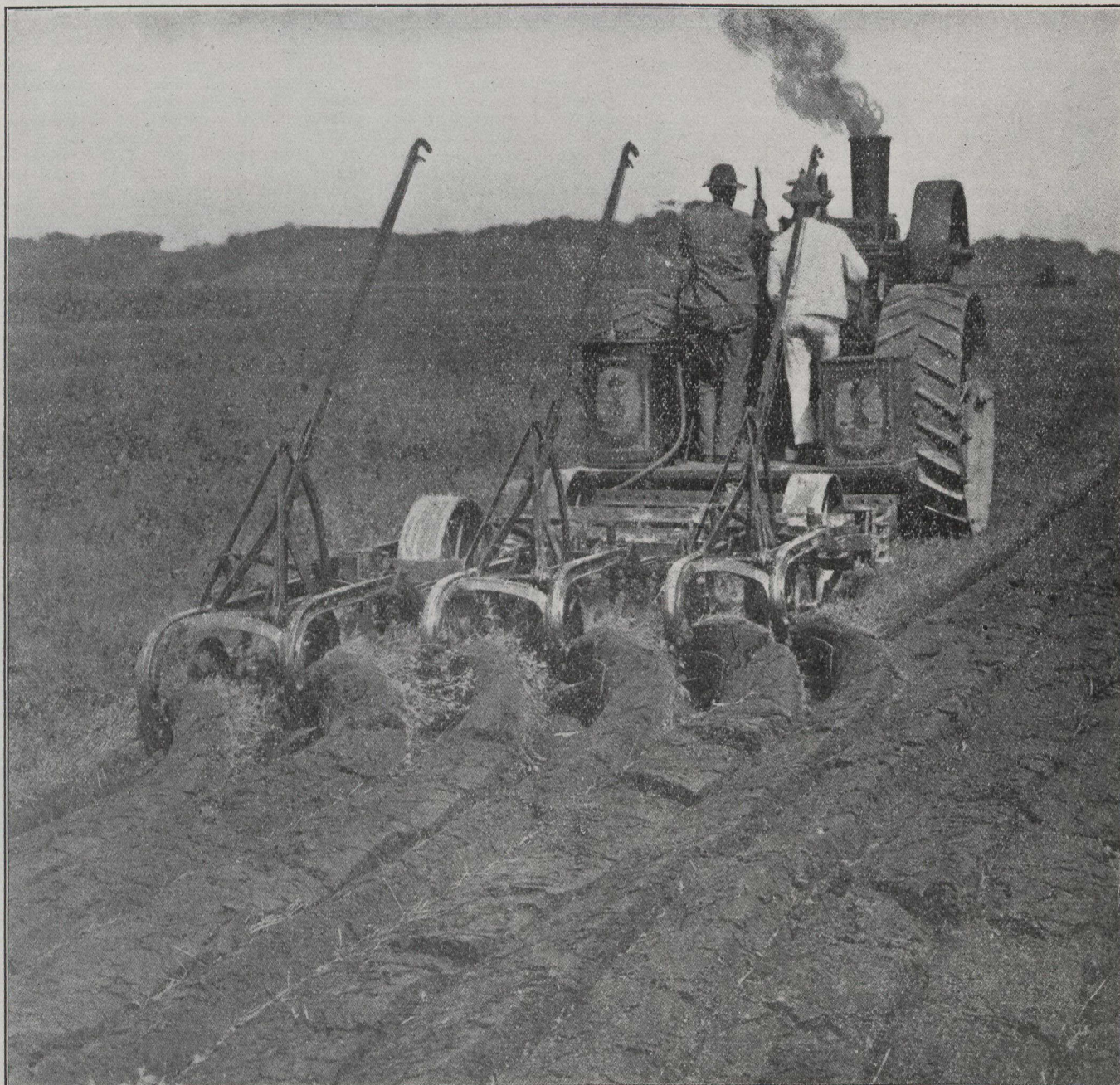
Dark blue serge of a fine twill is as popular as ever for the plain tailored suit. Black serge with white hairline will also be used considerably. All black and white mixtures, including shepherd's checks, are to the fore.

Gray in warm tones is a favored color for the later spring. There are many blues shown in all materials. Old rose is liked for dresses and gowns for formal wear. In browns, the lighter creamy-tan tones are preferred.

Black satin is often used as a trimming on cloth suits, mostly in the form of coat collar and revers. Sailor collars are quite a fad, appearing on blouses, dress waists, and coats. When combined with dark blue, black and white, or any color which it will set off without too great contrast, these collars are of black satin oftener than not.

The soft black satins have a great deal of vogue for the "dressier" tailored suits, in which form they are very handsome and attractive.

## The Inventor and Agriculture



### Six Furrows at Once

The farmers are solving the labor problem. With the opening up of the huge wheat lands in the West, the new settlers have laid violent hands on the labor-saving traction engines used by their neighbors and are calling them their own. At first, the powerful noisy steam outfits held sway, but as they were soon found to be suitable only for the very large farms they are fast giving way to the lighter, cheaper and handier gasoline tractor. These tractors are so inexpensive in their maintenance and can be used for so many different purposes, that they are doing more than any other single factor in straightening out the labor difficulties of the Western and the North-western farmers. These aggressive, business-like pioneers have taken the reins in their own hands and where they could not get assistance in their time of need from human beings they have turned triumphantly to the greater power of machinery. It is no uncommon thing for a farmer with only a gasoline tractor to tackle single-handed a ten-acre field, plough it, harrow it, and roll it all in one day, at a cost of from 40 to 50 cents per acre. Under the old sway, with men and horses, it is estimated that it would have taken ten men and twenty horses to do the same work in the same time and the cost of the ploughing alone would have been \$1.25 per acre. At harvest time this same farmer takes the same engine and draws two or more harvesting machines, thus eliminating the expensive man and horse hire of the old-fashioned "three horses and a man" outfit of a few years ago. Later in the season, when it comes to threshing, he can use the tractor to operate a threshing machine. He thus frees himself entirely from the annoyance of waiting for what is known as "custom threshers." Finally he attaches his tractor to a number of wagons and hauls his produce to the nearest elevator or railway station. One tractor alone, of twenty horse-power, has been known to haul fifteen tons for two hours, using only five gallons of gasoline. When he returns from the elevator, after having delivered his last load, his season's work is done. He started out with his engine and he finishes with his engine. Throughout it all his tractor needed the attendance of only one man. There was no delay in getting up steam—no hauling of fuel or water—no danger of fire—no cost except when in actual operation. Between seasons his engine needs no rest. It saws his wood, pumps his water, operates his husker and shredder, runs his feed grinder, and does other off jobs which on the more primitive farms make hard the lot of the man who tills the soil. That these engines have come to stay needs no proving. They have invaded Europe, as did the American harvesters of a quarter of a century ago. What their future is to be in Europe is still problematical; but in the Argentine, in the United States, and in Canada, they are filling a national necessity. Like the reaping machine and harvesters, they have come to the aid of the farmers who were wont to let half of their land go untilled because they could not get men to work for them. They have come as an eleventh hour succor to the farmer who, with tears in his eyes, watched his ripened wheatfields go to waste because there were no hands to harvest them. Given a few more years of education and experience, and the constant chug-chug of the gasoline tractor will have drowned the cry of the West for men to save the crops. It will neutralize the current of young men drifting to the cities of the East, and will add another step toward increasing the production and lessening the price of the food supply of the world.

—Scientific American.

# The Toilet and the Baby



**O**CCASIONALLY girls and older women are afflicted with an outbreak of pimples and blotches on the face, in the early spring. These disfiguring eruptions—the very names of which are unpleasant—are due to a disordered condition of the system, particu-

larly the digestive organs, as a result of too rich diet, late hours in close rooms, insufficient exercise, and other accompaniments of a mode of life more or less at variance with nature, during the winter season. Some girls are constitutionally more liable to these inflammatory skin outbreaks than others.

In any case the remedy should begin with internal treatment. If the disagreeable facial condition is regularly recurring or obstinate a physician should certainly be consulted. The ordinary mild attack will yield to simple measures, such as stirring up the circulation by brisk walks in the open air, the daily bath, avoidance of pastry and too much meat, eating fresh fruit and vegetables, and so on. Instead of the cold morning bath substitute one with quite warm water at bed-time. Use soap and a flesh brush, rinsing and rubbing well afterwards, so that the pores will be thoroughly cleansed and the skin excretions carried off. The cold sponge may follow in the morning, for its stimulating and freshening effects.

Nature has provided excellent spring medicines in the green things that grow as soon as the cold and snow are gone and the frost is out of the ground. Rhubarb, which can be grown in gardens almost anywhere in the country, and is to be had for a small price in towns and cities, is one of the best of spring tonics. Fortunately, almost everybody is fond of it, and there is no better way of serving rhubarb than in a simple sauce. Our forefathers in pioneer days in Canada made much of the dandelion as a spring medicine, particularly for liver troubles. Necessity taught them the wisdom of using all the various "greens" as they came to hand.

While the system is being looked after and further outbreaks prevented, local applications will heal and remove the blemishes. Do not pick at the pimples or irritate them in any way. If they become enlarged and filled with a yellowish matter, have some one prick the pustule with the point of a needle sterilized in boiling water, and gently press out the discharge. Great care should be taken that the hands, cloths, etc., are scrupulously clean before applying lotions or any treatment to the face, especially when there are abrasions of the skin. Wash the hands first, using a nail brush; then wash the face with fresh water. Use soft warm water and pure castile soap or, if the skin is not too tender, green soap. Rinse off the soap thoroughly, and dry the skin on a soft towel. Then apply to the pimples a sulphur ointment or paste. A good ointment is made of sublimed sulphur, lard, and a few drops of tincture of benzoin, which any chemist will make up for you. Sometimes a simple paste of flowers of sulphur mixed with rosewater or with pure water that has been boiled and allowed to cool will be efficacious. Carbulated vaseline is another remedy. Bind the lotion on with an old handkerchief or strips of soft linen over night, and in the morning wash off with warm water. The spots may be dabbed with absorbent cotton, wet in rosewater, with or without a drop or two of benzoin added. The treatment should not require to be repeated more than a night or two. Slight eruptions may be left to go away of themselves.

Another blemish which sometimes appears in the spring is a brown discoloration in patches on the forehead or elsewhere on the face. A torpid liver is often the cause. For this condition of the liver, also for indigestion, drinking hot water morning and night is a simple but efficacious remedy. Let the water boil, then cool just sufficiently to be drinkable, and sip it slowly, taking a large cupful at a time, after rising in the morning, before going to bed, and half an hour before dinner. A few drops of lemon juice, without sugar, is a good addition in the case of a sluggish liver. Eat plenty of green salads with a dressing in which olive oil is the chief ingredient. The brown patches can be bleached at the same time by peroxide of hydrogen, or by rubbing a slice of lemon over the spot and allowing it to dry on. If the peroxide is used, the precaution should be taken of not letting it touch the hair or eyebrows, as it would bleach them also. Any bleach acts more promptly if the skin is first washed with soap and warm water to remove any oiliness, which would to some degree neutralize the action.

It is a fact that since women and girls live more in the open air than they used to do, take more exercise, and depend

more on hygienic and sensible living than on drugs and cosmetics, facial skin blemishes and eruptions are much less frequent. By a few simple precautionary measures the elementary things of healthful living—plenty of water internally and externally, a well-balanced diet, exercise and fresh air, sufficient sleep, and rest when due—they can be avoided altogether.



## Formula For Cold Cream

There are a number of satisfactory cold creams on the market, but some persons prefer making their own. The following is a formula for a simple cold cream, very good for general use. Buy the ingredients from a reliable druggist who will give them to you pure. Put an ounce of white wax and an ounce of spermaceti broken in pieces into a bowl and set the bowl in a pan of hot water on the stove, where the contents will melt slowly. When they are dissolved add four ounces of oil of sweet almonds, and mix well, then take the bowl off the stove, and beat the mixture with a silver fork. While beating, add very gradually, two or three ounces of rosewater, more or less according as you want a thin cream or not. Beat briskly until the mixture forms a soft white cream.

It might be advisable to use only half the above quantities the first time, in case you are not quite successful. Much of the success depends on the continuous beating.

Keep the cream in small china pots with screwed on covers.



## Hints For Baby's Care

It is better that baby should sleep in his crib or bassinet by himself than in a bed with an older person. The crib can be near enough to the mother's bed for her to reach out to him if necessary.

Train him to go to sleep without any rocking or coaxing. When you have fed him and put his nightclothes on, and made him nice and comfortable for the night, tuck him up in his crib and leave him to go to sleep by himself. If he has not been spoiled by too much bedtime attention he will drift off into dreamland without struggling against going. Take the baby into a quiet, rather dimly-lighted room to prepare him for the night, and he will be more in the humor for sleep when you put him to bed.

Don't let the baby be waked up at night for anything short of a fire. One has known parents, justly proud but injudicious, to bring a few months' old little person out of his crib to exhibit to visitors. The poor mite, blinking his startled eyes at the strange people and the light, and stretching impotent fists in the air, seemed anything but happy. After the exhibition was over, it was no easier for the baby to go asleep again than it would be for an older person who had been ruthlessly awakened, and next night, if he were a somewhat excitable baby, the chances are he would waken of his own accord when he wasn't wanted.

Remember that children, even babies, form habits readily and quickly. Don't let baby stay up late now and then, because some fond uncle or aunt is expected. A very few times would undo what had been done in inculcating regularity.

If baby cries and is fretful, don't keep bouncing and moving him about. There is nothing soothing about being joggled up and down, or constant change of position.

It used to be imagined by some nurses that giving a baby water to drink was likely to bring on him an attack of colic. It is perfectly natural that a baby should have water now and then. Boil the water and let it get cool, but not ice cold. When he seems to want some.

thing between feeding times, give him a teaspoonful of the water, more as he gets older.

One cannot be too careful about the milk supply for a baby who gets his nourishment from a feeding bottle. There is not much trouble keeping a pitcher of milk sweet in winter, but the bottle needs special attention winter and summer. There should be two bottles, in order that there may always be one in germ-free condition. Do not let milk remain over in the bottle from one feeding to another, in however cool a place it might be kept. It is easy enough to measure out the correct amount for one feeding, and put that quantity in the bottle. As soon as baby is through with it, empty out whatever is left, and if it is not convenient to cleanse the bottle thoroughly just then, rinse it in cold water, and let it lie in water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda is added. Afterwards wash it with hot water and soap, and scald with boiling water. Important as it is to cleanse the bottle, it is even more so to make the rubber nipple scrupulously clean. Let it soak for a moment in the weak soda solution, cleanse with tepid water, then put it through the scalding water, or pour a stream of boiling water through it.

Do not, on any consideration, give baby a "comforter" to keep him quiet. A physician says that muzzling on a comforter gives babies a habit of shallow breathing, makes them think they want food when they do not need it, perhaps will spoil the shape of the mouth, and is altogether unnecessary and inadvisable.



## Fashion Notes

Many of the new cotton materials brought out this spring have borders in Persian and other designs and colorings.

Black and white costumes are relieved by a dash of vivid red, Chinese blue, emerald green, or some other bright color, veiled under chiffon.

Some of the new skirts are made with plaits in sections, but these are held down so as to keep the straight lines.

Large hats are not considered so smart for street wear as are the snug-fitting turbans and small hats.

Foulard is likely to be popular again among next summer's silks, and the bordered foulards will be a good choice.

Suit coats for the spring are to be shorter than last year. There is a movement towards reviving the bolero jacket.

Directoire fashions are coming in again in Paris, the waist of such models being short and the skirt without fullness and hanging as straight as possible.



## A Booklet For Mothers

Many useful hints on the feeding of babies are given in the little booklet, "Benger's food and how to use it," which can be had free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Manchester, England. Concise paragraphs on the milk supply, how to give food, the quantity and times of feeding, avoidance of infantile disorders, etc., contain valuable information and directions. The second part of the booklet is made up of receipts for preparing the food for children or invalids.



**Queen Victoria's Great Grand-daughter** The baby is Princess Ileana, the youngest of the five children of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania. The Crown Princess formerly H.R.H. Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, was a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria.



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# The Battle Won

*How an artist's wife brought her  
husband fame and fortune :: ::*

*A Complete Story  
by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW  
Authors of "The Shulamite"*

(Published by special arrangement)



Do you know what you remind me of, Mrs. Darlton? A lovely flashing butterfly—a butterfly all powdered with sparkling gold dust and eternally flashing bright wings in the sunshine—an object of joy to itself and the whole world."

Sir John Vernon addressed his companion with a low and exceedingly deferential bow—it was admitted on all sides that Sir John's bow could not be equalled—but Mrs. Darlton, whom no one had heard of in society six months ago, merely laughed at the famous old diplomat—just as if she was accustomed to be flattered by clever men of Sir John's standing—and twirled her big feather fan.

"A butterfly! So that's what you call me. Well, perhaps you are right, and if so it is only fitting that I should enjoy my little hour of life to the full. It's only a short hour for butterflies, isn't it?"

She laughed, but this time her laugh did not ring out as true and joyously as before, and her pretty face clouded a little.

"May your hour last for ever."

He looked at her indulgently. This dainty, lovely little creature who was positively dazzling at times, and who had suddenly taken London by storm, made her presence felt at Mayfair.

She was married, but her husband never went about with her. He was an artist, and he lived in a dream world of his own, so Fay always said—shutting himself up in his Kensington studio painting pictures by day and thinking about them at night.

"My husband is a genius—if he wasn't quite so clever he would sell his pictures—but as it is—" Fay would always shrug her shoulders when she came to this point and pause—and her pause was illuminative, revealing as plainly as if she had put it into words that her husband was an unsuccessful man—a man who had failed to impress the public.

Sir John, anyway, was not particularly interested in Mrs. Darlton's husband. He was dimly aware that he had heard the fellow was an artist—a man who painted impossible pictures, vague, imaginative—and he felt rather sorry for Fay Darlton yoked to a failure, for this was a little woman who would have soared to giddy heights if she had been free. Why, Sir John might even have thought of marrying her—Sir John, who had been regarded as a hardened bachelor cynic for the last twenty years—for there was something about Fay Darlton that appealed to the courtly old diplomat. She would make any man feel young again, he told himself; she was so bright, so gay, absolutely dazzling. And to hear her laugh was a joy; and as to her eyes—well, they shone like stars on a frosty night, and she had the quaintest, oddest little way of saying things. She made a man laugh in spite of himself, and at times, on rare occasions, a curious pathos would creep into her voice and over her face. It was at these moments that she most resembled her fanciful name, for there was something of the fay about her, undoubtedly—of the fairy.

She was looking at her best to-night, clad in some gossamer gown, made of a filmy fabric that might have been spun out of moonbeams. A deep red rose nestled amongst the laces at her breast, and a band of sapphire-blue velvet ran through her golden curls. It was little wonder, considering how lovely Fay Darlton looked, that she had managed somehow or other to secure an invitation to the dance of the season—a dance given by one of the smartest and most exclusive of London hostesses, but a woman who prided herself on her unconventionality. And Lady Lescoe, meeting Fay Darlton at a big charity bazaar, where the latter was selling, had been deeply fascinated by her, and taken her up. To be taken up by Lady Lescoe carried with it the entry to the smart set.

And Fay did her patroness credit. There was no doubt about that. She was not a guest of whom anyone would be likely to feel ashamed.

"Sir John, I want to ask a favor of you." Fay leaned forward in her chair. She was sitting out a dance with Sir John in a shady conservatory, and the warm fragrance of flowers was all around her, adding to the magic of the hour, and the strains of gypsy dance music could be heard in the distance—wild Hungarian music, played as only Hungarians can play it.

"Any favour you ask of me shall be granted, even unto the half of my kingdom." He smiled at her gaily, wondering what she was going to ask of him, studying her pretty face—a face that was half a child's and half a woman's.

"I want you to come all the way to horrid West Kensington next Wednesday afternoon to see my husband's pictures—his studies of London streets and pavement life; Petchicoat Lane and the Strand, poor folk crouching on the Embankment, and all that. I am having some people that afternoon, for I do think it is a shame that Rodney isn't better known—more appreciated; and I honestly believe that his pictures once seen and talked about by the right people would be appreciated afterwards by the British public, for he is clever—he is frightfully clever, really—only he's the sort of stupid, unpractical person who is prepared to hide his light under a bushel, and do anything to escape advertisement. And he has a great horror of picture-dealers, nor has he the least belief in himself. If he sends a canvas to the Academy and it comes back—as it always does—well, he believes it is because he has failed in doing full justice to his subject. Even when he goes to the Academy afterwards and sees fearful daubs hanging on the walls, it doesn't make any difference—he fears he paints daubs too. And lately he's got into a quite hopeless state. He's certain that he will never sell a picture; that he has wasted his time, his life. And yet he couldn't give up his art. It's meat and drink to him. He would like to die clutching a palette, I honestly believe, still dreaming of the pictures he wants to paint."

Fay spoke in quick short sentences, and the lace rose and fell on her breast, and two bright pink spots of color flamed on each of her cheeks. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

Sir John gazed at her thoughtfully. This was the first time Fay had ever spoken so freely to him about her husband, or owned to much belief in Rodney Darlton's genius. But now it seemed as if her husband counted for something in her life; that he meant more to her than she had led her world to believe—the world who had half forgotten that such a person as Rodney Darlton existed. And he felt a vague curiosity to see the artist, Fay's husband, though, of course, it would be a terrible bore having to endure a studio tea. Still, it would be interesting to see what sort of a hostess Fay made, and what her home, her real home, was like.

"I shall be delighted to come and see Mr. Darlton's pictures. It will be an honor, a privilege; and if you will allow me, Mrs. Darlton, I will bring a friend with me, a rich American I know, who is all agog to discover a new artist, for he yearns to become known as an art patron. He is rolling in money, and if he takes a fancy to your husband's work, he will give him a commission. But, of course, whether he likes Mr. Darlton's pictures, or whether he doesn't, lies on the knees of the gods. Still, I can but bring him."

"Oh, but it is kind of you, Sir John—it's frightfully kind—and I really don't know how to thank you."

Fay's eyes looked very sweet and misty as she gazed up at the old diplomat, and her under lip trembled.

"People are really awfully good about coming to this tea," she continued. "Take the case of the Duchess of Pentland, for instance—well, I had to screw up my courage before I dared ask her to come. But she was as nice as anything and accepted my invitation at once, and it's been the same with heaps of other people. Oh! the world is really a kind world after all—a lovely world!"

"The world mightn't be so kind to you, Mrs. Darlton, if you were not so charming, and the very personification of brightness and mirth; young, undaunted, tireless. You have refreshed us all up, I believe, and is it any wonder that we all want to see the butterfly in her home—our butterfly?"

He smiled caressingly—almost too caressingly, or so, at any rate, Fay thought, for she rose to her feet a second later and explained that she must really be thinking of going.

"It's close on two o'clock in the morning—do you realize that?" she said. "And I'm sure I don't know what my husband will say—my being out so late."

"And I don't know what my doctor would say, either," Sir John retorted. "An old man like myself ought to go to bed at ten o'clock every night, instead of sitting out dances in shady conservatories. But you see what you have done

for me, Mrs. Darlton: you have made me feel quite young again, you have fired dead ashes to life."

She made no answer beyond a little smile, only quitted the conservatory and then went and said good-bye to her hostess. A few minutes later Fay Darlton was driving back to West Kensington, in the hired brougham that smelt somewhat strongly of the livery stables; she looked tired, oddly tired, as she lay huddled up in the corner of the carriage, staring pensively into the distance—into the future.

But when she reached her home—the little white house that stood amidst a row of other little white houses, a lank strip of garden at the back leading into the somewhat large studio—well, even as she opened the door with her latch-key, the gay, insouciant look came back into her face again—the butterfly look. And she tried to laugh when a man hurried forward into the dark hall, a man who had evidently been sitting up and waiting for her in the dining-room—her tall, broad-shouldered husband, Rodney Darlton.

A man with a strong face and strange black eyes and dark hair; a man who painted life as he saw it, and loved London and the lights of London, her long, mean streets, her dreary squares, her dazzling open places.

He wore a velvet coat somewhat stained with paint, his trousers were rather baggy at the knees, and his clothes hung somewhat loosely on his big frame, for he was not a man who would ever consent to be a mere tailor's dummy, or took thought of what he put on his back.

"Rodney, you ought not to have sat up for me. How silly of you; how very foolish! I told you I should be late." Fay let her loose cloak slip off her shoulders as she spoke, and she glanced at her husband with some dismay, conscious of his searching gaze, and afraid for the first time in her life of meeting his dark, sombre eyes.

"Fay, is this right of you—not to be home till close on three o'clock in the morning, and for the second time this week, too? Oh, it seems to me that, since your godmother died and left you that fatal legacy of a thousand pounds, we have drifted apart—fatally apart—for I see nothing of you now, absolutely nothing. You are on the go from morning to night; you are constantly going out to dinner and to dances, and calling on all the smart new friends you have made since that unlucky day when you sold at the Albert Hall Bazaar. Why, it's a rare thing for you to be back to lunch even; and I don't know anything about these new friends that you have made; what they are like—or—or anything." He spoke in stern, upbraiding tones, and the gas which he had turned up in the hall revealed his haggardness.

Fay gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"How can I help your not knowing any of my new friends if you won't come out with me when I ask you to, and lunch or dine with me?"

"Fay, how can I?" he addressed her sternly. "You know that my painting takes up all my time; that I start working in my studio quite early in the morning, and by the time the light begins to fade I'm too dog-tired to move. Besides, I'm not a society man, I never was; I should be out of it, most frightfully out of it, if I mixed with your smart friends. I shouldn't know how to talk their jargon, any more than they would be able to talk mine. Besides, I haven't got even the clothes to wear. I quite forget when I last bought a dress suit, and have you ever seen me wearing a frock-coat, except on our wedding day?"

She shook her head. "Well, well, if you must be an old hermit, you must, I suppose; but you will soon have the opportunity of seeing my new friends as you call them, for I am giving a sort of tea-party in your studio next Wednesday, Rodney. Heaps of people are coming, and you'll have to be very nice and agreeable, for once in your life, my silly, sulky old bear; and you mustn't object to having your cherished masterpieces stared at, for all the world and his wife are coming."

"Good heavens, Fay, what have you done?" He turned on her angrily. "You haven't invited a crowd of people here, have you, to spy out the poverty of the land, and laugh at the pictures which no one ever buys—which no one ever will buy—the poor creations of my soul which possess no market value apparently, and are so much waste of material? Why, I shall hate—I shall simply loathe to have my studio invaded by your smart friends—it will be an afternoon of slow torture for me. Do you realize that, Fay—slow torture? Besides, they won't care for my pictures—my studies of how the poor live, and how young shop girls and clerks enjoy themselves."

"I can't help it." She gave another shrug of her shoulders. "I must return people's hospitality in some way or other and prove that I've got a husband, for really people are beginning to think that you're somewhat of a myth, Rodney, as they never see you. And don't think that the party won't be a success; I'll make it hum somehow. Only you must clear out of your studio early in the morning so that the dirty old place can have a good clean out before my visitors arrive, and, Rodney dear"—her voice suddenly grew faint and very sweet, and her eyes sought his tenderly—"don't be angry with me—for you've never been angry with me during the five years

we've been married, so don't start being cross to-night."

"Well, you mustn't try me too hard, Fay," he answered. Then he put a hand on her arm to lead her upstairs to her bedroom, and when they had gained the little room, which was but poorly furnished and looked far too plain and simple in its appointments to suit Fay, he raised her chin and gazed steadily into her face. "What has come over you, child?" he asked. "What madness possesses you? Six months ago, before you came into your legacy, you were the dearest, sweetest wife a man could have, my joy in all things; and you were quite content, apparently, with your life. You never panted for the fleshpots of Egypt. It pleased you, apparently, to sit in my studio while I painted and you plied your needle. You made your own clothes—the soft clinging garments that I loved to see you in—artistic, plain, not the frivolous confections you wear now; but everything has changed since you came into that wretched thousand pounds—the money that I naturally thought you would invest in some safe security, and that we might regard as a nest-egg, but the money you are apparently frittering away as fast as you possibly can in the purchase of needlessly expensive clothes."

"Well, the money is mine!" She tossed her head. "And I have a right to spend it as I like. I suppose, Rodney, I know that your people think that I'm behaving shamefully. Why, my own mother preaches at me even; but I don't care, not a hang! For just think what I've done during six months, thanks to that lucky meeting with Lady Lescoe at the Albert Hall Bazaar: I have gained admittance into the smartest set in London; I have become one of them. I've blossomed forth—God knows how—into a personality. People make a fuss about me—rave over me. The illustrated papers want my portrait—they paragraph me. But, naturally, I have to dress the part. I have to look smart—be smart. And, oh! what a good time I'm having—what a wonderful time! Never a second to myself; on the go, as you truly said, from morning to night; rattling away all the time: talking, laughing, flirting; restless and absolutely tireless. Oh, Rodney, what a time I'm having—what a gorgeous, heavenly time!"

She reeled up against him and began to laugh, and something in her laughter frightened Rodney—it was so loud, so overstrained and unnatural; and surely no woman's eyes ought to glitter and gleam quite as much as his wife's eyes gleamed and glittered at that moment; and her cheeks might have been painted they were so wonderfully pink. And yet they had been pale enough when she stepped into the dark hall a bare quarter of an hour ago—ghastly pale!

"There, there, Fay; don't excite yourself," he whispered, trying to undo her bodice with his blundering masculine fingers. "Have things your own way and enjoy your own life—the new life in which I have no share, no part. But what will you do, you poor little girl, when you have spent all your money? For I can't make any for you to play about with. I'm a failure, Fay, as far as my work goes, and if it wasn't for the sorry three hundred a year—my actual income—well, I don't know how we should get along, for I haven't sold a picture for ages."

"Poor Rodney!" She ceased to laugh, and turned suddenly to look at him. There was a curious look in her eyes—a look he had failed to fathom. "I have nearly come to the end of my thousand pounds—precious nearly—but let me have my little flutter to the end, please, and remember, you must try and help me to make this tea-party a success, Rodney. You must—you must!"

"Of course, I'll do anything I can to help you, dear." He spoke very gently, consumed with a sudden pity for Fay, for what would poor little Cinderella feel when she had to leave the ball in the height of her success and return to the dull workaday world again? Oh! he must be gentle with his wife! He must be very gentle; the lovely little creature who ought to have married a rich man, instead of a poor, struggling artist; and yet Fay had seemingly been very happy and quite contented with her life till the legacy she had received from her godmother had transformed her whole character, apparently, and she had suddenly developed into a bright butterfly creature—a soulless Fay.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What is it? I shouldn't have known my own studio. What on earth has Fay been about? Why, she has turned it into an Oriental bazaar—a mere mad, wild, riot of color!" Rodney Darlton muttered the words low, half under his breath.

Wednesday afternoon had come round, and he had just made his way home, Fay having turned him out of doors early in the morning, with strict injunctions not to return till quite late in the afternoon, so that she could get the studio well tidied up for her party in his absence. And Rodney had lingered out of doors even longer than he had intended to do, studying some wonderfully fine cloud effects in Hyde Park, and then having his attention occupied by two lovers on one of the wooden seats—silent London lovers—utterly engrossed in each other. When he reached his house, he had

(Continued on page 27)

# The Housekeeper's Page



**WELL-EQUIPPED** kitchen is a source of unqualified pride and satisfaction to the housewife who regards her occupation as a profession. Still, many good housewives of limited means cannot get away from the idea that the best parlor and the guest room must receive first

consideration in the expenditure, and that the kitchen must put up with what it can get. Instead of putting the kitchen last on the list, suppose for once it should come first in the spring outlay for renovation. Once it is fitted up properly, it will need only a little renewal from year to year if the utensils and furnishings are well cared for.

For the finishing of the kitchen walls paint is satisfactory, or an imitation tile paper in some soft light tone that will look cheerful. To make the room cheerful looking should be the guiding idea in the decoration of the kitchen. Two or three small washable mats, woven of cotton rags, may be placed over the linoleum covered or painted floor to make it more comfortable to the feet, where one has to stand a good deal, as in front of the table. The sash curtains of muslin or dimity should be so arranged that they can be drawn back altogether on dull days to let in all the light possible. A reliable clock, a calendar, and a slate and pencil or writing pad and lead pencil for jotting down marketing reminders, should find convenient places on the wall. There should be two or three chairs, one of them an easy one, but little in the way of furniture apart from the stove or range, tables, etc., required for the primary work of the kitchen. Where space is limited, a hinged board covered with white oil-cloth, that can be let down flat against the wall when not in use, can take the place of one table. A built-in cupboard, with upper and lower sections, is worth contriving, even at the cost of letting the "best" rooms go without extra attention for one spring. The fireless cooker is a saver of fuel that is appreciated, especially in the hot weather.

The list of kitchen utensils grows larger every year, as new conveniences are devised. The housekeeper can add to her collection of granite-ware pots and pans and kettles, boilers and broilers, her earthen-ware and wooden bowls and dishes and platters, of various sizes for various uses, while such articles as measuring cups graduated in quarts and thirds, fine strainers for delicate jellies and custards, moulds for cold desserts, whip churns for cream, potato ricers and slicers, vegetable knives and cutters, fruit parers and corers, wire baskets for frying things in deep fat, casseroles and baking sheets, are some of the things which housekeepers formerly had to do without, but which help to make cooking an art and a joy.



## Recipes for Easter Eggs

**Eggs in a Nest.**—Cook six eggs twenty minutes in water just below the boiling point. Ten minutes' cooking makes the yolk tough and indigestible; twice the amount makes it dry and mealy. Remove the shells and separate the yolks, work them to a smooth paste with a little melted butter to moisten, and form into small balls. Cut the whites in thin narrow slices, and mix them with an equal quantity of cold ham separated into shreds, and a tablespoonful of fine sprigs of parsley. Put the mixture together lightly with a fork, pile it in a circle like a nest, on a platter, and arrange the yolk balls in the centre. Set the platter over a steamer to heat the eggs. Make a pint of thick white sauce, from milk, butter, and flour cooked together and seasoned with salt and pepper. Pour enough of the sauce on the platter to come half way up the nest, and serve the remainder in a sauce boat.

**Egg Balls in Cups.**—Boil some eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells, cut a small piece off each end of the egg so that it will stand upright, and cut in halves crosswise. Take out the yolks, and stand the cups thus formed of the whites on a small platter. Rub the yolks to a smooth paste, adding an equal amount of finely chopped cooked ham, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and pepper, salt, and mustard to season. Make into balls the size of egg yolks and fill into the white cups. Set the platter over a steamer to re-heat the eggs, and garnish with a sprig of parsley on each cup. Serve with thick white sauce.

**Eggs on Toast.**—Remove the shells from six hard-boiled eggs, chop the whites fine, and put them in a dish over hot water to keep warm. Moisten the yolks with a couple of spoonfuls of melted butter, and rub them to a smooth paste, adding

a teaspoonful of corn starch, salt to season, and a dash of red pepper. Mix the egg paste into a large cupful of rich milk, and cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens. Have ready some nice slices of buttered toast on a platter. Spread the yolk mixture over the slices, sprinkle with the chopped whites, and serve at once while hot.

**Stuffed Eggs.**—Boil six eggs twenty minutes, remove the shells, and cut the eggs in halves lengthwise. Take out the yolks, and keep each pair of white halves by themselves. Mash the yolks together with some minced chicken, moisten slightly with melted butter, and season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard, and a dash of cayenne. Fill the cavities in the whites with the mixture, and press each pair of halves together carefully to look like an entire egg. Spread the remainder of the yolk mixture on a platter, arrange the eggs on it, cover with a thin white sauce, sprinkle over with buttered crumbs, and bake in the oven until the crumbs are colored a light brown.

**Variegated Egg Dish.**—Served in this way the dish has a pretty color effect. Allow a cup of cooked lean ham, chopped fine, to six hard-boiled eggs. Cook a third of a cup of stale bread crumbs with an equal amount of milk to a smooth paste. Remove from the stove, stir in the ham, season with half a teaspoonful of ready-mixed mustard and a few grains of cayenne, and mix all together well with a raw egg. Roll the eggs, from which the shells have been removed, in the mixture till they are covered with it, bake them on a buttered tin pan in a hot oven till very lightly browned. Cut in halves lengthwise, and arrange on a bed of parsley on a platter.

**Eggs on a Mound.**—Cold cooked ham, chicken, or veal, or a combination of them may be used for the mound. Chop the meat as fine as possible, add to each two cupfuls of the meat a tablespoonful of melted butter and a spoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper,

and mix all together, binding them with beaten egg mixed in. The mixture should be just soft enough to form easily and to keep its form. Heat it in a frying pan, then arrange it on a hot platter in the form of a mound. Keep the platter over hot water while you are finishing the dish so that it will not cool off. Make little depressions in the top of the mound, and in each set a baked egg, without its shell. Garnish the mound with parsley. Eggs are baked in the shells in a moderate oven for ten minutes. It is advisable to prick holes with a pin in the large end of the egg, so that the expansion from within will not burst the shell.



## Things Useful to Know

A good method of cleaning soiled places on paint is to rub the surface over lightly with a damp flannel dipped in whiting; this is less injurious to the paint than the use of soap and water.

Wall paper that has become dimmed by smoke or dust can be cleaned by rubbing it with the soft part of bread, or with dough made from flour and cold water, mixed dry enough not to be at all sticky. Rub downward, a small place at a time, and change the dough for a fresh piece as often as it becomes dirty.

When cleaning spots from a garment with gasoline or benzine, put blotting paper underneath to absorb the fluid and keep it from spreading and carrying the liberated dirt further. Do not begin on the spot itself but first moisten a ring around the outside, also to prevent the dissolved dirt from spreading.

A pair of scissors, kept for the purpose in the drawer of the kitchen table, will be found more convenient than a knife in preparing certain fruits and vegetables that are to be cut into small pieces.

If a white linen or cotton garment becomes smeared with oil from the sewing machine, try rubbing the spots with a bit of rag dipped in ammonia to obliterate them.

When linen becomes scorched from too hot an iron, damp the spot and lay it in the sun. This is efficacious, and, of course, should be done before the article is put away.



A GIRLISH DRESS MODEL—No. 8892.

A practical but stylish design is here shown. The fronts are crossed below the bust and the neck opening is outlined by a sailor collar. Gibson pleats lend breadth to the shoulders. The waist is cut on the popular "peasant" lines with tucker. The skirt has a front and back panel, stitched in tuck effect and joined to side and back gores. Cashmere, serge, henrietta, washable fabrics, or silk are all suitable for this charming creation. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 15, 16, 18 years. It requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for the 16 year size, with 1½ yard of 27-inch material for the tucker.



INFANTS' SET—No. 8903.

Lawn or nainsook with lace or embroidery edging will be suitable for the dress. The wrapper will develop nicely in eiderdown, flannel, flannelette, cashmere, or silk. The coat is suitable for Bedford cord, cashmere, bengaline, silk, or poplin, and the cap may be made of lawn or silk. The pattern is cut in one size and requires:

For the dress—2¾ yds. of 36-inch material.

For the coat—4¼ yds. of 27-inch material.

For the wrapper—2½ yds. of 27-inch material.

For the cap—½ yd. of 24-inch material.

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# EXCELSIOR POLKA

(RHEINISCHER POLKA)

*Tempo di Polka.*

By WILL LANE.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The first system includes dynamics *p*, *rall.*, and *a tempo.* The score consists of five systems of music. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The fourth system has two staves. The fifth system has two staves and includes first and second endings labeled *1mo.* and *2mo.* The piece concludes with a final cadence.

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The first system of musical notation for 'Excelsior Polka' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features a rhythmic melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It maintains the same two-staff structure with treble and bass clefs. The melody in the upper staff continues with various rhythmic patterns, while the bass line provides harmonic support.

The third system of musical notation includes dynamic markings. The word "FINE." is written above the first measure of the upper staff. The dynamic marking "p" (piano) appears in the second measure, and "mf" (mezzo-forte) appears in the fourth measure. The notation continues with two staves.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a double bar line in the middle of the system, indicating a section change or repeat. The notation consists of two staves.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a double bar line in the middle of the system. The notation consists of two staves.

The sixth and final system of musical notation for this page. It includes the instruction "D. C. al Fine." in the lower right corner of the system. The notation consists of two staves.

Excelsior Polka.





### Roughing it in a Gold Country

Something less than a hundred miles from Cobalt in Northern Ontario is Porcupine, to which for two seasons there has been a great rush.



### Looking towards the Land of Promise

A group of miners gazing across Porcupine Lake to where they hoped fortune awaited them in the gold-fields. Some of them have succeeded, but, as in all mining camps, any number have failed.



### Ready for a Portage

It is often found necessary to employ "man-power" to get a canoe well laden with camp supplies through a marsh or overland to the next lake.

### The Battle Won

(Continued from page 22)

been surprised to find that there was already a string of carriages drawn up in the road; smart carriages, and still smarter motors, and a spruce-looking parlour-maid—one who had evidently been hired for the afternoon, ushered him into his own house, evidently taking him for a guest, and he followed the girl in a dazed sort of fashion across the long strip of red carpet which had been laid across the garden to the studio.

But it was when he had entered the studio that he started back in surprise, for never had a room been so utterly, so recklessly transformed.

There was a Moorish screen in one corner, and a gaudy Oriental curtain trailed over it on one side, a curtain that obviously hailed from Liberty's, whilst a big velvet portiere fell back from the open doorway, very effective in its peacock blue tinting, and affording a rich background to a huge brass vase heaped up with glorious white lilies.

Eastern rugs had been purchased and thrown down on the stained floor, and Fay had been at the pains to purchase some antique-looking Louis XV. chairs. An Empire couch stood at one end of the room, planted on a tiger skin; and flowers were everywhere: stacks of lilies in copper pots, roses drooping out of blue bowls, expensive orchids, and high palms. In addition to the heavy perfume of the flowers came the smell of Eastern spices—spices burning in a small brazier, and the fine sharp scent of sandal wood. And every picture that Rodney had painted of late years was out for inspection, for easels stood everywhere—easels on which his canvases rested; and Fay had draped some of the easels with heavy brocade—rich antique-looking stuffs. And swords lay about—swords and daggers. And on an oak chest a heavy antique tome rested, whilst the fireplace was completely blocked up by a great ebony Buddha—a Buddha enthroned amidst flowers.

Rodney staggered helplessly against the wall. He had never seen such a room in his life, and his whole soul rose up in passionate revolt against the crudity of taste that could try to blend East and West together, and every style and age, apparently. And yet he could not deny that it was all extraordinarily effective—marvellously bizarre, even to the great boughs of crimson japonica that lit up a dark corner of the studio—whilst a dull silver crucifix stood on the mantelpiece with two small sphinx vases on each side, cast heavily in bronze.

The studio was a nightmare—but an appallingly brilliant nightmare for all that: something you would not forget in a hurry nor even wish to forget, and the crowd of people who filled it—the smart crowd—appeared to appreciate Fay's taste, for they were all talking of the wonderful color scheme that Mr. Darlinton had got into his studio—the extraordinary vitality the room possessed. And Rodney realized that in some strange way the vivid background brought out the quiet and grave beauty of his sombre London studies—the pictures he had painted of mean streets and of gas-lit pavements—as nothing else could have done.

His "Old Match Seller of Piccadilly" had never showed to such advantage before, he thought, as she did now, standing out in her drab, hopeless poverty, whilst gold and crimson brocade draped the easel on which the picture rested. Oh, never, never had the pinched look of hunger in the old woman's face been so expressive—as with this rich background—and Rodney was hardly surprised to see how his wife's guests flocked round the canvas and spoke of the picture in low tones as a masterpiece, for the man had suddenly grown aware of his own genius.

Here, in an overdecked and unreal room—a room full of cheap, meretricious attempts after effect—the real was revealed, and Rodney's pictures shone out commandingly, for the pictures he had painted of ragged London life had never had such a background before, nor had people ever seen them—the people who count.

"Now, there's my husband," Fay beckoned to Rodney cheerfully as he stood by the door. She was dressed in the most marvellous gown that he had ever seen her in. A lace frock that fitted her like a glove; a nasturtium-colored ribbon was threaded through her hair; nasturtium-colored ribbon belted her waist. She was talking to a dozen people at once, it seemed; moving from group to group, making her clear, joyous voice heard easily above the din, and her presence felt to an extraordinary degree. Her cheeks glowed brightly; her eyes were just like diamonds.

Rodney drifted towards her helplessly, and then, in a few seconds, he found himself in the centre of an excited crowd. Men and women whom he had never thought to meet, for they were all apparently so far above him in station and name, were shaking hands with him enthusiastically, and hailing him as a great painter; praising him for having taken the London pavements for his subjects—telling him he would from henceforth be known as London's artist.

Rodney felt intoxicated—bewildered. At last success had come to him. And what a success, financial as well as artistic! For here was an American—a

tall, lean, clean-shaven Yank, asking him to fix his own price for "The Match Seller," as he desired to be the proud purchaser, and then the American went on to commission Rodney to paint him other pictures all illustrative of London pavement life.

"For I guess Silas Greet is going to be first in the field this time." So the American announced with his not unpleasant drawl. "There'll be a certain amount of competition for your pictures, sir; but I'll have the whip-hand of the British public, if you please, let who will come after."

Rodney had muttered a few dry words of thanks, but he was hardly conscious of what he was saying—it was all too amazing—too bewildering. Then a great Bond Street picture-dealer came up and began to talk about having an exhibition of Rodney's pictures, and he said all sorts of flattering things to the artist, expressing his great pleasure at making Rodney's acquaintance, and prophesying a brilliant future for him; and just at that moment Fay dashed up, Sir John Vernon following at her heels, and as she introduced her husband to the world-famed diplomat, a little flashing smile played over her lips. It was something to have brought a man like Sir John to West Kensington.

The crowd melted away at last, but it was close on seven o'clock before Rodney found himself alone in his studio, for Fay had vanished with the last guest, and Rodney wondered if she had gone back to the house to change the wonderful lace gown she was wearing—the smart party frock.

He felt too dazed to leave the studio himself, the room which had suddenly become so strange and unfamiliar—a room he knew so well and where he had done so much hard work. But he had not known it in the weird trappings that it wore to-day, and the vivid stuffs with which Fay had elected to adorn it danced before his eyes, whilst the perfume of the flowers and the spices grew heavier and more oppressive every moment.

He walked up to his picture, "The Old Match Seller of Piccadilly," and gazed at the woman's face—the tired, pinched, London face—and as he stared at his own work, peace came to him. Peace and understanding and a great composure visited Rodney Darlton; his nerves steadied. Here, standing in front of his own masterpiece, he was sure of himself. He was no longer in a strange room—a strange world—he was standing close to his work; the grand work of his hands, of his brain.

"They have come to me at last—my public; they have sought me out; they have found me." The words fell slowly from his lips, and even as he said them, the heavy velvet portiere that draped the studio door rustled back, and Fay slipped into the studio. But such a changed Fay! No longer a bright, electric little creature with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and clear, vibrating voice, but a tired, little, wan, white shadow who moved forward somewhat unsteadily—Fay, who had seemingly trodden on air an hour ago—flashed—down.

She had changed her dress, too, just as Rodney had half suspected she would do, and he noticed, somewhat to his surprise, that she had put on one of the loose artistic gowns which he had been so fond of in the past, a gown that fell about her slim young body in graceful folds, and owed but little to the modern dressmaker's art.

"Fay, my dear, come to me." He turned and held out his arms. The sight of that beautiful drooping little figure moved him to a sudden pity, and a desire came to him to comfort her for what he knew not. For what had come over her? Why did she walk so slowly, and above all things look so wan and worn?

She moved towards him, falling almost helplessly into his arms, and laying her pale face against his coat, and he heard her draw a deep sobbing breath as she nestled against his heart.

"Sweet, you're not crying?" he whispered. "And not to-day of all days, for I've won my battle, Fay. I've conquered; the world believes in me at last. I have got more work offered me than I can possibly do—immense commissions—and you shall be rich, Fay. I will give you all those things which you desire—the things you love—dainty raiment to clothe your dainty body, and you shall lead the butterfly existence that pleases you so. You shall flash about in the sunshine all day and dance all night."

She gave an odd little laugh—the queerest little laugh in the world.

"Oh, Rodney," she whispered, "my dear, big, silly Rodney—my clever Rodney. And do you think I want to dance and go on as I've been going lately, and when I'm so tired, dear—oh! so tired!" She leaned still more heavily against his breast, and he bent his head down and gazed at her face, and what he read there filled him with startled astonishment, for he was beginning to understand things—to realize a little of the truth.

"They had to be brought here—the crowd," she muttered wearily, "to recognise your genius somehow, Rodney; and this seemed the only way of doing it: to become a sort of will-o'-the-wisp myself—a Jack-a-lantern—and lure the world here—glamour them to come here. But, oh! it's been weary work, and if it hadn't been for that legacy of a thousand

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#### TRAGEDY.

She'll be married to-night, and I'll be there to see  
The fun and the tears and the joy.  
She'd be hurt, to be sure, were I absent—  
—for she  
Was my playmate when I was a boy.  
My playmate! Ah, yes, and the chum of my youth,  
And my ideal, as years took their flight—  
The one girl of all that I cared for, in truth—  
And she's going to be married to-night!

Does she dream how it's hurting my heart to be there?  
Can she guess all the anguish I'll feel?  
She may look in my eyes—will she know, will she care  
For the pain that my face may reveal?  
Will she note if I shudder in sudden fright  
At the solemn words sealing my doom?  
Will she pity me? Ah, who can tell?  
For to-night  
She'll be married. And I am the groom!

#### PISCATORIAL.

A woman clerk in a Government office, who enjoys a well-earned reputation for wit, the other day very much disconcerted a young attorney. She announced that she was shortly going on her vacation, and the youthful cross-examiner inquired the lady's destination. "At Fish-hook," was the reply. "Where is that?" pursued the attorney. "At the end of the line," was the smiling rejoinder.

#### WHY HE SMOKED.

The visitor sniffed. "Excuse me, dear," she said, "but what a smell of smoke there is in this room! You surely don't allow your husband to smoke in the drawing-room?" "Well, not as a rule," replied her hostess, "but this morning—" "My dear," exclaimed the visitor, "you should never make exceptions in cases like this. I never do. My Freddie never smokes in our drawing-room on any consideration whatever." "Yes," began the young wife, "but—" "Nonsense, darling! There are no 'buts' at all! In the first place, it's for the sake of discipline. In the second, the ashes absolutely ruin one's carpets. And as for the thick air—Poo!" "I quite agree, sweet!" exclaimed the lectured one, spiritedly, getting in a word at last, "but this morning my husband simply had to smoke." "Indeed!" said the visitor, raising her eyebrows, "And why?" "Because," retorted her hostess, "his coat was on fire!"

#### PAID IN FULL.

A payment-by-installment dealer had sent out one of his young clerks to collect the weekly instalments from his customers, his regular collector being absent from business ill. When the young man returned the employer noticed that he looked rather "down in the mouth." "Get on all right?" asked the dealer. "So-so," replied the young man. "How about that Jones' bill? I suppose you collected that as you said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours?" "Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr. Jones." "What do you mean?" "This, sir. When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I've called to speak about a matter,' he interrupted me before I could proceed any farther with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours, Take her and be happy!'"

pounds, I could never have done it—never. For one has to have such hats; such dresses to please people—to fetch the eye—and I've had to talk so fast, so quick, and never be still for a single moment, and I've always had to laugh, and smile, and be gay—gay! But now it's all over. I've done what I had to do. They've found you out, Rodney. They've come and knocked at your door. They've seen what you had to show them."

She paused, conscious even as she spoke that her husband was clasping her to him as he had never clasped her before, not even during the days of their honeymoon, and she could feel rather than see the love in his eyes.

"My darling! Oh! my darling!" He muttered the words reverently, and she smiled at him faintly—a little dim, flickering ghost of a smile.

"No more luncheon parties for me! and I don't want to dine out again for ages, and as for dances—" She gave a shudder. "Oh! how my feet ached! How my head has ached! But no one has ever known—no one has ever guessed. And now, Rodney, will you please take a little cottage somewhere in the country; a cottage we can go to for a holiday occasionally, and take me there soon—soon—for I want to see the green fields and the wise, soothing woods, and to feel the peace—the deep, hushed peace that veils the country-side. I want to rest a little, for rest will be so sweet!"

He bent over her. There were tears in his eyes; there were tears in his voice. "To-morrow, dear," he whispered, "I will take you straight away into the country to-morrow. We will go and stay at some quiet place, and, think of it, Fay; oh, think of it! To-morrow night we will be walking in a country garden, and big white moths will flicker about; and maybe the scent of clover will come to us, and we shall hear the far-away tinkle of a sheep bell. And you shall rest between lavender-scented sheets, and maybe roses will nod their heads against the window of our bedroom, peeping in to bid you wake and greet the dawn."

She made no answer for a second, then her eyelids drooped wearily over her eyes.

"Ah, yes; take me somewhere where I can rest to-morrow," she whispered, "for, oh! I'm so tired—so tired!"

#### FAIR WARNING.

"Halloo, halloo!" shouted the fireman on the end of the telephone, in answer to a long ring. "Halloo!" came back in feminine tones. "Is this the fire station?" "Yes; what is it?" "Well, I want to inform you that my yard runs right up to the walk that runs along the side of the Cummingses' walk next door—" "I guess you've got the wrong number, ma'am." "You said this was the fire station, didn't you?" "Yes; but—" "Well, I want to say that I'm trying very hard to raise a respectable yardful of grass and have lately planted seed as far as the Cummingses' walk. Then, besides the grass seed, I had it all tidied up and made ready for planting bulbs, and—" "I say, ma'am, you are mistaken in the telephone number. This—" "Isn't this the fire station?" "It is; but—" "Very well. Now, I want to say further that, however careless our neighbors, the Cummingses, are with their garden, we are very, very much the other way. In fact, a pretty lawn, adorned with a variety of flowers, is what I and my husband are looking for next season, and we want our yard to appear as well clear up to the Cummingses' sidewalk as it is possible to have it. Why, I wouldn't any more allow a person to step on my grass seed or—" "For Heaven's sake, ma'am, what has this to do with the fire station?" "Oh, well, I want to inform you that our house is No. 200 School Street, and that the Cummingses' house next door is afire. Now, don't let your firemen trample—" But the fireman had dropped the receiver.

# WITH THE WITS

### WANTED TO BE SURE,

Accompanied by an instructor the new entry into the automobile field was out, bright and early, in his new touring car. They were circling the park in rather a wobbly fashion. "I suppose," he casually remarked to the chauffeur, as he took a fresh grasp on the speed lever, "that you have been around with worse than I?" The man gave no answer. "I say," he repeated in a louder tone, "I suppose you have been around this course with worse than I?" "I heard very well, sir, what you said in the first place," replied the man. "I'm jest a-thinkin' about it."

### HIS VERBOSITY.

On the occasion of a presentation a worthy alderman delivered himself with great pomposity of the graceful remark that he was not there to pour forth a paregoric on the recipient. Somebody whispered to him "panegyric," whereupon the alderman continued, gaily, "My friend says 'panegyric,' but as the two words are anonymous it cannot matter very much!"

### RIGHT FOR ONCE.

Little Willie, who regularly attended church with his father, always took particular notice of the board where the number of the hymns to be sung are placed. He evidently thought that the fourth number on the hymn-board should be the total of the other three numbers; but he never had found it so. But on going to church one Sunday morning his eye alighted on the board, and there saw the hymns to be sung were numbers 17, 3, and 22, which, of course, added together, made a total of 42, which on this particular day happened to be the fourth and bottom number on the board. The little chap couldn't let this go, and blurted out in church—"I say, dad, they've added it up right this time!"

### A FELLOW SUFFERER.

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" "Someone is in distress," thought the kindly lady. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo-o-o." She hurried forward to the scene of the catastrophe, and was touched to find a little lad crying over the misfortune of an elderly gentleman, who had slipped on a banana. "Good little boy!" she exclaimed, patting him on the back. "I'm so glad you didn't laugh, like other little boys would have done, when that poor man fell down and hurt himself. Tell me, do you know him?" "Ye-es. Boo-hoo-o-o!" answered the little boy. "He's my farver." "Well, you must try and dry your tears, dear," said the kind lady. "He isn't badly hurt." "No. I wish he was!" retorted the whimpering urchin vindictively. "It was my banana he stepped on!"

### COUNTRY LIFE.

Not long ago a pair of rooks built their nest in one of a cluster of trees in a gentleman's grounds. The owner was delighted at the prospect of having a rookery practically at his back door, but the farmer who owned the surrounding land didn't look at the matter in the same light. The farmer was no great lover of rooks, and he gave his sons orders to "pot 'em" at the first opportunity. One morning the farmer received this note from his neighbor: "Sir,—I wish your boys would let my rooks alone. I'm trying to make a rookery." The farmer altered three words and returned the note: "Sir,—I wish your rooks would let my crops alone. I'm trying to make a living."

### FOUR TIMES THREE.

They had caught the fresh-air craze, and were camping in a sodden field by the side of a muddy brook. While she was seeking for the least sodden patch upon which to lay the cloth, he was cooking their breakfast over a leaky oilstove. At last they sat down to their well-earned repast, smiling as though they had done great things. But their smile soon faded. Just as he was beginning to discover that the sodden field was coming through the tablecloth, she exclaimed, "For goodness sake, George, how long did you boil these eggs?" "Twelve minutes, dear, as you told me to," answered her husband gloomily. "Twelve!" she exclaimed. "Why, I said that an egg only needed three minutes." "I know you did," he snapped crossly. "But, stupid child, there were four of them!"

### CORRECTED.

Being requested by the disconsolate, weeping widow of one of his late fellow-townsmen to place on the slab of her dear departed the words, "My sorrow is greater than I can bear," he took care to space the sentence so that room was left for an addition. A few months later she called to enquire how much it would cost to efface the inscription and substitute another. "No need of that, marm," he answered soothingly. "You see, there's just room to add 'alone.'"

### A COMPROMISE.

Cautiously little Thomas approached the shelf. Cautiously he climbed on to a chair. Cautiously he brought down a jar of jam. And cautiously he smacked his little lips. But accidents will happen, however cautious we are. And the next moment down crashed Thomas, chair, and jar in a jammy heap. "Ah! Caught you again, have I?" cried the cook, entering suddenly. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" sobbed Thomas. "It's no use crying, you bad boy!" she retorted, thinking regretfully of her interrupted *tele-a-tele* with the local constable outside. "Didn't you promise never to steal again?" "Yes," answered Thomas tremulously, wiping away his jam and tears. "And didn't I promise to wallop you if you did?" "Yes, you did," said Thomas, with a sudden gleam of hope. "But as I broke my word, cookie, I'll let you off yours!"

### OFFER ACCEPTED.

The infant ceased crying for a moment as a gentleman dashed into the compartment. But for a moment only. Eyeing the newcomer with growing disfavor, its lids drooping lower and lower, its mouth opening wider and wider, it emitted such a series of yells that the gentleman was urged at last to protest. "Is there nothing we can do, madam, to quieten the child?" he asked of its parent. The mother cast him a grateful glance. "There, there, darling," she cooed, lifting the howling infant from her lap. "Don't cry any more, dearie-diddums. The kind gentleman is going to play with you."

### HIS DUTIES.

"You have been with your firm a long time," said a man to his old schoolfellow. "Yes," answered his friend with a patient expression of countenance. "What's your position?" "I am an employe." "Yes, but what do you do?" "Well, I am a doer and the others are tellers. It's like this. When the gov'nor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the book-keeper, and the book-keeper tells the assistant book-keeper, and the assistant book-keeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me." "And what then?" "Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to do it."

### SPRING GARDENING.

Lord Carrington was keenly interested in all questions connected with the land—agriculture, gardening, and so on; and he once told a story of an ambitious young wife who decided to take up gardening. When her husband was starting for business one morning she handed him a lengthy list of seeds which she wanted him to bring home. He glanced down the list. "But don't you want any flowers to bloom this summer?" he asked. "Yes, of course," his wife answered. "Well, those you've put down here won't bloom till next summer." "Oh, that's all right!" she explained. "I made up the list from a last year's catalogue."

### WHO BUILT THE ORGAN?

Sir Arthur Sullivan was conducting a full rehearsal of his "Golden Legend" at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool. Mr. W. T. Best was at the organ—which in those days was not at all a perfect instrument—and in the middle of one of the most beautiful passages of the work Sullivan, disliking the combination of stops which the distinguished organist was employing, called a halt and asked rather complainingly—"Come, Mr. Best, can't we have a little viol da gamba here?" Mr. Best ruefully explained that there was no such stop on the instrument. "No viol da gamba?" exclaimed the conductor, in surprise. "Who on earth made the thing?" The great organist shook his head. "I have no idea of the man's name," he said, "but I fancy he must have been a plumber."

### USEFUL LEGS.

Bill had a tidy-bred dog, so he decided to take it to a dog show inviting a few of his workmates to go with him. When the time arrived for competing Bill marched up leading his dog. The judge just glanced at the dog and passed on to the next. Bill shouted after him, "Eh, hasta seen my dog? Come an' ave a look at it." The judge turned round and said, "Oh, that's not a prize-winner." "Well," said Bill, "come and have a look at it." The judge replied, "That dog has a lot of faults; for one thing, his legs are too short." "Well," said the indignant Bill, "they touch t'floor, duon't they?"

### POOR FISHING.

He was a most enthusiastic angler, and thought he would seek a new neighborhood in which to make some record catches. After tramping about for a good many miles he came upon a fair-sized pond in some low-lying fields. "Ah," he said, with the keen eye and appreciation of a thorough sportsman, "this looks a likely haunt for big fish. I'll try here." He had been fishing patiently for some time when a rustic passed him, and stared in open-mouthed astonishment. "I say, boy," said the fisherman, "are there any fish here?" "I don't know, sir. If there be any they must be very small." "Very small! What do you mean?" asked the fisherman. "'Cos," replied the yokel, "until the 'eavy rain yesterday there weren't no pond!"

### DISCRETION THE BETTER PART

"Herbert! Herbert!" whispered Mrs. Townley. "Wake up! There's a burglar downstairs. I hear him." Herbert was out of bed in an instant. "Hist!" he whispered. Quietly he slipped on his shoes and trousers and stole softly from the room. The minutes sped fast. The wife, listening intently, heard nothing. At last anxiety overcame fear. She crept to the stairway, leaned over the balustrade, and called, "Herbert!" "Well, what is it?" replied her husband's voice. It came not from below, but from above. "What on earth," asked Mrs. Townley, "are you doing up in the attic?" "Why," whispered Herbert, "didn't you say the burglar was downstairs?"

### THE MAMMY'S DEFENCE

The judge of the juvenile court, leaning forward in his chair, looked searchingly from the discreet and very ragged picaninny before his desk to the ample and solicitous form of the culprit's mother. "Why do you send him to the ample and solicitous form of the culprit's mother. Why do you send him to the railroad yards to pick up coal?" demanded his Honor. "You know it is against the law to send your child where he will be in jeopardy of his life." "Deed, judge. I doesn't send 'im; I nebber has sent 'im, 'deed—"

"Doesn't he bring home the coal?" interrupted the Judge impatiently. "But, Judge, I whips 'im, Judge, ebery time he brings it. I whips the little rascal till he can't set, 'deed I does." The careful disciplinarian turned her broad shyness reprovingly upon her undisturbed offspring, but kept a conciliatory eye for the Judge. "You burn the coal he brings, do you not?" persisted the Judge. "Burns it—burns it—cose I burns it. W'y, Judge, I has to get it out ob de way." "Why don't you send him back with it?" his Honor smiled insinuatingly, as he rasped out the question. "Send 'im back, Judge!" exclaimed the woman, throwing up her hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Send 'im back! W'y, Judge, ain't yo' jest done been told me I didn't oughter send my chile to no such dange'some and jeopardous place?"


### RELICS.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

### COAXING BABY.

Mrs. Brown—"Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone." Doctor—"Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour." Mrs. Brown—"Yes, but John and I and mother and the nurse have to each take a spoonful, too, in order to induce the sweet little cherub to take it."

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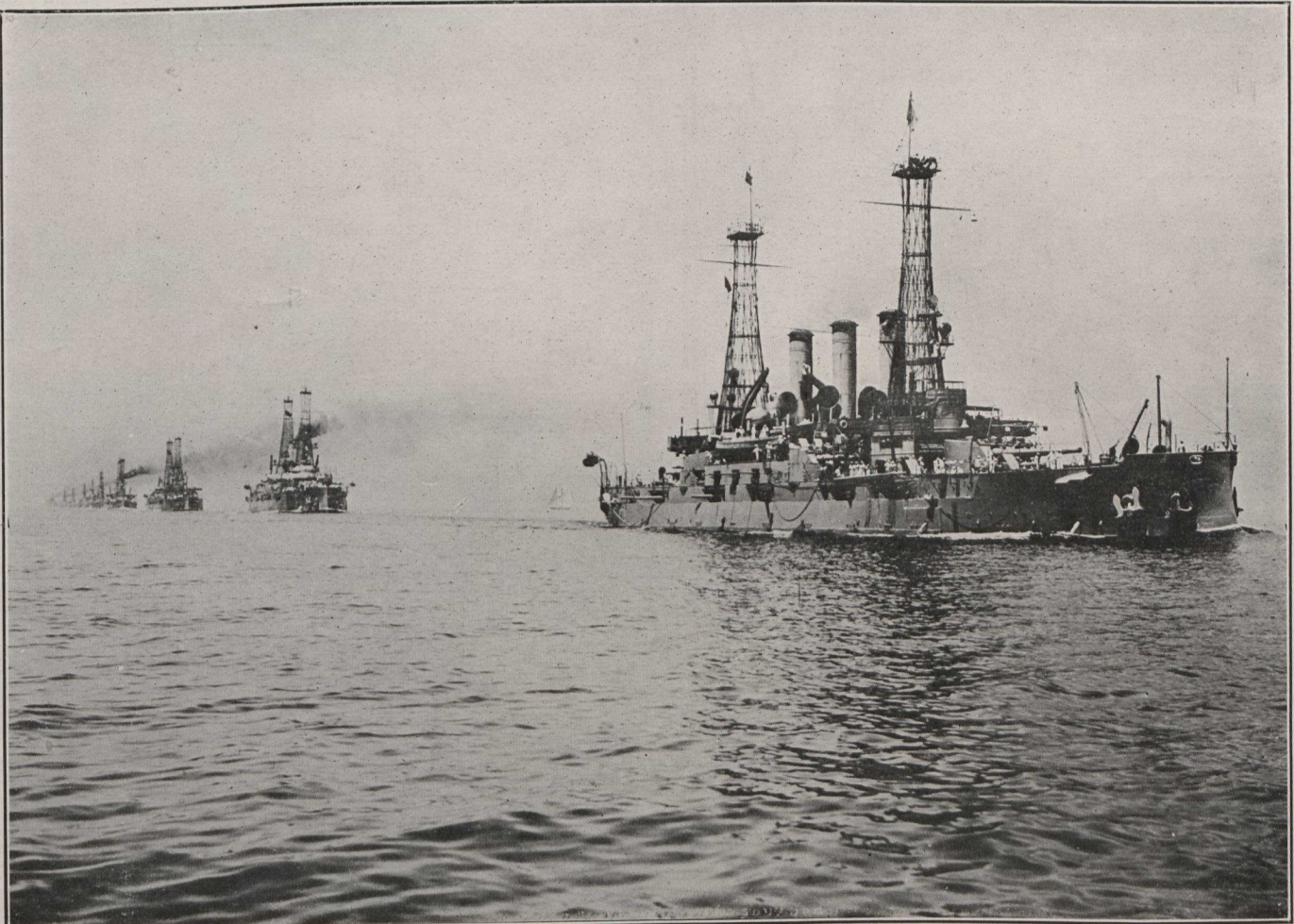
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**A Sea Demonstration** The North Atlantic fleet of the United States navy manoeuvring off the coast of Florida. The picture above shows the ships passing Virginia Cape, Fla., in "line-of-distance" formation. The ship leading the array is the "Connecticut," one of the most formidable of the American floating fighters.

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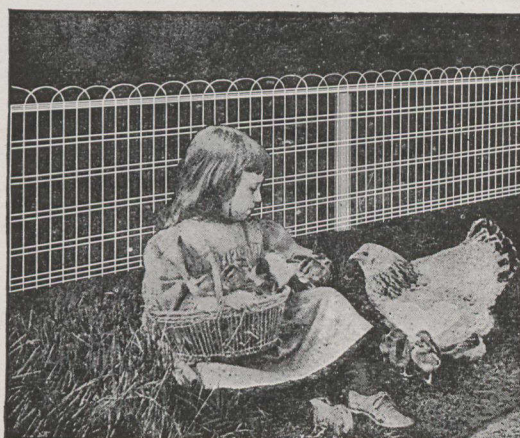
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We publish seven catalogues of information, each one complete in its particular line, as follows:

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## ABERCROMBIE & FITCH COMPANY

EZRA H. FITCH, President

57 RADE STREET

NEW YORK

Library of Parliament  
22 Oct 11

# "17 Cents a Day" Offer Stirs all Canada!

## The Whole Country Applauds the "Penny Purchase Plan" Oliver Typewriter Sales Reach Tremendous Volume

From a thousand different directions comes a mighty chorus of approval, voicing the popularity of the Oliver Typewriter "17 cents a Day" Purchase Plan.

The liberal terms of this offer bring the benefits of the best modern typewriter within easy reach of all.

The simple, convenient "Penny Plan" has assumed international importance.

It opened the floodgates of demand and has almost engulfed us with orders.

It has necessitated factory enlargement and a heavy increase in output.

And still the tide of business is sweeping the Oliver onward.

Individuals, firms and corporations—all classes of people—are taking advantage of the attractive plan and endorsing the great idea which led us to take this radical step—

**To make typewriting the universal medium of written communication!**

For this is the great national need, in business and private life.

### Speeds the Day of Universal Typewriting

We saw it coming. We realized that the trend of events was toward the general adoption of beautiful, legible, speedy typewriting in place of slow, laborious, illegible handwriting.

The great business interests are a unit in using typewriters.

Just imagine the chaos that would result were the typewriter to be banished from business—even for a single day! It would take years to untangle the errors that would creep into that day's correspondence regarding all business transactions. The loss from delays would be enormous.

It is just as important to the general public to substitute typewriting for "long-hand." For every private citizen's personal affairs are his business.

### The Oliver "Penny Plan"

Our popular "Penny Plan" speeds the day of **Universal Typewriting**. It is placing thousands of Oliver Typewriters—quickly—in the service of the public.

The Oliver Typewriter is rapidly raising the **efficiency standard** in the conduct of all kinds of business.

It is safeguarding the public from errors, misunderstandings, disputes, losses and delays due to careless, illegible writing.

### The Oliver Typewriter—a Mechanical Marvel

From a mechanical standpoint, the Oliver Typewriter is one of the most remarkable of modern inventions. The foremost engineering experts in the world concede its superiority. It stands on its own merits.

writer, and you have an overwhelming total of **tangible reasons** for its wonderful success.

### A Business Builder

The Oliver Typewriter is a powerful **creative force** in business—a veritable **wealth producer**. Its use **multiplies business opportunities, widens business influence, promotes business success**.

Thus the aggressive merchant or manufacturer, no matter how limited his field, can reach out for **more business** with trade-winning letters and price lists. By means of a "mailing list"—and the Oliver Typewriter—you can annex new trade territory.

Thousands of small businesses **stay small** because they lack the **impetus** which the Oliver Typewriter gives.

The Oliver Typewriter is a splendid **business tonic**. Try it! Get this greatest of business aids—**for 17 Cents a**

You can master the Oliver Typewriter in a few minutes' practice. It will pay big daily dividends of satisfaction on the small investment of **17 Cents a Day**.

### A Stepping-Stone to Success

For young people, the Oliver Typewriter is a stepping-stone to good positions and advancement in business life.

The ability to operate a typewriter counts for more than letters of recommendation.

Hundreds of men who have reached the highest rungs of the ladder in the business, financial and commercial world, **got their start** with the aid of the typewriter.

Start **now**, when you can own the Oliver Typewriter for **pennies**.

### The Oliver Typewriter Useful in the Home

The "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan puts the Oliver Typewriter on the threshold of every home in Canada.

Its simplicity, strength and easy operation make it most desirable for use in the home. It contributes greatly to the convenience and pleasure of every member of the family.

As an **educator**, its influence is invaluable.

Get an Oliver Typewriter—**for 17 Cents a Day**. Let the children use it as much as they like—**use won't hurt it!**

### Join the Association of Penny Savers!

Every purchaser of the Oliver Typewriter for 17 cents a Day is made an Honorary Member of the National Association of Penny Savers.

Thousands of enthusiastic Penny Savers will welcome you into the charmed circle.

A small first payment brings the magnificent new Oliver Typewriter, the latest model, the regular \$125 machine.

Then save 17 cents a Day and pay monthly—**make the typewriter earn the money!**

The Oliver Typewriter Catalog and full details of "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan sent on request, by coupon or letter,



### The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter is unlike all others. It is designed on a **different principle**. It follows the line of **least resistance**, rather than time-worn precedent.

With several hundred **less parts** than ordinary typewriters, its efficiency is proportionately **greater**. **Less parts** mean **less work** for the operator and less wear on the machine.

The Oliver Type Bars work freely in **double bearings**, with direct downward stroke, like the positive blow of a hammer. **(The line of least resistance!)**

Others have **single** type bars, with **upward stroke**. **(The line of greatest resistance!)**

Add to such basic advantages the many time-saving conveniences found only on the Oliver Type-

**Day**. Keep it **busy**. It will make your business **grow**.

### An Aid to Professional Men

The legal profession first recognized the typewriter as an indispensable assistant.

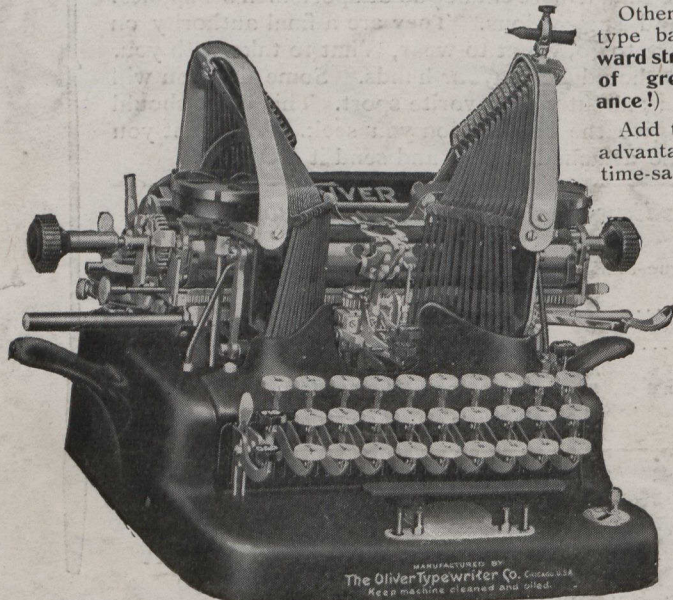
Now, **in all professions**, its use has become invaluable. The clergyman typewrites his sermons.

The doctor writes his prescriptions and makes out his bills on the typewriter. He typewrites papers to be read before medical societies.

Novelists and magazine contributors submit all manuscripts in typewritten form.

Newspaper reporters, editorial writers, telegraphers, use typewriters.

Architects and engineers, public accountants, all who must have **absolute accuracy**, have learned to depend on the **typewriter**.



Address Sales Department

The Oliver  
Typewriter Company  
689 Oliver Typewriter Building  
Chicago

### COUPON

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689 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.,  
Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send your ART CATALOG and details of "17-CENTS-A-DAY" offer on the Oliver Typewriter.

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Address .....

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