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CANADIAN PICTORIAL

CANADA'S POPULAR MAGAZINE



EMPIRE NUMBER

PRICE TEN CENTS

MAY

1910

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 For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from the Old Country

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OUR BOYS' CORNER

Portrait Gallery

of boys who are showing themselves successful young salesmen of the "Canadian Pictorial." :: ::



Forrest Carter, Que.

MASTER FORREST CARTER is one of two brothers in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, who have been making a good thing out of the "Pictorial." Jackknives, Rubber Stamps, Watches, Cameras, as well as cash commission have been the reward of good, steady, energetic work. Congratulations and good wishes for continued success!



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Canadian design, one yard long, of best wool bunting. Given for selling only TWENTY Copies of the Empire Number of the "Canadian Pictorial" at ten cents a copy. Money with order secures flag at once. :: ::

Bright boys all over Canada are invited to qualify for a place in our "Portrait Gallery." Boys who want to combine pleasure and profit, to earn money or prizes while they lay up for themselves good business training and experience, should write us for a package of the "Pictorial" to start their sales on, and full particulars of our plan. A post card will be sufficient. New recruits welcome to our "Pictorial" Army. Address—

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The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal

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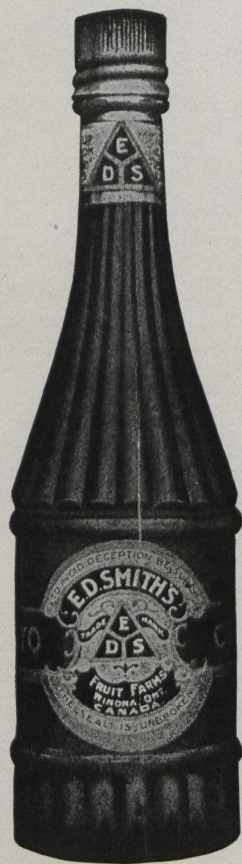
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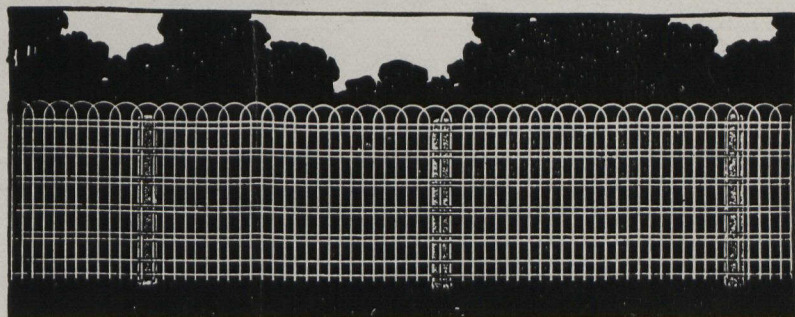
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Fruit Preserves,
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Accept no Substitute!

Canadian Pictorial

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Canada's Popular National Illustrated Magazine

Appreciation from a High Source

Lord Strathcona writes from London:

Your most excellent "Canadian Pictorial" is a publication which, if I may be permitted to say so, is a credit to Canada. I have been most favorably impressed by the general character of the magazine and the clearness of its illustrations.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
STRATHCONA.

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

—From "The Presbyterian Witness,"
Halifax, N.S.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal



The King, God Bless Him!

Since his accession to the Throne on January 22nd, 1901, Edward the Seventh, "by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India," has won the admiration of the world as a wise ruler. His Majesty's personal influence is admittedly stronger than that of any other reigning monarch and that influence has been exerted in such a way as to earn for him the title of "Edward the Peacemaker." Our King can be no longer called young—he is in his sixty-ninth year—but the universal wish is "Long may he live to reign!"

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 5, No. 6

One Dollar
a Year

MAY, 1910

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

The Colors of Our Flag

What is the Blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the White on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light,
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the Red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild, waste lands
And the froth of the purple main.
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod,
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast as we face the blast
And the foe be ten to one;
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword,
Or a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone, if the flag float on,
And Britain be lord of the main!

—Frederick George Scott

The Meaning of Empire Day

A DOZEN years ago there was no Empire Day; last year six and a half million children and as many adults took an active part in its celebration in various parts of the world. Canadians have the right to feel more directly interested in these celebrations than any other branch of the great Empire-family, for the idea was born in Canada. In 1898 Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, of Hamilton, Ontario, carried out a plan that she had had in mind for some time, and succeeded in persuading the School Board of her own city to celebrate as Empire Day May 23rd, or the last school day before Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24th. The same year the Dominion Teachers' Association heartily approved of the plan, and the School Boards of the towns and villages, as well as the cities, throughout Canada, set about observing the day in such a way as to make a very deep impression on the young Canadians taking part in it. But even the wide borders of Canada were not wide enough to keep the celebration within them. The idea spread to the Motherland, and the Earl of Meath, a notable worker for Empire, took it up with the enthusiasm for which he is renowned, and for seven years Empire Day has been a recognized institution in the United Kingdom and the Dominions of the King Overseas. In Great Britain it has secured the firm support of the Education Committees for no fewer than 38 counties, 137 boroughs, and 38 urban districts, having under their control some 17,820 schools and upwards of three and a half million scholars. The total number of schools within the Empire which have been officially reported to Lord Meath as keeping, or about to keep, Empire Day, amounts to 51,122, and the approximate number of scholars attending these schools is almost seven million.

A few years ago the Canadian Government issued a postage stamp bearing this inscription: "A vaster Empire than has been." This was no idle boast; it was literally true. The area

of the British Empire and its Protectorates to-day is, in round figures, twelve million square miles—more than one-fifth of the total land-surface of the world, and the population exceeds four hundred millions—more than one-fifth of the world's inhabitants. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne she ruled over only 8,329,000 square miles, and the territory remained about the same until after 1861. The tremendous increase in territory has been accomplished since then; that is, in fifty years the area of Britain's possessions has been increased fifty per cent.

But we as Britishers have more than mere material prosperity of which to be proud. We have a great and glorious history, and we have the record of a rule that is a synonym for liberty. Under the British flag thousands have found protection when there was no other human agency strong enough to shield them. The annals of our Army and Navy are filled with glorious achievements, the bare recital of which stirs the blood and stimulates the highest patriotism. And a true patriot is the noblest citizen of any country. This is what the Earl of Meath said in a ringing Empire Day message last year: "The greatness or the weakness of the State depends on the high or low average standard of the characters of the individuals who compose that State. The Empire Movement aims at raising this average standard. Will you who read these few lines join the movement, and endeavor so to live, and so to induce others to live, as to raise within the sphere of your influence the average standard of national character within the British Empire, remembering that the watchwords of the movement are 'Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-Sacrifice'?"

This, then, is the meaning of Empire Day. It aims at a higher ideal of citizenship. It was not instituted to stimulate boastful pride, but to nurture a feeling of responsibility in the hearts of the young so that they may hear the call of Duty and see the nobility of Self-Sacrifice.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Our cover this week shows Lord Roberts reviewing the Boy Scouts representing Canada and other countries of the Empire last Empire Day. The moment is the salute to the flag.

A bottle thrown overboard from the French liner 'La Touraine,' on August 9, 1909, off the coast of Newfoundland, was picked up off the coast of Wales on March 25 last, in Fishguard Bay, Pembrokeshire. It contained the card of Paul Marro, a New York merchant, who will send \$5 to each of the two boys who found it.

By the collapse of a temporary trestle at Lake Macdonald, in northern Quebec, a train of six cars which were occupied by foreign workmen engaged on the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway was precipitated to the bottom of a ravine 75 feet below, and ten men were killed and 23 others injured.

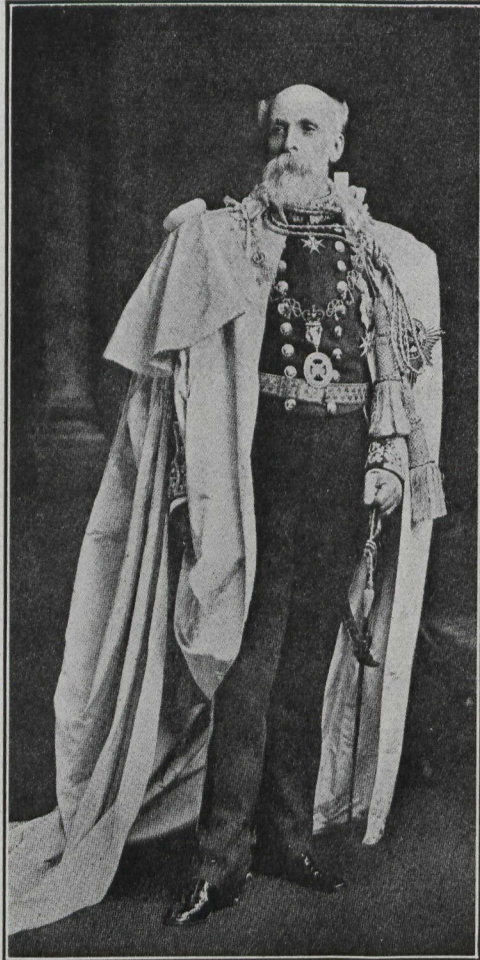
A French electric company is preparing to harness the river Jordan where in a very short space between the Waters of Merom and the Sea of Galilee the river descends 700 feet. A generating plant will be erected on the west bank of the river and will be connected with all of the chief towns of the country. Some \$1,000,000 will be required for the initial expenses. It is hoped that in five years the works will be paying well.

Seventy out of 116 Congregational churches in Canada were reported last month as voting in favor of the Union of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist bodies. The Methodist Ministerial Association of Montreal after an earnest discussion, recommended that the articles proposed as a basis of union be referred back to the Committee of Union or to a new Committee to be recast in briefer, clearer and more general form so that it may be accepted as a standard of doctrine without any wide dissatisfaction or mental reservation.

St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg, looked upon as the finest piece of architecture in the Russian capital, begun under Catherine the Great and completed under Nicholas I. in 1858, has been reported in a dangerous condition by an architectural commission; the cupola is cracked in several places, owing to the rotteness of the beams. The centre of the church will be partitioned off lest the piece of stucco work should fall during a service and produce a panic among the congregation, which, on great festivals, numbers 16,000 persons.

Mr. David Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, re-introducing last year's Budget in the Imperial House of Commons on April 14, declared that he realized that the present deficit of \$131,240,000 would be more than wiped out when all arrears had been collected, and that there would be an actual surplus of \$14,800,000. This surplus would have been \$21,000,000, he said, had the Budget not been held up by the House of Lords. The Chancellor commented upon the remarkable decrease of 32 percent in the consumption of whiskey. This he attributed mainly to the extra duty imposed. The gross revenue from spirits as compared with the estimated figures was \$14,000,000.

The thousand dollars reward offered for the discovery of a nest of the passenger pigeon has been claimed by Mr. C. S. Patience of a town in Ontario, the name of which is not yet to be made public. The reward is part of a subscription of \$3,800 by naturalists from all over the United States and Canada for the work of preventing the extinction of the bird. This particular breed of pigeon was very numerous in America up to the early '80's, but since then has been gradually dying out until now the species is very rare.



THE EARL OF MEATH,
Who has done so much to spread the "Empire Movement."

King Albert has approved the plans of the ministry of the colonies for reforms in the Belgian Congo, to become effective on July 1, when a large area will be opened to free commerce. The reforms include a reduction in the taxes which will be collected in money and not paid by labor; the substitution of native for white officials; the restriction of obligatory labor on the part of adults on the works dedicated to the improvement of their own conditions, and the suppression of polygamy.

Lord Kitchener was in the United States on his way back to England from India last month. At a dinner given in his honor by the Pilgrim Club, New York, Mr. Choate toasted him as a general who 'has never gone into action until he has got ready, who has never fought except to win, and in whose wake permanent and abiding peace has always followed.' 'On whatever service, wherever he is,' said Mr. Choate, 'his first service is to take good care of his men. Wherever he is Tommy Atkins is the best fed, the best taken care of, and the most popular fellow in the world.' In replying to these 'too flattering remarks' Lord Kitchener referred to the visit of the United States fleet to Australia where everyone was impressed with 'not only the great courtesy and frank good-will of the Admiral and his officers, but also the good behavior and smartness and preparedness for war of the men and ships of the fleet. The visit,' he said, 'undoubtedly created an excellent impression, for while it demonstrated to the world the power of the American Navy, it brought home to the people of Australasia the kindly feelings entertained toward them by the people of the United States.' Lord Kitchener in closing paid warm tribute to the efficiency of the instruction given at West Point.

It was reported recently from Fez that Madani Glau, the Grand Vizier, had been poisoned by three of his wives and was in a critical condition.

The Albanian insurgents, according to late despatches from Constantinople, have settled their differences with the Turkish Government and dispersed to their homes.

It is announced that France will build no more torpedo boats, recognizing the fact that submarines have definitely superseded them in warfare. The present torpedo boats of the French Navy will have entirely disappeared, it is estimated, by the year 1923.

Sunday work is to be abolished on the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railway, and on nearly a dozen lines subsidiary to the United States Steel Corporation. The order, which was issued this week, affects, it is said, upwards of 100,000 men.

In the Canadian House of Commons the other day Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced that the new Department of Naval Service for Canada would comprise five different services, namely, the navy proper, the fisheries protection service, the hydrographic survey, the tidal survey and the wireless telegraphic service.

The United States battleship 'Indiana' went to sea on the 16th to test a ship brake, the invention of the late Mr. Lacoste, a son of Sir Alexandre Lacoste, Chief Justice of Quebec. The test was made off the New Jersey coast. The owners of the patent claim it will stop a ship within her length while going at full speed. The invention has been put on the 'Indiana' at the expense of the owners of the patent.

The expedition which started in December from Fairbanks, Alaska, to scale Mount McKinley, the highest peak of the American continent, has reached the top of the mountain and all returned safely. Four camps were established and a trail blazed to the crest. Up to 12,000 feet the climbing presented no unusual difficulties. For the next 4,000 feet the way led over steep ice fields. From the camp 16,000 feet up, the dash to the top was made. Mount McKinley terminates in twin peaks of equal height, one somewhat rounded and covered with snow, and the other composed of bars and windswept rocks. On the latter the Stars and Stripes was placed. The expedition, which was provided with Dr. Cook's maps and data, report that it utterly failed to verify any part of his story of the ascent. Mr. Harry Whitney is planning an expedition to the Arctic this summer to hunt big game, and incidentally will stop at Etah to recover Dr. Cook's instruments.

Expulsion of Jews from Russia, according to a despatch from Berlin, is taking place on a scale unprecedented in extent and cruelty. Almost every community outside the limited regions where Jews are permitted to dwell is daily the scene of wholesale evictions. In Kieff alone, 1,200 families have been deprived of the right of further domicile. One thousand six hundred families of Bokhara Jews have been driven from their homes during the last few weeks, and now find themselves in a desperate plight. Several Bokhara refugees arrived in Berlin last week with harrowing tales of oppression. Even in the so-called settlement districts, where Jews are supposed to enjoy the unmolested right of domicile, the expulsion regime is in full swing. The authorities have harked back to the notorious Ignatieff 'May laws' of 1882 and 1891, and with unrestrained cruelty are driving out the comparatively few Jews who inhabit the settlement districts, and are compelling them to seek refuge in the overcrowded cities, where starvation and pauperism sooner or later will compel them to flee the country.



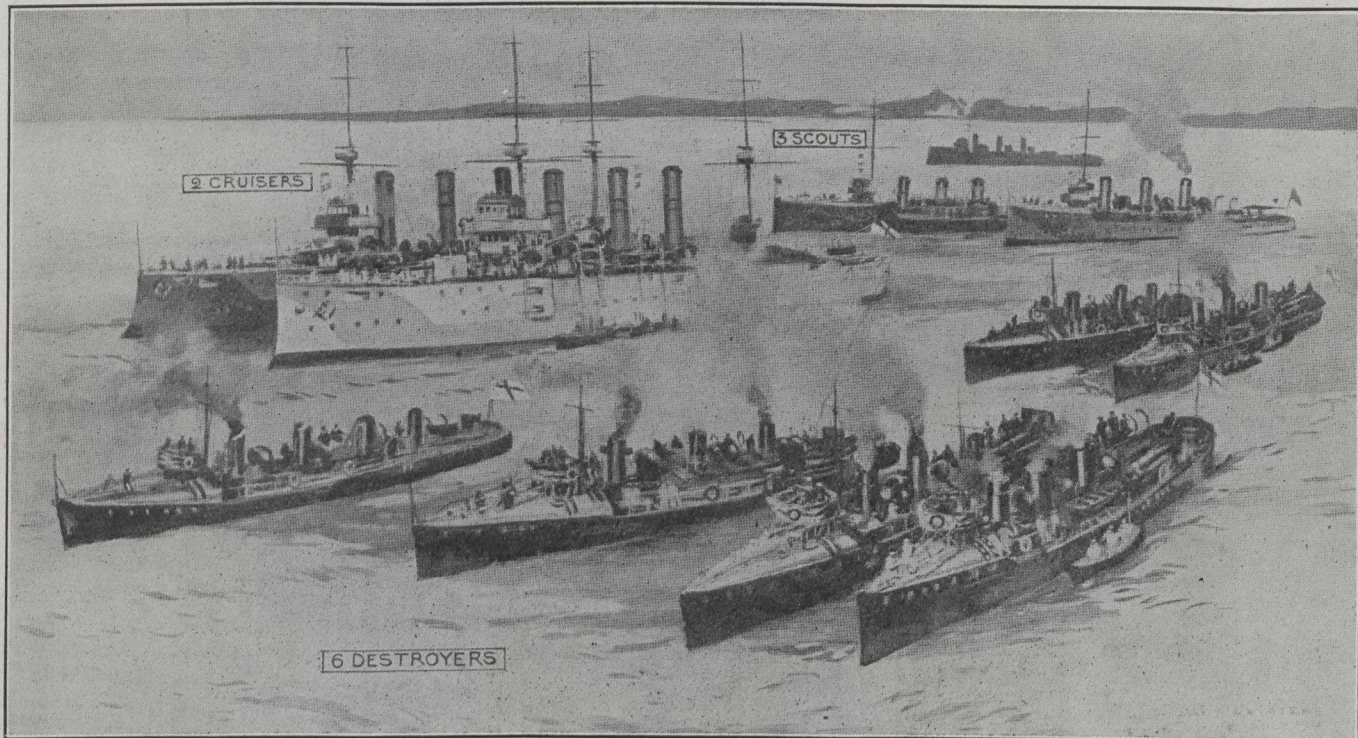
Twelve Lives Lost by Fire

The Rossmore House, Cornwall, Ont., one of the best known hotels between Montreal and Toronto, was burned to the ground early in the morning, on Friday, April 29th, and twelve of the sixty people in the building were burned to death. The origin of the fire is as yet a mystery. Those who escaped from the building did so by means of ropes with which it was well supplied, or by jumping to a low roof near-by. One whole family was wiped out, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray and two children. Mr. Gray was aroused and stepped into the corridor to see what was the matter. He returned to save his wife and family and lost his own life. An employee who was burned to death lost her husband in a hotel fire in Cornwall on March 24th, 1909. She leaves seven children.



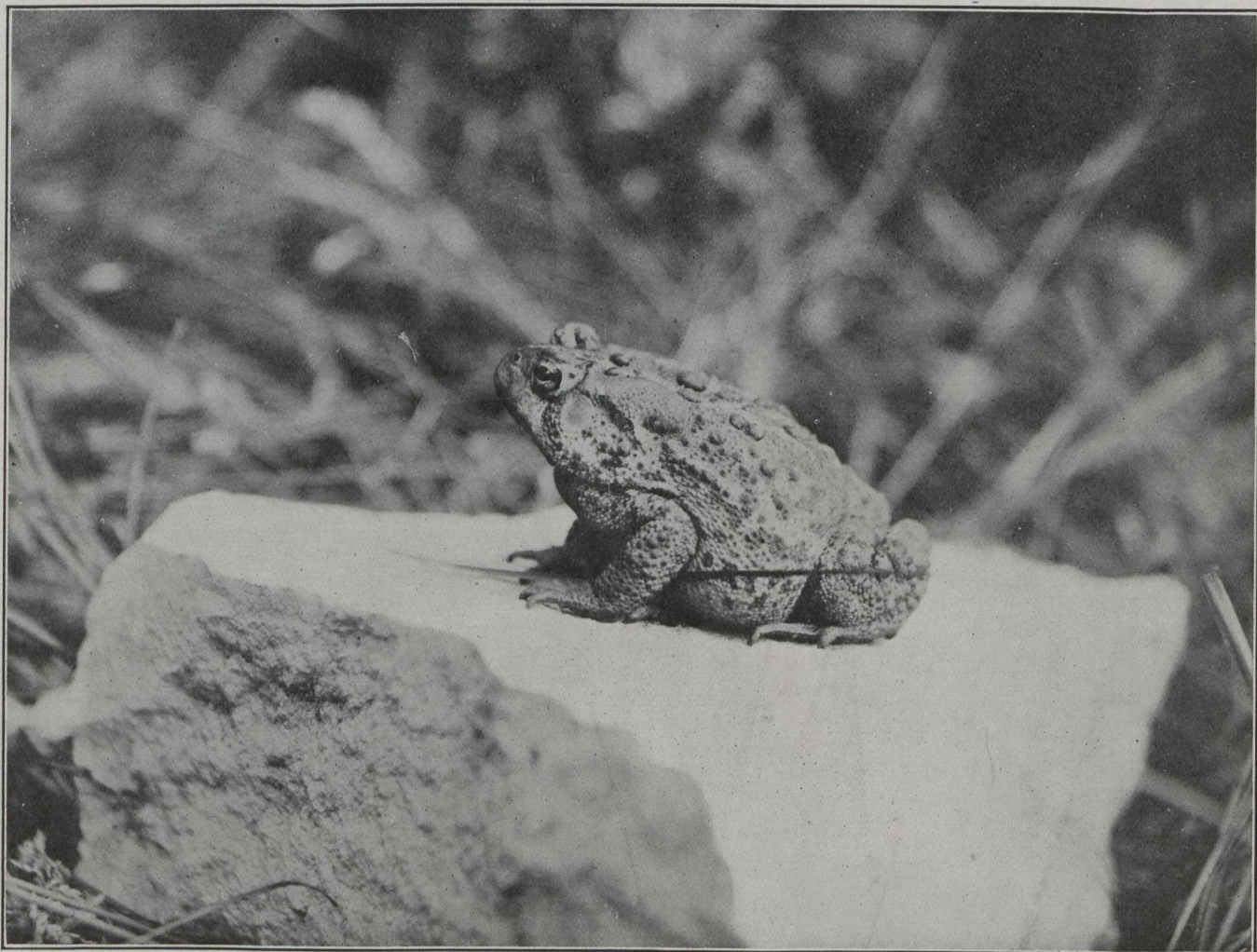
Cornwall's Darkest Day

The fire spread to several other buildings involving a total loss of a quarter of a million. The insurance amounts to \$75,000. The building shown above is the Bell Telephone Company's Exchange, which was burned completely out. Miss Bender, the night operator, was the heroine of the occasion, sticking to her post for hours and summoning help from all over the town with the flames all around her.



Canada's Share in Empire-Defence

An artist in an English illustrated weekly gives this visual impression of what the nucleus of Canada's new navy will be. It is not pretended that the vessels given are absolutely correct but the picture gives a good general idea of what we may see in a few years.



A Sure Sign of Spring in Canada

—John Boyd, Sarnia, Photo

News Photos



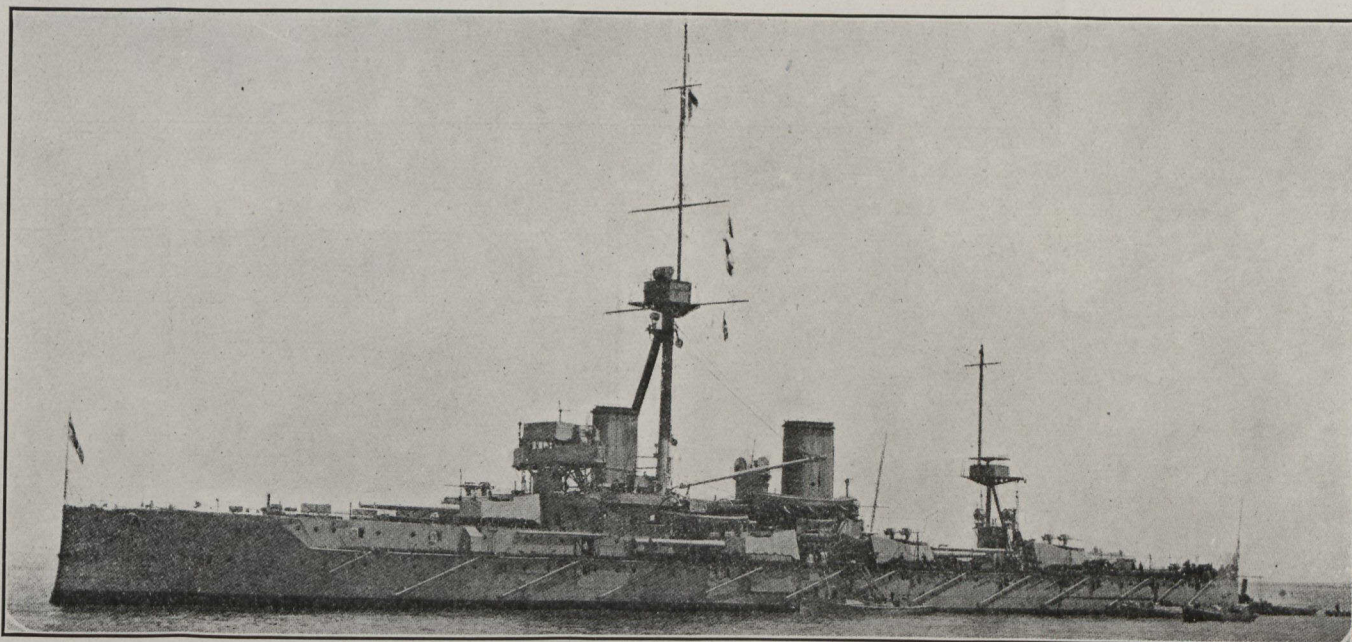
The Editor of the "Canadian Pictorial" is anxious at all times to see photographs of current interest. Such as are found suitable for reproduction will be paid for. It is impossible for the Editor to say from description whether any picture could be accepted. It must be submitted. If stamps are enclosed reasonable care will be taken to see that all pictures declined are returned, but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible if any should fail to reach their destination. Mark "News Picture" and address: Managing Editor, "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



The Heir-Presumptive to the Empire's Throne

This snapshot of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was taken near the Houses of Parliament, towards which the Prince was walking to listen to the debate on the relations between the Lords and the Commons. The Prince of Wales, who is much beloved throughout the Empire, is much interested in Canada, a fact that he demonstrated by his statesmanlike speeches on his return from his visit to Canada a few years ago.

—Copyright, Halfstones, Ltd.



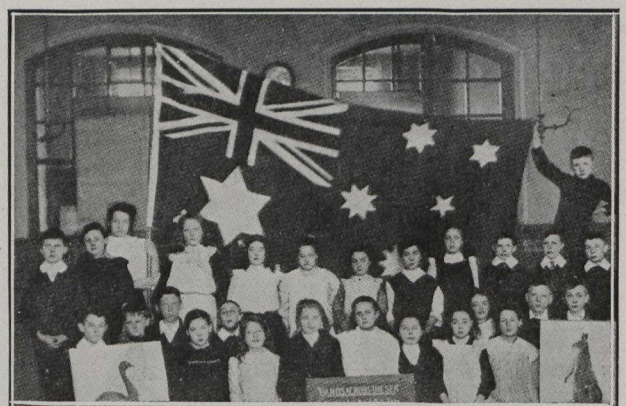
H.M.S. "Dreadnought"

This celebrated man-of-war has been copied and imitated by naval constructors all over the world. The "Dreadnought" was launched in 1906, carries ten guns, is of 18,000 tons register, 23,000 horse power and steams twenty-one knots per hour. She is the flag-ship of Admiral Sir William H. May, G.C.V.O., and her commander is Captain Herbert W. Richmond.



How a London Boy Scout Spends Empire Day

—Black and White



An Exchange of Flags

This Union Jack, four yards by two, bears an embroidered inscription which tells its story: "From the boys and girls of the Blackley Municipal School, Manchester, England, to the boys and girls of the Wellington Road School, Adelaide, South Australia." The Australian Commonwealth flag, on the right, was sent to the boys and girls of the Blackley Municipal School, Manchester, by the boys and girls of the Wellington Road School, Adelaide. It was unfurled on Empire Day last year by Sir Frederick Cawley, M.P. for the Prestwich division of South-east Lancashire, who presented the flagstaff.



A Patrol of Boy Scouts at Aldershot

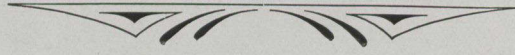
Nothing in the long history of boyhood has established so rapid and powerful an influence as this new order of youthful chivalry. Every day the numbers of the boyish army obtain fresh reinforcements in some parts of the Empire, and the measure of its value finds continual illustration in the contrast between the boys who are still outside and those who are within the movement.



Boy Scouts Camping in a Surrey Chalk Pit

Writing in the "Sphere," Sir Robert Baden-Powell says: The joy of the life of a Scout is the living in the woods under the stars and in the jungles among the animals that inhabit them. He gets to know the ways of the beasts and their whereabouts by reading their tracks. He can find his way by the map in a strange country. With his keen sight he sees everything, both far and near, before the slow eyed townsman has noticed anything. He has endurance that enables him to run down his game or to escape from fast-running enemies; and he can stalk, or creep, or hide where the ordinary lout would be seen at once. He can build his hut, or boat, or bridge, which means the use of the axe and a knowledge of knots, and of course he can light his fire and cook his "grub" and make himself generally handy and comfortable. Then a Scout's life makes him so cheerful that he is always on the grin, and when a few Scouts get together round the camp fire, their songs and war dances are something fairly rousing. On becoming a Scout you promise on your honor three things: (1) To be loyal to God and the King. (2) To help other people at all times. (3) To obey the Scout law. You learn the secret sign of the Scouts and also your patrol call, every patrol being named after some animal whose cry you must imitate in order to communicate with the other members of your patrol at night. No Scout may, however, use the cry of another patrol. The Scout law binds you to be loyal, kind, obedient, and cheerful. When you have learned the different duties of a Scout and are able to do them well you obtain a badge as a Scout.

Defenders of Empire: The Army



The Irish Guards The total establishment of the British Army is 804,973, which includes thirty-one regiments of Cavalry, ninety-nine Field Batteries, seventy-three regiments of Infantry, eighty-four troops of Royal Engineers, and eighty-four companies of the Army Service Corps. The establishment of British regiments serving in India is 76,009 and the Indian regular forces themselves number 154,500. The Army Estimates this year were £27,435,000.

Defenders of Empire: The Navy



Jack off Duty The number of officers, seamen, and boys, provided for the Sea Service amounted this year to 100,865, the Coastguards to 3,267, and the Marines to 17,603. The number of officers and men of the Royal Naval Reserve was 23,500, of the Royal Fleet Reserve 22,950, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve 3,700. The number of pensioners was 7,019, making a grand total of active and reserve of 185,686. The Naval Estimates this year were £35,142,700.



Their Excellencies The representative of the Crown in Canada, Earl Grey, who has won the warm respect and esteem of all Canadians by his hearty interest in things that are worth while, spent a couple of weeks in Montreal last month. On a sunny Saturday afternoon His Excellency reviewed the Montreal companies of Boy Scouts. The picture was taken on that occasion and shows His Excellency with the Countess Grey and Lady Sibyl Grey.



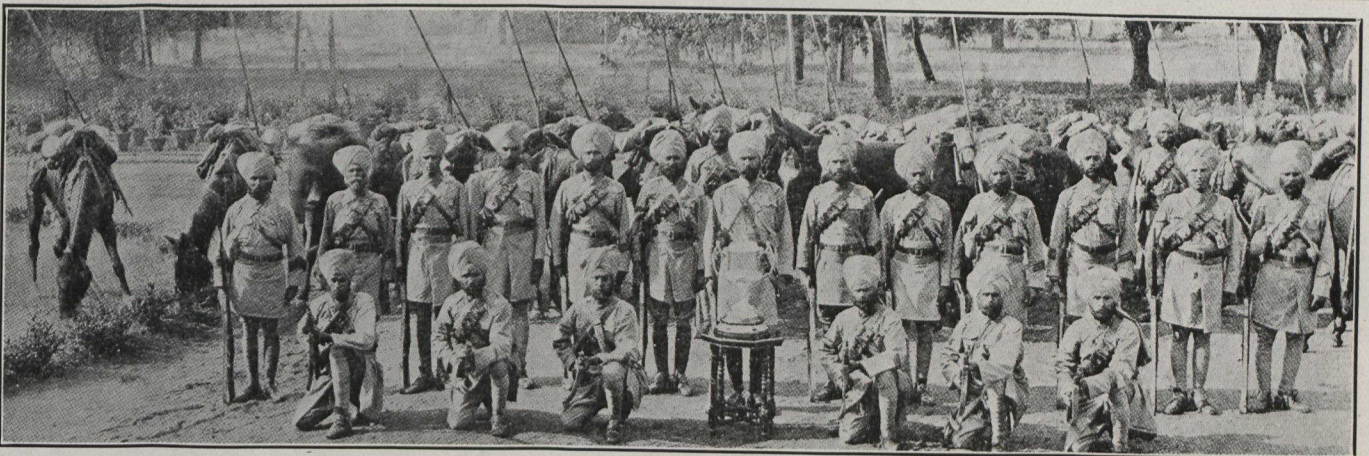
A Scout with a Punctured Tyre



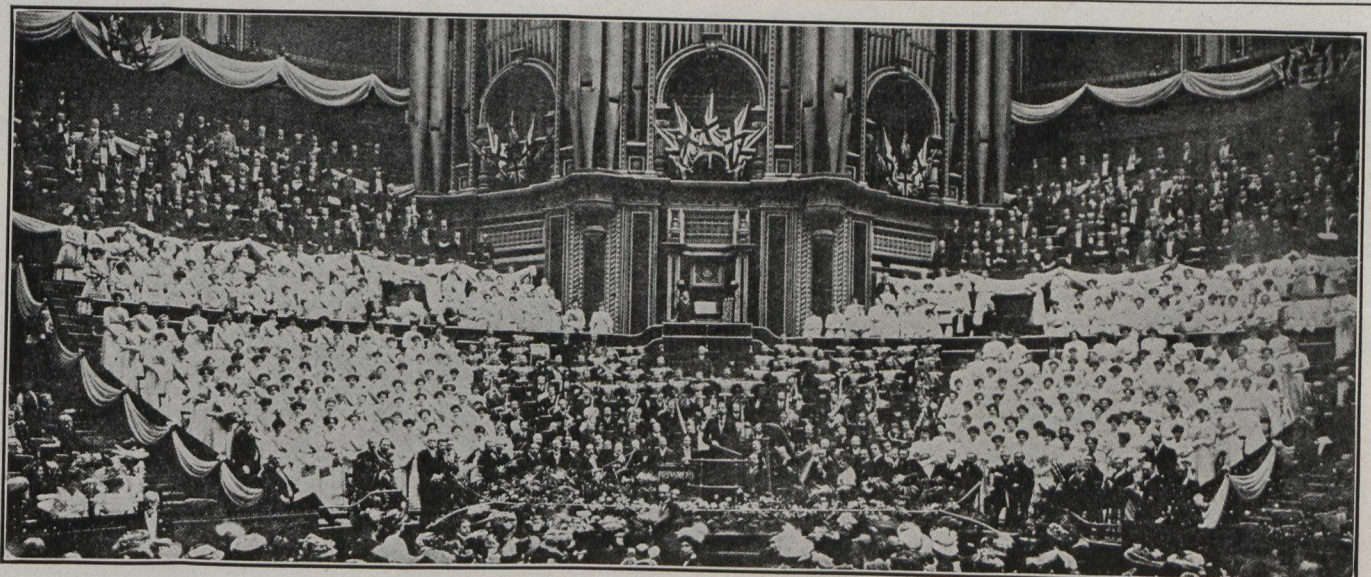
A Young Scout on Duty



Cadets of Western Canada The boys of the west are just as keen to prepare themselves for the defence of the Empire as those of the east, as will be seen by this picture, which depicts a review of the Winnipeg School Cadets by the Governor-General. In the foreground is seen His Excellency, who is accompanied by Colonel Sir John Hanbury-Williams, on his right, and Colonel Steele, C.B., on his left. Colonel Steele was the commander of Strathcona's Horse in South Africa, and is now officer commanding the Manitoba Military district.



Types of Native Indian Soldiers of Empire The 30th Lancers (Gordon's Horse) raised by Sir John Bury Gordon, Bart., of Park, Banffshire.



The Empire Concert A glimpse of the Royal Albert Hall, London, where each year on Empire Day an immense choir led by a Canadian, Dr. C. A. E. Harriss, sing patriotic songs.



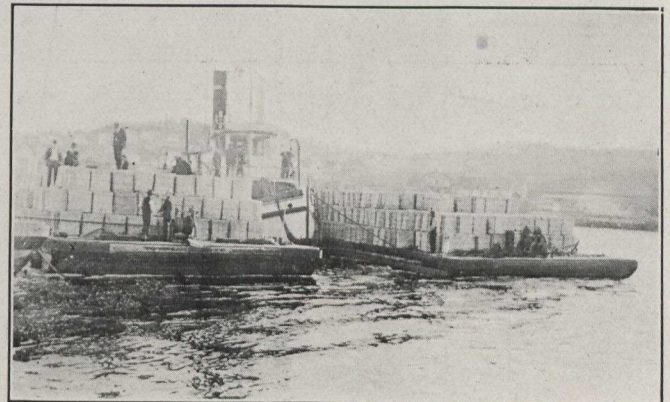
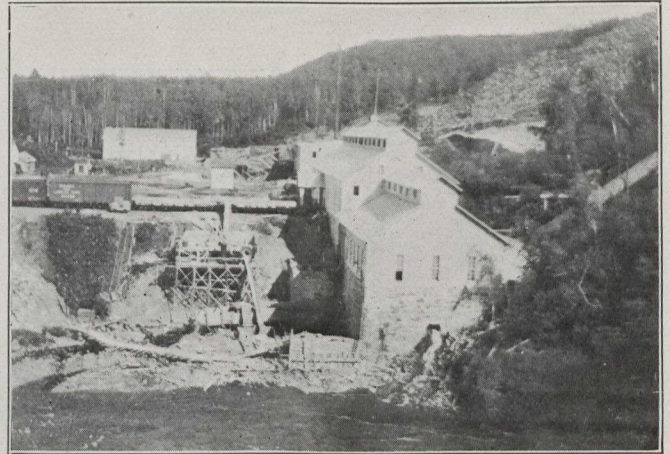
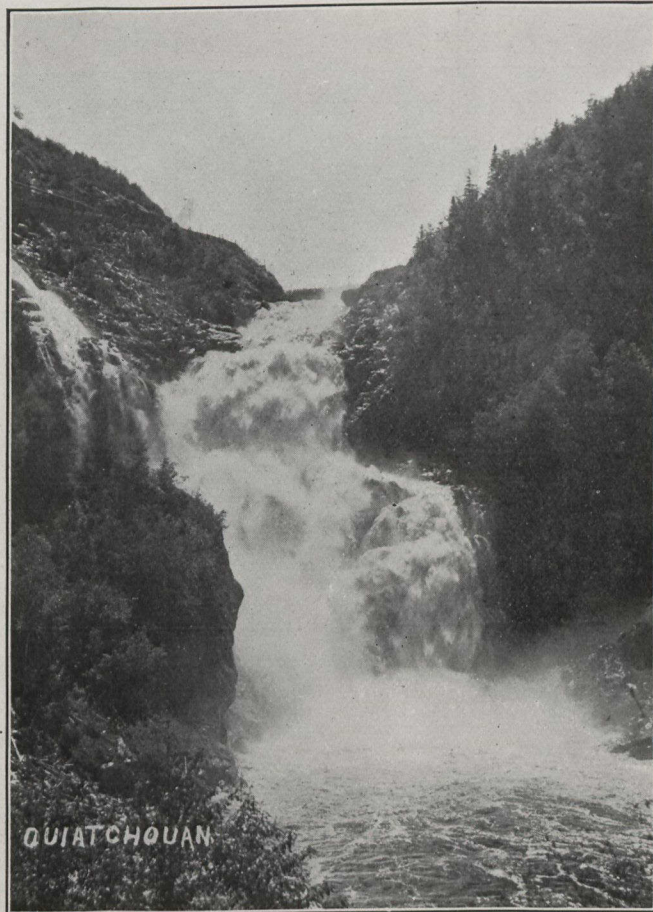
Opening our Waterways

The first vessel from the sea arrived at the Port of Montreal this year eleven days earlier than ever before. This was largely due to the good work done by the government ice-breakers in keeping Cap Rouge clear all winter and in opening the channel. This picture was taken by a CANADIAN PICTORIAL photographer on board the ice-breaking steamer "Lady Grey" in Lake St. Peter between Montreal and Quebec. When the main channel had been cleared all the north shore ice remained fast, owing to the fact that "battures," or large masses of ice, had collected in the shoals to the north of the ship channel. It took the greater part of a day to loosen up their ties. The white zig-zag line, which may be seen fading away in the distance, shows this line of battures, which extended for about five miles.



The Result of the Ice Shove

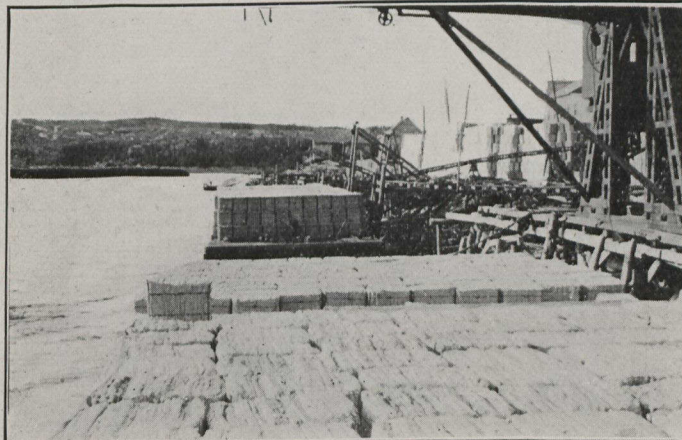
The first movement of ice in the lake always results in the piling of great fantastic heaps along the shore. This view, from the side of the "Lady Grey" shows the south-east corner of Lake St. Peter near Port St. Francis. During the night the ice had been moving down. It had jammed again, presenting a solid mass to the eye, but leaving as evidence of its movement, these great heaps of glistening white crystal. The force of the shove and the excitement connected with ice-breaking are indicated by the fact that the wharf at Port St. Francis was completely carried away by the first movement.



The Beautiful Quiatchouan Falls

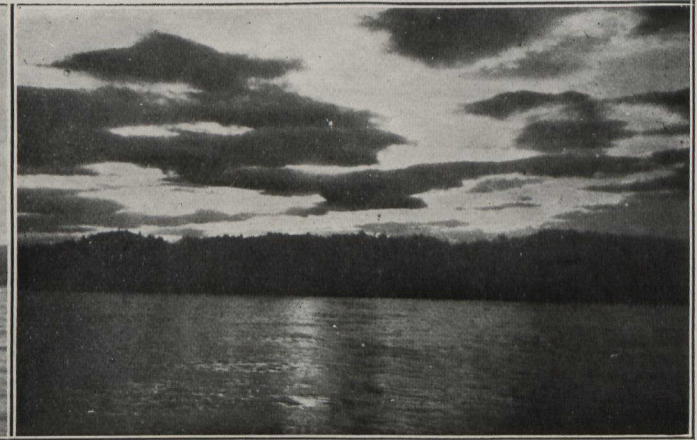
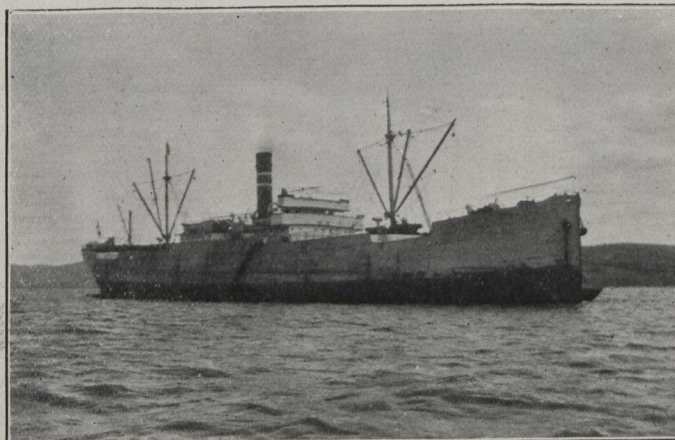
These falls are about a mile from Lake St. John, Quebec, five from Roberval, and 172 from the city of Quebec. They are 244 feet in height, and, as their Indian name signifies, may be "seen from afar." The power has now been utilized and the result is a pulp mill which will shortly be turning out from fifty-five to sixty tons of pulp daily, and before long finished paper will be made. The mills are shown in the upper picture to the right. The lower one shows a tug ready to tow two barges of pulp down to the steamer.

—Pictures from Mr. B. Harrington.



Hundreds of Bales of Pulp

The picture on the right shows the pulp piled up on the wharf at Chicoutimi, sixty miles from the Quiatchouan Falls. The other view shows the pulp loaded on scows.



The Pulp Industry

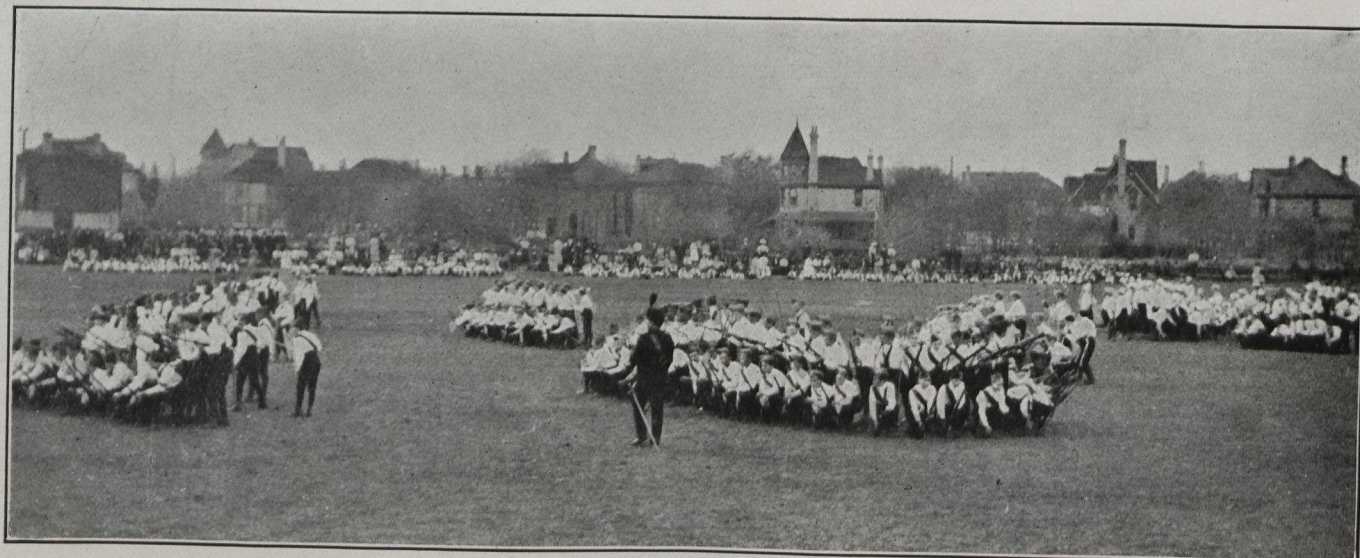
Above is illustrated the type of vessel which carries the pulp across the Atlantic. The process of manufacture is an interesting one. Gangs of men are taken into the woods in the early fall to cut down the trees, which are hauled to the rivers. In the spring, the logs are rolled into the water and are taken hold of by river drivers who guide them down the streams till they arrive at the mill dam. There they are cut up into two foot lengths, and carried to the grinder room where the wood is ground to a pulp by large grindstones. It then passes through several screens where the coarse fibre is drawn off and only the finest left to run on the wet machines. Here the pulp is cut off in large sheets and piled on trucks which in their turn are put in hydraulic presses until about 50% of the water has been pressed out. It is then done up in bales weighing 450 lbs. each, put on the cars and taken to Chicoutimi, where it is loaded on to barges which carry 1,500 bales each, and taken down the famous Saguenay river by tugs for a distance of nine miles. It is then loaded on steamers which carry it to England and France where the pulp is finally made into paper. The last picture shows a sunset on the beautiful Saguenay.



Our Cosmopolitan Country This remarkable group shows some of the scholars of the western city of Calgary, and the sashes indicate their nationality. It is an evidence of the variety of the material that is making Canadian manhood and womanhood. Each child in the picture is proud to be called a Canadian.



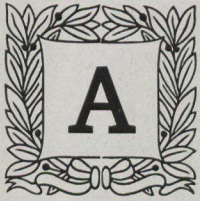
Empire Day at Home The Queen's Bays pointing lances while the band plays "God Save the King," at Ealing during a military display.



"Prepared to Receive Cavalry" The Winnipeg School Cadets drawn up for review in command of Col. Bellman of the 90th. Another picture of these cadets appears on page 15 of this issue.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

An English Poetess



ALTHOUGH it is only thirteen years since Jean Ingelow passed away, her poetry is not familiar to the younger generation of Canadians, who miss thereby much that is sweet and musical in verse. Even in her lifetime little was known of

Miss Ingelow personally. As an author she preferred to remain impersonal to her readers, although she was pleased that others should take an interest in her. She was born in Boston, in Lincolnshire, eighty years ago, one of a family of eleven children. The influence of a happy, cheerful, endearing home life is seen in many of her poems. Jean learned to read when she was three years old, but otherwise did not astonish her governesses by any special quickness in acquiring learning. She showed her poetic temperament at an early age by writing verses on the flat backs of the old-fashioned shutters on her bedroom windows. Her first volume of poems was published in 1863. It was received with hearty favor; some of her most popular lyrics, "Divided," "Songs of Seven," "The Long White Seam," and "The High Tide" were in this volume. Miss Ingelow had removed with her family to Kensington when this volume came out, and there she continued to live and write, in later years keeping house for two of her brothers. The poet's lines, in material things, had always fallen in pleasant places, but she had her share of human grief and sorrow. Miss Ingelow's life was simple, unassuming, and made beautiful by sympathy with the unhappy and extending kindly help to the unfortunate. Her face was well known among the poor of London.

In Miss Ingelow's poems one notices how many times, as if instinctively, her thoughts turn to the sea. The curious old town of Boston, where she was born, was within sight of the ocean, on a river which after flowing between chalky uplands covered with grass, wide moors of heather, and low-lying fens luscious with meadow grass, passed right through the town on its way to the sea. One of the most widely known of Miss Ingelow's poems, "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," gives a vivid picture of one time, in 1571, when the tide broke through the old sea-wall, and carried desolation to the smiling fields beyond. The poem is full of word-pictures, painted not from imagination but from memory that constantly revived the old scenes and associations endeared in childhood. Another poem, founded on fact, is "Winstanley," a ballad, very familiar to readers of Miss Ingelow's generation, that in force and simplicity compares with some of the best old English ballads. Its hero is Henry Winstanley, a London silk merchant, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, who, because so many sailors had perished in the wrecks on the Eddystone rock, vowed that never again a ship of his should cross the windy sea unless there could be found some way to warn vessels off the rock. He succeeded in building the first Eddystone lighthouse, but it took him half a lifetime, and he spent all his fortune. The structure was not strong enough to withstand a violent storm, which swept it away, and Winstanley and his workmen perished with it. Jean Ingelow has preserved the record of one of England's heroes who might have been forgotten.

It is in her short lyrical poems that Jean Ingelow's poetic power over words and rhythm is especially discernible. Everyone who has read her "Songs of Seven"—the poem in which many of us made her acquaintance—will have noted how the rhythm in the several "sevens" suggesting the chief epochs in a woman's life, corresponds with the mood of that particular period. In the poem "Divided," one finds beautifully descriptive lines that would compare with Tennyson himself. What an ex-

pense opens out before the mind's eye in the first lines:

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom,"

and then the human theme to take hold of the imagination:

"We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume."

Common life and experience touched a responsive and sympathetic chord in Jean Ingelow's heart. She saw the latent beauty in the homely lives of simple folk, and could make of a commonplace incident like "The Supper at the Mill," a representation that takes hold of one's sympathies.

While Miss Ingelow's greatest beauty lies in rhythm and melody, her success in a poem like "Brothers, and a Sermon," written in blank verse, is notable. Her intimate knowledge of the sea in calm as in storm infuses the descriptive lines:

"A reef of level rock runs out to sea,
And you may lie on it and look sheer down,
Just where the 'Grace of Sunderland' was
lost,

And see the elastic banners of the dulse
Rock softly, and the orange star-fish creep
Across the laver, and the mackerel shoot
Over and under it, like silver boats
Turning at will and plying under water."

"Dreams that came True" and "Monitions

of the Unseen" are poems touching on the pains and sorrows of the poor, and the attitude of society towards them. In the latter the theme is worked out through the mystical element, as suggested in the title. The underlying thought is that workers for the betterment of their less fortunate fellow human-beings must not be borne down by discouragement in the face of conditions that it seems almost hopeless for them to try to cope with.

The "Story of Doom," Miss Ingelow's longest and most ambitious poem, is founded on the Biblical account of the Deluge, and opens with an interview between Noah and his wife when he has come home for a brief rest in his discouraging work of wandering over the earth beseeching the people to repent. The love story of Japhet and Amaranth is typical of Miss Ingelow's treatment of that theme.

A brief sketch and a few scattered allusions cannot, of course, do justice to Miss Ingelow's poems, but may serve to give a glimpse of the pleasure of her verse to those who know little of her. Miss Ingelow used mostly the simple homely materials of everyday life, changing the prose into poetry. Her poems are varied in theme as in treatment, but it is for its lyrical beauty and musical flow that Miss Ingelow's work is most worth reviving for a generation not too fond of poetry.



A Bride and her Flower Girl Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Jr., who was Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, and niece of Miss Helen Gould. Her marriage took place in New York on April 20th. Little Miss Edith Gould, the bride's sister, was flower girl.

—Copyright, Marceau, New York



To Represent the Crown in South Africa The youngest son of the great Commoner, Mr. Gladstone, has accepted a title—for the reason that a title is practically a necessity for a vice-roy—having been appointed the first Governor-General of the federated South Africa. On April 5th, prior to their departure from London, Lord and Lady Gladstone were tendered a farewell reception, at which this picture was taken.

—Copyright, Central News



Young Orphan Children out for an Airing in Vienna

—The Sphere

The Toilet and the Baby

MORE false hair is worn now, and frankly worn, than for generations before. This is due to the present styles of hair dressing that require long even tresses which few people possess naturally. Some of those who once had, or would have had, abundant and lengthy hair have had it waved and marcelled and curled and overheated till it is broken and irregular, and in no condition for the comparatively simple coiffure that is taking the place of the elaborately puffed pompadour.

Fortunately, mistreated hair can be restored to order, but it takes time and patience. The time for treating the hair is when undressing for the night. It is impossible to keep the hair in good condition if it is not attended to at night, and no one will look well groomed next day who goes to sleep with her hair done up and full of hair pins. It is bound to look as if she had "slept in it," although she may comb and brush it carefully next morning. Besides, the effect of leaving the hair pinned up over night is bad for the scalp, which needs a rest. To prepare the hair for its eight or more hours' negligence, take out the combs and pins, shake out the locks, and if there is time and you are not too tired, spend a few minutes ventilating the hair. There is no tonic better than letting the air in to the scalp, also massaging the scalp with rotary movements with the finger tips. Open the window, and, standing in front of it, lift the hair at the ends with both hands, shake and toss it about, also separate it into strands, anything to let the air blow through. When the hair is first let loose from the pins that have kept it in one form for hours, it is apt to be more or less matted, and one's first resort is usually to the brush. It is better to first straighten out any tangles and put the strands in order with the fingers. Divide the hair down the back, part it in front, and bring half over each shoulder, then starting at the centre part move the fingers down the length of the tresses straightening them into order. It is then ready for the brush. There is a knack in brushing the hair so as to do the most good with the effort expended. If the hair is long and thick it should be divided into strands, and each strand brushed separately. Draw the brush from the scalp right down to the ends of the hair at each stroke, and over both the under and upper surfaces. Make gentle but firm strokes, and do not bring the brush down to strike sharply on the scalp at the beginning of the stroke. Let the long even strokes follow each other in rather quick succession, thus starting a slight electric current that is stimulating. To finish it for the night, braid in two loose braids, and let them hang, without pinning up.

In the process of restoring the hair, electric massage by a hair-dresser or other skilled operator is very helpful, but if it is not convenient to have this, the finger massage which one can administer oneself does a great deal of good. It should be given every night at first if the hair is dry and lustreless, or seems poorly nourished, after that two or three times a week should suffice. Some people complain that the massage movements tangle their hair, but there is really no occasion for tangleing. Use only the tips of the first two fingers. Commence at the forehead and temples and work over the crown to the base of the head, moving each spot you touch round and round. If you part your hair in strands, and do not draw your fingers through the hair, but lift them up and replace them from one spot to the next, following along the parting line, and moving the scalp, not rubbing the roots of the hair, you can go all over the head without causing a single tangle.

With ordinarily healthy scalp, a few months of such treatment, with careful shampooing when needed, will restore the hair to good condition.

Hints on Regularity

Regularity might well be the watchword in the things that concern the baby for the first year of his life,—regularity in feeding, in bathing, in putting him to bed, in dressing and undressing him. There is no danger of the monotony wearing upon him, all he has to do at first is to grow and develop, and he will do that better if he is disturbed as little as may be. If he is asleep when feeding time comes it is just as well to wake him, but do not let him be awakened at other times for anything, even the pleasure of showing him to somebody.

From the very first accustom the baby to going asleep without being rocked or coaxed in any way. If you never begin the coaxing process, it stands to reason that you won't have to keep it up.

What gives a little one the notion for assistance in wooing slumber is often that he is not put to bed at a regular time, or that he has been played with just before his bed-time. Fix a time, somewhere between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and adhere conscientiously to that time. If the child cries at being left without a light, it is a good plan to undress him in the partially darkened room, then the change when the light is taken away will not be so startling.

A normally healthy baby, put comfortable to bed, sleeps all night; the child who frets and cries part of the night is either not comfortable or not in good health, and the cause of his restlessness should be looked for. It is much, much better to have the baby sleep by himself in his own little cot than in the bed with his mother or nurse. Sometimes when he rouses a little in the night, all he wants is to be lifted and placed on the other side or in a slightly different position, when he will go quietly to sleep again. It is also advisable to keep a glass of water, which has been boiled and cooled, on a table in the room, and give him a teaspoonful if his little mouth seems dry. Do not take the baby up the instant he awakens; if left to himself he will soothe and stretch and exercise his limbs beneficially for a while; on the other hand, it is cruel not to come to his rescue when he shows unmistakably that he is tired of lying awake.

Trimmings are no longer features apart from the dress, but have the same relationship as the sleeves or the under-arm sections to the rest of the garment. Embroideries and bandings are used, but they are seldom treated as applications. They are either inserted between two hems or else are made a continuation of that section of the gown which they are intended to adorn.

Linen frocks are shown in great profusion, and Irish lace and all the other handsome heavy laces, hand embroidery of every description, the sheer laces usually in combination with heavy embroidery, stitchery, braiding, are considered appropriate trimmings—and some of the most costly costumes turned out by dressmakers this spring belong to the linen group.

Another material which has attained popularity is a white stuff with an exceedingly fine cord, much lighter and softer than pique. It very closely resembles linen, and has been used extensively both by the manufacturers of ready made frocks and separate skirts and by smart tailors. The cord in it is not noticeable at a little distance, and the lightness and softness make laundering easy, yet there is firmness enough for tailor finish.

Still it is linen that is Fashion's favorite.

Summer Washable Frocks

The washable frock is destined to shine as the bright, particular star of the fashion firmament this spring and summer. All the charm of variety and originality of design that made the gowns of the past season interesting is characteristic of these costumes that are not injured by contact with water. They are evolved, these frocks, with the same careful consideration for line and detail that was bestowed upon the formal silks and velvets of the winter, and they show, in a similarly conspicuous degree, that same combination of the dressmaker's caprice and the tailor's finishing touch.

Advantages of the one-piece model for tub dresses are too obvious to need emphasis, and the majority of the pretty ginghams and linens, and the sheerer dimities, organdies, and batistes, will be fashioned with blouse and skirt in one, although the belt line will almost invariably be indicated.

As a rule, the tub gowns are simple in effect, but they often entail many complicated details, especially in the way of emplacements, and in gore extensions on the skirt, which have to be manipulated with precision.

Small Girls' Summer Frocks

For summer frocks, pique, linen, lawn, batiste, and mull are the white materials employed, and there are quantities of pretty colored stuffs appropriate for children's clothes. A large percentage of the new dimities, lawns, printed batistes, etc., is of a character perfectly suited to the little girl's frock. The fine Scotch ginghams, always favorites with the practical mother, are more attractive than usual, showing, as do all colored materials, the wonderful strides the manufacturers have been making in the art of dyeing.

Sailor frocks, with smart little reefer coats and round caps, are, as far as ever from being relegated to a back place in the scheme of attire. For early spring days they could hardly be improved upon as practical wear. Very smart little frocks are carried out in shepherd's plaid in Princess form, hollowed out at the neck over a muslin guimpe and bordered with rows of black braid with a touch of gold or Natter blue. A smartly-tailored shepherd's plaid coat with gilt buttons, which is fashioned with box plaits through which the belt is slipped, is the usual accompaniment to such a costume.



Grandchildren of Europe's Oldest Sovereign In the group are the nine children of the Archduchess Marie Valerie, youngest daughter of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, who married the Archduke Franz Salvator, in 1890. The eldest child is Elizabeth, born in 1892. The names of the family, reading from left to right, are—back row, Hedwige, Hubert, Elizabeth, Franz Carl; middle row, Gertrude, Theodore, Marie; front row, Mathilde, Clement.

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The End of a Journey

A Complete Story

by C. C. ANDREWS

(Published by special arrangement)



THE train had vanished down the single railway track that connected Palmersville with Weston. The few passengers who had alighted had either rolled away in waiting wagons, or tramped off on foot.

The station agent, who combined with the functions of that office those of a good many more, was rolling a couple of barrels that had been put off the baggage car into a corner. Miss Melissa Brent, seated upon one of her own two particularly neat boxes—neat in spite of the worst that baggage men had been able to do for them—looked rather disconsolately from the bare, pine-boarded shed—it was no more—that served for a station, to the prospect of wild, unfenced, unkempt waste that stretched beyond the line, and decided—not for the first time—that America was an extremely untidy country.

Miss Melissa herself, from the top of her travelling hat to the edge of her travelling coat, was as meticulously tidy as her boxes. Also, she was still pretty. The station agent, observant from the corner of a shrewd eye, finished his adjustment of the barrels and approached.

"Guess your folks don't 'pear to have eventuated, marn."

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Melissa, mystified.

"Reckon you calculated they'd be along to meet ye," said the stationmaster, simplifying himself for the benefit of his hearer.

Oh, yes! Miss Melissa, comprehending, responded that she had expected somebody. She was going to Pineville Centre, to which she understood that this was the nearest station. Perhaps it would be better not to wait. Was Pineville Centre very far? Could anybody drive her there? With regard to the last question, the station agent "opinionated that there wasn't nothen around with a hoof or a wheel on it." For the rest, Pineville Centre was "all of three miles," but the track was straight and the road good. As for the boxes, they would be as safe there as if it was the meeting-house. Miss Melissa, fain to accept the situation, was very pleasantly obliged, and went to the entrance of the shanty to have the way pointed out. The station agent, concluding his directions, voiced a curiosity that had no idea of hiding itself.

"You'll be visiting at the minister's, I calculate?" he suggested placidly.

"I—yes—no—perhaps. I—I don't quite know," faltered Miss Melissa, fluttered, and was red as carnation as she walked away.

The road, even optimistically considered, was not good. Miss Melissa, stumbling in its ankle-twisting ruts, found herself thinking almost regretfully of Kew. Stupendous to reflect that the Green and the Gardens, the church and the river, above all, the neat, dull little house in which she had passed her eight grey years of waiting, were all swept out of her life for ever! More stupendous still to remember that in a little while—an hour, say—she would absolutely be face to face with Tom again. She hoped she would not look too chilled and untidy. She was glad she had put on that rather nice blouse. Tom had always liked her in blue. Presently something like a cold finger touched her cheek—then another, another, many others—before she well knew it the snow was whirling about her like a cloud of feathers. It was as she stopped, a little scared, where the road dipped downwards into quite a valley, that she was sure she really heard a cry.

She had fancied it once before, but the sound had been so vaguely indistinct that it might have come from a bird or animal. Now, there was no doubt that it was a child—a child sobbing. A child alone in that desolate place in that giddy dance of white flakes! Miss Melissa took a great breath and shouted.

"Where are you, dear?" she called. "Don't cry, I'm coming. Where are you?"

The sobs ceased instantly, to burst out in a moment with renewed vigour. Miss Melissa ran a few paces, scrambled through a broken fence-rail with a reckless disregard of her hat and her hair, peered and groped under a bush clump, and the next instant was holding a snow-covered and lustily roaring little figure in both arms.

"There, there, darling, all right. Don't be frightened, I've got you," she coaxed.

The child checked the roar again to stare. He was a rosy, sturdy-looking little chap of three or four, well-clothed and warmly wrapped, but without a cap and with his flaxen hair streaked in wet tags over his forehead and his blue eyes.

Miss Melissa picked him up—it was almost as much as she could manage, for he was as sturdy as he looked. To scramble back through the broken fence-rail so burdened was not easy, but she contrived it, and set him down in the road.

"Where do you live, dear?" she asked.

"Live? 'T home, of course."

"Oh!" The contemptuous promptitude was staggering. She tried again.

"Where is your mother?"

"Huh?"

"Your father, then—your daddy?"

"There."

"Is that where you live?"

"Course. Down there."

He nodded downwards towards the valley—otherwise, in the direction of Pineville Centre. Miss Melissa braced her slim self resolutely and stooped.

"Put your arms round my neck and hold tight, dear, I'll carry you," she said.

How she accomplished that descent was ever afterwards a puzzle to Miss Melissa. The snow blinded her eyes, stung her cheeks, clung to her hair and eyelashes; the weight of the little body was like lead in her unaccustomed arms, the clasp round her neck seemed to strangle her. Once she tried to make the child walk, but he tripped over the frozen mud-ruts, dissolving into fresh tears, and she carried him again. So she somehow staggered on until the level ground was reached, stumbled, caught her foot, and fell helplessly down. The boy scrambled up, evidently none the worse; trying to do the same, she gave a cry—her ankle had twisted and she could not stand. She got herself to the side of the road and sank down upon the knotted roots of a great tree.

"I'm hurt, dear; I can't walk any more. We must wait—somebody will come by," she said faintly.

She unbuttoned her coat, pulled him to her knees, and smuggled him down under it. Of course, she did not believe that anyone would come—she told herself that quite collectedly. When they did—say, in the morning—she would be frozen to death. But not the child, perhaps—the heat of her body before it grew cold might suffice to keep life in his. She put her face down and felt a thrill of delight because the little sheltered cheek was so warm. Then all her senses seemed to float away in a confused muddle of dreams. She was on her voyage—the voyage that had seemed such a terrific undertaking, although there was Tom at the end of it—poor Tom, who had waited so long, was at Kew in the neat, dull little house where her querulous, exacting, unconsciously selfish mother had kept her tied to her semi-invalid chair, the most meekly patient of captives, for a dozen years—and yet all the time was crouched on the tree-root holding the child in her arms. She was not cold now, she hardly felt the numbness of her feet and hands; she was almost warm and drowsy—so drowsy—it was quite easy to freeze to death. What curious golden sparks they were that glittered through the snow! They moved to and fro like fallen stars. Were they coming nearer, growing larger? Was that—was it a shout? As though the muffled sound had been an electric shock to galvanize her back to life, she made a supreme effort, gave a loud cry. Another answered it, and another; figures came running with lanterns, and she struggled weakly to stand up, letting the boy slip from her clasp. Someone caught him up as he sleepily staggered, half awake, and someone else, dropping his lantern, caught her as she swayed forward, stiff and helpless as a log. She had a vague impression of bright eyes in a brown face, and then Miss Melissa, quite quietly, as she did everything, fainted away.

She opened her eyes in a big cushioned rocking-chair beside the stove of a large, bright sitting-room. Her coat was off, and her hat and her soaked boots; her damp hair had been taken down and untwisted; it hung round her, brown and shining. On the opposite side of the hearth, on a lounge, and rolled in a blanket, the boy lay, sound asleep, his rosy face and round yellow head peering above the folds. She moved, and a woman in a blue gingham apron came forward with a little bustle of authority and solicitude.

"Guess you'd best keep still for a spell, ma'am; you must be feeling all used up. You looked real bad when they brought you in. Mr. Lambert wanted to fetch the doctor right away, but I told him I allowed I'd 'tend to you as well as he could."

"Mr. Lambert!" Miss Melissa echoed. "He—he carried me?" she said doubtfully.

"Yes, ma'am. Guess if Seth Partridge

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A cup of HOT BOVRIL supplies immediate strength, and its regular use puts the system in condition to resist the encroachments of disease.

For great weakness or collapse, nothing is better than an egg stirred into a cup of hot

BOVRIL

ever hustled to carry much more'n himself, unless it was enough pie and fixings for two, it isn't when I've been around! You'll have heard of the Lambert place, likely? Mr. Lambert, he's thought considerable of around Pineville. I allow he'd have gone 'most crazy if anything had happened to the boy—he's powerful set on him. Now, you'd best drink this, and if you can make out to get a real good sleep before supper you'll feel all the better."

This was a cup of soup. Miss Melissa, drinking obediently, was somehow aware, as the blue apron whisked briskly out of sight, that its wearer was not Mrs. Lambert, and, moreover, that there was no such person. Did Tom know Mr. Lambert? She would, perhaps, be able to recall that the name had been mentioned in his letters, if she were not so desperately drowsy. Being so, she drifted into sleep as she wondered, and did not stir until a joyful shrill squeal made her open her eyes with a start, to see the boy precipitate himself off the lounge and plunge headlong at somebody who entered from the doorway behind her chair. Two big hands caught him up, with a warning laugh—a man's laugh.

"S-s-s-s-h, Frankie, you'll wake the lady, sonny," a deep voice whispered cautiously; its owner advanced softly to the rug, and she looked up—a good way up—into the brown face and bright eyes that she had seen before she fainted. And the words that she knew she had tried to say as that terribly weak-minded thing happened came involuntarily to her tongue.

"He isn't hurt," she said. "I kept him warm."

"I know you did, my—madam. I guess I'd likely have found him dead if it hadn't been for you."

Frankie was slid down to the floor; Miss Melissa wondered whether Mr. Lambert had any idea of how very hard he had squeezed her slim hands. Probably not, because such powerful ones would most likely squeeze without knowing it. And she was sure that he had been upon the absolute brink of calling her "My dear." Which was, of course, because her hair was all down in this girlish, ridiculous way—she was quite shocked to think what she must look like. If only he would go away she would be able to twist it up and make herself tidy. But instead of going away he stood there and talked as calmly as though the circumstances were quite ordinary and she herself in the primmest trim, with Frankie twisting in and out between his boots and buckskin leggings. What with them and a certain picturesque looseness of collar and cravat, he was, with his handsome, grave, tanned face, hair with a dash of grey in it, and big, fair, drooping moustache, exactly like a figure out of Bret Harte, she thought, and certainly not in the least like Kew.

Did she feel better? Quite well, now that she had slept. A doctor? Oh, no; she was sure a doctor was quite unnecessary! She was so sorry she had been foolish enough to faint—she had not done such a thing since she was a girl. Yes, she had been coming to Pineville Centre; had expected to be met at the railway station at Palmersville; had started to walk when she found nobody there. She was so glad, so very glad, that she had heard the little boy cry. Yes, she had carried him until she fell down and hurt her foot and found she could walk no farther. How had it happened? Surely such a mite had not run away? Lambert laughed.

"Why, no, madam, not exactly, but something like it, as far as I can make out. Fact is, I took him along with me to Palmersville in the wagon this fore-

noon, and coming back he seemed sort of tired, so I wrapped him up in the laprobe to keep him snug and put him back of the seats. I had to stop at a house a piece the other side of the dip, and as he seemed sound asleep I left him. I guess he must have woken up and climbed down to look for me, maybe. But I didn't miss him till I got home. I guess we'd been out all of an hour searching when we found you. Frankie, you play that game any more, my son, and I'll whip you good and hard. You hear that?"

Frankie swung upward by the waistband, expressed his sense of the seriousness of the threat by squirming up upon its maker's shoulder and beating a triumphant tattoo on his broad chest with a pair of bare pink heels, a performance that was hardly over when the appearance of the blue apron announced the production of supper.

That was quite a wonderful supper to Miss Melissa—delightfully novel—absolutely un-Kew-like. That she and her host were left to eat it together was perhaps a little embarrassing at first. Only at first, because she soon found herself talking with astonishing ease and brightness—really, it was extraordinary how quickly she got to feel at home with some people! And somehow, quite simply—how are these things done?—her companion contrived to convey to her that he both found her pretty and thought her young. So Miss Melissa was in very great force, and enjoyed her supper, and forgot all about her hair. Frankie's impartial skirmishing between the two for choice mouthfuls, by means of which he made a meal equally mixed and extensive, no doubt assisted matters not a little. Finally, when the table had been cleared, he curled up on the rug between them and went to sleep like a cherub who had shed his wings in favor of ordinary development and a striped flannel sleeping-suit. Lambert looked down at him.

"Cunning little chap, isn't he?" he said.

"He is a darling!" declared Miss Melissa warmly. The pride and fondness in the deep voice were quite touching, she thought, being a quite foolishly tender and soft-hearted person. She looked from the little round rosy face to the bronzed one.

"I don't think he resembles you, does he, Mr. Lambert?"

"He wouldn't be likely to—he isn't mine," Lambert answered quietly. "His father's a man that used to be sort of partners with me one time."

"Oh!" Miss Melissa was surprised.

"He is dead?" she asked gently.

No, it appeared. It would perhaps be better if he were dead, for he had gone down and down and down—there had been no check or stop once the descent had begun—he was that kind. Slackness had started it, then had come idleness, then gambling, then drink—always drink. He was quite hopeless now, a mere loafer in low-class saloons, tipsy, shiftless, and lost utterly. Frankie had been nearly a year old when, for a sum of money to save him from gaol, he had agreed to give the child up to his former partner.

And "I couldn't think more of him if he was mine, you'll understand," Lambert said, stooping to stroke the sleeping little head. Miss Melissa's soft eyes were quite misty.

"He has no mother?" she asked.

"Yes, he's a mother. She's an actress—a kind of a one—not much, I reckon. A Spaniard, she says, though I'm mistaken if there's much that's Spanish about her but her name—Jovita Castro she calls herself. It seems as if all the mischief started from the time he married her."

(Continued on page 27.)

The Housekeeper's Page



It is curious how some women will say and believe that to be a housewife fails to give a woman wide enough scope for her abilities. Pray, in what other single walk of life or profession is a woman called upon to bring into play a greater number of distinct talents?

As a provider of food she is a dietitian of the highest type; in handling the household expenses, meeting the question of ways and means, she is called upon to exercise a financial ability equal to that of any man in business; as an employer of servants she is an employer and in direct touch with the labor problem; to make worn-out clothes, left-over portions of food, furniture that shows signs of wear, do new profitable service, she is called upon to exercise the liveliest imagination and inventive genius; to train her children makes her a teacher of men and women more concretely important than the most famous educator; in the solution of each separate problem in her domestic routine she is a distinct factor in the highest order of social service and world of social economy.



Rhubarb a Spring Tonic

While rhubarb is in season, it should be used plentifully for its appetizing qualities, and also because it acts very beneficially on the blood. It is one of Nature's best spring tonics. There are lots of ways of serving it, the simplest being in a sauce made by stewing the rhubarb soft, sweetening it, and leaving it to grow cold. With a little more trouble the sauce can be made more attractive by serving with a meringue. Peel and cut the rhubarb into short lengths, put in a saucepan with a small quantity of water, and stew it gently until it is tender. Add moist sugar to make the rhubarb sweet enough, mash together and stir over the fire for about ten minutes longer, then turn it into a pie dish. Whisk the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, spread it thickly over the rhubarb, and put in a brisk oven until lightly browned. Serve hot. Rhubarb stewed by the following method can be eaten by some who find the juice too acid. Peel and cut some thick stalks of rhubarb into inch and a half pieces, and plunge them into a dish of water that is boiling rapidly. Leave about three minutes, or until the pieces are tender, drain off the water, and serve the rhubarb with a liberal sprinkling of white sugar sifted over it.

To make rhubarb pie—Peel the stalks, cut them into pieces about half an inch in length, put in a bowl with powdered loaf-sugar, and mix well. About quarter of a pound of sugar will be needed for enough rhubarb to fill a fairly deep pie dish. Put the sweetened rhubarb in the pie dish, cover with paste, brush the surface with beaten egg, and bake in a brisk oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. Move the dish to the oven door, sprinkle over with a little of the powdered loaf sugar, then push back in the oven to melt the sugar. Serve either hot or cold.

For rhubarb tartlets.—Take nice young rhubarb stalks, wipe with a cloth, cut into short pieces, put into a saucepan with two or three small pieces of lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, a very little water, and plenty of sugar, and stew the rhubarb gently at the side of the fire. Make some good short pie-paste, line with it a number of buttered tart pans, fill them with uncooked rice, and bake them in a moderate oven. Beat the white of an egg, add half a pint of cream sweetened with white sugar, and whisk all together well. Turn the rice out of the tart shells, remove these latter from the tins, fill each with the rhubarb and pile the cream on top. Arrange on a dish covered with a doyley or folded napkin, and serve. The object of filling the shells with uncooked rice while they are baking is to keep them from losing shape by rising in spots.

A rhubarb jelly border is a pretty dish. Peel and cut up three pounds of rhubarb, put it into a sauce pan with an equal quantity of sugar, and pour over it just enough water to keep the rhubarb from sticking to the bottom or burning. Set the pan over a gentle fire and stir until the rhubarb is quite soft, then pass it through a fine sieve into a bowl, and to each quart of pulp add two ounces of dissolved gelatine, mixing it in well. Turn the mixture into a border mould, one with the centre not hollowed out. Put it in a cold place to get firm, then turn it on to a dish, fill the centre with sweetened whipped cream, and serve. Another way of making rhubarb jelly requires more of the rhubarb, but is very nice. Peel and cut into small pieces enough rhubarb to make two quarts. Put into a large jar, mix with a pound or so of sugar, and pour over a teacupful

of water. Stand the jar in a slow oven to draw off the juice. To the juice strained add some gelatine which has been dissolved in a little of the hot juice. An ounce of gelatine to a quart of juice will be a correct proportion. Boil together for a minute or so, together with a couple of small strips of lemon rind, then pour into a mould wet with cold water. Remove the rind before the jelly starts to get firm. When it is cold and firm, turn the mould out on to a dish, and serve with whipped cream, corn starch custard, or with any garniture preferred. It is attractive served with sections of orange candied in a syrup of sugar and water, placed around the mould.

A pudding made of sago and rhubarb partially overcomes the acid of the latter, which is valuable, but a little too much for some people. Soak quarter of a pound of fine sago in a pint and a half of cold water for ten minutes, then set the dish containing it in a moderate oven till the sago has absorbed the water and looks clear. Add a pound and a half of rhubarb cut into small pieces, also quarter of a pound of sugar, or more if liked; mix well, and bake for about an hour. Serve either hot or cold. The pudding is nice with custard poured over, or may be served with sweetened cream. Tapioca may be used instead of the sago. Put the small pieces of rhubarb in a pie dish, mix them with sufficient sugar, pour over them tapioca boiled in water till tender, and bake for about an hour in a moderate oven.

To make rhubarb fritters, cut some stalks of young rhubarb into inch and a half pieces, put them in boiling water and cook for eight minutes, then drain and place at once in cold water. When quite cold drain the pieces of rhubarb, lay them on a dish, sprinkle liberally with finely-crushed loaf sugar, moisten with a little strained lemon juice, and leave for a couple of hours. Dip the pieces of rhubarb into batter, fry in hot lard, drain on paper, and serve on a folded napkin on a dish.

Rhubarb can be served in scalloped form like apples or other fruit. Put a layer of small pieces of rhubarb in the bottom of a pie dish, strew over plenty of moist sugar, then put on a layer of crumbs or, instead, very thin slices of bread, with small bits of butter scattered over, repeat the layers, pour over a little water with a few drops of lemon juice added, and bake slowly. Turn out on a dish and serve with any kind of sauce liked.



Things Useful to Know

Cheap table linen will appear to much better advantage if it is not dried on the line after being washed. Put it through the wringer, then roll in a dry sheet and leave for nearly an hour, after which iron the linen till it is thoroughly dry.

Stains on marble basins and stands may be removed by the aid of a lemon. Wrap half a lemon in a piece of old cotton, dip the cut side into warm water, then into powdered borax, and rub over the surface to be cleaned. Rinse off and rub dry.



GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE.

PARIS PATTERN No. 3263.

The guimpe dress puts in an appearance as regularly as summer comes around, but never has it been of more attractive design than the present season, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration. The round-necked waist has short sleeves of flowing pattern cut in one with the body portions, and just enough fullness at the belt to give easy grace. The short skirt is also gathered, and the guimpe follows the regulation cut, the closing being made at the back and the waist fullness regulated by a casing and drawing strings. The pictured guimpe is made of sheer all-over embroidery and the dress of pale pink linen, hand embroidered about neck and sleeves. Other materials which may be employed for the dress are nainsook, lawn, swiss, duck, chambray, gingham, percale, pongee, summer silk or flannel. The pattern is in four sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 8 years the dress requires 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide. The guimpe requires 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide.



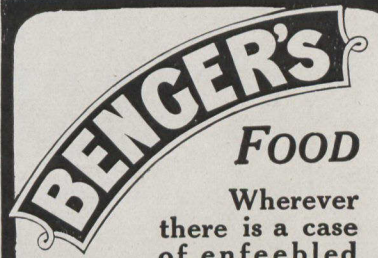
LADIES' DRESS.

PARIS PATTERN No. 3262.

Two of the most fashionable features of the season are prominent in this effective costume, one being the over-b blouse with sleeves cut in one with the body portions, and the other is the kilted skirt with tunic attachment. Any preferred style of guimpe or close-fitting under-b blouse may be worn with this dress, and the design is one that can be employed to advantage for the new veiled effect, the transparent material being used for the over-b blouse and tunic. The latter portion is discontinued each side of the double box-pleat which finishes the skirt at the back. The over-b blouse is back closing, and it will be noticed is slightly gathered at the waistline. Darts give a close adjustment to the tunic over the hips. In the present instance the dress is made of rosewood-colored shantung, with darker soutache to braid the blouse. The pattern is in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the dress requires 6¾ yards of material 36 inches wide. Width of lower edge is about 4¾ yards.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE.

In ordering patterns, give number of pattern, name of garment, and size required. The pattern should reach you in a week or ten days from date of ordering. Price of each pattern ten cents in cash, postal note, or stamps. Sign name and address perfectly legible and in full. Address: Pattern Department, "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



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Rule, Britannia!



“**R**ULE, BRITANNIA!” that melody which sets British blood tingling in whatever part of the world it is heard, was first performed at Cliefden House, Maidenhead, the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1740. It was composed for the mask, “Alfred,” which was one of those dramatic performances in which the actors, wearing masks, took historical or allegorical characters. The words were written by Thomson and Mallet, and the music by Arne. James Thomson was born at Ednam, Roxburgshire, Scotland, on September 11th, 1700, and died at Richmond, England, on August 27th, 1748. He was educated in Edinburgh, and studied for the Church, but was most of his life a tutor. He wrote “The Seasons,” the verses by which he is best known, when between twenty-five and thirty years old. David Mallet was born at Crieff, Perthshire, about the same year as Thomson. He wrote several plays and published several volumes of verse. The authorship of “Rule, Britannia!” has been claimed for both these poets. Mallet died in England, on April 21st, 1765. Thomas Augustine Arne, who composed the music, was ten years younger than Thomson and Mallet, and was a Londoner. He wrote many operas and set many of Shakespeare’s songs to music. He was created Doctor of Music by Oxford University on July 6th, 1759, and died on March 5th, 1778.

The song is given here as a male quartette, but it may, of course, be sung as a solo or mixed chorus, there being little difficulty in following the harmony.

Maestoso

1st TENOR. 2nd TENOR. 1st BASS. 2nd BASS.

1. When Bri - tain first..... at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose..... from out the
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to

1. When Bri - tain first..... at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose from out the
 2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to

A rose
Must in

a - - - zure main, Arose, arose from out the a - zure main, This was the charter, the
 ty - - - rants fall, Must in, must in their turn to ty-rants fall. While thou shalt flou-rish, shalt

A - rose....
Must in.....

a - - - zure main, Arose, arose from out the a - zure main, This was the charter, the
 ty - - - rants fall, Must in, must in their turn to ty-rants fall, While thou shalt flou-rish, shalt

char - ter of the land. And guardian an.....gels sang the strain,
 flou - rish great and free, The dread and en.....vy of them all, } Rule Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

f CHORUS.

tan - nia rule the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - - ver shall be slaves. Rule Britannia! Bri -

f

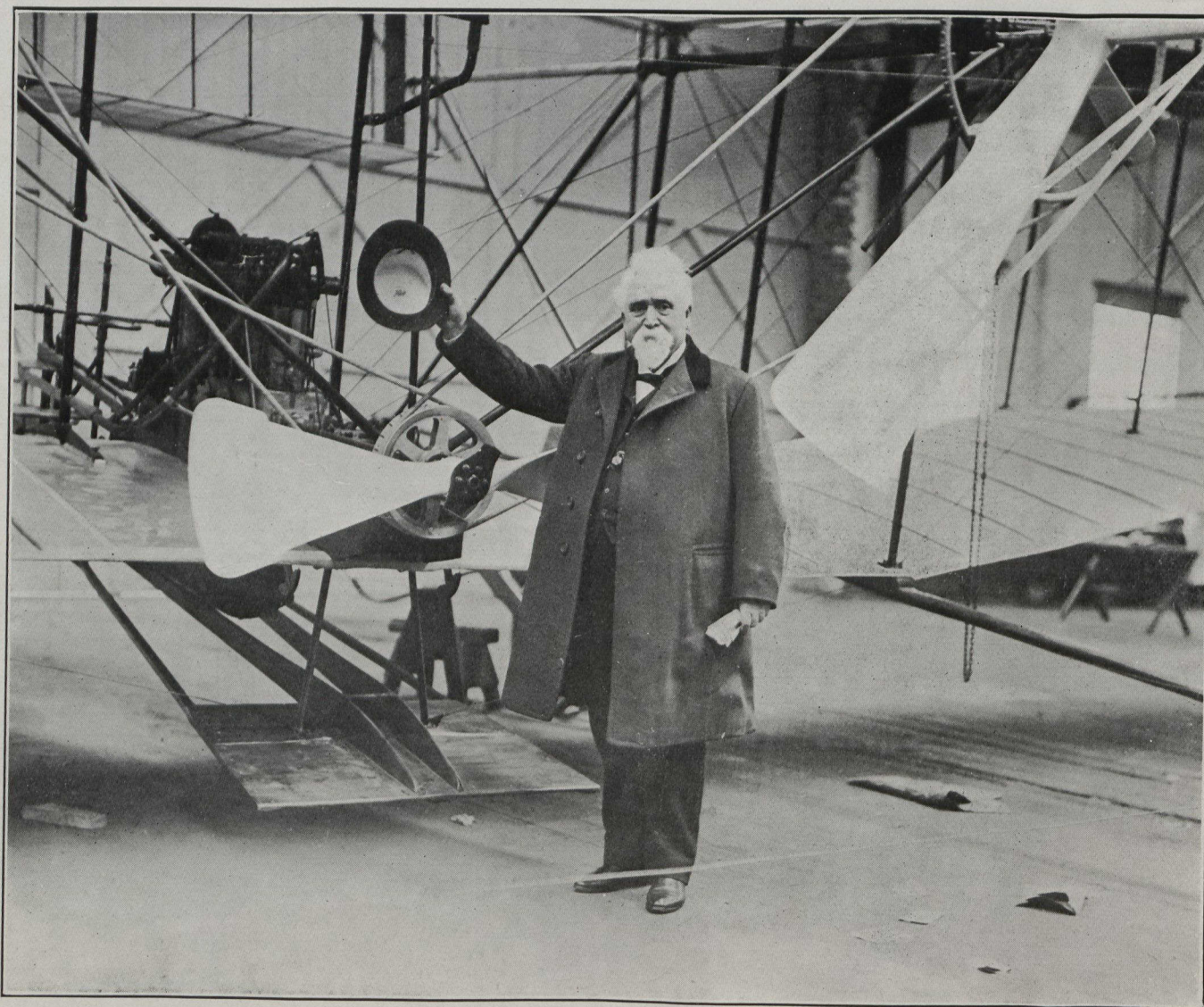
tan - nia rule the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - - ver shall be slaves.

tan - nia rule the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - - ver shall be slaves.





Peasants Praying that the Eruption of Mount Etna may Stop Mount Etna was raging last month. Four new craters opened at the foot of Mount Castellazzo, four miles in an air line from the summit of Etna. The streams of lava from these united in one great river of lava, destroying whole vineyards and orchards in its nine-mile course. The lava emitted in forty-eight hours was estimated at 10,000 cubic yards. All the while fearful roarings continued and a hurricane of cinders fell for miles around. The river of lava flowed at the rate of seven miles in two days. It was 600 meters broad, in some places shallow and in others like great advancing ramparts with cascades of fire falling down from them. The temperature of the lava at the lower end of the stream registered 900 degrees centigrade, and so fierce was the heat that it was impossible to approach nearer than 150 feet. Peasants fled in every direction.



The Maxim Aeroplane Sir Hiram Maxim, at the age of seventy, is introducing a new bi-plane to the world. One of the new features is that in addition to two propellers worked by chain gear, there is a third propeller worked directly on the axle of the engine. This picture shows Sir Hiram Maxim and his new machine, which is ready for flight.

—Copyright, Central News

The End of a Journey

(Continued from page 22.)

"She was handsome, perhaps?" Miss Melissa suggested. Her fancy conjured up a gorgeous dark beauty of black eyes and opulent curves—she was tremendously interested in the story.

"Handsome? Oh, yes." But his tone somehow conveyed that he, at any rate, had not admired Jovita Castro. "Maybe I ought not to say it was she sent him wrong, though she wasn't the kind to hold a man straight—he'd begun to run off the rails before ever he saw her. I reckon the dry-rot was always there—it's bound to come out if that's so. He was smart enough when I knew him first—good-looking, too."

"She was willing to let you have the boy?"

"More willing than he was. She would have let me have him without the money. She knew the sort of way he'd be dragged up if either of them kept him, she said. Maybe she isn't much, but she's worth three of her husband, anyway." His tone changed, grew lighter. "Sometimes I feel sort of worried about the little chap. Mrs. Beckett, she's a first-class house-keeper, but she isn't over smart in her way with children. Maybe he could be better looked after."

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Melissa eagerly. "He is happy and healthy and straight and strong and pretty and loving. You couldn't wish him to be more than all that!"

"He's real cute, too," said Lambert proudly.

"He is a darling," she said again. "Anybody would be fond of him."

"He'd be fond of you, Miss Wilson," said Lambert simply. "I beg your pardon—that's your name, I think?"

"Wilson? No!" She stared.

"Isn't that right? I thought your sister—"

"Oh, but I haven't a sister," cried Miss Melissa.

"No? Haven't you come from England to live with Mrs. Westall, then, the minister's wife?"

"Certainly not. I have come from England, but I don't even know Mrs. Westall." This was what the station agent had meant, then, she reflected hurriedly, but she had never thought.

Oh, dear! it was very awkward, because now she must say who she was; and if he knew Tom, as, no doubt, he did, he would at once understand. She turned away towards the stove.

"My name is Melissa Brent," she said, and waited. But he said nothing. Then how tiresome!—he didn't know Tom.

And somehow she found it quite impossible to mention him—to say boldly and plainly why she was there. She tried—no, it was not to be done. A little stiffness crept into her voice. "I am afraid, Mr. Lambert, that the person who expects me could not have got my letter. Perhaps, if I could go to a hotel until the morning—"

"I guess that will be best. Maybe you'll wait, Miss Brent. I—I'll go and see about it."

"No, no—in the snow—I couldn't. But if you would kindly allow someone to drive me—"

"The snow's given over. I think I'd best go."

He opened the door on to the porch and went out. Miss Melissa, watching from the window as he went down the path to the gates, felt quite remorseful for having sent him out into what was plainly such bitter cold. But how lovely everything was, the deep blue sky shining with moon and stars and the wonderful white glittering! And what could be more charming than this room, so large and bright and cheerful, and, oh! so different from Kew!

What was that third door? Suppose she peeped? Dared she peep? Miss Melissa, a very Fatima, with her hair still curling down her shoulders and round her flushed cheeks in a fashion quite scandalously girlish, opened the door and did peep. And, "Oh!" she cried.

For this was such a pretty room, surely the very prettiest room she had ever seen. And on the rug—how odd!—was the dearest little plump blue chair—just such a chair as Tom's letters so often talked about. That was a photograph of Frankie on the writing-table—Frankie, with nothing in particular on, and absorbed in his own toes. She stooped to look at it, saw a half-written letter lying on the desk, and turned white as the paper.

"Tom!" she gasped.

For this was Tom's writing! How could she mistake his writing? And even if she could mistake it, here was her own name: "My dear Melissa." And then, lower, "I've got a heap of news to tell you, little girl." Ah! that was always so dear of Tom! Because there is nothing nicer than being called a girl when one is no longer a girl. But how—why—? Miss Melissa drew a breath of bewildered conviction.

"He must live here!" she said.

Of course he must live here! Every moment cleared the puzzle—indeed, she nearly laughed because it grew so plain. He must be Mr. Lambert's partner—his partner in the place of Frankie's father, the wretched man who had gone headlong to his own hopeless ruin—that would explain everything. Then Mr. Lambert had known her name and who she was? Certainly he had! That was why he had not answered—that was why he had hurried out—he had gone to fetch Tom! They might be back at any minute—oh, dear! Miss Melissa ran to the glass and

began, with shaking fingers, to twist up her hair. Was that a sound of steps in the porch? She hurried into the outer room and stood listening. Yes; and now there was a tap upon the door—a curiously uncertain, soft tap. Was it Tom—Tom trying not to startle her? Suppose she laughed—supposed she cried when she saw him? If she were so ridiculous she would never forgive herself, she thought severely; men hated hysterical fuss. So, shaking, she opened the door, and—"Oh!" she cried again.

For it was a woman who stood there, a young tall woman in a red coat and cheap, showy furs, with black hair puffed extensively under a huge hat, and a rich-colored, reckless, hardy beautiful face. She drew back with a swift, cautious gesture.

"Is anyone around besides you?" she asked in a whisper.

"No," said Miss Melissa, wondering.

"You're sure? Then I guess I'll come in for a minute. I want to see the child."

"Oh!" cried Miss Melissa, enlightened.

"You are Jovita Castro?"

"That's so, though I don't know how you guessed it," nodded the other. She shook the snow from her skirts and stepped within; her bold, dark eyes met the soft hazel ones, and she suddenly laughed. "I reckon I can be as smart as you are, if it comes to that," she said coolly. "You're Melissa Brent, or were, anyway. How do I know? How did you know me? I suppose we each of us had a pretty good notion of what the other looked like. . . . Is your husband at home?"

"My husband?" Miss Melissa faltered.

"No—he—" She pulled herself up.

"You are mistaken—I am not married."

"Not yet? But you've come over to be, haven't you?"

"Yes," Miss Melissa faltered. "I—I only arrived to-day."

"Oh, is that so?" She laughed again.

"Well, you've waited long enough, both of you, seems to me. . . . Oh, he didn't tell me about things, he isn't the kind, but I sort of guessed a little and then got the rest out of him, or most of it. There wasn't but one kind of ending to it that I could see." She stopped.

"I don't suppose you care a red cent about hearing me say so," she said abruptly, "but I'm glad—glad you've fixed things, I mean. I've had such rotten luck myself that it's good to think of another woman having a chance of something decent. So I hope you'll be happy—you ought to."

"I know—I understand. Indeed, I am very sorry! Thank you," said Miss Melissa gently.

"Sorry? It's good of you to say so, but I don't know why you should be." She shrugged, with another bitter sound of laughter. "Lambert's out, isn't he? So much the better. I'm not supposed to see the child, you know, except when he's around, and I don't try to often, anyway—I don't want to bother him. I'm in Palmersville this week with the travelling company there, and came over in the stage. I thought I'd maybe be able to have a peep at the boy without his knowing, if I managed it right. Where is he? Oh—there!"

She crossed to the lounge and stood looking down at the child. She did not stoop to kiss him, but presently put a hand gaudy with impossible rings and touched the little round yellow head.

"Real pretty, isn't he?" she asked abruptly.

"He is sweet," assented Miss Melissa, smiling.

"D'you think so?" She hesitated. "Look here—you'll likely have some of your own—you're sure to. You might promise that when you do you won't turn against Frankie, or turn Lambert against him either."

"Turn against him!" cried Miss Melissa. "Oh, as if any woman could be so mean, so cruel!" she said with indignation, and Jovita Castro shrugged again with her hard laugh.

"I guess no woman knows how she's going to feel to another woman's child till she's got one of her own," she said curtly. "But I do believe you'll be good to him, in spite of his father—you're the kind. If I didn't feel like taking him now. . . . You've no need to think I'm not fond of him because I gave him up. . . . I shall never have another—I'll see to that. No woman would who wasn't mad with a husband the sort mine is."

"Where is he?" asked Miss Melissa, whispering.

"How should I know?"

"He has—left you?"

"Left me?" Once more she laughed.

"No, and never will—while I've got a cent. Oh, he's mighty fond of me as long as I can make a dollar to be badgered out of and he's dead broke—which is always. Where is he? In one of the Palmersville saloons, most likely, and will stay there till they throw him out."

"He gets—no better?" ventured Miss Melissa timidly.

"Better? No—because he can't. And no worse, because he can't. That's the kind he is and the kind he'll keep. . . . Well, I guess I'll be going." She bent now and kissed the child. "Good-bye, and thank you."

"Oh, good-bye," said Miss Melissa tremulously. "And I'll always love him, indeed!"

She could not help putting up her gentle face to the beautiful darkened one, but was not prepared for the almost passion with which Jovita Castro caught

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her in her arms and kissed her before she hurried out. Her eyes were so wet that for a moment she could not see, but it seemed that in the same instant Mr. Lambert was in the room, with a startled, angry face.

"She has been here?" he exclaimed.

"Jovita?"

"Yes; but only for a moment." Miss Melissa wiped her eyes. "She came to see the boy; you mustn't be vexed with her, please don't. She has been telling me about her wretched husband—poor thing, poor thing! I feel so dreadfully sorry for her." She put away her handkerchief, looking beyond him, "oh, haven't you brought Mr. Jardine? And why didn't you tell me, Mr. Lambert?"

"Tell you?" Lambert echoed.

"Yes." She laughed a little and blushed, moving towards the door of the inner room. "I fear you will think me a terribly prying person," she said, with a recovery of her usual gentle primness, "but I went in there. And I saw the blue chair, and then Tom's half-written letter on the desk, you know. So, of course, I understood and guessed that you had gone to fetch him." She made a quick step forward. "Oh! he is not ill?"

"No," said Lambert.

"Oh, then there's nothing wrong—there can't be, because the letter is only dated yesterday." She smiled with relief, hesitating. "I am so sorry he hasn't had my letter, but I didn't post it until I landed. It doesn't matter, of course, except that he will be so surprised. . . . I quite thought you had gone to fetch him."

"I—yes," said Lambert, and stopped.

"The—the fact is, Miss Brent—I'm sorry, but it seems Jardine's away—he won't be around before morning, anyhow. I thought—there isn't any hotel near I'd care to have you go to—that perhaps you'd go to the minister's house for the night. I'll get the buggy and drive you over."

As he shut the door Miss Melissa went back to the desk; since she was not to see Tom she would like to read Tom's unfinished letter. It was still in her hand when the sound of a step in the outer room startled her; it was such a clumsy, stumbling step, certainly not Mr. Lambert's. She hurried to the door. The one upon the porch was wide open; she caught a glimpse of a man's quickly vanishing figure; something showed beyond his arm—a little naked foot. She looked at the lounge. The blanket was trailing down upon the floor, and the child was gone! Miss Melissa gave a scream.

Frankie's father! Frankie's horrible, tipsy father—he was stealing the boy! She was sure of it—sure—and, with another cry, rushed out into the snow. The lurching, swaying figure half-way down the path broke into a stumbling run, but at the gate she reached and got before it.

"Give him to me!" she cried fiercely.

"How dare you—how dare you? Give him to me!"

"Dare! Whasser meaning—dare, then? Child's m'own child." He stood rocking, pulling back, and laughed inanely. "If 's mother comes—see him, can't 's father come—see him? Man's got right to 's own child. If Lambert wants him—'s got to pay more money—see? Shan't sell flesh and blood f' nothing. You le' go, m'dear—don't want to hurt-lady. . . . B' th' Lord, it's Melissa! Little Melissa, b' th' Lord!"

His grip relaxed; open-mouthed he stood staggering. Clutching the boy to her, Miss Melissa fell reeling against the gate. Tom Jardine! Drunken, imbecile, dreadful, degraded! Her Tom—her lover! She looked at him, and was dumb. He lurched towards her, chuckling thickly; she recoiled, with a scream of horror that made the white garden ring, and it seemed that in a moment Lambert was there, and had flung him sprawling in the snow.

"You hound!" he cried. "How dare you show your face here?"

"Oh, send him away—send him away!" Miss Melissa moaned.

Lambert caught him by the collar,

pulled him to his feet, swung him through the gate, and shut it upon him. Then he took up the boy, who, half awake and half asleep, was beginning a frightened whimper, and carried him into the house. When he came back, Miss Melissa had not stirred—she stood with blank face and wide, dazed eyes. He put his arm round her.

"I'll carry you, my dear," he said pityingly.

She said nothing, made no movement, and he lifted and took her in, carrying her through into the inner room and placing her on the lounge by the stove.

"I couldn't tell you," he said, a little hoarsely. "I didn't dare. I went to fetch the minister's wife—I thought you'd take it better from a woman. She wasn't at home—she doesn't know—nobody need know. . . . For heaven's sake, don't grieve and break your heart. He wasn't ever worth your thinking of, anyway."

There was a silence; Miss Melissa broke it.

"You mustn't think," she said with gentle dignity, "that I shall grieve for—what I've just seen. No woman could do that. . . . Perhaps I ought not to wonder at his forgetting me. Even when he left England I was not very young—we had been engaged several years. Now I'm thirty-six—quite old. . . . He died five years ago—to me. I should be foolish, shouldn't I, to begin to break my heart about that now." She paused again. "You—wrote the letters? Ever since—five years—?"

"Yes. . . . I'd meant to tell you when he married Jovita. I knew he'd never have the pluck, and I'd always known about you. But your letter came saying that things were wrong and your sister dying—it seemed as if it might about kill you then. So I—wrote. Afterwards it seemed best to go on for a little. I—I thought, maybe—" He broke off.

"You thought," Miss Melissa supplied very steadily, "that the money you sent—that you have gone on sending ever since—might make my life easier. It did. We should almost have starved without it sometimes. You guessed that, perhaps?"

"Yes," Lambert answered simply. He looked at her. "Perhaps," he said slowly, and flushing, "you can't quite understand how much it got to be to me when it went on. Your letters, I mean—and you seemed as if I'd got the right to look after you—to write and have you write to me. . . . I guess I pretty well forgot that there had ever been Jardine."

"But," Miss Melissa faltered, "you must have known that I must be told, that the end must come some time?"

"Yes; I didn't forget it. But I never thought of its being without warning—the way it has come. It seemed that you'd never leave England while your mother was living, and that it wouldn't be any use to— You see, I meant, when it did come, to go over and tell you myself; and to say, if you felt—afterwards—that you could think of it, your blue chair was waiting."

"But—but you hadn't even seen me!" Miss Melissa gasped.

"I have now," said Lambert quietly. "I guess a man's a fool who can't make a woman of your sort happy, if he thinks as much of her as I do of you—and that's nothing to what I should think if you gave me the chance. Of course, I'm a stranger, and it's all new to you."

Miss Melissa said nothing; she looked round the pretty room. Here, if she chose, was the end of her journey; this, if she but put out her empty hands, was home. A sudden sob was in her throat as she started to her feet.

"Oh," she cried impulsively, "how can you be like a stranger? For five years you have been everything to me—everything—and I've never known! But now that I do know, now that I'm here—oh! it seems as if it had been only you always—all the time!"

She had put out her hands, and Lambert caught them. For a moment he looked into her wet eyes. "If that's so, I guess it's all right, dear," he said, and laughed gently and seated her in the little blue chair.

WITH THE WITS

HER PREFERENCE.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold-rimmed glasses. "I believe she does," answered Mrs. Sanders, affably. "But I think she prefers tennis."

☒

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Disgusted Customer—"I bought a currant bun here yesterday, and found a fly in it. I want you to exchange the bun for another." Confectioner—"Can't do that, sir; but if you will bring me back the fly I'll give you a currant for it."

☒

THE CAUSE.

Lady (in pursuit of a cook)—"Why did you leave your place?" Cook—"I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum." Lady—"What did they use to quarrel about?" Cook—"The way the dinner was cooked, mum."

☒

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

"Carson's the most absent-minded man I ever saw." "Why, what's he been doing now?" "This morning he thought he'd left his watch at home, and then proceeded to take it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it."

☒

"FINALLY."

The preacher was eloquent, the congregation patient, and the discourse very long. A stranger entered and took a seat in a back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members. "How long has he been preaching?" "Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the elderly man. "I don't know exactly." "I'll stay, then," said the stranger, "he must be nearly done."

☒

NOT INVIGORATING.

Mr. Balfour was once travelling down from the North of Scotland, and at a junction some little way from Aberdeen got out to walk up and down while awaiting the connection with the trains. The weather was bright and very cold, and stamping his feet and rubbing his hands to get warm, Mr. Balfour called out to a friend a little way off, "Isn't this invigorating?" "Na, sir," said a railway porter, who was passing and heard the remark, "It's Inveramsay."

☒

WHAT IT FELT LIKE.

A servant recently sought permission of her mistress to take an afternoon off for the purpose of consulting a dentist with regard to a hollow tooth. Upon her return the mistress said, "Well, Jane, did you have the tooth filled?" "I did, mum." "And what did the dentist fill it with, gold or amalgam?" "I don't know just what it was, mum; but from the way I felt I should think it was thunder and lightning, mum!"

☒

HE WAS ENGAGED.

A Chicago stationer has a new errand boy, who is "different." The lad entered the store early in the morning when the stationer was opening his mail. The latter glanced up, and went on reading without speaking. After three minutes the boy said—"Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry." "What do you want?" he was asked. "A job." "You do? Well," snorted the man of business, "why are you in such a hurry?" "Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work, and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me, say so, and I'll look elsewhere. The only place where I can stop long enough is where they pay me for it." "When can you come?" asked the surprised stationer. "Don't have to come," was the reply. "I'm here now, and would have been to work before this if you'd said so."

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Old Skinflint—"Here, boy, what's this you were shouting? 'Great swindle—sixty victims!' I can see nothing about it in the paper." Sharp Sam—"That's the swindle. You are the sixty-first."

☒

HE GUESSED IT.

"You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. Highcollar," said little Johnnie. "I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie." "That's it. You guessed it the very first time."

☒

WHAT THEY DID.

"Couple of fine girls, ain't they? One of 'em is a fine singer, and the other one can cook." "Yes, old man. But there's a tragedy in your home. The one who sings thinks she can cook, and the one who cooks thinks she can sing."

☒

WHERE TO FIND IT.

Wife—"What sort of a play would you like to see?" Husband—"Something lively, that keeps you awake, and has plenty of music in it." "Um! You'd better stay at home and take care of the baby."

☒

AFRAID OF THE COUNTRY.

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum, "No country for me!" "But why not?" someone asked finally. "Because," he responded, "they have 'trashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

☒

AHEAD OF TIME.

Mrs. Ritchie had engaged a servant from the country who did not know much about town ways or improvements. The morning she arrived, besides her other duties, the mistress showed the girl how to turn on the gas. The following afternoon Mrs. Ritchie noticed an overpowering smell of gas in the house. "Mary," she asked, "have you been doing anything upstairs?" "Why, yes, ma'am," replied Mary, "I've made the beds and turned the gas on ready for to-night."

☒

BE REASONABLE.

Two men, while walking by the canal, saw a notice-board which stated that five shillings would be paid to whoever rescued another man from drowning. It didn't take them more than a minute to arrange that one should fall in and be saved by the other, and the "stakes" divided. In went one, and found it rather deeper than he expected. However, he splashed about, crying—"Come on! Save me!" The other hesitated. Then he said; "I've been reading that notice-board again, and it says 'Ten shillings for a dead body.' Now, do be reasonable."

☒

A HUMORIST'S COMPLIMENT.

There was no one so handy at paying a quaint compliment as Mark Twain, and the simple sincerity of his kindness of heart added much to his charm of speech. A clergyman of Hartford gives an instance of this. He says, "He waited for me at the church door at the service's end, and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely, 'I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought. But I couldn't do it. You forced me to attend to you, and lost me a full half-hour. I beg that this may not occur again.'"

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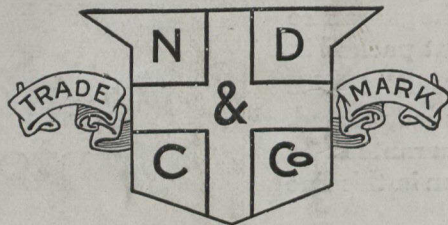
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Baby's Soothing Powders
Baby's Tablets
Soothing Syrup
Worm Syrup
Worm Powders
Worm Lozenges, Chocolate
Worm Sticks

Hive Syrup
Sugar of Milk

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Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne,
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Eye Salve

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Foot Powder

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Rheumatism Cure

Toilet:

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Cold Cream, (2 sizes)
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Witch Hazel Cream
Talcum Powder, Violet
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Talcum Powder, Flesh

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Hair Restorer

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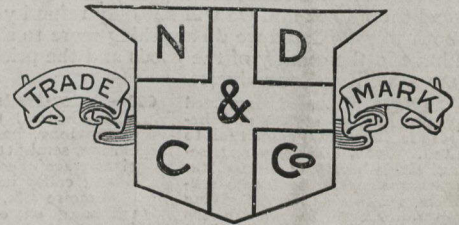
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