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CANADIAN PICTORIAL

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"Is that Windsor Table Salt?"

"Yes, here is the Trademark"

"All right.

Mother told me to be sure and get Windsor Salt. It's the kind she always uses.

She says she could not keep house without her old standby—

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WINDSOR TABLE SALT



"WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 7, No. 1

One Dollar
a Year

DECEMBER, 1911

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Christmas

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night

That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And thus my Christmas still I hold
Where my great grandsire came of old.
In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined,
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer
Speed on their wings the passing year.

—Scott.



THE season of peace on earth, good-will toward men, this year finds two European nations at war and a great Oriental empire in the throes of a rebellion. It finds the British Empire at peace, a peace that all will devoutly pray may be long maintained. It finds Canada enjoying the blessings of peace, prosperous almost beyond expectation. Material development is visible on every hand; large towns are taking their place at intervals along the route of the steel bands that now do more than skirt the prairie, and dotted lines of comfortable homesteads go out in every direction from these centres. After the year's hard work of getting, there comes this hallowed Christmas season of giving, for never more than at Christmas-time does one realize the great truth of the words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This is the time when the hearts of those that are rich, and strong, and well, go out to those who are poor, and sick, and needy. Hearts are touched by the sorrows of others, and the rich and the poor come closer together than at any other time of the year. How can anyone professing faith in the Christian religion let his thoughts go back to the Babe who was born in a manger because there was no room in the inn, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry of the little children, or the moan of the sick and suffering? In these days of rush and bustle such a season comes like a benediction to turn our thoughts from the material things of earth to the higher ideals for which too many of us try to persuade ourselves we have no time. Yet who among us is willing to be called selfish? Does not everyone like to be considered generous? The rich have many calls upon them and some must be denied, but are all the people in what are called "comfortable" circumstances sure that they are doing all they can to lessen the burden that some in their community are obliged to carry? This is a time for reflection—a time to measure one's service by one's opportunities—

and in too many cases it will be found that some sufferer is being neglected within easy reach of our own door.

A word to the women of Canada: Shop early. The season, bringing as it does joy to millions of hearts, is looked forward to with dismay by thousands because of the enormous amount of extra work that it entails. On the girls in the stores this falls the most heavily; many of them have to stand all day, and that day at this season, is in many places very much lengthened.



A word about ourselves. With this issue begins the seventh volume of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL, and we thank our readers for their support during these years. We are proud to have on our subscription list several thousand names that were placed there within the first few months, and have never been removed. These readers look eagerly for the magazine, month by month, and are good enough to tell us that, in its field, it is easily the best in the country. We have not allowed the quality of the work to deteriorate; the highest quality of pictures and letterpress, it has been our aim to produce, rather than mere bulk that would have been given at a mere fraction of the cost to the publishers. In addition to the old friends we have, year by year, added thousands of new ones, and we venture to hope that these have appreciated the pictures of the happenings of the months, gathered from the four corners of the earth. It is always our aim to illustrate, primarily, events of special interest to Canada and to the British Empire.

With a grateful appreciation of the interest our readers take in our work the Editor begs respectfully to wish each one

A Merry Christmas.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The session of the Alberta Legislature opened on Nov. 30.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who attained his 70th birthday on Monday, Nov. 20th, received many letters, cablegrams and telegrams congratulating him and wishing him long life and usefulness.

The Hon. Senator Sir John Carling, a former Postmaster-General and Minister of Agriculture, died in London, Ont., on Nov. 6 in his 84th year. He had been continually in parliamentary life since 1857.

Earthquake shocks more or less severe, although no damage to life or property has been reported, were felt in Dominica, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Vincent, and the Danish West Indies on the morning of Nov. 20th.

In a great storm which prevailed on the lower St. Lawrence last month, the Norwegian ship 'Antigua,' loading at Martin River, was driven ashore, fifteen of her eighteen crew being drowned, including the captain.

An island has suddenly risen from the sea in the Serpent's Mouth Strait, between Trinidad and the Venezuelan coast. The phenomenon was preceded by an extraordinary commotion in the sea, from which burst huge columns of flames and smoke.

The 'Canada Gazette' officially announces that His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the naval forces of Canada receiving the style of the 'Royal Canadian Navy,' and of the ships of war of that navy being designated as 'His Majesty's Canadian Ships.'

Francisco I. Madero was inaugurated President of Mexico last month, succeeding President de la Barra, who filled in the gap after the Executive now sworn in had ended the rule of Gen. Porfirio Diaz. The ceremony was brief and simple, following precedent, and took place before the members of Congress in the Chamber of Deputies.

The total budget of the New York City government for the year 1912 is \$187,200,000. The tax rate will be between 1.85 and 1.88, an increase over the rate for the present year. The increase in the budget is approximately \$15,250,000, and is due, in a great part, to the fact that the salaries of the women teachers in the city schools is to be equalized during the coming year with the salaries of the men teachers.

Dr. James Williams, D. C. L., a contributor of over a hundred legal articles in successive editions of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' and many in law magazines and reviews, died in London on Nov. 3. He was the author of a number of books on law, including 'The Schoolmaster and the Law,' 'Wills and Succession,' 'Law of Education,' 'Institutes of Justinian,' 'Dante as a Jurist' and 'Law of the Universities.'

Mr. Andrew Carnegie announces that he has given \$25,000,000 to the Carnegie Corporation of New York, organized under a charter granted by the Legislature 'to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States.' This brings his public benefactions up to over \$200,000,000. The trustees of the new fund will carry on the work of founding libraries and endowing colleges.

The new Austrian Ministry is composed as follows: Premier, Count Steurgh; Minister of the Interior, Dr. K. Heinold d'Udvynski; Minister of Commerce, Dr. von Roessler; Minister of Railways, Dr. von Forster; Minister of Education, Dr. Hussarek von Heinlein; Minister of Works, Herr Trnka, and Minister of Agriculture, Ritter von Zaleski Wenzel. The

Ministers of Justice, Finance, and National Defence remain the same as in the last Cabinet.

At a meeting of the Privy Council held at Buckingham Palace before King George sailed for India a commission was appointed which is empowered to summon and hold councils for the despatch of State business during the absence of the King. The members of the commission are Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord High Chancellor Loreburn and Viscount Morley of Blackburn, the Lord President of the Privy Council.

The trial by Naval Court-martial of the officers responsible for the grounding of H. M.C.S. 'Niobe,' last September at Yarmouth, N.S., took place last week on board the 'Niobe' and resulted in Lord Alastair Graham, officer of the watch on the night the ship stranded, being reprimanded, but allowed to keep his sword; Lieut. Charles White, navigating officer, reprimanded and dismissed from the ship; and Capt. Macdonald cleared of any blame.

A destructive fire broke out in the business section of London, Ont., on Nov. 3, and before the flames were subdued damage amounting to \$870,000 had been done. Five hundred people were thrown out of employment. The fire originated in the store of J. H. Chapman & Co., and when discovered the place was a seething furnace. The flames were shooting across the street. In a few minutes firemen had fifteen streams playing on the fire, but it was impossible to save the adjoining property. The plants of the Purdon Hardware Company, the Chapman Company, and many others were totally destroyed.

Judgment in the famous suit of the Rev. Dr. Workman, a former professor in the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, against that institution for libel and wrongful dismissal, was given on Friday, Nov. 10th, by Judge Weir, in which he found for the plaintiff in \$2,500 damages for wrongful dismissal and \$1,000 for the libel. The action was taken at the beginning of the year and tried before Judge Weir in the month of May, lasting nearly a week, evidence being given by the leading theologians of the Methodist Church in Canada. Ten thousand dollars was claimed, part for wrongful dismissal, and part for libel which the plaintiff alleged was found in the statements of the defendant regarding his beliefs and teachings, which were untrue. An appeal to a higher court will be taken.

Parliament was opened on Nov. 16 by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught amidst scenes of splendor and pomp and a large and brilliant audience. The Speech from the Throne was brief and was read by His Royal Highness, both in English and French, his French hearers being particularly delighted at his evident command of their language. The features of the speech were the announcement of the determination of the Borden Government to create a permanent tariff commission immediately and a new grain inspection law, calculated to make it more difficult for American companies to engage in the elevator business. There was no reference to the navy question, but legislation to foster closer trade relations with the British West Indies was announced.

H. M. S. 'Centurion,' Britain's twenty-second Dreadnought, was launched at Devonport on Nov. 18. The most remarkable feature of the new fighting vessel is the scores of watertight compartments of which she is composed. It is believed that she will not sink even if a hole should be broken in her below the water line. The 'Centurion' is a sister ship to the superdreadnought 'King George V.,' which was launched a short time ago. The designs of these vessels have been carefully guarded by the Admiralty, but it

is known that they are of about 23,500 tons displacement and 30,000 horse-power. Their armament will consist of ten 13.5 inch guns and twenty-four 4 inch guns. The thickest armor of the 'Centurion' will be 12 inches. She will have three torpedo tubes firing a 21 inch torpedo with range of 7,000 yards.

The steamer 'Medina,' carrying King George and Queen Mary to India, left Portsmouth on November 11, amid a royal salute by the guns of the warships and forts. The ships were manned, the bands played 'God Save the King,' and enormous crowds on the esplanade at Southsea cheered as the vessel passed out. Along the sea front off Spithead the first battleship squadron of eleven vessels and attendant cruisers awaited the 'Medina' and led her out to sea. The Admiralty yacht 'Enchantress,' with the lords of the Admiralty, immediately followed the 'Medina' and the four first cruisers, the 'Cochrane,' 'Argyll,' 'Defence,' and 'Natal,' which, in command of Sir Colin Keppel, will convoy their majesties to the Far East, completed the pageant. The fleet is due to arrive at Calcutta during the first week of December and two days later the party will proceed by train to Delhi, which they should reach on Dec. 7. There will be elaborate ceremonies at Calcutta, and the durbar proper, at which the King will formally assume the title of King-Emperor, will be held at Delhi on Dec. 12.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Unionist leader in the House of Commons, whose recent leadership has been marked by some internal party dissensions, having resigned the leadership on Nov. 9th, Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, a Canadian by birth, has been chosen to lead the Conservatives on the floor of the House, while Lord Lansdowne is to be the acknowledged leader of the Unionist party. Mr. Law was born in New Brunswick in 1858, being the son of the Rev. James Law. He received his early education in his native province and was subsequently sent to Glasgow for his college course. He engaged in business as an iron merchant in Glasgow, and was first elected to the House of Commons as the Unionist member for Blackfriars division, Glasgow, in 1900. Mr. Law has proved himself a brilliant speaker and a resourceful debater. Mr. Law now sits for the Bootle division of Lancashire, South-west. A strong protectionist, the Unionists consider Mr. Law their most persuasive speaker on tariff reform. Therefore, the party will more than ever be committed to tariff reform and expect that his leadership will infuse a strong fighting spirit in their ranks.

A number of suffragettes interviewed Mr. Asquith on Nov. 17, and demanded a pledge that he would undertake at the next session of Parliament to pass a bill giving equal suffrage to the sexes. Mr. Asquith told them that he stood, as always, against woman suffrage, because he thought it would not be for the good of the State. He added that the women, nevertheless, had a remedy in their own hands. The Government would leave the House of Commons free to amend the proposed manhood franchise bill so as to extend the franchise to women, if the latter were able to persuade a majority of Parliament to support their cause. At a subsequent meeting the Suffragettes declared war upon the Government, and Nov. 21st proceeded to the Parliament buildings. Not being allowed to reach the entrance to the House they became riotous, and, accompanied by a large rowdy element, armed with bags of stones, broke the windows in public offices, the Liberal headquarters, and many other buildings, nearly two hundred women were arrested, among them being Lady Constance Lytton, Mrs. Haverfield, a daughter of Lord Abinger, and Mrs. Lawrence. Many of the women carried stones attached to tapes which they used as slingshots.



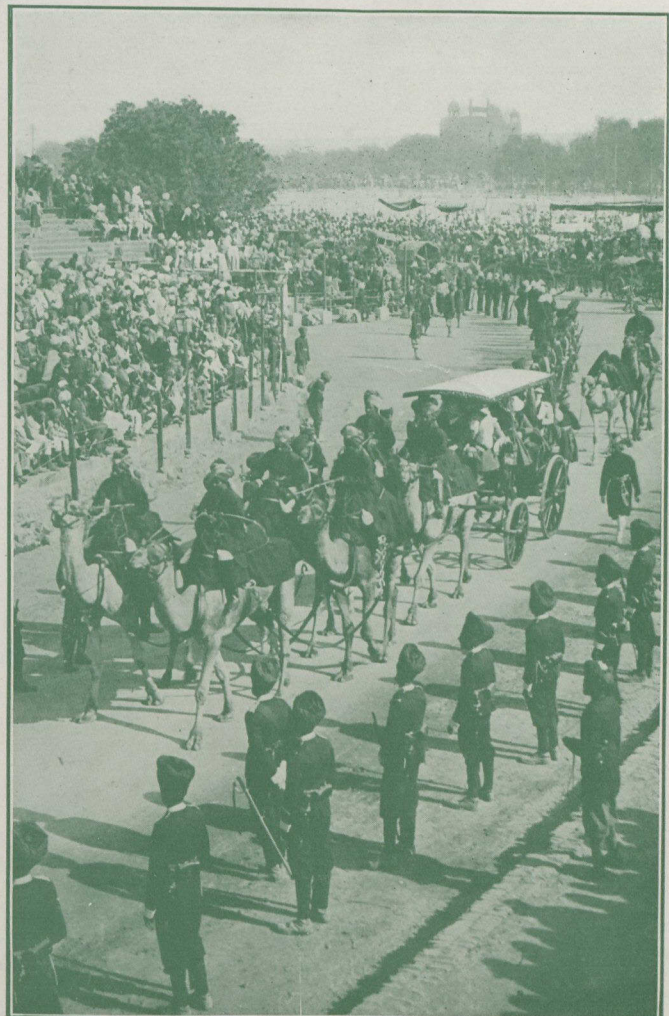
Rehearsing the Durbar at Delhi

This month, for the first time in history, the British King and Queen will attend the durbar at Delhi, and His Majesty will formally assume the title of Emperor of India. The procession of state elephants will be one of the great features of the celebration.



The State Elephants

The most important potentates must ride the biggest elephants.



Camels in Harness

One of the unique features will be the carriages drawn by camels.—Copyright Underwood and Underwood.

The Goose

A Christmas Story - by J. J. BELL

AUTHOR OF "WEE MacGREGOR," ETC.

[Published by Special Arrangement].



1
BOVE the rattle of the sewing machine rose two shrill young voices in conflict.
"I want a turkey!"
"I want a goose!"
"Shut up, Lucy!"
"Don't push me, you horrid boy!"
"Well, don't scratch!"
"Oh—oh, you've bit

me!"
"You shouldn't have put your hand in my mouth!"
"I didn't!"
"You did!"
There was a scuffle, a yell, a thud and a low wail.

The sewing machine stopped.
"Children, children," said a sweet, tired voice, "don't squabble. Bobby, help Lucy up, and say you didn't mean to hurt her."
"That would be a big fib," said Bobby, panting.
"Then say you're sorry you knocked her down."
"But I'm not. She slapped me first—and she's bigger'n me."
"Bobby," the mother said reproachfully, "To please me!" she added, gently, persuasively.

The little boy's fit of temper passed quickly. He extended a hand to his sobbing sister.
"Get up, you silly old ninepin," he said lightly.

"I don't want to get up."
"Come, Lucy dear," said the mother. "Bobby wants to be friends, you know. And I'm going to stop sewing for five minutes, and you can tell me what the trouble was about. Come here, both of you."

The little girl rose slowly, dried her eyes on her pinafore, and followed her brother to the table, above which the gas was already lit, for the December afternoon was of the wettest and gloomiest. The room was warm enough and comfortable in a shabby fashion. Though love had not flown out of the Leslies' window, it was obvious that poverty had come in at the door, and not quite recently; indeed, it had made its first entrance not very long after the Leslies' marriage.

"Now, what was it all about?" Mrs. Leslie inquired, with a smile. She was still pretty, though worried. "You first, Lucy."

"He said he must have a goose for Christmas, and I said a turkey would be far nicer—"

"'Twouldn't! A great big fat goose would be—"
"You've never tasted a goose!" cried Lucy.

"Neither have you! But I smelt the one next door last year. You couldn't smell it, because you had a stuffy nose. So I know—"

"That will do, Bobby," said Mrs. Leslie mildly. "I don't think we'll have a goose this year—"

"Hooray!" cried Lucy, jubilant.
"Or a turkey, either, my dear. I'm telling you now because I don't want you to be disappointed when Christmas Day comes. But that's not to say that we shan't have a splendid dinner, all the same."

There was a rather distressing silence.
"Mother!" Bobby exploded at last, "how can we have a splendid Christmas dinner without a—goose?"

"Turkey!" said Lucy, with a threatening of fresh tears.

"Just wait and see," replied the mother with all the cheerfulness at her command. "After all, you know, geese and turkeys are not very good for us; we're apt to require medicine afterwards."

"I wouldn't mind that," the son declared. "I'd take a whole bottle—"
"I wouldn't eat too much turkey, mother," the daughter protested.

Mrs. Leslie shook her head. "What do you say to a chicken with lovely stuffing and—"

"A chicken!"
"Whoever heard of a chicken for Christmas?"

"Mis'rabable little thing!"
"I hate chicken!"

Mrs. Leslie sighed, then laughed for her sense of humor had survived in spite of care. "I think I'll be able to make you change your little minds about that," she said. "Wait till you smell my chicken! Now get back to your play. I've heaps to do before tea-time, and the old machine is in a naughty temper."

The children moved away.
"Let's ask Daddy when he comes home," said Bobby.
"No!" There was a ring of authority in the mother's voice. "Promise me, both of you, that you'll say nothing to Daddy about geese or turkeys. Lucy—Bobby—you promise?"

Somehow she replied soothingly to their protests and questions, and finally gained the required words. But there was no smile at her lips as she returned to work. And there was a heaviness in her heart. She wished Christmas a year away. To some of us the season has its terrors. The machine rattled once more; the children fell to playing amicably together; the windows grew black with night.

II.

Robert Leslie had two distinct recollections of being called a fool by his wealthy uncle. The epithet had been uttered in response to his announcement of his approaching marriage and of his decision (a couple of years later) to commence business on his own account. Since the latter occasion Robert had applied the word to himself pretty frequently, though not in his uncle's hearing. As a matter of fact, he had not spoken with his uncle since the day of quitting his employment. Chance encounters on the street—and these were rare—had been limited to a curt nod and mumble on either side. Pride is an excellent thing in its way, but it seldom pays, and often costs even more than money.

And now, for the first time in eight years, Robert, on his way home from business, went round by the street in which his uncle's offices were situated. He could not have told why he did so. The night was bitterly cold, and a drizzling rain made the darkness wretched. He was behind his usual time, too. He was fain for his wife and children and fireside, though in these days, alas! he carried home a sorry headache, and his smile for even the youngsters was wan.

As he drew near the old-fashioned yet handsome building his pace slackened, and presently he came to a halt opposite it, glancing furtively across the street with its dwindling traffic. How familiar everything was, how suggestive of solid business and generous profit, of security from want and safety from sordid petty cares! Over there he had spent the working hours of his youth and early manhood—he could tell the windows behind which his years in the different departments had been passed. He could tell, also, those of his uncle's private room, wherein cold good-byes had been exchanged eight years ago. Most of the windows were now dark and as he watched, the last of the lights went out—extinguished by the caretaker, he guessed.

Robert sighed, and made to turn away. Stay! There was still some light in the private room—a lowered gas-jet and the flickering glow of a fire. Perhaps his uncle was coming back later. Robert remembered how in the old days just at this time of the year, the master of the great business was wont to spend a few evenings at his desk after dinner. Should he wait on the chance of gaining an interview with the old man? Five minutes ago he had not dreamt of such a thing, but now—somehow—was it the sight of the familiar windows, the cosy flicker that had moved him?—he felt a craving to stand in the old place once more.

What an utter, unpardonable fool he had been ever to leave it—to throw up a sure, generous and increasing salary for the will-o'-the-wisp of a fortune to be derived from a business of his own! Where now was the fortune, where the business of his own! Where the capital he had invested in it? Gone—gone—shadow, bones and all! For himself, he was now slaving in a situation yielding him barely half the salary enjoyed in his uncle's office. Again he gazed at the fire-lit window. He shook his head.

No! He could not face his uncle. Besides, they would be worrying about him at home; he must hasten. He turned away, despairingly, sick at heart.

That night, in bitter mood he told his wife of the impulse that had sent him along the once familiar street.

"I don't suppose I could have faced him; and if I had, I'd probably have got snubbed for my pains. He doesn't forgive failures. But oh, Marjorie, what a fool I've been!" he concluded.

"Don't reproach yourself, dear," she

Sandwiches for School Lunches

The most nourishing sandwich is buttered bread or toast spread lightly with Bovril.

It is excellent for building body and brain and specially valuable for growing children.

BOVRIL

IS ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

The 1-lb. size is the most economical to use.

replied for perhaps the thousandth time in recent years. "I don't care what your uncle may think; I know that you did everything for the best. It hasn't been your fault, Robert—never!"

He shook his head wearily. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said sadly; "but I know what you suffer."

"Nonsense! Things might be ever so much worse. The children keep well and there's enough to eat, and—and—oh, don't give way, my dear!"

"It's this Christmas business that breaks my heart, I believe," he said bitterly. "You haven't a penny to spend on yourself or the kiddies, and as soon as Christmas is past those over-due bills will come flowing in again. I wish we could all go to sleep for Christmas week. One gets one's poverty rubbed in just now. What a mess I've made of things! What trouble I've brought you to!"

"No, no," she said bravely, though her lips quivered. "We'll pull through somehow, Robert. But do you mind telling me, have you ever really felt like going to your uncle for—help?"

"Why do you ask?"
"Because I want you to understand that you must never humble yourself for my sake, dear."

"Ah, Marjorie, for whose sake would I go to him? But my idea would be to go to him for employment—not charity. Possibly"—bitterly—"he would regard me as a beggar all the same."

Mrs. Leslie was silent. She had never met the rich man. At times she had hated him, though all she knew about him was that he had refused to attend her wedding and had sent a cheque for a hundred pounds with his card, also that he had resented Robert's leaving his office to embark on a new business. She imagined him as an elderly gentleman with a dislike of women and a short temper, and, to tell the truth, she had encouraged her husband when he had first talked of a business of his own. Poor girl, she had even dreamed of the young man becoming the envy of the old.

"You are the most loyal little woman that ever was," said Robert suddenly. "I'll go and see him to-morrow—or the day after. If he snubs me, it will be no more than I deserve."

She protested for a time, but she was very, very tired, body and mind, and at last pride gave in.

"If you like, Robert," she whispered, "tell him it was my idea—you go right to see him."

But when Robert called at the big offices a few days later he was shortly, if politely, informed that his uncle was engaged.

"You gave him my name," he stammered to the clerk, a stranger happily. "He sent no message?"

"No."

Robert hesitated, then turned from the inquiry counter, his last hope shattered.

"If you were to call later," the clerk began less stiffly.

"Thank you," said Robert; "I may do so."

But years of failure had weakened his never very robust spirit, and he knew he could not face the possibility of another rebuff.

As he crossed the street a minute later his uncle watched him from the window.

III.

Mrs. Leslie could not afford a servant in the house, but twice a week a small female, whose age might have been anything between fifteen and fifty, came in to assist with the rough work.

On the afternoon of the 23rd day of December the small female was engaged in scrubbing the narrow hall (which she ought to have done in the morning) when a cab drew up opposite the door.

A smartly-dressed gentleman with white side whiskers alighted, looked about him, frowned, told the driver to wait, frowned again, and approached the door. Whereupon the small female withdrew her inquisitive nose from the letter-flap, and waited, crouching and panting, for the

bell to ring. When it did ring she paid no attention for several seconds; then she marked time with her feet as if hastening to obey the summons, and slowly raised her head to the glazed portion of the door. She also applied wet fingers to her front hair. It was her first chance of admitting a visitor, but she knew exactly what to do, having read all about it in a penny book.

"Is Mrs. Leslie at home?"
"Yes, sir. Will you please step in, sir." She threw the door wide, knocking over the pail of water.

The visitor removed a very shiny hat, but ignored the grubby hand outstretched to receive it.

There was a somewhat awkward pause until the small female, recovering some of her wits, led the way to the sitting-room.

"What name if you please, sir?"
"Kindly say to Mrs. Leslie that a gentleman desires to see her."

"Oh—all right," said the small female, forgetting the words of the book. "Take a seat, and I'll tell her. She's just dressin' herself. Behave yourself, Master Bobby!" she added in a stage whisper. "Here's a gentleman to see your ma."

The visitor found himself in a room as untidy as two healthy children left to themselves for an hour or so could make it. And his ears were assailed by the sound of quarrelling.

"Turkey!"
"Goose!"

"Bobby, don't be nasty. You promised to pray for a turkey—"
"I'll pray for a turkey for next year, if you'll pray for a goose for this year. Hurry up, Lucy, or perhaps God won't have any geese left."

"But I want a—"
They perceived the visitor and were silent, abashed. Taking hands, they stared at him for a moment or two, then edged towards the door, eyeing him suspiciously.

The gentleman coughed. "You needn't run away," he said with something of an effort, but in quite a mild tone of voice. "I have called to see your mother—Mrs. Leslie is your mother, I presume—but you might speak to me until she comes."

Lucy halted. "Don't push, Bobby!" she whispered. She regarded the visitor with a quaint dignity, and said gravely, "But we don't know you."

"Perhaps you've heard of me," he returned, a trifle grimly. "Will you come and shake hands? And I'll tell you who I am."

"Are you a great friend of mother's?" the little girl asked after a pause.

"Well, I can hardly say that, for I've never met your mother. Still, I hope I am not an enemy."

Lucy considered, while her companion tugged at her hand.

"I think we'll wait to see what mother says," she said at last.

"Oh—but perhaps you've heard of me," he said again. "My name is George Leslie, and I am your father's uncle—your great-uncle, you know. You have heard your parents speak of me?"

Both children shook their heads emphatically.

"H'm!" muttered the great-uncle. "Perhaps you won't object to telling me your names; I'd like to know them."

"He's Bobby," said the girl, indicating her brother.

"She's Lucy," said the boy, finding his voice. And all at once taking courage, he left his sister and stepped forward a couple of paces.

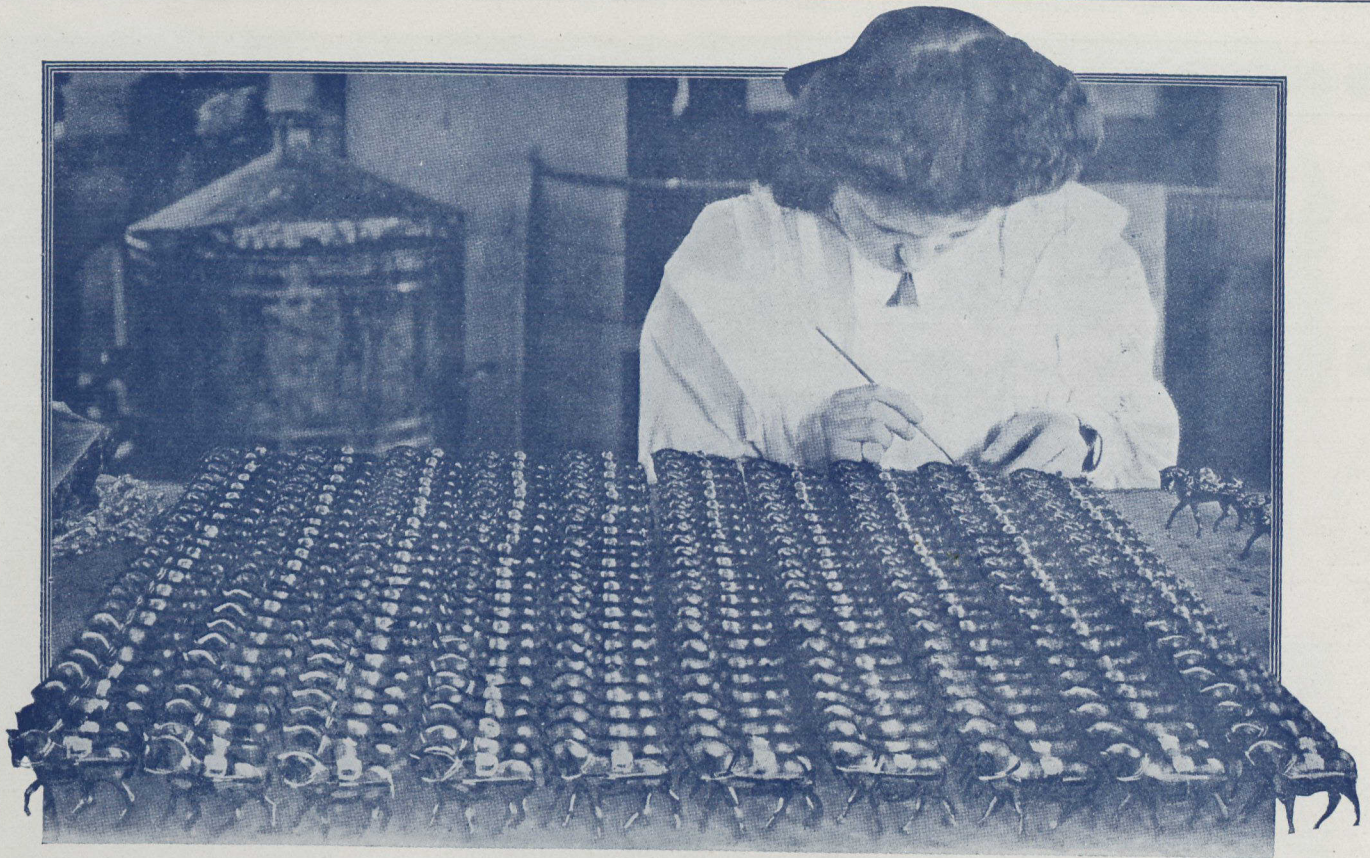
"Do you like turkey or goose best?" he demanded.

Mr. George Leslie laughed. "Why," he said, "I never seriously considered the matter; but on the whole, I think I may say goose." He laughed again, quite pleasantly.

Within the moment the triumphant Bobby's hand was in his.

"But," protested Lucy, "Bobby has never tasted turkey, and he has only smelt goose once. I've tasted turkey—when he was too young to get any. I'm sure I'd hate goose." She eyed the visitor in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12).



Making Christmas Armies

This picture shows the finishing touches being put on the cast metal horses to serve the toy army. Nimble fingered girls, in the toy factory, can paint a whole troop of horses in an incredibly short time.



Making Christmas Armies

On the left is the casting room in the toy army manufactory, where many regiments of soldiers are turned out for the Christmas toy trade. On the right, the process of melting the metal from which to cast the soldiers is going on. The worker at the top is nipping off any fringe from the figures cast.

*Pictures of
Canadian
Scenes*

While it is the aim of the Editor to publish pictures showing the great events of the world, we are most interested in our own country. Therefore, we want Canadian pictures. But we want them immediately after they are taken and not several weeks afterwards. Family groups as a rule cannot be used. Such photos 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 "Canadian Picture" and address: Managing Editor, "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

The Autocrat

A Christmas Story - by Oswald Wildridge

Author of "THE MAN IN THE TENTH SEAT," Etc.

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STRANGERS would never have taken Captain Richard Askew and his daughter Joan for people of kin. Outwardly they had nothing in common, and you might have tramped all the dales of Cumberland and searched all its seaward towns without

finding another couple with contrasts so decided. For Joan was a slender slip of a girl, sweetly spoken and dainty in all her ways, while her father was a bluff and autocratic sea-dog of the old school, a masterful man indeed, with a touch of money pride, and yet withal having the heart of a child.

In one thing Joan and Cap'n Dick were agreed—we always spoke of him as Cap'n Dick—in their love for each other all their differences were reconciled, and when the captain gave up the sea and settled down in the big house on the Allerdale uplands, a house stocked with treasures gathered in the lands of all the Seven Seas, it seemed as though they were entering upon an idyllic life. As the skipper explained to his chum, Cap'n Peter—Captain Peter Stewart to those who did not know him—"I've got Joan and Joan's got me, and I've made money and the girl can have whatever she sets her heart on, so what's t' prevent us hitting it off together. Course I know that a lot of old women are shaking their heads, and there's a fine flurry of talk at their five o'clock teas, but then if they weren't making a target of me they'd be shooting at somebody else. And anyway, Joan and me's going t' show them a thing or two."

As it happened, however, the skippers had little knowledge of the strange ways of a maid, and when a third son of the sea, this one a captain of the new school, a school which is not lenient and also pays its men badly, appeared in the person of young Tom Fisher, they discovered that love may cast a deep cloud as well as flood the world with sunshine.

"I gave him his sailing orders pretty quick," Cap'n Dick explained to Cap'n Peter, with whom he had few secrets, "and he'll bear them in mind without reading them over. Joan's not his sort. I've got a snug pile—shipping shares and railway stock, not t' mention a bit of property, and Joan will get the lot, and as for him, he's the skipper of a cheap tramp steamer with nothing but his salary. I don't like men who run after girls with money. Love may come first, but it's suspicious. Besides, Joan is all I've got left, and—and—it isn't nice t' be lonely."

"Course not," Cap'n Peter assented. "Stands t' reason that you want t' keep her as long as you can. Time enough for her t' marry when you've gone. I don't bold with early marrying. It ought t' be stopped by Act o' Parliament, and I s'pose you'll have told Cap'n Fisher what you think of him?"

"Am I the man to beat about the bush? I told him straight."

"And how did he take it?"

"He took it as I meant he should. He's got a bit o' pride, and I found it. Got my knife in and twisted it round. He'll not come here again. And there's an end o' it."

Here, however, Captain Askew fell into a very common error, for the circumstance to which he gave the name of the end, was, in reality, only the beginning. One night in the late autumn he confided to Cap'n Peter that he was "worried to death."

"It's about Joan," he went on. "Seems to me that money isn't everything after all, and—I'm all at sea and the weather thick. Joan minds me of her mother. She's full of grit, going about with a smiling face and a heart as heavy as lead. I'd like to know for sure about Fisher, whether is was Joan or her money he was after. You see, I'm dead certain about the girl—she's fond of him, and her love's a thing worth having, just as her mother's was. I wish I knew—I wish I knew. But"—here the old autocratic spirit gripped him and he smote the table with his fist—"but even if I knew. I'd not give way. I've got my flag up and I'll keep it flying."

After this he made mysterious reference to an intended visit to Liverpool, "just a little bit of business," and a week later he was back again with a call on Cap'n Peter for service. "I've got a bit o' news I want you t' pass along t' Joan," he said. "As you know, we never talk about Tom

Fisher, and, of course, I'm not going t' surrender, but all the same, I'll be glad for her to know about his stroke of luck. I'd a talk with James Russell when I was in Liverpool, and I got him—I mean I found that Tom had t' have the command of Sanderson's new boat."

Cap'n Peter looked puzzled. "James Russell," he murmured. "Isn't he manager for the Sanderson Company?"

"That's the man."

"And haven't you got a pretty strong holding in the concern yourself?"

"Ay. At any rate, I've got a few shares—but they've nothing t' do with it. And I want you t' tell Joan, in a casual sort of way, you know, about Tom Fisher, and—and I daresay she'll be glad. Now I must be going. Good-night, Peter, good-night."

As Captain Dick lumbered down the garden path, the other man remained on duty at the door, and then as he heard the rasp of the garden gate he drove a solid fist into an equally solid palm.

"So, he's had a talk with James Russell," he muttered. "It strikes me, Cap'n Dick Askew, that you've begun t' cast loose the halyards, and that one o' these days your flag'll come down with a run."

It was a couple of months after this that Captain Dick began to be talked of as a changed man, and it was patent that he had something on his mind. He confessed to Joan that he "was feeling a bit worried," but it was "nothing at all, my dearie, nothing at all," but he gave a heavy shock to Peter Stewart when he admitted that "things were going very badly indeed," though he refused to indicate the direction of the disaster. Nothing more was said until a fortnight before Christmas, when he paid another of his visits to Liverpool, and on his return made an early call on Cap'n Peter with the news. But he was still in despondent mood, and instead of passing on the gossip he had picked up at Johnson's chandlery by the Mersey he insisted on yarning about the worries of life and the melancholy side of Christmas.

"Terribly upsetting time is Christmas," he growled. "Only on Tuesday, when we were having a sort of dog-watch talk at Johnson's, I told them what I thought about it. 'I don't like Christmas,' I said, 'it's wasteful and it's upsetting.' But in a bit I remembered the way Joan's mother used t' plan, and the bonny secrets she had, and the way she seemed to hit off just what everybody wanted. Next thing I remembered that I hadn't made up my mind whether to buy Joan a diamond brooch or a set of furs, so I cleared out. But I soon found myself in distress—couldn't make headway at all. No sooner was I sure the brooch'd suit her best than it struck me how well she'd look in furs, and I ended up by buying the furs and the brooch as well."

"Not the first time you've played that trick," Cap'n Peter dryly suggested, and Cap'n Dick pleaded guilty to the charge.

"It isn't, my son. I mind once when I did it for Joan's mother, and I had t' halve my allowance of 'bacca t' make up for it. And it was worth it."

Here he halted for a brief spell, but by and by began again on the same note. "Queer how Christmas freshens up your memories, Peter. I couldn't get Joan's mother out of my head, and last night when I got home I turned up some old letters. There was a mighty big bundle—all the letters she sent round the world after me before we were married and afterwards, when Joan was a wee mite and the mother had got t' stay at home with her. They were put on paper. I mind coming home from one voyage to Rangoon, and I found that she'd been ill all the time I'd been away, and yet her letters were brimful of sunshine, with never a whimper about her own troubles. And I wouldn't have found it out even when I got back if some outsiders hadn't let it slip. I fancy Joan is going t' be just such another. Rummy what a heap of pluck these little pink and white women can show. I was reminded of it in every letter I read. Bravery and love, and—and—confidence; and in every one of them a prayer; and many a confession of her faith that I'd do the right thing for Joan's happiness at all times."

"There! That's all I'm going t' tell you about the letters. They're mine and hers. But they set me thinking, and I tell you, Peter, I got things into a fearful tangle. There was the memory of Joan's face warning me that if I wasn't careful I might be spoiling her life for her; and there was the way I'd turned young Tom

adrift, and those letters telling me of what Joan's mother would most likely have done, and in the end I got mixed up in a pile o' mush and lost my bearings altogether."

Peter nodded his head sympathetically. "If I was you I'd heave-to" he advised. "Just you heave-to until the sun comes out and you can get your bearings, and I'll stand by handy for a call."

"It's too late for that," Cap'n Dick replied. "I've carried on too long. We'd never wear the ship round. You see—I haven't told you all my—my trouble. Mebbe you've noticed that I've not been over comfortable lately."

"I could see with one eye shut that something was wrong."

"Course you could. Well—I don't like telling you—because I know what a blow it'll be t' you—but it'll have t' come out soon. Fact is, Peter, I've lost my money."

"Lost—your—money," Cap'n Peter gasped. "Someone picked your pocket in Liverpool?"

"Pickpockets be blistered," Cap'n Dick snapped. "D'ye think there's a thief born who could get his hand into my pocket? I tell you I've lost it. Stocks—shares—investments—speculation—buying for a rise and getting a mighty drop. All that sort o' thing. And it's all gone. I'm a poor man."

Cap'n Peter gripped the arms of his chair, and his big blue eyes bulged until they looked as though they would drop from their sockets. "Well, I never heard the like of it. To think that you should be hooked in that fashion. And d'ye mean t' tell me that you're a pauper?"

"Not quite that, Peter. I reckon that I'll save enough from the wreck t' keep Joan and me out of the workhouse. I don't exactly know where I stand just yet. . . . S'pose I'll have t' go in for a sale—heave the big house overboard and book a passage on a little one—cottage in the country sort of business."

"Does Joan know?"

"Told her when I came home—not everything, but quite enough. And she's a regular brick. Says she doesn't mind a bit—s'long as she's got her father left. Says she's always rather cottoned to the cottage idea and she's going to begin looking for one as soon as Christmas gets over. She thinks we'd better leave Allerdale, and her own notion is that Branthwaite'd suit us."

"But what about that diamond brooch and fur set?" Peter inquired.

"Oh, well—I—I—I didn't know the worst then."

"I see. It happened rather sudden like. Your fortune must have gone off terrible quick."

"It did, Peter," Cap'n Dick replied eagerly. "It went fearful quick. It's a way that money has. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. You know what the Book says about riches having wings. Money's a fearful thing for flying when once it starts."

II.

In the dark of a blustery Christmas Eve, with a vicious wind blowing off the land, the tramp steamer Richmond rounded the Rock Light, was taken in hand by a couple of Mersey tugs and, after much canting and dodging, was tucked away in dock. At the cry of "All's fast, sir," Captain Tom Fisher rang off the engine-room and went away aft to his cabin, eager to get to the letters which had been passed on board by one of the tugs as they came up the river. There was a fine bundle of them, bright, newsy, gossipy letters, letters sanctified by their atmosphere of home and love, and among them one in an unknown hand, which proved on the opening to be the most wonderful of the lot. It was signed "Samuel James"—he wondered afterwards who Samuel James might be and why he had written to him—and this was the message it held:

"You'll be surprised to hear that old Captain Askew is a poor man. The silly chap wouldn't let well alone. He'd got enough, but he wanted more, and he wanted it quick, so he must go meddling with some risky investments. Did a bit of plunging and lost the lot. And in a way it serves him right; he was so terrible puffed up about his money."

This was in the dark of the Christmas Eve. When the first hour of the new day was called, Captain Tom Fisher was traveling north as fast as express train could carry him, and when the sun was flooding the snow-covered land with a glory of ivory and of gold, he walked briskly up to the big house on the breast of the Allerdale hills and presently found himself once more in the presence of Cap'n Dick, who at first seemed strongly inclined to stand on his dignity, but suddenly melted and held out his hand.

"I'm glad you've come, Tom," he said, "and I'm gladdest of all that you've come without wasting any time. When did you land. You weren't in yesterday's list."

"We docked last night, sir. I hurried down to my letters as soon as the old hooker gave me the chance, and before midnight I was going full-speed ahead for the station."

"And you know what has happened to me? I'm a poor man now, Tom."

"So one of the letters told me."

"And what is it that's brought you here?"

"I've come to offer Joan a home, sir, and—and you as well."

"In spite of the—the way I packed you off."

"We'll say no more about that—it's

wiped off the log. Besides, we're equals now; you're a poor man, and I'm not rich, and it was love that made you act as you did, love for Joan. And love atones for anything nearly. That's it, captain, it was your love for Joan that sent me away, and it's my love for her that has brought me back again. You'll let me have her, now, won't you?"

By way of answer, Cap'n Dick slipped out into the hall and his trumpet voice rang through the house:

"Joan! Joan, ahoy! Stranger come aboard. Come and report yourself."

Then he hurried away to his own den, but remained at the door listening until he heard his daughter trip lightly down the stairs. After this he quietly left the house for an hour's ramble on the moors, and for a man who had lost all his money he seemed most unreasonably contented.

At the end of the day, when the lamps were lighted and the curtains drawn, Cap'n Peter came stumbling up the hill, just as he had done every Christmas night since the pair of them settled down to a shore life, and was shown into the skipper's den. He drew back a stride when he caught sight of a strange form, but Cap'n Dick was after him in a trice and dragged him into the room.

"Merry Christmas, Peter," he roared, "and a happy New Year to all of all. Come along and report yourself, man. Here's Cap'n Fisher, and—and it's all right. Oh, you don't need t' look so flabbergasted. Bygones are bygones. Tom's torn a page out of his log-book and I've torn a page out of mine. I'm a poor man now, so money doesn't count, and Joan'll have a good man t' look after her when I'm gone, and I'm very glad."

"So'm I, so'm I," Cap'n Peter was shaking hands all round. He did it again and yet again, and all the time in his best seafaring voice roared out his greeting. "Merry Christmas to all of us and much happiness." And then they all gathered round the fire, and Cap'n Peter was told of the fine new ship which Sanderson's had so unexpectedly offered to Tom, of the home that Tom had offered to Cap'n Dick, of Cap'n Dick's refusal, his preference being to "ship as skipper of his own barge rather than book as passenger on somebody else's liner," of the cottage at Branthwaite that Joan would choose for him, and of the score of other gilt-edged trifles that gave completeness of form to their lives.

Now and again also hesitating reference was made to the fortune so strangely lost, and after Cap'n Peter had twice declared his inability to understand it he called on the others to "take a good sight of Cap'n Dick and say whether they'd ever seen anybody take such a loss so quickly."

"Oh, I can stand it," Cap'n Dick responded. "I'm an old man now and little satisfies me. . . . Only I would have liked to give Joan a fine wedding—silk dress—orange blossom—cheques—presents and all the rest of it. You know what I mean."

"Ay, ay. We know what you mean—and a bit more." There seemed to be a most pronounced significance in Cap'n Peter's reply, and he was careful to repeat his statement. "And a bit more." Then, his face lighted by a grin of magnitude, an accusing finger levelled at his old friend, he demanded—

"And how much longer d'ye propose t' keep it up?" Here his laughter overcame him, and he burst into a joyous shout. "I never saw such a bit o' Father Christmassing in all my cruising. Oh, Joan, my lassie," here he turned to the girl whose big brown eyes were filled with amazement and a touch of fear, "didn't you know what an artful dodger you'd got for a father! I tell you it's all a plan—for your sake. He hasn't lost any fortune, and when he wants t' write one of them anonymous letters he signs himself 'Samuel James' . . . and when he wants t' do a young captain a good turn he speaks t' James Russell and gets him a noo ship . . . and that's all I've got to say except that Joan'll get her wedding present after all—not t' mention her diamond brooch and set o' furs."

For a brief spell Cap'n Dick did his best to bluster it out, but his best made a poor show against the friendly jeers of his old cronies, and at last, with the three of them confronting him, he made full confession.

"It was the only chance I'd got," he explained. "I could see that I'd made a mistake. I'd sent Tom away with words that no decent man should have had t' listen to, and I knew his pride'd not let him come back, and so I thought I'd do a bit of pretending till Joan was comfortably settled, never thinking that Peter had got such a sharp outlook. Anyway," here he threw up his head defiantly, "I've done it, and I'm jolly glad, and it's got t' be stood by." For the second time that day he held out his hand to Captain Tom Fisher. "There's t' be no drawing back now, Tom. No silly pride or dignity. Money or poverty, I'm not going t' have any shipwreck of my girl's life. We've got t' stand by her, you and me."

For Joan he had another declaration. As the girl crept to his side he drew her close to him and huskily whispered, "It's your mother's love letters that have done it, lassie. I turned to them when I'd lost my bearings, and they were like the coast lights pointing the way in the dark. And her way was always a sure one."



The Breakdown



A Refuge in Sight



Welcomed at an Inn.

—The Graphic.

Making the Best of It: A Christmas Calamity in the Olden Time.



Christmas Conundrums

- Why is an umbrella like an annuity?
—It affords shelter for a rainy day.
- Why are sailors bad horsemen?—They ride on the main (mane).
- Why should it affront an owl to mistake him for a pheasant?—It would be making game of him.
- Why is a chicken crossing the road like a burglar?—It is a fowl proceeding.
- Why is a whisper like a forged note?
—It is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).
- What roof covers the most noisy tenant?—The roof of the mouth.
- When is a sermon like a round shot?—When it comes from a canon's mouth.
- When does a captain of a vessel commit self mutilation?—When he goes on shore and leaves his hands on board.
- When may a man be said to be thoroughly sewn up?—When he has pins and needles in his foot and a stitch in his side.
- When is a penny like a hermit?—When it's a loan.
- When is a cat like a teapot?—When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).
- What flower most resembles a bull's mouth?—A cowslip.
- Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive engine?—Because it is of little use without it's tender.
- Name the two largest ladies in America?—Missouri and Mrs. Sippi.
- Of what gender is the National Anthem?—Masculine. It's a hymn.
- Why is a bracelet like a speech on the deck of a vessel?—Because it's a decoration.
- Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?—Because they run when they are exposed to fire.
- Why do white sheep furnish more wool than black sheep?—Because there are more of them.
- When is the ocean treacherous?—When it is full of craft.
- Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travellers?—Because when he travels he never keeps his eye from his trunk.
- Why is a restless patient in bed like a lawyer?—Because he lies on one side, and often turns round and lies on the other.
- What are the most difficult ships to conquer?—Hardships.
- What is a nice, cheap, and wholesome breakfast?—A roll on the grass.
- What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world?—Ink.
- What is the pain of which every one makes light?—A window pane.
- Which are the islands good to eat?—Sandwich and Madeira Islands.
- Why is the world like music?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.
- What is that which every living being has seen, but never will see again?—Yesterday.
- Why is the pith of a tree like the tip of a dog's tail?—Because it's farthest from the bark.
- Why ought Ireland to be rich?—Because its capital is Dublin.
- Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?—Because it is the end of pork.
- What church official would be most useful on the battlefield?—A canon.
- When is a person obliged to keep his word?—When no one will take it.
- What is the riddle of riddles?—Life, because we must all give it up.
- If a barrel weighs ten pounds, what can you fill it with to make it seven pounds?—Holes.
- What is that which is taken from you before you can get it back again?—Your portrait.
- Why is a pig with a curly tail like the ghost in Hamlet?—He can a tale unfold.
- What is the color of the wind and the color of the storm?—The storm rose and the wind blew.
- Why is an orange like a church steeple?—Because we have a peel from it.
- Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?—Because it makes pa pay.
- Why is a peacock like the figure 9?—Because it is nothing without its tail.
- Which is the most wonderful animal in the world?—A pig—because he is first killed then cured.
- When is a Scotchman like a donkey?—When he stands on his banks and braces.
- Why should a novel writer be an extraordinary looking animal?—Because of his tale coming out of his head.
- What garden crop would save draining?—Leeks.
- What pen ought never to be used for writing?—A sheep pen.
- Why is the letter W like the Queen's ladies?—Because it is always in waiting.
- What tune makes everybody glad?—Fortune.
- Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in i-u-n.
- Why is the Bank of England like a thrush?—Because it often changes its notes.
- What article that we wear is most affectionate?—A porous plaster, because it becomes very attached to us.
- When is a doctor likely to be most annoyed?—When he is out of patients.
- What insect does a blacksmith manufacture?—He makes the fire-fly.
- Why is a church bell like a good story?—Because it is often toll'd.
- Why are clergymen like railway porters?—Because they do a good bit of coupling.
- Why is it absurd to call a dentist's room the dental parlor?—Because it is the drawing-room.
- Which is the easiest profession, a doctor's or a clergyman's?—The clergyman's, because he only has to preach, whereas the doctor has to practice.
- Why are twice eleven like twice ten?—Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.
- Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest palace ever built?—Because it was built for one sovereign and furnished for another.
- Why may a beggar wear a very short coat?—Because it will be long enough before he gets another.
- Why is a bad picture like weak tea?—Because it is not well drawn.
- Which is the smallest bridge in the world?—The bridge of the nose.
- Why is a merry fellow like a bad shot?—Because he's the boy to keep the game alive.
- A cat and a half caught a rat and a half in a minute and a half. How long would it take sixty cats to kill sixty rats?—One minute.
- Why is the letter "g" like matrimony?—Because it is the end of courting.
- How many wives does the marriage service allow?—Sixteen. Four (for) better, four (for) worse, four (for) richer, four (for) poorer.
- Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it must be ground before it is used.
- What is it we all frequently say we'll do, and no one has ever done?—Stop a minute.
- Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
I am in use while others sleep;
Me few would like to give away,
And fewer still would like to keep.
—A bed.
- What are the most unsociable things in the world?—Milestones, because you never see two together.
- What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady?—One faces the powder, and the other powders her face.
- When may a person reasonably condemn his coffee?—When he has more than sufficient grounds.
- If a church be on fire, why has an organ the smallest chance of escape?—Because an engine cannot play on it.
- Why is love like a Highland plaid?—Because it is full of checks and crosses.
- Why is V like a creditor?—Because it is sure to come after U.
- Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man?—Because he's above doing a wrong action.
- Which is the most abused part of the human body?—The eye, because it is under the lash all day, and gets a good hiding at night.
- What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose?—Noise.
- Perfect with a head, perfect without a head; perfect with a tail, perfect without

a tail; perfect with either, neither, or both. What is it?—A wig.

What is the difference between a butcher and a fashionably attired lady?—One kills to dress, the other dresses to kill.

Why are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken?—Because they have a merry-thought between them.

What is a trout like when he is lying on a gravel path?—Like a fish out of water.

Why is it dangerous to take a walk in the woods in spring?—Because then the trees are shooting.

Why are teeth like verbs?—Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Which is the best land for babies?—Lapland.

Why should young ladies set good examples?—Because young men are so apt to follow them.

What is the best thing to make in a hurry?—Haste.

When is a newspaper like a delicate child?—When it appears weekly (weakly).

Which of the four seasons is the most literary?—Autumn, for then the leaves are turned, and they are red (read).

When is a chicken's neck like a bell?—When it is wrung for dinner.

Why is an army like a newspaper?—Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

Who gains the most at a coronation, king or people?—The king gains a crown, the people a sovereign.

What is the difference between a lady and her mirror?—One speaks without reflecting, the other reflects without speaking.

Do you know why a fisherman ought to be wealthy?—Because all his is net profit.

The Goose

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8).

a manner that might have been called coquettish, had she been ten years older.

"I see," he said slowly. "Well, Miss Louisa—"

"Lucy!"

"Pardon—Miss Lucy, the fact is, when I was younger I preferred turkey to the smell of goose, but now I prefer goose to the smell of turkey." And he held out his free hand, which Lucy, coming forward after a little hesitancy, graciously accepted.

"But which would you *pray* for?" The question seemed to escape her.

Mr. George Leslie looked gravely judicial. At last—"Both," he said firmly.

And just then Mrs. Leslie came in to find the children clinging to a stranger's hands and regarding him with the utmost admiration.

IV.

A little later, the children, having been dismissed, the old man said rather drily: "Mrs. Leslie, shall we come to the point?"

She was taken aback, but recovered herself quickly. "What do you mean, Mr. Leslie?"

"I mean—shall we discuss Robert, your husband?"

Her face flamed. "I'd rather not, Mr. Leslie!" she returned proudly.

He nodded, as if to himself. After a short pause—"How is Robert getting on?" he inquired casually.

Marjorie would rather he had asked any question but that. But she was brave and loyal. And in one way the question reassured her. It told her that, after all, her husband had not called on his uncle; and she felt she would rather work her fingers to the bone and starve than that he should do so now.

"Robert," she said with dignity, "does not complain of business."

The visitor's eyes were on the threadbare carpet. Again he nodded.

"I saw Robert to-day," he said quietly. He held up his hand. "Don't be alarmed—not to speak to." He sighed and went on. "He called at my office, but I sent word that I was engaged."

"Oh!" whispered Mrs. Leslie.

"I don't think," he resumed—and his voice was sad—"that age treats youth quite so unfairly as youth treats age. Perhaps it is natural that it should be so. Age has had his youth; nevertheless, age is never so old as youth presumes it to be. Mrs. Leslie, I have suffered a great deal more than your husband—I don't say more than you, but—"

"I have not suffered—"

He lifted his eyes, but she could not meet them.

"Listen," he said gently. "My affection for Robert, your husband, never ran to sentiment, but it was always sincere. He was left a penniless orphan soon after he entered my business, and I did all I could for him, short of actually pampering him. On the other hand, while I may have been strict, I gave him every opportunity of ad-

vancing himself. I was looking ahead, you see." He halted.

"I'd rather you didn't tell me any more, unless—" she murmured.

"My girl," he said with a sudden passion, "do you imagine I ever lost sight of Robert after he left me? Why, since you have come to live here—here!—never a week has passed but I have stood outside your house of a night, wondering how things were within. And I have watched his business career, too, though he was unaware. You don't seem to understand, because I am an old man—"

"Forgive me," she said, hurt by his piteous expression; "forgive me—"

"There is nothing to forgive you, Mrs. Leslie," he proceeded more calmly. "I may have been wrong in objecting to my nephew's marrying—I know now that I was wrong; but I wanted him to wait. I was not wrong, however, in objecting to his starting business on his own account. I knew what he was doing; he didn't. No; it wasn't merely that I wanted to keep him in my own business. I did want him to remain there; I did, with all my heart. Yet I should not have stood in his way, had his way been the right one. And now that he has failed—"

Marjorie dropped her handkerchief from her eyes. "He hasn't," she cried.

A faint smile moved his lips. "Mrs. Leslie," he said softly, "I have pride as well as you and Robert. Admit that he has made a failure of things."

"No!"

"Ah! From my office window, an hour ago, I looked upon him as he crossed the street. I did not catch even the slightest glimpse of his face, but the set of his shoulders—the set of his shoulders, Mrs. Leslie, just about broke my heart. Robert's the sort of man who carries his burden on his back. Now will you admit failure?"

Marjorie checked her sobs. "No!" she said distinctly.

"You—you have everything you want?"

"I have Robert and the children. Ah, you are cruel!"

The old man rose. "Then I can do nothing for you, Mrs. Leslie?"

Her head dropped; she made no reply.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked almost wistfully. "Will you promise to do me a great favor—to-morrow—Christmas Eve?"

She put her hands to her eyes tightly, telling herself she must do nothing to betray her husband.

"An old man like me doesn't ask favors every day," he said presently. "Can Robert get away from business by five?"

"He's sure to get away early on Christmas Eve," she said with an effort.

"But—"

"Will you and he and the children oblige me by taking a drive in a motor-car which shall be at your door at five-thirty? Mrs. Leslie, it's an old man that's asking you. Trust him for once." It was some time ere she promised.

V.

The motor-car drew up at a pretty house on a broad avenue in Hampstead. "You are expected inside, sir," said the chauffeur to Robert, who appeared to be at a loss.

Robert hesitated, but his wife took his arm.

"It's a sort of dream, I suppose," she whispered, "but you promised to go through it, dear, with me."

Presently a maid showed them into a beautiful bedroom.

"Dinner will be served in five minutes, madam," she said.

And at the end of that period, punctually, she conducted them to a handsome dining-room, with a great bay-window across which heavy crimson curtains had been drawn. On the white, glittering table a first course was already laid. But neither host nor hostess was in evidence.

The maid handed Robert a letter marked "immediate," and at once retired. The contained words were in typescript:

"This house and all within it is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leslie. Don't let the dinner get cold."

And as husband and wife gasped, a dismal wail came from their son, Bobby.

"It's a turkey—and I prayed to God for a goose."

"Oh!" screamed Lucy, as the curtains of the bay-window parted, and Mr. George Leslie, looking rather awkward, stepped forth.

"Where's the goose!" demanded Bobby, and saved his parents from an utter breakdown. "Where's the goose?"

"Here," said his great-uncle, coming forward and taking Robert Leslie's hand. "I'm the goose, because—because this ought to have happened years ago. Robert—softly—let's begin where we left off—for your loyal wife's sake—for mine."

* * *

"I don't think you're very like a goose," remarked Bobby to his new friend, after he had become reconciled to the turkey.

"Thanks, my boy," said Mr. George Leslie. "It would be a pity if we all looked what we were."

"If I had known you were the goose," said Lucy, with her mouth full, "I'd have prayed for goose."

THE END.



Crackers in the Making

The "crackers" that add so much to the merriment of supper tables in the festive season are made by the tens of thousands. The picture shows workmen cutting out paper masks in bulk for inclusion in crackers.
—Copyright, Central News.



An English Ploughing Match

A ploughing match is a holiday feature in some parts of England. This one is at Forests' Farm, Barkingside, under the Ilford Farming Association. Miss Mary Painter and her sister are the girls taking a hand at the plough.
—Sport and General Illustrations.



Portuguese Cavalry Manoeuvres

Hitherto the Italian cavalryman has been associated in the minds of most of us with daring feats of military horsemanship. As our photograph (taken near Lisbon, by a Central News Staff Photographer) shows, the Portuguese cavalry, are capable of rivalling the feats of Italians. The Portuguese cavalry perform their dashing evolutions without discarding their lances.



Tests of Horsemanship

The first picture shows the riders "helter-skelter" down a steep incline. This shows them performing another feat in a little more regular formation.



A Christmas Hunt

When the weather is open enough, fox-hunting in England is kept up until quite late in the season. In this typical hunting group, photographed the other day, the handsome figure, second from the left is Prince Christian who married Queen Victoria's second daughter, Princess Helena, and who will be eighty-one next month.

—Copyright, Central News.



The Football Season

When the snow falls, the football season is over and the bouncing ball is forsaken for the more elusive puck of hockey on the ice. This is a snap-shot of one of the incidents of a big Canadian match this season.



Little Canadians at Play Plenty of snow for the holiday season is the delight of Canadian boys and girls. These youngsters have amassed a huge ball to be transported with some toil for building purposes elsewhere.



Little Canadians at Play After a heavy snow-fall when the atmosphere is comparatively mild, the snow packs beautifully and balls can be rolled to almost any size, great for building forts, block-houses and snow-men.
—United Photo Stores.

The Gorgeous Throne that is Shaking



In the Forbidden City

This magnificently-wrought throne is in that part of Peking known as the forbidden city, because it contains the imperial palace and buildings connected with it in which the Emperor and Royal family reside. The "forbidden city" is about two miles in circumference and is surrounded by a solid wall faced with glazed bricks and covered with yellow tiles.

—Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

The Turco-Italian War



In the Tripoli Country

An Italian outpost stopping the first Arab caravan to pass through the inland country, because food, which might be given to the Turks, was being carried. This fine picture is from a photograph by Central News Staff Photographer, per the Warwick Trading Co.'s special messenger from Tripoli, by courtesy. In the picture the effect of the strong light from the tropical sky is accentuated by the depth and sharpness of the shadows on the desert sands. Distinct in the distance are seen the gleaming walls of the capital city and ships in the harbor beyond. A great portion of the interior of Tripoli, and even up to the Mediterranean shores, is a desert country, consisting of sandy plains dotted in parts by palm trees, or of plateaus or mountain ranges. There are fertile valleys and oases in certain districts of the provinces, and in the east and north of the province of Barca the hillsides are cultivated and afford excellent pasture. The coast region of the extreme west is a fruit and cotton raising district. There is a considerable trade by caravan with the Soudan, carrying European goods south, and ivory, ostrich feathers, and products of the interior north.

The Eruption of Mount Etna



Sicilians Praying to St. Anthony The latest eruption of Mount Etna, in Sicily, has been responsible for incalculable damage in Catania, and the "Sphere" artist here depicts an incident showing how the lava stream having destroyed the railway of Etna has momentarily stayed its relentless course near a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, to whom the inhabitants are praying for protection.

The Greatest Love Tragedy in the World



The Death of Romeo

Miss Neilson-Terry has made a fine success as Juliet in the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the New Theatre, London. Amid much good acting Miss Neilson-Terry's presentation of the beautiful Veronese is delighting large audiences. This picture shows the tomb of the Capulets—the culmination of the tragedy—the dead Romeo (Mr. Vernon Steel), the awakened Juliet (Miss Neilson-Terry), and Friar Laurence (Mr. J. Fisher White). —*The Sphere*



A Flight on Skis

The Norwegian sport of ski-ing is becoming more popular every winter in hilly parts of Canada. The picture shows a surprising exhibition of ski-jumping, on Mount-Royal.

—Photo., Stroud.



A Race on Snow-shoes

Snow-shoeing is a popular holiday sport around Montreal. This picture shows an athlete of the Holly Club, making a record in a snow-shoe race around Mount-Royal.

—United Photo. Stores.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
mf
1. Good Chris-tian men, re-joice, . . . With heart, and soul, and voice; . . . Give ye heed to
mf
TENOR.
BASS.
fz fz p
what we say: News! news! news! Je-sus Christ is born to-day, Ox and ass be-fore Him bow,
fz fz p
f
He is in the man-ger now, Christ is born to-day! . . . Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Joy! Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath op'd the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore;
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave.
Peace! Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain His everlasting hall;
Christ was born to save!

Hail the Night, and Hail the Morn.

Melody 14th Century. Harmonized by DR. GAUNTLETT.

Allegro.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
1. Hail the night, and hail the morn, Which beheld the Saviour born! Then in Bethlehem's wakeful fold, Ti-dings good the an-gel told.
TENOR.
BASS.
f
No-el, No-el, No-el. Ti-dings full of joy and grace, To each son of A-dam's race;
f
God in form of man ar-ray'd, God for man a ser-vant made. No-el, No-el, No-el
f
ten.

Virgin-born, Thy praise we sing,
Son of the Eternal King!
When in Thee the angels' voice
Bade the shepherds' heart rejoice;
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Straight was heard an answering cry,
"Glory be to God most high,"
Echoed from the heavenly train,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Noel! Noel! Noel!

Hark: we catch the heavenly song;
Hark! the cherub's hymn prolong;
Glory be to God most high,
Who enthroned above the sky;
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Deigns to cast His sight below,
And to bless this world of woe,
Sends His Son our flesh to take,
Humbled thus for sinners' sake.
Noel! Noel! Noel!

Thus to hail Thy natal day,
Prompted by Thine angels' lay;
Virgin-born, Thy praise we sing,
Son of our Eternal King!
Noel! Noel! Noel!
Grant us, as we sing, to live,
Grant us, day by day, to give
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good will to men.
Noel! Noel! Noel!

Come! Let us Celebrate the Day.

To be sung cheerfully.

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

1. Come, let us cel - e - brate the day, Let love our hearts in - spire, . . . To us a Sa - viour
2. In end - less woe we must have laid, Had not, with pity - ing care, . . . God's on - ly Son vouch-

has been born,— Fill, fill with ho - ly fire. . . Let earth re - sound, Re - joice a - round, Re -
- - safed to come, To re - scue from de - spair. . . From our great fall He ran - som'd all, He

calando. *ff tempo.* *p*

- joice a - - round. . . } Chris - tians, re - joice! Raise your glad voice,— Christ was born in
ran - som'd all . . . }

ff *p rall.*

Beth - le - hem— Chris - tians, re - joice! Raise your glad voice,— Christ was born in Beth - le - hem.

Let us Sing the Praise of Him.

With spirit.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

1. Let us sing the praise of Him, Oh! let our tongues not fal - ter, He was born to be our King, Whose

ff

glo - ry ne'er can al - ter; All praise be giv'n, On earth or Heav'n, Al - le - lu - ia! A - - men.

In a manger lowly laid,
And where shepherds found Him,
Every homage be Him paid,
By those who kneel before Him.
Raise every voice,
Let earth rejoice,
Alleluia! Amen.

Born to-day, sing loud the lay
From hearts that cannot vary,
Christ is born for us this day,
Born of the Virgin Mary.
Redeemer, King,
Thy praise we sing,
Alleluia! Amen.

Bright Boys

A chance for

YOU!

Bright boys (yes and girls too) can earn cash commission and splendid premiums by selling among their friends copies of the "CANADIAN PICTORIAL"—filled from cover to cover with exquisite pictures — splendid stories, music, etc., etc.

Handsome nickel skates, hockey goods, watches, knives, pens, books, artists' color boxes, are some of the things that our boys have earned—while many have added substantially to their bank account by earning cash prizes and commissions.

HONOR ROLL of "Pictorial" Boys

Bright boys who "made good" last month.

Why not YOUR NAME in this list?

Wilfred Snelling, Que.
Weston Robutson, Que.
Alfred Dutot, Ont.
Jas. McIntosh, Que.
Oswald Bradley, Ont.
Douglas Everett, N.B.

Beverley Scott, N.B.
Wm. Marshall, Alta.
Lillian Russell, Man.
Wm. Skilling, B.C.
Baird Cavins, Sask.

Bright Bits from our Boys' Letters

"I have lots of fun selling "Pictorials" at noon hour and besides I get good premiums or money. I have decided to take cash this time."

Crawford Rose, Man.

"I sold the 35 Pictorials in one day. Am enclosing money for 24 copies of next issue."

Woodworth Taylor, Man.

"I received my watch and camera and am greatly pleased with them. My friends all think you have treated me very handsomely."

Donald Mc Lean, Ont.

"I have earned two watches, one, three years ago, and the other last summer. Both are keeping good time yet."

Ewan Todd, Que.

Show this copy to your friends, and ask them to buy from you. Then lose no time in writing. A postcard will secure a package of six "Canadian Pictorials" to start sales on, also full particulars. You pay when sold.

Write quickly. Address GEORGE KEMP, Agents' Dept., "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

N.B.—For Montreal or Suburbs, boys must call at the "Witness" Office for "Canadian Pictorials," as postage is high in Montreal or Suburbs.

CEETEE

UNDERWEAR

"CEETEE"

Underwear is made especially for those who appreciate and can afford "quality" and taste in their clothing.

The process of manufacturing it is expensive from start to finish—on account of the great care necessary to attain the "CEETEE" standard of excellence. Every garment is shaped to fit the form during the process of knitting—the edges are all knitted together (not sewn). Each garment is so soft and clean that a baby could wear it without injury to its skin.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS, WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE

We guarantee any "Ceetee" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable

Manufactured by

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT
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GALT - - - ONTARIO

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT



WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Canadian Home of Royalty



RIDEAU HALL has lately figured in despatches all over the country, in connection with the preparations for the coming of a Royal Governor. The place is rather celebrated for being unlike what the gubernatorial residence of a country such as the Dominion of Canada might be expected to be, and yet in its very agglomeration of parts and variety of architecture it conveys—when one thinks of it in that light—the idea of gradual growth and development. It was built as a private residence, sold by its original owner to the Canadian Government, and has been added to, altered, and done over to suit the requirements of succeeding vice-regal occupants since Confederation.

The popular name "Rideau Hall" is from the location, not far from the place where the Rideau river drops in pretty little curtain-like falls some forty feet into the Ottawa. It is this effect that gives the name, from the French "rideau," a curtain.

Government House is about two miles from the city. Past the Rideau Falls, the road leads on through the suburban town of New Edinburgh to the entrance gates. The drive from the gates to the house leads to the wooden pillared porch of the doorway, which remains much the same as when the house was first built. The front of the building strikes the visitor, at first view, as being anything but imposing. The Hall is a long, rambling collection of gray stone buildings, two stories high, plain and unpretentious enough without, but possessing capacity for comfort within, and having "delightful surprises in the way of cosy, oddly-shaped apartments, such as buildings which have grown, bit by bit, from small beginnings so often possess."

Built in 1838 by Thomas McKay, a Scots-Canadian Member of Parliament and building contractor, Rideau Hall is of respectable age, and has grown from less than a score of rooms to over a hundred. The large ball-room is a handsome apartment, the finest in the house. It was built by Lord Dufferin, whose régime was marked by a large and gracious hospitality, not less than by wise statesmanship. "At homes," private theatricals, concerts, sleighing parties, snow-shoeing, enlivened the winter season. One of the most splendid of many splendid entertainments that have taken place in the ball-

room was the Fancy Ball given by Lord and Lady Dufferin on February 23rd, 1876, to which fifteen hundred invitations were issued. Not the least interesting feature was the dancing of "Singing quadrilles," and a valse, the music of which was supplied by the dancers themselves, supported by a piano accompaniment. The ball was not only a magnificent entertainment in itself, but it also was a part of a well-thought-out social policy by which His Excellency, choosing the



THE MAIN PORTICO OF RIDEAU HALL

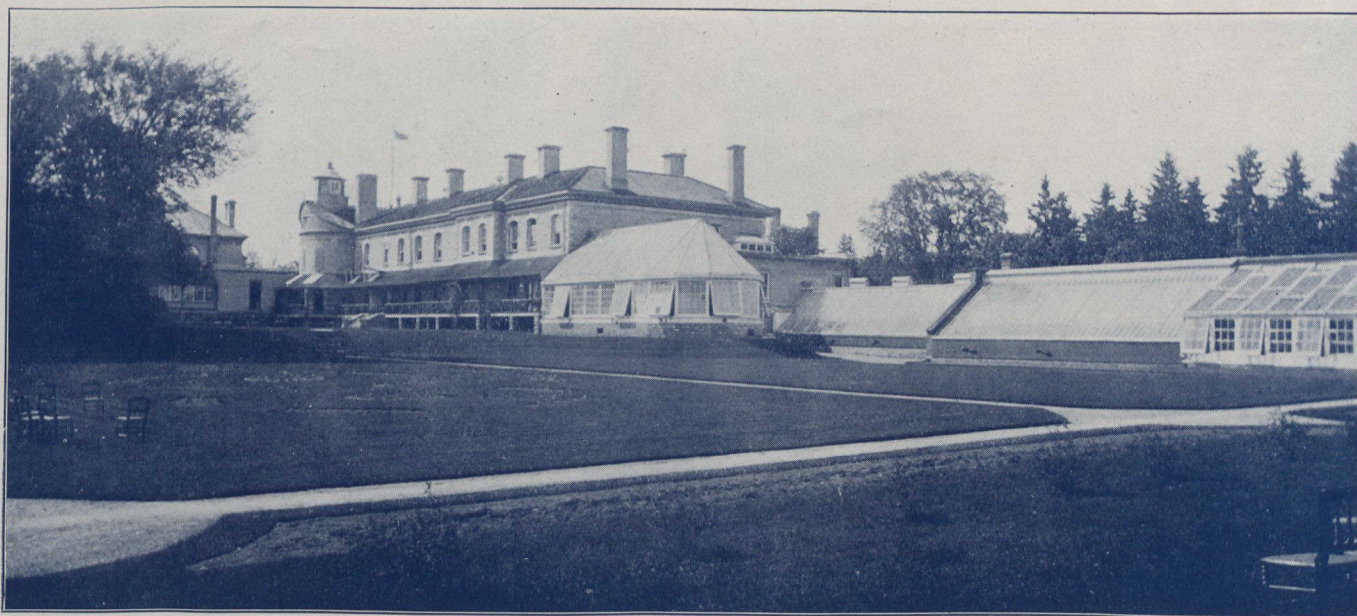
occasion when Parliament was in session, brought together the leading social elements from all over the country. Since that time the ball-room has been the scene of many brilliant gatherings, including State Balls and dinners, and it has also rung with the merriment of children at Christmas time. The racquet court, which is transformed with flowers and plants and bunting into a supper-room on the occasion of balls or other large evening parties, was built by the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll) during his occupancy of Rideau Hall. The Princess Louise added the studio, in which to pursue her art. It was Lord Aberdeen who built the chapel, which is a restful, quiet spot, softly lighted by diamond-paned windows. The parlors are rather old-fashioned, but sufficiently spacious; the bedrooms, however, most of them, are somewhat unfortunate in the matter of lack of size.

The conservatories are among the later improvements, and are very fine. A picturesque feature is the lodge, an octagonal building of light-colored brick. A motor garage has been added to the out-buildings, which include coach-house, stables, laundry, gardener's cottage, etc. Out in the grounds there rises a structure which, when covered with the snows of winter, is the centre of much hearty, healthful merriment—the toboggan slide. There is a long, covered rink for curlers, and in winter a well-kept area of ice is the delight of skaters. Near the toboggan slide is the Log Hut, erected by direction of the Princess Louise, and subsequently the especial domain of Lady Marjorie Gordon, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Lady Marjorie, who is now Lady Pentland, wife of the Secretary for Scotland, and mother of a boy and a girl, used to conduct there all sorts of housewifely experiments, and invite the Muse as the fifteen-year-old editor of a children's magazine.

The glory of the place is the surrounding grounds and park. The estate comprises some ninety acres of land, diversified by lawns, gardens, grassy meadows, and forest trees. There is a superb avenue of trees, planted by the original owner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. McKay. A second avenue was cut through the woods, looking towards Ottawa. This was the idea of the Princess Louise, and it is known as "the Princess's Vista." There are more than one way to the grounds besides by the main entrance, but while members of the royal family are in residence all approaches are guarded.

A list of those who have received the private hospitality of Government House would be a very long one, and would include names of distinguished travellers, writers, musicians, statesmen, and representatives of many countries. Their Excellencies Earl and Countess Grey were particularly gracious in receiving in a home-like way visitors from other lands, and also occasionally invited Canadians from other cities for an informal "week end." To Lord and Lady Minto fell the honor of entertaining Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary (then Duke and Duchess of York) at Rideau Hall for four days during their Canadian tour. Lady Minto, always a most charming hostess, gave a garden party in the Government House grounds, at which several hundred persons waited upon Their Royal Highnesses.

For the second time Rideau Hall has a Royal mistress, and for the first time a Royal governor, a proud distinction in the history of the old mansion as of the nation.



Canada's Government House

The official residence of the Governors-General of Canada. It is popularly known as Rideau Hall.



The Sort of Christmas the Children Like There is not generally so much snow by Christmas-time—that comes later, after the dawn of the New Year — but an altogether green Christmas is a great disappointment. Canadian children are not often disappointed in this regard.



Equal Rights Canadian girls share the sports of their brothers and when there is anything requiring a little strength to be done, they are not above lending some of their healthy energy that the bracing winter weather nourishes.

—United Photo. Stores.

Christmas Gift Making



SOMETIMES we are prone to think that if we only had an unlimited supply of money and could buy anything and everything we fancied Christmas shopping would be easy and a delight. But there is another side to the picture—the satisfaction that comes from successful contriving, and the pleasure of giving what has cost some personal effort. In the making of Christmas gifts, however, one should realize that it is not enough to plan the article to suit the taste of the recipient—although that is essential—but the work also must be as neat as one can make it. Better some inexpensive trifle purchased outright and good of its kind than an article of more apparent worth but so carelessly or unskillfully made as to be valueless, unless it is the work of the untrained fingers of a child, to whom all is more than forgiven. One should not attempt what is beyond one's powers to accomplish, but there are any number of dainty trifles which only need careful cutting and measurement and neat stitches or application of glue in the making.

When one begins to contrive Christmas gifts one realizes the truth of the saying that there is nothing new under the sun. It sometimes seems as if one can but ring the changes on the bags, cushions, cases of all kinds. And speaking of bags, a gift which any girl will appreciate is a neat bag to match her street suit in color, if she hasn't such a one already. Most girls are obliged to do with one for all purposes. One can find bags in all colors now, either in velvet, suede, moire, or kid. If a fabric bag is chosen, an addition that will give the "personal touch" is the monogram of the recipient embroidered on the velvet or moire in silks to match outlined with gold threads.

The grandmother who remembers the days before the evolution of suit-cases and fitted-up travelling equipment, when the carpet-bag was the means of transporting one's belongings on the rare occasions when one went from home, will no doubt be pleased to receive a work-bag fashioned on the order of the old family receptacle. Such a

work-bag should resemble its prototype as closely as possible in all but size. A piece of quaintly figured tapestry answers for the material, but denim with a flowered pattern or cretonne could be used. An oblong piece of cardboard, say ten inches by three and a half or four, is covered with leather-colored lining material for the bottom, and the sides and ends attached to this. Colored braid or ribbon is used to bind the edges, and there are double handles, one on each side. If there is one of the old-fashioned carpet-satchels to be found for a model, the construction is easy. A bag for grandmother's knitting—there are still grandmothers who knit—needs a fairly stiff canvas foundation so that the needles will not poke it out of shape. Measure it a little more than the length of the needles, wider at one end than the other for the ball, and deep enough to hold the work when rolled up. It is better to line the case—it is a case rather than a bag—with a good quality of mercerized or brocaded sateen, than with a soft silk or satin. A silver gray satin or brocade would be nice for the outside.

A brush and comb box with spaces partitioned off for side-combs and for hair-pins of different sizes is not very difficult to make, although it takes a little extra time and carefulness. Made of a cigar box or some other box of light wood and covered with chintz, silk, or other material to match the decorations of the room, it is inexpensive and would make a useful gift. If a cigar box is used, the cover can be cut up for the partitions. These are covered with the chintz and pushed into place in the box after it is lined. If the outside is of flowered material, it will be pretty to have the lining plain. Various receptacles for use on the dresser can be beautified by covers of flowered silk or Dresden ribbon, when one cannot have these receptacles in silver or ivory or some ware beautiful in itself. A can of talcum powder by itself would not make a very presentable offering, but enclose the flask in a little case of delicate-hued silk, with a draw-ribbon and bow, and it is quite within the gift class. A pin and needle-case, especially convenient when travelling, is made from a piece of Dresden ribbon, about four by six inches, a piece of soft corded silk and a piece of chamois or white flannel, of the same

dimensions. Lay the three pieces in place with the chamois as interlining, baste together, and bind all around with inch-wide ribbon or silk braid. Fasten a piece of the braid on the middle of the outside to tie the case with when it is folded in three. Put in pins of different sizes and colors, safety pins, and three or four needles threaded with black and white cotton and silk.

The little sweet-grass baskets of Indian manufacture, which are to be had for small sums in the shops, have quite excellent possibilities in the gift line. They can be lined with silk or satin in pink or any color that goes prettily with the natural tint of the basket, and used for holding a piece of embroidery and its materials, for small workbaskets, for handkerchief boxes, to hold buttons, rolls of tape, collar supports, and so on. When the covers are not wanted they can be removed and used for the bottoms of work-bags, covered as mats, etc.

For the person proud of his or her Irish origin a letter rack in the shape of a harp will be a gift likely to meet with approbation. Use a piece of heavy cardboard for the foundation, and experiment with pencil, scissors, and wrapping paper until you have the shape correct. When the foundation is cut to suit, draw an inner line on your pattern from two to three inches from the edge, and cut along this to get the pattern for the frame, which is also of cardboard. Cover the front of the foundation with green satin, the real Irish green, or mercerized sateen will do. Bring the edges over and fasten at the back with glue or by catching across with thread from one side to the other. From top to bottom, at the front, run gold cord for the strings of the harp, fastening them securely to the foundation. The fastening will be hidden by the frame. Cover the frame with velvet of a little deeper shade of green, or with gold-colored plush or satin, or even with gilt paper, although this will not wear so well. Glue the frame into its place on the foundation, and put in rings to hang the harp up by. Cover the back with sateen lining. The letters and cards are held by the strings of the harp.

For the young matron a boudoir cap would be charming. It can be made out of a small piece of net and lace for frills or edging, with a bow of ribbon to finish. These little caps, which have come into fashion so much of late, are really quite simple to make, not much more difficult than a dust cap.

A "vanity" bag to carry in the satchel is an inexpensive and dainty trifle which can be made in a short time. Take a piece of five-inch Dresden ribbon about ten inches long, and sew up ends to make a little bag. Procure a tiny round mirror and glue the bottom of the bag to it, holding the silk in tiny plaits. Cut a piece of cardboard the size of the mirror, pad with a bit of cotton, cover with thin silk, and glue to the back of the mirror, on the inside of the bag. Make a double hem near the top and run in a narrow draw ribbon. Put a small piece of chamois and a little celluloid box of powder with a tiny puff in the bag.

Thought for the Sick

Whomsoever else Santa Claus forgets at Christmas time—alas, that anyone should be forgotten!—we should, all who have opportunity, help him to remember those who are sick, especially the invalids who are shut in day after day. It requires more tact and consideration to select gifts for those who are sick than for the healthy, because the former in their weakness feel disappointment keenly. For the same reason, if the right thing is hit upon it gives proportionate pleasure.

School children can be encouraged—a hint is all they will require—to make Christmas a very happy time for one of their number who is ill. One school last year contributed the contents of a box which was sent to one of their schoolfellows, a gentle manly boy who had been a favourite until he was stricken with disease. Into the box went a couple of books, a group photograph of the class, a red tartan stocking filled with delicious home-made bon-bons, some choice fruit, a collection of picture cards with greetings from each one of the class, and by way of a joke a whole menagerie of little candy animals. The box made Christmas glad for the young invalid, and helped to lighten many a weary day that followed. But it should not be only the favorite well-behaved boys and girls who are thus remembered. The child who has been rough or indolent or generally trying needs the influence of kindly Christmas thought and action.

A novel way of finding his presents will often give added pleasure to a sick child, although nothing can quite take the place of a well-filled stocking. After he has had his stocking, later in the day if he is ready for some fun, a half-hour's fishing will be great amusement. Provide him with a light round stick to which is fastened a piece of cord with a bent pin on the end. A number of small parcels are placed behind a screen near the bed, and the little invalid fishes over this. Some person concealed behind the screen helps on the game. The parcels must be light, of course, and may con-

tain the merest trifles. Small candy fish of different colors, or baked from biscuit dough if candy is forbidden, would be great sport. The fishing game will appeal to a little girl as well as to a boy, or she can have a "shower," and secure the little packages by drawing on different colored ribbons leading from a small colored parasol, in which the packages are concealed, to the bed or chair.

In the case of an older invalid, the element of surprise and novelty may be a welcome relief from monotony. Several friends can arrange it so that their gifts will be delivered at intervals on Christmas Day, instead of sending them to the house on Christmas eve. Do not give an invalid things to be worn during illness, unless the person is poor and really needs them. Give things that suggest getting well rather than a continuance of illness, or if convalescence seems a long way off, and things for immediate use are advisable, let them be as pretty and dainty as possible. A favourite magazine arriving by post on Christmas morning with a note stating that it will come monthly throughout the year is a welcome visitor to the "shut-in." Sometimes an invalid fond of reading finds the weight of a book tiresome. The parts of a serial story can be removed from back numbers of a magazine, which the person has not had a chance of reading, and the several parts bound separately in plain paper, and numbered on the cover. A snapshot album, the kind that has paper covers of some satisfying artistic tint, a box of unmounted kodak pictures of members of the family, friends—human and animal—and bits of scenery, and a tube of photographer's paste may furnish many a half-hour's interested occupation. If the invalid is a woman who likes to crochet or do needlework, some new patterns and designs may be acceptable. Crochet patterns can be picked up from a few inches completed and accompanied by written or typed directions, understood of the worker in crochet, although Greek to the uninitiated. A piece of linen stamped and with the silks or threads to work it will be welcomed by the embroiderer who has not always money to spare for her hobby.

In every case where an invalid, grown up or little, old or young, is concerned, great care should be taken to ascertain the desires and to consider the tastes of the person for whom the gift is intended. It is well worth a little extra trouble to give the right thing in the right way.



Christmas

By Julia Ward Howe.

In highest heaven a new-born star
Unveils its radiance from afar;
The while, upon her first-born child,
The mother of an hour has smiled.

To what a rustic nursery
Cometh this dear nativity!
No hostelry our Babe receives,
Upon the refuse of the sheaves
Is pillowed that sweet forehead, born
To feel the sharpness of the thorn.

Pious souls, in Orient warned,
Seek the Presence unadorned.
Journeying far, they would inquire
Where doth rest the mystic fire
That shall ravish land and sea
With a new divinity.

Regal gifts the pilgrims bear,—
Gold and myrrh and incense rare.
Soon the offered sweet perfume
Consecrates the stable room:
While, from out the wintry gloom,
Leaping Dawn uplifts the skies,
Shows the Babe to reverent eyes.

Soon thou, dear Child, wilt leave thy
play,
Mimic dance, and roundelay;
By some deep whisper in thy breast
Sent on Truth's immortal quest;
In thy young reason, tender still,
Shaping the fatal fight with ill.

Thou shalt learn the humble trade
That for thee no cradle made;
Eat the peasant's homely fare,
His unfashioned garments wear,
While thy royalty of soul
Doth foreshadow its control
Over ages yet unborn
That shall bless thy natal morn.

Ah, sorrow! that thy fair spring-tide
The martyr's mission must abide,
Thy thought with saintly daring probe
The festering ulcers of the globe;
While reckless multitudes will stand
To pierce and bind thy healing hand,
And thy manhood's fixed intent
Leads to Calvary's ascent!

Oh, joy! that far beyond the cross,
Its bitter pain, its shame and loss,
Above the failure men might see
Truth's endless triumph crowneth thee!
Such a promise in thy birth,
Such a glory come to earth,
Such a tragedy divine
To be wrought in pangs of thine,
Such redemption without end,
Brother, Master, Savior, Friend!



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The Toilet and the Baby



VENING gowns and party frocks are of special interest at the festive season. The former seem to grow more rich and sumptuous every year, but as in other departments of dress, one who has the taste and skill can often make a careful selection of colors and clever handling take the place of actual cost of materials. There is no falling off whatever in the use of satin, but rich brocades are likewise favored for certain formal occasions, and there is much in the way of beautiful laces and embroideries in gold, silver, diamante, and jewels for trimming.

The satins employed in evening gowns are of the most charmingly supple weaves, as different as possible from the shiny stiff fabric that used to appear under that name. The new satins do not shine, they shimmer. The brocades, too, though often interwoven with gold and silver threads, are soft and pliable.

The skirts of evening dresses are still of the narrow and close-fitting order, but anything of the tied-in or exaggeratedly tight description is very much passé. Frequently the skirt is fashioned with a slit at one side, in which is inserted a plaiting of lace or chiffon, or the skirt opens in front over a lace-flounced petticoat. The round-length or shorter skirt which almost everybody adopted for at least some of their evening dresses last winter is not considered as of the really fashionable models now. The train is coming back again after its brief semi-banishment, and no wonder, for the added length certainly gives a dignity and grace which are absent from an evening gown with a comparatively short skirt.

The shortened waist is still very good style, and is seen more often than any other. The waist line is not raised quite so much as in the dresses of the Empire period, but there is no fixed point; it may be anywhere between the bust and the natural waist line, and quite on the latter if that is most becoming to the figure. There is some sort of narrow girdle, or folded band, or cordeliere defining the joining of waist and skirt while yet the one-piece effect is maintained.

Some kind of drapery, tunic, overdress, or sash, is seen on almost every gown for evening wear. There is a tendency to like drapery as a change

from the straight lines, and this liking finds its expression chiefly on evening and reception dresses. Tunics of chiffon and embroidered nets are of all lengths and a variety of outlines. Sometimes they are draped quite straight, reach almost to the foot of the gown, and are slashed up one side, the garniture forming a border along this opening. This arrangement is pretty and almost universally becoming, but newer is the diagonal draping, indeed the diagonal line is quite a prevalent feature. Sometimes the tunic is cut and draped so that the line of the edge slants across the front; again it falls straight in front but is brought diagonally across the back or caught up at one side, never at both sides. The bodice is usually draped to match, the surplice model coming in effectively in such a case. A model that is not altogether new but is capable of quite charming development, combines satin and lace, the former being used for the draped tunic. The surplice waist has one plain side of lace over which is crossed the other side of the satin draped, the line being continued down the skirt of the tunic which is draped back to show an underskirt of lace made with slightly gathered flounces.

Narrow bands of fur are among the trimmings employed with gowns of sheer materials, a rather incongruous idea but one that works out better than it sounds. Alaska sable on white, and ermine on rose-colored gowns, are seen. Fringe of various lengths has reached the extent of a fad this season; it is used to edge tunics, fichus, and every part of a gown that can have a fringed edge. Bordered effects are worked out in embroidery of self-toned silks, gold or silver, beads, and chenille.

While white gowns and black gowns are always in favor, of course, there is apparent a fondness for color, and very charming are some of the new colorings. Blue in the soft dull shades is a favorite, and rose-color of various degrees of depth is much seen. Emerald green is one of the few strong colors in evidence. Grey is made effective for evening wear by embroidery in silver, cut steel beads, or something to give a note of brilliancy.

Evening frocks for the débutante differ somewhat from those for older girls, although the same materials may be worn. Satin used to be considered too formal for the débutante, but in its present delightful weave is as frequently chosen as anything else. In fact, a white satin gown is now the first choice of the débutante, when she elects to wear white.

In this respect also there has been a change of opinion, and the girl who finds pink or any other delicate color more becoming than white selects what suits her best for the gown in which to make her first formal appearance as a "young lady." The overdress of softening chiffon is a usual accompaniment of the débutante's satin gown, and the garniture is of seed-pearl or crystal-bead embroidery rather than the richer and heavier-looking metallic or diamante ornamentation.

Party frocks for the girl who has not yet reached the débutante stage are very simple and pretty. Flowered organdie, chiffon, voile, crepe de chine, soft taffeta, are all available, and a fine white lingerie frock can always be made to do service quite well enough, with the addition of a girdle and rosettes of satin ribbon. An inexpensive frock can be fashioned of light-colored silk, trimmed with ruchings of the material, the bodice finished with a pretty fichu of net or point d'esprit.



Children's Christmas Parties

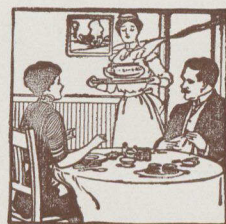
There are many persons who declare that they find it easier to give a party for grown-up people than one for children, and, in truth, it is not everyone who has the knack of giving a lot of little people a good time, not that the children demand very much or are critical, but their entertainers themselves are apt to be nervous and "fidgetty," to supervise too much, or rather to let their supervision be too much in evidence. It is less difficult to arrange a party for children at Christmas than at other times in the winter, because there is so much of the entertainment that suggests itself spontaneously from the occasion.

The most successful parties for children are those in which the small guests are pretty much of the same age. It is very difficult indeed to make things pass off quite smoothly when the tiny tots are included with the active, exuberant boys and girls. An important point is to plan the games and every succeeding part of the entertainment before the festive day, not leaving anything to chance or to the inspiration of the moment. If some particularly happy inspiration comes while the party is in progress, well and good, but a carefully prepared plan is more to be relied upon.

It is advisable to have some sort of jolly game to begin with, else the small boys and girls are apt to range themselves on opposite sides of the room and stare bashfully, nobody liking to make the first move. "Musical chairs,"—the game where chairs are placed in two rows back to back and the players march round to the sound of the piano until, at a sudden cession of the music, everyone scrambles for a seat, one always being left standing—is always popular, and serves nicely to "break the ice" of childish shyness and reserve. This may be followed up with some kind of a "Hunt," the article or articles to be hunted being concealed previously in the same room or the rooms adjoining. It is well to alternate active games with those in which the players sit round in a circle and exercise their minds and tongues, as in some sort of guessing game, instead of their feet. If the children are of dancing school age, they will want a few merry dances in which all can join.

There must be a distinct Christmas feature, of course, and here the hostess can have scope for her ingenuity. There must be a gift for each child, and it is not so much the value of the article that counts as its choice in relation to the liking and wishes of the small recipient. The hostess can often ascertain privately what "Santa Claus forgot to bring" in particular cases, and make up the deficiency. It is most important that none of the gifts should outshine the others. While a Christmas tree is always popular, there are ingenious ways of distributing the gifts more amusing to the party, especially if it comes after Christmas, when many have already had trees. One successful way of distribution is from a "Post Office," an interesting device for children who always are excited to receive "mail" for themselves, with their own address and real stamps,—albeit cancelled ones.

Supper is an important item in the children's party, and the more the appearance of the table appeals to the juvenile eye, the more successful the supper is apt to be. A miniature Christmas tree decked with tinsel and strings of popcorn and berries makes a good centrepiece, but if one can find a tiny sleigh and Santa-Claus doll in red cloth and white fur it will be rather more amusing. The sugar animals and birds, which are manufactured in red and yellow, are always liked by the little people, and help to brighten the table. The dishes should be quite simple, and served as attractively as possible. Sandwiches cut in fancy shapes, cold chicken, thin bread and butter, jelly served in baskets made from oranges, ice-cream tinted in layers, small sponge cakes baked in crinkled pans, cocoa and milk, with some raisins and nuts, will be an abundance. If there is a big Christmas cake it can make up by exterior icing and decoration for lack of extreme richness in the inside.



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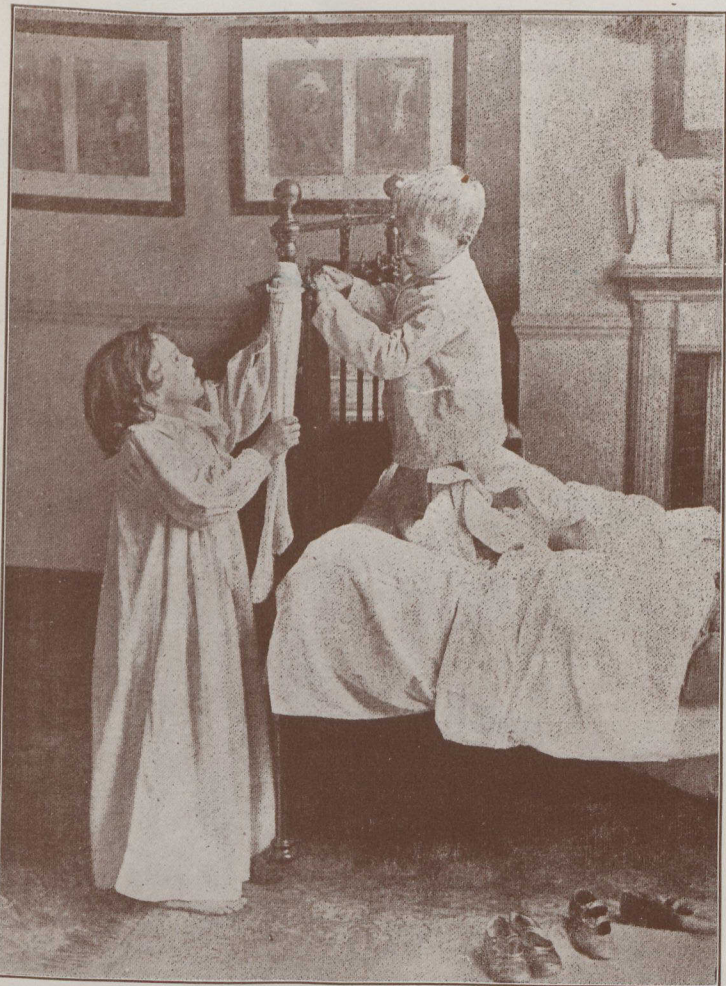
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Christmas Eve

The old custom that has given pleasurable excitement to children for many generations.



The Chinese Revolution The disaffection in China is wide-spread, and both the Constitutionalists—as they call themselves—and the Imperialists are adding all they can to their forces. The picture shows Chinese buglers and drummers with their huge dragon banner at the head of a column.

—Copyright, Central News.



The Chinese Revolution One of the chief points of interest during the rebellion has been Hankow, which is an important centre of Chinese trade, and the central market of the tea districts of the Yang-tse-kiang. The picture shows a view of Hankow from the water tower. Hangyang is situated near, and its iron works can be seen in the distance on the right.

—C. M. Alexander, Missionary, Photo, Central News.

The Housekeeper's Page



THE success of the Christmas festival now as always depends a great deal on the woman who is at the head of the household, and it calls for much housewifely skill in planning and accomplishment. But our modern preparations

for the Christmas feast, always an important part of the proceedings associated with the festal day, seem light as compared with what the housewives in the old lands had to undertake a century or so ago. The number of guests was almost unlimited, the quantity of plate used would have required a small army of servants to bring it to the requisite degree of brilliancy, and the huge table might well be said to groan with the number and abundance of the dishes provided.

Washington Irving has left us a delightful description of the old-fashioned Christmas dinner in England among the well-to-do squires and their families. The dinner was served in the great hall, where a fire of logs blazed in the wide-mouthed chimney. Holly and ivy wreaths added to the festive air of the place, and on the sideboard was set out a great display of ewers, flagons, beakers, and plate, before which stood the two tall Yule candles reflected in the highly polished metal, while branches of candles illuminated the apartment. The old squire sat at the head of the table, his countenance beaming with pleasure and good will.

After a grace had been said, the butler entered in state, attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light. He bore "a silver dish on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table." The table was literally loaded with good cheer. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments. "I could not, however, but notice," Irving continues, "a pie, magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the Squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentic; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

"When the cloth was removed the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the Squire. Its appearance was hailed with exclamation, being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity."

Plum pudding, which is now the crowning dish of the Christmas feast, seems not to have been known until within the last hundred years or thereabouts, at least it is not mentioned in cookery books of the eighteenth century. What took its place was a sort of "plum porridge," compounded of beef broth, raisins, currants, pounded cloves, mace, and various other spices and dried fruits, boiled together, thickened with bread or some cereal, and sweetened with sugar. —something like a plum pudding boiled without the cloth, in beef broth instead of water. The traditional Christmas pie was the fore-runner of our mince pies. It was a large affair, made of lean mutton, chopped fine, shredded suet, raisins, currants, chopped apples, sugar and spices, moistened with brandy. The roast goose which figures prominently on our Christmas dinner tables seems to have come by way of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott describes a Christmas dinner menu of the olden time:

"Then the grim boar's head frowned on high.
Crested with bays and rosemary;
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie,
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savoury goose."



Some Christmas Confections

Individual Plum Cakes.—Put a cup of butter into a bowl, and rub it with a wooden or silver spoon to a creamy consistency. Add two cups of brown sugar, beat, add the beaten yolks of three eggs,

and beat thoroughly together. Add half a cup of dark molasses and two level teaspoons of mixed spices. Put half a teaspoonful of soda and the same of cream of tartar with four level cups of flour, and sift together. Have half a cup of milk at hand, add a little to the mixture in the bowl, then some of the flour, and so on milk and flour alternately until all are used. Add the beaten whites of two eggs. Have ready half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped and half a pound of currants washed and dried. Roll the fruit in a little of the flour to keep it from massing together, and mix it into the cake. Beat smooth, bake in small tins, and frost with powdered sugar beaten smooth with the white of an egg and a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

German Christmas Cookies.—Cream half a cupful of butter in a bowl, add four eggs reserving the whites of two of them for frosting, beat, and add a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of seeded raisins cut fine, a cupful of molasses with a teaspoonful of soda stirred in, spices as preferred to season, and flour to make a dough. A small cupful of chopped almonds may be added with the raisins. Mix all well together, roll out thin, cut with a round biscuit cutter, and bake in a hot oven. Ice the tops, and before the icing dries, ornament with small candies put on to form a star.

Crystallized Fruit and Nuts.—Blanched almonds, English walnut meats, stoned dates and raisins may all be crystallized in this simple fashion. Pour a cup of boiling water over a cup of granulated

sugar in a small saucepan, and let it boil slowly, without any stirring, until a thread formed from lifting a little of the syrup on a teaspoon will break off brittle in cold water. Set the saucepan in hot water where it will remain liquid but without cooking any more. Take up each nut or fruit separately on a long needle or a fine skewer and dip into the syrup, then lay not touching each other on a platter dusted lightly with confectioners' sugar.

Orange peel can easily be prepared fresh for use with Christmas confections. When it is intended to use the peel, select fairly smooth skinned oranges, and remove the peel neatly in quarters. Scrape off with a dull silver knife the white inner skin and cut the peel into narrow strips. Scissors can be used for the cutting. Make a very thin syrup of granulated sugar and water, put in the orange peel, and cook until the syrup is boiled thick. Be careful that it does not burn. Lift each piece out, roll it in powdered sugar, and place on platters to dry.

Chocolate Caramels.—Into a smooth porcelain-lined or enamel saucepan put a pound of loaf sugar and half a pint of sweet milk, and set the pan on the stove. When it begins to boil, add a pinch of cream of tartar. Let boil five minutes, add half a cup of fresh butter and three ounces of chocolate. Keep the mixture stirred, as made with milk it would be liable to burn. Test by dropping a little into cold water. When it becomes crisp, and cracks clean and sharp, remove the saucepan from the fire,

and stir in very gently two teaspoons of vanilla. Pour on to oiled platters, and as the caramels cool cut it into cubes. Wrap each cube separately in paraffin paper.

Turkish raspberry paste is an attractive confection. Strain off half a cup of raspberry juice, and pour it over three tablespoons of granulated gelatine in a small bowl. Put two cups of sugar and another half cup of raspberry juice in a saucepan, heat, and stir until it boils. Add the gelatine dissolved in the juice, and cook until the syrup threads. Remove the pan from the fire, add a couple of tablespoons of strained lemon juice, and pour into a pan. When it cools, turn the stiffened paste out on to a slab dusted with powdered sugar, and cut into squares. Roll the squares in powdered sugar.

Cream taffy is always popular with children. Put three cups of granulated sugar, a cup of water, and quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar into a saucepan, and cook until it will form a firm ball in cold water. Pour the mixture on to an oiled platter, and as it cools pull it, adding any flavoring desired. Cut into pieces.

Peppermint creams are very easily made, and need not have any cooking. Sift a pound of powdered sugar with a pinch of tartaric acid added into a bowl and mix to a paste with the white of an egg, a little water, and a few drops of essence of peppermint. Turn the paste out on to a slab or platter, and knead it smooth. Roll it out to about an eighth of an inch thickness and cut into small disks with the top of a pepper caster. Lay the rounds on paraffin paper to dry. A little orange juice may be used in forming the paste, if the creams are preferred tinted.

Crystallized rose petals make a very dainty addition to the candy box. The petals used must be fresh and perfect. Make a thick syrup of white sugar and rose-water, —a small amount of syrup only will be needed. Drop the petals into the hot syrup and let them remain long enough to become saturated, then lift them out on to a fine sieve, straightening each petal out as well as you can. When they are almost dry, roll them in crystallized sugar, and place separately on a sheet of white paper, leaving them in a warm place to dry thoroughly.

Hints for Christmas Cookery

Suet is more easily chopped if it is sprinkled lightly with flour and chilled, or chopped where it is cold enough to keep the fat from softening.

To stone raisins, pour boiling water over them, let them stand a few minutes, and drain. The seeds will come out clean when the raisin is rubbed between finger and thumb.

Currants require careful cleaning. If they are put in a coarse sieve or strainer, sprinkled with flour while they are dry, they can be more easily rubbed apart and much of the grit, etc., will pass through the sieve with the flour. Then wash the currants thoroughly, and let clear water run over them through the strainer. Drain, pick over, and dry in a warm airy place or between towels.

To blanch almonds means to whiten them by removing the brown coating. Shell the nuts, pour boiling water over them, let stand a few minutes, pour off the hot water, and cover with cold water. Rub off the dark skin, and dry between towels.

The cloth for the Christmas pudding should be of strong cotton. Wet it in very hot water, wring it out, spread over a bowl, and sprinkle with flour. Put the pudding in the centre, draw the cloth around it and tie securely. Sprinkle flour around the opening.



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WITH THE WITS

THE RUSE.

Things were going badly with the street jewelry seller. The crowd wouldn't bite, and it looked very much as though the evening would be a failure from his point of view.

Suddenly an idea for reviving the enthusiasm of his audience struck the peddler. Drawing a sovereign from his pocket he said:

"I will give this sovereign to the first person who guesses the date of it."

At once guesses came from every part of the crowd, until practically every date within the last hundred years had been mentioned.

"Well," said the man, "I don't know who guessed right. Who was it guessed 1895?"

"I did!" roared every man, woman, and child in the crowd.

"Then you are all wrong," said the vendor, pocketing the sovereign. "The date is 1902."

☒

DUTY.

He was an immaculate servant. To watch him serve a salad was to watch an artist at work. To hear his subdued accents was a lesson in the art of voice-production. He never slipped, he never smiled, and his mutton-chop whiskers marked him as one of the old and faithful stock. But one evening, to the surprise of his master, he showed unaccountable signs of nervousness. When the chicken came on, he confused it with the pheasant. He served everything in the wrong order, made blunder after blunder, and put a final touch to his shame by upsetting the salt over the only superstitious member of the party. Then, at last, when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, he touched his master on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said in a respectful undertone, "but could you manage to spare me now? My house is on fire."

☒

ART AND NATURE.

Accompanied by a big retriever dog, which was muzzled, a lady entered a photographer's studio. "I want you to photograph my dog, if you please," she said sweetly. "Certainly!" replied the photographer. "I know you take such trouble over animals that I thought I would come to you," the lady went on. "You are very good, madam," said the photographer. "Of course you don't want him to be taken with his muzzle on?" "No," returned the lady; "that is just where the difficulty comes in. You see, he was bitten yesterday by another dog, and, although I don't think there's the slightest danger, I thought I would like to have him photographed, poor fellow, in case symptoms of hydrophobia should set in and he has to be killed! None of us have dared to take his muzzle off yet, but we thought that as you were so used to animals you would not mind!"

☒

CAUTION.

"I'm afraid my profession is not in very good repute," said a lawyer to his wife on his return from his vacation. His wife asked him why he thought so. "You may remember," he continued, "that I wrote a lot about old Joe Smith and how much I liked him?" "Yes," said the wife. "Well, I thought the old chap returned the compliment, but his friendliness was tempered with caution, as I found out. It happened that I was able to straighten out a legal tangle that he had got involved in, and when he asked for his bill I was very glad to say that, out of friendship, I wouldn't charge him anything. He seemed greatly pleased, and thanked me cordially. Then he said, 'Would you mind giving me a receipt?'"

☒

MODERN BRAVERY.

The talk in the club had been of cool deeds on the battlefield, when the member who rarely spoke broke in on our conversation. "The coolest bit of nerve I ever saw," he drawled, "was when I was motoring in the Midlands with the Honorable Jimmy. It had been raining, and as we turned the corner of the village street we skidded badly, then shot forward. Crashing into the little post office, we smashed the front of the shop clean through and knocked down the village postman. It was then that the Hon. Jimmy showed what he was made of. He jumped out of the car, and, advancing to the terrified girl behind the counter, said in his blindest voice, 'Two ha'penny stamps, please, Miss.'"

"NIOBE, AHOY!"

The naval class was under signal instruction, and to some of the boys in blue the instructor's voice seemed very far away indeed. "A ship in distress," he was saying, through the room spaces, "has several methods by means of which she can make known her condition to other vessels or shore stations. Name one, Binks!" "The international code signal N.C.," replied Binks, waking up just in time. "Right," said the instructor. "Jenks, name another." Jenks started out of a dream. "Eh?" he ejaculated. "What would you do if you were in distress?" repeated the signal instructor. "Why," mumbled Jenks, "paw'n me watch!"

☒

OTHERS HAVE DONE IT ALSO.

Wife—"I have made ten pounds this afternoon." Husband—"How?" "You paid only twenty pounds for that old piano, didn't you?" "Yes." "Well, I have sold it for thirty." "Gracious me! What are you going to do with the money?" "There isn't any money." "Eh?" "I sold it to a dealer. He gives me a new piano for forty pounds, and allows me thirty for the old one. If you'd stay at home and let me go to your office and attend to your business, you'd soon be rich. Just think! Ten pounds a day is something over three thousand a year."

☒

WITHOUT GUILF.

An old lawyer, defending a young client, instructed the latter to keep every time he struck the desk with his hand, hoping thus to influence the court in the young man's favor. Unfortunately, however, counsel forgetfully brought down his hand at the wrong moment, and the accused broke into a paroxysm of sobbing. "What is the matter with you?" inquired the judge. "Nothing," was the reply, "only he told me to cry as often as he struck the table." But the astute lawyer was equal to the occasion. "Gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "let me ask if you can reconcile the idea of crime in conjunction with such candor and simplicity?"

☒

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

"I am going to leave you, mum." The dreaded words, spoken with a firmness that struck terror to the heart of Mrs. Newly, were uttered by Mrs. Hashup, the cook. "Leave me. Surely, Mrs. Hashup, you cannot mean it?" "I do, mum. I must leave you." "But surely I have been a good mistress to you." "You have, mum. I'm sorry, indeed, that I must go." "Are you dissatisfied?" "No, mum." "Then what have I done?" "You haven't done anything, mum, but the National Union of Cooks have ordered me to leave you. It's your husband, mum. Last week he got shaved at a non-union barber's!"

☒

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

An actor, who had travelled expressly from town to appear at a charity concert in his native village, recited "The Village Blacksmith." "Oncower," cried the excited audience—"Oncower!" The actor was about to go on the platform again when a burly rustic, very much out of breath, tapped him on the arm. "I've just come round from the front," whispered the man excitedly. "I want 'e to do me a flavor." "Well, what is it?" queried the actor impatiently, as the renewed cries of "Oncower!" fell on his ears. "It's this," whispered the intruder. "I 'appen to be the jossor you've been talking about, and I want you to put in a verse this time saying as how I lets out bicycles!"

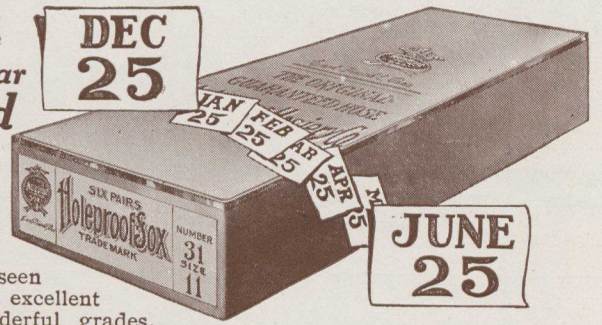
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THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It was the early era in the development of the petrol-driven vehicle that produced the story of the visitor being shown round the lunatic asylum by the medical superintendent, when the latter, on entering a spacious dormitory, where one looked down long vistas of endless beds, observed: "This is the motor-maniacs' ward." "Ah, fortunately, I see, it is not at present occupied," murmured the visitor. "Oh, yes it is—we're full up in this ward." "But I—I—er—don't see any of the patients." "Course you don't," returned the superintendent promptly, "they're all under the beds tinkering the springs of the mattresses."

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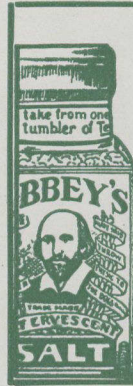
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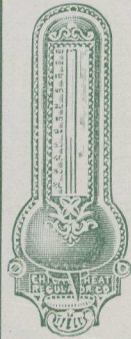
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FACTS ABOUT OLIVER TYPEWRITER LOCAL AGENCIES

For the benefit of hundreds who want to know the basis on which appointments to Local Agencies of The Oliver Typewriter are made and the money-making possibilities of such agencies, we submit these facts:

The Local Agents' sales organization of The Oliver Typewriter is made up of a force of 15,000 men. This sales force, great as it is, is constantly receiving additions because of the remarkable expansion of our business and the vast territory which must be covered. It is at the present time the strongest and most successful selling organization in the typewriter industry.

Believing, as we do, in the principle of intensive cultivation, we appoint local agents in the smallest towns and villages as well as in the great trade centres of the country.

What We Require

This policy has built up an organization that is unique in many ways, but conspicuously so in the fact that its units are drawn from a multitude of different classes.

Instead of selecting only those who have had experience in selling various lines of merchandise we *waive* that qualification in favor of inherent *ability and willingness to learn*.

We assume the responsibility and expense of providing the necessary training in practical salesmanship in order to secure men of the right stamp.

We have found that men who are ambitious to *succeed*, men who are willing to *learn* and are possessed of *good hard sense*, make the best Local Agents.

One need not have a silver tongue to sell Oliver Typewriters—just know the machine, believe in it, *fight for it!*

Nothing can withstand such salesmanship, applied to such a product.

Did space permit we could cite many instances to show how telegraph operators, clergymen, bankers, mechanics, clerks, teachers, printers, barristers and tradesmen have done wonders as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter.

Local Agents are not required to devote their entire time to the work. Men who are engaged in some other business or occupation can take on a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter without sacrificing their interests. This plan enables men now employed on salaries or engaged in business enterprise to materially *increase their incomes* without assuming the slightest risk.

The man who takes the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

But look what we risk when we give a man the exclusive agency of The Oliver Typewriter in his locality.

We risk the *profits* which may be lost through the agent's neglect or inefficiency, for every town, however small, has definite sales possibilities.

We risk our prestige, for the Local Agent has our honor in his keeping.

The Local Agent makes on every sale of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the full life of the arrangement, even though our travellers may help him or make sales independently of him.

Because of the risks we assume in tying up exclusive territories with Local Agents, we exercise the greatest care in an effort to "pick the winners."

How It Pays

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, considered purely from the standpoint of its *money-making possibilities*, is exceedingly attractive. We set no limit to earnings. Where the field warrants a man in giving it his undivided attention, the agency can be made to pay a handsome income. The man who gives only *spare time* to the work can easily make it pay.

The young man in the small town or village who wants to get out in the great world, who seeks broader opportunities, is fortunate if he succeeds in securing a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

He becomes an integral part of a business of world-wide proportions.

Printype —
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

A business where ability commands a premium.

Men who started as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter are to-day officers of the Company.

The Local Agent's works brings him in contact with one of the most progressive and successful sales organizations in the world.

Think of the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the incentive to *succeed* that come from this vital contact with a 15,000 man-power sales organization!

The business man who takes up the Local Agency as an auxiliary to source of income can apply to the promotion of his own business the knowledge gained from this great force of sales experts.

Our famous "17 Cents-a-day" Plan of selling Oliver Typewriters is a powerful aid to Local Agents.

With this splendid machine, our best product, offered on such tempting terms the Local Agent *must* succeed if he puts forth the proper effort.

How to Secure a Local Agency

Applications should be forwarded by mail direct to Agency Department.

There are still a large number of towns where we have no Local Agent. There are other towns where The Oliver Typewriter is not represented satisfactorily. If there is no opening in your immediate locality, we will find a place for you elsewhere if you are the man we want.

You will readily understand the necessity for immediate action. Every mail brings a large number of applications, and Local Agency Assignments are being made as fast as we find properly qualified men.

If you want to better yourself in 1912 *now is the time to act.*

Address Agency Department (141)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
344 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois

