

V. 5, no. 5, April 1910.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL



EASTER NUMBER

TEN CENTS



Every page is a bargain page in our illustrated

BON-TON CATALOGUE

It's a style book as well—shows all the latest Paris and New York Styles.

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The following articles taken from our catalogue will give you an idea of some of the values:—

- 901—**Handsome Suit** of good quality Linene, in white, pink, light blue, tan or mauve. **Jacket**, semi-fitting, 33 inches. Closes with pearl buttons. Collar, cuffs, and pockets, inlaid with linene of contrasting color, white used to trim those in color and black on white suit. **Skirt**, seven gores neatly tailor-stitched. Six large pearl buttons on front gores of skirt, and also on back of jacket. Exceptionally attractive. Bon-Ton price.....\$4.69
- 1104—**One-Piece Lingerie Dress of Fine Sheer Lawn**, in white, pink, light blue or tan. Yoke of pin tucks attractive with trimming of Val combined with Venise lace. New cut sleeves with pin tucks and Val insert; frill of lace at wrist and collar; girdle of Venise and Val inserts, joining skirt trimmed with lace insertion as per cut; wide tucks on flounce. Buttoned in back displaying rows of Val inserts and pin tucks. Bon-Ton price.....\$3.49
- 3754—**Dressing Sacque of Fine Lawn**, Semi-fitting back. Hand-some Swiss insertion in front, at yoke, and sleeves, lace edging at neck, hemstitched tucks front and back, hem at bottom...\$1.23
- 3804—**Apron, good quality Lawn**, bib trimmed with Swiss insertion, shoulder straps with embroidery edging, fine quality and hand-some design, sashes hemstitched, hem at bottom.....69c
- 3712—**Bridal Set of superior quality French Nainsook**, The Swiss embroidery used in this Set is so attractive and of such value, that it is the feature of it. The **Night Gown**, the **Chemise** (not illustrated) the **Corset-Cover**, are all similarly trimmed,

- although the edging varies somewhat in width at occasions. The **Drawers** have pin tucks, between rows of insert and gathered edging at bottom. The **Skirt** has a very deep flounce with six ½ inch hemstitched tucks, two rows of insertion and a wide edging to finish, also a dust frill with lace. This set is most charming, designed for one who delights in quality goods. Bon-Ton price: 4 pieces without chemise\$10.98
5 pieces with chemise\$12.98
- 1603—**Girls' Dress of fine White Lawn**, Trimmed with Torchon insertion and Torchon lace. Pin tucks in front and in back. Skirt with two wide tucks and one row of Torchon lace insertion. Good value, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13 or 14 years. Bon-Ton price.....\$1.29
- 1601—**Girls' Two-Piece Sailor Dress of Fancy Striped Lawn**, White only. Sailor collar, shield and cuffs trimmed with Swiss eyelet embroidery, Sailor tie, Kilted skirt, special Bon-Ton price..\$1.23
- 502—**Tailor-Made Suit**, good imported Panama Cloth. Design shows a neat model in a perfectly tailored suit, at a very low price **Jacket**, semi-fitted front and back, 31 inches long; seams and edges single stitched; simulated cuffs; button trimming in front, on back and cuffs; lined in Mercerette. **Skirt** seven gore style with novelty "tunic" effect, fits smoothly around hips and then shows the fashionable kilted flounce providing for requisite fullness. Colors: black, navy, green, old rose or grey. Sent to you Express prepaid for.....\$10.98

Cut this advertisement out and send for catalogue to-day, as advertisement will not appear again

The Bon-Ton Company, 421-423 ST. JOSEPH STREET, QUEBEC, - - - QUE.

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 Effervescing - - - Refreshing - - - Non-intoxicating - - - Wholesome

GURD'S GINGER ALE has an international reputation
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—a delicious table water—a mild and safe aperient

There are a score of other "GURD" drinks which your purveyor will tell you about. We sell your dealer, he sells you!

CHARLES GURD & CO., LTD.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada

For Year Ending December 31st, 1909

Cash Account

INCOME	DISBURSEMENTS
Net Ledger Assets, Dec. 31, 1908 \$12,355,474 81	To Policyholders—
Premiums (net)..... 2,049,820 41	Death Claims \$384,527 26
Interest 700,027 00	Matured Endowments 240,137 00
	Surrendered Policies.. 96,257 79
	Surplus 86,044 54
	Annuities..... 11,843 05
	\$818,809 64
	Expenses, Taxes, etc..... 452,338 20
	Bal. Net. Ledger Assets, Dec.
	31, 1909..... 13,834,174 38
<u>\$15,105,322 22</u>	<u>\$15,105,322 22</u>

Balance Sheet

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Mortgages..... \$6,885,864 88	Reserve, 4%, 3½%, and 3% stan-
Debentures and Bonds..... 4,858,596 62	dard..... \$12,065,146 16
Loans on Policies..... 1,818,768 55	Reserve on lapsed policies on
Premium Obligations..... 19,885 01	which surrender values are
Real Estate (Company's Head	claimable..... 1,938 67
Office)..... 50,528 00	Death Claims unadjusted..... 41,247 00
Cash in Banks..... 233,633 42	Present value of amounts not
Cash at Head Office..... 3,786 90	yet due on matured instal-
Due and deferred premiums (net) 354,717 99	ment policies..... 74,404 73
Interest due and accrued..... 292,660 24	Matured Endowments unad-
	justed..... 2,762 59
	Premiums paid in advance..... 14,282 53
	Due for Medical Fees and Sun-
	dry Accounts..... 12,078 68
	Credit Ledger Balances..... 36,889 00
	Surplus, December 31st, 1909.. 2,269,692 25
	(Surplus on Government Stan-
	dard of Valuation \$2,973,749 51)
<u>\$14,518,441 61</u>	<u>\$14,518,441 61</u>

Audited and found correct,
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor,
Waterloo, January 24th, 1910.

GEO. WEGENAST,
Managing Director

New Business (all Canadian) written in 1909... \$ 8,125,578; Increase over 1908... \$ 877,114
Assurances in force, December 31, 1909..... 59,261,959; Increase over 1908... 4,568,077
Assets, December 31, 1909..... 14,518,442; Increase over 1908... 1,534,778
Surplus, December 31, 1909..... 2,269,692; Surplus earned in 1909. 508,921

Booklets containing the Directors' Report and proceedings of the 40th Annual Meeting held March 3rd, 1910, are being printed, and will be distributed among policyholders in due course.

Head Office: - Waterloo, Ont.

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Clark's

Pork and Beans

and less of butchers' meat

Your children will like them just as well or better.

They will thrive just as well on them. They cost *less than one half*.

Then why should you buy butchers' meat?

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WM. CLARK - - MONTREAL
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The Name of PEMBER

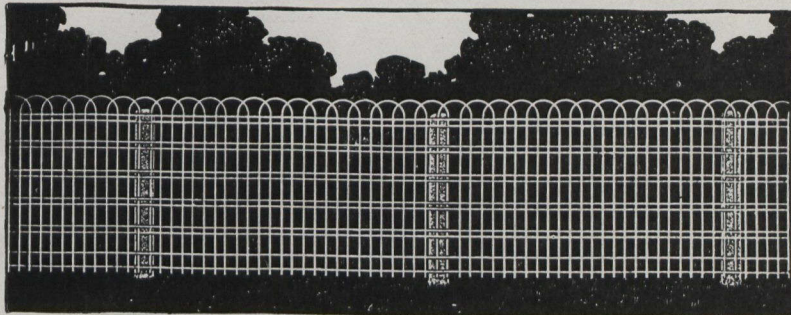
is short. It contains but six letters, and yet, it is decidedly a case of *multum in parvo* in the matter of becoming hair needs and skilled hair dressing. The woman whose intelligence prompts constant care in her personal appearance will do well to remember that the name of Pember is synonymous with "the best in all matters relating to the hair and its adornment."



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of materials is safeguarded in the most minute particulars. Styles are correct, wear is assured, and a gain in appearance is positive. Prices always most reasonable. Seventeen sunlit private dressing rooms for consultation, demonstrating, and trying on.

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Late Headmaster St. John's School.



St. Lawrence

Sugar

"Crystal Diamonds"

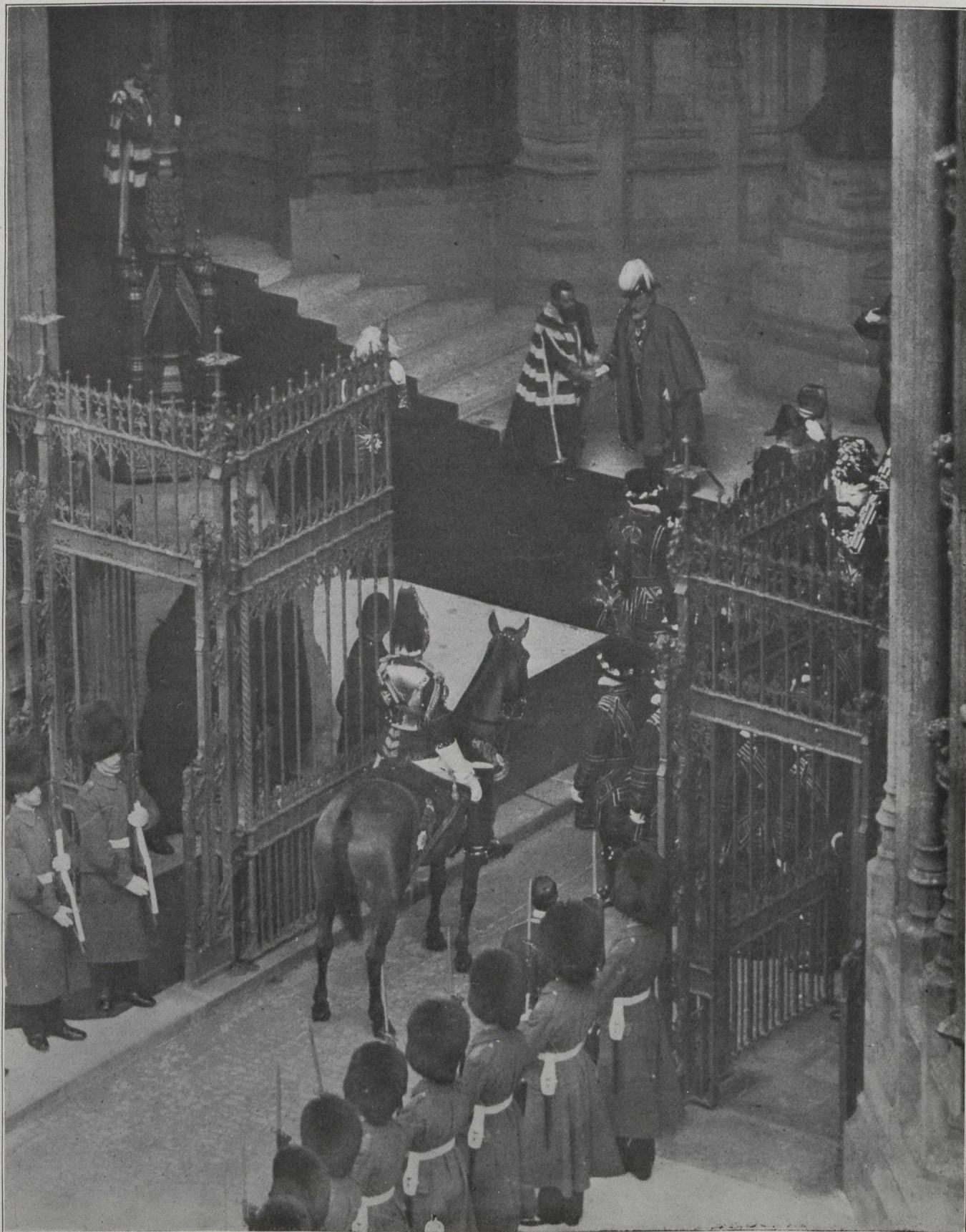
**The New Sugar
For The Table**

St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds" are the perfection of sugar refining and a distinct addition to the tea table. These sparkling Crystal tablets of the purest sugar are dainty and tempting in appearance—the proper accompaniment of delicate china, rich cut glass and exquisite linen. The best dealers keep "Crystal Diamonds" in attractive 5 lb. cartons. They are sold also by the pound.

Crystal Diamond Dominos

are larger tablets, specially for coffee. In 5 lbs. cartons only.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited, - Montreal.



The King Opens His Third Parliament . Acting in accordance with the official order of procedure, the great officers of State and others assembled at the Royal Entrance beneath the Victoria Tower, at the Palace of Westminster, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by the King, in order to receive His Majesty upon his alighting from the State carriage. The Premier Duke, the Duke of Norfolk, is shown greeting the King. —Copyright, Halfones, Ltd.

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 5, No. 5

One Dollar
a Year

APRIL, 1910

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Spring

Mark! the hours are softly calling,
 Bidding Spring arise
To listen to the raindrops falling
 From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
 Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
 On her charmed way,
But hasten to her task of beauty
 Scarcely yet begun:
By the first bright day of Summer
 It should all be done.
She has yet to loose the fountain
 From its iron chain:

And to make the barren mountain
 Green and bright again:
She must clear the snow that lingers
 Round the stalks away,
And let the snow-drop's trembling whiteness
 See the light of day.
She must watch, and warm, and cherish
 Every blade of green,
Till the tender grass appearing
 From the earth is seen:
She must bring the golden crocus
 From her hidden store:
She must spread broad showers of daisies
 Each day more and more.

—Adelaide A. Procter

The Coming of Spring

SPRING is here! And Spring in Canada is really the beginning of the year. Nature has now awakened from sleep and is shaking from off her shoulders the soiled mantle of snow. In its place she dons a resplendent garment of emerald, garnished with the blossoms that promise, in a few brief months, heavily laden orchards. The mighty rivers and lakes have loosed their iron bonds and are overflowing their banks in the glad, mad rush to the sea. The trans-Atlantic floating palaces that for months have been touching at the ports on the outer fringe of Canada, are now steaming hundred of miles from the sea right up the noble St. Lawrence to the National Port, Montreal. The farmer sends his plough deep into the soil that the melting Winter snows have enriched; the rush of Spring work is upon him, and he knows that the size of his crop depends in large measure upon the care that he bestows upon the preparation of the soil and the sowing of the seed. In the towns and cities, business, which is, generally speaking, at its dullest between the New Year and the coming of Spring, is taking on a new lease of life. New goods are arriving; heavy wearing apparel is being discarded, and the shop windows are a mass of beautiful and marvellous effects in wondrous colors and textures that bear names that the brain of a mere man cannot carry. Spring means all this to Canada—the opening of her vast waterways, the beginning of agricultural work, the development of new mines, and the dawn of a

new commercial era—and the Spring of 1910 means all of these in extent that can scarcely be foretold. The other day the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, dipped into prophecy, and this was his vision:

"Next year it will be my duty to take the census of Canada, and I firmly believe the census will show 8,000,000, an increase in the past ten years of 50 per cent. In the course of the next generation, we shall be doubling and trebling our population, which will mean that America will be sending her best blood to Canada, as we did in the early days of the United States history. Canada provides the Old Country with her grain at present, and it will not be far in the future when Canada is the granary of the Empire."

The Minister declared the United States in a short time would cease to export wheat, and would perhaps in fifteen years turn to Canada for quantity of wheat in the same measure as she does now for quality in wheat. This is a rosy picture, but, with the optimism that Spring produces, we do not see why it should not be realized. Canada is only at the beginning of her history now, and with wise statesmen at the helm she must develop, and this is the time for it, for investors have confidence in this country. We as individual Canadians must see to it that the hands guiding the destinies of this land are clean—that the men we send to high places are those who realize that the code of ethics taught by Him whose Resurrection from the dead all Christendom is now celebrating, is the only code on which a nation, as well as the individual, can base true greatness.

News and Views of the Month

The charming group which adorns the front of this issue is from a portrait of the three daughters of the Duke of Rutland, who are known in London society as the 'Three Graces.' It was rumored a short time ago that Prince Arthur of Connaught was engaged to the eldest, the one in the centre. They are: Lady Victoria Marjorie Harriet Manners, 27 years old; Lady Violet Katharine Manners, 22 years old, and Lady Diana Olivia Winifred Maud Manners, 18 years old.

The United Mine Workers of North America, in session in Cincinnati, decided to order a strike on April 5th next, unless the wages of 300,000 workmen were raised.

By a unanimous vote the Toronto Board of Education goes on record as opposed to the teaching of French in the public schools of the Province of Ontario.

Hugh Kippen's heroism in risking his life in front of an express train to save Miss McDonald, who had been jostled off the platform and fallen across the tracks at Cornwall, Ont., was rewarded with the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which was presented by Mayor Maloney, assisted by Mr. Munro, the former mayor. The rescue took place last September. Miss McDonald was one of a wedding party. Kippen is a member of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club and a well-known pianist.

In Toronto, on March 17th, there was a big demonstration in Massey Hall, at which Mr. Thomas Reynolds, the conductor of the C. P. R. train wreck at Spanish River, was presented with the Albert Medal from the Royal Humane Society, and a silver tea service from the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The inscription on the medal reads: "Awarded to Thos. Reynolds for presence of mind and heroism in saving many lives at the Spanish River railway accident on the 21st of January, 1910." The presentation speech of the Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State, was an eloquent tribute to the national position of Ireland among the nations of the world, and of her contributions to Canadian history.

In the House of Lords last month keen interest was centred in Lord Rosebery's resolutions for reforming the Upper House. These were to the effect that there was a necessity of a strong and efficient second chamber for the well-being of the State; that such a chamber would be best obtainable by the reform and reconstitution of the House of Lords; and that a necessary preliminary to such reform and reconstitution was the acceptance of the principle that the possession of a peerage in itself should no longer afford the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery declared that the time had come for a reform from within without waiting for the Government to carry out its proposals to hamstring the Peers, and so emasculate the House of Lords that it would become no better than a painted chamber in which no self-respecting person would care to sit. He said that it was wished to establish the elective principle, but it must not be through popular elections, but by elections by associations, corporations, and county councils. Lord Rosebery poured scorn upon the suggestion of a single chamber, which, he declared, was a proposal to dig the grave of the Empire. In America, he said, the veto of the Senate was stronger than was ever the veto of a sovereign. The House of Lords adjourned the debate after a discussion which revealed marked differences of opinion as to the value of Lord Rosebery's proposal. Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, in a strong speech at the Liberal banquet in London declared that it was not sufficient to limit the veto of the Lords, but that the Upper House must be radically reformed. A single chamber, he said, would result, politically speaking, 'in disaster, death and damnation.'



THE LATE LADY GLEN-COATS.

Many in Canada heard with deep regret of the death of Lady Glen-Coats, which took place in London on March 12th. Lady Glen-Coats was a Canadian, before her marriage, Miss Elsie Agnes Walker, daughter of the late Alexander Walker, of Montreal. Two of her brothers, Messrs. John A. and C. J. Walker, reside in Montreal. Lady Glen-Coats always had a warm welcome for Canadian friends visiting in London, and those whom she entertained at her country house, Ferguslie Park, Paisley, will not forget her kindly and charming hospitality. Sir Thomas Glen-Coats is Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, and was formerly member of Parliament. Like many an Englishwoman, Lady Glen-Coats was a great help in her husband's political career. She was one of the well-known hostesses of London, and entertained frequently during the season. With her husband, Lady Glen-Coats took an active interest in the social reform movements and the betterment of conditions among the poor, and her interest was of the kindly nature that made her beloved.

Prince Henry of Prussia addressing, in Hamburg last month, a meeting of the East Asiatic Society, said that as a result of his visit to England he could assure them that Great Britain offered to Germany an honorable and sincere friendship. The idea of aggressive action, he added, was completely absent from the minds of those in the British Government. That, however, rested on reciprocity, and nothing must be omitted that might serve to strengthen the confidence of the two nations in each other. The old saying, 'confidence begets confidence,' he continued, was here applicable. He could answer for the friendly feelings of the naval officers, but the merchant had a similar duty to discharge, just as much as his military comrade. Prince Henry invited the Society to give its warm support to the projected company organized to build at Hamburg an airship dock which will accommodate at least two of the Zeppelin dirigibles at a cost of \$250,000, and make Hamburg the first point of departure for oversea airship lines. A subscription list was opened and \$100,000 was pledged.

The Fort William Board of Health, in view of five cases of smallpox in Port Arthur, has decided to close the theatres. Unless Port Arthur adopts similar measures the inter-urban car service is likely to be discontinued.

The verdict against Mme. Breshkovsky, which has been officially published in St. Petersburg, condemns her to exile to Siberia. She has refused the offer of her friends to pay for her transportation and special privileges.

Nine Indians and two white men are under arrest in the Rainy River District, on the charge of defrauding the Ontario Government by means of the bounty on wolves. Wolf skins were bought in Saskatchewan at \$2.50 each, and shipped to Rainy River, where the representatives of the Government paid \$15 for them, believing they were ridding Ontario of the pest.

The Japanese Government, according to despatches from Yokohama to New York, has announced the redemption of the entire outstanding balance of the navy loan, amounting to approximately \$4,000,000, and a portion of the consolidated loan bonds, to the amount of \$21,500,000. The drawing of these, it was stated, will take place April 11, and redemption will be made on and after April 30. Both were internal issues.

The immigration into Canada for the month of February was 10,162, as compared with 4,791 for February of last year, an increase of 112 per cent. The total immigration for the eleven months of this fiscal year was 175,729, as compared with 130,444 for the eleven months of last fiscal year, an increase of 35 per cent. The total immigration from the United States for the eleven months was 86,488, as compared with 50,650, an increase of 71 per cent.

In the British House of Commons last month the First Lord of the Admiralty expressed regret that he was unable to hold out any hope for the future of a decline in the estimates. The present large increase, he said, had been rendered necessary by the building programmes of the nations. An expenditure of over \$200,000,000 was imperative properly to safeguard the security of the country and to provide against contingencies. Mr. McKenna explained that, counting the Australian and New Zealand ships which would still be in British waters, Great Britain would have in the summer of 1912, twenty-two Dreadnoughts, while in the following January five Dreadnoughts, in addition to this year's programme, would be added to the fleet, and thus Great Britain's security through this type of a ship would be absolute.

The third session of the Twelfth Legislature of Manitoba prorogued on March 16th. The Government's policy of public ownership progressed another stage, when the Legislature passed the third reading of the bill to establish a system of Government-owned elevators in Manitoba. Two important changes were made, the appropriation clause being eliminated, while the 60 per cent. petition clause was amended so that this applies only to points where the Government will be asked to construct new elevators. The bill as finally passed contained these amendments. No change was made in the character of the commission, and it will remain responsible to the Government. The abattoir bill was among those which were approved by the House. A few minor amendments to this measure had been made in committee, one of which provides that the municipality which accepts the Government's offer of \$50,000 for the establishment of a public abattoir, be given power to raise debentures to the amount of \$250,000. The amendments to the Liquor License Act were also passed. The chief clause is the one providing that there shall only be a vote on local option or for repeal every three years.

Her Little White Soul

A Complete Story

by I. G. MOBERLY

(Published by special arrangement)



I lay in the dust of the roadway. The woman who, to avoid a particularly noisy beggar, stepped off the pavement with a tiny gesture of disgust, saw it lying there—a tiny, white object—and, seeing it, caught her breath a moment, then stooped to look at it more closely.

She was no longer young, this woman of the stately build and haughty air—she who could not even bear to move along the same pavement with a ragged beggar. But she was very handsome, very well dressed, very striking. From the crown of her well-coiffured head to the tip of her dainty shoes she looked every inch of what she was, a fashionable woman of the world, to whom the world and its ordinances meant everything, whilst all that lay outside her world and its little code meant nothing—nothing at all. And yet—she paused as she stepped from the pavement, and stood to look down at that small white object which lay in the dust of the London highway; and looking at it she caught her breath again.

Such a little thing. Just a baby's tiny shoe, fashioned of white leather; just a shoe that had dropped from the wee foot into the July dust, and lay there exactly in the place where Gwendolen Marchmont stepped from the pavement. And as her eyes fell upon it—her handsome, hard eyes—a little tremor ran through her. Then, with a backward glance over her shoulder, as though she were more than half ashamed of what she did, she stooped lower and picked up the tiny shoe, brushing it lightly with the lace handkerchief she held in her hand, to remove from it some of the dust of the highway.

No one had noticed the strange action. The passers-by in the busy London thoroughfare were too intent on their own business or pleasure to notice what one woman chanced to do, as she stepped off the pavement for a moment and back again. No one observed how, as she walked on at a quickened pace, her hand closed tightly over what it held—tightly, almost fiercely—as if it were something unusually precious which she had found in the dust at her feet. During the whole of her rapid walk she deliberately avoided thought; she did not allow her mind to rest on any subject at all; she merely hastened homeward; but the astonished look which showed itself on her well-trained parlormaid's face when she rang at her own door bell recalled her to a realization of the fact that it was only half an hour since she had set out for the whole afternoon.

"I"—she looked at Saunders, the parlormaid, and hesitated for a moment—"I shall not be going out just yet, but I am not at home to visitors," she said, a little incoherently; and, sweeping past the still amazed servant, she went into a small room at the back of the dining-room—a room which had always been her special sanctum—and sank into a chair by the open window, as if she were tired after a walk of many hours' duration.

How long—how very long it was, she thought, since she had last looked at, much less touched, a tiny thing like this. She put two of her fingers inside it, and her heart contracted oddly as she pictured the small, sweet foot that had last rested there. Had it been just such a rose-leaf piece of loveliness as—as the little foot against which her lips had so often pressed in long ago days, when—when just such white leather shoes as this one had pattered their music upon her knee? Had laughing, mischievous baby eyes been raised to their mother's face when this wee shoe had been kicked off into the dust of the highway, or had the shoe dropped off of itself, as will sometimes

happen when the foot is as small as a fairy's—as small and as kissable and as sweet?

A mist came before the eyes that a little while ago had looked so hardly out on life; and through the mist picture after picture out of the past rose before her, whilst all the time, like one, in a dream, she fingered with tender fingers the little white shoe.

And first among those mental pictures came the nursery, the room which for all Rosamund's babyhood had been the centre of her own life. Rosamund was the dearest baby in all the world. Rosamund's mother all at once clutched the little shoe in a tight, painful grasp, and something gripped at her heart and nearly suffocated her. The nursery had been all white, because in those days of her first young motherhood she had had romantic notions about a baby's surroundings. There had been nothing but white about her baby girl. That was why Rosamund's feet had pattered over the nursery floor and on her mother's knee in white leather shoes, so like—so very like the tiny shoe that had lain but now in the dust of the highway.

Baby Rosamund, in her white nursery, was the loveliest thing on God's earth in her mother's eyes. Surely no baby before had ever had such deep blue eyes, such sunny curls, such a bewildering face? Surely no baby ever born had been born with such winning little ways of her own, with such a loving heart.

"Mummy's Rose"—the old name the child had called herself—swept back into her mother's mind. "Mummy's little Rose"—and once again her hands closed like a vice over the tiny shoe, and her heart contracted with a sharp, physical pain. As in a dream, she saw the fluttering baby form come dancing to her across the drawing-room, her little white shoes tap, tapping on the parquet floor, the sunlight gleaming on her golden curls, her face flushed and soft with her afternoon sleep. As in a dream still she heard the rippling laughter that had always seemed to her sweeter than the sweetest music, and she caught her breath with a low gasp of pain.

Rosamund, the baby, had wound herself so closely about her mother's heart that nothing and nobody else had counted in Gwendolen's world, when compared with her child. Her husband had never counted for very much in her life—a marriage of expediency; she had merely accepted, and made the best of it—but Rosamund, her child, had been everything; and those small, baby hands could mould her mother as they would.

Rosamund, the child, like Rosamund, the baby, had worn white—dainty muslins in summer, soft, thick raiment in winter, but always white—that had harmonized so well with the wild-rose freshness of her coloring, the blue of her eyes, the sunshine of her bright hair. And though the shoes had grown bigger as the child drifted from childhood into girlhood, they had still been white shoes that covered her pretty feet.

Rosamund, the girl! Mrs. Marchmont stirred uneasily and her eyes turned towards the window, through which came the fragrance of mignonette and stocks from the boxes outside. Rosamund, the girl! Gwendolen's mouth hardened suddenly, her eyes lost their dreaminess, a steely gleam crept into them. She and Rosamund had not been able to see everything from precisely the same standpoint, when Rosamund's girlhood moved towards womanhood.

The little white-robed daughter had always been so amenable, so sweet; she had calculated on being able to lead her whither she would, but she had left out of her calculations altogether the girl's white soul. The thought came flashing into her mind now almost with the force of a blow, whilst still her fingers toyed with the tiny shoe that had been the means of stirring such a long, long chain of memories.

Her—little—white—soul; Why had that thought come to her now after all these years? Why did she remember just those four words—just that one vital truth about Rosamund—as someone had put it to her once in the past—the bitter, far-off past?

"You can think of your daughter's lovely face; you can fret yourself and her ill over her smart, white clothes. Do you ever give a thought to the part of her that really matters—the part that is herself; do you ever think twice about her little white soul?"

The words came back to her as if they were being actually uttered again in her presence—uttered in that strong man's voice, which had vibrated with such a vehemence of scorn when he had first spoken them. Without any effort of will the man himself rose before her mind. She saw the straight, upright form, the grey eyes flashing with hot indignation, the quiet face, transformed out of its customary quietness by righteous anger.

"You forbid your daughter to marry me, not because there is anything against me, not because I have done wrong, or have a bad reputation, not even because I am less well born than she is. You say she shall not marry me simply because I am poor, and you want to sell her to a rich black-guard, whose morals will not bear inquiry, whose birth is nothing, but who is a millionaire. You will put her little white soul into the hands of a man who is black as night—black as the devil himself. God forgive you!"

Guy Delamere's voice—strong, vibrating, indignant—seemed actually to break in upon her thoughts. The memory of Guy Delamere's words sent a shiver through her, even though they had not come true.

"I cannot marry him, mummy," Rosamund had said, when Gwendolen had urged her to reconsider the suit of the millionaire, who would have fulfilled all the ambition that raged in the mother's soul, "I can only marry Guy, because I love him—because he is all my world."

Mrs. Marchmont looked almost fiercely round her immaculate boudoir. When first the girl's words had been spoken, they seemed to her merely ridiculous—the vapors of a young and foolish creature who had no conception what it was of which she prattled so glibly. But now, in her own solitude, the words came to have a different meaning. Or was their meaning changed because of that tiny white shoe still held within her hands.

"He is all my world!" Rosamund's voice had broken again over those words; her blue eyes had been dim with tears, but her mother had only laughed a short, angry laugh. In those days the phrase had sounded to her exaggerated sentimentality.

"All her world" indeed! Why, any man would be all a girl's world if only he made love to her with sufficient assiduity. She had gone as far as to say this to Rosamund, and Rosamund had looked at her with clear eyes of wonder, of sincerity—the eyes that could

only have been the mirror of a white soul.

"I can only marry Guy." The repeated sentence had goaded Mrs. Marchmont to the verge of madness, and a flood of anger had poured forth on the girl's head, but no recollection remained with her of what she had said in those moments of mad anger.

Well, Rosamund had married Guy; and Rosamund's mother knew by hearsay that they had been poor—deadly, horribly poor; that they had lived in a little cottage in the country—yes, she even knew where the cottage was. But in all the years she had made no sign to Rosamund, because she could not forgive her only child—for what? For rank disobedience she had always called it—for self-will, for obstinacy. But now, as the little shoe swam before her eyes in a mist of tears, the thought throbbled through her mind:

"I was angry with my girl; I let her go because she followed the dictates of her own white soul."

And then a strange thing happened. Gwendolen Marchmont, who was looked upon by all who knew her as the embodiment of what was hardest and coldest and most worldly, dropped to her knees beside the armchair in her boudoir, and laying her head down upon a little white shoe broke into a storm of tears.

In a cottage garden on the outskirts of a Surrey village a little child was playing. The garden had a smooth grass plot, and roses dropped their petals, crimson, orange, and white, upon the green daisy-sown grass, and tall lily flowers grew in stately rows along the fence. And pattering to and fro across the daisy-sown lawn amongst the rose petals, went a little child in dainty white garments, and with white shoes upon her tiny feet. Her rippling hair gleamed like gold in the sunlight; her eyes were blue as the nemophila flowers that gleamed star-like in the beds under the lilies, her face was tinted as delicately as a briar rose; and the woman who leant upon the gate looked wistfully at her, a great hunger in her eyes.

"Little girl," she called, presently, as the child danced backwards and forwards amongst the daisies, humming a gay little tune to herself, "will you tell me who you are, and whether—"

The child turned and came down the pathway to the gate, smiling a smile of perfect confidence.

"I'm mummy's ickle Rose," she said, "and mummy's in there"—she pointed to the cottage—"come and see mummy. I'm mummy's ickle Rose."

A strange look swept over the woman's face—a look of mingled pain and remorse and joy, and she unfastened the gate with fingers that trembled.

"Take me in to mummy," she said, putting her hand into the child's dimpled hand, "I have come to tell mummy that"—she caught her breath; something seemed to choke her—"that I want my Rosamund again; I have come to find your mummy, my little Rose."

BOVRIL

Not Medicine

If you feel not quite up to the mark, the chances are you need BOVRIL—not medicine.

Bovril, which contains all that is good in Beef, will build up your strength and tone up your system.

A little added to gravies, chowders, and soups, not only adds nourishment but gives a zest which tempts and satisfies the most capricious appetite.



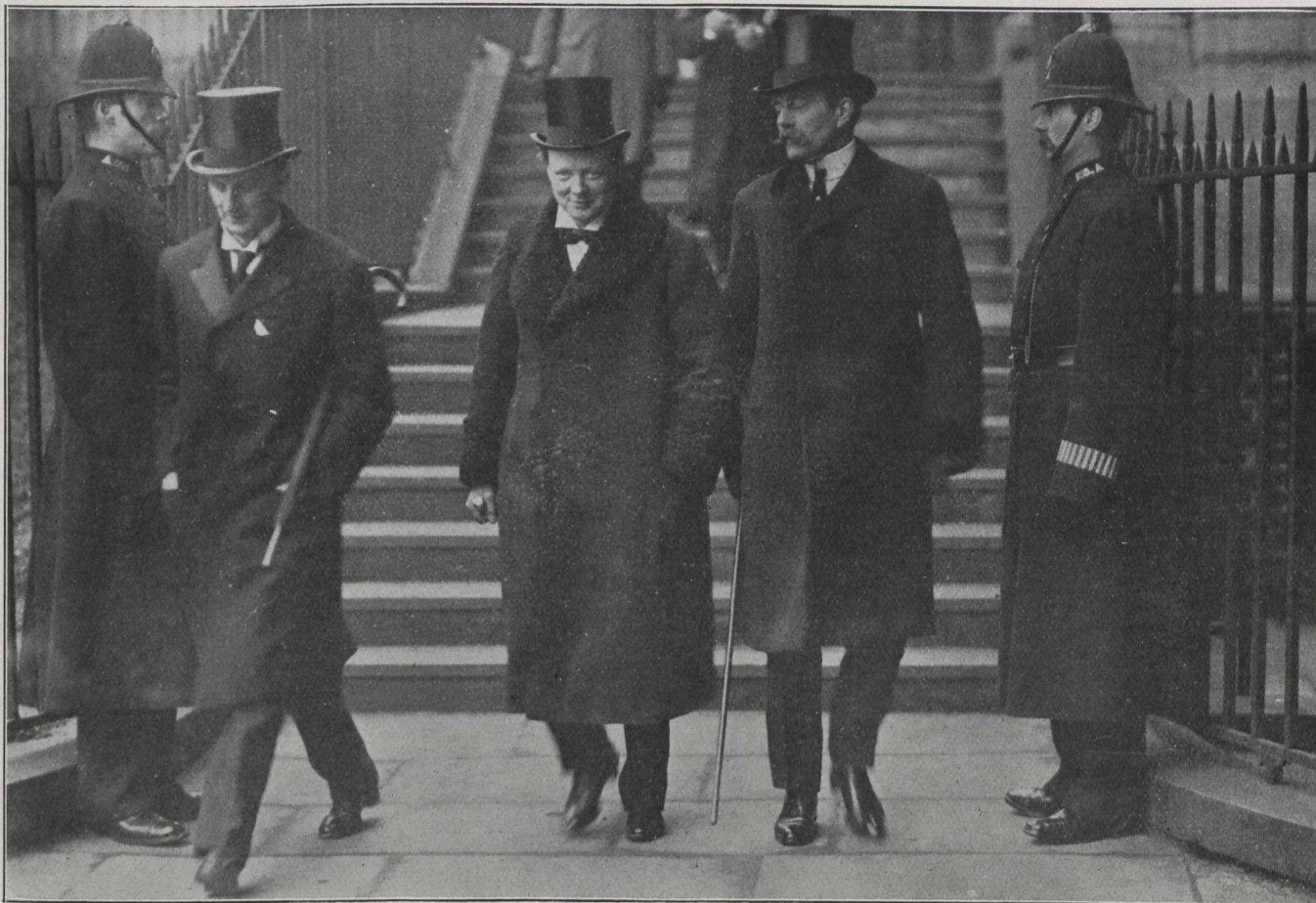
Heathen Funeral in Montreal

Muk Too Foo, a Chinese citizen of Montreal, having died after many years' residence in this city, his compatriots decided to give him a funeral befitting his position as a wealthy man and a Mason. Muk Too Foo was not a Christian; and some of the rites performed over his body were heathen in character. On March 14th, strange sounds coming from 19 St. Charles Borromeo Street, about one o'clock in the afternoon, began to attract crowds. By two o'clock, when the procession was due to leave, the street was packed with curious sight seers. Inside the house tom-toms were beating with terrific din. On an altar stood dishes of fruit and rice. These were for the sustenance of the soul of Muk Foo while he was waiting to be interred. On the altar stood also a brazier, in which handfuls of red paper were burned, bearing prayers. Near by were the roasted remains of a small pig and a sheep, which were to be buried with the body of Muk Foo to afford sustenance for his soul throughout eternity. When the procession left the house, followed by a mass of people, a Chinaman, leading a white horse on which the soul of Foo was supposed to be riding, went ahead.



Some of the Curious Features

In the funeral procession a Chinaman and a bay horse, a group of flag bearers, and men carrying strange cylindrical affairs on poles, attracted much interest. Then came the hearse, followed by a Chinese band. When the cemetery was reached, the authorities refused to allow the tom-tom beaters, and the men with the roasted pig and sheep, to enter. So they were left outside, and a chosen twenty accompanied the body of Muk Too Foo to the vault in which it was interred. Some of the Chinamen in the city are said to be incensed because they were not allowed to complete their ceremonies in the cemetery. The cemetery authorities, however, held that, it being a Christian cemetery, no heathen rites could be allowed there.



Three Happy-Looking Ministers This picture shows three of Mr. Asquith's lieutenants on the day of the first cabinet meeting after the General Elections. In the centre is the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, who is now Home Secretary; on his right is Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary; and on his left the Earl of Crewe, Colonial Secretary.

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Two Portfolios Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, who has been mentioned as Governor-General of Canada, and on his left the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty.



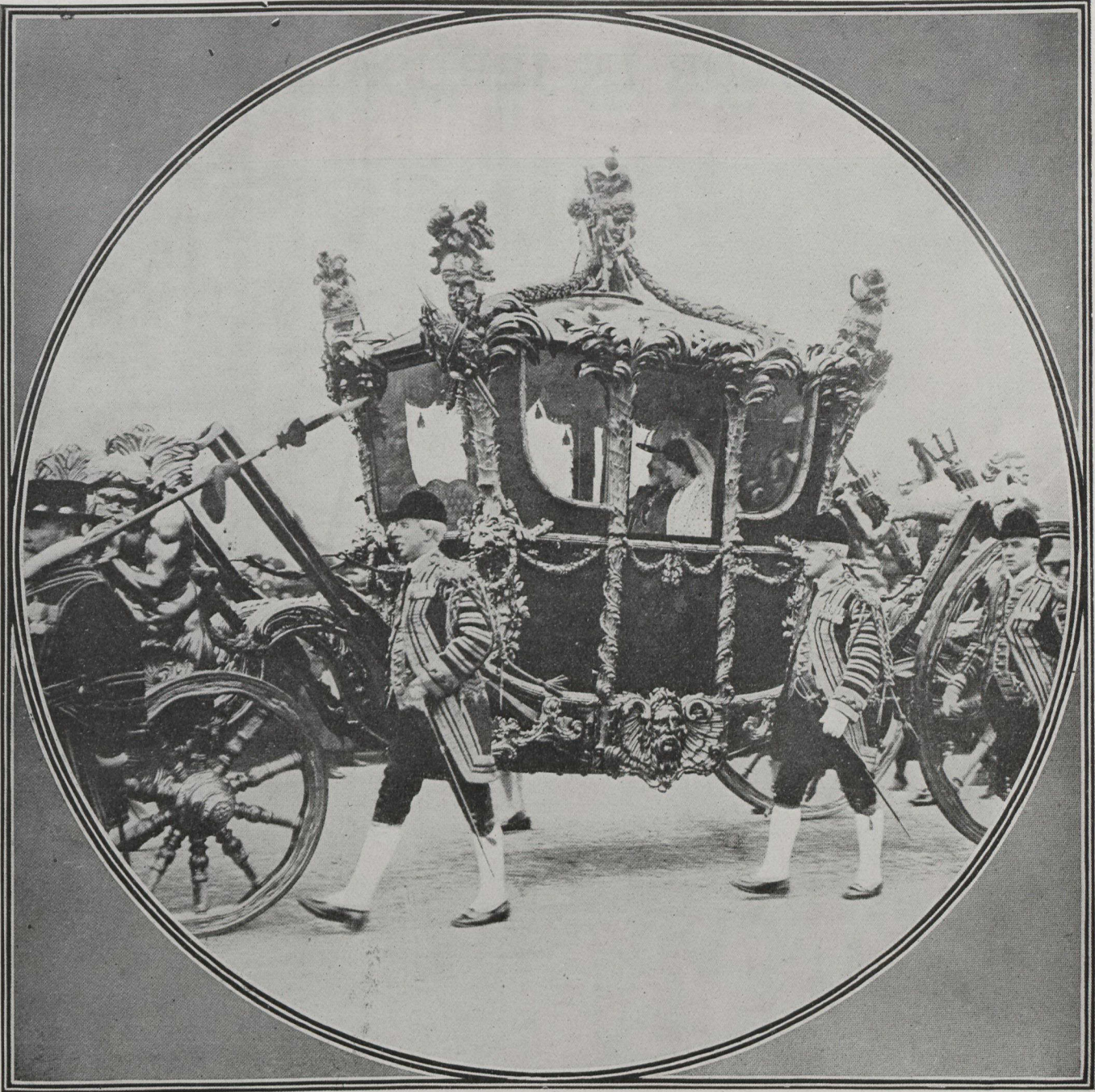
A Picturesque Figure Viscount Wolverhampton, Lord President of the Council, crossing the Horse Guards Parade. He is better known as Sir Henry Fowler, and represented Wolverhampton for many years.

—Copyright, Halfstones, Ltd.



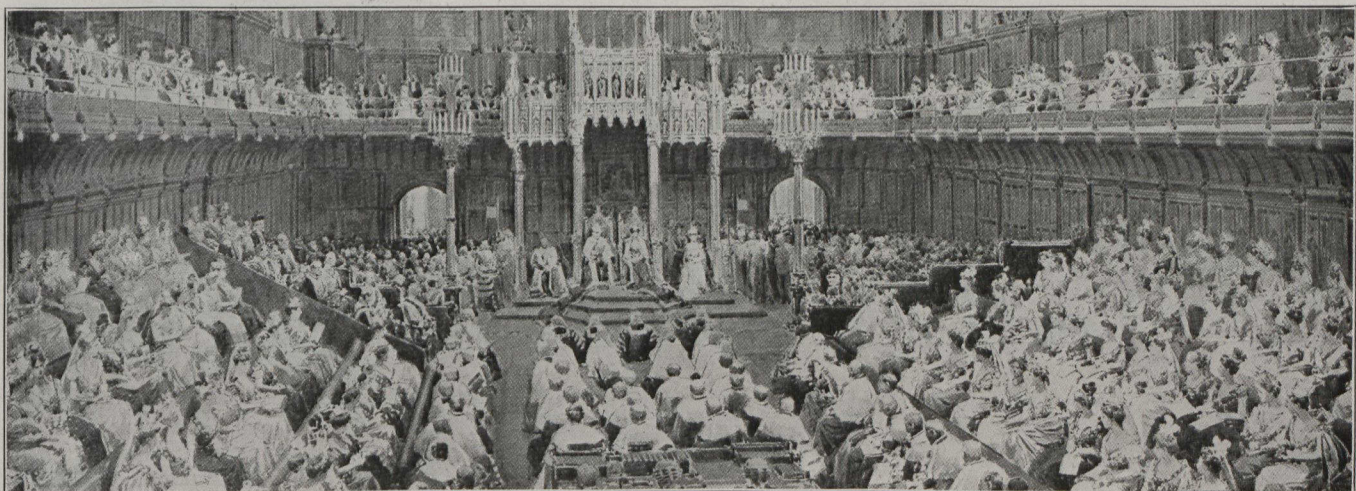
Their Majesties the King and Queen Driving in State to the Opening of the Interesting Parliament of 1910, which is expected to become historic

—Copyright. Halfpines, Ltd.



The King and Queen in their Gilded Coach

On Monday, February 21st, the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, opened in state the third Parliament of his reign. In a momentous Speech from the Throne His Majesty said: "Recent experiences have disclosed serious difficulties due to recurring differences of strong opinion between the two branches of the legislature. Proposals will be laid before you with all convenient speed to define the relations between the two Houses of Parliament so as to secure the undivided authority of the House of Commons over finance and its predominance in legislation. Those measures, in the opinion of my advisers, should provide that this House should be so constituted and empowered as to exercise impartially in regard to proposed legislation the functions of initiation and revision subject to proper safeguards of delay. The Estimates for the service of the ensuing year will be laid before you in due course. They have been framed with the utmost desire for economy; but the requirements of the Naval Defence of the Empire have made it necessary to propose a substantial increase in the cost of My Navy. You will also be asked to complete the provision which was made in the last Session of Parliament for the year about to expire, but to which effect has not yet been given. The expenditure authorised by the last Parliament is being duly incurred; but as the revenue required to meet it has not been provided by the imposition of taxation, recourse has been had, under Parliamentary sanction, to temporary borrowing. Arrangements must be made at the earliest possible moment to deal with the financial situation thus created."



The Peereses in the House of Lords at the Opening of the Imperial Parliament

EASTER IN JERUSALEM



Outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

The Greek Church celebrates the feet-washing at Jerusalem with great ceremony. A stage is erected in the Outer Court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on it the Patriarch and his attendant priests in their most gorgeous robes take their places. A great crowd throngs the court, and order is maintained by a detachment of Turkish soldiery. During the Greek Easter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is always strongly guarded, for there have been great panics during the festival. In the early sixties of last century one of these panics led to a terrible massacre.

—*Illustrated London News.*

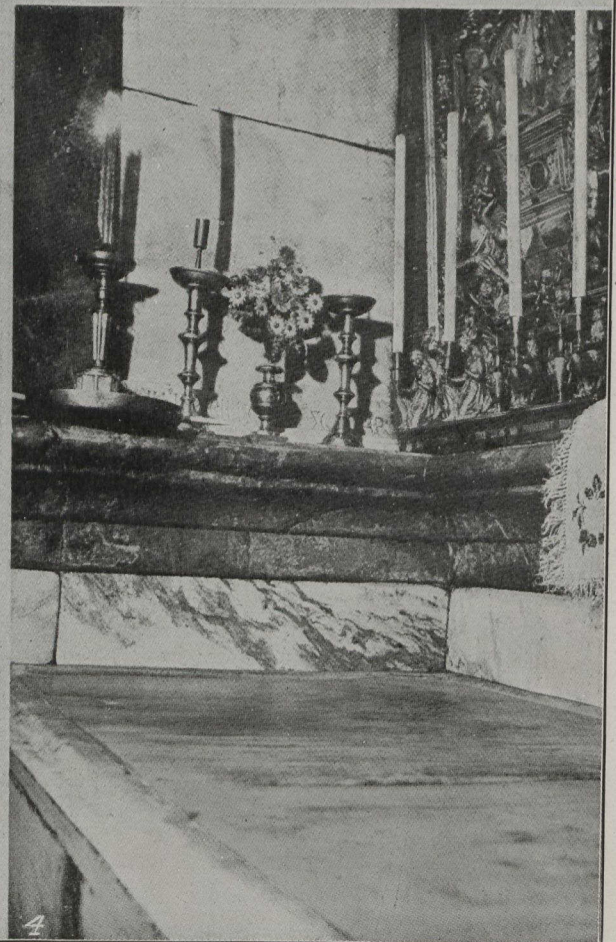
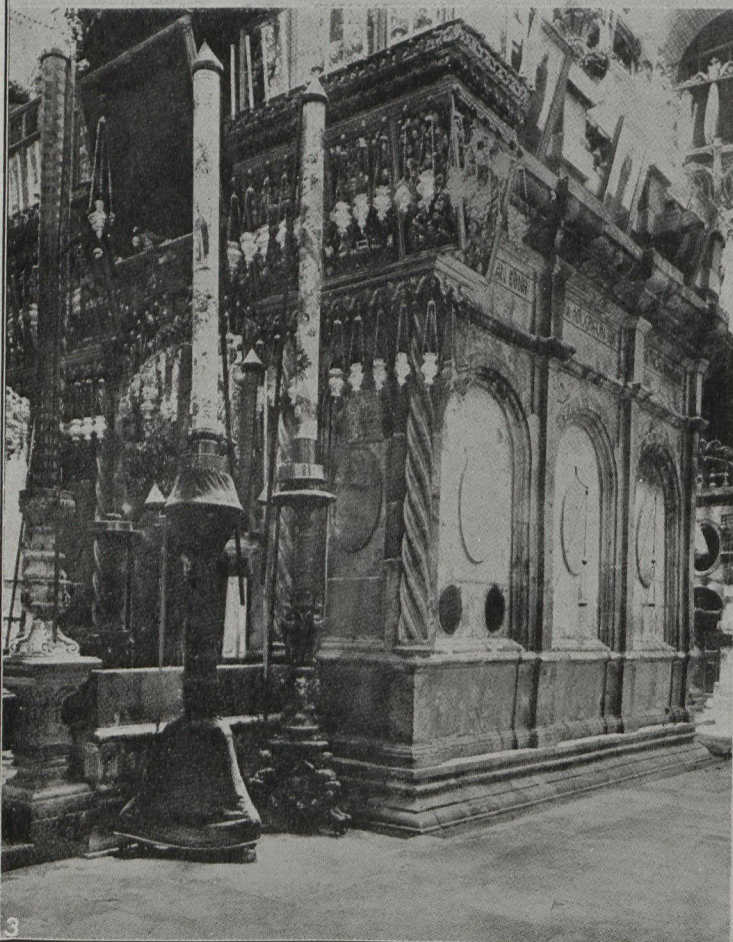
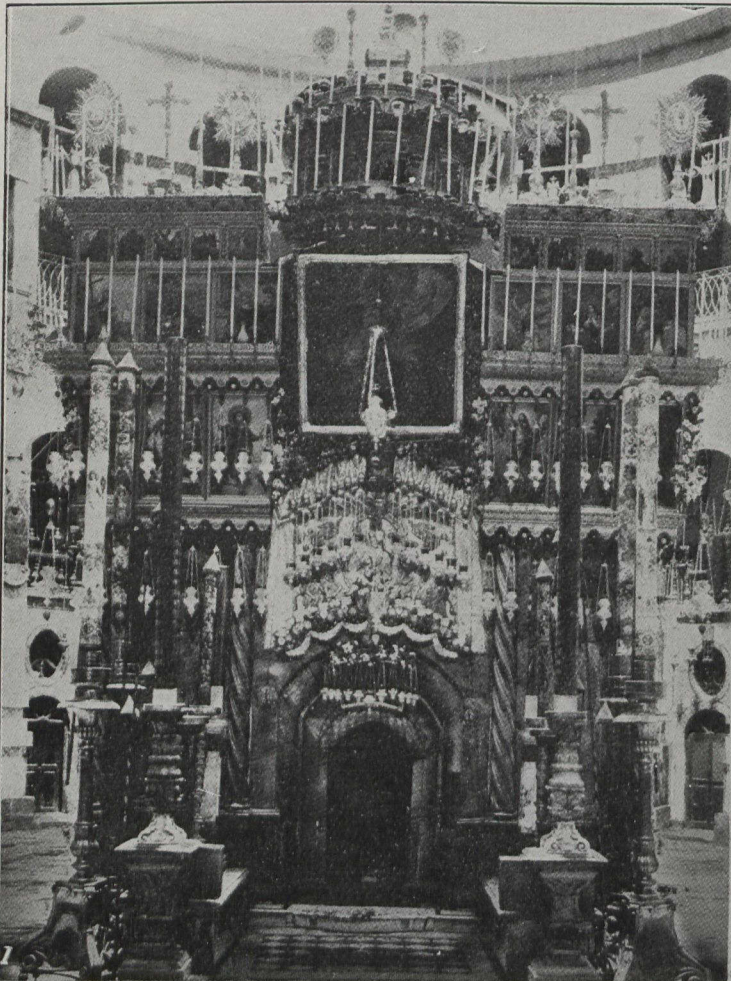
Seekers of a Sacred Flame



On the Way to Light their Torches

Some twenty thousand pilgrims visit Jerusalem at Easter time, and take part in the ceremonies observed. Their religious feeling reaches its height on the occasion of the ceremony of the Holy Fire, which takes place on the Saturday before Easter. Two priests enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and a few moments later a tongue of flame issues from one of the small "windows" in the Tomb of Christ. It is the object of each pilgrim to light the little torch he carries at this flame, and, further, it is his object to keep this torch alight as long as possible. Therefore he bears the torch in a specially constructed tube, and on occasion keeps it burning for seven or eight months.

A Sacred Spot at Jerusalem



The Church on which all Christian Thought centres at Easter Time

1. The front of the Ornate Sepulchre beneath the central dome of the Church of the Resurrection. 2. The entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, and the Chapel containing the Stone on which the Angels sat at the chamber of the Holy Sepulchre in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was consecrated in 336. The original building has changed a good deal in form during the passage of the years, and a great part of it was rebuilt after the fire in 1808. Within it is the Sepulchre proper, which is enclosed in a sixteen-sided chapel beneath a dome of 65 feet in diameter. A good deal of the twelfth-century Church of the Crusaders, which originally was not a part of the Holy Sepulchre, is included in the present building.



When Church Bells are Silent during Holy Week

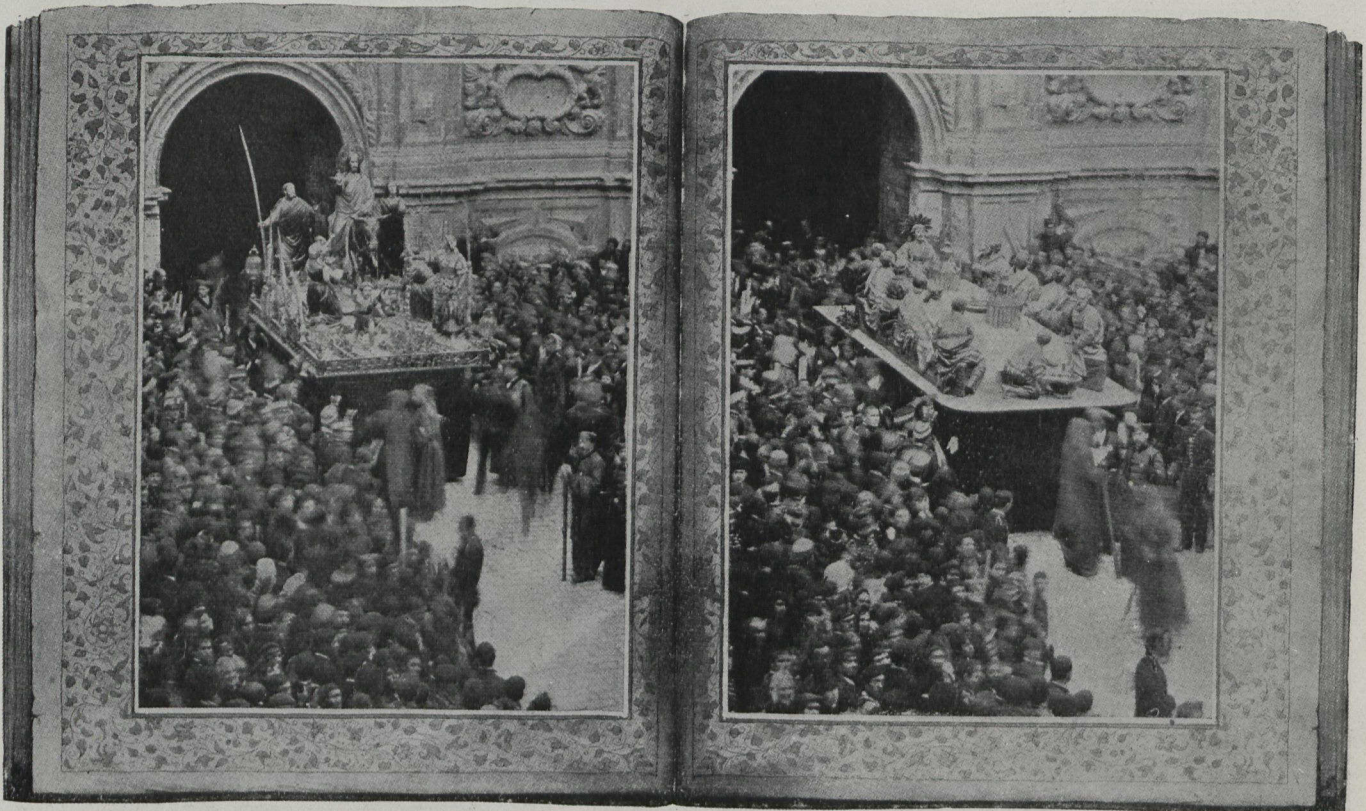
The Roman Catholic Church does not ring its bells on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week, and in some of the European countries the devices illustrated here take the place of the bells until the Resurrection Morning.

- 1. The matraca, a wooden contrivance of the xylophone order, which is beaten by hammers fixed to its axis—in the belfry of Barcelona Cathedral.
- 2. The type of mallet used in many districts for striking any object that will give a suitable sound.
- 3. A hand-clapper with two hinged wooden flaps that strike the wooden body.
- 4. A hand-clapper popular in Spain, also called "matraca."
- 5. A hand-clapper with three clappers, used at Palermo.
- 6. A wooden hammer that swings backwards and forwards, and strikes a board, used in Spain and Italy.
- 7. Horn-blowers in Auvergne.
- 8. The great metal trumpet in use on the belfry of Ambert (Auvergne).
- 9A. A rattle used in Hungary.
- 9B. A rattle used by the Trappist Monks of France.
- 10. Blowing a shell on the belfry of St. Cerneuf, Auvergne.
- 11. A clapper with two hinged metal strikers (side view and front view), used in France and in Rome.
- 12. A board that is struck by two iron balls that hang on chains and move in circle, used at Sienna.
- 13. A clapper with four hinged metal strikers, used at Naples.
- 14. A great rattle, used at Rome.
- 15A. A rattle with a toothed wheel and a metal spring, used in Italy.
- 15B. A rattle with metal springs, used in Italy.
- 16. An earthenware jar with a skin stretched over the top and pierced by a wooden stick. The noise is obtained by rubbing the stick with the hand.
- 17. A so-called "Jew" of San Fratello, who blows a trumpet and rattles chains.

—Illustrated London News.

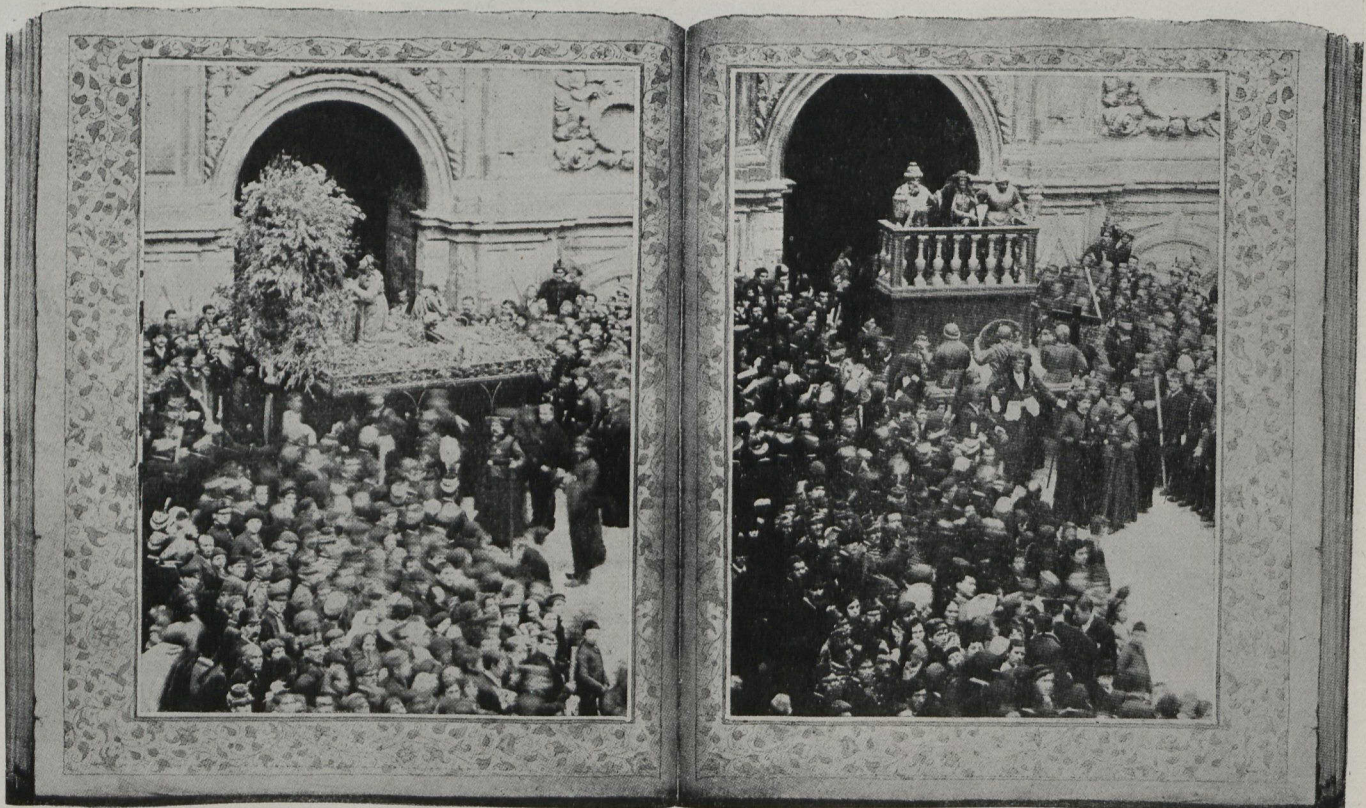


Spain, the Land of Easter Pageantry



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

THE LAST SUPPER



IN THE GARDEN OF OLIVES

ON PILATE'S BALCONY

Remarkable Tableaux in Spain

The cathedral of Saragossa is celebrated throughout Spain for its sanctuary. To this many pilgrims are attracted, especially at Easter time. Saragossa itself is the old Cæsarea Augusta. Its University was founded in 1474. Among its curiosities is a leaning clock-tower 275 feet in height, and an 820-foot bridge of seven arches, which dates from the fifteenth century. The ancient bishopric of Saragossa became an archbishopric in the early fourteenth century. Saragossa boasts further a number of Roman remains. The Tableaux illustrate figures in the Good Friday procession at Saragossa.



The Last Supper At this solemn season one's thoughts naturally turn to the upper room where Christ, on the night of His betrayal, broke bread to institute one of the great ordinances of the Christian Church. This striking picture of the memorable scene hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin, and is from the brush of a painter still living, though his name was known as a painter of sacred scenes half a century ago. It will be seen that Professor von Gebhardt approaches the subject in the spirit of a modern, many of the faces he depicts being thoroughly German in type. He is over seventy years of age and was born in Estland. He was educated in St. Petersburg, Karlsruhe, and Dusseldorf. It is forty-five years since he painted his big picture illustrating the entry into Jerusalem.



Mr. and Mrs. Taft This is the latest portrait of the President of the United States and his wife. It was taken in New York a fortnight ago.



A Big Flame A well was recently accidentally set on fire at Sarnia, Ont., where they have just commenced to use natural gas for fuel and light. —Boyd, photo.

News Photos



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



Washing the Sheep The time for shearing the sheep is at hand. As soon as the air is tempered to the shorn lamb off comes its winter coat. But the first thing to do is to wash the wool and this is comparatively easy as long as the wool is on the sheep's back. So the flock is driven to the nearest stream and each animal is immersed and the fleece is scrubbed until white as snow. The children of the Canadian farms take great interest in the process.



Shearing the Sheep Sheep-shearing is a fine art, and the old gentleman overseeing the process is evidently an expert for he is keenly interested. The aim is to remove the wool quickly in one beautiful fleece without injuring the poor animal's skin or leaving its appearance such as to make it feel ashamed.

—Sallows, photo.



Counting their Chickens after they are Hatched

—Sallows, photo.



Not Yet Muzzled! A happy Ontario family, the serenity of which has not yet been disturbed by the muzzling process. The youngsters do not yet know that there is such a thing as rabies, but the mother's expression suggests that she realizes that, before long, her little family will become conscious that they are officially regarded as dangerous nuisances. —Boyd, photo.

*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 Promise of the Harvest In a very few days now the orchards of the land will be a mass of pink and white with an emerald green background. Canada is essentially a fruit-growing country and the quality of our products has created a great demand in the European markets. The fruit of the Maritime Provinces has long been famous, but now the valleys of British Columbia, dotted with fruit-bearing trees, promise to become equally famous.

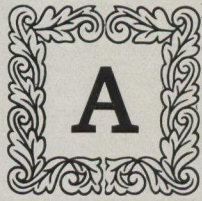
—Sallows, photo.



Mr. Roosevelt and African Missions The ex-president of the United States who is just concluding his prolonged excursion after big game in British East Africa, went many miles out of his way to visit an isolated Roman Catholic Mission in Uganda, where there are some nuns who went out from America. When the sisters expressed their appreciation of his visit Mr. Roosevelt, in that hearty manner of his that has won him so many friends, exclaimed: "I should not have dared to return to the United States at all if I had not come here!"

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

New Easter Millinery



AN unusually early Easter this year has been the occasion of a more extensive provision of early spring models, in the supple straws, fine braids, tulles and flowers, that seem so light and attractive after the heavy furs, velvets and felts of winter. It is with a feeling of relief that one notes in the new hats the absence of that element of the grotesque which was so pervasive in last summer's models. The "Chantecler" hat vies in absurdity with anything ever seen before, but it will likely not materialize, except among the "novelties." There is great variety in the latest models, from the simple fine straw with low crown and wide, slightly rolling brim, wreathed with flowers and completed with a knot or bow of ribbon, to the plumed picture hat of large dimensions, and the toque or turban of malines, braid, flowers and velvet ribbon. The lines of the simpler hats must be studied very carefully to attain a smart effect. Toques usually are favored in the first part of the season, and some very charming ones are shown. The flower turbans are always lovely, and one style this season has the bandeau of fine straw and the crown of lilac, violets, or other small blossoms. The turbans are not as wide as formerly, but are somewhat higher and look a good size on the head, owing to the closer style of hair dressing. Some of these toques are all in tones of one color matching the costume with a note of black velvet or contrasting color, to avoid monotony.

The Napoleon type of hat is a popular model, developed in Leghorn or fine straw. It is larger than the ordinary "cornered" shape, and is worn placed with the up-turned portions at the side-front and side-back. One becoming Napoleonic hat is of Leghorn, the upper surface covered with black velvet. The brim is caught up sharply at the right side-front and to a little less height at the left side-back, where it is held by a bunch of small pink roses and foliage, a garland of which passes over the crown and down slantingly over the up-turned brim. The effect is of the brim being fastened up with a rope of roses and leaves. This is an admirable hat for early in the season. Faced brims will be seen a good deal, and in the right combinations they really add immensely to the be-



Spring Millinery A "Chantecler" hat, which is popular in London, is being sold for the benefit of the 'Busmen's Superannuation Fund. The wearer is Miss Gladys Carrington, a sister of Lady de Clifford.
—Copyright, Halftones, Ltd.

comingness of the hat. Sometimes the facing is of velvet or folded net or tulle, again it is a different color of the straw itself. A smart hat is in burnt straw, the brim, which is rolled in front with an indentation in the centre, faced with black velvet, while the trimming consists of black velvet ribbon and white plumage. A large hat in green tones is developed in a fine chip. The wide brim flares high at the left side and droops correspondingly at the right. The color of the facing which is of the same chip is a dark soft green, the entire upper surface being in a harmonizing but very much lighter green. The large rounded crown is encircled simply with a twist of dark green velvet, while at the back are massed many small shaded roses. Hats with brim in a wide flare at the side or some other part of the circumference are numerous. This expanse needs to be broken in some way, whether it is of the material or faced with something else. Different means are adopted to this end. An effective way is to fasten a paradise feather or some sort of floating plumage against the up-turned brim, with a flat ornament, or to have the ends of ostrich plumes curling over from the inner side of the brim or from the crown. The garland idea can be carried out very prettily to break any bare surface found too expansive. A soft supple straw of a dim bronze-gold color is faced with dull old-rose velvet, has a trail of pale pink roses wandering around the crown and down over the brim as though holding it in position. A medium-sized black chip hat has the brim towards the back fastened up in this way, but with a triple band of small roses in rather prim lines, one row pale pink, one row deep pink, and the other dark red.

Flowers are to be used in profusion in the spring and summer millinery, the small blos-

soms particularly. The rose is still queen in the millinery world; after it, lilac, forget-me-nots, pansies, sweet peas, share the honors, with various other flowers that bloom in bunches or trails. Single large flowers are less frequently seen. Several models have the crown quite hidden beneath a wealth of blossoms. There is no rule or restriction in the arrangement of floral trimmings. There are the myriads of blossoms of almost every delicate hue to the milliner's hand, to be placed as will be most effective, the lines of the shape, materials, and color combination all being taken into account. In trailing sprays, garlands, wreaths, masses, or prim bunches, they fulfil their beautifying mission. The blossoms on a hat need not be all of the same kind; as a matter of fact assorted kinds and colors are often put together. A black Tagal straw hat with gracefully undulating brim is trimmed with swathings of maline tulle, amid which are fastened here and there bunches of small flowers in blending hues.

Malines and fine dotted nets have a prominent place in the new millinery, both for trimmings and to form the foundation, folded or gathered, over a wire shape. Sometimes the desired tint is achieved by placing a layer of tulle of one color over a layer of another color, and that over a third, in this way uniting in one all the hues of the hat and its floral garniture. Among the uses to which the dotted or large-meshed nets are put is to veil or partially veil a lavish display of flowers.

The most novel development in turbans is that known as the "Sultan" or Turkish turban. One would think it would be most appropriately made up in chiffon or some other light fabric, and it is often constructed of net or tulle, but Leghorn and fine straw braids are also employed. One model combines embroidered net and bands of supple white braid in alternate "swirlings" to the culminating point in front where a white osprey rises as high as it can. Not so new but much prettier, is a round turban of medium size, built up a little higher at the left side-back than elsewhere. One such hat is in dull amethyst tones, with a bow of darker shaded velvet ribbon across the top of the crown, and a lovely willow plume in pale amethyst encircling the crown, filling in the space between it and the brim, a pompon and osprey in the same color accentuating the height towards the back.



Spring Millinery Hat of Tagal straw braid, with graceful outlines, trimmed with malines and bunches of tiny pink roses.



Spring Millinery Shepherdess hat of white braid, the crown encircled with tulle scarf and clusters of marguerites.

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TRADE MARK

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Fruit Preserves,
Jams and Jellies,
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Canned Goods,

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Packed on his fruit farms at Winona, Ont. In the heart of the great Niagara Fruit Belt.

No Benzoate of Soda or other preservative, or no artificial coloring matter used in the manufacture of these goods. These things are injurious to health.



The Housekeeper's Page



ANY housewives who confess themselves martyrs to headache are enduring unnecessary and self-inflicted martyrdom. The most frequent cause of nervous headache is overdoing at something within doors. Sewing steadily for a

prolonged period, reading or writing until the eyes are tired, are fruitful sources of nervous headache. Sometimes using the eyes at any work that requires close watching for even a little while will cause headache, and when one finds that this is the case, one should go to a good oculist and get fitted with glasses to wear when the eyes have extra work to do, or all the time if necessary. Keeping too long at one task, or worrying over it, will, with many women, bring on an attack, and even dealing with the ordinary small affairs of the day in the household, may prove too much for the nerves if the supply of fresh air is inadequate. It is the unventilated atmosphere of the crowded shops, as much as the concentration of thought, that gives so many women nervous headache after a day's shopping.

Many nervous headache "martyrs" resort to some drug, which gives relief for the time, but not without taking its toll from the system. Very often a nervous headache can be cured by the use of hot water, without drugs of any kind. When one finds the attack coming on is the time to begin combating it. What gain is there in finishing the garment, or bringing the parlor cleaning to a triumphant conclusion, if one is to spend the following hours in misery? Begin the treatment by loosening the hair. Take all the pins out, shake out the tresses, and braid loosely in two braids. Fasten on top of the head out of the way while applying the hot water. Soak a sponge in water as hot as can be borne, and place it on the back of the neck, also sponge behind the ears, then the temples. Bathe the face in the hot water, massaging with gentle strokes on the forehead, temples, and around the eyes. In a few minutes the nerves and muscles will relax their tension, the strained feeling will subside, and give place to one of relief. If possible, try to get a sleep before going back to the household. Draw down the blinds to darken the room, but keep a window open for pure air, slip on a loose dressing gown, cover up warmly, and you will be almost certain to fall into an easy and refreshing slumber, but not if you allow yourself to worry about what is going on downstairs, or something you think you ought to be doing.

One who is subject to what is known as "sick" headache, should be careful as to diet, in regard to which it is well to consult a physician. Over-eating and going too long without food should be equally avoided. Hurrying over household or other tasks, worry and anxiety, are apt to excite such headaches, while exercise in the open air and recreation tending to cheerfulness are better than medicine.

Several Ways to Serve Eggs

There are other ways of baking eggs than in the shell. Butter small sauce dishes, and put a teaspoon of cream in each. Drop an egg in carefully, so that it will remain whole, season with salt and pepper and a liberal sprinkling of finely grated cheese, and on top put a small bit of butter. Set the eggs to bake in a moderate oven.

Egg and ham croquettes are a change from the usual ham and eggs. Cold cooked ham is used a cupful of it, chopped, to a half dozen eggs. Cook a third of a cup of stale bread crumbs in a third of a cup of milk until it forms a smooth paste, stir in the ham, seasoned with salt, pepper, and about half a teaspoon of mustard, and set the paste aside to cool. Have six eggs boiled hard, remove them from the shells, and surround each with the ham paste

mixture. Roll in beaten egg and dry bread crumbs like croquettes and fry in deep hot fat. Cut each in half lengthwise, and serve hot in a little nest of parsley.

An egg salad is very easily made. Put some hard boiled eggs in the ice box to get very cold, then remove from the shells and cut them into slices. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley, and moisten with a French dressing of salad oil and vinegar. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves to serve.

Easter croquettes have hard boiled eggs as a basis. Make a thick white sauce by cooking together two tablespoons of butter, four tablespoons of flour, and milk to make of the right consistency, or instead of milk chicken stock with a little cream added may be used. Chop the eggs into small pieces and stir into the sauce carefully so as not to reduce the eggs to a paste. Season with salt and pepper, and spread on a plate to cool. Have ready some oysters picked over and wiped dry, or some cold cooked chicken chopped fine. Form egg-shaped croquettes of the egg mixture, enclosing in the centre of each an oyster or a little ball of the chicken. Roll each croquette in flour, then moisten by pouring over it with a teaspoon beaten egg mixed with a very little cold water, roll in fine dry crumbs, and cook in deep fat. Serve in little nests of parsley. To egg on toast add cheese and you have a nourishing and "tasty"

dish. Mix three eggs with a small cup of grated cheese, season with salt and pepper and a scant teaspoonful of mustard mixed with vinegar. Beat well together, spread on slices of buttered toast, and set in a rather hot oven to brown. It should not be in the oven long enough to harden the toast.

There are several ways of varying the ordinary egg omelet. Cold cooked chicken, ham, or veal may be added, or, instead of meat, use corn, grated cheese, etc. Beat the eggs together, add one tablespoon of milk for every two eggs, season with salt and pepper, and add the chopped chicken or other cold meat just before pouring into the melted butter in the pan. Cook and fold like other omelets. If cooked corn is used, add a little more milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs thick, mix with quarter of a cup of milk, season with salt and pepper, add a cup of corn slightly chopped, and lastly fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Cook in melted butter, and fold, as usual. Canned corn may be used, taking care not to mix too much liquid in the omelet.



LADIES' SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS.

Paris Pattern No. 3220.

Made of blue and white foulard, with the sailor collar faced with blue silk, this dress is charmingly effective and springlike. It will be noted the panel effect is visible in the waist as well as the attached nine-gored skirt, and this feature offers great opportunity for hand embroidery when the design is developed in wash materials, or these portions may be made of all-over embroidery with great success. The bishop sleeves are finished with the new gauntlet cuff, which can be closed with buttons and buttonholes if desired. The pattern is in 5 sizes—32 to 40 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the dress requires 6½ yards of material 36 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk 20 inches wide. Width of lower edge about 3½ yards.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.



MISSES' SEMI-FITTING COAT. Paris Pattern No. 3228.

The three-quarter coat is not only stylish and convenient, but very becoming as well, especially when it follows strictly tailored lines, as does the illustrated model, which combines long back seams, notched collar and close sleeves, the only deviation being the turned-up cuffs. Slit pockets are made on the left breast and at the hips, and the closing is single-breasted. Mahogany red cloth is used for the pictured coat, with black silk to face the collar and cuffs. Serge, cheviot, novelty mohairs, covert or Venetian cloth or diagonal coatings in spring weight will develop this design advantageously. The pattern is in 3 sizes—14 to 18 years. For a girl of 16 years the coat requires 2¾ yards of material 42 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk 20 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE.

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

1848 1910



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(27 and 36 inches wide)

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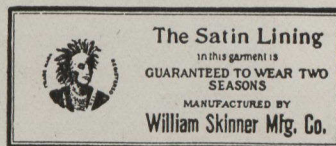
We have been manufacturing Silk Linings for sixty-two years and know we manufacture the best linings in the world.

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In purchasing satins look for the name

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Established 1848



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—Copyright, Halfones, Ltd.



A Veteran Cricket Champion

Dr. W. G. Grace, beloved of all cricketers as "W.G.," is here shown watching a match at Blackheath, between Gloucestershire and Kent. He is interested in the game because he himself played for Gloucestershire for over thirty years. He is now sixty-two years of age.

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R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Does not Color the Hair



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The Toilet and the Baby

IN planning the spring and summer wardrobe, the tailored suit is the first to receive consideration. She is a wise woman who already has her coat and skirt suit selected and made, as the earliness of the season will make the heavy garments, that have been doing duty up to the present, irksome if they must be retained after the fine weather sets in. This year an early Easter is accompanied by an equally advanced spring in most parts of the country, and new costumes have been brought out accordingly. The best tailors seem to be keeping largely to the regulation, simple lines, but there is considerable variation in details. Plaited skirts are capable of many developments; sometimes they are side-plaited all round, stitched to about knee depth; again the plaits are in groups with plain panels between; back and front may be plain and the sides closely plaited, or plaits may be let in at the gores; occasionally the entire skirt is laid in box plaits. In light serges and cloths, a tunic effect is simulated by an applied fold of the material sewed on at one edge, on a plain gored skirt, or one that has a close-fitting upper part and a plaited flounce considerably deeper at the back than the front. In that case the tunic-simulating fold follows the same line and conceals the joining of skirt and flounce. Coats are shorter than those worn during the winter, reaching about half way between waist and knee. The backs are mostly half loose, the fitting being by seams from the shoulders down, but the fronts show considerable variety. Some are fastened by one large button, some have three buttons and others are closed almost to the hem. A narrow long shawl collar finishes many of the new coats, others have long revers, and the collar in either case is often faced with moire silk. Black moire is used effectively, and the note of black may be repeated in the hat.

The selection of a blouse to wear with the coat and skirt is something of a problem. For the time being, the white lingerie blouse is not 'the thing' for this purpose. Fashion has decreed in favor of the dress that has the effect of being all in one piece, but a waist of cloth that is sufficiently heavy for a skirt is quite too warm to wear under a coat of the same, unless on the coolest days. The difficulty is overcome by having the blouse in the same color but a different and much thinner material. Chiffon cloth is preferred to net this season, and for general serviceable wear a soft silk or crepe de Chine may be selected. Whatever the material, it must be the same tone of color as the skirt, and in the self-same shade if possible. Where a perfect match cannot be found, it is practicable to buy pure white and send it to a first-class dyer, with a sample of the colored goods.

An Infantile Habit

Every mother knows the baby should not be allowed to suck his thumb, but sometimes one is at one's wit's ends to know how to keep him from it, if he has once formed the habit. The dangers of such thumb-sucking are real, chief among them being the giving the teeth a tendency to grow outward, ruining the shape of the mouth, and making the lips thicker and more protruding. It may also upset the child's digestion, by exciting a continual flow of saliva, which is swallowed. When the habit is just being formed, it may be nipped in the bud by gently removing the little thumb from the mouth every time it is put there.

The cause may be simply hunger, or perhaps the baby's teeth are troubling him, and a soft rubber ring which he can bite on, but not suck, will keep him from seeking help from his poor thumb. But, again, it may just be that he sucks his thumb because he has discovered that he likes to do it. Some mothers find that covering the little thumb with something that the baby does not like, such as bitter aloes, is an effective way of giving him a distaste for his thumb as an article of diet. Others advocate making thumbless mittens of old linen for the little hands till he forgets.



The Queen at a Horse Show
Snapshot of Her Majesty at the London Hackney Show in March.
—Copyright, Halftones Ltd.

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Make your last year's straw hat as fresh and dainty as any you can buy, by coloring it with

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It makes soiled Straw Hats as good as new—and you may have your hat the same shade as your summer dress.

Made in 21 fashionable and popular colors.

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"Mother does not get all tired out on Mondays—and her arms and back never ache—since Father bought a

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"We girls do all the washing, and have lots of fun turning the machine."
"It's so easy that we can wash a tubful of cloth in five minutes."
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Love's Old Sweet Song

Words by G. CLIFFORD BINGHAM

Andante con moto

Music by J. L. MOLLOY

rit. *a tempo.* *And.* *And.*

Once in the tear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists began to fall,

Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song,

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in to our dream.

rit.

p a tempo. Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flick ring-shadows

soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,

mf.

Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

rit. *rit.*

a tempo.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flickering
p cantando
scempre And.

shadows. softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary.
mf
And.

sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song comes
And.

Love's old sweet song.
f. animato.
rit.
And.

mf

Even today we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ever more;
p

Fool steps may falter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.
mf

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
p
rit.

*With the
Wits*

PAINLESS PUNISHMENT.

One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?" — "Chicago Daily News."

THE RASCAL.

"Do you know where Johnny Locke lives, my little boy?" asked a gentle voiced old lady. "He ain't home, but if you give me a penny I'll find him for you right off," replied the lad. "All right; you're a nice little boy. Now, where is he?" "Thanks—I'm him."

EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

Little Clarence had the experience for the first time of taking his bath in a cold room with water not at the usual temperature. His mamma left him for a moment, while he looked aghast at the "goose flesh" that appeared. "Hurry up, mamma," he called, "I'm turning into a chicken."

DEFINED.

The inspector was hearing a class of small girls read, when they came to the word "pilgrim." "Now," said the inspector, "who can tell me the meaning of the word 'pilgrim'?" A little hand went up, and a little voice said—"Please, sir, a pilgrim is a man who travels about a good deal." "Well," said the inspector, "I travel about a good deal, and I'm not a pilgrim." "But please, sir," answered the little girl, "I mean a good man."

AFTER HIS FOLK.

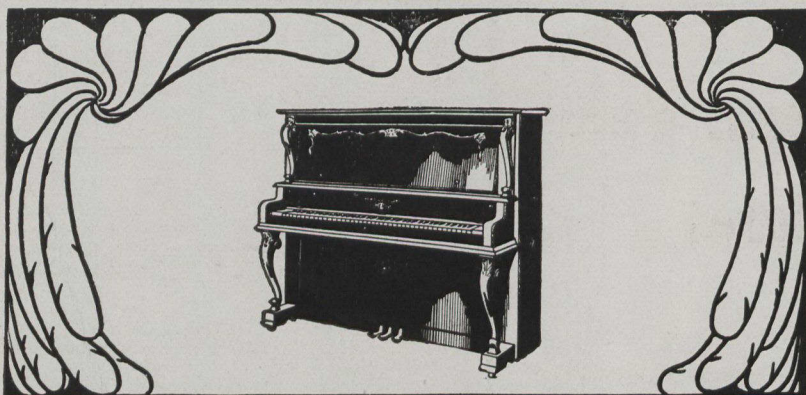
The caddie followed him round the course silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their wake behind was marked by scars and gashes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark. "Ye'll be a stranger to these parts, maybe," he said. "Well, not exactly a stranger." Whirr-whirr-swish! and one more gash appeared, as a lump of turf soared aloft and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folk are buried hereabouts." "I doot ye'll no' go deep eno' with your driver," remarked the caddie; "ye'd better tak' your iron."

SURE TO REACH HIM.

Worthy of Lord Dundreary's brother Sam is the following. A young Englishman of excellent family settled in Winnipeg some years since and has been using his best endeavors to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Since arriving in America he has been the recipient of many letters from his devoted brother "at home," all of which are directed to him at "Winnipeg, Manitoba, Massachusetts."

SEEKING A COMPLAINT.

A young lady who appeared to be in perfect health, but who had a very worried expression upon her blooming face, entered the consulting room of a New York physician the other day. "Doctor," she said, "it is absolutely essential that I go to White Sulphur Springs this summer." "Oh, perhaps not," the physician remarked, reassuringly. "Tell me fully your symptoms. What do you expect to cure at the Springs?" "That is just what I came to you to find out, doctor," she confessed. "You see, I have got to talk with papa. What do you go to White Sulphur to be cured of?"



NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

"A PRIMA DONNA OF THE PLAINS"
(from the "Right Angle" Magazine)

"We are especially fortunate in our Canadian singers. One of the highest among these in power, purity of tone and unusual vocal range is Miss Edith J. Miller. At a concert at which the King was present, His Majesty sent for Miss Miller and personally complimented her.

One of Miss Miller's most pronounced characteristics is her loyalty to her native land—and always her preference is for the thing 'made in Canada.'

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MAY, 8th 1909.
During my early studies in Portage la Prairie, I used a Williams Piano, and I have cherished memories of that sweet little instrument. But upon my return to Canada after an absence of several years, during which time I had opportunities of using the best makes in Europe, I was



MISS MILLER

delighted beyond measure to note the wonderful improvements secured through the introduction of your New Scale. You are to be congratulated in producing in the New Scale Williams a piano which I consider as standing in the front ranks among the world's greatest instruments. Edith J. Miller.

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WHEAT

PLAUSIBLE.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirt waist up the back."—"The Jewish Ledger."

SCEPTICAL.

They were alone in the parlour, and she had the sofa all to herself. "I thought," she said, "you were something of a mind reader?" "So I am," he rejoined. "Well," she said, as her eyes temporarily rested on the unoccupied end of the sofa, "I don't believe it."

THE FEMININE VIEW.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, "do men ever go to heaven?" "Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?" "Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers." "Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

READY TO BARTER.

Robbie had longed for a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits. The answer to both wishes came on the same morning; but it was not quite satisfactory, for there were two baby brothers and only one rabbit. Robbie was greatly disgusted at the mistake. The next day his father found the following notice tacked to the gatepost:—"For Sail. — One nice fat baby; or I will exchange him for a wite rab-bet."

HOW HE COULD TELL.

"I want," said the recently married man in the linen draper's shop, "a lady's belt." "Yes, sir," said the polite shop assistant. "What size?" A blush mantled the customer's brow, and he swallowed twice in rapid succession. Then he said: "I don't know exactly. Let me have a tape measure, please." And as he placed it along the inside of his arm, from shoulder to wrist, the shop assistant remarked beneath her breath to her chum: "He's not the idiot he looks, is he, Jenny?"

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Friend — "Gogson, how is your aeroplane getting along?" Inventor — "It is complete, with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take up that next." "What is it?" "A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will travel along under my aeroplane to prevent fatal accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. By the introduction of that net I have revolutionised the entire business. "But how is the net itself to be kept free from falling to the ground when anything happens to your aeroplane?" "That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."

THE DISCOVERY.

In wrath from her I parted,
When Celia said me nay;
I deemed her stony-hearted,
And went my weary way.
'Tis thus her wont to use all
The swains lured to her side;
For each a curt refusal—
"She has no heart," I cried.
Thereafter once I heard her—
I could but listen there—
While in my mind was murder
And in my heart despair.
Unkempt, sore, needing barber,
And scarcely to be known,
Hard by fair Celia's arbor
I hid with grief alone.

Then was Love's every term heard;
'Twas each she would repeat:
"My love!" she fondly murmured,
And fondlier yet, "My sweet!"
Of grief must I to-day sing,
For next came, I profess,
The sound of close embracing
And many a dear caress.

Grief wrapped me round like cerements,
Life seemed a heavy load,
To know these wished endearments
On one unseen bestowed.
At last I broke from cover
In agony acute—
To find the hidden lover
Her little terrier brute!
—"Pall Mall Gazette."

The Educational Value of Pictures

INTELLIGENT people everywhere appreciate as of the utmost importance the informing value of pictures of news-events, portraits of men and women in the lime-light, and pictures showing the kaleidoscopic development of our great Dominion. Pictures are as essential in their way as type. The reason there are so few really well-illustrated magazines is because of the enormous cost involved in the production of high-class pictorial work.

But the fact is that pictures of importance besides giving pleasure give also a whole horizon of exact facts at a glance. That is why the CANADIAN PICTORIAL in its chosen field is acknowledged to be the leading educator of this country. Nearly a hundred and fifty thousand people, old and young, are regularly taking pleasure and profit from its pictures, month by month. All it contains is of peculiar and vital interest to Canadians.

We don't need to praise the CANADIAN PICTORIAL; we can leave that to others all over the country, who are talking and writing about it. We can leave it to our subscribers who, sending their renewal subscriptions, cannot refrain from praising it; and often get others to join them in taking advantage of our generous clubbing offers. We can leave its praise to other publishers, who, knowing how vastly more expensive the production of such fine pictures is than many times the volume of poorer pictures or type pages, express wonder at the value we are able to give, and overflow with compliments for the exquisite work and interesting features of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

Until the establishment of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL, three years ago, Canada was without a high-class illustrated periodical. Since then it has become to Canada what the "Graphic" and "Illustrated London News" are to Great Britain—but with this remarkable difference—the annual subscription is but a fraction of that of the great English illustrated papers. Canadians appreciate this and, when sending in their subscription, subscribe also for their friends in other places, to whose homes the CANADIAN PICTORIAL is a welcome visitor.

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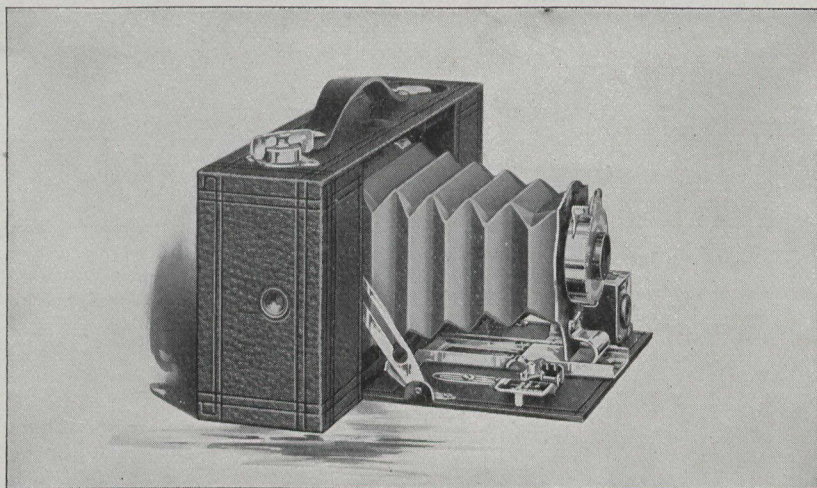
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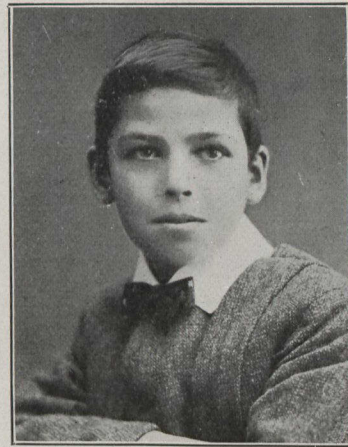
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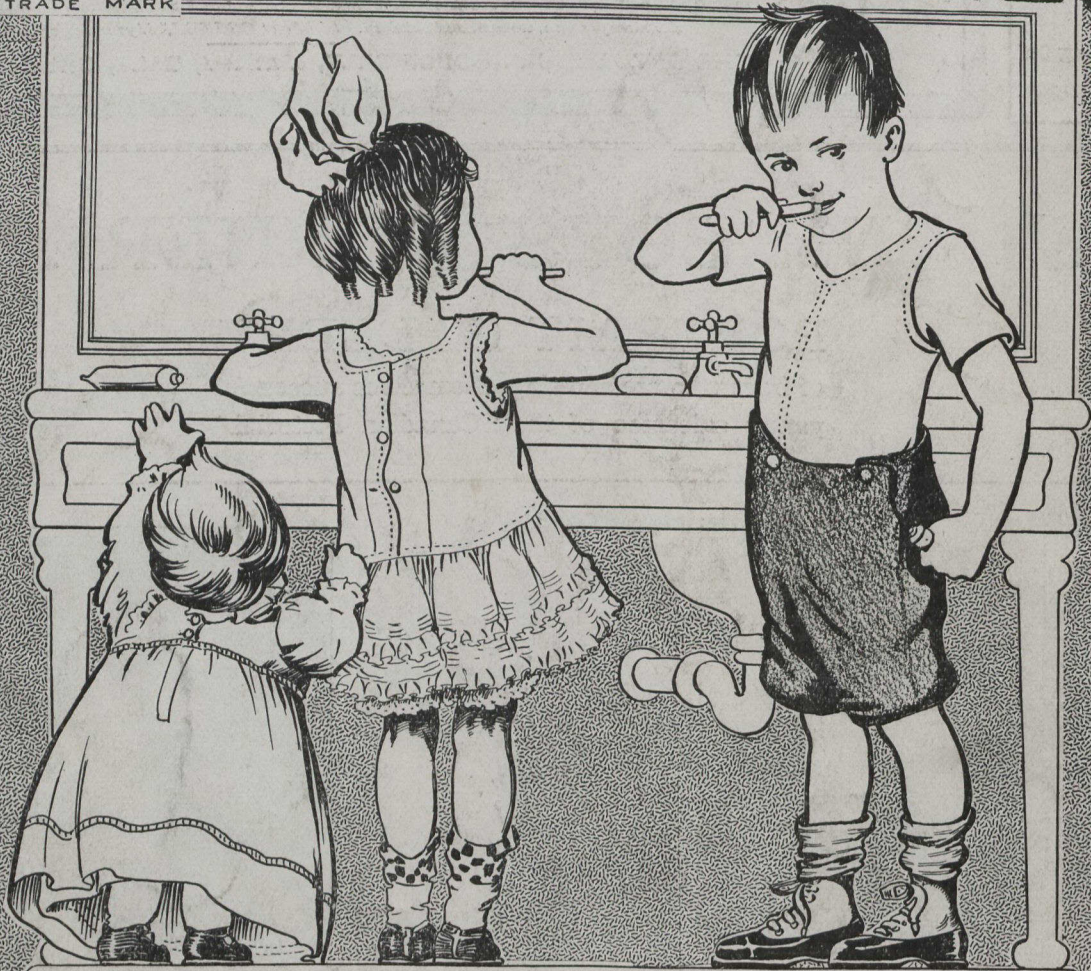
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