

# Canadian Pictorial

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## The Snow Storm

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first, thin-wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Gamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them.—Thomson.

## Happenings of the Month

**M**ONDAY, January 22nd, was the greatest day in the history of the new Parliament of Canada. It was the day of the fight on Mr. Lancaster's bill on the marriage question. The bill, in a word, calls for the enactment of legislation declaring that any marriage solemnized by any recognized authority be valid in Canada despite any ecclesiastical decree to the contrary. It aims, of course, at the recently promulgated *Ne Temere* decree of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Lancaster explained that the chief purpose of his measure was to remove from the marriage ceremony all questions of the religion of the contracting parties. He argued strongly that the Dominion Government had the power to pass this legislation, the Provincial Governments having only the right to deal with the ceremonies and forms of marriage. Mr. Borden was inclined to agree with the view that marriage laws come under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government. In that respect he was in accord with the views of the Hon. C. J. Doherty, the present Minister of Justice, Sir Allen Aylesworth and Mr. Newcombe, Deputy Minister of Justice. Mr. Borden moved that the discussion be adjourned. With this motion he gave the assurance that the undecided legal aspect of the question would be sent to the Privy Council for a decision. After several speakers had been heard Mr. Borden's motion to adjourn the debate was carried by 86 to 61, a Government majority of 25. Five Conservative members voted with the Opposition, Mr. A. E. Lancaster, Lincoln; Dr. Edwards, of Frontenac; Mr. Edward Kydd, of Carleton; Mr. W. F. Maclean, of South York; and Mr. Richard Blain, of Peel. Both Mr. Tom Wallace and Mr. W. B. Northrup, who spoke in favor of the bill, voted with the Government.

Petitions in favor of the creation of a new province out of what is now known as New Ontario are being received at the office of the Prime Minister, from Kenora and other points in the northern and western parts of the province. They are in the form of resolutions passed by various public bodies in the towns of New Ontario, as recommending the division of the province and annexation to Manitoba. They do not contain any requisition for action on the part of the Federal Government. The division of Ontario into two provinces, it is stated, could only be brought about by agreement amongst the people of Ontario themselves. When such a decision is arrived at it will be necessary, in all probability, to secure an amendment to the British North America Act. Steps to this end would, no doubt, have to be taken at the instance of the Federal Government. The Dominion Government is clothed with the necessary authority to create a new province out of unorganized federal territory or to add unorganized territory to a province, but the division of a province already created into two provinces would involve considerations which have not been thought of up to the present time.

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The Hon. Frank Cochrane's proposal for an alternative Hudson's Bay route, following the Nottawa river down towards the main line of the Transcontinental Railway in Quebec, is considered by members of the House of Commons to be a good one. The mouth of the Nottawa is said to afford much better harbor facilities than are to be found at either Fort Churchill or Nelson. In the meantime there are two railway projects which bear upon the general scheme, one for a line north from Hull, and another for a line from Montreal, running up to the Nottawa. These projects are now receiving consideration from the Quebec Government.

# NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Senator Thomas McKay, of Truro, N.S., died on Jan. 15, aged 73.

President Taft has signed the proclamation admitting New Mexico to the Union.

A strike of firemen and engineers in Buenos Ayres has practically tied up railway traffic in Argentina.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, editor of London 'Truth,' died on Jan. 16th at his villa in Florence, Italy, aged 81 years.

Mr. Taft has definitely stated that he will again be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Dunfermline, the birthplace of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, will erect a statue to him in recognition of his many benefactions.

Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, the distinguished lady physician and dean of the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, died in London on Jan. 8th.

The Russian steamship 'Russ' foundered during a gale in the Black Sea on Jan. 11th, with the whole of her passengers and crew, a total of 172 persons.

The Prussian Government has submitted to the Diet a bill which is designed to compel all loafers and men who fail to support their families to go to work.

A bill before the New York State Legislature, proposes the abolition of capital punishment for murder and the substitution of life imprisonment. Governor Dix favors the measure.

State and Church in Portugal are in bitter conflict over the new regulations governing public worship. The priests at several places have abandoned the churches and services have been suspended.

John MacNamara, of San Francisco, known to the police of many cities as 'Australian Mack,' has been arrested in New York charged with having dynamited and robbed on Sept. 14th of \$375,000 the branch of the Bank of Montreal in New Westminster, B. C. MacNamara has a long criminal record.

According to a Bombay report the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior has cancelled his engagement to the Gaekwar of Baroda's daughter on account of the Gaekwar's connection with a divorce case in England, and his discourtesy to King George at the Durbar at Delhi.

Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nellis celebrated her 102nd birthday at Naples, N.Y., on Jan. 6th. She enjoys the best of health, and each fall earns enough to support her for the ensuing year by working in the grape houses of the Keula district, trimming and packing fruit for market.

A great increase on the figures of the previous year marks the shipbuilding return for 1911, just issued for the Clyde. The shipbuilding industry on the Clyde has had a record year. The total tonnage of the year's Clyde output is 640,000 representing 403 ships, as compared with the record of 619,919 tons in 1907, and with 392,000 tons last year.

Mr. Winston Churchill, as head of the admiralty, announces the formation of a naval war staff, which has long been demanded by naval writers and experts. This staff, which Mr. Churchill says will be the brain of the navy, will have three divisions, namely: Intelligence, which will deal with war in-

formation; operations, which will settle war plans; and mobilization, which will make war arrangements.

As a result of the recent census the subsidies of the different provinces of the Dominion with the exception of Manitoba, are to be increased by a total of \$1,188,570, which is divided as follows: Ontario, \$267,651; Quebec, \$285,125; Nova Scotia, \$26,207; New Brunswick, \$16,614; British Columbia, \$191,704; Alberta, \$87,635; and Saskatchewan, \$318,213. Manitoba loses \$4,605, and Prince Edward Island's subsidy remains stationary.

Five persons are dead and four are ill as a result of the greatest murder mystery Philadelphia has had in years. The police have little upon which to base a theory, except that a woman, Mrs. Bridget Flanagan, gone insane following the apparent desertion of her husband, placed cyanide of potassium in food and attempted to snuff out the life of every person residing at her home.

The Turkish Chamber of Deputies has been dissolved owing to its having thrown out the constitutional amendment bill, providing that the Sultan may dissolve the Parliament in time of war. This was attacked by the members of the Opposition, and stormy scenes have accompanied the debate on the proposed modification of the Constitution. The Unionists decided to provoke a dissolution of the Chamber at all costs.

It is stated in London that negotiations will be opened between the British and German courts, as soon as the King returns from India, regarding the date and programme of the official accession visit of the King and Queen to Berlin. The visit will take place early in the spring and will last three days. Their Majesties will stay at the New Palace, at Potsdam. An elaborate programme of festivities is to be prepared, including an army review, a gala performance at the opera, official dinners and a ball at Berlin Castle.

The Spanish Premier having recommended the execution of one out of six striking rioters, condemned to death for murdering a judge and wounding several court officials in Valencia last September, the Radicals seized the occasion to wage a campaign against the government and work up popular excitement to a dangerous state. The premier realizing, as he said, that he had made a political blunder in excluding one man from reprieve, resigned, but on the earnest request of the King consented to retain office.

By a head-on collision, which took place on January 8th on the C. P. Railway at St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, five men were killed and ten more or less seriously injured. A passenger train from Quebec, instead of taking the siding at the station, went straight ahead and plunged into a train from Montreal, which was standing on the main line expecting the Quebec train to take the siding. The engineer of the Quebec train attributes the accident to the air brakes not responding owing to the frost.

There is much anxiety in England over the probability of the national coal miners' strike which is indicated by such results as are known of the miners' ballot that was concluded on Jan. 12th. If a national strike be declared, it must not begin before March 1, as the men have to hand in a month's notice, but already fears of a strike are causing both large businesses and householders to replenish their supplies of coal for the emergency. Prices therefore are rising, but there is strong hope that a settlement will be come to. No agreement has as yet been reached between the Lancashire cotton mill owners and operatives.

The funeral services of the late Alfred Tenyson Dickens, youngest son of the great novelist, were held in Trinity church, New York, on Jan. 5th, and were attended by a large number of notable persons. As Mr. Dickens's object in coming to America on a lecturing tour was to raise funds for impoverished granddaughters and other member of his father's family, it is believed wealthy Americans will take the matter up and so somewhat offset the debt owed to Dickens by millions of his readers and admirers on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie testifying before the Steel investigating committee in Washington, said that the day of active competition in big business had passed. He advocated an industrial commission to control prices, and told the committee about a deal with Mr. Rockefeller whereby he obtained control of Mr. Rockefeller's iron ore holdings in the Lake Superior region at a rate of 15 cents a ton—holdings which, when turned over to the Steel Corporation later, formed a large part of the assets valued at \$700,000,000. Mr. Carnegie laughed as he referred to the business triumph he had achieved over his 'fellow millionaire.'

The Madrid press is very pessimistic in regard to the Franco-Spanish negotiations on the Moroccan difficulty, but the Paris press considers the alarm is not well founded. The matter has reached a critical stage because Spain objects to three points considered by France as essential—namely, absolute equality for each of the two nations in their respective zones; second, the evacuation by Spain of Larache and El Ksar, and third, the cession by Spain of a portion of the Luri region claimed by France. It is, however, extremely probable that a compromise of these three disputed points will be reached through the mediation of the British ambassador at Paris, where it is confidently predicted that a satisfactory conclusion will be reached.

At the annual meeting in Belfast of the Ulster Unionists a resolution was adopted reaffirming the decision of 1892 not to recognize an Irish Parliament and demanding for Ulster folk a continuation of their exact existing rights and privileges as part of the United Kingdom. The resolution added that if the demand was refused 'the only alternative consistent with our rights as subjects of the King is for an Ulster provisional government to come into operation at an appointed day, and this once established we are determined to see it through.' The resolution concluded by saying that the above determination had been greatly strengthened by the adoption of the Lords' veto act and the recent Vatican decree preventing Catholics from calling ecclesiastics as witnesses in lay courts.

The elections for the German Reichstag which began on Jan. 12th, show enormous gains for the Socialists, but as second ballots have to be cast in many places the result of the elections will not be definitely known for some days yet. The semi-official Cologne 'Gazette,' the mouthpiece of the Foreign Office, calls upon voters to suppress petty party differences and to go to the polls with the 'peace-menacing events of last summer' rooted in their minds, to the exclusion of all other topics. The supreme need of the hour is the election of a Parliament thoroughly alive to the fresh sacrifices which the dictates of self-preservation require the Fatherland to make. The imperial Government's fear of Socialism and its apprehension that the Socialists will gain sweeping victories in the Reichstag elections are betrayed in an election manifesto. In it Socialism is declared to be the 'arch enemy of the State,' and the electors are adjured to accomplish its final overthrow.



**Lumber Jacks at Work**

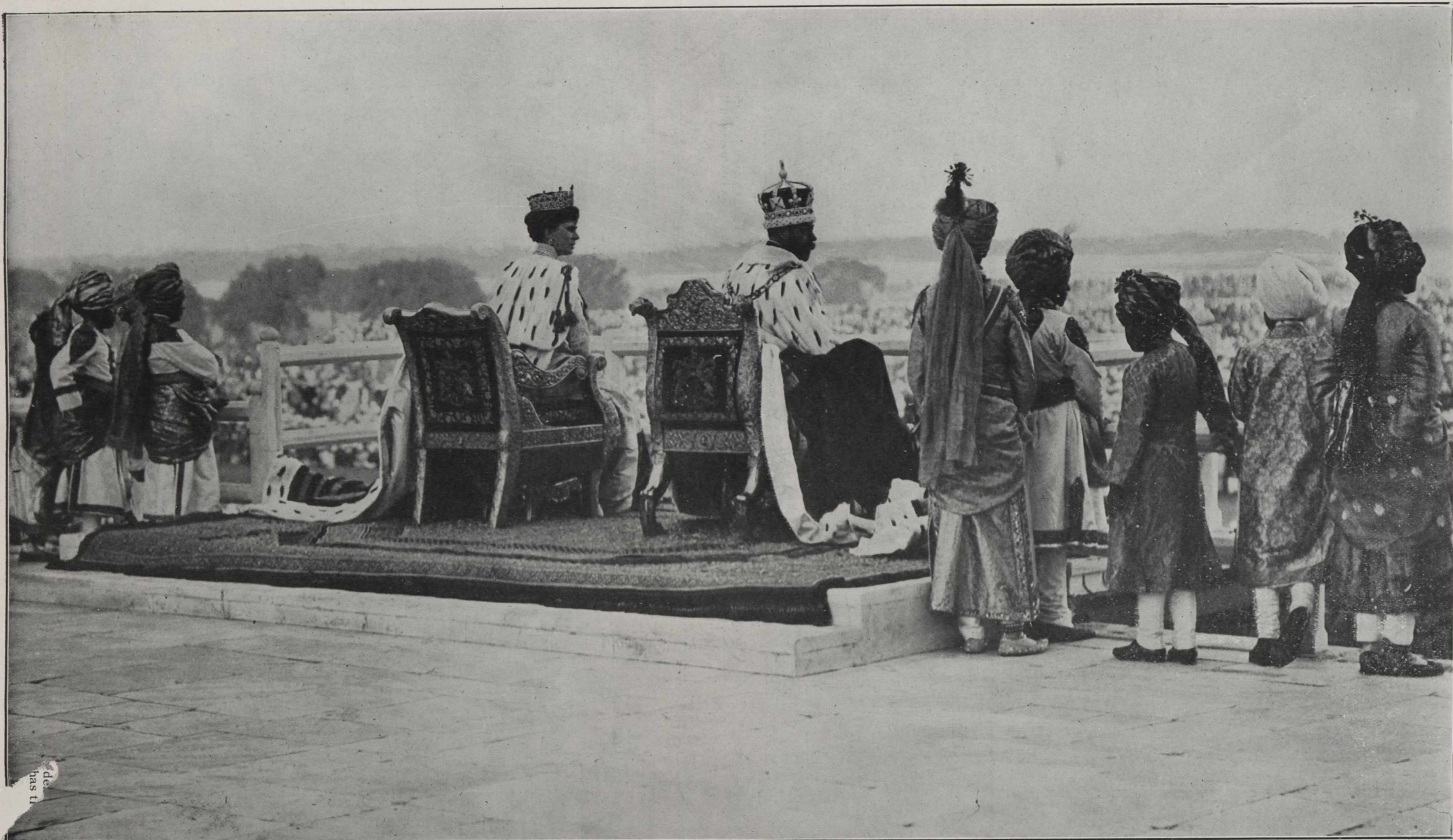
They are at work as soon as the snow falls and the cheery sound of their axe echoes through many a winter wood. One man with his axe and two with a cross-cut saw soon lay low even the monarchs of the forest.



**Coming of the Bush**

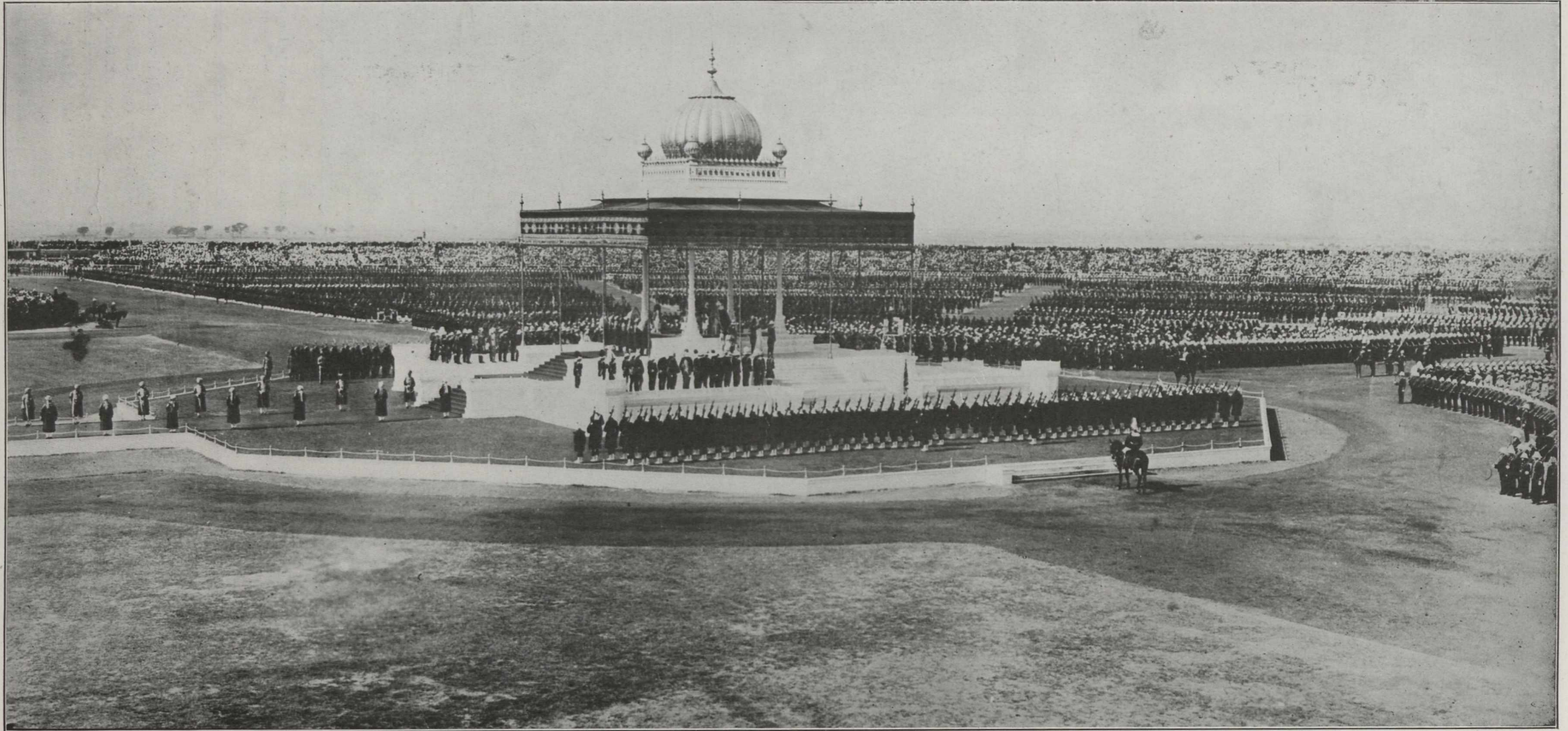
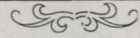
This road is not so firm as most bush roads are. Water is thrown over the snow, and freezing, makes hard and easy travelling for sleigh-loads. The logs are unloaded at the nearest river and when the spring freshets come, they are whirled down to the mill often many miles below.

—J. A. Borrett, photo.



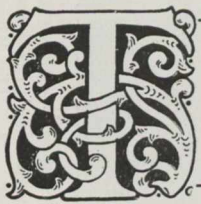
**In Sight of Millions of the Subjects of the Indian Empire.** The King-Emperor and Queen-Empress, attended by young Indian Princes, showing themselves to the multitudes of people below the Fort on the day after the Durbar. This magnificent and historic photograph was taken by Mr. Ernest Brooks.

# A Remarkable General View of the Coronation Durbar at Delhi

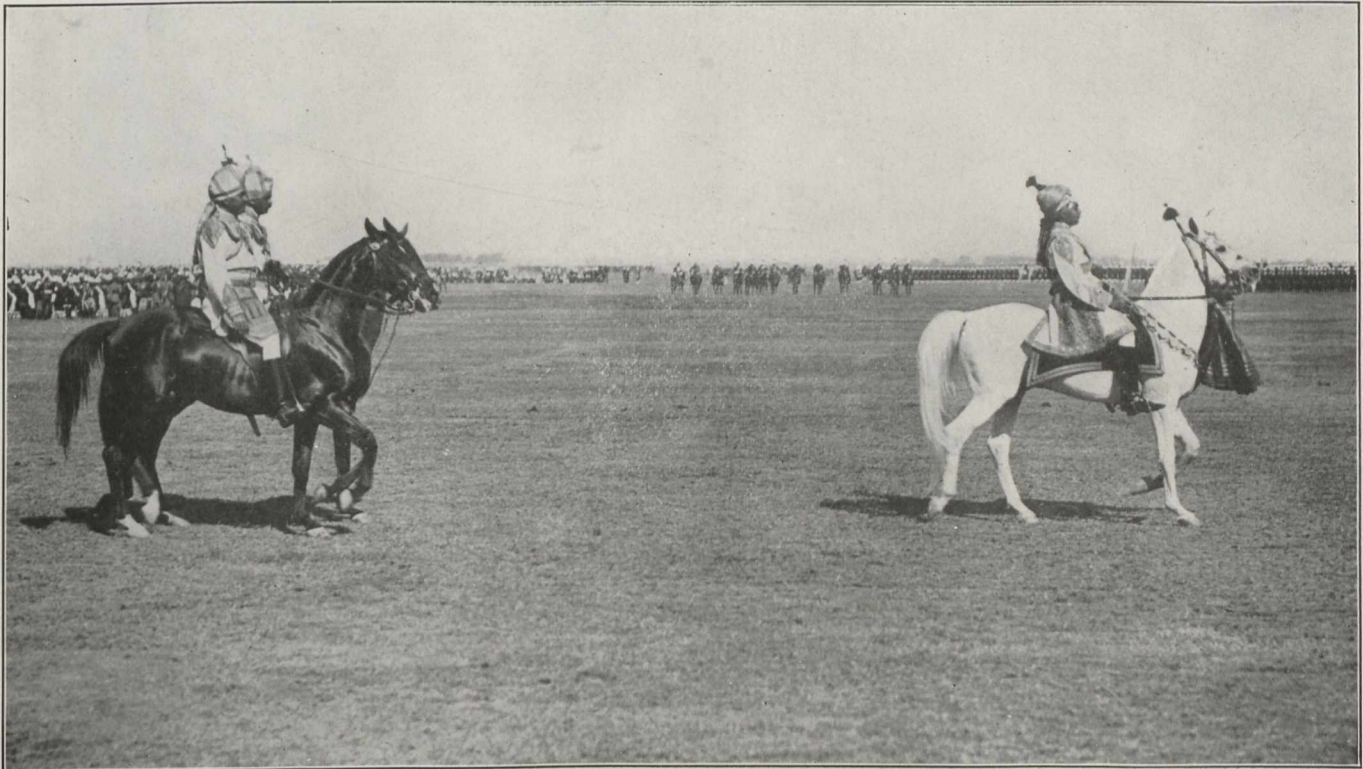


**The Central Incident of the Durbar** This picture, from a photograph taken from the roof of a building some distance away, shows in panoramic form the great central scene of their Majesties' visit to India. The noble canopy in the centre is that under which the King and Queen received the homage of the Indian princes. High officers of the state and army stood on the

steps and troops were drawn up in semi-circles and straight lines, surrounding the state pavilion. The white helmets and puttees of the soldiers are noticeable in the picture and indicate the faultless regularity of the military formation. At the back of the picture one sees tier after tier of spectators, representative of the millions of India, a great mass, a regular sea of turbaned heads.  
—Copyright, Topical.



# THE YOUTH OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE



## A Proud Young Prince

Mounted on the splendid white charger is the Maharajah of Jodhpur, a boy, leading his regiment of native cavalry in review before the King-Emperor, who, with his staff, is seen in the distance.

The posture of the young commandant shows how important a moment it is.

—Central News Staff Photographer.



## Boy Princes who Attended Their Majesties

This fine-looking group of youngsters will surprise most people. The princes look as if they might be the pick of any land for physical beauty.

Would any group of the boy princes of Europe be so fine an example of healthy youth?

—Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brooks.



**Their Majesties' Simple State in Camp at Delhi.** When they made their public appearances in Delhi, the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress were, of course, the centre of much pomp and circumstance, moving always in a gorgeous Eastern setting, surrounded by symbols of Empire. In private life they lived with that simplicity which becomes them so well. To this the "rooms" in their camp bore eloquent witness, for it cannot be said that,

comfortable as they were, they reflected the magnificence of the Emperors of India of old—their Imperial Majesties preferred it so, and, naturally, were obeyed. Simplicity, in fact, is ever a sign of true greatness, and conveys a more impressive sense of dignity than can the most luxurious splendor. 1. The King-Emperor's Work-room, 2. The Queen-Empress's Boudoir, 3. The King-Emperor's Drawing-room, 4. The Queen-Empress's Bed-room.

—Illustrated London News.

# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## ❖ A Canadian Poetess ❖



ALTHOUGH it is only quarter of a century since she died—on February 12th, 1887—Isabella Valancy Crawford and her work have already passed through the period of forgetfulness that so often waits on genius, and have attained to a revival that, sooner or later, comes to all genius that is real. In the foremost rank among Canadian women poets, Miss Crawford is known as yet to comparatively few among the present generation, but of the few are some who have sought to rescue her work from oblivion and give it a permanent place in Canadian literature. In 1905 a collection of her poems appeared, edited by Mr. J. W. Garvin.

Isabella Valancy Crawford was of Irish parentage, and was born near Dublin, on Christmas eve, 1850. Her father, a physician, like many others thought to better his circumstances in the new world, and moved in 1858 with his family to Canada, where he took up his abode in Ontario, first at Paisley on the Saugeen river, and later settled near Peterborough. The family seem to have had a hard struggle in their new home. There were many children, and little coming in to keep them on; and worse even than their lack of this world's goods was their want of the hardy constitution to withstand straitened circumstances and pioneer conditions. The father and one after another of the family passed away until there were left only the mother, Isabella and one of her brothers. The boy, who was not robust, went to find work in the woods, while Isabella and her mother moved to Toronto, where the young writer was the main support of the little home.

The conditions were not such as to appeal to a poetic nature. A little room over a grocery shop was all the home she and her mother could afford, and they had few friends to cheer their loneliness, but the woman who kept the shop, their landlady, was kind. Miss Crawford found her compensation for the narrowness of her lot and her defense against its loneliness by creating a world of her own through the poet's vision. But twenty-five or thirty years ago, Canadian communities were even more taken up with working out their material salvation, and had still less of the leisure that fits to appreciate the fine arts than now. Some of the Toronto newspapers published verses offered to them by the struggling poet, paying small sums for such as they paid for at all, poetry not being a contribution of much value from the newspaper point of view. The readers of a newspaper do not look to it for literature, especially not for poetry, and if occasionally a poem of real merit does appear in its columns, it is sure to be disregarded except by the few lovers of verse who may clip and preserve it in their scrap-books. Isabella Valancy Crawford's poems in the newspapers brought her as little fame as money.

In 1884, Miss Crawford published a little paper-covered volume of poems, "Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems." One can imagine with what tenacious hope and pride of the artist the gifted young woman who had found life one constant demand for courage and effort, sent forth her little book to win the favor of the public, and one can also imagine the bitterness of the disappointment to the sensitive, much-tried spirit when the public received the little book with chilling indifference. Miss Crawford died at the early age of thirty-seven. She had written in all about fifty poems.

Isabella Valancy Crawford's poems are of lyric beauty, and are infused with originality and power. "Old Spookses' Pass," a re-



Isabella Valancy Crawford  
Canadian Poetess (1850-1887)

markable poem of cowboy life, is filled with free, untrammelled spirit of the new West, although the poet had for inspiration only her own inner vision. The West was to her, as to all but the few in those days, a land unvisited. The following verses, full of "human interest," are from the cowboy poem:—

"It ain't no matter wherever ye be—  
I'll 'low it's a curus sort uv case—  
Whar thar's runnin' water it's sure tew  
speak  
Of folks to home, an' the old home place.

An' yer bound tew listen and hear it talk,  
Es your mustang crunches the dry, bald  
sod;  
Fur I reckon the hills an' stars an' cricks  
Are all uv 'em preachers sent by God.

An' them mountains talk tew a chap this  
way—  
"Climb if ye can, ye degenerate cuss,"  
An' the stars smile down on a man an' say,  
"Cum higher, poor critter, come up to us."

An' I reckon, Pard, there is One above  
The highest old star that a chap can see,  
An' he says, in a solid, eternal way,  
"Ye never can stop till ye get to me."

There is understanding and foresight in some of the verses that give evidence of the pioneer life of which the poet saw something

in her early Ontario home. Thus, in "The Axe":—

High grew the snow beneath the low-hung  
sky,  
And all was silent in the wilderness;  
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God  
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her  
face  
While the Great Worker brooded o'er his  
work.

"Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!  
What doth thy bold voice promise me?"

"I promise thee all joyous things  
That furnish forth the lives of kings!

"For every silver ringing blow,  
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

Max smote the snow-weighed tree, and light-  
ly laughed.  
"See, friend," he cried to one that looked  
and smiled,  
"My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—  
We build up nations—this my axe and I!"

A few lines of the "Indian Summer" (from "Malcolm's Katie"), will serve to show Miss Crawford's ability to open up stores of imagery:—

There came a morn the Moon of Falling  
Leaves

With her twin silver blades had only hung  
Above the low-set cedars of the swamp  
For one brief quarter, when the sun arose  
Lusty with light and full of summer heat,  
And, pointing with his arrows at the blue  
Closed wigwam curtains of the sleeping  
Moon,

Laughed with the noise of arching cataracts,  
And with the dove-like cooing of the woods,  
And with the shrill cry of the diving loon,  
And with the wash of saltless rounded seas,  
And mocked the white Moon of the Falling  
Leaves;

"Have you killed the happy, laughing sum-  
mer?"

Have you slain the mother of the flowers  
With your icy spells of might and magic?  
Wrapped her, mocking, in a rainbow blan-  
ket?

Drowned her in the frost-mists of your  
anger?

She is gone a little way before me;  
Gone an arrow's flight beyond my vision.  
She will turn again and come to meet me  
With the ghosts of all the stricken flowers,  
In a blue mist round her shining tresses,  
In a blue smoke in her naked forests.  
She will linger, kissing all the branches;  
She will linger, touching all the places,  
Bare and naked, with her golden fingers,  
Saying, 'Sleep and dream of me, my child-  
ren;

Dream of me, the mystic Indian Summer,  
I who, slain by the cold Moon of Terror,  
Can return across the path of spirits,  
Bearing still my heart of love and fire.  
I am still the mother of sweet flowers  
Growing but an arrow's flight beyond you  
In the Happy Hunting Ground—the quiver  
Of great Manitou, where all the arrows  
He has shot from his great bow of Power,  
Are re-gathered, plumed again, and bright-  
ened,

And shot out, re-barbed with Love and Wis-  
dom;  
Always shot, and evermore returning.  
Sleep, my children, smiling in your heart-  
seeds

At the spirit-words of Indian Summer.  
Thus, O Moon of Falling Leaves, I mock  
you!

Have you slain my gold-eyed squaw, the  
Summer?"



# A Pair of Spendthrifts

A Complete Story

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

(Published by special arrangement)



He was a tourist, by all the marks of the craft, and when he halted by the bridge at Burnfoot with a request for direction on his way, he informed us that ours was the third dale he had traversed since sunrise. He had also passed through the wilds of Black Sail—

which may account in part for certain impressions of life that he had gathered—and he stated with pride that he had "seen everything and missed nothing." Afterwards, he perched himself on the parapet of the bridge, and favored us with a homily on the influence of environment, from which we learned that the severity of the mountains must make also for severity of character. He told us something of the slum life of great cities, and showed us how, by a natural process, the people who dwelled within their squalid depths were as graceless as their homes, their conduct void of beauty, their hearts empty of love. He then proceeded to construct what he called "a parallel," and, swinging his pointing finger around the amphitheatre from Seawell Pike to Crinkle Crags, he demonstrated to us how the men of the hill country must be strong men, but also hard and barren of all tenderness.

He was a young man, this tourist body, with a fine gift of speech, a brand new alpenstock, and Henry Jenkinson's "Guide to the Lakes," and we listened to him with the humility we always rendered to the voice of instruction; but when he had gone upon his way to explore the heights of Wrynose Pass we thought with gratitude of some of the men and women living their lives upon the foothills and in the inner solitudes of the fells, of Margaret Steele of Grayrigg, of John Fletcher of Hunday, of David Branthwaite, our doctor, whose manner was certainly as rough as the hills, but whose heart was as tender as that of the gentlest of the women. Also, we wondered whether it might be that in the slums of the great cities Love was, after all, more powerful than squalor and distress.

While we debated the problem, who should drive around the bend but David Branthwaite himself; and when he pulled up for a word, Andrew Matterson of Nephgyll mentioned the revelations made by the discursive tourist. David listened with obvious impatience, growled something about a "featherheaded gommeral," and declared that in the whole of the dale he was only acquainted with one really hard case—Martin Dockway of Bracken-thwaite—and he was not even certain about the depth of Martin's hardness.

"But there," he added, "I've no time to stay and listen to such stuff. I've a mighty long round just now, what with Nicholson's work on top of my own. I've the full length of Kirkdale to go yet, with a call on the little schoolmistress at Down-in-the-Dale at the end of it."

And then, anticipating an assured inquiry, he added: "The lassie's bad, and to-day I've got a hard job before me—the hardest of all next to telling a body that there's no hope for the one that canna be spared. I've got to pronounce sentence of banishment. It takes a strong man to stand the winters we get up here, and if she's to keep her life she'll have to leave the dale."

In David's day Kirkdale was a law unto itself in the schooling of its children. At the Twin Hamlets we had no difficulty, for our dale is one of the kindly ones, with a fine spread of homes on the foothills and a cluster in the valley itself, so that the school is large enough to carry a schoolhouse by its side. But over on the further side of the Screes the homes of Kirkdale are widely scattered; all told, there is only a handful of them, and in those other days the dalesfolk met the demands of the situation by making a portion of their payment in kind. A homeless wanderer, the teacher passed from house to house, and when he had been entertained for a term at each one, he began the circuit of the dale afresh. It was a hard life, even for a strong man, though not without abundant compensation; and when the men in authority promoted a slender slip of a girl from the south country to be the first schoolmistress of Kirkdale, we were stricken with amazement, and predicted disaster. There was offence also, for certain of the dalesfolk were persuaded that they were being treated with scorn, and at many firesides there were heard the mutterings of revolt.

As a matter of course, the spirit of opposition extended from the system to the individual, and Joan Naylor was threatened with a show of the cold shoulder because she was coming to attempt the work that only a man could perform. Never, however, did rebellion have so short a life. As one of the leaders of the movement, Thomas Fairish was deputed to meet the stranger at Dalefoot, and it was generally agreed that if any man was qualified to "put the madam in her proper place," and show her that "she'd cum where she wasn't wantit," Thomas was the one. But when Thomas found himself looking down into the wistful face of a tired and delicate girl he remembered his own daughter, and instead of a stern "Good-day, ma'am," it was a case of "I see glad to see you." Afterwards he tucked her snugly in his gig, and when they passed through Nether Kirkdale he was telling her that she had come to a hard place but the dalesfolk would do their best to smooth the road for her.

It was arranged that Joan should spend her first fortnight with Elizabeth Key at Down-in-the-Dale, and when the gig pulled up Elizabeth opened her door, armed with a dour manner and a battery of frigid words; but somehow the dourness melted, and the words of thinly veiled hostility became words of the kindest welcome.

"Eh, my bairn," she murmured, "thoo does luik tired, and I see warrant thoo's hafe famished. Nivver mind your traps. Thomas mun see to them. Just you cum inside and rest yourself, and I'll have a cup o' tea ready in neah time." For the remainder of that eventful evening Joan found herself "mothered," almost as much as if she had been in her own home, and when her first letter went out of the dale it carried to the mother in the south an assurance that "if her girl wasn't looked after it wouldn't be the fault of Elizabeth Key." Among the others it was agreed by the end of the first week that the new schoolmistress seemed to be a "likeable lassie," and in the matter of her work judgment was suspended by consent. With a month gone by Joan Naylor could count on an open door at every home and a welcome at every hearth.

After the lapse of days, moreover, we learned that the mother in the south was an invalid and a widow; it was also noticed that the life of Joan Naylor had no luxuries; that her garments, though neat, bore the marks of hard wear; that she was a famous hand at giving to an old gown or an old hat the grace of a new one; and it was observed that on the day she received her salary she never missed a visit to the post office at Nether Kirkdale, whence, according to the gossips, a large share of the money earned among the mountains of the north was transferred to the plains of the south. Another incident of note lay in the fact that, by certain devious means, some of the dalespeople managed to obtain the address of the invalid mother, and now and again a hamper carefully packed with real Cumbrian butter, eggs laid on fellside farms, a cut from a native ham, or a chunk from a fitch of home-cured bacon, was despatched from Dalesfoot, the gift being significant not only of sympathy for a suffering mother, but also testifying to affection for a daughter of quality.

And now, here was David Branthwaite, with his sentence of banishment and the task from which he shrank. It was made known to us later on by Elizabeth Key how he managed it, and from that day there was added another link to the chain which bound us to the doctor.

"He's a masterful man is David Branthwaite," said Elizabeth, "and a gey rough tyke with his tongue when he's got a cross-grained body to deal with; but his faithfulness is as steadfast as the hills, and his tenderness is past the power of words to tell. The schoolmistress says that he minds her most of the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

## II

One drab November night we gathered around the kitchen hearth at Nephgyll, and for an hour we did our best to extract the marrow from a few political bones. At the end of the hour, however, the talk began to flag, and the gathering was threatened with conversational failure until old Michael Scott of Ellerkeld came to the rescue. "I doot," said Michael, "that politics isn't seah varra tempting to-need, and I see thinking we'd better be talking about men—they're oalus interesting." And then, like the wily being that he was, he added: "I met Peter Waugh to-day, and he toald me a

nice crack aboot t'old doctor." This was quite enough. For the rest of the evening, until Mistress Matterson had supper on the board, we discussed David Branthwaite and his mixed manners. And while we all agreed with Michael Scott that David was "the most through-and-through man in all the dales," we also agreed with Robinson Graham that he was "a rare mak' of inconsistencies." Again and again had we found him professing indifference about many things which really cut him to the quick, and it was said of him that he would sleep like a top over his own troubles and worry through a sleepless night over those of his people.

About the time that the schoolmistress of Kirkdale tendered her resignation, the doctor appeared to strike a new vein of irritability, and there were certain of his patients who declared that there was no pleasing him. It was clear that he had something on his mind, and one day, as he drove out Hardknot way, with Dash in the gig by his side, he gave old Meg a loose rein and took the terrier into his confidence.

"I've been a bit too free with my money, laddie," he said, "and I'm beginning to feel the pinch. I must really try and save a bit, though saving's a stiff job at my time o' life. And I've had a lot o' calls lately. There was that operation on Martha Jackson. Sir Robert's fee ran to twenty pounds, and I hadn't the heart to let John know that it cost mair than ten, for I'll warrant the lad was hard put to it to find that much. I couldn't stand by and see the woman slip away and leave a houseful o' bairns, could I, laddie? And the look that John gave me when I told him that Martha would live, was worth ten pounds of anybody's money. Then I bought that new electric contrivance to treat Jossy Adair with. And—oh dear me, this want o' money's a terrible thing." Then he smiled grimly. "Wish you and me could only tumble down a gold-mine, Dash."

With another mile ground out he began again. "There's no help for it. I'll have to call on John Fletcher, though it's a shame, for I'm always getting my hand into his pocket. Still, he'd be hurt if I didn't do it, and the little schoolmistress must be given her chance and her mother must be saved from heart-break. So we'll call it settled, laddie. I think I can manage about twenty pound myself, and tomorrow we'll away to Hunday and I'll ask Fletcher for the rest."

Now it happened that just at this moment he glanced up the flank of the hill on whose breast the house of Bracken-thwaite stands, and at once the corners of his lips tightened.

"The selfish carl," he muttered. "What a power of good lies in his hands, and he'll not use it. He's grown so near that he wouldn't part with the reek off his porridge if he could help it. He's just the man I want, but—"

The frown upon the doctor's face flickered into a sort of smile. This was followed by a chuckle of some significance, and David slapped his leg. "I'll let John Fletcher bide a day or two," he said; "just while I have a shot at Martin Dockway." And then he again addressed himself to the terrier. "Dash, my laddie, tomorrow we'll have a night out. I'm going to sleep in one of Martin Dockway's beds, and you shall stretch on his hearth-rug. I've done a bit of blood-letting in my time, and now I'm going to see if I can fetch it from a stone."

Accordingly it happened on the following night that about the hour wherein most of the dalespeople sought their beds, the doctor's gig lumbered along the lanning to Bracken-thwaite, and the doctor demanded the hospitality which no one in the dale ever denied him—a bed for himself, a stall for Meg, and house-room for his dog.

Among the homes of the dale we counted Bracken-thwaite a place of quality, and its master might have ruled in our midst, a leader of men, if he would have paid the price which real leadership exacts. Instead, he preferred the way of the selfish life, with no interests outside the boundaries of his own acres, and no love except that which he concentrated on his only child. In his case, as in so many others, fatherhood stood for redemption. He was perplexed by the doctor's visit, for he suspected that if David had followed his bent he would have picked an old grand-father's chair in a farmhouse kitchen rather than a seat of luxury in the Bracken-thwaite dining-room; but it was not until the night was far spent that he delivered himself into his visitor's hands with a reference to the hardships of the doctor's life.

"Hard?" David pulled himself together for the blow he had prepared. "Ay, hard enough. Nobody but the doctor knows how hard—but—I canna help thinking that it's harder for the folk. I tell you what, Martin: ye should count yourself one of the lucky ones. You've had your share of sickness to battle with, but you've been spared the agony of poverty, and of all the agonies there's none so great as sickness and poverty when they go hand in hand. It's a fearful crucifixion when the best-beloved is doon and in want o' the things that cost money and there is no money to buy them with."

"As for the doctoring, it's simply a heart-break—when I order a woman body to rest if her life has t' be spared, and there's a pack of wee bairns calling for every minute of her time and every

ounce of her love, and the mother's rest means neglect of them. And again, when I tell an overworked man that it's no physic he needs but chickens and soups and jellies to build up his strength, and all the time I ken that when the rent's paid and the bread-and-butter have been bought there's varra little left—I tell ye, man, that at times like these words seem to be a mockery and doctoring a sham. If it wasn't for the men with the helping hand I've got about me I couldn't bide it. I'd be running away. Of course, I've never bothered you, Martin, but there's been no disrespect in that. I've known full well that you'd be having folks in plenty pulling at you, and there's reason in everything—even in charity and helpfulness."

Across the intervening strip of hearth Martin Dockway threw a look of amazement. For the moment, indeed, resentment was disarmed by perplexity. This was surely a new David Branthwaite that he was entertaining. The old David was a man of the volcanic type—one whose scorn was brutal, whose blows fell hard like the beat of a sledge-hammer; but this was one of the crafty men who dealt in words of subtle irony.

"I've got a case on hand just now that's worrying me a lot." While Martin wrestled with astonishment, David was off again. "It's the little schoolmistress of Kirkdale, Mebbe you'll have heard that Nicholson's indoors with his bronchitis again, and I'm working his round. She's a fine lassie, is the schoolmistress, but she's not tough enough for life in the dale. Our keen winds and the hard round have nearly killed her, and I'm having to send her home till her mother. Worst of it is, the mother herself is a sickly sort of body who never has a day's health from year end till year end; and, bit by bit, I've wormed it out of little Joan that there isn't enough money for one of them, let alone the pair. You ken her, don't you?"

Dockway nodded his head. He was frowning and fidgeting because of embarrassment, but he was losing none of the story.

"Ay, I thought you couldn't have missed her. Somehow, she reminds me of your own lassie; got a glint of the same blue in her eye, the same lilt in her voice; and when she looks up at you she's got that same wistful little trick that sets your own Mary off so fine. Man, what a mercy it is you've been able to give your bairn all she needs. What if she had been like the schoolmistress, who'll die if she stays up here and who's got to starve if she goes home!"

"A hard case, certainly—a very hard case—but," Dockway floundered among his words badly, "but there ought to be some way of meeting it. Is there no organization—?" Here he detected the storm-signal as it flashed into being, and covered his blunder with a hasty question, "Is she going home?"

"That I can't tell ye at present. What she ought to have is a sea voyage: it'd set her up. But that's out of the question. Next best thing is a month on the south coast, with plenty to eat, nothing to do, and a free mind, so that she could pick up her strength and get fit to earn her living again, and I'm away in the morning to Hunday to beg another Good Samaritan turn from John Fletcher. He has a fine notion of using his money, has John, and I've never known him refuse me the help I've asked of him. It's true that I'd rather not do it, for I'm terrible hard on him, but I can't let the lassie slip away for the want of a few bits of gold and silver."

So far as direct application to the case of Joan Naylor goes this was David's last word. For a brief spell he lapsed into silence, only it was not the silence of surrender. After the manner of his own terrier, he was merely changing his grip. When he spoke again he had what appeared to be a new theme.

"It seems like old times, Martin," he said, "to be sitting in your room with yourself on the other side of the hearth."

"It's fine to see you here," Martin responded genially. "It must be quite a handful of years since you and I spent a night together."

David gazed reflectively into the fire, as though he might be reckoning up the time. He was a man without mercy when it suited his purpose, and he meant to be very hard now. "I'm just thinking," he said at last. "I mind one time—when I was here alone for a while. It's one of the things that helps me to think well of humanity. That night, as I sat in this very corner, I looked straight into the heart of a woman and saw the store of love that lay within it." From this point David slipped deeper into the Doric of the dales—one of his tricks when he was strongly moved. "You were upstairs yersel', Martin, and your life was hangin' by a wee bit thread. I'd been with you the day throo and I kenned full well that in another hour you'd be at grips wi' death. So I slipped away for ten minutes to prepare for what I knew was in front. And by an' by Margaret followed me intil the room an' doon she dropped by me side and, laying her hands on my knees, she tried t' beg for your life. It was mighty little speech that sorra had left her, but, eh man, what she did say was full o' power. 'I canna do without him, David,' she cried, and then she told me a bit aboot the wonderful love you'd given her and your devotion to your bairn. And

(Continued on page 25)

# The Toilet and the Baby

**B**Y the time February comes the gowns and costumes in commission since the beginning of the season have lost their freshness, and need to be refurbished up more or less. The amount of renovation required depends as much on the care that has been taken of the wardrobe as on the wear it has received. Skirts that are thrown over a chair-back to bide their time, and waists that are hung by one arm-hole or the back of the neck, with a heap of other clothing, soon show the effect of their careless treatment. Even with the best of care, however, as the season advances some extra attention is necessary, unless the supply of frocks and other garments is greater than that which usually falls to the lot of the woman of ordinary means.

As for the street suit, whether coat or skirt, or one-piece dress with long coat, having it cleaned and pressed is about all that can be done provided it is in good order as to linings, facings, etc. If not, these must be put in perfect repair. Most of this season's suits depend on the large collar and cuffs, and the buttons, for effect of trimming. In "fixing up" a suit, sometimes the addition of velvet collar and cuffs in one of the modish large shapes will give quite a renewed smartness, or instead of the velvet there may be used cloth of a color harmonizing with that of the costume. A touch of vivid-hued Oriental embroidery on the lapels of a dark coat may be a welcome change for the rest of the winter.

The mid-winter sales afford many inexpensive aids for renewing the little frocks for wear at home. Often a remnant of fine, good lace can be had for a great deal less than its value, of a length sufficient to be made into a side frill, or a collar and jabot caught with tiny bows of colored velvet ribbon. The side frills of white net or muslin, that were so very popular early in the season, have become tiresome, but the idea can still

be developed effectively with fine, creamy lace on the house dress. When the bodice opens in the back, the frill can be draped from one shoulder to the centre of the bust line in front, and caught there with a butterfly bow or a satin flower. Short ends of embroidered band trimming can be utilized to add a smart touch of color to a plain house frock, or if one cannot find the desired color in the reduced pieces, an excellent effect can be obtained by working over the pattern in rather coarse ecru or string-color lace insertion, using heavy embroidery silks of the colors wanted. This does not take long, as the work goes quickly and only a small amount of such trimming is necessary. The sailor collar has not lost its popularity, and a waist that fastens in front, and is simply made can be altered by the addition of a sailor collar in black satin. With this kind of collar the bodice is usually cut away a little at the throat, and worn with a little gümpe and collar of white or cream net, although collarless frocks are permissible for home wear. Still, we seem to have grown a little tired of them, and the high collar in day-time frocks is liked for the present, the more so as the collarless style will likely be with us again in the summer. When the fashion of the frock and the individuality of the wearer permit, there is no more charming way of freshening up a house dress than by a dainty fichu of white net or sheer muslin and lace. There are so many shapes in which the fichu can be draped that it can be made becoming to most women who can wear the simple style of dress with which the lingerie fichu seems most appropriate. A gown, of which the bodice begins to show signs of wear, can be treated to a little bolero jacket of silk, velvet, or brocade, for which a small piece of material will suffice. Another little coatee effect suitable for the home dress has open sleeves coming almost to the elbow, with turn-back cuffs, and wide flat collar. The coatee reaches to the top of the belt and is finished with an inch-wide ruching or knife-plaiting. Two materials can be combined economically.

In the department of evening dress there is often need for renovation before the season is over, because of the comparatively perishable nature of the fabrics. The almost universal fashion of the tunic and other forms of over-drapery opens up the way for renovation at no great outlay. The overdress may be of any length, opening in front, draped up at one side, or straight all round, and of almost any material. Some of the prettiest styles, in ninon or net, are so simple that they can be managed quite easily by the home dressmaker. Some kind of brilliant embroidery makes an effective finish to the tunic of filmy material, and one can often quite redeem a gown that is "losing caste" by applying a border worked in vivid hued silks and gold or silver threads, or in colored and metallic beads. The border may be worked on net, stamped in the design and sewed on to the tunic. Working the design with tiny beads is not difficult, if one keeps to only two or three colors, including gold or silver. A simple satin frock may be touched up by a girle worked in brilliant metallic threads and colored stones, or a high draped girle with long sash ends finished with heavy embroidery to the depth of several inches. The fancy for one-sided arrangements gives scope for ingenuity in draping a partly worn frock to make the best of it.

Satin flowers have blossomed out delightfully since the cold weather began, and their appearance gives a refreshing touch to gowns, coats, and furs. A cluster of shaded button crysanthemums, or a bunch of violets and rosebuds on the muff or fur stole; a large satin rose in bluish pink or deep red fastening the waist drapery of the house frock, or a bunch of smaller satin roses tucked into the girle; a garland of pale pink buds on the round waist or looping up the drapery of a girlish party frock, or a big knot of old-fashioned geraniums or pansies in the corsage of the evening frock, these are some of the ways in which the satin or velvet artificial flowers of the season are utilized in the realm of dress.

## Baby's Ailments

Sore mouth may come from some germ contamination of the bottle or food, but, from whatever cause, if it appears, it should be treated at once lest it spread to the throat. Boracic acid solution may be used to advantage. Boil the water, dissolve the boracic acid in it, about a teaspoonful to the pint, and strain. Wrap absorbent cotton around the finger, taking great care that it is wound on so securely that it cannot slip off, dip it into the boracic acid solution, and carefully wash out the mouth, going over every part of it, and back well to the throat. You will need several fresh bits of cotton in the operation, as what has been used in one part of the mouth must not be dipped into the solution and used again. There is no use giving the treatment at all unless such precautions are observed.

Constipation is a drawback to the development of some young children, from the time they are mere babies. It is very unwise to get into the way of giving a laxative regularly to overcome the trouble. In most cases it will be found that the food is not quite right for the baby's use. The mother who nurses her child must remember that the food she herself eats affects the condition of the baby. If the baby is bottle fed, adding a little more cream to the milk will often be all that is required. Give water to drink when the baby is thirsty between feeding times. For an older child, give orange juice in the morning before breakfast. If this does not overcome the trouble, a teaspoonful of olive oil may be given during the day. Watch the child's food, and do not let him have meat—until he is two years old, and not every kind then—or anything else he cannot readily digest. Looseness of the baby's bowels is caused by over-rich milk, drinking water that is not pure, or in some such way. Scalding the milk for a few days will often work a cure. If the looseness is extreme, and the movements greenish in color, the milk feeding should be stopped. Frequently the physician will advise in such cases giving a dose of castor oil. Instead of the usual milk feedings give water that has been boiled. This will help to carry away the fermented matter that is causing the trouble. Afterwards give barley water until the condition is corrected, and the movements have become normal, then return to the milk by degrees. In every ailment of childhood, if the trouble does not yield promptly to home treatment, a physician should be consulted without delay.

## WHICH WAY HE FELL.

"Ya-as," drawled the Yankee, "I once knoo a man, sir, who fell off a window-sill in a flat twenty stories high, and never hurt himself, beyond a few bruises." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the Englishman. "True!" asserted the other. "Up there he was, cleanin' the window, and he fell right off!" "Bosh!" said the Englishman; "how could that be?" "Waal, sir," drawled the Yankee, "you see, he just happened luckily to fall inside!"



**Holland's Little Princess.** This is the latest picture of Juliana Wilhelmina, Princess of Orange, only daughter of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The portrait is from a recent snapshot taken in the gardens of the Royal Palace at Amsterdam, by the Queen herself. The little Princess is two years and nine months old.  
—Photo., Underwood & Underwood.

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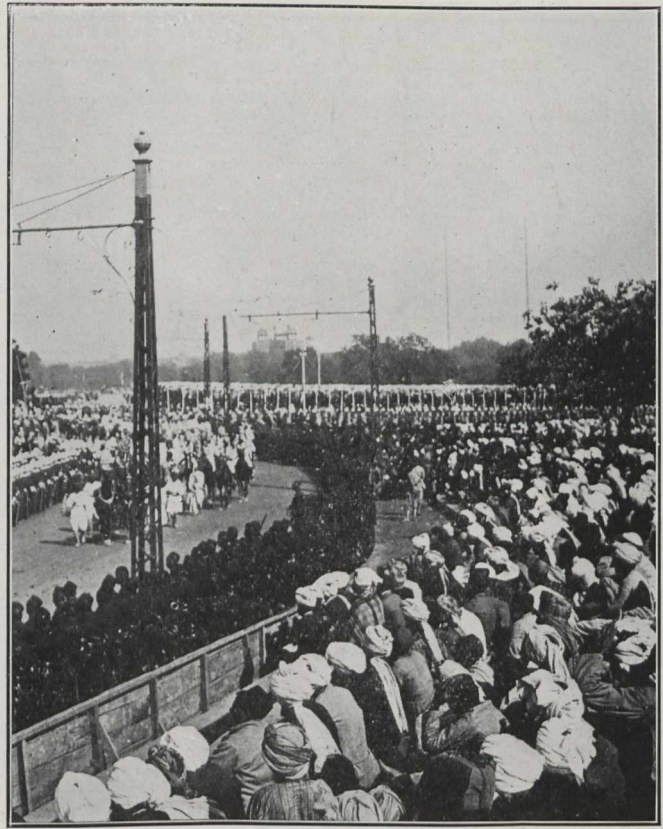
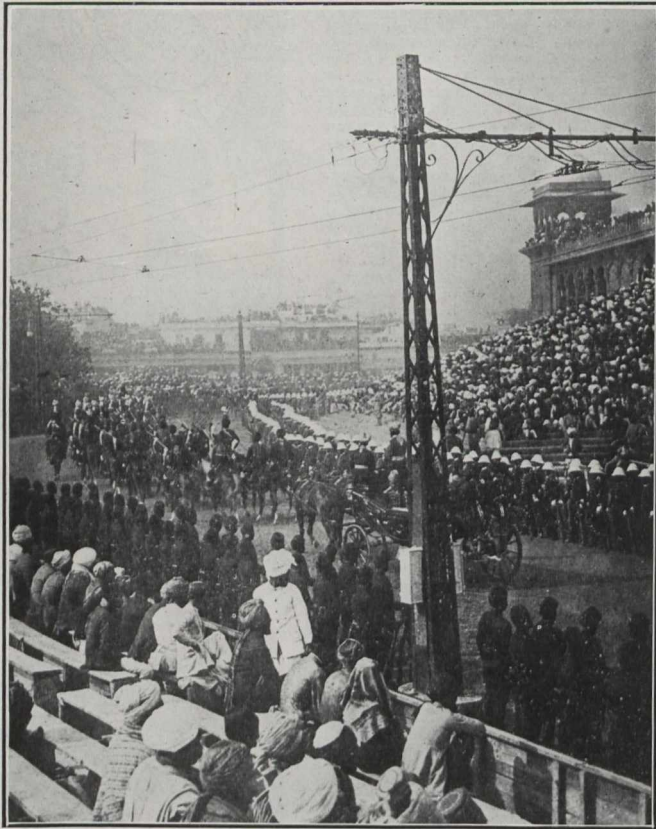
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# INDIAN DURBAR SCENES



### The Procession.

The first picture shows the pageant passing the Jumma Musjid Mosque in the grand state entry into Delhi and the second passing along Khas Road. The garb of the native spectators is as interesting as the procession itself.

—Underwood & Underwood.



### In a Silver Carriage.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer, driving in his silver carriage, to call upon the King in camp. His Highness, who is a Cambridge man, was champion batsman for all England 1896-1900.

—Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brooks.

## FOR A LEISURE MOMENT

### AT A VALENTINE PARTY.

She sat on the steps at a party,  
Enwrapped in an absent air.  
Came her lover with greetings hearty;  
She gave him a vacant stair.

☒

### ONE ON THE LAWYERS.

At a Barristers' Mess some of his brother barristers, in fun, chaffed Mr. Waddy very much because he was a Methodist. He waited patiently till they had done. Then he stood up and faced his tormentors, and said: "Yes, gentlemen, what you say is quite correct. My father was a Methodist parson, my uncle was a Methodist parson, and they were anxious that I should become a Methodist parson, but they found out I had not sufficient brains for a Methodist parson, so they made me into a barrister."

☒

### THE MAIN CHANCE.

A Lancashire commercial traveller while on one of his journeys through Scotland was one morning chatting upon local matters with a grocer in a small town. A sudden idea evidently came to the grocer, and he said to the knight of the road, "Dae ye tak' ony interest in gowf?"

"Well, yes," replied the traveller, "I myself play a little."

"Weel, maybe ye widna min' if ye gied us a haun' wi' our local tournament fund?"

The traveller, having an eye to further orders, thought this an opportunity not to be missed, and asked if five shillings would be acceptable.

"I'm muckle obleeged tae ye," said the grocer, "it's real kind o' ye," and he forthwith proceeded to give an acknowledgment for the subscription.

"Now that I have an interest in this tournament of yours, perhaps you will let me know in due course when it is to be played off?" said the traveller.

"Oh," was the reply, "it was played off last Setterday."

"Indeed," said the Englishman, "and who won it?"

"Man," said Sandy, "tae tell ye the truth, I won it mysel'."

☒

### PUTTING THEM IN THEIR PLACE.

This story is told of how Mark Twain once snubbed a couple of young fellows who were "putting on side" in a New York restaurant. Mark was sitting near these gentlemen, and their remarks caused him a great deal of annoyance. At length one of them summoned a waiter, and in a commanding tone gave an order for some oysters. "Mind you tell the chef whom they are for," he added. "Yes," drawled the other, "better tell him my name too so as to be certain that everything is all right." Presently a waiter approached Mark Twain's table. "I say," Mark called to him, imitating the young fellow's drawl, "bring me a dozen oysters, will you? And whisper my name to each of 'em to make sure it's all right!"

☒

### WHY WILLIE WAS ABSENT.

A kindergarten teacher tells a good joke on herself. She has been very strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence. The morning of the big snowstorm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one tot, named Willie. When asked for this, he said—"I did ferdit it." He was cautioned to bring it the next day. Willie's mother was quite disgusted. It seemed to her that anyone with the slightest pretensions to grey matter ought to know the reason for his absence. The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read—"Dear Miss C, Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep.—Very truly yours, Mrs. J."

☒

### SHARING GOOD NEWS.

The alarm clock went off with a tring. Curly woke up with a start, and was out of bed with a bound. "My, it's a foggy morning," he exclaimed, but he discovered that he had set his clock wrong and had still two hours of blessed sleep. He did not return to bed at once. He slipped on his shoes and jacket, crept out of his room and along the passage. Then he stopped before a door and banged on it. "Confound it," groaned a voice smothered in sheets. "Time to get up?" "No, you've two hours yet," said Curly. "Two hours. Then why on earth have you called me up for?" "Why, to warn you," observed Curly, "for I made the same mistake myself."

### A LAWYER'S FAITH.

A young lawyer had undertaken to defend a man who was charged with stealing a stove. "No, no," he said soothingly, "I know you didn't steal the stove. If I thought for a minute that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among us lawyers. Yes, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it all to me and don't say a word. You can pay a guinea now, and—" "A guinea, boss!" exclaimed the accused man in a hoarse voice. "Why don't yer make it ten thousand guineas? I c'd pay yer jest as easy. I ain't got no money." "No money?" The lawyer looked indignant. "No—ner know where I kin git any eether." The lawyer seemed crestfallen for a few minutes; then his face brightened. "Well," he said, "I like to help honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what to do. I'll get you out of this scrape, and we'll call it square if you'll send the stove round to my office. I want a new one!"

☒

### A LAST RESCORT.

The town hall was packed. Not a place was vacant, from the humble threepenny benches to the special tip-up seats at half-a-crown, and the village audience followed the heroine's tribulations with bated breath.

She was having a terrible time. In the space of five short minutes she was nearly run over by a mad horse, bitten by a mad dog, and drowned in a mad mill-rush. And she escaped these things only to fall finally into the hands of the vaunting villain.

The audience strained forward as the villain led her to a lonely cave, and cast here into the presence of a huge gorilla.

"R-r-r-revenge at last!" muttered the villain.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried the heroine, as the gorilla approached, with a malevolent grimace. "Oh, what shall I do?"

It was too much. The strain could not be borne any longer. In a frenzy of excitement, a member of the audience rose from his seat, clapped his hands to his mouth, and shouted—

"Chuck 'im a nut, miss!"

☒

### POLITELY INSISTENT.

A man travelling on a through express left his seat in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman. When he returned, in spite of the fact that he left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes. "Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?" "My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

☒

### A REDEEMING FEATURE.

The old man had given his son a very fair education, and had taken him into his shop. The young fellow was over-nice about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer. "I wish to goodness," exclaimed the son, "that Gibson would learn to spell." "What's the matter with it?" inquired the father cheerfully. "Whv, he spells coffee with a K." "No—does he? I never noticed it." "Of course, you never did," said the son pettishly. "You never notice anything like that." "Perhaps not, my son," replied the old man gently, "but there is one thing I do notice, which you will learn by and bye, and that is that Gibson pays cash."

☒

### REASSURING.

The facetious Joe Hall, the original Lockit in the *Beggars' Opera*, in the year 1730, the scene room at Covent Garden Theatre being on fire, and the audience greatly alarmed, was ordered by Rich, the manager, to run on the stage and explain the matter, which honest Joe did in the following address—"Ladies and gentlemen, for heaven's sake, don't be frightened, don't stir, keep your seats, the fire is almost out, but if it was not, we have a reservoir of one hundred hogs-heads of water over your heads that would drown you all in five minutes."

## How Far Will A Dollar Go?

It is largely a question of food knowledge and food sense. An intelligent selection of food means less waste, smaller grocery bills, better health, better nourished bodies. For breakfast take two

# SHREDED WHEAT

Biscuits and heat them in the oven to restore crispness and then pour hot milk over them, and you have a warm, nourishing meal that will supply all the strength for a half-day's work, at a cost of four or five cents.

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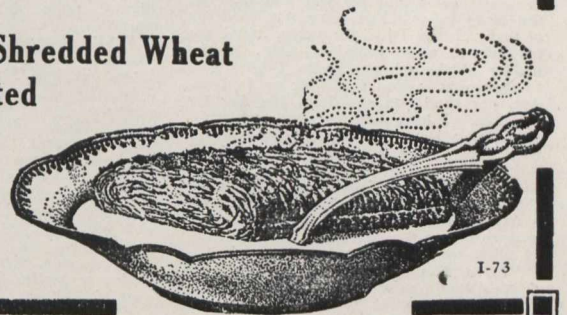
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### MILLINERY ITEM.

"That hat makes you look thin," said the clever salesman to the stout lady. Sold. "That hat makes you appear stouter," he said to the thin lady. Also sold. "It makes you look young," he said to the elderly lady. Also sold. "It makes you look tall," he said to the short lady. Also sold. "It makes you look short," he said to the tall lady. Also sold. "It matches your rich complexion," he said to the pale lady. Also sold. And the purchasers were also sold, for, of course, all the hats were exactly alike.

☒

### RECIPROCITY.

A young Canadian went to Washington to spend Christmas with a pretty cousin and her family. As he was motoring with this pretty cousin one afternoon she said to him, "Do you have reindeer in Canada?" "No, darling," he answered quickly, "at this season it only snows."

☒

### REALISM IN ART.

A local painter worked three months on a painting. He spent a good deal of money on models, but the finished product justified all his expenditures and all his time. Everybody told him so when his picture was exhibited. Everybody but one. This lady, whose opinion he valued most, was the one he took to the exhibition with him. "I can hardly wait," she bubbled. "Which is your picture?" "This one," he told her—and waited. She studied it in detail. "What is it called?" she wanted to know. "Wood Nymphs." "How silly of me to ask! They're so natural. Why, anybody would think they were really made of wood!"



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Exact—convenient—and economical, because no waste.

58



One Cube  
to a Cup.

## A Pair of Spendthrifts

(Continued from page 22)

after this her voice grew quite awesome and a new sort of trouble crept into her bonny eyes and she toald me of her hopes for you. "He's a good man," she said, "but away fra his own home he's been a bit careless, not hard, but a little bit careless. He's missed his chances—but he's young yet, and if he's spared I'm sure he'll grow into a man of power—one of those who help to keep the world sweet and clean. So, you'll do your best, David, won't you, if only to give him his chance?" Eh, man, it must be fine to ken that there's one body in the world who thinks of you as Margaret thought of yoursell'."

Dockwray made no movement. He was sitting with clasped hands, his head down, a man bereft of speech. After a pause David began again:

"I mind another time I sat here. Your bairn had need of me then. And it was yoursell' who came and begged me to do that which I was willing enough to do without any asking fra anybody. I mind hoo you paced the floor in your agony of mind and hoo you opened your heart to me. You said you'd been living a selfish sort of life, with little thought for the weary and the heavy-laden outside your own walls, and you promised that if only God would spare the life of your bairn you'd use the power that had been given to you, so that the weary should be helped to their rest and the heavy-laden be eased of their load. No doot you've kept the promises you made. I haven't heard much of your benefactions, I'll own, but then you'll be just like other folk I could name, and not be for letting your left hand ken what your right hand is doing."

One more count in the indictment still remained. It concerned the night whereon Margaret Dockwray went home and the promises that were then renewed; but half-way through the doctor pulled out his watch and then rose sharply to his feet. "Good gracious, man," he exclaimed, "I've talked the morning in. Just get me my candle, and I'll away to my bed. I dinna ken hoo you can listen till my havers."

Now it happens that when the master of Brackenthwaite left the doctor at his bedroom door he himself returned to his sitting-room, and there remained until the light of dawn was breaking on the hills. It also happens that when David resumed his journey in the morning Martin Dockwray had a message for him.

"Thank you for your call, David Brackenthwaite," he said, "and I'm hoping that again you will make my home a resting place on your way. When Mary returns she shall come and see you and tell you the same thing. You have reminded me of many things I had forgotten, and I am making no more promises—only, in the matter of the schoolmistress, I have this to say to you: You shall not go to Hunday, nor shall you ask John Fletcher for his help. I have nothing more to say—you are at least gifted with discernment. Now then, away with you to your sick folk."

Three days later David again drove up the hills to Brackenthwaite, and again was Martin Dockwray assailed with reproach, only this time the doctor's manner did not at all agree with the words he used.

"Ye're a downright spendthrift," he cried, "and a miserable schemer into the bargain. No doubt you think it was a clever trick going all the way to Netherport to carry out your plots and plans, but I saw through it all, even the mask of the Netherport postmark."

Here the doctor held out his hand. I'll have a wag of your paw, Martin Dockwray, an' it's a joy to ken you. Eh, man, but it's mighty. A voyage to the West Indies and back for the little schoolmistress and her mother, and a bundle of crinkly-erankle Bank of England notes into the bargain. And you didn't sign your name till your gift. Just put a bit note inside which said: 'A Thank-offering from the Man who Forgot.' You've given the dale a rare puzzle; the folks 'll spend the winter in trying to guess the name of that man."

"You must never tell it, David—never," Dockwray begged. "You have saved me from myself—and it's just between you and me."

"I'd like to shout it from the walls of Gath and cry it from the roofs of Ascalon," the doctor gravely responded; "but I think I understand ye, and I've no fancy for spoiling your reward." And then, as a sort of disconnected afterthought, he added: "I'm thinking of your wife's faith, Martin. Margaret keaned her man."

THE END.



MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

A well-known detective was recently complimented on an arrest that he had made. The arrest had been mysteriously achieved, and the detective was asked to explain it. This he refused to do. "There are so many ways of catching criminals," he said laughing. "You know what the old man told his wife? She first said to him—'Don't talk, John. You can't say I ever ran after you.' 'True,' the old man assented. 'And you can't say the trap ever runs after the mouse, either, but it gathers him in just the same.'"

## The Honor of Valdi

(Continued from page 26)

was the bitter retort.

Don Mario glanced significantly around the room. "Less conveniently so," he deprecated. "These frescoed panels, that fluted marble—is not that costly mirror yonder well designed to reflect the beauty of a lovely lady?"

From one object named, to the next, Valdi's eyes followed.

"Rosario," he said abruptly, "leave us for a time, sweetheart. I have business to discuss with Don Mario."

The girl rose obediently, curtsied to her husband, and put her hand in his as he stood up to lead her to the door. In her white silk draperies, her pale-gold fairness of beauty gave the effect of a purity unearthly, transcendental. As she moved her reflection in the long mirror started forward to meet her, so for an instant the room seemed crossed by two silver-bright figures stepping between the two men and separating them.

When Valdi came back, it was to remain standing.

"Is this the room with the door?" he asked harshly.

"Yes, dear prince."

"Show me it."

"Surely, dear prince. But first take this tiny crystal phial. See how the rose-colored cordial glows. Cordial? I should say elixir—a cure for gnawing ambitions and weary brains worn by cares of state, a sweet producer of dreamless rest. So, hide it in your vest; you may see someone who needs its aid."

"Show me the door."

"I am about to do so. I would have come sooner, but the duke sent for me to give report of Rocca Grigia as I found it, and of my impressions of you."

Valdi's head went up.

"You!"

"How could I help his command, prince? Be certain I only told him good of you. The door—"

The painted bracelet on the arm of one frescoed figure was the key. Under Don Mario's fingers something moved, clicking, and on the opposite side of the room the long mirror suddenly turned back into the wall, leaving exposed a narrow, dark passage.

"There is no one in Belfiore who can find that door, except me," said Don Mario, as the mirror swung again into place. "And now, you."

"How did you learn the trick?"

A curious expression flickered across the other's face.

"Does that matter, prince? I put the knowledge in your hands—a weapon. And a safe one. To empty this phial into the glass which stands on a table beside his bed each night, to regain this distant room unseen—who could suspect?"

Valdi answered nothing, but never had Rosario seen the steel-hard man who looked at Don Mario.

Life at the court of Belfiore was very pleasant, very gay. Into it the two from Rocca Grigia readily slipped. Rosario spent long hours with the Duchess Gemma and her ladies; Valdi learned to lounge drowsy days away with the insouciant nobles around him.

"Lelio," the duke asked his five-year-old son, one morning in the gardens, "who gave you that golden ball?"

"Francesco, signore," lisped the child, lifting a replica in miniature of Guido's own vivid face.

"Why did your brother give you his toy?"

"Because I wanted it, signore."

"The elder is Lelio; the more loving Francesco," mused the duke. "One must bend to the other. We can have no household war and feud between them, cousin."

"No, my lord," answered Valdi, from his stand near the other's chair.

"No; I like my house at peace. To save Rosario from widowhood I sacrificed some things last year. For Anjou insisted absolutely upon my executing you for the kidnapping of Count Ferrand, or delivering you to them for punishment. But I won my point."

Valdi put his hand to his throat, as if the summer air suffocated; his reply was hardly articulate.

"I carried my point," Guido repeated. "But I could not well fail to protect you, cousin, after you had given word to be true officer of mine."

There was an avenue of flowering almond trees debouching opposite. As Guido raised his eyes, concluding, he saw Rosario di Valdi standing at the end of the avenue, the little Count Francesco clinging to her hand as she gazed with doubt-filled, terrified intentness at her husband. Snow pale, snow cold, she watched Valdi's face, until some attractive force slowly drew her blue eyes to meet the duke's ironic regard. No one spoke; Valdi, his eyes lowered, saw nothing. And presently Rosario retreated, step by step, drawing the rosy child with her, until the pink-and-white blossoming branches shut her from view.

"The day grows very warm," drawled Guido. "Let us go in, cousin."

Long and late was Valdi's conference with Don Mario Russo, that night. Rosario had long before retired, and fallen asleep, when her husband came into their chamber. Seeing her so in her childish beauty, Valdi bent over to kiss her. At once she roused, clasping her soft arms around his neck.

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You apply it in a jiffy, and the pain of the corn ends at

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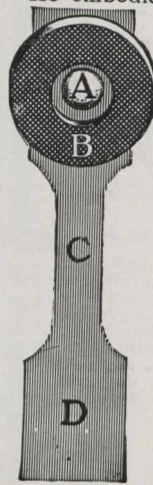
No soreness, no discomfort. You forget you have a corn, until it has gone for good. Nothing else acts like this.

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B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.



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"I dreamed you were gone," she panted. "Rufino, I dreamed you were taken from me. That man—Don Mario—"

"Hush, hush; you dream still."

"No! Why does he follow you? Why have you changed to me?"

"Changed to you!"

His passionate lips silenced hers, and there was a brief pause.

"Rufino, to-day I saw you with the duke, and he looked, he looked—Oh, do not anger him! Who are we to stand against Guido del Isoletto? I am afraid—stay with me to-night."

"Beloved, I cannot; I have work."

She flung back her golden head to gaze at him.

"You leave me alone, as ever since we came here?"

"I must!"

Sighing, she unclasped her arms and sank among the pillows.

"Maria sanctissima guard you! Remember me!"

Valdi went back to the room with the secret door.

In the last hours of the waning night the great mirror swung suddenly inward. In the hidden passage stood Guido del Isoletto and looked down at the man, who, wrapped in a velvet cloak, lay asleep on the floor before the mirror door. Very quietly Valdi lay, his dark head resting on his arm, his face calm and still. There had been no sound to awaken him, nor did the duke betray his presence. Once he stooped closer to the sleeper, to verify by the dim taper light that the other's gold-hilted dagger was in its sheath, and rose, smiling oddly.

The space of the visit was not long. When Valdi stirred slightly in his sleep,

(Continued on page 29)

**The Honor of Valdi**

(Continued from page 28)

Guido stepped noiselessly back into the passage, and the door shut.

There was no change in the duke's bearing towards Valdi, during the next two days. But there was a change in Don Mario, who was restless and feverishly impatient for his accomplice to act. "Why do we wait?" he urged. "We have no time to linger."

Yet, Valdi did linger. On the second night after the duke's visit, the sleeper lying before the mirror door was awakened by someone stepping across him.

"Hush, prince," warned a strange voice, as he started up. "Make no sound until I close the passage. It is done."

The bound that brought Valdi erect was one with the movement that fitted his bronze fingers to Don Mario's throat.

"You have killed him! You! And the fault mine!" he cried, shaking the man dog-like in his passion. "Oh, I have been mad to trifle with you, to try alone to save him."

Choking, Don Mario caught at the other's wrists.

"Loose me—you would have done it—"

"Never! never! I could have killed you with a glad heart the first night you proposed treason to me. I could have joyed in sending you to the hangman any hour since. But—you said it—who would have believed my word against yours? I hoped to trap you." He flung the man violently from him. "I plan to murder Guido, who owe him life? I plot to take his place, who am his officer? Yet, through folly, I have done it."

Sent reeling against a chair, Don Mario felt his bruised throat.

"I thought you meant it," he panted. "If not, undo it."

"Undo it?"

"The poison is in the goblet beside him, he will not wake to drink of it before dawn. I will go back and empty the mixture."

The expression that came to Valdi's face was less of relief than of returning life.

"No," he refused sternly. "In the duke's room you go no more; I do not trust you. I myself will empty the goblet."

"Rufino," faltered a silver voice.

Both men turned and saw Rosario on the threshold of her chamber, a slender white figure.

Her husband crossed to her and caught her in his arms.

"Rosario, you heard?"

"A little, only a little. You guard the duke?" She looked shuddering at Don Mario.

Valdi kissed her once, then gently motioned her to go back to her room.

"Wait in there. I will come to you, Rosario."

She obeyed, keeping her shining, trustful eyes upon him until the door closed; eyes piteously courageous.

Valdi went steadily into the darkness of the hidden passage. The way was very long, with unexpected steps and turns, and when a dim light showed the end of the perilous journey, Valdi found himself dazzled.

The large, lofty chamber was faintly illuminated by a single gilded lamp suspended by chains from the ceiling. The furniture cast long shadows, the distant corners of the place were illimitable vistas of uncertainty. But Valdi saw only the table standing by the canopied bed, and a tall, shimmering goblet waiting there. Cautiously, stepping carefully on the marble floor, he advanced toward this object.

The light, even breathing of the sleeping man continued unchanged. Reassured, Valdi went on, until his fingers grasped the goblet's stem, and drew it to him. With an irrepressible sigh of relief he poured the crimson liquid on the floor, and laid the empty goblet on its side upon the table.

But as he moved to retreat, there was also a movement in the bed. A white hand darted from the brocaded curtains and closed over the hand just leaving the table.

"Wait yet a little, cousin," advised Guido's smooth, ironic tones. "Go not without a word of greeting, pray."

A strong shudder shook Valdi from head to foot, shaking also the hand clasping his. But he made no attempt to escape.

"No, my lord," he answered mechanically.

"Thank you, cousin," the hold was released. "Let us have more light."

The command was promptly obeyed. From the hidden passage issued Don Mario Russo, carrying a lamp, whose light shone strongly on his thin, triumphant face and gleaming eyes.

"You?" exclaimed Valdi, effectually aroused. "You dare come here?"

"Why, yes," the duke observed. "He dares come here. Early in the evening Don Mario came to me with warning of your present visit. Also, he told me how, since he met you at Rocca Grigia, you have not ceased to urge upon him your plan of removing me. He has reminded me of your insistence upon occupying the room where the hidden passage was said to end, of how singular and embarrassed has been your manner with me, and of the old enmity between

our houses. And, admit, your actions confirm him."

Valdi stared across at the smiling man with the lamp. What could he say to clear himself, how disprove this thing? Despair swelled in his throat, stifling speech.

"Speak," invited his judge.

"There is nothing the prince can deny," Don Mario asserted. "Why is he here, if not for evil?"

"To undo your work," retorted Valdi, with difficulty. "As you know well, double traitor. My lord, that man has already poisoned your cup. He tricked me—I tried to save you."

Don Mario laughed.

"A feeble tale," he said. "Why did the prince not tell you if the treason were mine?"

"A weak defence, truly," agreed the duke. "Have you no better, cousin?"

"It is the truth," Valdi answered hopelessly. "But I was not bred in a subtle court. I am snared. Do as you will with me, my lord."

There was a fatalistic dignity of resignation in the gesture with which he folded his arms and stood waiting, Guido lying among his tinted velvets and satins remained silent an instant before replying.

"Set down the lamp, Mario Russo," he bade. "What I am about to say, you both, no doubt, anticipate. For the man who has accepted my kindness to betray it, the officer false to his allegiance, and the friend who plots treason, I have, and can have, no pardon. There will be an execution at the palace at dawn. But because of the high names involved, it shall be secret. Prince, pray ring the bell beside you and summon the officer of my guard."

It was the master of Belfiore who had spoken; unanswerable, not to be contradicted. Valdi at once obeyed, and resumed his attitude of unresisting dignity. Better, infinitely better, for Rosario not to know until afterward.

The sharp ring of steel echoed the silver tinkle of the bell. The door opened with a flare of additional light, a glittering officer advanced three steps and saluted, his men standing rigidly behind him. Evidently he had previously received his orders, for Guido simply nodded.

"Take your prisoner," he signified.

Valdi moved forward, his chest slightly heaving. But not toward him did the soldiers advance. There was a martial stir of movement, and the circle had closed around Don Mario. Amazed, Valdi halted.

"I?" cried the prisoner shrilly. "I?"

The duke rose on his elbow, turning his brilliant, merciless face that way.

"Who else?" he demanded. "My ingenious kinsman here, perhaps? Come, the play is over, Lorenzo de Cariano. Did you think I could not find you under the name of Mario Russo, as you thought me ignorant of the hidden passages of my own palace? Grow wise. You are not the man to overthrow me. Oh, it was fairly well devised; you meant to tempt Valdi to poison me, then openly accuse him of it after my death, and, freed from us both, put your brother Paolo back as ruler of Belfiore. And when you saw I was watching you yesterday, you flung all guilt upon my too loyal cousin. You have made your throw, and lost. Take him away, Scarpi."

There was a movement backward, the officer saluted, and the room was left to silence.

"Go back to Rosario, cousin," smiled Guido, and stifled a yawn.

"My lord, how did you know?" Valdi wondered, his head reeling.

"Why did you sleep armed before the mirror door?" the other countered.

"To guard you, my lord. I feared Mario Russo."

"So I supposed when I saw you there. Moreover, if you had meant to poison me, you would have filled the goblet, not emptied it. You make a wretched defence, cousin, in a good case. Go back to Rosario. Good-night."

The door closed behind him as he entered the passage, but Valdi paid no heed. Breathless, eager, he was hastening back through the darkness—to Rosario.

**THE END.**

☞ ☞

**A LEAP YEAR STORY.**

He sits on the sofa, from time to time opening his lips as though about to say something important, but each time hesitating. At last the fair young thing looks up at him with a radiant smile, her red lips parting deliciously over her ivory teeth and her glowing eyes thrilling him to the soul. "Obey that impulse!" she murmurs. He did, and in June she is to take him for life.

"Remember my face— you'll see me again."



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It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

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S.H.R.

**HUMILIATION.**

Sir William Howard Russell's diary for April, 1852, has this glimpse of Thackeray—"The sportsmen among whom I had the honor to be numbered were of the Winkle order: Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Jerrold, Lemon, Ibbotson, were invited, and carriages were reserved to Watford. As we were starting a written excuse was brought from Dickens to be conveyed to Mrs. X. by Thackeray. The party drove up to the house, and after compliments Thackeray delivered the billet. The effect was unpleasant. Mrs. X. fled along the hall, and the guests heard her calling to the cook, 'Martin, don't roast the ortolans; Mr. Dickens isn't coming.' Thackeray said he never felt so small. 'There's a test of popularity for you! No ortolans for Penderennis!'"

**PART OF THE CURE.**

"Need you rub so hard?" asked the little man meekly. He had ventured to test his endurance at the Turkish baths, and was soundly regretting it. First, he had been nearly suffocated, then he had been rubbed raw, and then he had been hurled into a cold bath, and now he was being rubbed raw again. Oh, how he longed for his clothes! The muscular masseur took no notice of his question, but continued to rub and chafe and punch and pummel, till his patient felt he had hardly a bone left in his body. Then the masseur raised a heavy hand and gave three sounding smacks on his bare back. "What are you doing?" asked the little man, smarting into some show of spirit at last. "That's to let them know I'm ready for the next," answered the masseur complacently. "The bell's out of order, you see, and I have to signal somehow."

**ANOTHER CHANCE.**

Percy Parkinson rose and brushed the dust from his knees. Then drawing himself up to his full height, he gazed resentfully upon the form of Miss Muriel Muggins, who nonchalantly fanned herself the while. "Very well, Miss Muggins," came in bitter tones from Percy. "Oh, very well! You have spurned me, it is true! Indeed, you have spurned me twice! But though despair eats my heart I shall not d'e! I mean to go into the busy world. I will fight! I will win! My name shall become known, and my riches shall become envied—" "Pardon me for in-

terrupting you, Mr. Parkinson," interjected Miss Muggins, "but when you shall have accomplished all that you may try me again."

**LOVE LETTERS OF A HUSBAND.**

Dear Jane,—Arrived here this morning G.K. It's a poor-looking town, but business is good. I'll write more next time.—Your loving husband, John.

Dear Jane,—Got here last night. Train was three hours late. No news, but business is good. Longer letter next time.—Yours as ever, John.

Dear Jane,—Sorry to hear you weren't feeling well. Hope you are better by now. Getting a good many orders here. No news, but more next time.— Lovingly, John.

Dear Jane,—Just to let you know I'm all right, though the rheumatism has been bothering me again. Got here this morning and have done a lot of business already. Nothing to write, but I'll do better next time.—With love, John.

**THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.**

Under a costly canopy  
The village blacksmith sits;  
Before him is a touring car  
Broken to little bits—  
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,  
Have almost lost their wits.  
The village blacksmith smiles with glee  
As he lights his fat cigar—  
He tells his helpers what to do  
To straighten up the car—  
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,  
Stand humbly where they are.

The children, going home from school,  
Look in at the open door;  
They like to see him make his bills  
And hear the owners roar—  
And the chauffeurs weep as they declare  
They ne'er paid that before.  
He goes each morning to the bank,  
And salts away his cash;  
A high silk hat and long frock coat  
Help him to cut a dash—  
But the owner, and the chauffeur, too,  
Their teeth all vainly gnash.  
The chestnut tree long since has died,  
The smith does not repine;  
His humble shop has grown into  
A building big and fine—  
And it bears "Garage" above the door  
On a large electric sign.  
—Chicago Evening Post.

*The* **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush **A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean**

## WITH THE WITS

### QUITE CORRECT.

Some children may be quick and alert when dealing with the concrete, though dull with the abstract.

One of the inspectors was examining a class of young boys in mental arithmetic.

"Now, my boy," he said, pointing to a youngster in front, "how many do four and three make?"

The lad scratched his head, looked inquiringly at the ceiling, but gave no answer.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "supposing I first gave you four canaries, and then afterwards gave you another three, how many canaries would you then have altogether?"

The boy turned his eyes upwards again for a moment, and then cried out confidently, "Just eight, sir."

"Eight, you dunce!" said the inspector, sharply. "However do you make that out?"

"Cos, sir, I've got a canary of my own at home!"

### READY FOR HIM.

A conductor stumbled twice over the foot of a small boy. Looking back at the mother, the conductor said—"Some people seem to have very awkward children. "Yes," said the mother; "I was just thinking your mother had one."

### AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Bertie—"I've been having a lovely game with this post office set you gave me, auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road."

Auntie—"How nice! And where did you get all the letters?"

Bertie—"Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon in your desk."

### EXPERIENCED.

"Save me! Save me!" screamed the girl, who was struggling in the deep water. The young man on the bank hesitated. "I'm a married man," he said, "and I've three children at home. You must understand that." "Yes, yes, but save me," cried the girl. "I can't marry you if I do," explained the young man. "No! No! Only save me. I shall drown if you are not quick." "Yes, I will. But you must promise that you won't fling your arms around me and call me your hero!" "I promise." "Right, I'll save you. You see, I have to be cautious because I rescued a girl once before—that's how I came to be married."

### DEFINITE.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. James to her husband, as she left for a short visit to her mother. "I've put everything in order for you. If you can't find anything write me and I'll let you know where it is." Two days later Mr. James missed a favorite hat of his and wrote to ask where it had been put. This is the reply—"I think I put it in the wardrobe in the front bedroom, but if it isn't there you might try in the hat-stand drawer or the hall table. Or perhaps it has fallen behind the dressing table in our bedroom. I think it's upstairs somewhere. P.S.—Perhaps after all I changed it at the door for some ferns."

### ARTFUL.

Housewife—"Now, what do you want?" Pedlar—"I have here a soap for removing stains from paints, carpets, furniture, and—but, really, I don't think you need it, for there isn't a stain on your paint nor hall carpet, and if your furniture within is as spick and span—which no doubt it is—as everything appears here, I have come to the wrong house. Good morn—" Housewife (pleasantly)—"Never mind. You may let me have half a dozen cakes. I dare say it will come in handy some day."

### THE BOOTS.

Hear the lodger with the boots—  
Heavy boots!  
What a world of somnolence their noise-ness uproosts!  
How they tumble, tumble, tumble,  
When he drops them late at night!  
While the stairs down which they tumble  
Are the stairs whereon the stumble  
Echoed from that upper flight;  
Marking time, time, time,  
In a sort of rueful rhyme,  
To the fierce expostulation finding vent in wild cahoots  
At the boots, boots, boots,  
Boots, boots, boots—  
At the fumbling and the tumbling of the boots!  
—Life.

### COLLEGE HUMOR.

A real joke was sprung by a student at a university last week. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly weak recitation, the professor said—"Alas, Mr. Blank. You are better fed than taught." "That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me—I feed myself."

### ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

Side by side they sat, at peace with all the world, whilst the cruel wind howled outside the house. "How the wind howls," yelled the maiden, shivering violently. "Yes," cried her lover. "Why does it howl?" shouted she. "I don't know. Perhaps it has the toothache," replied the man, holding her close. "The toothache? What do you mean?" "Yes, the toothache! Have you never heard of the teeth of the gale?" And then the wind howled with increased fury, and the maiden broke off the engagement.

### THE COLOSSAL BLUNDER.

"You have pointed out my mistakes in dress," said the wife, "and my mistakes in buying furniture, and my mistakes in decorating the house, and my mistakes in making acquaintances, and my mistakes at bridge, and my mistakes in marketing—and all my mistakes you seem to be able to observe." "Only because I feel it to be my duty, my dear," explains the husband affably. "Well, I have often wondered how it happens you have never minded me of my greatest mistake of all." "Indeed? Have I overlooked it?" "Yes, it was marrying you."

### THE USE OF CHIVALRY.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the national movement for good roads, and had many a tale to tell about the incredibly bad roads of some sections.

"I once had thirty miles," so Mark Twain began, "to go by stage in Mississippi. The roads were terrible, for it was early spring. The passengers consisted of five men and three women—three large women, swathed in shawls and veils, who kept to themselves, talking in low tones on the rear seat.

"Well, we hadn't gone a mile before the stage got stuck two feet in the black mud. Down jumped every man of us, and for ten minutes we tugged and jerked and pulled till we got the stage out of the hole.

"We had hardly got our breath back when the stage got stuck again, and again we had to strain our very hearts out to release her.

"In covering fifteen miles we stuck eight times; and in going the whole thirty we lifted that old stage out of the mud seventeen times by actual count.

"We five male passengers were wet, tired, and filthy when we reached our destination; and so you can imagine our feelings when we saw the three women passengers remove their veils, their shawls and their skirts, and lo and behold—they were three big, hearty, robust men.

"As we stared at them with bulging and ferocious eyes, one of them said—

"Thanks for your labor, gents. We knowed this road and prepared for it."

### HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.

"You have some fine ducks this morning?" said a schoolmaster to a poulturer. "Yes, sir, all fresh to-day." "What is the price?" "You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices." "Well, I want to give my boys a treat; but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here—pick out the four toughest." The poulturer obeyed. "Here, sir, you have the four toughest birds in the shop." "Thank you, sir," said the schoolmaster. "I'll take the other eight."

### ONE GOOD THING.

Of two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine, this story is told. The former's style, it should be mentioned, was very verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. In court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in these words—"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden, and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

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### GETTING EVEN.

A miser in the north of England once received a letter from a friend in London, but the only message it contained was, "I am well," and for this he had to shell out 2d, as there was no stamp on the letter. Anxious to have his revenge, he packed a huge stone in a box with some shavings, and sent it to London, but did not pay carriage. There was 5s 6d to pay when it reached its destination. The charge was met, but when the box was opened the message inside was: "When I heard you were well this great load rolled off my mind."

### FORCED OUT OF HIM.

He was a middle-aged working man. He had been standing all day, and was impatiently waiting on the station platform. Fifteen minutes elapsed ere the train rushed in. Every carriage, as usual at that time of evening on a suburban line, was crowded. Hastily scanning a dozen compartments in the hope of finding sufficient room to rest his weary limbs, resignedly he inwardly groaned, springing into one of them as the train moved slowly out. There was just a last hope that the train would empty considerably ere he reached his destination. Several stations, however, were passed, and no one moved. Mere flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and turning round, he exclaimed—"Ain't none o' you blokes got any 'omes?"

### THE COST.

Johnson—"My wife had a queer accident befall her the other day. As she was walking along the street a man's hat blew off and struck her in the eye. It cost me ten dollars for the doctor's bill." Dobson—"Oh, that's nothing! My wife was walking along the street the other week, and as she passed a milliner's shop a bonnet in the window struck her eye, and it cost me fifteen dollars."

### ALL THEY WANTED.

The playwright had had many failures, but he thought at last that his latest was bound to be a success. The first night arrived, but the audience greeted his new drama with hisses and groans. The playwright was heartbroken, and said, "It's hard to find out what the people do really want nowadays." "It's easy enough in this case," said a friend; "they want their money back!"

### QUESTION ALLOWED.

"I understand that you called on the complainant. Is that so?" demanded the browbeating barrister of a man he was cross-examining. "Yes," replied the witness. "What did he say?" Counsel for the other side eagerly objected that evidence as to a conversation was not admissible, and half an hour's argument ensued. Then the magistrates retired to consider the point, announcing on their return some time later that they deemed the question a proper one. "Well, what did the plaintiff say?" repeated the cross-examining barrister. "He weren't at home, sir," was the answer.

### WHERE THE SYSTEM FAILED.

"Perhaps you have heard of the Wangle Memory System?" suggested the seedy-looking man, laying his bag on the table and annexing an office chair. "Perhaps I have," replied the busy merchant. "It is an infallible system," went on the stranger. "You sometimes forget things; don't you? Listen. For three guineas you may learn how to remember everything. Will you take a course?" "No, thanks." It is absolutely infallible." "I don't care. I don't want to know it!" "Good-day, then," snorted the seedy-looking man and stamped out of the office. Two minutes later he came dashing into the office again. "Sorry to trouble you," he said. "But I left my bag behind me when I went out!"