

V. 6, no. 7, June 1911.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

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JUNE 1911

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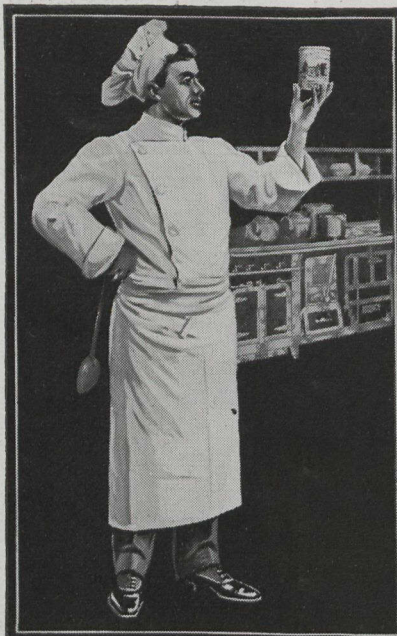
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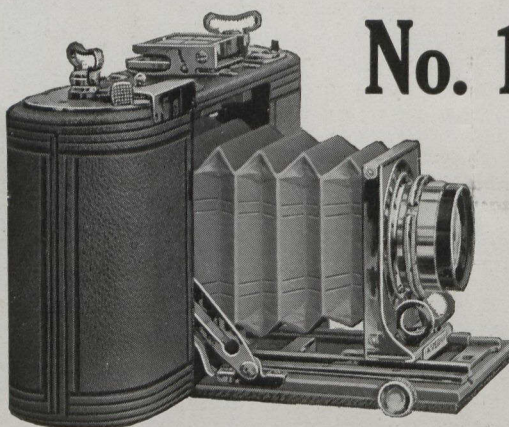
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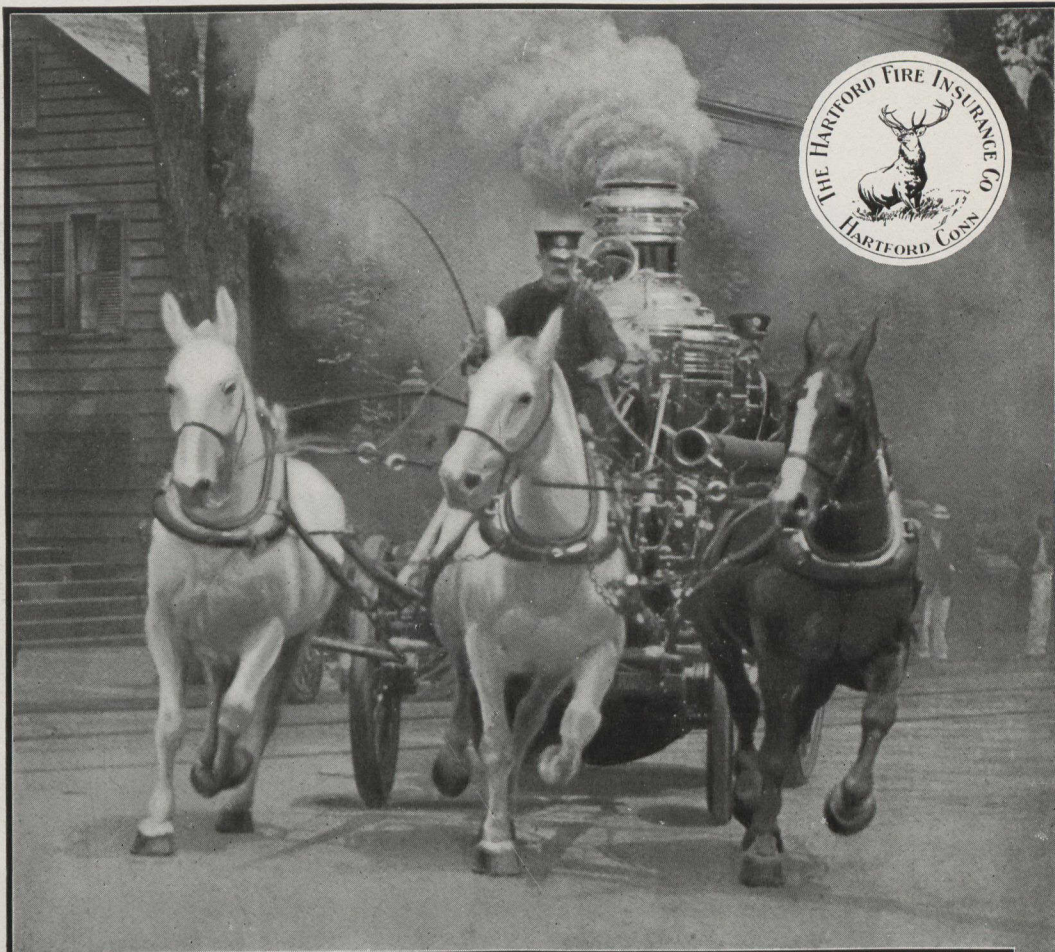
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MONTREAL. 32



Out of Mourning

Queen Mary driving in London with Princess Mary and Prince John. This was Her Majesty's first public appearance after the period of Court mourning had expired.

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Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 6, No. 7

One Dollar
a Year

JUNE, 1911

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

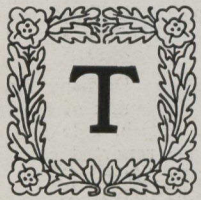
The Country in Summer

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair

And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

—John Keats

Happenings of a Month



THE Imperial Conference, which has now practically assumed the functions of a grand council of the British Empire, opened the third series of its quadrennial deliberations, under the chairmanship of Mr. Asquith, on May 23rd, at the Foreign Office. Besides the members of the Imperial Cabinet, fifteen premiers, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and ministers from the Overseas Dominions of the Empire settled down to discuss such knotty problems as the co-ordination of the naval and land forces for Imperial defence; the Declaration of London; an Imperial Court of Appeal; an "All Red" transportation line to encircle the globe, and a future constitution of the British Empire. The hope is expressed that out of the discussion of the last topic may come some definite proposal for the federation of the Empire.

* * *

The Canadian Parliament has taken a recess until after the Coronation. July 18th is mentioned as the date for re-assembling. Before adjourning the House passed a supply bill for thirty-four and a half millions.

* * *

"This monument is the tribute of races and legions more various in character and circumstances than have ever been combined before upon a common purpose. It is a source of deep satisfaction to me and my family that my dear cousin the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, is present at this historic ceremony. His Imperial Majesty is the eldest grandson of Queen Victoria, whom he always loved and venerated with natural affection, and his presence and sympathy with us during the last days of her life and afterward, will never be forgotten by me and my people. Strong and loving ties of kinship and friendship unite our thrones and persons. The nation rejoices with me that he is here to-day to share in the unveiling of this memorial." So declared King George V., on May 16th, in an eloquent tribute to the late Queen Victoria. The occasion was the unveiling of the great marble memorial, which is illustrated in this issue. The weather was perfect, and St. James Park was crowded. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London performed the religious rites with music by massed choirs from several cathedrals and chapels, conducted by Sir Walter Parratt, who was private organist to the late Queen. As a spectacle the unveiling was brilliant. The King and the Emperor William were dressed in the uniform of British field marshals, wearing the blue sash of the Order of the Garter across

their shoulders. The Queen, the Empress and the Princesses appeared in bright costumes, with large picture hats. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a naval cadet, and the younger princes were in white naval suits.

* * *

The first state ball of the reign of King George, the date for which was selected in honor of the visit of the German Emperor and Empress, was held at Buckingham Palace last month. It was an unusually brilliant function. The King and the Emperor, respectively in German and British uniforms, preceded the state officials, attired in gorgeous robes and carrying their wands of office, through the whole length of the state apartments to the ball room, where had gathered thousands of guests, including the entire diplomatic corps. Queen Mary and the Empress Augusta Victoria and all the ladies wore lavish displays of jewellery. The Emperor William taking as his partner Queen Mary, King George the German Empress, and the Duke of Connaught Princess Victoria Louise opened the ball with the "royal quadrille." Midnight saw a repetition of the gorgeous procession, this time from the ball room to the supper room.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented the budget in the House of Commons, on May 16th. About the only novelty it contained was a proposal to pay members of the House of Commons a salary of \$2,000 a year. The Chancellor declined to give members travelling allowances or pensions and excluded from the salary benefit all ministers already drawing salaries. The Chancellor's realized surplus, including payments delayed in 1909-10 by the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the budget of that year, totalled \$28,035,000, of which it is proposed to donate \$7,500,000 to the support of sanatoria for consumptives. His estimated expenditure for the current year is \$906,170,000, which is \$38,750,000 more than last year. The estimated revenue for the current year is \$908,580,000. There is no fresh taxation provided. During his three years tenure of office, the Chancellor declared, he had paid off \$130,000,000 of the national debt, while it has been reduced \$350,000,000 since the Liberals had assumed power. The Chancellor said he had reached the conclusion that the prospects of a continuance of good trade were excellent, as the trade barometer stood "set fair." Of the estimated revenue of \$908,580,000 the big items are the customs and excise duties, which are depended on to bring in \$348,000,000, death duties of \$125,750,000, income tax and supertax of \$221,500,000, and the post office revenue of \$128,700,000.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The Lord Mayor of Dublin at the head of a deputation from the corporation, presented at the bar of the House of Commons on May 12, a petition urging the passage of a female suffrage bill in the present session of Parliament.

The religious associations bill, now before the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, makes them all amenable under the common law. They must all be publicly registered and submit their accounts periodically for inspection by the State. They will be permitted to hold only prescribed classes of property and foreigners must be naturalized before they will be allowed to form associations. Certain orders privileged under the concordat are exempted.

Mr. Dickinson, United States Secretary of War, has resigned and President Taft has appointed Mr. Harry L. Stimson, recently Republican candidate for governor of New York, in his place.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, accompanied by Mr. Brodeur, Minister of Marine, and Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, left Quebec on May 13 by the Allan liner 'Virginian' for England, where he is to take part in the Imperial Conference and King George's coronation ceremonies.

Prince Lidj Jeassu, grandson of Emperor Menelik, was proclaimed Emperor of Abyssinia on May 14 at Addis-Abeba, the capital. The coronation ceremonies will take place later. The new Emperor is 15 years of age.

The political unrest throughout Southern China is becoming general and a revolutionary uprising at Canton at any moment is feared. Decapitations of rebels and suspects take place daily in Canton.

Setting aside the sentences of imprisonment imposed by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, for alleged disobedience of a boycott injunction, the Supreme Court of the United States on May 15 held that Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, president, vice-president, and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor, had been erroneously sentenced to jail on a charge of contempt of the court which granted the injunction. The court unanimously held that the only sentences that could be imposed upon the labor leaders were fines. In so holding, the court found that the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, and the Supreme Court of the District erred in treating the contempt proceedings as a criminal case and not a civil one. The effect of holding the proceedings a civil one was to make jail sentences impossible. Hence the jail sentences had to be set aside. To correct the error the case was sent back to the local courts with direction that it be dismissed. At the same time the court expressly made it possible for civil proceedings to be instituted against the labor men by the Buck Stove & Range Company, at whose instance the original contempt case was brought.

The Supreme Court of the United States on May 15 upheld the decision of the Missouri courts, ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Court holds: That the Standard Oil Company is a monopoly in restraint of trade; that this giant corporation must be dissolved within six months; corporations whose contracts are not 'unquestionably restrictive of competition' are not affected. Other great corporations whose acts may be called into question will be dealt with according to the merits of their particular cases. The court was unanimous as to the main features of the decision, Justice Harlan dissenting as to a limitation of the application of the Sherman anti-trust law. President Taft and Cabinet will consider immediately the entire trust situation and the advisability of pressing for a federal incorporation act.

Queen Alexandra, it is announced, will not be present at the coronation ceremonies. Owing to her health being seriously impaired, it is feared she could not stand the strain of the celebration.

Another woman's enfranchisement bill was introduced in the House of Commons on May 5 by Sir George Kemp, Liberal member for the North-West Division of Manchester. The measure confers the right to vote upon every woman possessed of the household qualification, but it is provided that married women shall not be permitted to vote in the same constituency as their husbands. It is calculated that such legislation would enfranchise 1,000,000 women. Simultaneously with the introduction of the bill a petition opposing female suffrage, bearing 53,000 signatures, of which 31,000 are those of women, was laid on the table of the House. The 'household qualification' has to do with the required occupancy as owner or tenant of a house or a part of a house in which the landlord or superior tenant does not reside. The bill passed the second reading stage by a vote of 255 to 83, and was referred to a committee of the whole House.

Mr. Lloyd George on May 4 introduced in the House of Commons his long-promised plan of State insurance against unemployment, sickness and invalidity, which was received with an extraordinary chorus of approbation by all parties in Parliament. Mr. Lloyd George estimated that the expenditures incurred would be \$35,000,000 in 1912-13; rising to \$100,000,000 in 1915-16. By the provisions of the measure every worker whose annual earnings fall below the income tax level of £160, or approximately \$800, will be compulsorily insured against illness, so as to assure him the receipt of five shillings per week during his incapacity. Toward this the worker would contribute about one-half, the same being deducted from his wages, while the balance would be paid jointly by his employers and the State. The weekly assessment against the insured would be eight cents in the case of a man and six cents for a woman, representing, as the Chancellor put it, 'two pints of ale or one ounce of tobacco.' Everyone in the class mentioned between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five is included in the plan. The employers would pay six cents weekly for every employee, and the Government contribute four cents for each of the insured. The Chancellor estimated that his plan would affect 14,700,000 men and women. Provision is made whereby women will receive thirty shillings in maternity cases on condition that they do not work for a month following childbirth, and for free medical attendance for every contributor. Although in cases of permanent disability the sick allowance would be five shillings weekly, ten shillings would be allowed for the first three months in the case of men, and seven shillings, sixpence in the case of women. Those who can be shown to have invited incapacity would receive no insurance, though any necessary medical treatment would be provided. The State would also help in the crusade against consumption, providing \$7,500,000 to aid local authorities in building sanitariums and \$5,000,000 towards their maintenance. Dealing with the unemployed insurance, the Chancellor said that it would at first apply only to the engineering, shipbuilding and house-building trades, involving 2,500,000 workers. Both the workers and the employers would pay five cents weekly each, the State contributing \$3,750,000 a year, or about one-fourth of the total cost. The contributors when unemployed would receive a maximum of fifteen shillings and a minimum of seven shillings weekly. No payments would be made in the case of strikes or lockouts. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Socialist member for Leicester, and Mr. H. W. Forster, a Unionist Whip, all spoke in support of the Bill.

A fire, which has destroyed more than half of Kirin, in Manchuria, was caused by incendiary Churchhouses, the bandits who for years have harassed Manchuria. It is reported that 100,000 persons are homeless. Three thousand houses, including all of the consulates except the Russian, were destroyed. Other towns in the vicinity of Kirin have been burned.

Speed records were broken at the Rheims aviation meet, when Lieut. Fequant flew 162 kilometres (100.7) miles in an hour. The latest Zeppelin airship, the 'Deutschland,' was completely wrecked in starting a flight at Dusseldorf, Germany. Lieutenant George E. Kelly, of the United States army, was killed in a fall with a Curtis aeroplane at Fort Sam Houston. A remarkable aviation exhibition was held at Hendon, near London, when fourteen airmen performed a large number of tests designed to show the effectiveness of airships in warfare. These trials included scouting, despatch carrying, and bomb-throwing. Messages were taken to Aldershot and replies brought back. A fleet of aeroplanes armed with machine guns attacked an army dirigible balloon. Among the spectators were, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, who flew for several minutes with Claude Grahame-White, Lord Haldane, Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, and two hundred other members of Parliament, the Army Council and the Admiralty.

Sir Francois Langelier, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the Quebec district, has been appointed and sworn in as the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Drew, grandchild and constant companion of the late Mr. Gladstone, to Lieut. Parish, aide-de-camp to Viscount Gladstone, is reported as a romance of her visit to South Africa.

President Taft opened the third National Peace Congress in Baltimore last month in the presence of a crowd that packed the Lyric Theatre to the doors. On the platform with the President were: Cardinal Gibbons; the secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, United States Senator Gore of Oklahoma, and many other well-known men. The speakers who preceded Mr. Taft—Cardinal Gibbons and Hamilton Holt of New York, President of the Congress—expressed the opinion that the proposal for an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain was the greatest forward step toward universal peace that has ever been taken in the history of the world. Permanent peace is the ultimate ideal, and international courts of justice the immediate objective of the Congress. Surrounding the President on the stage were men representing the best thought and influence in the United States. The Congress was held under the auspices of all the leading societies of America devoted to the settlement of international disputes by means other than war. One of the most notable addresses at the Congress was that of Cardinal Gibbons, in which he said he was 'persuaded that the signing of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States would not only be a source of incalculable blessing to these two great Powers, but would go far towards the maintenance of permanent international peace throughout the civilized world. Both of these great nations have many things in common. We speak the same noble tongue and the English language is more universally used to-day than any other language on the face of the earth.'

The census returns for Scotland show that the population is not increasing as in the past. In ten years Glasgow has gained only 21,689 inhabitants. This, however, is a wonderful increase when compared with the showing made by three other principal cities. Edinburgh gained only 2,780, Dundee 3,712 and Aberdeen 8,618.



The King and Queen and the Empire

Their Majesties accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary drove in Semi-state on May 19th to the Crystal Palace, where the King opened the great Festival of Empire which is one of the features of Coronation year.

—Copyright, Central News



In Royal Semi-state

As this was the first time that the people of London had seen the Royal family "out of mourning," there was a wonderful demonstration of loyalty and affection all along the route. —Copyright, Central News



The Queen-Mother

During this Coronation month all British hearts will go out in sympathy to Queen Alexandra who, nine short years ago, drove with her Consort to be crowned at Westminster. This picture was taken at Calais three weeks ago as the Queen-Mother was returning from a Mediterranean Cruise.

—Copyright, Central News

Our Coronation Number

The next number of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL will contain a splendid series of photographic reproductions of the gorgeous and imposing scenes connected with the Coronation of King George the Fifth. The issue will be the best historic souvenir that we have yet published. Extra copies for sending to friends at a distance should be ordered in advance, to prevent disappointment. No advance in price. Ten cents per copy. PICTORIAL PUBLISHING Co., 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

The King's New Portrait

The Painting by M. Georges Scott



The Coronation Year Picture

Some two months ago, M. Georges Scott, the well-known artist, was presented to the King and received his Majesty's permission to paint his portrait for the Sal6n, the King graciously agreeing to give a final sitting at a later date, at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty is shown on his favorite horse, Kildare. Behind him are his standard-bearer, and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener.

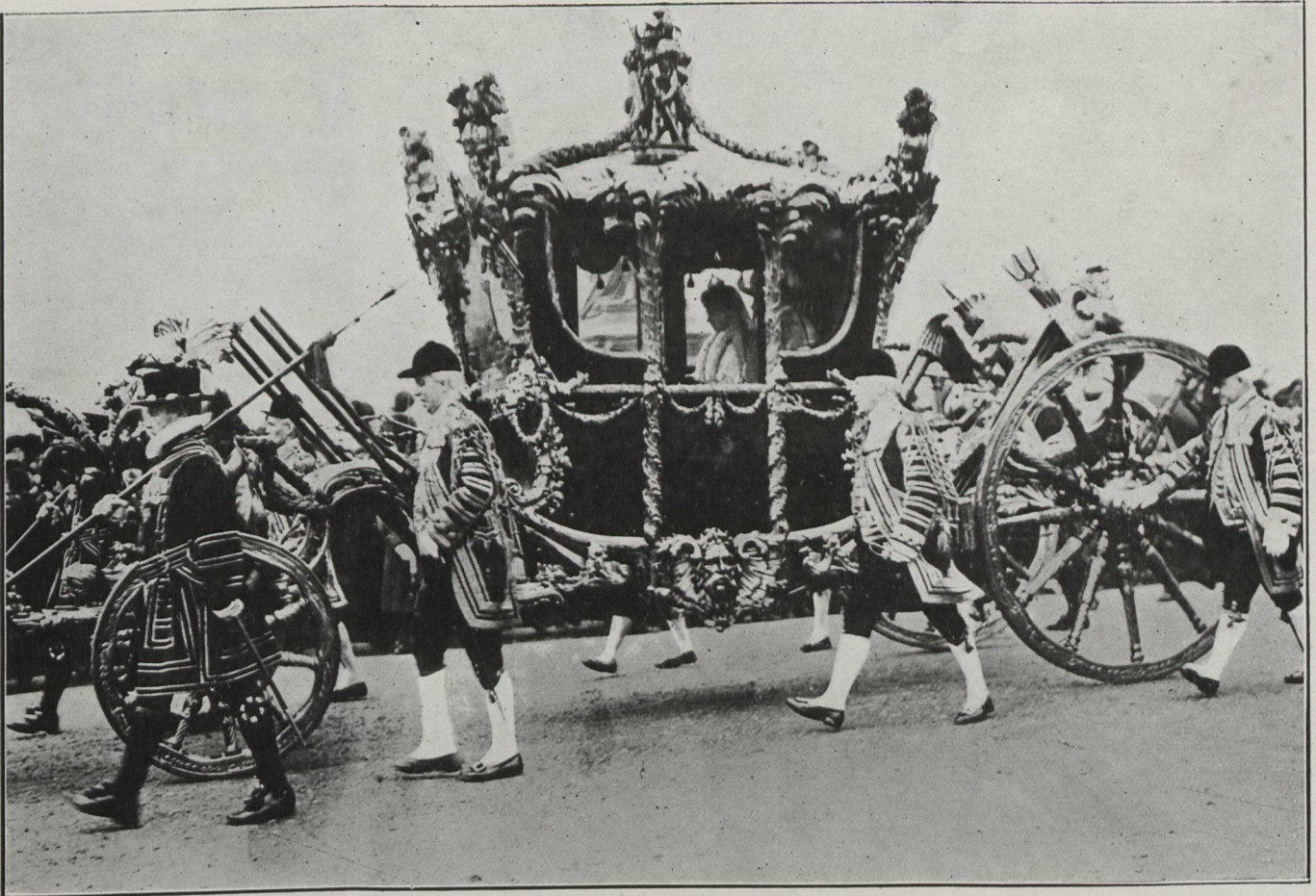
—The Sphere



The Queen Victoria Memorial

This monument to the memory of Queen Victoria, in front of Buckingham Palace was unveiled by King George on May 16th. This photograph was taken when preparations for the unveiling were almost completed. The National Memorial which the statue crowns and completes is surrounded by an enclosed circular space, the handsome gates to which were Canada's share. It stands directly in front of Buckingham Palace, the figure of the Queen facing down the Mall. Around this space are piers surmounted with emblematical figures symbolizing the chief possessions of the Empire. In the centre is the memorial proper, a stately monument of marble and bronze, which it has taken nine years to complete, at a cost of upwards of \$1,000,000. The marble statue of Queen Victoria by Mr. Thomas Brock is eighteen and a half feet in height and depicts the Queen dressed in robes of state, sitting enthroned, with orb and sceptre. In similar positions, on other sides of the column, are groups of figures. That looking toward Buckingham Palace represents Motherhood, that to the north, Justice, and that to the south, Truth. On the cornice of the upper pedestal, which rises above the figures, stand eagles with outstretched wings representing Empire. The whole is surmounted by a twelve foot statue of Victory, made of gilded bronze, with statues of Courage and Constancy on either side.

—Copyright, Central News



The Last Coronation King Edward and Queen Alexandra driving to Westminster Abbey. The Coronation had been fixed for June 26th, 1902, but on June 24th the sudden announcement was made that the King's illness necessitated its postponement. It actually took place on August 9th, 1902. King George and Queen Mary will use the state carriage shown in this picture.



How London Looks on Coronation Day This picture was taken on the day on which King Edward was crowned. It shows how every available inch of window space was occupied and how stands were erected in front of some of the stately piles of buildings. It shows, too, how the troops lined the streets and how the police kept back the crowds.



Making the Coronation Robes

Messrs. Wilkinson & Son, of Maddox Street, who some time ago received the order to make the robes which the King and Queen will wear at the Coronation, have enlisted the services of various firms, specialists in their particular branches, to manufacture the details to be embodied in their Majesties' gorgeous raiment. This photograph shows the process of "tailing" the lining of the King's train, in the manufacture of which nearly 500 skins and 650 tails are used. This work is being done by Messrs. Debenhams, Limited, Wimpole Street, London.

—Copyright, Central News

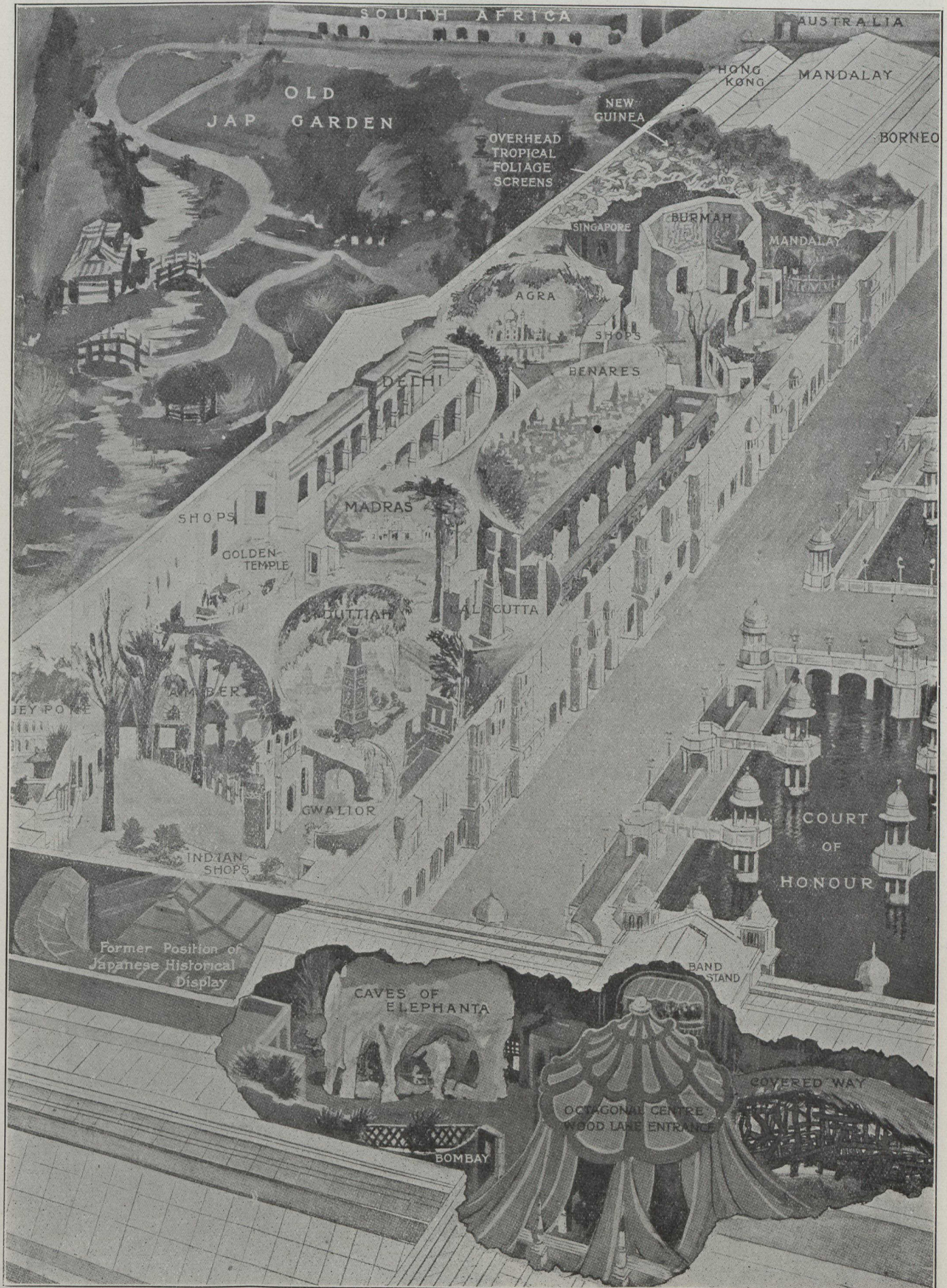


A Coster's Fine "Moke"

This picture shows Lord Lonsdale presenting a new turnout to an old merchant famous in the east end of London. Frank Thomson lost his donkey in a smash-up and some of his patrons gave him the best coster's outfit to be found in England. Lord Lonsdale is shaking hands with him. The scene recalls Chevalier's Coster Song, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

—Copyright, Central News

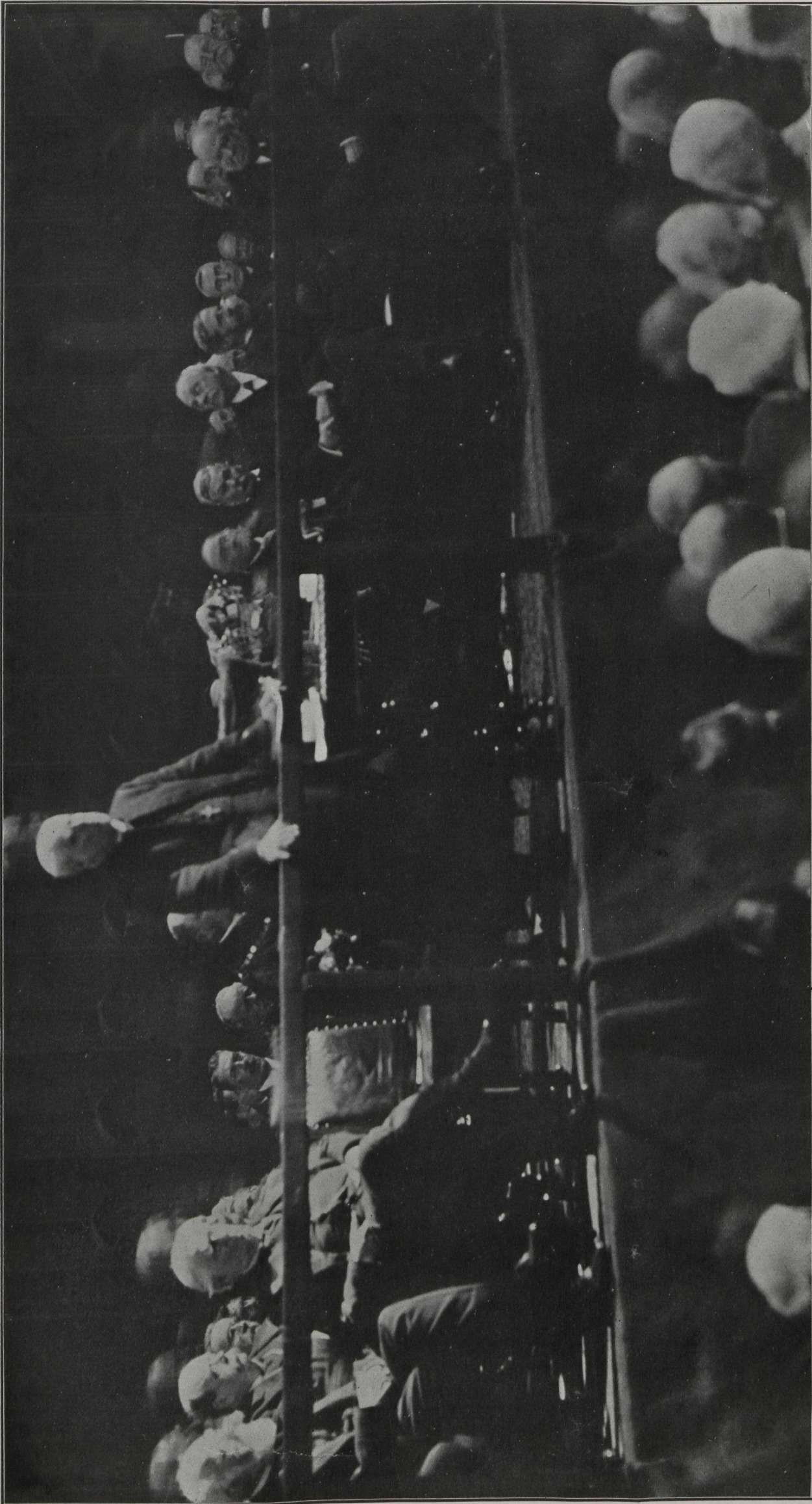
New Features at the Coronation Exhibition



New Scenes from the Empire

The most elaborate preparations were made at the White City at Shepherd's Bush for the opening of the British Empire Exhibition. A "Sphere" artist has here depicted some of the new buildings in which scenic displays of the most interesting parts of the Empire will be represented. The former position of the Japanese historical display is now occupied by the Caves of Elephanta, Bombay, and the old gateway of Nara will be replaced by an octagonal entrance, while the buildings skirting the western side of the Court of Honor will contain scenic representations of Gwalior, Jeypore, Amber, and portions of Madras and Calcutta, the sacred city of Benares standing on a realistic reproduction of the Ganges, which forms a crescent-shaped bay permitting the eye to take in at a glance a long line of picturesque mountains and temples. The visitor will also be able to see Delhi, Agra, Singapore, Burmah, New Guinea, Hong Kong, Australia, Canada, and so on, enabling him to gather in one day an impression of the Empire and its inhabitants almost equal to that obtained in an "all-red" journey costing £900 and nine months to accomplish. The initial cost of the preparations will exceed £1,000,000.

—The Sphere



Pleading for Continued Peace

The meeting in London the other day at which the Lord Mayor presided was remarkable as showing the advance civilization is making towards the substitution of arbitration for war. The resolutions moved by the Premier were seconded by Mr Balfour. In the picture the Archbishop of Canterbury is speaking. On his right is Mr. Asquith with Lord Strathcona next; on his left is Mr Balfour with Lord Aberdeen next to him.

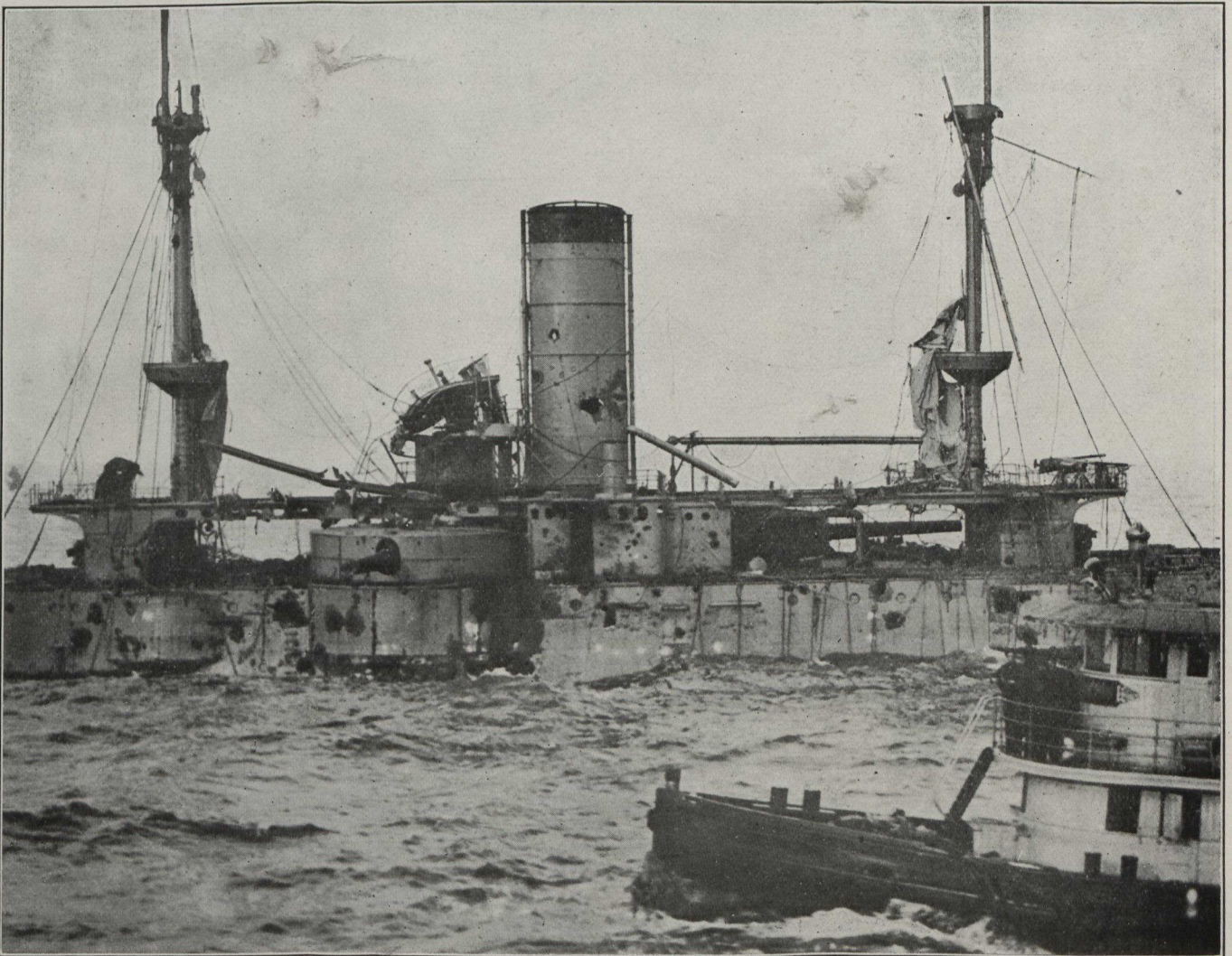
—Copyright, *Central News*



A Governor's Funeral

The funeral of the late Sir Alphonse Pelletier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, took place in the ancient city of Quebec, amid general manifestations of sorrow. This picture shows the casket being borne into the Basilica where the funeral mass was sung.

—Gleason, photo



An Expensive Naval Test

It is only a few years ago that the British Naval Authorities in order to test the efficiency of naval gunnery, sacrificed an old battleship to the gun fire of one of the big boats. The experiment has been copied by the United States Government and the above photograph shows the mid-section of the port-side of the 'San Marcos,' formerly the 'Texas,' after the 'New Hampshire' gunners had been practicing on it.

—Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

Fighting the Plague in Manchuria



A Doctor Masked Against the Pest

The doctors and sanitary officials who are on duty in the plague-stricken district of Manchuria breathe when on their gruesome tasks, through pads of lint soaked in carbolic acid, which kills the bacilli of the pest before they can enter mouth or nose. The doctor here shown in white is wearing his full working kit. He is breathing through a pad of lint soaked in carbolic acid; his linen mask and "goggles" make it impossible for bacilli to reach his face; he is gloved; linen clothes, which can be boiled and disinfected easily, cover him to the boots. The photograph was taken at Chang-Chun.

—Illustrated London News

Transformation of Piccadilly Circus



A Suggested Memorial to King Edward

One of the many schemes for a memorial to the late King Edward is that suggested by Mr. John Murray, F.R.I.B.A. This consists of transforming Piccadilly Circus into a large rectangular open space, to be called King Edward VII Square, in the centre of which an equestrian or other appropriate statue of King Edward VII would be erected.

—The Graphic

Pictures Wanted

Photographs—good, clear prints—showing something out of the common, will be paid for, if accepted by the CANADIAN PICTORIAL. Must be new and deal with Canadian subjects. Address, Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



Some Striking Examples of the Sculptor's Art

This group of notable works is selected from some of the leading Art Galleries of Europe. Could anything be more dainty than the girl at the spring, or more natural than the boy taking the thorn from his foot?

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Queen's Coronation Attendants

THE coronation of King George is, of course, the most significant part of this month's great historical and Imperial event, but the crowning of Queen Mary is no less interesting to her loyal subjects. A coronation is a solemn religious event, but it is inevitable that the picturesque side should be strongly emphasized by reason of its splendor, magnitude, and impressiveness. The Queen's procession, with Her Majesty as the central figure surrounded by her ladies, adds a special charm and grace to the regal dignity of the proceedings.

First among the Queen's attendants is the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire, who is always nearest to the Queen on all State occasions. At the Coronation she is an important official, and her coronet is carried by a page. The Duchess of Devonshire is the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and she spent some years of her girlhood in Canada when her father was Governor-General.

Four Duchesses will attend Queen Mary, to carry the traditional canopy. When the



The Duchess of Hamilton Who will be one of the Queen's Canopy holders at the Coronation.

Duke of Sutherland, her husband, has visited Western Canada, and is interested in its possibilities for immigrants from his domains.

The Duchess of Hamilton is the wife of the premier peer of Scotland, who is also head of the historic house of Douglas.

The Duchess of Montrose was one of the beautiful Misses Graham of Netherby. The Duke's Scottish estate is Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow, and the Duchess takes great interest in movements for the benefit



Lady Eileen Butler Who will be one of Queen Mary's train bearers at the Coronation.

Homage and Anthem are completed, Her Majesty removes from her seat in the State chair to the altar for her consecration. She kneels at her Faldstool, where the canopy bearers hold over her a canopy of cloth of gold while the Archbishop of York performs the anointing, places the Queen's ring on her finger, and then the crown upon her head. The Princesses and Peeresses then put on their coronets.

The four Duchesses honored by being chosen for this ceremonial are the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Portland, and the Duchess of Hamilton. Only the last named is new to the position, the other three ladies having filled the same place at the coronation of Queen Alexandra. All four are about of the same height, tall and graceful, and in their magnificent robes and jewels will add state-ness to their office. The Duchess of Sutherland is one of the most beautiful women in England. She is likewise talented, and kindly, and has always taken a deep interest in social and philanthropic questions. The



The Duchess of Montrose Who will be one of the Queen's Canopy holders at the Coronation.

of the poor of that city. She has established a country holiday home for little ones from the crowded courts and alleys.

The only English representative of the four is the Duchess of Portland. She is one of the not numerous holders of the Order of "a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem."

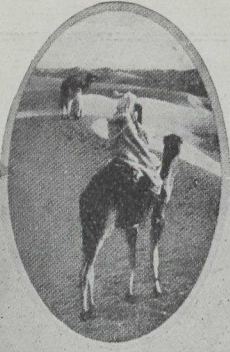
None of Her Majesty's decisions in regard to the Coronation excited more interest than that of having young girls instead of pages for her train-bearers. Queen Alexandra was attended by pages. Queen Victoria chose young ladies, and Her Majesty seems to have been much interested in their appearance. In her diary she writes: "I first went into a robing-room quite close to the entrance (of the Abbey), where I found my eight train-bearers, all dressed alike and beautifully in white satin and silver tissue, with wreaths of silver corn-ears in front, and a small one of pink roses round the plait behind, and pink roses in the trimming of the dresses." Queen Mary has chosen white satin for the gowns of her train-bearers.

The six train-bearers are all daughters of Earls, and four of them are Irish. Their ages range from eighteen or nineteen to twenty-four. Lady Mary Dawson is a



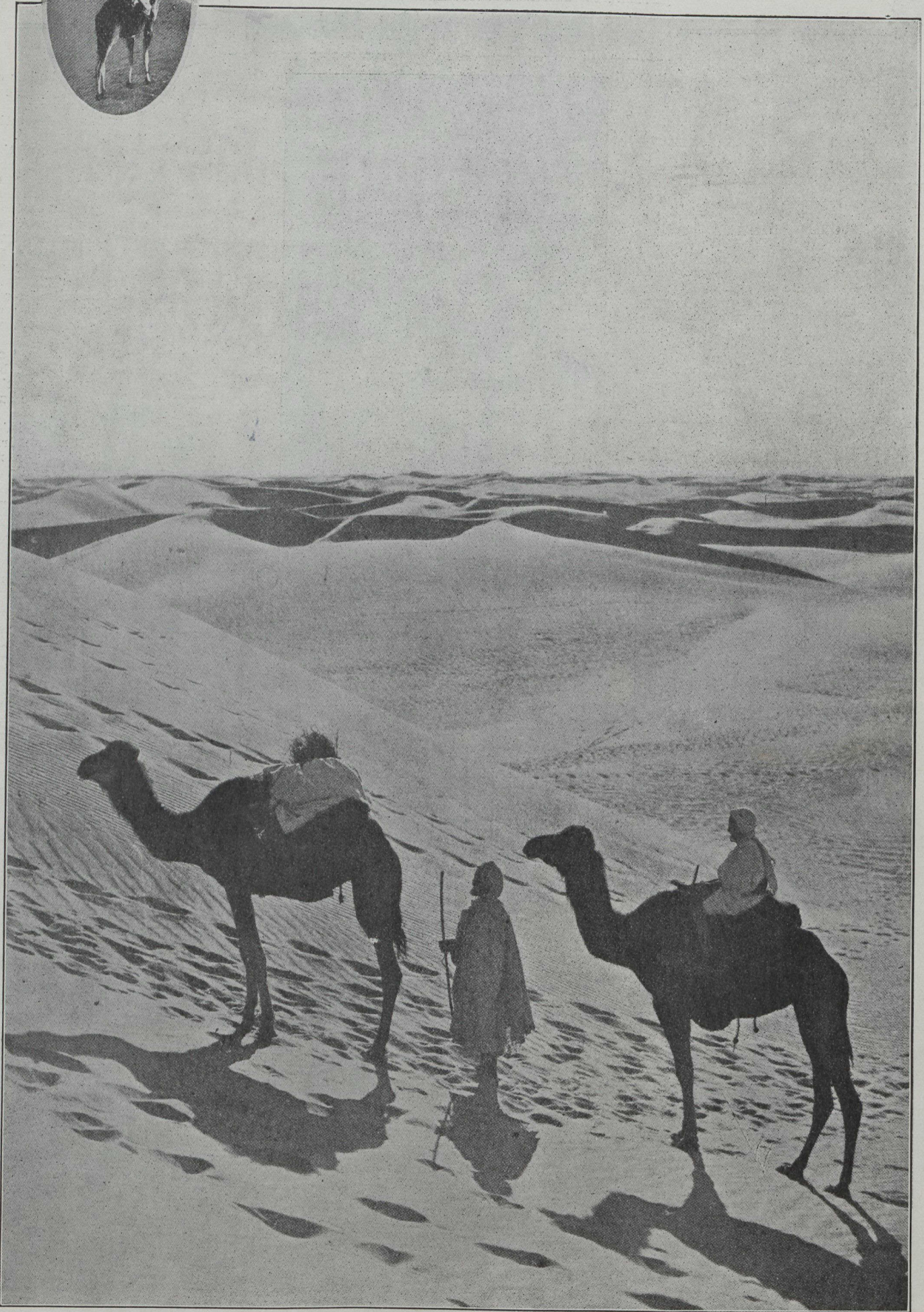
Lady Eileen Knox Who will be one of Queen Mary's train bearers at the Coronation.

daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, and is tall and dark-eyed. She spent some time in Ottawa last winter, a guest of Her Excellency the Countess Grey at Government House. Lady Dorothy Browne is one of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, and is of the fair, slender type of beauty. Lady Eileen Butler, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, is a distinctly handsome girl, twenty years of age. She was a debutante the season she spent in Canada when her father was Military Secretary to Earl Grey. Lady Eileen Knox is the fourth of the Irish girls. She is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly. Her father was Governor of New Zealand at the time that the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, made their Empire tour. The Scottish representative is Lady Mabel Ogilvy of the "Bonnie House of Airlie," whose forefathers suffered in the Stuart cause. Lady Victoria Carrington is the youngest of the train-bearers. She has her name from Queen Victoria, who was her godmother.



A Wind and Sand Effect

From the Vast Desert Region of North Africa



Vast Sand Dunes Raised by the Wind

The whole country immediately south of Tunis, the French protectorate of North Africa, consists of a vast uniform expanse of sand swept up here and there into ridges by the wind, which form portion of a vast semi-circle of sand dunes stretching right round the northern side of the Sahara to Fezzan, skirting the Atlas Mountains and the mountains of Algeria, and varying in width from 50 to 300 miles. The terrors of the desert storm which gives rise to these vast dunes have often been described. The dreaded simoon, or whirlwind, raises the sand in tall rotating columns and sweeps over the surface with tremendous velocity, sometimes raising sand hills several hundred feet in height. The sand in the dunes is so dry that in several places the tread of a camel or a man will make the hill hum, or even thunder, as a vast quantity of it slips down to a lower level.

—The Sphere

The Toilet and the Baby

In the healthy outdoor life of the summer the hair is apt to suffer from several causes. Girls go about a great deal bare-headed, and this is all right if not overdone; the head should not be exposed to the hot sun in the middle of the day. If it is too much trouble to carry a parasol, which

allows the air to play about the head but keeps the sun off, a light shade hat should be worn. Too much direct sunshine dries out the scalp, makes fair hair look coarse and straw-colored and dark hair streaked and rusty looking.

One of the greatest summer menaces to the well-being of the hair is dust, the more so now that automobiles rush along all the roads, leaving in their wake clouds of dust flavored with oils, carts and carriages contributing their share. One can form an idea of how much dust can accumulate in the hair in one dry summer day by observing the condition of the hairbrush used at night. Take a perfectly clean brush, and after a dozen strokes notice the tint of the bristles. Wipe them on a clean piece of soft cotton or cheesecloth three or four times during the brushing operations; this helps get the dust out of the hair and is proof, if any were needed, that there is much dust to be taken out. If allowed to remain in, it clogs at the roots of the hair, and it is no wonder that women who motor, drive, or walk along the roadsides in summer complain afterwards that their hair is falling out.

That the hair should be well brushed every night is obvious. There is a knack in hair-brushing to do it properly. First, after removing the pins, shake the tresses, thus loosening and dislodging much of the dust. Standing before the open window, lift the hair from underneath at the back and toss it about, also run the fingers through it, anything to let the air circulate through and ventilate it. Then divide the hair from the forehead to the nape of the neck and brush first one side and then the other. Draw the brush from the parting over the scalp and right down to the ends of the hair at each stroke. Use some firmness in the stroke, but do not strike the brush down sharply on the scalp at the start lest you injure the hair follicles. If the hair is very thick, separate it into strands and brush each by itself, twisting it up out of the way when finished.

Many persons find that the most effective brush is one that has the bristles more or less uneven and set in somewhat irregularly and not too close together, rather than in level tufted rows. The degree of stiffness depends on the quality of the hair; fine silky hair requires a softer brush than do abundant locks of a coarser texture. The brush in use will not need washing quite so often if it is wiped carefully on some crumpled tissue paper after each time of using.

The dry shampoo is a considerable help in getting rid of dust. It can be given more frequently than one with water, but is some trouble, as it entails much brushing. With a small cupful of fine corn meal mix a tablespoonful of orris root. Strew this liberally through the hair, leave it for a few minutes, then shake and brush it all out, when the dust will come with it.

The most thorough daily brushing cannot keep the head entirely clean, and a good washing is needed more frequently in summer than in winter. No stated intervals can be fixed. One can perceive by the feeling of the scalp and the heavy "listless" condition of the hair when her head needs washing. Those who spend their summers in the country often have the advantage of rain water, which can be caught in the city, too, of course, but usually so impregnated with coal soot and particles of dirt that it is not fit for use. While nothing quite equals a good pure soap and fairly hot soft water, the egg shampoo may be used sometimes with good effect in summer. Beat up an egg, thin it with soft water, and add a few drops of lemon juice. Wet the head, rub on the egg mixture, and wash as usual, and rinse thoroughly. Use tepid water so as not to curdle the egg.

The method of drying should have reference to the color of the hair. Blonde hair may be dried in the sun—if not too hot—but darker hair should not be exposed to the strong sunlight while it is wet, although it will take on a better gloss if it is sunned afterwards. Of whatever hue it may be, the hair should be first patted with dry towels to absorb as much of the moisture as may be, and then the tresses shaken and tossed about so that they will dry from the roots outward. With the fingers carefully undo any tangles, put the hands under the hair and run the fingers over the scalp, then out through the hair, opening a way for the breeze to follow.

A danger that threatens the hair in a summer spent beside the water is that of getting the hair wet while in bathing. The daily wetting and drying, it can easily be understood, is detrimental. Salt water has the effect of making the hair look curiously rusty. The sea bather who gets her hair wet should rinse it out in fresh water as soon as possible, certainly before letting it dry. Pretty little caps in oiled silk can be worn while in the water to prevent the hair from getting wet.



The Baby's Bath

It is a simple enough matter to give baby his bath, but many, perhaps most, young mothers approach it with some little anxiety. This is one of the things in which practice makes for perfection, but it can be accomplished successfully from the first if a few important points are remembered and the mother goes about it confidently and without nervousness. If it is properly given, the bath becomes not only a benefit, but also a pleasure to the child.

In the first place have everything in readiness before the baby is undressed. The dainty baskets set in tiers on a wicker stand, supplied with everything that can be needed, are very convenient. The room must be warm and quite safe from draughts. Hard water should never be used on the delicate skin. If soft water is not to be had, the hard water can be softened by boiling it and letting it cool, or a little milk may be added. Do not depend on the hand to test the temperature of the bath, but use the more sensitive elbow. Water that is comfortable to the elbow will be comfortable to the baby's skin. A mild, pure soap that has been tested should be used.

The large apron which the mother wears for the bathing operation is preferably of soft white flannel or flannelette, as linen or cotton has a cold feel, especially when it gets wet. If it is cool enough to have a fire while the baby is being washed, hang the little garments before it to air. Through the summer this is usually unnecessary except on wet days.

The baby is entirely undressed at once, but while the head is being washed the body and limbs should be protected by a fold of the mother's apron. With an infant, many nurses use only the hand to wash the head, as they can do it more gently so if the hand is smooth and soft than with a cloth, and the pressure on a young baby's head must be of the lightest. For a wash rag a piece of the softest white flannel can be used. A little soap is rubbed on this, the head and face are washed with it, the soap must be all rinsed off in the warm water, and the head dried. Baby's towels should be of a fine soft variety. Next the limbs and body are rubbed over with the soapy flannel, and baby is then lifted into the bath. This is accomplished with the left hand placed under the child's thighs so that his head and back are supported by the left arm, leaving the right hand free to wash and rinse the skin. The whole process of washing and drying should be accomplished speedily. Great care should be taken to dry the skin in the creases made by the plump folds with which most babies are blessed. As a further precaution against chafing, the skin is dusted all over with a bland talcum powder, which should always be bought from reliable sources to make sure that it is unadulterated. Rubbing the baby all over gently with the hand is a beneficial finish to the process, and will generally be enjoyed by the little one. The dressing should not occupy much time.



Notes on the Fashions

Embroidered flouncings are utilized to a noticeable extent in the construction of lingerie dresses. Sometimes the lower part of the skirt and the upper portion of the blouse and the sleeve caps are of the flouncing.

A pretty finish for a voile or marquise dress is a deep hem of flowered silk, which appears again in bands or pipings on the bodice.

Bolero jackets are sometimes finished with a little ruffle at the lower edge.

Children's frocks, nearly all of them, are collarless and have shortened sleeves.



King George and His Daughter The Princess Mary, only daughter of their Majesties, is just beginning her fifteenth year. Her Royal Highness is a healthy, happy girl brought up in simple fashion and fond of the outdoor life.

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BALAAM'S BABY

A Complete Story

by WINIFRED BOGGS

(Published by special arrangement)



ALAAM — his Christian name was lost in obscurity—was the type of man on whom others laid their burdens. He invariably took them up cheerfully, and "did his best." It was well his shoulders were broad and his pluck invincible.

And one day it came to pass that the strangest of all burdens was laid upon him.

He burst into the smoking-room of his club, where his three friends were sitting, with a face that caused them to lay down their pipes with gasps of amazement. "He's got a brief, and doesn't know what to do with it!" cried a slight fair youth.

"I think," wailed Balaam, "I could manage a brief, but a baby—!" His voice trailed off miserably.

The mouths of the three smokers opened wide.

"A distant connection has left it to me," explained Balaam; "and it's coming round to our chambers to-day. It's a—legacy. I spoke to Mrs. Burt about it, and she is very angry. She says I shall have to wash it (fancy Mrs. Burt thinking about washing!), dress it, and feed it, for she won't. If only I could afford a nurse—"

Then the three listeners doubled up and yelled with laughter.

"Balaam's going to dress and wash babies!" they spluttered.

Balaam did not laugh.

"I shall do my best," he said simply. He was a handsome youth of two-and-twenty, with keen grey eyes and a kindly resolute mouth. People always trusted Balaam; they also loved him.

Fate had not been over-kind to him hitherto, but it was said among those who knew a likely thing when they saw it that some day Balaam would go far. He had made up his mind to succeed at the Bar, though he was without influence or money, and kept body and soul together indifferently well by doing hack press-work—which he hated. He was entirely alone in the world, the mother of the baby having been his only relative. Hers was a sad story; a late, ill-advised marriage, a bad husband, and then privation and the approach of death. As she lay dying the thought of Balaam came to her, and it was to him she left her baby, happy in the thought that the helpless little mortal would have a strong arm between her and the world.

The coming of this odd penniless legacy would mean more hack work, but it never occurred to Balaam to refuse. His cousin had left to him her greatest treasure, and he meant to prove worthy of the trust.

"Coming to our chambers!" burst out Tom Carstairs suddenly, and they all stopped laughing. This was no laughing matter. The four young men lived together in one of the Gray's Inn squares, where they inhabited an attic floor of somewhat rickety nature.

"It jolly well isn't!" cried Jim Burton and Kenneth Earle, with heat. "A baby in the chambers! What next?"

"It's got to," sighed Balaam. "We must make the best of it. The woman who is bringing it over leaves it and hooks—"

"Then let us do ditto," said Carstairs, callously.

"How are we to work with squalling going on?" demanded Earle, angrily, of his friend.

"You can't work less than you do, that I see," retorted Balaam. "And there's that little room Legget used to have, quite out of the way. It's got to be looked after properly."

"Don't expect us to help—that's all!" said the three young men quickly.

"I don't," sighed Balaam, and he marched away as if preparing for execution.

They looked after him uneasily, conscious of having failed "old Balaam" in his hour of need. They glanced furtively at each other, half-rose, and then sat down blushing. They were all very young—mere boys, beginning their fight with the world, and they all secretly thought an inordinate amount of Balaam, who was slightly their senior and had been their school captain.

Carstairs was the first to rise; he angrily knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and strode towards the door.

"Going to help Balaam act nurse," he said defiantly.

Earle and Burton rose with relief and followed him, and the three young men dashed through the Strand and up to

their attic floor in Gray's Inn. They felt fully repaid when Balaam turned towards them with a glad flash in his eyes. He was hanging out of the window, waiting for the momentous arrival. Carstairs went and hung out of the other; it could not be said they any of them looked cheerful, for at the most they were merely resigned, and signs of acute nervousness were not lacking.

"There's a cab now," said Carstairs in a hoarse whisper, "and—and—a rummy sort of bundle inside."

Balaam turned very white, and an awful silence settled on the room.

"The woman will give it to Mrs. Burt," he said at length; "she promised me she would carry it up—this time. I—I could not trust myself all at once. I've heard they squirm out of your arms if you're not careful and hurt themselves; if they fall on their heads they grow up idiots."

Carstairs came away from the window, though not before he had seen a minute bundle handed to Mrs. Burt. "It's a very little 'un," he tried to say consolingly.

"The little 'uns are the worst," muttered Earle. "You have to wrap them in cotton-wool, and then they die—" he broke off suddenly, conscious that his remark was scarcely encouraging.

Balaam shivered with fright and wiped his forehead. Stumbling steps ascended the stairs, and once more Earle acted the part of Job's comforter.

"Mrs. Burt is drunk," he said, horror-struck. "She will drop it and break it."

Balaam gave a gasp and plunged towards the door, prepared to rescue the hapless infant; then, as a shrill scream fell on his ear, he wavered. The door was flung open suddenly, and Mrs. Burt, very red and dishevelled, appeared, dragging by the hand a small sprite with a piquant face alit with two great velvet brown eyes, and a golden mane of hair curling round her head. The little lady was plainly in a violent rage.

"Will have it—will have it!" she screamed, making snatches at the bundle Mrs. Burt carried, where a tiny waxen face was clearly visible.

Balaam stretched out his arms towards the bundle.

"Give me the baby," he said, commandingly, "and take this child away. What is she doing here?"

Mrs. Burt collapsed suddenly, and began to laugh shrilly, while a distinct odor of whiskey filled the room.

"Oh! bless you for an innocent!" she gasped. "Ere's the baby, then." And to the young man's horror, she flung it carelessly on the couch.

The little girl sprang towards it with a shriek of rage, but Balaam was before her, and tenderly lifted up in his arms—a wax doll!

"Want dollie! Give me my dollie!" demanded the little maid imperiously.

Balaam handed it limply to her, while the three young men roared with laughter. He then assisted Mrs. Burt outside, and held out his hand to the small visitor.

"So you are not a baby," he said—and oh! the relief in his tones—"but quite old."

"I am eight," said the damsel, quite self-possessed. "You are Balaam, I suppose. I've come to live with you, Balaam, till mother comes and fetches me. I like you. You are very good-looking."

Balaam blushed, while the others laughed again. He lifted the beautiful little girl on his knee, where she sat contentedly, telling him her name was Pixie, while the young man stroked her curls and told her he felt sure it could be nothing else. Then she said she was hungry, and wanted jam and cakes for tea, and the three lads departed to buy recklessly of good things, while Balaam and his ward chatted happily together.

"I like you," she said, resting her head against him.

The young man put his arm around her in silence, and from that moment the odd baby crept into his heart.

The four lads showed themselves excellent tea-makers, and it was a very merry party that sat round the shabby old table. A clean cloth was unlearned in honor of the small princess. All the sunshine seemed to linger round the golden head as if loth to leave, and Pixie herself was like some shining star in the dull, dingy old room. Everybody pressed good things upon the child, enough to make her ill, if the truth must be told; but Balaam suddenly found wisdom, and made his charge eat chiefly of bread-and-butter, with a little jam at the conclusion of the feast.

"That was a very good tea," said

Pixie gravely, when she had finished. "I think I shall like bein' Balaam's little girl very much." And Balaam beamed all over his handsome face.

So Pixie came into the lives of those four lads, taking possession of their hearts, their home, and all that they had, giving love to them all, but adoration to Balaam, who worshipped the child. It is at least certain that they gave themselves ridiculous airs on account of her.

"Oh, no," they would say with elaborate carelessness to a friend, "can't stop just now. Balaam's Baby will be expecting us." And off they would go to amuse the maid, and assist with clumsy but willing fingers at the unfastening of strings that would get into a knot.

Never was a child so thought of, never were parents as proud as Pixie's adopted ones. The care, the thought, the sacrifice expended on her! The exquisite presents they bought for her! Balaam sat up writing till dawn half the week, that the baby might have some new gift, or a day in the country. The others might give her presents, but none but he might feed and clothe her; that was his proud prerogative, and one over which many a hot argument ensued, for Earle was getting on well as a black-and-white artist, and Burton and Carstairs had allowances from home. Perhaps it was because he had to work so hard for her, because she cost so much in many ways, that she became more and more precious.

Balaam's love for the child was a blind, worshipping adoration that became almost painful to witness when one thought of the future.

Some day the child would be a woman—what then?

Married women living close would have made a pet of the lovely child, but Pixie declined their offers.

"It is very kind," she would say gravely, "but I have no time to come and play with your little girl and drive in the park with you. I must look after the boys and mend their things, and get the tea, and buy some supper."

And all this, and more, the quaint old-fashioned little thing performed by the time she was twelve. She was still small and fragile, but growing fast—too fast, a woman warningly told Balaam, frightening him badly. Well-meaning friends told him other things, showed him the serpent in his Garden of Eden, informed him matters could not go on like that; the child must be sent to school, properly educated, put under the charge of women.

"She is being educated; we educate her," said Balaam, almost fiercely. "We each give her an hour a day, and she is wonderfully clever. I'm sure she knows twice as much as most children of her age."

And so she did, but it was boy's knowledge, not girl's, she learnt from her prod masters, and her quick, clever brain developed rapidly. Balaam tried to put a great dread from him—the thought of losing her, for some day he knew she must go to school, grow up, and perhaps leave them for months.

She was fifteen, very tall for her age, like a slender lily, when that terrible day dawned, Balaam, a rising young barrister of thirty, looking old and over-gray for his years—strenuous years they had been.

Pixie wept wildly as she said good-bye to the three young men, who all blew their noses violently, and told her time would soon pass and she must be quick and "get finished," and come back grown-up to live with them for ever after. In a few years Balaam was going to have ever such a grand house for her.

Balaam said nothing. He felt it was the parting of the ways—perhaps a life-long parting. Things could never be the same again. When she was grown-up, even if she lived with him, people said they would have to have some lady as companion, which would spoil everything. He would be a dull old fogey, and she—it would be youth to youth, as it should be. He was losing her, and he knew it.

He went with her to the school, and after a long conversation with the principal, to which she listened amazed at his wisdom (for love had given him much wisdom), and promised to fulfil his many injunctions for the happiness of the new school-girl, he went to say good-bye to Pixie—the hardest task of his life. She did not make it any easier, for she clung to him, gazing imploringly in his face, her eyes wide with anguish, begging him to take her back.

"I can't live here away from you, Balaam," she sobbed.

"It's only three years, and I shall see you often," he managed to say, "and I am going to work hard, and there will be a nice house for you to choose and furnish—"

"You are not to over-work. Do you hear? I will not have it, Balaam," the half-child, half-woman cried quickly. "And oh! do remember to change your socks when they are wet! Promise, Balaam!"

And Balaam, a great lump in his throat, promised huskily.

Then he tore himself away and went back to his empty life and hard work.

II.

If the first coming of Balaam's baby had been a surprise, the second was a whirlwind.

One dreary winter day Balaam sat in the same old chambers in Gray's Inn, busily engaged on a brief—an occupation

which was no longer a novelty. He raised himself at length, stretching his arms wearily, and sighed. He worked so hard, and somehow to-day things seemed extra cheerless and lonely. As the light fell on his face, it was clear that the last five years had not been altogether years of plenty; hard work—too hard work—struggle and endeavor, were deeply scored upon it; there were lines around the firm kindly mouth, and more than a little grey in the dark hair. He looked older than his thirty-five years. It all spelt one word—Pixie.

First, that illness of hers at school, when he had been with her day and night through endless hours of anxiety and danger. Then the second parting two years later, when she, as lanky as one so dainty could possibly be, had seemed cold and constrained. The doctor insisted on a sunny climate for a couple of years, and so Balaam had arranged she should finish her education and build up strength at the same time in foreign places.

She had gone and stayed away not two, but three years, and though she was nearly twenty, she showed no wish to return, though she might have guessed he was living cheaply and working hard, so that when she came it would be to a home worthy of a young girl's dream. But lately he had felt that home would never be; that the fruit of his endeavor was to be ashes; her letters were few and far between, full of constraint, and she never mentioned her return. He ceased to mention it himself in the end. All the rest was satisfactory. She won golden opinions wherever she went; she was not only lovely, but clever and charming, and—so her chaperone told him proudly—surrounded by devoted young men everywhere.

The young barrister sighed again, and looked dully into the dying fire.

"Youth to youth, gaiety to gaiety," he muttered. "What right have I selfishly to condemn her to make sunshine for an old fogey like me?"

He did not look much like an old fogey; if extremely grave, he was, and always must be, an unusually handsome man, with a tall, strong figure, an alert carriage; but perhaps his responsibilities made him feel old; his friends had long gone their several ways, and somehow he had never seemed to have time to make new ones. His energies had been spent in preparing for the coming of Pixie, yet they were wasted years—she would never come now. He read Made-moiselle's last letter only too plainly. There was someone out there, young, gay, handsome, entirely eligible. Pixie evidently liked him greatly. The fire was going out, dying like his own youth and happiness, but it did not seem worth while to shout for more coal; probably Mrs. Burt would take no notice. The whole room looked cheerless, miserable, but he had grown accustomed to lack of brightness since Pixie had gone.

Suddenly a noise startled him—a light, flying tread, the rustle of a dress. The next moment the door burst open, the room became illuminated by a whirlwind of fleecy skirts, a mass of golden hair piled on a small, lovely head, and Pixie—the old Pixie—leapt at him through the dimness and was clinging to him in a state of half-laughter, half-tears.

"Oh, Balaam! to be back at last!" she cried. "How long the time has been."

"A lifetime!" he returned, his arms round her. "Did you really want to come back? I thought—"

"I was counting the days. I wanted to do you credit, to learn enough to make me a companion to you. How sick I got of the blue skies and the sunshine with my heart in these dear old chambers all the time! And so the boys have gone, and you are all alone. It's time I came. You and I are left, Balaam; you and I are left."

"Thank God!" he echoed. "You and I are left!" He bent and kissed her—his own little loving Pixie. As their lips met a strange emotion seized him. This was not the old Pixie, but a new Pixie—a woman. As when he had put his arm round her at that first coming, so now, when she nestled within it, she crept into his heart all over again—but in a new way, an even dearer way. He did not realize what it meant; he only knew he had never dreamt such joy as this. Then she pulled herself suddenly away, and a sense of shyness fell upon them for a moment.

"So you are still pigging it," she exclaimed indignantly at length. "You always told me you had lots of money, that I was to deny myself nothing, and all the time you've been living in this discomfort, denying yourself. Oh! what a selfish, blind little beast I've been!"

"No, don't, dear. I waited for you to come and choose our home. We will see about it at once. Where is Mademoiselle?"

"In France," she retorted. "I ran away from her. I am quite capable of looking after myself, and it's all nonsense about a chaperone. I won't have a third, so there, Balaam! Besides, I am your ward, your adopted daughter—"

She broke off, laughing nervously.

"Yes," he agreed quietly; "that is it—my adopted daughter." And the life went out of his voice.

"Light the lamp," Pixie commanded.

"I have not seen you yet, and I want to know if you like my frock, and think I have grown up a—credit." As the lamp

(Continued on page 25)

The Housekeeper's Page



ONE of the pleasant duties of the hostess in summer is to keep her rooms beautified with flowers, from field or garden. In Japan, girls are taught how to arrange flowers, as a part of their domestic education. We leave this to the taste of the individual, sometimes

with good results, sometimes otherwise. At least one lesson we may learn from the Japanese, that is, to make the flower in the vase look as much like the flower in the garden as possible. They would never dream of massing blooms together, but arrange each flowering spray so that it will show to full advantage.

There are special dishes for holding pansies, violets, and such short-stemmed flowers, having covers with small holes through which the stalks are inserted into the water, but any low, wide-mouthed bowl or dish may be used, and a piece of wire mesh can be fitted into the top. Quite pretty effects have been achieved in the case of pansies by using an ordinary soup plate of white china with green and gold border, and a piece of wire-netting cut to fit just over the deep part of the plate, to keep the flowers out of the water. Long-stemmed flowers should be put in the vase loosely, so that they will spray about gracefully and not look stiff and bunched. A deep vase is necessary, of course, but not so deep that the stems will be almost entirely submerged, else the flower clusters are sure to mass together and look stiff.

Ornate vases should not be used for flowers, as the holder must not be obtrusive or call attention away from the blooms. Clear glass is always safe. Dull greens, grayish greens, and soft browns in pottery make excellent holders for most kinds of flowers. Roses and carnations look lovely in silver. Wide-mouthed vases of pottery are suitable for tulips. Sweet peas are lovely in white Dresden vases, and nasturtiums and some other varieties of garden flowers are set off by brass bowls.



Many Kinds of Sandwiches

Whoever first began to develop the possibilities of the sandwich conferred a favor on all housewives. For afternoon teas and simple suppers, for picnics and outdoor feasts, sandwiches are an interesting asset, capable of endless variety. The making of the sandwich is, or should be, a dainty bit of work. The bread must be well-baked and old enough to cut evenly, for which purpose the knife used should be one with a thin, sharp blade. It is very nice to have the butter creamed—that is, worked with a spoon until it is of a creamy consistency—and then flavored, if the sandwiches are for serving with tea. At all events the butter should be softened enough to spread easily. It is advisable to spread before cutting the slices, as they are more liable to crumble or break if it is done afterward. The slices must be thin, and the crust should all be trimmed off neatly. Care should be taken to spread the filling evenly; it is disappointing to have a sandwich that is bare in spots. For serving at table or with tea, the double slices are cut into small triangles or oblongs, but for picnic lunches cutting in half will leave them not too big. For these outdoor lunches, the sandwiches should be wrapped separately in paraffin paper and packed in boxes. If made some time before they are required, sandwiches can be kept fresh and moist by covering them with a damp napkin and keeping them in a cool place.

Ham sandwiches are about the most popular of those with a meat filling. A good way of making the filling is to put some cold cooked ham through the meat chopper, season with pepper, a very little salt, and made mustard, then mix all smooth with butter. A cucumber pickle cut into very small bits is an appetizing addition. Tongue sandwich filling can be prepared in similar fashion, but leave out the cucumber, and instead marinate with a little lemon juice. Yolk of hard-boiled egg may be added to the tongue.

Cucumber, tomato, and lettuce, separately or any two together, make refreshing sandwiches. Select small cucumbers, peel and slice them thin, discarding any obtrusive seeds. Leave in ice water for ten minutes or so, then drain quite dry. Spread the bread with mayonnaise dressing, and lay the cucumber on evenly. For lettuce sandwiches, use only the crisp tender leaves, wash, and dry them between cloths. Butter the lower slice of bread, place on it the lettuce, spread a thin layer of salad dressing on the upper slice, and press together.

Baked bean sandwiches are substantial and, made properly, palatable. Mash a cupful of baked beans, put with it a large

tablespoonful of minced roast or boiled ham, season with pepper and mustard. Rub smooth with softened butter. Butter thin slices of either white or brown bread. On one place a lettuce leaf, spread on the filling, lay over it another lettuce leaf, cover with the second slice of bread, and press lightly together.

Nut meats, which contain a good deal of nourishment, enter into the composition of a variety of sandwich fillings. English walnuts are used principally, chopped very fine. One very likable combination is jelly or marmalade and nuts. Spread the bread, buttered or otherwise as preferred, first with the preserve and sprinkle over it the chopped nuts. Nuts are also mixed with chopped apple or celery, moistened with cream or mayonnaise. Raisins, stoned and cooked in a very little water until they are tender, are mixed when cold with an equal quantity of finely chopped peanuts, and used for a sandwich filling, moistened with lemon juice.

Cheese is another nourishing constituent. Mix equal parts of grated cheese and English walnuts ground or pounded fine. Season with salt and moisten with rich thick sweet cream. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Peanut butter may be used instead of nuts. Rub some cottage cheese to a paste with a little cream, and season with salt and a dash of nutmeg. Moisten half as much peanut butter with lemon juice, mix the two together, and spread on thin slices of brown bread.

Very delicate and dainty are flower sandwiches. Flavor the butter by putting it, covered with very thin muslin, in a bowl, and laying over it a thick layer of rose petals or any fragrant flower preferred. Cover the bowl closely, and let it stand for several hours. That butter will absorb odors is known to all housewives, who take care to keep it away from fish or anything else that emits an odor. Spread thin slices of white bread with

the fragrant butter, and press them together, or roll the slices. They are attractive with a petal or two of the flowers strewn on the butter so that it will just show at the edge. Wrap the sandwiches in the muslin and put them back in the bowl with the flowers until wanted. If handed round, lay a spray of flowers on the plate. Nasturtiums are often the flower chosen.



Notes for the Laundry

For stiffening embroidered muslin collars, blouses trimmed with fine lace, and the like, gum water is to be preferred to starch, as it does not give the fibres of the material the same harsh appearance. To prepare the gum water, put an ounce of the best gum arabic, broken in small bits, into a pitcher and pour over it a cupful of boiling water. Set the pitcher in a warm place and stir the contents frequently with a piece of smooth stick until the gum is entirely dissolved. Strain through fine muslin and bottle for use. If a quantity is made to last for some weeks, it will keep better if prepared with cold water, but it takes rather a long time to dissolve. An average proportion to use for stiffening is a tablespoonful of the solution to a cupful of water.

A safe bleaching agent for cuffs and collars, handkerchiefs, etc., is pure borax. Dissolve a spoonful of the borax in boiling water, and strain it through muslin into the water in which the articles are to be trace of the chemical is removed.

Dark blue cotton dresses should have the final rinsing in water that has a good deal of clothes bluing in it, enough to make the water a deep blue. This will also help to keep black satens from turning brown. For light blues, a smaller amount of bluing is used in the rinsing water.

Blouses, corset covers, and underwear that have become stained by perspiration should be soaked for from thirty minutes to an hour in warm water to which ammonia is added, before being washed. If the stains have not disappeared, rub the places over with lemon juice, then rinse thoroughly in cold water.

Fruit and other stains should always be removed before the linen is washed, as many of them would be fixed indelibly by the action of the alkali in the hot suds.



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First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a minor key. The first measure is marked *dolce.* The second measure is marked *fz p*. The system contains six measures of music.

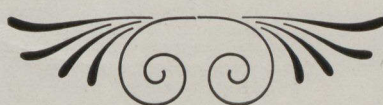
Second system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the first system. The first measure is marked *p*. The second measure is marked *dim.*. The system contains six measures of music.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the second system. The first measure is marked *dolce.* The second measure is marked *fp p*. The system contains six measures of music.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the third system. The first measure is marked *cresc.* The second measure is marked *ff*. The system contains six measures of music.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the fourth system. The first measure is marked *p*. The second measure is marked *ff*. The third measure is marked *espress.*. The system contains six measures of music. The final measure is marked *Ped.* with an asterisk.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the fifth system. The first measure is marked *dim.*. The second measure is marked *pp*. The system contains six measures of music.





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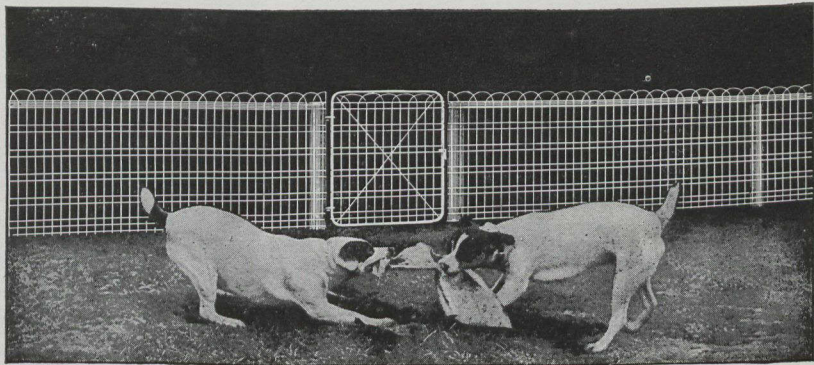
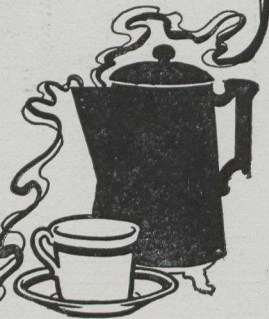
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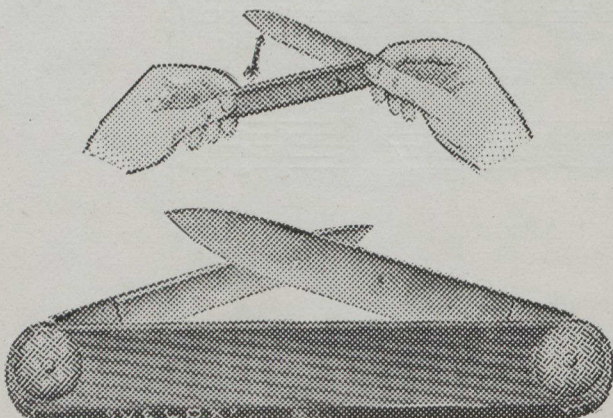
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Mrs. Betts's Suitors

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(Published by special arrangement)



If Mrs. Betts's appearance were not exactly that of a Cleopatra—she being stout, red-faced, and uncommonly short—yet in the matter of suitors she might almost have been said to hold her own with that royal and famous lady.

Her empire was undisputed from the very first, when—soon after Mr. Betts's departure for another sphere—she bought that desirable little property "The Vines"—really bought it out and out—that is, not practically rented it, by paying interest on a mortgage—and settled her tubby little self in our village.

Certainly it was an attractive place—"The Vines." A small greenhouse, containing a vine, which produced at least five or six bunches of grapes annually, projected from the south wall, while all down one side ran a good-sized strip of garden, where potatoes and cabbages grew in a long patch, bordered by pinks and chrysanthemums. The very place, in short, for a man to spend the rest of his days in peace and comfort.

Then, too, there were the accumulated savings of the late Mr. Betts—a yacht steward by profession—and the sum awarded to his widow by way of compensation when he took it into his head to fall overboard one night in a running sea.

"Three hundred pound—no less," the village crone who had helped Mrs. Betts to settle in, was heard to say while engaged in choosing a bit of mutton—cheap on account of its doubtful freshness—at the butcher's. "Ah, she can afford to buy of the best, which I can't, and that's all about it."

Now, it so happened that Mrs. Betts herself was much exercised in mind that morning—not about her suitors, but about her potato patch. The potatoes had been growing fast lately, and wanted "earthing up" badly, but the widow felt no inclination for the task. From whatever point she viewed the problem, however, there appeared but two solutions: either she must do it herself, or hire a man to do it for her; so, after much consideration, she donned a neat, black bonnet and sallied forth.

At the top of the village street she ran against Mr. Fletcher—an elderly army pensioner, many years her senior, but still "sprack and spry," as she would have put it.

He raised his hat impressively—a tribute usually reserved for the vicar or the ladies at the Hall—and his grey-mustachioed old face brightened at sight of her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Betts! Fine day, ain't it?"

"Lovely," agreed Mrs. Betts, coming coyly to a standstill. "Though I'm that worried, I don't seem to take no notice of the weather like."

"In-deed?" Mr. Fletcher took his pipe out of his mouth and regarded her with interest. "And what may it be that's a-worrying of you, Mrs. Betts?"

"It's them pertaters." The widow wrinkled up her still comely brows in a distressful manner. "They wants earthin' up somethink dreadful; they're a-growin' all over the place. You see, it's like this, Mr. Fletcher." Mrs. Betts lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "If I has one of these 'ere young chaps to do it for me, 'e won't do it under a day or more, and I'm but a poor widdar woman, when all's said and done. I can't afford to throw money away. The pertaters ain't worth it. You follers me, I 'ope, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Ye-es." Mr. Fletcher seemed to be slowly evolving some idea out of the depths of his mind. "Yes, I quite holds with you, Mrs. Betts. I knows what these here young chaps is."

He paused to raise his hat and scratch his head reflectively a moment.

"I've done a bit o' gardening now and again for Mrs. Morris—where I lodges, you know, ma'am. If you like, I'll come along this evenin' and do some of them pertaters for you—friendly like, you understand."

"And I'm sure it's a true friend you'll be, Mr. Fletcher!" the widow gushed delightedly. "I'll have a cup o' tea ready for yer, and one o' them meaty pasties I used to make in service, afore ever I married poor dear Betts."

It was a winsome prospect, and Mr. Fletcher smiled till he looked positively ten years younger, as Mrs. Betts, her mind happily set at rest, went beaming on her way.

True to his word, he turned up in the

cool of the evening, carrying fork and spade over his shoulder, and wearing his second-best suit instead of the one in which he usually did his gardening. "Wimmin always thinks a deal of a chap's clothes," he told his smirking reflection in the little cracked old glass, perched upon his chest of drawers, as he laid aside the old suit. "Besides, I be to have tea wi' her arterwards, and 'tis best to be a little extravagant-like courtin'. She'll not mind old clothes when we comes to settlin' down together."

So it was with quite a gallant, well-groomed air that the old pensioner presented himself at "The Vines." Mrs. Betts received him with enthusiasm, and set him to work without delay, and for the next two hours, Mr. Fletcher, hot and weary, but stimulated to exertion by an exhilarating view of castles in the air of the most enchanting description, worked unceasingly at earthing up Mrs. Betts's potatoes—blissfully unconscious of the advent of a rival suitor at the back door, which was on the opposite side of the house.

Thither came Mr. Chapman, bringing with him a tasty little bit of lamb, in the hope that the widow would not only buy, but also be pleased at his zeal on her behalf.

"It'll eat lovely, ma'am," he affirmed optimistically, as the lady poked at the livid, flabby piece of meat with a podgy forefinger and a somewhat disparaging air.

"Um—" Mrs. Betts's tone implied doubt. "Seems to me he ain't as fresh as he might be."

"Not fresh!" Mr. Chapman's aggrieved surprise almost overcame him. "I do assure you, ma'am, this here bit o' meat have only just come in! Why, directly I sees he, I says to myself, I says, 'This here meat be the very thing for Mrs. Betts's eatin', and I went for to bring he down straight away!'"

He paused to recover himself at the thought of such unappreciated devotion; but Mrs. Betts making no reply, beyond pursing up her lips in a sceptical manner, he broke forth afresh. "I'll tell you what, ma'am: if you don't believe me, I'd sooner make you a present of this here bit o' meat. Then you'll see for yourself how he eats."

A present! Mrs. Betts's eyes began to sparkle, and, reaching up with surprising agility, she withdrew a plate from the tiny rack over the sink.

"Well, now, really, if you puts it that way, Mr. Chapman, why, I'll take it suttinly—with pleasure—and thank you kindly, too, I'm sure." She rapidly transferred the joint from the basket of the slightly reluctant butcher to the plate, and patted her prize lovingly.

"It ain't such a bad piece after all, now I comes to look at it," she conceded graciously. "I'm sure I'm that obliged to you, Mr. Chapman, I don't 'ardly know what to say."

The bewildered Mr. Chapman, who had not expected such a prompt acceptance of his offer, which, after all, had been intended merely as a figure of speech, watched her carry it away with feelings of mingled dejection and hope. Never before had he ventured so much as to hint at a gift to Mrs. Betts, and her ready acceptance seemed a favorable augury in his eyes.

"I suppose, now, you wouldn't be thinking of going for a walk next Sunday, ma'am?" he ventured to insinuate humbly when she returned, and—though still smiling amiably—had begun gently to rattle the door handle in a manner suggestive of closing it.

Alas! the change in the widow's demeanour was instant and terrible. The smile vanished, and Mrs. Betts positively glared as she drew herself up to her full four feet ten.

"Go for a walk next Sunday! Suttinly not, Mr. Chapman. Whatever do you mean for to ask me? I never heard of such impudence? Here, I'll just fetch you back that bit o' meat again!"

"No, no; please don't, Mrs. Betts! I didn't mean no harm!" the unhappy man besought in a panic, mopping his forehead with a torn and dingy handkerchief he had tried to wash that morning himself, but with scant success.

"Didn't mean no harm!" repeated the outraged Mrs. Betts, continuing to glare unappeased at her unfortunate admirer—without, however, making any further reference to his gift. "No, I should think you'd better not mean any harm, Mr. Chapman. Good-afternoon!"

She slammed the door, and the crest-fallen butcher carried away his empty basket with a sense of bitter failure gnawing at his heart.

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Meanwhile the assiduous Mr. Fletcher had managed to earth up more than half the rows of potatoes running across Mrs. Betts's garden; and that lady, coming out to see how he was getting on, was pleased to express her approval in the handsomest terms.

"Bee-you-tiful! It's beeyoutiful, that's what it is," she informed the gratified veteran. Then she cast a doubtful eye towards the remaining rows, and it was easy to see that some carking anxiety weighed upon her mind.

"I reely 'ardly likes to ask it of you, Mr. Fletcher—" she was beginning, when the gallant old pensioner interposed with as jaunty an air as his stiff and aching bones would allow.

"Don't go for to trouble yourself over they other rows, Mrs. Betts. I'll be pleased to come in another evenin' and earth 'em up for you. 'Twill be no trouble at all—to do it for you, it won't!"

"I'm sure I'm that obliged to you, Mr. Fletcher, I don't 'ardly know what to say. But there—as I always says—Mr. Fletcher he have the kindest heart as ever I did see! I'll not forget this, Mr. Fletcher; nor, that I shan't!"

Her sharp little eyes beamed affectionately upon him, and the happy man, delighted at the progress his suit was making, ventured a gentle experimental pat or two upon the hand resting on his arm, smiling indulgently when the widow hastily withdrew it.

"I'll bustle in now and make the tea, which I'm sure you needs bad, Mr. Fletcher," she exclaimed. And Mr. Fletcher, as he gazed after her and noted the desirable little greenhouse, the neatly curtained windows adorned with pots of pink and red geraniums, and ferily lit up by the rays of the setting sun, felt his heart warm at the prospect which lay before him in his declining years.

But alas for human hopes!

Mrs. Betts was certainly charming at tea-time, and listened with absorbed attention to tales of his former exploits; but when he turned up again the next afternoon, carrying fork and spade, and quite ready for work, an unaccountable chill seemed to have crept into her manner.

Mr. Fletcher, though still stiff and sore after yesterday's exertions, had finished the remaining rows of potatoes, and, leaning on his spade, was conning over the proposal he meant to make during tea, and wishing Mrs. Betts would come out, when that lady made her appearance in her best Sunday dress, with her bonnet and mantle on.

"It's never but what there's something a-happening," she remarked sagely to the bewildered veteran. "Here's a leg come off my kitchen chair, and I'm down to Mr. Williams for to have it mended. I can't a-bear broken things messing about."

She glanced shrewdly round the neatly tidied garden, and was pleased to nod approvingly. "I've put a cup o' tea handy on the stove, if you'd like a drop afore you goes, Mr. Fletcher," she proceeded airily; "and I'm sure I'm that obliged I 'ardly knows what to say."

Poor Mr. Fletcher, more disappointed than he ever remembered being before, and mourning over his carefully prepared speeches, nevertheless pulled himself together gallantly.

"I knows what I'd like you to say, Mrs. Betts," he ventured to insinuate humbly, but the widow was already halfway down the garden path, and took not the smallest notice.

"Mind you shuts the gate after you when you goes out, Mr. Fletcher," was all she said; and the unfortunate suitor, left alone with the rows of neatly-banked-up potatoes, felt his heart sink as the sound of her footsteps died away down the lane.

After a disconsolate tea at home he could not resist strolling out again, past the little, white-painted gate he had come to consider as soon to be his own.

Yes, there was Mr. Williams—a supposed misogynist, who seldom had a pleasant word or look for anyone—walking round the garden with Mrs. Betts and talking genially while the widow hung enraptured upon his words.

Mr. Fletcher, seeing him point toward the potatoes, immediately inferred, with a swelling heart, that he was deriding the way in which they had been earthed up; and a great bitterness filled his soul as

he watched the faithless Mrs. Betts pick a big bunch of sweet-smelling pinks and present them to the carpenter, and accompany him down to the gate. Though he walked on hastily, Mr. Fletcher could not help hearing her parting words:

"Well, good-bye till to-morrow, then, Mr. Williams. I'm sure I'm that obliged to you I don't 'ardly know what to say!"

The favored Mr. Williams came swaggering down the lane, casting—so it seemed—a glance of scornful pity at his rival as he passed, and Mr. Fletcher, trembling with indignation and mute with wrath, shook one of his gnarled old fists at the retreating back of the triumphant carpenter.

Next morning Mr. Williams, planing wood in his workshop, and whistling away gaily to himself—a thing he had never been known to do before—was interrupted by a sepulchral voice from outside.

"I wishes to have a word with you, Mr. Williams, if you please."

Mr. Fletcher entered with deliberation, and for a few moments the two men glared at each other in silence.

"Yes," said the visitor, coming nearer, and clearing his throat in a premonitory manner. "I've a plain question to ask of you, Mr. Williams, and I expects a plain answer. Be you a-courtin' of Mrs. Betts or no?"

Mr. Williams's natural moroseness reared its head in an instant.

"And what's that to you, I'd like to know?" he demanded savagely. "Ain't you nothin' better to do at your time o' life than to come pokin' where you ain't wanted—no, nor likely to be neither—arskin' of your questions?"

Mr. Fletcher drew himself more stiffly erect than ever.

"I've a right to ask," he asserted with dignity.

"No, you ain't!" retorted the other. "I 'ave!" repeated Mr. Fletcher, beginning to get heated.

Mr. Williams advanced his bulldog head threateningly.

"I tell you you ain't!" he roared. Things were certainly looking serious, and might have ended in a deplorable manner, had not a passer-by at that moment looked into the shed.

"I say, mates," he called, "can you tell me where Mrs. Betts lives?"

There was a sudden lull in the dispute, and the two belligerents turned to stare at the questioner.

"The—the fourth house on the left," volunteered Mr. Fletcher at length, scanning the newcomer curiously.

He was a big, rather fat man, dressed in navy serge and a peaked cap, and he carried a prosperous-looking bag.

"Thank ye, mate," he answered cheerily. "Truth is, I'm in a bit of a hurry to get home—see?"

"Home!" Mr. Fletcher's jaw dropped, and Mr. Williams took a step forward, as if uncertain whether he had heard aright. "And who may you be as calls Mrs. Betts's place home?" he inquired ironically.

The stranger laughed good-humoredly. "Why, I'm Mr. Betts, as was thought to be drowned. Some natives picked me up, d'ye see, and now I'm come home to my lawful wife—"

An idea seemed to occur to him as he looked from one gloomy face to the other. "She ain't gone and got married again, have she?" he inquired anxiously.

"No—not yet—she 'aven't," Mr. Fletcher answered heavily.

"But you're only just in time," added Williams, with a malevolent glance at his rival.

Mr. Betts appeared thoughtful. "Fourth house on the left, ye say?" he remarked. "Well, so long, mates!"

Off he tramped, and, without another word, Mr. Williams returned to his planing, while Mr. Fletcher, after regarding him sternly for a moment, strolled out with as great an assumption of indifference as he could muster.

There was nothing to be seen at "The Vines," though he took as long as he could in passing the gate. But the next day—Sunday—the village congregation were electrified to see Mrs. Betts—looking greatly subdued, so the gossips said—enter the church meekly in the wake of a big, sailorly-looking man, while, in place of the crape bow which had hitherto adorned the front of her bonnet, there now nodded a large pink rose!

WITH THE WITS

BETTER OR WORSE?

Mistress—"I'm sorry you are going to leave, Marie. Are you going to better yourself?" Marie—"No, ma'am, I'm going to get married."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Did you make those biscuits, my dear?" asked the young husband. "Yes, darling." "Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart." "Why not, my love?" "Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work."

THE CURE.

"You know that fellow, Jim M'Groarty, the lad that's always comin' up an' thumpin' ye on th' chest and yellin' 'How are ye?' " "I know him." "I'll bet he's smashed twenty cigars for me—some of them clear Havannays—but I'll get even with him now." "How will ye do it?" "I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry my cigars. He'll hit me there just once more. There's no cigars in me vest pocket this mornin'. Instead of it there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye moind'?"

A NAUTICAL SUGGESTION.

A young woman who had not particularly enjoyed her first trip across the ocean was of a party discussing the names chosen by the different steamship companies for their boats. "They try to get something distinctive, you see," said one, "so that one can tell from the name what line it belongs to. For instance, the names of the boats of one line all end in ic, like 'Teutonic' and 'Majestic.' They have really reached the end of the list, I have heard, and are at a loss what to name the next one that they build." "That ought not to be hard," commented the young woman reminiscingly, "why don't they try 'Cesic'?"

WILLIE WAS AHEAD.

A young man was walking in the garden with his sweetheart, when she asked him if he would have a glass of lemonade. On going indoors she found there was only one lemon, so she told her little brother to make some lemonade, but to put water into her glass and squeeze all the lemon into her young man's glass. The young man also became aware that there was only one lemon, so he told little Willie to put the water into his glass and to squeeze all the lemon into his sister's glass. Five minutes afterwards Willie was to be seen drinking lemonade outside the door, while inside the room the lovers were sipping water and asking each other if theirs was strong enough!

LITERAL OBEDIENCE.

Two men, staying in a boarding-house were, on their first night, disturbed by a great noise in the room above them. It was as if someone was running about with hob-nailed boots on. They did not interfere, thinking it would not occur again. However, on the second night it was quite as bad. On the third night it was varied, being a series of heavy bumps. In terror of their lives they went upstairs and asked the inmate of the room what was the reason of the row. "It's only medicine," he said. "And it's a deal harder on me than on you." "Your medicine? But surely its not so bad to take as that!" "Yes. The doctor ordered me to take it two nights running and to skip the third night, and that's what I'm trying to do."

THE TALLEST STORY.

An Irishman and a Scotchman once went travelling through a Western prairie. It happened that one afternoon they shot a single quail, which would do for breakfast for one of them the following morning. Knowing that the bird was not enough for two, they agreed to have it eaten by the one who should have the best dream during the night. When they woke early in the morning the Irishman said to the Scotchman. "An' phwat did you dream, Sandy?" "Well," answered the Scot, "I dreamed that I saw a beautiful basket descend from heaven, and then I got into it and was borne up to paradise." "An' I dreamed," said the Irishman, "that I saw you goin' up, an' I thought you wouldn't come back, an' so I got up and ate the quail."

IN THE MINORITY.

A physician came across a patient while strolling through the grounds of a hospital for the insane, and, stopping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics, the physician said: "Why are you here?" "Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad, and the majority won."

THE SECRET.

He was reading his weekly paper, the *Local Advertiser*, when his eye rested on the following advertisement: "A new and novel method for catching squirrels. Send postal order for 2s 6d to Sharp & Smart, Trickster Street, London, E.C." He decided to send, and duly forwarded his 2s 6d. A few days later he got a reply: "Dear Sir,—Go into a wood, climb a tree, conceal yourself under a leaf, and then make a noise like a nut."

AFRAID IT WOULD BE MISSED.

Tommy learned to swim in a cove, an arm of the sea. Consequently when he went to the private swimming pond of his father's city club he felt cramped somehow, and afraid of getting in the way. After a while that feeling wore off. He began splashing about and doing a few tricks that he thought his father might not know. Suddenly his head and shoulders emerged from the water. "Oh, Daddy," he said in an anxious whisper, "I've swallowed some of the water. Do you think they'll mind?"

SURE, IF SLOW.

A steam-heating plant had been installed in the house of the new president of a small, conservative college. The president, startled by a break in the steam pipes, went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar with his new surroundings he entered the library. "Dr. So-and-So," he inquired, his breath coming in gasps, "how can I find the janitor?" "Well," the librarian replied in a slow drawl, "I find the surest way is to send him a postal card."

THE WORST HAD HAPPENED.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome objects to be labelled as a humorist pure and simple, but it was, of course, as a humorous writer and lecturer that he first attracted public attention. One of his lecturing tours was in the United States, and on his arrival on this side he was met by the usual group of reporters. "Aren't you rather nervous," asked one, "about submitting your particular brand of humor to American audiences?" "Young man," was the solemn reply, "I have faced a Scotch audience on a damp night, and now I fear no foe!"

HIS ONLY FEAR.

Sir Arthur Collins tells a good story about a certain well-known member of Parliament who is a personal friend of his. "This M.P.," he says, "on one occasion when instructing his chauffeur on the importance of driving carefully, remarked—'You need not keep quite such a watchful eye on grown-up people, as they can look after themselves, but, whatever you do, mind you exercise the greatest care when you see children and babies in the road.' Whereupon the chauffeur replied nonchalantly—'Yes, then feeding-bottles do cut up the tires dreadful!'"

ONLY ONE FAULT.

"Let me engage the cook," said the meddlesome man to his wife. "Show the applicants in to me and I will see that you are properly suited." "Do you attend church?" he inquired of the first applicant. "Yes, sir. Regularly every Sunday," replied the prospective cook. "How long were you at your last place?" "Two years." "I would pay you twelve shillings a week. Would that do?" "Yes, sir." "Have you any followers?" "No, sir." "Right! I'll engage you." The next evening the meddlesome man asked his wife how the new cook had got on. "She's gone, Frank," replied his wife. "You omitted one question when you engaged her." "Nonsense. What was that?" "You forgot to ask her if she could cook. She couldn't."

WHAT HE DID KNOW.

The examiner's face was fierce. His voice was fiercer. His whiskers were fiercest of all. But the laddies and lassies of the Highland school, who were having their historical knowledge tested, stood up to him bravely, and answered his questions in clear, firm voices. One little boy, however, found himself nonplussed by one of the examiner's questions. He puckered his brows, and racked his brain in vain. "What!" exclaimed the examiner. "Haven't you ever heard of the Battle of Flodden?" The little boy shook his head. "Come, sir—come! Don't you know anything about the battle in which the English beat the Scotch?" The little boy found his voice at last. "Well," he exclaimed warmly, "I ken it must have been verra exceptional!"

FAVORITE FICTION.

"Twenty Minutes for Refreshments."
 "Yes, I Posted It on My Way Down-town, Maria."
 "And Now, my Friends, a Word in Conclusion."
 "You Will Find Our Prices the Cheapest in the City."
 "No; That Story is New to Me; Go Ahead and Tell It."
 "Your Honor, All My Client Asks in This Case is Justice."
 "With Sentiments of the Highest Esteem I Remain, as Ever."
 "I Cordially Recommended the Bearer to Your Favorable Consideration."
 "I'm Glad She Didn't Invite Me to Her Party; I Should Have Had to Go."

Balaam's Baby

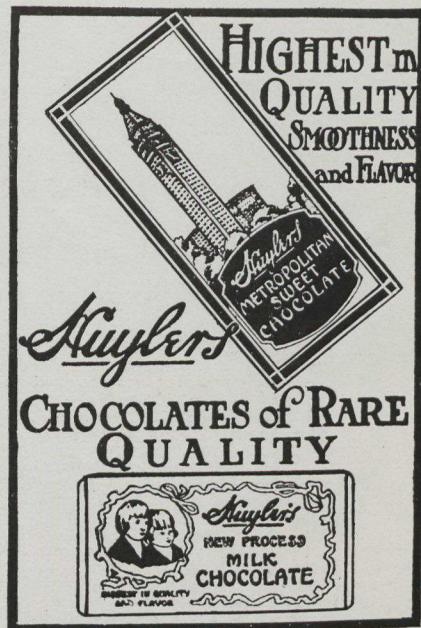
(Continued from page 22)

was lit she uttered a startled exclamation. "Oh!" she cried. "How old you look! And your hair is gray!"
 "Oh, I am quite suitable for a father," he attempted to say, lightly, though he had winced at the careless words. "But let me look at you. Ah!" It was no wonder he broke off with an exclamation, for Pixie had more than fulfilled the promise of her lovely childhood.
 "I am glad you like my frock," she said, demurely. "It was made in Vienna, and cost—oh, you poor Balaam!—lots. And I kept it for our meeting."
 "It's not altogether the frock, child," he said, smiling. "You have grown up quite terribly lovely, my dear. You will be a shocking responsibility, and I fear I shan't remain in undisputed possession very long."
 "Why not?" she cried, growing very pink.

He only smiled and sighed in answer. Then she went round the flat and scolded Balaam about the dust and disorder she found everywhere. "It really is time you had some one to look after you, you helpless old bachelor!" she exclaimed. "We will look for the ideal flat or house at once, and say good-bye to Mrs. Burt and whisky. Do you hear?"
 "I hear and obey," returned Balaam, radiant. He determined to live in the present; he would not think of that third parting which must come some day.

She got the meal, though he insisted on helping, and a more delicious tea, in spite of stale bread and salt butter, neither had ever tasted. Then she unpacked some of her possessions to make him admire her frocks and the useless presents she had bought for him. After that, she went into his room and brought out an armful of garments sadly in need of repair, and while she plied a humble needle and chatted gaily, Balaam sat smoking in contented silence by her side.
 When at length she rose to go to her own room, she did not kiss him as in the old days, but shyly offered her hand, and Balaam's face unmistakably fell. He held her fingers tightly for a moment, only too conscious of what had happened—he had fallen in love with his ward and adopted daughter. Was there ever anything more ridiculous? He dropped her hand and turned away with a sharp sigh.
 "Good-night," said Pixie radiant, dropping him a demure curtsy.

A few days later they were established in a furnished flat, while Pixie sought and found the ideal home and furniture. At the end of a month they were settled in a delightful home, and people began to call and ask the lovely orphan to numerous entertainments. Most of them took it for granted that Balaam, who never



had gone out, did not care for society. "He is quite past that sort of thing—a regular old fogey," they said. At first they had looked upon the *ménage* as a queer one, till they remembered that Balaam had always been so old for his age, and had never seemed like other young men.

"Fifteen years between such a pair is equivalent to a lifetime," they said. "Besides, she's his adopted daughter." And so the matter dropped.

As time went on Balaam grew even quieter, and was seldom at home. He pleaded an excess of business. There were days when he could not trust himself alone with Pixie without betraying some of the great love surging in his heart, and to let her guess was to end everything. It was his wish that she accepted all the invitations, showed off her brilliant accomplishments, was courted and fêted and admired. Once or twice she had made him accompany her, and he stood aside while men thronged round her, pride and agony in his heart. Some day, soon, one of them would claim her, and everything would be over. Yet because her happiness must come first he told himself he wished her to find it early, and he was prepared to make large settlements upon her. At last the blow fell; he knew it was coming when he saw her face, and braced himself up to meet it, though he had felt the color leave his very lips.

"Come and tell me all about it," he said with a smile, trying to put her at her ease. "I know he is a good sort, or you would not care for him. Who is it?"
 She sat on the arm of his chair, her eyes downcast, her cheeks bright pink.

"He is the best man in all the world," she said fervently.

"Of course," agreed poor Balaam cheerfully.

"And the handsomest," she went on defiantly.

"He ought to be."
 "And the bravest and cleverest, and most unselfish and devoted," she insisted. He also agreed to that.

"You see, I've got tired of always going out alone," she explained shyly, "and I thought a— a husband would be the nicest sort of companion and chaperone—"

"But you are not marrying just because of that, dear?" he asked very anxiously. "You love this man, Pixie?"

"I could not help it," she returned; "no one could. I love him awfully."
 "You have not told me his name."
 "Well, you see, he has not asked me—yet." And she laughed nervously.

Balaam looked his amazement.
 "But he's only waiting for encouragement, of course?"

"I hope so," she assented; "that's why I'm giving it him. Oh, Balaam, how dull you are!"

He turned to her trembling.
 "You cannot mean—?" he gasped, trying to look into her eyes.

She met his gaze bravely for a moment, then she had slipped into his arms and nestled contentedly against his shoulder.

"At last!" she sighed. "How backward you have been, sir! I have practically had to ask you, and you fell badly in love with me when I came back—you know you did! I've always meant to marry you, Balaam. That was why I let you send me away for such ages; I wanted to improve myself, to be worthy. Sometimes I got frightened in case someone might take you away; that's why I hurried back without any notice, and so—"

Balaam was too happy for words, but as he drew her closer and kissed her, the sunshine came back into the room, never to desert it again.

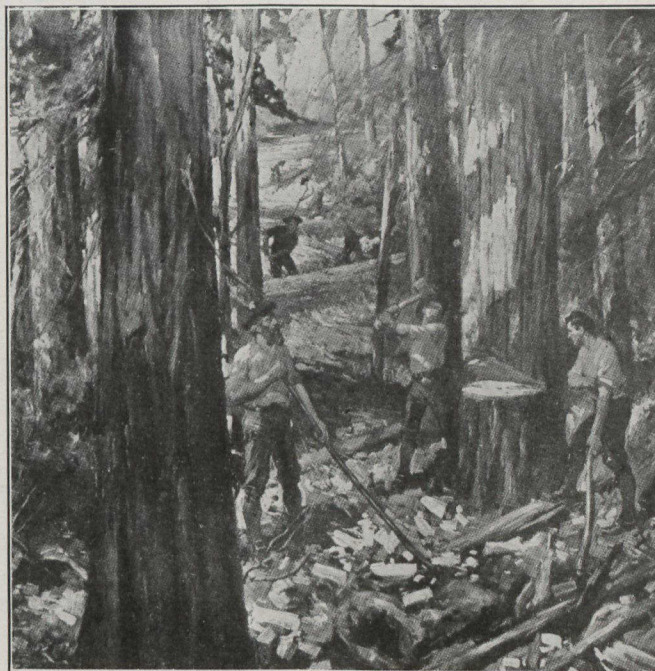
There is someone else now, a Very Great Personage, with the true right to the title of "Balaam's Baby," and Balaam is no longer an old fogey.

The Scot in Canada

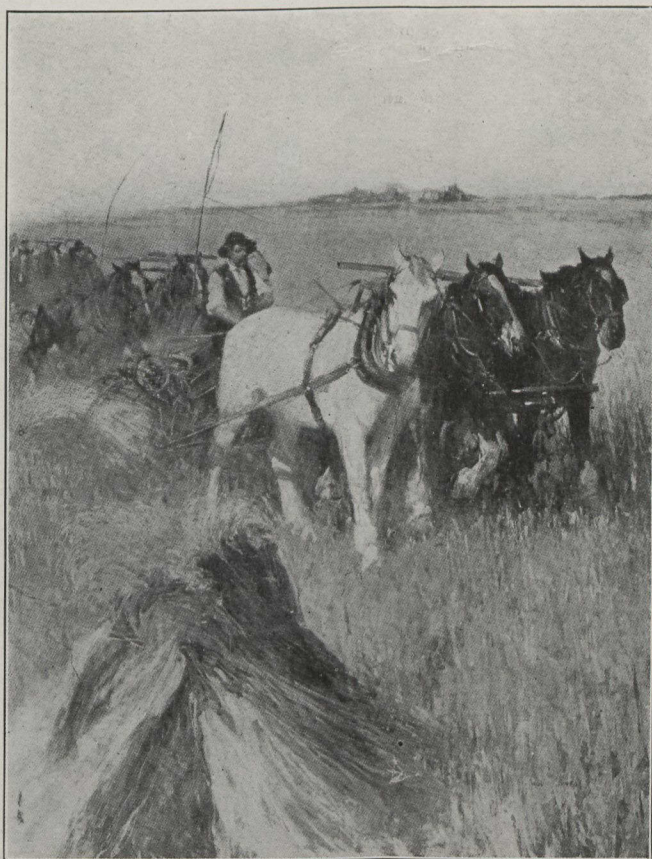
Pictures for the Scottish National Exhibition at Glasgow



ON A JOURNEY WHICH MEANT MUCH FOR THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH RACE ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT: SIMON FRASER SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE FRASER RIVER.



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These are small reproductions of four of the seven large pictures illustrating the Scottish History of Canada which are to have place in the Canadian Pacific Railway's "Scots in Canada" Pavilion at the Scottish National Exhibition at Glasgow. The originals are eight feet in height. It was in 1807 that Simon Fraser received orders to explore the River Tacouche Tesse, which was supposed to be an upper reach of the Columbia. Four canoes, therefore, started out. The descent of the Fraser River took forty-two days, and though Fraser was disappointed that the river, after all, turned out not to be the Columbia, it was of vast importance to the future of the British race on the American Continent that his perilous journey was so successfully accomplished. In 1769 William Davidson undertook to deliver at Fort Howe, in Nova Scotia, masts for the British Navy. Masts at this time fetched £136 sterling if they could measure a diameter of 3 feet and a length of 108 feet. His success was the foundation of a great industry. The paintings are by Cyrus Cuneo, R.O.I.

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THE PEOPLE AND THE 'WITNESS' CAMPAIGN

(From the Montreal 'Witness')

SOME days ago we announced with great joy that our subscribers had nearly increased our circulation by half. But that announcement, instead of inspiring to greater activity, seems to have had the opposite effect, as the "tide," which was then running high, now seems to be on the ebb.

As a matter of fact, the circulation of the *Witness* has not yet quite been increased by half, though very nearly. And though half a loaf is not a whole one, it is sufficient to keep one going for some time. But we really must have the half loaf before rejecting good offers and deciding to continue the fight.

It would only take comparatively few more subscribers to pass the half-way mark—and if it is passed now we will say NO to all the propositions before us—counting on receiving the necessary additional new subscriptions before now and the end of the year, when people usually select their papers for the new year.

It is to be presumed that all who have been working for the *Witness* have done their best, so if the half-way mark is to be reached at once it must be through the efforts of those who have not sent any new subscriptions yet. This is more particularly the opportunity of those who can only send one, but can send that one now.

It is wonderful how many *Witness* friends have been working day and night to secure for it an adequate support, and we have not attempted to thank them all individually, nor can we in words express our appreciation of their untiring and devoted co-operation. Publishers everywhere are amazed at what has been already done. It was never done like that before. But still if the *Witness* is to go on—not merely exist—if it is to be accounted a power in the land, it needs an ever increasing co-operation to offset its ever increasing enemies.

These are days in which the giant of materialism defies the Christian forces, and in which people are too busy to discern between unscrupulous and scrupulous journalism—or discerning the difference, either prefer the unscrupulous, which we cannot believe, or feel that they cannot dictate to the Press what it should be.

To any one who thinks like that we will say that he can dictate and must and does dictate to his publisher. His subscription is like a vote. He votes for a better journalism if he subscribes for the best newspaper he knows. He votes for a worse journalism if he subscribes to a newspaper of lower type.

The best is likely to have the hardest time, at least until more of the Christian people begin to discern between that which is better and that which is worse—and then choose that which is better, that with their added co-operation it may become better still.

The better newspaper in a metropolitan city is bound to have ranged against it the greatest enemies, and consequently needs a counter co-operation on the part of the better people.

Now, as many of the friends of the *Witness* have done all they could, it remains to those who have as yet not been able to ask for a single new subscription to send in the one new subscription which we have asked for, and upon which the fate of the *Witness* really depends—just one from you—yours may be the one that turns the corner.

Improvements made possible by increased revenue will follow hard upon the increase of circulation, and whatever influence the *Witness* has for good in the homes of the Canadian people will also be multiplied.

In a hostile camp a general is no good without an army behind him. The *Witness* is in a hostile camp and needs a larger army of subscribers, if it is to be able to hold its ground as the champion of the people of Canada.

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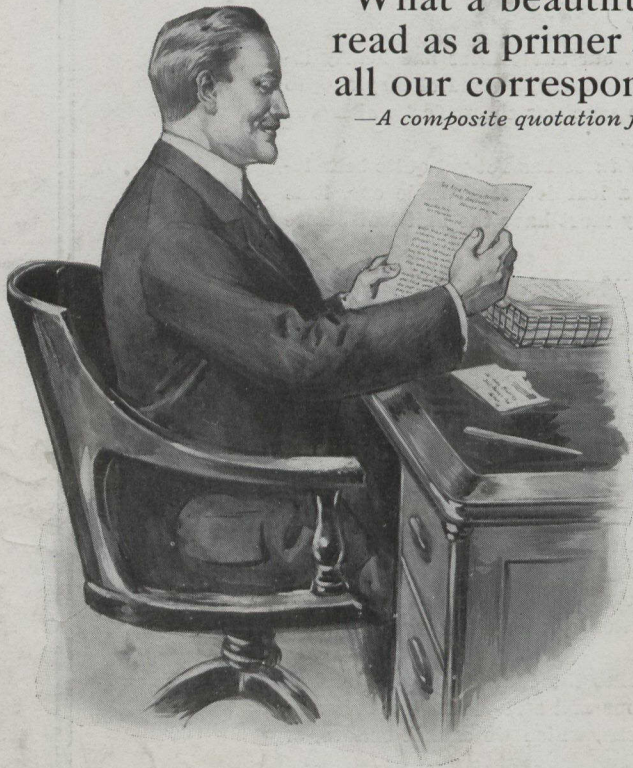
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Now that Printype is an accomplished fact, and such a tremendous success, the thought occurs to thousands, why didn't typewriter manufacturers think of it years ago? The same question was asked, by other thousands, when we introduced *visible writing*, over ten years ago.

To the Business Executive

Who Seeks Increased Efficiency by applying to Daily Work the Wonderful New Science of Management

In many industries the new Science of Management is being developed with startling gains in efficiency. The slogan of Scientific Management is—"Take the short cut to best results." The application of its principles to the ancient trade of *bricklaying* has raised the capacity of the individual workman from the former average of 1,000 bricks a day to as high as 5,000 per day. In the handling of *pig iron* it has raised the standard, *per man*, from 12½ tons to 47 tons per day, without demanding additional effort. Manual operations of *laborers* have been timed to the *hundredth part of a minute*, to secure the data which results in saving a great many thousands of dollars. If Scientific Management can produce such tremendous gains in the efficiency of *men at the bottom*, think what possibilities lie in applying the same principles to the work of the *man at the top*.

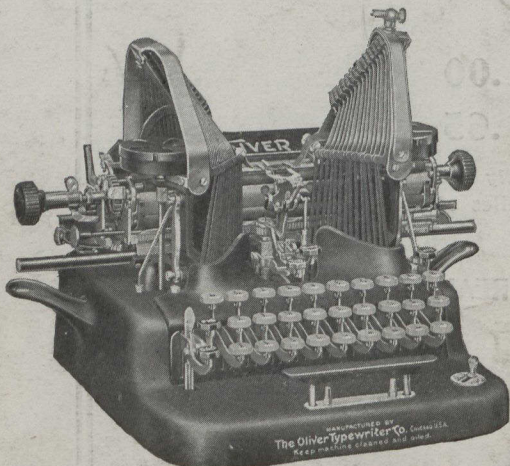
—The high-priced man whose *seconds* of time are worth more than the laborer's *hours*.

Printype increases the efficiency of the *business executive himself*.

It makes typewriting *twice as easy to read*. It saves time, saves eyesight, conserves nerve energy. It safeguards against *errors* due to rapid dictation and high-pressure transcription. It aids all who deal with correspondence—at both ends of the line.

To the man who dictates hundreds of letters daily, reads them before attaching his signature, and who in addition reads incoming mail, *Printype is indispensable*.

The Printype Oliver Typewriter meets the insistent demand of speed, accuracy, durability, and efficiency in the conduct of correspondence. Why not avail yourself of the short cut to best typewriting results?



A Long Step in Advance

The change from the old-style, thin outline letters known as Pica Type, universally used up to now on all standard typewriters, to the new, beautiful, readable Printype, is one of vast significance.

It means relief from the harmful effect on eyesight of the "outline" typewriter type. For Printype is as easy to read as a child's primer.

It means less liability of mis-reading due to blurring of outline letters, whose sameness frequently makes the words run together. Printype letters are *shaded*, just as Book Type is shaded.

Printype letters maintain their separate characteristics.

It means less danger of costly errors due to confusing the numerals. No possible chance of mistaking 3 for 8 or 5 for 3—each figure is distinct.

It means a degree of typographic beauty never before known in typewriting. Printype is artistic, distinctive, refined, and immensely effective.

And now, because of its *newness*, it has the enhanced charm of *novelty*.

We Have Not Raised Our Price

Although thousands of dollars have been expended in designing and producing Printype, and although we control it exclusively, we do not ask a premium for The Printype Oliver Typewriter. The price is \$125, the same as our regular model with Pica Type. We have virtually declared a big dividend in favor of typewriter users by supplying this wonderful type, when desired, on the new model Oliver Typewriter.

"17-Cents-a-day" Offer on Printype

OLIVER

Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

You can buy the new Printype Oliver Typewriter—our latest model, the No. 5—on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly. No matter what make of typewriter you are using, you can turn it in on your first payment.

If the Penny Plan interests you, check square in coupon and full details of the generous offer will be sent promptly.

Ask for Book and Specimen Printype Letter

To supply the widespread demand for Printype information we have issued a special book.

We will gladly send you a copy, together with a letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter. This letter will reveal the great fundamental advantages of the new face of type which has created such a sensation. The coupon or a letter or postal will put all the facts in your possession.

Press the Button for Printype Demonstration

Our great sales organization enables us to make an improvement of this character *immediately and simultaneously available to the public*. Press the button and see how quickly an Oliver Agent will appear with a "Printype," ready to tell you all about it and write several Printype letters for you.

How Printype Leaped to Fame

The reception of Printype by the business public has been more enthusiastic than we had dared to expect. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for one year.

Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Printype letters soon began to appear among common-place old-style correspondence. Wherever received these mysterious, distinctly beautiful letters awakened immediate interest. Business men began asking each other, "*What's that new kind of typewriter that writes like real print?*" Users of Printype Oliver Typewriters were besieged with such inquiries. Thus the fame of Printype grows and grows, as day by day its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

Printype Conserves Eyesight

The manifold merits of Printype are a constant source of surprise. Aside from its intrinsic value in raising the artistic standard of correspondence, its benefits in conserving *eyesight* make its use of the most vital importance. Printype is restful to eyesight. It delivers its message in the most easily readable form.

The constant reading of thin outline letter typewriting plays havoc with the eyes. It sends thousands to oculists and opticians whose eyes need *rest* more than medicine or glasses.

A comparative test of Printype and ordinary typewriting will win you to the *type that reads like print*.

Address Sales Department

The Oliver Typewriter Company

736 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
736 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send Book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type," and a Specimen Letter in Printype.

Name

Address

Occupation

If interested in 17-Cents-a-Day Plan Place a Check in Square (117)