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JANUARY 1911



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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 6, No. 2

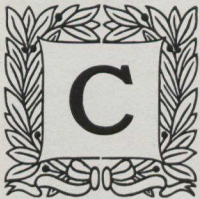
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a Year

JANUARY, 1911

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Nineteen-Ten; A Retrospect



CHAPTER nineteen hundred and ten will not be the least interesting in the History of the World, for the year just closed has witnessed some highly important events. The almost sudden death of King Edward, on May 6th, stirred the heart of his millions of subjects as they had not been stirred since the death of Queen Victoria nine years before. A new

King is now on the throne, and is fast making for himself a place in his subjects' affections such as his father and his grandmother occupied. Politically, the two great events of the year, as far as the British Empire is concerned, were the opening of the Parliament of United South Africa and the general elections in the United Kingdom. The former event, which was graced by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was the outward symbol of a bond of union between the two Boer republics and the Empire of which they now form part, and demonstrate a harmony of life really remarkable, less than eight years after the close of a bitterly-fought war. The elections in the old land, held in the last month of the year, resulted so identically in a condition of "as you were," as to be almost astounding, for it is almost a proverb that in Britain no Government can stand more than two elections. The feat of the Asquith Government in winning two general elections in one year stands without a parallel in British history. The eyes of the world will be upon the "Mother of Parliaments" at Westminster when the next session opens.

* * *

In Canada 1910 will be remembered as the year in which our own navy was founded. The first warship to fly our own flag was given a warm welcome as she sailed into the harbor of Halifax, while a few weeks later equally notable was the reception given our first warship on the Pacific Ocean. There have been some memorable disasters during the year, the most serious of which was the fire which wiped out the busy town of Campbellton, New Brunswick.

* * *

The great event of the year on the political calendar of Europe was the quick and decisive revolution of October 4th and 5th which sent King Manuel II into exile, overthrew the dynasty of Braganza-Coburg, and transformed Portugal into a republic. This may be considered a sequel to the assassination of Manuel's father, Carlos I, and of Manuel's elder brother, Prince Louis Philippe, in Lisbon, on February 1st, 1908, which sent Manuel to the throne. The ex-King traversed the road over which Charles X of France in 1830, Louis Philippe of the same country in 1848, and Napoleon III in 1870 travelled, and resides in England. Apparently the new regime will stand, although some serious tests are ahead of it. It has been accepted by the provinces and colonies, and nearly all the leading countries of the world have recognized it. It is the only government which Portugal has had since the early days of October, and thus the world is compelled to concede its validity. The ignorance of a large proportion of the people, however, their poverty, the high rate of taxation, and the lack of experience in self-government are obstacles which confront the new heads of the state. Then there is the contest between the Government and the Vatican, which raises a serious issue, the outcome of which will probably be a separation of the Church from the State, such as has taken place in France in the past two years and as threatens in Spain. Professor Theophile Braga, a scholar of international repute, is at the head of the new Government.

The science of Aviation made remarkable strides during the year, and the list of those who gave their lives for it is an appalling one. Great Britain, France, and the United States are the nations doing the most to develop the practical side of aviation. During the last week of the year a Canadian secured in Paris a certificate as an aerial navigator.

* * *

Great strikes and rioting took place in England, Germany, and France during the year. Premier Briand, of France, declared that the object of some of the strike leaders was to overthrow the republic. The republic was forty years of age, however, on September 4th, and thus had lived more than twice as long as any previous regime in France since the deposition of Louis XVI, in 1792. By votes of confidence and by a reorganization of the ministry, Premier Briand has gained new strength, and the republic promises to be a fixture. The great strike of the year in Canada was that of the Grand Trunk trainmen and conductors, which they lost. As the year ends, the most serious labor disturbance is that of the employees of the Winnipeg Street Railway.

* * *

The cholera in Russia, which caused more than 100,000 deaths in that country in 1910, and which resulted in over a hundred fatalities in Italy and a few in Germany and France, was the year's greatest scourge. Earthquake and tidal wave at the Bay of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno, in which fourteen towns were wholly or partially destroyed, together with an eruption from Mount Vesuvius and from a crater on the Island of Ischia, in all of which 300 lives were lost, inflicted an additional calamity on Italy.

* * *

During the latter half of November there was an insurrection in Mexico, but it was speedily suppressed by Diaz, who has been President since 1877, and who, at the age of eighty, was inaugurated for his eighth term on December 1st.

* * *

By acts passed by the United States Congress in 1910, two States, New Mexico and Arizona, will be added to the roll in 1911, making the total number of States forty-eight, and completing the organization into commonwealths of the entire area of the contiguous part of the United States.

* * *

The Republican majority of forty-five in the House of Representatives, chosen in the presidential year 1908, was replaced by a Democratic majority of sixty-four in the chamber chosen in 1910. Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, will probably take Mr. Cannon's place as Speaker in the new House when it meets in December, 1911. The Republican majority of twenty-four in the Senate which entered office with Mr. Taft was cut to twelve.

* * *

As we close this brief glance at some of the history-making events of 1910, we stand on the threshold of 1911 and peer into the great unknown future. Doing so, the Editor takes this opportunity to wish every reader

A happy New Year

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The Farmers' Bank of Ontario, with headquarters in Toronto and thirty branches throughout the province, suspended payment last month, the liabilities being \$2,051,081 and assets \$2,670,195. The shares are widely distributed in small lots, the majority of the individual holdings being under five shares.

A lone bandit last month held up the State Bank at Paradise, Kan., and secured \$2,500. He forced the cashier to unlock the safe, and tied the cashier and four other men with a rope before he left.

Neil Keith, one of the best-known railroad contractors in America, was found frozen to death in the hills south of Moose Jaw, Sask., on Dec. 21st. While suffering from a fever, he wandered away about six weeks ago. He had built railroad lines for all the principal companies in the West in the last thirty years.

With the exception of a few personal changes the new British House of Commons will practically be the same as the old. With complete returns the Government has a majority of 126, or two more than it had in the last parliament. The standing of the parties in the new House follows: Liberals, 271; Unionists, 272; Irish Nationalists, 73; Independent Nationalists, 11; Laborites, 43. In the January election the results were: Liberals, 275; Unionists, 273; Irish Nationalists, including Independents, 82; Laborites, 40.

It is thirty years since England has known such floods as are now devastating immense stretches of the country. Rain has been practically incessant since the first of December. Farmers have suffered heavy losses. Large areas of territory are so inundated that five-barred gates are covered with water. In some parts of the country the water is twelve feet deep. In many villages houses have been flooded, and the residents are living in the upper stories of their dwellings. The outlook in the Thames valley is grave. Many residences have been irretrievably ruined.

The lockout of boilermakers in the northern shipyards of England, which began on September 2, is over, the men having voted 13,715 to 1,200 in favor of accepting the terms recently drawn up by a conference committee of the employers and workmen. The members of the Boilermakers' Society were locked out at the beginning of September because they had violated a non-strike clause in their agreement with the Employers' Federation. The latter refused to re-employ the men until guarantees were given that there would be no more strikes until all efforts at arbitration had failed as provided in the national agreement. Some 30,000 men were locked out. On October 19 the men voted against giving the guarantees required by the masters, and the lockout continued. Recently conferences between committees of the employers and the men reached an agreement, and this has now been ratified.

In a desperate fight last month in Houndsditch, London, between police and burglars, three constables lost their lives and one burglar. The thieves were attempting to make their way into a jewelry store at No. 119 Houndsditch, when they were surprised by the police. A fierce exchange of shots followed, with the above result.

Germany and Great Britain have, according to a Vienna official organ, initiated important pourparlers with the object of demonstrating that there exist no opposing interests such as would prevent an understanding between the two countries. It is not a matter of arriving at an agreement on all outstanding questions between the two Powers, but of establishing policies by which Great Britain and Germany will hereafter never follow divergent paths.

President Taft has sent to the Senate the nomination of Charles A. Cotterill of Toledo, to be collector of internal revenue at Honolulu. Cotterill is a negro, and his appointment was forecasted from the White House just prior to last election. A protest from Honolulu that a resident of that city should be appointed was unheeded.

Frederonka, the Russian Socialist, whose extradition the Russian government has been asking, and whose trial attracted much attention all over America, has been discharged from custody at Winnipeg, the Russian government having dropped further proceedings.

The Earl of Minto, the retiring Viceroy of India, has had conferred on him the decoration of the Order of the Garter.

M. Marc Emile Buchet has been elected president of Switzerland.

A fire in the modern factory district of Cincinnati last month, caused damage estimated at \$2,000,000, the death of a fireman and an unknown boy and the injury of six firemen.

A petition bearing 100,000 signatures has been presented to the Spanish Cortes, praying for the passage of laws that will guarantee freedom of religious beliefs. Among the signers are many Protestants and the remnants of what was the Radical party.

The final official estimate of the important crop of Russia exceeds expectations, and puts the 1910 yield of the empire at 773,000,000 bushels, or only ten million bushels less than the high record output of 1909. The wheat crops of France, Italy, and Spain this year have fallen 125,000,000 bushels short.

To advance the cause of international peace throughout the world, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has established a great peace foundation, to be administered for all time by a self-perpetuating board of trustees, and last week turned over to the first trustees \$10,000,000 of first mortgage 5 percent bonds, worth \$11,500,000.

The oath disavowing Modernism, required of theological professors by the Vatican, has caused a schism in the faculty at the University of Munich. One professor has retired from the Church and several members of the theological faculty have abandoned their spiritual functions rather than take the oath.

Jacques Faure, the aeronaut, died recently in Quebec of typhoid fever. He was one of the best known balloonists in France, having crossed the English channel seven times in a balloon, and made 375 ascensions. He was thirty-seven years old. His last race was in the Gordon-Bennett cup event, from St. Louis this fall, in the balloon 'Condor,' which landed at Two Rivers, Mich. It has been erroneously stated that he was a brother of the late President Faure. The aviator belonged to a very old Protestant family, while the President was a Catholic.

The Countess de Nicolay and her son and the chauffeur in charge of an automobile in which they were driving were killed the other day by an express train at a railway crossing near Le Mans, France. Gasoline from the automobile spurted over the front carriages of the train setting them on fire. The passengers were thrown into a panic, but the flames were quickly extinguished.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, who always insisted upon being called the 'discoverer and founder' of Christian Science, died at her splendid mansion on Beacon Street, in the Chestnut Hill section of the City of Boston, Mass., on December 18th, aged 89 years. Death was due to an attack of pneumonia from which she had suffered for a week or ten days.

An explosion followed by fire and causing many fatalities occurred in the Little Hulton colliery of the Hulton Colliery Company, at Bolton, England, on Dec. 21st, soon after 290 miners had gone down to begin the day's work. The first rescuing party succeeded in bringing seven men and a boy to safety and later recovered the bodies of five victims who had no chance to escape. It is feared that many of the other entombed men who were not killed by noxious gases were burned to death.

The Winnipeg street railway employees are on strike and causing much loss and anxiety to the city by their riotous behavior. The militia is under orders to be in readiness should the police force not be adequate to maintain order.

Senator Elihu Root, of New York, has been appointed permanent arbitrator representing America at The Hague Tribunal, succeeding the late Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court.

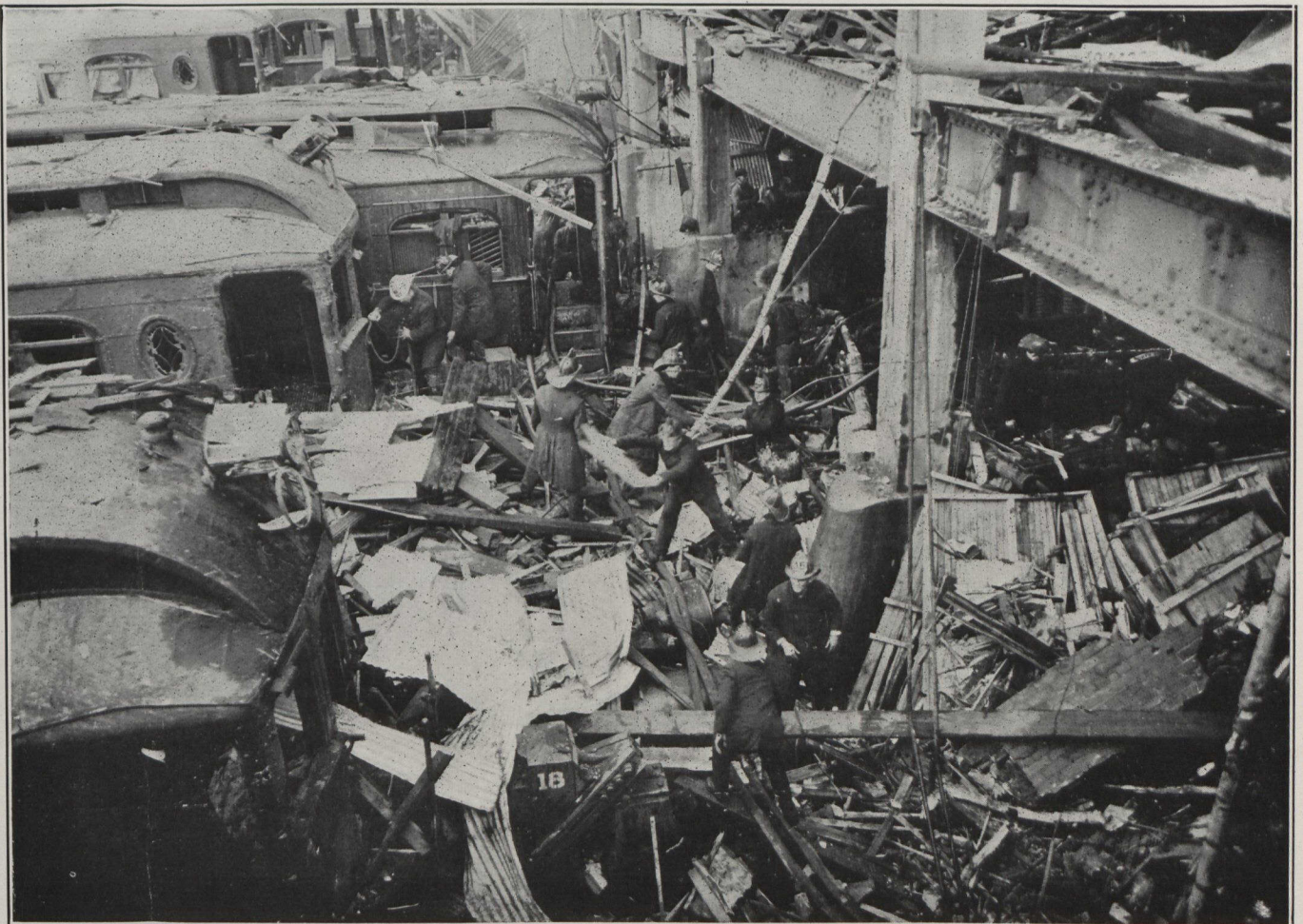
The Bundesrath has adopted the draft of a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine. It will go to the Reichstag after the Christmas recess. It provides for two legislative chambers and a Governor appointed by the Emperor. The higher chamber will consist of thirty-six members, one-half of whom will be ex-officio or selected by chambers of commerce, agriculture and labor; the other half will be appointed by the Emperor upon the nomination of the Bundesrath. The lower chamber will be made up of members elected by universal suffrage of those who have attained the age of twenty-five. Voters over thirty-five years of age will have two votes and those over forty-five three votes. With the inauguration of the two chambers the authority of the Bundesrath and the Reichstag will cease.

Grahame-White, the English aviator, had the closest call of his flying career on December 17, when he fell 70 feet with his biplane on the cliffs near Dover, England. His face was severely cut. Henry Farman, competing for the Michelin cup, made a remarkable flight of eight hours and thirteen minutes, at Etampes, France. Owing to a fierce north wind his progress was slow, and he covered only 463 kilometres (287 miles) against 465 kilometres made by Maurice Labudeau on Oct. 28 in a similar competition. Farman, deceived by the applause of the spectators, believed that he had beaten the distance record, and descended. He was greatly disappointed to find that he had not equalled the former record. John B. Moissant, the Paris to London flyer, went to his greatest altitude at Memphis, Tenn., recently, reaching a height of 9,464 feet. Moissant brought back with him a coating of ice. The metal parts of his car were frosted, and particles of ice had formed about the motor.

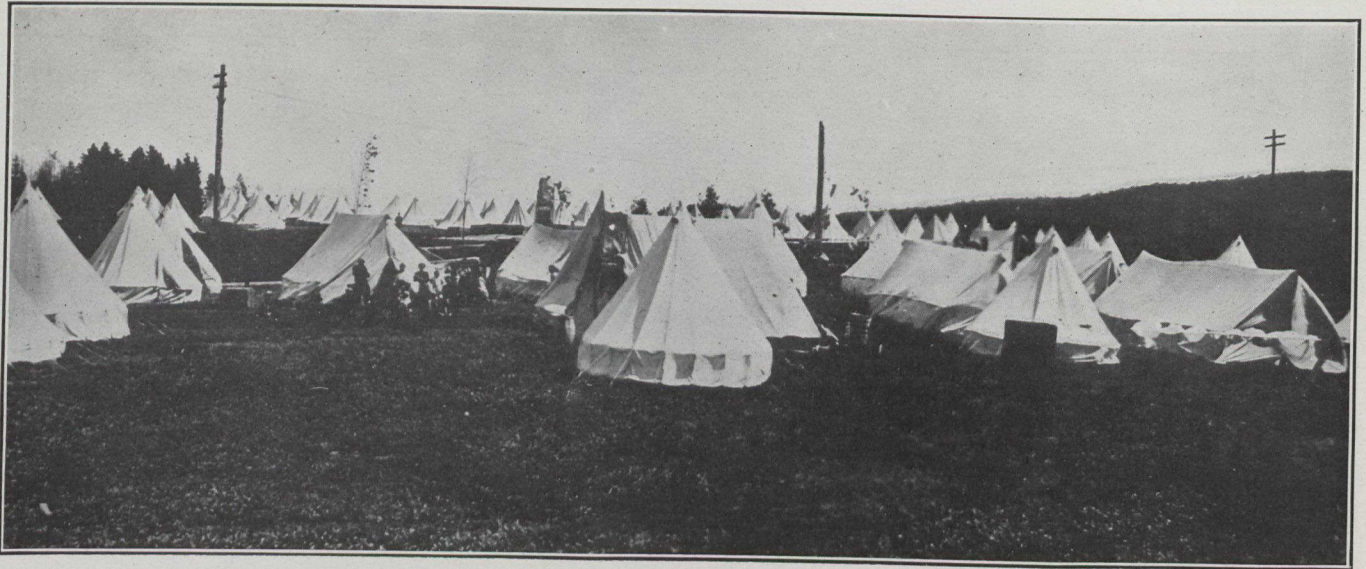
Dr. Frederick A. Cook has confessed that he does not know whether he reached the North Pole. He has said, too, that he is tired of living the life of an exile from his own country, and intends to return to the United States, landing at New York on December 22, with his wife and children, in time to spend Christmas with his relatives in Brooklyn. The discredited explorer does not say outright that he failed to reach the Pole. He merely admits that he is not sure, remarking that he was half mad from privation and loneliness, but convinced himself at the time that he had really attained the goal of his ambition. In consequence of Dr. Cook's confession the Council of the University of Copenhagen on Friday discussed the question of cancelling the degree that it conferred on Cook when he returned from the north. It was decided to await an investigation to decide whether Cook is a swindler or the victim of a delusion before taking action.



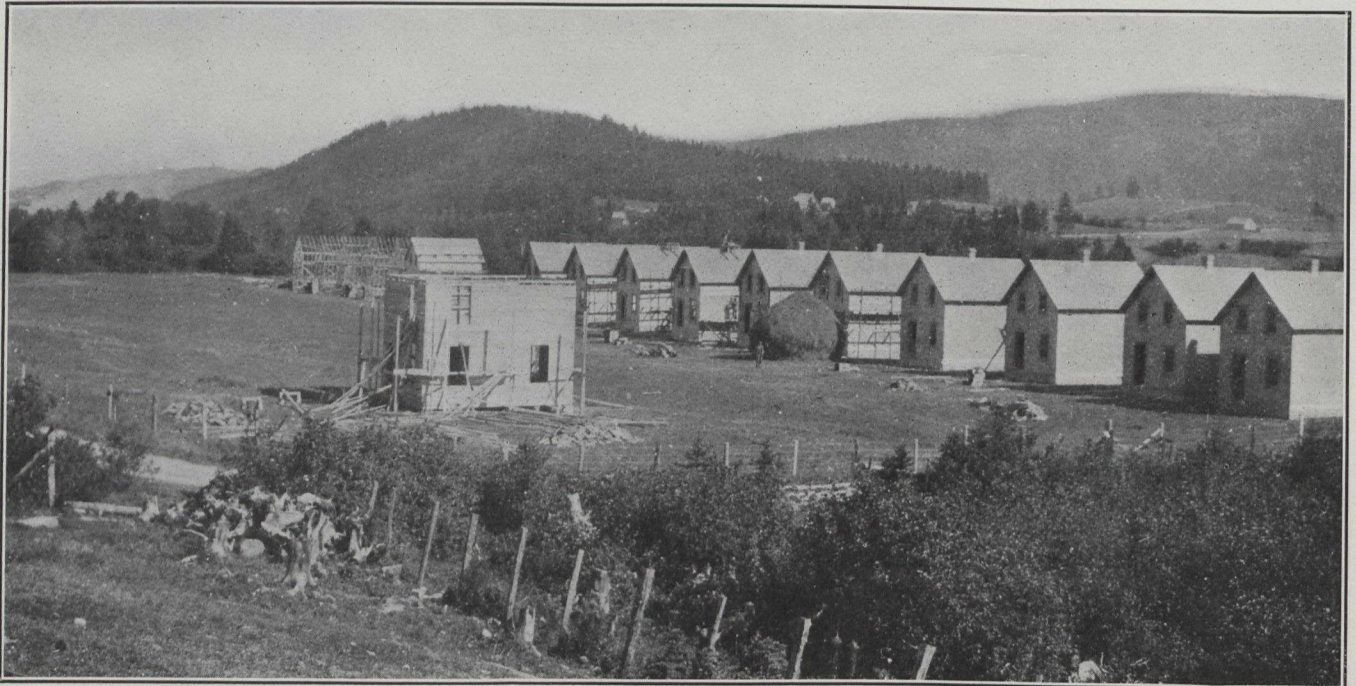
An Explosion that Shook New York A handful of sand thrown on a trolley line would have prevented a disaster in New York which on December 19th resulted in the loss of ten lives, the injury of over a hundred others, and a money loss of a million dollars. An electric train ran away on a down grade and crashed into the battery house of the New York Central Railway at Lexington and Fiftieth streets.



An Explosion that Shook New York The cars, leaving the track, struck a feed pipe breaking it off and filling the basement of the power house with gas which was possibly ignited by an electric spark. This picture shows the search for bodies inside the wrecked building.

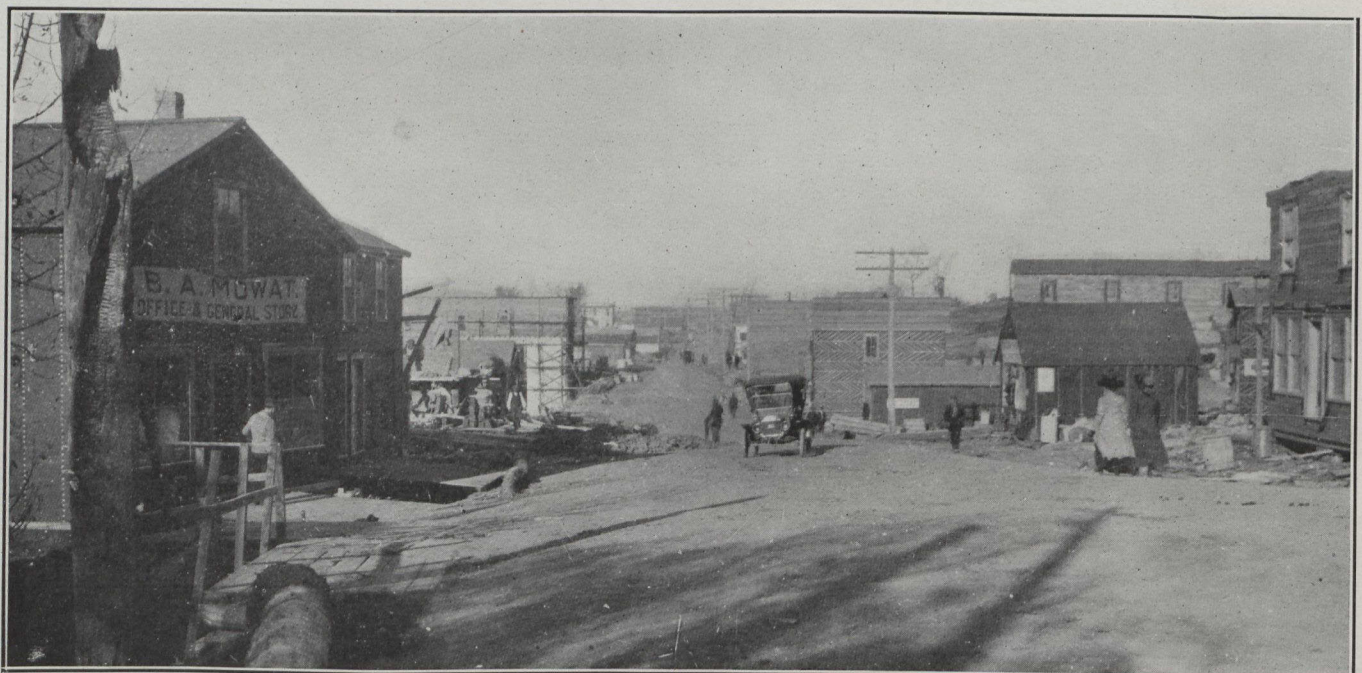


After the Fire at Campbellton, N.B. When order was restored from chaos, following the conflagration of July 12th last, which almost wiped this thriving town of six thousand people off the map, tents were used to house the inhabitants. Over five thousand people were rendered homeless and the property loss was over three million dollars.



Re-building Campbellton

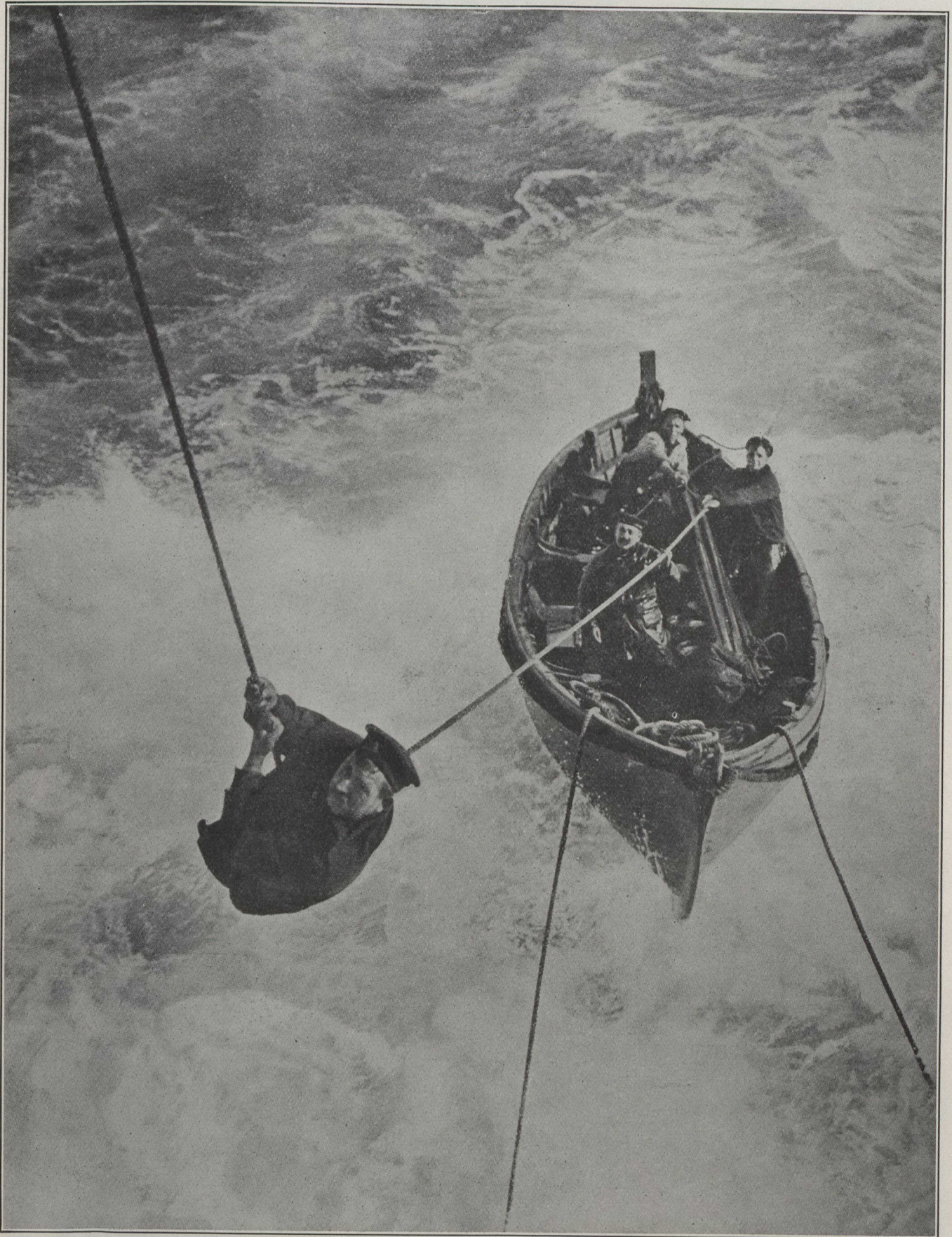
By the time winter set in many of the new homes were ready for occupation. There is still however great need of assistance.



Campbellton's New Main Street

While the most pressing need was to obtain homes, the business men burned out saw the necessity of immediately re-building their stores and mills. The result is that the business section of the town is again taking shape.

Between Lighthouse and Deep Sea



Hauling a Man up into Eddystone

About fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth Hoe the famous and world-wide known Eddystone Lighthouse can be seen rearing its lofty tower. The lighthouse, which is built of grey granite with a red lantern and gallery, stands approximately 168 ft. above low water mark, and shows two flashes of light every half minute during the night, and by day and night during a fog or thick weather the fog signal gives one report every five minutes. The light, which is of 292,000 candle power, is shown from a biform or double lens, inside which are two powerful incandescent oil lamps. The interior of the tower is divided up into nine rooms, which are kept spick and span by the three keepers. These men have two months at the rock and one month on shore, the relief of the station thus taking place once every month. In the interval, with the exception of the Trinity tender which brings the stores for the maintenance of the light and so forth, scarcely anyone lands at this isolated rock, and the keepers perform their never-ending round of duties conscious that it is a work of great responsibility and trust. Many are the watchful officers of the great liners who look for this tower by day and its light by night, when coming home from America, Africa, or Australia, and many are the passengers who look forward to seeing it as the first sign of terra firma. As will be seen from the illustration the relief of the lighthouse is not always an easy matter. The boat has to be moored bow on the rock and with an anchor out astern. The sea rushes with great violence at times, and happy is the man who is then brought up into the tower without a ducking.



The Farmers and the Government

The largest and most representative deputation that ever stormed Parliament Hill spent a day or two in Ottawa last month urging free trade, or as great a measure of free trade as the Government could give.

In Ottawa the Western delegates were met by agriculturists from the East who supported their demands. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is seen in the second row from the foot near the centre, promised to do as much as possible in the direction of meeting their views.



The Farmers and the Tariff

This is an unpremeditated photograph of a few of those who represented the Grain Growers' Associations of the West in their demands for tariff reduction. They impressed Ottawa by their earnestness no less than by their energy.



The Last Trip of the Season

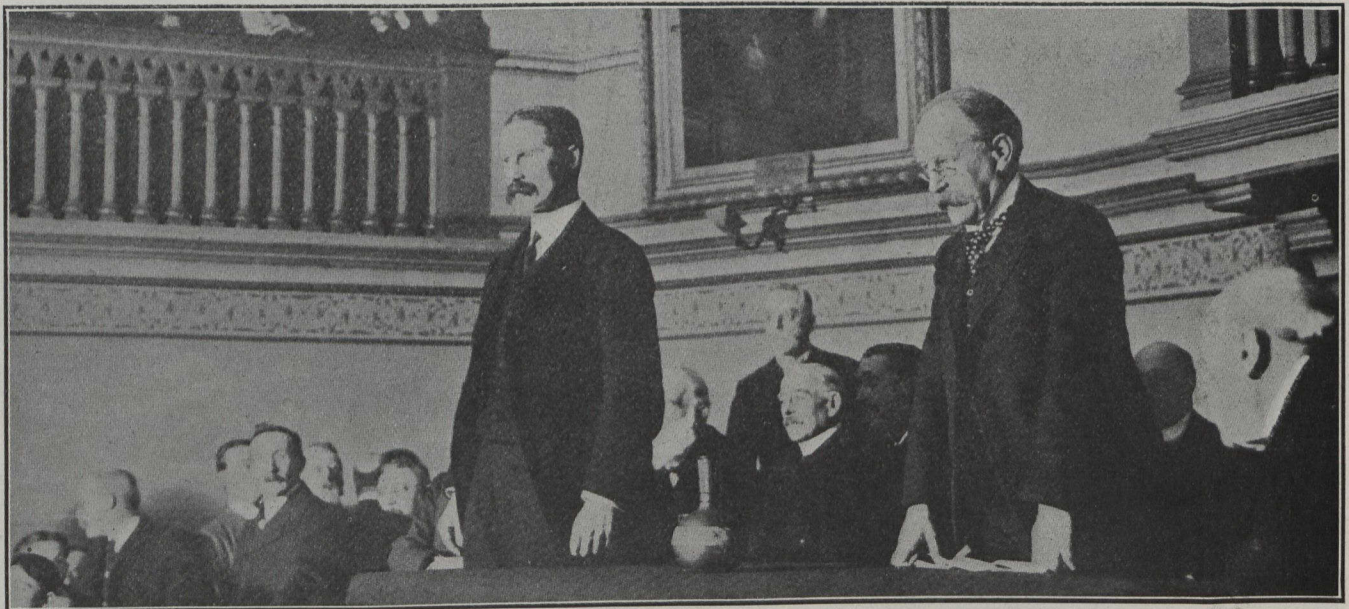
This picture shows how the farmers deliver their grain and other products at the wharves of the ports of the upper lakes for shipment to the great markets of the United States and Canada.



Searching for the South Pole

Much interest attached to the British expedition under Captain Scott which is now approaching the Polar regions. The picture shows Captain Scott inspecting his ship before setting sail.

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A Canadian Unsuccessful

Mr. Bonar Law, a native of New Brunswick, suffered defeat at the hands of the Manchester electors. In the course of a notable speech he said: "I am convinced that the great majority of the working classes of the country have made up their minds that the present system of Free Trade is not fair to them and must be bad for employment. With regard to the question of a tariff on corn any farmer would tell us that a duty of 2s. a quarter was of no use to him. The dear loaf must not be looked at by itself but for what we are going to get in exchange for it. I would give a pledge never to support or be a member of a government which proposed to increase the duty upon corn beyond 2s. without the sanction of the country at a general election." Mr. Law is the one with the dark moustache, standing.

"MAY THIS UNION, SO HAPPILY ACHIEVED, UNDER GOD'S GUIDANCE
PROVE A LASTING BLESSING TO YOU ALL."

—King George's Message to South Africa



South Africa's Parliament Opened

November 4 was a memorable day in the history of Cape Town. "The city," writes "The Daily Telegraph's" correspondent with the royal party, "was at her best, the sky at its bluest, the sun at its brightest, and the trees, foliage, and flowers at their richest. Watching silently over all was the majestic mountain with its beetling cliffs and immense buttresses wrapped in an azure heat wave. Lord and Lady Gladstone in a state carriage with outriders were in the van of the procession. Princess Patricia and Miss Pelly were in the second carriage. Then came the Duke of Connaught, with the Duchess in black, seated in a state carriage with outriders. Conspicuous in the procession were General Lord Methuen, Major-General Scobell, and Major-General Hadfield. Before the Parliament House was drawn up a guard of honour furnished by the Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteers, while on the terraced steps leading up to the main entrance of the House were ranged lines of bluejackets in close order."

—The Sphere



The Lumber Camps are in Full Swing Now

The sound of the axe breaks the stillness of winter in the hearts of Canadian forests. In Nova Scotia oxen are still used to a great extent in getting out the logs. They are patient, docile, and good pullers.



A Sleigh Load of Timber

This looks like a pretty big load for two horses but in reality it is not, for the bush road has been sprinkled and then allowed to freeze forming a surface as hard as iron, and as slippery as glass. Under such circumstances one team can haul an enormous pile of logs without over-exerting themselves.



An English Election Crowd

When the first election results were announced, it was thoroughly wet and disagreeable, but the weather conditions did not deter large crowds from gathering in Trafalgar Square and other places. The keen politician was very much in evidence, cheering and noting down the results with his pencil as they were flashed

upon the screens. "The Daily Chronicle" and "Pall Mall Gazette" indicators both attracted large crowds. A number of women were observed to watch the screens with a detached indifference contrasting strangely with the excited enthusiasm surrounding them. Members of neighbouring clubs visited the outskirts of the square from time to time.—*The Sphere*.

The Reform of the House of Lords



LORD LANSDOWNE, LEADER OF THE PEERS

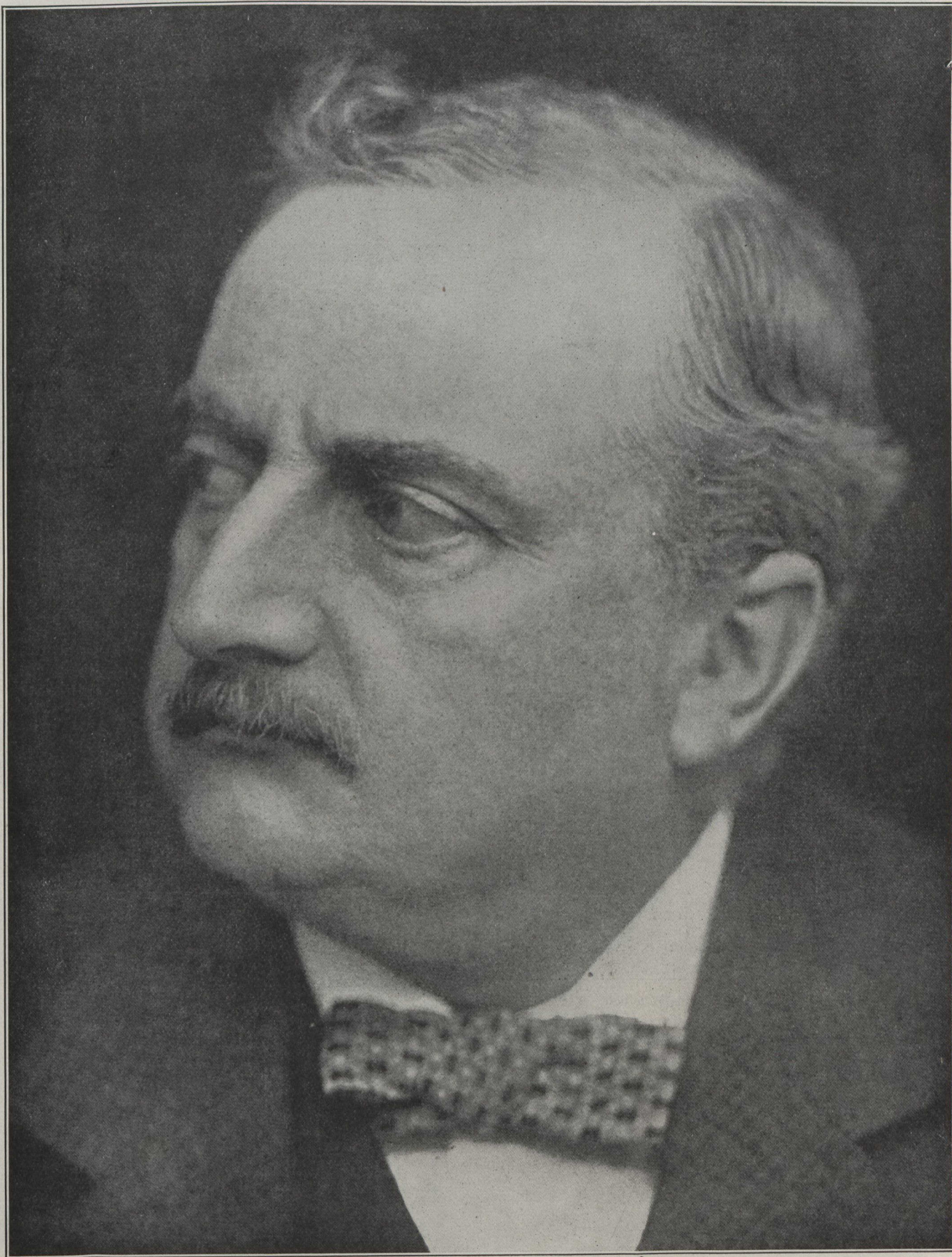
LORD CREWE ON THE DISSOLUTION

"It is quite true that we never have admitted the right of your lordships to force a dissolution of Parliament; but in this case the circumstances are unique, and we believe that they justify us in appealing to the verdict of the country as to whether it is for you or for us to have the main voice in settling this question, and by the verdict of the country given at a General Election we are content to abide."

LORD LANSDOWNE ON THE DISSOLUTION

"Then comes the General Election, and apparently, if the Government secures a majority of half-a-dozen votes, the bill is to be imposed upon a muzzled and helpless House of Lords. That is, I venture to think, a serious affront to this House. I expressed the other evening the opinion that the treatment of this House amounted to something like an outrage. That, to my mind, is the only word which adequately describes it."

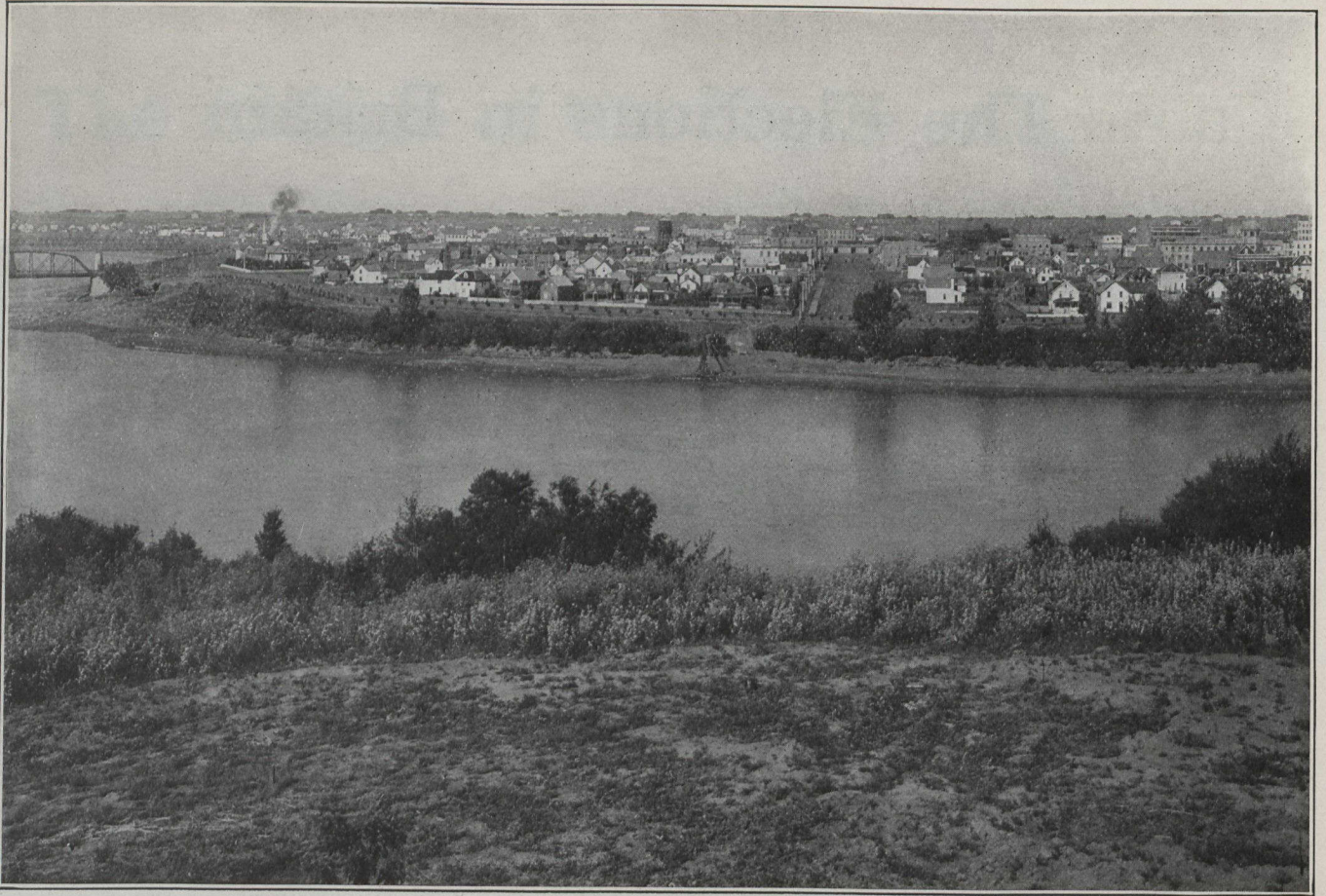
The Elections in Britain



The Irish Leader

Mr. John Redmond, who has been called, by those who love him not politically, "the Dictator of the British Empire," recently returned from the United States, bringing with him dollars, and promise of dollars, collected there for the Irish Nationalist cause. Questioned as to what he believed to be the cause of the success of his mission, he said: "The people there realize that Home Rule never had such a good chance as now, especially out of the present crisis. Everyone in America is talking of it. They cannot understand how the English people tolerate the House of Lords. They do not understand in America an hereditary Chamber: it is foreign to their ideas of liberty." At Cork, he said in the course of a speech that he prayed and hoped that out of the great political crisis which had arisen Ireland, by courage and by constancy, by toleration and by unity, and by the strict spirit of discipline, would be able to snatch that victory for which they had dreamed and struggled in the past.

—*Illustrated London News*



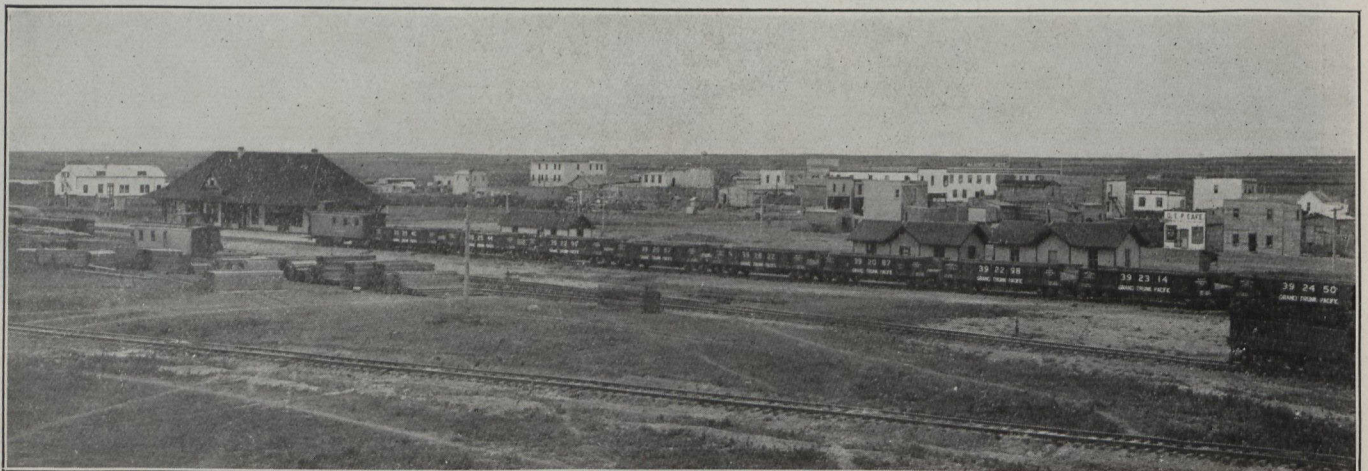
New Towns of the West

Saskatoon is destined to be one of the great cities of the newer Canada. It is on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, four hundred and sixty-six miles from Winnipeg. Its population is estimated at fourteen thousand.



Made by the G. T. P.

This is a view of Watrous, one of the booming towns. It is four hundred and eight miles west of Winnipeg, and has a population of about fifteen hundred.



A Grand Trunk Pacific Divisional Point

Wainwright, named after Mr. William Wainwright, Vice-President of the Grand Trunk, is one hundred and twenty-six miles east of Edmonton. It has a population of about thirteen hundred.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

Woman's Movement and Progress



THE first decade just closed of the twentieth century has seen steady progress in what has been called the woman's movement, not the least wonderful phase of which is its world-wide reach. To-day there is hardly any topic that occupies more the

pen of essayists and the speech of orators than woman, her sphere, actual and ideal, her abilities and disabilities, her present position and future prospects. To be sure the "fair sex" has always been an interesting theme in literature, but, whereas once the poet wrote lines on his lady's azure eyes, now the college professor writes essays on her brain capacity; where once the novelist claimed her for his own, for her sentimental value to his pages, now the political economist and the sociologist make her the centre about which circle their theories and discussions. Her relations to man, the home, and society, about which there was, not a great while ago, no thought of question, forms the subject of countless club lectures and magazine dissertations. And meantime the transition, impelled by the irresistible force of progress, goes on and on.

The last half-century has wrought marvellous changes. To-day, we find women in all the professions and engaged in almost every occupation that can be mentioned. There are women doctors, lawyers, journalists, teachers, and, in the United States, preachers. Women are pursuing their way as dentists, photographers, florists, electricians, commercial travellers, poultry-raisers, and in a great variety of other occupations. In Canada and the United States, one hears of women who are succeeding as farmers, and horticulturists. And there is the great body of women and girls earning their living in industrial pursuits, in factories and shops.

It is this very matter of women in industry that has more than anything else revolutionized "woman's sphere." The idea that women have gone out into the world because they rebelled against the restrictions of the house is only partially true. That so-called revolt is secondary. When it fell to her lot to be the spinner, weaver, tailor,

and dressmaker of clothes for the family, to knit all the stockings, to make the soap with which she did the washing, and the candles by whose light she mended and darned till bed-time, the house mother had her hands full and found plenty of occupation for her daughters until they left for homes of their own. The life seems to us now narrow and hard, but they did their duty, as it lay before them, bravely, and on the whole, contentedly. Then sprang up the hundreds of factories with their acres of machine filled space, and the work once done by woman's hands in the house was taken into the factories to be done by machinery. Naturally, the girls who otherwise had worked in the home, went into the outside world after their occupation.

With the removal of the pressure of many time-devouring occupations, women, generally, found themselves with some leisure to look about them. And when they had looked about a little they saw a good many things that needed doing. And with the same natural devotion to duty which they showed when their whole attention was needed to look well to the ways of their household, they have undertaken the new duties of social service and reform. Not that they have abandoned the home duties by any means. Perhaps never was there a time more than now, when the thinking woman realized that the home is the first and chief care of the wife and mother. But now, as some one has cleverly put it, while home is the centre it is not also the circumference of "woman's sphere." They are coming to realize clearly that many things with which it was once thought they had no concern affect the home, directly or indirectly, and so come within woman's province. Therefore, we find women on pure food committees, working in the cause of temperance, on public health boards and anti-tuberculosis associations, in the front rank in all educational movements, concerning themselves with the welfare of immigrant women and girls, seeking to abolish the social evil by spreading knowledge of the laws of nature and health, inquiring into the industrial conditions affecting women and children, even on forestry committees for the conservation of this splendid natural resource of the country.

Women have proved their capacity and

the value of their services in many positions of public trust. One proof is that more such positions are entrusted to them. In England, for instance, three towns, one of them with a population of over 200,000, have elected a woman for mayor. In Chicago, the second largest city in the United States, the superintendent of schools is a woman, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. (The salary is mentioned as an indication of the importance of the position.) A woman who had succeeded in making the town in which she lived a name for clean and well-kept streets has been invited to institute civic house-cleaning in several large and important centres. So far from being now regarded as "interfering with men's work," the help of the women is often asked by their men fellow-citizens, when some measure of civic advancement or reform is to be passed. One notable case in point is the election last spring in Montreal, for better municipal government. At the request of the Citizens' Association, the leading women's organizations canvassed the voters of their own sex with the result that out of some 8,000 women whose names were on the register for the municipal franchise, from sixty to eighty per cent. voted, telling very forcibly on the returns in favor of reform.

Now she is claiming the privileges of a citizen, to share in the government, as an intelligent, responsible part of the governed—to put it briefly, the right to vote. This is not a new thing, of course. For forty or fifty years, women in England have been petitioning Parliament for legislation in this regard. It is many years since a small band of able women and men sowed the seeds of the suffrage idea in the United States. But it was long before the plant put forth vigorous shoots.

Within the last decade or so, along with woman's success in many new undertakings, in her own career and in public work, has come a great increase of interest in the suffrage. The crisis in England, brought about by the "suffragette" action, has had effect on other countries, making the question more living and insistent than ever before. In some countries the franchise has been attained by women without much difficulty, in others, after a struggle; some are now in the throes of the struggle, others are moving, albeit slowly, towards the goal of enfranchisement. New Zealand has had woman's suffrage for nearly twenty years. All the states of the Australian Commonwealth had granted the Parliamentary suffrage to women since about 1904. In Finland, women not only vote, but are eligible to seats in Parliament. Norway granted the suffrage two years ago. In Denmark, the Folkething, or House of Commons, is elected by the suffrage of women as well as men. Sweden passed an act to the same effect in 1909. Wyoming, among the United States, led the way as long ago as 1869. There are now five of the states in which women have the suffrage, Washington having decided in favor by a large majority in November last. In Italy there is an active society, "Pro Suffragio Femminibile." The different branches of the German women's movement have united in their claim for suffrage. The women of France and Belgium have gained the step that they have been accorded the right to vote for Trade Councils. Holland has a Suffrage Bond. And so on. In almost every civilized country there is a women's movement in this direction.

In Canada, progress has been slow, chiefly because few among the women themselves, apart from those engaged in some branch of organized effort, have given serious thought to the matter at all. The campaign must be an educational one. At the last annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, a resolution was passed in favor of making work for woman suffrage a part of the Council's activities, but not, it must be confessed, without some opposition. A number of the local Councils in both Eastern and Western Canada have passed similar resolutions. Toronto has taken more definite action than other cities, in forming an organized Suffrage Society. The Ontario Legislature has now before it the question of granting Provincial suffrage to women.



Lady Aberdeen and Her Dog Friends

The picture is from a recent photograph of the Countess of Aberdeen with the two dogs of which she and her husband, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, are so fond. Lady Aberdeen has just edited the reports of the meeting of the International Council of Women held in Canada in 1909.



Peopling the Great Canadian West These ladies were photographed, not in the old world where they were brought up, but in this new land of their adoption, and their ambition is to become Canadians. The pictures were taken by Mr. A. T. Bridgeman of Vegreville, Alberta. On the left is a Bukowinian mother and child; on the right is a Ruthenian decked in all her jewels. Ruthenians



are the Slavonic tribes of whom there are three millions in the Austrian Empire. Manufacturing is unknown among them, their callings being pasturage, agriculture, and carrying by means of conveyances drawn by animals. They belong to the Greek Church, to whose clergy they pay a blind obedience. In this country they are winning the good-will of their neighbors of other nationalities.

The Toilet and the Baby



Keep the hands smooth and in nice condition in winter requires un-failing attention. There are several causes for it when the hands become roughened or chapped, a chief one being lack of thoroughness in drying them after they have been in water. They should not be washed oftener than is necessary. Some people seem to have a hand-washing habit, and they are not always those whose hands are in nicest condition. Dabbling frequently in cold hard water is not cleansing, and is a direct road to roughness and chapping.

The water in which the hands are washed in winter should be warm, and if it is hard it should be softened. Boiling and then letting it cool will do this, or a pinch of borax can be added if it is not found too drying to the skin. Whether one does work or not, the hands require a good scrubbing with fresh brush, quite warm water, and soap, at least once a day. At other times the brush may not be necessary. After the scrubbing, rinse in warm water, and dry with a soft towel. By all means let the drying be thorough. It is a good plan to keep a saucer of dry oatmeal on the wash stand, and rub it over the hands after the towel drying, afterwards wiping it off. A piece of powdered chamomile serves the same purpose, and rubbing the hands one over the other till they feel smooth ensures their being quite dry, but takes more time than the dusting with oat-meal. The selection of a soap is extremely important, but it is one of the points on which one can give little definite advice. Each person can tell best after experimenting what suits her best, but it can be accepted as certain that a soap containing alkali is debarred strictly.

For use when the hands require washing during the day, small bags of bran or oatmeal, whichever is preferred, are excellent. They partially soften the water, are cleansing, and easier on a sensitive skin than is the frequent use of soap. A lot of little cheese-cloth bags, each holding about a heaping tablespoonful, can be run up and filled in a half hour. Mix the meal with shaved white castile or any soap preferred, in the proportion of about quarter of a pound of soap to a pound of meal, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of powdered orris root, stirring all lightly together. Keep the bags dry in a covered tin box, and use a fresh one each day.

If the hands appear at all rough at the close of the day, after washing them rub in some soothing lotion. This again must be left to individual choice. Some find nothing better than a glycerine and cucumber emulsion, while others cannot use glycerine at all without experiencing an unpleasant burning sensation. A healing jelly is of cucumber and rosewater, which is put up in small tubes, as it hardens from the air. Glycerine and rose-water shaken together in a bottle is the stand-by for some. Within the reach of everyone is a mixture of sweet cream or of milk into which lemon juice has been dropped slowly until curdling begins. This not only softens but also tends to whiten the hands. In using any of these lotions, partially dry the hands after washing, apply the lotion over the backs, and rub one hand over the other until they feel smooth and dry. To get good results it is essential to rub the emollient in well.

When through exposure to the cold, or from any cause the hands have become badly chapped, they must be given restorative treatment. To reduce the sensitiveness to washing—for they must be kept clean or the dirt will get into the roughened surface—smear them with cold cream or white vaseline, and leave it on two or three minutes, then wash clean and dry carefully. Before going to bed at night, after the cleansing process, anoint the hands with a soft cold cream or an emollient. An excellent preparation for the purpose can be made at home. Its chief ingredient is one that has been used since pioneer days, and cannot be excelled as a cure for chapped hands. Put an ounce of mutton tallow into a porcelain lined cup, add to it an equal quantity of sweet almond oil, and set the cup into a dish of hot water till the tallow is melted and the mixture blended together. Drop into it, one at a time, six drops of tincture of benzoin, beat and stir as it cools, and put it into a small jar with a cover. Rub this well into the hands at night, and draw on a pair of loose old kid gloves, white, if you have them. Cut the finger tips off, and make a slit in the palms for ventilation. The gloves hasten the cure, but their wear should not be continued after the hands are healed again. A very few treatments with the tallow preparation will make a vast improvement, provided the hands are protected fairly during the day.

Of all parts of housework, operations that require use of soap and water are hardest on the hands, as the soaps thus used are strong. Directly after such operations, recourse should be had to the cucumber jelly or favorite lotion. The housewife can save her hands a good deal by wearing old gloves when dusting, clearing up around the stove, etc., and especially by keeping a pair of loose warm gloves at hand to slip on every time she has to step outside the kitchen door, even if it is only for a minute or two.



When the Child Stays Indoors

How to keep the little ones interested and happy through the winter days when they are necessarily more within doors than at other seasons is often a problem to mothers and nurses. If there is a separate nursery or playroom, it simplifies the matter, but at all events the room in which the children spend hours of every day should be kept at an even temperature and well ventilated, but without draughts. Often a little child is fretful and "ill to please," simply because the air is close and over warm, and makes him uncomfortable.

In fitting up the play-room or nursery, the influence of surroundings—a very real factor—should be kept in mind. The room should be light, and get all the sun that is to be had in winter. If the walls are papered, some small, pretty pattern should be chosen, or a plain cream-tinted paper is good, with pictures of children, domestic animals, birds, on the walls. These can be of the most inexpensive variety, cut from magazines and colored picture books, and framed by the passe-partout method. A painted floor with a light rug that can be taken out and well shaken every day is much better than a carpet. Hygienic considerations come first. The furniture in the room—not many pieces are required—should certainly be of the convenient size for the little occupants. Small table and chairs on plain, simple lines, can be

bought for a small sum, and re-painted to harmonize with the general color scheme.

Following the excellent adage to train up a child in the way he should go, the presiding genius of the play-room should make a rule that each one must put away his own toys and do his part towards keeping the room tidy. A scrap basket should form part of the furnishings of the room, and the children be accustomed to gathering up and putting into it the bits of string, clippings of paper, or scraps from the dolls' dress-making. Habits of tidiness do not come naturally to many children, but they can be taught if the teacher goes about it in the right way, remembering the force of example allied to precept. A room which the children feel to be a pleasant place and their own can be made to foster their love of neatness.

The secret of keeping children happy when the weather obliges them to stay indoors is to keep them interested, and for a major part of the time this is best accomplished by providing them with some means of busying themselves. Cutting out pictures and making scrap books, stringing beads, building with blocks and empty spools, and the like, keep the child contented when toys begin to pall. A variation of the scrap-book is the screen, of plain white cotton to begin with, on which is pasted natural history pictures, or a special delight to children, pictures illustrating nursery rhymes and fairy tales. One such screen has served as the basis for many a bed-time story.



Fashion Notes

Fur toques are trimmed with a single flower and bud, with a green leaf or two, tucked into the brim. Gold roses are frequently used, and sometimes roses made from satin ribbon. These ribbon flowers also decorate evening gowns.

Hand bags to carry with velvet costumes are of velvet to match. They can hardly be called hand bags, as they are slung on long cords from the wrist.

Hair ornaments for evening wear are, many of them, in band or fillet style. These bands are embroidered in pearls, studded with rhinestones, worked in motifs with gold or silver, or otherwise enriched, the foundation being of velvet ribbon, or metal gauze.

The kimona overblouse of chiffon, veiling Persian patterned silk or plain satin trimmed with lace or bright embroidery continues popular. All the trimming is on the satin slip.

Skirts are still made without any fullness to spare, but anything suggesting "hobble" effect is considered rather bad style.

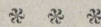
Excepting black and white, there is no color which can be called absolutely the leading fashionable color of the season.

Very wide black silk braids are used to trim velvet coat and skirt suits. One width of the braid forms a band trimming.

Fringe is quite often used, as a finish for the edge of tunic overdresses. Beaded fringe to match the dress, or of gold or silver bugles comes first.

Some of the newest skirts have the back arranged with a wide box plait like a panel, stitched for part of its depth.

An Oriental tone of color, and all sorts of glittering effects, are given by the metal and bead garnitures lavished on evening gowns.



ALARMING.

A new lodger had arrived at Mrs. Jenkins, and, like the majority of his fellow-boarders, he had to be early astir. The first morning he stumbled over a tin bath on the top stair. Lodger and bath rolled with a frightful clatter down the stairs, and as, with many imprecations, the man picked himself up, he heard a drowsy "Right-ho!" from one of the other residents in the house. The victim of the accident complained at breakfast of the almost criminal carelessness of the individual who had put the bath on the stairs, and was astonished to hear his landlady chuckle. "That was Mr. Brown," she exclaimed genially. "E's such a 'eavy sleeper that only a noise like somebody falling downstairs can wake 'im. That's what 'e calls 'is alarm clock!"

A HINT.

She—"Only think, Mrs. Wilkins threw a flat-iron at her husband's head because he accidentally sat down on her new hat! I couldn't do a thing like that!" He—"No, you love me too much, don't you?" She—"Yes; and besides, I haven't any new hat!"



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Ring Out the Old

A Complete Story

by Mrs. C. E. WEIGALL

(Published by special arrangement)

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I T was the week of the Nativity, and the weather had been so biting cold that England was a world wrapped in a white mantle of snow from north to south. It was cold even in the great well-warmed houses in Pittingham Gate, which looked out upon the Park, and Sir

Walter Perrin, eating a delicately-cooked meal in his big dining room before the blazing fire on the hearth, shivered a little, and told his butler to draw the curtains tighter against the window panes.

Perrin was a man famous for his nice taste in pictures, and although he was a little more than eight-and-twenty years of age, the art world knew him as a generous patron, and now, from the walls, there looked down at him the exquisite portrait by Velasquez of the girl with the dog, that had made his name famous as its purchaser, only a few weeks ago, out of the gallery of a dealer who had discovered the gem in an attic in a back street in Newcastle.

He glanced back at the portrait now with glowing pride and satisfaction for the face of the girl was exquisite in its beauty, and as she stood there, with her little spaniel in her arms, you could have sworn she lived and breathed, since the artist had caught the dew of her fresh lips, the exquisite gladness of her young eyes.

Sir Walter Perrin's only guest was also regarding the picture with interest. He was an elderly man—one of the leading art critics of the day, and perhaps the greatest authority on Spanish art in England—and he had stood outside the discussion that had raged round the discovery of so great a work in so strange a fashion. He had been interested in the restorative process that had brought up the glowing color that underlay the coating of dirt upon the canvas. And he was interested now.

"Man alive!" said Walter Perrin, impatiently. "What a sceptic you are. Why, I tell you that Wagenhantel has enthusiastically pronounced the picture to be one of the best examples of the great master's work. Look at what all the people have said of it, and all the critics! Its authenticity is undisputable."

"Look here, Perrin, we are friends—you and I."

"Great friends, I hope," returned the other, quietly.

"You yourself, Perrin, have often told me that it is a free country, and I still hold the opinion that your jewel is not a Velasquez. Frightfully clever it is, and without a doubt in the master's style; but, my dear Perrin, to begin with, that breed of spaniel has been evolved in later years! It did not exist in the time of Velasquez."

Sir Walter Perrin started, and signed to the butler to leave the room.

"Look here, Smith," he said laughingly, "I wish you would drop the discussion. The picture is genuine. I stake my reputation upon it. I am not a man to be deceived lightly. Why, I tell you that I have not bought a fraud yet—and look at my collection. Just as I am too sharp to be taken in financially, so I am far too clever to be the prey of designing dealers in the art line."

John Smith looked at his host, and a faint smile hovered round his lips. There was something so overbearing in the manner of Perrin, something so tremendous in his constant success, that he had come to be regarded as the hardest, most level-headed man in London. He had never been in love; but he intended loftily, when the moment came for marriage, to throw his glove to some smart, well-born society woman who would do credit to his position as a millionaire, and look well at the head of his table. But love or tenderness entered not at all into his calculations.

His servants served him through fear, and he had never missed the affection he had never cared to inspire. He had little religion, and if he went to church with occasional regularity, it was only because it was the proper thing to do, and he prided himself on a nice appreciation of his duty through life. He smiled now complacently, and the elder man wished for a moment he was not so hatefully good looking—so prosperous—so untouched by loving kindness.

"I am sorry I cannot change my opinion, Perrin!" he said.

"You are a queer fellow," cried his host, angrily. "Look here, Smith, if that were not genuine I should bound the fellow who deceived me to death. I should hold him up to shame in the eyes of the whole world. I am a man who never forgives, and who is never troubled by sentiment."

"Heaven help you!" said John Smith, quickly, and he shivered—for he felt suddenly afraid and very cold. "To speak like that in Christmas week, at the very grave-side of the old year, is almost an infamy! I dare wager, Perrin, that before you die—yes—perhaps the day is not very far off—that you will fall in love—yes—and risk everything for love—like a very ordinary man."

"I am not a fool," said Walter Perrin. "What! must you go, Smith? Some ridiculous idea of looking after poor people on the Embankment? I always say, 'Let the poor look after themselves.' I am sure that I did when I as a struggling boy of one-and-twenty, and look at me now."

"Yes, look at you now," said the old man, with a cynical twist of his lip. "I can pray no better prayer than may the angel of pity touch your heart to-night, my dear fellow—before it is too late."

He rose abruptly from the table and, with a swift excuse, bade his host good-night, and left the room.

"Too late!" said Perrin to himself. "What on earth does he mean? The day after to-morrow is New Year's Eve, it is true, but I shall only be a year older, and, after all, there is no hurry to change my character and prepare for another world; there is plenty of time to think of the future, and I have made a success of my life so far."

He lifted a glass of wine to his lips and sipped it thoughtfully. Out in the street under the window came the fresh sound of a girl's voice singing, and he paused to listen.

"On yester night,
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day.
And all along,
I heard a song,
Lullay, lullay, lullay."

What a voice it was, pure and clear as a thrush at dawn, each accent delicate and refined, and the old New Year carol fell upon his ears and filled him with a sense of something that had been lacking in his life till now. He turned to the glowing picture on the wall. If ever he should meet a woman with eyes that looked into his very soul as did those of "The Girl With the Dog," he felt that he might be tempted to remember that he was still young and heart whole after all. The voice took up its burden once again.

"A lovely lady sat and sang,
And to her child she spake.
My Son, my Brother, Father dear,
It makes my heart to ache
At this New Year to see The Bare,
A King upon this Hay—"

The voice faltered and broke—and out in the winter night came the sound of bitter sobbing. The window was long to the ground, and opened with latch and bolt; and in an instant Perrin had unfastened it and stepped out on to the balcony. Was it possible that he had heard the rustle of an angel's wing pass through his lonely room? Was the spirit of the New Year pleading with him at last?

Down in the kitchen below the voices of the servants came up to him merrily, for they were making holiday, and he frowned a little, for he was not in sympathy with their mood. A stifled sob came to his ears again, and looking over the rail he saw that down in the street a girl was crouching with her face buried in her hands. With an impulse that was entirely foreign to his nature he unbolted the door, and, running down the steps, took the thin figure in his arms and half led, half carried her into the house. The warmth of the dining room seemed to revive her, and presently she lifted up the heavy veil that covered her face. He had kept his eyes resolutely away from her, fearing to embarrass her until she was calmer. But when she spoke he turned and looked at her in amazement, for she possessed a voice like a chime of silver bells—pure and delicate.

"Are you Sir Walter Perrin?" she said. "If you are, I have got a message for you."

He nodded, struggling with his surprise, fighting with the sense of familiarity that held him spell-bound, for the face of the girl resembled the Velasquez on the wall as closely as one rose resembles another.

"Who are you?" he said, slowly, for he was so extraordinarily affected by her presence that he felt he was trembling and unsteady.

"My name is Daphne Vansittart," she said, with a little rush of sobbing words. "My father said you would be sure to remember if I told you that I was Basil Vansittart's daughter."

"What! Basil Vansittart, the artist? The man who painted 'The Burden of the World'?"

A rush of memories swept over him—poignant and bitter. Years ago, when he had come up to town, a struggling lad, to make his fortune, Vansittart had been the first to hold out a hand to him, and with influence and money had given him his start in life. There had been a little girl in Vansittart's house—his daughter—he remembered, to whom Perrin had given chocolates, and this was Daphne. But since for ten years he had completely lost sight of his old friend this girl had grown from child to woman, and now he stared at her as in a dream, for the face was the face of the girl in the picture by Velasquez on his wall. She was so beautiful that his heart stirred like a half-dead thing beating in its prison, and its throbbing was the renewal of his youth.

"Yes—that is my father," said Daphne. "We used to be very well off, but he signed some bond for a friend, and the friend failed to find the money—so the people came down on father. That was five years ago, and since then everything has been going wrong and—and no one would buy his pictures, because he seemed to have lost the public taste somehow. But about two years ago he got some copying work to do for a firm, and he has earned enough to keep our home together since then, though we have been very poor. But now he is very ill, and he says he must see you—before—he dies. Oh, please don't let him die—because I shall be alone, and I love him so dearly."

Perrin took her outstretched hand, and his own voice was harsh with emotion. "Of course I will come and see him. Shall we go now?"

Daphne rose to her feet. "To-morrow, please—to-morrow afternoon. I—I must prepare him for your visit; his heart is so weak that any shock might kill him."

"To-morrow, then," said Perrin. "And for to-night you must feast with me, so that you may recall old days when I brought you chocolates."

"Why, yes, you were Mr. Perrin in those days. I remember you," said Daphne, clasping her hands, and suddenly into her pale, thin face there flashed light and color and happiness once again. "I remember you quite well—you used often to come to our house. Why, that is the reason my father told me to sing under your window 'The Lovely Lady,' so that you would remember me!"

"Were you singing for money to-night?" said Perrin, suddenly.

"Yes," Daphne returned, faintly. "But I have been singing for a long time, and I have only made two shillings, and when I came to your house I was in despair—for we need so many things at home."

"You shall have everything you need," said Perrin, suddenly. He did not know his own voice, nor the impulse that prompted him, but he desired very ardently to make this girl happy, and the wish was strange to him. He heaped her plate with cakes and fruit, and filled her glass with sparkling wine, and while she ate and drank he looked at her intently. She was so beautiful in her shabby gown that she seemed the most beautiful thing in all the world to him, and when the good cheer and the warmth had loosened her tongue she chatted gaily to him, like the irresponsible child she was, and he listened with growing delight.

"Do you see your likeness on the wall?" said Perrin at last, pointing out his picture, that seemed to him to glow with renewed beauty as he spoke.

Daphne turned and drew a quick breath of delight. "How lovely it is—far too nice for me; and yet it reminds me of a sketch that my father did of me one day. The attitude is the same, but I had my dear Persian cat under my arm, and not that spaniel. Perhaps my father knew of your picture?"

"He could not have done so, Miss Vansittart," said Perrin, smiling, well pleased at the praise of his picture, "because it is a Velasquez, and it was found, wonderful to relate, in the attic of a poor laborer in Newcastle, and I bought it before it was properly restored."

"How beautiful!" said the girl, sighing as she looked at the exquisite coloring of the picture.

Sir Walter Perrin drew back, so that he might study her the better. Here, so it seemed to him, were the two most beautiful treasures life could hold—his picture and this girl. She had changed completely since he remembered her as a child—and yet he was beginning to recall her winning ways, the alternate mirth and pathos of her eyes. Her little feet were wet through—he could see the thinness of her shoes—and her cloak was threadbare; and, quite suddenly, the angel of pity touched him, and he understood what his departed friend John Smith had meant by his last words. Perhaps thoughts from the dead past had awoke to trouble him that night. Perhaps God had bidden the New Year angel touch his heart at last, before it was too late, for he said, rapidly: "Miss Vansittart, your father and I were great friends. I owe him much. Will you let me send him a present by you? Let me wrap up your two shillings in this purse."

He took from the chimney-piece a trifle of gold and tortoise-shell, and slipped into one of the pockets, unseen by Daphne, a crisp bank-note for £20; then handed it to her, and watched her with all the delight of a child drop her coppers and silver into the pouch.

"Father will love this pretty thing," she said slipping the purse into the bosom of her gown. "Thank you a thousand times. And now I must go, or he will be dreadfully anxious about me."

Perrin thought it better not to rouse his servants, and, taking her out the way she had come in, hailed a passing cab, in which he placed her safely, and gave the man her address. She said good-bye to him with a brilliant smile. "It is only 'au revoir,' and my father and I will both feel very glad," were her parting words.

But when Sir Walter went back into the house, he felt that it was strangely lonely, for a ghost lingered beside his hearthstone.

II.

The hours of the next day seemed to lag on leaden feet for Walter Perrin until the clock struck the magic hour of four. It was true that he had despatched a hamper of good things to the address in Jerrain Court given him by Daphne; but when he had done this there was nothing left for him but to stare out at the snow, and to remember that it was New Year's Eve. It seemed impossible to go to his club, for all human beings beyond the Vansittarts were at present uninteresting to him. He had recalled Daphne's face in the still watches of the night, when he ought to have been sleeping. He had recalled his first lonely hours in London long ago, and realised how much he owed to Daphne's father. But when the girl met him at the door of the little house in Jerrain Court he knew that he had not underrated the beauty of every feature.

"My father is so longing to see you," she said, wistfully, herself realising that his hand held hers far longer than ordinary courtesy demanded. "He is very, very ill—and troubled—and I think the trouble concerns you; for when I showed him that splendid present you gave me in the purse, he forbade me to spend a penny of it. Oh! and I had planned so many things for his comfort—I should have spent it all so happily."

"Never mind, poor child," said Perrin, looking round him pitifully at her attempt to transform that bare attic into a pretty sitting room. A few yards of printed cotton, a bright cushion here and there had worked wonders; but everything had gone that he remembered as distinctive of the Vansittart household possessions save a little jade figure and a box of Chinese enamel that he remembered to have heard the artist say had been given him by his mother. There were so many things he wanted to say to Daphne that they were still busily talking when an impatient, feeble voice called her name from within a curtained archway, and with a glance at him Daphne hurried across the room. "He is here, father," she said, and fell back so that Perrin might cross the threshold alone. But when he saw Vansittart's face he knew that the man was dying—even before the thin, fevered hand clutched at his own fingers, or the hoarse voice, broken by the rattle in the throat, called his name.

"Walter! Thank Heaven! I couldn't die till I had seen you, old fellow. I want—I want you to forgive me."

The man who had boasted that he never forgave looked round him. Vansittart's room was a long attic under the roof, screened off at the further end by another curtain, behind which a lamp was burning, which gave a brilliant illumination compared to the dull flare of the two candles on the table by the bedside.

"Why, what is it, Vansittart?" he said. "You and I were always friends, and I owe you so much that there can be no question of forgiveness between us."

"Ah! but there is—Heaven!—there is! And when I saw that, of all men, it had been you who bought my picture I could have cursed the day I was born—for I loved you, Walter."

Perrin was silent. He had no idea of the truth, but over his mind there crept a dumb feeling of apprehension that paralysed him.

"What do you mean?" he said, jerkily. "I don't know what you mean. I have no picture of yours but the one you gave me."

"I—I painted your Velasquez. Heaven help me! Hear me out, Walter—you don't know what it is to fail in your profession—in your finances—and to see your only child wanting for bread. When my pictures ceased to interest the public, I received an offer from a dealer to paint Old Masters for him at three pounds a week, and—and I took that offer."

"I don't believe you," said Perrin, hoarsely. "You are mad."

The dew of exhaustion stood on Vansittart's forehead, but he lifted himself on his pillows with one shaking arm. "Do you think I should lie here dying and tell you a lie? Perrin, hear me out. I painted 'The Girl With the Dog,' and my employer hung it in the Newcastle attic—to be discovered by a fool of an amateur collector, who exploits his finds in the papers, and—mark the cleverness of the whole affair—my employer bought it off him for a hundred pounds, and then proved it to be a Velasquez."

Perrin moved away from the bed. If this were true he was made a laughing-stock in the eyes of the whole art world—for he was too honest to keep the story to himself, and endure the congratulations of all his envious friends.

"I can't believe it yet," he exclaimed. Vansittart made an impassioned gesture towards the curtain. "Look there for your proofs," he gasped.

And Perrin, making one stride towards it, flung the folds aside with a sharp rattle of rings. Behind in the alcove the space was occupied by an easel, on which stood a half-finished picture—so evidently

(Continued on page 28)

The Housekeeper's Page



THE housewife's morning costume is far from being the least important part of her wardrobe, although it may be the most inexpensive. Its requirements are that it should be neat, easily laundered, and quickly put on and off. It can also be pretty and becoming, just as well as not. Where is the woman who will not work to better advantage when she knows that she is looking nice and feels that she is neat? Perhaps one would hear less about the monotonous routine of the kitchen, if the housewife made a point of having pretty and convenient morning frocks and aprons.

The working-dress should be light in weight, preferably of washable material. In our well-heated houses a cotton dress is quite warm enough, when one is working about the house. It is fatiguing to go through the various household operations, wearing a heavy cloth skirt, or one that does not allow perfect freedom of movement.

If it is absolutely necessary, for the sake of economy, to utilize a skirt that has served its term in other departments of dress, it is worth while making it over somewhat. Take off every bit of trimming, and all extra fullness out of the skirt. This is not hard to do, as the skirt is closely fitted already at the waist-band. Put it on, then pin the seams, eliminating the flare of gores. Take the skirt off, baste, and sew on the machine. Cut off at ankle length, or thereabouts, and face securely, without braid or binding to catch on nails or obstructions. Then you have a neat, serviceable skirt, of which the convenience will repay you for the work of making over.

Cotton blouses turned over for kitchen use can also be altered to serve the purpose. A high stiff collar is a nuisance in the kitchen. Cut off the collar band, and shape the neck to a slight V in front, if you find it more becoming that way. Finish it with a flat, shaped collar, or with a facing of a different color, like a kimona. Cut off the sleeves below the elbow, or three-quarter length, and finish them with a shallow band cuff, or a deep hem and casing, with elastic run through it.

The ideal frock is, of course, one made expressly for the purpose. The new skirt patterns, on straight lines, without either surplus width or undue scantiness, are excellent for working dresses; they allow free movement, and yet there are no folds to get in the way of one's feet. They can be made to fasten at the side front, the blouse having a similar fastening, and the two joined together under a belt.



Vegetables in Winter

The value of dried vegetables as a food is increased by the fact that they contain a fair amount of material stored up for the nourishment of the young plant, and which goes to build up the tissues of the body, also some starch which helps to furnish heat and energy. It is most desirable that they should be served in digestible and appetizing condition.

An important point in cooking dried vegetables is to cook them at not too high a temperature. This is in accordance with the instructions of the Macdonald Institute, Agricultural College. The tissue-building substance, or legumen, contained in ripened peas and beans is toughened by great heat, and these legumes should be soaked over night and then cooked below boiling point. The lime in hard water has a tendency to harden the legumen, and make the vegetables less digestible, therefore the water in which they are soaked or cooked should be softened by boiling and allowing it to cool, or by the addition of a quarter teaspoonful of baking soda to each quart of water.

Dried peas or beans can be made into a very palatable soup. Wash and pick over half a pint of peas or beans, and soak them over night in cold water to more than cover. Drain off the water, put the peas into a kettle with a small piece of ham or salt pork, pour on two quarts of water, and set over the fire. Cook slowly for two hours. Put into a small saucepan a tablespoonful of butter or dripping, a tablespoon each of minced carrot and minced celery, four tablespoons of minced onion, and cook slowly half an hour. Take the vegetables out and add them to the soup, mix a tablespoonful of flour into the butter, stirring it smooth, and stir this also into the soup. Season with salt and pepper, and a bay leaf, cover, and cook slowly two hours longer, strain through a coarse wire strainer, re-heat, and serve.

Baked beans constitute quite a famous dish, cooked after this recipe. Wash a quart of beans, soak over night, then pour off the water, rinse and drain the beans. Put in a kettle, cover with water, and cook just below the boiling

point until the skins will burst; this can be tested by taking a few into a saucer and blowing upon them. Drain the water off the beans. Have ready half a pound of salt pork, with the rind scalded and scraped. Cut it in two, put half in the bottom of the bean crock, turn in the beans, pour over one cup of boiling water in which is mixed two tablespoons of molasses, the same of sugar, one tablespoon salt, one-half as much mustard, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. The remaining half of the pork goes on top. Add enough more boiling water to just cover the beans. Put on the cover, and bake in a slow oven from six to eight hours, uncovering the pot for the last hour. It may be necessary to add more hot water during the baking.

Potatoes are attractive served in the following way: Bake half a dozen potatoes, remove all of the inside, work into it a little butter, salt, bread crumbs, and chopped parsley. Beat well with a fork, and mix in one egg. Fill well-buttered egg-cups with the mixture, to mould, then turn out, brush with egg, dust over with rolled crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. Drain, and serve hot.

Potato puffs is a nice way of serving left over boiled potatoes. Mash them smooth, and measure two cupfuls, season with salt and pepper, mix in a couple of level tablespoons of butter, and a cup of milk. Beat two eggs till light, then beat them into the potato mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake until puffed and of a golden brown color.

Corn 'oysters' can be made from canned corn. Drain and mash the corn to a pulp, mix with a well-beaten egg, season with pepper and salt, and stir in enough flour to make a batter that will drop from the spoon. Fry in hot fat.

Parsnips should be soaked in cold water, then scraped. Cut in thick slices, boil in salted water until tender, and drain. Heat a little butter in a pan, put in the slices of parsnip, and sauté to a light brown on each side. Or mash the parsnips, season with salt and pepper, add a little cream, form into cakes, and sauté.

Stuffed cabbage is easily prepared. Select a rather large head of cabbage, and boil it, but not quite tender. Lift it out into a baking dish, remove the centre of the cabbage, and fill the cavity with a

mixture of a tablespoonful of minced suet, two tablespoons of chopped bacon or ham, a like amount of cold meat, one raw egg, the grated rind of a lemon, a seasoning of grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to taste. Tie the top of the cabbage, and bake in the oven for twenty minutes, basting several times with butter or dripping. It must not be allowed to get brown.

Carrot cups is a tasty form of serving this vegetable. Scrape and wash the carrots, cut them in quarters lengthwise, and boil till tender in water in which meat has been cooked. When done take them out of the broth, mash through a sieve, season with salt and pepper, and stir in a lump of butter. Fill some small cups or moulds with the carrot, pressing it down tightly, and turn out to serve.

Fried Spanish onions are sometimes served on toast. Peel and slice some Spanish onions, put them in a frying pan containing a couple of tablespoons of butter made smoking hot, season with salt and pepper, dust lightly with cayenne, and stir over the fire until they are tender. Place on pieces of toast, and pour the gravy over them.



Dearer Coffee

The housekeeper will have to make up her mind to pay more for her favorite breakfast beverage in the near future or buy a poorer quality, and few are prepared to do the latter.

Reliable information from South American countries confirms previous reports that the growing coffee crop will be much beneath the average, and totally inadequate to meet the demands of the constantly increasing consumption.

Importers are now paying four to five cents per pound more than six months ago for their various grades, and as the profit of the retail dealer is none too large on high grade coffees, he will either have to increase his selling price or accept a profit much smaller than he ought to get considering the expenses of a well-managed retail establishment.

The consumer has the consolation that old prices will no doubt be restored in the course of a year or so, and it is more than probable the crop of 1911 will be a good one.



8852—A GOOD APRON MODEL.

This design has two specially good points, the deep convenient pockets and the panel front, which is cut high over the bust and thus affords good protection. The apron is easy to make, and will give satisfaction, with its ample skirt and natty appearance. Gingham, lawn, or cambric may be used for its development. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for the medium size. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium, and large.



8840—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

This charming model was developed in blue poplin. The fronts show a very pretty closing under which a frill of lace or net is worn. The back and front is tucked to the waistline. The pattern, which is suitable for linen, repp, madras heavy shirtings, or flannel, is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.



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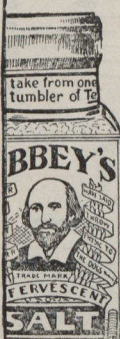
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Sva

Moderato.

The first system of musical notation is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the left hand in the final measure. The tempo is marked *Moderato*.

The second system continues the piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

Sva

The third system is marked *Sva* (Svato) and features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

The fourth system continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

Sva

The fifth system is marked *Sva* and features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and features a melodic line with several triplet markings. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed at the beginning of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a *Sva* (Sostenuto) marking with a wavy line above the staff. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is present in the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line, followed by the word *FINE.* and the tempo marking *Vivo.* The music then resumes in a new section with a *p* dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the waltz. The upper staff features a melodic line with some grace notes, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment. The key signature remains consistent with the previous systems.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a first ending bracket labeled *1* in the upper staff. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed in the lower staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

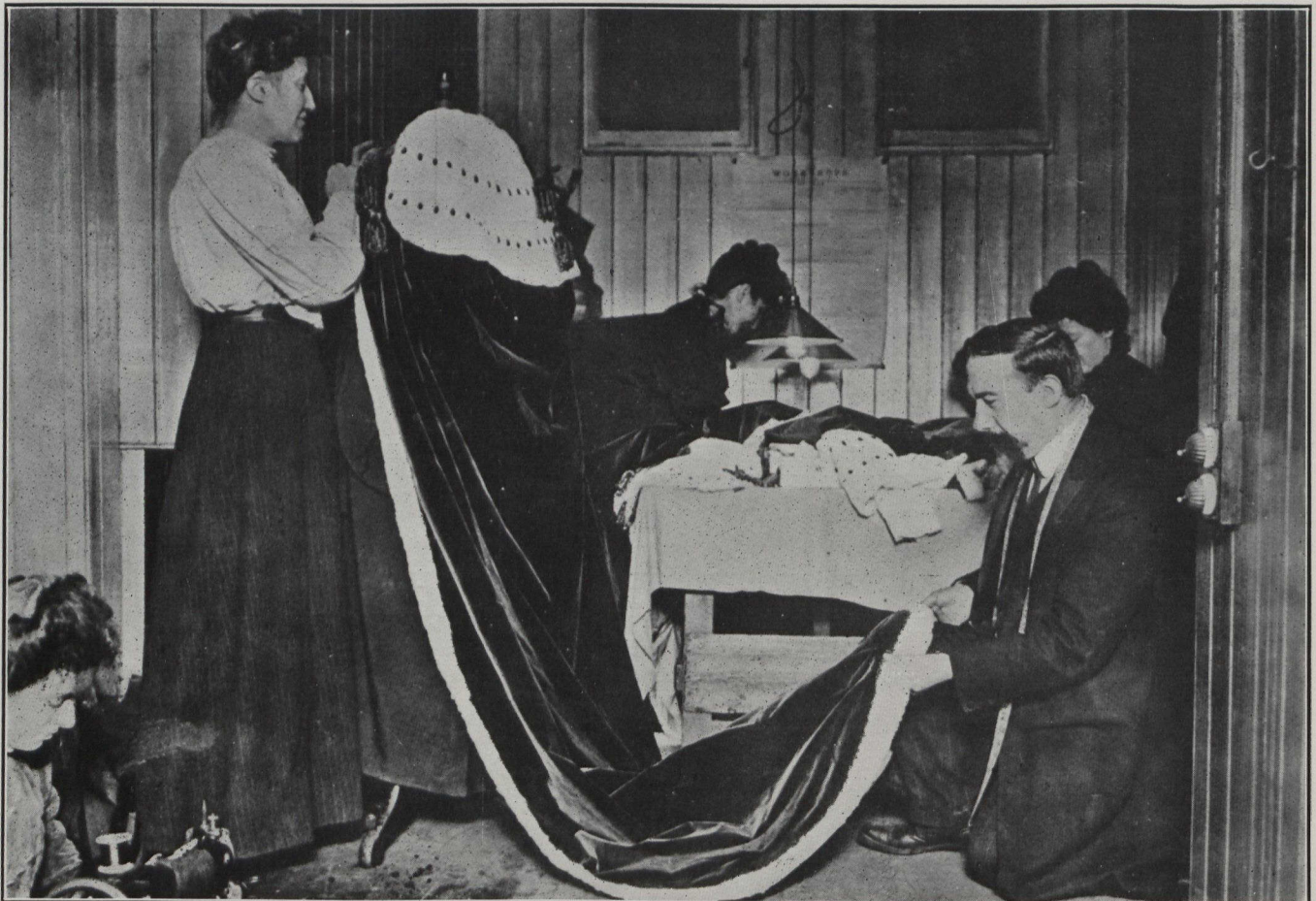
The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a first ending bracket labeled *2* in the upper staff. The system includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The piece ends with the instruction *D. C. al fine.* (Da Capo al fine).

A Beautiful Glide Waltz. 2 pp—2d p





Preparing for the Coronation The Coronation of King George the Fifth, which is announced to take place next June, is already giving work to thousands. In the picture the young women are working on coronets for the peers who will attend. The Coronation is the greatest regal spectacle of any reign.



Preparing for the Coronation The gorgeous robes to be worn by the peers and other dignitaries of the state are already assuming shape under the deft fingers of the dressmakers employed by the great London houses. A scarcity of ermine is already reported, the unusual demand, for coronation purposes, having depleted the big fur warehouses.

Nancy's New Year Adventure

A Complete Story

by HAROLD BINDLOSS

(Published by special arrangement)

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IT was about eight o'clock on a blustering New Year's Eve when Jim Creighton strode up and down the dripping beach, waiting for his paid hand to row him off to his yacht. Jim was twenty-seven then, and what is called well-connected. His father, Colonel Creighton, had left him just enough to keep him in idleness, and he lived on board his yacht most of the year, because it was economical and he liked it. He was regarded as eccentric by his more distinguished relatives; but it must be mentioned that he was the grandson of a remarkably shrewd business man, and there is such a thing as heredity.

There was a town two miles up the estuary, and another smaller one across the wide stretch of ruffled water. Swaying lights blinked upon the latter, and in one place there was a blaze of radiance from a new steam yacht whose owner was entertaining his friends before sailing for the Mediterranean. Jim who was expected, knew that Lucy Neville would be there. She was pretty, far from poor, and encouragingly gracious to him. Jim was rather a handsome man, and he supposed he would have to marry money some day.

The paid hand did not appear—it was New Year's Eve—and Jim had decided that he had better row off alone, when, just as a bitter shower had blown away, he saw a girl standing beneath a lamp. She carried a big cardboard box, and her clothing glistened with wet. It struck him that she looked forlorn and troubled.

"Are you in any difficulty?" he asked.

"I've missed the ferry-boat," said the girl. "It's the last to-night."

"That's unfortunate," Jim rejoined. "It's a good way back to the town, and then you'd just lose the train. Must you get across?"

"I live on the other side."

Jim reflected. The young women he was acquainted with did not go about in the rain on foot unattended. But the girl spoke nicely, and she was pretty, and tastefully dressed. As a matter of fact, she earned her living by making dresses, and she had acquired a grace of manner in a big London establishment where only young women of stylish appearance were employed.

"You can't walk all the way round on a night like this—it's impossible," he said. "I'm going off to a yacht, and it wouldn't take much longer to row you across."

She flashed a quick glance at him. His manner was reassuring, and he looked like a mate or skipper. A good many yachts frequented that harbor, and their crews were carefully chosen men of good character. She thanked him, and he handed her into his dinghy which he pushed off. It, however, was blowing fresh, the ebb ran strong, and short, splashing seas flung the spray all over them. Jim made slow progress, and when the seas got bigger, in more open water, a blinding shower beat down. When it blew away there was a good deal of water in the lurching dinghy, and Jim, who was afraid of her being swamped, headed for his twenty-ton cutter. Running alongside, he turned to his companion.

"Quick!" he cried. "Jump on board!" He sprang up after her, and a storm of drenching rain broke out again. The frightened girl clung to a rope.

"Take me back—at once!" she said. Jim felt sorry for her, and embarrassed. "I can't. In fact, I was glad to get here safe. You must get into shelter and then we'll consider."

He thrust back a sliding hatch and dropped below. After lighting a lamp he called to her, and, as it was raining mercilessly, she followed him with misgivings into the little saloon. When he had stirred the stove in it he looked up, and she was slightly comforted by his expression.

"Now," he said, "I couldn't help this. It was blowing harder than I thought, and the dinghy would probably capsize if I tried to row you across."

"What can I do?" his companion asked, in desperation.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait," said Jim. "One of the other boat's gigs or launches will no doubt be coming ashore, and I'll hail them to take you off. In the meanwhile you're horribly wet, and I naturally haven't any ladies' clothes." Then a thought seemed to strike him. "I'll make you some hot coffee."

He raised the lid of a copper kettle, and, though she tried to stop him, took things from a locker and set them on a tray. Then he asked, abruptly:

"What have you got in that box?"

"A dress I've been making for myself. I was going to a dance to-night."

"That's one difficulty got over," Jim replied. "You may have to wait an hour or two, and you can't sit there wet and shivering. Besides, you needn't be afraid of spoiling the things. We'll muffle you up in a pilot coat when I send you ashore." He flung back a sliding door and lighted a lamp. "Go in and change. I've something to see to on deck."

The girl hesitated, but she was chilled through, and she did not like to look bedraggled. She did as he told her, though she bolted the door. Jim coming back presently was astonished. Her new attire became his companion wonderfully, and he did not know that it had cost her a good deal of self-denial and patient labor. She was dressed as tastefully as any of his friends, and he decided that she compared very favorably in appearance with most of them. Besides, considering everything, her courage and composure appealed to him. He made the coffee, and handed her some biscuits and a glass jar of delicacies of a kind that had not hitherto come within her reach.

"No doubt you expected to have your evening meal at home, but as it will be some time before you get there you must put up with this," he said.

She ate daintily, and he noticed that she had shapely hands. By-and-bye she looked at him with a smile.

"I really was hungry," she confessed. "We were very busy at the shop, and I have had nothing since twelve o'clock."

As a matter of fact she had not had very much then. He took another jar out of the locker.

"Try that," he suggested. "It's a thing they're noted for in France. We got it there."

It struck her as exceptionally nice, though she wondered if his employer would be pleased with his liberality. Jim led her on to talk, and some time had passed when he started to his feet, for there was a whirling sound outside and something struck the yacht.

"It's a launch," he said, feeling sorry the craft had arrived so soon.

A man clad in an oilskin coat entered the saloon, and seemed to have some trouble in hiding his astonishment when he saw the girl.

"I'm going off to Phalarope, and as I saw your saloon lighted I thought I'd take you across," he informed Jim.

"It would be a favor if you would take this lady ashore, Phelps."

Phelps bowed to the girl. "I'm sorry but there's scarcely any petrol in the tank, and it's blowing hard. I've just enough to take us alongside Phalarope."

They went out together, and when they stood under the light on the fore-stay Phelps smiled at Jim. "Well," he said, "you'll allow me to say I'm surprised! She looks as if she were going a dance—a scratch one, where they don't wear full dress."

A reckless idea dawned on Jim. "She's going to a select one. I don't see how it can be helped. We'll have to take her on board Gordon's Phalarope, and I can't explain to everybody how I met her."

"No," said Phelps, drily, "I think you'd better not. Anyhow, I can't take her ashore unless I can get some petrol from Gordon, and the whole thing's informal. He told us to ask any friends, and Jessy's bringing one or two down in Harry's launch. I'll try to get hold of Mrs. Alister. She's generally as keen on a crazy frolic as you are."

A few minutes later Jim, who made her put on a deck coat, handed the girl into the launch. He explained the difficulty about the petrol, and when they reached a big steam yacht he helped her up the ladder.

"By the way," he said, "you had better tell me your name."

"It's Nancy—Nancy Hume," she answered. "I live with an elder sister."

Two seamen stood at the gangway, and one said "Sir" to Jim; but Nancy was more astonished when, after taking the coat and cardboard box from her, he led her into the deckhouse. A piano and a violin or two were playing below, and people were laughing at the foot of the wide stairway.

"So pleased to see you!" said a lady he addressed as Mrs. Alister, who shook hands with her. "Tom," she called to a man below, "I'd better present you to Miss Hume!" She smiled at Nancy. "If

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you want to please Mr. Gordon, tell him you admire his new boat."

The color crept into the girl's cheek; but she had courage, and she braced herself to face the situation. She could not extricate herself without an account of her adventure, which, it flashed upon her, would be difficult to make. Then the yacht owner turned to Jim: "You had better take Miss Hume down. They're short of another couple."

Jim held out his arm, and she went down the stairs with him, shrinking inwardly, outwardly very collected, except for the flush in her face. Jim thought it heightened her beauty; but when they were out of sight of those above she turned to him indignantly. "Then you are not a yacht skipper?" she said.

"No," said Jim. "I never told you that I was; but we can't discuss it here. I've no doubt you can dance—and I'll make my excuses afterwards."

He led her into the cleared saloon. It was ceiled in white and gold; hot-house flowers glowed against the polished panelings, and the narrow ribands of deck planks were immaculate. Good music floated through it, there was softened light, and Nancy looked round with wonder. It was, as Phelps had said, an informal affair, and the men wore blue serge, with dark bronze buttons stamped with a device, though the women were more elaborately dressed. Nancy had waited on such people, showing them dainty fabrics, and deferring to their taste, which was not often equal to her own; but she had never mixed with them on terms of equality. She nerved herself for an ordeal, and found it much less trying than she had expected. She was young, the music was seductive, and Jim danced excellently. She forgot her anger, and yielded to the charm of it all, and it was with regret she heard the closing crash of cords. Then Jim took her into a little room decorated in white and blue, and stood waiting for her to speak.

"Will you tell me why you have dared to play this trick?" she asked.

"The answer is simple—I didn't. Events led up to it. I couldn't help myself. Phelps had run out of petrol."

"But he could have borrowed some, and I saw another launch. You could have asked Mr. Gordon to send me ashore."

"I could. I could do so now—but it would attract attention. Hadn't you better stay and see me through it? Is it very unpleasant?"

She paused to consider. She liked his manner and his direct speech. He treated her, she thought, exactly as he would have treated one of the rest. In the meanwhile he noticed her composure. Placed, as she was, for the first time in surroundings of the kind, she might have been expected to show some awkwardness or embarrassment; but he could see no sign of it, which implied the possession of somewhat unusual qualities.

"Then the first yacht was yours?" she asked.

"Yes; I live on board her. In the winter I go wild-fowling. My name's Jim Creighton."

Nancy resumed the former subject. "How can I stay here? I've no right; I'm an impostor."

"No," said Jim; "you stay on my invitation. Gordon's an old friend."

Nancy never knew why she yielded; but this glimpse of a different and more brilliant life was intoxicating—an unlooked-for break in the grey days of patient toil. Other partners turned up, and she found them interesting. Gordon showed her photographs of strange places he had visited, and his friends told her amusing stories of yachting experiences. Nobody seemed to notice that she did not belong to them. Two hours passed happily; and then Nancy started, as a tall, pale girl and a very dignified lady entered the saloon—for she had made a hat for Miss Lucy Neville. Keeping in the background, she heard the latter explain that they had been compelled to attend other functions, which had detained them. Shortly afterwards Miss Neville crossed the saloon to where Nancy was sitting alone for the moment, and looked down on her with coldly scornful eyes.

"You are the girl from Madame Liancourt's?" she said.

"Yes," replied Nancy.

"Then what are you doing here?" Her tone brought the blood to Nancy's cheek and roused her to sudden anger. "What right have you to ask? I came as a guest."

Miss Neville laughed—a soft laugh that stung like a whip—and then, seeing Jim approaching, she turned her back on Nancy and drew him aside. "You brought this girl?" she said.

"I did," Jim declared. His companion looked at him curiously. "Then you have half an hour to take her away. You have done several extraordinary things, but this is beyond toleration."

"Suppose I don't take her away?"

"Then I and my mother will withdraw, and there are others who will go with us. Are you willing to break up Gordon's last night in English waters for the sake of a sewing girl?"

"Will you let me tell you about the thing?"

Miss Neville smiled witheringly. "No," she said; "I don't think it would be worth while."

She left him boiling over with chivalrous indignation, but he danced again with Nancy before he went in search of Phelps.

"So you have been rebuked?" the latter remarked. "I saw vengeance in Lucy Neville's eyes."

"Something like that," said Jim. "It hurt, but I had to bear it. There's only one reply that fits the case, and it's on the Royal Arms—in The Garter. Any way, we have to clear out. Will you lend me your launch?"

"I'll come with you," said Phelps.

Jim managed to get Nancy away without her discovering why it was necessary. She was willing to go, for Miss Neville had wounded her, and she had only stayed because she would not be ignominiously driven out. Gordon and several of the others escorted her to the gangway, and she was relieved to see that Phelps had placed the cardboard box out of sight. As she reached the ladder the violins broke into "For Auld Lang Syne."

A little later she was safe ashore, and a yacht hand carried the cardboard box for a mile, while Jim and Phelps walked in front with her. Then she stopped before a little house in a narrow street, and Phelps, who shook hands with her, turned away. She stood on the doorstep a moment, looking at Jim.

"I would like to think you had enjoyed yourself?" he said.

Nancy's eyes gleamed in the light of a street lamp. "Yes," she answered. "Except for one thing, I have never enjoyed myself so much before. It was all so new to me—a wonderful New Year! Now I feel like Cinderella."

"I'm going away along the coast," said Jim. "When I come back I'll call and ask you to introduce me to your people."

He took off his cap and turned away, and she went into the little house with confused feelings and a moisture which she could not quite account for in her eyes.

When Jim came up with him Phelps smiled. "On the whole, you came through the adventure better than one might have expected," he remarked. "It would be wiser not to follow it up."

"I intend to marry that girl if she'll have me," Jim said quietly. "If she will, I'm going to work. It's time I turned over a new leaf. In the meanwhile we'll drop the subject."

He came back to the little house in the spring, and was not altogether astonished when Nancy refused him, though Phelps, who heard of it, felt surprised. In the autumn he came back again, and this time she yielded. Shortly afterwards Jim sold the boat, and he and his wife sailed for a British colony where there was talk of a new fishing industry. In two years he had won a footing in it, and a relative, hearing of his progress, sent him out a draft with which he purchased another vessel. Six years later he came home at New Year's time with his wife, to whom, he said, he owed his success. He declared that what his friends considered the maddest thing he had ever done was the first wise one.

WITH THE WITS

FILIAL RESPECT.

"Where's your father, little boy?" said the insurance agent, calling at the back door. "Father's down in the pigsty," said the boy curtly. "You can go and find him. And," he added as an afterthought, "you'll know father—he's got a hat on!"

✦

UNDERNEATH.

She weighed sixteen stone if she weighed an ounce, and she did weigh an ounce. The whole rink shook and rumbled as she struggled round in her efforts to master the whirling art. Suddenly—a terrific thud—a groan—and there, piled up upon the boarding lay a heap of overbalanced femininity. A dozen stalwarts hastened to her aid. But her avordupois was too much for their heaving. "Fetch a lever!" cried one. "Fetch a crane!" shouted a second. The woman opened her eyes. "You will have to wait a moment, madame," politely remarked a third. "We have just sent for the crane. I trust you are not hurt?" "N-n-no, I don't think so!" she gasped bravely back. "But, oh, there are some dreadful lumps in your floor!" "Lumps, be hanged, madame!" growled a half-smothered voice from underneath. "I'm not a lump, I'm one of the attendants!"

✦

PROOF POSITIVE.

In the silent watches of the night Mrs. Brown prodded Mr. Brown in the ribs, and he awoke with a start. "John," she whispered hoarsely, "get up! There are burglars! I can hear noises downstairs!" "Rest easy, my dear," grunted John, turning over. "There are no burglars. You may always make up your mind to this. If there are burglars in the house they won't be such fools as to make any noise." An hour later he received another dig. His wife was sitting up, a wild look of terror in her eyes. "John!" she cried hoarsely. He leapt on to the floor. "John, there are burglars! I've been listening for ten minutes. I've opened the door. I've been to the head of the stairs, even; and, John, oh, John, I can't hear a single sound!"

✦

REALLY GREAT.

"Mr. Gladstone once slept in the bed you were in last night, sir," said the hotelkeeper. "Ah!" answered the guest; "Mr. Gladstone must have been a great man, for that's more than I could do!"

✦

PROVING IT.

"I say, what do you think that is?" said a man to an assistant in a general store. He laid on the counter a paper containing some powdery matter. "Just taste it and give me your opinion." "I should say it was soda," said the shopman, after putting some of it on his tongue. "That's what I said," replied the visitor; "but my wife contended that it was rat poison. Try it again to make sure!"

✦

THAT TIRED FEELING.

The following conversation is said to have taken place in a Boston elevator: Old Lady—"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" Elevator Boy—"Yes'm." Old Lady—"Is it the motion of the going down?" Elevator Boy—"No'm." Old Lady—"The motion of going up?" Elevator Boy—"No'm." Old Lady—"The stopping?" Elevator Boy—"No'm." Old Lady—"What is it then?" Elevator Boy—"The questions."

✦

THE MODERN STYLE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going first to Smith and Jones' to match a piece of ribbon, then to Jones and Smith's to get a dozen hairpins, next to Jones Brothers' to look at those darling little baby pins, after that to Smith Brothers' to look for some of those nice what-do-you-call-'ems, and then to the hairdresser's, sir," she said.

✦

PLEADED GUILTY.

Muggins—"Why didn't you protest when they charged you with violating the speed regulations?" Chuggins—"I was too thankful to kick. I've been trying to sell that motor, and it takes a good deal of strain off my conscience to have somebody else testify that she can go faster than a mile in ten minutes."

ONE THING FORGOTTEN.

When Jenkins, returning from his club, went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep without first submitting to a cross-examination by his better half. So, as soon as he had entered the room and placed his candle upon the dressing-table, he began: "I locked the front door. I put the chain up. The dog is in. The cat is out. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. I put the cake box back in the larder. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I posted your letter as soon as I got to town. Your mother did not call at the office. I did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I want an egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light." Jenkins felt that he had prevented all possible inquiry, and smiled triumphantly. His triumph was short-lived, however, for Mrs. Jenkins asked, "Why didn't you take off your hat?"

✦

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Simpkins always was soft-hearted, and when it developed upon him to break gently the news of Jones' drowning to the bereaved Mrs. Jones, it cost him much paper, ink, and perspiration before he sent the following: "Dear Mrs. Jones—Your husband cannot come home to-day. His bathing suit was washed away in the surf.—P.S.: Poor Jones was inside the suit."

✦

THE ANSWER.

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

✦

NOT SATISFIED.

An English peer who visited Scotland was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence. A little daughter of the host, who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally took the courage to shyly remark: "And you are really and truly an English lord." "Yes," he answered, pleasantly, "really and truly." "I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," went on the little maid, "and—and—" "And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly. "N-no," replied the truthful child, "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

✦

SARCASM.

Father (at head of stairs)—"Ethel, what time is it?" Ethel (in drawing-room)—"It's a quarter past ten, father." Father—"All right. Don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."

✦

WHAT HE MEANT.

Wife—"I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud voice." Husband—"I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time."

✦

SYMPATHETIC.

On one occasion an archbishop, when about to proceed on a railway journey, found so many "society" people travelling first and second that he thought he would be more comfortable in a third-class compartment. His only companion was a farmer, big and burly, who thus addressed His Grace: "I suppose you be something in the clergy line?" The archbishop assented. "Then," continued the farmer, "are you a curate in this neighborhood?" "No," was the answer, "I am—I have no curacy now. I was a curate once, but I am one no longer." "Oh, very sad!" commented the farmer, with a sigh. "I suppose it was the drink!"

Ring Out the Old

(Continued from page 22.)

the copy of a well-known Greuze that he started back as though he were shot. Bottles of varnish, and all the paraphernalia of the trade, stood on the shelf alongside the easel, and the painter's brushes, laid aside for ever, were a pathetic witness to a daring hand that had manufactured Old Masters by the dozen, but had never succeeded with such terrible effect as in the case of the Velasquez masterpiece. Afterwards Sir Walter Perrin believed that he must have gone mad for the moment, for he drove the stick he carried through the face of the smiling Greuze on the easel and split the canvas into a thousand fragments, then he turned back into the room.

"Curse you!" he said. "I will never forgive you."

He rushed past the bed, pausing only to fling another word of contempt at the man upon it, and out of the room. His last memory was of a face ghastly white upon pillows no whiter; of eyes that met his own in an anguish of entreaty; of lips that tried to entreat pardon, only to fling themselves back as from a wall of iron. He had a dim memory of Daphne, pale and alarmed, cowering down against the table; but he was conscious only vividly of his own bitter anger—his wild frenzy of passion that shook him like a leaf.

When he reached home he was cool enough to show little of the storm through which he had passed, and his servants, at least, guessed nothing of it. But he shut himself in his library, and when he had eaten a perfunctory dinner he spent the hours pacing up and down the room, as though he were a prisoner on the wheel. It was New Year's Eve, and he was living through it in a tempest of anger that was milder in his hatred of the man who had so bitterly wronged him. There were parties going on around him in other houses, festivities that gladdened every family, but no one had asked him to visit them that night, and he was glad of it.

At last, exhausted by his emotion, he fell into a chair, and closed his eyes. Between sleeping and waking there came to him the consciousness that he was not alone in the room, and it did not seem at all strange when he saw a procession of white-winged angels forming a circle about his chair, holding by the hand in the centre of the ring a child with a radiant face and a crown upon its head. And when he looked closer the child had

the face of Daphne Vansittart, and touched him on the heart with one small hand. "It is the New Year," he heard a voice whisper in his ear—or was it his own heart that said the words? "And the New Year means love—if we love as God loves."

There were no other words, and when he opened his eyes suddenly the room was still, and very cold, for the fire had burnt low. He started to his feet and put his hand to his heart, for he felt a strange pain there where the child's hand had rested, and behold! a strange thing had happened, for the anger he had felt against Vansittart had died away, and left in its place only a great and tender sorrow for the man who was dying. He moved mechanically towards the door, and, opening it, let in a chime of New Year bells ringing out the old and welcoming the new. It did not take him very long to drive the short distance that lay between the fashionable street in which he lived and the court which Daphne called her home, and when he reached the house he found the door still unlocked, and, knocking, entered quickly. Daphne's landlady, a stout, kindly woman, with a face swollen with weeping, came out to meet him.

"He is going very fast, Sir," she said. "The young lady is with him alone. It's a sad New Year for her, left all alone in the world, though she shan't never starve so long as I have a roof over my head."

Perrin pressed a piece of gold into the woman's rough hand, and shut the door of Daphne's sitting room behind him. The lamp had burnt low in the artist's room, but there was light enough for a man of die by, as Vansittart was dying with low, laboring gasps for breath, and his head resting on his daughter's breast.

"I've come back," said Perrin, in tones that sounded very strange in his own ears. "I've come back, my old friend—to say I forgive you."


A look of such ineffable joy crossed the face of the dying man, that Perrin felt his heart leap within him.

"Thank Heaven! Oh, thank Heaven! But—Daphne?"

The lips failed on the words, but Perrin understood.

"I will take care of Daphne," he said, "if she will let me."

And before day dawned the girl was weeping for her dead father, with her head upon Perrin's breast. The New Year had dawned for them in peace and love, and the dead artist lay sleeping with a smile upon his lips, that the angel of the New Year had left there as he passed through the room.



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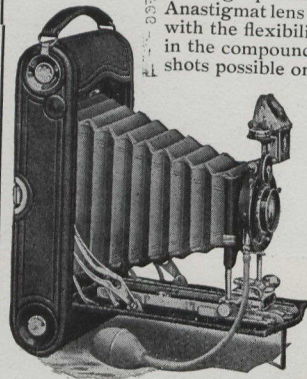
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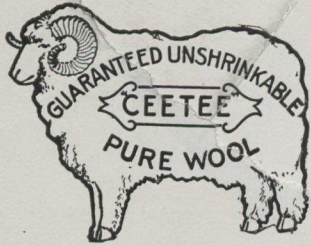
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LIKE PRESS—LIKE PEOPLE
 AND
 LIKE PEOPLE—LIKE PRESS

A good sermon might be written
 on each of the above epigrams

Tell me what newspaper you read
 and I will read your character
 Tell me what your character is and I will
 tell you what newspaper you support


No newspaper is perfect, for no man is perfect,
 But the better the newspaper, the better its readers,
 And the more good subscribers, the more good newspapers.
 For if character and quality were profitable in a newspaper
 the standard of journalism would be very quickly raised.

Every earnest man or woman who considers these things carefully will do all
 they can for the best paper they know, not only for its own sake,
 but for the cause of better journalism everywhere.

SOME people and some papers are ahead of their times. They are in that
 measure the prophets of their generations, and prophets are not in business for
 profits, and are generally disliked by the wholly worldly-minded, both because of
 their attitude towards the worldliness of the times, and because of their views regard-
 ing the future. But the future will vindicate them, and for the present they rejoice in
 a consciousness of adherence to duty.

REMEMBER Those who do not support what is best are against
 it, and working to its hurt. There is the highest
 authority for that.

If you do not know a better newspaper than the Montreal
 'Witness,' then take the 'Witness' and get your friends to take it.
 If you do know a better paper, then support it with your whole soul,
 for it is probably making sacrifices such as you do not dream of.

 If you have not been taking either Daily or Weekly 'Witness' for the past year, you will be interested
 in the "Special WITNESS Offer" on page 3

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, WITNESS BUILDING, MONTREAL, CAN.