

PAGES

MISSING

BOYS WHO ARE MAKING GOOD

HONOR ROLL of "Pictorial" Agents

Who "made good" last month.

Why not YOUR NAME in this list next month?

James Whitton, Alta.	Fred Fifield, Nfld.
Harley Grant, Ont.	Bessie Redmond, Alta.
C. Alpine Chisholm, Alta.	Allan McInnes, Man.
Donald Walker, N.S.	James McIntosh, Ont.
Bruce Haig, Alta.	Donald Allan, Alta.
Burnham Caldwell, Que.	Martha Paddock, Nfld.

Bright Bits from Our Boys' Budget

"I have received my pen, and want to say that anyone using your fountain pen will or should be satisfied."—Baird Cairns, Sask.

"I am more than pleased with my watch, just received. I need not say it is a beauty. It is far above my expectations."—Wilfred Tuttle, N.B.

"My water wings are dandies."—Ronald Starrat, N.S.

"Please accept thanks for the splendid camera and chain knife which I received last week. They are the best I have seen. All my chums from school have been in to see them and admire them very much. I am going to work harder than ever to sell my 'Pictorials.' I have saved \$5.00 cash by selling 'Pictorials,' besides what I have sold for my camera. My grandfather, John R. Macdonald, has taken the 'Weekly Witness' for over forty years, and says he would be lost without it. Says you can always depend on what you read in the 'Witness.' He lives with my papa and mamma, and we always read the 'Boys' Page' as soon as we get the paper."—Keith Lee, Ont.

"The June 'Pictorials' were all right. It was the slickest sale I ever had. They went one in every house till they were all gone. I like my camera fine. I think it is a dandy, and so do my friends."—Clarence Frizzle, P.E.I.

BRIGHT BOYS A CHANCE FOR YOU!

Bright boys (yes, and girls, too) can earn cash commission and splendid premiums by selling among their friends copies of the "Canadian Pictorial"—filled from cover to cover with exquisite pictures, splendid stories, etc., etc. Watches and chains, baseball goods, knives of various kinds, automatic pencils, fountain pens, books, artists' color boxes, are some of the things that our boys have earned—while many have added substantially to their bank account by earning cash prizes and commissions.

SUMMER SNAPS

A fine pair Water Wings—Heaps of fun. For selling only eight (8) copies at ten cents each.

Baseball Mitt (Catcher's or Pitcher's)—The envy of every boy. For selling only eighteen (18) copies.

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Roller Skates—Any size up to No. 5 boot. For selling only thirty (30) copies. [Larger sizes special quotations]

Show this copy of the "Canadian Pictorial" to your friends, and ask them to buy from you. Then lose no time in writing. A post-card will secure a package of "Canadian Pictorials" to start sales on, also our full premium list and full particulars. You pay when sold. We trust you.

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

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

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MAYPOLE SOAP



It cleanses and dyes to rich, glowing colors at one operation. No muss. No stained hands or kettles. No streaks. Just satisfaction. 24 colors to select from. Colors 10c, Black 15c, at all dealers, or postpaid with free Booklet on "How to Dye" from

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With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

Parfums pour le Vaporisateur.	Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.
Quand vient l'été.	Eau de Cologne Impériale.
Rue de la Paix.	Eau de Toilette Gardénia.
Après l'Ondée.	Eau du Coq.
Sillage.	Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.
Bon Vieux Temps.	Crème de fraises.
Jicky.	Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.
Chypre de Paris.	Poudre Ladies in all Climates.
Tsao-Ko.	Rose du Moulin (rouge pour le visage).

The food that enjoys the universal recommendation of medical men.

- ☑ For use during illness and convalescence.
- ☑ For weakly infants and overgrowing children.
- ☑ As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition, and in all cases of dyspepsia and impaired digestion.

Benger's Food

is soothing and comforting, when other foods cause pain. It is the most easily digested of all foods, but is not pre-digested.

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Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

Bios C



Out for a Morning Canter The younger members of the Royal Family have all inherited King George's love for horseback exercise. This picture shows Princess Mary and Prince George riding in the park at Windsor attended by a groom from the Royal stables.

Canadian Pictorial

Vol. 7, No. 10

One Dollar
a Year

SEPTEMBER, 1912

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

The Seasons

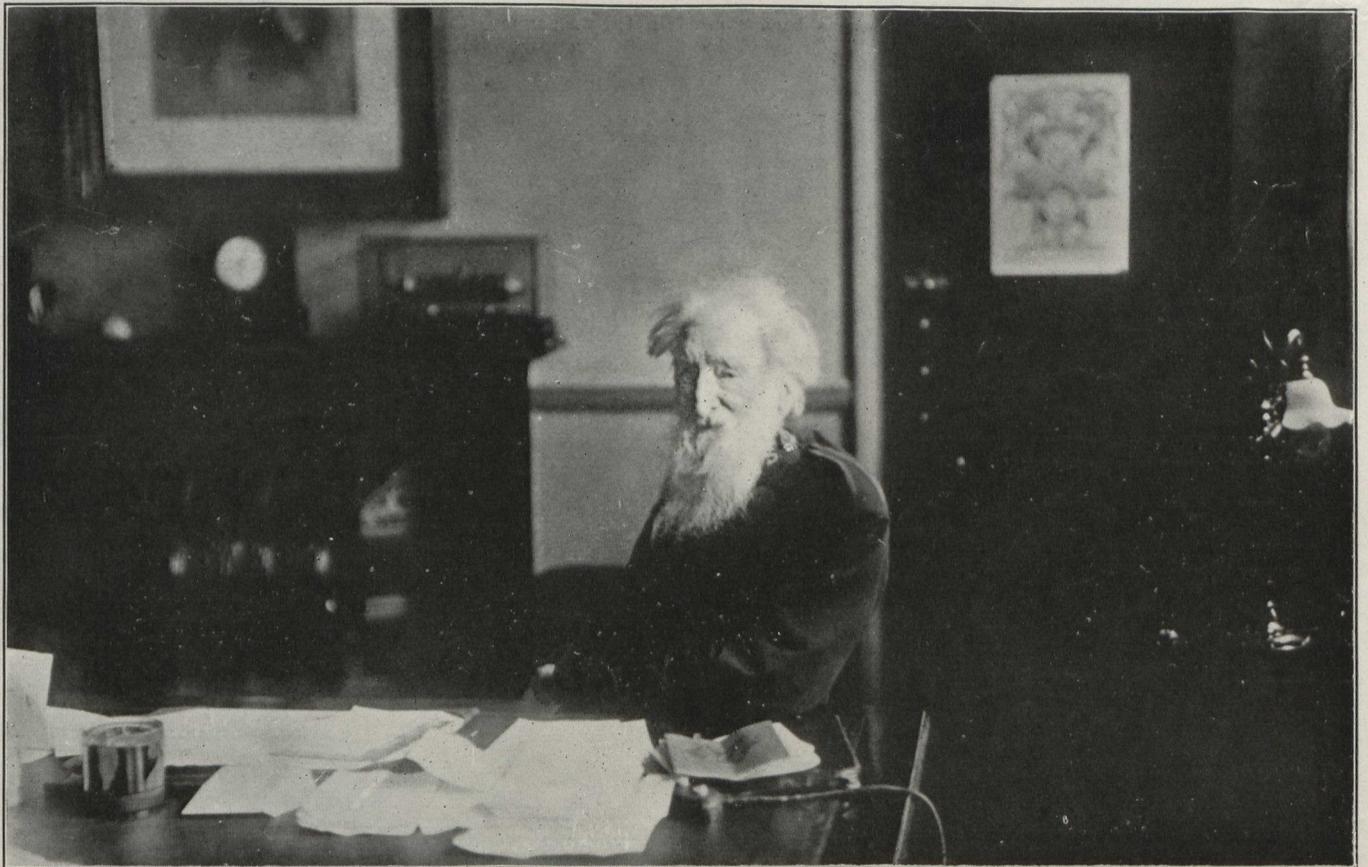
So forth issued the seasons of the year :
First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
A gill engraven morion he did wear,
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cossack coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,
The sweat did drope, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shaft, as he in forest green,
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated
sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which tofore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen fruits the which the earth had
yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil :
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

— Edmund Spenser, 1553-1598



The Passing of General Booth

Monarchs and Princes of many lands have joined in the mourning of the common people for one who devoted his life to the "submerged tenth." The great success of the Salvation Army was in the greatest degree due to the almost marvellous organizing power of its founder and head for all its history, William Booth. Though scoffed at, at first, the Salvation Army is now recognised to be one of the greatest forces for good of the present day.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Mr. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, returned to Ottawa from England on August 4th, and, in an interview, said: 'Mr. Borden made it clear that Canada has irrevocably made up her mind to stand with the Empire in fair as well as foul weather, and that in any grave emergency she would do her duty. He also made it plain that for a permanent policy a basis would have to be settled upon of co-operation in aid of Imperial defence with a consulting voice for Canada. Mr. Borden's statements were well defined, and I think the British people appreciated them. The conferences which were held with the Admiralty and the Imperial Defence Committee were for the purpose of securing information and finding out the real state of affairs. The question will now have to be shifted to this side of the water and considered by the whole cabinet, and it will be impossible to make any statement for some time.'

The Local Government Board of Liverpool has reported a case of bubonic plague. It is that of a seven-year-old boy. The child was supposed to be suffering from appendicitis, but an operation disclosed symptoms of the plague. Precautions are being taken by the authorities to prevent the disease from spreading.

The White Star Company has issued orders that the third steamer of the Olympic class under construction in Belfast, shall be provided with a double skin rising well above the water line. This is in accordance with the suggestions in Lord Mersey's report.

The convention of the new National Progressive Party, of which ex-President Theodore Roosevelt is sponsor, began its session in the Coliseum at Chicago on Monday. Governor Hiram W. Johnson, of California, has been slated for vice-president, Judge B. B. Lindsey, of Denver, Col., for permanent chairman.

The report of the majority of the committee of the United States House of Representatives which has been investigating the Steel Trust for over a year, was submitted to the House on August 2nd. It is a very voluminous document that deals with the Steel Trust from its inception, and describes the various steps by which Mr. J. P. Morgan and his associates built up the corporation. In addition to recommendations for legislation suggested as remedial, the Democratic members of the committee made general accusations against the men responsible for the organization. Mr. J. P. Morgan and his associates are held up as being the beneficiaries of enormous profits realized from the over-capitalization of the subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation, and later of the corporation itself.

The House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Trades Union Bill, which empowers unions to employ their funds for certain political purposes. This partially reverses the effect of the court ruling known as the Osborne judgment, which declared that it was illegal for affiliated trade unions to compel unwilling members to contribute to a political fund.

Five Englishmen who arrived on August 4th at Eekernforde, Germany, on a yacht from Copenhagen, were arrested on suspicion of espionage while they were photographing a naval shooting stand. They are in prison at Kiel.

The United States Senate has by a vote of 43 to 14 adopted a provision giving the President control of all affairs at Panama with power to appoint a governor to 'complete, govern and operate' the canal and canal zone. This plan had already been endorsed by the House of Representatives and the future of the Panama Canal will thus rest in the hands of a 'one man government.'

Four militant suffragettes were put on trial on Tuesday, in Dublin, charged with having committed serious outrages at the time of the visit of Mr. Asquith. Gladys Evans was found guilty of setting fire to the theatre where the Premier was to speak. The charge against Mabel Copper was withdrawn. Lizzie Baker pleaded guilty to damaging property and the jury disagreed in the case of Mary Leigh, but she was tried for wounding Mr. Redmond by throwing a hatchet into the carriage which he occupied with Mr. Asquith. The culprits were sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Nicaragua again has a revolution on its hands, but it is expected to be of brief duration. United States sailors have been landed at Managua to protect American interests.

The Italians after a vigorous fight on August 6th at Zoara, Tripoli, have occupied the town, the Turkish and Arab soldiers retiring to the desert.

Mr. John W. Herron, father of the wife of President Taft, died at his home in Cincinnati, on August 5th, after an illness of several years. He was 85 years old. Mr. Herron was for many years one of Cincinnati's most prominent attorneys and was United States district attorney under President Harrison.

Mount Etna is again in eruption, fire, smoke and lava pouring forth from the main crater and a new mouth has opened on the northeast side of the mountain, throwing out lava and hot stones. At present there seems to be no danger from the disturbance, but as several earthquakes followed the eruption, the population of Catania are greatly alarmed.

There is intense excitement in Montenegro, and dangerous complications are feared as a result of Turkish troops crossing the frontier in pursuit of guerilla bands.

The first reciprocity agreement with Canada has been carried in the Legislative Council of Trinidad by 3 votes against 5 and in the Chamber of Commerce by a majority of one vote. The opponents of the agreement argued that it would be of no benefit to the colony outside of the sugar industry, and would probably be harmful to the cocoa and coconut industry. The supporters of the agreement urged that its acceptance would show the imperial sentiment of Trinidad, and that it would be the first step toward general trade within the British Empire.

Asked in the House of Commons by Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke whether the resignation of Mr. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, was impending, and whether his successor had been appointed, Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, replied:—'Mr. Bryce is returning to Washington early in September to resume his work there as Ambassador.'

The Turkish island of Nicaria (also known as Icaria) in the Aegean Sea has proclaimed its independence of the Turkish Government. The inhabitants, who number about 13,000, seized and imprisoned all the Turkish officials. The island which has an area of about fifty square miles, is famous in mythology for the death of Icarus, whose waxen wings melted while he was flying. At the present day it is occupied almost solely by charcoal burners of Greek nationality.

Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., has been appointed archbishop of Vancouver, in succession to Archbishop McNeil, who was recently transferred by the Holy See to Toronto. Bishop Casey will be succeeded as Bishop of St. John by the Rev. Father Leblanc, parish priest at St. Bernard's, Digby County.

Lord Strathcona celebrated his 92nd birthday on August 6th.

The Boy Scouts of the County of Kent in England, are carrying out this week a big scheme of mobilization and communication prepared by Commander James Galloway, a retired officer of the British Navy and other officers. The boys were sent off to watch the southeastern coast of England in sections extending from New Romney round the Forelands to the Isle of Sheppey, and their duty is to pass information between the coast and London and between towns in the County of Kent, and to form lines of communication with adjacent counties. Stations have been established at half-mile intervals, with three scouts posted at each. In time of war, with an attack by warships on the coast, and the resulting cutting of communications, it is believed that this human chain would be invaluable, and, if it is successful on this occasion, it is to be made an annual affair.

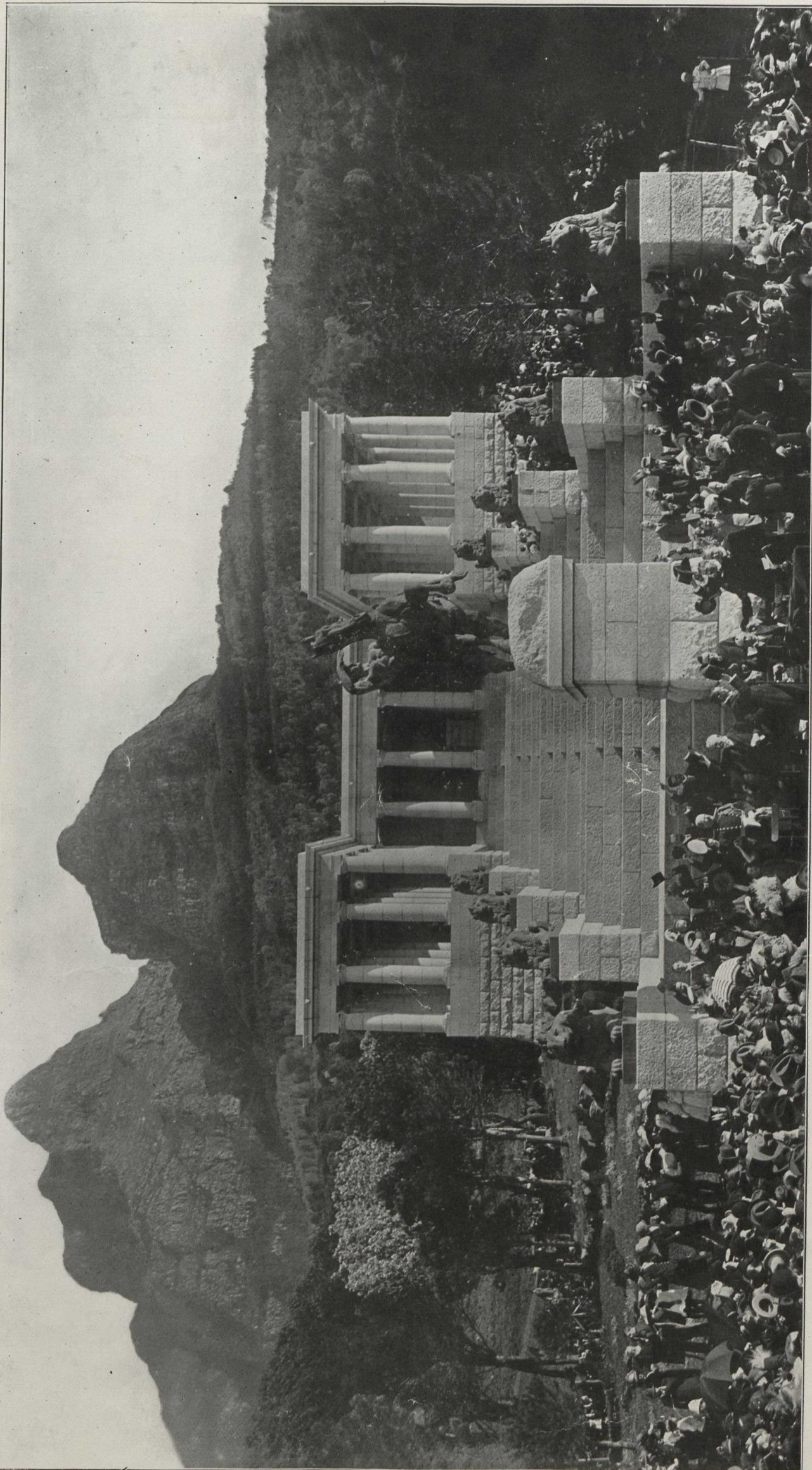
The old palace of Peter the Great, on Peterovski Island, which he used as a summer residence, has been destroyed by fire. The fire started in a lumberyard and spread to warehouses and other buildings until it reached the palace. The famous old structure contained a number of paintings, but none of them was of great value. The fire burned several hours. The damage is estimated at \$1,000,000.

A large party of members of the Educational Institute of Scotland arrived in Montreal from Glasgow on August 5th. They will visit various parts of Canada before returning home. They were preceded a few days before by a large party of English teachers who are making a tour of the country.

Ottawa is again suffering from a typhoid fever epidemic, notwithstanding strenuous efforts by the civic authorities to improve the sanitary conditions as well as the water supply.

At a dinner in the Carlton Club to Mr. Borden and his colleagues, at which over three hundred distinguished guests were present, Mr. Bonar Law proposed the toast to the guests, and in doing so said that, although members of a political party, it was not as partisans that they welcomed them. 'We take no share in Canadian politics, and the last thing in the world we should desire is a political alliance between the Conservative party in England and the Conservatives of Canada. What is necessary to-day is co-operation, not only in time of war, but in peace as well. That is why we advocate imperial preference. We look forward to the time when the self-governing dominions will share their responsibility in the Empire. It is a good omen for the Empire that a great Canadian leader has come to discuss the question of imperial defence. The position is serious, but it has one advantage, that outside pressure tends to weld together the different parts of the Empire.' Mr. Borden in responding expressed great appreciation to the Carlton Club for the honor conferred. The Premier emphasized the work of Confederation in Canada, and suggested that it might prove an inspiration to guide in the wider and greater task of imperial consolidation. We will return to Canada with valuable information. We will confer with our colleagues upon the proposals and will arrive at a result, I believe, which will make for the strengthening of the Empire. I believe the future organization of the Empire and the preservation of its world wide influence depends in no small measure indeed upon the attitude of the people of the British Isles.

Following the report of Lord Mersey on the loss of the SS. 'Titanic', Mr. Buxton, president of the Board of Trade, has appointed a committee of experts headed by Professor John Harvard Biles, vice-president of the Institution of Naval Architecture, to advise with him in the interests of saving life at sea.



Honoring an Empire Builder

On July 5th, Earl Grey, former Governor-General of Canada, represented the King at the unveiling of a bust of Cecil Rhodes, the greatness of the South African portions of the British Empire. The bust now forms part of the Rhodes Memorial, a stately pile of granite under the brow of Devil's Peak, Rondebosch, a suburb of Cape Town. Near this noble memorial is the famous marble seat on which Rhodes sat and dreamed his dreams of empire. The bust just unveiled is set up between the central pillars at the

head of the steps flanked by the eight lions, and can scarcely be seen in the picture. The heroic statue in the central foreground is a figure of "Energy," by G. F. Watts, R.A., and "by him given to the genius of Cecil Rhodes." Immediately below this statue sits Lord Grey who, when this picture was taken by Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town, had just concluded his dedicatory address. The people are cheering him. The memorial is in the beautiful grounds of the Rhodes estate, "Groot Schuur," which, at the late owner's wish, have been thrown open to the people of Cape Town.



Montreal's New Floating Dock The largest battleship being built or projected will find accommodation, in case of accident or necessity for inspection below the water-line, in the new floating dock which will be located at the east end of the Harbor of Montreal. The huge dock, the second largest in the world, has been built at Barrow-in-Furness, and will be towed across the Atlantic. The voyage will be reminiscent of the old sailing vessel days, for it will take two months to transport this great bulk across. The dock, which has been christened "The Duke of Connaught," is 600 feet long, 105 feet wide, 60 feet deep, and draws 32 feet of water. This view, from the centre, shows the bridge and stores of coal on the right.

—Topical, photo.



Canadians at Bisley The Canadian sharp-shooters did splendid work at the great military camp this year, some of the shooting being quite spectacular. The picture shows the team in front of the Canadian bungalow after being inspected by Lord Roberts, who is seen in the centre of the front row. On his right is the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. de C. O'Grady, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

—Topical, photo.



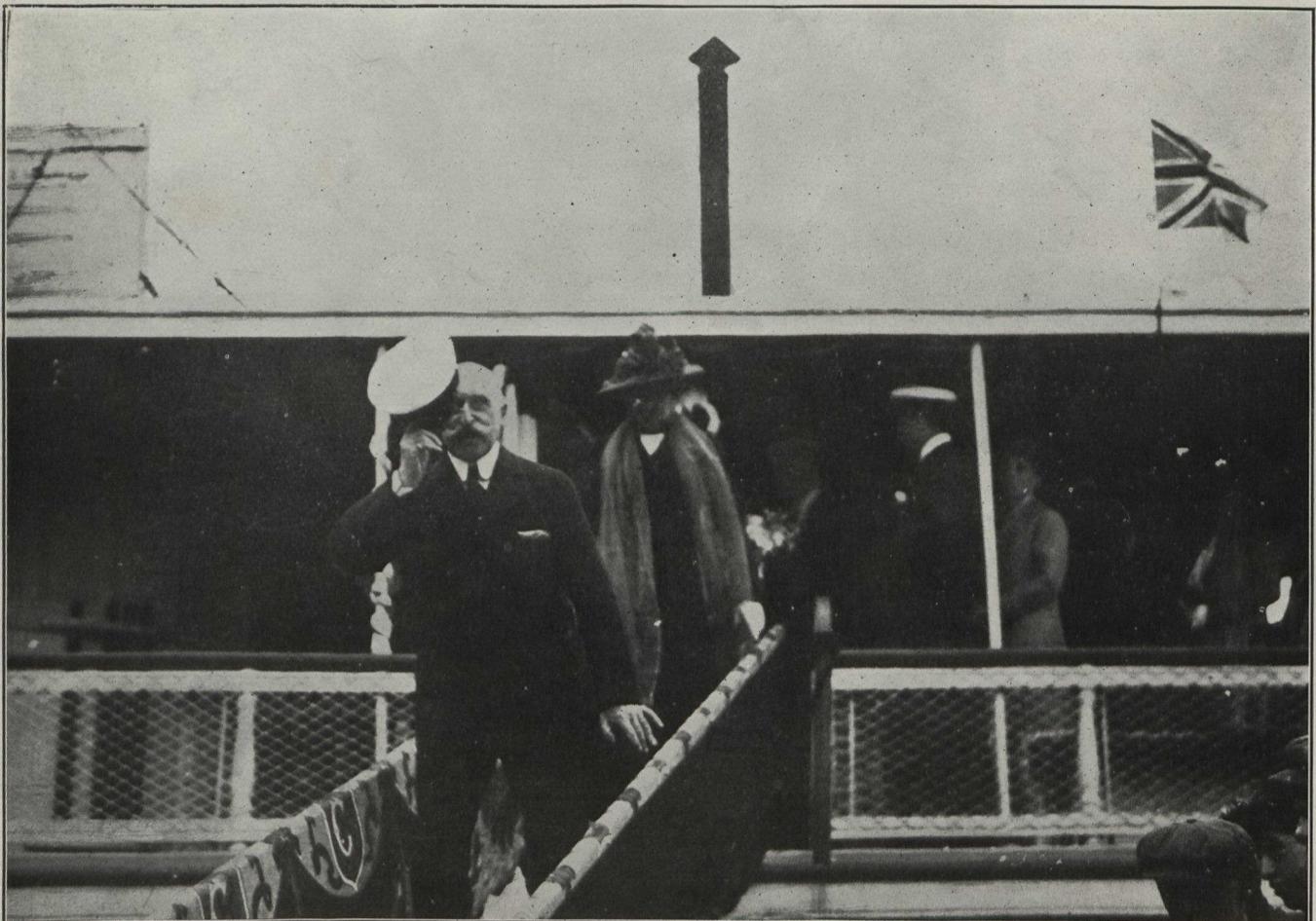
A Relic of Napoleon in Canada



A Historic Weeping Willow The weeping willow in front of the residence stands to-day on the Merritt property in St. Catharines, Ont., and the history in connection with it is unique as well as interesting. It will be remembered that the country in the vicinity of Hamilton, St. Catharines, etc., was settled in the early part of last century by British army officers, and among these was the Hon. Wm. Hamilton Merritt, who settled in St. Catharines just after the close of the Napoleonic wars. When the Hon. gentleman, then an army officer, was in St. Helena where Napoleon was banished for life, he dug up a tree, a small weeping willow which was growing quite close to where Napoleon was imprisoned, and brought it with him to Canada. On his arrival at what is now St. Catharines, he planted this tree, which has grown to the dimensions to be seen in the picture. It was the Hon. W. H. Merritt who carried to completion the construction of the Old Welland Canal, a gigantic task in those days. The small boy in front of the residence in the picture, is the great-great-grandson of the gentleman who planted this handsome tree.



Royalty in Prince Edward Island His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was warmly received on his first visit to Prince Edward Island. Charlottetown, the provincial capital, had the honor of entertaining the Royal party on July 29th and 30th. This picture shows the Governor-General and Princess Patricia on their way to Government House. *Craswell, photo.*



After a Yatching Cruise The Royal visitors were the guests of the Hon. J. A. Mathieson, premier of Prince Edward Island, for a sail on the S.S. "Harland." This picture shows His Royal Highness acknowledging the cheers of the people as the party disembarked. Behind the Duke is the Duchess of Connaught. It was a great pleasure to the Islanders to have Her Royal Highness with them after her recent severe illness, though she was not able to take part in any of the formal events of the visit. *Craswell, photo.*

Honoring the Peace Maker



Montreal's Tribute to Edward the Peacemaker

Six designs for the King Edward Memorial statue were submitted to the committee in charge of the erection of a tribute to the memory of the Royal peacemaker. That of Mr. Philippe Hebert, the Montreal Sculptor, was accepted. The statue is of colossal proportions and, when completed, it will be placed in Philipps Square.

Pictures of Canadian Happenings



We want more pictures of events that occur in Canada, east or west. Photographers, amateur or professional, will find it worth their while to bear this in mind, as good prices will be paid for such as are accepted. Prints need not be mounted but must be clear, and we must receive them immediately after the event recorded. Local celebrations, serious fires or accidents, or specially good groups of well-known people or school children are interesting, but mere family groups are not of the same general interest and cannot be paid for. The Editor cannot say in advance whether any photograph can be accepted. It must be sent and while, if not accepted, its return is not guaranteed, reasonable care will be taken if stamps are enclosed for its return. Address, Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



A Builder of Empire Comes Home. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, famous as a soldier, is more: he is a statesman and has just returned from Egypt where he represented his King and Country. Wearing a light suit and soft felt hat he arrived quietly at Dover the other day.

—Topical, photo.



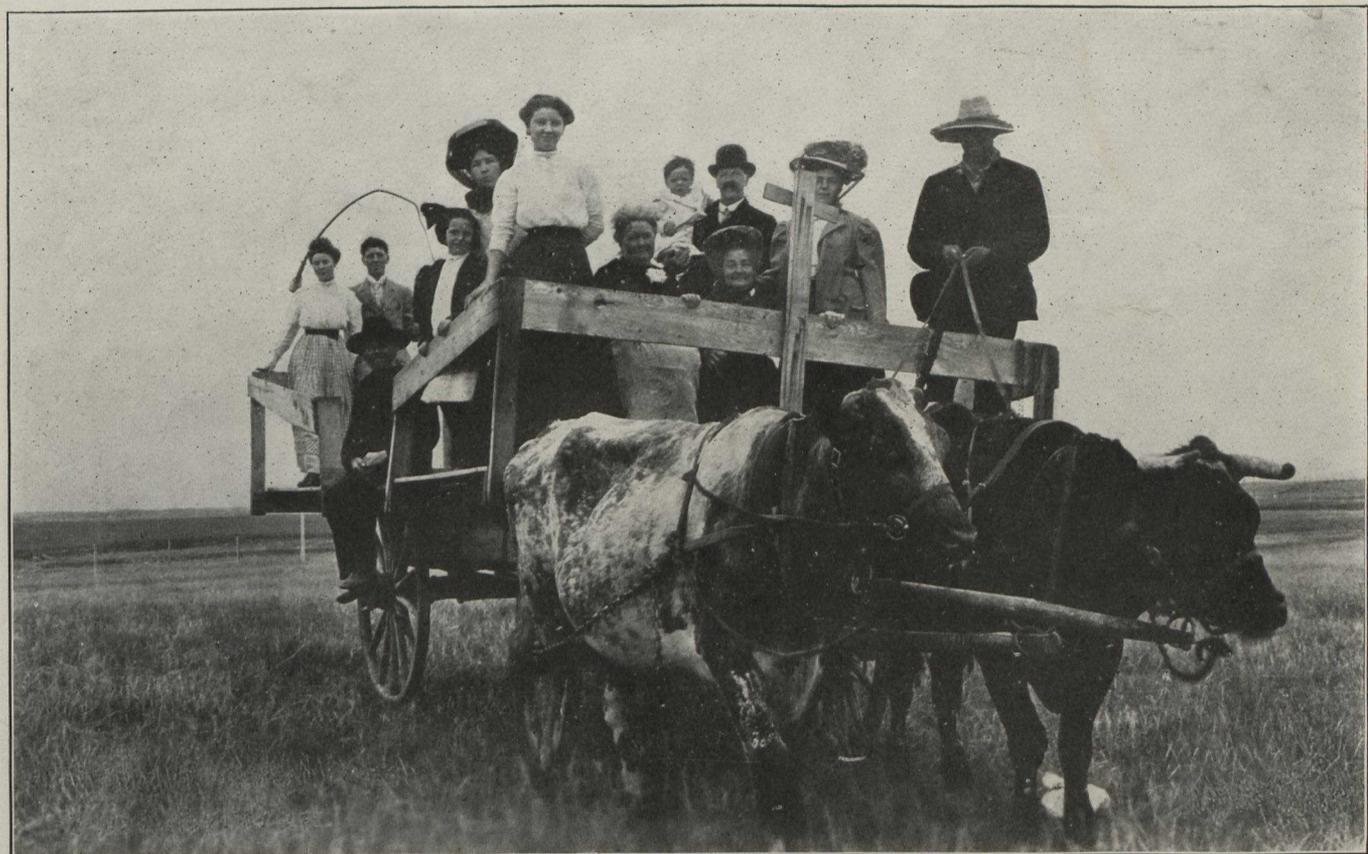
“Going a-Milking, Sir,” she said, This is a typical pastoral scene from the older-settled portions of Ontario. Milking machines are not yet in general use in Canada, though they are installed on some of the big dairy farms.

—Sallows, photo.



Canadian Success at Bisley Corporal G. Mortimer, of the Quebec Rifles, won the Bass Long-distance Match Rifles Competition, on July 9th. Corporal Mortimer used the Ross rifle fitted with match sights. In the Bass contest—ten shots at 1,000 and 1,100 yards—he scored forty-six and forty-nine, totalling ninety-five, tying with Colonel G. C. Gibbs, of Gloucester, but gaining the verdict on centrals. In the Edge competition—ten shots at 900 and 1,000 yards, and fifteen at 1,100—he scored 170 out of 175, only one short of the late Dr. Sellar's record.

—Copyright, *Central News*



A Prairie Picnic It must not be supposed that this is the ordinary pleasure vehicle in Saskatchewan; it is its rarity that makes it interesting. These are visitors who are enjoying a ride to the hay-field. Automobiles are often met with on the prairie roads, and the horses of Saskatchewan are proverbially good.



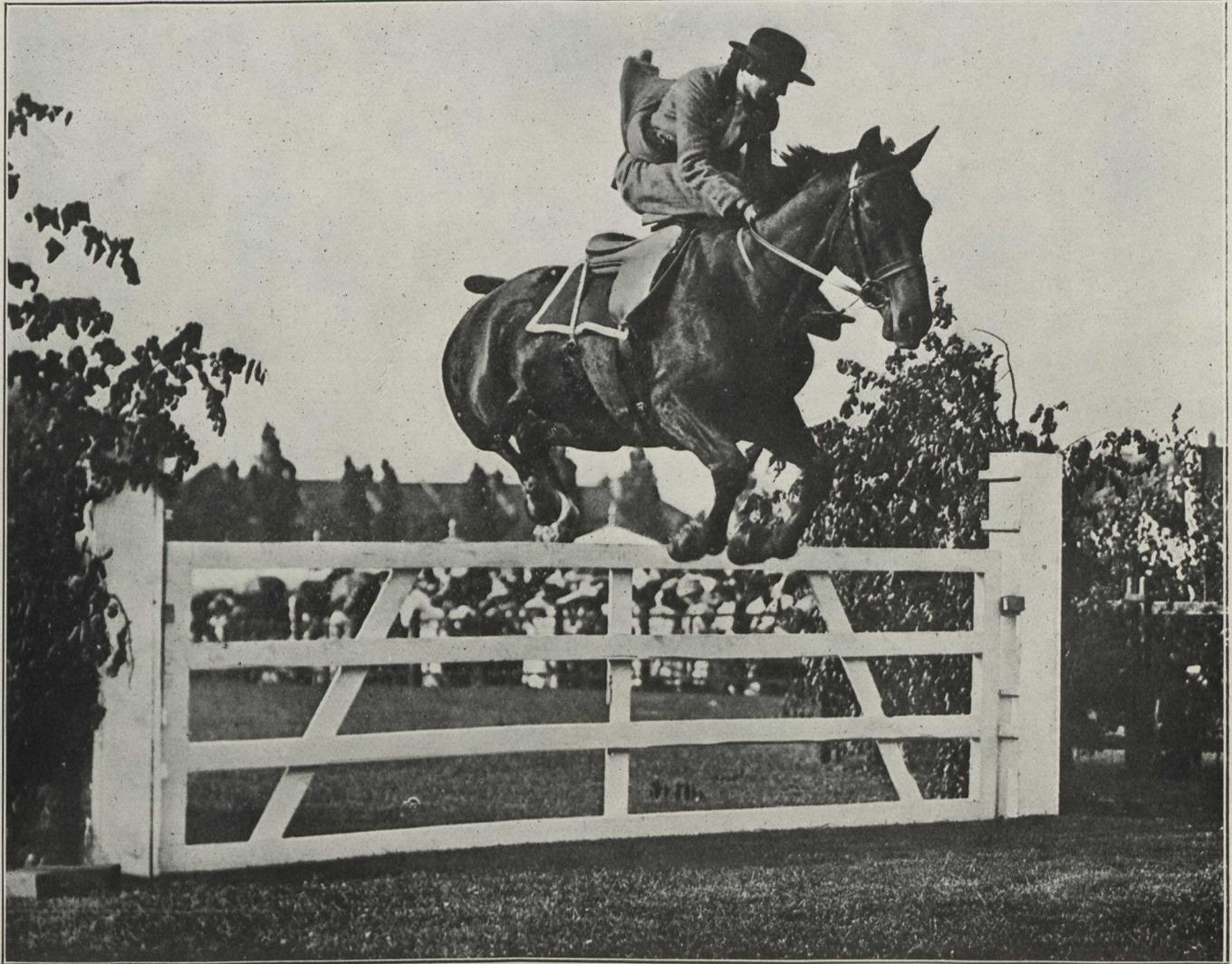
Canadian Teachers Abroad Three hundred Canadian school teachers are touring England this summer. Recently they visited Tommy Atkins at Aldershot and had a great day. The soldiers showed them round the camp and entertained them on the plains.

Photo, Topical

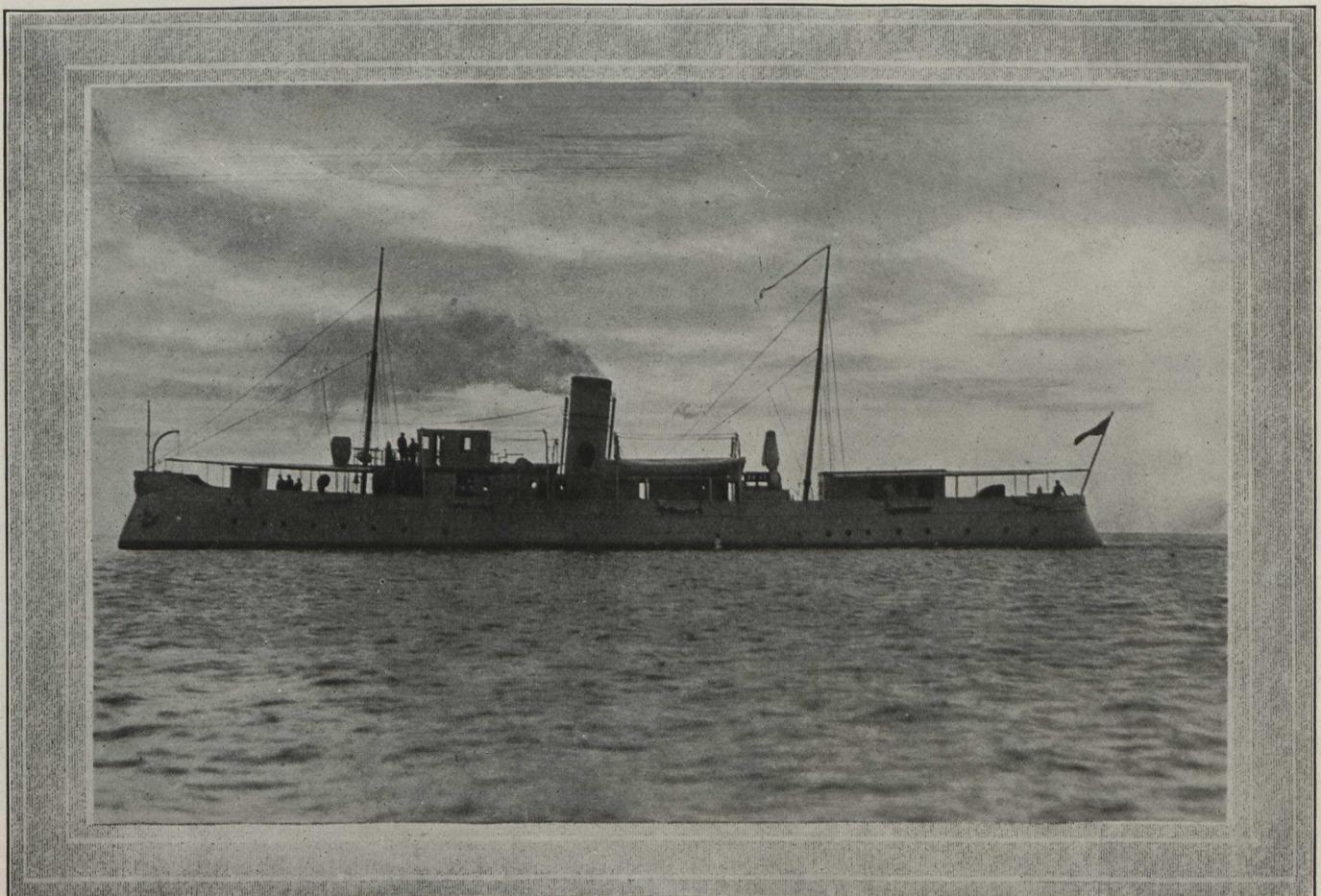


Canadian Teachers Abroad The three hundred Canadian teachers, who are visiting England, at the firing lines at Aldershot during recent military manoeuvres.

Photo, Topical



A Clever Horse Woman One of the most attractive features of the Hurlingham Polo Pony Show, was the skillful riding of Miss Odell—especially in the jumping competition. *Photo, Topical*



Guarding Canada's Fish. The trim Canadian cruiser, "Vigilant", the terror of the poachers of the Canadian lakes.



Picturesque Agriculture in Russia

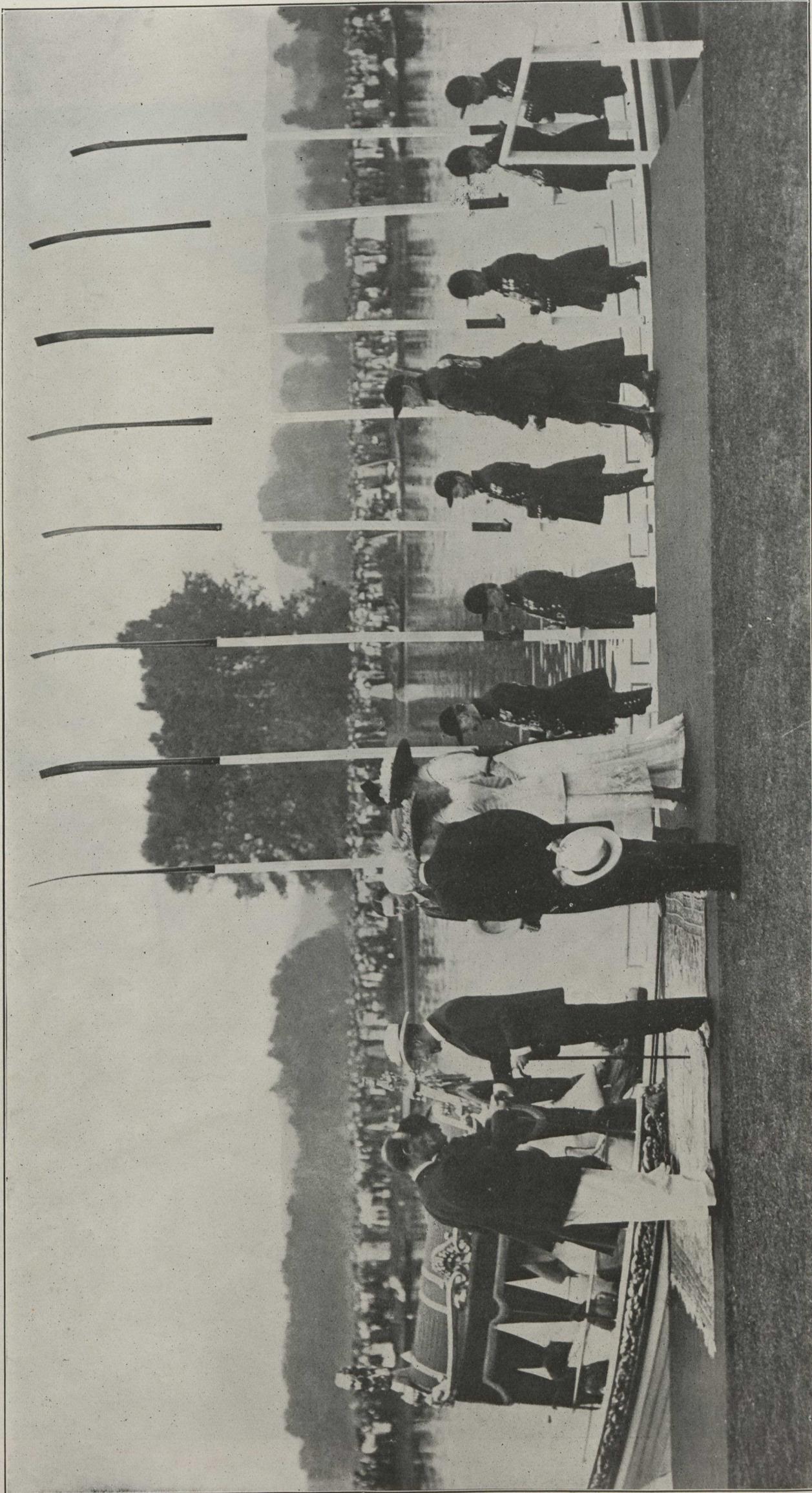
Camels are used to draw the seeders in the fields of Samara, in South-Eastern Russia on the banks of the Lower Volga. It is a fertile agricultural district, and exports much grain.



Nuns in the Hay-field

This is a scene in the Government of Novgorod which has agriculture and cattle-breeding of some moment, considerable fisheries in its lakes, and includes St. Petersburg. Its capital, Novgorod, which is 119 miles south of the national capital, was of exceptional importance in the fourteenth century, entered into the Hansa, and held its independence against the Swedes and the Germans. The Moscow Tsar, Ivan IV., devastated it in 1570. The Kreml contains many interesting relics of the eleventh century, notably the Cathedral of St. Sophia and Yaroslav's Tower.

—Illustrated London News

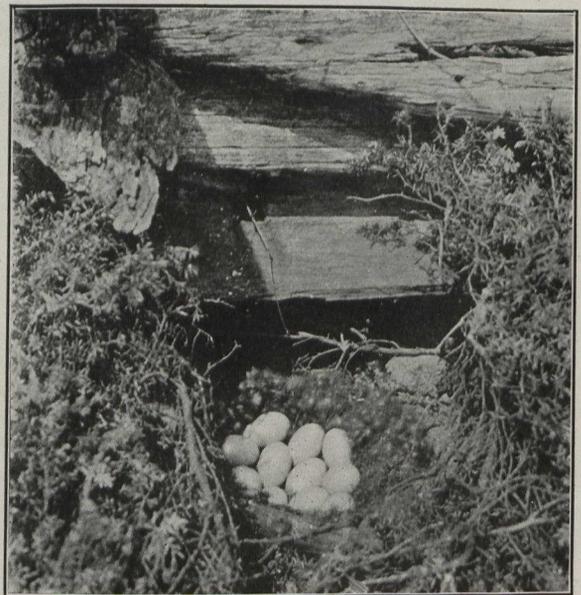
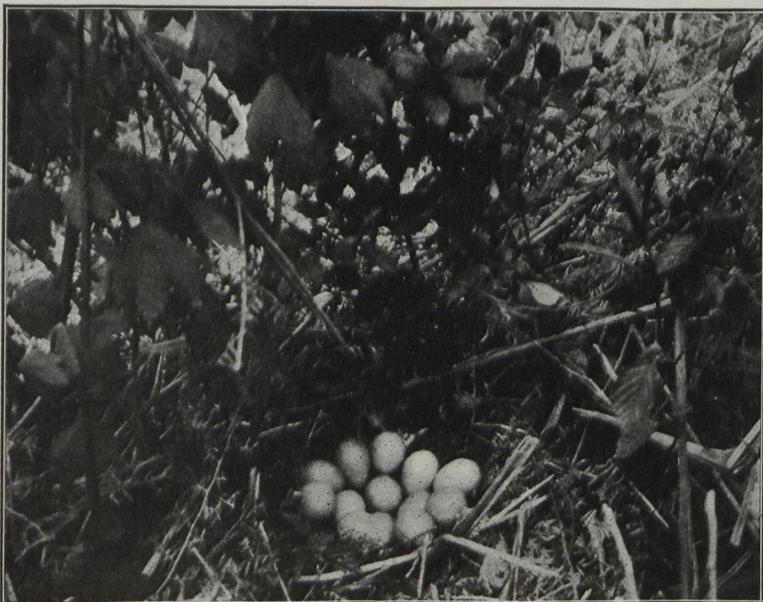


Twentieth Century Monarch Travels in Seventeenth Century Style. One of the picturesque events of the summer in the old land was the Henley Regatta to which Their Majesties journeyed in the State barge which

was built of stout English oak to the order of King William the Third. King George's boatmen were dressed in the style in vogue at the time of the Battle of the Boyne.
 —Ernest Brooks, photo. Copyright Central News.



The Untamed Waters Tangled forest and leaping waters make this attractive picture at Swanson Bay, B.C.



Where the Wild Birds Nest Typical places where the wild fowls hide their eggs—under the edge of the overhanging rock or in the leafy thickness of the shore shrubbery.




ROYAL VISITORS





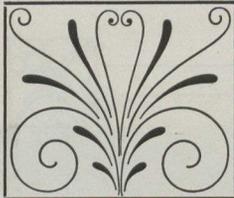
Royalty on an Outing

The King and Queen visited the 'Shakespeare's England,' exhibition at Earl's court on July 20th last. Her Majesty was greatly amused by the man in the stocks.

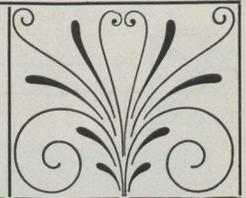
Photo, Topical

Pictures Wanted

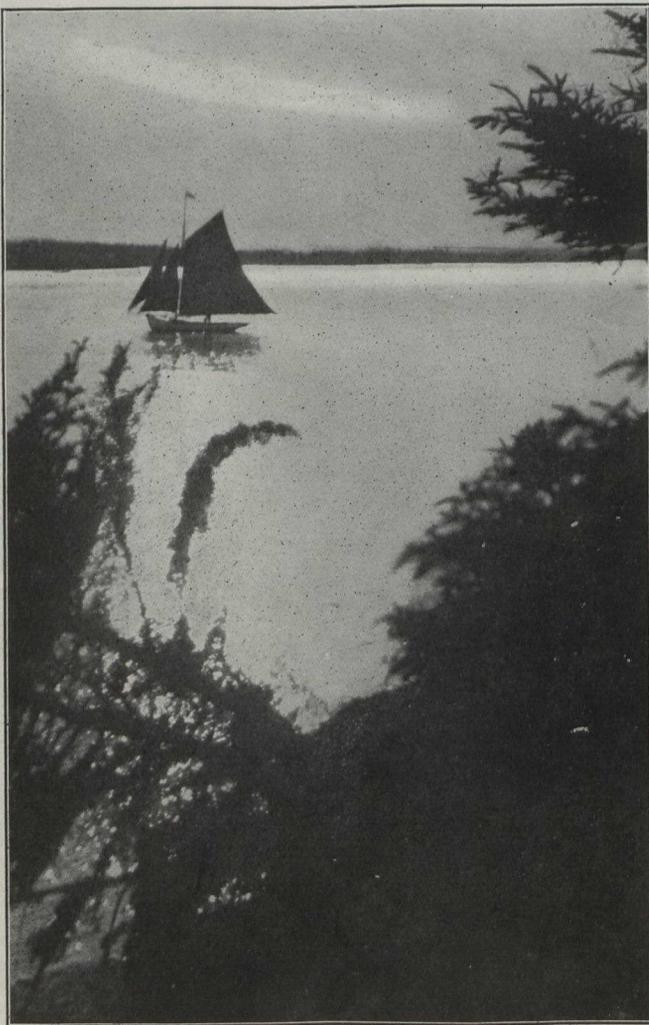
The Editor would like to see the most interesting picture that you take this summer. Prints need not be mounted but must be clear. The picture must be out of the ordinary to merit publication.—Address: Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.



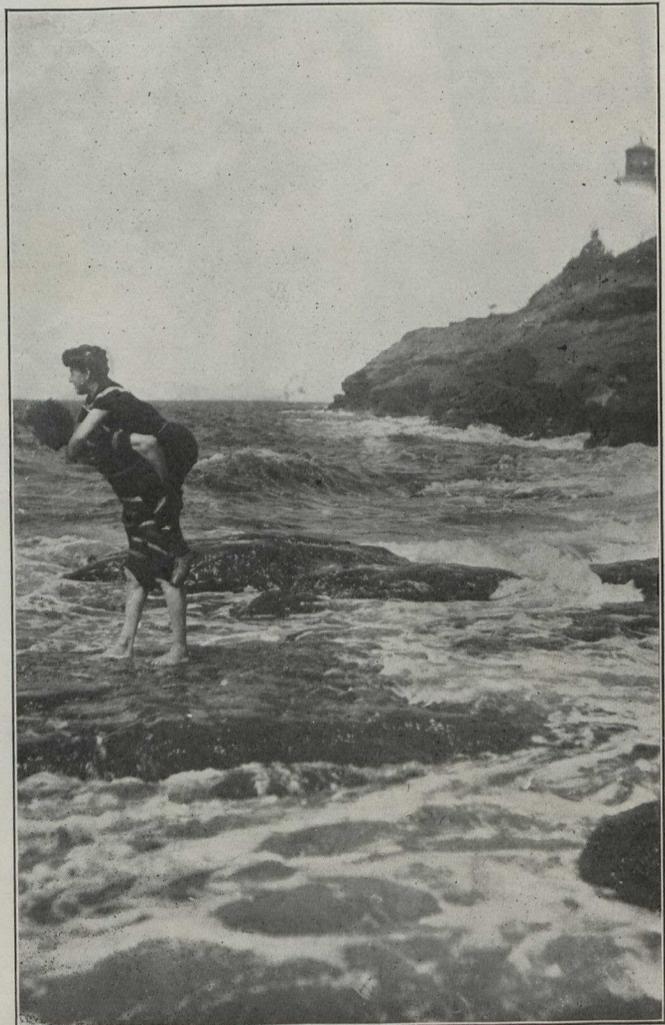
SEASIDE PICTURES FROM
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



Where's Father?



A Tempting Scene

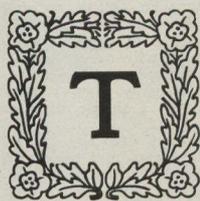


Time for a Dip

—W. S. Louson, photo.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

A Leader in Reform Teaching



THE name of Mary Carpenter is not so well known in our day as that of Florence Nightingale, of Elizabeth Fry, or of some of the other leaders in great movements, yet it has a place in the annals of notable women of the last century.

Miss Carpenter was one of the first to take an active interest in the uplift of unfortunate children, a duty now recognized by all civilized communities. More and more is society concerning itself with the children who through bad environment, lack of proper training, or some inherited evil have little chance of growing to be useful and respectable citizens. The idea has developed in reform and industrial schools, settlement work, juvenile courts for the trial of young offenders with probation officers to take them in hand and try to lead them away from the downward course, playgrounds to keep the children of the crowded districts off the streets. Canada has fewer sociological problems than older countries, but even in Canadian cities there is need for a helping hand for children who would otherwise not get their chance.

About the middle of the nineteenth century in England a feeling of sympathy grew up for children of the vagrant classes, and attention was turned to the question of their reformation. As early as 1788 a reformatory movement had begun under the auspices of a philanthropic society which established a sort of farm-school, on the family system, where children could be trained, but for fifty years afterwards very little was done on reform lines. Then Miss Mary Carpenter, a mistress in a school for young ladies, had her attention drawn to the needs of so many miserable children, and

she determined to make it the special object of her life to obtain for them the education and training which would fit them to help themselves.

Mary Carpenter was the daughter of Dr. Lant Carpenter, a theological writer, minister, and teacher. She was born in April, 1807, at Exeter, England. In the matter of education, which was under the father's superintendence, Mary and her sisters shared with their brothers in a wider range of subjects than were usually considered necessary for girls. Dr. Carpenter, finding his health failing, gave up his work of teaching, and Mrs. Carpenter and her three daughters decided to commence a school for young ladies, in order to eke out the diminished income of the family. The sisters went to Paris for a few months to improve their French, the school was opened, and it proved very successful. Not only were what was then termed the genteel "female accomplishments" taught, but also the classics and mathematics; and training was also given in needlework and other useful handicrafts.

After devoting many years of her life to training girls of the higher classes of society, Miss Carpenter took in hand the education of a very different sort of pupils. She entered into the spirit of the movement with enthusiasm. She felt keenly that it was not the fault of the vagrant children that they were depraved, but that their depravity was owing to neglect, their having worthless parents or no parents at all, and the lack of example or incentive to do better. Left to themselves, there was nothing before them but a life of degradation, perhaps of crime. It was the duty of society, Miss Carpenter held, to give these children the education and chance to improve their position, which as the rising generation in a civilized and Christian community they had a right to claim. Public interest in the reformatory movement waxed stronger. Miss Carpenter gave evidence before a Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the condition of destitute children among the criminal classes. She published in 1853 a book on "Juvenile Delinquents: Their Condition and Treatment." The adjectives in the title of another book written by her two or three years previously are significant: "Reformatory Schools for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes." In 1854 an Act was passed by Parliament for the better care and reformation of juvenile offenders in Great Britain.

One of the friends whom Miss Carpenter interested in her efforts was Lady Byron, widow of the poet. In 1854 Lady Byron purchased Red Lodge at Bristol, and turned it into a rescue home for young girls. Red Lodge was a fine old building, of historic interest, built as a monastery, fitted up as a knight's residence in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards used as a young ladies' school. The grand carved oak drawing-room, once the scene of brilliant and distinguished gatherings, must have seemed splendid in the eyes of girls rescued from sin and misery. As to the methods pursued in this Girls' Reformatory, Miss Carpenter said: "One great object was to train the physical as well as the mental powers of these girls, so that they might get their living as domestic servants, or take care of their own little homes if they should be married. For this purpose they were employed in active work; they were also taught needlework, and in their hours of relaxation they took walks, indulged in innocent recreations, and frequented the society of good persons. Music was also taught on account of its peculiarly refining influence, and the coarse songs which the girls had formerly been in the habit of singing were exchanged for hymns and songs of an innocent and elevated character. They also learned to read and write; their reading was not extensive, but what little they did was well understood. The girls were no longer outcasts,

but were received into the society of respectable people." The Red Lodge Reformatory had about seventy inmates at a time, remaining for different periods. They did not all turn out well, but the great majority were really reformed.

In 1866 Miss Carpenter made a visit to India, and was astonished to receive, the day after her arrival in Bombay, a copy of instructions issued by the Government to the heads of departments, requesting them to furnish her with all possible information in regard to education generally and to youthful and other reformatories, and to afford her every facility for visiting and inspecting institutions. His Excellency-in-Council, the instructions went on to state, looked forward to Miss Carpenter's visit to Bombay as likely to be of great public benefit, by aiding in the solution of many problems, in which India could learn from the results of European inquiry. Miss Carpenter received the communication with some regret, as she had hoped for a few months of relaxation, but she felt that an opportunity so courteously given of studying the institutions of the country was not to be lost. The education of women, the importance of which was only beginning to be felt in India, was a subject in which she showed much sympathy and interest. After her return to England, Miss Carpenter was granted an interview by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to show Her Majesty's appreciation of Miss Carpenter's labors and her sympathy for the women of her great Indian Empire.

In 1868 Miss Carpenter again went to Bombay, and offered her services as Superintendent of the Bombay Normal School, which had been established by the Indian Government.

In 1873 Miss Carpenter made a visit to Canada and the United States. She died at Bristol in 1877.

A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE



Mrs. MARTIN BURRELL

Wife of the Minister of Agriculture. Mrs. Burrell was born at Wolverhampton, England. Her father, Mr. Joseph Armstrong, was General Superintendent of the Great Western Railway. A few months after their marriage in 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Burrell came to Canada. They resided near St. Catharines, Ontario, until 1900, when they removed to Great Forks, B. C.

A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE



Mrs. W. B. NANTEL

Wife of the Minister of Inland Revenue. Mrs. Nantel is of French-Canadian Ancestry, and before her marriage was Miss Georgiana Gauthier, of St. Jerome, Que., at which place she married Mr. Richard Bruno Nantel in 1885. Mr. and Mrs. Nantel have a family of three sons and one daughter.

The Awakening of Priscilla

By MOLLIE E. JAMIESON

A Short Story published by special arrangement.

CHAPTER I.



UNTIL Betsy, the maid of all work, entered the old ladies' employment, Priscilla, incredible as it may appear, had never so much as guessed that a birthday might, upon occasion, necessitate presents and present-giving. The old ladies were Priscilla's great-aunts, and had brought her up in accordance with their own early training. Law, not love, was the key-note of the old ladies' regime, and Priscilla was the chief sufferer thereby.

Into this maiden establishment, served long and faithfully by elderly Hannah, but lately espoused by a widower grocer, entered, like some unexpected gust of wild spring weather, Betsy, youthful, romantic, and red-headed. The old ladies would never have tolerated Betsy for a moment, had she not been Hannah's niece, and, therefore, recommended by Hannah. In time, with rigid rule and painstaking training, her mistresses hoped to transform Betsy into just such an exemplary handmaiden as Hannah had been before her.

But the training, the excellent moral principles, the more than excellent advice which had done so much for Hannah, had little or no effect on Hannah's youthful relative. Precept, advice, even the more severe forms of condemnation, slid like so much water off a duck's back, when applied to Betsy. Their incorrigible maid-servant was the despair of the old ladies' lives, and yet, for trusted Hannah's sake, they dare not summarily dismiss her.

But while the old ladies fretted, one member, at least, of the household rejoiced in Betsy's coming. To Priscilla it seemed as though the old house had suddenly wakened up from that deadly sleep to which the rigid rule of Hannah's mistresses, the exemplary serving of Hannah herself, had so long reduced it. Betsy, and even Betsy's erratic mode of work, gave just a tinge of color to a picture which had long been grey. Betsy, with her pink wrapper, her tousled red head, and merry, blue eyes, was to Priscilla an infinitely more attractive personality than the excellent chocolate-clad Hannah had ever been. Even the fact of the joint being over-done, and the potatoes under, was in some ways a change from the dull, respectable, everyday routine. When Betsy smashed one of the best dinner plates, it was something of an epoch in Priscilla's existence. Hannah, throughout all her long service, had never so much as chipped a saucer.

To Priscilla, descending to the kitchen to iron some of her aunts' finer handkerchiefs and laces, Betsy would chat away in the most artless manner possible. It was through Betsy's conversation that Priscilla obtained most of her glimpses of that outside world of which, thanks to her elders' stern upbringing, she knew so little.

"La! Miss 'Cilla"—Betsy would persist in calling her "Miss 'Cilla," much to the old ladies' annoyance. "To think of it bein' your birthday to-morrow, an' you never so much as lookin' forward to a present." Priscilla—no doubt the old ladies would have blamed Priscilla for over-garullity—had confided as much to her sympathetic handmaid "Jim Merriman, him that I've been walkin' out with all winter, has promised me the tip-toppest pair of gloves when mine comes along, week after next. He asked my size last Thursday night when we were out."

For by this time, Priscilla, thanks to Betsy's loquacious tongue, knew all about Jim Merriman, the grocer's dapper young assistant, and of Jim Merriman's "pendant" for Betsy. Sometimes, carefully brought up though she had been, she had almost envied Betsy setting out so gaily, cheeks all aglow, on Thursday evenings, to meet the chosen of her heart. Not that Priscilla coveted the attentions of Jim Merriman—her well brought up young ladyhood hardly stooped to that; but to be necessary to someone—it was that for which her starved heart seemed constantly to be crying for. Her grey eyes were strangely wistful as she looked up from the ironing table.

"It sounds nice, Betsy; but, of course, with me it's different. My aunts would possibly not approve. Yet I wonder Hannah never spoke about how other people kept their birthdays. She must have known too."

"Aunt Hannah? She wouldn't bother herself about those sort of things," Aunt Hannah's niece averred with youthful scorn. "Never likely had a present from a sweetheart in her life, let alone anyone

else. A born old maid, if ever there was one, and a born old maid she'll stay, though she was married fifty times over. It's the mistresses I'm wonderin' at, not doin' their best to make thing cheery for you, and you the only young thing in the house," added affectionately Betsy, setting down the potato pot with a thud.

Subsequent conversations revealed the fact that Betsy had received a good many birthday presents in her day. Betsy's admirers had been many, and her swains' gifts varied, ranging from ties and gloves to chocolates and boxes of "bong-bongs." Priscilla, harkening half enviously, suddenly realized that her own life was dull, monotonous, grey. Was it altogether the old aunts whom she had to thank for the narrow outlook upon life which she at present enjoyed? Has Priscilla herself, by her over-meekness and docility, no hand in the matter?

A ring at the door-bell upstairs broke in upon the handmaid's recital of past conquests. Priscilla, still ironing, was revolving many things in her mind when Betsy came clattering down again, her cap awry, having successfully admitted the visitor.

"A lady to see the mistresses, and Miss Maria says, will you please go in when the tea does, Miss 'Cilla? It's that old Miss Arrol from Bournville," added Betsy, seizing the kettle, and filling it at the kitchen pipe with altogether unnecessary din.

Priscilla and the tea-tray arrived in the parlor a quarter of an hour later, together. She entered softly—the aunts had taught her that young people ought to be seen and not heard, and, having shaken hands with the visitor, proceeded with her usual duties of pouring out tea. Miss Arrol, a merry old lady, as unlike her aunts as it was possible to be, glanced up at her with a smiling nod as she handed her her cup.

"Grown out of all knowledge you seem to be every time I see you, child. Nineteen to-morrow, your aunts tell me you are. Ah! I can remember when I was your age. Little I valued my youth then, and now all the riches of the world can't give me one hour of that golden time back again."

Miss Jane frowned slightly. Miss Jane was the older aunt, and possessed the strongest objection to Priscilla being brought into prominence.

"Age has its advantages, my dear Agnes"—Miss Arrol's name was Agnes. "Youth, in its inexperience, may well envy those of riper years. You may go and sit down, Priscilla. You are only standing in Miss Arrol's light."

"Now, now, as though I didn't like to have her," the good-natured spinster said. "Often I've envied the two of you having a little girl like this of your own. You sit down by me, 'Cilla—once upon a time, long enough ago, I had a little sister of my own called 'Cilla—and tell me about all the birthday presents you're expecting to-morrow. Why, when I was your age, I'd not have been able to sleep for thinking of what I was getting, and from whom. See what it is to be old. Though my birthday's to-morrow, too, same day as your own, no one would ever dream of sending me a present."

"No one has ever sent me a present either," Priscilla averred half shyly. "There are so few people that I know," she added sorrowfully and humbly. At that moment it almost seemed to her as though she had been cheated out of something in her life. Age might lay claim to experience, as Great-aunt Jane had declared; but how was experience to be gained if one had hardly even lived?

"We have always been most careful regarding Priscilla's associates," Great-aunt Maria said with dignity. "Young people are often heedless and rash as to their choice of friends; but, guarded as Priscilla has been, we have no need to reproach ourselves with any degree of laxity on that score. As regards the frivolous habit of present-giving upon birthdays of otherwise, that, at least, is one which we have always felt ought to be discouraged."

"Poor Priscilla," Miss Arrol murmured; but she said it so softly that only Priscilla, and not the aunts, heard it. "Never mind, if no one else will, I'll send you a birthday souvenir. It won't be much fun for you, I'm afraid, but it will at least be better than nothing. Nineteen only comes once in a lifetime, you know."

And the old lady nodded reassuringly, and gave Priscilla's hand an affectionate little squeeze.

CHAPTER II.

Priscilla's "present" from Miss Arrol arrived duly upon her birthday morning. Half a dozen embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, accompanying a card pretty enough to have emanated from the most

adoring of lovers. Priscilla had no lover—had never had a lover; but this very tangible token of her kind old friend's affection for her was certainly next best. She looked up with shining eyes.

"Isn't it good of her? Can't I go along and thank her this very morning, Aunt Jane? And oh! I wish that I had something that I could take her in return, for a birthday present."

"Don't be ridiculous, Priscilla," Aunt Jane said in condemnatory tones. "Thank

Agnes Arrol if you wish for her pretty gift; but pray do not endeavor to return it in any way. At her age, one endeavors to ignore a birthday rather than to remember it. Even when I was a girl, we had no time for such folly," added Aunt Jane, who certainly, at that period of her life, looked as unlikely a birthday-present giver or recipient as it was possible for anyone to imagine.

Priscilla, thankful to receive even so much permission, held her peace. But after breakfast was over, she hastened upstairs, and, donning her hat and coat, made a hasty exit from the house. There was always a certain fear lest Aunt Jane might repent of the permission already given, and recall to her some totally unnecessary household task. Priscilla, hastening down the faintly sunny street, reflected on the possibility of her being able to present Miss Agnes Arrol with any acceptable gift. At the florist's she paused, hesitated, and finally went in and bought a tiny pot of violets. Then she hailed the bus for Bournville.

Priscilla, though she had rarely visited Miss Arrol at Bournville before, found the house easily enough. One of a couple of villas, standing back a little from the road, and surrounded by a cheerful green paling. The maid, who answered her rather timid ring, smiled, and invited her to enter, even before she had asked if Miss Arrol was at home.

"Missus has been expectin' you all mornin', though she's not just so well today, miss," she volunteered as information.

Priscilla laid her pot of violets upon the table, and sat down to wait in the comfortable little room, half parlor, half study, into which she had been ushered. She had not so long to wait after all. The door opened, and a rather gloomy-faced young man entered. The gloom did not even lift from his countenance at sight of Priscilla sitting there, her little pot of purple violets beside her.

"Good morning," he said briefly. "My aunt is indisposed this morning, and has commissioned me to see you in her place. She expected you rather earlier; but I suppose the delay was unavoidable."

"I came as soon as I could," Priscilla said in a very small voice. She was too meek to resent the old lady's evident desire for immediate thanks, though she could not help wishing that it had been Miss Arrol rather than her nephew who had been there in person to receive them.

"Oh! that's all right," he said easily. "It's only that my aunt's a bit nervous—thought there might have been a bus smash up or something of that sort when you didn't make your appearance. You haven't been from home before, I suppose?" he added, not unkindly. That the little girl with the shy grey eyes was half frightened of him, Basil Norwood had realized on the moment, and this young man, albeit gloomy of countenance, did not care to be held in unnecessary awe.

"Never without one of my aunts," Priscilla informed him. "As far as Bournville, I mean. But I found the house quite easily. It wasn't that that kept me. I suppose we must just have had breakfast later this morning," added Priscilla, seeking still further to appease this austere questioner.

"It was hardly that I meant." He flushed all over his handsome face. "Staying from home, rather, I gather," flushing again, "from your appearance, that you are very young. It must only be quite recently that you have done with school."

It was now Priscilla's turn to flush. What a strange young man this was, to be sure. But, perhaps, like Priscilla herself, he was shy, and the abruptly novel nature of his conversation might merely be the result of nervous "gaucherie." If such were the case, Priscilla felt that she could sympathize with him if anyone could.

"I never was at school. My aunts preferred that I should be taught at home. And I am not so young as I look. Every one says so. Nineteen is not so very young, is it?"

"It is hardly a patriarchal age," he told her, smiling in spite of himself; for there was something in Priscilla's childish naïveté which was unexplainably refreshing. "Forgive me for the impertinence of my inquiry. That is one of the things, I am told, which the twentieth-century young lady usually prefers to keep to herself."

"Why, I wonder?" For Priscilla, living far apart from the world and its wiles as she had hitherto done, was singularly ignorant on such matters. "My aunts are always telling me how young I am; but then, one of them is over eighty, and that is really old," added Priscilla, as though nothing short of the age of the renowned Methuselah could have in any way appealed to her.

And then she remembered the real purpose of her coming, and lifted the little pot of violets from the table.

"'Twas the only thing I could think of,

Your aunt likes flowers, doesn't she? And violets—I always think there are no flowers like violets."

"Violets." He smiled back at her, the gloom altogether gone from his handsome face. "Aren't they sweet, too?" He drew the little pot towards him, as though the better to inhale the fragrance. "They take me back to the time when I was a little chap. We used to grow just such violets as those in the dear old rectory garden at home. Such a time ago it seems, almost a lifetime, and I thought I'd forgotten. But there are some things which we can't forget, hard as we try."

"But that—you'd always want to remember that." Priscilla's grey eyes were half wistful as she spoke. "I've nothing like that in my life—only always the same, the old house, the old aunts. Sometimes I think that it will never be different. The world beyond, and me here—always here. Only perhaps when I grow old, like the old aunts, I shan't mind so much."

The man, still bending over the violets, glanced up. His dark eyes met hers with a sudden, answering, understanding flash. "Not mind? Why, child, don't you know that it's the passing away of your own beautiful youth, above all, which will leave you broken-hearted? When that is gone—so little else matters. We're so wearied, with no heart for the brave fight we might once have undertaken, had fetters not bound our hands. We are not content, not even resigned, only helpless. Surely there are bigger things to be got out of life than mere 'not minding'?"

"Oh, then, you know—you know, too?" Priscilla stretched out her little hand, and, across the violets, their grasp met. "I had fancied that no one understood—knew. For life is beautiful, isn't it, and to be shut out from it all—that's what seems the very hardest. Not that it's the aunts' fault; don't imagine that for a moment. It's only that they can't—will never understand."

And then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Priscilla stood up, blushing furiously. To confide thus in an utter stranger those thoughts which as yet she had hardly realized she possessed—whatever could she have been thinking of? Only, he hardly seemed a stranger now. Those later confidences had brought them very near together.

"I must be going," Priscilla said, a little stiffly. "Will you tell your aunt how sorry I am that she is—indisposed."

"But you must come up and see my aunt," he said, almost eagerly. "It was only those—preliminaries that I was commissioned to arrange. She would naturally prefer an interview with you herself."

The nephew carried the little pot of violets in his hand as they went up the long stairs. In the cosy little room they presently entered, an old lady sat by the fire in a high-backed chair. She glanced round a little impatiently.

"I thought you were never coming, Basil. It is quite an hour, I am sure, since I heard the doorbell ring. Give the young woman that chair where I can see her face."

But Priscilla did not at once accept the chair the nephew, thus commanded, proffered her. There was a startled look in her grey eyes as she met the searching glance of the irate old lady. For the moment the girl felt not unlike Little Red Riding Hood of the children's fairy tale, who, coming to visit kindly Grandmamma, finds Grandmamma mysteriously vanished, and the snarling wolf in her place.

"What are you staring at, may I ask, child?" the wolf inquired sharply. "One would think you had never seen a sick woman before. You may leave us now, Basil. I shall arrange matters with this young—ahem, person myself."

"Oh, no, don't go away," Priscilla turned desperately to her one friend, now about to desert her. "It's all a mistake, and I don't know what's the matter. It was Miss Arrol I came to see—Miss Arrol, who sent me my birthday present. Oh, I am afraid that there is some very terrible mistake," pored Priscilla said.

Then the wolf did a very extraordinary thing for a wolf to do. The wolf began to laugh. The nephew was very far from laughing. He was too much concerned over Priscilla's grief for mirth.

"Why, the poor, dear, silly child has somehow got herself into the wrong house," said the wolf, who, upon closer acquaintance, did not seem to be such a bad old wolf after all. "Miss Arrol stays next door, and I suppose, the two houses being so much alike, you somehow wandered in here instead. Fooled that brilliant nephew of mine too, most successfully. He undertook to interview an intending 'companion help,' who promised to call this morning, and this is the result. He must have conducted his interrogations very cleverly to keep you in the dark so long."

"Oh, I see," Priscilla said slowly. She raised her eyes to the nephew's face, the dawning of a smile chasing away their distress. The nephew, who had been looking singularly discomfited, thereupon smiled too. Perhaps he recalled the pleasing fact, that, though in that interesting category of questions which he had put to Priscilla, he had asked her several things, after all, Priscilla had told him even more than he had asked.

"You've got to forgive me," he told her now. "I thought my aunt was in luck's way for once; but it's evidently not to be." The nephew hardly acknowledged, as he spoke, that the regret was as much

(Continued on page 25)

The Toilet and the Baby

MANY persons suffer acutely from one kind or another of foot trouble in the warm weather, and seek anxiously for remedies, which give temporary relief. If more attention were paid to the care of the feet all the year round, these much-tried servants of the body would give little trouble. The hot weather does not cause the defects; it intensifies them to a painful degree, but they have been forming for months and years, gradually, though perhaps unnoticed. "The prison cells of pride" is Whittier's phrase for modern foot coverings, and prison cells our boots are, sure enough. Even a boot or shoe that is built after the natural shape of the foot, and few lasts are so built, exercises a certain restraint, while the leather at its best does not permit of free ventilation. So that while our feet are encased in shoes they are more or less imprisoned.

To offset this, the feet should receive a little extra care when the boots are taken off at night. Many women are very particular to keep their face and hands in the pink of condition by tonic lotions, softening creams, and massage, but think they have done all that is necessary for their feet when they have washed them and cut their toe nails. The feet need massage to restore the muscular flexibility and stimulate the circulation in parts that have been more or less compressed during the day. A few minutes massage once or twice a week and a little rubbing every night will go far towards keeping the feet well and prevent the formation of corns, calloused spots, and protuberant joints, provided properly fitting shoes are worn during the day.

First bathe the feet for a few minutes in warm water, and dry them. Then rub in some heated olive oil mixed with an equal quantity of alcohol, the use of the latter aiding in the absorption of the oil. Knead and manipulate the muscles, and rub the oil in thoroughly with the fingers and palm of the hand. Go all over the foot from toe to heel, using both hands, one opposite the other. Stroking and rubbing on top and sole of the foot from the toes backward to the heel and on up over the ankles will relieve swollen and aching feet. Cold cream may be used as a lubricant instead of the oil, but the warmed oil once in a while is very beneficial. Of course, no more oil must be used than will be absorbed, and if the skin is wiped off afterwards there will be no smearing of the bed linen.

If the feet are naturally tender, rubbing them with witch hazel after bathing in warm water is helpful. Bathing them in water in which a little salt is dissolved is also hardening. It is a good plan to hold the feet under the bathroom tap and let cold water run over them, every morning. When wiping the feet be careful to dry between the toes thoroughly. Moisture is apt to be one of the causes of those most painful little conditions, soft corns.

A corn is produced by the hardening of the skin, due to friction and intermittent pressure. Shoes that are too loose will cause corns, though perhaps not so quickly as tight shoes will. Once the skin thickens, the pressure on the under tissues is increased, and presently a small and very hard speck appears in the centre, which presses point downward on the tender nerve tissues and produces an amount of suffering altogether out of proportion to the size of the cause. Guard against the first appearance of corns. Wear none but well-fitting shoes—that, as a matter

of course. When giving the feet their pedicure treatment, watch for any hardened places, on the toe joints particularly, anoint and rub them to bring the circulation to the surface. Calloused spots can be reduced by rubbing with pumice stone. If allowed to remain, callouses on the bottom of the feet, caused by wearing shoes with too thin soles, may develop into corns and give a good deal of trouble. A corn will sometimes disappear of itself when the pressure to which it has been subjected is removed. Paring the corn, after soaking in hot water, removes some layers of the hardened cuticle and gives temporary relief, but until the little point at the centre is removed the source of pain is still there. It is advisable to have a chiropodist who understands his business remove the corn, root and branch. Cutting at the offending excrescence oneself is attended with the danger of doing more harm than good. A simple remedy that has been known to be effectual in some quite stubborn cases is a nightly application of bread soaked in lemon juice, and a bit of lemon pulp bound on by day, for three or four days and nights, to loosen the hard substance so that it can be removed after soaking in hot water. It sometimes happens that preparations which tend to "draw," accomplish the work to a certain point but are not powerful enough to finish, with the result that there is suppuration, and the trouble is worse than ever. When all is said and done, far the best plan is to take good care of the feet and prevent future complications.

Many women who are quite fastidious about their finger nails, it must be confessed, are less particular about the other ten nails. These should be pedicured at least once a week, filed into shape and smoothed on the edge, and brushed clean. In-growing toe-nails, which are very painful, are caused by pressure which prevents their growing naturally. When the first indication appears, press a bit of cotton wool, saturated in carbolic oil, under the edge of the nail. Nails that are properly looked after will not grow in.

When dressing the feet in the morning, if they are inclined to perspire too profusely, they may be dusted with a powder composed of equal parts of talcum powder, boracic acid, and pulverized chalk, putting some of the powder between the toes. Keep the mixture in a can with a sprinkler top. A soft powder is sometimes soothing to tender or burning feet, but do not use enough to interfere with normal perspiration. See that the stockings fit smoothly and are neither too short nor too long. A great aid to foot comfort is to have several pairs of shoes, and not to wear the same pair many times in succession. On a hot day, when the feet feel swollen and tired, it is a decided relief to change from one pair of shoes and stockings to a fresh pair.

Exercise for the Baby

Babies are now put into short clothes sooner than used to be the case, and this is an improvement, both for the baby and the nurse. The age at which to shorten the dresses depends on the strength and growth of the individual child, that is, it is not really a question of age at all. A vigorous, lively baby may be put into short clothes as soon as he begins to kick about actively.

Nature has provided that the baby exercises its muscles almost instinctively. Throwing its arms and legs about is its way of development. Some babies seem to be "never still a minute," and the mothers and nurses find such activity rather wearing, but they could often spare themselves more than they do. The babies would be all the better for not being held in the arms quite so much. A thick pad with a washable cover can be placed on the floor, and the baby left to roll on it and kick about to his heart's content.

A contrivance which some mothers have found a real help in taking care of the baby is simply a little pen, made of smoothly planed boards. This is particularly convenient when the baby is to be kept out of doors. Make the "pen" about two feet high and the length and breadth of a bed comforter. Take an old comforter and make a case for it of white washable material, cheap unbleached cotton will do. Put this down on the ground, fit the board enclosure over it, and you have a nice retired play-ground for the baby. He is protected from dampness of the ground, crawling insects, and to a large extent from draughts, and he cannot pick up bits of earth, etc., to put in his mouth.

Creeping is a beneficial exercise, as it develops the muscles of the back and abdomen, as well as of the arms and legs. Therefore, the baby should not be discouraged from creeping occasionally if he wants to, even after he has begun to walk. One has heard parents utter an expostulatory "Up! Up!" when the youngster, who is an expert creeper but an unsteady walker, drops on all fours and scurries off to get to his goal quickly. As a rule, he may safely be left to "gang his ain gait."

Many parents are anxious that their baby shall begin to walk as early as somebody else's baby has done, or a little before that age, and try to anticipate the event by holding the child up on his feet and encouraging him to take a step or



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ANGLO-CANADIAN MARCHIONESS AND HER SON

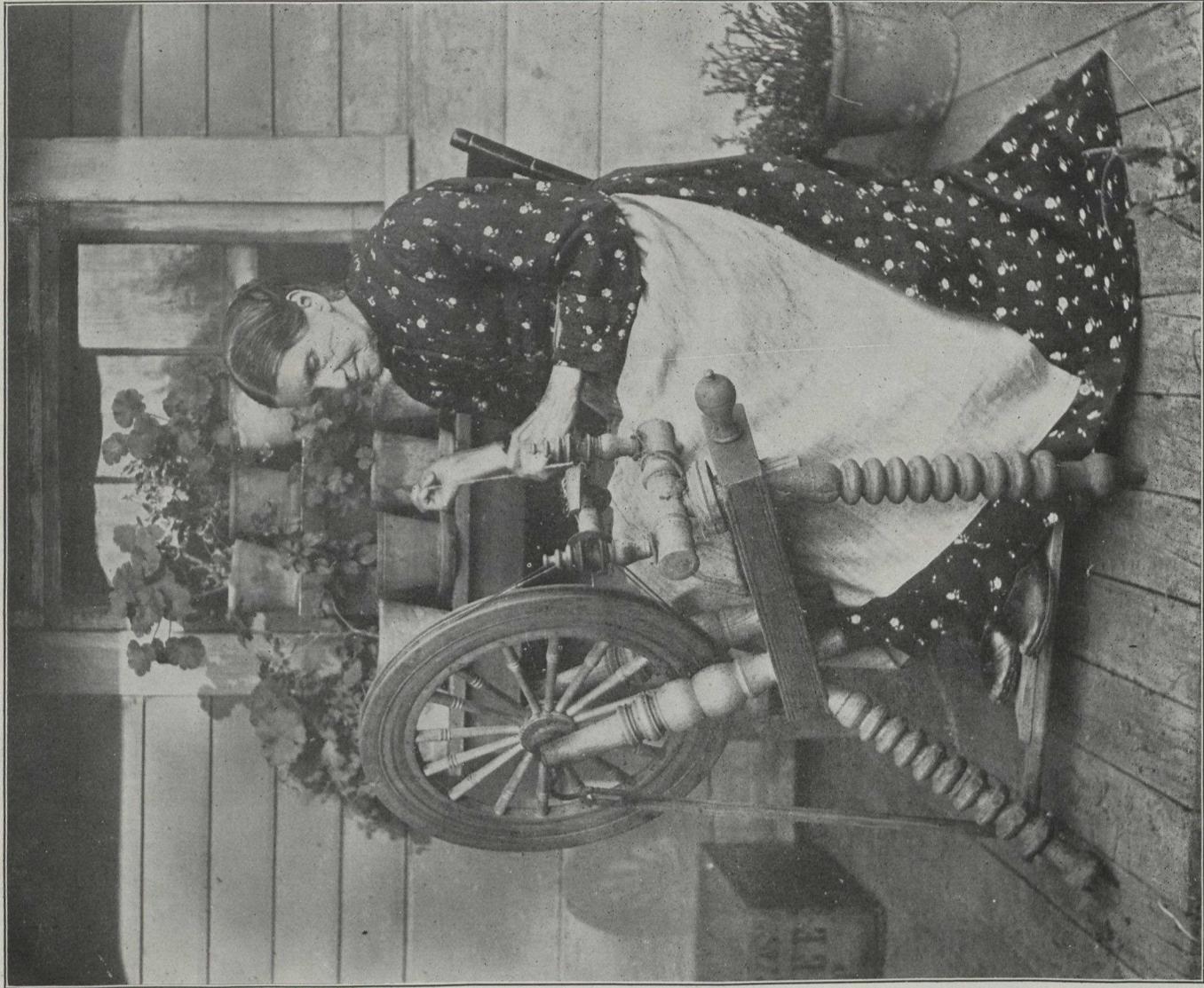


The Marchioness of Donegall and the Young Marquis

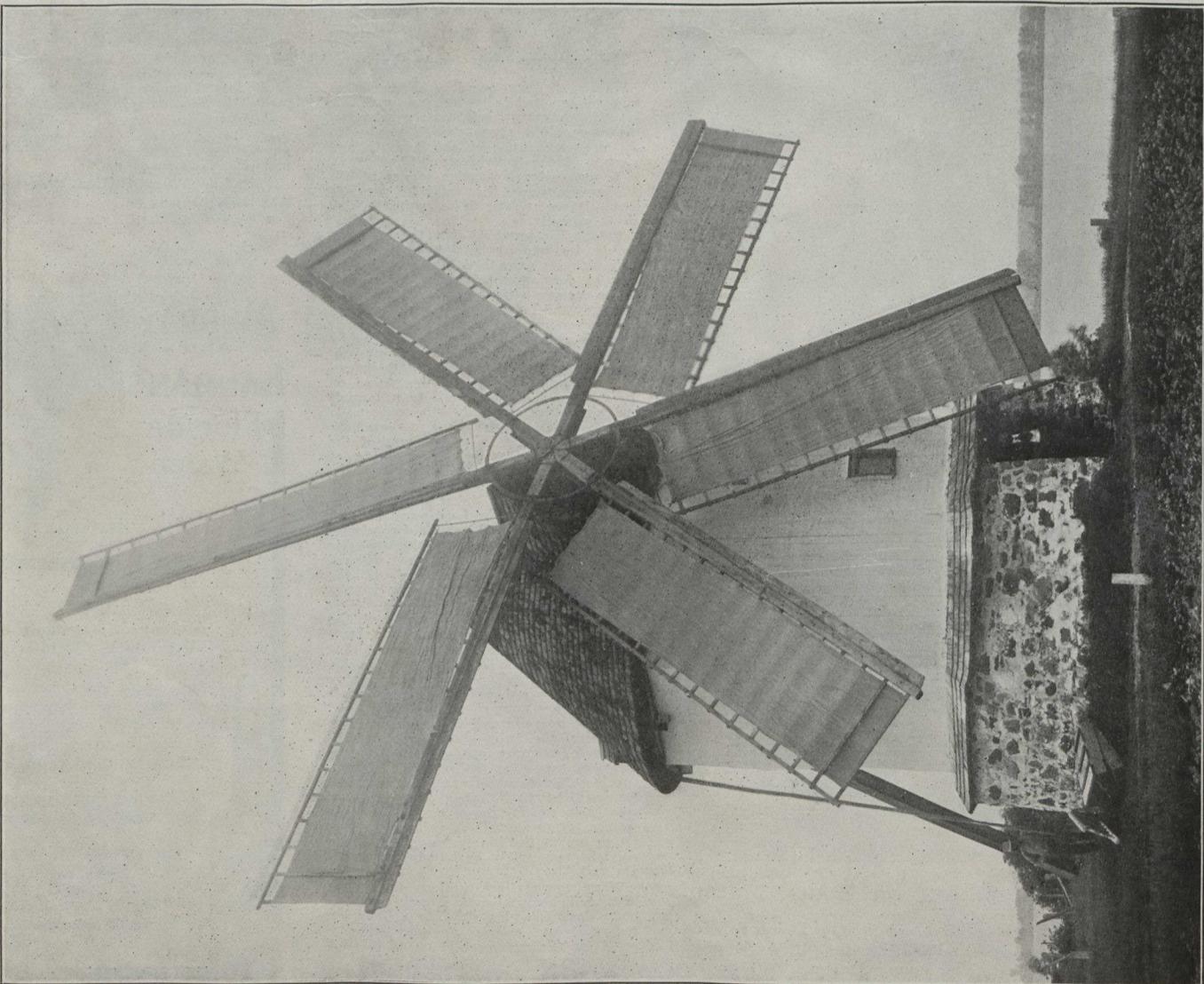
The photograph was taken at a country fair in aid of "Our Dumb Friends" League, at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, London. Lady Donegall is the only Canadian Marchioness. The young Marquis will be nine years old in October.

—Photo., copyright, Central News

(Continued on page 25)



the grist used to be ground and the old spinning wheel that gave the homespun of our grandmothers' days—and good honest homespun it was. —Salloves, photo.



Two Sights that are Becoming Rarer Every Year. Modern methods are driving out of Canadian life the old windmill where

The Housekeeper's Page

They tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering
friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!
—"To My Mother," by Thomas Moore.



Selected Recipes

Cream Rice Pudding—Put into a double boiler two cups of milk and two tablespoons of cold boiled rice. Sweeten with sugar and add a few grains of salt. Wet three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk, and stir this into the mixture when it boils. Let it cook, then add the beaten yolk of an egg and flavor with half a teaspoon of vanilla. Remove from the fire, turn into a pudding dish, and leave to become cold. Serve with whipped cream.

Potatoes Chantreuse—Boil some medium sized potatoes and leave them to get cool, or use some left over from the day before. Cut the potatoes into slices quarter of an inch thick, and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a few drops of onion juice. Make a batter of half a cup of flour, half a cup of milk added gradually, and a well-beaten egg. Put the slices of potato together in pairs, dip in the batter, fry in deep hot fat, and drain.

Corn Oysters—Cut some cold boiled corn from the cob. To each cup of chopped corn allow a tablespoon of flour and an egg. Beat the yolks of the eggs separately, and whip the whites stiff. Season the corn with salt, pepper, and a few grains of cayenne. Add the corn to the beaten yolk, then fold in the white, and, lastly, add the flour. Form into little cakes the size and shape of a fried oyster, and cook with a very small amount of butter in a hot frying pan.

Black Currant Jelly—This is easily made, and a few pots should be added to the stock of preserves. Pick over the currants and weigh them. To each pound of fruit add half a cup of water, put into a glass jar, stand the jar on small slats in a pan of water, put the cover on loosely, and boil until the currants burst. Strain off the juice and measure it. To each pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil the juice by itself for ten minutes, add the sugar previously heated in the oven, and boil together for fifteen minutes, skimming carefully. Turn hot into small, sterilized jars.

Swedish Rolls—Scald a pint of milk, and stir into it half a cup of butter, quarter of a cup of sugar, and a scant teaspoon of salt; leave to get lukewarm, then add half a cup of yeast and the beaten whites of two eggs. Mix in enough sifted flour to make a drop batter, and leave overnight. In the morning add knead enough flour to make a dough, and knead for twenty minutes. Let it rise till light, knead again slightly, and roll out into a large rectangular piece half an inch thick. Spread with a thin layer of soft butter, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, grated lemon rind, and currants. Roll up the piece, cut off slices an inch through, and lay them on buttered pans. When they have risen well, bake in a hot oven, and glaze with sugar dissolved in milk.

Green Pea Soup—Shell a quart of peas that are too hard to use as vegetables but still green. Put them on to cook in a pint of boiling water, and when they are soft mash them in the water, and rub through a strainer that will keep back the skins. Add gradually a pint of boiling water, pouring it through the strainer. Put on the thinned pulp and bring to the boil again. Mix a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and cook them, without browning, in a small saucepan. Stir into the boiling soup. Season with half a teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper, and about half a teaspoon of sugar to restore the natural sweetness of the peas, then add a pint of hot milk, or enough to make the soup of the consistency preferred.

Broiled Meat Cakes—Use lean raw beef, chop it fine, and season with salt, pepper, and a little onion juice or chopped onion. Make into small flat cakes about the thickness of a steak, and broil on a well greased gridiron. Serve hot with French fried potatoes and *maitre d'hotel* butter. This is made from butter and lemon juice, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley.

Mock Sweetbreads—Cut a pound of lean veal into half-inch cubes, and cook in boiling salted water, with a slice of onion added, till tender; then remove into cold water to whiten. Make a cup of white sauce from milk, butter, and flour cooked together and seasoned with salt and pep-

per. Put the veal into the sauce, add half a cup of mushrooms cut into small pieces, and heat thoroughly over hot water. As soon as removed from the stove add a teaspoon of lemon juice, and stir in a well-beaten egg. Serve on toast, and garnish with little triangles of toast.

Squash Pie—Steam the squash so that it will be dry and mealy. Rub through a sieve, and allow a cup and a half of the pulp for each pie. To this amount add a cup of boiling milk, half a cup of sugar, a saltspoonful of cinnamon, and an egg beaten slightly. Mix thoroughly, and pour on to a pie plate lined and rimmed with paste.

Apple Sandwich—Pare and slice some fairly juicy apples to make a quart. Moisten a pint of soft bread crumbs with melted butter. Into half a cup of sugar mix half a saltspoonful of cinnamon. Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of the crumbs, then a layer of apple slices, scatter the sugar over, and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice. Repeat the layers until the materials are used, or the dish is nearly full, having a thick layer of crumbs on top. Cover, and bake for an hour or so, removing the cover for the latter part of the time to let the crumbs brown. Serve with sweetened cream.



To Wash a Wool Jacket

Since the garment to which the unpleasant name of "sweater" is given was adopted for feminine wear, there have been brought out a variety of light wool protectors of a similar order, well-fitting knitted or crocheted coats, Norfolk jackets, etc. For wear with outing costumes there is no color that looks so dainty as a creamy white, but many girls are deterred from choosing a white sweater because of the expense of having it dry-cleaned frequently, while when it is washed at home by the ordinary process it is apt to lose shape and softness. It can, however, be washed without losing its characteristic qualities.

Cut up quarter of a bar of a good white laundry soap, and melt it. Add to the

soap about six tablespoons of ammonia. Put enough hot water in the tub to cover the sweater, stir in the soapy liquid, and put in the sweater. With a smooth stick in each hand turn and stir the garment about until the dirt is all out of it. Lift it between the sticks into a tub of clean water of the same temperature, and rinse thoroughly, using several waters if necessary. Raise it on the sticks laid across the tub to drain. Fasten a sheet flat between posts out in the sun, and spread the sweater on it to dry.

The thing to avoid is squeezing or wringing the garment, or subjecting it to any pressure while it is wet. Its own weight would pull it out of shape if it were hung up to dry. Have the washing and rinsing waters of the same temperature. Just before the sweater is quite dry shake it out and hang it over the clothes line.



Things Useful to Know

Vegetables which have a strong odor or taste should be cooked in a proportionally large amount of water; delicately flavored vegetables should have only a small amount of water added for the cooking.

If enamel paint gets on the fingers when one is touching up the furniture, it can be removed by the use of salt combined with soap and water. It should be scrubbed off before it dries.

If a cellar smells musty in spite of airing, try burning a formaldehyde candle in it, after removing all eatables. The cellar must be closed up tight to keep the fumes in. Afterwards open the windows and air thoroughly.

A paste for filling in cracks in floors is made like ordinary paste of flour and water, only thinner. To each quart of water add a teaspoonful of alum. When the paste boils, tear up newspapers in small pieces, and stir them into it until the mixture is like putty. Press into the cracks while still warm, but not boiling hot, and leave to harden.

A bottle of linseed oil and lime-water mixed together in equal proportions is a good preparation to have in the cupboard. Linen rags saturated with the mixture will allay the pain of burns and scalds. Shake the lotion before using, and bind the wet cloths on the injured part to exclude the air.

Fruit for making into jelly should be a little under ripe. If thoroughly ripened the juice will be too watery and the pectose dissolved in it will lose some of its gelatinous properties.



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9292.—LADIES' DRESSING SACK OR "NEGLIGEE."

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A PRAIRIE PROXY

By ALICE J. WHITMORE

A Short Story published by special arrangement



THE little prairie town was bursting with curiosity. John Staples had been seen driving down the street in his new buggy and dressed in his smartest clothes. He was driving furiously, too, a most unusual thing with him; but on arriving in town he had discovered his watch to be slow. Presently Jim Young, the hardwareman, slapped his portly sides in satisfaction. "Ah; to be sure, I know, so I do. It's the girl from the old country he's gone to fetch." At that precise moment John was shaking hands with the beautiful girl who stood on the platform of the little station.

Beside her was a pile of trunks plainly labelled "B. B." She was evidently expecting someone, and was visibly relieved at John's appearance. He greeted her warmly, and his eyes glowed as they rested on the slight, girlish figure so erect and graceful. "I really wondered if he was going to kiss me," she confided to her sister later.

While he was making the necessary arrangements for sending on her trunks Bessie quietly took stock of the man who had come to meet her. She had never seen him before, and she was curious to know what sort of a man it was her sister had married. He was quite as good-looking as she expected from Kitty's description; her husband could never be persuaded to sit for a photograph, so she had said. He was tall and well built, with a strong, rugged face on which the years of patient toil in winters hard and long, and in summers bright and blazing, had left their mark.

"I'm sure I shall like him," Bessie said to herself. "He's steadfast and faithful, and the brown eyes are kind. But he's not at all the sort of man I thought Kitty would marry." "Aloud she remarked: 'I was just wondering what I should have done if you hadn't turned up.' It didn't come easy to call him by name, somehow. John had a way of looking at her that she found most disconcerting. She was therefore very glad to be seated beside him in the buggy, and her temporary embarrassment was soon forgotten in the delight of novel surroundings. There was something so delightfully exhilarating in the light prairie breeze as it played gently with the little tendrils of her waving hair, and kissed the rose petals on her delicately moulded cheeks, leaving them a shade deeper than before. It polished up her clear blue eyes, too, till they shone like stars. At twenty-six she was more mature than most girls of that age, though she had the heart of a child. Naturally a lover of the beautiful, her sense of it was quickened by the scene spread out before her. Something in this broad, brown prairie so vast and spacious, with the rose sunset in front and the great expanse above, so wonderfully clear and such an exquisite blue, stirred her to the depths.

She turned to her companion in rapture: "Oh, how splendid it is! I'm sure I should like to live here. And how it makes you feel! As—as if you were meant for something so much bigger than you can ever hope to realize." Bessie had obeyed a sudden impulse in speaking her thoughts aloud, for she was naturally very reserved.

"Ah!" She couldn't see the sudden light that leapt to the man's eyes. She only heard a new note in his voice as John replied: "You have felt it too. I'm so glad! It's always like that in the spring when everything is growing. I wonder why it is! I've often wanted to know." Bessie could not know that this was an unusually long speech for the silent man beside her. Even less did she guess that she was the first person to whom he had ever spoken in that way. But she was much surprised. For she had not been impressed with John's eloquence; she had even found some of his answers extremely stupid. More and more she wondered at Kitty's choice—Kitty, who was fair and fluffy and such a little frivole; did John talk like that to her?

A silence fell upon the travellers, and they drove some distance without a word. Suddenly Bessie experienced a shock. A large hand pressed her own, and something in John's voice almost frightened her: "Ten years is a long time, Bessie?"

He referred to his marriage, of course, and perhaps he did feel sentimental, but—"Ten? I thought it was only six or seven. It was just when I left school." Bessie answered in an indifferent voice, and withdrew her hand—certainly Canadian brothers-in-law had very queer ways! The sun had set now, and she began to feel that there was something eerie about

this endless prairie.

Some lights twinkled in the distance. Bessie was to receive another shock.

"That's Mrs. Smith's, who's going to put you up to-night."

"Why Mrs. Smith's? It's not too far to go all the way to-night, is it?"

John did not look at her. "N—no, but I thought maybe you'd rather not. And it's only till to-morrow, you know."

"Oh, I'd much rather go right on! I'm not at all tired."

"But that's how we fixed it," John persisted; "I told you in the letter."

"I never got that letter, then. Oh, do let's go on!"

"But—" John hesitated. "You see it can't be done to-night now, there's no parson anywhere near."

Bessie gasped. She stared at him blankly. "Parson! Oh, what are you talking about? There must be some awful mistake."

"No, there's no mistake." The quiet conviction in John's voice reassured her.

"Then what did you mean about a parson?" Bessie asked.

"Well, we can't very well be married without one," John replied calmly.

Bessie understood now that John was simply having a joke. It was a very stupid one, she felt, and he had not seemed at all that sort of person. But now they were at their destination.

Mrs. Smith, a big, comfortable-looking woman, awaited their arrival at the door, and was entertaining the travellers with true prairie hospitality when, through the open windows, there came the sound of wheels. A buggy stopped, and Mrs. Smith hastened out. The conversation could be distinctly heard inside. "No, she won't stand, I'm afraid. She's from the livery. My own bronco threw me this afternoon for the second time, and I had two miles to walk into the station. It's my sister-in-law I'm after. Her trunks were there; but, of course, I was very late, and she was gone—where, goodness only knows! They say she went off with a man called Staples. Do you know where—?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Smith interrupted. "He's right here—"

Bessie did not wait to hear more. Hastily excusing herself, she rushed out, and greeted her brother-in-law with an effusion that astonished him. She bade the bewildered Mrs. Smith "Good-bye," and then she turned to John. But the joke she was about to make died on her lips, and something in the brown eyes as she held out her hand sent the crimson swiftly to dye her cheeks.

"You're not going?" John asked.

"Of course, I must," Bessie replied. Then, acting on a sudden impulse: "I'm so sorry for you!"—she searched for a word—"your disappointment," she said, and was gone.

Like a man staggering under a heavy blow John took his way home.

What had he done that, after all these years of work and waiting, his reward should have been snatched from his grasp even in the act of receiving it? This girl was the realization of all his dream. His gay and merry sweetheart, the girl of sixteen who had bidden him farewell on the wharf at Liverpool, those ten long years ago, had developed into a sweet, serious woman.

More than all, she understood. Just a word had revealed that. She was his real mate.

He did not reflect that his attitude was both unreasonable and ridiculous, that he was bemoaning the loss of what was never his, that this girl was a stranger whom he had never met until this evening, and that the real person who was to be all this to him was on her way to him, and only by some mischance had not already arrived. To-morrow he might expect to see her. With a dull pain at his heart he dragged himself to bed.

Bessie's visit was exceeding all her expectations. She revelled in the new experiences, and when winter came the long sleigh drives with her handsome rollicking brother-in-law were her great delight. Bessie loved the swift gliding motion through the clear frosty air, over the crisp sparkling snow. The sunshine was glorious, and the great white silence of the prairie, broken only by the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, had a great charm for her.

It was on one of these occasions that Dick, who never lost an opportunity of teasing her about her escapade with John Staples, told Bessie they would pass the house which, Dick said, "he built for you." It was a new brick house, and stood a little way out of the regular trail.

"Take a good look at it, Bessie," Dick

said, "and see what you've missed."

"What's the meaning of that paper in the window?" Bessie inquired.

Dick stopped the horse, jumped out quickly. He knew well enough what a paper like that might mean. He went close up and read it:

"I'm very ill," it ran. "If anyone is passing in to town, please send the doctor."

Dick ran into the house, and returned in a few minutes with a grave face. "He's ill, Bessie, and he's there all alone."

"Oh!" Bessie was all concern and sympathy at once.

Dick tied up the horse, and they went in together.

"It's pneumonia, I think. And I'm afraid he's seriously ill," was Bessie's verdict. "You must get the doctor at once."

"But—?" queried Dick.

"I'll stay here, of course," Bessie answered promptly. "I can't drive, and I don't know the way."

"Oh, you're the stuff!" said Dick, and shot her an admiring glance.

The man was undoubtedly very ill. The fever ran high, and he tossed and turned in his delirium. Bessie set to work quickly and deftly to do what was possible to relieve him and to make him comfortable. She was surprised and pleased to find how much she remembered of her training in nursing. It stood her in good stead now. She moved quietly around the room, setting things in order, when all at once her heart stood still. Someone called her by name. It was the sick man, of course.

"Bessie," he moaned; "oh, why did you go? Won't you come back, Bessie?"

The girl sat down beside the bed, and took the man's hot hand in hers. "Bessie's come," she said. "Here she is." She smoothed his hair gently back from his forehead. "Now, drink this." It was some milk she had found frozen and had warmed for him. "There; that's nice!" She spoke as she would to a tired child.

"Now go to sleep."

But the man did not sleep. He was quieter certainly, but Bessie felt sure he was weaker. She put her hand on his pulse. It was very feeble. Oh, was he going to die like this—here, alone with her? Was there nothing she could do? If the doctor would only come! But she knew that was impossible; Dick had hardly reached town yet. The horror and loneliness of the unusual situation completely unnerved her. She knelt down beside the bed. "John," she whispered very softly. And as she called him by name, even in that terrible moment, she knew it was something other than fear that made her so passionately desire that he might be spared. She knew now why it was that ever since that drive over the prairie with him she had never for a single day been able to put him out of her thoughts.

The sick man opened his eyes, and there was perfect recognition in them now. "Kiss me, Bessie," he asked, and his hand felt for hers.

Bessie could not refuse. She bent over and kissed him. He smiled faintly, and closed his eyes. Then, with a look of absolute content, he went quietly to sleep.

"Thank God!" Bessie said it under her breath. She knew that sleep meant a change for the better. It was late afternoon, and the setting sun shone into the room. Bessie sat still, holding the sick man's hand.

The night came on at length, and with it Dick and the doctor. The invalid slept quietly on, and when at last he awoke the doctor gave every hope of his ultimate recovery.

It was a fortnight later. Dick was in town, and Kitty was growing anxious at his non-appearance.

"I've been out to see Staples," he explained when he returned. "He's getting on a treat, and I've promised to drive you out to see him to-morrow, Bessie."

Bessie bent low over her sewing. "I don't think I shall be able to go—"

"Why not? You must." Dick had the guilelessness of his sex in these matters, and Kitty had left the room to see to the supper. "The poor chap'll be awfully disappointed if you don't."

Bessie could not frame a sufficient excuse, but when she found that Dick had arranged to drive farther on and leave her at the house she felt annoyed.

Dick saw her hesitation. "You don't mind?" he asked. "There's the old woman there."

Bessie found John Staples sitting by the open fireplace in the parlor. The old woman, whom the doctor had sent in to take Bessie's place, was busy doing chores in the back regions.

John's face lit up eagerly as Bessie entered.

"How cosy it looks!" she said, referring to the open fire. "It just makes a Canadian winter perfect. It's the only thing I've missed."

"I had it built for her," John said.

"Ah!" Bessie waited. The question that was uppermost in her mind was going to be answered now.

"I've wanted to tell you," John went on. "She didn't come; she never will now. I went to meet her the next day, but she wasn't there. And when I got my mail in the evening there was a letter. It said that she had changed her mind at the last moment."

"Oh, how cruel! how mean!" Bessie's wrath was stirred.

SIMPLIFY YOUR COOKING

Much of the pleasure of life is lost in the worry of preparing meals. Bovril in the hands of a resourceful woman solves the problem. Bovril stirred simply into hot water and flavored to taste makes an excellent bouillon. Meats reheated have their original flavor restored and enhanced by a little Bovril. Bovril Sandwiches are in constant demand by old and young, especially by children. Bovril Tea—hot or cold—can be served at any time with crackers, and as a last thing at night to induce sound sleep, hot Bovril is unequalled.

2-7-12

"It didn't seem to matter at all," John answered quietly.

"But—?" Bessie did not know quite how to frame the question.

"You came," he said simply.

"But that wasn't at all the same thing."

"No, you are quite right," he said; "it was something a great deal better; 'it will always be different'—he hesitated—'since that night I shall always have it to remember.' Then he paused again. 'It ought to satisfy a man, and, of course, I could never ask you to take her place.'"

"No, of course not," Bessie was unconscious of the quiver in her voice.

But John looked up eagerly. "You don't mean—?" he asked. Bessie did not speak. Something in her eyes, however, gave him courage to proceed. "You don't mean that you would come?"

John was still very weak, and Bessie's trained eye noted that the excitement was getting too much for him.

Womanly pride gave way to compassion. She went over to his side. "John, dear, I have come," she said.

THE END.

□ □

A HINT.

"Halloa, old chap, where are you off to?" "I'm going over to the post-office to make a complaint about the dilatory delivery." "What's the trouble?" "Why, that cheque you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."

□

DISCRETION.

"In a small town where the audience calls for the author of the piece to come before the curtain, he always feels better if the curtain has a lot of local advertisements on it," said the manager. "Why so?" asked his friend. "Why, the people in the audience are not going to throw eggs and take a chance of spoiling their own advertisements, are they?"

□

A MAD STORY.

The following story is told by a writer in a Paris journal. A lunatic, whose name was Legrand, and who lived in a village, developed such alarming symptoms that an order for his removal to an asylum was obtained. The Garde Champetre was ordered to take him, with the aid of a local baker, to an asylum a few miles away. On the road, however, the lunatic became quite lucid, and showed a very strong objection to going to an asylum. The Garde Champetre consulted with the baker, and they decided to humor him by offering him drinks, in which they joined. But before they left the bar they had imbibed so much that all three reached the asylum in a state of intoxication. "Which of the three is it?" wired the superintendent to the Mayor. "Legrand," was the reply. But this was rendered by the telegraph operator "Le Grand," thus indicating "the tall one." As the Garde Champetre was taller than the other two he was detained and the lunatic and the baker returned to the village, where the lunatic, who was the first to become sober, told the story.

□

AT HALF MAST.

His waistcoat was wonderful, his tie was tremendous, his socks were positively super-human. In order to display which, his trousers were tucked up to a ludicrous height. An urchin plucked him by the sleeve. "Lost somebody, gov'nor?" queried the youth sympathetically. "Of course not fellow," he responded contemptuously. "Cat or dog dead, gov'nor?" queried the youngster. "Bai Jove!" snapped the "nob," distinctly annoyed. "Why do you ask such stupid questions?" "Why, gov'nor?" called the urchin. "'Cos I see yer got yer trousers at 'arf-mast!'"

FOR A LEISURE MOMENT

The House Fly

It is easy to understand that definite organization of a crusade against flies would promise relief not only from much annoyance, but also preservation from serious danger. It would not be at all impossible to eradicate the fly nuisance or to reduce to such an extent as to eliminate most of its dangers by comparatively simple means. These would have to be taken up by everybody, however, and definite success would depend on the universality of the adoption of precautions against them. In the meantime, however, any family can reduce the nuisance to a considerable degree and give an example to others that will gradually lead to the general taking of such precautions as will greatly lessen the numbers of the pest.

Flies breed in decaying organic material. Like most of the insects, they exist in three stages, the larval, the pupal and the winged. The winged insect lays its eggs in offal of some kind, where the worm stage, often called the maggot, develops and where the pupa gradually obtains its wings and then crawls forth for its flying life history. Ordinarily people seem to be quite satisfied to have flies buzz around such waste material, provided only human beings are left alone. What was found to be necessary with regard to yellow fever was that patients suffering from the disease should be carefully screened to prevent mosquitoes from getting at them.

If the mosquitoes were protected from yellow fever they did not distribute it to others. Something of this same thing is true in regard to flies. If they are prevented from reaching decaying matter they will not carry back with them to the injury of human beings the infectious materials that they are likely to have cling to them. Still more important than this, however, is the consideration that if the fly has no moist organic material in which to lay its eggs for the multiplication of the insects, which during the month of April increases the number from comparatively few flies that have lived over the winter to the millions of them that even in a small town will be in existence in June, the fly pest will be notably diminished or even almost entirely eliminated. If the protection of such organic waste material from the approach of flies were completed we would literally have no flies.

Garbage cans near houses need to be covered, or if flies can get at them they should be provided with traps so that while entrance is easy exit is impossible. The fly is guided to his favorite food by odor, and it is comparatively easy therefore by means of such garbage traps to kill off thousands of them every week with comparatively little difficulty. The one absolutely important consideration is that if the fly should get to organic decomposing material it should not be allowed to be free to get back to human habitation.

Garden Cities

In England improved transit has given birth to the garden suburb. It has made possible the garden city. This is England's latest, possibly her greatest, contribution to the city problem, and to the housing of the workingman, the clerk, and the moderately well-to-do classes of the great cities. The discovery came none too soon. For the city is sapping the vitality of Great Britain. In that country four people out of every five live under urban conditions. And statesmen and reformers have stood aghast at the decay in the physical and moral fibre of the nation, due to the disease-breeding condition of the tenements and slums. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, all the large cities of Great Britain, have vainly struggled with the housing problem. They have built municipal dwellings, have tried to control private tenements, but the inrush of people swamped their most ambitious efforts.

The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bournville, and Port Sunlight have demonstrated that clean, wholesome, comfortable cottages are possible for everybody and at the very low rent of from five dollars a month upward. They have demonstrated too that life is lengthened, the death and infant mortality rate is reduced, and labor is more efficient in these open-air communities than in the cities, and that working people gladly follow their employers to these more attractive surroundings.

In the building of garden villages three things are recognized as fundamental: one, the purchase of a large area of low-priced agricultural land in advance of any development; two, the permanent control of the whole area, as well as of streets, open spaces, and building regulations by the corporation or the city;

and three, the reservation by the community, through the private corporation promoting the enterprise, of the increasing land values which the building of the community creates. The garden city is in effect its own ground landlord. Indirectly it is a house-builder and house-owner. It operates through a private corporation which owns the land, pledged by its charter to limit its dividends to five per cent. on the capital actually invested, and to use the speculative increase of land values for the community.

These are the physical foundations of the garden city. To these are added, where necessary, the adjustment of transit to near-by cities so that rapid communication will be possible, as well as the ownership or a close working arrangement with the water, gas, and electricity supply. These form the plumbing of the city. They are essential to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people and the promotion of industry.

The main difference between the ordinary city and the garden city is this: the former is left to the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, owners, to a constant conflict of public and private interests; the latter treats the community as a unit, with rights superior to those of any of its individual members. One is a city of unrelated, and for the most part uncontrolled, private property rights; the other is a community intelligently planned and harmoniously adjusted, with the emphasis always on the rights to the community rather than on the rights of the individual property owner.—*Scribner's*.

Catching Bears

A curious method of capturing wild bears is employed in certain parts of India. Four or five sturdy men are armed, two with long spears crossbarred on the handles close to the sharp two-edged blade, and two or three with ten foot bamboos, of which the ends are smeared with bird lime.

Thus equipped and leading several powerful dogs, the hunters sally forth an hour or so before dawn. They pass along the base of the hills with the fresh morning wind blowing up from the plains below.

Should the hunters be lucky it is not long before the fierce dogs wind the bear, and though dogs of this species hunt silently, their straining on the leash informs their owners that the game is nigh.

The dogs are slipped and disappear in the semi-darkness. Soon their roaring and growling indicates that they have found the game. The hunters run up to the spot where the bear is fighting with the dogs.

The men with the limed poles poke the bear in the ribs and adroitly twist the ends in its long hair, thus holding it fast on each flank. The spearmen complete the operation by repeated spear thrusts.

It is said that a party of experienced men with good dogs never fail to secure the bear in this way.

Chinese Gods

The *Pekin Gazette* publicly commends and compliments the state gods when the sovereign or regent is satisfied that they have done their full duty toward Chinamen. When some particular god distinguishes himself by an extraordinary service his rank among the gods is raised by imperial command.

Once the God of War was increased in importance by reason of the great armaments which the government undertook to support, and after he had shown his benevolence by allowing the imperial troops to defeat a body of rebels he was metaphorically patted on the back and raised to the same rank as Confucius, who had hitherto held the first place in the state Pantheon.

The following is an interesting announcement that appeared in the *Gazette*:

"The Governor-General of the Yellow River requests that a tablet be put up to the River God. During the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whatever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind, and rain, the River God interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance.

"Order.—Let the proper officer prepare a tablet for the temple of the River God."

"A memorial tablet," announces another issue of the *Gazette*, "is granted to two temples in honor of the God of the Locusts. On the last appearance of locusts last summer prayers were offered to this deity with marked success."

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns

Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.

He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn

pain ends at once. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

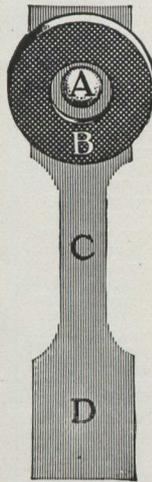
No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.



Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (15c)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Oxen in Europe

Although the slow-plodding ox has almost disappeared from Canada, he is still a popular draught animal in Europe. Switzerland is one of the best markets for oxen. The Swiss peasant find them much better than horses to plough the hard ground in Alpine districts. Oxen imported by Switzerland last year numbered 51,592. The average price paid was \$140 a head.

Wives by Auction

It was long a popular belief among the ignorant in England that if a man sold his wife at public auction such a sale had all the legality of a regular divorce. The latest case of the kind on record occurred in 1832.

John Thompson, a farmer, had been married for three years, and he and his wife agreed to separate. Thompson brought his wife into the town of Carlisle and by the bellman announced he was about to sell her.

At twelve o'clock Thompson placed his wife on a large oak chair with a rope or halter of straw about her neck. He then made this announcement:—"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. It is her wish as well as mine to part forever. She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for my comfort, the good of my home; but she became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion and a daily devil. I speak truth from my heart when I say—may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome women! Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna or any other pestilential thing in nature. Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you of her faults and failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows, she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. Indeed, gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general:—

Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race.

"She can make butter and scold the maid, she can sing Moore's melodies and plait her folds and caps; she cannot make rum, gin or whisky, but she is a good judge of the quality of each from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her, with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of fifty shillings."

The woman was finally sold to one Henry Mears for the sum of twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog. Man and wife parted in perfect good temper, Mears and the woman going one way, Thompson and the dog another.

A Dying Industry

Save your Kashmir shawl. It may soon become as valuable as a fine old Turkish rug.

The use of imported European wool in India threatens the extinction of what remains of the shawl industry in that country, and it is impossible for it to regain its lost position. In fact, it is only a matter of time when a fine Kashmir shawl will be a curiosity.

Also the Indians, with the advance of European civilization, seem to be losing the art of shawl making, just as American Indians are forgetting how to weave baskets. Dealing with the present day Kashmir, one notices how, with the arts and the trade which Kashmir had in olden days, the businesslike and commercial qualities of the people have also deteriorated. Kashmir State once had a shawl trade of \$1,000,000 a year.

A Hunting Leopard

One of the most interesting animals now on exhibition in the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx is the cheetah, or hunting leopard, which was received from Central India several days ago, says the New York "Herald." It is the only one of its kind in this country at the present time, although others were imported some years ago. The new arrival, which has been christened India, though resembling the ferocious leopard, is quite tame and docile, and each morning is taken for a romp through the park at the end of a steel chain by its keeper, Peter Schwartz.

With its long legs, slender body, small head, doglike structure and its leopard spotted skin, India has occasioned much comment among the recent visitors to the lion house, its keepers being asked many questions as to its habits and home.

In India the animal is trained to hunt antelope. It takes kindly to captivity, and can be handled to an extent unknown with other large felines. When hunting it is placed in an open cart and blind-folded. When about two hundred yards from a herd of antelope the hood is removed and the animal is set free. The cheetah will stalk the herd as closely as possible, then make a sudden rush forward and endeavor to seize a victim. If successful the animal is pulled down and killed. If not, the cheetah sullenly retires to its keepers.

Billiards, Not Cards

The fact that King George recently built a very fine billiard room at York Cottage and is desirous that his sons shall become first rate players has made society take a new interest in billiards. King George makes it his habit to go after dinner and teach his sons some stroke in the game, which he himself plays very well. Of cards, on the contrary, the young Princes know nothing. They have never been allowed them, and their royal father himself hardly ever touches cards.

Exercise for the Baby

(Continued from page 23.)

two from one person to another. This forced exertion does not help on the walking process and it may be a cause of somewhat injuring the child's spine or giving him a tendency to bow legs. Any normal child will walk of its own free will as soon as its muscular development has reached the right stage. Fat babies are apt to be slower than others, and it is well that they are, as supporting their weight might be too much for their plastic bones. If, however, a child proves to be really backward at walking, it is very likely due to lack of development of the muscles. In that case, the mother should make sure that he is receiving proper nourishment, and should also rub and knead gently the muscles of his legs and back. It is advisable to ascertain from a physician how best to do this.

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Notes on the Fashions

The use of a jacket of one color with a skirt of another color is one of the new styles to be introduced. A light coat is worn with a dark skirt, and *vice versa*. The cutaway lines are preferred, as the straight edge would be too severe in color spacing.

Short sleeves will be seen until the end of the season and afterwards, but the newest sleeve is long and close-fitting from wrist to elbow. The upper part drops loosely from an armseye low from the shoulder.

Accordion plaiting is being gradually revived in silk mousselines and other sheer fabrics.

Among the new dress accessories is the Jeanne d'Arc cuirass of ribbon of two tones of a color, or of two different but harmonizing colors. This little sleeveless jacket affair is worn with lingerie frocks, and is very effective.

Collars and cuffs of white voile edged with button-holed scallops are used to freshen up house frocks. Some of the collars extend to the waist line in front, and are crossed and tucked into the girdle.

The skirt yoke has appeared in some advance models. One dress has the bodice and deep round yoke of the skirt of embroidered voile, and the lower part of the skirt is of plain voile plaited on to the yoke, the plaits being caught flat into the hem.

In any planning of evening dresses for the coming season some form of drapery, pannier-wise, must be taken into consideration.

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A FOGGY STORY.

At one time during a season of heavy fog a London daily newspaper offered a prize for the best story. The story given here won the prize. A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith!" said the clerk over the wire. "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

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THOUGHT IT SAFE.

The old lady walked into the chemist's shop with a knowing look on her face. She knew what she was about, of course. "How long have you been a chemist?" "Thirty years, madam." "Passed all your examinations, I presume?" "Certainly. I'm a member of the Pharmaceutical Society." "Never poisoned anyone in mistake, eh?" "Not that I'm aware of, madam." "Oh! well, I'll have a pennyworth of cough drops."

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WHOSE BABY?

A school teacher who was giving a lesson on "The Feeding of Children," was interrupted by one of his pupils. "Please sir," he said, "Jimmy says he knows a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight every day." "James ought not to tell such rubbish," said the teacher. "Whose baby was it that was brought up on elephant's milk?" "Please sir," answered Jimmy, "it was the elephant's."

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NEVER GIVE IN.

"So you are going to get married?" said the young man's future father-in-law. "Well, I hope you'll be happy, my boy. You must do what I did with her mother. Never give in, always compromise." "Is that so?" "Yes. For instance, on our honeymoon I had six weeks' holiday. My wife wanted to go to Monte Carlo, but I preferred Paris. We argued and argued, and at last I compromised." "Yes?" "Yes. We spent five and a half weeks in Monte Carlo, and from Friday night to Sunday afternoon in Paris. Never give in, my boy. Always compromise."

The Awakening of Priscilla

(Continued from page 22.)

on his own account as on his aunt's. The wolf had beckoned Priscilla to the chair beside her. Not such a bad old wolf, either—perhaps she saw the half-wistful light in the young man's eyes.

"I'm an old woman, and though you're not to be my companion, I'd like you to come and see me now and again, my dear. Agnes Arrol will bring you, and vouch for my respectability too, if you care. I like your face, and it isn't often that I take a fancy to a face. What are you standing glowering at, Basil? You can come back in half an hour, when we've had our chat out, and show this young lady the way next door."

But, after all, Miss Arrol never got her carefully chosen birthday present. Priscilla left her violets on the table of the sick old lady to whom she had been so strangely introduced—left perhaps also a memory, even sweeter than the violets, to brighten her own and her nephew's joint lives. Agnes Arrol nodded and smiled inscrutably as she watched the young man from next door, a little later, showing Priscilla "the way" to her own abode. "The way" necessitated a good deal of showing. It even necessitated, on his part, an entrance into Miss Arrol's own particular parlor.

"It's an age since I've seen you, Miss Arrol, even though I do stay next door," the nephew informed her unblushingly.

Miss Arrol only smiled again inscrutably.

"And now I suppose I shouldn't have seen you either, if you hadn't stayed next door, and Cella here hadn't thought that I did," she told him with equal audacity.

Which neither the nephew nor yet Priscilla could altogether deny. The nephew was smiling; Priscilla was smiling; Miss Arrol was smiling too. Perhaps the old lady, with her far-seeing glance, saw what as yet those two dense young people did not—that, where the servant Betsy had unlatched the gate, the nephew had pushed it ajar, and that the portals of the world were about to open even more widely for Priscilla, never, it might be, to close again on this side of time.

THE END.

☞ ☞

HAD HIS REASONS.

The boy was a bad one. The father was an angry one. The stick was a thick one. The boy was evidently in for an unpleasant time. Suddenly his younger brother came upon the scene. "Oh, father," he cried, "don't strike William. Please, please don't!" "Eh?" gasped his father. "Oh, please forgive him, just this once! Please don't hit him!" The father hesitated, and then laid down his stick. "Very well, Geoffrey," he said, "I will forgive William this time. But tell me, why do you plead so for your brother? It is noble of you, my boy, noble! Why do you do it?" "Yes, father," murmured Geoffrey, as he edged towards the door. "It's because whenever you give William a licking he takes it out of me afterwards!"

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A BITE.

Mr. Jones keeps a shop where he sells fishing tackle, and for an advertisement he has a large rod hanging outside with an artificial fish hanging on the end of it. The other night a man, rather the worse for his night's enjoyment, caught sight of the fish, and he went quietly to the door and knocked. Jones, being in bed, looked out of the window, and said, "Who's there?" "Don't make a noise," was the reply, "but come down as quickly as you can." Thinking something serious must be the matter, Jones dressed like lightning, and came down as quietly as possible. "What is the matter?" he asked breathlessly. "Hush," was the reply, "pull your line in quick, you've got a bite!"

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THE BRINY.

An old captain and his mate went into a restaurant near the docks and ordered dinner. The waiter placed a plate of curious liquid before them. "I say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain. "Soup, sir," replied the waiter. "Soup?" shouted the old sea-dog. "Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives, and never knowed it till now!"

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TOOK TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Two cronies from a Scottish village came to Glasgow for a day's holiday, and, after imbibing freely all day, found themselves in a condition far from capable. "Come awa' to the train, Jock," said the one. "Nae fears," replied the other, "I'm gaum to stay here a' night." Further efforts to induce Jock to go home proving unavailing, his friend said at last, "Weel, Jock, if you're no gaum hame, send a telegram to the wife to say you lost the train. 'That's a' richt," replied Jock; "I sent that at dinner-time."

NO MATTER WHAT COFFEE YOU

now drink, it can't cost over a cent a day extra to drink the finest coffee in the land. This is

Seal Brand

grown from selected seed under the best agricultural conditions.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

130

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



First aid to the cook

The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated

Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

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

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

1225

S.H.R.

HIS BUSINESS.

Colley—"What business are you in now," Kelly—"I am in the meat business." Colley (incredulously)—"Where is your shop?" Kelly—"I haven't any shop. I am the ham in an advertising sandwich."

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AN UNFRIENDLY ACT.

Doorkeeper (at the musical comedy)—"Don't you want to come back?" Victim—"No." Doorkeeper—"Well, take this pass check, anyway. You can hand it to some chap outside." Victim—"My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world."

☞

THE PROOF.

The lawyer was cross-examining a witness in a county court suit which had arisen out of the purchase of a bullock alleged to be unsound. "What was the matter with the bullock?" he asked. "He was ailin'," replied the witness. "Yes, I know," said the counsel; "but what was the matter with it?" "He was jes' ailin'." "But what was wrong, sir? From what disease was it suffering?" "Jes' ailin'," persisted the witness. The lawyer was silent for a moment. Then he seized on a bright idea. He would try to get at the animal's symptoms. "Well, how do you know he was ailin'?" he inquired. "Why," answered the witness, "'cos he died!"

OVERDONE.

"Why, Tommy, how do you grow!" "Yes, aunty. I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning."

☞

POSTPONED.

An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk one evening, when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now." "I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now; to-morrow will do as well."

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A FITTING DEVICE.

A retired colonel had a man-servant named George, who received all his master's cast-off clothing. Now George had his eyes on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he hastened matters by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot he called George and asked him if he had noticed it. George said, "Oh, yes, sir, and I've tried hard to get it out, but I couldn't." "Have you tried benzine?" the colonel inquired. "Oh yes, sir, but it didn't do any good." "Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?" "Yes, sir; in fact, I've tried everything I know of, but the spot won't come out." "Well, George, have you tried ammonia?" his master asked, as a last resort. "No, sir, I ain't tried 'em on yet, sir, but I know they'll fit."

WITH THE WITS

SURE TO BE POPULAR.

Mrs. Jims—"Madame Snipper has perfected a wonderful invention. Mrs. Tims—"What is it?" Mrs. Jims—"A revolving hat, it works so that the congregation can see all sides of it."

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A magazine editor to whom a famous author had promised a story, but had failed to deliver the manuscript at the proper time, sat down and wrote him thus—"My dear sir,—If I do not receive that story from you by noon to-day I am going to put on my number eleven shoes and come and kick you down your own stairs. I never fail to keep my promises." Thereupon the author replied, "I, too, would keep my promises if I could do all my work with my feet!"

QUITE DISTANT.

"Do the new neighbors annoy you as much by borrowing as your predecessors did?" asked Mr. Blykins. "No," answered his wife. "They haven't run over to borrow a thing. I never saw anybody quite so haughty and unsociable."

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

It was at a theatre in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud: "On which of these my sons shall I bestow the crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery. "Why not 'arf-a-crown apiece, guv'nor?"

MORAL SUASION.

A negro, being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darkey, "but I had to knock de man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

It was Bilkin's wedding day, and he was teasing his young brother-in-law. "Well, Johnnie," he said solemnly, "I'm going to take your sister a long way off and have her all to myself, where you won't see her any more." "No, really, are you?" said the lad, curiously. "Yes, I am. What do you think of it?" "Nothin'. I can stand it if you can."

ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach little Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately. "Dearie, why don't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked. "Because, mamma," explained Effie, "des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"

NOT EASILY IDENTIFIED.

It is an army condition that the soldier shall grumble at the commissariat; but this particular complaint seems to have had a fair case. "Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection. "Yes, sir. Taste that sir," said the corporal promptly. The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted." "Yes, sir," said the corporal, "but the cook calls it coffee."

CURRAN'S WIT.

Curran, the great Irish advocate, was a wit of the first water. The story is told of him that he was smiling to himself in court one day, until he goaded the judge into the indiscretion of asking—"Do you see anything particularly ridiculous in my wig, Mr. Curran?" "Only the head, my Lord," he retorted. He was riding one day with Norbury, known, not unjustly, to fame as "the hanging judge," and the pair passed close to a gallows. Lord Norbury pointed to it and said, "Curran, if the gallows had its due, where would you be?" "Riding alone, my Lord," was the immediate reply.

UNKIND.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted fifty years." "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

A MONEY-MAKER.

"Look here," said a facetious gentleman to his neighbor, "here is half a dollar. If you will put another on top of it I will show you a splendid trick. Thank you! Now I am going to put a very simple question to you. If you reply to it in the affirmative you will have the two coins. If, on the contrary, you answer in the negative, it is I who will take them. Do you know the trick in question?" "No," replied the victim. Thanks; I pocket the dollar!"

HIS NEED.

A parvenu subject of Louis XV, laid himself open to a severe snub from a well-born but poverty-stricken officer in the Swiss Guards. "I," said he, pompously, "serve for honor; you, for money." "Each for what he most needs," replied the guardsman, quietly.

OPPRESSION.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude, and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal. "And now," he said, "what is latitude?" After a brief silence a bright youngster, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said, "Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Father says the British Government won't allow us any!"

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

A nervous man on his lonely homeward way heard the echoing of footsteps behind him, and dim visions of hooligans and robbery with violence coursed through his brain. The faster he walked, the more the man behind increased his speed, and although the nervous one took the most roundabout and devious course he could devise, still his tracker followed. At last he turned into a churchyard. "If he follows me here," he decided, "there can be no doubt about his intentions." The man behind did follow, and, quivering with fear and rage, the nervous one turned and confronted him. "What do you want?" he demanded. "Why are you following me?" "Do you always go home like this?" asked the stranger, "or are you giving yourself a treat to-night? I am going up to Brown's, and the porter at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking, but are you going home at all to-night?"

LEARNED HIS LESSON.

A well-known lawyer, whom we may call John Jackson, recently engaged a new office-boy. Said Mr. Jackson to the boy the other morning: "Who took away my waste paper basket?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Jackson. "The porter, sir." An hour later Mr. Jackson asked: "Jimmy, who opened the window?" "Mr. Peters, sir." "And who is Mr. Peters?" "The window-cleaner, sir." "Look here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened and a small, shrill voice said: "There's a man here as wants to see you, John."

TABLE IMPLEMENTS.

The waitress knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said: "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie." "Then bring me an axe," was the man's reply.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"My brother bought a motor-car here last week," said an angry man to a salesman who stepped forward to greet him, "and he says if anything broke you would supply a new part." "Certainly," said the assistant. "What does he want?" "He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of knee-caps, one elbow, and about half a yard of cuticle, and a left ear," said the man, "and he wants 'em at once."

Wear Guaranteed Hose Send for Price List



YOU ought to wear hosiery that really WEARS. Write for the price list on HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—six pairs guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or darns for six months.

A MILLION PEOPLE are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable. Wear them this summer and your feet will be cool, yet the hose will wear SIX MONTHS. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

6 Pairs Wear 6 Months Or NEW HOSE FREE!

That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs outlasted the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that does wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience. We know how to make hose wear, and how to make them stylish, too.

These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.



Look for this Trademark

Send for Trial Box! Stop Darning! End Discomfort!

Men need not any longer wear socks with holes in them. Children may now always wear neat-looking stockings. WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING! Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and \$1.50 now while you think of it. (\$2 if you want them for women or children.) Remit in any convenient way.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada Ltd. Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured? (320)

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. 5 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen—I enclose \$1.50 (\$2 for women's or children's) for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight..... (medium or light?) Size..... Color (check the color on list below.) Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name..... Street..... City..... Province.....

List of Colors For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue. For Children—Black and tan only—medium weight only.

A SOFT ANSWER.

With a sigh she laid down the magazine article upon Daniel O'Connell. "The day of great men," she said, "is gone for ever." "But the day of beautiful women is not," he responded. She smiled and blushed. "I was only joking," she explained hurriedly.

TESTED.

Wife—"Did you post that letter I gave you?" Hubby—"Yes, dear, I carried it in my hand, so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first box. I remember because—" Wife—"There, dear, don't say any more. I didn't give you any letter to post."

FEELING WAS MUTUAL.

A woman entered an omnibus with an empty basket smelling strongly of fish. She sat down next to an immaculately attired young man, and the latter hastily grabbed at his coat-tails and drew them away from her. The woman looked curiously at him for a moment. Then she said: "I suppose you'd sooner have a gentleman sitting next to you." "Yes," replied the youth sharply, "I would." "Ah," said the old woman, "I thought so. So would I!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription attached to it. "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I will be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left by a man who can run ten miles an hour. I shall not return."

PESSIMISM.

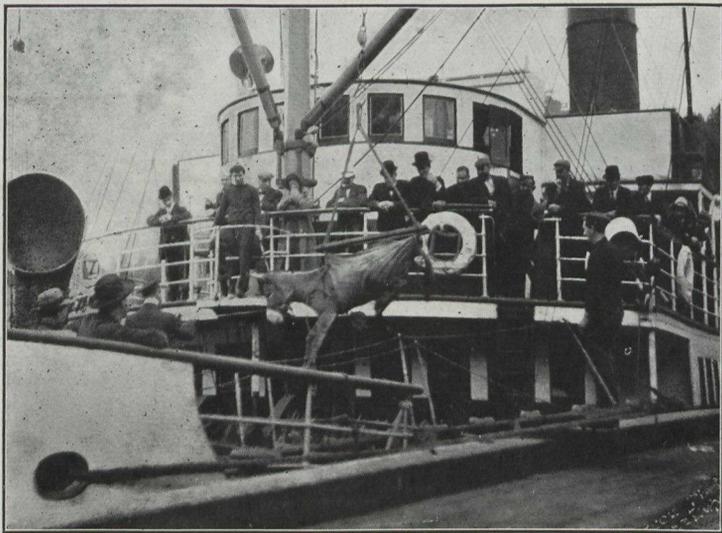
A certain country visitor was one day visiting some of his church members, among whom was an old gossiping woman, who was always complaining of something. No sooner had he sat down than she began with her grumbling. "But," said the minister, "I don't see what you are always grumbling at. For instance, your potatoes are the best I have seen in the village." "Ah," replied the woman, "but whar's the bad ones for the pigs?"

BOOM IN THE LUMBER TRADE.

A timber merchant was sitting in his office one day musing sadly over the general depression in the wood trade, when a young man entered. "Do you sell beechwood?" asked the stranger. "Yes, sir," said the merchant, rising with alacrity and hoping to book a large order; "we can supply any quantity on the shortest notice, either in the log or the plank." "Oh, I don't want as much as that," said the youth—"I just want a bit for a fiddle bridge!"

OVERSHOT THE MARK.

There is a proprietor of a shop who is forever scolding his employes for their indifference in the matter of possible sales. One day, hearing an assistant say to a customer: "No; we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission began to work himself in the usual rage. Fixing his glassy eye on his clerk, he said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am—plenty down stairs!" Whereupon the customer looked dazed; and then to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quitted the shop. "What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk. "We haven't had any rain lately," he answered.



A Reluctant Passenger An exciting scene at Swanson Bay, B.C. The stubborn donkey refused to come aboard ship, so heroic methods were adopted to place him on the deck. There was some indignation among the passengers until it was discovered that it was a hoax. The donkey's skin was stuffed.

OF THE TWO EVILS.

Hostess—"It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you had better stay to dinner." Departing Guest—"Oh, dear, no! It's not raining so badly as all that!"

☒

HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

Customer—How is that clerk of yours that got hurt when the soda fountain exploded? Druggist—I'm sorry to say, sir, that he's what you might call a fizzy wreck!

☒

AN OPTIMISTIC MAID.

Crack! Boom! Bang! Down the kitchen stairs they heltered and skeltered—plates, dishes, knives, forks, beef bones, gravy, and potatoes, the entire trayful of crockery which Jane was carrying from the dining-room. Not a salt-cellar remained unbroken, not a scrap of provender fit for the morrow's lunch. Within the dining-room the man and woman sat spellbound in agonized silence. Then the man buried his face in his hands, and thought how far it was to pay day and how close to rent day. "Jane!" cried the wife, springing up at last from her chair and rushing into the passage—"Oh, Jane, what have you done?" The servant met her with a beaming countenance. "Oh, mum," she remarked, "it's only the dinner-things, mum! What a good job it was I hadn't washed 'em up!"

☒

IN THE SAME BOAT.

The only son of the family was rather refractory, and his mother finding gentle words of no avail, sought to reprove him by means of sterner measures. A lively chase ensued between mother and son, and the latter, as a last resource, darted under a bed, where he was safe from pursuit. His father, arriving home shortly afterwards, on hearing of this, set off to punish the young hopeful. Stooping down to look under the bed he was greeted with the excited inquiry—"Hullo, dad, is she after you, too?"

☒

ASHAMED.

Chaplain—"This is your third term in prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here." Abashed Convict—"Indeed I am. The room is disgraceful. The reception-room smells like a tap-room, the cells are dark as caves, the warden is no gentleman, and the table is not fit to sit down to. Ashamed to have my friends come here? I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?"

☒

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Dean Pigou gives a few reminiscences of Doncaster, where at one time he was vicar. Among the stories he tells is this, concerning one of his curates. He went to see an old woman with whom visiting had perhaps been overdone. She at once accosted him, "So you are the new curate, aren't you?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, just you sit down on that 'ere chair." It was a three-legged stool of most uncertain standing. "Now, I'll tell you what you does when you comes to see me. You sit on that stool. You then read me, mind, a short Psalm. Then you give me a shilling, and you can go."

HE DID NOT COUNT.

When the new boarder went into the dining-room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable. "I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man. "Yes; quite a while." "How is it? Any good?" "Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make." "Landlady treat you decent?" "Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated. "Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. See. I'll bet I can live here for a month on end without being asked for a shilling. Watch me banter her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?" "No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

☒

PATIENCE.

Millie (watching a revolving light on the coast)—"How patient sailors are, Jack." Jack—"Are they dear?" Millie—"They must be! The wind has blown out that light six times, and they still keep on lighting it again."

☒

BY EXTRACTION.

"You display a great knowledge of Scotland, Mr. X," once remarked a judge to a lawyer who has since held very high legal office; "are you a Scotsman?" "No, my lord," was the reply; "but I receive a great many fees from Scotsmen." "Ah," retorted the judge, "then you are a Scotsman by extraction."

☒

ACCORDING TO SPECIFICATIONS.

A Londoner owning a country place near the capital engaged a stable-boy. During his last stay at the place the owner did not see the boy for several days. Finally, however, having special need of the lad, it occurred to him that the stable-hand was not exactly "on the job." "Where the deuce do you keep yourself?" demanded the master of the place. "I don't believe I've seen you since you were engaged. Have you been asleep all this while?" "Yes, sir," was the unexpected response. "I thought that was what you wanted, sir." "What I wanted!" exclaimed the employer, amazed. "What are you driving at?" "Well, sir," explained the lay, "your advertisement said you wanted a boy of sixteen to sleep on the premises."

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FRANK DISCUSSION.

A young man, who had just married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question fully and frankly every morning. This he thought would help them to gain a fuller insight into each other's nature, thus making for increased happiness. The first question happened to be: "Can a woman dress on fifteen pounds a year?" He took the affirmative. And when last seen he had climbed into a hay-loft, and was pulling the ladder up after him.

A Healthy Mind in a Healthy Body

He sat next me in the train. Such a well-groomed, well set up, handsome, and above all, such a wholesome, hearty fellow, I could not but be attracted to him.

And he turned out a most entertaining and intelligent travelling companion. He was on his way to try for the swimming championship of his province—a province overflowing with fine water and of splendid swimmers.

I took him for a student and asked him to what college he belonged.

'Now you have touched my tender spot,' he replied. 'I have longed for a college training, but the fates are against it apparently. Anyway, I have to earn my own living and help the family; there is no other way for it.'

'Do you study at all by yourself, or attend any course of lectures?'

'No, after a long and hard day's work I want exercise and fresh air, and under the circumstances they may stand me in better stead than Latin or Greek or the higher mathematics.'

'Well,' I said, 'you read a certain amount, no doubt. Now I have a little paper in my grip (which I promptly produced), which, taken by the year only costs three cents a week, but which gives me, and that in a more entertaining way, more true culture and intellectual pleasure I firmly believe than many a student gains from his university course. The fact is I read 'World Wide' because my appetite for it seems to be keener every week. I have, as you might say, contracted the 'World Wide' habit, and would sorely miss it if I could not get it regularly. I would advise you to subscribe to it and read it regularly. If we ever meet again, as I sincerely hope we shall, you will thank me for the advice. I know it will not take the place of a college course, but it will open up to you the life and thought of the day as would nothing else I know of.'

While thinking of his advantage in becoming acquainted with such a paper my eyes were on the paper itself. Imagine my surprise, when, on hearing all I had to say, he pulled out of his hip pocket a much-folded copy of last week's 'World Wide.'

'I quite agree with you,' he replied. 'I have taken 'World Wide' for nearly three years, and carry it around with me a good deal. I read it on the street cars—an article or two a ride. The print is better than that of ordinary papers, and it is easier carried and more entertaining than most books. I often feel like handing my copy to someone else by way of introduction but I seldom do before I have read every last line of it. The articles are so well selected and cover so wide a range of popular interests that I never like to lose one of them. It is a "liberal education" to read 'World Wide' regularly. I like it so much myself, and am so anxious that others should discover it too, that I usually carry these postcards with me (here he drew from his vest pocket two or three of the small sized printed postcards furnished by the publishers, and which only needed the address filled in, to secure three consecutive sample copies free of charge), and I hand them to friends and acquaintances who I think would be glad of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of that splendid little paper.'

'That is a hint for me,' I said. 'I had not known of those postcards. I can use some to advantage and will at once write for a supply to John Dougall and Son, the publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal.'

My travelling friend was a sport—but not a mere sport. You would have liked him—and you also would enjoy 'World Wide,' as much as he did. Do not wait, write at once to John Dougall and Son, publishers, Montreal, and they will send you three consecutive sample copies of their splendid little magazine free of charge. It is their standing offer.