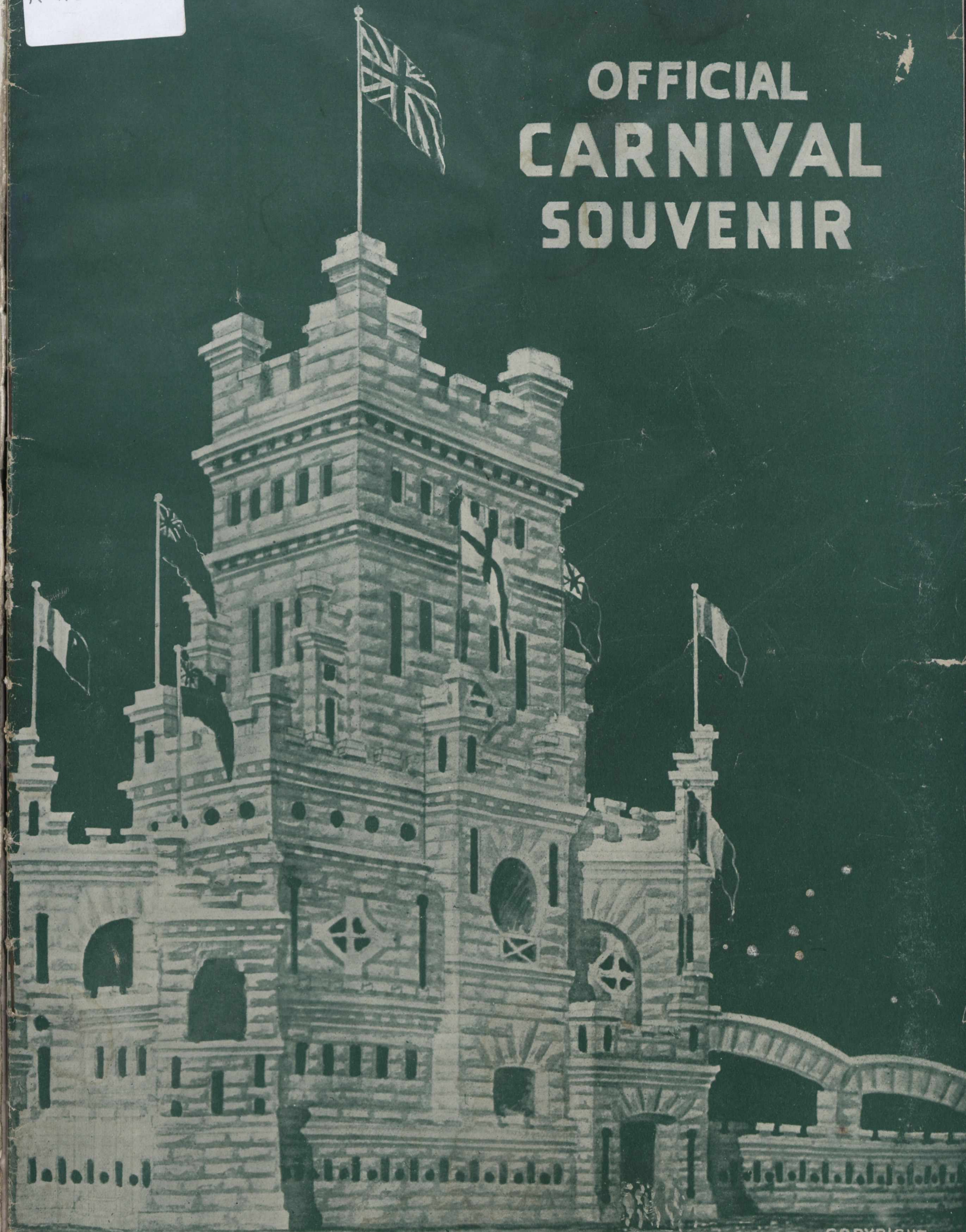


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OFFICIAL CARNIVAL SOUVENIR



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CANADIAN PICTORIAL

FEBRUARY 1910

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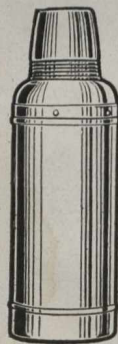
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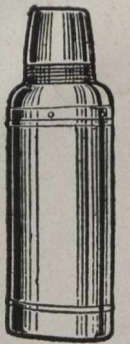
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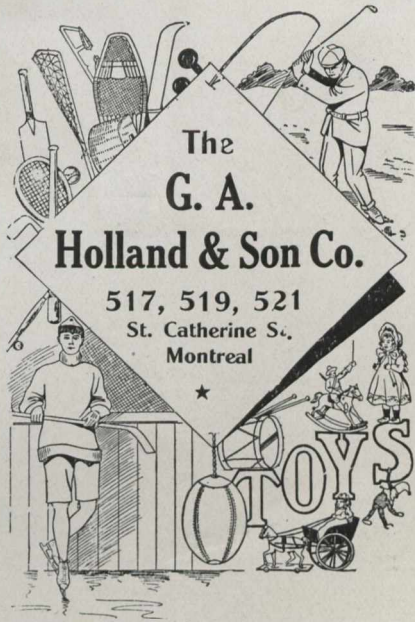
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The Bounce

An Incident of Moonlight Snowshoe Tramps

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 5, No. 3

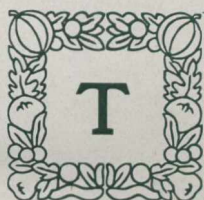
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FEBRUARY, 1910

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 15 CENTS

Canada and Winter Carnivals.



SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, Canada was best known to the world as the home of Ice Palaces and Winter Carnivals. Since that time she has become known to the world as the greatest wheat-growing country on the face of the earth. Then, the illiterate among the peoples of foreign lands had a hazy idea

that because they saw pictures of ice palaces in Montreal perhaps the people all over Canada lived in winter-time in houses built of ice! This seems preposterous, but those interested in immigration tell us that in time past they have come across people who admitted having harbored ideas of that kind. Now they know better; they have seen the wheat; they have seen the vegetables; they have seen the flowers, and they know that none of these could have been produced in a country such as their imagination painted. And after all, perhaps they were not so much to blame, for nearly three centuries ago, the French king ceased to take any interest in the little colony in "New France" because this country was merely a "few acres of ice and snow."

Because of all these things the Carnival Committee have a hard time of it now-a-days. So many influences are brought to bear against them that it requires considerable courage and faith to undertake the heavy responsibility of arranging a winter carnival. Last year, and then again this year, the railways refused to offer excursion rates or advertise the carnival in any way, and this attitude they maintained through repeated conferences with upholders of the celebration. Their eye was upon the golden fields of the west, and they feared the effect of a winter celebration in Montreal upon the settlement of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

We think their view is a mistaken one, and we think that every visitor to Montreal this week will agree with us. In discussing this very matter a year ago, we said: "Winter is not a skeleton in Canada's cupboard, a thing that must be tolerated but kept out of sight as much as possible. On the contrary we Canadians are proud of our winter, and we want the world to know it. That is why the idea of an Ice Palace at Montreal was taken up so heartily by the people generally, in spite of a certain amount of opposition from unexpected sources. All the world knows that Canada has a winter, but all the world does not know how the people enjoy it and how much it contributes to their health as well as their wealth. That is what the Montreal winter carnival is designed to proclaim. The ice palace is 'a thing of beauty,' but not 'a joy for ever,' for, under the rays of the strong spring sun, the last vestige of it will speedily vanish."

A great deal has been said and written about Canada's winter since then, but we see no reason to change our opinion, sincerely believing that the best way to remove the vestige of any superstition that our winter is a terrible thing is to bring people here—all the people that can come—and show them that we all thoroughly enjoy the winter, and that we build ice palaces as play-things, not as dwelling-houses.

There is also another side to this question. Winter sports have done and are doing a great deal towards building up that sturdy manhood and womanhood of which we as Canadians are so proud. Girls and boys grow up in the open-air, and as they reach maturity they still continue to enjoy the life out-of-doors. We have a climate second to none in the world, and it needs no defence at any season. The only thing that our climate has to

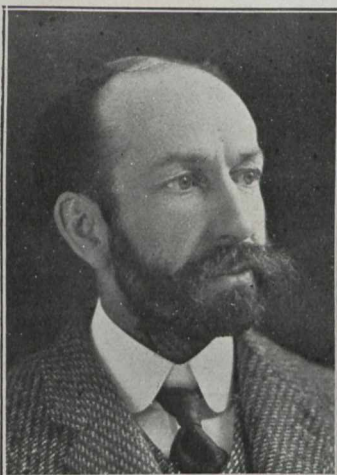
live down is that senseless prejudice against an invigorating winter that finds some lodgment in lands where the winter is a wet, drizzly, foggy time. There can be no comparison between their winter and ours.

The programme, published in full on another page, includes events in almost every branch of winter sport. Of course all interest centres around the Ice Palace itself. The mild weather of this winter so far was responsible for some delay in commencing and continuing the building operations, so that unfortunately it could not be so thoroughly completed as were the original plans of Mr. Theodore Daoust, the architect, the full extent of which are shown in this issue.

The Ice Palace stands on Fletcher's Field on the eastern side of Park Avenue, about 300 yards away from the site of last year's structure. The plans call for the main tower to be 100 feet high by 40 feet square, and the supplementary towers on each side 50 feet high, 40 feet by 20. Encircling the three towers is a wall reaching to a height of about 25 feet, and then a courtyard intervenes, the outer wall of the palace being 30 feet distant and rising 15 feet above the ground. Towers 40 feet high mark each corner of the outer wall, which measures 164 feet on Park Avenue by 125 feet on Rachel Street, and from these points of vantage glacial bridges have been built, extending to the main tower. Around the main tower, and above the smaller ones, a corbelled parapet will be built, serving to supply a splendid point for observation of the whole of the city.

The most spectacular events of the carnival will be the night attacks on the palace by several thousand snowshoers, bearing flaming torches. They will tramp across Mount Royal and attack the citadel from the west side, firing off sky rockets as they descend the slopes of the mountain. This fire will be responded to by the defenders of the stronghold, and there will be booming of cannon, and as the contestants draw nearer we are promised a pyrotechnic display that will discount anything ever attempted in Canada. Last year over one hundred thousand people saw the sight and marvelled at the magnificence. The location of the Ice Palace is eminently suitable for such a display. On the west the slopes of the mountain form a natural grand stand, while the expanse of Fletcher's Field and the broad streets leading to it form spaces that are easily filled with vast crowds. The "fete de nuit" at the Park Toboggan Slide is another sight that no visitor to the city should miss. In its picturesque beauty it is absolutely unique. Many will be interested in the jumping on skis. This is to Canadians a newer form of sport which is very popular in Scandinavian lands, and is fast obtaining a foothold here. Hockey matches will be found of intense interest, and a welcome for all visitors will be found at the Curling Clubs for those who have any desire to see the Scottish roarin' game. Skating is another graceful pastime that is popular with Montrealers, while snowshoe tramps will be much favored by parties large and small. Weather suitable for the carrying out of all the events of the programme is all that is necessary to ensure that visitors will carry away with them a new and true idea of what the winter means to Canadians.

As this February issue is the Official Souvenir of the Carnival, most of the regular features of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL have been omitted to make space for the special illustrations of the events of the week. These departments will be resumed next month.



MR. C. C. HOLLAND
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Vice-Chairman



MR. P. E. LAMARCHE
Treasurer



MR. W. B. BAIKIE
Secretary

THE CARNIVAL EXECUTIVE

Programme of the Montreal Winter Carnival, 1910

January 27th (Thursday)

10.00 A. M.—Curling: The Carnival Committee offer four cups, value \$100, for single rink competition to commence this morning on the city rinks, and to be continued each day at the same hour.

2.30 P. M.—Curling on the city rinks. The concluding stage of the competitions, under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, will be played off amongst the winners of the six centres embracing Ottawa, Quebec, Orms-town, Pembroke, Valleyfield and Montreal. The third round for the Governor-General's Prize. Skating in all the rinks. Tobogganing at the Park Slide.

8.00 P. M.—Curling: The third round for the Diamond Jubilee Cup. Grand Illumination of Ice Palace.

8.00 to 11.00 P. M.—Hockey: Three Championship Games under the auspices of the Manufacturers Hockey League, in Victoria Rink.

January 28th (Friday)

10 A. M.—Curling: Continuation as on the 27th, single rink competition for the Carnival Cups.

2.30 P. M.—Curling: Semi-finals, Governor-General's Prize.

2.30 P. M.—Skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, ski-ing.

8.00 P. M.—Curling: Semi-finals, Diamond Jubilee Cup.

8.00 P. M.—Grand storming of the Ice Palace. The different snowshoe clubs of the city meet on Mount Royal at 8.00 p. m., tramp down the mountain with a grand blaze of fireworks, and make a concerted attack on the Ice Palace. The attack is repulsed from within by enormous showers of fireworks; winding up with a grand illumination and pyrotechnic display.

8.00 P. M.—Hockey: Championship Inter-collegiate Matches—Queen's College vs. McGill, at Victoria Rink. Championship Intermediate Hockey Match—Laval vs. McGill, at the Victoria Rink.

January 29th (Saturday)

10.00 A. M.—Curling: Final competition for the Carnival Cups.

2.00 P. M.—Snowshoe races on National grounds, open meet, flat races.

2.30 P. M.—Curling: Finals for the Governor-General's Prize.

8.00 P. M.—Curling: Finals for the Diamond Jubilee Cup.

3.30 P. M.—Ski-ing: Ski-jumping contests under the auspices of the Montreal Ski Club. John Rudd, the famous Norwegian ski acrobat, will make a jump, and in doing so will turn a complete somersault backwards with skis on, and light on his feet, going a distance of 68 feet. Snowshoeing over the mountain.

4.00 P. M.—Hockey: Intermediate Championship Match—Westmount vs. Victoria, at the Arena. Grand illumination of Ice Palace.

8.30 P. M.—Hockey: Championship Match—Toronto vs. M. A. A. A., at the Arena.

January 31st (Monday)

2.30 P. M.—Skating in all the rinks. Snowshoeing and tobogganing on the mountain.

8.00 P. M.—Great Fancy Dress Skating Carnival of Nations, by members of the Earl Grey Skating Club and members of the Victoria Skating Club, in the Victoria Rink. Grand illumination of Ice Palace.

8.15 P. M.—Concert by the "Adamowski Trio" of Boston, in Windsor Hall.

February 1st (Tuesday)

AFTERNOON.—Skating in all the rinks.

8.00 P. M.—Hockey: Haileybury vs. Wanderers, at the Jubilee Rink. Fête-de-nuit at the Park Slide.

8.00 to 11.00 P. M.—Hockey: Three matches of Wholesale Hardware Hockey League, at Victoria Rink. Grand illumination of Ice Palace.

February 2nd (Wednesday)

AFTERNOON.—Civic Half-holiday. Grand Historical Parade, composed of Iroquois Indians, descendants of the Iroquois found here by Maisonneuve three hundred years ago; types of French Soldiers, as seen in Canada two hundred years ago; types of French Habitants of one hundred years ago; Snowshoers in brilliant uniform of the present day; fine up-to-date equipages of Montreal citizens, to be followed by three hundred Boy Scouts, in beautiful new winter uniforms, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Gardner.

JAPANESE DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS. Consisting of floating fishes, animals, figures of men and women, roosters, shells discharging paper flags, snakes, confetti, parasols, etc., etc. These shells are fired from steel mortars by experts.

8.00 P. M.—Grand illumination of the Ice Palace.

Skating masquerade at the M. A. A. A. outdoor rink.

8.00 to 10.00 P. M.—Fancy skating and waltzing competition at the Victoria Rink.

8.00 P. M.—Hockey Match: Canadiens vs. Shamrocks, at the Arena.

February 3rd (Thursday)

AFTERNOON.—Skating in all the rinks.

8.00 P. M.—Grand pyrotechnic display at the Ice Palace, consisting of grand salvo of thunder crashes, ascent of hot air balloons, illuminated balloons, spiral tinted balloons, mongolfier balloons, surprise shells, colored crystal rockets, pink illumination, carnival of Venice, emerald green bagfire, golden streams, rockets and volcanoes. This event will be the best and brightest of the whole Carnival week; it consists of sixty fine distinct parts.

8.30 P. M.—Championship Hockey Match M. A. A. A. vs. Victoria, at Arena.

February 4th (Friday)

AFTERNOON.—Skating in all the rinks.

8.00 P. M.—Curling: The International Match for the Gordon Medal will be played during the second week of the Carnival, between six rinks of the United States, and clubs making up six rinks of Montreal. Hockey: Championship Inter-collegiate Match—Queen's vs. Laval, at the Victoria Rink. Grand Illumination of Ice Palace.

8.00 P. M.—Earl Grey Skating Club Masquerade, at the Arena.

February 5th (Saturday)

2.30 P. M.—Intermediate Championship Hockey Match—Westmount vs. M. A. A. A., at the Arena.

3.30 P. M.—Ski-jumping contests under the auspices of the Montreal Ski Club. John Rudd will again turn a somersault with skis on, lighting on his feet, going 68 feet.

8.00 P. M.—Hockey Match: Shamrock vs Wanderers, at Jubilee Rink.



Boy Scouts on Snowshoes.

An organisation which has been introduced only recently in Montreal but has developed to large proportions, is the Boy Scouts corps formed by Lieut.-Col. Gardner. Its chief aims consist in teaching the boys the value of discipline and in affording scope for powers of observation besides providing healthy outdoor exercise as evidenced in the above picture where scouts on snowshoes are portrayed climbing the slopes of Mount Royal.



Boy Scouts on a Trail.

In a recent tramp up the mountain many difficulties were experienced but all the boys enjoyed the climbing immensely. Some who had put on snowshoes for the first time found that a few knolls presented a serious interference with advance but esprit de corps prevailed and older snowshoers assisted the novices when occasion demanded. On reaching the summit a report was made to Lieut.-Col. Gardner, who was waiting near the observatory balcony.

Costumes for Outdoor Sports



PART of the modern girl's wardrobe, and no inconsiderable portion at that, is her outdoor clothes, especially when she enjoys several different forms of sport, for each requires a costume specially adapted to that particular kind of exercise. Skating calls for

a quite different style of dress from that most suitable for tobogganing; basket-ball needs one kind of outfit, indoor tennis and badminton another. One of the best of winter exercises, a brisk walk, is made more enjoyable and of more value if one is clothed to best take advantage of its Comfort and convenience are the first requisite. In every out-door costume, and with these the designers have combined grace of line and an attractive effect.

Many woollen materials are now of so light weight that the winter walking costume may be warm without being heavy. The "Russian blouse" style, which is again becoming popular, is an excellent model for the walking costume. In this winter's revival of the Russian coat, the skirt portion is long, following the trend of coat fashions. A smart costume was of dark blue cheviot serge, of a fine pliable weave. The coat fastened at the left side, and fitted smoothly across the bust and shoulders, and was bloused only slightly at the belt, which was drawn down to give a sloping line. The skirt portion, joined under the belt, came well below the knees, and was bordered with a two-inch band of black Astrakhan, which was continued up the opened side to the shoulder. A high military collar of the fur finished the blouse, and the short skirt also had a band of fur at the hem. A turban and Astrakhan muff completed the costume. The model is a smart one that could be developed effectively in hunter's green cloth and Persian lamb, red cloth and black fox, and in various other ways. In the matter of under-clothing, one does not now put on extra petticoats when one goes out. The lines of the outer garments forbid it, even if one had not discovered that the close-fitting equestrienne "tights" were warmer. It is the foot-wear that is the real problem in dressing smartly and comfortably for walking, in cold weather. The rather extreme shortness of the fashionable skirt makes it essential that the shoe be neat and shapely. Calfskin boots made to order make excellent walking boots. They are soft and warm, and, laced up snugly around the ankles, are both neat and hygienic. Boots with cloth tops are popular, and comfortable. The vamps are of kid or fine leather, and in the snow they must be worn with rubbers. Not only for the enjoyment of the walk, but for hygienic reasons also, the feet should be kept warm and dry in the winter walks.

Skating costumes copy the Russian style with smart effect. Others have jaunty jackets with fur cuffs and revers, and either short plaited skirts or plain skirts bordered with fur. The skirt of the skating costume must be very carefully cut and finished, for any little unevenness or fault in the "hang" of the skirt is conspicuous when it is raised on skates a few inches above the ground. By the same token, the skirt should not be too short to begin with, or the extra uplift of the skates will make it look awkwardly abbreviated. An important part of the skating costume is the head-gear, and here the popular fur turban comes in. It fits so well on the head that one need not worry about its keeping straight and it looks smart and most appropriate. If the fur hat seems too warm for the purpose, a toque of cloth matching the costume with a fur brim looks equally well. Skating boots are laced high, and brown boots are liked with any costume with which they harmonize. In very cold weather or

when one lives some distance from the rink, it is advisable to have an ulster or top coat to slip on for going home.

The revival of the old-time jersey which can be worn over the blouse and pulled down over the skirt, gives another suggestion for the winter sporting outfit. It is smarter and neater than the sweater, as it adjusts itself close to the figure. The wool jerseys and fleecy, warm crocheted and knitted jackets come in all colors, and there is a fancy for having them to match the serge or tweed skirt. The knitted or crocheted caps match the jersey. A smart suit has a skirt of hunter's green serge, a plain gored model reasonably full at the hem, with a comfortable flannel blouse. Over this is worn a wool jersey, of the same shade of green, the collar and wrist facings of a bright golden brown or yellowish tan. The "tuque" combines the same tones, and the suit altogether is very smart. For tobogganing, ski-ing, and snow-shoeing, warm woollen gloves with long ample wrists are the best.



The Girls in Sports

Skating is the form of out-door sport most generally enjoyed by girls throughout the Dominion. Canadian women skaters are, as a rule, graceful and vigorous on the ice, which is not to

be wondered at in those who have been at home on their skates from childhood. The enthusiasm of the members of the vice-regal families in recent years has done much to make skating regarded as an accomplishment. At the Rideau Rink, near Government House, a series of skating and tobogganing parties is given by Her Excellency during the winter. In the Minto Club, the Earl Grey Club, and similar organizations, there are ladies who are very proficient in the figure skating, ice waltzing, and social skating exercises, which these clubs are organized to promote.

Ice curling has been taken up with enthusiasm by women in some parts of Eastern Canada. Curling is a game that provides not only healthy exercise, but some excellent training as well. Circumstances continually arise, as the game proceeds, calling for good judgment and prompt action, while the "skip" must display tact, self-control, and confidence in her followers as she stands at the tee directing and advising the play. The vision is trained in calculating distance, and the exact angle necessary to "cannon" an opponent's stone, while the players of one rink may often be called upon to show the true sporting spirit by preserving their good humor when a critical shot from the other side turns an almost assured victory into defeat. It may be taken for granted that the judicious sweeping, on which so much of the success of the game depends, is accomplished with native skill by the women players.

Snowshoeing is a popular sport among Canadian girls. In the early days of settlement, when the houses were far apart, and neighbors were too few to keep roads open after the heavy snowfalls, young men and women strapped on their snowshoes and tramped to gatherings and parties, held in the settlers' homes in turn through the long winter. The snowshoe was then a factor in the social life of the country, and it is so to-day in all parts where the conditions are favorable, in cities and towns as well as country districts. Snowshoe parties are many during the season, either afternoon or evening. The long, even, rhythmic stride which carries one rapidly over the surface of the snow without fatigue and keeps one in a warm glow, makes a snowshoe tramp delightful.

Her fondness for tobogganing is a proof of the Canadian girl's healthy superiority to "nerves." Seated or reclining with two or three others on the long-cushioned toboggan, she merrily takes the plunge over the edge—a plunge into space it seems at the starting point—and goes whizzing down the icy groove at a great rate of speed. Then comes the walk up to the top again by the side of the incline, when she doesn't mind giving her assistance in helping to haul the toboggan at the steep places.

Women are beginning to understand the joys of ski-ing, a sport comparatively new in this country. The snow-clad slopes and declivities are tempting, once the exhilaration of propelling oneself down them on the swift, runner-like skis has been experienced.

There are just a few ladies' hockey clubs, although girls are among the most excited on-lookers at many of the matches in which their brothers or friends are engaged, or between the home team and some other. In their own matches it may be said that girls play with a fairness that seldom gives the referee the unpleasant duty to send someone to the fence.

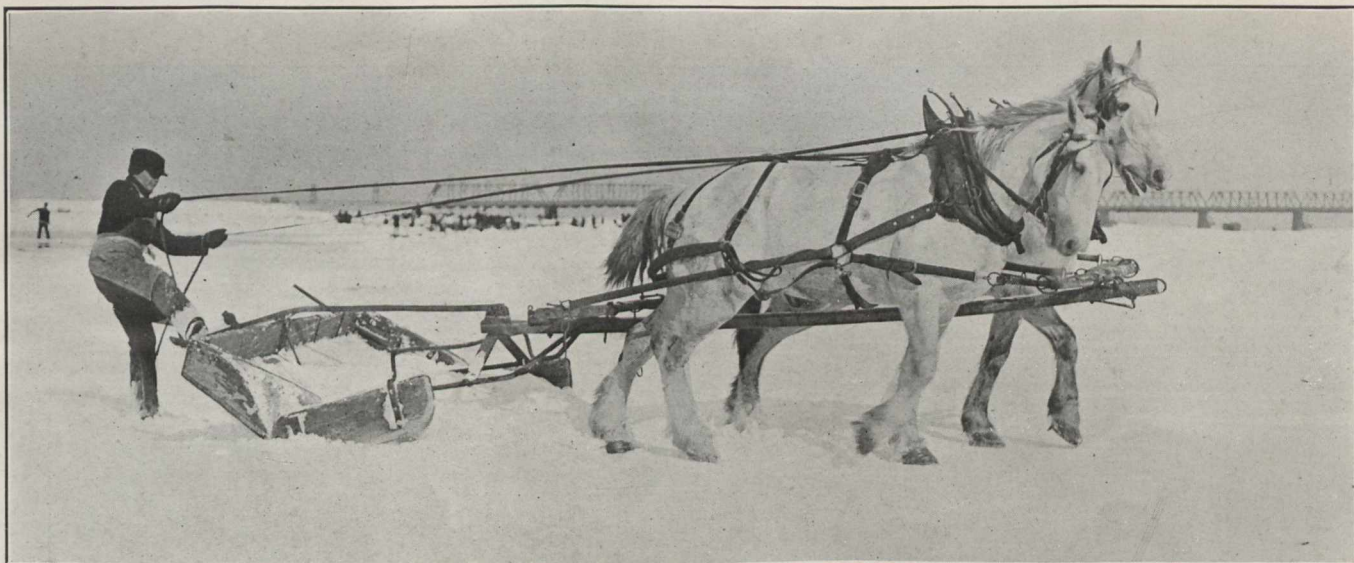
Besides the beneficial effects out-door winter sports have had on her health and spirits, the Canadian girl's athletic clubs have taught her to be sociable in her pleasures, to estimate the value of co-operation, to subordinate personal feeling to the interests of the association, and to deal honorably and fairly with her opponents—in short, to "play the game."



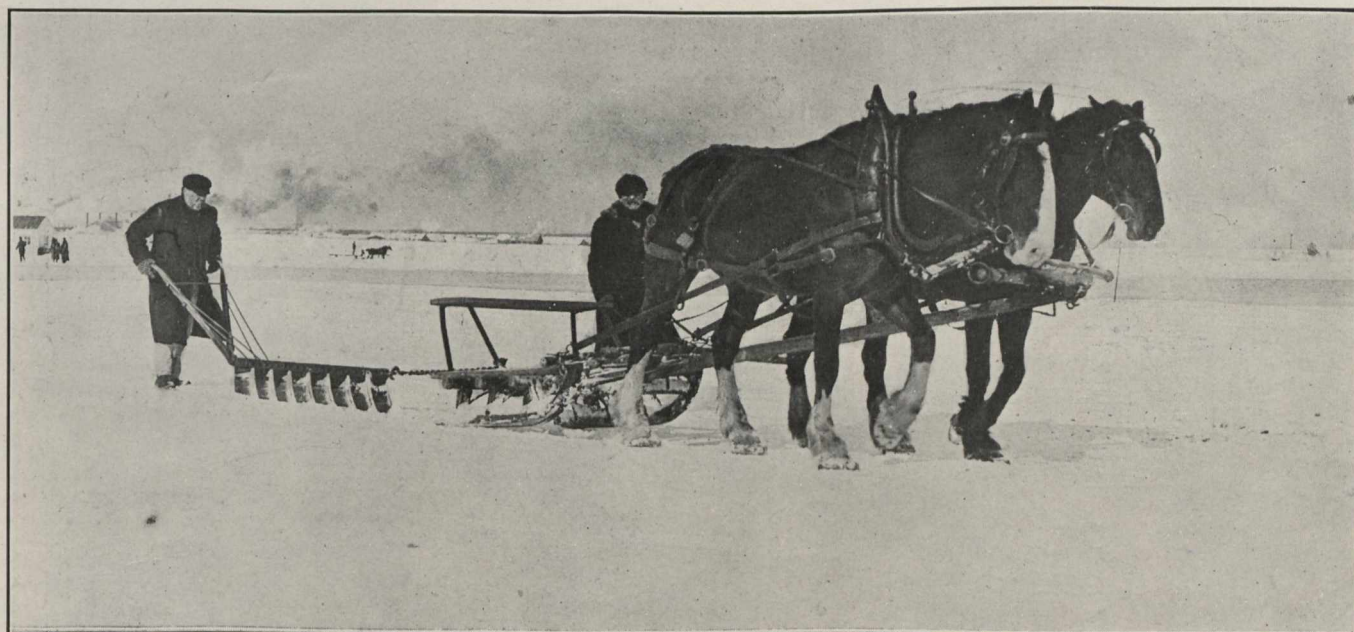
Russian Coat Suit

The Russian style of blouse coat has been revived. As shown here it is developed in dark blue cloth with bands of Astrakhan fur; muff and turban to match.

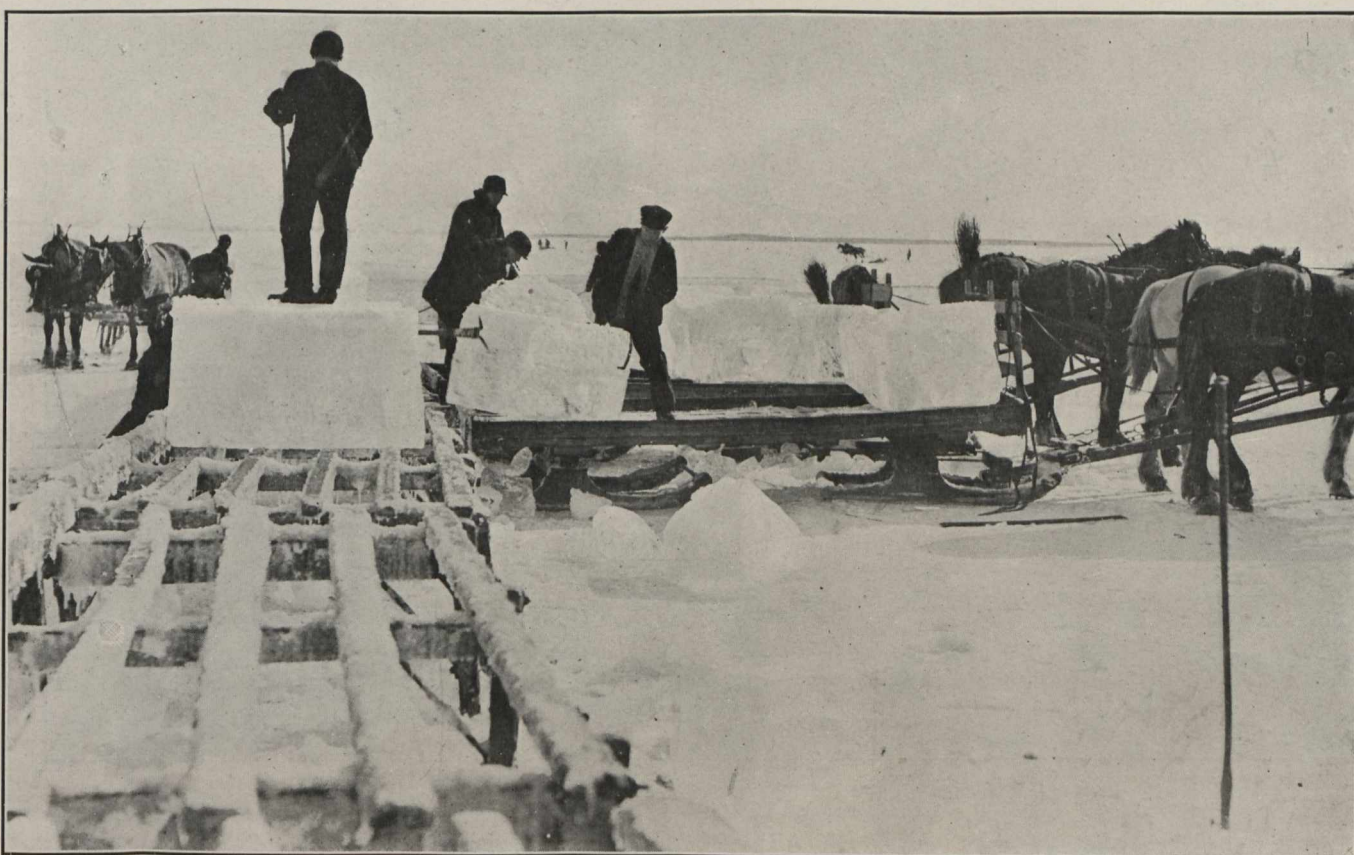
—Illustrated London News.



Harvesting Ice for the Palace A great deal of difficulty has been experienced this season in getting ice of sufficient thickness to be used for building purposes. An ice field in the St. Lawrence is here illustrated. In the distance is seen the Victoria Bridge, across which there is railway, street car, and ordinary vehicular traffic. It is nearly two miles in length. The machine is scraping the snow off before the ice is cut.

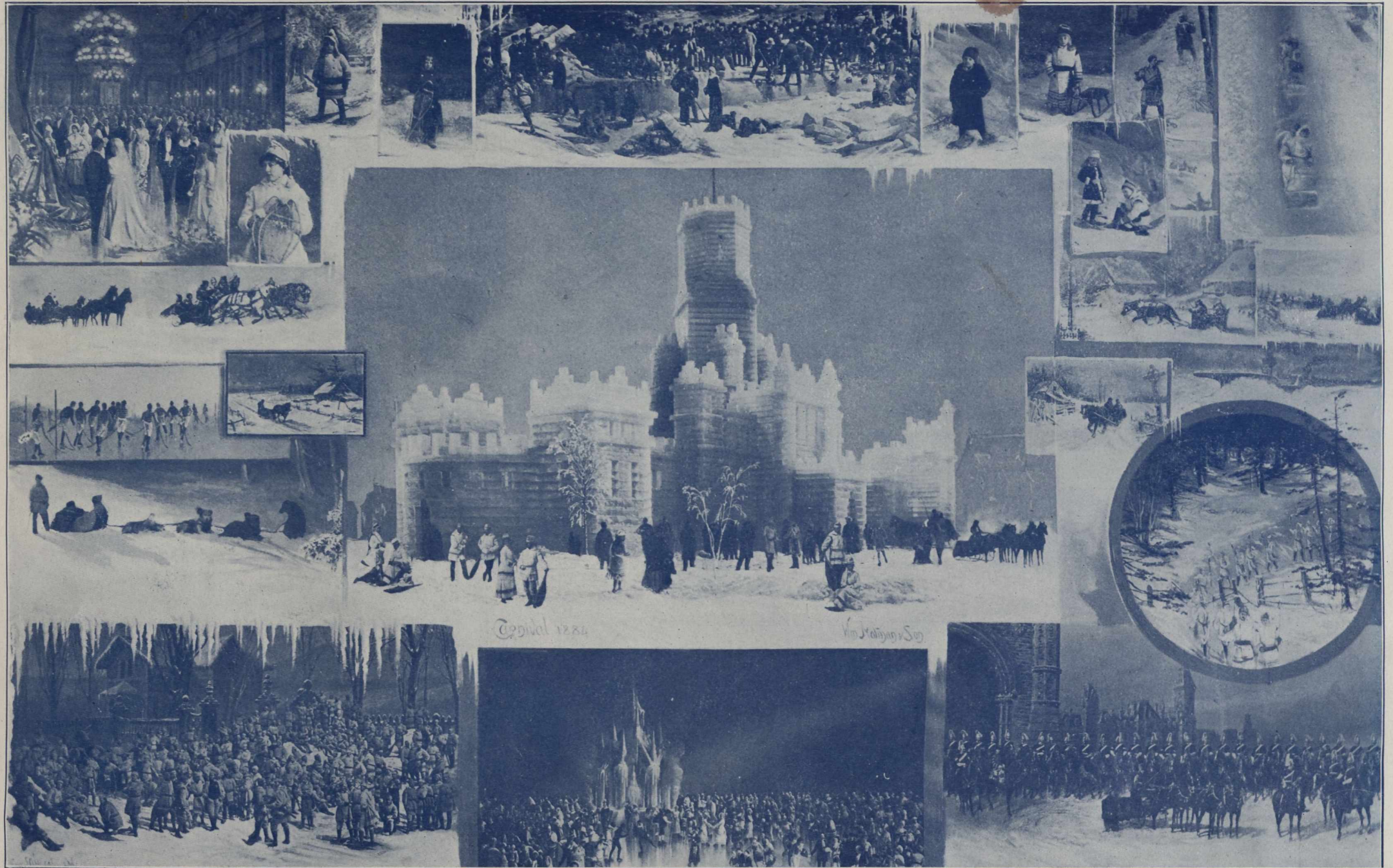


Laying Out the Field A sort of plough is used to mark off the huge squares, which are then sawed up into suitable sizes for handling.



Transporting the Blocks Twenty thousand such blocks as these, each 48 inches long, 22 inches wide, and 28 inches thick have been used in the construction of the Ice Palace, the total weight of which is about four thousand tons.

—Photos by Gleason.



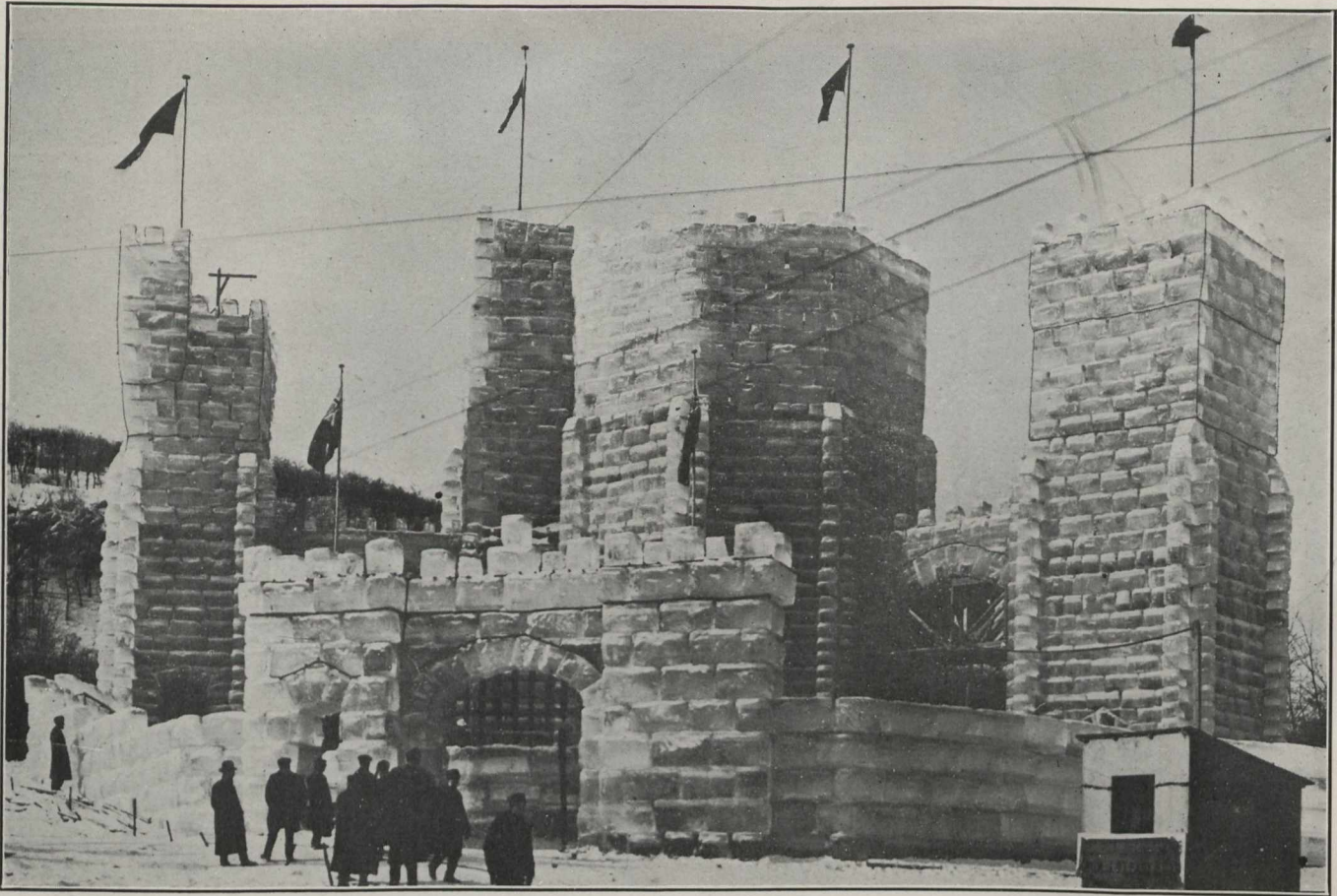
Carnival Scenes of Twenty-Six Years Ago

The Winter Carnival of 1884 was the second in Montreal's series, and was held in Dominion Square, which, at that time, was considered almost suburban. Now it is the very heart of the up-town district. The present site of the Ice Palace is much more natural.



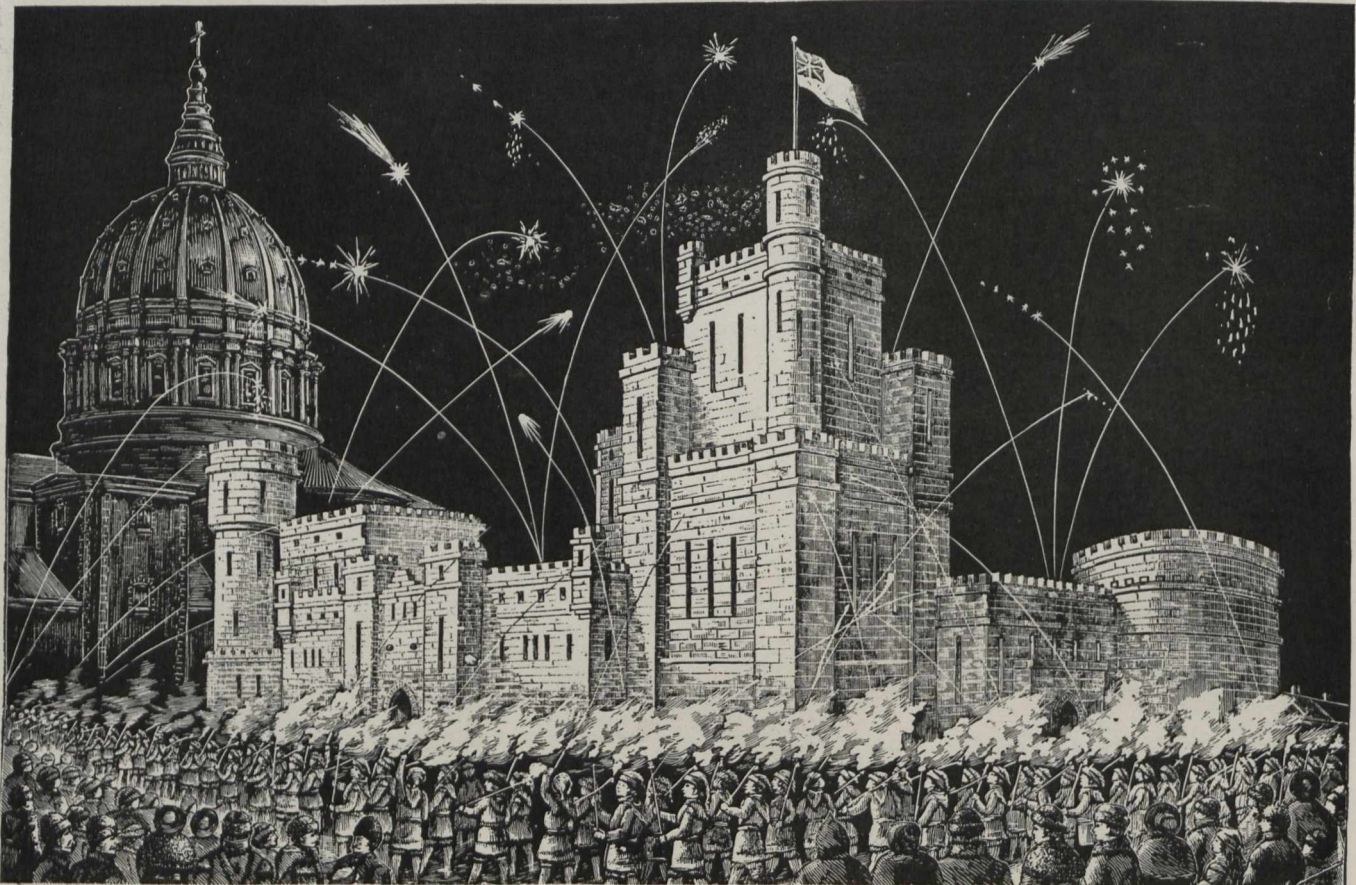
Twenty-One Years Ago

At the time of the Montreal Carnival of 1889, the last until 1909, Messrs. William Notman Son collected this very interesting series of views of the celebration. They will be found of interest by those who do not know what a Winter Carnival is like, as well as those whose memory will be stirred by some of the pictures. Most of the scenes depicted on this and the opposite page will be duplicated at the present Carnival with twentieth century embellishments or modifications.



Last Year's Ice Palace

The Castle of 1909 was the first for twenty years, and stood on Fletcher's Field, on the west side of Park Avenue. The towers were sixty-five feet high. One was planned to run up to a hundred and sixty feet, but, owing to the mild weather, could not be completed in time.



Storming the Ice Castle Twenty-Three Years Ago

Roman Catholic Cathedral just east of it, the scene of the night attack was picturesque in the extreme. The illustration is reproduced from a sketch in the Montreal "Witness" of the period.

The site of the Palace of 1887 was Dominion Square, fronting on the lower side of Dorchester Street, and with the great

News Photos



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



Ice Palaces of Earlier Days

On the right is a view of the first Montreal Ice Palace, erected in 1883. It was square, with corner towers fifty feet high, and the central tower was capped with a spire reaching to a height of nearly one hundred feet. The picture on the left shows the palace of 1885, which was much more pretentious. Both of these were erected on Dominion Square.



The Roarin' Game

A sport which is always a source of enjoyment, is curling. Men, both old and young, anxious to relieve their minds of thoughts of business cares, take an active interest in the roarin' game, and during the winter evenings the rinks are full. The illustration depicts a game in progress at the Montreal Club.



Outdoor Children

Young Canadians love the winter. Games in the snow are to them just as enjoyable as sailing, or any of the sports of the delightful summer. This is a scene on Fletcher's Field. —Gleason, Photo.



The Montreal Park Toboggan Slide

Tobogganning is the great experience for winter visitors to Montreal, and this picture shows the headquarters of the sport. There is nothing quite like it: the anticipation; the start; the swift plunge down the steep chute; the dip at the foot; the unbroken journey on, on, on, over ice so keen that it adds impetus to the speed; and, finally,

the slowing up, and it is over. It has taken less than a minute, but the speed attained at certain parts of the journey was at the marvellous rate of three miles a minute. Then comes the long walk back with the trailing toboggan, and there is a glow in the heart that is reflected on the cheeks of those who go in for this healthy and exhilarating form of outdoor sport.



Another View of the Park Slide

This picture shows the happy natural surroundings of the long slide, the actual end of which is several hundred feet from the spot in the foreground. At the right of the picture may be seen men, women, and children, with trailing toboggans, after a slide leisurely wending their way back to the top.



The Walk Back

Tobogganers with some skiing enthusiasts returning to the top of the slide.



The Leaping Toboggan

To glide down a natural hill instead of a conventional "slide" is perhaps a little more exciting, if the snow be hard enough. Note the shadows under this toboggan showing the leap it is making at the foot of the declivity.

—Photos by United Photographic Stores.



Snowshoers Attack the Ice Castle

The storming of the Palace by several thousand members of the various Snowshoe Clubs, and witnessed by 150,000 people, is always the most spectacular feature of the Carnival.



Beginning a Fascinating Sport

Off in a secluded spot of Mount Royal, a young man was snapped teaching a young lady how to ski. Note the anxious look on his face.

—Gleason, Photo.



A Solitary Tramp

Every Saturday afternoon during January and February, snowshoers, one by one, or in parties of from two or three to fifty, are to be seen dotted all over Mount Royal.

—Gleason, Photo.



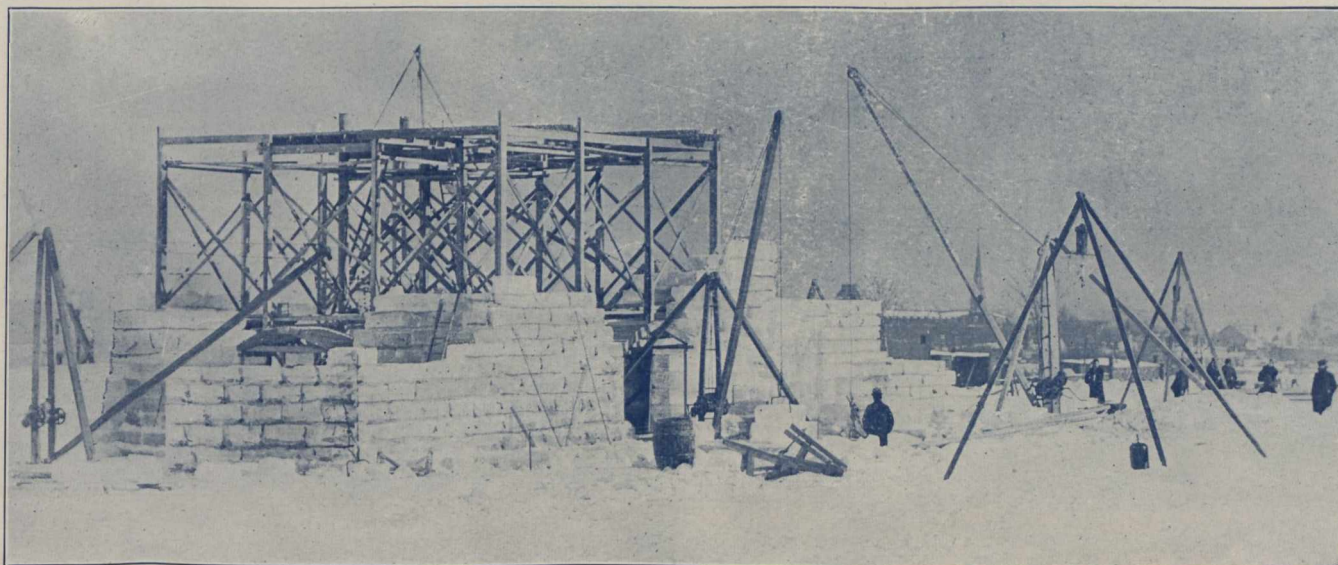
Snowshoeing Girls

Group of young ladies climbing the slopes of Mount Royal.—*Photo, United Photographic Stores.*



The Mountain Drive

A horse-back ride or a sleigh drive over the smooth snow road that winds around Mount Royal, gradually leading to its summit, is a real delight.



Building the Ice Palace

On January 14th this was the condition of the Ice Palace. There has been a lot of hard work done since then, gangs of builders being at work night and day.



A Skating Masquerade

Whether one is a participator or merely a spectator, the fancy dress skating parties given at the big Montreal rinks will be found among the interesting features of the Carnival season. The grace of the ladies, the swift strength of the men, the dazzling costumes of all lands and all periods, and the music of the bands combine to make the occasion memorable for visitors.



Inviting Quarters

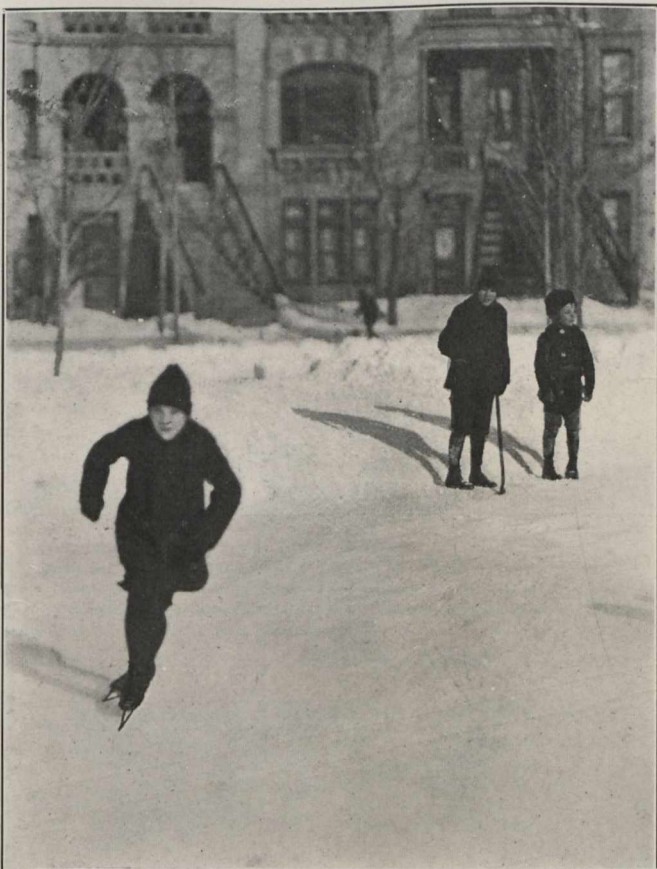
This is the interior of the comfortable home of the Park Toboggan Club at the head of the famous slide. The members are essentially "out-of-doors" people, but there are times when they appreciate a cosy fire and a brief rest in a mission arm-chair.

—Photo by Stroud Photo Supply Co.



A Tandem Drive

Few cities can boast of more luxurious equipages than the winter sleighs of Montreal. On fine afternoons one may see on the mountain drives, four-in-hands, and tandems or pairs of splendid horses, their owners snugly covered with rich musk-ox robes.



The Boys Skate on Vacant Lots



And the Girls Tramp on Snowshoes

—Gleason, Photo.

*Pictures of
Canadian
Scenes*

While it is the aim of the Editor to publish pictures showing the great events of the world, we are most interested in our own country. Therefore, we want Canadian pictures. But we want them immediately after they are taken and not several weeks afterwards. Family groups as a rule cannot be used. Such photos as are found suitable for reproduction will be paid for. It is impossible for the Editor to say from description whether any picture could be accepted. It must be submitted. If stamps are enclosed reasonable care will be taken to see that all pictures declined are returned, but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible if any should fail to reach their destination. Mark "Canadian Picture" and address: Managing Editor, "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



Tobogganing Twenty Years Ago

Before the opening of the present Park Slide, this very much less pretentious but none the less enjoyable slide was very popular in the west end of Montreal. In those days ladies sat up in front; now the rules of the slides forbid that. For greater safety they must lie on the toboggan. The slides to-day have much narrower tracks than those seen in the picture.

—Photo. Courtesy of S. W. Filer, 148 Peel Street.



On the Slopes of Mount Royal

An amateur about to take a jump on skis. Notice the dog who has started before him.

—United Photographic Stores, Photo.

The Legacy

A Complete Story by J. J. Bell

Author of "Wee Macgregor," etc.

(Published by special arrangement)



PRECISELY as the five o'clock steamer passed the cottage, Mrs. McBean set the freshly-filled kettle on the fire. After a glance at the tea-table with its abundance of homely fare, she stepped across the kitchen to the window. Peter ought to be in sight immediately, and on this spring evening she was particularly anxious to catch a glimpse of his face ere he reached the cottage. Her right hand browned and withered, was laid against the shutter as if for support; her left was pressed to her breast, whence came, as she heaved a sigh, a faint rustle of paper.

She hoped—she almost prayed—that her husband might return as cheerful of humour as he had left her that morning, when he had taken the steamer to Glasgow in order to receive payment of a legacy of two hundred and fifty pounds bequeathed to him by a cousin who, having made a small fortune in Canada, had died there, remembering at the last his old home and sundry of his old friends. She had smiled happily on Peter as he set out to catch the early steamer, bidding him hasten home again to assure her that the much discussed legacy was really a fact; and now she almost dreaded his return.

The kettle began to "sing," and she started at the familiar sound. Peter ought to have rounded the bend of the shore-road by now. Had he missed the steamer? Had he been stopped by some of the village gossips? It was not fair of him when he knew she was waiting to be assured that the money was real.

"Haste ye, Peter," she murmured, and then remembered the paper at her breast. How a bit of flimsy paper with a few lines of writing can blight one's whole world of satisfaction!

Mrs. McBean gave a shiver, and her sight became blurred. When she had wiped her eyes she saw her husband. He came along briskly, jauntily for an old man to whom rheumatism was no stranger. He waved one hand and patted his chest significantly with the other. She waved also, and felt the paper in her bosom. She turned abruptly from the window. The kettle was boiling, and she was glad to have something to do.

Peter entered the kitchen, chuckling, and banged the door behind him.

"See what I was buyin', Marget," he cried. "Ye'll be upsides wi' yer neebours noo!"

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered, staring at the small packet he had pushed into her hand. "Oh, Peter, what's this?"

"Look an' see!" he returned, with a great hearty laugh.

With awkward fingers she removed the white paper, uncovering a white box.

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered once more, and opened the box. It contained, resting on cotton wool, a big gold brooch set with a single amethyst, an old-fashioned ornament, but dazzling to her eyes. She said never a word.

"I was thinkin' it was time that ye had a bit joolry forbye yer chain," said Peter pleasantly. "Hoo dae ye like it, auld wife?"

"Oh, Peter, ye're ower guid to me," she said, at last, striving to keep back the tears. "I wasna needin'—"

"D'ye no like it?"

"Ay, I like it, but—but I dinna ken what to say to ye Peter. I—I hope it didna cost an awfu' heap o' siller. But it—it's rale bonny, Peter; it's rale braw, an—an' I'm that proud to get it. Did—did it cost an awfu'—?"

"Tits, wife! Never heed aboot that. If ye like it, that's an end to the story.

I've aye wanted ye to ha'e as braw a brooch as Mistress Macadam, an' I believe I've got ye a brawer! An' I brocht the money to let ye see afore it gangs to the bank. Ye can coont it yersel', efter we've had wur tea? Is't near ready?"

"Jist ready. The money was a' richt, Peter?"

"Every penny. I've been blessing' puir Georgie a' the road hame."

"Ay, I wish Georgie could ken what he's done for us. Sit doon, Peter. Ye'll be hungry."

"Try on yer brooch, Marget."

"Oh, na, na. I'll keep it for the Saw-bath."

"Try it on noo. Never heed yer auld claes."

As she fastened it at her neck, to please him, the paper under her bodice rustled, and her wet eyes grew fearful. But Peter was looking at the brooch.

"My! it suits ye fine! Keep it on till efter we've had wur meat," he said, and began to cut bread, while she poured out tea.

A little later he noticed that she was eating nothing.

"What ails ye, wife?" he demanded. "Are ye no' weel?"

"I'm fine, Peter, I'm fine," she answered hurriedly.

"Ye're no' looking' extra fine. Ye dinna look as if yer man had come hame wi' twa hunner an' fifty pound in his pooch. Eh? Are ye no' pleased wi' yer brooch?"

"Aw, Peter, I'm pleased—I'm jist terrible pleased wi' ma brooch," she protested. "But, ye see, it was a—terrible surprise to get it. Maybe that's the reason I'm no' hungry."

"An' ye've never speirt what adventures I had the day," he proceeded, after a long pull at his tea-cup. "A body wud think ye wasna heedin' about the siller."

"Oh, but I'm heedin' aboot it. Tell me yer adventures."

"I had nane," he said, with a hearty laugh. "It was a' as easy as A B C, a' the lawyer body parted wi' the cash as if it was dirt. I got it a' in f've-pound notes an' they'll gang to the bank the mornin' mornin'. But I'll tell ye something that'll gar ye sit up, auld wife."

"What, Peter?"

"I've decided to retire frae business!" This with another laugh.

An inarticulate cry escaped the old woman.

"Dinna speak till I've tell't ye a aboot it," said Peter. "Ye see, I've been thinkin' aboot retirin' since I first got word o' Georgie's legacy. I've been workin' hard for fifty year. An' when I got the cash in ma haun' the day, I thoct aboot retirin' mair serious nor ever. An' when I got near hame the night, an' seen auld Jake Munro sittin' at his door, in his carpet slippers, smokin' his pipe, an' readin' his paper, as happy as a king, wi' naethin' to bother him—I made up ma mind to follow his guid example, an' retire frae business as sune as possible."

"But Peter—"

"Whisht, wumman! I'm no' feenished yet. As I was sayin', I've been thinkin' aboot it since I heard o' Georgie's legacy. Afore that I never had ony notion o' retirin'—till I couldna help it. But I've been calculatin', an' I see ma road clear. Wi' the siller we've got pit by, an' the legacy, an' what I could get for the nursery an' the tomato-houses, there wud be plenty to keep you an' me as weel as we are the noo, as lang as we're spared. I wudna ha' risked it wi'oot the legacy, but noo—weel, what think ye, Marget?"

She did not answer at once. She could not. Her simple mind was in a turmoil of warring thoughts. At last she managed to speak.

"Are ye no' weel, Peter? Are ye feelin' no' fit for yer wark?"

"I never felt better nor fitter. But I've been workin' hard for fifty year, an' I've as muckle richt to tak' it easy as ony man—as muckle richt as Jake Munro. As I cam' by I speirt at him hoo he liket daein' naething. He said he hadna enjoyed hissel sae weel since he was a laddie."

With an effort the old woman said: "But Jake Munro has neither wife nor bairns to heed aboot. He's a—"

"But did I no tell ye there wud be plenty for you an' me, Marget? D'ye think I wud stop workin' if I wasna sure you wud be safe frae want?"

"Oh, Peter, ye ken I didna mean that. But—"

"An' the bairns need naethin' frae us," he went on in tones of satisfaction. "Thenk the Lord, they're a' daein' weel—every yin o' them, lad an' lass—especially John. Deed, wife, I'll no' be surprised if John daes something han'some for us auld yins afore he's many years aulder. I'm proud o' John. It's no every young man that can start business on his ain account wi' his ain savin's. I'm thinkin' John'll no stop at a single grocery shop. What ails ye, wife?" Peter stared across the table in alarm.

Marget's lips were moving without a sound in a most piteous fashion; her hand clutched her breast. Peter did not hear the faint rustle of paper.

"What ails ye, dearie?" he cried, rising.

"Sit doon, Peter; sit doon, man," she contrived to mutter. "I—I'm better noo. Dinna be feart."

"But what was it?"

"Oh, just a bit pain; a—a—"

"Pain! Whaur was the pain?"

"I think it was in ma hert; but it's awa' noo. Dinna fash yersel'." She made a miserable failure of a smile.

"In yer hert!" His voice was full of dismay. "I best gang for the doctor—"

"Na, na. I tell ye I'm better."

But it took a long time to persuade him that she was. He was not wholly satisfied when, after tea, he set out to visit his nursery and tomato-houses.

"I'll no' be lang," he said kindly. "Sit doon, an' rest ye, Marget. Maybe," he added, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's you that sud be retirin' frae business. But when I retire, I'll ha'e to help ye aboot the hoose."

Mrs. McBean tried to smile as he passed through the gate. Then she went back to the kitchen and tidied up, doing all the little chores methodically as was her wont, while now and then the paper in her bosom crackled softly. Everything being set in order and the hearth made bright, she seated herself in her accustomed chair and drew the paper from her bosom. It was a letter, and since its arrival in the morning, shortly after her man's departure, she had learned its contents almost by heart. She read it once more, but gained neither hope nor comfort from its pages. Unchecked, the tears ran down her face.

"What am I to dae?" she asked herself. "Hoo am I to tell Peter? Oh, I canna tell him; I canna tell him, an' him that prood an' happy."

She put her hand to her throat, for it hurt her, and came upon her husband's gift. How proud she would have been of the brooch a day ago! She unpinned it, and, rising unsteadily, put it safely away. And then she went back to asking herself what she was to do, and getting no answer.

The clock struck eight, warning her that Peter would soon be home. Going to the window she perceived him coming along the road. His step was less jaunty than it had been three hours earlier; still, he looked a cheerful old man.

Marget drew back from the window, the letter clutched in her hand. What was she to do? In a panic she laid the letter on the table, and hurried from the kitchen and the cottage.

As she reached the open air she heard the tramp of her husband on the dry, sandy road. She slipped round a great rhododendron that almost filled one half of the small garden, and sank, all quaking, on a rough bench. It was dusk, and the air was growing chilly. She heard the click of the gate, the crunching of the

gravel, Peter's heavy tread on entering the cottage. And she clasped her hands and prayed incoherently, while she saw agonising visions of what was passing in the kitchen. She had always feared her husband a little; she knew that he could be stern, severe, hard; that of all things he hated failure, and found failure on the part of others most difficult to forgive. She had no hope that he would forgive, much less help, in this case. Her small world with all its simple joys had fallen about her ears. She sat there awaiting the worst.

Peter found the letter on the table. "Frae John," he said to himself. "What wey did she no' tell me? Marget!" he called.

Without waiting for her answer he sat down eagerly to read it, peering at it in the dusk rather than waste a moment in lighting the lamp. After all, there was sufficient light for bad news.

He gave a gasp, and then his face became set and merciless. He read through the letter—it was not long—that told how his eldest son, in whom he had taken so much pride, was in desperate straits for lack of money. John wrote the dismal tale of how he had attempted too big a business on too small a capital; of how his customers delayed paying their accounts while his creditors would wait no longer for theirs; of how it would take the impossible sum of three hundred pounds to save him from bankruptcy. A commonplace tale—when it does not come too near home.

Peter McBean read his son's letter a second time, without any relaxation of his rugged old features. He turned it over to read it a third time, but now the light failed him. He dropped it on his knee and sat motionless. Nearly an hour went by.

"Marget!" he called.

Out in the garden she heard her name and shuddered. Perhaps it was well that she made no response at all.

Five minutes passed. The fire had burned low.

"Marget!" he called again, and there was no softening in his voice.

But all of a sudden the question smote him. Where was his wife? The memory stabbed him. She had not been well at tea-time. If anything were to happen to Marget—!

He got up coughing loudly. Groping across the almost dark room he whispered her name. He opened the door of the seldom-used parlour. Not there.

"Marget," he said unsteadily.

He went out to the gate and peered up and down the road, feeling strangely helpless. He was in the midst of silences, save for the slow, melancholy wash of the water on the beach below where he stood. Fear leapt upon him.

"Ma Marget," broke from his lips, involuntarily, all but soundlessly; "whaur are ye?"

A slight noise reached his ears.

He came upon her in her retreat before she was aware. She was on her knees on the cold grass.

And his eyes were opened, so that in the bowed, shrunken figure he beheld the old woman who still toiled bravely for his comfort, the woman who had borne his sons and daughters, the woman he had courted long ago—so long ago. And her agony in the little garden was less, though, longer than his.

She realised his presence and tried to rise. He helped her to her feet and kept his arm round her, for she seemed about to fall.

"Marget," he said hoarsely, "ye maun gang an' see John first thing the mornin' mornin'. Tak' him this—he pressed a softish packet into her hand—"an' tell him—tell him his fayther'll no' see him beat. Tell him that, wife. An' tak' guid care o' what I've gi'd ye."

"But, what is't, Peter?" she stammered.

"Oh, jist the legacy; jist the legacy, he replied, with a queer laugh.

"Oh, Peter, Peter, ma guid-man, Peter!" "Whisht, auld wife! Ye—ye wasna the only yin to ha'e a pain in yer heart. Come ben the hoose, or ye'll be gettin' yer death o' cauld."

Presently they entered the cottage together.

*With the
Wits*

THE CONDITIONS

He—"Will you share my lot?"
She—"Yes, when you have a house on it that is paid for."

SOME ON HAND

"Have you given some fresh water to the goldfish, Anna?" "No, ma'am; they have not finished what I gave them the other day."

DISTINCTION

Little Willie—"What is logic, pa?" Pa—"Logic, my son, is your line of argument in a controversy." Little Willie—"And what is sophistry?" Pa—"The other fellows'."

SOLICITUDE

"Here!" shouted the railway official. "What do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?" The porter gasped in astonishment, and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again: "Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform."

WAITING FOR A BARGAIN

A very wealthy man, remarkable for his thrifty habits, had been elected for Parliament at a bye-election, but, although a week had elapsed, he had not arrived at Westminster. "It is strange," said a fellow-member to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "that— doesn't turn up." "Not at all," was the ready reply. "He's probably waiting for an excursion train."

THE TROUBLE

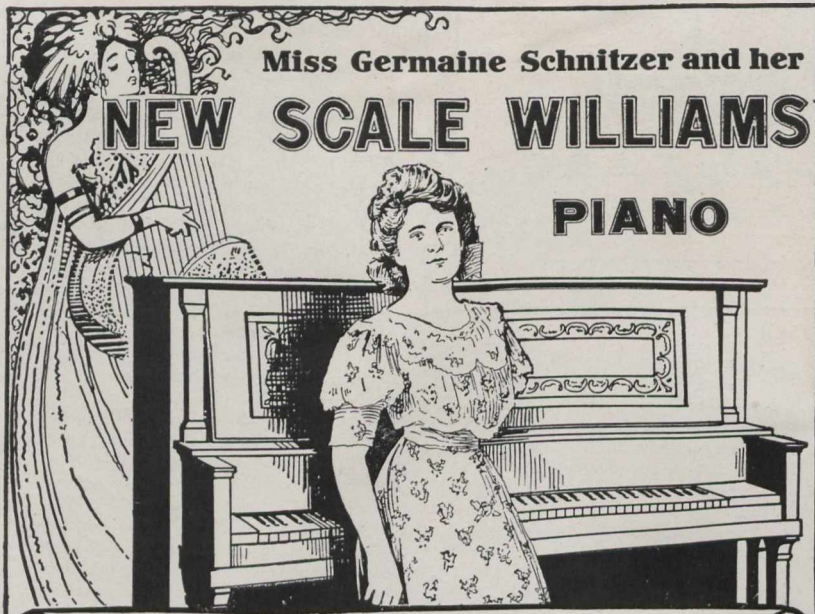
The doctor prescribed strict adherence to a carefully arranged diet, and wound up by saying, "Now, remember, stick to that, and mind, one cigar a day—no more." A fortnight later the patient was no better. The doctor catechised him about the diet, but he had obeyed orders to the letter. "Well," said the doctor, "what about the smoking?" "That must be the matter," said the patient, "I don't think I've got used to it yet. You see, I never smoked before in my life."

HIS SACRIFICE

He was a good little boy and very thoughtful. It was during a long spell of dry weather and he had heard of the great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers. "Mamma," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?" "That is what the papers say, my dear." "Mamma," he presently said, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls." His mother gave him a fond look. "Yes, dear. And what would you like to give up?" "Mamma," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very, very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed."

THEY ALMOST LAUGHED

A certain celebrity being invited to speak at the hall of a very small provincial town, decided to give his audience a taste of his humour, and prepared a lecture teeming with jokes and laughter-raising passages. The people of the place were very seriously affected by the prospects of so great and so famous a man coming among them, and the hall was filled. As the lecturer entered a hush fell upon the audience. In his very best spirits he began his lecture. It was his intention to set his audience into a roar of laughter at the very beginning, but his effort was in vain. The people sat there in open-wonder, swallowing big tremendous fictions as a great and beneficial truth. For an hour and a half he labored to produce a smile, but all to no purpose. When he had concluded his lecture and was leaving the hall, quite convinced that he should never succeed with that lecture, he was met by an old man who gravely said:—"Gov'ner, I'm much obliged for that theer lecture of yourn, and I want to make a leetle apology for me an' some of my neighbors, for I dissay mebbe you noticed some on us looked like as how we wanted to laugh. Twarn't no feelin' av disrespect for you, gov'ner; but two or three times we could n't hardly help snickerin' right out!"



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FITTING THE CRIME

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years!"

NOT HER FAULT

The Lady Fare—"You cannot cheat me, my man. I haven't ridden in cabs for 25 years for nothing." The Cabby—"Haven't you, mum? Well, you've done your best."

NOT FOR A CHILD'S EARS

Tommy—"Father, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?" Father—"Yes, my son." Tommy—"And what does he call himself afterwards?" Father—"I wouldn't like to tell you, my son."

CHARGED

Gracie—"Oh, Mr. Nocoyno, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!" Nocoyno—"W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it to-morrow."

MYSTERIOUS CREATURES

First Parlormaid (reading from the paper)—"Jane, it says here that another octogenarian is dead." "What's an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures; you never hear of 'em but they're dyin'!"

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting." "And the difference between you and a glass?" said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished!"

TEMPORARY SUSPENSION

A neighbor called to sympathise with an old woman whose husband had been carried to the churchyard the day before. He found her eating porridge with a good appetite. She looked up and saw him standing uncertain in the doorway. "Ye'll be winnerin' I'm no greetin'," she remarked, going on with her meal; "but I hev been greetin', an' I'm gaun to greet again as soon's I've suppit this drappie o' milk parritch."

A POSER

Alice toiled slowly up the stairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she encountered. Being just six, she was at the inquiring age, and endeavored to make everybody's life a burden to them. The first person she encountered was Bridget, the upstairs girl. "Pwease, Bwidget," she piped, "gif me the letters of the alfabit." "Slowly and impressively Bridget complied. "An' now, Bridget," proceeded Alice, "pwease gif me the letters vat aint in the alfabit."

HIS FIRST

Little Robert and "Jim," the grocer's delivery man, were great friends, and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for "Jim's" coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of trousers?"

ALL IN A NAME

A well-dressed man entered a florist's shop, threw down a sovereign, and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He was very unsteady, evidently having been on the spree, and the flowers were evidently intended as a domestic peace-offering. The florist picked out a dozen chrysanthemums, and the customer started to leave. At the door he hesitated. "I say, he said thickly, "watsh these flowerh called?" "Chrysanthemums." The customer shook his head: "Gotter have somethin' easier than that," he said. "Gimme a dozen pinks."

PROMOTED

A year ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk. "What do you want?" he asked. "Want my pay raised." "What are you getting?" "Ten shillings a week." "Well, how much do you think you are worth?" "Fifteen shillings." "You think so, do you?" "Yessir, an' I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it!" The boy got the rise.



A Peaceful Farm Home

This charming winter rural scene is from a painting by J. Kerr Lawson, in the possession of the publishers of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL. The smoke from the chimney of an old-time Canadian farm house curls lazily upwards into the early chill grey air of a calm wintry morning. The mantle of snow which has fallen during the night is undisturbed save for the foot-prints of the farm dog on his early morning rounds.

Hands and Feet in Winter



TENDENCY to coldness of the 'extremities' is often due to poor circulation or to a somewhat impoverished condition of the blood. In the latter case it is advisable to consult a physician and take a tonic or whatever

he recommends. Sometimes the circulation can be stimulated by exercise or local treatment to banish the discomfort.

The woman whose hands are habitually cold should never wear tight gloves and should have the sleeves of all her gowns easy-fitting. Tight sleeves, or those that "catch" the arm anywhere, are not only uncomfortable but, by interfering with the circulation, spoil the appearance of the hands. An exercise to warm up the hands is to let them hang loosely, the fingers quite limp, and then shake them briskly from the wrists, the rest of the arm being kept stiff. Then rub the hands, gently but firmly, each finger receiving attention. Repeat the treatment a few times daily.

Do not wash the hands in hot water in the cold weather. It is difficult to keep the hands in good condition if hard water is used on them. Do not wash them oftener than need be during the day. When you do, use tepid soft water and a good mild soap or a little bag of mixed bran and shaved castile soap. Rinse off in water of the same temperature and dry with a soft towel. Rub the hands gently together until they feel smooth, when they will be perfectly dry, which is not the case after a simple wiping with a towel. The kid or chamois gloves worn out of doors should be sufficiently easy fitting not to impede circulation. If a muff is not carried and wool gloves are worn, it is better, in order to keep the hands smooth, to wear an old kid pair next the skin. After washing the hands at night before going to bed, rub in some emollient, a cold cream, a lotion of glycerine, cucumber and rose water, or whatever you have found most agreeable. The nails may require a little extra attention to keep them from becoming brittle. Warm a drop or two of olive oil or sweet almond oil, wrap a little absorbent cotton around the sharp end of the orange wood stick, moisten in the oil, and use when pushing back the cuticle at the base of the nail, also under the edge at the tip.

Warm the feet before going to bed, by rubbing them with the hands. Immerse them first in the warm water of the bath, dry with the rough bath towel, then rub with the hands until they feel warm. If necessary have the sheets warmed, but do not use a hot water bottle at the feet. If you get them warm before going to bed they will likely remain so without outside applications other than enough bed-clothes. Holding the feet under the cold water tap in the morning and then rubbing them vigorously is an effective way of getting up the circulation. Also exercise the feet by rising on tiptoes a few times, wringing the toes, etc. Before going out for a walk in winter, if the feet have a tendency to get cold, put on warm soft stockings freshly aired, and comfortable shoes, neither too loose nor too tight.



An Open-Air Play Porch

The winter months need not be the least enjoyable of the baby's existence, nor the least health giving. The very little children cannot be allowed to play in the snow with the larger boys and girls for any length of time, but they can have lots of fresh air.

One mother, whose little three-year-old son was rather delicate, and who wished to have him spend as much time as possible out of doors, devised a way of turning the verandah into a bright, airy play-room. Half the verandah extending along one side of the house was enclosed with a framework filled in with panes of glass. One side and end were thus enclosed, the wall of the house formed the other side, and the remaining end was left open, so that the playroom was always full of ozone-laden air. A canvas curtain was

1848 1910

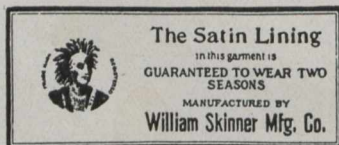


Skinner's Satin

(27 and 36 inches wide)

Guaranteed to wear two seasons, or we will re-line the garment free of charge.

Practically every day there may be seen in the newspapers the advertisement of some Dry Goods or Department Store reading as follows:—"The above garments are of the finest possible material and workmanship, and are lined throughout with Skinner's Satin." Be sure that the lining is Skinner's Satin by looking for the Skinner Guarantee Label.



This label should be sewed on all garments lined with Skinner's Satin. We guarantee that if a lining does not wear two seasons we will re-line the garment free of charge. A sixty-two years' reputation is back of this guarantee.

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SKINNER'S SATIN

woven in every inch of the selvage. If your dealer does not handle it send to us for samples or submit a sample of the cloth you wish to match.

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MANUFACTURING CO.

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NEW YORK CITY

New York Mills: Philadelphia
Chicago Holyoke, Mass. Boston
Established 1848

put up across the open end so that, in case it was stormy or the wind blew strongly from that direction, it could be lowered, but this was seldom necessary. On sunny days the temperature inside the glazed playroom was almost as warm as that within the house, owing to the concentration of the sun's rays by the glass. It might even be necessary to pin up newspapers, or have blinds put on, as the sun grew stronger towards spring.

An old goat-skin rug was placed on the floor of the verandah. At one end was a box for the toys and playthings, and when the lid was closed the box could be used as a seat, although there was room for the favorite little arm-chair. A shelf rounded off at the corners held picture books and drawing-slate, etc., and a peg was put up for hanging on the little harness which with its jingling bells was one of the most popular of playthings.

The little fellow grew to like his airy play-room so much that he scarcely wanted to come into the house at all. When he took his afternoon nap, it was warmly wrapped up, in a hammock slung across the end of the porch, with a shade shielding his face from the bright light. As being constantly in the open air made him hungry between meals, he was given a small cup of chicken broth, warm milk, custard or something light and nourishing about the middle of the forenoon and again in the afternoon. He was kept warmly but not heavily dressed while at play.



Housework Made Easy

It used to be said that there were many inventions for helping men in their work, but few for lightening the tasks of women. That cannot be said any longer, for there are scores of articles intended to save labor and to make much of the work in the kitchen easier and more agreeable in the doing. Brain work has come to the aid of hand work in the kitchen as elsewhere. The gas range was one of the greatest comforts to the house-wife, considering the even heat ready at the touch of a match, the cleanliness and absence of ashes. Now comes the fireless cooker, a saving in fuel, doing its work so steadily that it can go on all by itself. There are bread-mixing machines which greatly lessen the expenditure of energy in bread making, little churns for whipping cream, and egg-beaters which do the work in half the time and with a fraction of the muscular effort that was needed with the old-time fork. Measuring cups ensure accuracy; there are little machines for paring apples, others for removing the cores leaving the fruit whole, and scoops for making potato balls. Tea-balls retain the leaves and save clearing them out of the tea pot. Washing of pots and saucepans is made easier by the wire dish-cloth attached to a handle with one end sharpened for scraping. A stick brush furnished with wire and bristles comes to the rescue for clearing out pickle-bottles, etc. Both soap and hands are saved by the little contrivance for holding the soap and moving it about in the hot dish-water. Electric irons in the laundry are ready for use at a moment's notice.

Even house-cleaning time is made less of a night-mare by the application of the principle that a vacuum, a "space entirely devoid of matter," can be attained by an air pump. It would be interesting and instructive if somebody would make out a complete list of the labor-saving devices, little and big, for use in the work of the house, from egg-beaters to vacuum carpet sweepers. Those mentioned are only a few taken at random.

It is important, especially in a home where most of the work is done by the mother herself, that the kitchen be furnished with as many helps and labor-saving contrivances as possible. Most of them are inexpensive, and as with reasonable care they last a good while, some small additional articles can be added from time to time when there is a little house-keeping money to spare, until the list of utensils is fairly complete. With them one can do the work much more easily and quickly, saving energy, nerve force and time for companionship with the family, and other things that come among the duties of the home-maker who would be a housekeeper, but more than that,



We are determined to convince you that Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will not injure your hair or scalp.

We, ourselves, most positively affirm it is absolutely free from danger. To be doubly sure, show the list of ingredients, given with each bottle, to your own doctor. Then ask him if such ingredients, when perfectly pure and properly combined, could possibly injure your hair or scalp. Ask him about your using Hall's Hair Renewer for falling hair, or for dandruff. Never use a hair preparation your own doctor would not endorse.

Remember: Hall's Hair Renewer does not color the hair.

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

Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk when used, is dainty and delicious, highly nutritive, and most easily digested. Infants thrive on it, and delicate or aged persons enjoy it.

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

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FOOD**



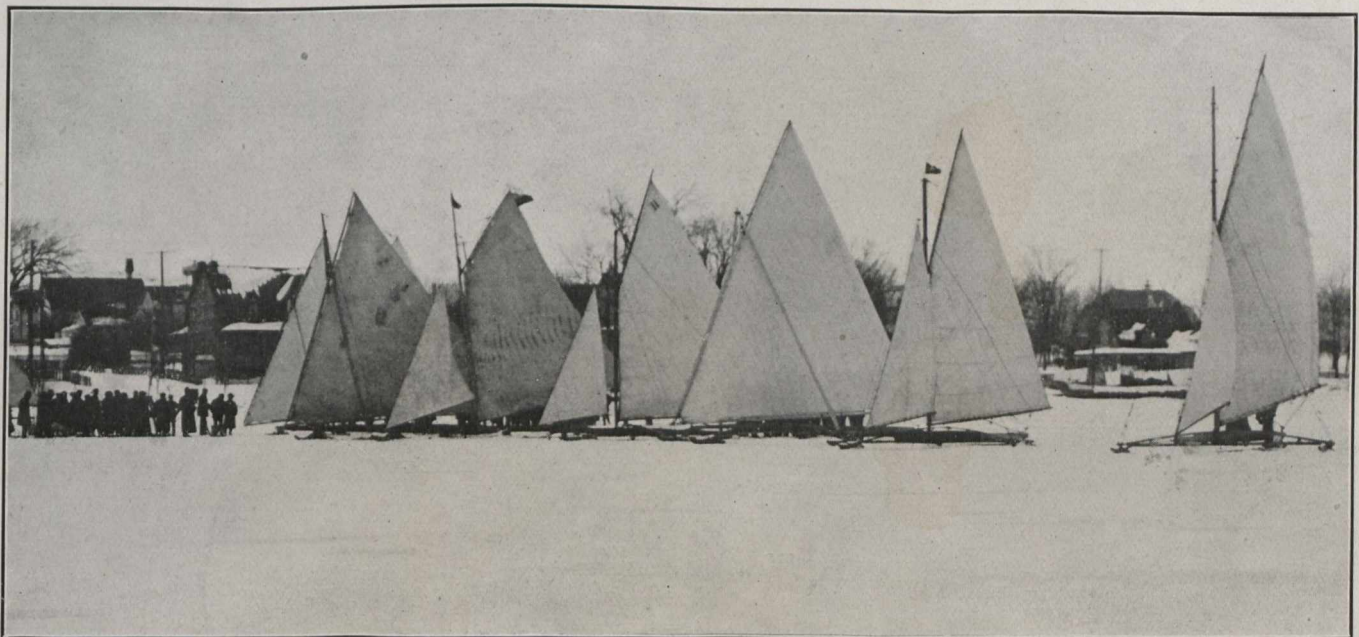
Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The talc we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply, it, send 25c. for full size box.

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A Perfect Ski Jump.

People who know say that this picture represents more accurately than any they ever saw, the correct attitude for jumping.



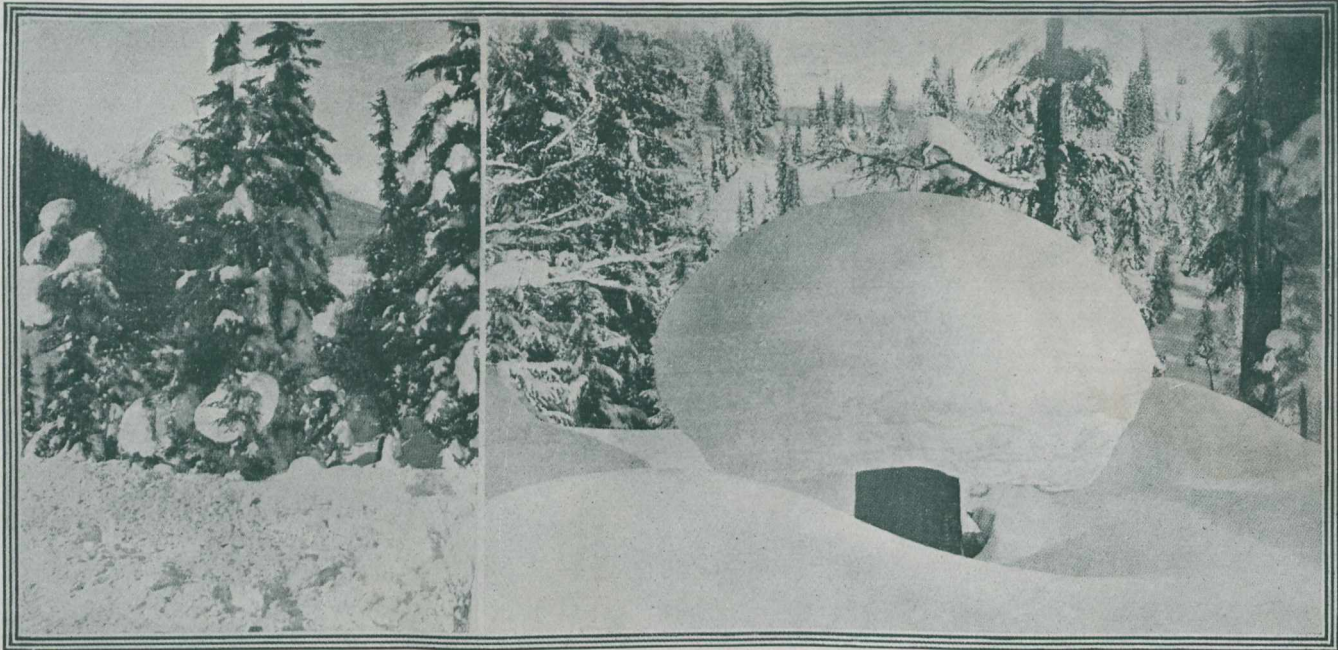
A Fleet of Ice Boats on Lake St. Louis.

—Photo Copyright by Notman.



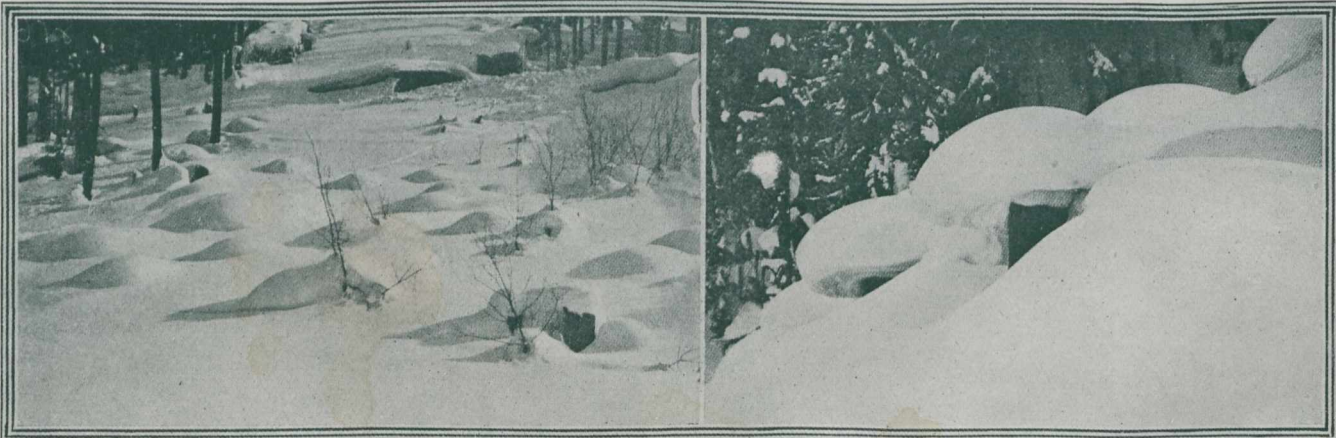
The Mountain Slopes are Peopled with Little Ones every Afternoon.

—Photos by United Photographic Stores.



"Snow Mushrooms"

Among the many curious shapes of snowfall and snowdrift which I have investigated none were stranger than the snow mushrooms which I found in the Selkirk Mountains, British Columbia, writes Dr. Vaughan Cornish, in the "Sphere." This range lies west of the Rockies, and here the winds from the Pacific Ocean deposit a great part of their load of moisture. In winter this takes the form of snow, falling thickly in large adherent flakes which settle slowly in the still air, apparently occupying so large a proportion of the atmospheric space that there seems hardly enough air left to breathe. In this adherent snow the first falling flakes cling to each excrescence, and the flakes which follow cling to those which have first found a prominent resting place. The fresh layers of snow unite solidly with the lower layers, pressure welding them together as in making compact balls with the hands from ordinary damp or binding snow. Heavy balls of snow cling to and weigh down the branches of the cedar and the pine, and great rounded bosses make grave mounds above the bushes or the short tree stumps, which they bury. Here and there, however, a broken tree trunk in the forest presents a rigid platform high above the ground upon which a detached boss of snow forms a cap, projecting and dependent, like that of Tam o' Shanter. The "mushrooms" are produced by the formation of snow caps upon the stumps left when the trees of the forest are felled.



Snow Domes Covering Stumps and Bushes

A Group of Tree-stump Mushrooms



Deer in Winter

These pictures were taken on the estate of Duke Ernest Günther of Schleswig-Holstein at Primkenau, but they apply with equal force to the shooting estates of Great Britain. Thus on the Deeside Highlands the deer become so tame in the depth of winter that they come down to the farm houses. Duke Ernest Günther is the brother of the German Empress.

—The Sphere.



LUBY'S
PARISIAN HAIR
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is a scalp food and tonic. It nourishes the roots of the hair and stimulates them to new growth. Always cures Dandruff. All druggists; 50c. bottle. R. J. DEVINS, Limited Agents, Montreal.



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Coffee

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CHASE & SANBORN, - MONTREAL.

SHREDDED

Insures sturdy health—a thorough enjoyment of the crisp winter weather.

To serve at this season—heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Delicious! Try it.

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. E. Collingwood, Ont.

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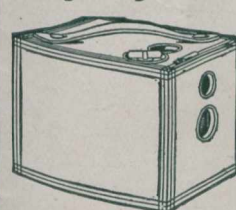
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Leo Slezak, the great tenor, now sings for you in the Edison Phonograph the same famous arias from the Grand Operas that the New York audiences pay \$5.00 a seat to hear. Just how great a singer Slezak is, is told in the following remark, quoted from the New York World the morning after a recent appearance of Slezak at the Metropolitan Opera House: "Caruso now has a rival."

Slezak has made ten records for the Edison, comprising the principal tenor songs from the more prominent roles of his repertoire—so that, while the New York opera goer pays \$5.00 a seat to hear Slezak in one opera, with the Edison Phonograph and Amberol Records you get Slezak at his best in his ten best roles, including Otello, Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Rhadames in Aida and Rodolfo in La Boheme.

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Which do YOU want, Madam, flour that's "bleached" or the other kind?

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Every bag is *properly aged* before being sold; the color of FIVE ROSES is Nature's own color as it exists in the sun-ripened Manitoba wheat.

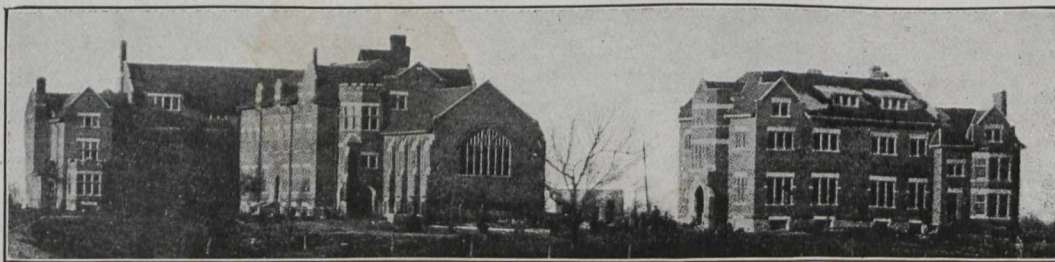
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Extracting only the creamy, meatiest heart of the polished kernels—why in the name of purity should *we* bleach?

If you *don't* want the bleached article, Madam—

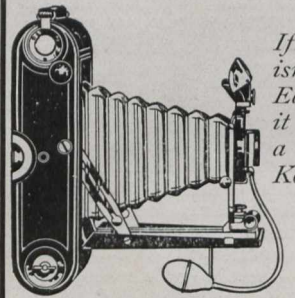
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"Paragon" in tins. "Inglass" in glass containers.

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are of highest and purest type capable of being produced. Packed on his fruit farms at Winona, Ont. In the heart of the great Niagara Fruit Belt. No Benzoate of Soda or other preservative, or no artificial coloring matter used in the manufacture of these goods. These things are injurious to health.

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Artistic Wig Makers
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The largest hair factory in Canada. Each department under skilful artists.

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We make all the latest Parisian designs in

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BOVRIL nourishes where beef tea only stimulates—

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BOVRIL is always ready, but beef tea requires great care and hours of preparation.

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**“CRYSTAL DIAMONDS”
For The Tea Table**

My lady wears her diamonds, to beautify her hands,
My lady wears her diamonds, in rings and gorgeous strands.
My lady now has “Diamonds,” of sparkling purity,
These brilliant “Crystal Diamonds,” for coffee and for tea.

“Crystal Diamonds” are the finest table sugar ever produced and are the result of 30 years experience in sugar refining. In attractive 5 pound cartoons and also by the pound.

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\$500.⁰⁰ in Cash Prizes

For the Best Guessers as to the Number of Ice Palace Ticket we will Sell and the amount the Committee will raise

Tickets are on Sale Now (10c. each) at our "Model Ice Palace"—Ground Floor

To help the Carnival Committee, Rea's have undertaken to sell 50,000 tickets of admission to the Ice Palace.

A unique representation of the real Palace has been erected within the store, and several booths put in for the sale of the tickets and all the requisites for outdoor amusements.

To interest the public in the advance sale of tickets, cash prizes totalling \$500.00 are offered.

Each purchaser of an Ice Palace Admission Ticket at 10c. has a chance to win a prize by guessing as to the number of tickets we will sell, and the total amount the Carnival Committee will raise. First prize is \$100.00.

These prizes will be awarded at the Ice Palace on Fletcher's Field, the last day of the Carnival.

Moccasins made of genuine buckskin of the first grade, extra strong.

- Men's sizes, 6 to 11.....**\$1.20**
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Skates from **39c.** to **\$6.00** a pair. The "LEADER" skates, with double end, all wanted sizes, pair.....**59c.**

Rea's Specialties:

Toques and Sashes, We import from Scotland the finest 4-ply fingering yarn. This is knitted under our own supervision, and the articles **are finished by hand.** These in standard, plain, or striped colors (absolutely fast dyed), sell at.....**75c.** each
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Tobogganing Mitts, for ladies and children, made to match the finer toques (made especially for REA'S), with the long gauntlet wrists, in black, white, scarlet, cardinal, sky, and navy. Priced up to **65c.** a pair.
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