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V. 6, no. 1, Dec. 1910

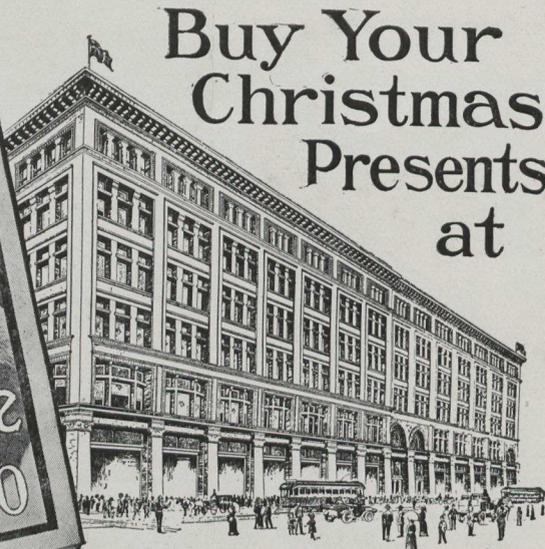
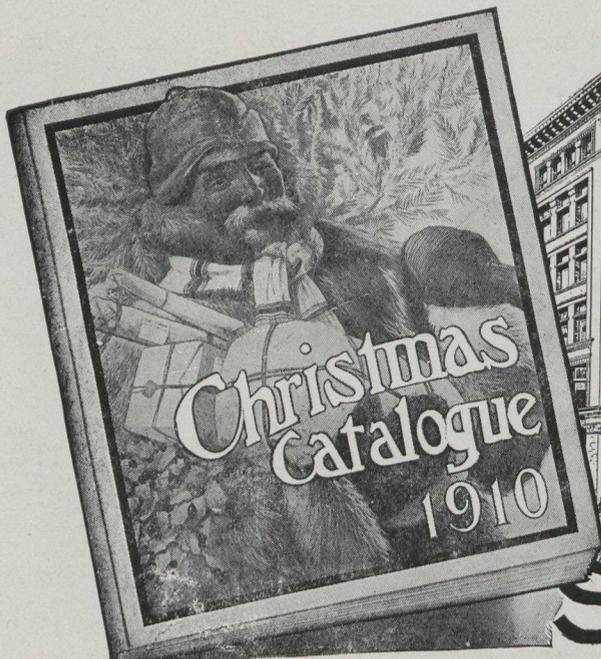
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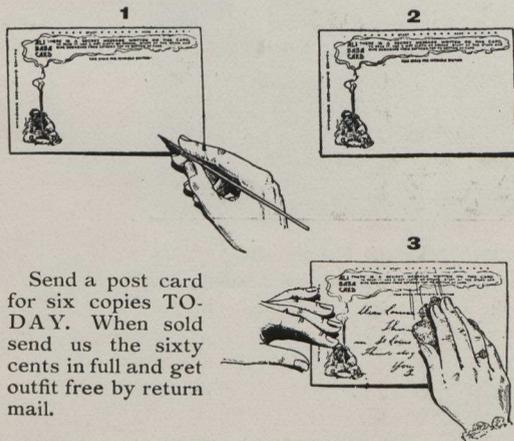
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Canada's Next Governor-General

It is expected that immediately after H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught's return from South Africa, where last month he opened the first United Parliament, his appointment as Governor-General of Canada will be officially announced. In the group with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are their son and daughter, Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia of Connaught.

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 6, No. 1

One Dollar
a Year

DECEMBER, 1910

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

The Nativity

Mary brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for Him in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger.

Christmas

ANOTHER year is waning, and by the time the next issue of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL reaches its readers nineteen hundred and eleven will have begun. In the meantime, however, there comes the greatest festival of the whole year—Christmas—that glad time when young and old, rich and poor, are drawn more closely together than at any other time; when the barriers that Society has raised, if not altogether broken down, are at least lowered. To the Christian world it is a time of joyous solemnity, recalling the wonderfully simple events surrounding the Nativity of the Christ-Child, the beginning of that Life which has sent its light on down through the centuries. The message of the angels: "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," still lives, and is heard with greater distinctness because the day set apart as the anniversary of the Saviour's birth draws near. Bickerings cease, petty differences are forgotten, selfish complaints are stifled, heart goes out to heart as hand meets hand, and the principle of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, and the ever-shining golden rule, hold sway. The hundreds of philanthropic institutions that we call "charities," while in many cases they are really relieving the State of its direct obligations, will do all in their power to brighten at this season the monotonous lives of their charges, and to this end are making appeals on every hand for especial assistance. Shall these appeals fall on deaf ears? Surely not. For it is a truism that, if these things were not done by private zeal, necessary as they are, they would never be done at all by the State. Thus, as Canadians, we feel it a privilege to help those noble men and women who are devoting their lives and their means to improve the condition of the orphans and widows, the blind, the incurable, the crippled, the mentally deranged, the juvenile delinquents, the fallen women,

and the other classes of Society, who in many cases need only a helping hand for a while to turn them into good citizens again. What higher work than this can there be?

Then apart from what is known as "organized charity," how much we can do at this glad Christmas time. First and foremost we can shop early. In the cities of Canada the Christmas shopping is of such magnitude as to be almost dreaded by an army of men and women who are clerks in the great stores. The advantages of early shopping are many, apart from the unselfish reason to save the clerks from unnecessary fatigue. The person who selects gifts early in December has the whole stock of new Christmas goods to choose from; the late shopper takes what is left. The early shopper is waited on by a bright, alert clerk, and has plenty of opportunity to enjoy the pleasure of buying an appropriate and timely gift; the late shopper secures the services of an over-worked clerk and is in the midst of a crush of other people who have left their gift-buying until the last minute. Shop early; early in the month and early in the day, for the last half of the afternoon is the crush-time.

When you are buying for the members of your own family and your own friends, do not forget those whose larder may be bare and whose children are still hoping that Santa Claus, though he missed them last Christmas, may make up for it this year. How many of us can realize the intense joy that even a cheap toy will bring to a child whose limited experience of gifts has always been confined to the class dubbed "necessities." While sensible gifts are splendid in their way, there is a sort of charm about a Christmas present for a child, and especially a poor one, that takes the form of an article that is not really "necessary," that nothing else has. Let the reader try the experiment; he will find it a paying one.

The Editor wishes every reader

A Merry Christmas.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

King George and Queen Mary will be crowned at Delhi as Emperor and Empress of India on January 1, 1912. The announcement came as a great surprise, as there is no precedent for such a function. The ceremonial, it is hoped, will help to destroy the germs of disaffection growing among the teeming millions of their Oriental subjects.

The Suffragettes made a violent attempt in London on Nov. 18 to force an audience upon Mr. Asquith, 118 of them being arrested. When they were arraigned the attorney for the Crown announced that the home secretary, Mr. Churchill, had decided, on the ground of public policy, that no benefit would be gained by proceeding with the prosecution. On Nov. 22 the Suffragettes stormed Mr. Asquith's residence, assaulting the Premier and Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and broke windows in government offices and attacked the residences of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lewis Harcourt.

Advance estimates of the population of the Commonwealth of Australia made by the federal statistician places the total number of people in the six states at 4,474,000. The taking of the decennial census will be begun April 1, 1911, and allowing for a normal increase before that date the population is expected to reach 4,500,000. This would represent an increase during the past decade of about 725,000.

The Government of the Commonwealth of Australia has decided not to accept Canada's proposal for the renewal of the service of mail steamers between Vancouver, B.C., and Australia, calling only at Auckland and Sydney.

The Dominion Parliament was opened with the usual ceremonies, the Governor-General in his speech making feeling reference to the Empire's loss by the death of King Edward. His Excellency, in referring to the recent tariff negotiations at Ottawa with United States officials, said that while no conclusions have been reached, and no formal proposals made, the free discussion of the subject that has taken place encourages the hope that at an early day, without any sacrifice of Canada's interests, an arrangement may be made which will admit many of the products of the Dominion into the United States on satisfactory terms.

As General Botha, the premier, and Johannes Smutz, the attorney-general, in the Parliament of the Union of South Africa, have both declined titles, further honors in connection with the opening have been postponed.

The report of Sir John French, Inspector General of the Imperial forces, upon his inspection of the Canadian military forces, was presented to Parliament recently by Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia. He finds the material and fine spirit of the service in all ranks excellent, but there is insufficiently developed organization; inadequate knowledge in the higher command; in the test qualifications for officers and non-commissioned officers of the active militia laid down in regulations, not being strictly enforced; and in the rank and file not being compelled to fulfil their engagements. Only when the regulations which govern the constitution and maintenance of the Canadian militia are strictly enforced will it be possible to say whether the present system meets the defensive requirements of the country or not.

Count Tolstoy, the famous Russian writer, left his home at Yasnaya Poliana early on the morning of October 10. In a letter he told his wife he had decided to spend his remaining days in solitary seclusion. Later on he was found at Tula, whence he proceeded to Astopovo, eighty miles from his home, where he was taken seriously ill. His death occurred on Sunday, November 20.

Mr. Henry Hoyt, counsellor of the Department of State, Washington, who had recently returned from Ottawa where he had been engaged in negotiations looking to reciprocity between Canada and the United States, has since died at his home, after a brief illness.

A bill providing for the reading of the Bible in the state schools of Queensland has passed the state parliament.

There has been serious rioting in Shanghai over the sanitary work for the prevention of the spread of the plague. Reports had been spread among the ignorant natives that the health officers were poisoning their fellow countrymen in the hospitals, taking out the eyes of babies by electricity and committing other unheard of cruelties. Attacks were made on the sanitary officers and the riot assumed such proportions that volunteers were called out to restore order. During the fighting several foreigners were seriously injured.

Mayor Nathan of Rome has sent to Mayor Guerin of Montreal a letter, in which he deplores in strong terms the vote of censure passed by the City Council of Montreal on his anti-clerical speech of September 20. Mayor Nathan says the vote of censure was instigated by Archbishop Bruchesi and he blames the City Council for not reading his speech before adopting condemnatory resolutions. He says the City Council of Montreal is the shining solitary example of dogmatic zeal which has overstepped the bounds of its civil mission as well as of international law and custom. He concludes by declaring that he is indifferent to its grotesque and meddlesome utterances.

According to figures just issued by the French Labor Bureau the number of strikes in France is increasing to an alarming degree. In September, 1909, there were only 93 strikes; this year 133 were recorded. The month of October shows a similar increase over last year's figures. A curious feature is that strikes have extended even to agricultural laborers, more than 20 having taken place in October in the middle of the harvesting season. Another curious fact is the long duration of the conflicts. Some of the strikes reported as still going on in September had been begun more than six months before.

M. Briand, the French premier, after resigning last month owing to lack of accord in the Cabinet upon his position that employees in the public service should not have the right to strike, though allowed the privilege of forming unions, succeeded, on the request of President Fallieres, in forming a new government in thirty-six hours. The most significant change is that M. Puech replaces M. Millerand as Minister of Public Works, Posts and Telegraphs. M. Klotz becomes Minister of Finance in room of M. Cochery. M. Klotz is a strong protectionist. He piloted the latest tariff through Parliament. He sits in the Chamber of Deputies for the district of Montdidier in the Somme and is classed as a radical socialist. He is a lawyer and is 42 years old. M. Puech is Deputy for the Third district of the Seine, a Paris constituency. He also is a radical socialist. By profession he is a lawyer, practising in the Appeals Court.

There was consternation in official circles in Peking Nov. 4, when an Imperial edict was announced commanding all representatives of China in foreign countries to sever their queues. This means that every Chinese ambassador, minister and consul or consular agent must obey the order, which states that it is effective immediately. The edict is believed to be only a forerunner of another order, commanding all Chinese to follow suit, entailing such a wholesale hair-cut as the world has never before witnessed.

The Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, upon the advice of his physician, has gone South for a six weeks' rest.

The date for the coronation of King George at Westminster Abbey has been officially fixed for June 22, 1911.

Thirty thousand miners are on strike in the South Wales collieries, and many of them are in riotous mood. Police and military have been called to restore order. The miners struck against the employment of non-union labor.

The Earl of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, succeeds Viscount Morley as Secretary for India. The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, the present First Commissioner of Works, is appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. Viscount Morley had been anxious to give up the India office for some time. He is growing old and the recent troubles in India have been too much for his strength. In taking the post of Lord President he gains added dignity but loses three fifths of his salary. The India secretaryship pays £5,000 (\$25,000) a year; the Lord Presidency £2,000.

Mr. Melton Prior, special war artist and correspondent of the 'Illustrated London News,' died in London last month. He had represented that paper in twenty-four campaigns and revolutions. He accompanied the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise when they first came to Canada and also King George, when, as Prince of Wales, he made a tour of the Dominion in 1901.

Argentina and Brazil have notified Portugal that they refuse to harbor any more friars or other members of religious bodies expelled from Portugal, declaring they are a menace to public order and tranquility. The Government has promised to divert the emigration of ecclesiastics, but apparently there are now few of them left in Portugal.

Princess Ziganova, a descendant of the ancient rulers of Georgia, has been murdered by burglars in her home near Tiflis.

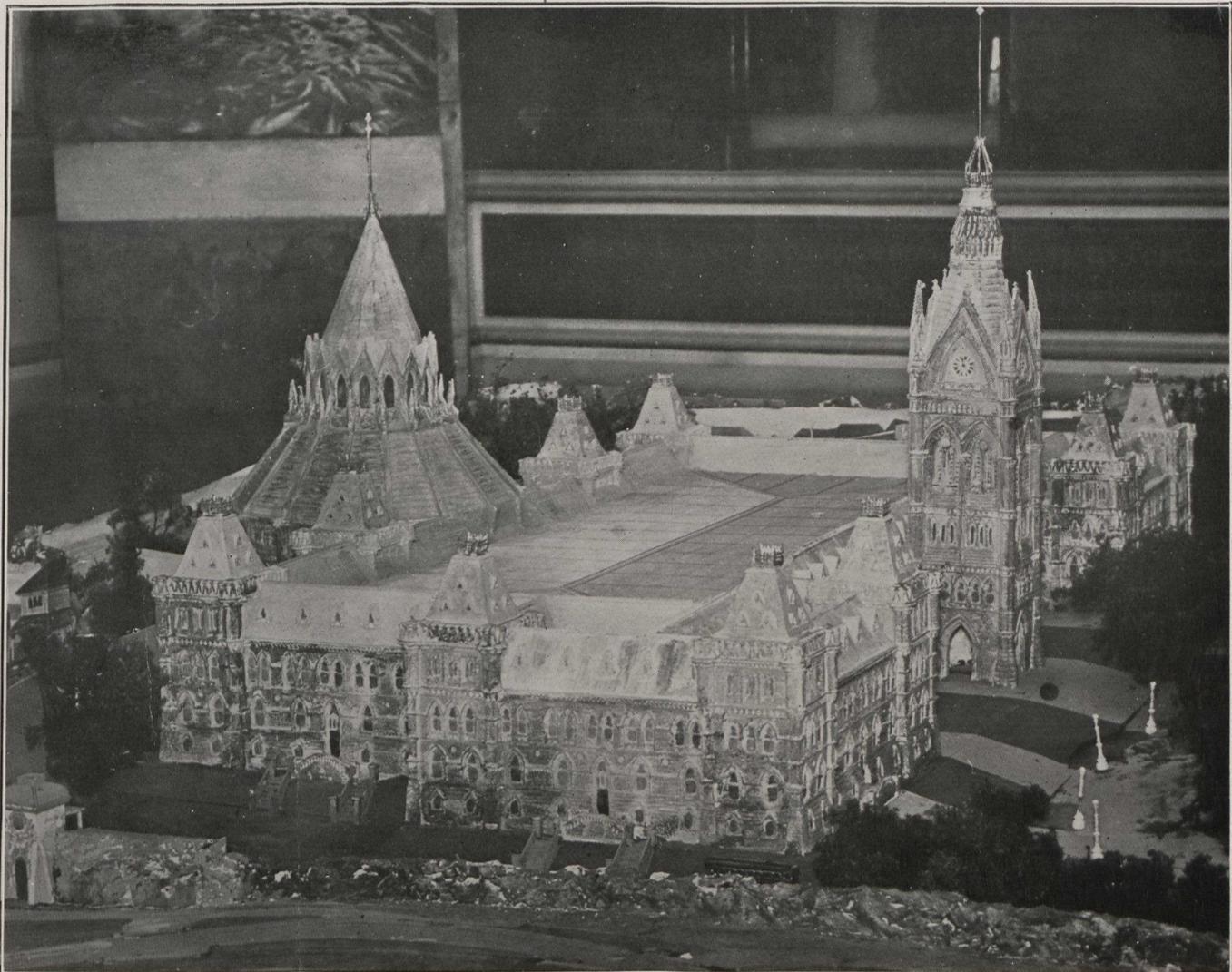
The election last month for a member to the Dominion Parliament for the county of Drummond and Arthabaska, rendered necessary by the appointment of Mr. Lavergne, the sitting member, to the Senate, resulted in the return of Mr. Gilbert, the Nationalist candidate, by a majority of over 200, thus wresting an old Liberal stronghold from the party in power. The arguments and appeals of Mr. Bourassa, Mr. Monk, and their satellites against the navy, militarism, and imperialism, made a powerful impression upon the voters.

The Spanish Senate has passed a bill forbidding the establishment of new religious congregations. The vote stood 149 to 85. This is a triumph for and a relief to the Government, for the bill was only endangered in the Senate, where the Clericals and Conservatives are strong. The measure will pass the Chamber of Deputies easily. Premier Canalejas says the bill will only be operative long enough to enable the Government to negotiate an agreement with the Vatican concerning religious associations. The Liberal press regards the adoption by the Senate of the bill as the best assurance that Spain has abandoned a reactionary course, and, echoing the words of Premier Canalejas, says that the country merely wishes a 'moral' concordat which will not offend sincere Catholics and at the same time will satisfy the advocates of tolerance and liberalism. Hope that this concordat will be attained before the expiration of the two years during which the establishment of new religious orders is interdicted, is expressed. So far as the political situation is concerned these papers declare that the reaction in France against Socialism and the repercussion of the movement in Spain has strengthened the hands of the Government to crush attempts at revolt, which attempts, moreover, are sure to be combated by a loyal army.



The Festival of Empire Next year will be Coronation year, but the year following will be Empire year. The Festival of Empire, which was postponed owing to the death of King Edward, is to be held then and crowds are expected from all parts of the Dominions beyond the seas. The Crystal Palace will be the centre of attraction, the grounds being occupied by buildings duplicating the parliaments of the Empire. The picture is from a photograph of the model.

—Copyright, Central News



Ottawa in London This picture shows in detail the model that has been made of the Canadian Parliament buildings to be erected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, London, for the Festival of Empire, 1912. Their place in the general scheme can be seen by referring to the upper picture.

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Mistletoe and Rosemary

A Complete Story
by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW

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THE old lady sat in her armchair by the Christmas fire with a group of young girls clustered round her feet, and they all listened attentively to what the old lady had to say, for she was the great-aunt to two of them—brown-haired, brown-eyed Agnes and Dorothy Compton; and cousin to Rachel Thorpe—Rachel with her wealth of red-gold hair and pale creamy skin, and the eyes that were like newly-cropped violets.

The old lady was talking of love, and that is a theme with a certain spell of its own—a theme that girls never tire of listening to; and so it was easy enough for the old lady to hold the little circle spell-bound, with their bright eyes fixed on her face, whilst she gazed back into the land of memory and told the girls how she had loved in her day—loved and lost—and all from pure wilfulness.

"You should never make too sure of love; treat love lightly," so she counselled, shaking her head wisely. Then she sighed; and her sigh was just the saddest, softest sound, and it made Rachel think of that melancholy breath that sometimes sweeps round a bare and withered garden on a winter eve, when all the flowers are dead and summer has trailed away, followed by autumn.

"Tell us your own love story, dear Aunt Pamela." Dorothy Compton laid a soft, caressing hand on the old lady's arm as she spoke. She was a pretty girl, with quiet, gentle ways, and she was to be married early in the forthcoming spring to the eldest son of a near neighbor of her father's; and the course of true love had run smoothly enough for Dorothy—her lot had fallen on fair ground.

"My own love story? But what interest—what real interest—can young girls like yourselves take in my sad little tale, just the story of a fatal mistake, my dears—a young man's pride and a young maid's folly?" The old lady paused and leant back in her big chair. She was one of the prettiest old ladies in the world, and she always wore rich lavender silk gowns—silks that would stand alone—and shawls of fine yellow lace; and her cheeks still boasted a delicate pink color. Her eyes were blue and wonderfully bright; her hair was white as snow and soft as the finest floss silk; and all men—young and old and middle-aged—were the old lady's slaves. She had a way with her of requiring homage and devotion, and she certainly got it. Yet she had never married; she had refused all her suitors in the past.

"Do tell us the whole story over again, starting from the very beginning," Agnes Compton smiled at the old lady and the old lady smiled back, for she was very fond of Agnes; but she turned her head a second later and looked very hard at Rachel, and for no particular reason Rachel flushed.

"If I do tell you my little romance—a sad tale, too, for a Christmas Eve—it will be more on Rachel's account than anyone else's, for Rachel might profit by it. I do not like the way she is playing fast and loose with that nice young soldier, Captain Gore. She ought to say 'Yes' to her lover at once, and not keep him on tenter-hooks just to show her power over six feet of honest, healthy English manhood."

"Oh, Cousin Pamela"—Rachel started, and a deep and burning flush crimsoned her pale face—"I—I don't know what you mean. I've not made up my mind whether I want to marry anyone or not, and Captain Gore must wait for his answer—that is, if he cares to."

She tried to toss her red-gold head, for Rachel had always insisted in the past that she would never marry, but just devote herself to her art, for she possessed a certain talent for painting and had lately set up her own studio; but those who knew Rachel best had noticed a strange and subtle change that had come over her since she had met Captain Richard Gore, a good six months ago, only Rachel would not own to this change in her sentiments, and she tried to pretend that she was still heart-whole, and did her best to banish Captain Gore from her mind; and the wise old lady leaning back in the big armchair knew this, as she knew a great many things.

Once every year—at Christmas time—the old lady came down to stay at the big Sussex Manor House where she had spent her early days and young womanhood. She always stayed for exactly six weeks

with her eldest brother, and then went back to her own little home on the borders of Surrey—a tiny little house belted all round by dark fir woods—and there the old lady lived, a solitary little old princess, keeping up a quiet state. But there was no more welcome or honored guest at Crestwick Hall than Miss Pamela Compton—the old lady who had been called the beautiful Miss Compton in her youth.

"Well, Rachel, we won't discuss your love affairs, my dear, we will talk about my little romance." The old lady smiled, and gave the girl a caressing pat upon her shoulder. "It happened years—oh, ever so many years ago!—when my world was young, quite a bright, green world, and I thought that all the good, pleasant things were going to last for ever. But they don't last, they pass away—they fade into mist and haze. And it is just the same with all the beautiful dream palaces—the palaces built in the air."

She paused a moment, and rested her chin upon her hand. Her bright old eyes had ceased to flash and glitter; they had suddenly become very meditative.

"I met him at a dance, not my first ball by any means. But I was quite young—young enough to enjoy an indigestible supper at midnight and a gallop with the hounds next morning. He was young, too, and he served the Queen in a fine red uniform, and well it suited him. Tall, very tall—why, my head barely reached to his shoulder—but all the better for dancing with."

"I like tall men." Rachel spoke with a certain decision, then she bit her lip; she was afraid she had given herself away, for Captain Gore was tall, well over six feet in height.

"His name—well, there is no great need to tell anyone his surname. But he had a charming Christian name—Noel—and before we had been dancing with each other five minutes we found out that our steps suited exactly. Then we went on to discover that we were both fond of hunting, and that we possessed heaps of mutual friends. Noel told me that, instead of paying a flying visit to the uncle and aunt with whom he was staying, and who had brought him to the Hunt Ball, he would stay on as long as they would keep him. For my own part I made a silent resolution not to go up to London for some New Year festivities, as I had planned to do, and I decided to stay at home, for I wanted to meet my handsome Captain again—I wanted to meet him badly."

The old lady's voice dropped to a faint, low whisper as she said the last words, and the girls looked at her sympathetically, thinking of partners they had danced with—those delightful partners who haunt girlish dreams. Then they all drew their chairs close up to the old lady's armchair, and a gentle wave of feminine sympathy went round.

"You did meet him, I suppose?" Dorothy Compton smiled from her own ripe experience as she spoke, and twisted her sparkling diamond engagement ring round and round her finger, thinking of many a happy tryst with her own lover.

"Meet him? Why, of course I met him—daily. Trust Noel for managing to meet the girl he had fallen head over ears in love with. Besides, I was quite ready to fall in with all his little plots and schemes—though I tried to do so in as casual a way as possible, for I did not want Noel to realize that I was in love. I was silly and stupid, and thought it would make him think all the more of me if he found I wasn't to be won too easily, so I pretended not to understand what he was driving at, and—oh, my dears! it was foolish of me—so foolish."

The old lady's voice had dropped to a faint whisper, and surely tears had come into her eyes, dimming their brightness. Agnes Compton, noticing this, rose softly to her feet and lowered the lamp, which was standing on a small side-table, down to a mere glow, so that the little boudoir was only lighted by the dancing flames that played in the grate, for a big Christmas log was burning on the fire, a log that crackled cheerfully and emitted a faint resinous perfume.

"When Noel whispered that he loved me—and that happened just ten days after our first meeting—I pretended to be absolutely astonished, and I gave myself all the airs I could, stupid little puss that I was, and Noel never guessed for one instant that my heart simply danced with sheer delight as he told me the story. That no woman ever tires of hearing. Oh that I could live some days over again—some hours!"

The old lady clasped her thin hands tightly together, and she drew a deep, hard breath.

"I was a fool, my dears, just a little fool puffed up with prosperity and pride—for fancy trifling with happiness as I did, and not laying hold of it with both hands! I was so anxious to make Noel believe that I was a prize worth taking a lot of trouble to secure, that I wouldn't admit that I returned his love. I just sent him away from me, my dears, and told him I wanted time to think things over. I even added that I thought I was too young to know my own mind. Oh! I could shake myself sometimes when I think of my incredible folly—the blind vanity of youth."

The old lady paused a moment, and she drew a deep breath that sounded like a sob, a passionate bitter sob.

"I sent him away. He had come over from his uncle's place, walking through the woods—the woods white with snow and hoar frost—and he had picked a little bit of mistletoe. Just a kiss he pleaded for—one kiss—and I denied him what he asked. I did not want him to think that I could be wooed and won so easily—my heart captured so readily—so I would not take the mistletoe. I told him I did not believe in pagan rites and customs; and instead of mistletoe I gathered rosemary next year—rosemary for remembrance."

The old lady shivered, for all the warmth of the Christmas fire, and she drew a yellow lace shawl she was wearing more closely over her shoulders, just as if the chill of winter was touching her delicate old body—freezing her limbs.

"Are you cold, dear Aunt Pamela?" Dorothy asked the question somewhat anxiously, bending forward in her chair, for her aunt was very dear to her heart.

"The old are used to feeling cold, Dorothy," came the guarded answer. "They have to warm their hands over white ash once the fire of youth has burnt down—and youth lasts such a short, short time, and old age crawls on and on and on. You will find this out for yourself one day—all of you, my dears—at least, I hope so."

She paused. The old lady's face had grown very pale and reflective, her pretty color had quite deserted her.

"What happened after you sent him away?" Rachel glanced up swiftly, and the firelight played on her strong, resolute young face and the hair that shone like red flame. "He came back again, surely. I should think little of a man who loved a girl and took her first 'No' for an answer—a man who put his pride before his love; for if a woman is worth caring about she is worth waiting for—winning."

The girl's eyes blazed, and she put real passion into her voice; but the old lady began to laugh, and her laughter was as sad as broken sobbing would have been.

"Rachel—he didn't come back—that was the terrible part of it all—the cruel part. He went away the very next day—went back to his father and mother, who had a fine place in Cumberland; so he did not come and see me again. You see, I had practically told him that I did not want his love, and returned the gift he offered; and how was Noel to guess that I was merely playing with him—that I had said 'No' when I meant to say 'Yes'? That is the mistake girls so often make. They are either too eager or too cold—so afraid of lessening their value in a lover's eyes by an easy surrender that they wilfully plague him—torment him."

"I couldn't have refused Jack when he asked me." Dorothy spoke in a slow, meditative tone, and began to turn her engagement ring round and round her finger again; but Rachel merely tossed her proud red head.

"Well, if you ask me for my opinion, Cousin Pamela, I think you are rather to be congratulated than otherwise on never having married that young man. If he had really loved you he would have come back to you and tried his luck again—of course he would. Women must be wooed if they are to be won; and as to the men who don't realize this, let them go, for they are really not worth thinking about—caring for."

Rachel spoke with a certain amount of conviction; but the old lady stretched out a cold hand and rested it lightly on the girl's shoulder.

"Hush, my dear—hush," she said, softly, "Noel is dead, remember. He—he went abroad a few weeks later—for he was suddenly recalled to India to join his regiment—and think, just think what I went through. Oh, my dears!"—she addressed the girls in clear, ringing tones—"I suffered—how I suffered! First of all I had to wait and wait for news of Noel, and wonder when he would come back to our part of the world and so see me again. And I told myself every morning—for there is nothing to equal the arrogance of youth—that Noel would be bound to write to me soon, or else to come back. Then I read in the paper that he had been summoned back to India. I can still recall the awful shock of the moment—the feeling of blank despair that came over me—for I felt that I had lost Noel. I had a weird presentiment that something would happen to him—a presentiment that came true, for the Mutiny broke out a few weeks later—the Mutiny."

The old lady ceased to speak, and a solemn and hushed silence settled over the room. Dorothy began to cry. The dusk had come—the intense dusk of a winter's evening—and the fire had begun to die down; but none of the girls ventured to poke it—somehow the darkness seemed to fit in with the story they had just heard.

"He died very bravely—very splendidly—just as a British officer might be expected to die—protecting some helpless women and children—sheltering them behind his own body. And, later on, when the English had gained the day again, he—he was given such burial as a brave man deserves. They found a pocket-book on him—just a plain leather pocket-book, and there was a sprig of faded mistletoe inside and three or four ball programmes—my name scored largely over these torn and tattered programmes—my name!"

The old lady said the last words with a vivid triumph, then she suddenly began to shake.

"He never knew I loved him—that is the thought that drives me half wild at times—for all that I am an old, old woman whom the grave will soon claim—for if I had only confessed to my love—owned to it—if our lips had once met in one long passionate kiss—well, his death, my lover's death, would not have affected me so terribly. But as it was, I don't know how I managed to live—to go on existing—when I realized that never on this side of the grave could I make any explanation to Noel. Besides, he must have died thinking that his love was not returned." She clenched her hands tightly together, and her breath came hard and short. "I grew old in a day—an hour—I think; but I did not tell people the truth, or let them know that I had lost all that made life worth the living. I just kept silence first of all—shut my lips tight and hugged my tragic secret to my heart; but now I am old—so old—and it comes easy to the very old to be garrulous—and that's why I talk about the past so much, why I live it over and over again."

She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes, but Agnes Compton ventured to kiss the old lady gently on the hand.

"I expect he knows the truth about things now, dear Aunt Pamela—realizes how dearly you loved him; for you took no other in his stead—you have been faithful to his memory all these long, long years."

"Yes, I have been faithful"—a faint, a very faint smile played about the old lady's lips. "Several men—some of them quite rich as the world counts riches, and high in station—have asked me to marry them; but oh! that would have been impossible—quite impossible—for how could I forget the lover of my youth?"

"But didn't you feel very lonely at times? Oh, Aunt Pamela, it all seems so tragic and so sad." Dorothy murmured the words very softly.

"I felt I had only got myself to blame for everything, and that added to the bitterness of the situation, for I had had the golden chance given to me, the chance that does not fall to the lot of every girl—that of making sure of love—and I threw it away, and then tragedy stalked into my life. Oh! shall I ever forget that morning when the news reached me that Noel was dead? Oh! my dear, lost lover—my love who never knew that he had won my heart."

The old lady drew a deep breath, then she sat bolt upright in her chair and made a little, half-deprecatory movement with her hands.

"There, my dears, let's poke the fire and turn up the lamp, and forget the story I have just told you. This is Christmas Eve, you see, and we must all be bright and cheerful—only remember an old lady's words of warning. Don't trifle with love—and never, never shut the door of your heart in Love's face."

Dorothy rose slowly to her feet and left the room, followed by her sister, and both girls had tears in their eyes, for they were very sorry for the old lady, and they gave her freely of their pity; but Rachel Thorpe crept close up to Miss Pamela's knees and rested her head, with its crown of red-gold hair, against the old lady's breast.

"I am going to write to Captain Gore to-night a nice Christmas letter, and I won't be a foolish girl any longer, dear Cousin Pamela, and—keep him at a distance. I will tell him that his love is returned, for oh! my heart would break if he died as the man you loved died—died without knowing the truth."

"No, your heart won't break, dear," the old lady retorted, gently, stroking Rachel's soft hair, "it would just go on aching and aching as my heart has ached, and the pain would never leave you—neither by night nor day—it would just be an endless grief. But thank Heaven, child, that you are taking warning by me—kiss under the mistletoe and be happy. And, Rachel, remember a poor old lady—spare me a thought sometimes in the midst of your own happiness, I should like to think that I lived in lovers' thoughts—I should be glad and grateful."

A warm tear fell from Rachel's eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks. "Dear Cousin Pamela," she whispered, "I am so sorry. If I could only give you

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Caught in the Act



“OH, UNCLE! I THOUGHT IT WAS SANTA CLAUS”

—Black and White

The Gift-Buying League

A Complete Story
by CHALL PANCOAST

Author of "The Grey Mystery" "A House for a Day," &c.

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DO you really mean to say," asked Florence MacQuinn, wife, and co-worker of Dan MacQuinn, schemester and solver of mysteries, "that you are scheming to undermine the generous Christmas spirit by regulating the giving of gifts and tokens?"

"That's the idea," he laughed. "You see, you started it, so I had to do something with this idea when it began to trouble my mind."

"I started it!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Well, of all things. How had I anything to do with it? I tell you right now, I certainly wouldn't do anything that would destroy the peace and goodwill of Christmastide. I'd like to know how I started it."

"Well, you did," he asserted. "The other day you asked, 'Oh, dear, what shall I give you for Christmas?' I didn't think much about that, because it seems just natural for you to ask questions when you know there isn't any answer. But as I walked down the street I passed a chap and his girl and she was asking him the same question. I heard other people talking about Christmas and wondering what they would buy for their relatives, friends, and neighbors. The question of the town seems to be, 'What do you want for Christmas?' and nobody will answer it. So you see we have a demand with no supply. In the business world, when we find such a condition, it means that the man who can supply this demand stands in the way of making a fortune."

"Beware of schemes," she quoted; "they are not always what they seem."

"But this scheme," he said confidently, "cannot fail. It is a sure winner. I've worked it over in my brain so thoroughly that it will float through the roughest storm."

"Well, Mr. Schemer," questioned his wife sarcastically, "what is this wonderful scheme that will change Christmas from a day of joy to a bargain-counter-rush affair?"

"Not so strong on the bargain-counter end," he protested laughingly. "You are entirely mistaken. It will be a comfort, a profit, and a saving in time, labor, and worry to the whole town. Here is the idea. Every man, woman, and child is going about this town with a secret within his or her breast, and that secret is, what they want for Christmas. But they won't tell anybody, no, not for the world. Why, they think it would be terrible to let anyone know what they wanted. Now these human secret-carriers are wasting good brain-energy trying to find out what their friends want. But they can't do it. For years it has been this way. The Christmas secret has filled madhouses and poorhouses, and packed attics and cellars with useless presents. Yet it has never been solved. Now, at last, I have found a way to bring peace upon the giver and satisfaction to the receiver."

"I do hope you will succeed in satisfying the people who have to say 'Thank you,' and, 'Oh, how lovely,'" said Florence, giving him a mischievous look out of the corner of her eyes. "I have a beautiful plush toilet set in the attic, which the rats are enjoying immensely."

He grew red and gasped as she threw this embarrassing memory squarely in his face.

"But remember, dear," he protested, "I was in the same fix as all gift-buyers; compelled to grope in the dark. I hadn't the least idea what you wanted. If I had known, it would have been easy. Now here is what I propose to do! I am going to make it easy for people to select presents, make happy the people for whom they are intended, and as for myself, who will be the cause of this perfect harmony at Christmas-time, I expect it will be very profitable."

"It certainly is terrible," said his wife indignantly, "to have to accept some of the presents one's friends thrust upon one. And if you have a plan to ward off these blows, I'm sure you will confer a great blessing on humanity in general."

"Yes, it is deplorable," he replied seriously, "when you think of the utter lack of system in presenting gifts. One seldom gets what he needs, or can use. Of the two, I believe the people who send out Christmas presents are more lacking in propriety than the wedding-present throwers."

"So you mean," she interrupted, "that you have a scheme to get for anyone and everyone just exactly what he or she may want."

"I will not only guarantee it," he answered earnestly, "but I will also find out for any person what his or her friends may want. All this work will be carried on in secret, so there will be as many surprises as formerly. But the spasm of fright and cases of nervous prostration over the effects of receiving unsuitable presents will be done away with, and at the same time there will be no need to prevaricate or pretend being pleased and delighted when one does not in the least feel that way."

"And now for the scheme," she cried enthusiastically. "What is the wonderful invention that will make people use judgment and commonsense?"

"Well, in the first place," he replied, "I will organize the Co-operative Christmas-Gift Buyers' League. It is based upon the from-factory-to-family idea of buying. I will show the people, that by purchasing direct from the factory they can buy presents from twenty-five to fifty cents on the dollar cheaper than they can buy them from their local merchants. It is simply a case of doing away with the salesmen's, wholesalers', and retailers' profits, losses, and expenses. I will also show them how they will get all this profit, which will be money saved to them, and that their friends will get the presents they have been longing for."

"Well, for goodness' sake," exclaimed his wife impatiently, "why don't you tell me how you are going to work the scheme?"

"Here, this will explain the first bomb," he answered, handing her a letter. "With this I shall begin an extensive follow-up campaign to gift-buyers. It will be mailed to every man, woman, and spendthrift in the village of Norwood. If it doesn't pull the dollars out of the hidden stockings I'll explode bombs until I do."

She took the letter eagerly and began to read:

MY DEAR MADAM:

You would give almost anything if someone would tell you what your friends wanted for Christmas, wouldn't you?

If you knew what they wanted and where to buy that particular gift for half-price, you would not waste a single moment would you?

Well, this letter is a Good Samaritan. By just sending us a list of the names of people for whom you wish to buy presents and by stating the amount of money you can spare for this purpose, we will, in return, send you a complete list of what each of your friends may want or need, and the low price we will make to you on each article.

Then, if satisfied, you merely return the list to us with the specified amount, and we will express all presents with your card enclosed. You run no risk, and we take all the labor, worry, and fretting upon our own shoulders.

Honestly now, can you really afford to pass by this wonderful aid in selecting gifts?

And, then, what's the use of worrying and fuming over buying Christmas gifts when you can get just exactly what your friends want without any effort whatever?

DON'T DELAY!
SEND YOUR LIST AT ONCE AND GET THE BEST OF THE SELECTIONS.

Kindly keep this a secret, as we are extending our valuable services to a select few only.

Yours sincerely,
CO-OPERATIVE CHRISTMAS-GIFT BUYERS' LEAGUE.

"And you really think people are going to listen to such a wild scheme?" she demanded, when she had finished reading, "and thus do away with all the fun of Christmas shopping?"

"Fun!" he laughed. "Do you call it fun to be crushed and mashed in a bargain-hunting rush, and then to have all one's friends stop speaking for months because of some hideous present one has given them. I tell you that the people of this town have long been waiting for just such services as I am prepared to offer them. Christmas shopping must be placed upon a systematic basis, and I am the man called upon to perform this duty to the country. I will begin my operations here, in Norwood, but in a few years I will extend this service of injecting harmony into Christmas to every nook and corner of the globe."

BOVRIL

herds range over nine Million Acres.

9,261,400 acres in Australia and 438,082 acres in Argentina are devoted to the production of cattle for BOVRIL.

"But how are you going to find out what the friends want?" she asked dubiously.

"Easy, very easy," he replied with unmistakable assurance. "I'll simply write to the people whose names are sent and ask them to name three things they would like to have for Christmas, telling them that this information is for the use of the United States Holiday Information Bureau."

"What if they do not answer?" she again quizzed him.

"If they don't answer," he echoed, selecting his words carefully, "I will seek out the person named and then, after I have informed myself as to his nature and habits, I will select some gift that I feel will be beneficial or profitable in some way."

Florence almost went into hysterics over the idea of playing the role of public gift-selector.

"That's worse than match-making," she shouted. "It is even worse than trying to make people buy a certain kind of wedding-gift."

"All the same," he retorted, "the average person needs some method of regulating his ideas of buying suitable Christmas gifts. Just think of the trash we find on Christmas trees."

"And you really intend to regulate the sentimental buyers of gifts?" she asked, with marked interest.

"Certainly," he replied. "I shall take the love-lorn and weak-hearted young man in hand and advise him to buy work-baskets, sewing-outfits, and kitchen utensils, instead of the customary celluloid album and plush toilet-case. Instead of very foolishly squandering their money on cigarette-cases, collar-buttons, boxes of 'two-fer' cigars, never-worn neckties, and never-used clothes-brushes, the young ladies will be advised to buy articles for the home. In this way their money is just invested, because they will get it back again—or some other girl will; they, in turn, will get the gifts of some other dear girl, so there will be an equal exchange that will be profitable all around."

So the Schemester and his wife argued pro and con until all arrangements were completed for organizing the company which was to revolutionize the Yuletide game of Give and Take. Owing to the probability of notoriety and a possible conflict with local merchants, who were fighting the mail-order dealers, Dan preferred to keep his name in the background, and he rented a post-office box, opened up a secret office in an almost deserted building, and began his reform movements against the customary methods of Christmas shopping.

His letter took effect immediately and he was kept busier than a one-eyed man at a Wild West Show. He was soon flooded with orders. By buying direct from a large wholesale house he could do anything that he pleased.

Everything seemed to go smoothly except the part of getting the people to answer the letter in which he asked them what they wanted for Christmas. Even his request that this information be furnished for the good of the country would not pull the secret from their breasts.

So he wrote letters of all kinds. He argued, pleaded, irritated, and threatened, but it was of no avail. He wrote scientifically composed business-letters and devised schemes and plots, but this secret was one which the possessor refused to

part with. He wrote long letters, short letters, and letters that were filled with promises and refined hot-air. But the people were not moved to action. It just seemed as if they could not be made to tell what they wanted for Christmas.

The Schemester worked his brain as he never did before, and the only solution he could find to the problem was that he should take the responsibility upon himself and tell his clients what to buy for their friends. When the Schemester entered into this public service of selecting the gifts to be exchanged at Yuletide, he had no idea he was trying to move a mountain. But being filled with the generous spirit of a Christmas-buyer, and as he was spending someone else's money, he made rapid progress in his work.

In the bustle and mad rush of selecting presents and filling orders, it was no easy matter to remember who was the giver and who the receiver of any particular gift. But Dan had ideas of the systematic filing of information and data. So he arranged cards alphabetically, on which were placed together the name of the person sending the present and the person to whom it was to be sent.

Thus under the index of "B," for instance, might be found a card on which was written the name "Mr. J. R. Billings," and filed immediately behind it was a card on which appeared "Lucy Williams," his sweetheart. On one card was her name, on another was her address, and on still another card the gift she was to receive. It was a most complicated system, but upon its correctness depended all the happiness, peace, and joy of Christmas. The misplacement of one card would be like putting a bomb under the palace of a king. In this instance the card-juggler would reap the whirlwind.

The walls of the office, now turned into a store-room for gifts, were covered with three-sheet-poster lists of articles for ladies, gentlemen, babies, and brides; gifts for boys, girls, dogs, cats, and Teddy bears; suggestions for the home, the table, the barn, and the best room. The Schemester used these immense posters because, in writing suggestions, he merely had to look around the walls and select at random. Usually the first thing which met his eye went down on the list.

In the homes where these lists found their way, there were exclamations of fright and delight. But, while everyone thought his friends must have lost their minds, he did not stop to consider but went ahead and purchased the gift advised by the Co-operative League, because he believed that now famous organization knew exactly what these friends wanted.

Some of the local merchants learned of the scheme, and they used pages in the newspapers knocking what they called a "nefarious swindle." It was rapidly stealing their trade and profits. But every knock proved a boost, because Dan was actually saving the people money by cutting out the middleman's profit. Finally the local merchants, got desperate and their knocks became louder and stronger. In fact, they reached such a din and clamor that Dan had to fight also. He put up news-and-weather bulletin-boards on all the street corners, and when the crowds collected to read them one of his unknown clerks told them, in chalk, what the Co-operative Christmas Gift-Buyers' League would do for them.

(Continued on page 12)

The Biter Bit



COLD CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE KNIGHT OF THE ROAD



Christmas in Bethlehem The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is erected over the traditional birthplace of the Saviour and this is the objective point of many pilgrimages during the Christmas season. The only entrance to the great edifice is by one small door, partly walled-up owing to fear of the Moslem.

The Gift-Buying League

(Continued from page 10)

This plan proved a great catch-all, and Dan was simply snowed under with orders. He had to put on more help, then rushed away to the city to hurry the shipments from the wholesale house. A big force of clerks was kept busy in the secret office doing up mysterious-looking packages and boxes of all sizes and shapes—all being marked plainly, "Please do not open until Christmas."

Never before had the town been so wrought up over anything as it was over this novel idea of exchanging Christmas-gifts. Bundles and packages kept arriving until living rooms were crowded and bedrooms were filled. The families collected about them and wondered what they contained. Men laughed over them, women went into hysterics, and the children wailed long and loud. Discussions waxed hot and bets were placed on their contents. At last the eventful day arrived, and with hammers, hatchets, axes, and saws, the boxes were knocked, chopped, or sawed open. It seemed less like Christmas than the opening of an unclaimed express-package auction.

If the town went wild before it was raving and raging now. Husbands swore, while wives wailed, and the cries of the children were pitiful to hear. Men received women's sewing-baskets and gold thimbles; women received shaving-sets and cigars; bashful maidens beheld flasks and decanters in their boxes; young men got bead necklaces and fancy belt-buckles; babies received curling-irons and tea-strainers. Little boys were presented with hair-pins and face-powder, while the little girls got ash-trays and moustache-cups. What the men needed the women got, and naturally the men were angry and the women were hot.

Christmas Day became a day of riots and raids. Nobody was happy or satisfied, and it was certain that no treaty of peace could be ratified.

When the Schemester started for his office he began meeting people on the street with their ill-fated bundles. They looked desperate and ready to fight. Angry words were being shouted between giver and receiver, families were estranged, and friends were separated by a spirit of the most deadly hatred and ill-will.

Dan immediately became conscious that his scheme must have miscarried. How, he could not tell, for his advertising had

been perfect and his system carefully planned.

When he reached the office he found it almost deserted, the only remaining co-worker being his freckled-faced office boy.

"Pete," he shouted, "did anything happen to my exchange-cards when I was away?"

"Sure!" replied Pete with a wicked grin. "Dey got knocked over and spilt all over the floor, but we picked dem up and put dem back again."

"I guess you did put them back," replied the Schemester angrily.

Then he saw it all. This card-file, which was as dangerous as a mine of torpedoes in an ocean-channel, had been exploded. The cards of sweethearts and lovers had been separated, the gifts of whole families mixed with other families; the giver and receiver of gifts were torn from each other. The wonderful spirit of harmony with which he had planned to inoculate the Christmas shopping had been changed into a terrible catastrophe.

The Schemester slipped quietly about and covered up his office furniture. When he came to the card-files he stopped short and looked longingly at the system which had been the pride of his heart. It was such a wonderfully complete method of keeping track of giver and receiver. It was the link that bound them together. Now, as he looked at that awful mixture of names he shuddered. Quickly he picked it up, carried it to the stove, and dumped the contents upon the burning coals.

"You're fired," he said to the grinning office boy. "Here's two dollars for working and ten more to forget you ever worked here."

Together they stole softly down the back stairs, and each struck off through different alleys. When Dan emerged upon the main street he found his fellow-citizens hurrying along with strange bundles under their arms and murderous expressions on their distracted faces.

He met Billy Wilkenson, the postmaster, rushing madly along the street.

"Merry Christmas," greeted Dan.

"Merry nothing!" yelled Wilkenson. "Merry Fools' Day is what I call it, Here, look at these," and he rammed a green silk petticoat and two white celluloid side-combs into Dan's hands.

The Schemester was speechless.

"What do you think of that?" shouted the angry postmaster, losing all his official dignity? "My wife sent me these. Wait until I find her. I'll give her a piece of my mind."

The Schemester saw that the man was becoming violent, so he quickly passed on; by dodging furious friends here and there, he managed to reach home.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked his wife anxiously, as he crept through the kitchen door. "Have they discovered that you are the Co-Operative Christmas-Gift Buyers' League?" She had already heard of the mixed gifts.

"Not yet," he whispered, "but they may at any minute. I've just discovered this town is most unhealthy. Hurry and get your things together. We are going to Florida until I can stand the climate here."

THE CAT DID IT.

Teacher—"Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct." Little Bessie—"Dick." Teacher—"What sort of bird is that?" Little Bessie—"Our canary. The cat exterminated him."

AN ARTIST.

Rival—"What a color Miss Symthe has to-night! I wonder if she paints?" Adorer (turning his wistful eyes towards the central figure of an admiring circle)—"I don't know. She certainly draws well."

A NEW TERROR.

"Benson," cried the frightened mistress, as a crash of glass resounded through the house at 2 a. m., "is that burglars?" "No, ma'am; it's master home from the Aerial Manœuvres Club, and he is trying to sail his airship through his bedroom window."

CURED!

The old family physician being away on a much-needed holiday, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion. "My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

Mistletoe and Rosemary

(Continued from page 8)

a little of my own joy I would. Oh! indeed, I would, and most gladly, for I hate to think that you have missed the best thing life can offer. It—it hurts me."

"All my own fault," the old lady murmured gently, "and I must not complain; neither would I rob you of the joy that youth entitles you to. But oh, my dear, my dear, if I could only be left with a few happy memories, then I'd sit peacefully enough by the Christmas fire and leave the mistletoe for the young lovers—the lovers of to-day. But I never kissed him—and how that knowledge stings—I never kissed him. I've missed both mistletoe and rosemary—rosemary for remembrance, you know."

She closed her eyes and motioned Rachel to the door. "Will you run away, dear? I—I feel a little tired and half-inclined to fall asleep; and, do you know, I indulge a foolish fancy that I shall fall so sound asleep one day that the kind God will needs send Noel to wake me, and I shall wake up a young girl. So you must never be sorry when a tired, foolish old lady falls asleep, but glad, Rachel—glad; and now I'll be alone, if you please, my dear—alone in the dark. The darkness is so restful—so peaceful."

Rachel made no answer—somehow she couldn't. A lump in her throat threatened to choke her; so she slipped quietly from the room. But when she came back an hour later, her letter to Captain Gore written and posted—the letter which told her lover that he had won that precious citadel her heart—well, she found the old lady still asleep, wrapped in a deep and dreamless slumber—such a quiet slumber—and there would be no more tears for the old lady—so much was certain.

Rachel gave a low cry. Then she stood up in the middle of the room and listened—listened attentively; for far away across the snow-covered fields bells were pealing—Christmas bells; but it seemed to Rachel's stirred fancy that those Christmas bells were really wedding bells, only she must keep such a thought to herself—she must not utter it aloud.

"Dear Cousin Pamela"—she fell on her knees by the side of the silent, motionless sleeper—"I can hear the bells ringing. I know he came."

Watching for Santa Claus



They crept from out their cosy cots,
 A white and bare-foot pair;
 What made the little trembling tots
 Sit shivering on the stair?

The only living things awake
 Within the silent house—
 They simply thought they'd like to take
 A peep at Santa Claus.

The Spirit of Christmas



To Welcome a Friend The young Canadian rejoices in a "White Christmas." If there has been a fresh fall of snow, soft and packy enough to make balls, even the new toys that Santa Claus has brought cannot keep him indoors. Possibly Santa, with intimate knowledge of his young friend, has included new warm mittens, muffler, etc., in his gifts.

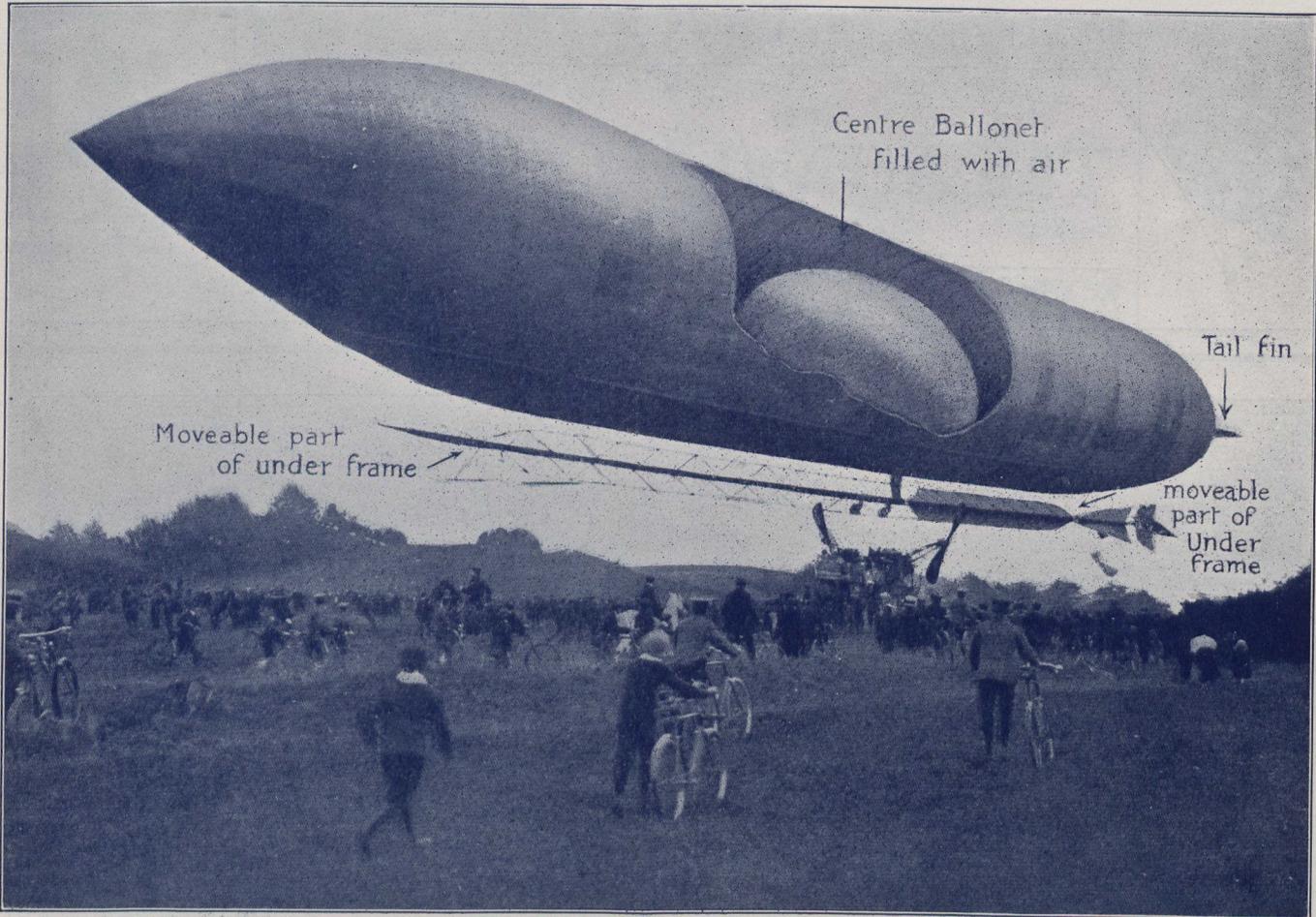


The Arrival of Christmas



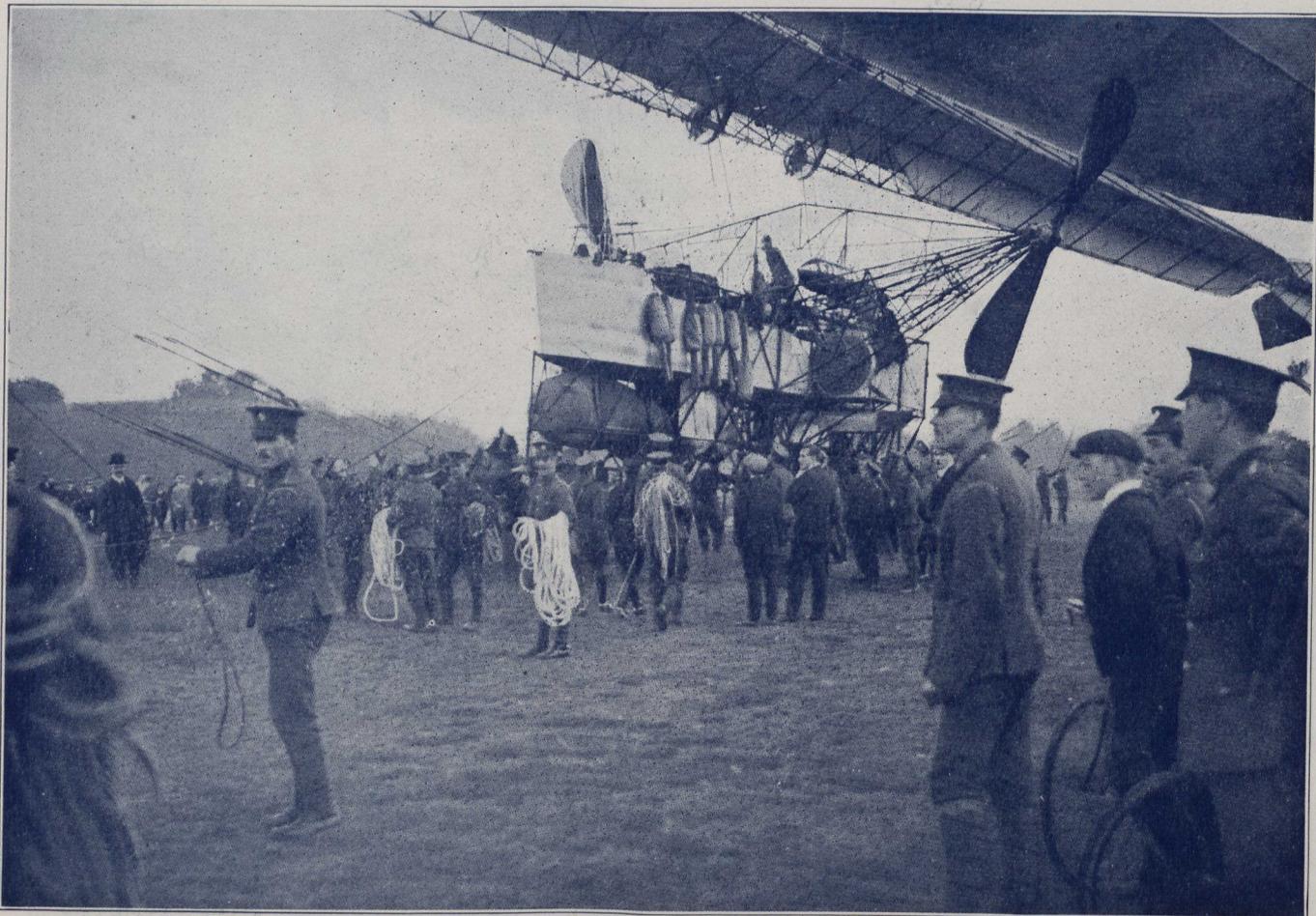
Santa as an Air-man

The artist presumes that Santa Claus has dismissed his reindeer and taken to the most up-to-date style of carriage for his annual trip. The air-ship may do very well for a novelty, and to show that Santa Claus is never behind the times, but those eight jolly reindeer are necessary to the poetry and romance of the festival, and it is to be hoped that Santa will not give up the good old way yet. Besides, the bi-plane seems somewhat insecure as a means of transport for numerous small articles, and from it we may expect real "surprises".



The Biggest British Airship

This combination of photograph and plan shows the construction of the great "Lebaudy" airship which was tested at Aldershot, recently.



An English Dirigible

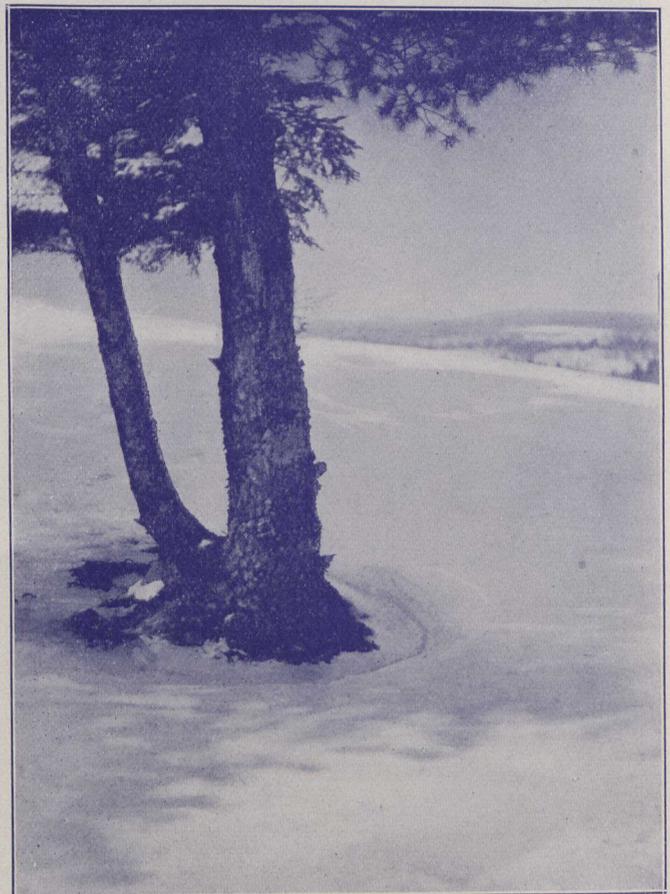
The "National Airship Fund" dirigible which arrived at Aldershot last month is the tangible result of the efforts of *The Morning Post* to secure for England a first-class airship. In the above view a portion of the envelope has been removed to show the central ballonet, which maintains the shape of the balloon by means of air pumped into it from below. The expansion of this ballonet counteracts the gradual loss of hydrogen gas which fills the rest of the envelope, and by this means maintains the shape of the balloon. The envelope was unfortunately damaged during entry into shed. —*The Sphere*



The Trail When the snow has blotted out roads and paths, some settler going to a neighboring cabin, or lumberman from camp to camp, breaks out the trail through the smooth white covering. This fine photographic study was taken in the River Désert country, Quebec. The pictures on this page, full of the winter atmosphere, were not taken this season, but in the depth of the previous winter, as even Our Lady of the Snows has not such universal whiteness to show in December.



Snow Billows At the mouth of the cave, winds have tossed the light snow in billowing heaps that remain fixed by the frost. Gilmour's Mountain, River Désert, Quebec.



The Sentinel Amid the loneliness of the still winter landscape, the old pine tree stands as it ever on guard. This fine view also on Gilmour's Mountain, River Désert, Quebec.

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.



The Perfect Knight's Christmas Eve

Sir Galahad, the purest Knight of the Round Table, riding on his quest of the Holy Grail, which only the pure might see. The picture is suggested by Tennyson's lines:

Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

But o'er the dark a glory spreads
And gilds the driving hail.

—Illustrated London News



In the Olden Time

The wayside inns have figured often in song and story. They were welcome stopping-places for the weary traveller in the days when journeys were made on horseback or by stage-coach. One can imagine the cheerful sight of the brightly-lighted windows, giving promise of warmth and fellowship within, to the traveller belated on Christmas Eve.



All in the Day's Fun It is an easy matter for even expert snowshoers to trip each other up. Getting on to their feet again is more difficult. This picture shows how exhilarating a Canadian winter really is. The young people especially love the winter, and they spend much of their leisure time out of doors.



A Novice at the Slide Snowshoers find some of their best sport in sliding down slopes but it needs some skill in management, especially if the snow is deep. See how bright the sunshine is, as indicated by the shadows of the trees. This is a typical day of Montreal's Christmas season.



A Flying Leap on Skis

Canada has adopted among its many winter sports ski-ing, which comes to us from Norway. In that country men and women travel about with great rapidity over the snow by means of their sleigh-runner shaped skis (pronounced "skees"). These jumping competitions on the slopes of Mount Royal are popular ways of spending a Saturday afternoon.



An Interrupted Colloquy

The men in the fur coats seem to have been too deeply interested in their conversation to watch out for the tobaggan, with the result depicted. The individual at the left is not wearing a lady's hat and veil—he has put up a hand to save his Derby. This is a winter scene on Fletcher's Field, one of Montreal's great playgrounds.



Sindbad at the Pantomime

In England since the middle of the eighteenth century the pantomime has been a popular form of entertainment at Christmas, for children and their elders. It is a folk-lore performance, based on some legend or fairy story, set off with gorgeous scenery, and interspersed with catchy music. Formerly there was a second part, in which the harlequinade (or clown) held the boards, but this is now usually omitted. The story of Sindbad from the "Arabian Nights" is the subject of the pantomime illustrated.

News Photos



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St. Nicholas in Holland



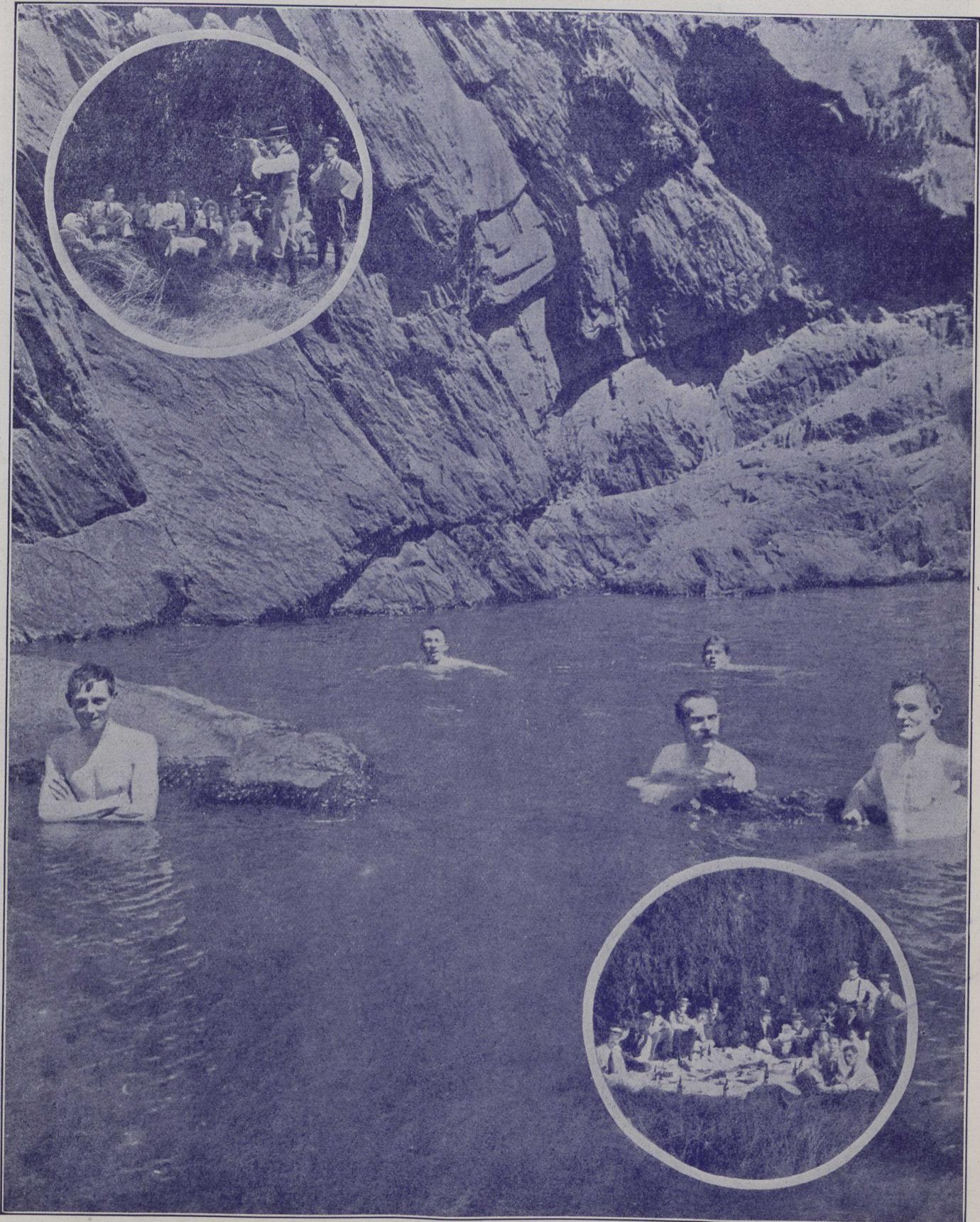
A Dutch Festival

In Holland, the St. Nicholas fête, which takes the place of our Christmas as the great event of the year for children, is celebrated on the Fifth of December. The students of the University of Utrecht arrange a pageant, like that illustrated in the picture. St. Nicholas, dressed as a Bishop, rides through the streets of Utrecht on his white horse, with toys at his side. His black servant, Piet, accompanies him on foot, and scatters sweets among the children, but he also carries a birch for the naughty ones. The toys in St. Nicholas's bag are for distribution at night when good children are supposed to be in bed.

—Illustrated London News



Christmas in the South



In Other Climes

It is hard for us in Canada to realize that in some of the sister parts of the Empire, under the Southern Cross, Christmas can be celebrated with out-door picnics, shooting parties, and water sports, including swimming. Most of us prefer our own Canadian Christmas associations of sleigh-rides to the tune of merrily jingling bells, skating, and snow sports, but we wish that the festive season may bring to our fellow-citizens everywhere "good cheer." The picture shows scenes in South Africa.

—Black and White



The British Political Crisis

Statesmen watching an aviation flight. Left to right, The Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Home Secretary; The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister; Mrs. Churchill, Miss Asquith.

—Copyright, Central News



The Premier on a Mono-Rail

It is safe to say that Mr. Asquith is enjoying himself more now than when he is the object of a Suffragettes' demonstration. This picture was taken at the Japanese Exhibition, Shepherd's Bush, London. The car is a Brennan Mono-rail.

—Copyright, Central News

Good Christian men, rejoice.

mf
1. Good Chris-tian men, re-joice . . . With heart, and soul, and

Christ is born to-day! . . . Christ is born to-day!

voice; Give ye heed to what we say: News! News!

2.
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Je - sus Christ is born to-day: Ox and ass be -

3.
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ, was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

fore Him bow, And He is in the man - ger now.

God rest you merry, Gentlemen.

1. God rest you mer-ry, gen-tle-men, Let nothing you dis-

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

may, Re-mem-ber Christ our Sa-vi-our Was born on Christmas

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings, &c.

Day, To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a -

"Fear not then," said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
O tidings, &c.

CHORUS.
stray; O . . ti - dings of com - fort and joy, comfort and

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway.
The Son of God to find.
O tidings, &c.

joy, O . . ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

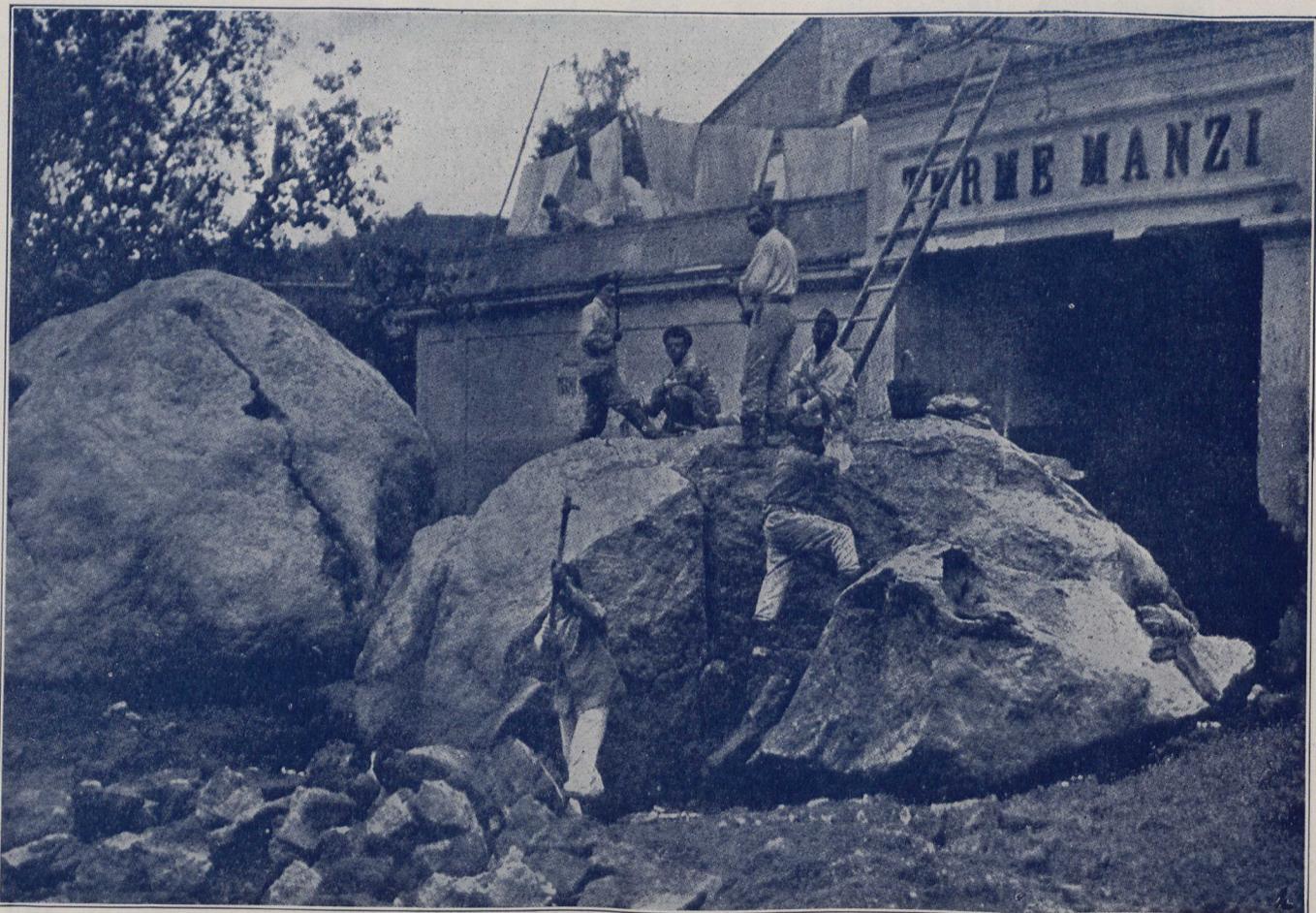
And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, &c.



An Italian Cloud-Burst

On the 24th of October, it was reported that there had been a disastrous cloud-burst in the Bay of Naples, and that considerable damage had been done at Ischi and at Casamicciola. The fuller details that came to hand afterwards showed that the greatest devastation had been wrought at Casamicciola, a part of which had been over whelmed by great rocks and debris carried down by torrents from Mount Epomeo. Curiously enough, no lives were lost at Casamicciola; from other centres came news of many deaths. In various places, the aqueducts through which the drinking-water flowed were rendered useless. Relief work was taken in hand with all speed. The above picture shows Casamicciola after the storm.



Sent Down by the Storm

Huge boulders were carried down into the streets of Casamicciola from Mount Epomeo, at the back of the town.

—Illustrated London News

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

Some Christmas Customs



ANADIAN children associate Santa Claus with the cold north, because of his reindeer and the furry garments in which he is always pictured, but in reality he comes to us from the Netherlands. "Santa Claus" is an Anglicized form of

the Dutch "Sinter Klaas," by whom is meant St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children and maidens. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, about the end of the third century. Not much is known of his personal history, but legends ascribe to him great kindness and generosity, hence it was appropriate that he should become the gift bringer at the Christmas tide. He died on December 6, and this is the date on which children in Holland and some parts of Germany look for their gifts. We have adopted the custom of hanging up the stockings, only changing from St. Nicholas eve to Christmas eve. There is a legend to explain why stockings were chosen as receptacles for the gifts. St. Nicholas being the patron saint of maidens, young women looked to him to provide them with husbands and a marriage dowry. The legend relates that once, under cover of the night, the good saint threw three purses of gold into the house of a nobleman who had three daughters for whom he was unable to provide. The purses being shaped much like stockings, these articles were henceforth placed to receive the gifts. It was at one time the custom to have some one impersonate Santa Claus—as is done now at Christmas tree parties—and distribute the gifts to the various members of the family; gradually this gave place to leaving the presents on the hearthstone, and as some explanation was necessary, what so likely as that Santa Claus had come down the chimney in the night and left them there. This was all very well in houses where the open fireplace was ample enough for Santa and his pack, but a little puzzling to the children of succeeding generations for whom, in this country, the "chimney" was only the small brick structure on the house top, and who found it somewhat difficult to reconcile the size of the fat and jolly Santa Claus with that of the stove pipe, the only means of ingress by way of the chimney. But childhood does not care to destroy its pleasure by inquiring too closely into the logic of things. The reindeer that transport Santa Claus seem to have come from a legend of the far north of Europe, where reindeer are regarded almost as part of the families, so many comforts are derived from their use. The legend held that once a year particularly beneficent reindeer, bearing certain special marks, came from some unknown country still farther north. So have legends, traditions, and customs of foreign lands and different times, been interwoven into the story that Canadian children love, and that has its most popular version in the poem "Twas the night before Christmas," first published nearly a century ago, in 1822.

The custom of making presents at Christmas time is a very old one. Like a number of other observances of Christianity, it had its origin in a custom of times before the Christian era, but through the ages it has become associated with the festival of goodwill. The term "Christmas box" is derived from a custom of the early days of the Christian Church, when boxes were placed in the churches to receive offerings for the poor. These boxes were opened on Christmas Day, and the distribution was made the day following. In England the day after



London's New Lady Mayoress At the Lord Mayor's Show last month Lady Strong was attended by eight maids of honor.

Christmas has long been observed—although not so generally of late—as "Boxing Day," when presents are made by the well-to-do to their servants, the postmen, messengers, and those in dependent circumstances.

The Christmas tree comes to us by way of the Mother Country, from Germany, and with them it was a plant of heathen origin trained to nobler uses. After the German peoples accepted Christianity, the "sacred tree" of their old mythology gradually became associated with the central observance of their new religion. In no country is the Christmas tree such a general institution as it is in Germany. In the cities and towns as the great "Fest" draws near, perfect little forests of evergreen trees appear in the squares and market-places, and on the street corners, and thither the heads of families resort to select the indispensable "Weihnachtsbaume." The sway of the Christmas tree in the Scandinavian countries is of much the same origin as in Germany. In Sweden, on Christmas morning, one meets everywhere men and boys carrying home from the woods the most perfectly shaped little evergreen trees they can find. In the afternoon, as it begins to grow dark, the children are sent to bed, that they may be fresh for the evening's fun, and while the father and mother finish sealing the presents and decorate the tree. Then, when all is ready, the whole household gathers round the "Julgran," bright with its glittering ornaments and many little colored candles. The lighting of candles on Christmas trees is traceable to a Jewish celebration which culminated on December 25, the celebration of the Dedication of the Temple, when in every house candles were lighted.

The plum pudding, without which Christmas, to Anglo-Saxons, would be incomplete, is said to be emblematical of the rich offerings made by the wise men. However that may be—and the explanation seems far-fetched—plum-pudding has been the distinguishing feature of the Christmas dinner for centuries.

Burning the Yule Log—a custom once general in English homes—has never been adopted in this country. "Yule" was the name of the festival of the winter solstice, or turning of the year to the sun.

The mistletoe was adopted into the Christmas from the heathen festivities. The Druids, who venerated the mistletoe when it grew on the oak tree, gathered it with ceremony at the time of the winter solstice, and the people hung sprays of it over their doors, it is said, as an offer of shelter to the forest spirits during the cold weather. The idea of kissing under the mistletoe came from an old Scandinavian myth. The mistletoe, which had been made into an arrow for the wounding of Balder, the Apollo of the North, was then given to the Goddess of Love to keep, and everyone who passed under it received a kiss as a token that it was the emblem of love, not of death. When the mistletoe first found its way into English homes, in this connection, it was hung in the servants' hall but soon was added to the decorations of the drawing-room.

MERRY CHRISTMAS CHIMES



It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King,"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

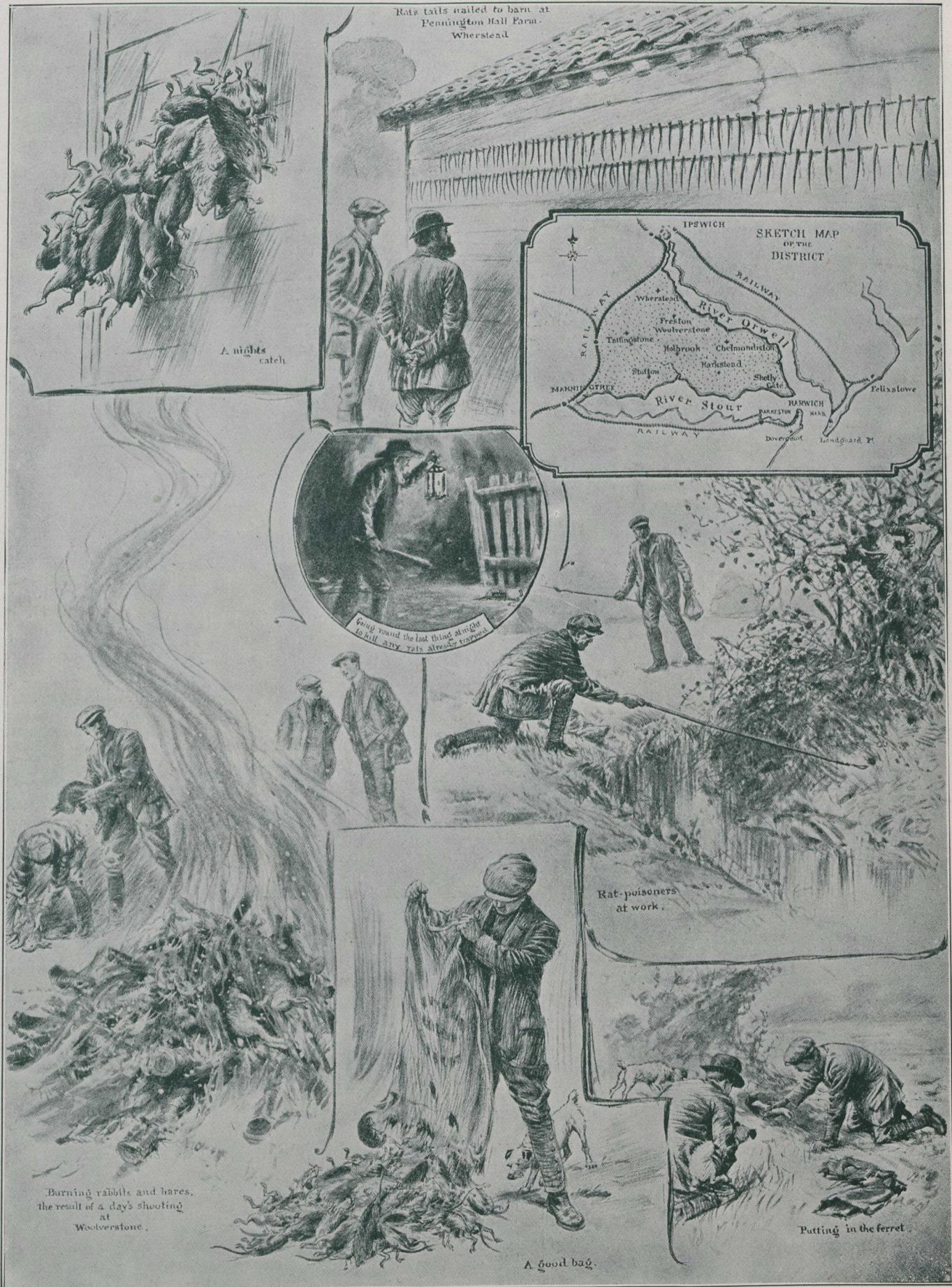
Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.



Fighting the Plague in England



Seeking to Arrest a Dread Disease

It was announced recently that, as the result of special tests, it had been proved that the deaths of four people at Freston, Suffolk, England, which were supposed to have been due to pneumonia, were, in fact, due to plague, which had set up the pneumonia. Later bacteriological examination failed to confirm the presence of plague. Later still, rats and hares were found dead, or dying, in the same locality. These were examined; and three rats and one hare were found to be infected with plague. As a result, great efforts are being made to destroy rats; and many rabbits and hares have been killed also. Much poison has been laid down and many traps have been set. It was not long before the reassuring statement was made that there was no cause for alarm, especially as, although there had been plague among rats in England many times during the last ten years, it has been communicated to man but rarely. One of the sketches on this page needs a note of explanation. The rat-poisoner carries a long stick, to the end of which a spoon is lashed: this so that he can place the poisoned food well inside rats' holes.

—Illustrated London News



Christmas Gift Making



THE majority of us who make the presents we give have learned the wisdom of getting them under way weeks or months before Christmas. Such an experience as having a beautiful embroidered centre-piece, intended for one's dearest young matron friend, almost finished, but not quite, and being compelled to rush out at the last moment and buy some unwanted article to take its place, is not one to be repeated. But there are numerous useful articles, dainty and acceptable as gifts, which can easily be made within the next two or three weeks. Here are some suggestions, which do not claim to be all original, but may be helpful just now.

A bag for holding table linen (1), to keep it by itself for laundering, can be made simply from a towel, which is very suitable for the purpose. Buy a long narrow towel with fringed ends. Cut off the fringe along one end, and hem or bind the edge. Turn that end up to form the bag, leaving eight or nine inches of the fringed end for the flap. Sew the sides on the machine securely and turn the seam in, or bind on the outside with white tape. Double the flap over, run a row of stitching an inch or so from the fold, and through this put a slender rod. One can be made from a piece of wood coated with white enamel paint. Loops of tape at the ends of the rod by which to suspend the bag complete the article, which a fastidious housewife, fond of her fine linen, will welcome among her collection of household bags. It may be elaborated by outlining with colored thread the pattern woven in the towel, or in some such easy fashion. Instead of the towel, plain linen can be used, the edge of the flap scalloped and bound or worked with button-hole stitch, and the monogram of the recipient embroidered in the centre.

A new cushion (2) is in the shape of one of the big flat pillow muffs. The oblong foundation can be made of layers of cotton wadding, covered with cheese cloth. Over this goes the cover, which is put on smooth, with a double ruffle at each end. In the adornment of a cushion of this design, one girl utilized an extra large ecru lace yoke collar, bought at a sale and never likely to be worn. The square back was applied along one side at the edge, the front portions being brought along the ends of the cushion. It required careful manipulation and tacking to get the lace on flat, and some cutting of the inner edge, but this did not matter, being hidden under a cord put on with couching stitch, in blue and gold. For the cover itself dull blue silk was chosen, the cushion being intended for the back of a chair in a blue and mahogany room.

A writing pad (3) that can be packed in the trunk or put away in a drawer, always ready for use, is convenient for the girl who is going to travel, or the one whose room does not boast of a desk. Procure a square piece of heavy cardboard, and cover it on both sides with dark green linen, or any smooth ma-

terial you prefer. On the upper part of one side, fasten envelope-shaped cases of the same material, one for the letter paper and the other for envelopes and postcards. The pen, wrapped in a chamois wiper, may go in with the paper, or have a narrow compartment to itself. The cases can be made separately in the shape of envelopes, bound round with tape through which to put the small fasteners, which should go through the cardboard. Cover the lower half of the same side with blotting paper, held securely with paper fasteners.

A holder for safety pins (4) is a useful little article to hang over the toilet table as safety pins in a cushion have a way of getting tangled up with everything else. The materials required are three or four brass rings about an inch in diameter, two yards and a half of narrow ribbon, a small square of silk or satin, and a small ball of crochet silk. Cover the rings with double crochet, and attach each of them to a loop of the ribbon, in three different lengths. Weigh the fourth and longest loop with a small cushion for lace pins, beauty pins, etc. Buttonhole the edge of the square of silk, mark a circle in the centre, run a gathering thread around the marking and draw it up into a pouch. Fill with wadding, draw up tight, and tie with a bit of ribbon. Bring all the pieces together into a rosette at the top, with a loop to hang it up by, and hang safety pins of different sizes on the rings.

The girl who takes a pride in keeping all the appointments of her room tidy will probably appreciate a wall case for holding her brushes, combs, nail file, and the trifles that so easily fall into disorder on the dressing table or bureau. The case (5) is simply an oblong piece of linen with pockets of different sizes, adapted to the articles they are to hold. The case should, of course, be in harmony with the furnishings of the room, and it is a good idea to make the foundation of linen of the color of the walls. Turn down the raw edges at the back. The pockets are straight pieces stitched in their places on the front of the case, and should be large enough to allow for removing the articles easily. They may be of the linen with a flower spray cut from cretonne applied with stitching on each—unless one cares to go to the trouble of embroidering on the linen, or the pockets themselves may be of the flowered cretonne. Line the back with stiff cotton or thin canvas, and put a slender rod through the hem at the top.

Most little girls have dolls' trunks, but a dolls' wardrobe (6) will prove a delightful novelty. It can be made of one of the boxes that accumulate in every household. If the box is smooth, paint it on the outside to match the rest of the doll's furniture, and cover the inside with flowered cretonne; if it is not smooth, cover on the outside, too. Stand the box on end, fasten pieces of wood to each side near the top to support a shelf for hats, and on the under side of the shelf, screw small hooks on which to hang dolly's coats and garments. Miniature coat and skirt hangers can be cut from pieces of wood, and covered with bits of silk, and a door is easily made from the box lid, with leather hinges.

A box for her separate waists is one of the things a boy can make for his sister. The box must be long and wide enough to hold a blouse laid out flat, and deep enough for several without crushing. Cut pieces of white cotton to fit the sides and bottom, and similar pieces of thin white silk or mercerized material. Between them put a layer of cotton wadding sprinkled with sachet powder, fasten together, and line the box, using very small tacks. Cover the outside smoothly to match the room furnishings, bringing the material over the edge of the box, and finish with narrow gimp. Cover the box lid similarly, and attach it with hinges or strips of the covering.

Anyone who has ever searched for her rubbers among a lot of similar ones at a party, will at once see the desirability of having a holder for them. A bag with gathering cord is perhaps the most convenient form. To make one for a Christmas gift use black satin, work the owner's initials on it, and line it with thin supple rubber. The bag can also be used for slippers, as the rubber lining permits of its being kept clean.

A calendar blotter is as inexpensive as a gift can very well be, but it can be made a pretty as well as useful addition to the desk furnishings. Procure some sheets of good blotting paper, and cut into twelve pieces of uniform shape; six by ten inches is a convenient size. In the upper left hand corner of each, paste a small leaf for one month from a pad calendar, or make that portion yourself with smooth white paper, a ruler, pen and ink. In the opposite corner you can paste a little snap-shot photograph with which the recipient of the blotter has associations, an amusing pen and ink sketch, or some small picture characteristic of that particular month. Bore a hole through the centre of the ends, and fasten together with a ribbon or cord tied loosely so that it can be untied easily when a leaf is to be removed.

Quite small pieces of old brocade can be worked up into beautiful little boxes and bags, if one can bring oneself to part with the brocade. These pieces of lovely old material have a great value to those who have kept or inherited them. Sometimes one can find ends of handsome tapestries in the upholstering departments, which can be put to the same use as the more costly brocades. Small boxes covered with these and edged with gold braid are charming. Cushion covers may be enriched by the addition of corners, centre, or blocks of the tapestry.

Heavy flowered ribbon is used in covering a hair-pin holder for the invisible hairpins frequently in demand. A round box of heavy white pasteboard is required. Make a cushion that just fits the box, and rises slightly in mound shape above the top. Cover the cushion with net. Put the ribbon on smoothly around the outside of the box, and conceal the edge under a ruffle of lace, or of plain soft silk matching the chief color of the ribbon. A cushion for hat pins is set in an oval box covered with flowered ribbon and edged with gold or silver cord. A pretty ribbon work-bag is made from two strips—each about twenty-four or twenty-seven inches long—of flowered ribbon six inches wide. The width of the

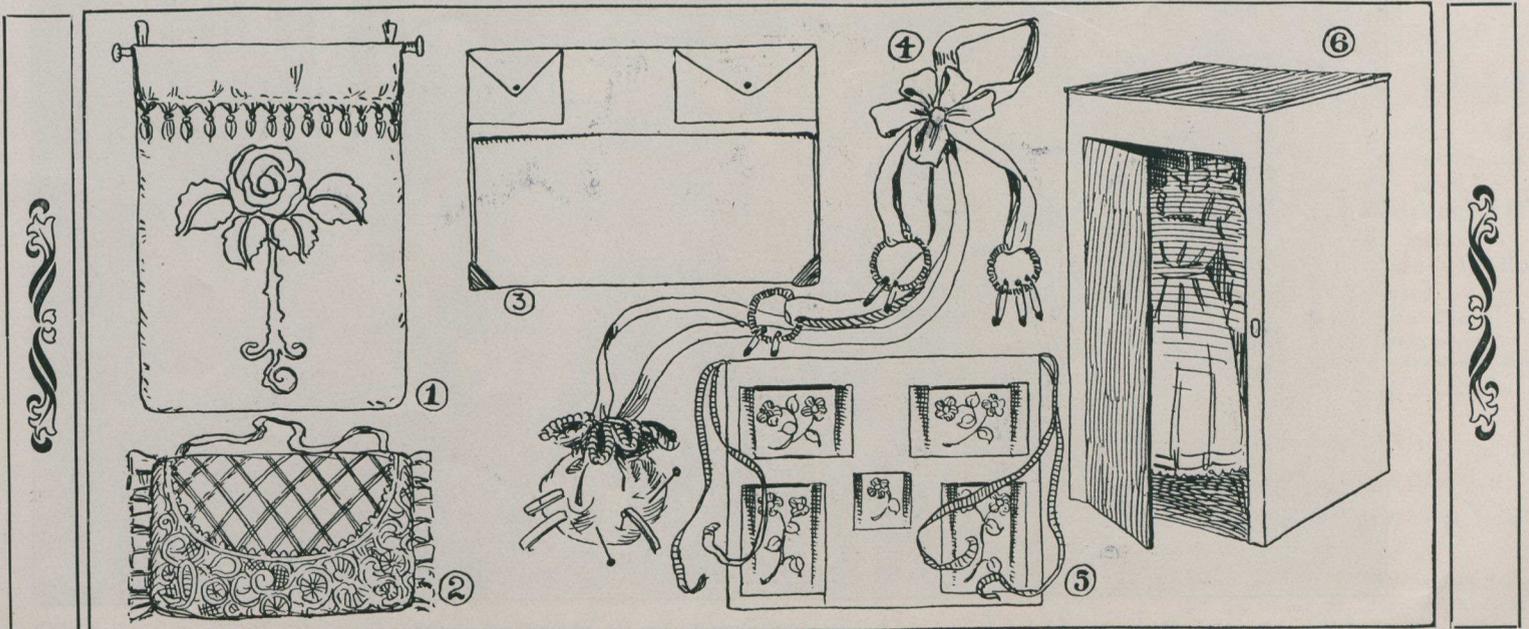
ribbon forms the depth of the bag, the two pieces being overhanded together. Cut two heart-shaped or oval pieces of cardboard, and cover them smoothly on both sides with the ribbon. To these hearts, the upper edges are gathered and fastened, enough of the ends being left to form loops at the top. Drawstrings of narrow ribbon are passed through a casing made by turning under and stitching the ends of the ribbon. In the bag intended for a gift the donor can put a little needle book, a bodkin, silver thimble, any and as many sewing articles as she wishes to give. A handkerchief box of pretty flowered silk will delight the junior school girl. Choose a good firm Dresden silk, a rose-bud design being always appropriate. One of the white pasteboard boxes that handkerchiefs come in at the stores will be suitable. The inside may be covered simply with heavy white moire paper, or with plain silk; the outside covering of the flowered silk is put on smoothly, brought over the edge, and fastened under the lining. The lid, covered to match, is attached by doubled straps of ribbon for hinges, and a loop of the ribbon is fastened to the front of the cover by which to raise it.

A small article which costs only a few cents and is sure to be acceptable to the presiding genius of the kitchen is a box for wrapping cord. Purchase a ball of good twine, then find a pasteboard box into which it will fit easily. One with a deep cover is needed. Cover with a piece of flowered cretonne of the finer quality—about a quarter of a yard will be enough—which can be put on with glue if the worker is careful. In the centre of the cretonne for the top work an eyelet hole, and punch a corresponding hole in the box lid. When the box is ready, put in the ball and draw a piece of the twine through the hole.



Christmas Packages

As everyone knows, a good deal of the effectiveness of a gift depends on the way it is done up. Green or white tissue paper and red or holly bébé ribbon is always "Christmassy," but most people like a variety in the wrappings of their presents. There is a wrapping paper that looks like watered silk and is not much more expensive than tissue; it is effective tied with silk cord, or white watered bébé ribbon fastened with red seals. Sky blue paper, tied with silver tinsel cord, and fastened with star-shaped seals of silver paper, is something quite different, and yet in keeping with Christmas. The scarlet poinsettia is much used at Christmas time, and the Japanese paper napkins that have a large scarlet blossom in one corner can be utilized for the wrappings of small packages. For a flat box, wrap first in white paper, cut out the poinsettia from the napkin, and paste it over the centre. If you have preserved some of the autumn leaves, you can characterize your packages to friends in another country by gluing two or three of the tinted leaves on the wrapping, or you can cut maple leaves for the purpose from crape paper napkins that have this design.



Some Things Easy to Make for Christmas Gifts

The Revolution in Portugal



Soldiers in the Streets of Lisbon

A snap-shot taken during the short-lived war that resulted in Portugal's being turned from a Monarchy into a Republic.

—The Sphere

The Toilet and the Baby

FUR is to be used as trimming to an extent greater than can be remembered by many long since out of the debutante stage. It is put on almost every style of garment, and combined with all sorts of materials. Cloth coats have collar and cuffs of fur and frequently a deep border at the hem, a fashion that was favored in our mothers' girlhood days. Evening coats are combined with fur in varying proportions; sometimes the enormous collar, the deep cuffs, and almost knee-depth border of fur leave only about half the coat material of satin, velvet, or whatever it may be, apparent. The velvet skirt and coat suits, now so popular, are appropriately finished with fur, as collar, cuffs, and band to match round the hem of the straight narrow skirt. Ermine and chinchilla are frequently used for evening wear; Alaska sable, black fox, and other dark furs on street coats and costumes.

A rather extraordinary use of fur trimming this season is on evening gowns, whether of silk, satin, lace, or the transparent ninons and mousselines. Fur and chiffon may seem an incongruous combination, but there it is. It is a scheme that could very easily be overdone, or done the wrong way. Only narrow bands are put on, and these following some design that restricts the banding. An example is a soft blue satin gown, the upper portion veiled by a tunic of blue chiffon, having the corsage folded over a white lace tucker in a modified surplice effect, from right to left. Bordering this line was a narrow band of dark fur, from right shoulder to the fastening below the bust at the left. That was the only touch of fur on the gown, and it avoided the inconsequential appearance which is to be guarded against in the use of fur on frocks. Ermine has figured in the costumes of bridesmaids at several weddings recently. In one group, the frocks were of shell-pink satin veiled in ninon, the fullness of which was held straight—not by any means hobbled—under a wide band of ivory-tinted lace, this being bordered along the upper edge with a narrow band of ermine. The hats were wide models of black velvet, bordered with ermine.

Another of the older ideas in dress being exploited this season is that of combining different materials, and sometimes different colors. In some elaborate evening gowns one finds satin, velvet, chiffon, and lace, perhaps further embellished with embroidery in metallic threads, silks, and tiny beads, but the effect must never suggest "patchiness" in any degree. A lovely reception gown has silvery gray soft satin for the foundation, and this is veiled in cold-gray chiffon, gathered slightly at the girdle, and having a shaped deep hem of velvet the same shade, deepening to form the narrow train. The chiffon overblouse has a white lace slip crossed with bands of the satin, showing dimly through, and the garniture on waist and sleeves is banded motifs of the chiffon embroidered in dull blue silks and silver threads.

Now that we have got used to the straight lines and lack of extra width, we find they have a decided attractiveness. One is not thinking of the hobble skirt, which no amount of usage could make seem anything but ungraceful, not to say foolish. Happily it is now only a memory of the brief madness of a few. Apart from expensive gowns for formal occasions, the frocks this winter are characterized by simplicity. There is not a finger-length of material wasted, yet they are not supposed to look skimpy. The skirts do not "flare" the least bit, and two yards round the hem is considered quite wide. As they cannot be of that width at the top, they must be gored, but the gores are cut and hung so as to give the effect of perfectly straight lines. This is not an easy thing to accomplish, and if one is making a dress for herself, she will do well to choose a pattern that allows for slight gathers at the waist, provided that her material is light and supple enough for this treatment. The wide hem, which is like a deep facing on the right side, or a wide band placed about knee-depth, but not at all, or only slightly drawn in, is usually the only elaboration.

The so-called one-piece dresses are nearly always made up of waist and skirt joined under a girdle which may, or may not, be attached to the dress. Kimona bodices, waist and sleeves in one, are much favored, and the decoration of the waist is continued on to the sleeves which end above the elbow. The long under-sleeve is of lace or net to match the yoke or guimpe.

The separate blouse is developed in a really wonderful variety of ways. For a waist to wear with a tailored suit, when

one expects to take one's coat off and wants to look "dressed," chiffon is satisfactory and popular. The chiffon part is really an overblouse, of the suit color; it is mounted over a substantial lining, and it is in many cases this lining that gives "character" to the waist. Persian silk is frequently chosen, the colors showing subdued through the chiffon overblouse. If plain silk is preferred, it may be of some light harmonizing color, or the same shade as the chiffon and enlivened by garniture embroidered in colors. Some elaborate blouses are mounted over lace backed by a thin silk. In short, there is every opportunity for the exercise of personal taste and ingenuity in the development of the separate waist.

* * *

Christmas for the Baby

"Hang up the baby's stocking.
Be sure you don't forget.
The dear little dimpled darling,
He never saw Christmas yet."

Everyone who has a baby in the family—grand-parent, aunt, uncle, intimate friend of the parents—wants to mark the baby's first Christmas with gifts and rejoicings, but, as a matter of fact, it is not the baby, but the baby's mother, whose pleasure is uppermost, and whose appreciation the donor has in mind. There are few things one can put in the stocking that will appeal to the baby, to whom candy is forbidden, and who loves a battered old rubber doll or wooden animal that he knows better than an expensive new toy. It is not always remembered as it should be that in selecting toys for a baby, his tendency to put everything into his mouth should be taken into consideration.

In the other department of baby's presents—gifts that the mother will appreciate for him—nothing is prettier or more appropriate than dainty articles of the finest linen with a little hand embroidery. A baby of a few months old cannot have too many bibs. A very dainty one is of fine handkerchief linen, the edge finely scalloped and worked with button-hole stitch, and the embroidery done in a design of small leaves and vine with a conventionalized blossom here and there. Fine cording makes a good finish for the neck. Of course, such a bib by itself would be little protection; a flat pad of absorbent cotton is cut out to fit and attached under the bib at the neck.

A little house jacket is a welcome gift, as there are times when the added warmth is necessary to the baby's comfort. The crocheted ones are always nice, but lovely little jackets can be made of fine white washable flannel, scalloped and buttonholed round the edge with pale blue or pink, and tied with ribbon to match. A kimona or dressing gown may be given without much fear of its being superfluous. White challis with a very small pattern in pale blue or pink is pretty for the purpose, the kimona being the only fanciful garment in baby's wardrobe.

A pair of cot blankets make a gift very much worth while. They must be of the finest, softest weave of white blanketing, cut to the correct size for the little cot, and bound all round with soft satin in the baby colors of pink or blue. The binding at the top should be some three inches in depth. A baby pillow should have the embroidery in the corners or close to the end, or the border on three sides, so that there will be no unevenness of surface to hurt the soft skin. One neat little pillow is like a cushion, without ruffles or edging of any kind, and depends for its daintiness on the fineness of the handkerchief linen of which it is composed, and a long spray of embroidery from one corner along a side and end. Another is bordered with fine hand-run tucks, and a ruffle edged with lace around all but the lower side. White pique makes a dainty and satisfactory spread for the baby's cot or bassinet. A soft but firm quality of pique is used, and the edge is scalloped and worked with padded button-hole stitch, or simply bound. As the pique cannot be folded back on account of the wrong side showing, a piece may be sewed on along the top to simulate a fold, and the baby's monogram or initials embroidered in the centre of this.



LADIES' HOUSE SACQUE.

No. 8681.

Many are the uses of a dressing sacque, if it is tidy and pretty. The model here shown may be transformed into a shirt-waist at will, or, becoming in cool Dutch neck style, as a dressing or house sacque with short sleeves. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure, and requires 4 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.



A GOOD STYLE FOR A BOY'S SUIT.

No. 8635.

There is very little detail to this suit, which is comfortable, and suitable for cloth or wash fabrics. The sleeve is laid in tucks at the wrist. The trousers are the regulation knickerbockers closing at the left side. The pattern is cut in sizes, 2-4-6 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the four year size.

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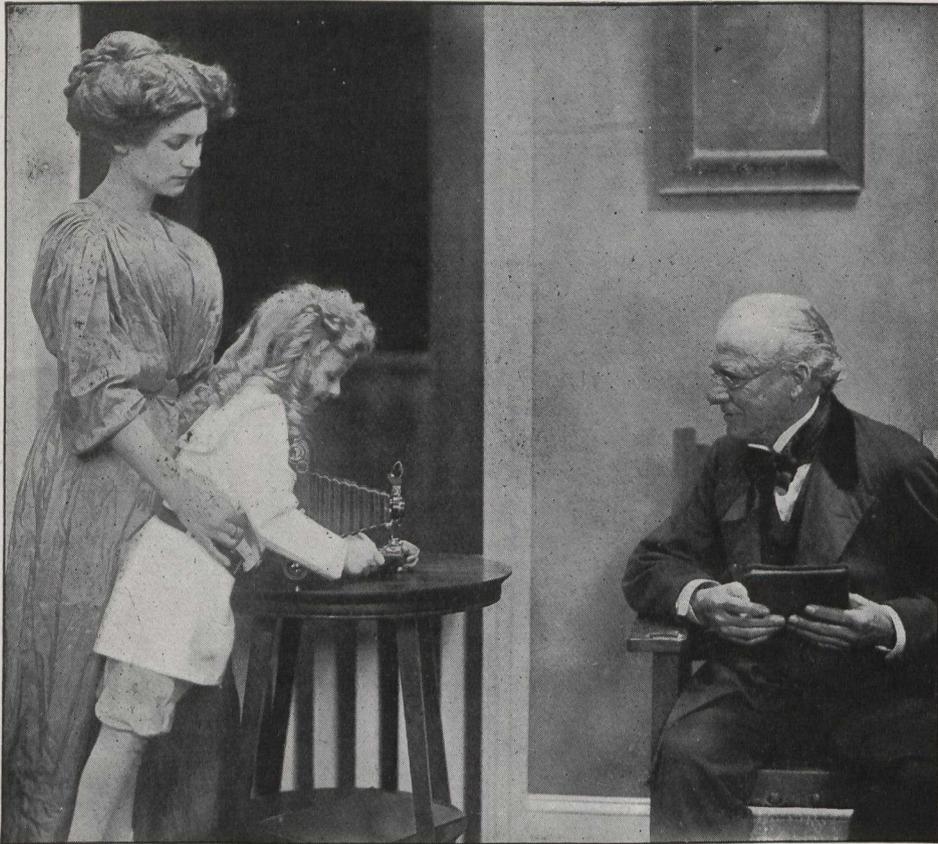
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The Housekeeper's Page



THE picture on another page of the arrival of Santa Claus in an aeroplane might suggest something novel in the way of decorations for Christmas festivities. A miniature bi-plane or monoplane can be made by almost any handy boy, at least one that will serve the purpose, as it need not have actual flying qualities. Decorate it with sprigs of evergreen and tiny flags. A Santa Claus doll, dressed in scarlet cloth and fur, will, of course, be the aviator, with his pack fastened beside him. A neatly made aeroplane, with pure white cotton for the planes, would make an interesting table decoration, suspended over the centre-piece from the ceiling, by thin elastic bands or by some means that is as little visible as possible. Cotton batting "snow" sprinkled over the evergreen garlands would suggest the cold of the upper regions of the air through which Santa had come. His pack might consist of small bags of bon-bons for those at the table, or small articles, each wrapped in tissue paper and accompanied by a written amusing message.

* * *

How to Keep Christmas

There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day—and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; put your rights in the background and your duty in the foreground?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed Life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you can keep it for a day, why not always?—Henry van Dyke.

* * *

Christmas Bon-Bons

In many households making candy is included in the festive preparations, and surely no expensive "bought" confections can compare with the home-made sweets. There is a decided knack, however, in making candy, and it must not be undertaken in any haphazard way, or the results are sure to prove crude. The person who chooses for her share this branch of the preparation should give to it her close and exclusive attention for the time being, and bring to her task patience as well as skill.

Fondant, which is the foundation for cream bon-bons, can be made up several days before it is wanted, and kept covered with waxed paper; or the bon-bons can be finished at once, whichever is most convenient. The one thing to guard against in making fondant is granulation; that is the reason why it must not be stirred while boiling, nor allowed to cook too long. Use a porcelain-lined or enamelled saucepan with straight sides, and see that it is scrupulously clean and smooth. Buttering the sides of the saucepan is a preventive of granulation, but do not use much butter as you want your fondant not to be discolored. Put a pound and a half of granulated sugar into the saucepan with a cupful of water, and add a pinch of cream of tartar, "as much as will lie on a ten-cent piece," a reliable recipe calls for. Put the cover on the saucepan until the sugar is melted and boiling is well under way, then take off the cover. When you think it has boiled enough, test by dropping a little into cold water; if it makes a soft ball it has reached the right stage. Turn it out of the saucepan, without stirring, into a flat dish, and when the mass cools beat it with a wooden spatula until it is white and creamy, and stiff, then turn it out on

to a bread-board, and knead it with the hands into a smooth lump. Mould pieces of it into balls. These may be coated with chocolate, flattened between walnut meats, made to enclose blanched almonds, and colored and flavored to give a varied assortment of bon-bons. A drop or two of cochineal gives a pink tint; yellow and orange can be obtained from mixing in a little strained orange juice, some of the grated peel, and a spoonful or so of powdered sugar to bring back to the right consistency; while a very little strong coffee will impart flavor and color to a third sort.

Use unsweetened chocolate for coating creams, nuts, dates, etc. Break the bars into an enamelled cup and set it in a pan of very hot water or over a boiling tea-kettle, and let it melt, with occasional stirring, and guarding against water or steam getting into the cup. Flavor with vanilla. Let it cool till tepid, then drop in one by one the blanched almonds, walnut meats, stoned dates, square bits of preserved ginger, etc. With a close-tined fork, push each sweetmeat down to get coated all over, lift it out, drain, and put on waxed paper to dry. In coating creams do one at a time. Nuts may be dipped for a second coating.

Fruit caramels should find a place in the box of sweets. Stone some dates; remove the pits from raisins; blanch almonds by pouring boiling water over them, then immersing them in cold water and rubbing off the skins; also wipe off some figs. Mix the fruit in equal quantities, and put it through the meat chopper. Dust a bread-board with powdered sugar, knead the mixture, roll it out to about half an inch thickness, and cut into small squares. Wrap them in waxed paper.

Fruit bars can be made by combining the kneaded fruits with fondant. Take two equal thin slices of the fondant, one white and the other pink or yellow, and between them put a layer of the fruit caramel preparation. Press together, roll out flat, and cut into bars.

Glaze grapes and sections of orange help to make the candy box attractive. Make a syrup of sugar and water in the proportion of a pound of sugar to a cup of water; boil until it forms a thread from the spoon, or becomes hard in cold water. Remove to the back of the stove. Drop in the fruit, turn it over with a fork, lift out, and drop on waxed paper, doing one piece at a time.

Most candy-lovers are fond of chocolates. To make chocolate fudge put a teaspoonful of butter into a saucepan, melt, then add two cups of sweet milk and four cups of soft brown sugar; when heated, add two small cakes of chocolate, stir with a wooden spoon until dissolved, and occasionally until cooked, which should be in about twenty minutes. Remove from the fire, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and then beat thoroughly to a creamy consistency. Turn into buttered plates, and cut into squares or "dominoes."

* * *

Things Useful to Know

If a window requires cleaning in frosty weather, wipe it off with a rag moistened with methylated spirits, which will not freeze, as water would do.

Lemons of which the rind is to be grated should be first scrubbed well with a vegetable brush.

Darning large holes in stockings can be done more quickly and easily if a piece of net is basted over the hole. The threads are darned back and forth through the meshes of the net—making a smooth, even piece of work.

Tea stains on linen can be removed by rinsing them in cold water, then pouring boiling water through the stained portion stretched over a bowl. If the stains have dried, soak first in diluted glycerine.

To clean a soiled place on a painted door or wainscot, try rubbing the spot lightly with a little whiting on a piece of clean flannel rag. It is less injurious to the paint than soap and water or washing-soda.



COOKING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

—Sallows, photo

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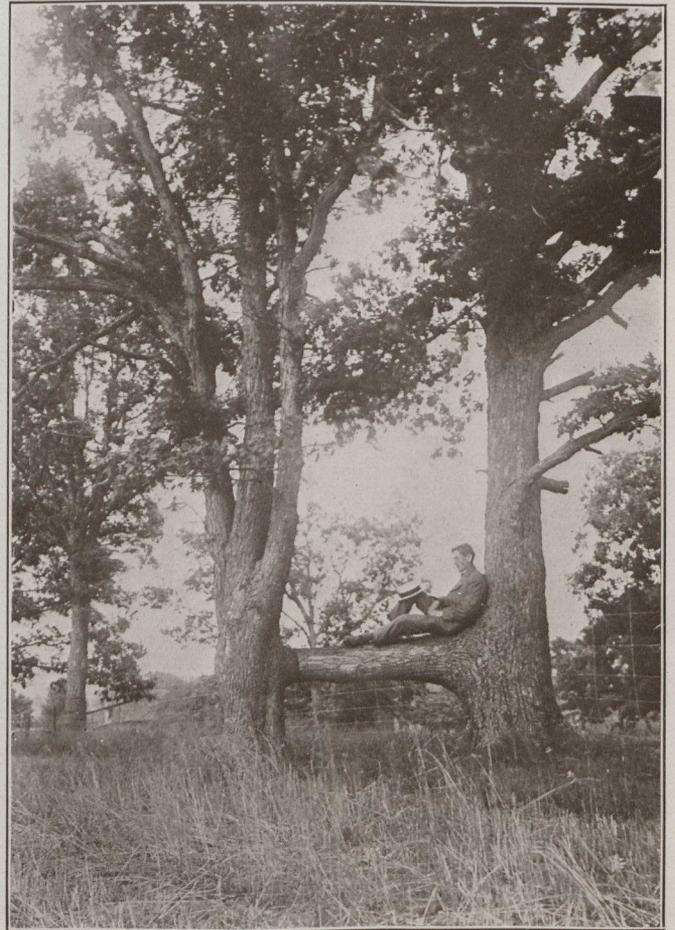
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The Queen-Mother Queen Alexandra has returned to England from Denmark. In our photograph she is seen on the landing stage at Dover hand-in-hand with her bonnie little grandson, Prince Olaf of Norway. Just behind, to the left of the picture, is Princess Victoria, leading "Mac," a favorite Scotch terrier. —Copyright, Central News

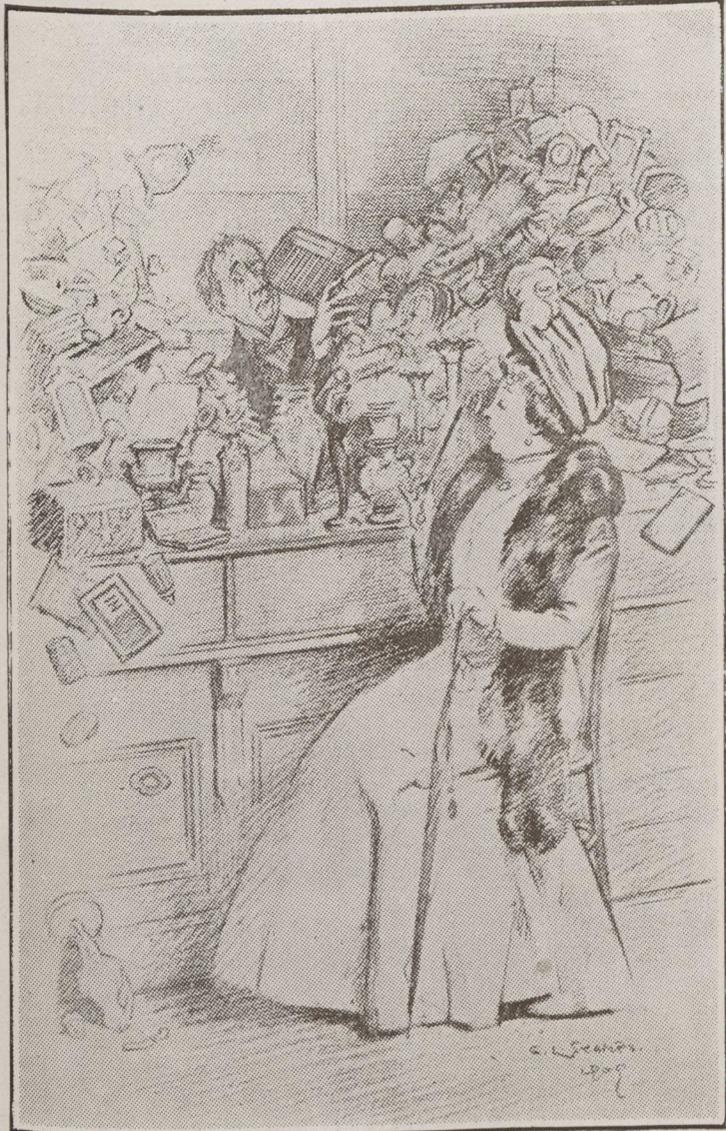


Noted Canadian Heroine. The Memorial to Laura Secord, recently erected at Queenston Heights by the Dominion Government, is in commemoration of her brave deed in warning the British troops of the United States army's surprise march. The inscription reads: "This monument has been erected by the Government of Canada to Laura Ingersoll Secord, who saved her husband's life in the battle on these heights, October 13, 1812, and who risked her own life in conveying to Captain Fitzgibbon the information by which he won the victory of Beaver Dams, July 24, 1813."



A Freak Growth This picture of a remarkable union of two oak trees is sent by Mr. C. M. Ewart, of Yarker, Ontario, who says that the joint is almost perfect.

WITH THE WITS



Enjoying Herself "The main charm of Christmas shopping lies in the actual buying, the lingering over the numberless temptations which surround one on all hands." —Daily paper

CUSTOMER: "None of these will suit me. Have you nothing else to show?"

HER REVENGE.

Young Jackson—"Mr. Johnson, your daughter has promised to marry me." Old Johnson—"Great Scott. That's what comes of refusing to buy her a pug dog! She said she'd get even with me!"

MORE THAN HALF SHO".

P.C. Murphy came staggering into the police court with a Michael Gunn—and Gunn was drunk. "Plaze, yer worship, I found this man outside the court-yard drunk. He sez his name is Gunn, and bedad, your honor, He's loaded!" The magistrate frowned, "Gunn," he said, "you are discharged!" And the report was in the papers the next day.

A LONG FELT WANT.

"Yes," said the thoughtful thinker, "I have an idea for an invention that would make all other get-rich-quick schemes look quite idiotic if I could only perfect it." "What's the idea?" queried the party with the bulging forehead. "A folding horse that would fit under the seat of any cheap motor-car for use in emergencies," answered the thoughtful one.

THE TRAMP UP-TO-DATE.

"My boy," said the first tramp, "I've hit on a scheme that guarantees me a square meal and possibly some clothes at any house I care to strike." "What do you do?" asked the second wayfarer. "I throw away my hat, run through a couple of bushes to get my clothes torn, then go up to the front door of a mansion and tell the lady of the house I'm a flying man and that my aeroplane has just descended in the woods."

HE READ IT.

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to cross-roads and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole he lit the match carefully, and in the ensuing glimmer read—"Wet Paint."

NO EXERCISE.

Two men whose offices were on the second floor were on the first floor waiting for the elevator. "You are not looking extra well, Lonsdel," remarked the lawyer. "No, Rangie," replied the real estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need the exercise." "Me, too." They still waited for the elevator.

THE REASON.

The schoolmaster was explaining the circulation of the blood. "If I were to stand on my head, the blood would rush to my head, wouldn't it?" No one contradicted him. "Now," he continued, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't it rush to my feet?" "Because," the bright boy suggested, "your feet ain't empty!"

CAN'T LOSE.

"Gracious Tommy," said the startled visitor, "I never saw a lad get as many spankings as you do. Why, it seems to be a continuous performance down in the woodshed." "Oh, I can stand it," laughed Tommy with a wink. "You can stand it?" "Easily! When dad spanks me ma feels so sorry she gives me sweets on the sly. Then when ma spanks me dad feels so sorry he gives me tuppence and takes me out to see the cricket match."

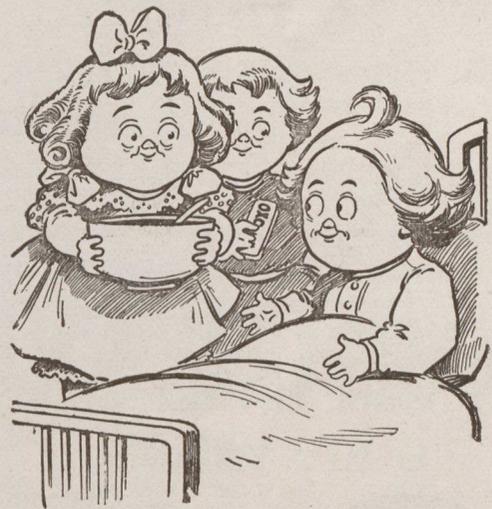
A Box of LISSUE Handkerchiefs Makes a Charming Gift.

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