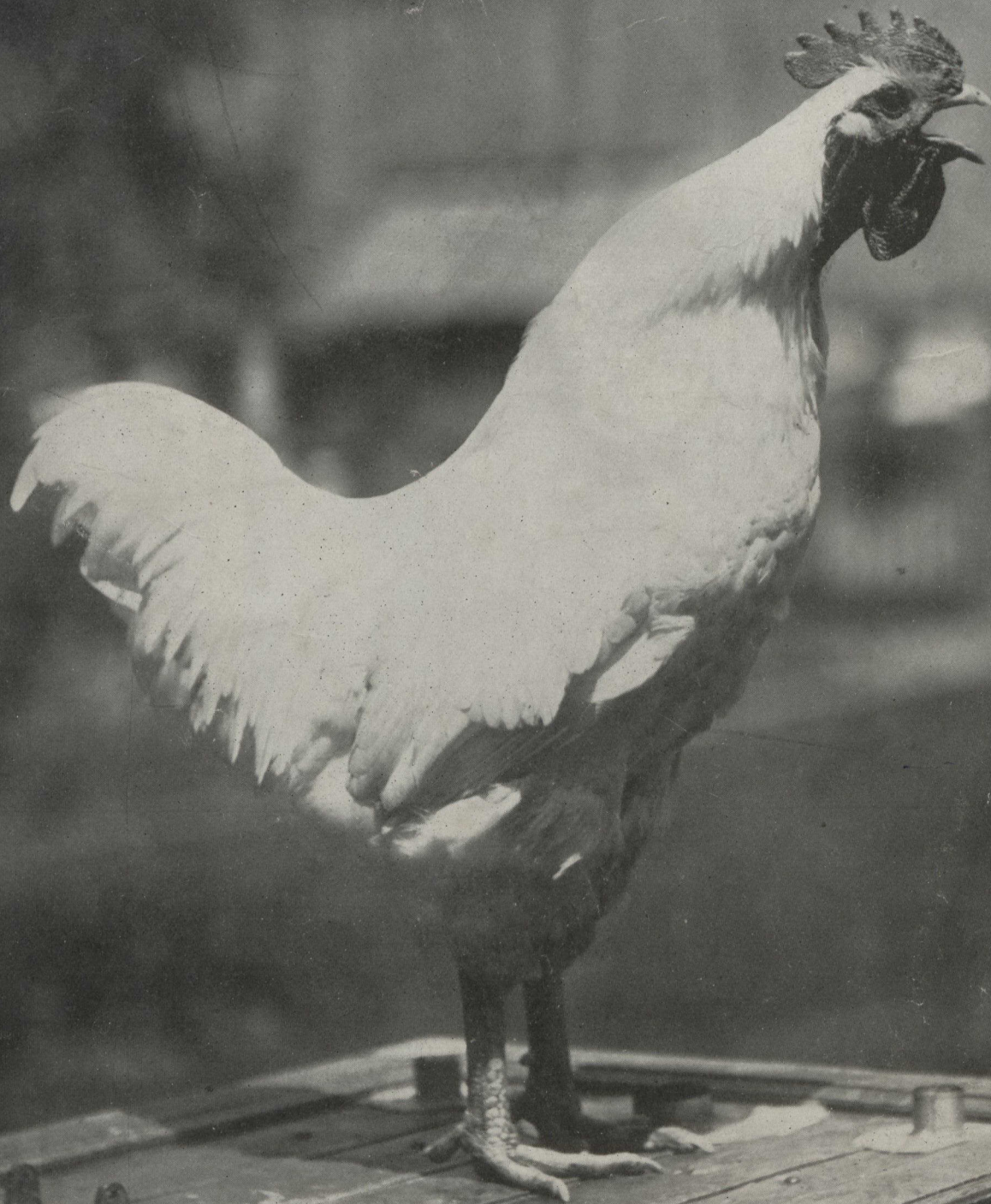


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APRIL



There is
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WARM AIR FURNACE

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CIRCLE WATERPAN

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FURNACE CATALOGUE
MAILED ON REQUEST

GOING BY THE BOOK

It falls now and then to a law officer to attend a meeting of the British Cabinet in order to keep members right on points of law, and a story is told about a remarkable conflict of wit across the table between Mr. Gladstone and an Attorney-General of the day who had been called in.

Mr. Gladstone was determined to take a certain course, and the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, was equally determined against it.

He told the Cabinet it would be contrary to the law, and, by way of supporting himself, produced a bulky and forbidding book of law, from which he read at great length.

Mr. Gladstone asked to be allowed to see the volume, and turning over the leaves, began to read another passage which qualified away the one which the Attorney-General had read and set matters right from Mr. Gladstone's point of view.

Coming away from the meeting, a member of the Cabinet asked Mr. Gladstone how he came to know that such a passage as the one he had read was in the book.

"It was not," said Mr. Gladstone, "and neither was the passage which Bethell read."

□ □

POOR SUE!

Freddy was at his first party, and was enjoying it immensely. The only disappointment was that he hadn't been able to take sister Sue with him, as she had a bad cold.

"Now, Freddy," said the hostess to him as he was leaving, "I want you to take this box of chocolates home to your sister, and here's another for yourself for your trouble."

Freddy, like a well-behaved boy, thanked her nicely, and trotted off home with his nurse, the two boxes of chocolates clutched tightly in his two little fat hands. Unfortunately, he had not taken hold of nurse's hand, and he stumbled suddenly, so that one of the boxes of chocolates spread themselves on the dirty, muddy pavement. Freddy picked himself up, and looked at the box intact in his hand. Then he looked at the one in the mud. "Poor Sue!" said he.

A Judicial Raconteur

Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, is famed for his fund of good stories. He was in great form at the gathering of the Clan Donald Society, Edinburgh, recently.

He had several anecdotes to tell of the bag-pipes. At a certain garden party a lady accosted a piper who had been giving selections, and remarked that it would be an improvement if the instrument were without the things that made the buzzing noise.

"Is it the drones that you would be meaning?" asked the piper.

"Yes," said the lady, "these things that stick over your shoulder."

"If it was not for the drones," replied the piper, "she would be no better than a common piano."

His Lordship then alluded to the remark

of the Highlander who said that while sailing on the West Coast of Scotland on one occasion he was in a small cabin where there were four pipers playing different tunes, and he thought he was in Heaven.

Very smart was the reply of the piper who was playing early one morning at Balmoral. Lord John Russell, who was Minister in Attendance on the Queen, remarked to the piper, in a patronizing way, that he was rather fond of the pipes, and would not mind having a piper playing in the morning at his place in England. He inquired if he could get him a piper.

The Highlander looked down on his Lordship, who was a very small man, and asked, "What kind of a piper would you be wanting?"

"Oh," said Lord John, "just a piper like yourself."

"Ay," replied the piper, "you might easy get a Lord like your Lordship, but you couldna easy get a piper like me."

The simplicity of the Highlander was exemplified in another story.

A gentleman, who had taken a lease of shooting in the North, invited a party for a day's sport. His gamekeeper, in conversation with several ghillies who had come to the party, said that there would not be a good bag that day.

"Are there no birds?" asked the ghillie.

"Yes," replied the gamekeeper, "there are

heaps of birds, but the new tenant canna see."

"He canna see?"

"No, for I went to the house, and was called into the drawing-room, where his wife and his two daughters was sittin', and he walks up to me and says, 'MacNab, where's your hat?' and it was on my heid a' the time."

Turning to a more serious subject, Lord Kingsburgh told the story of a young man who was telegraphed for from the south, his father being very ill.

On arriving in the morning the son was met by his sister, who told him that their father was dead.

"Have you not been greeting?" asked the son.

"Aye," replied the young woman, "I've been greetin', but I'll yoke to it again after I've had my breakfast."

On a similar subject the story goes of the relatives of an old man who was dying assembling near the bedside and discussing the funeral arrangements.

One suggested that John Mathieson should be asked to make the coffin, but another replied that that would never do, as John Mathieson and the old man had not been on speaking terms.

At this stage a croak was heard coming from the bedside—"If John Mathieson makes my coffin I'll ne'er put a foot in't."

WIT AND HUMOR

The city chap who had got work as extra farm-hand during the harvest was not quite able to respond to the four o'clock pounding on his bedroom door the first morning as promptly as he had anticipated. He lingered among the sheets for a quarter of an hour past the appointed time and then dragged himself out, and by half-past four he was stumbling across the field where the old farmer was hard at work. "Fine morning," said the newcomer, briskly. The old fellow lookd up sourly. "Yes," he grunted; "it was."

Of all "aptitudes," the mechanical is least likely to manifest itself in a feminine brain. The young woman whose visit to a locomotive works is described here was doubtless interested in what she saw, but her account of the processes observed leaves the reader to doubt her entire understanding of them.

"You pour," she told a friend, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and then you turn the red-hot stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and shouts.

"Then you pour it out, let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam into it, and it goes splendidly, and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blueprint of it.

"But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and they tie it to the other thing and you ought to see it go!"

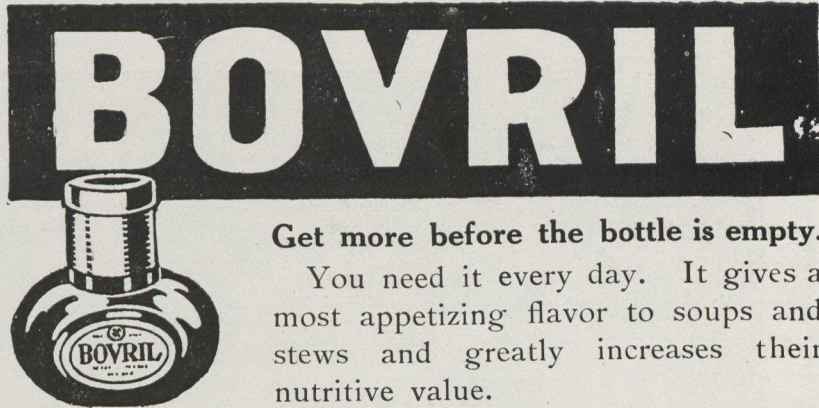
In a quiet street in the suburbs on a card displayed in a front window, appeared the following inscription, "A gramophone for sale," while in the window next door another card appeared with just the word "Hurrah!"

According to a daily paper, the dressing rooms of some of our leading players are filled with "lucky cats," amulets, and other mascots. This shows a modesty and a lack of self-confidence which is equally touching and unexpected.

"Caution, reduce speed to 10 miles an hour, under penalty of law," was a sign which had often annoyed drivers over a New Jersey turnpike. But a practical joker added a cipher to the speed limit, and when the next stranger came along he stopped a moment to see that he had read aright, then exclaimed: "Gee-whizz, I guess they're real live wires in this country; I've got to go some, now!"

The struggling author boldly entered the editorial sanctum. "I have come with my latest story," he announced. "That so?" ejaculated the busy editor. "Let us hear how it runs." "Well, this is from the first chapter—'Caspar had been standing as motionless as a block of granite. Suddenly he dropped on his knees before the beautiful girl with the alabaster brow and boldly proposed. It was then that she answered with a stony stare and handed him a marble heart. Then—'" But the busy editor reached for the clipping shears. "Young man," he thundered, "you have made a mistake. Take that story down to the nearest stoneyard. This is an editorial office."

An American philanthropist made a business of getting jobs for men just out of jail. A notorious cracksman came to him with a letter of introduction from the clergyman. "I've the very thing you want," said the philanthropist, when the jail-bird had dilated adequately and with pride upon his exploits. "I'll see my friend Briggs. Come around to-morrow morning." The cracksman, encouraged at the prospect of honest work, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. "You're to go to work at once," said the philanthropist. "My friend Briggs is producing a melodrama. In it is a scene where a burglar enters the room and cracks a safe. It'll only take you a few minutes, and you don't have to speak a word—just execute the job with the minute detail that will make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week." The convict dolefully shook his head. "Sorry I can't take the job, boss." "Can't take it?" Why it's the chance of your life." "Can't help it, boss; I promised my mother I'd never go on the stage."



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A SCENE IN THE TORNADO-SWEPT CITY OF OMAHA



A scene at a street corner, car junction point, in the heart of a district thickly populated by poor people, in Omaha, Neb., recently struck by a disastrous tornado. The storm did some of its most disastrous work here, about forty being killed in the immediate vicinity. In the foreground are the ruins of "Idlewild Hall," which contained a pool hall. Over fifteen bodies were taken out.
—Copyright by N. E. A., from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 8, No. 5

One Dollar
a Year

APRIL, 1913

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

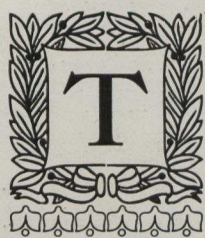
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The Spring Chanson

Sing to the Spring; but through the Spring I look
And see when fields are bare, the woodlands pale,
And hear a sad, unmated, red-breast wail
In beechen russets by a leaden brook.
For I am tortured by a boding eye,
That, gazing on the morning's glorious grain,
Beholds late shreds of fiery sunset stain
The marble pallor of a western sky.

Sweet is thy song, oh merle! and sweetly sung
Thy forefathers in our forefather's ears:
And this—far more than all—the song endears,
In that it knits the old world with the young.
Men live and die, the song remains, and when
I list the passion of my vernal breath,
Methinks thou singest but to love and death,
To happy lovers and to dying men.

The Poetry of Spring



THE ordinary Spring Poet of these later days needs to reconstruct his weather bulletins. In Montreal the atmospheric conditions have not been of the kind that the rhyming gentleman writes about in relation to the season, and according to the news, a real poetic Spring has not noticeably impressed itself anywhere within a few thousand miles. Indeed, some parts of the continent are counting up the tragedies of Spring, the State of Nebraska having been visited by a tornado which, in its effects on human life, was more disastrous than the loss of the Titanic.

And yet, doubtless, there are poets who change their lays with a change of weather. It is quite conceivable that there is a poet of the tornado, and that his verses are read.

It has been asserted recently that the reason why many people do not like Spring or any other poetry is because they do not read it.

Poetry of old set the things of common experience into song and was loved because it came so near the experience of every man. There is a great deal of poetry of this sort to-day, touching the beauty and romance that may be found in many a daily commonplace. Kipling is, of course, the most popular singer of these things, searching out the uncommon or splendid or

lovely or strong in circumstances which the actors live through every day without knowing that they are part and parcel of poetic beauty. To be sure no one has yet sung the song of book-keeping, but even typewriting, with the steady rhythmic whirl of the machine under trained fingers, has been made into a song.

There is nothing new in this transfiguration of the commonplace. It is said that when artists visit faraway farms and make pictures of barns and old vine-covered cottages, the owner sometimes stands by and wonders. The song of the old oaken bucket is an example of making poetry out of what was, for the people who used it, a most commonplace factor in the day's provision for human need. So the great picture of Turner, which shows an engine driving through misty iridescence, makes poetry of what people have seen a thousand times, and the song of the ship's engines, the voice of great mills, and the like, are being made significant by those who have vision of something beyond the steel and iron and cotton and flax concerned there.

The stir of human thought to find what is beautiful, that is, what is permanent, under the veil of appearance, is a marked sign of the immediate present in more directions than one, and it may be that while the city man, at least, is reviling Spring, a poet is springing up who will show to us the beauties of dull skies and quick changes in the mood of the weather man.



Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann (on left), discoverer of the "cure" for tuberculosis, with his brother, Dr. Arthur Friedmann. Dr. Friedmann is seen carrying the bag containing the serum with which he inoculated a number of patients at the Royal Edward Institute, Montreal, and at other institutions in Canada and the United States.



MARIE MARIÉE

(AN EPISODE).



The train moved out of the little country station. The wedding party waved handkerchiefs.

"Garde-toi, Marie Mariee!" cried all.

"And thee also, Jean Baptiste!"

Marie Mariee sank into her corner and tried not to weep. Jean Baptiste looked at her; then he glanced round the car. He met sympathetic smiles. He smiled in response.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," he said, "I am Jean Baptiste Lavert, and I would present to you, Madame Lavert, my wife.

Everybody shook hands with Jean Baptiste Lavert and Madame his wife.

Marie Mariee's lips quivered. Jean Baptiste cocked his head to one side and regarded her with a complaisant smile.

"The first time I met Madame," he informed the passengers, "she was a little girl with a hoop, and I . . . but never mind how many years had that rascal, Jean Baptiste! He had just the age that the little Mariee liked best. 'N'est ce pas, Marie Mariee?'"

"Oui!"

"Ah, so serious!" murmured Jean Baptiste. "That is Marie Mariee. When the little Mariee, the fiancée, said 'Oui' she was all the little dimples." He poked his fat cheeks to show how Mariee's dimples had been wont to come and go. "But now when Marie Mariee says 'Oui' the mouth is the small round O.

Marie Mariee tried not to laugh. "Eh bien!" said Jean Baptiste. "The next time I saw the little Mariee she was jeune fille with long tails of hair tied with ribbons."

Marie Mariee smiled.

"Ah! The dimples!" cried Jean Baptiste. "Eh bien! Next time I saw Madame she was demoiselle home from school. Ah! But that demoiselle was very pretty."

Flame leapt to the cheeks of Marie Mariee. She leant towards Jean Baptiste. "Tais-toi!" she whispered.

"Comment?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"You make the people to laugh at me!"

Jean Baptiste looked round the car. His face grew red. He pulled up his collar, he drew down his cuffs.

"If anyone laugh at thee . . ." he began.

Marie Mariee gave him a slight push into his corner.

"It is better thou shouldst now sleep!" she announced.

Jean Baptiste crossed his knees, folded his hands, and looked at her. She unfolded a handkerchief and spread it over his face.

"For what is this, ma p'tite?"

"To defend thee from the flies."

Marie drew out her knitting from a pocket. She clicked away, one eye on Jean Baptiste, the other on the scenery. Two stations were left behind, and Jean Baptiste slumbered on. Marie Mariee rolled up her knitting, replaced it in her pocket, rose, stood up on the seat, and seized a hat-box on the rack.

"Guard thy head!" she said to Jean Baptiste. "Je vais faire tomber les baggages."

Jean Baptiste leapt to his feet with a start. The hat-box, a suit-case, a dressing-bag, two bundles of rugs, and a brown paper parcel descended upon him. The train stopped. Jean Baptiste stumbled out of the train with as many of his belongings as he could carry and the rest tumbling after him. Marie Mariee smiled and bowed as she left the train. She had the air of being much pleased with herself.

Jean Baptiste laughed to the faces appearing at the car windows. "Bon voyage, mesdames, messieurs!" "Now, Marie . . ." he turned to find his wife gone, and half of the packages with her.

"Voilà!" cried Jean Baptiste. "That means that I run after her or she comes back for me! If I run now I run always. I await!"

He made a pile of his luggage and sat upon it.

As the train pulled slowly out of the little station a long country road revealed itself. A carriage was drawn up near the station; on top were Mariee's hat-box and dressing-bag, and within was Mariee herself.

The last glimpse showed Jean Baptiste arriving at the carriage; but a station hand carried his baggage.

Marie Mariee jumped out and showed the porter what to do.

ASCOT WHITE.

Corns Ended Forever For 15 Cents

Please stop and consider.

The corns you are paring, and daubing, and doctoring can be ended forever in 48 hours. And without any discomfort.

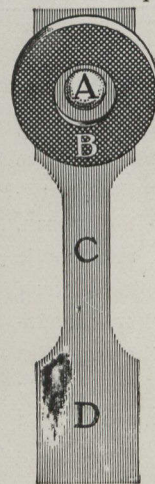
Apply a little Blue-jay plaster, and the cornpains stop at once.

Then forget the corn. In two days take off the plaster and lift out the corn.

This is the only scientific way to terminate a corn.

It is so efficient that folks now use it on a million corns a month.

It is gentle and easy and comfortable. And Blue-jay does what nothing else will do. Try it on one corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(285) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

The Prophylactic

Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how your smile improves

The New United States Cabinet In Session Assembled



THE ABOVE IS THE FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND HIS CABINET TAKEN IN THE CABINET ROOM AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

In the background from left to right are President Woodrow Wilson, — William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, — Jas. McReynolds, Attorney General, — Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, — David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, — William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, — William C. Red-

field, Secretary of Commerce. In the foreground from left to right; William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, — Lindlay M. Garrison, Secretary of War, — Albert J. Burleson, Post Master General and Franklin C. Lane, Secretary of Interior. —Underwood and Underwood, photo.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXPERTS FOREGATHER AT CAPITAL



The members of the Geographical Society at the recent convention in Ottawa, where many matters of interest to that body and the general public were discussed.



Rangers taking their evening rest by camp fire in Algonquin Park.

Boughs of balsam, slabs of cedar, gummy faggots of the pine,
Heap them on me, let me hug them to my eager heart of fire,
Roaring, soaring up to heaven as a symbol and a sign.

— "The Song of the Camp's Fire" — Robert W. Service

The Light That Guides More Tonnage Than Any
 Other In The World



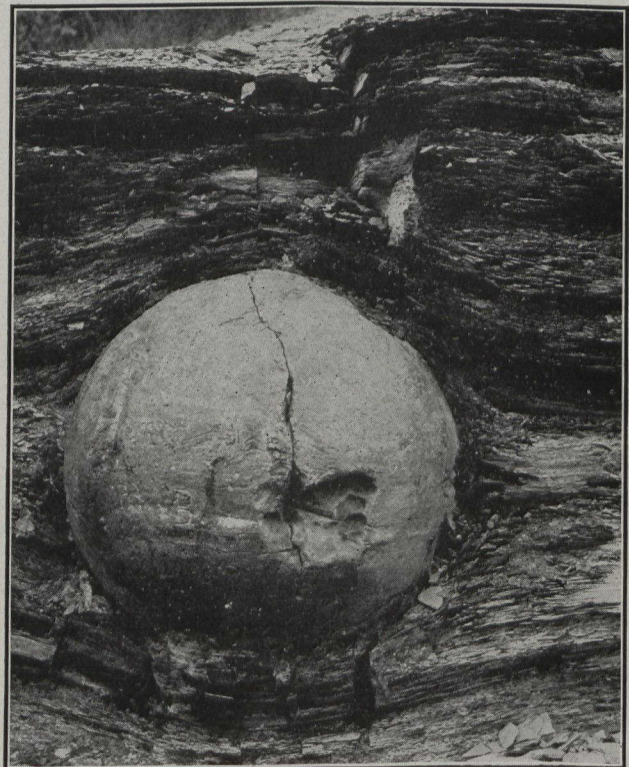
The Fort Gratiot lighthouse, opposite Sarnia, Ont., holds the world's record for the number of vessels guided by its signals. A vessel passes practically every five minutes of the seven months of the season of navigation.

SECRET Remnants of Dying Race



Two aged representatives of the Cowichon tribe of Flat-head Indians at Ankomeanum, B.C. — John Boyd, photo,

Freakish Rock Formation



A granite "kettle" in a matrix of shale, on the face of a cliff at Kettle Point, Lake Huron.



Largest In World The largest railway station in the world, of which the above is a photograph, will shortly be opened at Leipzig, Germany. —Sport and General, photo.



For the Nation The Amesbury Abbey property of Sir William Antrobus in Wiltshire, of which Stonehenge forms a part, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Butley for sale by private contract, but it is a condition of the sale that Stonehenge shall not be included but shall be preserved for the nation. The War Office owns a large portion of Salisbury Plain and Colonel Seeley has been informed of the approaching sale. Stonehenge is the oldest, most imposing, and most mysterious of British prehistoric remains. The most probable theory is that it was meant as a temple for sun worship and that the stones were placed in their present position between 1800 and 1600 B.C. From excavations it is known that there was a great cemetery in the age of bronze on Salisbury Plain, and at this temple the last honors may have been rendered to the dead. —Topical, photo.



A highly picturesque wedding took place the other day when Lady Ada Edwina Roberts, younger daughter of Field Marshal Earl Roberts, was married to Major Henry Lewin, R.A. The military element was naturally very prominent and the couple drove from the Church to Englemere behind a team of six horses.

—Central News, photo.



The latest "freak" ball of society was the "Baby Party" held in London, Eng., recently, when the guests were dressed up to represent children. The photograph shows a few of the adult "babies."

—Sport and General, photo.

— THE HATCHING SEASON —



With the advent of April comes the rush of the hatching season, in which the incubator nowadays plays a very important part.

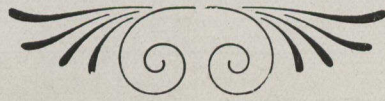


Accident at Hanover Passenger train No. 6, running between Owen Sound and Stratford was derailed about one and a half miles north of Hanover some days ago. The train was being hauled by two locomotives owing to heavy snow, and was travelling at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The accident was caused by a steel plate about two feet by one having been fastened to the rail by some unknown person and was evidently a part of a land plough. The two engines and three first coaches were derailed, the engines being ditched, one of them completely turned round. Ten persons were injured.



Suffragettes before the Capitol The upper photo shows some of the Virginia Cavalry Delegation to Washington on horseback, guarding the line of parade in the shadow of the Capitol looming in the background. The lower photo shows some of the suffragettes garbed as "Women of the Bible Lands" with their float.

“Humpty Dumpty Had a Great Fall!”



“DISASTER!”

ROUGHING IT WITH THE TUSKET ISLANDERS

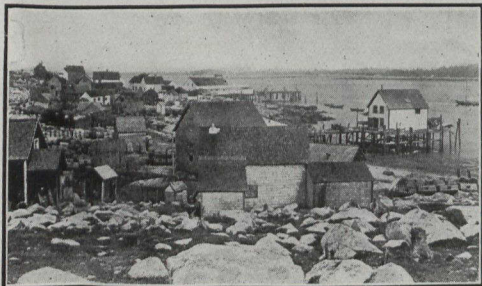
By R. P. GETTY

Photographs by George B. Ritter



THE Tusket Islands of South-western Nova Scotia have been left for so many years to the undisputed possession of the lobster trappers that few persons know much about them, or the rude conditions of life which surround their inhabitants.

We, however, were of an inquisitive nature. We wished to see for ourselves just what things were like. So we boarded the little steamer which sails south from Yarmouth along the coast with mails and



DEEP COVE ISLAND.

freight, and informed the captain of our intentions.

He looked at us with surprise from underneath two shaggy eyebrows.

"Don't go," he said. "You will not like them. The life is too rough. Besides—" and his manner became emphatic, "the trappers don't want you. They have no accommodations for strangers."

And the truth contained in his advice was brought home very forcibly the moment we stepped foot on the wharf of Deep Cove Island, the capital of the Tusket group.

A motley crowd of men, women and children had gathered there to meet the incoming vessel. So we inquired for some place where we could find shelter and food during our visit.

"It cannot be had," came the answer with an unanimity that appeared very persistent.

The situation was becoming a desperate one when our good Samaritan appeared in the person of a stout woman of uncertain age, clad in a gingham gown, and a poke bonnet.

She stepped forward with the remark that she "Calk'lated I must pervide the bed and vittels. I allus does in cases of neecess'tee. I was so soft hearted."

Then she led the way around hundreds of boulders with a celerity that would have done credit to an Olympian athlete, and lifting the latch of a one-storey shack about the size of a hen-house, pointed out a cubbyhole of a room bare of furniture except for a bed, and observed that "Here we was."

Deep Cove, to tell the truth, did not look very inviting. These few acres of land rising from the sea were, in fact, nothing but a heap of granite boulders on a barren waste of land. The huge stones lay scattered in all sorts of positions.

The busy portion of the island centred around a sandy beach which stretched on

one side of the boat landing for nearly a quarter of a mile, and which was covered with dilapidated sheds and fish-houses.

Lobster traps grown gray in the service were heaped up in out of the way corners. Odds and ends of rope, discarded killocks, broken oars, and torn fish nets appeared in impossible places, and always where they should not have been.

That it was not an orderly beach is obvious. Neither was it a clean one, for the emptied shells of lobsters and innumerable fish heads littered up the coarse sands. A few ducks and a calaverous pig were hunting for choice morsels among the rubbish.

Back of this beach, and further up the hillside, stood a building from whose gabled end hung a Union Jack. This turned out to be the insular post office, and the shop in which most of the inhabitants of the different islands traded.

On all sides of it clustered the homes of the inhabitants, the rude shacks of one storey. Two or three had been recently whitewashed into a semblance of neatness. Most of them were weather-beaten and patched up with old boards and pieces of tin in an endeavor to keep out the weather.

We approached the nearest, and a young woman with a baby in her arms, and followed by three young children, emerged and invited us to enter. She was probably in her twenties, though the hard life which had been her lot, was telling on her.

The home was not larger than ten by twelve. A room in front served as a living apartment, and was furnished with a table, two chairs, and a bench. At one end stood a stove with a voluminous pipe ascending through the ceiling. By its side pots and kettles and some necessary tins and earthenware were ranged on shelves. The home contained no pictures, no ornaments, though the wall had partly been covered with cheap paper. When this had given out the remaining spaces had been filled in with news-



REPAIRING GEAR.

papers. Back of this living room were two box-like enclosures, one evidently used by the woman and her husband, the other by the children. It was quite a problem to figure out when you looked at the large and growing family how they all managed to get in and squeeze about in such narrow quarters.

"Have you resided on Deep Cove long?" we inquired, taking possession of one of the chairs.

"Ever since my marriage, eight years

come Epiphany Day," she replied.

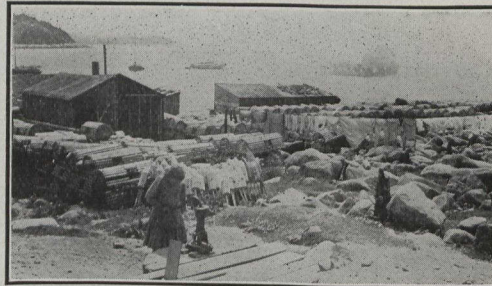
"And contented all that length of time?"

She drew herself up and answered as if her pride had been touched.

"And why not, sir? We have good shelter, plenty to eat, and thank God!"

Here she drew the babe closer to her breast. "My children are always well." So, poor and happy as she was, we left her.

We dined the noon of our arrival on lobsters, potatoes and sourdough. Our coffee was served without milk, and we asked for a portion.



THE PUBLIC WELL.

"We never have fresh milk in the Tusket," replied our landlady, "and the shop is not at present carrying the canned goods."

That night we slept in our small room of the shack. The bed had been built from the wood of packing boxes, and the mattress made of coarse straw. A rough blanket provided the covering. But we have nothing to say against the cleanliness of it all.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we awoke, and already there was the patter of many feet under our window, and the murmur of voices. The Tusket housewives were scrambling over the big boulders on their way to the public wells, which are the only means of supplying fresh water to the inhabitants.

We went out and tried a glassful, and found it oily and most unpalatable.

After a breakfast, again of lobsters and sourdough, we hastened down to the boats on the beach in order to go out with the men to their traps. And what surprised us after what we had seen of the primitiveness on shore was the up-to-date manner in which they kept the little craft on which their livelihood depended.

They were for the most part power boats, well equipped and in perfect order, showing plainly that the lobstermen realized that only with the proper appliances could they carry on their pursuits successfully. We sailed to numerous points off the various islands, and hauled up as we reached them the traps that were usually anchored in six or seven fathoms of water, taking therefrom any lobsters caught. This work consumed all the morning hours, and it was past noon when we returned to Deep Cove. There the lobsters caught were sorted out according to size. The larger ones were immediately packed in specially prepared crates holding from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The men first placed a layer of seaweed, then a layer of lobsters,

until the crate was full. Afterward the boxes were marked and set aside to be carried away by the steamer to Yarmouth en route to their final destination, whether it be to the United States by the Dominion Atlantic Steamers, or to various points in Canada.

The fishermen called the small lobsters tinkers. These were taken to a cannery, a roughly constructed building near the boat-wharf, where they were boiled, then the meat extracted from the shell, and packed in hermetically sealed tins for shipment to market.

Further explorations of Deep Cove Island only revealed the same primitive simplicity. There was no path or roadway throughout its entire extent that looked as though it had been regularly laid out. And while we strolled over every part of it during our sojourn we observed no growing crops or trees of any kind. The only vegetation appeared to be a yellow grass that had managed to gain a foothold in the barren soil, though half-rotten stumps remained as survivors of what must have been at one time a forest growth. Take it all in all it was about as miserable a piece of land for a human habitation as could well be imagined.

The interior of the homes, too, showed little variation in style or comfort. A room in front for the living quarters, and two or three sleeping apartments were the usual arrangements.

The same rude conditions were discovered in other things about the insular life. In the matter of food supply the natives were of necessity obliged to depend upon the fish and lobsters secured, and the few articles obtainable in the shop. Fresh meat was brought down with no regularity by the boat. Vegetables could be had only in the summer time, when a stray peddler sailed over from the mainland.

There are no horses or sows on any of the islands, and only a few ducks and chickens. Dogs and cats are scarce.

We were interested in a forlorn flock of sheep which herded together in an unsettled part, thinking that perhaps they constituted a provision for food during the winter months. But in this we were mistaken. They belonged to persons living on the mainland, who had left them there to half starve on the yellow grass.

Physicians, churches, and telegraph systems are unknown in the Tusket Islands, and the same thing is true of the other ordinary adjuncts of civilization.

"What do you do with your sick people?" we asked a native.

"Run a boat up to Yarmouth for a doctor." was the reply. "But we don't get sick. Have no money for the likes of him."

Recently a school has been established. Some rude benches have been placed in a white-washed shack, and there the two or three dozens of children of school age are being taught the rudiments of education by a teacher from the mainland.

We passed our evenings in the shop, where the trappers congregated to talk over the events of the day just passed. The men were well meaning, but rather brusque fellows, who could not be made to understand why any one should care to visit them.

"Yes," said a white bearded patriarch old enough to be the father of all the lobstermen present, "there be many of us living on these islands the whole year through." He was lounging on the end of the counter, while others sat puffing their pipes on the handiest box or barrel. Heavy cowhide boots and shirt sleeves formed the proper dress. The only light come from a hanging lamp, which was always smoking. "But it is not too bad, not too bad, when you get used to it." Then he smiled grimly. "But, he continued, "It be a hard life, for most of the trappin' is done in the winter months, and you kin well calk'late 'tis cold hereabouts. Then there be dangers from the fogs and high winds. Every year we lose a life, if not more. Last year it war

Frenchy. We called him Frenchy 'cause he war not of our sort. Frenchy, he slipped on the ice as he war gettin' to his boat, and went overboard in a jiffy into the icy water. I heard his cries for help. My God! I kin hear them yet. But it war dark, and befur we reached him Frenchy had gone down fur the last time. Then there war Atkins. I had known him since a lad. A hard-workin' fellow he allus war, with a wife and young 'uns to support. What happened to him? Why, the usual thing. He war drowned. He war knocked into the water by the boom of his own boat when a lobster craft hit it. He never riz, not onced, but was hurried away by the rushin' tide."

"And yet you remain here?" we asked.

"There be nothing else I kin do, and so with others. And life is life I calk'late wherever you be. Then I do fairly well. Last year I took in nigh abouts eleven hundred dollars. After deductin' the keeps of my boat it left me nigh six hundred. Not too bad in this country. But you must remember we do not depend entirely on King Lobster. We kin eke out a few dollars from cod and haddock in the off season."

A great many fishermen, probably close to a thousand in some seasons, go to the various Tusket Islands during the open months, catch their share of lobsters, and return to their homes on the mainland after the season is over.

But there are others who are willing to live the life described permanently, for always a population of several hundred people in the aggregate will be found at the larger settlements like Ellenwood and Deep Cove.

There is said to be one island for every day in the year, or nearly four hundred altogether. Every island has a name, and how these lobstermen can recall each one, or sail their boats without a compass in the thick fogs which so often prevail in this region, are feats which no stranger should even attempt to explain.



Ivan is a mean-tempered Alaskan brown bear since he was brought from his native haunts to be placed on exhibition in the New York Zoological Gardens. It was suggested that a good way to curb old Ivan's temper would be by means of song. A woman (evidently a professional singer who declined to give her name) with a high soprano, and evidently with grand operatic training, asked Curator Ditmars for permission to try the experiment. As shown in the photograph, an interested audience gathered about Ivan's domicile in the Bronx and listened with delight to a number of arias in French, German, and English, rendered by the singer standing close to the bear's cage, at the same time watching with interest the effect of the music on the Alaskan bear. Evidently Ivan has no soul or ear for operatic music, or it may be that a bear's method of showing appreciation of good music is by an accompaniment of snarls and growls. Be that as it may, the only thing that brought a flicker of interest from Ivan was the appearance of Keeper Ferguson with a huge piece of beef-steak.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.



Pennsylvania Avenue was converted into a sheeting mass of riotous people who had gathered to witness the recent suffragette parade along the festooned main street of Washington, D.C. Unable to cope with the situation, the police called upon the troops of Fort Meyer for aid. On the right of the photograph may be seen an Army ambulance bearing away some of the 500 who were crushed in the riot and stampede. In the background is the Capitol building where President Wilson delivered his Inauguration address.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.



Militant suffragettes, believed to be under the direction of Mrs. Pankhurst, made a bold attempt to destroy the summer home of Mr. Lloyd George at Epsom, England, shown above. An explosion was caused, which caused considerable damage in the interior of the house and cracked the outer walls.

—Topical, photo.



A Health Crusade The object of the league of public health and cleanliness found in London, Eng., is to combat the evil wrought by the thoughtless and uncleanly, by rendering the disease with which a member may be brought into immediate contact, innocuous. The picture shows a member of the league disinfecting unclean matter in the Strand.

—Sport and General, photo.



Mrs. Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, leaving the Court at Epsom, England after being granted bail, in connection with the charge of conspiring to blow up Mr. Lloyd George's summer house. She is accompanied by Mr. James Murray ex-M.P. who stood security.

—Topical, photo.

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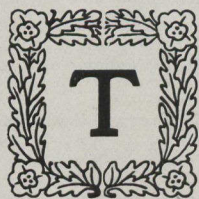
The upper photo shows the shot-ridden buildings on Columbia Street, Mexico City, damaged by heavy artillery fire from the National Palace and Arsenal.

In the lower photo the half burned body of a soldier is seen lying in a street exposed to view. The bodies of hundreds of soldiers were lying in the streets eight days.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Explorer's Wife



THE tragic experience of Lady Scott, who sailed hopefully for New Zealand to meet her brave husband on his return from completing his investigations in the Antarctic Circle, and who, instead of the re-union, met the news that Captain Scott had been dead for almost a year, stirs one's profoundest sympathy. It was in the summer of 1910 that Captain Robert F. Scott sailed with his party for the South Seas, and once within the Antarctic Circle communication with his home, a matter of months at best, was for a period entirely cut off. At home, Mrs. Scott and their little son, Peter, with a map followed the route of the husband and father, and looked forward to his return, his work finished.

The wife of an explorer occupies a position which appeals to the imagination. If her husband hears and answers the call into the unknown regions to make discoveries for his country or to pursue investigations in the interests of science, she must not stand in his way. She must help in his preparations and encourage him with her interest, keeping her own feelings in the background until she has bravely said good-bye and seen him sail away. Then for her comes the weary waiting, without even the prospect of a letter for months at a time. One can picture her some winter evening sitting in her warm apartment and contrasting her own comfort with the hardship endured by her husband in the midst of polar snows and the deprivations of the traveller's camp. She may fill her days with useful work and the interests of others, but there must be many times when the feeling of uncertainty and separation grows intense.

The fate of Captain Scott in the Antarctic recalls that of other explorers, notably Sir John Franklin, who perished in the Arctic Circle in 1847. It was Lady Franklin herself who was instrumental in having the mystery surrounding the fate of her husband and his expedition cleared up. The first wife of Sir John (then Lieutenant) Franklin was a young poetess, Eleanor Purden, who promised him before their marriage that she would "never under any circumstances seek to turn her husband aside from the duty he owed to his country and his profession." She kept her word, and when, two years after their marriage, Franklin sailed with an expedition for North America, he left at her earnest request that he should not let home ties and his anxiety for her detain him. Six days after he sailed, his wife died.

After his return from America, Franklin married a Miss Jane Griffin, who accompanied him to Tasmania, where he was sent as governor. It is on record how she endeavored to improve the conditions of the female convicts sent out from England to that colony. Interest in Arctic exploration was revived after a few years, and Sir John Franklin (who had been knighted in 1829 for his services), was offered command of an expedition of two ships, the "Erebus" and the "Terror," which sailed in 1845, to try to discover the North West Passage. They were last seen in Baffin Bay. Two years passed without any tidings, and public anxiety as to their fate became acute. In 1848 a relief expedition, urged on by Lady Franklin, was sent out, and two years later she herself dispatched a couple of vessels to supplement the efforts of the former expedition. In 1850 the Admiralty offered a large reward to anyone who should discover and relieve the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror," or should succeed in ascertaining their fate. The reward was claimed by a traveller who brought home some relics and tidings gleaned from the Esquimaux. But Lady Franklin was not satisfied. She got up a petition to the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, signed by some of the leaders in past expeditions. "Surely," wrote

Lady Franklin, "I may plead for such men, that a careful search be made for any possible survivor, that the bones of the dead be sought for and gathered together, that their buried records be unearthed or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux, and, above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved from destruction." Finally, by using a large part of her private fortune and with the assistance of sympathizers, Lady Franklin was able to commission Captain McClintock in the "Fox" to make a last attempt. After a persevering search, Captain McClintock returned in 1859, bringing with him indisputable proof of the death of Sir John Franklin and the loss of the crew. The grim story of a decade before was brought to light—the failure of provisions, the mistakes from erroneous charts, and the straying apart of the survivors in their quest for assistance. At

Point Victory a record was discovered, by which it was known that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847. It was also ascertained that Sir John Franklin had succeeded in demonstrating the fact of a passage to the northwest of America. In the various expeditions sent out to find Franklin, thousands of miles of coast line were explored, adding much to geographical knowledge. In his work on the subject, Sir Clement Markham says: "The story includes great names, but foremost among them was Lady Franklin. She was revered for her self-abnegation and for her generous appreciation of the work of those who eagerly sought to help in the search. She gained her noble objects by arousing the chivalrous feelings of the devoted men who gathered round her. Only a woman could have achieved this. She introduced into the ex-

(Continued on page 30)



Thinking of the Absent Lady Scott and her little son Peter following Captain Scott's route, on the map. The explorer's widow has been granted by the King the title she would have had if Captain Scott had been knighted, as he would have been, if he had lived to return to England.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.

The Toilet and the Baby



NOTHING startlingly new is put forward in the styles for Spring, but, as usual, there is sufficient change to make last season's things look a trifle behind the times. This is least apparent in the strictly tailored suits, which show little difference from those of last spring, except that the coats are shorter, and the revers smaller or wanting altogether. The skirts of the tailored suits are still on straight lines without suspicion of a flare, and they are not any wider than the ones we have been wearing. Sometimes the skirt has a shaped panel, or one side of the front lapped diagonally over the other, or some such arrangement varying from the straight seams, and in these cases the coats are treated to continue the effect. Besides the plain suits, there are others intended for more formal wear. In these costumes, the coats are frequently made with a more or less gathered upper portion, not however allowed to blouse, but the fullness



New Spring Fashions — Gown of soft old-rose tussore, with belt of Pompadour ribbon. The bodice has a grimpe of chiffon, and the skirt shows the broad panel plait in the back.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.

drawn down and attached to a straight skirt portion or deep peplum. The waist line is somewhat raised, and a belt may or may not be added. None of the tailorel suits have much trimming. Some have collars of corded silk, brocade, or self-colored material embroidered in harmonizing shades, and the collar not seldom follows the Robespierre idea, being wide at the back and ending at the side fronts, without revers. Buttons are used for decoration of both skirts and coats, but not in profusion.

Serges, English suitings, tweeds, and corded materials are all used in the manufacture of suits. Ratine is as good style as it was last year. Materials between the smooth finished broadcloths, on one hand, and the rough surfaced mixtures, on the other, are preferred. Fine corded effects are popular. The navy and dark blue serges hold their own, and there are some lovely new blues. The pretty wood browns and shades approaching soft tan and biscuit are more in evidence than they have been for some time. Black and white cords mixed with an effect of gray make smart suits, and there is a new soft gray somewhat like taupe only with less of the brownish cast. As yet no one color seems to have become predominant.

One-piece dresses are made in a great variety of ways, depending on the uses to which they are to be put. They vary from the simple frock with skirt and waist attached under a narrow girdle or cording, to the fairly elaborate dress more or less draped, and combined with lace or ninon. Fine French serge is used a great deal for the simple frocks. One of these in a rich shade of navy blue has the skirt quite plain, the front lap-

ped over at the left seam. The tunic is composed of a blouse cut out at the throat over a lace chemisette, and attached to a close fitting skirt portion under a black satin piping. This tunic fastens slantingly from a little below the left shoulder, with black satin buttons and simulated buttonholes, and the long sleeves, set in plain at the armseye, have smaller buttons at the wrist. Another style of one-piece dress is in white cloth. It has the left side of the skirt cut longer than the rest and the extra length caught up under the straight right side which is folded over an inch or two; that is to say, the left side is slightly draped and held under the straight edge of the front breadth. The waist is a draped blouse with a wide flat collar at the back, and a sort of fichu of mull and lace finishing the front. Two and a half inch black velvet ribbon is tied in a loose bow where the fichu ends cross at a little to the left side.

Silk is likely to be very much worn in the late spring and early part of the summer; in fact, after the tailored suit there is nothing more serviceable in the wardrobe than a silk frock of some becoming, inconspicuous color. A silk frock which can be worn on the street is in a narrow pin stripe of black and silver grey, with no trimming except bands of the silk with the stripes running horizontally, and a black velvet ribbon waist-band fastened under a bow with short sash ends. The frock is worn with separate neckwear of embroidered mull or lace. A charming silk dress for house wear is in supple thin black taffeta, and is made with an accordion-plaited skirt. The overdress is a short tunic opening in the front and draped in points at the sides. The surplice bodice has a kerchief of finest white mull folded across inside the front, leaving a little of the throat exposed, and the sleeves, which are accordion plaited, hang loose to below the elbow, the lower edge in wide points. Black silk stockings and black shoes with buckles complete the toilette.

The first models in millinery show a tendency to exploit the small hat. How far this will meet with popular favor remains to be seen. There is a variety of small shapes, one line having a somewhat elongated crown and the brim turned up more at one side than the other; another style has a round crown and brim upturned to correspond, while a third specimen has a sort of "Tam" crown. There are some very smart little sailors with straight brim caught up pertly at one place in its circumference, or else with the brim more or less rolling. Of whatever shape it may be, the hat must fit perfectly on the head, while it should not act as an extinguisher for either the coiffure or the upper part of the face. No well constructed hat nowadays has any appreciable weight on the head. The trimming this season is of the simplest. When the hat is of some dark or neutral hue, a vivid touch of color is introduced in a feather mount, cluster of flowers, or bow of ribbon. The only freakish thing in this season's millinery seems to be some of the feather arrangement. Occasionally one sees a stiff quill standing straight up like the mast of a ship, or there is a fanciful mount perched atop the structure, or a plume projecting like steering gear from the back.

The smart thing in the coming season will be to wear buttoned boots of the same color as the costume, when the latter is grey, brown, or any color practicable for boots. These must be of perfect cut and workmanship, as any deficiencies are more noticeable in colors than in black.

The Child's Early Teeth

In the March number of the *Canadian Pictorial*, the importance of looking after the child's first or deciduous teeth from the hygienic point of view was emphasized. The same authority, W. H. Doherty, D.D.S., Dental Inspector of Schools, Toronto, in an article in *The Canadian Nurse*, takes up also the effect of the child's teeth on his or her appearance. He says:—

One of the most serious results of the common neglect of children's teeth is the effect upon the features of the child. A knowledge of certain facts in connection with the anatomy of the jaws and teeth is essential to an understanding of this phase of the subject. The teeth are never attached to the jawbone proper, but are embedded in a "bone of attachment" known as the "Alveolar Process." This bone of attachment is formed solely for the attachment of the teeth to the jaw, is moulded about the roots as the teeth assume their positions in the arch and disappears gradually after the teeth are lost, which accounts for the great absorption which takes place after the teeth

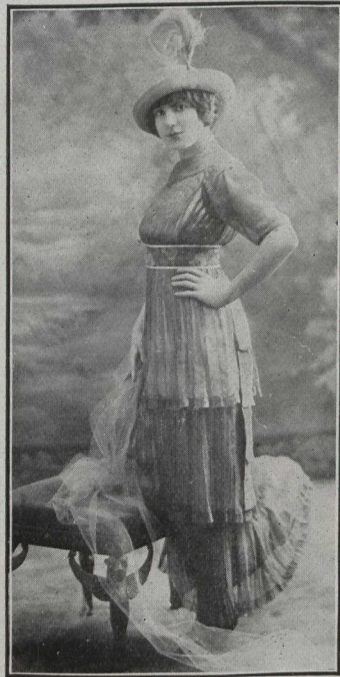
have all been lost. Contrary to the common belief then, the bone which is moulded about the roots of the teeth develops in whatever situation the teeth happen to erupt. Consequently the shape of the lower two-thirds of the face depends very largely upon the position of the teeth.

Mouth-breathing produces very definite results upon the features. The drawing down of the cheeks as the mouth hangs open produces excessive inward pressure on the side teeth, narrowing the arch. The natural inward pressure of the closed lips being removed, the front teeth project. It is this abnormal position of the teeth which produces the typical adenoid face.

The four six-year molars are the first teeth of the permanent set to arrive, erupting at six years of age before any of the deciduous set should be lost. After they have fully erupted, the twenty deciduous teeth in front of them are gradually replaced by twenty much larger, permanent teeth. That twenty large teeth may thus replace twenty small teeth there must be a marked growth of the child's jaws. This growth is gradually taking place from the time the deciduous teeth are all in place till they are replaced, and depends upon the retention and use of the teeth of the deciduous set. At four or five years, when the deciduous teeth have been retained, spaces will be noticed between the little teeth, evidence that provision is being made for the eruption of their

If the deciduous teeth are prematurely lost this normal growth of the jaw is interfered with and the large permanent teeth find a baby jaw with all the crowding and distortion resulting. In addition, the six-year molars are not held back in their proper positions in the jaws and drift forward, reducing the space for the other permanent teeth erupting in front of them and adding to the crowded condition. As the cuspid or "eye tooth," as it is commonly called, is the last tooth to erupt, of those of the six-year molars, it is most frequently crowded out.

The six-year molars have the import-



New Spring Fashions — Afternoon dress of red voile with accordion plaited flounces and bodice, waist band and sash of embroidered ribbon.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.

ant function of holding the jaws in their proper relation while the deciduous teeth are being replaced. These six-year molars are not recognized as permanent teeth and are lost in a very large percentage of cases. Their loss produces a shortening of the lower two-thirds of the face, a pouting of the lips and a projection of the upper front teeth that are characteristic.

Thousands of children have their features marred for life owing to some one or more of these causes. The receding chin and apparent weakness of character expressed in many faces are due to wholly preventable causes. If parents recognized these facts, the features of many a child might be preserved in their beauty where now they are distorted.

The conditions which bring about the lamentable consequences referred to are preventable. The cause of the present neglected and diseased condition of children's mouths is a lack of common knowledge of the facts. Decay of the teeth can be largely avoided by proper care in the diet and regular cleansing of the teeth and mouth.



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Bully Chapman's Turning

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By FRANK H. SHAW



THE Reverend Henry Chal-
loner shook his head
slowly from side to side.
"We are handicapped,
Compton," he said.
"Down here we are hope-
lessly handicapped; and
there are times when I
feel that the work is
useless. If only the traders
would countenance
our working—but they

won't. Their one object in life seems to be to set the natives against us by telling them scandalous tales of our ambitions. I heard only the other day that we were credited with the desire to get the native children to our school simply that we might dine off the poor little chaps."

"And the man who does most to set the natives against us is Chapman," pronounced Mr. Compton, with a trifle of what was perhaps natural bitterness. When you see your work recoil upon itself, when you see converts lured back into a state of barbarism, when you toil never so hard with no result whatsoever, you may be forgiven a little bitterness maybe. "That man sticks at nothing whatsoever; I don't believe he possesses a single human feeling."

"They say he is passionately attached to his child, though I cannot understand why any woman ever married him. It pleases him to speak of the Islanders as men speak of cattle; he is noted for his heartlessness, and no one can ever remember his doing a single decent thing in his life." Dr. Challoner allowed himself to grow a trifle heated. He had cause. A little while before, Captain Chapman, of the *Flower of Home*, had enticed a full score of his converts aboard his schooner on pretence of bearing a message from the missionary, and had then clapped hatches upon them, and sailed away with them to Malaita, to practically sell them to a plantation owner there. The score rankled sharply in Dr. Challoner's soul.

"If we had him on our side the work would be easy. He practically rules all the other traders, because he is supposed to be a powerful fighter. And if he were for us, no man dare stand against us. But—" Mr. Compton shook his head.

"Well, I shall not give up hope," was Dr. Challoner's sturdy rejoinder. "If we have a powerful enemy, we have also a more powerful friend, and I think that some time, sooner or later, that hard man's heart will be melted. Only God knows when."

He looked out of the rattling windows of the little mission station, and watched the crested waves fling themselves in a mad riot of elemental anger on the coral sand of the beach. It was blowing a furious gale, and the thunder of the surf was wellnigh deafening. And as he looked his whole form seemed to stiffen somewhat; he narrowed his gaze for a moment, and then ran out of the house towards the beach, with a shout over his shoulder to his companion.

Driving madly through the surf, now swept high aloft on the crest of a monstrous wave, now sunk deeply in the roaring troughs, was a small boat, heading for the beautiful little bay on the shores of which the station stood. It was handled well, but it seemed a miracle that it survived. Indeed, as Dr. Challoner reached the beach the boat capsized completely, and the two men who formed its crew were pitched unceremoniously into the surf. They swam ashore with difficulty, and were drawn up to safety by the missionary at the moment Mr. Compton arrived on the scene.

They were two civilized natives, fine fellows, tall and strong, but their teeth chattered, their bodies shivered, and they presented such a forlorn aspect that, in spite of their evident dislike for the procedure, they were hurried to the station and so dried and comforted that their rough experience promised at once to fade from their minds. Dr. Challoner remained with them, and in another ten minutes he presented himself before his companion.

"Those natives came with a purpose," he said. "It seems that Mrs. Chapman's child is dangerously ill—very dangerously ill. And Seymour, the only other medical man in the islands, was drowned yesterday. These men say that unless something is done immediately the child cannot live."

"And what do you think of it all?"
"I think the only thing. Thank God, I am a qualified doctor, and I can handle the case. I must go at once."

Mr. Compton drew his attention to the roaring gale and the tempestuous seas.

"Not in this weather," he remarked. "You run a very grave risk, and Chapman is our bitterest enemy."

Dr. Challoner drew himself up.
"And because of that it is all the more necessary that I should go," he said. "If the man were our friend there would be no sacrifice in doing this work."

"There has not been a storm like this for five years," said Mr. Compton. "You take your life in your hands if you go afloat."

"I have carried my life in my hands for many a year," retorted Dr. Challoner. "And once more does not make much difference. We are in good hands, my friend."

It was in vain that Mr. Compton protested; his companion had made up his mind, and nothing would deter him from performing what he considered to be his duty. There was suffering that he might ease, and his work, as a man of God, was to put a period to that suffering, no matter what the cost might be to himself. There are many men like him in the world to-day.

He packed a bag with a few necessaries, and fought his way back to the beach. The natives were not over-willing to fare back to the place they came from, but by dint of mild persuasions at first, and dire threats when persuasions failed, Challoner contrived to force them to take their places in the boat, which he thought to manage himself. He was a consummate sailor, as was necessary in a man who spent much of his life afloat; but even he felt somewhat daunted by the monstrous immensity of the storm-lashed sea.

It was a terrible journey. For three-quarters of the time the long whale-boat was half under water, and Challoner, at the helm, was compelled to bail resolutely, dear life depending on it. Once clear of the bay, sail was set, and with her lee gunwale under water the boat fetched away on the first of the many tacks that lay before her; the force of the wind was so terrific that it seemed a score of times as though the canvas must be split to ribbons, and the planking stove in.

It was close on seven hours later that they landed. Challoner was exhausted;

he could barely stand, for the constant drenchings he had received had cramped his every muscle; but he made shift to stumble out of the boat and up towards the long, low house where Bully Chapman, the Terror of the Islands, made his home at such time as he was not at sea.

The child was ill, so ill that the missionary knew that an hour's hesitation had spelt its death. It was diphtheria in a bad form; and the only chance was to perform tracheotomy. With the half-distracted mother to help him he did the delicate work, and then, as the sufferer's agonies seemed to be in some measure relieved, ordered Mrs. Chapman to lie down in a neighboring room while he kept watch.

It was very quiet in the sick-room, for the first flush of the storm had passed, and the muffled thunder of the breakers came more as a sedative than an actual sound. Long hours of battling and stress, and lack of sleep on the previous night—a convert had been taken ill and had died—had sapped away Challoner's vitality. He rose softly and bent over the child—Dorothy Chapman, and perhaps the one thing in all the world that Bully Chapman loved better than his own large selfish self. The child breathed evenly, her temperature was reduced. Challoner re-seated himself, and resolved to watch throughout the night. The chair was very comfortable, the room was warm, and—

He wakened with a start, to see the moonlight beating into the room, to hear a choking strangled cry, to feel the floor shake to the rush of a panic-stricken woman.

"My God! Doctor, she's dying—dying!" sobbed Mrs. Chapman. She lifted her child's head from the pillow, but the fight for breath was dreadful.

"Quick—a feather or something! Quick, woman! There's not a moment to be lost."

She fled away as he took the girl in his arms, but he knew from the tetanic rigidity of the little form that unless she fled as on wings it must be too late. He remembered then to have heard of a similar case to this; and—he did what was given to him to do. It was a deadly risk, and he had one moment for clear thought. He knew that he was necessary to the work down there; he knew that this was but the child of the man he had most cause in life to hate; and then—he placed his lips to the tube and sucked the venom clear.

In the doorway, her approach unnoticed in the stress of that tense moment, Mrs. Chapman halted, empty-handed. And, standing there, she saw the great heroism accomplished; she knew that this man had risked his own life that her child might live.

"She will sleep now," said Challoner, turning to the faint rustle of skirts. "I

think she will recover; I hope she will recover. Give me some water, please."

A weeping woman, incoherent, almost beside herself, fell at his knees and grasped them hysterically, sobbing out mingled thanks and self-reproaches.

"No; it is nothing, nothing," said the missionary. And he refused to listen to her expressions of gratitude.

Three days later, Dorothy Chapman being out of danger and on the high road to recovery, Dr. Challoner betook himself back to the mission station, before a fair wind, and counted the episode finished. But Compton had an opinion, and he expressed it.

"You were a fool, Challoner," he said, "to risk your life like that. And Chapman will not show the slightest token of gratitude. You may rest assured of that fact—you have wasted your trouble."

"No; the child's life was saved," said the medical man softly. "And a child's life can never be wasted. And now we can proceed with our original scheme. Compton, I think it is urgently necessary for me to go to Vella Tagula, and do something for the unfortunate natives there."

It had long been a cherished project with Dr. Challoner. The island in question stood for all that was black and darkness in the history of the Pacific; the inhabitants were notoriously savage and inhospitable; it was known that they were still cannibals, devil-worshippers, and a dozen other things that may not be mentioned here. And it seemed to the missionary that his work demanded that he should go to this black spot on a fair earth, and there do such work as his Master put into his hands to do.

"You are too zealous, Challoner, too zealous," said Compton. "Far better to stay here and work with me. There is much to be done here."

"But I must have a vineyard of my own," said Challoner. "No, it is no earthly use to try and dissuade me—I must go." And next day he went into the darkness of the Unknown.

II.

"S'pose he thought it a sort of game of heaping coals of fire on my head," said Bully Chapman, pacing the deck of his schooner, as she drew in towards the lovely shore. "Well, he's made a mistake; I don't stand for any of that sort of work. I'm dead against these missionaries—and I stay dead against 'em."

His mate, Paul Ford, expressed a profane opinion of the devoted men who toiled and died to spread the light of a greater Love than ever grew in the heart of man amongst the benighted heathen. "Checks us wherever we goes," he said, expectorating over the side. "puts the niggers on their guard against us, an' 'stead o' simple faith an' lovin' trust, we get stones an' arrows at times."

Suddenly Captain Chapman began to laugh, exposing white frow teeth.

"Seem to be tickled," said his mate with some resentment. "What's the joke?"

"I'm thinking that we deserve a mighty lot of simple faith and loving trust, we folks. We've pretty nigh put the fear of death into the hearts of our black brethren hereabouts, haven't we?" They laughed in concert over some item in their history which would not, perhaps, bear the light of day.

"Well, if that missionary's thinking he's got me on his side he's made the biggest mistake of his life," said Chapman, returning to the old subject. "I got home, my wife met me with a long-winded yarn about Dot being ill, and about a missionary—that Challoner chap—coming through the teeth of a living hurricane to attend her. Said something about diphtheria, too, and sucking venom out of the kid's throat. I told her she was hysterical, and had better lie down for a while. Women sometimes exaggerate a bit."

"They told me something about it, too," said Ford. "Right enough, the sky-pilot came through that big blow at the beginning of last months in a whale-boat."

"Covering at the bottom, I expect, and weeping at every drop of spray. I know 'em—white-livered enough they are."

Ford ceased the discussion, which did not interest him much, but Chapman wrinkled his brows together thoughtfully.

"It would have been mighty hard to have lost Dot," he said. "She's a cunning little kid; but I don't expect he did much. And it's not my plan to go hand in hand with the missionaries; it means cutting my own throat. No, it was his job to attend the sick and suffering, just as it's my job to make money the best way I can. Well, it's over and done with, and the sooner we forget all about it the better."

But he was conscious of a peculiar unrest. It seemed to him as if he were standing on the edge of great events; he would not have been surprised of a sudden hurricane had swept out of the clear sky, or if a tidal wave had roared madly towards the lovely shore towards which the *Flower of Home* was smoothly drifting.

"Funny," he said, rubbing his eyes. "And the barometer's high, too; there can't be a storm on. Blessed if I know what's wrong."

He looked to sea, he looked towards the shore, and saw nothing to give him satisfaction. He thought of his project, and somehow, for no accountable reason, it seemed not half so promising as it had seemed at its inception. He had planned to make a descent upon this land, to at-



A member of the British bulldog breed, "Elsimore Mally" a well-known prizewinner at the recent dog show in London.

—Sport and General, photo.

tract the natives by fair promises aboard his schooner until he had a full cargo, and then drive them below by force of arms, imprison them under hatches, and sail away to another island where there was a promising market for such labor. Chapman called it recruiting; the missionaries, amongst whom was Challoner, called it—and rightly—slave-hunting.

The native village that Chapman had in mind to deplete of its male population was some fifteen miles up the coast, beyond the projecting point that could now be seen from the *Flower's* deck. The currents ran up alongside the land, and the wind was fair; before nightfall there was every prospect of the schooner being safely harbored. If the expedition were well planned it meant a considerable profit to its perpetrators, for each captured native was worth so much head-money, willingly paid by unscrupulous planters.

"Oh, I'm getting squeamish in my old age," said Chapman, dashing his cap to the deck. "It's thinking of Dot—that's what it is. Hallo! I wonder what is showing there?" He thought he saw a flash of white against the dark-green background of the jungle that ran down almost to the water's edge, abreast of where the schooner was. He fetched his binoculars, and carefully studied the object; he looked again, wiping the glasses, and then he muttered something that Ford could not hear.

"It's a signal of some sort," was his mental decision. "So far as I can see, there's a native waving some sort of a cloth above his head. There—it's dropped. Well, it don't concern me."

Ford studied the object closely through his own glasses, and expressed the opinion that it was a signal that might affect them.

"Probably the blacks have got wind of our intention," he said. "That may be to warn us off. Hadn't we better send a boat?"

"No; there's no need. Anyway, it might be a trick to decoy us ashore. Let her go as she's going." He resolutely faced the other way, but in another minute his eyes were again fixed on that patch of white. The uneasiness that he had noticed for an hour back grew within him until it was almost unbearable.

"Here, I can't stand this," he said roughly. "Heave her to, and lower a boat; I'll go and see what it means. Tell the men to arm themselves in case of treachery." The *Flower of the Home* carried a crew that was reputed to be capable of any devilry, reckless ruffians who would have followed their captain through fiery torments for the sheer love and lust of the thing.

The schooner's way was checked forthwith, and as a sounding gave a bottom of forty fathoms, she came to an anchor, whilst the boat was swung out and manned. Chapman seated himself in the stern-sheets and gave the order to pull away. Like a feather the beautiful craft sped over the sparkling waters. As she grounded on a soft coral stretch, Chapman leaped out, and saw what it was that had attracted his attention.

It was a native—no doubting that—but not one of the type he knew lived on the island. He had denuded himself of his white waist-cloth, and had waved it above his head as long as his strength lasted; but now he lay collapsed and fainting on the sand, and his eyeballs rolled in dumb terror.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Chapman, without any great show of kindness. It was his belief that kindness shown to a native was mistaken to a degree.

The man rolled his eyes pitifully, but was unable to speak. He pointed to his improvised flag, he pointed to his throat. "Get some water," said the captain briefly. "He's pretty near dying of thirst."

There was water in the boat, and some of it was applied to the sufferer's lips; he swallowed greedily, and the drawn agony of his face somewhat relaxed.

"You can keep your rifles handy," said Chapman. "It might be a trick, after all."

But it was not a trick; the native was still deeply distressed. He was making fresh efforts to talk, and when Chapman bade a couple of men life him into the boat, the native made vigorous protests.

"Doesn't seem to want to go; maybe he knows us," said Chapman, with a grin.

The native spoke in his own tongue, and the trader, to whom the many dialects of the island were well known, bent his head.

"Eh, what's that? A white man in trouble up in the interior? A what? A missionary?" He stood up, and his face bore an unholy light.

"Now, that's what you call justice," he said roughly. "They've done their best to do me down at my own trade, and when they've got caught in their own net it's me they appeal to for help. I'll see them far enough before I help an inch."

His men grunted approval; they did not love missionaries. The native spoke again in a harsh dialect, raspingly, and stretched out a hand for the water-tin. He slacked his thirst greedily, and the water seemed to invigorate him, for he made shift to sit up and speak a little more intelligibly.

Chapman translated the tale for the benefit of the boat's crew. "He says that his master went up into the interior to convert the natives there. The natives didn't want to be converted; and after they'd made pretence to receive him, they made him a prisoner. Serve him right! Eh—what's that? They are going to kill him? You're dreaming, man!"

The native spoke excitedly, adding gesticulations to his words. For a while Chapman listened in silence, and then he turned to his men.

"This fellow says that there's a big feast on to-morrow, and that this missionary chap is to be sacrificed to their god. He says he heard some of the nigs discussing it; and because he wasn't allowed to go anywhere near his master he bolted down here, hoping to find a chance of getting help. Pretty wild hope, considering we're the only schooner in these waters. And so the missionary has to go out, because we're not going to do a single thing to help him."

He bade his men take the native to the boat, and they obeyed, despite the sufferer's protests. The crew embarked, and gave way, the boat skimmed back to the parent schooner, and Chapman thought of the tale he would have to tell amongst some of his choice companions of how the missionary had been hoist with his own petard.

But as the boat swung alongside the *Flower of Home* he forgot his original intention, and became thoughtful again. Once more the nameless sense of calamity obsessed him; it seemed to him as though some voice were crying to him from the Unknown, bidding him pause.

He dashed the thought from him with anger; he had made his plans, and they should not be set at naught in this fashion. He climbed up the schooner's side and gave orders for the anchor to be weighed, and the strange drawing sensation filled his soul.

"Think we're going to risk everything this way?" he demanded of his mate. "I like the idea! Go up to that village close on twenty miles away, and pull a missionary out of a mess by the slack of his pants! We'd cut our own throats if we did. There wouldn't be a native for a hundred miles around would trust us as far as he could throw us; and so—no more recruiting for this little ship, Ford, my boy."

"They won't kill him—they're his black brethren, and all that sort of thing," said Ford gloomily.

Now, it may be that the black messenger had exaggerated the facts of the case. Afterwards, Dr. Challoner always said he had when the story was told to him. Perhaps the natives inland had no intention of murdering the missionary; it is to be hoped they had not; but they had certainly made him prisoner, and the morrow was certainly a feast that was to be celebrated with human sacrifices.

And Bully Chapman knew this: that whatever the natives intended to-day, they would be wild with anger against any who bore a white skin by the next day, when his own act of treachery was completed. If the manhood of this coast village were kidnapped and practically enslaved, the story would spread with the swiftness of a lightning flash, and excessive rancour would be bred up in every savage heart on the island. It would not be an enviable position to occupy—that of prisoner in their hands.

"Serve him right!" he said again. "He's one of the men I've no cause to love. I'll bet he's done me all the harm he could do, and I'm getting a bit of my own back now. I hope they do butcher him—it might warn some other interfering swabs off the field."

He paced the deck, and he noticed that the wind was dropping almost to a flat calm.

"I was a fool to go and inquire," he said moodily. "We've lost the best part of an hour's good breeze, and it'll just be my luck to be becalmed here all night, and then to-morrow they'll be too busy feasting, and—and—"

Something within was urging him to answer that piteous call from the interior. He refused to listen to it, but there it was, clamorous, insistent, not to be denied.

"Oh, it's rot!" he said. "I'll queer my own pitch, and—a missionary." But argue he never so wisely, the demand was still as strong as ever—nay, it was growing stronger. The wind died away completely, the sails flapped against the mast; the schooner came to a standstill. It seemed as though the very currents had ceased to run—as if the whole world were standing still to await his decision.

"No, I can't stand this," he said. "No, I'm blamed if I can. Hands, lay aft!" They trooped aft—a big crew, for the *Flower* was engaged in dangerous work. Chapman fought with words, and found them difficult in the coming. If he obeyed this strange impulse he must climb down before all these men, and undo all that he had done in the past. But the voice was whispering in his ear, and it must be obeyed.

"Arm yourselves, men," he said shortly. "We land in two minutes, and we might have to fight. Bring two days' grub with you."

The men stared at one another in bewilderment. This could only be a result of what the native had said. But Bully Chapman roared at them, and they trooped away to fill haversacks and bandoliers, to discuss this amazing happening amongst themselves.

"You ain't really goin'?" said Ford.

"Not reelly?"

"Yes, I'm going," said Chapman roughly. "Don't you forget it. I'm all sorts of a fool, I know, but there's something drawing me there. I've just got to go, Ford."

The mate threw up his hands bewildered; he had never heard his commander speak in this strain before. And before

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his bewilderment had passed Chapman had sprung into his boat, and shouted a few final orders, and was on his way to the shore.

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the islands for this," he said as he went. And twelve well-armed men of the *Flower of Home* disappeared into the tangled undergrowth. Only the native who bore the message knew the way; he accompanied them gladly, for he saw that help was speeding to the master he loved.

III.

The chief of the village had threatened the missionary vilely, but the man of God showed no fear. He knew that he had entered the fight from good motives, desirous only of serving the natives well; and it was not his fault that his ministrations had been looked on by the superstitious blacks as witchcraft and the work of devils. He had tended a sick man, and unfortunately the sick man had died; his death—he was a son of the chief—was laid at the missionary's door.

And these blacks were the most treacherous of any in all the islands; they were steeped in gross ignorance and superstition. To them a white man was something to be execrated, for what little they knew of them was merely by way of rumor from natives of other islands, captured in the many intertribal wars that raged in that dangerous locality. They had heard sinister tales of recruiting, of men snatched from their homes to serve the white man's will; and they believed that this white man was but such another, luring them to a false peace, in order that they in their turn might vanish from their homes.

So it had gone forth that much suffering awaited the unfortunate man. Not that the natives were to be blamed; the

reckless, blasphemous traders were the sole cause of it all. Wonder at the thought of a white-skinned man who was looked on at first as a god, had changed to fear and loathing, and the innocent must pay the price of the guilty.

It was growing near to the dawn, and already the tomtoms were thundering in the village; already the shouts and yells of a populace working themselves up to frenzy, sounded around the small hut in which Dr. Challoner lay, bound, a prisoner, awaiting a fearful death. He felt no anger towards the natives; in his heart he pitied them for their savagery, he pitied them for their blindness in that they would destroy him who had come to them solely to aid. But the decree had gone forth—at the dawn he must die, and he prayed resolutely for strength and courage to abide the issue without showing fear. For others, he knew, would come after him; he was but a sower, and he must make all things ready for that day when the reapers came and the harvest was stored.

There came a clamorous burst from without, and the door of his prison opened. Entered many black men, weirdly painted, chanting in blood-curdling fashion, who snatched him roughly from the place where he lay, and bore him to the open. They carried him along swiftly until they halted in an open place, surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of natives, men, women, and children, who had come forth to witness such a spectacle as had never greeted their eyes before.

Dr. Challoner turned his eyes to the clear blue sky that smiled serenely upon him. The world was very fair to look upon at that mystic hour, but it was only an anteroom to a fairer world by far. There would be wet eyes when the story

(Continued on page 30.)

The Housekeeper's Page

The young housekeeper, it is often a grief to find her hands gradually becoming coarsened and made less pretty to look at by domestic operations. Even if she likes housework, she cannot but deplore its effects upon her hands. But it is quite possible by taking certain precautionary measures to keep the hands fairly smooth and white, and quite presentable looking. Only, such care must be exercised habitually; it will not do to let the hands suffer the consequences of some big task involving much cleaning, because one is "too busy to bother," and then expect to restore them without prolonged treatment.

Washing dishes is hard on the hands, much harder than it need to be, if a dish "mop" were used instead of plunging the hands into the hot, soapy water. Dusting will make the hands grimy and necessitates a thorough scrubbing with brush, soap, and water. If one can have thin rubber gloves to wear while dusting, she can perform the operations almost as conveniently as in her bare hands, and the gloves will be a protection. Indeed, wearing gloves at various household tasks—cleaning about the gas range, putting on coal or doing anything to the stove or furnace, sweeping off the outside steps or doing other work that takes one from the warmth indoors into the cold—is a price one must pay to keep one's hands nice. The old kid gloves of the family can be put to use in this way, keeping different pairs for different uses.

As the housekeeper's hands are necessarily in and out of water a good many times in the course of the day, it is important that they should be dried carefully when through with any washing or cleaning. Nothing will chap or roughen the hands quicker than not drying them thoroughly. A quick way of absorbing any moisture left after a hasty wiping on the kitchen towel is to rub the hands over with dry oatmeal, for which purpose a covered small tin box of the meal may be kept near the sink or washstand.

The housekeeper should give her hands a little special attention at the end of each day's work. There are several preparations which would help to keep them smooth and nice. Lemons are useful in removing stains from the skin or the nails. Cucumber jelly is a good preparation, and a "stand-by" is a bottle of lemon-juice, rose-water, and glycerine, shaken together in any proportion preferred. Glycerine does not agree with some kinds of skin, and it is advisable when using any preparation containing glycerine to apply it while the hands are moist after washing, and then rub them together till they are dry. Mutton tallow is excellent for healing chapped hands. Put the tallow in a saucepan over hot water and let it melt, stir in about one part of glycerine to eight or ten of the tallow, and beat until cool, adding a few drops of attar of rose or other essential oil to make it more pleasant to use.

A Few Ideas for House-cleaning Time

Before beginning the spring house-cleaning, take an inventory of everything. Send away furniture needing to be repaired, or obtain what is necessary and have it repaired in the house if there is anyone to do it. Do any mending or renovating needed by carpets, rugs, curtains, etc.

Go through rooms, closets, and boxes, and gather into one place all the stuff that is better out of the way. Ask each member of the family to bring to the same depository anything he or she has no further use for. It saves future trouble to let each do his own discarding, because what may be "junk" to one person may be treasure to another. If there are things in the lot which would be useful in some institution or to any poor person you know of, put such things in as good order as you can, and give them away. Pick out a good supply of cleaning rags and cloths from worn-out garments, and consign to the flames whatever is worthless.

Take down and launder wash curtains, do up dresser covers, washable cushion tops, bedspreads, etc. If new curtains are to be put up, it is well to get these in advance and have them ready.

Clean furs, winter coats, and heavy clothing which will not be needed again, and put them in the boxes or closets where they have their summer quarters. Clean out all closets. Wash blankets and put them away.

Instead of cleaning the articles in each room separately, it is often best to do

all the articles of one kind at a time. Thus, the pictures can be taken down at one time, collected in one room where the rugs are up, and wiped and cleaned one after the other. Unless one is fortunate enough to have the vacuum cleaner, there seems no other alternative than to get all the rugs out over the line in the back yard, and have them beaten. In cleaning the library, take the books off the shelves, and have them placed in rows on newspapers on the floor, or tables, in the next room. Remove the dust from the shelves, then wipe with a damp cloth, and clean back of the cases and beneath them. While they are drying, dust the books, wiping off the backs and edges, fluttering the leaves and blowing among them; then arrange them back on the shelves, but not till the latter are perfectly dry. If the books from each shelf are placed in a row by themselves when they are taken out of the book cases, it facilitates the replacing, especially if the readers of the household like to know just where to put their hands on a book when it is wanted.

So much cretonne is used nowadays in house furnishings that it is necessary to know how it may be laundered. First, shake and brush the dust from the curtains or coverings, and put them to soak in soft water to which salt has been added, to keep the colors from running. If the water becomes dirty looking, change it, more than once if necessary. Make a soap jelly by dissolving some good soap—not strong with alkali—in boiling water. Partly fill a tub with warm water, adding a little ammonia if the water is hard, and make a suds with the soap jelly. Put in the cretonne, a piece at a time, and wash it, then rinse through several waters till it is clear. If there is any danger of the colors fading, add salt to the rinsing water. Have ready some clear cooked starch, and rub it into the wrong side of the material, enough to give it the crispness of new cretonne. Shake the pieces out, and hang them out in the shade to dry. Sprinkle with luke-warm water, roll up in

an old sheet so that the cotton will come between the layers of cretonne, and leave to become evenly damp, then iron on the wrong side.

Meat and Fish Sauces

Hollandaise Sauce.—Put half a cup of butter in a bowl, cover it with cold water, and wash the butter, using a spoon. Put one-third of the butter into a small saucepan with the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoon of lemon juice. Set the saucepan in a larger pan of boiling water, and stir the contents with a wire whisk constantly until the butter is melted; then add a second portion of the butter, and, as it thickens, the remaining third. Pour on one-third of a cup of boiling water, and season with quarter of a teaspoon of salt and a few grains of cayenne.

Tomato Sauce.—Cook half a can of tomatoes and a slice of onion for fifteen minutes. Heat three tablespoons of butter, add three tablespoons of flour, stirring it smooth, cook, and season with quarter of a teaspoon of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoon of pepper. Put the cooked tomatoes through a strainer, adding a few grains of soda if they are very acid. Combine the tomato with the butter mixture.

Mint Sauce.—Chop fine quarter of a cup of tender mint leaves. Dissolve a tablespoon of powdered sugar in half a cup of vinegar, pour over the mint, and let stand for half an hour on the back of the stove. Do not use too strong vinegar. Serve with lamb.

Sauce Béarnaise.—Make after the recipe given for Hollandaise Sauce, omitting the boiling water. Add a teaspoon each of finely chopped parsley and fresh tarragon. Serve with mutton chops, or boiled salmon.

Egg Sauce.—Melt one-third of a cup of butter, add three tablespoons of flour mixed with half a teaspoon of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoon of pepper. Stir smooth, pour on gradually a cup and a half of hot water. Boil five minutes. Add two hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Serve with boiled fish.



9539-9536.—A STYLISH COAT SUIT.

White linen was used for this design, with trimming of blue ratine, fancy loops and buttons. The coat and skirt show new style features, and will develop nicely in any of this season's dress or coat fabrics. Blue serge with black satin would be effective. Or corduroy in a pretty shade of tan, relieved by white trimming. The suit is composed of Ladies' Coat Pattern 9539, cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure; and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9536, cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



9529.—GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE.

This design offers many possibilities. It may be made in low neck style, with or without the bertha, or with high neck, and again, in round neck with the yoke. The model is suitable for all dress materials, for silk, lawn, linen, chambray, gingham, galatea or percale, also for cashmere, voile, crepe, and albatross. As a pretty party dress it could be made of soft nainsook or lawn, with bertha of embroidery, or lace trimmed. Challis or dimity, or figured lawn, would be equally effective. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

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NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Sir William Arrol, the famous engineer and constructor of the Tay and Forth bridges, died last month at Ayr, Scotland, in his 74th year.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has announced that it would spend \$16,000,000 this year on its eastern lines. Of this, \$6,000,000 will be for double-tracking present lines, and the rest will pay for the completion of the new line between Montreal and Toronto along Lake Ontario, and other new lines.

Viscount Haldane, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, will be a guest and the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association at Montreal next September.

Over a million days' labor was lost in Canada last year owing to strikes, according to the Labor Department's report. This is only about half the loss during 1911. The total number of employees who went on strike was 40,500. There were few important strikes affecting public utilities and thus coming under the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. Nineteen were referred to arbitration under the Act and all but three were settled.

The Balkan war still drags on, though the despatches tell of no important events. It is said that secret negotiations are in progress between Turkey and the allies, and that peace may come within a few weeks.

A house that was being built for Mr. Lloyd George, but still belonged to Sir George Riddell, was badly damaged by a bomb explosion caused by the suffragettes, and Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Drummond openly defended and gloried in the outrage.

The widow of Capt. Robert F. Scott, the Antarctic explorer, will henceforth be known as Lady Scott, as King George has bestowed on her 'the same rank, style, and precedence as if her husband had been nominated a knight commander of the Bath, as he would have been had he survived.' She will also enjoy the pension that her husband would have received had he lived.

There is said to be a possibility of King George visiting the United States and Canada at the time of the Peace Centenary celebration.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is calling for tenders for the construction of a great tunnel in the Rockies $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. The object is to cut down the Roger's Pass Hill.

The Associated Boards of Trade of Ontario favor the extension of the Provincial railway south to Toronto and north to James Bay, the construction by the Government of a system of radial electric lines in Eastern and Western Ontario, and the establishment by the Dominion Government of a parcel post system.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White has laid before the British Government a scheme for a mercantile air fleet subsidized by the Government, with airship stations in every large city and around the coast. The dirigibles would carry the mails and be used for general purposes in time of peace, while in case of war they would be able to give valuable service.

News has been received in Sydney, N. S. W., of the death of Lieut. Ninnis and Dr. Merz, two members of the expedition commanded by Dr. Douglas Mawson, an Australian, who left Tasmania in 1911 accompanied by a large party of scientific men to explore the regions around the Southern Magnetic Pole.

It is reported that the new German military bill will call for an expenditure of about \$250,000,000 spread over three or four years. Forts are to be built on the eastern frontier, it is said, and new barracks in different parts of the country.

Sir William Henry White, formerly chief constructor of the British Navy, who was responsible for the designs of all the warships launched between 1885 and 1900, died last week in London from apoplexy, at the age of 67. He was a self-made man, having started as a shipwright apprentice in the naval dockyard at Devonport.

Col. the Hon. Sam. Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, stated that 50,000 young Canadians had applied for enrollment as volunteers but the department had not the money to provide for their accommodation. He thought that men who did not undertake any military service should pay a tax of \$5 a year to help pay for those who did. This was done in Switzerland and was advocated by Premier Botha in South Africa.

The success of Dr. Friedmann's tuberculosis cure, which he is undertaking to apply in New York, is being watched with great interest in Canada. The Hon. Adam Beck, President of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, suggested that the Ontario Board of Health should send someone to investigate the matter. The subject was also brought up in the House of Commons and Mr. Borden replied that the Government had under consideration the matter of securing the benefit of the cure in this country if its success were demonstrated in New York.

Mr. R. C. Miller, Montreal, former president of the Diamond Light and Heat Company, was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons for refusing to tell the Public Accounts Committee what he did with the \$41,000 which he admitted he had spent in securing Government contracts between 1907 and 1911. He would only state that the money had not been paid to any member of parliament nor any government official. Upon his refusal to answer the question he was held in custody at the Parliament Buildings and later on was removed to the county jail. It is said that the authority of the courts may be invoked in an effort to secure his release by means of habeas corpus proceedings.

Francisco I. Madero and Jose Pino Saurez, the recently deposed president and vice-president of Mexico, were shot and killed while being taken at night from the National Palace to the penitentiary. Their military escort is said to have been suddenly set upon by a body of men who had been lying in wait for them. Many discredit this story, believing that a horrible murder has been committed. It is announced that a judicial inquiry will be held. The country it is claimed is settling down under temporary military rule and preparations are beginning for the general elections. General Felix Diaz and Francisco de la Barra are mentioned as candidates for the presidency.

With a view to participating in the naval defence of the British Empire, the Newfoundland Government has opened negotiations with the Imperial Cabinet. An announcement to that effect was made on March 5th by the new Governor, Mr. Walter Davidson, C.M.G., in his speech at the opening of the legislature. Governor Davidson also gave notice of the Government's intention to remove the duty from tea, sugar and salted meats. This, it was declared would represent the abrogation of \$400,000 in duties annually, the largest reduction in taxation at one time in the colony's history.

Dr. F. F. Friedmann, the German physician who claims to have discovered a cure for tuberculosis, demonstrated his treatment on fifty-six patients in Montreal of all ages and suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, the bones and the glands. Some of the cases were well advanced. Many Montreal physicians who witnessed the demonstration expressed confidence in Dr. Friedmann's honesty but said they could only wait for the results before passing judgment on the treatment. He also attended the meeting of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis at Ottawa, and has invitations to demonstrate his treatment from all over the continent.

It is reported that a heavy loss of life has taken place in a fifty-hour battle at Parral, Chihuahua Province, Mexico, between the rebels who refuse to recognize the new national government under President Huerta and the federal regulars. Parral is the centre of the American mining and industrial interests, and is said to have been greatly damaged by bombardment and street fighting.

The Dominion Alliance held a successful conference in Montreal. Officers elected for the current year were ex-Ald. S. J. Carter, president, and Mr. John H. Roberts, secretary. Resolutions approving the action of Col. Sam Hughes in abolishing the canteen were passed.

In the course of the Chinese Government's war on the opium traffic two merchants were executed at Chung Fu, Sze-Chuen Province, for secretly storing opium, and four officers were killed at Kien-Chow by the militia while attempting to force the farmers to destroy their poppy fields.

Miss Pauline Johnson, the distinguished Indian poetess and younger daughter of the late Chief of the Mohawks of the Six Nations Indians, Brantford, died on March 7th at Vancouver, B. C.

St. Dunstan's Cathedral in Charlottetown, P. E. I., the largest church in the province and one of the most beautiful east of Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the night of March 7th, causing the loss of \$250,000. All that is left of the stately structure is one of the twin spires and the skeleton of the stone walls. The fire is supposed to have started in the rear of the main altar by electric wires. The Cathedral had seating capacity of two thousand and would have been cleared of debt this year. It was started in 1896 and finished in 1907.

Fifty Arab soldiers belonging to the Turkish regiments guarding the Peninsula of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles Straits, were shot on March 7th as an example to the others. Most of the men guarding the lines in this district have been brought from the warm climates of Asia Minor, and have become mutinous owing to the extreme cold. They declare that they are too benumbed to fight.

The Hungarian Government's suffrage reform bill, under which the franchise is granted to a large number of women, was adopted by the lower house of the Hungarian Parliament on March 7th. Socialist members of Parliament are bitterly opposed to the Government's bill, which does not provide for universal suffrage, and owing to their threats of trouble large forces of troops were present in the street during the house debate.

Viscount Tredegar, one of the few who returned from the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaclava during the Crimean war in which he took part as a captain of the 17th Lancers, died on March 7th at the age of 82.



For a Leisure Moment

The tyranny of the tip! When the American Congress threw out an Anti-Tipping Bill in 1910, the victors' strongest argument was that a man who refused to give gratuities "might rap the butter-dish for an hour without getting served." There was reason in the remark. One recalls, as illustration, the experiment of a wealthy Austrian family who undertook a "non-tipping" tour in Switzerland, and met with failure after failure. Failure, in fact, preceded them. For "secret signs and mysterious hieroglyphics generally scribbled on their baggage in chalk, and known only to the world of hotel employees, announced the arrival of the 'non-tippers' at every hotel they visited." There they waited for dinner, saw their luggage ill-used, and were treated as intruders. Defeat was acknowledged. "Finally," confessed the experimentalist, "I have commenced to tip liberally, and am comfortable and happy again."

He was a representative in Congress who had pledged himself to vote for two battleships, but a fortnight later announced that he was "agin" any increase at all. It was only natural that his change of base should be questioned and explanations asked for, and he was ready. "Gentlemen," he said, "I owe Squar Brown my election to this body. It was his friendship and his money that put me here. I pledged myself to vote for more battleships when the question came up." "But you don't keep your pledge," was protested. "I didn't. And it was on account of Squar again. When I first pledged him he had property on Goose Creek and wanted the protection of the navy. Please read this letter from him." The letter read:—"As I have moved my henroost half a mile back from Goose Creek there is no longer any need of a navy. Vote agin it!"

Wilson—"What a long, thin head Jimson has!" Jilson—"Hasn't he? Looks as if he had pushed it under a chest of drawers for a collar-button."

The success of the Society for Psychical Research in establishing communication with departed spirits having led our special psychrobe, Professor Wilberforce Jenkins, into the making of experiments on his own account, he has returned the very interesting results of his labors to this office. After lying in a clairvoyant state for a period of six weeks, he at last managed to get into communication with a number of distinguished personages of the past, and it is with pleasure that we herewith reproduce the psychic messages received by him as follows:—

FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Please announce to my beloved fellow-countrymen on my behalf that I have always found fresh tomatoes less effective in the making of a catchup than those which had reached a period of fermentation, resulting in an intensification of flavor.

FROM NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The rumor that I ever accused Sir Hudson Lowe of appropriating my pink pyjamas for his own use has annoyed me very much, and I wish you would deny that I ever said such a thing. The truth is that I never had any pink pyjamas. If I had it might have been different.

FROM DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A man may be a first-class anthropologist, or even dermatologist, and yet be an unsafe guide in a war against cut-worms. I used to kill mine by sending Boswell out into my garden to read his writings aloud to them. They invariably succumbed.

FROM SOCRATES.

Please correct the impression now current that my wife Xanthippe is, or was, a Suffragette. There was no human experience which we shared together in which she was not a perennial anti.

—Harper's Weekly.

Professor, addressing class—"How simple, and yet how sublime, is the beautiful and detailed description which Pliny the younger gives us of the house in which he lived."

Smart Student—"Most likely he wanted to sell it."

There is at Aix-la-Chapelle a Newspaper Museum, where may be seen many curious journalistic freaks. One of the most striking exhibits is a copy of the world's largest newspaper, the *Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*, published in New York in 1859. This paper measures 8½ ft. in height by 6 ft. in width, and comprises eight pages, each of 13 columns. The paper on which it is printed is extremely durable and strong, and each ream weighed over 3 cwt. Forty people were occupied continually for eight weeks in order to bring out the first issue of the monstrosity, which its designers proposed should be issued once in every 100 years.

The question of fat appears to interest women as well as men when they pass 40. Madame Nordica has found a cure for obesity, and is going to put it on the market, advertised by her own light weight in opera. And now one hears of Madame Melba having produced \$3,000 for the newsboys society of Melbourne, by turning herself into a living maypole, around which pretty girls danced. How did Madame Melba turn herself into a living maypole? The advertisers wait for it!

There was a time when more than one day's rest in seven was enjoined for religious reasons. The so-called *Apostolic Constitutions*, of which the probable date is the fourth century, solved the issue between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday by giving effect to both. "Let the slaves work five days; but on the Sabbath Day and the Lord's Day let them have leisure to go to church for instruction in piety." Although the religious basis of this solution has long been out of date, we have in many cases nearly got round to a similar result secularly by the Saturday half-holiday.

Public opinion in Scotland was—and probably still is—in favor of stern reprisals upon the Sabbath-breaker. Dean Ramsay, in his *Reminiscences*, recounts an instructive dialogue between a Mr. M—, of Glasgow, and a Highland acquaintance whom he had met with unexpectedly. "Mr. M— begins: "Donald, what brought you here? "Ou, weel, sir, it was a baad place yon; they were baad folk—but they're a God-fearin' set o' folk here!" "Well, Donald," said Mr. M—, "I'm glad to hear it." "Ou ay, sir, 'deed are they; an' I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover child frae Dunfries comin' along the road whustlin' and lookin' as happy as if it was ta muddle o' the week; weel, sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, and they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—od they yokit upon him and a'most killed him!"

Frank Buckland had a very just idea of how Sunday should be kept. He worked hard for six days and rested easy on the seventh. Thus the entry in his *Journal*, dated December, 1866:—"I am now working from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. and a bit in the evening—14 hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill-wheel ceases to batter the water, the mill-head is pounded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy quiet current, which leads to things above."

A Turkish man-of-war was ordered to Malta. When the captain had got his ship clear of the Bosphorus, it struck him that it would be as well if he knew where Malta was, for he had not the slightest idea. So he inquired of a passing vessel, whose captain offered to point it out on the chart. But the Turkish captain preferred to follow a vessel which he knew was about to sail for that port. Unfortunately, a fog came on, and when it cleared off the vessel in front was no longer the same, though the captain knew it not. For days he followed the ship, and at last reached port, when, addressing the authorities that came on board, he said, "Malta, I presume." "Oh, no," was the reply. "This is Liverpool."

In Georgia they tell of a prisoner who had been convicted a dozen times of stealing, who, when placed at the bar for his latest offence, displayed a singular curiosity. "Your Honor," said he, "I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is sick." "But," said the magistrate, "you were caught with your hands in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?" "Exactly so, your Honor; that is what I am curious to know."

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for your worn-out hose, if those hose are "Holeproof," by replacing worn pairs free if any pairs wear out in six months. Send for six pairs and try them. With every six pairs you get six guarantee coupons.

More Than a Million People

in the States and Canada now buy their hosiery this way—a million regular customers. For every pair they wear out within six months of the day they buy them, we pay them back with a new pair free. But we don't have to replace many pairs. In all of our thirteen years of "Holeproof," 95 per cent of the output has outlasted the guarantee. That means

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Think what a wonderful record. Send for six pairs of our Cashmere "Holeproof" and see how they'll wear for you. They are made from the finest yarn in existence, for which we pay the top market price. They are warm and soft, without being heavy. You can wear them six months or longer without ever having to darn them. Think of the work that saves. Think of the convenience.

We are making this year 9,000,000 pairs to meet the demand for "Holeproof." Don't you want some of them?

We Spend \$60,000

just to inspect "Holeproof." Our inspectors' salaries cost that every year. But every pair is twice closely examined before it is sent out. That means perfect hosiery—no disappointment when the six pairs are received. It means, in all probability, that the hose will last longer than six months. We cannot afford to let poor hose go out, for we have a great reputa-



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C. A. Schwab

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tion at stake. These statements refer to our entire business, in United States and Canada.

Order on the Coupon

or write us a letter. There are two grades of Cashmere "Holeproof" for men: Medium, \$2 for six pairs; Fine, \$3 for six pairs. Six pairs for women cost \$3. Every six pairs are guaranteed six months. Colors for men are black, tan, and navy blue—for women, black and tan. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, \$1.

Fill in what you want on the coupon, post card or letter and mail it today. See what a wonderful saving in comfort and money you can make with Holeproof Hose. We have sold hose this way for the past 13 years. We guarantee satisfaction as well as wear.

HOLEPROOF HOSE CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
189 Bond Street, London, Canada



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Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for (state whether for men, women or children). Size..... Color..... Weight..... Name..... Street..... City..... Province.....

According to French law, the editor of a newspaper wields more power than the proprietor. A wealthy Russian admirer of Louis Blanc founded a paper, *L'Homme Libre*, of which Blanc was appointed editor. The Russian rather fancied himself as a writer, and sent some articles to the paper, which Blanc returned with thanks. This so infuriated the owner that he endeavored to make the courts compel Blanc to insert the articles. The judge held that an editor has a right to decline an article, even when written by his proprietor, and so dismissed the plaintiff's suit with costs. But it was probably within the proprietor's right to retaliate by dismissing the editor.

Some rather ungenerous criticisms have been passed upon the correspondents who were sent out to describe the war in the Near East. With one or two exceptions they have failed to describe the operations of the campaign. But it must in fairness be admitted that their failure has been due to the severe restrictions—amounting in the case of the correspondents at the headquarters of the Turkish army to actual detention as prisoners of war. It must be admitted that the great days of the war correspondent would seem to be over. Lord Wolseley was the first commanding officer to raise objections to the presence of journalists with his forces, and in the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" he has some polite, and otherwise, things to say about the dangers of telegraphing to newspapers information which may be of use to the enemy. That is the real reason why so many of the correspondents in the Near East have failed. They were not allowed to witness the operations. The Japanese, in their war with Russia, behaved in exactly the same way as the Allies and the Turks have done in the present campaign, and it is more than likely that, when the next great war comes, correspondents will be forbidden, except at the risk of their lives, to accompany any of the contending armies.

Mr. Champ Clark tells a story of the extraordinary feeling between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Once, when speaking at St. Paul, he called attention to the reckless street driving in the rival city. "Why," he declared, "I have even heard that ten inhabitants are killed in Minneapolis on the streets every twenty-four hours." "Waal," came the loud voice of an interrupter, "it ain't enough!"

One of the oldest newspapers in the world is *Les Petites Affiches*, which consists mainly of announcements of forced sales of property and other legal notices. This paper has appeared in Paris for 301 years, and for over a century was published seven days a week. Since 1907, however, when a weekly day of rest was made compulsory for all French workmen, *Les Petites Affiches* has ceased to appear on Mondays.

He—"Then it's settled that we are to elope at midnight?" She—"Yes." He—"And are you sure you can get your trunk packed in time?" She—"Oh! yes; papa and mamma have both promised to help me."

Byron was a striking exception to Sir Francis Galton's theory that notabilities are great eaters. For Byron (like many less clever people) had a morbid dread of growing fat, and was wont to mortify the flesh accordingly. While at Athens, he drank large quantities of vinegar and water, and seldom ate more than a little rice, and at another time he restricted himself to six biscuits a day. Again, in 1816, he lived on a thin slice of bread for breakfast and a vegetable dinner, keeping down hunger in between by chewing tobacco. And he achieved his end, for the last time he weighed he went 10 st. 9 lb.

In Woodland

(A Ballad)

Words by FELIX F. FEIST

Music by HARRY BENNETT

Andante con espressione.

1. Oh! there is a spot that is grand - er by far, Than lands that are rich and
 2. When night shad - ows fall and the sun sinks to rest, And stars twin - kle bright on

rare;..... Where birds build and sing, 'mid blos - oms of spring, And mu - sic fills the
 high;..... And bird - lings that roam, fly mer - ri - ly home, Ere dark - ness dims the

air;..... Where mel - o - dy floats on the breez - es all day, And
 sky;..... The life of a bird is the sweet - est to me, 'To

when twi - light falls ev - 'ry star sheds its ray, 'Tis a par - a - dise fair where there's
 dwell in the woods and for - ev - er be free, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful vis - ion my

rit.

nev - er a care, To en - ter the lives of those dwell - ing there...
 heart longs to share, To rest in the midst of Na - ture so fair....

REFRAIN.

In wood - land, in wood - land, there I would live and die;..... In

wood - land, in wood - land, there shall I nev - er sigh;..... At

sun - rise and sun - set, mel - o - dy fills the air;..... In

wood - land, in wood - land, Would I were ev - er there.....



The Canadian Pictorial



is an illustrated record of the month's most striking news and
seasonable features

Bully Chapman's Turning

(Continued from page 24.)

of his death was known; he had worked to the full of his power, and—better men than he had died for the Master's sake, he said.

The time was very near. Already the chief of the village, the man who had appointed himself executioner, had bared the dreadful knife with which the sacrifice was to be consummated, and the monotonous chanting of the watchers was rising to a frenzied howl. The chief had worked himself up to his task by copious draughts of a crude intoxicant made on the island, and by trade gin, which Challoner's enemies had distributed at large. Now, foaming at the mouth, he strode towards his victim, and lifted the knife high above his head.

As Challoner drew a deep breath and committed his soul to God, he heard a loud shout—a shout in the English tongue. The knife glittered in the first rays of the risen sun—and then it fell to the ground. The chief uttered a yell and sprang away, holding his wrist, and the report of a rifle-shot sounded from the near distance. It seemed to the natives as if this were a manifestation from Heaven. They sprang to their feet at a bound, and before they could decide which way to flee armed white men were amongst them, rudely trusting them aside, trampling them underfoot, smiting them down with the butts of their rifles; for Chapman knowing that his force would be outnumbered immeasurably, had given the order not to fire. But it was his own shot that had smashed the chief's wrist, a shot fired almost at hazard, as he emerged into open ground, and saw, from a little eminence, the group before him. He had seen the light glint on the uplifted blade; he had seen the fearless face of the missionary, the head that had not bowed before the impending stroke; and he realized that it was not a question of missionary and trader, but white man against black. And so he had fired; and before the consternation had died away, the men of the *Flower of Home* were in the square, and in possession of the situation.

But the chief, seeing that the inter-

vention was human after all, gave vent to a yell of rage, and snatching up a club in his left hand, he rushed upon Challoner, where he stood still bound. It was Bully Chapman who caught the upflung wrist; it was Bully Chapman who hurled the would-be murderer aside as if he were a child.

"Surround this man," he said, indicating the missionary, "and if anyone lays a finger on him, fire."

But the savages had no wish to court disaster. They ran for cover, and, beyond shooting a few harmless arrows, did nothing worthy of narration. When the immediate danger was over, Chapman sought speech with the man whose life he had saved.

"Seems we arrived just in time," he said, and in spite of the roughness of his voice there was a strange light in his eyes. "Do you know that I was brought here—a voice called me—me, Captain Chapman, of the *Flower of Home*. I knew there was a missionary in trouble, so I had to come. What might your name be, Mister?"

"My name is Challoner," said the missionary, and it seemed to him as if an invisible hand had wiped away the harsh lines from the trader's face with a single movement.

"Challoner—Challoner! My wife said that it was a man of that name who—who saved my daughter's life. Are you the man?"

"It was my good fortune, sir, to attend the daughter of a Mrs. Chapman who was seriously ill."

"Then—I don't understand what it means, Dr. Challoner. Why was I brought here to save the man who saved my child? Can it be true that there's a God, after all?"

"A God? The God—yes! He lives. If I had never known it before, I must have known it to-day. Captain Chapman, it was my God who called you here, and so—"

A glad light overspread the missionary's face, for it was given to him in that moment to know that his prayers were answered, and that this man beside him, formerly his enemy, he was to find a worthy ally, who would fight side by side with him for the glory of the Kingdom of God.

THE END.



What seems most remarkable to the sojourners at Palm Beach, Florida, is to see John Winbush Jr., a colored boy of five, treated as one of the family of Mrs. E. R. McLean of Washington. The McLean's have entered into an arrangement with the parents of the colored boy, whereby they are to have custody of the youngster for ten years, when he will become the valet and protector of Vinson who is heir to the mighty Walsh and McLean fortunes. The photograph shows Mrs. E. R. McLean, her son Vinson Walsh McLean, and the future chum valet and protector of the young multi-millionaire heir.

—Underwood and Underwood, photo.

GUERLAIN

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New Premises in 1913—68, Avenue des Champs Elysees, PARIS.

The Explorer's Wife

(Continued from page 21)

peditions the element of chivalry, and it was this inspiration which gave to the searches the character of an epic."

Admiral Peary's wife not only encouraged her husband to persevere in his quest for the North Pole, but also accompanied him for more than a year within the Arctic Circle while he was fitting out his first big expedition to attempt a "dash to the Pole." Their little daughter was the only white child ever born in the region so far north.

Lady Shackleton is another of the women who have shown the difficult kind of courage required to bide cheerfully at home and cheer the husband on his way forth to the unknown. Sir Ernest Shackleton, in his valuable explorations in the Antarctic, had in his wife one who sympathized fully with his aims and ambition.

The verses by the young lady who afterwards married Lieutenant Franklin, written on the inspiration of seeing vessels about to start for the Arctic Seas, are not without interest at this time:

Then on! undaunted heroes, bravely roam,
Your toils, your perils shall endear your home,
And furnish tales for many a winter night,
While wondering Britons list with strange delight
Or tell with patriot pride and grateful soul,
Lo! these the men who dared explore the Pole,
On icy seas the lion flag unfurled,
And found new pathways to the Western world.

The genius of the North—I see him stand
And launch his frozen arrows from his hand,
To crush your barks—in vain—with steady blow
Britannia's trident lays the giant low—
Queen of the Seas! she hails her conquering train
Pleased with the prowess that confirms her reign.

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Over \$5,500,000 Per Acre A tiny portion of ground at Charing Cross, which adjoins the entrance to the Mall archway, comprising 461½ square feet with a frontage of 69 feet, has been sold by the London, Eng., County Council, to an Insurance Company for £58,685 which works out at over \$5,500,000 per acre. The photo shows the frontage of the site.

—Topical, photo.

Augustus, Indeed

Lord Decies has been telling a good story about an American millionaire.

"His first name is the sounding one of Augustus," Lord Decies said. "You know how he travels—with what a retinue of valets and chauffeurs and secretaries. Well, it was with even a grander retinue than usual that he arrived, at the opening of the shooting season, at a certain English country house. He arrived with seven motor-cars.

Of course, he was treated on all sides with the profoundest deference. But the head keeper called him by his first name. Actually!

"The head keeper didn't seem lacking in respect; gave him a splendid place, saw that he got lots of birds, and so on; but, all the time, it was 'Augustus this' and 'Augustus that.' 'Is your gun all right, Augustus?' 'A very good shot, Augustus.' 'Augustus, is your stool comfortable?'"

"The millionaire flushed darkly and glared at the old head keeper the first time he was called Augustus. But he said nothing. And afterwards he got used to it. But his host happened to appear, and hearing the keeper say to the haughty millionaire, 'Well winged, well winged, Augustus!' he took the old chap aside and whispered:—

"Why, keeper, I don't know what to make of you! Are you drunk, man? The idea of your calling Mr. Van Golden by his first name like that!"

"His first name, sir?" And the old keeper flushed under his tan.

"Yes, Augustus, indeed! What do you mean by it?" "The keeper looked terribly distressed.

"Oh, sir," he stammered, "I hope you'll excuse me, sir. I thought 'Augustus' was a title—a very high title, like 'My lord duke' or 'Your Serene Highness,' Sir."

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