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MAY 1911

TEN CENTS





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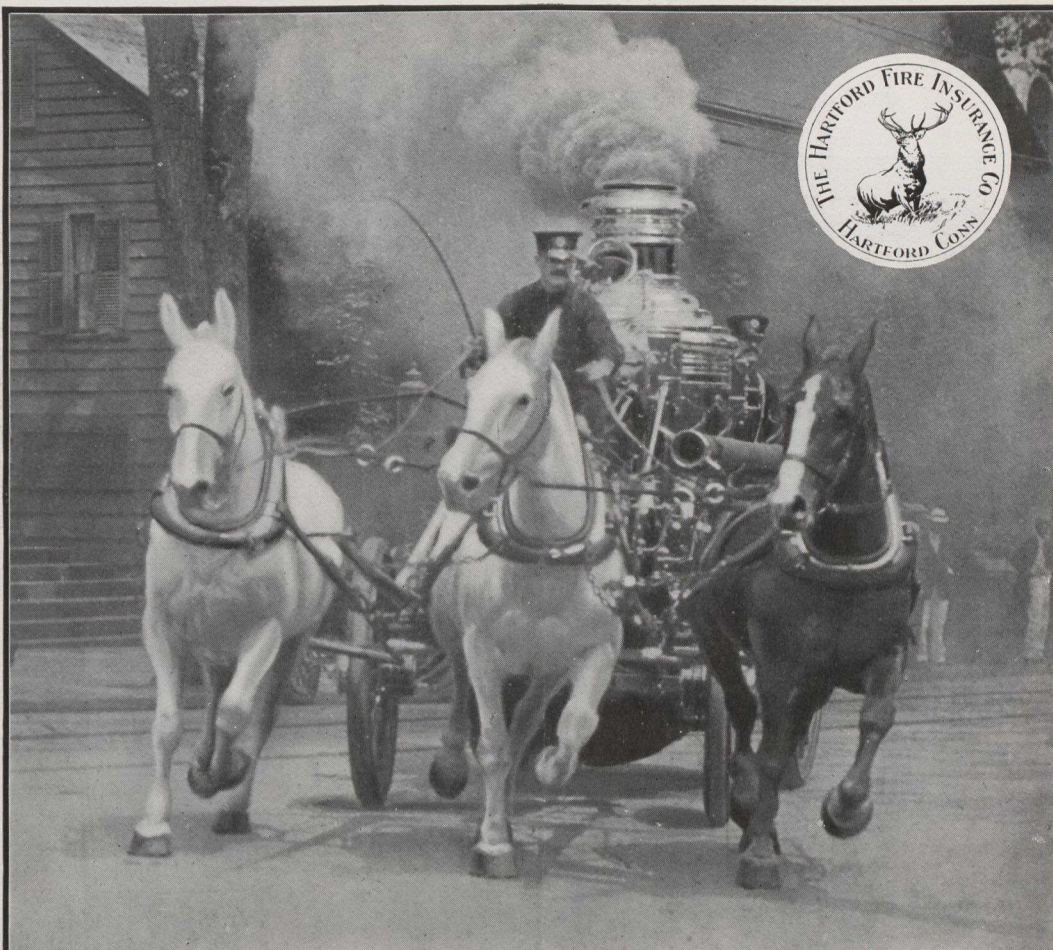
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**The President of the Canadian Pacific**

This photograph of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who has just returned from a visit to Great Britain and the continent, was taken at his hotel in London a fortnight ago.

—Copyright, Central News



# Canadian Pictorial

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a Year

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Montreal

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## The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change but I cannot die.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley. (abridged).

## Happenings of a Month

**T**HE reciprocity agreement with Canada, supported by all but a handful of Democrats, and opposed by a majority of the Republicans, passed the United States House of Representatives on April 21st by 266 to 89. With nearly 200 Democrats in control and their action endorsed by a large body of the Republicans, the bill to put the agreement in force was adopted with no amendments and in almost identically the form in which it passed the House in the last session of the preceding Congress. The bill seeks to put into effect the formal agreement reached between President Taft and the members of the Canadian Cabinet for a reduction of the tariff rates on many articles and free trade in many others across the Canadian border. Added to it by the Democratic leaders is a section which "authorizes and requests" President Taft to make further efforts to secure still freer trade relations with Canada in the form of additional reciprocal relations. In the Canadian House of Commons it has been debated for a long time and a vote is expected soon.

\* \* \*

Orders have been issued regarding the Coronation contingent. The men will be paid in accordance with the rank they hold on the contingent, not the rank they hold in their own regiment. They will also be granted efficiency pay and field allowance. All the members of the contingent must assemble for seven days' drill and instruction at the depot of the arm of service to which they belong, and for three days further at Quebec prior to embarkment for England. The cavalry will assemble at Winnipeg, Toronto, and St. John's, Que., on May 22nd. The members of the field and horse artillery will assemble at Kingston, and the garrison artillery at Quebec. They assemble at Kingston on May 22nd, and at Quebec on May 23rd. All the dismounted corps will assemble at Quebec on May 23rd. The officers will provide themselves with uniforms of the branch of service to which they belong. The non-commissioned officers and men will take theirs with them to the point of mobilization. All warrant officers and non-commissioned officers and men will receive a free issue of one suit of service clothing and two pairs of ankle boots. The con-

tingent will embark on June 2nd on the Steamer "Empress of Ireland," from Quebec, and will leave Liverpool on the return trip on July 2nd, per the Steamer "Empress of Britain."

\* \* \*

The coming Imperial Conference in London, which has been much discussed in Parliament and the press of Britain during the week, reveals, it is thought by some important personages, an unsuspected weak spot in the constitutional theory of the British Empire, namely, the increasing desire of the colonies to have their own foreign policy, irrespective of the Mother Country. The Empire's attitude towards Japan undoubtedly is the subject of the gravest discussion. The Government promises to reveal all Cabinet secrets to the Colonial Premiers "under absolute secrecy." One writer in the *Times* says that Canada may use her navy to support a policy which England does not want, and that Australia may be threatening Japan when England and Japan are engaged in delicate negotiations about a Japanese alliance. Australia, by the advice of the English admiral sent for the purpose, proposes to build a fleet of fifty-two vessels at a cost of £88,000,000.

\* \* \*

The mystery of the dynamiting of the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times* newspaper building on the night of October 1st, 1910, in which twenty-one lives were lost and valuable property destroyed, may be on the eve of clearing up by the arrest, on April 22nd, in Indianapolis of J. J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, there, and "J. B. Bryce," otherwise J. B. McNamara, and Ortie E. McManigal at Detroit, all of whom are being taken to Los Angeles to answer indictments charging them with complicity in the explosion. Explosives of various kinds, it is alleged, have been found in the association's headquarters and other places, for which McNamara was responsible. While many explosions in which vast amounts of property have been destroyed during the past seven months are attributed to McNamara and his abettors, the various labor organizations consider the arrests and charges as a "conspiracy against organized labor," and will contribute towards the defence of the accused.



# NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The \$50,000,000 loan to China by a group of American financiers, negotiations for which have been going on for some time, was signed in Peking on April 15.

As a result of a paralytic stroke sustained three weeks before, Sir Henri Elzear Taschereau, K.B., P.C., LL.D., Seigneur of St. Marie de la Beauce, former chief justice of the Dominion and member of the judicial committee of the privy council of Great Britain, died in Ottawa on Good Friday.

Judge Niles in the Federal District Court in Aberdeen, Miss., has sentenced J. H. Miller, a member of the firm of Steele, Miller & Co., who was found guilty of fraudulently using the mails, to seven years in prison and to pay a fine of \$11,000. L. C. Steele and C. H. G. Linde, who accepted a verdict of guilty on the same charge, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000 each. The men were members of the cotton firm of Steele, Miller & Co. of Corinth, Miss., which failed several months ago. It was charged at the time of the failure that fraudulent bills of lading, amounting to \$7,000,000, had been issued by the firm. Indictments were found against Miller, Steele, and Linde, charging that fraudulent bills of lading were sent through the United States mail.

According to a Washington correspondent progress is being made in the negotiation of the arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and the administration is confident that the document will be completed in ample time for submission to the present session of the United States Senate for ratification. No obstacles, it is said, have been encountered or are in sight which would impede the successful passage of the treaty. The Anglo-Japanese treaty, it is stated, offers no stumbling block to the arbitration treaty.

The coroner's jury in New York that has been investigating the fire in the Asche Building, where one hundred and fifty shirt-waist workers, chiefly young women, lost their lives, have returned a verdict holding the proprietors of the factory, Isaac Harris and Max Blank, responsible for the death of Mary Herman, a young operator.

Captain Farron, of the French army aviation corps, fell 250 feet with an aeroplane and was crushed to death, midway on a trip from Orleans to Versailles. Carrying fifteen passengers 180 miles, the 'Deutschland II,' Count Zeppelin's latest dirigible, completed a successful trip along the Rhine, to Dusseldorf, Germany. At Lindenau, Saxony, Oswald Kent, an airman, made an interesting aviation experiment, exchanging electric signals with the officers in command of troops manoeuvring, informing them of the position of their opponents. Two aviators, Lieut. Byasson and M. Delarge, of the French army, were thrown to death through their aeroplanes capsizing in flights on Good Friday. Four German balloonists were fatally injured, when the car in which they were riding at Keck, Saxony, capsized. The accident occurred when ten balloons were ready to start on a distance competition.

It was announced by the Minister of Agriculture in the House of Commons on the eve of adjourning for the Easter recess, that the Canadian census would be taken on June 1 and that the full enumeration would be made known about November 1.

Rasa Tessama, Regent of Abyssinia and guardian of the heir apparent, Crown Prince Lidj Jeassu, is dead. Prince Lidj Jeassu, who is the grandson of King Menelik, was anointed as heir apparent in October, 1909, and Ras Tessama was appointed and confirmed as his guardian at the same time. The latter had been at the head of the Government ever since, Menelik being incapacitated by paralysis.

The SS. 'Prinzess Irene,' of the North German Lloyd line, on her way from Genoa to New York, with 1,700 passengers, during a dense fog, ran into the Fire Island sand pit, 40 miles east of New York, where she remained for over eighty hours, her passengers meanwhile being removed by a sister ship and other vessels.

Sheldon, the get-rich-quick swindler who victimized many simple people in Montreal and other parts of Canada, has been brought back to Montreal from Pittsburg, Pa., where he was arrested while plying his old vocation, and will now stand trial with prospects of spending some years in the penitentiary.

Sharp earthquake shocks were felt in Rome on April 10 at 10.45 a. m. and 12 noon, causing much terror among the people. In the country around Rome the shocks were much more severe.

Tom. L. Johnson, the celebrated mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, who was both a strong advocate of 3-cent street railway fares and Henry George's single tax theories, died on April 10, after a long illness in his fifty-seventh year.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army, celebrated his eighty-second birthday on April 10 by addressing a great gathering of his followers in London.

The steamer 'Iroquois,' which plies between Sydney, B.C., and the Gulf Islands, foundered on April 10 owing to the shifting of her cargo while battling with a storm at the entrance to Chance Channel. Twenty persons are supposed to have perished, comprising members of the crew and passengers.

It is feared in Norway that there will be a general strike of workmen in the country in consequence of the lockout in the iron industry. Fourteen thousand men are now out. The questions involved in the dispute are minimum wages and minimum hours constituting a week's work, and payment for overtime. The Social-Democratic party is encouraging all workmen to strike. The struggle is generally deplored, as it comes at a time when the country is enjoying great prosperity.

A commission with a unique contract sailed from New York for Europe on April 8. It is engaged to reorganize the finances of the Persian government, and will go direct to Teheran. The task probably will not be completed in less than three years, and may take five. The finances of Persia had been in a chaotic state a long time before American experts were asked to straighten them out.

Mr. Balfour in a speech at Lambeth has laid it down that agitation against home rule is to be the chief plank in the Conservative platform in the prospective autumn campaign. Apparently it has been impossible to combine the Unionist party on any other point. Meanwhile in the House of Commons the party devotes itself to obstructionist tactics against the Government. It is now generally believed that when the Lords' veto bill has gone through the House of Commons the Lords will give it two readings and then subject it to drastic treatment in the committee stage. The Lords will then return the bill to the House of Commons as a reform bill. This will serve one purpose. It will take time and the issue between the two Houses will not be brought to a head before the coronation.

Mr. Charles Frederic Moberly Bell, managing director of the 'Times' since 1908, died suddenly in London last week. He was born in 1847 and had been assistant manager of the 'Times' for eighteen years when he was elected as managing director. He had been the 'Times' correspondent in Egypt from 1865 to 1890 and he wrote several books on that country.

The text of the Anglo-Japanese treaty was published in London last week. Considering that England is a nation without a tariff, and therefore has nothing to bargain, the concessions made by Japan to the British commercial and industrial interests are considerable. Japan has granted reductions varying from 12 to 30 percent, upon a large number of British imports. Nevertheless the duties remain much higher than in the old tariff. Great Britain has broken down the obstacles to the lease of Japanese land by Britons, the treaty providing that the subjects of each Power are free to lease land in either country. The treaty is to be operative for twelve years from July 17 next, but provision is made that should either Power so desire it may abrogate this lease provision of the instrument on due notice.

Senator Louis J. Forget, the noted financier and capitalist of Montreal, died in Nice, France, on April 7, where he had gone with the expectation of recuperating after a paralytic attack suffered some months previously.

The town of Heywood, one of the centres of the Mormon propaganda in England, has determined to put a stop to it and on Sunday gave the missionaries notice to quit, the rector of Heywood, with a large crowd of followers personally visiting the Mormon meeting-house for the purpose.

While five hundred men, women, and children were gathered for a festival in a thatched building in Bombay, it took fire, causing an awful panic, during which two hundred lives were lost.

Roused by the bringing in of imported workmen, twelve hundred striking civic laborers defied law and order at Prince Rupert, the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, last week, fought the police and the imported men with revolvers, rifles and stones. Several persons were injured, one, Policeman Phillips, receiving a bullet in the abdomen. Fifty arrests were made before quiet was restored. The strike was the result of a dispute over wages.

King George has revived Queen Victoria's regulation excluding from court persons who have been divorced. The Victorian rule was somewhat relaxed during the reign of King Edward VII.

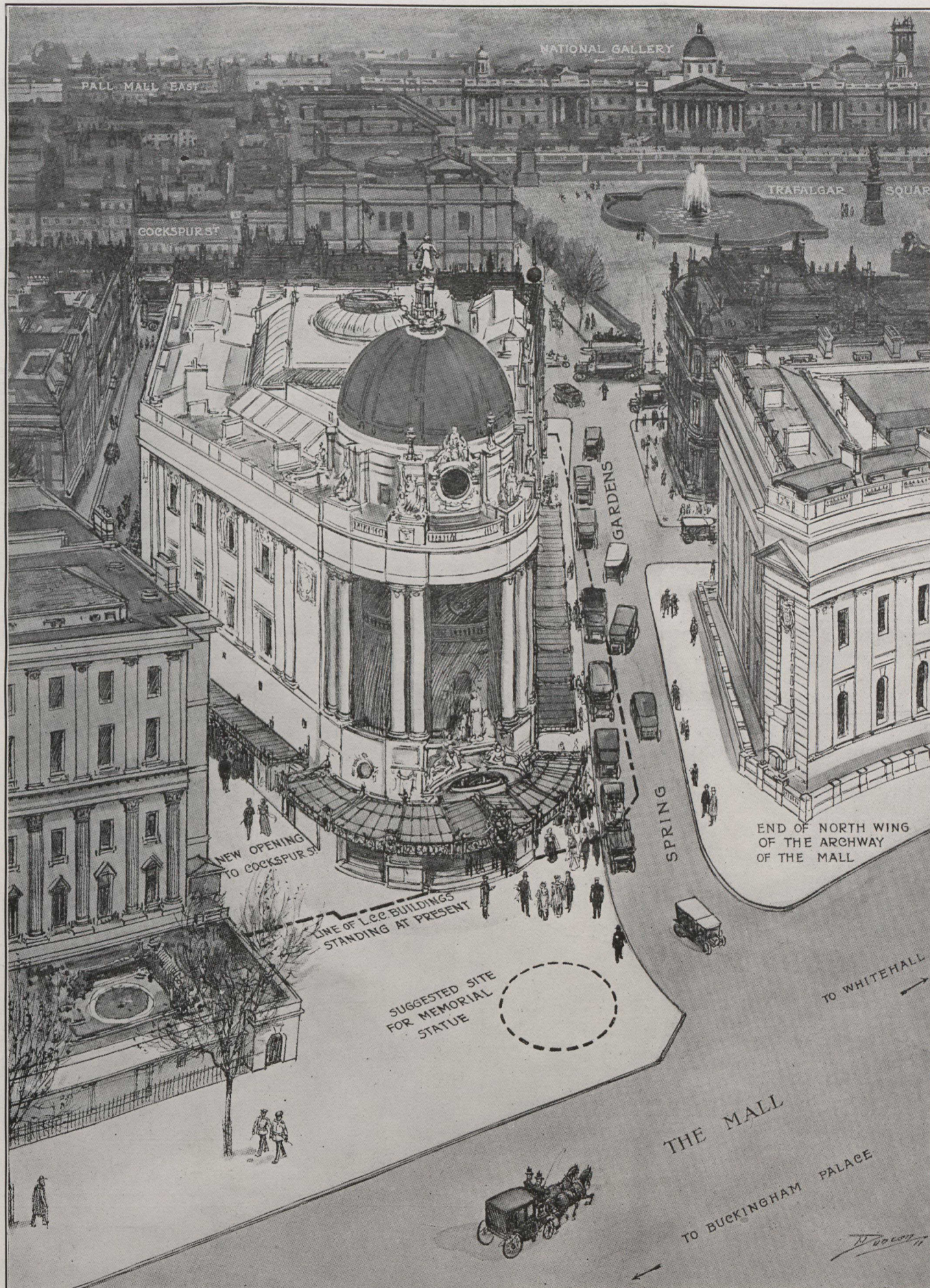
An airship intended for trans-atlantic travel will be built at Berlin by a company which has just been incorporated. The new dirigible will be eight times as large as Count Zeppelin's 'Deutschland,' and will carry two hundred passengers, as well as a crew of one hundred. Equipped with thirty motors, it will be 775 feet long, and, Boerner, who has designed it, declares the airship will be able to travel from London to New York safely.

The Irish emigration statistics which have just been made public for the year 1910 go to show that the various land purchase and laborers' acts and the frequent prophecies of approaching home rule have not sufficed to keep young Ireland at home. The report shows that 32,923 emigrants, of whom 18,113 were men, left Ireland in 1910. This is an increase of 3,693 as compared with 1909. Of the total number of persons who left Ireland 86.9 percent were between the ages of 15 and 35 while only 6.2 percent, were over 35. Only 285 of the total number were married.

Women barristers are not to be admitted to France's highest tribunal, the Court of Cassation. Mlle. Dyvrande, who practises in the Appeal Court, demanded permission to qualify for the Supreme Court. The council of order of the latter body decided that women were not qualified to practise before the Judges of that court, as the position is virtually a Ministerial office and is therefore reserved for men.



# The Proposed Shakespeare Memorial



**National Theatre for London** The largest City in the World, is one of the few capitals without a National Theatre. Many proposals have been made from time to time to erect a building which could be in every sense of the word truly national, and now it appears that such a theatre is likely to be built in connection with the Shakespeare Memorial. The committee which has the proposed memorial in hand recently sent a deputation to the London County Council which included Lord Lytton, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Robert Donald and Mr. Bernard Shaw, to submit plans to the County Council for erecting such a theatre on the site which the County Council will vacate when it moves into its new home on the Surrey side of the Embankment. Spring Gardens, which has been the home of the governing body of London for many years will then be pulled down, and in the above picture the artist has endeavoured to show what could be done with the site. The black line indicates the present frontage of the London County Council offices.

—The Sphere



## WITH THE WITS

### NOT AT MACDONALD.

"Define a mountain range," said the examination paper.

"A large-sized cook-stove," wrote the sweet miss in the domestic economy class.

☒

### OF COURSE.

"What was the name of the mother of Robert Bruce?" asked the school inspector.

The teacher's heart sank as she looked at the rows of blank faces; then she cheered up again as a bright boy raised his hand at the back.

"Well, my boy?" said the inspector.

"Mrs. Bruce," was the prompt reply.

☒

### THE ENTHUSIASTS.

The enthusiasm of the north of England men for football is well-known across the water, and a tale is going the rounds telling how a colliery team turned up to play with two men short. After they had started, one of the missing men limped on to the field very bruised and dirty.

"What's oop laad?" asked the referee.

"There's bin a fall o' coal in t'pit, an' ah've buut jist got oot," was the reply.

"Ay, buut where's t'other laad?"

"He'll oom if he can, though maybe he'll be a bit late. Tha sees, it's him the coal fell on."

☒

### ANY ADVANCE?

The auction was in full swing, and bidding was very brisk, when a gentleman walked up to the auctioneer and held a short conversation with him. Surveying the audience with a stern eye, the auctioneer said—"Gentlemen, I am informed that a pocket-book containing \$200 in notes has been missed, but, owing to the nature of certain valuable documents it contains, the owner is prepared to give \$50 for its return and no questions asked." Silence reigned for a brief space, and then a small voice was heard to call—"Fifty-one."

☒

### THE EMPIRE.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., was in excellent story-telling mood at a London P.S.A. meeting. A man, he said, who had been to what he called an Empire meeting, returned home at night very excited and happy. He said to his wife, "Oh, we have had a fine time to-night." Five minutes later he asked impatiently, "Ain't the supper ready?" His wife referred to the many things she had had to do, and mentioned particularly the baby. Turning round to her husband, who by this time was getting bad-tempered, she said, "Here, take hold of your bit of the Empire while I fry the fish."

☒

### X-RAYS NOT NEEDED.

The headmaster of a school in the Midlands recently put up a notice that at an early date he would lecture on the subject, "Our Eyes, and how we see through them." Shortly afterwards he was astonished to find an alternative title had been written beneath, "Our Pupils, and how they see through us!"

☒

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

John McSweeney defended a Cleveland man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless, and McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defence. So the public prosecutor, believing that conviction was assured, ended with just a few perfunctory remarks. Then, in a quiet, conversational tone, the lawyer began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage hung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal. Suddenly McSweeney stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then, striking the table with his fist, he cried in a voice that thrilled every bosom, "Gentlemen, you must send him back home to them!" A red-faced juror choked and blurted out, "By George, sir, we'll do it!" McSweeney, without another word, sat down and ten minutes later the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. The prisoner wept as he shook his counsel's hand. "No other man on earth could have saved me as you have done, Mr. McSweeney," he sobbed. "I ain't got no wife or family, sir."

### UNPOETIC LICENSE.

The advanced English class had been reading "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and had reached the dramatic line where it said, "A plashy tramp caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod." "Put it into your own words," asked the teacher of a promising-looking student. "Why," he replied promptly, "the dirty tramp got a hold of his sore ear."

☒

### ALMOST HISTORIC.

A lady carrying a little dog in her arms was riding in a 'bus that went along Park Lane. All the way up she worried the conductor to know whether they had come to No. —, mentioning a house nearly at the top. When they reached this number the conductor stopped the 'bus, thinking that the lady wished to alight there. Instead of doing this, however, she went to the door of the 'bus and, holding up the dog, said—"Look, Fido, that's where your mother was born!"

☒

### A TREASURE.

"Why are you wandering about the country instead of looking after your wife and children at home?" inquired the lady of the tattered tramp. "Well, ma'am, it's like this," exclaimed the tramp. "My wife has a very fine servant. A perfect treasure." "I don't believe there ever was such a girl!" "There only is one, ma'am, and my wife's got her." "Good gracious, she's a very lucky woman!" "She is, ma'am. But the trouble is that girl didn't like me, and she told my wife she must either discharge me or her, so my wife discharged me, ma'am." "Oh, I see! Poor fellow! Here's something for you!"

☒

### THE STICKY SORT.

He knelt in the middle of the rink, groping wildly. A skater missed his nose by three inches, another only averted disaster by a violent twist, while a third, less lucky, shot headlong over his crawling form. "What's the matter?" asked an attendant, hurrying up. "I've lost a piece of toffee," mumbled the searcher in reply. "A piece of toffee!" exclaimed the attendant angrily. "Do you mean to tell me that you're blocking all these people, and making yourself a danger to the rink, all over a mere piece of toffee?" "I don't want the toffee," answered the searcher in a muffled, disjunct way, as he continued his feverish groping. "I want my teeth!"

☒

### LIGHT READING.

Sammy's parents were trying to encourage him to form a taste for solid reading. With this end in view, they induced him, by the promise of a substantial reward, to read a certain number of pages every day in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He began it bravely, and for several weeks stuck to his task without murmuring. Then he began to lose interest in the book. For a boy of his age this immortal work was rather heavy reading, and he asked if he might not be permitted to skip it every other day. "What is the matter, Sammy?" asked his father. "Don't you find it interesting?" "It's kind o' monotonous," he answered. "Then, suppose you read just one page a day." "No; I'm tired of reading about the rise of a republic. Let me try the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' for a while."

☒

### OUR TURN NEXT.

In some of the up-to-date London elementary schools the children, after receiving preparatory lessons, have been asked to write essays on the census. The following are some of the mixed definitions given: "This year there is going to be a thing which has never happened before, except ten years ago. A man brings a paper round to every house." "The census is the counting of the people on the hand." "We have to get a number of people together and put them in a census, together with the head of the family." "The census is much the same thing as being taxed, that you read about in the Bible, when Mary and Joseph had to go up to Bethlehem. But they had to get their names put down to please the Romans, but we do it to please our King." "Census means counting everything in everybody's house." Taking up the question of infirmity, one boy boldly asserts that "we will have to put down if we are deaf, dumb, or silly."

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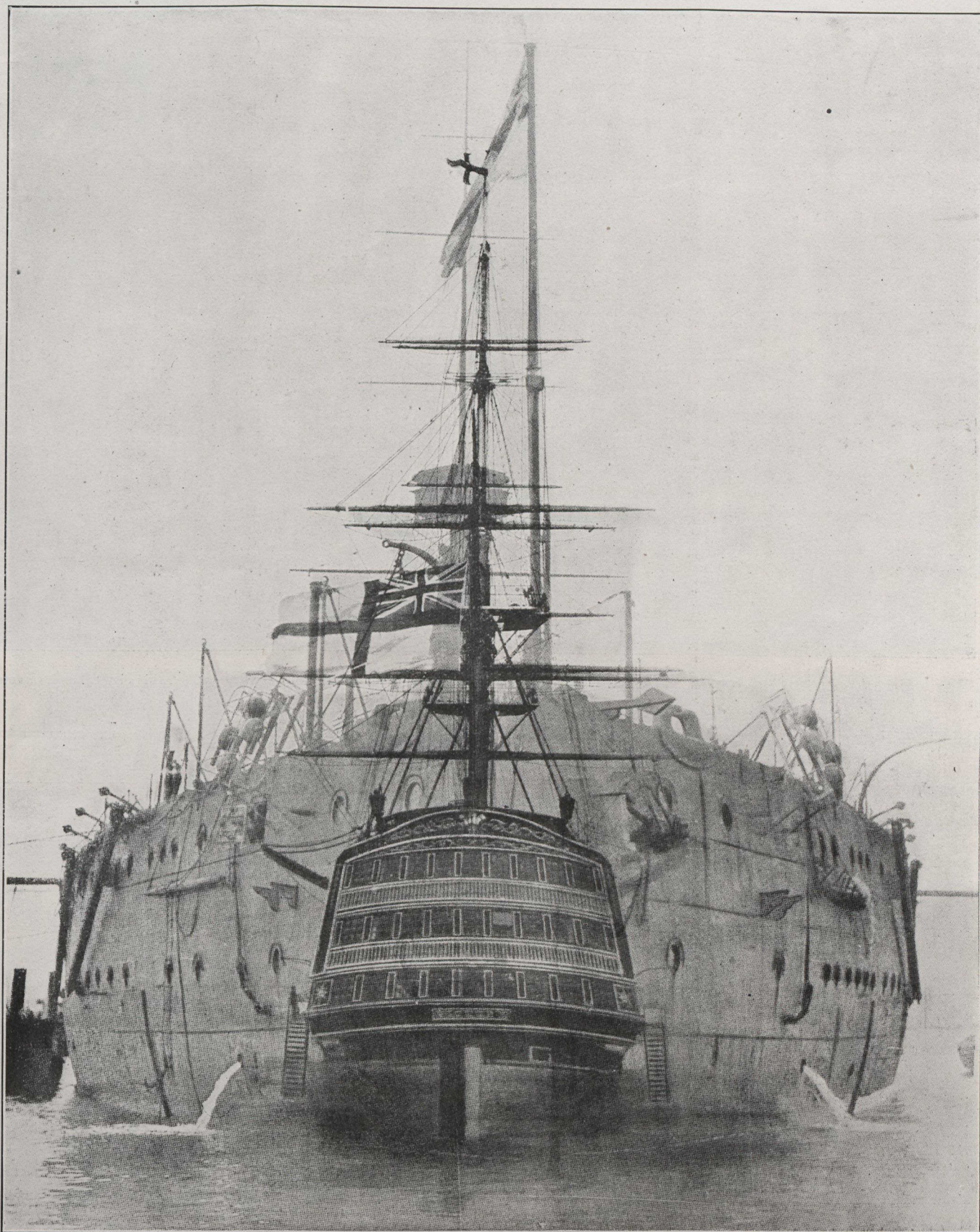
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## The Old and the New



**A Wonderful Comparison** Probably no better comparison has ever been shown between the old and the new style of battleship than in this picture of the beams of the "Victory," Nelson's old flagship, and the "Hercules," the largest British warship afloat. The picture is a composite photograph made by taking negatives of each of the vessels from the same focal distance and then printing from each of them on the same piece of paper. The "Victory" was built in 1755, and the "Hercules" this year.

—Illustrated London News

### *News Photos*



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





**Early Spring on Mount Royal**     A charming study of birches and pines on the mountain from which this city takes its name.



**Silver Birches**     A clever photographic study of the beautiful trees from which the romantic delight to strip the bark as souvenirs.  
—Gladwish, photo.





**The Crest of Mount Royal**

From this spot one can see many miles in any direction. Immediately below lies Mount Royal Cemetery.



**A Novel Use for a Church**

Thousands of workers pour into London by trains between six and eight every morning. Many of these are not expected at their places of business until perhaps an hour later. To provide such, especially the girls, with a safe and wholesome waiting room, the Church of All Hallows, London Wall, has been thrown open during these early hours. The workers while they are waiting can read or help with sewing that is afterwards distributed through the London Needlework Guild.

—Copyright, Central News





### An Apostle of Peace

Other centuries are known in history for their great wars; the literature of the past, even the religion of the past is impregnated with tales of battle and bloodshed. What will be history's verdict of the twentieth century? There are those who are striving to make the greatest movement of the century a movement for peace and prominent amongst them is Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, whose masterly speech endorsing the suggestions of President Taft, that all future disputes between Great Britain and the United States should be submitted to arbitration, has earned for him world-wide appreciation. In the above photograph Sir Edward is shown in a characteristic attitude, backed by the flag which may some day be unfurled o'er 'The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.' Sir Edward Grey, speaking a few days ago in the House of Commons, said: "Twice within the last twelve months the President of the United States of America has sketched out a step in advance in arbitration more momentous than any practical statesman in his position has ventured to say before. . . . President Taft has recently made the statement that he does not see personally any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a Court of Arbitration. He has also expressed the opinion that if the United States could put through a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court, in every issue which could not be settled by negotiation, no matter what the issue involved, a long step forward would be taken. . . . Supposing two of the greatest nations of the world were to make it clear to the whole world by such an agreement that, in no circumstances, were they going to war again, I venture to say that the effect on the world at large of the example would be bound to have beneficent consequences. . . . Armies and navies would remain, no doubt, but they would remain then, not in rivalry, but as the police of the world." —*Illustrated London News*.





### The British Navy

The growth of the Naval expenditure of all the great powers is a constant subject of anxiety and debate. The battleships above represent the ships estimated for in the Navy Estimates of Great Britain for 1911-12, and for which a sum of £44,392,500 is asked, an increase of £3,788,800 over the net estimates for last year. An idea of the size can be gained when it is stated that the vessels asked for this year will be equal to the whole of the Brazilian Navy, and more than equal to any of the existing navies of the following countries:—Spain, Portugal, Holland, Austria, Denmark, Chili, Mexico, Peru, China, Greece, Norway, or Sweden. There can be seen in the picture five 'Dreadnoughts,' three protected cruisers, one unprotected cruiser, twenty destroyers, six submarines, two river gunboats, a depot ship for destroyers, a hospital ship, a floating dock, and several smaller craft.

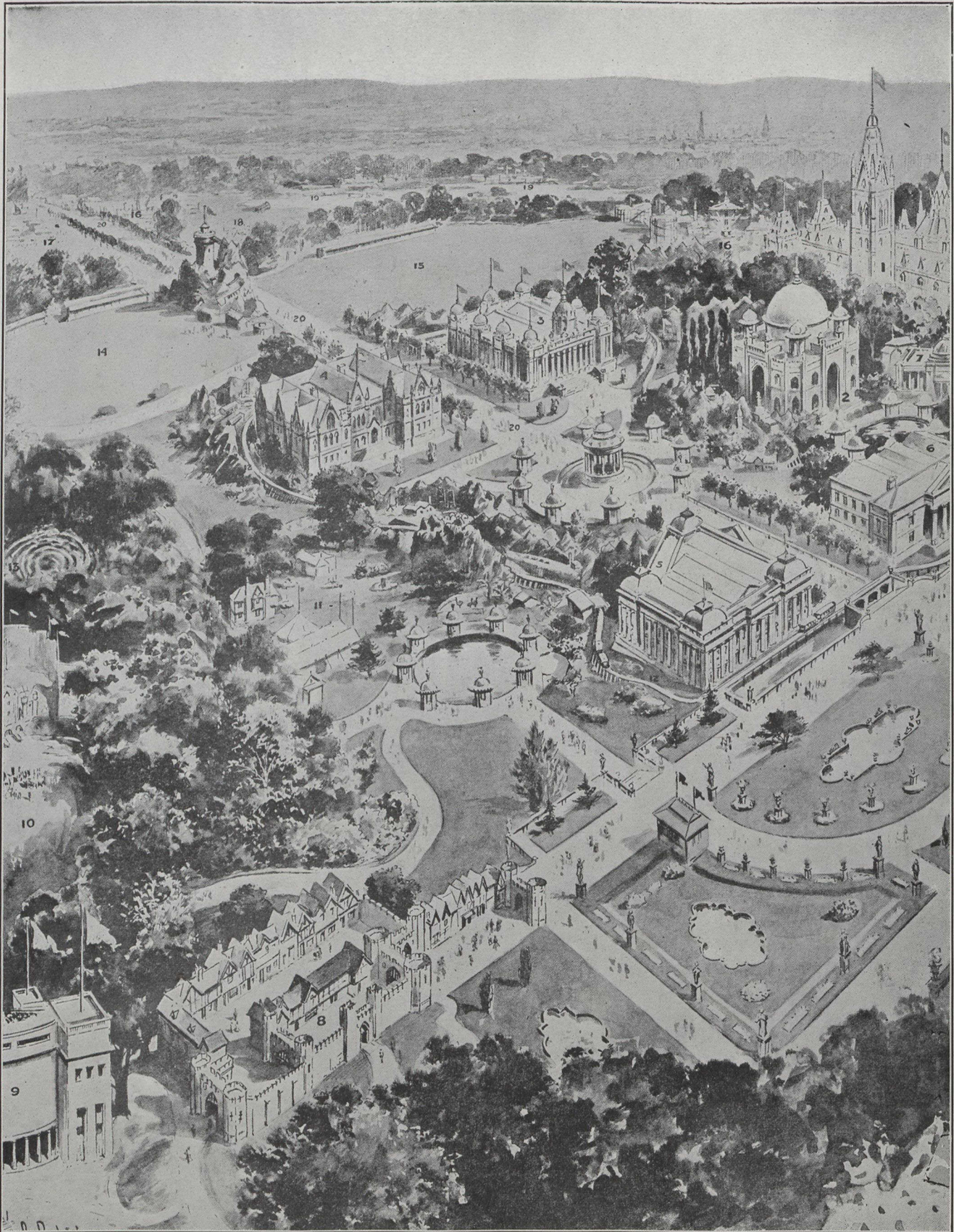
—Illustrated London News

### Pictures Wanted

Photographs—good, clear prints—showing something out of the common, will be paid for, if accepted by the CANADIAN PICTORIAL. Must be new and deal with Canadian subjects. Address, Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



## The Festival of Empire

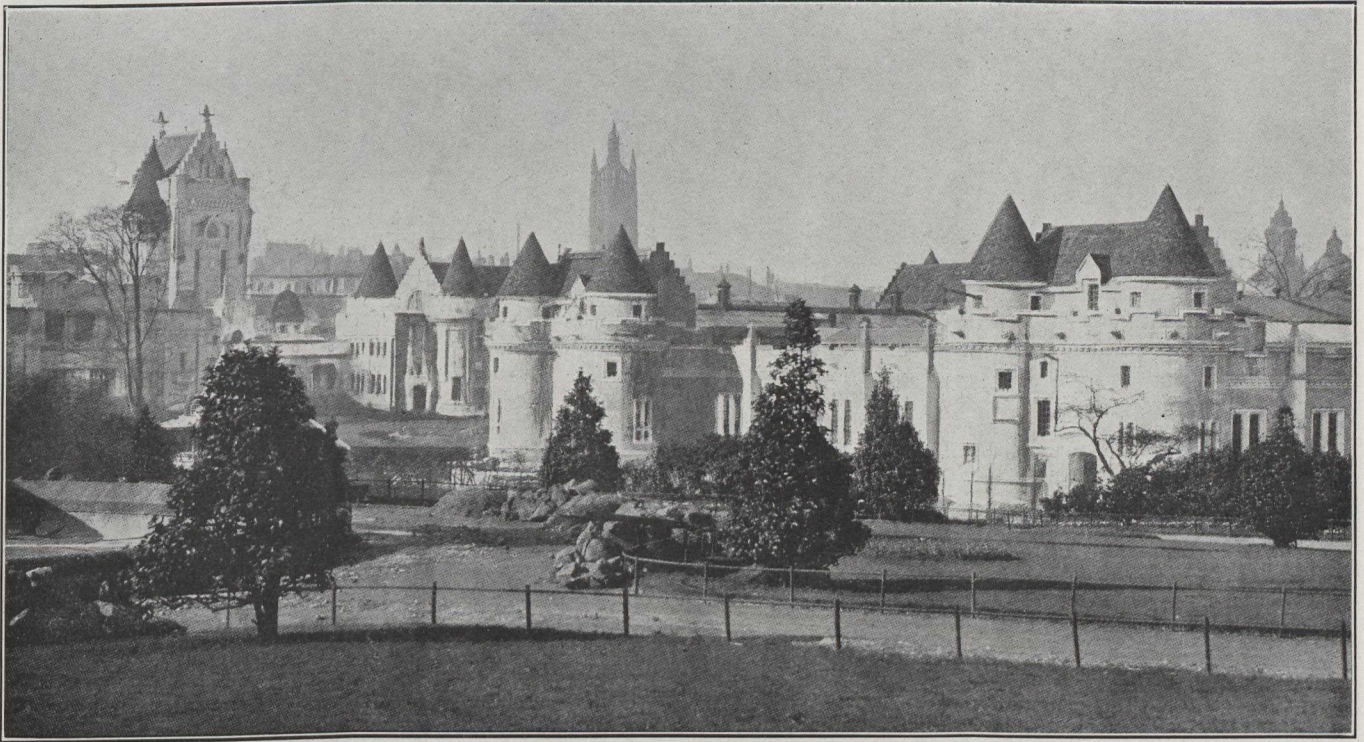


**The "All-Red" Line** One of the chief attractions of the Festival of Empire Exhibition, which will be held at the Crystal Palace from May until October, will be an "All-Red" Tour in grounds, by an electric railway and mechanical boat, through scenery typical of various parts of the Empire and past buildings representing the Overseas Dominions. The actual length of the railway will be one-and-a-half miles. A two-minutes' service will be maintained by ten observation-cars on which guides will be carried. The tour is to embrace Newfoundland, Canada, Jamaica, the Malay States, India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, all of which will be visited in twenty minutes. In the drawing the figures represent the following: 1. Canadian Building. 2. Indian Building and Bazaar. 3. Australian Building. 4. New Zealand Building. 5. South African Building. 6. Newfoundland Building. 7. Grand Trunk Railway Building. 8. Tudor Castle and Street. 9. A Part of the Amphitheatre. 10. The Scene of the Pageant of London. 11. The Floriculture Section. 12. The "All-Red" Railway Line. 13. The Mediæval Maze. 14. The Sports Ground. 15. The Ground for Outdoor Spectacles. 16. The Amusements Ground. 16A. The "Wait and See" Tower. 17. The Small Holdings and Country Life Ground. 18. The Old English Fair Ground. 19. Boats and Fisheries, House-Boat and Motor-Launch Exhibition. 20. Empire Avenue.

—Illustrated London News

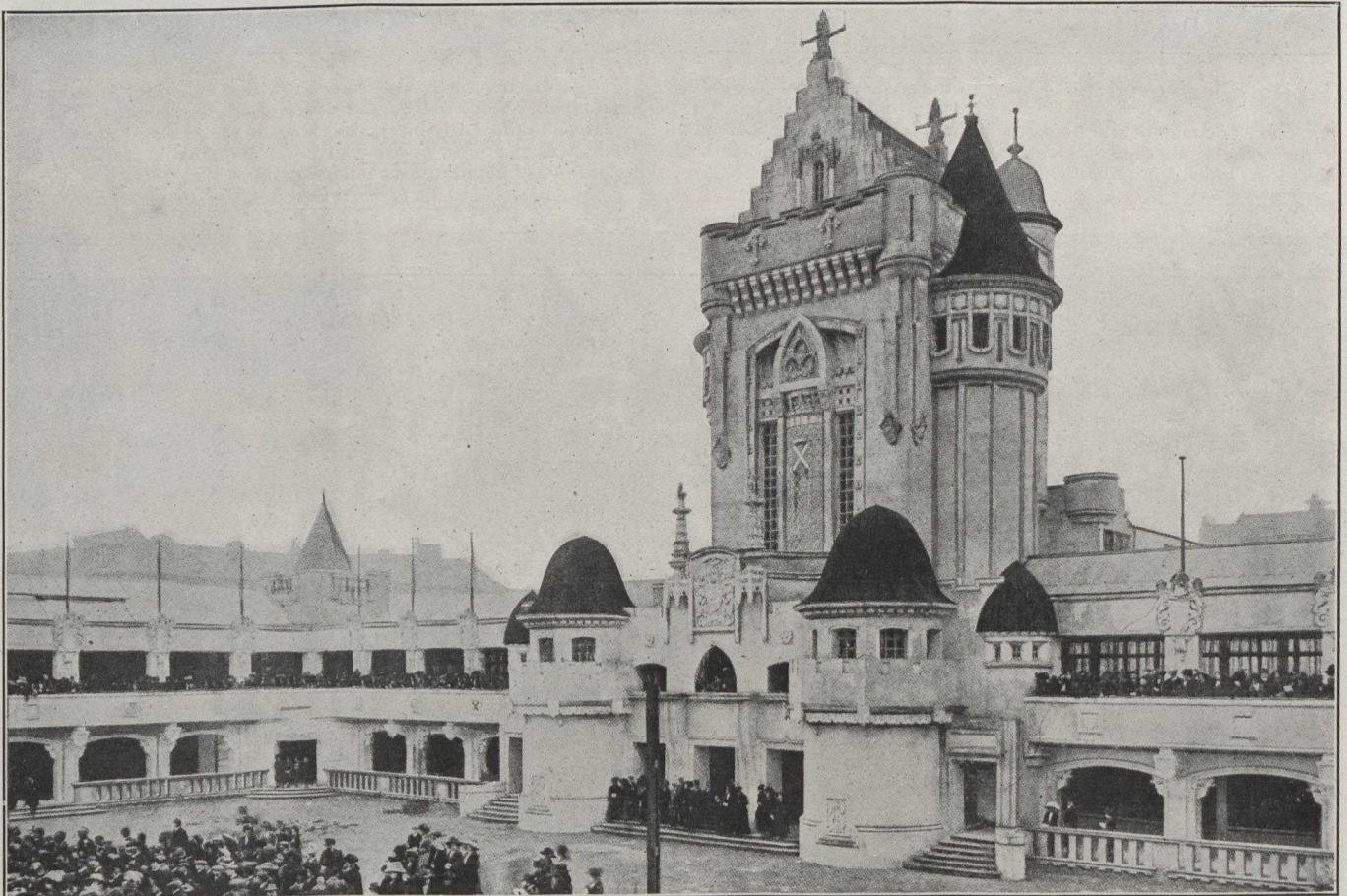


## A Scottish National Exhibition



General View of the Buildings

On May 3rd, the Duke of Connaught will open the Scottish National Exhibition in Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow.



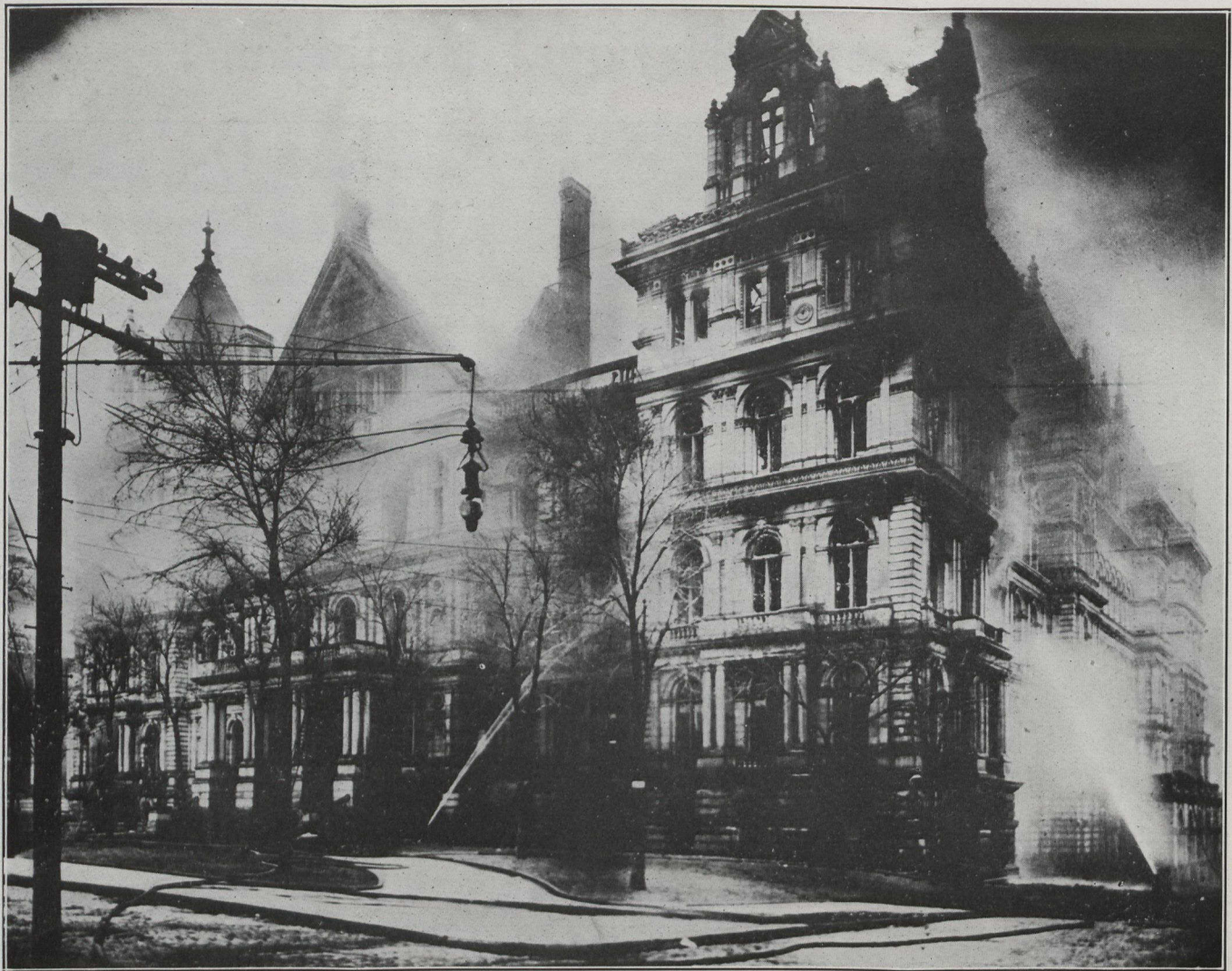
A Stately Pile

This picture shows the Palace of Industry and the Court of Music at the Scottish National Exhibition. The object of the Exhibition is to provide a chair of Scottish History and Literature at Glasgow University.

### *Pictures of Canadian Scenes*

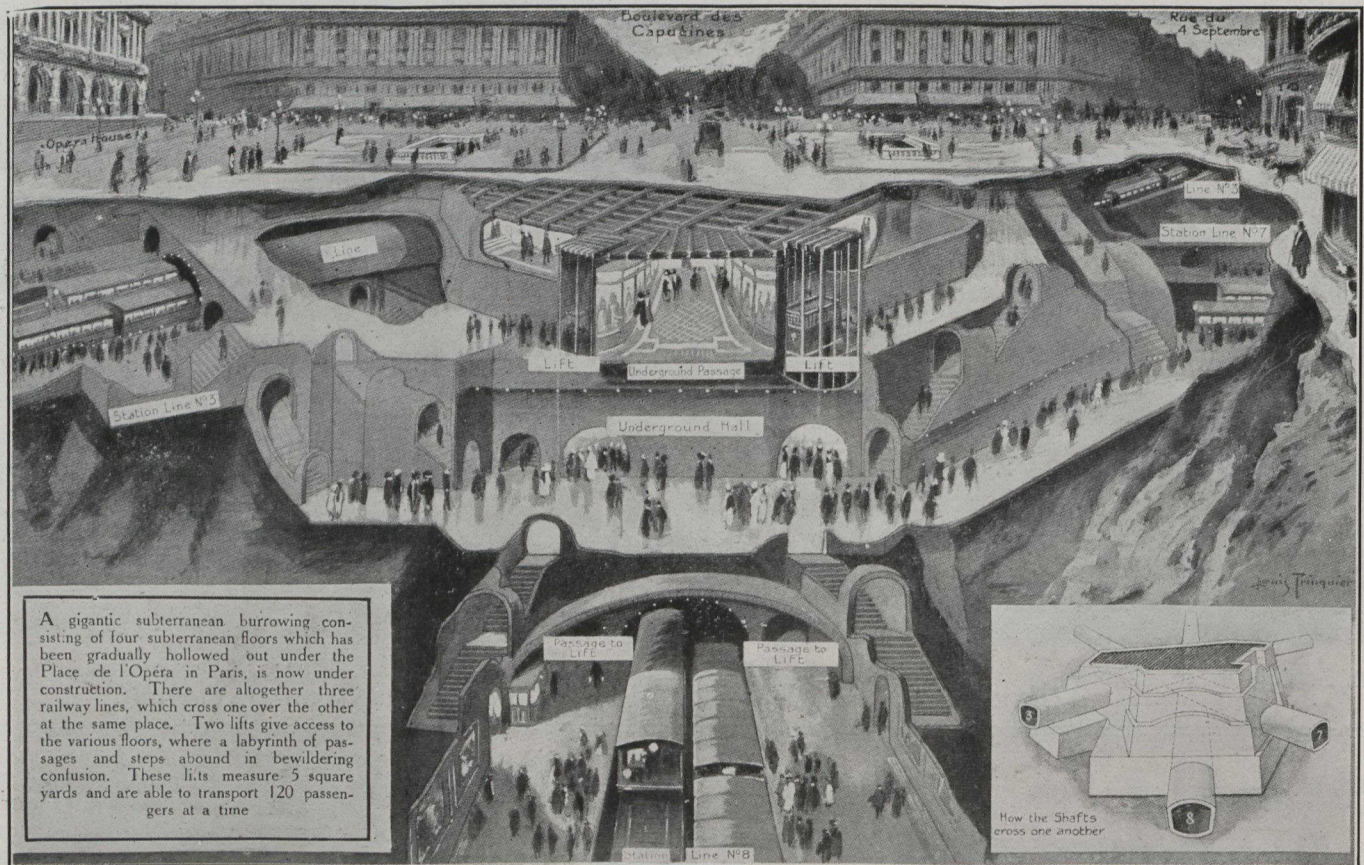
While it is the aim of the Editor to publish pictures showing the great events of the world, we are most interested in our own country. Therefore, we want Canadian pictures. But we want them immediately after they are taken and not several weeks afterwards. Family groups as a rule cannot be used. Such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





**Capitol Destroyed by Fire** On the morning of March 29th, fire was discovered in the New York State Capitol at Albany, and although great efforts were made to save it, the building was seriously damaged, many important documents and books being lost in the flames. This photograph was taken early on the morning of the fire and shows the firemen playing on the southwest corner of the building looking south. This was the most costly legislative building in America, the bills for its construction amounting to twenty-seven million dollars. The loss is estimated at four million dollars.

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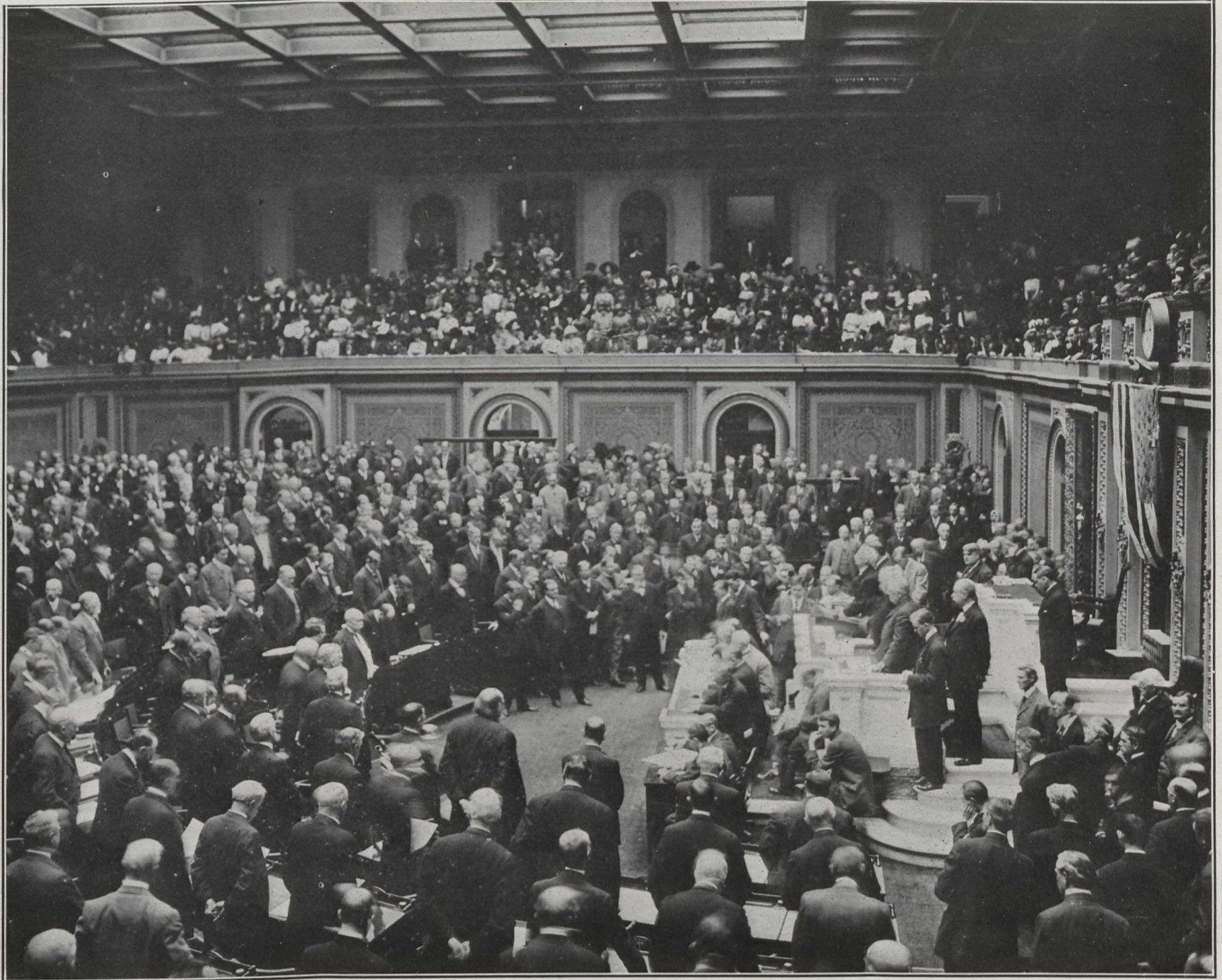


A gigantic subterranean burrowing consisting of four subterranean floors which has been gradually hollowed out under the Place de l'Opéra in Paris, is now under construction. There are altogether three railway lines, which cross one over the other at the same place. Two lifts give access to the various floors, where a labyrinth of passages and steps abound in bewildering confusion. These lifts measure 5 square yards and are able to transport 120 passengers at a time.

**Human Moles** It is not so many years since to get about Paris was an experience to be remembered. One either travelled on an omnibus and paid extra to go inside, or else by "fiacre" with the practical certainty of the rakish-looking "cocher" demanding considerably more than he had earned and giving a large amount of bad money in the change. Paris, like London and New York, is now delving underground to settle its transportation difficulties with the result that the beautiful Place de l'Opéra, around which so many tourists gather in the summer, is now no longer supported on Mother Earth but upon huge girders covering a veritable network of subways as shown in the striking picture above.

—The Spheres

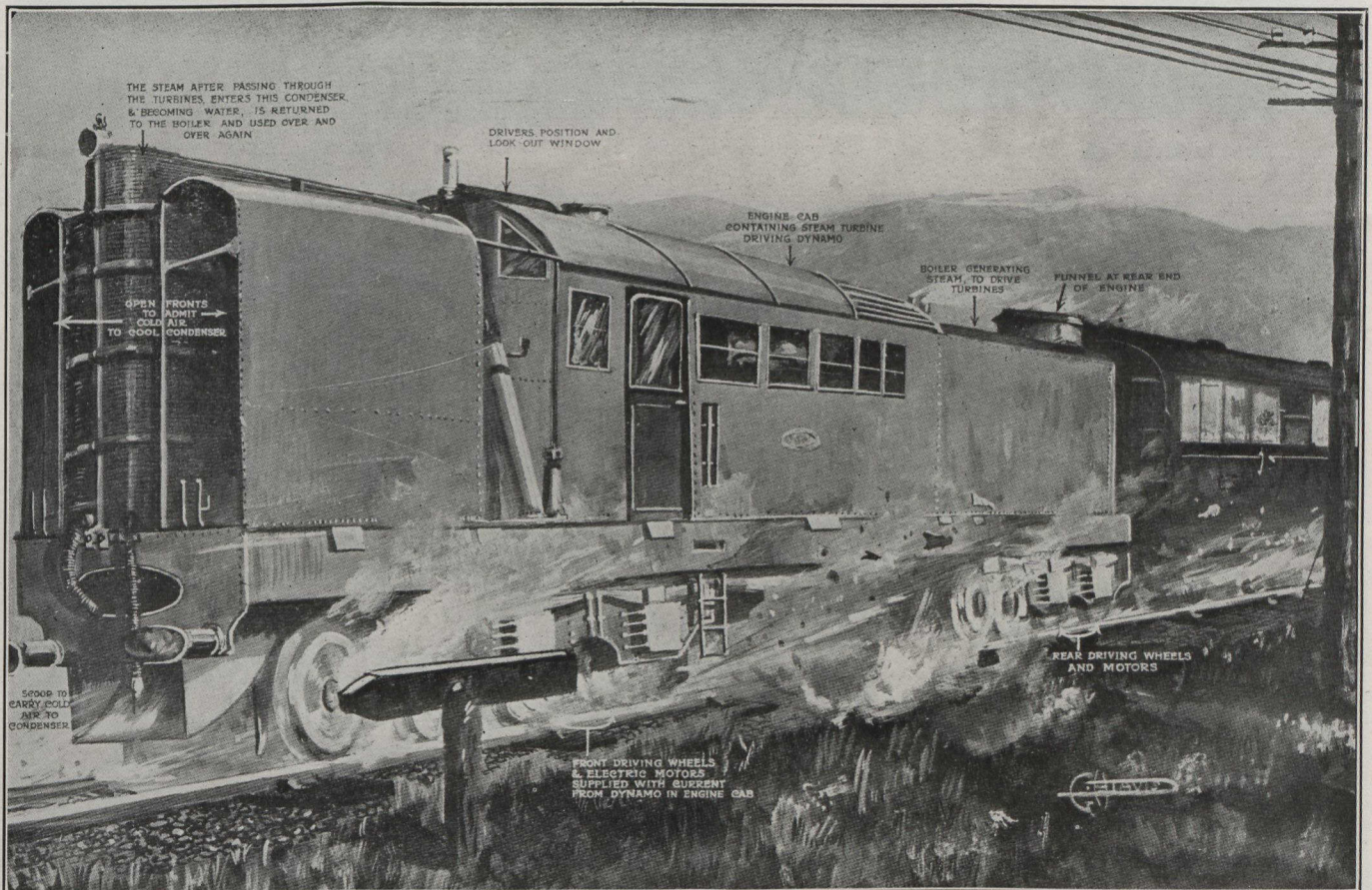




**Prayers at Opening of Congress**

An extraordinary session of the United States Congress was opened at Washington the other day, and the congressmen can be seen at prayer before the commencement of business. The most important subject to be dealt with is the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada. Mr. Champ Clark, the new speaker, can be seen at the Speaker's Chair.

—Copyright, Underwood and Underwood



**A New Iron Horse**

This sketch of the wonderful turbine electric engine gives an idea of what the railroad engine of the future may be like if experiments being conducted by the North British Locomotive Company prove successful. The engine is 70 ft. long and has a funnel and small steam boiler at the rear end where steam is generated to drive a turbine which is coupled to a dynamo in the middle of the engine. The current manufactured is directed to electric motors on each of the eight driving wheels, whilst the waste steam is conducted to a condenser in front, turned into water and sent back to the boiler to be used again. Experiments on the Caledonian Railway have shown that heavy loads can be pulled at a high rate of speed with a considerable saving in fuel.

—The Sphere





### Spring in the Province of Quebec

When the swollen torrents bring down from the woods the logs felled in the winter-time, they frequently become jammed and if not looked after at once, before the waters diminish, they will prove a great source of trouble to their owner.



### The Lake District of Canada

A pretty spring scene among the Laurentian Mountains of the Province of Quebec.



### The Fisherman's Paradise

A lovely vista on Lac des Iles among the Laurentian Mountains in the Province of Quebec.

—J. Kirke Hodges, photo.



# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## Harriet Beecher Stowe



EW books have had so many readers of all ages as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and perhaps no play has been performed in so many theatres as the same story in its various dramatized forms. The centenary of the author, Harriet Beecher Stowe,

is to be observed next month.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born on June 14th, 1811, in the New England town of Litchfield. She was the sixth child of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, a distinguished preacher, and his first wife, in whose personality strength of intellect was combined with restfulness and sympathy. The family was a very remarkable one; six of the eight sons became ministers, of whom the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher was one. There were five daughters. Harriet's education was partly in charge of her eldest sister, Catherine, and the strong, vigorous mind of the teacher impressed itself on the sensitive, poetic nature of the pupil. The two girls afterwards started a school, the "Western Female Institute," in Cleveland.

At the age of twenty-five Harriet Beecher was married to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, a Professor in Lane Seminary. About this time the question of slavery was an exciting one in Cincinnati. Mrs. Stowe had the subject brought first to her personal notice when on a trip into Kentucky she visited an estate which afterwards figured as Colonel Shelby's in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." While abolition was a burning topic in Cincinnati, Mrs. Stowe seems not to have been at first a declared abolitionist, although her sympathies were with the anti-slavery section. In 1839 she received into her family as a servant a colored girl from Kentucky. By the laws of Ohio the girl was free, but her former master followed her, determined to carry her back into slavery. Finding that this might be accomplished by fraudulent means, Professor Stowe and his brother-in-law, Henry Ward Beecher, drove the girl in a covered waggon at night by unfrequented roads back into the country, and left her in safety with a family friendly to escaped slaves. The thrilling episode of the fugitives' escape from Tom Loker and Marks in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is based on this incident.

The authoress had shown literary talent at an early age, and after her marriage she continued to write for magazines, although her writing had to be done in connection with all the domestic cares of a family in which money was too scarce to meet the daily needs. Writing afterwards of how she became an author, Mrs. Stowe says: "During long years of struggling with poverty and sickness my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my trials, copied and sent a number of little sketches from my pen to certain liberally paying 'annuals' in my name. With the first money that I earned in this way I bought a feather bed, for as I had married into poverty and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning, the bed and pillows were thought the most profitable investment."

What manner of woman Mrs. Stowe was can be gathered from a letter from Professor Stowe to her on one of her infrequent visits from home: "And now, my dear wife, I want you to come home as quick as you can. If we were not so prodigious poor I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self-conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?" It may be mentioned here that seven children were



Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811-1896

born to Professor and Mrs. Stowe. One little boy died, and Mrs. Stowe said that his loss gave her an insight into what slave mothers must feel when their children were sold away from them.

The purpose of writing a story that should make the whole nation realize that slavery was a horrible thing took a firm hold of Mrs. Stowe's mind. Prof. Stowe's house in Cincinnati had become one of the "stations of the underground," a refuge for runaway slaves. In April, 1851, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, a journal at that time of decided literary merit and importance. The story was written out of the depths of Mrs. Stowe's heart, and it took hold of the hearts of those who read it.



Miss Margery Spencer Who is to be married to Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., at the end of May. Miss Spencer is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire, England.

Contemplated at first as a magazine tale of a few chapters, it ran on for ten months, exciting intense interest. Mrs. Stowe said repeatedly, "I could not control the story; it wrote itself." Within a year after its publication in book form over 300,000 copies had been sold. Incidentally, in seeking to aid the oppressed, Mrs. Stowe had lifted her family from poverty. The serial rights were given for only \$300, but the royalties from a few months' sales of the book gave her \$10,000.

Anxious to enlist the sympathies of England and avert, even as a remote contingency, the closing of Canada as a refuge for escaped slaves—as the Fugitive Slave Law had attempted to close Northern States—Mrs. Stowe wrote to Prince Albert, to the Duke of Argyll, to Macaulay and Dickens, with others, and sent copies of her book. The mails brought her many letters of sympathy and congratulation, and many others that were far from commendatory. The feeling against the authoress and her work was very strong in many parts of the slave-holding States. It was charged that the book was full of misrepresentation and exaggeration; in reply Mrs. Stowe prepared a "Key," containing the original facts, documents, and anecdotes on which the story was founded. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in a short time after its publication translated into nineteen languages.

In 1853, on the invitation of the Anti-Slavery Society of Glasgow, Mrs. Stowe, accompanied by her husband, sailed for Europe. On her journey through England and Scotland, and on the Continent, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was greeted with demonstrations of respect and affection. Edinburgh and Glasgow collected a national penny offering and presented it to her in the form of a thousand golden sovereigns on a magnificent silver salver, to be used in her work of assisting and educating the oppressed. Among those by whom she was received with great kindness were the Earl of Carlisle and his sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, and many others. At a reception at Stafford House the Duchess of Sutherland presented Mrs. Stowe with a gold bracelet made in the form of a slave's shackle as a "symbol of a chain soon to be broken."

On her second visit to England, after the publication of "Dred," Mrs. Stowe was presented to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. John Ruskin, George Eliot, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were numbered among her literary friends.

One of Mrs. Stowe's sons, Lieutenant Fred Stowe, served in the Civil War. After the war which liberated the slaves, Professor and Mrs. Stowe removed to Florida and bought a beautiful home, with orange trees and a rose garden, where they passed their winters in peace and quiet, Professor Stowe with his books and Mrs. Stowe with her writing and some work in the neighborhood for the church. In 1872 Mrs. Stowe accepted an invitation to give a course of readings from her books in cities of the New England States. The most noteworthy event of her later years was the celebration of her seventieth birthday anniversary by her publishers, who gave a reception, in the form of a garden party, in Newtonville, near Boston.

Professor Stowe died in August, 1886; Mrs. Stowe survived him ten years.

Of the twenty-five or thirty books written by Harriet Beecher Stowe none attained anything like the renown of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Next to it came "Dred," also a story of slavery. "The Minister's Wooing" is perhaps her most artistic work. "Oldtown Folks" is a popular study of New England life.

Josiah Henson, the original of "Uncle Tom," in so far as he had an "origin," was a negro fugitive from Port Tobacco, Md. He escaped to Canada in 1828, and became a preacher. He died at Dresden, in Kent County, Ontario, in 1883, at the age of ninety-six.





**"Auld Lang Syne"** The departure of the Scots Guards for Egypt was marked by the attendance on the platform of H R.H. Duke of Connaught, the figure on the extreme right of the photograph. The Guardsmen are in the train just starting for Southampton waving their hands to their comrades and sweethearts, whilst the band plays 'Auld Lang Syne.'  
—Copyright, Central News



**An M.P.'s Romance** A romantic story is attached to the engagement of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Member for Sunderland, in the British House of Commons, to Miss Mary Spencer. Mr. Greenwood who as is well-known is a Canadian, was visiting Kingston, Jamaica, at the invitation of the late Sir Alfred Jones, when the city was destroyed by the great earthquake in 1907. Miss Spencer, who was then eighteen years of age, was visiting the island with her father and the two were thrown together by the exigencies of the situation with the result of this happy termination.  
—Copyright, Central News



# The Toilet and the Baby



HE preparation of the summer wardrobe follows quickly on the spring outfit, for the hot weather is not very long in coming when once winter has relaxed its grasp. Not within the memory of woman has there been such an alluring offering of delightful summery materials

in silks and cottons. Silks are worn as ordinarily nowadays as muslins were aforetime, when a silk gown was considered the height of elegance. The silks of today are vastly different from the much-prized treasures that "could stand alone." The ability to "stand" is considered no part of their charm, rather are they required to be of the soft and clinging order. To be sure, they are not as elegant as the old-fashioned silks, and they do not wear one-fifth part as long, but neither do they cost anything like so much, and their place is easily re-filled.

The white and black striped silks are very much favored for simple afternoon gowns and street frocks. The stripes are more or less pronounced, usually less, a white ground having hair lines or pencil stripes of black from a half inch to an inch apart. Others which are rather striking, but considered very smart, have the black and white stripes of equal width. A simple and delightful little model is of the less pronounced stripe, lines of black about two-thirds of an inch apart on the white. The skirt is straight and plain; the waist is fashioned with a high girde of black satin, and a little collarless guimpe of Irish lace outlined with a flat black satin collar. The peasant sleeves have turn-back cuffs of the black satin, and the undersleeves, reaching just a little below the elbow, are of the Irish lace.

The foulards are much in evidence again this season, in a limitless variety of patterns and all colors. The old rose foulards are very soft-toned and pretty, and for the first time satisfactory grays in this silk are seen. There are various light shades of blue as well as the staple dark blues, the tans and light browns are well represented, and there are of course any number of patterns in black and white. The designs in the foulards are not confined to white figures on a colored ground, but self-colors are also employed in different shades. Many of the foulards are woven with a border in which the

design of the silk is repeated on a large scale, or perhaps something quite different is introduced. The possibilities of these bordered materials in skilful hands are great.

The cotton materials are numerous, lovely, and inexpensive. They can be handled easily by the home dressmaker, so that anyone with a fair amount of skill and a good pattern can have several delightful little frocks at small expense. The voiles and marquisettes are being shown extensively. The latter are the newer, and are to some extent in the experimental stage. Their weave is more open than that of the voile, and their washing property less. Both voiles and marquisettes come in the loveliest, most delicate shades, and some of the pinks and pale blues and lavenders are well-nigh irresistible. There are floral designs, not standing out boldly, but blending into the color of the material with illusive effect; fine checks, and self-toned stripes, as well as plain colors. Very little trimming is required; baby Irish or Cluny lace goes admirably with these materials, in band trimmings. An extremely pretty model frock is in pale pink cotton voile, with a printed floral design so nearly the tone of the voile that the flowers are suggested rather than defined. The skirt hangs straight, but has a slight fullness gathered at the top. The kimono waist is finished at the upper edge and hem of the sleeves with a tiny ruching of silk the exact tone of the flower design, and the high girde is of the same silk. The shallow collarless guimpe and the undersleeves are of baby Irish lace.

A good deal of embroidery is combined with some of the white gowns intended for the more "dressy" wear, eyelet embroidery perhaps having first place. One such gown is of the finest linen, with the lower portion of the skirt to knee depth of eyelet embroidery. The round waist is plain except for a finishing edge of lace, but over it is worn a little bolero jacket of the eyelet. Other white frocks of delightfully fine and soft batiste have only a little elaboration of embroidered batiste bands and perhaps a little good lace as a finish. The old-time, always feminine-looking fichu is revived on the waists of many charming muslin frocks.

For morning wear the new gingham and chambrays are very attractive and desirable. Linen of various weaves holds its own for utility frocks and suits. A very serviceable suit to have in the summer wardrobe is of mohair, and this material

as now shown is of fine even weave and silky finish, uncrushable and quick to shed the dust. Black or dark blue with hair-line stripe of white is much in favor for these mohair suits made with skirt of walking length and short, semi-fitting jacket.

The separate blouses, if one may judge from advance models, are a medium between the ornate and the mannish. The blouse covered all over the front with embroidery is considered less smart than the one of fine materials ornamented with a very little good lace and fine hand-run tucks to give the necessary fullness. A little embroidery, small blossoms and leaves in a loose spray, or a conventional design in eyelet, may be added. One of the newest and smartest models has the blouse opened a little to one side of the front, where the edge is finished with buttonholed scallops. There is a group of hand-run tucks on each shoulder. The veiled blouse, of white net or lace under a kimono over-b blouse of chiffon, in black or a color to match the skirt, is worn with the tailored suit when the coat is to be removed and it is desired to keep the effect of a complete dress.

All indications point to a season of collarless dresses, which have the merit of being comfortable at any rate. The term "collarless" is not quite accurate, however, for in most cases there is a flat collar of some kind, the favorite being the sailor collar tapering to a point in front. To add to the comfort, sleeves are abbreviated to three-quarter length in all but the tailored coats and shirt-waists.

## First Aid for the Baby

One of the most terrifying ailments that may take baby, from the young mother's point of view, is a sudden attack of convulsions. When such a fit comes on, the mother very properly sends for a doctor at once. While he is coming, if she has had no previous experience, she is likely to spend an agonized half hour, without doing much good to the poor baby. She thinks he is going to die or, almost worse, to be afflicted with "fits" for life. As a matter of fact, this trouble is not an uncommon one with very young children, the higher brain centres are not sufficiently developed to control the nervous system when there is any temporary derangement, as during dentition, etc. Convulsions are

less common as the proper feeding and care of the baby is better understood, still there is the liability to an attack.

In these attacks it will usually be found that the head is hot, indicating brain irritation. This being the case, the excess of blood in the head must be drawn away to the body to give the child relief. A hot bath should be prepared as speedily as possible, and the baby undressed and put into it. Cases have been known where the mother in her haste has almost scalded the little sufferer. The hand cannot be trusted as a test for the temperature of the water, but if one has not a thermometer, one's elbow, which is sensitive, will answer. Keep the baby in the bath from ten to twenty minutes, having some one take out a little of the water as it cools and replace it with hot water. After the bath, wrap the child in warm blankets and put it in bed, with a hot water bottle to keep up the heat. In most cases this treatment will give relief, and the child will go quietly to sleep. In cases where the hot bath is ineffectual, the doctor is urgently needed.

To complete the cure, especially when, as often happens, the attack can be traced to improper feeding, a dose of castor oil should be given to carry off whatever is clogging and injuring the digestive system, and afterwards the greatest care should be taken to feed the child only with what is adapted to its age and condition.

## When the Neck Needs Filling Out

The girl who means to wear flat collars this summer, and who finds her neck showing the effect of the high, close coverings of the winter, should begin now to work for its improvement. This is intended more for the older girls; the schoolgirl's neck will usually take care of itself. Deep breathing exercises before an open window night and morning are excellent for filling out the throat hollows. Inhale slowly through the nose, and as the lungs expand, force the breath also against the base of the neck where the hollows are in front, holding it a moment before exhaling. Do not hold the breath long enough to cause any access of blood to the head or "get red in the face."

The most approved neck exercises are simple. Standing erect, let the head sink backwards until you are looking straight up at the ceiling, then let it droop forward to the chest. Repeat this about ten times, then drop the head over first towards one shoulder then towards the other, and finally combine the movements, as back, left shoulder, front, right shoulder, and back again. The movements should be slow and of course not violent or straining.

Rubbing in a good cold cream or skin food helps to build up the tissues. Wash the neck nightly with warm soft water and a good soap, using a complexion brush if you find it beneficial to your skin. Rinse off the soapy water, dry on a soft towel, then rub in the skin food with a rotary motion. Stand before the mirror, and feed the cream into the thin places. The object is to make the neck smooth and round.

Lemon juice applied and left to dry on will bleach the dark marks sometimes left by high collars, and slices of cucumber are also used for the purpose.



Tales of Enchantment

A delightful picture of home life by Frank O. Salesbury, R. O. I., exhibited in London this year.



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## The Lady's Lists

A Complete Story

by ANNA TREMAYNE LARK

(Published by special arrangement)



ALOYS, Countess of Terraine, mounted her horse and rode forth to seek an adventure. Over a shirt of chain-mail she wore a tunic of white cloth, richly embroidered; her hosen and cloak were green, and so was her feathered cap; she was armed with sword and dagger.

With her glowing cheeks and ardent eyes, her fair short curls, firm mouth, and eager chin, she looked like a brave young knight, newly-vowed to the service of God.

Yet, truth to tell, no holy quest inspired this errant lady, unless a desire to take the Kingdom of Love by storm be one. She was without male kindred, and her counsellors told her that she must wed betimes or risk the loss of her rich fief of Terraine, upon which her more powerful neighbors cast covetous eyes. Therefore, on her twentieth birthday, she had publicly vowed to her people that what-so ever suitor for her hand could succeed in making her of her free will kneel to him should share with her the throne of her ancient suzerainty, and be her beloved lord.

So much faith did she place in her pride.

The rumor went out over broad France that a fair lady and her heritage were to be won on this light condition, and many great nobles and famous knights came to try their fortune with her, but were sent crest-fallen away. A year passed slowly; the cares of state lay heavily on her restless spirit, her castle walls grew too straight for her, and she longed to seek her fate like a man in the world of men. Early on a May morning, then, did she ride forth alone from Château Beaupré, none dreaming that she would pass the bounds of her wide demesne.

Mist hung in the valleys like the veil over a spell-bound sleeper, but the truant Countess plunged through it heedlessly, her horse's hoofs waking faint echoes as she made for the hills. At noontide she reached the village of Bas-Pierre, near her frontiers, drawing rein in the marketplace, where the peasants crowded round her, recognizing her with amazement great as if some goddess had come down among them. One man seemed to watch her strangely from beneath lowering brows, but when her eyes fell on him he turned away.

"Do not heed him, lady," said the innkeeper, by virtue of his office head man of the village, on her remarking this. "It is Udo, a knave of Sir Fulke le Noir, whom your father—the saints rest his soul!—dispossessed. Outlaws all, eagles and wolves?"

"How comes he here?"

"Know you not, honored lady, that it is scarce an hour's journey for horse and rider to the hill-country Sir Fulke claims as his own? Look yonder!"—he pointed towards a dark line past the fertile lowlands of Terraine, where forests began to climb the distant slopes of the mountains. "Half a day's journey through Pays Duresse, so you hap upon the right road, you will reach the Eagle's eyrie among the rocks, whence even your warlike father failed to dislodge him. Secure there, he keeps the hill-country in terror, levying dues twice over that are paid by rights to you. I myself have never seen him, but the Eagle's beak hath pecked at us in Bas-Pierre now and again."

The Countess clenched her fists. "I will look into the matter, and if this outlaw knight defies us, so much the worse for him!"

"Have a care, lady, that you fall not into his hands!"

"I fear not. Without leaving my territory I shall spy out this Château Duresse, and decide for myself whether it pass the wit of man—or woman—to compass its downfall. Come, set me on my road thither, and keep my counsel, lest it be the worse for you!"

The innkeeper pompously motioned his fellow-villagers aside, and marched at his lady's stirrup until out of their sight. She drew rein for an instant while he showed her the way, gave him largesse of a broad gold piece, and rode on.

It was not the first time she had heard of Sir Fulke, Lord of Duresse des Rochers. He had fought against the English, and made his name a terror to them at a time when the surrounding provinces lay helpless under the heel of the conqueror, and Aloys in maiden dreams had thought of him as a hero. Of late, moreover, her tirewoman Bertha's whispers of *Vaigle sans Ailes*, a bold knight and handsome,

lonely in his impregnable eyrie, had fired her imagination, so with a quickened pulse she entered the dark forests of Pays Duresse. Birds of prey screamed in the branches overhead, and often there was a stir of some wild beast in the undergrowth, while the rough path wound upwards, becoming at times almost impassable. Sunset fell before she was aware, but as her heart began to fail her the trees thinned out and ceased, and her horse reared up, snorting, upon the brink of a deep cleft in the hills. Far below a torrent raged and foamed along its bed of black boulders, and on the farther side its precipitous walls rose to a lofty peak of rock crowned by an ancient fortress, with a black banner floating from its topmost turret like a pirate-craft afloat in the sea of glory of the western sky.

Aloys drew a long breath, knowing this for the goal of her endeavors; but, as she gazed on Château Duresse in wonder, there was a scurry behind her, and, looking round, she caught a brief glimpse of Sir Fulke's knave, Udo, in the act of throwing a great cloth over her head. Blinded and stifled by the thick folds, she was dragged struggling from her horse and her ankles were bound; then she felt herself lifted by feet and shoulders and carried through an endless maze of darkness until she swooned.

When her senses returned, the Lady Aloys was lying on a pallet bed under a sheepskin rug, in a dungeon lighted by a single taper in a sconce of stone. A trestle table beside her bore a basin of steaming broth and a hunk of black bread, and being hungry she ate eagerly. Thus refreshed she set herself to beat against the heavy door with the hilt of her sword and to shout loudly; but no answer came, and at length, tired out, she lay down to sleep. When she awoke, a shaft of sunlight was streaming through a narrow loophole high up near the roof, and on the table stood a basin and pitcher of cold water, with a further dole of unappetising bread. No sooner had she broken fast and arranged her attire than there came a thundering knock at the door. The great bolts shot back, and a tall man entered, standing mute with folded arms on the threshold. He was handsome, in a fierce acquiline style, with black moustache and hair; he wore no mail under his furred knightly robe, and carried no weapons.

"If it be you who has committed this outrage, what is your intent?" cried the Countess, confronting him with eyes of fire. He returned her gaze in haughty silence.

"Where am I?" she cried again, beginning to tremble.

"Come and see," was his sole answer.

He walked quickly along stone corridors, across vaulted halls, up flight after flight of spiral stairs, never glancing behind him, and, with rage in her heart, she went on at his heels like a dog, seeing not a living soul by the way. Finally ascending a staircase steeper than all the rest, they came out upon a turret encircled by a high stone parapet, where flew a black standard, with its device of a wingless eagle glinting gold in the rays of the morning sun.

"Where am I?" repeated Aloys, though her heart failed her, for she knew.

He beckoned her over to the parapet, and her head swam as she looked down a thousand feet into the depths of a foaming gorge, over walls that seemed built in one with the living rock. Tracts of dark forest hemmed her round, and on all sides but one rose height after height of the hills; this one side being her own Terraine. The only approach to the wind-rocked eyrie seemed to be a steep road commanded by both faces of an angle of the castle walls, which were perforated all over with loopholes for arrow and crossbolt. Hereabouts the hills were swept clear of herbage for the space of a bowshot that they might leave no cover for a lurking enemy, while the road was cut in twain by a broad and deep crevasse with a fortified drawbridge. Well might they call Château Duresse impregnable; starvation seemed the only weapon that could be brought against it.

"Is it ransom you desire?" cried Aloys passionately.

"Ay, rich ransom. I would restore the wings to my eagle, look you, that were shorn by your father in my childhood. My father died by the hands of his men as he pursued his conquests even to these walls, where my mother bravely defied him, preserving this trait rock to us alone out of our once broad lands of Pays Duresse. It is left for you and me to settle their quarrel. You have seen me before."

She shook her head with a puzzled air. "One night I sat unchallenged among the guests at feast in your halls, and beheld how you flouted the Prince of Navarre. 'So,' thought I, here is the lady who would learn how to kneel to a man—cannot I teach her?' The saints have answered my prayers."

"I! Kneel to you? Not if you bade your retainers cast me living into that abyss—not if you vowed to restore me to Beaupré in honor!"

He smiled inscrutably. "We shall see. Let us now return to your chamber, where you may ponder the matter at leisure. I grieve to offer a noble lady such rough cheer, but if your men besiege us we shall suffer worse things ere they have done."

The Countess's heart sank, but her proud heart did not bow, and in silence she followed her gaoler back through the empty, echoing passages to her dungeon, where he locked her in and left her until the same hour next morning.

Next day she awoke out of a heavy sleep with a start of terror, to find his gigantic figure standing beside her in full armor, with the wingless eagle-crest surmounting his iron helm. Leaning on a great cross-hilted sword that seemed a relic from crusading days, he gazed at her with inscrutable eyes.

"Rise, lady," said he courteously; "I wait without your door till you summon me."

She hastened to make ready, wondering what this might portend, and when she had called him he led her by new ways across the broad extent of the castle, ushering her out at last upon the battlements, and bidding her go forward to the ramparts alone. Afar off she beheld a swarm of archers and men-at-arms striving to make good their foothold upon the precipitous hillsides, dragging at guns and heavy siege-engines for which they could find no place. Her knights and squires were assembled before the deep crevasse fronting the drawbridge, endeavoring by means of taunts and execrations to provoke the garrison to answer them. They all shouted for joy at sight of their liege lady and made eager signs to her, endeavoring to learn how she fared, but she could only hold out her arms to them in vain longing, while the tears ran down her cheeks unchecked.

Anon Sir Fulke advanced to her side, turning a deaf ear to the roar of execration that greeted him, and looking serenely forth on his besiegers. The Countess turned to him in fury at this mockery of her power.

"Base, recreant knight, false to your vows of chivalry, do you dread to meet my men in fair fray that you shelter behind these inhuman walls like a wild beast in its lair? Offer them battle on equal terms, and let my body be the prize of the issue!"

"I thought it was your desire to kneel to a man, Lady Aloys. Have you not learned your lesson?"

"I understand not. I—kneel to you?"

"Is it your will that blood be shed?" he grimly inquired. "Dost choose that these walls you rightly dub inhuman should open fire on your men who cannot reply to it?"

"Coward! Am I to die in your hands?" she cried in helpless wrath.

"You shall not die." He smiled, with a look in his eyes that made her cheeks flame. "If I cannot bring you to your knees it seems that I must even resort to mine, and so win free from this impasse. Here in the face of all these witnesses do I make my plea. Lady, I meant not what I said. On a lighter condition you may go from me."

The Countess's breath came faster as he knelt at her feet holding his iron cross-hilt aloft between them, and she glanced guiltily sidelong from her eyes, wondering if a vow made in this her extremity could be held to bind her.

"What is it you ask?" said she in a gentler tone.

"No great thing, or nothing that you will deem great, noble Countess. I do but pray that you rescind my outlawry, that in freedom I may come to Château Beaupré to make suit to the lady I love."

The hot color flooded Aloys' cheeks again, and her eyes fell in confusion; then her heart leaped at the thought that she might by this means punish her foe for his presumption, and she forced her lips to a gracious smile.

"Rise, Sir Eagle; it becometh not so noble a knight to kneel for so poor a boon. In safety you may come to my castle and in safety depart therefrom—here is my ring in token. It is a small price to pay for my freedom!"

"Perchance not so small," he returned, fitting her signet ring upon the little finger of his right hand. "Perchance, though I indeed go to and fro in safety, I depart not alone, but bearing forth from your halls a gift."

"I trust that my halls contain the gift that may sort with your merit, Sir Eagle. Will you not name it now?"

"Alas! lady, I fear that it lies not in your hands, for all your good will. The utmost you can do for me, beyond yielding me safe conduct, is to further me in the graces of your waiting-woman, Madame Bertha, whom I love."

His eyes shone with merciless laughter, and she nearly died for shame, knowing that he had fathomed her thought. Anger that she dared not betray possessed her, and in her secret heart stirred a pain of which she was dimly aware.

"Content yourself, sir," said she haughtily. "I never concern myself anent

the affairs of my servants. You may come and go as you please."

He rose to his feet with the air of a king resuming his majesty, and the Countess's spirit beat against him like the waves of the sea, recoiling broken from his rocky indifference. He tied a white napkin like a pennon to his lance and held it above the ramparts. A great shout went up, and the men of Terraine ceased their vain labors.

"Will you deign to follow me, lady?" said he with exaggerated deference, and led her by devious ways to the base of the fortress. Her wonder grew at its seemingly deserted state. The silence of the dead reigned everywhere; grass grew between the stones of the pavement, and dust lay like a pall on the worm-eaten furniture. The great doors stood ajar, and they passed between them into a courtyard with walls of great height and thickness, joining at an angle with the tower which commanded the road of approach. Here a handful of men were assembled, going leisurely about their duties; one was leading a great black charger up and down, another was polishing armor; one scarred veteran tinkered at the lock of a broken musket, and another was cutting arrow-shafts. The knave Udo peered out over the wall from the top of a ladder, and an old woman sloped about with mop and bucket. There were less than a dozen all told.

"My garrison," said Sir Fulke with a magnificent gesture. "Baldwin, open the gates."

Her horse was brought, and, spurning his assistance, she sprang to the saddle, and passed the gates, followed by Sir Fulke on his black charger. Over the drawbridge she rode alone to meet her men, who welcomed her with hearty joy, but made menacing gestures towards the huge figure standing motionless under the frowning archway, until she forbade them, explaining the terms of her release.

When all had turned to descend the steep hillside, leaving him to his lonely triumph, of a sudden the Countess wheeled her horse and rode back, leaping upon the drawbridge as already it swung a foot in air. In flushed defiance she cast her green glove down before Sir Fulke, who, with a knightly salutation, dismounted and raised it, placing it in his helm like a gage.

"I accept your challenge, Countess Aloys, and will come to do battle against you on your own terms, when you will. On what field, I wonder, shall our quarrel be tried?"

"I keep the lists for you at Château Beaupré in three days," she answered proudly. "I need no champion to avenge me for your insults, Sir Eagle, being well practised in arms."

"May Heaven defend me!" he cried, reining back his horse, and with an iron clangor the portcullis fell.

The Countess, upon gaining her apartments after a sharp, silent ride, summoned her tirewoman, Bertha, a dark-browed, harsh-featured girl, very taciturn, and for this reason a favorite with her mistress, who cared little for women's chatter.

"How long have you been with me?" she inquired, looking coldly upon her with steely blue eyes.

"Some five months, madame."

"Whence came you?"

"From Duresse des Rochers, where I served the Lady Hermine le Noir ere she died."

"Why was I not told of it?"

"There was little that I deemed would interest you, madame; though indeed you have listened readily enough when I spoke of her son."

"Insolent!" flashed out the Countess.

"Hear me now, wench, and obey. Three days hence I keep the lists in a gentle joust of arms against all comers, and you shall be Queen of Beauty and crown the victor. Attire you in the richest stuffs in my wardrobe, and take such jewels as please you to make you fair—if you can. Sir Fulke does battle against me and shall win the day; and it is you, my girl, shall crown him. Are you content?"

"I am here to obey you in all things, madame," replied the dark girl indifferently.

The lists were set on a green sward starred with daisies, beyond the castle walls, and hither came the knights of Terraine to break a light lance with their sovereign lady, whose freakish humor was known to them all. In a raised gallery canopied with cloth-of-silver the ladies clustered like a flock of bright birds about the empty throne, while gentles and burgesses crowded the benches in order of their degree, for the whole country-side was astir with the rumor of the Countess's hardihood.

At noontide a band of white-clad maidens appeared, preceded by a herald crying: "Way for the Queen of Beauty and Love," and moving slowly towards the gallery, they spread apart there like unfolding wings. The astonished assemblage beheld, throned in their midst, the stiff, ungracious figure of Bertha, the tirewoman, richly robed in crimson and emerald, with gems plaited in her long black hair and a wreath of red roses on her brow. No Queen of Beauty this, with her harsh features and sallow complexion; and the ladies scornfully asked one another aside whose love might she be? And whom did proud Aloys design to flout thus publicly?

A fanfare of trumpets announced the challenger, who rode on her white horse

(Continued on page 27)



# The Housekeeper's Page



**T**HE tired, drowsy feeling that almost everybody is liable to experience in the spring can be avoided to a great extent by a change of food to help fit the body for the change from cold to warm weather. Less meat and more vegetables, salad greens, and fruit should be the rule.

Salads should have an important place in the daily menu through the spring.

Much of the appetizing success of a salad depends on the fresh crispness of the materials used and the proper mixing of the dressing. The salad greens, such as lettuce, celery, cucumber, water cress, etc., should be thoroughly washed and put into ice cold water to become crisp. They are then wiped and patted dry between towels, as the oil in the dressing will not mix with the leaves if there is water adhering. When the green materials must be got ready in advance, they can be kept fresh by folding them loosely in a damp towel after they are taken out of the cold water, and keeping them in a cool place.

French dressing is most commonly used with vegetable and egg salads. To make it, put four tablespoonfuls of olive oil into a small bowl, season with half a teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar a little at a time, stirring to blend well. A teaspoonful of made mustard can be added if desired.

Mayonnaise is the best dressing for a salad of chicken, lobster, salmon, or meat of any kind. It is not difficult to make if the ingredients are cold and care is taken to blend well as the process goes on, by adding the oil slowly and much stirring. Into a bowl that is cold off the ice put a teaspoonful of mustard, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of cayenne. A teaspoonful of powdered sugar may be added. Mix the dry ingredients, break over them the yolk of an egg, and stir well. Have ready a cup of olive oil as cold as it can be without beginning to harden, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add the oil, just a few drops at a time, continuing the stirring. When the egg is thickened so that it can be taken up in a lump on the spoon, thin it with a little vinegar, then add oil and vinegar alternately, blending perfectly. Half the quantity of acid may be lemon juice instead of vinegar. The mixture should be smooth, and stiff enough to hold its shape. It must not be put with the salad ingredients until just before serving, as it liquefies soon after being mixed with the meat and vegetables.

Some vegetable and fruit salads are nicest with a cooked dressing. Mix a teaspoonful of mustard, the same of salt, a few grains of cayenne, and two level tablespoons of sugar; add the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs, then mix in very gradually three-quarters of a cup of milk and a quarter cup of hot vinegar. Cook in the double boiler or over hot water, stirring until the mixture thickens, but not long enough to curdle, then add a tablespoonful and a half of melted butter, strain, and let the dressing cool. Add a half cup of whipped cream just before serving, or cream may be used instead of the milk or mixed with the milk, in cooking.

A cucumber and tomato salad is one of the first among fresh salads. Pick over and wash some crisp lettuce leaves, dry between towels, and arrange in a bed in the salad dish. Cut an inch from each end of the cucumbers, take off a thick paring, and cut in thin slices, also peel and slice the tomatoes. Put in alternate layers on the lettuce in the dish, and pour mayonnaise or French dressing over the whole. The cucumber, tomato, and lettuce must all be crisp and cold before being made into the salad.

Waldorf salad, often mentioned on menu cards, is composed of equal parts of apple, celery, and English walnut meats, all three or any two combined. Pare and cut the apple into dice, cut the white, crisp parts of celery stalks into quarter inch pieces, and chop the nuts. Serve with the cooked dressing.

There is a difference of opinion among cooks as to whether potato salad should be mixed with hot or cold potato, the advocates of the former claiming that the salad will not become so soggy. If hot potato is used, mash enough to make a pint, add half a cup of chopped cabbage, the same amount of chopped celery, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, and a hard-boiled egg cut into small bits. Mix well, and moisten with a boiled dressing. Keep on the ice till wanted, and serve on a leaf of lettuce.

A lobster salad is attractive served in lettuce cups. Cut the lobster meat into dice, season with salt and cayenne, and moisten with a spoonful of mixed oil and vinegar or lemon juice. Keep on the ice till ready to serve. Fold lettuce leaves

into nest or cup shapes. Mix the lobster with mayonnaise dressing, put a large tablespoonful in each lettuce cup, with a spoonful of mayonnaise on top, and garnish with lobster claws and parsley.

A nice chicken salad is made of cold boiled chicken, celery, cucumber, and a few walnut meats, all cut into small bits. Moistened with a French dressing and leave in a cool place for a while, then mix with mayonnaise, arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves to serve, and garnish with stoned olives.

A Macedoine salad is made by combining several kinds of cold cooked vegetables, mixed with French dressing or mayonnaise, served on lettuce leaves, and garnished with cress or parsley.

All kinds of fruits in season may be combined in salads. A special fruit dressing is made as follows: Make a syrup of half a cup of sugar with quarter of a cup of water, and a thin shaving of lemon rind added, bring to the boil, and boil three minutes. Add three tablespoonfuls of strained lemon juice, pour over the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs, and cook to a soft custard.



## Hints For House Cleaning

A good method of cleaning paint is to take a little whitening on a damp piece of old white flannel, and rub lightly over the surface of the paint.

After the carpets or rugs are taken up and beaten—unless one is fortunate enough to have a vacuum cleaner—and re-laid, wiping them over with a cloth wet in water to which ammonia is added will brighten the colors.

It is a good plan to have the curtains laundered a few days before cleaning the rooms. When taking down curtain rods, tie a little tag to each, so that no time will be lost in finding the right rod for each curtain. In the same way, mark the window shades.

A simple polish for ordinary furniture is made from beeswax melted in turpentine. Allow quarter of a pound of the wax to a half pint of turpentine. This is for light furniture. For darker wood, melt quarter of a pound of yellow beeswax in a pint of boiled linseed oil, and color with alkanet root.

For brightening up brass rods and fixtures, nothing is much better than a paste of rotten-stone mixed with sweet oil,

and polishing with a piece of soft leather or old flannel. If there are stains on the brass, try a solution of oxalic acid. Leave on for a moment, wash off with clear water, dry, and polish with sweet oil to prevent speedy re-tarnishing.

Rubbing with pieces of a loaf of half-stale bread with the crust removed is well known as a cleanser for wall-paper. Wetting the bread in household ammonia and kneading it into a ball increases its cleansing properties. Try on a small piece of the paper first to see that the ammonia does not affect the color.

To remove grease spots from wall-paper, try holding a piece of brown paper over the marks and pressing with a hot iron.

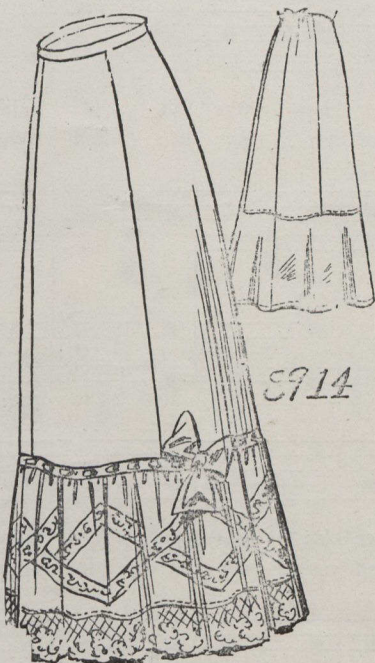
Discolored piano keys can be whitened and cleansed by rubbing them with a paste of whitening mixed with lemon juice, and polishing.

Washing linoleum with milk will make it look well. If it is desired to repolish it, a preparation can be made by boiling beeswax, shaved fine, in a small amount of water, and adding turpentine when the mixture cools.

It is advisable when possible to take down heavy portieres and curtains, and put up lighter ones for the summer. Before putting away the curtains, besides having the dust shaken out, see that any spots are removed with gasoline.

Use plenty of newspapers as wrapping paper when storing the winter clothes in chests or closets. Moths have a distaste for printer's ink.

For washing blankets it is advisable to prepare a soap jelly by boiling some first-class laundry soap, shaved, in water. Add a spoonful of borax, unless you have soft water to work with. In one tub put the blankets to soak covered with warm water. In another tub put plenty of warm water and beat up a lather with the soap jelly. Wring the blankets out of the first tub into this, let soak a short time, then work them about, rubbing any soiled spots. Rinse through at least two waters of the same warm temperature, put through the wringer, and hang out to dry.



8914.—A FIVE-GORE PETTICOAT.

A practical and well-fitting design for a petticoat is shown in this illustration, developed in cambric, with founce of embroidery. It is designed with especial regard to the proper adjustment of the dress skirt, as the up-to-date skirt must be perfectly smooth and trim around the hips, a condition only attained by perfect-fitting underwear. The lower edge is finished by a dust ruffle, under a gathered founce. The pattern also provides a circular founce. Longcloth, muslin, nainsook, and silk are all suggested for the making. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36 inch material for the 26 inch size.



8920.—TWO PRETTY CORSET COVERS.

These attractive corset covers may be made of handkerchief linen, embroidered founcing, or other material. Their making is a very simple matter, as will be seen at a glance. The fulness at the neck and waist is regulated by ribbon-run beading. If preferred, worked button-holes may take the place of the beading for running the ribbon through. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium, and large. For the making of either corset cover, 1 yard of 36 inch material will be required. These two patterns for ten cents.

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A Popular Song of the Day

*Andante con moto.*

Piano introduction musical notation in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

1. My moth - er's heart was hon - - ey, her kiss was sweet - est balm. .... And  
 2. The world is full of gol - den gifts, and yet my spir it sighs. .... Be -

Piano accompaniment musical notation for the first system, showing chords and bass line.

though the world was full of storm, her lap was full of calm. .... My  
 tween the gra - cious long - a - gos, and hap - py by and byes. .... The

Piano accompaniment musical notation for the second system.

moth - er's heart was hon - - - ey, her kiss was sweet - est balm. .... And  
 world is full of gold - en gifts, and yet my spir it sighs. .... Be -

Piano accompaniment musical notation for the third system.



though the world was full of storm, her lap was full of calm ..... Her  
 tween the gra - cious long a - gos, and hap - py by and byes..... I

arms and breast were filled with rest, her smile was full of joy,..... And life was  
 am a - wea - ry of the cares that fill the lives of men,..... I would I

dear when she was near, and I a lit - tle boy,..... When she was  
 were a lit - tle child, with - in those arms a - gain,..... Those arms a

near, when she was - near.....  
 gain, those arms a - gain.....

*rall.* *pp*

Mother's Kiss.







**The Queen Visits Her Birthplace** The Queen's visit to the Royal Borough of Kensington, the place of her birth, was made in semi-state, Thursday, April 6th. The route from Buckingham Palace was thronged with people, who gave Her Majesty a most enthusiastic reception. Above, the mayor, Sir Walter Phillimore, who is a Judge of the High Court, is seen reading the congratulatory address from the temporary dais which was erected in front of St. Mary Abbot's Church. Seated in the carriage next to the Queen is the Prince of Wales. Prince Albert has his back to the horses.

—Copyright, Central News.



**The Young Princes** This is a snap-shot taken at the great boat race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The Prince of Wales has his hand up to his cap. Prince Albert is walking alongside.

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## Josiah Paxley's Wooing

A Complete Story  
by OLAF BAKER

(Published by special arrangement)



AND the manner of it was in this wise. When you have a great passion upon you, and the object thereof is so rare and saintly a soul that almost it would seem sacrilege to declare it, then indeed you are in that state when a man feels his own abjectness in an overwhelming sort.

Now for years, as all the village can tell you, Josiah Paxley cared for naught else save the welfare of his garden and his soul; and it was gravely hinted in that Quarterly Meeting to which he belonged that his spiritual good came last. He was a tall, presentable-looking man, a Quaker by birth, and a bachelor by conviction. His manner of speech was slow, and all the words of it seemed to have fallen from the leaves of some ancient book. With his fellow-men he exchanged few words, because of a mighty reserve that sat upon him with a load of lead. And in the long winter evenings, when the lanes were choked with snow, and the old house full of a dream-like quietness, it seemed a fitting thing that he should sit wordless in the flicker of the fire. But when the apple trees burgeoned in the spring, and the wind came scented over sweet pasturage, and the throat of the blackbird was like to choke with song, you could have gone to the man and shaken him for his lack of seeming alive.

So he dwelt, winter and summer, autumn and spring, with no living things about him save his tabby cat Thomas and his housekeeper Maria. There was no love lost between any of them, and each held to his or her way, regardless of the rest. When Maria took fresh offence at her master's ways, she fed him on scraps of cold meat and rice puddings with the milk omitted, and when Thomas felt particularly malignant he went and killed a bird. Yet all the time these evil things flourished under his very nose Josiah dwelt in a great peace, and the peaches blossomed amorously upon the warm south wall.

When change clamors at the doorstep of a man's life it generally does so with a woman's tongue. So it was with Josiah Paxley in spite of all his years of bachelorhood, and it was almost a tragedy how deeply the thing went.

He saw her first at Meeting, whither he had gone upon First Day, or—as the Heathen call it—Sunday, as was his wont. She sat beside Martha Bickers on the second form at the side, and about her was a waste of empty seats, which showed up the tender droop of her shoulders to the greater advantage. For, with his natural perversity, it was her attitude rather than her face which Josiah noticed first. But when he got so far as to behold her countenance, his mind came suddenly out of that matter of sowing late sweetpeas where it had lamentably gone wandering in secular speculations, and lo! a seed of quite another sort was sown within his heart. After a while he caught what he was doing, and shaded his face quickly with his hand, as is the manner of Friends when the meeting is deep about them. But his hand was powerless to exclude the vision of the sweet countenance and the tender droop of the shoulders. They made the deeper impression because of their proximity to the stubborn attitude of Martha Bickers. Her face was as the Decalogue. A droop was a frailty of the flesh she would never permit even to her shoulders. Friends who were irregular attenders of Meeting, or lax in manners of speech, had reason to lament the undrooping vigor of Martha Bickers' mind.

All the week that followed, Josiah was tormented by the vision he had seen. He grew irritable, impossible to please. He chided Maria about her poor feeding of him, and even went to the length of smiting Thomas, who had clawed his leg for meat. In the quiet rooms of the old, dim house the figure of change wandered, a pale and ghostly woman whose garments whispered against the walls.

Upon the next First Day he found himself upon his way to Meeting a good ten minutes earlier than was his wont. After lingering in the graveyard outside while he read the names of dead Friends to while away the time, he at last joined himself unto the living, though they also looked dead enough if one judged by outward guise. Yes, there she was! the drooping shoulders, the sweet face, as if she had sat there all the week. In vain he struggled to repeat passages of Scripture to himself as he sat in the long silences that followed speaking or prayer. He even went to the length of recalling the argument against baptism in Barclay's

"Apology"—a strain upon the mental man not lightly to be undergone. It was a hollow mockery. He could not prevail. After Meeting was over, he was departing homeward alone, as his unsociable manner was, but Martha Bickers called him back.

"Won't thee dine with us?" she asked sternly. "We see nothing of thee now."

Almost against his will, Josiah consented. He hated, beyond all other things, to take his meals abroad. But Martha Bickers was a relative of the blood upon his mother's side, and she was not a woman to be offended if you valued your peace of mind.

"My niece, Anne Newley, is with me," Martha continued grimly, as if she had said: "I have the plague."

"Indeed?" Josiah remarked. He did not regard the statement as of an emotional order.

"She is staying behind to talk with Jane Constable," Martha went on. "The young do love to loiter and gossip."

"They do," Josiah assented. He was regretting that he had accepted the invitation to dinner. He had a native hostility to strange nieces.

But when, five minutes afterwards, he found himself face to face across the dinner-table with the distracting vision which had haunted him for a week past, he was dumb with consternation and surprise. Nervousness impelled him to speech of a disjointed and rapid sort. Anne Newley, for her part, talked freely in a sweet and even manner; yet what she said was never upon the level of mere chatter. It was a speech fragrant and restful as an old garden. Her ideas fell softly from her lips like the falling of rose-leaves.

Josiah went home with his head in a whirl.

Three days afterwards he was idly watching the peach blossom upon the wall, when he was startled by a low voice at his elbow, and he turned to find Anne Newley close beside him on the grass.

"Please," she was saying, "my aunt would be so glad if thee'd let her have some eggs. She is expecting visitors for Quarterly Meeting, and the hens are so stubborn about laying."

Eggs! The Vision was asking him for eggs! Josiah found it necessary to mop his brow.

Then, while he sent the unwilling Maria upon a search for the eggs—a thing she hated and abhorred—it was incumbent upon him to entertain his visitor. He did it by taking her round his wonderful garden, racking his brain for matters of converse.

When Anne Newley left with her basket of eggs in one hand, she carried also a bunch of white violets in the other. The pity of it was that she did not know they were a wordless man's manner of expressing his soul.

Three days later she was again in his garden. But this time it was not for eggs. Josiah had met her by chance in the lane, and to their mutual astonishment had invited her to look at his beehives. Yet when they stood before the hives, it was she who talked of them rather than he. And so they drifted slowly round the garden, and all the time Josiah was struggling with himself to ask her the terrific question which would alter his whole life.

He plucked up all his courage at the radish bed, but quailed utterly before that of the early peas. There was an agony in his mind such as only a timid man may comprehend.

At the end of a long walk loomed a bed of asparagus. Josiah clenched his hands and came as nigh as a Quaker may to swearing that before he reached that bed the question should be asked. Yet the bed was reached and passed, and still the unspoken words tore at his brain with fiery hands.

"I must be getting home," Anne said gently. "But thy garden is very beautiful."

"Ah, but thee hasn't seen it all," Josiah said with ungrammatical fervor. "There is the orchard and the pig-sty."

"I should like to see the pig-sty," Anne said politely.

"But is it empty?" she asked, a minute later, as she stood looking over the door.

"Yes," Josiah said solemnly, it is empty."

There was an embarrassed pause. Then with desperation, he suddenly asked:

"And shall we keep a pig?"

"Something in the manner, rather than in the words, startled Anne.

"A pig?" she murmured. "A pig?"

Then she looked into Josiah's eyes, and understood his meaning.

\* \* \* \* \*

They kept the pig.

[THE END.]

# BOVRIL

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## The Lady's Lists

(Continued from page 22)

up to the bar of the lists, and sat there, with lance in rest and visor raised, while the herald recited the long roll of her titles and dignities, calling upon all who desired, so in birth and honor they were worthy to tilt against her for the prize of the tourney. She looked a gallant figure in her silver armor, and meet to break a light lance against any courteous knight in the name of chivalry. Her shield was blazoned *argent* with her device of a lily crowned, and her motto, "*Foys à Loys*"; her horse was gaily caparisoned in blue and silver, and her blue eyes shone starlike under her silver helm with its lily crest.

At the cry of "*Laissez-aller!*" Sir Denis d'Espard, a stout knight and her faithful worshipper, rode lightly to meet her, but retired with speed, for she struck him fair upon his war-dented shield, while he missed her completely. Another came, and another, but all understood that the white lily must not suffer defeat, and many hoped by their yielding of an advantage to win her favor.

The sun was sinking, and the Countess was weary, when a tall knight in black armor, mounted on a black horse, made his appearance. It needed not the herald to make known his identity—all had heard of the Wingless Eagle that was his crest, and showed in tarnished gold upon his black and battered shield, with the words "*Sans Ailes*" beneath it. He wore a green gauntlet as gaze in his helm, a huge crusading sword clanked at his side, and the lance he held was thick as a young fir tree, a fearsome weapon for all its blunted tip. The Countess's heart quaked; it was her intent to yield to him, but what if he cherished rancor against her and exulted in this opportunity for revenge?

At the signal they shot forward, like arrows from the bow, engaged, wheeled, and made ready for the second encounter. Her pride rose in arms, and all her strength was in the second blow that she aimed at his eagle crest, but she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw him reel and fall from the shock of her light lance with the crash of a forest tree. Her heart bounded as a roar of applause went from the spectators, but with the courtesy of her noble birth she dismounted and held out a hand to assist her fallen adversary.

"You lie where I should be," said she, flushed and breathless. "Not so did you meet the English at Orleans!"

"You learn again by my example to kneel, fair lady," was his rejoinder, as he struggled in his cumbersome armor to rise. "As for the crown of valour, it will sort better with your gold locks than my swart ones, and fairly have you won it by your doughty deeds this day!"

He raised his visor and she raged helplessly against the light of humor in his eyes. She was caught in the trap laid to humiliate him by crowning him at the hands of his baseborn love, and not knowing how to escape the ordeal, she passively allowed her squire to remount her, and in misery rode round the lists to the noise of loud acclamations, while her ladies rained flowers upon her. Bertha stood gravely awaiting her with the circlet of golden bay leaves in her hand, and in desperation she longed to set spurs to her horse and ride from the place. Sir Fulke and no other saved her. Riding up to the ladies' balcony, he took the glittering prize from the mock Queen of Beauty and Love, who in silence yielded it, and saying: "A Queen may not crown a Queen—that is a man's office," drew rein in the path of the Countess.

Again his eyes had dominion over her, so that her heart turned to water; but she glanced askance at Bertha, watching them from the throne close by, and the sight pricked her pride.

"Never! Never!" she cried wildly. "Stay me not, Sir Eagle; I will not suffer it!"

His mailed hand fell heavily on her shoulder, and as involuntarily she bowed her head, he crowned her above her lily crest. Knights, ladies, and the folk of Terraine cheered in chorus, not knowing what anguish filled the breast of their liege lady.

Thrusting him aside, she rode fast from the lists, and on reaching her chamber flung herself down by her bed in tears, where after a while the girl Bertha found her. The Countess turned fiercely at the sound of her voice, but saw the girl soberly garbed in grey, waiting quietly to disembarass her of her armor.

"Do you mock at me also? Why are you not gone to your lover?" she cried, shrinking from her gentle touch.

"You deceive yourself, lady," said Bertha. "Sir Fulke is no more to me than my good friend and foster-brother, and as such he loves me. He sent me hither to aid him in his suit with you, for whom he hath long sighed, knowing not how in his outlawed state he might ever approach you."

Aloys gazed at her for a space as if stunned; then her hot, undisciplined heart began to sing a strange song, and the blood rushed into her wan cheeks, drying up her tears. With a laugh of exultation she rose, and clasped the girl in her mailed arms, kissing her.

"You are my sister also!" she cried. "Help me now to make me fair and womanly. Since I am no match for Sir Fulke as a man, let me try if in lady's lists I may vanquish him."

A sumptuous feast was spread in the great banqueting-hall, with its carved roof and stained-glass windows. Beside the Countess's vacant seat was another, prepared for her most honored guest, and standing there in white robes stiffly brodered with silver lilies, her head crowned with the crown of the tourney, she let her eyes rove round the hall for Sir Fulke. She found him at last in a far corner, still in suit of mail, though unhelmeted, his hands tightly clasped on his sword hilt, and his eyes burning upon her. She sent her page to summon him, and waited, with all her guests until he had clanked heavily to her side, then gave him her hand in welcome.

"My knights and my ladies," she cried in a ringing voice, "greet ye well the Lord of Château Duresse, known hitherto as outlawed, but now reinstated in his possessions. I desire that you entreat him as the best among you, freely forgetting all that has passed, for he honors us by his presence here. *Vive l'Aigle sans Ailes!*"

They toasted him to do her pleasure, but the men eyed him with little love, and be sure there were veiled smiles and whispers among the ladies. Aloys cared nothing for them as she sat throned by her conqueror, on fire with the consciousness of his close presence, humbly sweet in surrender. They spoke seldom, but all the while he feasted his eyes on her in wonder, not knowing what the change in her might portend, and making the most of his hour in Paradise.

Wine flowed freely along the board, tongues were loosened, and the ladies began to look anxiously for their Countess's signal to retire, but when she rose it was to address them in this wise, with a voice that trembled:

"I have been a sorry mistress to you—a wild girl, with no thought but her own pleasure. The time is come that I abdicate the seat I fill so unworthily; for although I have aped the man, no man am I at heart, and ye need a man to rule over you."

At that they made a loud outcry, but she held up a hand for them to cease, smiling a little proudly.

"Ye have heard a foolish vow that I made in your presence, that has remained hitherto unfulfilled. Here in your presence again I renew it unto future years. Sir Eagle, I kneel to you; if you deign to lift me to your side, I am yours; if not, I stay here at your feet."

So saying, she slipped down on her knees in her royal robes, holding out her hands to him, and gazing with her blue eyes fearlessly into his face.

With a great shout of triumph, Sir Fulke clasped his arms about her, lifted her to his embrace, and then throned her aloft to his shoulder.

"Drink ye to your lady and mine!" he cried. "Since vows are vows, she hath knelt to me, but it is I that am the dust under her feet. The black banner floats no more above Château Duresse; henceforth in its place shall shine the lily in an azure field. Swear ye all with me: '*Foys à Loys!*'"





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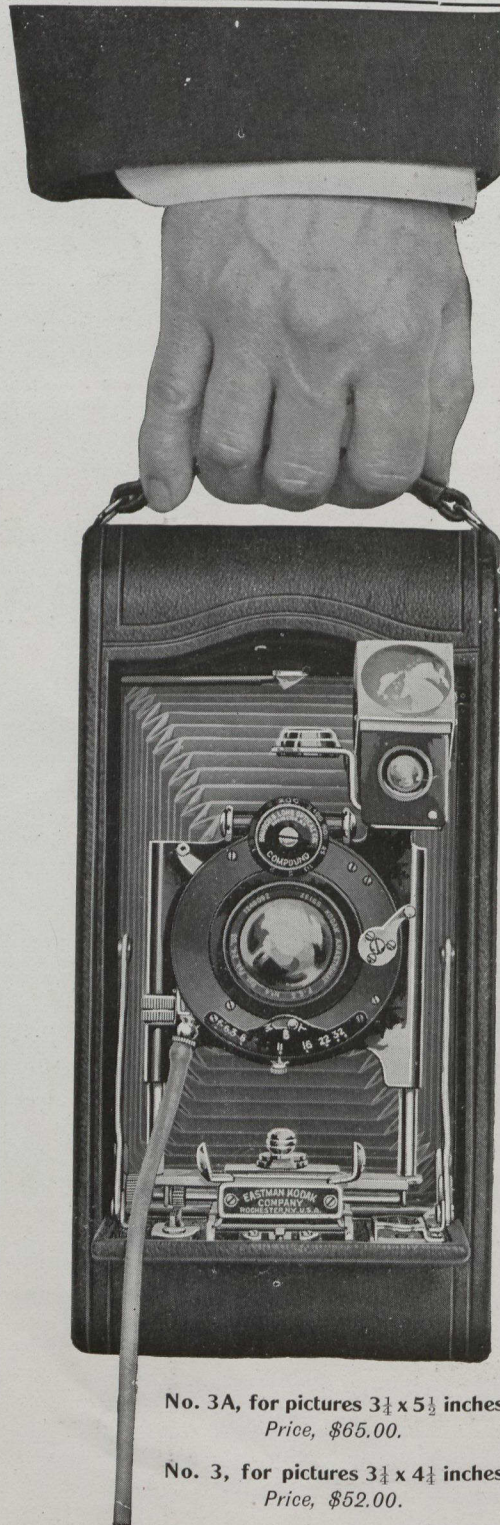
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For several weeks readers of the *Witness* in Montreal, in Prince Edward Island, in British Columbia, and in a string of cities, towns, and villages lying between, have been working to increase the subscription lists of the paper by one hundred per cent. The Editor of the *Witness* found himself in the position of being obliged either to discontinue publication or sell out, because of the unbusinesslike and impossible opposition of an organ which has been developed in the *Witness*' field by politicians, and which has been heavily subsidized. The Editor of the *Witness* for years has been putting into the *Witness* as much as \$25,000 or \$30,000 per year—money obtained from other and profitable enterprises and investments. But seeing that the unfair competition was likely to continue, and as the end of his available resources was in sight, he frankly took his readers into his confidence, telling them that the issue was in their hands.

If they valued the sturdy, absolute independence of the *Witness*—independence that dated back, in an unbroken line, to the date of its foundation—they were asked to save the paper to themselves by each getting one new subscriber.

The result was that a campaign, unique in the annals of journalism, was inaugurated. Ministers, not one or two here or there, but from almost every pulpit in Montreal, and apparently from a majority of pulpits throughout the country, urged their congregations not to let the *Witness* die, telling the people of the enormous sacrifice that one man had been making for it by rejecting revenues from sources prejudicial to the interests of his readers. Athletic Associations, Young Men's Societies, Temperance bodies, and Women's Clubs have set to work with a will to preserve the *Witness* under its present management. In Montreal a committee of judges, ministers, professional and business men issued "A Call to Arms" on behalf of the *Witness*, and, throughout the country, merchants have left their stores to go out and canvas personally.

The results are pouring into the *Witness* office as this issue of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL goes to press. It is too early to give figures, but one day's mail brought almost a thousand new subscriptions. That figure is expected to be eclipsed during the next few days. For the campaign to be adequately successful must be immediately spontaneous.

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(See opposite page.)



## Saving a Newspaper for the People

**I**N the city of Montreal a small army of ladies, young and old, waylaid the citizens, exchanged smiles, said something about the pitiful blind, and raised twenty-three thousand dollars in a single day. And besides helping the blind, every one who gave in a proper spirit got his or her own share of blessing—for it is still more blessed to give than to receive. This shows what people can do, and will do, when they are convinced the cause is worthy.

A little while ago the *Montreal Witness* was driven to choose between the following courses:

1. Running into debt, ending in failure.
2. Ceasing publication.
3. Selling out to others.
4. Or making a frank statement of the facts of the case and depend on—even demand—the immediate co-operation of the well-inclined as the only condition upon which the *Witness* could be continued on its present lines.

The ground for the demand was a need based on the fact that the *Witness*, always regardless of its own interests, sought only to serve the best interests of the people of Canada, as it understood them, and, declining graft and all forms of hampering subsidies, could only look for adequate support to the immediate co-operation of the people whom it served.

The Publishers pointed out, too, that on one hand there were overwhelming difficulties attending the publication of such a newspaper in the Canadian metropolis, and that on the other hand there was unbusinesslike competition, made possible by heavy subsidies. They also pointed out that, anywhere else than in a city like Montreal, which is so largely and in so many directions antagonistic to the *Witness*' point of view, the *Witness* might have been a money-maker.

Yet it is in this city that, excepting Quebec alone, was least calculated to appreciate or support such a paper, and yet which perhaps most needed such a paper, and where the people of Canada most needed the counsels and enterprise of such a paper, that the *Witness* has been published for sixty-five years.

But for the last ten years or more, owing to circumstances already made plain, the *Witness* has been published at such a heavy loss that its proprietors had to consider what was best to do. Best, not in their interests—as to sell out was easy and most profitable, because there are many who would pay a fortune to control the *Witness* for their own ends. The only question was what was best for the people of Canada and the cause of faithful, independent, and disinterested journalism, and it was decided to place the facts before the people. With their co-operation the *Witness* could be continued—without the co-operation of the people of Montreal and of the Dominion the *Witness* could not continue on its present lines in the face of such heavy odds.

And the people rose to the occasion. Here, there, north, south, east, and west, they started out to canvass for new subscriptions that the *Witness* might have the best of all guarantees—an adequate circulation. In view of what has already been done, it would be craven to doubt that the people will continue their effort till the circulation of the *Witness* is numerically, as well as in point of quality, one of the best in the country. Then the *Witness* will be a newspaper that the world will listen to because then, as ever, it will be published in the interests of the people.

### A FEW MINUTES MIGHT BE SUFFICIENT TO GET ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER

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Will you help by subscribing or getting a new subscriber?

Remember that many can do what may stagger a few.

Remember that you can get, more easily than anyone else, some new subscriptions, and that without your assistance those subscriptions may not be secured at all.

Remember that the new subscriber will benefit by joining the great company of *Witness* readers.

Remember that the *Witness* only needs the co-operation of its friends to be able to hold its own and develop in spite of the many enemies that oppress it on all sides.

OUT-OF-TOWN FRIENDS may co-operate by securing annual subscriptions on trial from new subscribers at the rate of one dollar for the *Daily Witness*, or sixty-five cents for the *Weekly Witness*. These rates are not available in this city or within thirty miles of it.

This spirit of popular co-operation is a new thing in metropolitan newspaper journalism, and that it is appreciated by the Publishers of the *Witness* need not be said.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers of the *Witness*, Montreal, Canada.

(See opposite page.)



# Win Profit and Prestige

## as Local Agent for the Printype Oliver Typewriter—The New Wonder in Typewritedom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales we have placed the crowning improvement—**PRINTYPE!**

The Oliver Typewriter now typewrites print.

To the first acceptable man in each locality, where we have no local agent, we offer the exclusive agency for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

Think of the money-making possibilities of an agency which enables you to step into a man's office and say: "I represent the only typewriter in the world that successfully typewrites print!"

### Overwhelming Public Demand for Printype

Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewritedom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

Just to see Printype is to become an ardent admirer—and most likely a purchaser of The Printype Oliver Typewriter. If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype, ask for a copy of our pamphlet—

### "A Revolution in Typewriter Type"

Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress—the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

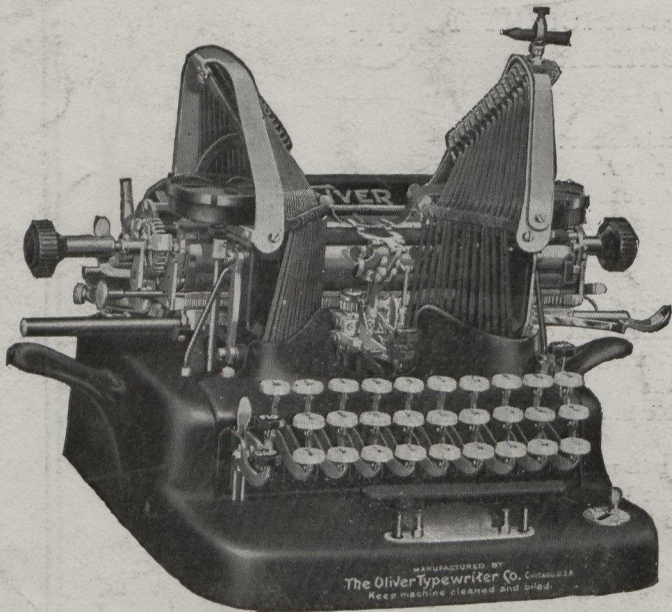
So much for Printype.

Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one-third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

### Printype Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Typewriter is the only writing machine in the world that successfully typewrites print.



This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

### It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a world-wide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

## Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

*The Standard Visible Writer*

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have the prompt personal attention of a direct representative of The Oliver Typewriter Company. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

### "17-Cents-a-Day Plan" Booms Sales

As local agent for The Oliver Typewriter you have this threefold advantage:

- (1) You can offer the world's only "Printyper" at \$125, the standard price of ordinary typewriters.
- (2) You can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day."
- (3) To apply on the small first payment, you can accept any make of old machine your customer may own.

### Local Agent Has Full Control

We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. They are free to work when and how they choose. We require men of character and standing, who will act on their own initiative. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.

### Rush Your Agency Application!

Lawyers, clergymen, school teachers, bookkeepers, public accountants, physicians, merchants, clerks, real estate and insurance men—all classes of people—find the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter profitable and congenial. Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned very rapidly.

Interesting literature, including the "Printype Book" and "The Opportunity Book," together with complete information regarding the Local Agency Plan, will be sent you by first mail. Send the coupon or a letter.

#### "Printype" Agency Coupon (109)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 305 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Tell me all about The Printype Oliver Typewriter, and, if this territory has not been assigned, send me the exclusive Local Agency Proposition. Write me a Printype letter and send the book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type."

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Agency Department

# The Oliver Typewriter Company, 305 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago