

V. 5, no. 9, Ag. 1910.

# CANADIAN PICTORIAL

CANADA'S POPULAR MAGAZINE

601/B/373/5 CPAI



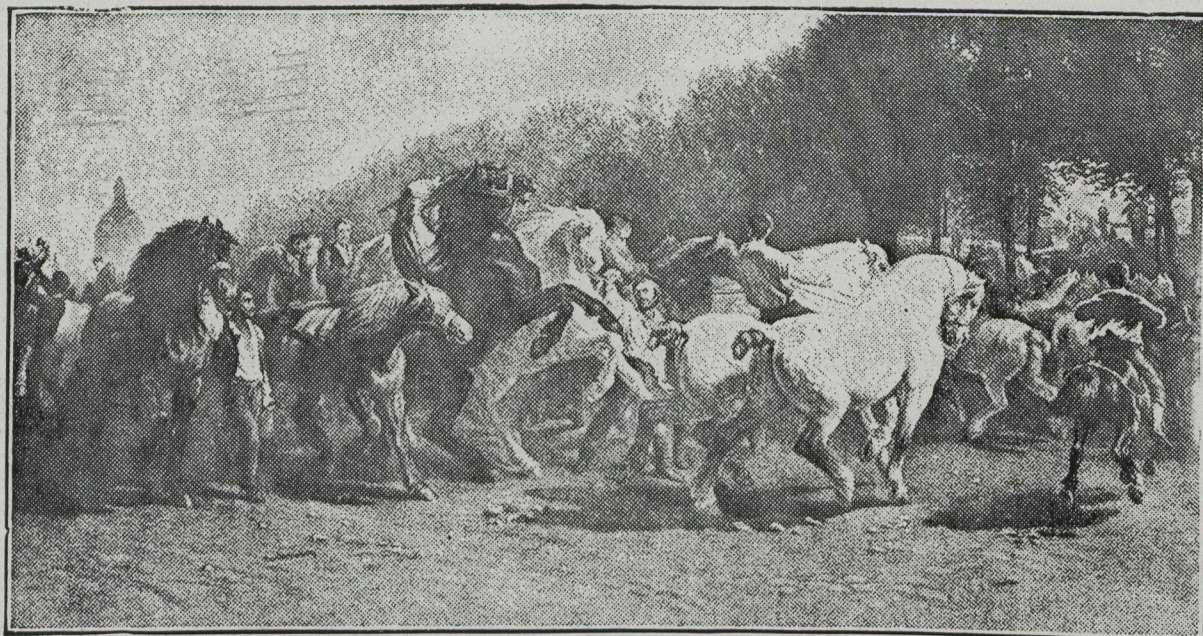
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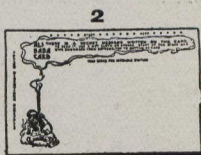
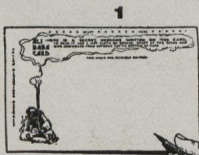
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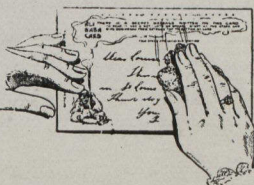
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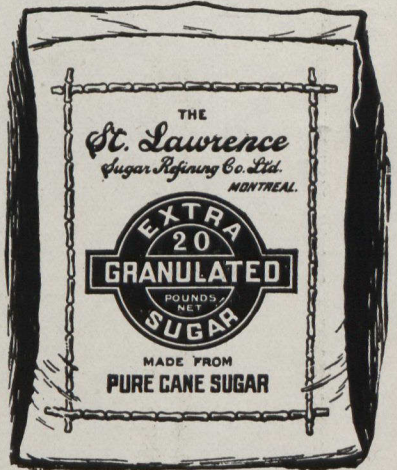
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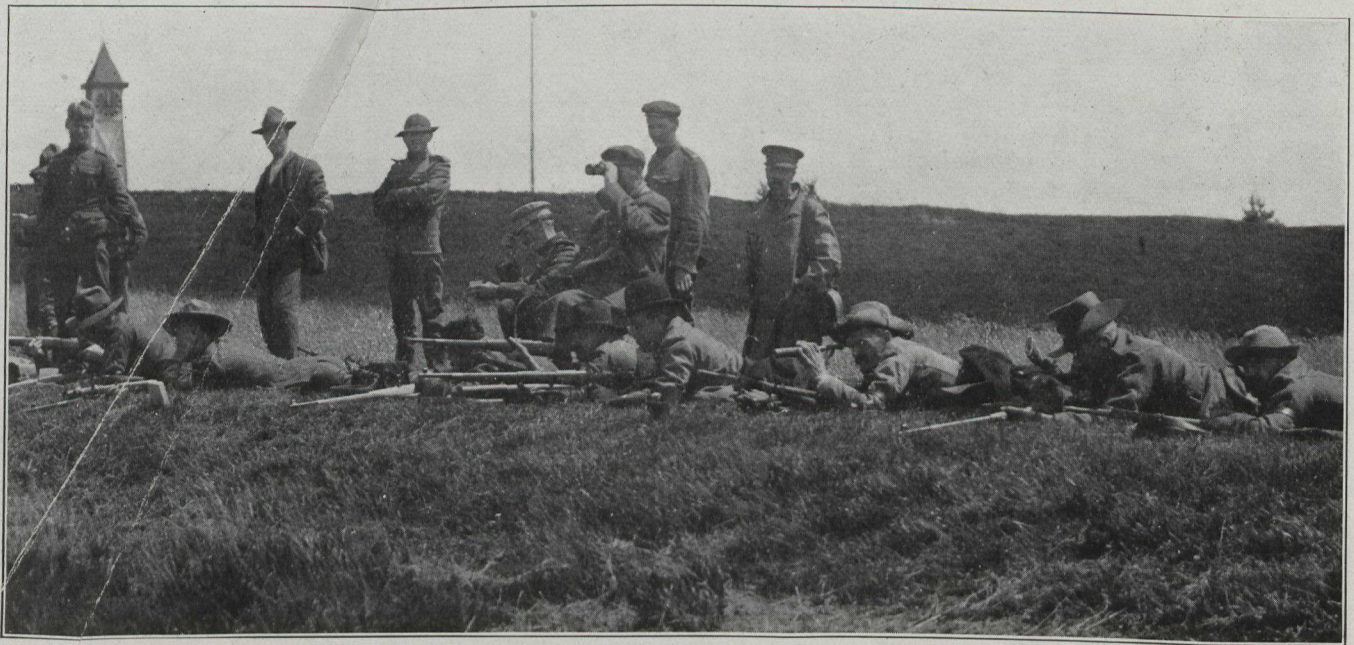
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**Canadians Shooting at Bisley**

The Canadians, besides bringing home some substantial individual prizes, have again captured the Mackinnon Cup, which has been won by England four times, Scotland twice, and Canada three times. Last year the Canadian score for this cup broke all records; this year the score was lower, but second only to that of 1909. The Canadian Bisley team of 1910, which was commanded by Major Edwards, of St. John, N.B., with Major Hutchison, of Ottawa, as adjutant, consisted of the following: Sergt. G. W. Russell, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; Capt. W. H. Forrest, 6th D.C.O.R., Vancouver; Sergt. D. McInnes, 19th A.M.R., Edmonton; Pte. W. J. Clifford, 10th R. Grenadiers, Toronto; Lance-Corp. H. Whitehorn, 10th R. Grenadiers, Toronto; Capt. C. R. Crowe, 30th Regt., Guelph; Pte. W. L. Latimer, 10th R. Grenadiers, Toronto; Pte. F. Bibby, 77th Regt., Dundas; Sergt. F. A. Steck, 78th Regt., Truro; Capt. W. Hart McHarg, 6th D.C.O.R., Vancouver; Sergt. F. H. Morris, 46th Regt., Bowmanville; Staff-Sergt. T. Mitchell, 13th Regt., Hamilton; Pte. H. Greet, 2nd Q.O.R., Toronto; Sergt. E. A. Eastwood, 90th Regt., Winnipeg; Gunner G. W. Sharp, 2nd C.A., Montreal; Lieut. G. J. Rowe, 46th Regt., Bowmanville; Lieut. W. Drysdale, 11th Regt., Montreal; Pte. J. A. Steele, 30th Regt., Guelph; Col.-Sergt. James Freeborn, 30th Regt., Hamilton; Pte. D. McKie, 30th Regt., Guelph.



# Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 5, No. 9

One Dollar  
a Year

AUGUST, 1910

142 St. Peter Street  
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

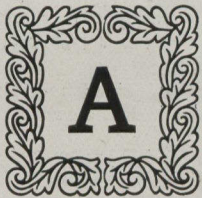
## Midsummer

'T was summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale stream; but all the northern downs  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed:  
Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss

Extends his careless limbs along the front  
Of some high cave whose rocky ceiling casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the Wren warbles; while the dreaming Man,  
Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene  
By power of that impending covert thrown  
To finer distance.

—Wordsworth

## Happenings of a Month



FEW years ago July and August were considered "dead" months. Everybody was either on vacation or working in the fields or on the waterways. There was no news. The publishers of daily papers considered it a time for retrenchment and cut down the staff and the number of pages they sold for a cent, and even then had plenty of room for hot weather yarns about sea-serpents and enormous mosquitoes. Now all is different, however; there is no chance for the fagged journalists to "take it easy" even in July and August. The month just ended has been full of the events that crowd the newspapers daily and about which, rightly or wrongly, the editors think the public is feverishly waiting for the last word.

\* \* \*

We Canadians began the month celebrating—celebrating the welding of the disjointed provinces into a great Dominion—and we did it in our own quiet way, most of us spending it in the country, for, coming on Friday as it did, Dominion Day, as a rest from the daily routine, was spread over the week-end, even big retail stores in the cities remaining closed on the Saturday, so that their employees might have a holiday worth having. Then on the Monday came the national celebration across the line, and from all over the United States came reports a saner Fourth of July than they had had for many years. Young America was given to understand that even patriotism could survive without the senseless, indiscriminate letting-off of firecrackers at every turn, and less noise and more real fun was the order of the day. The result was that, instead of an appalling list of casualties, the day was productive of a vast amount of real pleasure.

\* \* \*

While the grain is ripening, Manitoba has found time to indulge in the luxury of a general provincial election, and Mr. Roblin has been returned to power with a new mandate from the people. Complete returns show that the Government will have twenty-seven supporters and fourteen opponents when the Legislature meets. All the Ministers were re-elected.

\* \* \*

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is on a prolonged visit to Manitoba and the West, and everywhere he is being received with true western warmth. He is making speeches everywhere, not sparing himself in any particular, and he is seeing fields that will yield sixty-five bushels of oats and forty of barley and twenty-five of wheat to the acre. He sees, too, a country in which homestead entries for the first five months of the year have aggregated

twenty-three thousand—a small matter of ten thousand more than the corresponding period last year—and he was able to tell the people out there that the Canadian customs receipts for the first quarter of this fiscal year showed a gain of three millions and three-quarters, while the bank clearings for the past six months showed an increase of one hundred and sixty million dollars over the same period of last year. These figures seem to spell prosperity.

\* \* \*

The event of the month most directly concerning the people of Canada is undoubtedly the strike of the conductors and trainmen of the Grand Trunk Railway. It was inaugurated at half-past nine on the evening of Monday, July 18th, and at the time of writing neither side shows any sign of giving in. As a matter of fact the Company experienced very little difficulty in keeping its passenger service within speaking distance of the time-able. Its freight service, of course, has been badly disorganized, and it is in this connection that the public have suffered most. Large industries have been obliged to close, as there was no means of distributing their output, and the supply of the perishable necessities of life in some places has been very much restricted. The wages offered by Mr. Hays seem to be very fair as compared with most other callings in Canada, and the men cannot expect to have public sympathy with them in this contest to any great extent. The strike order was so generally obeyed that it is only fair to the leaders to say that in calling the strike they had the men themselves behind them.

\* \* \*

A little fire in the cook-house of a lumber mill, fanned by a wind blowing almost a gale, laid waste one of the leading towns of New Brunswick, Campbellton. Four thousand people were homeless. Some have gone elsewhere to begin life anew; most are either living at Dalhousie, eight miles away, or camping near the old home sheltered by tents supplied by the Government. Ready sympathy has been extended, but there is, and will be before the town recovers from the blow, much suffering that, in the name of humanity, the rest of Canada should minimize. They want help and they want it quickly.

\* \* \*

Canadians are still sharing in the sports of the world. The oarsmen from Winnipeg captured the Stewards' Cup at Henley, our marksmen at Bisley took their share of prizes, and at the time of writing sailors from Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, are in the neighborhood of Boston trying to bring back the Seawanhaka Cup. A splendid picture of their yacht, the "St. Lawrence," appears on the cover of this issue.



# NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The Budget for 1911 introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies, estimates the expenditures at \$853,805,150 and the revenue at \$853,835,262.

The administrators of the Carnegie hero foundation have awarded pensions varying from \$40 to \$300 annually to widows, with orphans, of policemen, firemen, and other persons who lost their lives in the performance of heroic duty during the Paris floods last spring.

The death of Prof. Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, ex-chief astronomer and director of the Milan Observatory, is announced. He leaped into public fame in 1877 when he announced his discovery of the canal-like markings on the planet Mars, which have since become the most discussed subject in astronomy. But long before this Schiaparelli had gained a reputation among his brother astronomers. He was born at Piedmont seventy-five years ago.

In a general statement for the Colonial Office in the British House of Commons the Under Secretary expressed the Government's 'great gratification' over the solution of the waterways and boundaries questions between Canada and 'her great neighbor, the United States,' adding that he thought it only right that formal acknowledgment should be made of the exceptional services rendered by Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador to Washington, in the negotiations.

A Cairo despatch says that in consequence of the strained feeling between the Moslems and Copts it has been decided to station detachments of British troops in the provinces. Tanta, Zagazig, Assiout and Guergeh are the centres mentioned. The former two are hotbeds of Moslem fanaticism, and the latter two towns are the headquarters of the Copts. In all four districts the state of affairs has of late given cause for great anxiety. In no case will it be necessary to detail a large force; a few companies, with one or two quick-firing guns, will suffice.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the fee demanded, and may be paid to Clarence A Knight, for legal services rendered in straightening out the estate of the late Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, the traction magnate. The master in chancery, Granville W. Browning, who was appointed as referee, declares that the fee is just. He not only gave it as his opinion that Knight was entitled to the full quarter-million, but that he well deserved it for honest and loyal work in recouping the dissipating properties following the street car man's death in 1905. Trustees and beneficiaries have been fighting through the courts for the various possessions left by Yerkes both in the United States and in England.

President Ira Remsen of Johns Hopkins University, as President of the Society of Chemical Industry, speaking at the annual meeting of the society held in Glasgow last month said that the forests of the United States were being rapidly destroyed. The manufacture of wood pulp had made cruel inroads on the forests. This drain was partly—perhaps largely—the result of a depraved state of mind on the part of the people, who seemed to delight in the masses of trash served up in the form of the daily newspaper, and especially the Sunday newspaper. This depraved state of mind was so closely connected with the forest problem that honesty compelled him to mention it. There were many newspapers—even Sunday newspapers—in the United States which exerted a wholesome influence, but besides these there were others, and they were the loudest, which tended only to lower the mental and moral conditions of their readers, and the point was that these were the largest in size and circulation.

The United States Ambassador to Italy has called the attention of the Premier and Foreign Office to the attacks made upon Baptist missionaries by mobs in the Province of Avellino, and the critical situation developed thereby.

Diamonds valued at \$400,000 were smuggled recently from Luderitz Bay, in the German province of Southwest Africa. The first reports were that the smugglers were aboard a German liner, but now there are suspicions that the diamonds will be carried to New York.

The ancient city of Tarsus, in Asia Minor, where the Apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus River. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use. It is proposed to extend the lighting system to Adana and Mersine.

A race war is at present being waged between groups of Polish and Ruthenian students in the University of Lemberg, Austria-Hungary. It has been held in bounds for some time by the university authorities, but broke out with great violence on July 1st, when firearms and other missiles were used, many students being badly injured.

The miners strike in the Westmoreland coal district, Pennsylvania, has so far resulted in several deaths, the use of dynamite, many arrests, and much violent disorder. The latest outrage occurred at Export, when the homes of two foreign miners were damaged by dynamite, resulting in the injury of a one-year-old child, which was hurled from its crib across a room, against a wall. The miners whose homes were wrecked are said to have remained at work while their former fellow workmen were out on strike.

The Emperor William of Germany is said by a leading Berlin newspaper to favor opening all trades and professions to women and in fitting them educationally by every means to earn a living, generally elevating them intellectually. He would gradually open all universities to them. His views on women sharing in politics, however, are less advanced. He doubts that women are qualified to exercise the franchise and he views with special dislike and suspicion the suffragette movement in England and America and the tactics adopted to promote it.

A great strike of cloakmakers in New York has been agitating that city, over 70,000 cutters and operators having walked out of over 1300 factories in one day. The strike took the manufacturers by surprise. They expected at least twelve hours' notice, but received no notice at all. The workers were ordered to wrap up their working tools and leave their factories at 2 o'clock sharp in an orderly manner. They were directed not to engage in conversation with their employers, or with fellow members, but to go to strike headquarters established in various parts of the city quietly and without participating in any argument. The strikers demand recognition of the union; forty-eight hours a week; Saturdays, half holiday; overtime work not more than two and one-half hours during eight months. No overtime work unless men are employed to the full capacity of the factory. Overtime double pay; no sub-contracting in any factory; electric power and appliances for sewing machines to be installed and maintained free of charge. Scale of wages (minimum) as follows: Cutters, \$26 a week; sample tailors, \$24; jacket pressers, \$22; skirt pressers, \$20; jacket under pressers, \$18; skirt under pressers, \$14. Operators' or tailors' piecework on the basis of 75 cents an hour; weekworkers to be paid for all legal holidays; and employers to be responsible for the wages of hired men by outside contractors.

The revenues of Newfoundland for the last fiscal year aggregated \$3,500,000 and the expenditures about \$3,000,000. The surplus of nearly \$500,000 is more than double that of any previous year.

In conformity with the suggestion of the United States, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic, 4,000 troops mobilized along the Ecuador frontier to assert the rights of Peru in the dispute between that country and Ecuador have been mustered out of service.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania has been very ill with appendicitis, but is now, it is hoped, out of danger. Elizabeth was crowned Queen in 1881, the same year in which Roumania became a kingdom. Subsequently she became known as a writer of poems, novellettes, dramatic sketches, and fairy stories, and adopted the pen name of 'Carmen Sylva.'

The 'Mainz,' bearing Prince Henry of Prussia, and the entire complement of the Zepelin party to arrange preliminaries for the North Polar balloon expedition, sailed for Spitzbergen from Kiel, Germany, on Saturday. Several scientists who will study conditions in the Far North with a view to determining whether the project is practicable are included in the company.

Lord Curzon, following Lord Roberts at the recent National Service League meeting in London, said that universal military training was needed to turn the listless denizen of the town into a man. There was the loafer of the club, the racecourse, and the playground as much as there was the loafer of the streets and slums, and the great merit of the movement would be that it would take the loafers of every class and give them the sort of discipline they required.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the famous novelist, and Sir William Crookes have received the Order of Merit by order of King George V. Sir William is best known to casual readers through his invention of the tubes used in electric lighting, which bear his name. He is one of the greatest living authorities on radio-activity. He is also a past master in metallurgy, an authority in industrial chemistry and perhaps the greatest living authority on sanitation. He is 78 years old.

There has been more or less excitement in Spain during the month over the struggle between the Vatican and Government on the religious toleration policy of the latter, many demonstrations having taken place in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Valencia and Salamanca, in support of Premier Canalejas. All shades of Liberals as well as Republicans and Socialists and even some Conservatives support the Prime Minister, who is probably justified in claiming that a great majority of the Spaniards are on his side. The Conservatives are not opposing the Government's policy with any energy, although they are maintaining the appearance of hostility for party purposes.

A regular war both in the United States and Canada has been declared against public exhibitions by moving pictures of the fight between the pugilists Jeffries, white, and Johnson, colored. The Governors of three States positively bar the pictures—Maine, Iowa and Maryland, and Governors of six other States promise to co-operate. From reports received in New York it appears that not only are the pictures sure to be suppressed in the leading cities and States, but that the knell was about to be sounded for the prize fighting game in the United States. Not only are the authorities of all the principal cities aroused, but millions of members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Baptist Young People's Union, and scores of minor organizations, are lined up to fight against the showing of these degrading pictures.



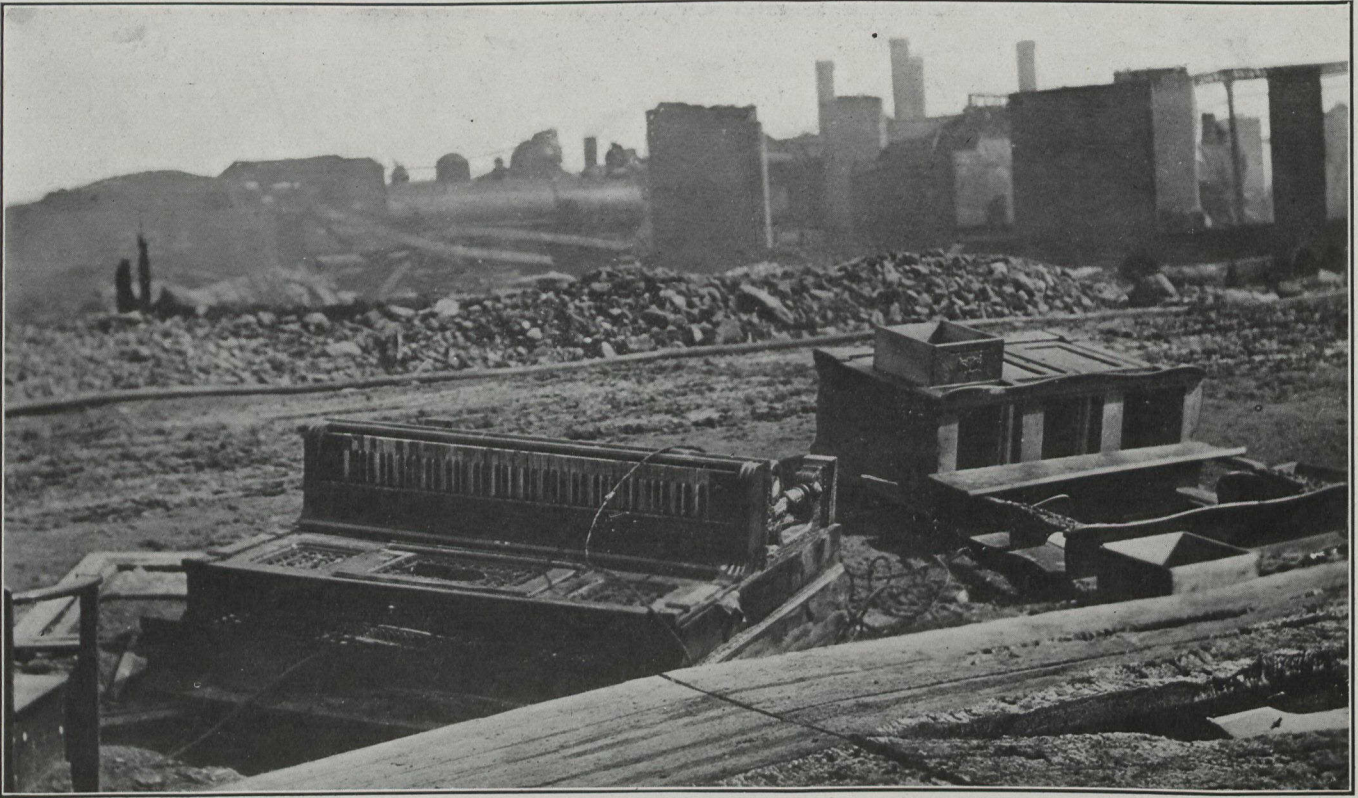


**Off to the Arctic** Captain Bernier sailed from Quebec on July 7th, in command of the Canadian government steamer "Arctic," on a two year's cruise in Arctic waters. He was accompanied by Mr. Fabien Vanasse, whose official position is described as census enumerator for the Arctic regions.



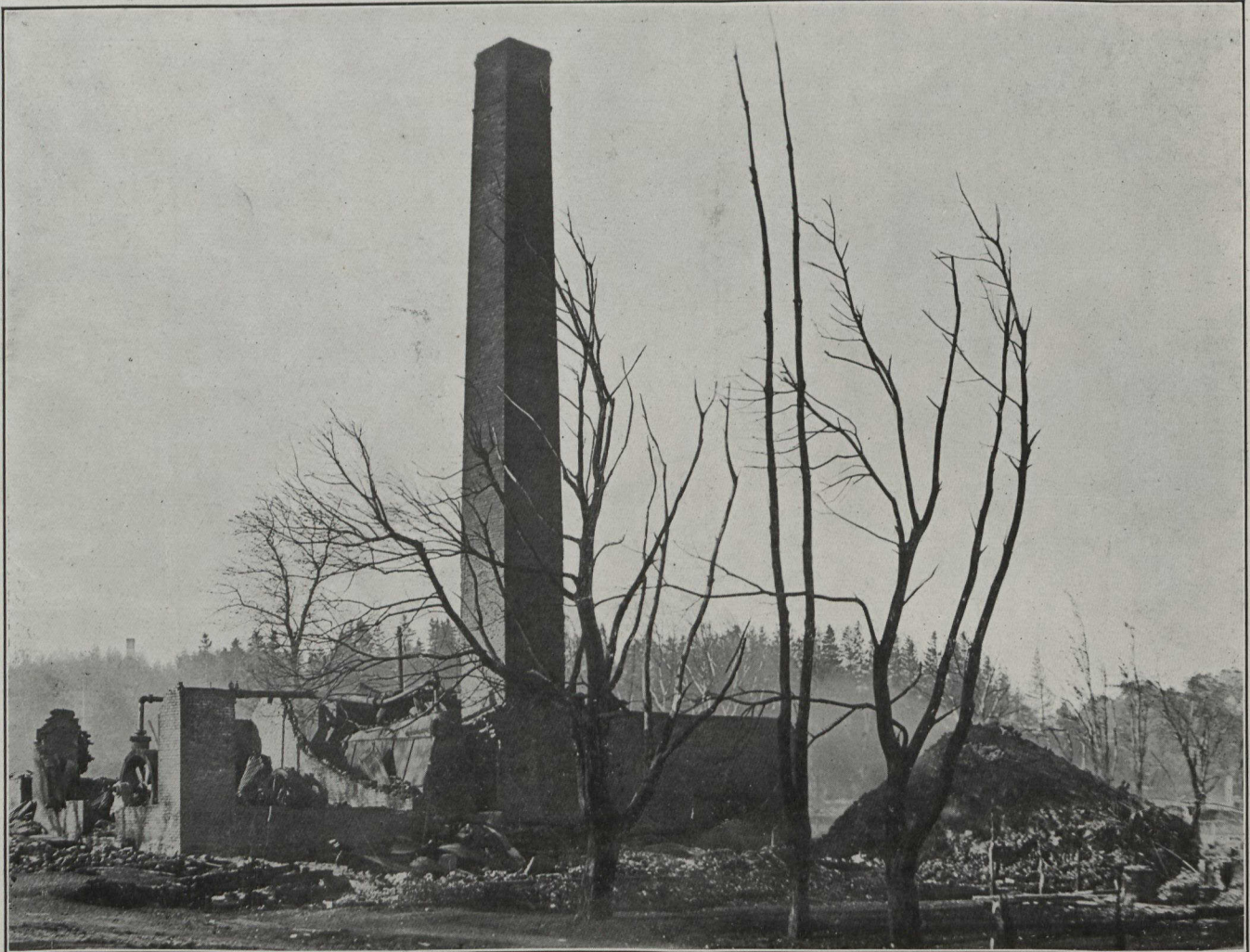
**The Good Ship "Arctic"** This is the steamer in which Captain Bernier has sailed for the north. The crew numbers thirty-eight, and twenty of these men were with Bernier's former expedition. Before sailing, Captain Bernier said that his equipment is the best and most modern in every respect that has crossed the Arctic circle. His ship, perhaps, is the stanchest ever built for navigating ice laden, polar seas. It was built in Germany in 1901 and carried the Antarctic expedition of 1902-3. It was then known as the "Gaus," and was purchased for the Canadian Government by Captain Bernier in 1904 from the government of Germany. The walls of the hull are of massive layers of oak, so that she stands enormous ice pressure. In all her experiences in the North, she never has met with a mishap of any kind. The expedition carries no dogs or other beasts of burden, excepting one Newfoundland and one St. Bernard dog belonging to officers of the ship. The sledges are all to be drawn by hand.





### Canadian Town Fire-Swept

On the morning of July 12th, Campbellton, a thriving New Brunswick town of four thousand inhabitants, was wiped out by a fire which burned even the Intercolonial Railway ties for a distance of four miles. Not more than six or seven buildings were left standing when the fire burned itself out. It commenced in the cook-house of a large lumber mill and spread from the lumber piles to the railway buildings, and then swept the town. The wind which accompanied the fire was one of the fiercest on record. This picture shows some of the destroyed railway property. The piano and sideboard in the foreground were burned in the street, after being removed from a burning home.



### The Desolated Town

This view shows the ruins of the Town Hall and the Electric Light Station. The insurance totalled \$1,300,000, and the loss is estimated at at least double that. There is much hopefulness among the citizens, and the rebuilding of the town has already begun.





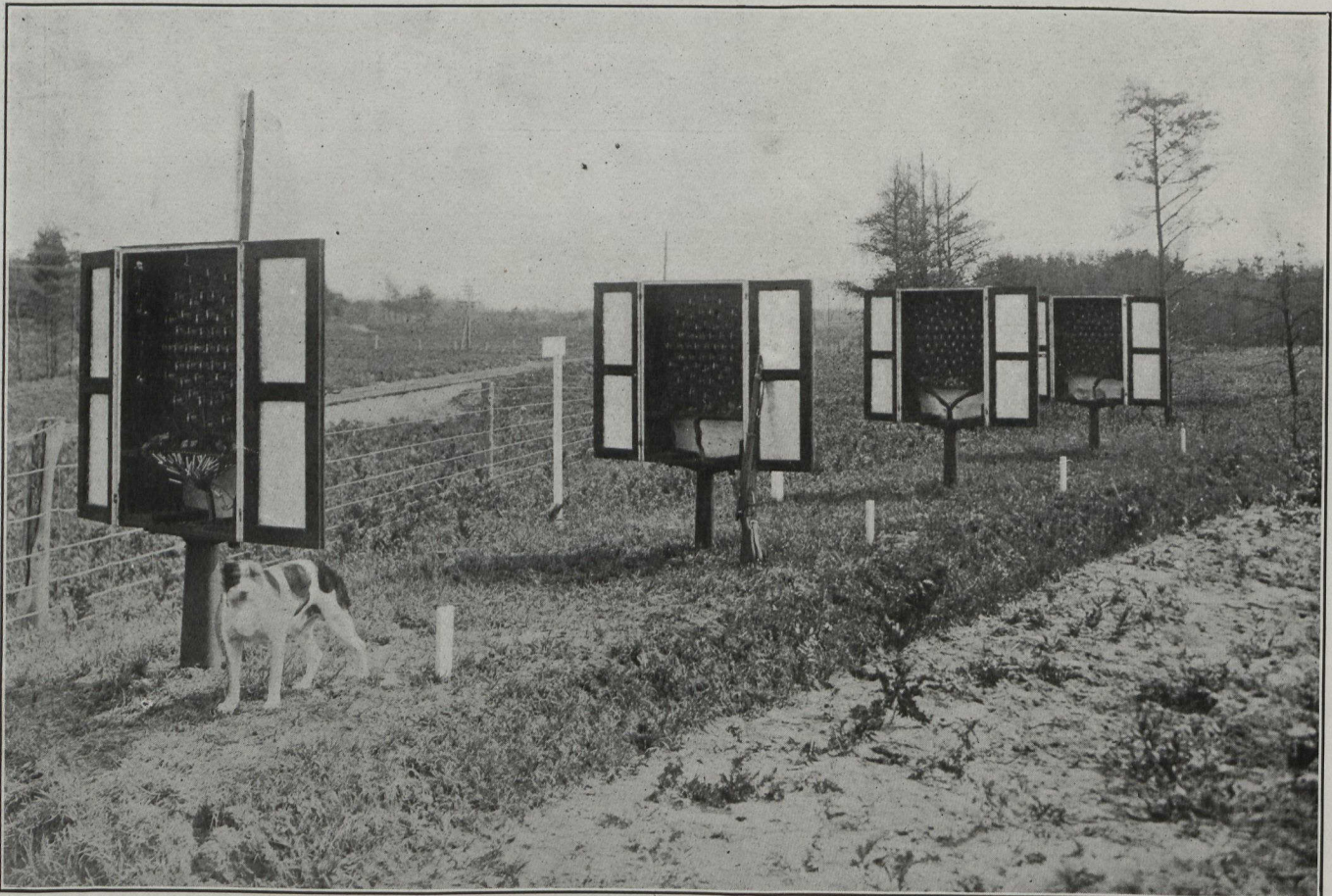
**Studying Technical Education** The members of the National Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education have started on their travels. They are in the Maritime Provinces. In September they will be in Toronto. They will tour Western Canada towards the end of this year, and after "doing" the United States they will go to Great Britain and the continent in August, 1911.

The above group consists of: First row, left to right.—Rev. Prof. Bryce, Dr. J. W. Robertson, Hon. L. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labor; Mr. John M. Armstrong, Mr. Gaspard De Serres. Second row.—Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labor; Mr. Thos. Bengough, Secretary; Messrs. G. M. Murray, David Forsythe, Jas. Simpson, A. Horton, Stenographer; and Gerald H. Brown, Assistant Deputy Minister of Labor.





**At Camp Petawawa** The Peters target, which is installed at Petawawa, Ontario, is an invention of the late Lt.-Col. Peters. This target is designed to do away with markers. It is of delicate construction and the telegraphic system is utilized. The target was first installed at Long Branch, Ont., where the butts of the Toronto regiments are located. It was proven satisfactory, and some years ago Col. Peters demonstrated the target at the Dominion Rifle Association Meet at Ottawa.



**At Camp Petawawa** Each of the cases is a Peters target register corresponding to one of the targets, and is connected with it by a number of wires. When a bullet strikes the target it releases a plug just behind the spot struck. This plug forms a circuit, and a hammer inside the register drops, forming another connection. On a small target beside the competitor, the position of the bullet just fired is shown.





**The Premier's Western Tour**

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is now in the West on a tour which is declared to be no indication of the approach of a general election. The picture shows the Premier and Lady Laurier prior to departure from Ottawa.



**A Frank Opinion**

These are both Ontario dogs as may be suspected from the fashion in which they are adorned. The big dog is whispering into the ear of his friend exactly what he thinks of the men who framed the muzzling ordinance. His views seem to meet with the other fellow's cordial approval.

—Boyd, photo





The Pet of the Beach



Paddling in the Surf of one of Canada's Great Lakes



A Sun Bath on the Sands

—Boyd, photo



# Summer on Lake Huron



## The Fisherman's Harvest

Raising a net that had been set for the fish that are so plentiful in Canada's great fresh-water seas. The value of the fisheries of Ontario, last year, was placed at \$2,100,078. Over three thousand men were employed at the fisheries of that province.



## Catching Bait

Chippewa Indian guides on Lake Huron after minnows for bait for the fishing excursions of the thousands who go up there for a brief summer holiday. They make more money by acting as guides for tourists than by working at the fisheries themselves.





### Their Majesties Drive Out

The King and Queen with their fourth son, Prince George, leaving Buckingham Palace. His Majesty is wearing the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, having just inspected the regiment.  
—Copyright, Central News



### A Statesman and His Grandchildren

This is a happy snapshot of Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, with his daughter, Lady Lewisham, and her two children. His Lordship was Governor of New South Wales from 1885 to 1890. He owns 23,000 acres.  
—Copyright, Central News





### Another Scientific Wonder

The first "telenote" was received at the London General Post Office, the other day, when a group of officials watched the "human letter writer" at work on the following message: "From what I have seen and heard, I think and speak amazedly, and it becomes my marvel. Knowledge is the gift of God, and the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." The message was in the handwriting of the Lady Mayoress and addressed to Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General, from the Walbrook Telewriter Exchange, which is half a mile from the General Post Office. Lady Knill was extremely enthusiastic over the marvellous machine, and insisted on being the first to use it. The Exchange was officially opened by the Lord Mayor. He "telewrote" a message of congratulation to the Postmaster-General, who replied that he would watch with interest the development of this latest system of electrical communication. It requires no special knowledge to use the telewriter, the process being perfectly simple. All that is necessary is to write with a pencil on a roll of ordinary paper, and a sketch of the message is instantaneously reproduced in fac-simile at the exchange required. Sir Richard and Lady Knill are shown in the picture.

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### A Famous Team of Greys

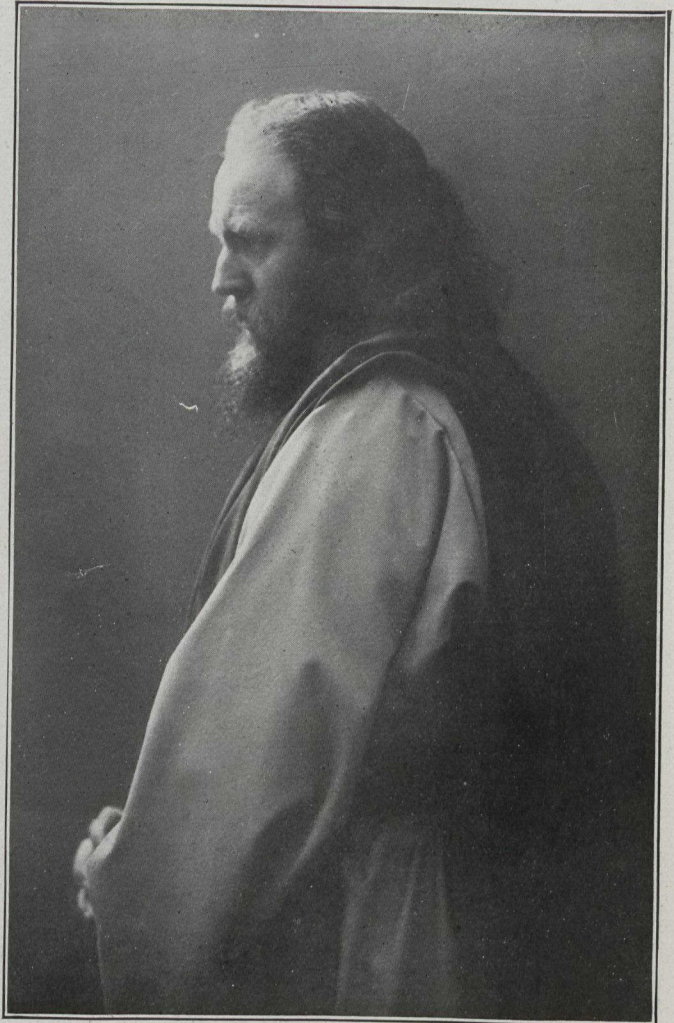
Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, the millionaire, won the cup for the coaching Marathon at the Richmond Horse Show, one of the fashionable English events, last month. Mr. Vanderbilt is driving.

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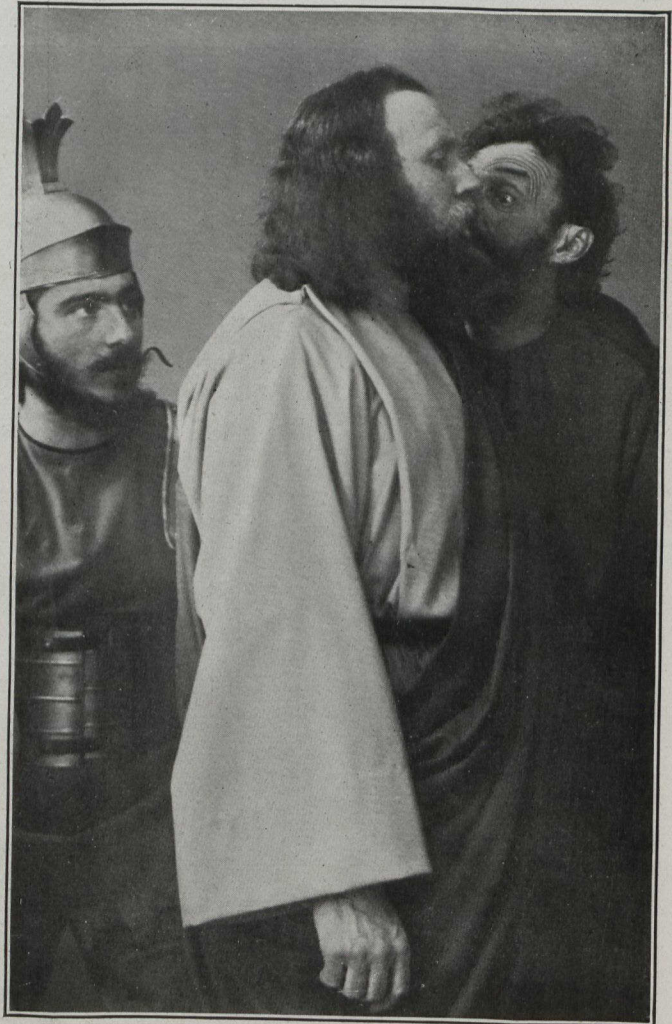
The Passion Play—Mary



Anton Lang as Jesus



The Passion Play—Jesus and Mary



The Betrayal

The villagers of Ober-Ammergau are again this summer producing the Biblical drama which has become known as "The Passion Play." They are not professional actors and actresses, but homely Bavarian peasants whose work is characterized by marvellously earnest simplicity and impressive reverence. The performance begins at eight o'clock in the morning and lasts until four in the afternoon, in an open-air theatre which seats four thousand. The spectators consist of tourists from all over the world.





The Passion Play—Jesus on the way to Jerusalem

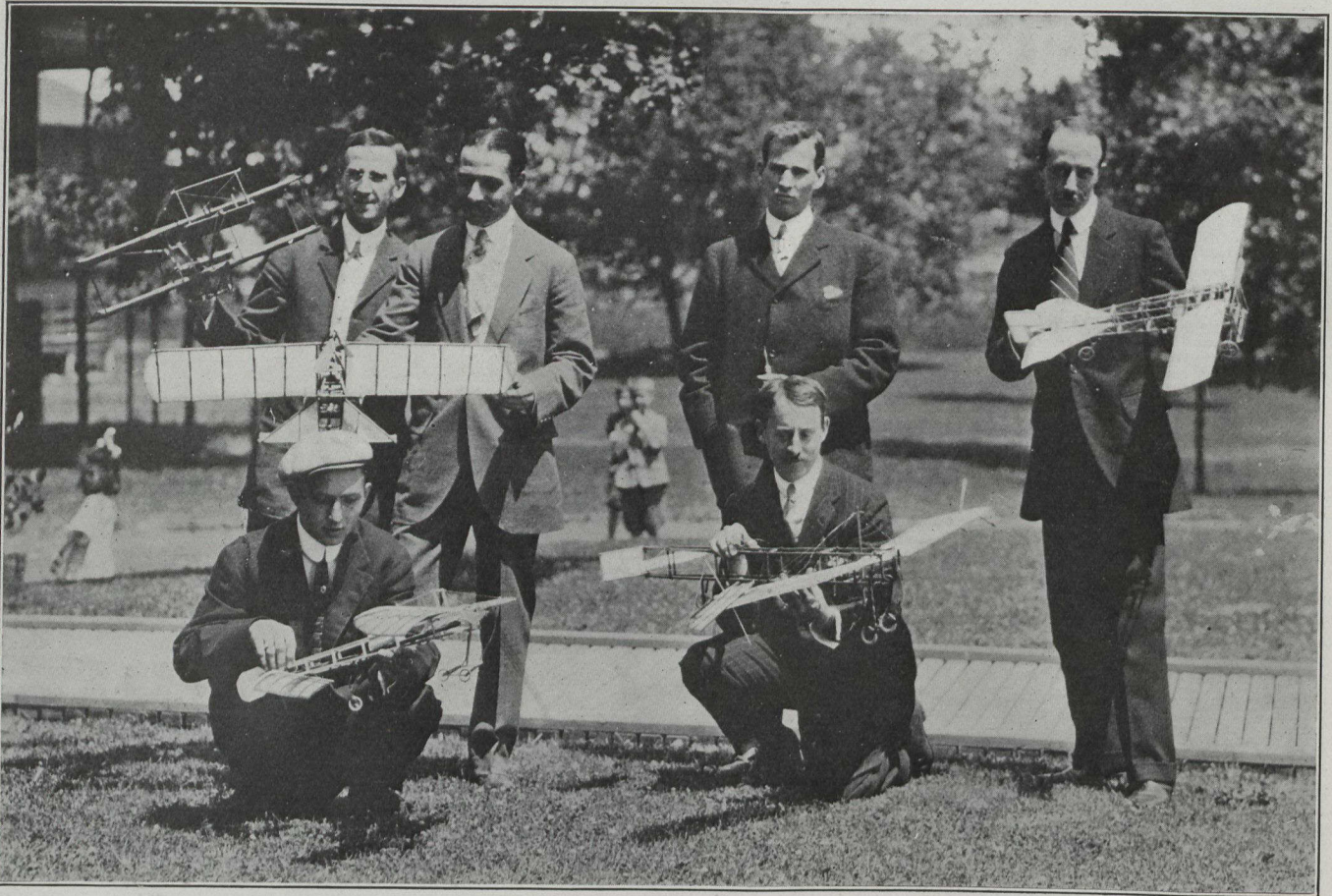


The Passion Play—The Priests and Pharisees



The Passion Play—Jesus before Pilate





### The "Witness" Aeroplane Models

During the Aviation Meet in Montreal last month, the "Witness" conducted a very successful competition for models of aeroplanes made by Canadian boys and young men under twenty-one. The judges were the famous aviators at the meet, and prizes aggregating \$165.00 were awarded. The picture shows the judges on the lawn of the Chateau St. Louis, Valois. This group includes the Count Jacques de Lesseps, Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, the Count Bertrand de Lesseps, and Prof. McKergow, standing, and, kneeling in front, Mr. G. G. Hubbard and Mr. Walter Brookins. The Count Jacques de Lesseps, the first figure on the right, standing, is holding the first prize model.



### Canadian Oarsmen in England

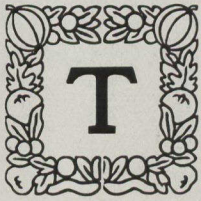
Winnipeg sent a crew to the famous Henley regatta this year and they succeeded in carrying off the Stewards' Challenge Cup, easily defeating their German opponents, the Mainzer crew of Mayence. The picture shows the Winnipegers leading at the finish of the race.

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# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## The Suffrage in England



THE National Council of Women of Canada, at its annual meeting in Halifax, in July, placed itself on record as in favor of the enfranchisement of women. Canadian women on the whole, however, have not as yet taken any very active steps towards securing the Parliamentary franchise for themselves. But they have watched eagerly—with sympathy or without, according to their own proclivities or convictions—the struggles of their sister women in the Mother country, where at present the fate of the Conciliation Bill claims general attention. The Bill has been drafted by members of Parliament of all parties, and aims to steer a middle course by giving an instalment of the suffrage. It contains two clauses. By the first, the Parliamentary vote is to be conferred on every woman-householder being assessed at a rental of £10 or over per annum. The second clause provides against the disallowance of married women on the score of their marriage, but husband and wife will not be both qualified in respect of the same premises.

The bill is the culmination of forty years of constitutional agitation for a vote in the country's affairs. During that time some thirty-seven bills asking for votes for women have been brought before the Houses of Parliament, and thousands of petitions have been sent to the Government. In the last four years the Women's Social and Political Union (dubbed the Suffragettes), have pursued the policy of harassing the Government, which has drawn attention throughout the Empire to the question.

A Canadian woman in London, writing on July 7th, gives some interesting glimpses of the movement at the present stage of affairs. A notable meeting attended was held by the Women's Suffrage Societies to ask the Government to fix an early date for the second reading of the Conciliation Bill. "I found myself," writes the Canadian visitor, "in a large, brilliantly lighted hall, filled to the back of the second gallery. A score of pretty girls in white dresses were moving quietly about ushering late comers to their seats, and there was a life and stir that impressed one. Mrs. Millicent Fawcett (the wife of England's late blind Postmaster-General, who was assisted by his wife in his work) was speaking, and every point she made was answered by voices from different parts of the house. She was followed by the Earl of Lytton, Mr. MacLaren, M.P., and others, and each speech was punctuated by the same running fire of remarks, all showing an intimate knowledge of the subject and all very much to the point. There was a large sprinkling of men, and quite half of the remarks seemed to be from them. But it was all very far removed from the hysteria one had been led to expect.

"Pending the second reading of the Bill, myriads of meetings are being held, anywhere from twelve to twenty-six by actual count every day by the Women's Social and Political Union alone. Then the biggest demonstration of all is being planned for July 23—a procession which is aimed to make double the size of that of last month. In this, as before, all the suffrage societies are to be represented and women of all classes and conditions. The watchword of all the societies is 'The Bill must go through.' At a great meeting in St. James' Hall last week the feeling was described as 'tense.' Mrs. Pankhurst, however, begged the women to wait yet a little longer to see what the Government's decision might be, but at the same time assured them that they 'could count upon her not waiting too long.'

"At the aforementioned Queen's Hall meeting, Mrs. Fawcett, a woman not accused of extreme conduct, said they would never be content with a barren second reading debate and division—they meant that the bill should be carried into law this session.

"The Earl of Lytton followed Mrs. Fawcett and, in a vigorous speech, declared the Conciliation Committee of the House of Commons desired him to say that they did not accept the declaration of the Prime Minister as the last word on the question. Mr. Asquith's answer, he said, really meant that the Government had for so long fallen into the habit of trifling with the question that they were going to trifle with it a little longer. But, the Earl maintained, the tide behind this movement had for many years been rising with increasing force and had become of such magnitude that it was not going to be turned back by any Parliamentary manœuvre.

"Last Sunday afternoon, in Hyde Park, we came on two different suffrage gatherings—one was under the auspices of the Women's Social and Political Union. Miss Eva Dugdale was talking enthusiastically with the rain drenching her pretty dress and black picture hat. I asked a question or two of a girl standing near.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'I don't dislike Mr. Asquith. He is a square opponent. He has always been openly against us. It is men like John Burns who are fair to our faces and knife us when our backs are turned. I have heard him say in a meeting, when we asked a question: 'If that young creature belonged to me I would know what to do with her. I have had a woman for years, and I know how to manage them.'

"'Have you been in jail?' I asked. "Yes, but my mother does not know it. Mother was out of town at the time and I gave an assumed name.'

"'Was it very bad?' I asked. "She shrugged her shoulders indifferently, and her mind seemed to be somewhere else.

"'Will you tell me about the jail,' I asked.

"'Why the jail is nothing!' she looked almost impatient. 'Nothing to playing

Asquith's goat and interrupting a meeting.' "What!"

"'Oh, that is just our slang,' with a little deprecating smile. 'Playing Asquith's goat is dressing up in evening dress and asking a question at a dinner party.' The little smile fled and her face grew pitiful and almost tragic.

"'Have you done that?' I asked as if of a child who had been caught stealing jam.

"'Yes,' she almost whispered, 'and I would rather go to jail!'

"That was in one part of the park. Near the Marble Arch was gathered another group under the auspices of the Men's League for Woman Suffrage. Here a girl in a modish black frock, broad black hat, and long black gloves, with a gold bracelet on her left wrist, was talking in easy, reasoning, conversational style to a large crowd of men, among whom were sprinkled a dozen or so women. Her complexion was creamy, her cheeks glowing with health, and her black eyes danced and snapped alternately. Only one man was rude. We could not hear what he said, but we could hear her reply, 'If you will put your question properly, sir, it will be answered; but we will not be bullied.' A dozen men, many of them with rough clothes and unpolished boots, said 'Hear, hear,' in a most approving fashion. One man with a faded cap and boots that had long forgot what blacking looked like, spoke low to his fellow:

"'Can you see, Bill, why they won't let the likes of her have a vote? Of course I wouldn't let a silly woman 'ave it, but her!'

"As the girl ended and bowed and smiled her thanks, a man stepped forward and gave her his hand to help her down the four or five narrow steps of the two-foot square platform. She shook hands with half-a-dozen others who pressed forward, stood a moment, then turned swiftly and disappeared in the crowd. The next instant she was speeding along over the wet grass to another group.

"What are the prospects should the bill fail to pass? 'For forty years,' said one of the lecturers, Miss Eva Myers, addressing a crowd in Hyde Park, 'our workers had been constitutional and quite ladylike. Would the question have been the live issue it is to-day but for our measures? What did you men do forty years ago when you were refused the suffrage for a mere accident of birth, for which you were in no way responsible? And are you the men to blame us if we, before long, follow the same tactics? Remember! We are going to have it!'

"In the meantime the headquarters of the W.S.P.U. at Clement's Inn is buzzing like a hive of bees before the swarming. It is a very quiet kind of buzz, but, as Carlyle would say, it is 'significant of much.'

Since this London letter was received, the Bill has passed its second reading and been referred to a Committee of the whole, which shelves it for this session at least.



Miss Christabel Pankhurst, LL. B.  
Organizing Secretary  
Women's Social and Political  
Union.

Mrs. Fawcett  
President of the  
National Union of Women  
Suffrage Societies.

Lady Frances Balfour  
A sister of the Duke of  
Argyll, and a  
prominent suffragist.

Mrs. Pankhurst  
President of the  
Women's Social and  
Political Union.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence  
National Treasurer  
W.S.P.U.; Joint Editor of  
"Votes for Women."





### Canadian Products

The strawberry season, though shorter than usual this year on account of the dry weather, was far from being unprofitable. Prices, generally speaking, were considerably above the average. Is that why the farmer's daughters are looking so pleased?



**"Iris"** In Greek mythology, Iris was originally the personification of the rainbow, and is usually represented as a beautiful virgin with wings and a variegated dress, with a rainbow above her, or a cloud on her head representing all the colors of the rainbow. In Botany, Iris is a natural order of herbs consisting of about 800 species, but the iris as generally found in Canada in wet places is commonly called the blue flag.

—Boyd, photo



# The Toilet and the Baby

**T**HE next best thing to feeling cool in summer is looking cool. There is such a condition as not looking nearly as hot as one feels. Some women are so blest in complexion and constitution that they never appear flushed and heated, but most of us are apt to show the

effects of the heat, although we can overcome the tendency to a goodly degree. If the face persists in looking oily in hot weather, it is not sufficient to put on powder, and it is not advisable to rub in enough of it to fill the pores, as some girls do in their effort to counteract perspiration. Steaming the face occasionally is helpful, as it gets rid of superfluous moisture, and also of dust collected in the pores of the skin. The steaming is easily accomplished. Set a basin of hot water over your spirit lamp, cover your head with a bath towel large enough to enclose the basin, and hold the face in the steam, but not too close to the heat. In a few minutes the perspiration will pour down the face, carrying with it all impurities from the skin. If you have not a safe spirit lamp or heater, you can accomplish the steaming sufficiently by holding the face over the wash basin almost filled with boiling water, and using a thicker covering than a towel. When the water has cooled, rinse off the face, and pat dry with a soft towel, then rub in a little good cold cream and go to bed. Next morning bathe the face in tepid water, with a few drops of milk of roses—that is, benzoin and rose water—added to close the pores, dry, and apply a thin coating of pure face powder, to take off the "shine." The steaming should not be done oftener than twice a week, and never just before going out. It is better to do it at night, or at all events when one can rest in one's room a couple of hours afterwards.

During the summer it is advisable to use warm or tepid water, rather than cold, on the face, and by all means soft water if it can be had. A tiny bit of borax in the water will soften it, and also help to reduce the oily tendency, but be careful not to use enough to unduly dry the skin. At no time of the year, but especially not during the summer, when dust and dirt are in the air and settle in the pores of the moist skin, should one go to bed without thoroughly washing the face. Use a complexion brush or a face cloth, plenty of your favorite soap, and a bountiful supply of rinsing water. Do not be lavish with the cold cream, but rub in a little, particularly if you have been out in the sun and air much of the day.

It is by means of the skin that the temperature of the body is regulated naturally, consequently one must keep the skin in good working condition. The glands are more active in the heat of summer, consequently it is absolutely necessary to remove the oily secretions frequently. To this end nothing suffices short of scrubbing with soap and warm water. The tepid or cold morning bath is refreshing, but is not enough to really cleanse the skin more than superficially, so a warm evening wash should be indulged in several times a week through the hot weather. Delightful for use in the summer bath are little toilet bags made up of oatmeal or bran, mixed with shaved white Castile soap, a few grains of pure borax, and powdered orris root to perfume. Make the bags of cheese-cloth, about twice the size of one's thumb, and keep a box full of them in the bathroom.

Wet one of the bags and rub it all over the skin, like a piece of soap, then rinse off, and a delightfully freshened sensation follows. A certain amount of perspiration is essential to the healthy skin, but when the perspiration is carried to excess it is very disagreeable, and does more than any other one thing to make one look and feel uncomfortable. Often a weakened condition of health is the cause of too profuse perspiration. For surface treatment of the skin, rubbing with alcohol diluted with cold water is helpful. Add a few drops of eau de Cologne or any toilet water preferred, and rub the spirits over the body with the hands, after the morning bath. It will evaporate partially while you are rubbing. Then finish drying with a towel, and dust the skin with powder just as a nurse powders baby after its bath. The person who perspires very freely should change the garments next her skin every day. This suggests big laundry bills, but, as a matter of fact, the little cotton undervests and the stockings are so easily washed that they can be done in a few minutes at home. When dress shields must be worn, they should be exposed to the sun and air for hours after being used each time. If by frequent local washings, powder, etc., one can get along without the shields, so much the better.

The one-piece dresses—skirt, waist, and belt attached—are a decided advantage over the blouse and skirt with separate belt, in the way of keeping cool, as the one-piece garment can be looser at the waist-line than a costume that depends for trimness on the snug adjustment of the belt. For the same reason, the princess slip, instead of separate petticoat and corset cover, is a good choice in the hot weather. The easier the clothing, the less will one feel the heat, and the cooler one will look, but one must not confuse ease of attire with carelessness. A trim, neat appearance goes a long way in keeping cool looking. One cannot be too fastidious in the matter of neckwear. The comfortable Dutch or flat collar of embroidered muslin or sheer linen is easily crumpled, and needs to be frequently renewed. Stock collars, even those of thin materials, are great "generators" of heat, being boned closely against the neck, to the exclusion of air.

A simple way of doing the hair recommends itself in the hot summer weather. Puffs, "rats," and artificial braids do uncalculated injury to the natural hair—not to mention the discomfort—by overheating the scalp. If an aid to the hair-dressing is needed, a wire roll serves the same purpose as the "rat," and, besides acting as a support to the coiffure, allows the air to circulate through.

## Keeping the Child Cool

Life is not all happiness for the little children in the intensely hot days of August, even in the country, where they can be out of doors all day long. Many infants and older children suffer especially from prickly heat, which is not of much consequence in itself, but causes the little victim a good deal of worry. Dusting the parts affected with talcum or "baby" powder gives relief in most cases. Sift the powder from the box over the reddened skin, and gently rub it even with the fingers. Little girls often have this sort of rash on their necks from the heat caused by their hair. On hot days, it is a good plan to fasten the small girl's locks up on her head, so as to leave the little neck uncovered to the

air. Brush the hair up to the crown of her head and coil it in a loose knot held with a bone hairpin, or tied with a bow of ribbon. If the hair is quite long it can be braided in two braids, brought up and tied on top of the head. The silky hair does not look as pretty this way as loose in curls, but the child will be much more comfortable during the hottest hours of the day.

The small child, boy or girl, should never be allowed to go bareheaded in the sun. Lingerie hats are preferable to straw; they are lighter, and will stand the daily wear and tear better. White pique hats are very serviceable for general wear, and are inexpensive and easily made. The brim is made double, with the ridged side of the pique out on both upper and lower surface, and the crown is simply a round piece buttoned on to the brim. The edge of the latter can be finished with shallow scallops, or left plain. The laundering of the hat is a matter of minutes. Many mothers now keep their tiny girls as well as the boys in rompers during the play hours of the day, and the custom is certainly a sensible one. The new romper models are cut out round at the throat, leaving the neck free.

One of the greatest aids to the comfort of the child in hot weather is the sponge bath in water that is about blood heat. This is better than a "tubbing" in cold water, and is also more cooling in reality. Before putting the child to bed at the close of a hot day, one of these lukewarm sponge baths will be very soothing, and will often enable the child to go peacefully to sleep even though the night is uncomfortably warm. The irritation of mosquito bites and insect stings can be allayed by rubbing with ammonia much diluted with water, or if that is too strong for the tender skin, try touching the spots with moistened bicarbonate of soda, or, in the case of babies, with boracic acid dissolved in water.

While the child may safely be allowed to drink all the water his system calls for, he should not be given iced water, as the intense cold introduced into the stomach is apt to derange that organ, which is easily upset in hot weather. Fruit cannot do the child any injury, provided it is in perfect condition. Over-ripe fruit is almost as bad as fruit that is not ripe enough, as, in the former condition, the microbes that lie in wait are apt to get in their work.



## Summery Frocks

There is little change in the frocks and suits for the little tots, from one year to another, but while cut and materials remain much the same, there is a chance for a little variety in shaping the yoke round, square, or with points, in new designs for the embroidery, etc. On the little one just out of babyhood, even more than on the older children, the quality of material should be considered of more importance than trimmings. A much-trimmed frock looks quite out of place. A little hand-embroidery, if one has the time for it or can afford to pay for having it done, is charming, a light vine pattern, with small single blossoms here and there, or something of the kind, being much more appropriate than an elaborate design. A cool, dainty little frock for special occasions is of organdie or batiste, with rows of Valenciennes insertion set in by hand. Fine soft nainsook makes serviceable little dresses, finished with hem-stitching or any fancy stitchery that is easily and quickly done.

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R. F. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

### Does not Color the Hair

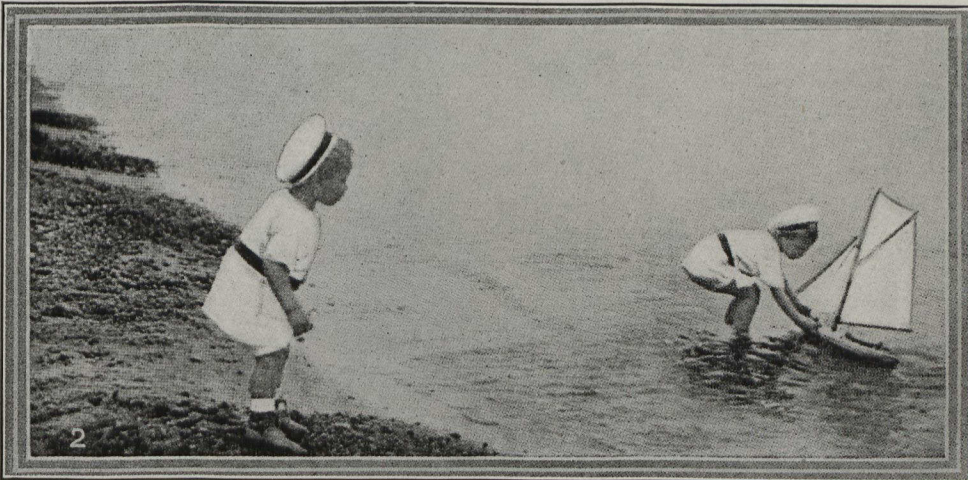
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# Lord Leyborne's Wager

A Complete Story

by GRENVILLE HAMMERTON

(Published by special arrangement)



OW, you'll understand that my Lord Leyborne was an arrogant man, and stormy of temper withal, so that my heart was a thought heavy as I walked up the old flagstones from the sundial to the bolt-studded outer door of Leyborne Hall. And yet, thinking of what awaited me behind that door, I took a hold upon my courage with a fine grace, and asked for Damaris with a voice that I e'en thought as steady as rock. Of a sudden Damaris ran to me with a great rustling of silken skirts and a pretty boldness that did not hide her shyness, and I caught her in my arms with a vast and growing content, first, believe me, assuring myself that old Roger had discreetly withdrawn. A model of discretion, Roger, a man whom I could trust; one who had, ere this, delivered many an ill-worded message, ill-worded in that I was never a great hand with the pen, finding three feet of good Sheffield steel more to the liking of my fingers.

"Sweetheart," said I huskily, for her radiant beauty was such as to take away my breath, and my head swam at the softness of her eyes, "sweetheart, I've come as I promised." Her fingers, that had been playing with the curls at the back of my neck, stopped of a sudden; her heart throbbing under my hand gave a great leap and then stopped dead. So I picked her up without more ado, and a precious burden she was, though no heavier than a feather, and kissed back the suddenly vanished color to her lips.

"Not—not to ask my father, Hilary?" She said it hesitatingly, one word dragging slowly after another, and her eyes fixed themselves on a trifle of lace that I wore about my neck; not that I had any great love for such prettings, but because I hold that all men should don their best to do honor to the woman they love.

"Aye, of a certainty, Damaris, sweet," I told her. "For that and naught else, Madame Hesitation and Doubt. Come, heart o' mine, a truce to cross question and crooked answer. We've played our game in secret for long enough—for too long; and now the time has come when the lord must know. He's not blind, my maid; he has eyes like any other man; and he does not think that I come to Leyborne to ask after his swine in the stackyard. Young birds must leave the nest, fairest of all, and a lusty lad hungers for a wife in this growing spring-tide. Aye, I come to ask his lordship for this little hand, no less," and I kissed her fingers one by one, and found them uncommon sweet of savor.

"For this hand," said I, "for these lips," and I kissed them again; "for this heart," and I crushed her to me until I felt her breath come fluttering, like the breath of a trapped bird.

"Hilary—no, stay—I—oh, you must wait. There is something must be told; oh, my poor—!"

So far had she gone on her difficult way when there broke in a harsh voice upon our love, a voice that set me blushing redly, like any village bumpkin. Yet, nevertheless, I did not release my hold of the maid; only I drew myself up and turned to meet the new-come.

"Ha, ha, a sweet mummery—a pretty farce," croaked my lord; and the sound of his laughter was mockery itself. "Beauty and the Beast for a wager. Ten to one in gold pieces I alter the complexion of this affair. Unhand my daughter, Master Broughton; unhand her swiftly. The rose parlor is quiet and sunny at this hour of the day, Damaris; it will soothe troubled pulses. Share its peace for a while." But I had a word to say here, and said it.

"What I have to tell, my lord," said I, with great respect, yet firmly withal, "touches Damaris closely."

"Well, sir, well, young cock-a-hoop, you have my attention. Nay, do not stand like a church steeple struck by lightning; ye had words enough but a moment past. Your business here, Master Broughton?"

Damaris had striven to break from me at first sound of her father's voice, but I had held her close. Now she wrenched herself away, and stood leaning, white and panting, against a suit of armor that had shone in the van at Crecy. With a ruddy flush from the stained glass of the upper window intensifying her beauty, she crouched there, seeming to hang on every word.

"But few words are needed, my lord. I came to entreat you for Damaris, to woo her as my wife. I've no ready

tongue, good my lord, but I love her and she loves me, and there's the long and short of it." It was as I said—mine is no ready tongue. There's more of the backward than the rapier about my play, I vow.

My lord gave a low, sneering laugh that set my fingers itching to be at his throat, and but for the small matters of his age and being Damaris's father, I had given him the *dor* therewith. Aye, I'd have rammed his own sword hilt down his throat for that laugh—but he was the man whom Damaris called father; and thus he might have flayed me inch by inch, and I not protested overmuch.

"I have other views for my daughter, Mistress Damaris, an it please you," said he. "My lad, our house boasts of some thirty-two quarterings; and the leopards of England are not a-missing from the shield. We have a goodly heritage here, see you." At that I flamed hotly, for it has ever seemed to me that love should take no account of broad acres or well-filled coffers, being a thing to itself and like no other thing on earth or in heaven.

"We Broughtons can show a quartering for every quartering shown by the Leybornes," said I, stung to retort. "Aye, and even the leopard quarter too. But for the small fact of an ungrateful king, my father had been my Lord Broughton himself, instead of plain Master Broughton; and but for other matters, on which we'll not touch here, so please you, our acres had been equal to thine, my lord."

"Aye, they might have been," he said, in sudden anger, for my shot had told. There were those who said that a Leyborne had smaller right to the broad acres lying about Great Leyford than had a Broughton; but that is a matter for the lawyers, and not for a plain, blunt swordsman such as I. "They might have been," said he again. "But I'll have my say now, my lad, and if you interfere with that glib tongue again, by my soul! I'll call the lackeys and have ye ousted forthwith. Now, listen. You are a commoner—item one." He scored it off on the tip of one blunt finger with the haft of a riding switch, and I found but little to love in his coolness and contempt. "Further, you are a *poor* commoner—it is public repute. Your father died in poverty, with vast mortgages on his estates."

"A lie," said I hotly. "He was robbed by the lawyers, forsooth, but the mortgages were paid up, aye, every penny, though it cost him one half his holding. But what little remains is free and unencumbered, as I have deeds to prove."

My lord's face was swollen purple; he switched at his booted leg savagely. "I've seen the time," said he, "when you, big as you are, would never have dared to give me the lie thus. But I'll not quibble with a headstrong young fool. Item three: you're a common bully and pot-house fighter, ready enough to use your fists in a prize-ring; but as for the manners of a gentleman, it seems they're foreign to you." And I felt a sudden shame at his words; for indeed, I had done much as he had said, save only that he had not got the matter rightly.

But Damaris was watching, and I felt the need upon me to put matters right. "Touching on the thing you speak of," said I, "you have but the half of it. True, I did strike a man with my bare hand, and true I did souse him in the horse-trough, and true I did help him from the village with the toe of my boot. But remember first that the lout had been preaching a grave treason against His Most Gracious Majesty King Charles, saying that he came of a doomed stock, and that a power would arise in the land that would drag him down from his high degree and lay him in the mud with the swine. And if you can stand that fashion of talk, my lord, and you a magistrate, I tell you right plainly that I cannot and will not, so long as there's blood in my body. But hear me yet a little further. This man spoke of another man, one Cromwell by name; a strong man, a brewer's son. A common hind, forsooth, yet this was the man whose heel should trample the sacred neck of our king. Whereat I bade the prater, who had Bible text for every word he said, and of words as glib as a flow as the Leyborne brook in spate, take a heed to his words, and say no more. Still he persevered, being undoubtedly mad; whereat I out sword and challenged him to fight the matter out with the cold steel, words being but slow shot, as it were. And he refused, saying that roysterers and hot-heads like me should be kept in their place. Therefore, I smote him on the

nose, he being a lusty man, and therefore I soused him in the trough to stop his bleeding, for he bled uncommonly; and therefore I kicked him from the village, for I'd seen many of our men listening to him openmouthed, and if such doctrines be allowed in Leyford, Heaven help Leyford, say I!" and then stopped mighty scant of breath.

"He was likely one of these Puritans we hear of, an ill-omened breed, wordy withal, but harmless," said my lord. "But enough. Ye've explained the pot-house brawl, maybe; ye've explained your own want of nobility; ye've accounted for your lands; but here's the keystone of the arch, my master. Mistress Damaris marries my Lord Bernard within a month if I know aught of a father's authority or of a maid's duty." And he tapped that point off on his thumb, as being a clincher.

And a clincher it was in good sooth. I heard, or thought I heard, a sobbing note of surprise from under the stained glass window, but I had no eyes to look. My mouth had fallen open like any gaby's; my eyes were staring like the eyes of a dead fish. And there I stood, all six and a half feet of me, like a collapsed sack. "She marries my Lord Bernard within a month," repeated Damaris's father. "Maids are apt to get unsettled in these parlous times; they dream foolish dreams, Master Broughton; better for them to have a husband's protection near at hand; it saves heartburn and the like. Now, there's need for no more. I'll bid ye good day; and, Damaris, I'd recommend the rose parlor again." But I took hold of myself at that.

"There's need for much more, my lord," said I, drawing myself up until I could see the round patch of scalp at the back of his lordship's head. "There's room for this: Lord Bernard's an old man, aye, and ill-favored withal. An old man, who drove his first wife into her grave by his villainy; who can break a woman's heart as surely as a wanton lad can break a bird's fragile wing. Rich, aye, I'll grant you that, my lord; but what of such riches? They're stained with blood and treachery; they're as evil as my lord himself. He's no mate for a young maiden such as Damaris; and I'll—I'll—"

I had no more words, for the thought of my love mated with that old rascal fetched such a lump into my throat, and such a hotness to my eyes, that I could only grope blindly for the edge of a table, and lean wearily thereon.

"Hard words," snapped my lord. "Hard words, and they'll break no bones. My Lord Bernard is a gentleman, and never yet have I known him to speak so bitterly of one Master Broughton, though perchance he hath good cause to hate him. For shame, Hilary Broughton, for shame!" But I felt no shame, only a great agony of soul.

"Bernard's lands and mine run together," said Lord Leyborne presently. "And we have many acres, Master Broughton. There are some who would say that a lad who came asking after a rich man's daughter had not so much the welfare of that maid at heart as his own strong box."

I gave him the lie again; for on my soul I'd taken never a thought that Damaris was an only child, and must in the ordinary course of things inherit all that wealth of land and stock. I loved the maid because she was just Damaris herself and none other.

"Well, words make poor weapons," said he. "I've said my say, and I'll lay ye ten to one in gold pieces, Master Broughton, that my Lord Bernard will keep a shrewd eye on his wife, knowing what he knows."

Then his reddish purple face seemed to lose much of its heaviness. He was a man who loved a wager as some men love wine; and the luck was ever with him, perchance that was why he loved a wager so well.

"A wager, on my oath!" swore he. "Hilary Broughton, no man shall say I turned any man from my door without giving him a chance. Here, then. Have ye got enough of your father's lands to bear a title?"

I stared at him, not understanding. Then slowly the truth soaked into my slow brain.

"Aye, my lord," said I. "In a small fashion, without much vain show, I might support a title." He slapped his thigh.

"A wager, then," roared he, with a mighty laugh. "Come to me a full-fledged knight within twenty-four hours of this, no more, and ye shall have the maiden. I'll stake my daughter against your chance of getting a title; and by the head of his Majesty himself, I'll hold true to my bargain. Nay, and I'll be generous. I'll ask no stakes from you. Come, lad, is't agreed? All to gain and naught to lose, that's your part."

"I take it, my lord," I cried, as his broad back was vanishing towards the buttery in search of a draught of ale, for talking always made him uncommon dry. "I'll take the wager. A knighthood and Damaris; no knighthood and—the darkness. Have it as ye will. I'm your man."

Cool as you please he took out his tablets and inscribed the wager thereon, read it over thoughtfully, and laughed grimly.

"It's seldom I bet save on a certainty," said he. "Twenty-four hours, lad, twenty-four hours."

And so vanished; and in one stride I'd gained my sweetheart's side, and lifted her to my lips.

"Call me not a fool and a braggart, heart," said I passionately. "It was my only chance. I'd rather lie dead in any ditch than see thee mated with that—that—never heed him. It's a forlorn hope, Damaris, but I'm young and strong, and greater miracles have been worked than this. And if I fail, beshrew me if I don't pull down Leyborne Hall stone by stone, and drag ye out into my arms, will he, will he."

But I knew as I made the boast that, failing, my world was dark. For Damaris was like all women, ready to submerge herself in a man's stronger will.

"Then if this foolish wager must be made, go at once," she sobbed. "Every second counts, Hilary; lose no time. And oh, God speed you, my love, God speed you! For I fear me much that my Lord Bernard will receive his reward." And she shuddered in my arms, as at the touch of some loathsome thing.

Whereupon I kissed away her tears, and strode out of Leyborne Hall, with as hopeless a quest before me as ever had seeker after the Holy Grail. Twenty-four hours before me to win a knighthood, and two hundred miles betwixt myself and the only man who could give such a knighthood. A pretty piece of work!

## II.

I went down the flagged path like a man in a dream; and as I opened the wicket gate, my horse whinnied its sympathy to me. I hove myself to saddle heavily, and felt the leathers creak at my weight; but there was never a protest from old Chevalier, despite my inches and girth. A true bred Yorkshire horse was he—I had him from near about Beverley—and game to carry me all fourteen stone of me at that, for I rode heavily in those days, being broad for my height; game to carry me, I say, from dawn till dusk, and never a halt by the way. Good old Chevalier!

I rode forward, for the edge of dark was drawing down; and after a matter of some four miles, Chevalier shied swiftly at something in the road. I being all unprepared was nigh unseated, but I recovered and reined in the stamping, frightened brute. There on the white dust lay outlined something black, and my heart sprang to my throat, for I thought it was a dying man. Howbeit I dismounted at once and knelt in the dust, Chevalier still snorting. And then I laughed; yes, in spite of my night-breaking heart, I laughed loudly. For it was naught but a black cloak I felt—empty.

As I stood fingering it, and admiring it for its softness and richness, I felt a great hunger seize upon me; and a twinkling light ahead drew me onward, still nursing the cloak.

It was a lonely moorland inn—one of many, and none too savory in its name. Rumor had it that Marston Dick had stopped there more than once, and that the keeper had not been above profiting by the nimble-fingered man's pickings. But it was the only house for miles, so I e'en make the best of a bad job, mounted Chevalier and rode forward once more. The night had settled as I threw my stiff leg over the leather and dismounted; and a churlish enough greeting I got for my pains. But the moorland mutton was toothsome, and the moorland ale was good; and I ate and drank with a mighty zest, for let poets speak as they will of the love-sickness of a man, I tell you here and now that I, who have loved as well as any man, have never yet known love-sickness put me from my victuals.

Presently: "I found a cloak lying on the road," said I to mine host. "Knowest aught of it?"

He fingered it, and I could see in his eye that he would have claimed it for his own, even as he would have claimed my very boots; and without undue ostentation I shifted the hilt of my sword handier to my grip. That seemed to give him thought.

"Ah've gotten it i' mind," said he, speaking the broad Northern tongue, "at yon traveller what happened past here a while ago, wore such a cloak. Happen it's his'n; happen it's nooan. Ah says nowt, norther one way nor t'other. But Ah've seen such a cloak, an' Ah ses what Ah ses."

It would be moon up about midnight I reckoned, but the road gleamed whitely underfoot, and there was no hazard in the going, for Chevalier was as sure of foot as a deer. To be sure, I rode with a tightened rein and a drawn blade, as we came upon the corpse road which I had seen the red coat disappear; and more than once I said I heard the heavy breathing of a horse and the harsh clank of steel, but naught happened for a while. Then, of a sudden, a dark form stood out against the darkness; a voice challenged, and I set spurs hard, lifted my sword and drove like a madman for that darkness. It was something that suited my mood, and I felt the shattering crash of the charge as Chevalier's broad breast dashed into a mounted figure. A heavy wheel-lock whirred, but before the charge could explode I had struck upwards with my sword; there was the sound of a fall. I slashed once and rode on, not caring for aught, save that the fighting blood in me

(Continued on page 27)



# The Housekeeper's Page



**I**T is a wise housewife who studies to save herself all she can while the mercury is ranging in the upper part of the thermometer. The cooking, for example, can be cut down by half of what is done during the winter months, and everybody will be the better for the difference. Hot bread, pastries, fried foods, elaborate desserts, can all be dispensed with. The ripe fruits now in season may help out all three meals of the day, and the materials for simple, palatable salads are at hand in the summer vegetables. Meat is a heat-producing food, and should be but sparingly eaten during the hot months. Good bread and butter are much to be preferred to rich short cakes and the like. The housewife by studying to serve simple wholesome meals will benefit the health of the family, and save her own energy and strength at the same time.

Another branch of the housekeeping in which labor may be saved is the arrangement of the rooms. Keeping things dusted, when the windows are open, day and night, and the earth is dry outside, is a large order in itself, therefore it is wisdom and hygiene to have as few "things" as may be around to catch the dust. Bric-a-brac and objects merely more or less ornamental should be packed away, and the rooms be kept clear of all but the necessary furnishings. A few vases and bowls of flowers are all that is needed in the way of ornamentation.

The laundry is the one branch of work that must be increased rather than diminished during the summer months, but even here labor can be saved without loss of good results. Sheets, towels, undershirts, and most unstarched articles, will do very well without ironing if they are folded while damp, and pressed between the rubber rollers of the clothes wringer—the nearest approach to a mangle in modern households. The articles do not keep clean-looking as long as if ironed, but frequent changes are necessary anyway in summer. For personal use and children's wear, it is better to have quite plain everyday things, and change often, than frilly lingerie that takes time and trouble in the doing up. Plainness does not imply coarseness, however. The "romper" garments for the little ones mean a considerable saving in laundry work.

When baking or any prolonged cooking is to be done, it should be got out of the way in the early morning hours. The fireless cooker has come to the aid of the housewife in this respect. Vegetables and almost anything that is to be cooked by hot water or steam, can be prepared by only enough fire to bring to the preliminary boil, after which the saucepan or pot is set to finish the contents in the cooker, which is so constructed that all the heat is retained to do the work.

The early morning hours are the most pleasant for working in, and one's energies are at their best after the night's rest. Many housekeepers rise earlier than usual during the hot weather, that they may get the necessary work done before the heat of the day, and then they make up by resting for an hour or two after luncheon.

It is a great aid in keeping the house cool to let it get thoroughly aired with doors and windows open while the air is still fresh in the morning, and then to close shutters and blinds so as to exclude the sun's glare all through the day.

## Many Uses of the Lemon

There is no single article in the whole of the household supplies more generally useful than the inexpensive lemon. The house should never be without this fruit at hand. In the country home, where a quantity is bought at a time, the lemons can be kept from drying out by keeping them covered with water in a jar, changing the water occasionally, or by wrapping each lemon in paraffin paper.

None of the summer drinks is more healthfully refreshing than lemonade. Do not make it very sweet. A glass of water, into which a half teaspoonful or so of lemon juice is squeezed, without sugar, drunk in the morning before breakfast, is an excellent corrective of slight disorders of the organs of digestion. Biliousness or a torpid condition of the liver can be lessened or quite cured by taking regularly each morning a cupful of hot water to which a little lemon juice is added without sweetening. That distressing ailment known as sick headache, often may be relieved by lemon juice in a cup of black coffee. A slice of lemon applied to each temple will banish, or at

least check, an ordinary attack of headache.

The medicinal value of the lemon is external also. Troublesome corns, which are always more troublesome in hot weather, can be treated painlessly at home. After bathing the feet at night in water as warm as can be borne comfortably, apply a poultice of bread crumbs and lemon juice to the corn, binding it on with a strip of muslin. Next morning remove the poultice, and put on a bit of lemon to remain during the day. Repeat the poulticing each night, and the fresh bit of lemon each day, for a week, or until the corn has yielded to the treatment. When the feet are tired and swollen, lemon juice in the foot-bath will hasten the relief.

Lemon juice is the chief ingredient in many lotions for the skin. Add the juice of half a large lemon to a pint of sweet milk, and you have an excellent wash for the complexion. Dab it liberally on the face at night and let it dry on, to remove tan and bleach freckles. It must not be used before going out in the sunshine, and after applying it at night a little cold cream should be rubbed into the skin next morning. Lemon juice mixed with glycerine and rose water should be kept in a bottle on the washstand, to rub on the hands when they are getting rough or reddened. A slice of lemon rubbed on the fingers will remove stains.

White garments and linens are liable to spots of iron rust in the summer. These, also ink stains, can be removed by rubbing with salt and lemon juice, and exposing the spot to the sunlight for a short time, afterwards rinsing it in clear water.

## A Potpourri Jar

A well made "sweet" jar is a joy for a long time. Anyone who has a garden can prepare such a jar. Gather all sorts of sweet-smelling flowers that you can get, roses, pinks, lavender, carnations, mignonette, heliotrope, etc., in full bloom. The flowers should be gathered early in the morning, but dry, and with the sun on them. Pick off the petals and put them in a jar, strewing salt over each half-inch layer. Stir every morning, and add more petals as you get them, until you have the jar full. Have an ounce of cloves and the same of allspice broken up

coarsely, also a few sticks of cinnamon shredded, if you like the odor. Transfer the flowers when dry to the permanent jar, mixing the broken spices with them; also drop a few drops of any essential flower extract, such as oil of rose, oil of geranium, among the layers. Cover closely, and put away in a dark place for three weeks. The potpourri jar should be on provided with a double cover. When the jar is left open for half an hour, it will fill the room with a spicy but delicate, indefinable fragrance.

## A Cooling Summer Drink

Lemon and orange juice, in the proportion of two parts to one, combine agreeably in a drink. A few strawberries, or two or three slices of banana may be added. Pineapple goes very well with lemonade. Make a thin syrup by boiling sugar and water together, add pineapple cut in small pieces or the preserved pineapple from a can, let cook a few minutes, then add the lemon juice and strain. Dilute with cold water.



LADIES' NIGHTGOWN.

PARIS PATTERN No. 3331.

A garment which for comfort must be simple is the nightgown, and we have selected for our illustration a style which can be made in a day or less by any enterprising woman. There is no opening in the ordinary sense of the word, for the gown is to be slipped over the head. The neck is cut out so as to give ample room to do this. The balance of the nightgown is made in the usual manner. There is very little fullness, and what there is will be found at the base of the yoke outline. The sleeves are in bishop design, and may be made either long or short, as preferred. For a really dainty gown cambric or nainsook will be the best material, but long cloth or fine muslin may be used. For trimming lace or embroidery may be used, and these should be varied in quality according to the material selected for the garment. The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 bust requires 5½ yards of material 36 inches wide.

## OUR PATTERN SERVICE.

In ordering patterns, give number of pattern, name of garment, and size required. The pattern should reach you in a week or ten days from date of ordering. Price of each pattern ten cents in cash, postal note, or stamps. Sign name and address perfectly legible and in full. Address: Pattern Department, "Canadian Pictorial," 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



GIRLS' DRESS.

PARIS PATTERN No. 3314.

There are few women who, at one time or another, have not seen the distressing spectacle of an over-dressed child, and they will surely agree that it is better to exceed on the side of simplicity than on the other. We illustrate a model which is simplicity itself. It will be ideal for school and playtime, as there will be little labor in making or in laundering it, two things which the busy house mother must generally consider. This dress will be handsome if made of white poplin or linen, and it will also be pretty in gingham and mercerized cotton fabrics. The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. Size 8 years requires 3 yards of material 36 inches wide.

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# SIEGE OF GRANADA

Waltz from KREUTZER'S "Nachtlager in Granada"

*Tempo di Valse.*

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the first measure.

The second system continues the piece. It includes dynamic markings of *ril.* (ritardando), *a tempo.*, and *f*. The melodic line in the right hand shows some rests and a change in rhythm.

The third system features an *ECHO.* section. The right hand has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano), which then changes to *f* in the final measure. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system also includes an *ECHO.* section. The right hand has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo). The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

The fifth system concludes the piece. It features a melodic line in the right hand with a dynamic marking of *f* and a final cadence. The left hand accompaniment ends with a few chords.



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The piece begins with a repeat sign. The word *dolce.* is written above the treble staff in the second measure.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The word *ECHO* is written above the treble staff in the first measure. The dynamic *p* is written below the bass staff in the first measure. The word *FINE* is written above the treble staff in the final measure.

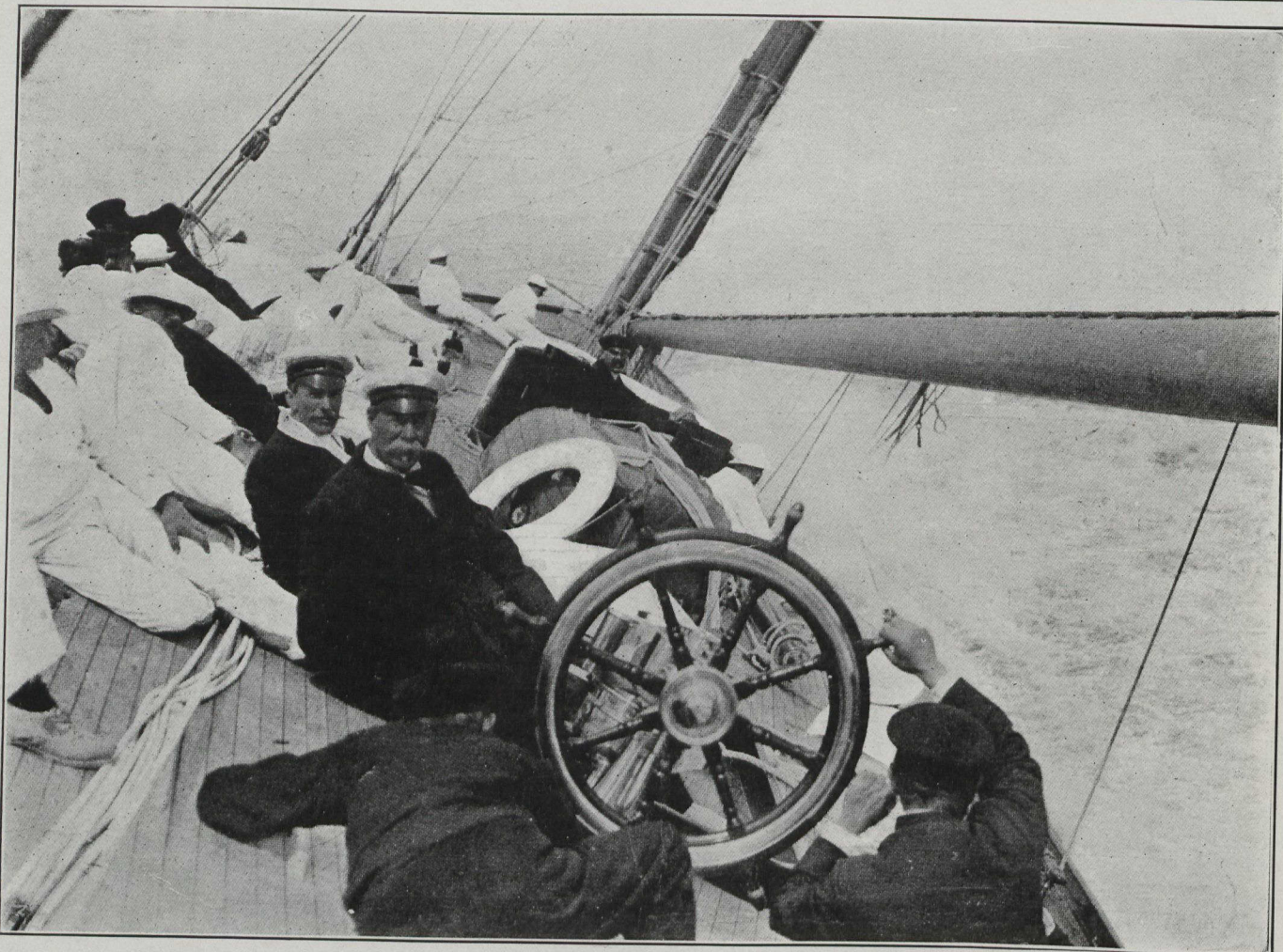
Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The title *HUNTING CALL* is written above the treble staff in the first measure. The dynamic *mf* is written below the bass staff in the first measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The dynamic *f* is written below the bass staff in the first measure.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The dynamic *mf* is written below the bass staff in the first measure.

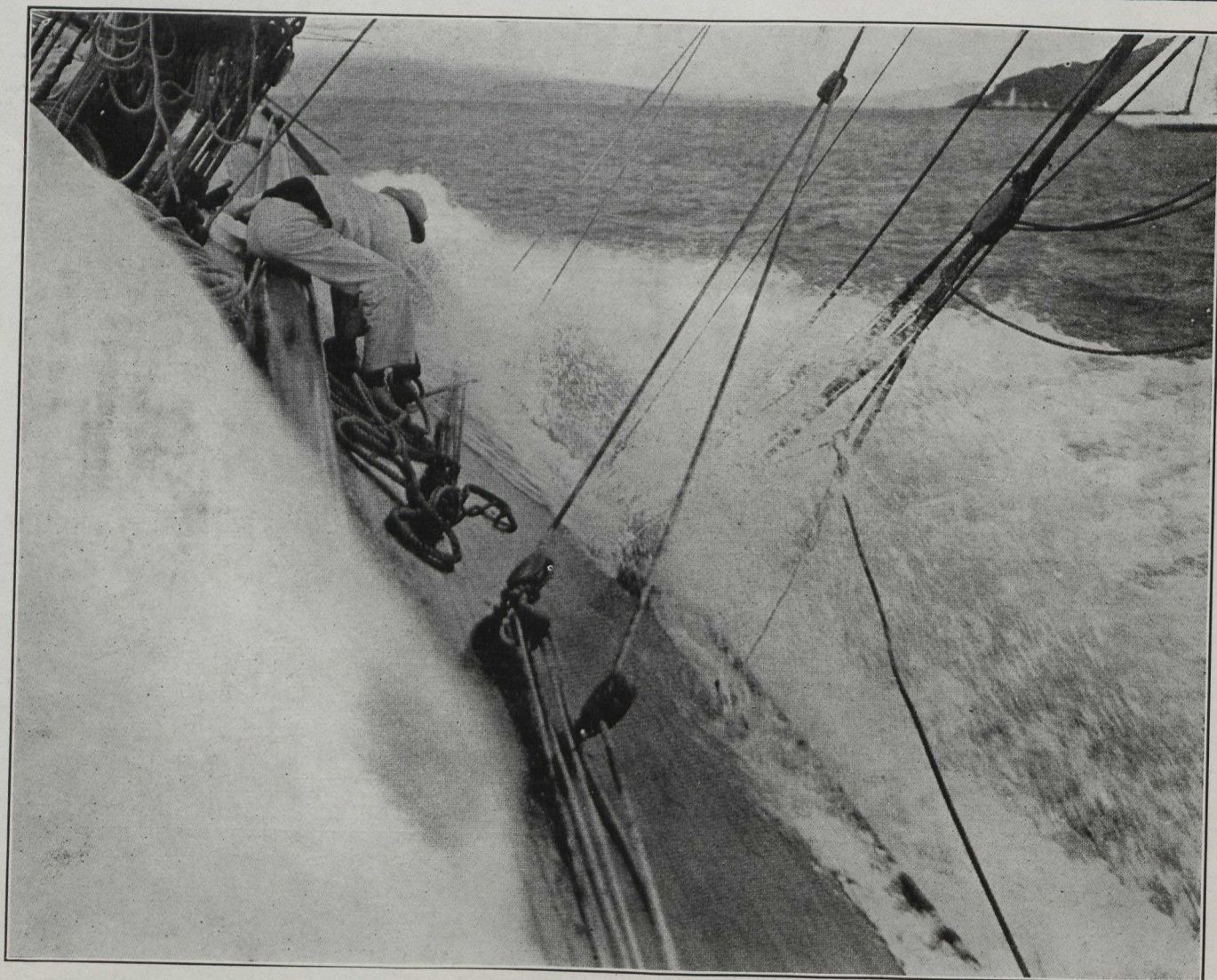
Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass clefs. The dynamic *f* is written below the bass staff in the first measure. The instruction *D. C. al Fine* is written above the treble staff in the final measure.





### A Famous Yachtsman and His Crew

Sir Thomas Lipton still owns a "Shamrock" and though he has not succeeded in lifting the America's cup he has won many another race. These fine pictures were taken during the Clyde fortnight. Sir Thomas is seen above reclining just in front of the wheel.



### A Fresh Racing Breeze

The "Shamrock's" opponent was the "White Heather," when these pictures were taken and both yachts flew through the water with lee decks awash. The course was forty-two sea miles and after a very fast contest the "Shamrock" won. The start was made at 10.30 and the "Shamrock" had done the first round at 12 hr. 51 min. 15 sec., and the "White Heather" at 12 hr. 54 min. 58 sec. The "Shamrock" had finished the second round at 2 hr. 51 min. 41 sec., and the "White Heather" at 2 hr. 54 min. 55 sec., the "White Heather" being three minutes behind all through. —*Illustrated London News*



## Lord Leyborne's Wager

(Continued from page 22)

was boiling like any witches' cauldron, and that my fingers were drabbed with something hot.

There came a groan from behind me, the quick beat of a frightened horse's feet, and I chuckled to myself. I'd not struck to kill, but Marston Dick's night-riding would be spoilt for many a day, did I know aught of the edge of my trusty steel.

Well, it was with quickened pulses that I rode forward anew, and yet the farther I went the colder grew the feeling at my heart. For Damaris was lost to me for all time, I said despondently, not having sufficient faith in that allwise Providence which shapes our ends no matter how roughly we hew them, as says Master William Shakespeare, in words that I would give much to command at this present. And gradually ideas began to take shape in my mind, wild fancies that at another time I had called the whimsies of an addled brain; but then they seemed not only worthy of consideration, but almost feasible. I would not stand to my lord Leyborne's words; I would ride up to the hall as any gallant cavalier might, and demand his daughter for my wife; failing permission I'd e'en have her out without; and then, heigh for the open moors and a swift horse, and let catch us who might! But this idea fled anon; Damaris would never wed without her father's benediction; she had been brought up in a school where duty to parents was first, last, and mid-betweens. And then I pictured wilder fancies; I'd have a crowd of hired bravoes waylay my lord, and I'd ride into the thick of them and rescue him at the peril of my life, so that in common gratitude he could do naught else save give me Damaris as a prize for my courage. Will notions? Aye, but our northern moors breed dreams.

And so, dreaming ever, what did I do but ride past the cross roads without a thought; and not until I heard the night wind rustle in the three stripped firs at Maynton's Corner did I remember the cloak I still carried across my saddle-bow, and the man who might perchance own it.

I reined in, and thought the matter out. Here was the cloak, as soft as silk, between my hands; there was the road along which the coach had gone; here was I, two good miles past the turning, with a chance that after all my trouble the man in the coach did not own the cloak. Should I retrace my steps, and seek to deliver my prize, or should I ride on, and let the cloak serve me as some small reminder of what had been a hopeless quest? I shall never cease to thank God for the wild impulse that led me to turn my horse, and go back on the road I had come. For by so doing I ventured more wildly than I had thought possible, and—but that must be held to the last, like the daintiest tit-bit at a repast.

So I rode on, turning these and kindred matters over in my mind, and wondering what would be the upshot of it all; aye, and coming slowly to a resolve that within the week I would petition his Majesty for his commission to serve in the Low Countries as a cornet of horse, when all suddenly my musings were cut short by the stinging report of a firelock, the clash of steel on steel, a loud cry of defiance, another for help; and over the shoulder of a pine wood rose the silvery moon.

I took no heed to thoughts of ambush; I acted as seemed me best to act. That is, I whipped out a pistol from my holster and blew the smouldering match, set the reins between my teeth, had out that three good feet of steel, which not a man about except myself could wield, pressed my knees close into old Chevalier's side, and went down the road like a thunderbolt.

### III.

In a low-lying hollow of the road, hemmed in to right and left by trees, lay a coach well-nigh overturned. Three horses were whinnying dolefully; one shrieked with pain, one lay still in the waxing moonlight, and I counted it sped. Across the road lay a fallen tree; and I, who know the strength of the root-grip of our northern pines, knew that not by fair means had the trunk fallen. But though I took in all these things with a quickness that astounded me—I being slow of wit, save when it comes to loving, and then quick enough, God knows!—I say, that though these things all flashed into my mind, scarcely a minute passed before I was into the thick of what was toward; and then, I felt I could have cursed the impulse that had led me to the spot.

For this was the sight that came upon my gaze. By the open door of the lurching coach, his long blade glimmering dully in the moonlight, a broad feathered hat of Spanish make pressed low on his face, stood a slim man, deftly parrying the attack of a round dozen of cut-purses of the vilest. Yet it seemed to me that these men worked with a greater skill than such riff-raff of their like I had hitherto met—a good few. I assure you—and they moved with a set purpose, which was, so far as my wits went, neither more nor less than bringing about the death of him in the Spanish hat.

A little distance away two other men—and I named them for the coachman and footman that I had seen on the box. fought valiantly to reach their master; but they were cut off from him by a many men, all sword-armed, who rushed in and hacked and hewed like the madmen they seemed.

Now, counting those who beset this man—and they numbered a dozen—and counting them who attacked the lackeys—there must have been a score—and all were armed. In a cooler moment I might have hesitated ere throwing in my lot with the weaker side; but it has always been my fashion to side with the under-dog; and I saw at once that if I struck at all I must strike at once. For, with a cry of defiance, one of the lackeys dropped, cloven to the chin; and the other, surrounded on all sides, had already fallen to his knees. The man in the Spanish hat, however, seemed like to even matters, for he stepped back a pace, his long blade darting in and out; and with a choking yell, one of the foremost of his attackers went down, run through the throat if I knew aught of death cries.

What amazed me most was the strange silence of that midnight encounter. There were no cries of anger, no calls to others to come on. Like a wolf, grim and silent, but fighting ever, the slender man in black made merry play with his sword, but he was overmatched; and then, as a matchlock flashed and a flare of light lit up the darkness, I went into the matter with a right good heart.

"Out on ye, dogs!" cried I, and rode towards a masked adventurer, a portly person, who stood at a little distance, urging on the men silently, rather than fighting himself. So I gave him the edge of my sword across his crown, but the blade turned on what must have been a steel cap concealed in his hat, and my arm tingled to the shoulder at the force of the blow. Whereat I prodded him between neck and shoulder for luck, thinking that he would be over-cunning had he concealed armor there; and, leaving him gasping, turned attentively to other and more pressing matters.

And pressing enough they were. The second lackey had gone down by this, and so set loose more of the hounds to snarl about that one valiant figure. Pistols were beginning to flash readily by this, and I saw the slim man stagger once. Then, with a mighty roar, I was into the thick of it all.

All but two of the cut-purses had turned from him to me, and I at it with the good ringing steel. Twice I cut, and twice men fell and never moved more. Again I cut, and some hireling ran in and drove under my lifted arm, so that I felt his point grate on a rib, and but for a lucky twist of Chevalier's I had been sped then and there. At the sting of that blade and the swift rush of blood, I saw a dull red mist rise before my eyes; and then, not an army could have held me back. It was up and on, with Chevalier striking fire from steel corsets as he trampled them down; it was hack and hew, till my arm dropped from very weakness, and the ache in my shoulder was like no other ache on earth. Then the mist lifted somewhat, and I had time to look about me. And, beyond the slim man in black, who was leaning against the coach, his hand to his side, I saw naught, upon my soul! save dead and dying men. Yes, though, one other I saw—a man who turned and darted under the shadow of the trees; and with a sudden light in my brain, I seemed to know that limping run.

I turned to the man whose life I had saved, and withdrew the broad-brimmed hat I wore, finding no words for long. Until at length, all sheepishly:

"Sir, I have brought thy cloak," said I. "I found it in the road and followed, but much dreaming delayed me, else had I restored it before."

"Good for me you were not a dreamer always, friend," said he. "Else had I been sped, and not a man to say a prayer for my soul's passing. Sir, I give to you my thanks, for you have done good work this night. Gadzooks! what a fighter, sir. Seven men fell to your arm, two only to mine, and those undersized. But, sir, you have saved my life by your unexampled skill, and—"

Now, I am a modest man enough, and praise is a thing I hate, counting it at its true worth. So I cut in on his words rudely enough, somewhat blusteringly, perhaps, and said:

"A truce to this, sir. If my eyes see aught."

"Aye," said he, weakly, "I am wounded. Naught much—a scratch, but to a weakened frame even a scratch means much. But I fail to see how any aid can be given here."

"Sir," said I, "I have some skill in simple leechcraft."

I had, having learned it from my mother.

It was nothing of a wound, the blade having turned on his shoulder-blade and he lacked not courage; but it is the nature of men bred in towns to feel pain more keenly than we rough countrymen. I turned to work to get him to safer harborage than a country road at dawn.

There was a tree across the road, right enough, a tree of a goodly size; out of the way it must come. For I knew the two remaining horses could never drag that lumbering coach up the hill down which I had ridden. So I put my shoulder

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under the bole and lifted it to one side, and heard a gasp of amazement as I did it, though I counted it no more than a willow wand; and then, the moon shining brightly still, I sought about to examine the fashion of the footpads. They were all masked, and though I slipped the coverings from more than one face I could recognize not one.

"Your lackeys are both dead, sir," I said. "In the early morning I'll send a cart and men to remove them to decent resting. And now, I will gear up this coach, and belike we might manage to go forward on our journey to more comfortable quarters than these."

"I am indeed in fortune's way," said he softly. But he made no attempt to help me at the more menial work of gearing the horses, seeming one by nature born to rule rather than serve. He still kept his hat pulled well down over his eyes, and I was too busy to look at his face for more than a casual minute. Presently, Chevalier being harnessed in the lead—and mighty unwilling was he to feel the collar—the coach was ready, and I assisted my gentleman to mount. I myself took a seat upon the box, lashed out with the whip I found there, and off we started.

It was full day by the time we turned into the road that led first past my lord Bernard's estate, and then past Leyborne; and I halted the horses for a while as we saw the spires of the Priory, as Lord Bernard called his place.

"We might find harborage there," I said, pointing with my whip, "but I doubt the welcome we shall have. Howbeit, if your wound trouble you, sir, I'll sink my pride and clamor for an entry, though there's but scant love lost betwixt me and Lord Bernard."

"Nay, we'll pass on," he said. "Unless my informant lies, my lord Leyborne dwells not far hence, and I was purporting to reach his house to-night."

So we came to Leyborne, and I hailed the gates with a loud voice. It would be somewhere about seven in the morning by this, we having travelled uncommonly slowly the latter miles of the way.

I had brought my booty to safety, and now I opened the door of the coach and helped him forth, as deftly as any court gallant. There was a stir toward; old Roger bustled forth and held out his hands in dismay.

"His lordship is but newly awakened," he said, "Master Hilary, he hath not eaten a bite yet."

"My lord Leyborne will hasten when he knows whom he receives," said the gallant on my arm; and of a sudden old Roger louted low, gave a gasp, and vanished into the hall, walking backwards, upon my soul.

There was a clamor, I assure you; and ere we had passed the door there was my lord in his dressing-gown, bowing his nose almost to the floor.

And: "God save your Majesty," says he. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Aye, there you have it. My thick wits had never seen that it was King Charles himself I'd helped to turn the tables for; but there he was, as large as life, and twice as natural; for in some dull country fashion I'd thought to see him wear his crown.

"I crave your Majesty's pardon," said I, bowing too, yet not too low, for the stiffness under my armpits was trying above a little. "I fear me I have handled you roughly, sire, not knowing." But he laughed gaily and patted me on the shoulder.

"A fine lad," he said, "a fine lad." And at that there was a rustle of skirts, and Damaris swept in, her face all rosy with sleep, and her eyes shining like dew-washed cornflowers. She swept a curtsy, and then knelt before the king. "God save your Majesty," said she, and he lifted her to her feet.

"Aye," said he, "it's a good prayer. But without strong men to fulfill it, I fear me much that prayer had been made in vain this night." And there and then, though they urged him to take rest, though they spread a mighty table before him, he would tell them of my share in the work.

"I would fain reward him," said the king, "but I know not how." Then Damaris, her face all white, bowed once more, and told the whole tale of Lord Leyborne's wager.

"He bade him return here a knight within the day," said she.

"Well said, and a sporting wager. Not many would have had the pluck to take it up. Aye, that's a good sword of thine, sir," said he to me. "Let me feel its weight."

I knelt on one knee as I tendered the long broad blade, and it was all over-weighty for his slender hands. But he made shift to handle it bravely; and after a while:

"Well, Master Hilary, not knowing thy latter name yet—ah? Broughton, is it? Well, Master Hilary Broughton, take it from my lips that the wager is won. Rise, Sir Hilary, and take this sword, for it is consumedly heavy."

And I took the sword from him, and thanked him in stuttering words. And then, forgetting him—forgetting everything save one, I ran across the hall to where Damaris stood, all dimpling, and I hefted her in my arms, and carried her across to her father.

"I'll claim the stakes, my lord," said I. "Well done, Hilary," said he, and that was all that passed.

I might tell much about what followed, but my story has been over long in the telling already. The gang that had set upon his Majesty were not cut-throats of the common type, as I found, but some of those who were seeking to rid the world of a tyrant, according to their way of it. His Majesty had travelled over from Barnard Castle itself, without undue ostentation, and greatly against the will of his noble host, but a whim had come into his mind to sound public opinion on his own behalf.

One other thing deserves the telling here. As I rode away that morning, I saw a figure riding thoughtfully towards the Hall.

"God save thee, Master Hilary," said my lord Bernard, with no great good grace, "is't true his Majesty rests with Leyborne?"

"Aye, true enough," said I. "As true as I'm Sir Hilary now, and Master Hilary no longer. My lord," said I, spurring nearer, "a word in your ear. His Majesty is sleeping; and if it be thy will to see him—"

"I ride to pay my duty to my sovereign," says he proudly.

"With a bandaged neck?" asked I. "I have in mind that my sword made such a wound as that last night. Take a word of caution, my lord, and fly!"

And I struck his horse smartly across the withers. But already the spurs were plunged deeply, and before I could draw breath from my laughter my lord was out of sight. And I never saw him again for many a year. But I won the wager.



# WITH THE WITS

## HOW'S BUSINESS?

"Business is poor," said the beggar. Said the undertaker, "It's dead!" "Falling off," said the riding school teacher. The druggist, "O! vial," he said. "It's all write with me," said the author. "Picking up!" said the man on the dump. "My business is sound," quoth the bandsman. Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump." The bottler declared it was "corking!" The parson, "It's good!" answered he. "I make both ends meat," said the butcher. The tailor replied, "It suits me."  
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

## TOO GOOD A FELLOW.

He—"But if you fancy there's anything wrong with your heart, why not see Scalp Smythe, the specialist?" She—"I'm so afraid he'd discover it was something fatal." He—"Oh, rot! He wouldn't; he's an awfully decent fellow."

## HAD TO GO.

The two men talked for a time in the train. "Are you going to hear Barkins lecture to-night?" said one. "Yes," returned the other. "Take my advice and don't. I hear he is an awful bore." "I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."

## OUT OF FASHION.

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed young man of his tailor, as he looked over some cloth. "I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any about lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

## WHY IT DID NOT CURE.

A certain chemist advertised a patent concoction labelled "No more colds! No more coughs! Certain Cure! Price 1s. 1½d.!" A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, and was no better. "Drunk it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."

## NOT SO SILLY.

Mrs. Smith was interviewing a cook. "Yes," she said, at last, "I will engage you, providing your references are satisfactory. By the way, I suppose you have references." "Well, ma'am, I did have some, but I tore them up." "Dear me!" said Mrs. Smith, "surely that was a very silly thing to do"; at which the cook replied: "Well, ma'am, you wouldn't have thought so if you had read them."

## TOO SHARP.

A London clothier never acknowledged that he was without anything which was asked for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers for one-legged men. "Certainly. What kind do you want?" "Dress pants," said the man. "The best you've got." Hurrying to the rear of the shop, the enterprising merchant snatched a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of shears. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer. "That's the kind I want. What's the price?" "Thirty shillings." "Well, give me a pair with the left leg off." It was a month before the clothier was convalescent.

## AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

The teacher was trying to impress upon her class the necessity of regulating the sinful human heart, and to drive her point home she produced her watch. "Now, boys," she said, "you all see this watch"—an assertion so obviously true that there was no danger of contradiction. "Now," she continued, "just suppose for a moment that it did not keep correct time, that I found it was willing to go any way but the right way, what should I do with it?" There was the usual pause, and then a bright little boy held up his hand. "Please, miss," he said, "you would sell it to a friend!"

## NOT TOO MUCH FAITH.

"You should have faith in human nature," said the man of kindly instincts. "Yes," sneered the sour-faced official, "and lose my job as Customs inspector."

## SARCASM.

A hungry typhoid convalescent demanded something to eat. The nurse gave him a spoonful of tapioca. "Now," he said fretfully, "I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp."

## THE CAUSE.

He—"The minister preached a scathing discourse on the extravagance of women." She—"Yes, and there his wife sat, with a three-guinea hat on." He—"That was probably the cause of the sermon."

## SHORT.

"Very well, give me a description of your cashier," remarked the detective to the business man who had just missed his cashier and a considerable sum of money. "Now, how tall was he?" "Pretty tall," was the sad reply, "but what worries me is that he was \$500 short."

## SYMPATHETIC.

When the young husband arrived home from the office he found his wife in tears. "Oh, John," she added, "I had baked a lovely cake and put it on the back porch for the frosting to dry, and the dog ate it." "Well, don't cry about it dear," he gently said, "I know a man who will give us another dog."

## PUNCTUATION.

Returning from school the other afternoon, little Edith proudly informed her mother that she had learned to punctuate. "Well, dear," said mamma, "and how is it done?" "You see, mamma," explained Edith, "when you write 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question then you put down a buttonhook."

## UNGALLANT JOURNALISM.

"In the next compartment was the wife of a prominent politician, off to the Riviera. Her husband, seeing her off, looked wistfully after the train as it pulled slowly out of the station with its heavy load."—"Daily Mail." Well, as long as no names are mentioned, it's all right.—*Punch.*

## LOOKED SERIOUS.

A suburban housewife recently reached the conclusion that the attachment of a certain policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline. "Do you think he means business, Mary?" she asked. "I think so, mum," said Mary. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

## SMART.

The Consul in London of a Continental kingdom was informed by his Government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result, he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on. "I've found the lady, sir." "Good. Where is she?" "At my place. I got married to her yesterday."

## AN OLD TIMER.

In the grey light of the early morning, the weary traveller resolutely faced the night clerk. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up another hotel." "There is no difference in the beds, sir," replied the clerk, respectfully. The traveller smiled ironically. "If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine?" "It is occupied, sir." "I know it is—by a man who has been snoring all night, and who was at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of six solid hours on a stretch." "The beds are all alike, sir," repeated the night clerk firmly. "That man has been here before, sir, and he always sleeps on the floor!"

## HE KNEW.

Young woman (adoringly)—"It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything!" Undergrad.—"It is."

## IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Top (who has dined off hashed nut-ton)—"Bill, waiter." Waiter—"What did you have, sir?" Top (sarcastically)—"I haven't the faintest idea."

## DIDN'T KNOW.

"When are you going to pay me for those wigs you had from me two years ago?" asked an anxious stage costumer. "Laddie," replied the man of tragedy, "I'm an actor, not a prophet."

## QUITE COMPETENT.

A north-country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," said to the officiating clergyman—"Go on, mister; it don't matter. You can leave that to me!"

## HELPING HIM OUT.

"My dear friend, I must ask you to lend me a sovereign at once; I have left my purse at home, and haven't a farthing in my pocket." "I can't lend you a sovereign just now, but can put you in the way of getting the money at once." "You are extremely kind." "Here's twopence; ride home on the tram and fetch your purse."

## SUSPECTED.

Gentleman (in railway train)—"How did this accident happen?" Guard—"Someone pulled the cord and stopped the train and the boat express ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead." Gentleman—"Five hours? Great Scot! I was to be married to-day." Guard (a married man, sternly)—"Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?"

## NOT SO INSANE.

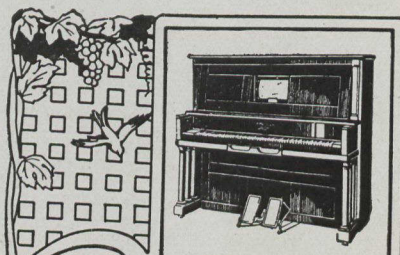
As a doctor was showing some friends over a lunatic asylum, he drew their attention to a stately old woman wearing a paper crown. He explained that she imagined she was the Queen of England, and, thinking to amuse his visitors, he advanced towards her with a courtly bow, and said, "Good morning, your majesty." Looking at him, she scornfully uttered—"You're a fool, sir!" The doctor was greatly astonished, but totally collapsed when one young lady innocently remarked—"Why, doctor, she was sane enough then."

## WOULD NOT TAKE A CHAIR.

He was a collector for an instalment system establishment, new at the business, and very sensitive about performing his unpleasant task. He was particularly embarrassed, because the lady upon whom he had called was so exceedingly polite and beautiful. Still, the van was at the door, and the lady was in arrears in her payments, and he remembered his duty. "Good morning," said the lady. "It is a beautiful day, is it not?" "Beautiful, indeed," he agreed. "Won't you take a chair?" she said. "Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I'm afraid I must take the piano."

## HOW HE MANAGED IT.

Robinson—"Halloa, old boy! How are you? Glad to see you. By the way, I heard you are engaged to Miss Bondclipper." Jones—"No, Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is past." "Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her. And then her money is only prospective, you know. Her father might lose it all before the daughter got to handle it. But tell me how you managed to break off the engagement." "I didn't break it off." "Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, you broke it off yourself, as she was so anxious to marry; everybody knows that." "Oh, you needn't apologise. I'm not worrying at all about it." "That's good. I like to see a man keep up his spirits. Might I inquire what made her break it off?" "Oh, she didn't break it off, either." "Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?" "I married her last week."



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**In the Public Eye** Few men are more talked of than the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. David Lloyd George, and the Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill. They are shown in this picture on their way from a recent Cabinet meeting at Downing Street. Mrs. Lloyd George is on her husband's right. The tall figure on the right is the Chancellor's Secretary.

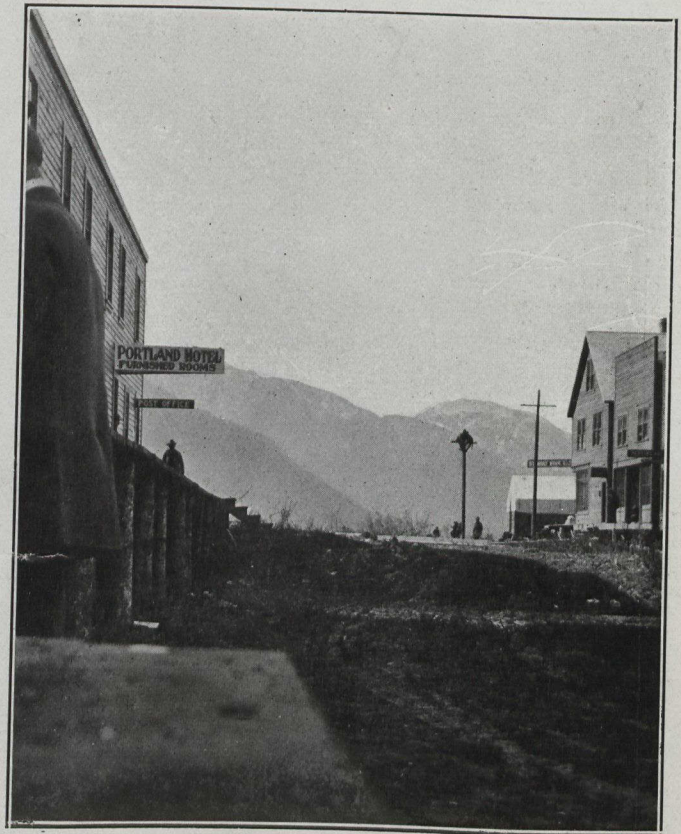
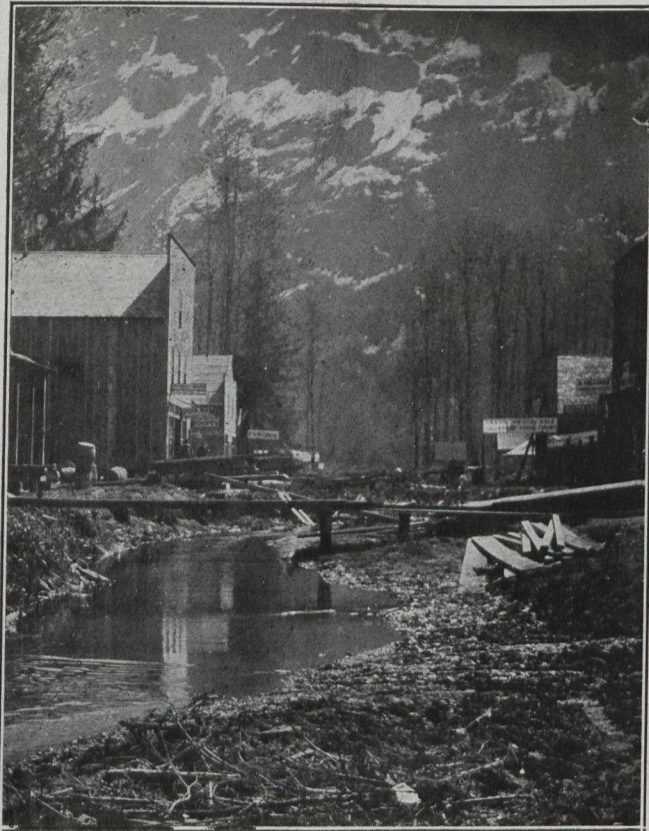
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**His Seventy-fourth Birthday** This picture of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was taken last month as he was quietly spending his birthday with his wife near their London home in Prince's Gardens. Even those who disagree with Mr. Chamberlain's tariff views sympathize most sincerely in the broken-down condition in which his health has been for some years. Thirty years ago he was a member of Mr. Gladstone's government, but his political views underwent a remarkable change. Birmingham has been faithful to him through it all, and at the last general election he was one of the two members of Parliament returned without opposition.

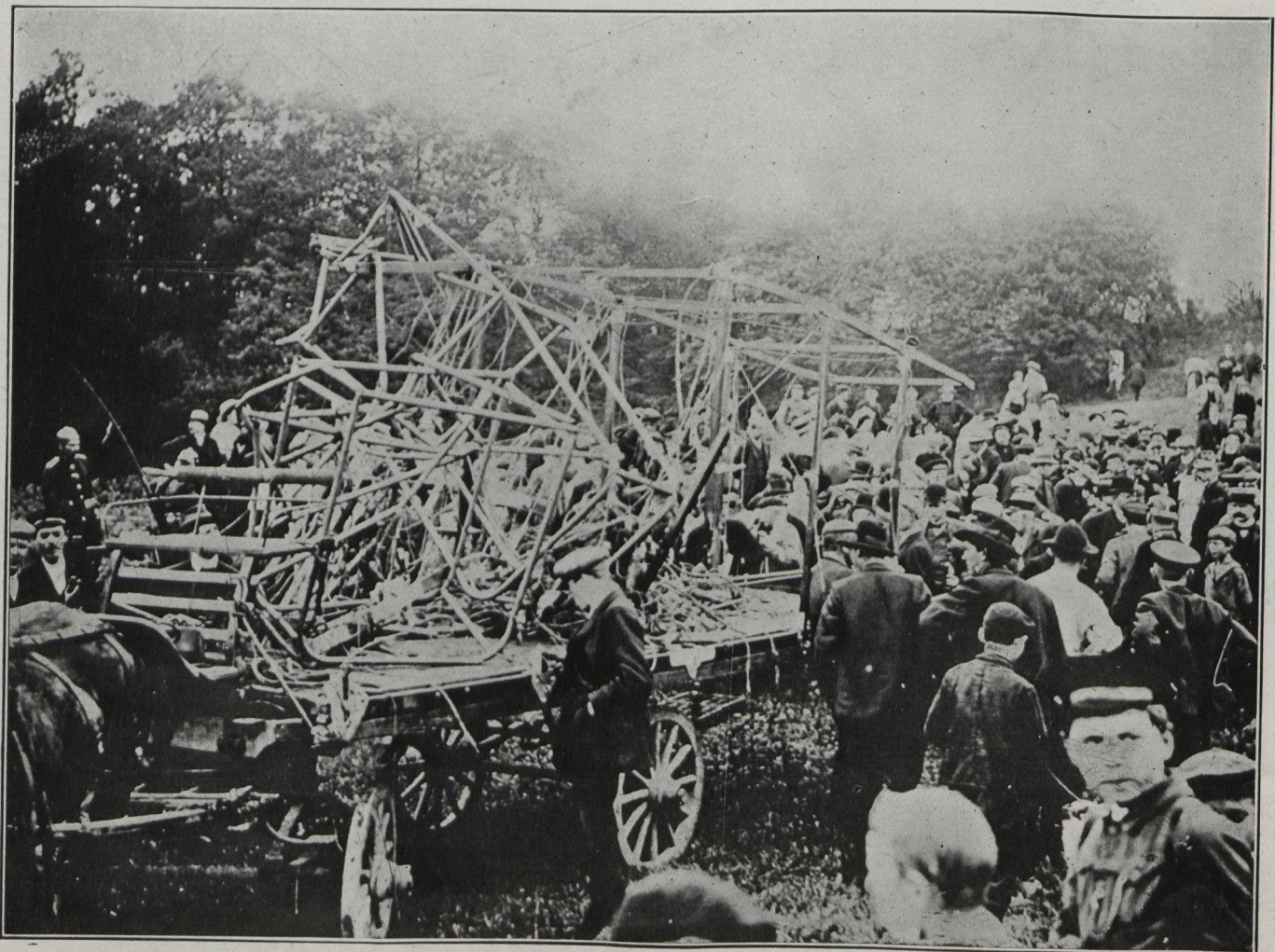
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### Canada's New Gold Town

The two accompanying pictures show what is to be seen in Stewart, British Columbia, to which place there has been such a rush of prospectors and hungerers for gold recently. It has but a few rude wooden shanties and, like all mining camps, boasts of a hotel, Portland being the name of the one in Stewart. From continent to continent the report has been circulated that there are practically mountains of gold waiting to be moved away and that all who wander to the spot will get rich. Unfortunately, these reports have caused much misery for several cases are known where men with but a few hundred dollars have made the trip north and then found that the gold could not be got simply by picking it up. In a word it is no place for the poor prospector, it is the rich man's ground. All the gold that has been discovered will yield no great profit for it will have to go through several refining processes before it will be acknowledged by the world as the real goods. By some men who are in a position to know, the gold-hunt will not last long, but they contend that there are rich copper deposits in the vicinity. This view is shared by D. D. Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, who is building a fifteen mile railway line from the mines to Stewart at the head of the Portland canal. Stewart is reached by the G.T.P. boats, the "Prince George" and the "Prince Rupert," there being a weekly service from Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, and Prince Rupert. It is estimated that already Stewart boasts of a population of 3,000.



### The Cost of Conquering the Air

The picture shows the remains of the German Airship Erbsloch, which collapsed near Leichlingen, on July 13th, killing its inventor and owner, Herr Oscar Erbsloch, and four companions. Herr Erbsloch was a noted balloonist, and in 1907 wrested the International Cup from America. When starting from St. Louis he made a flight of 876 miles. His trip across the Alps in a dirigible created a sensation.





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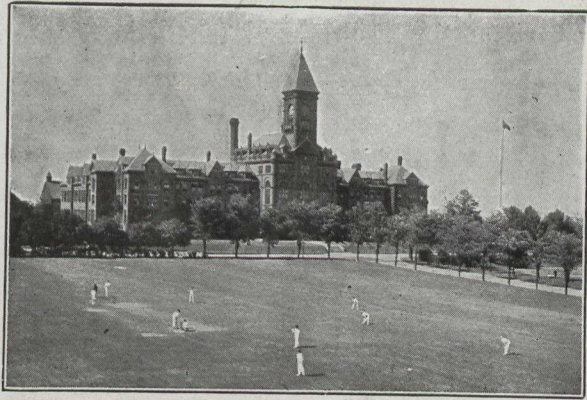
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