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# CANADIAN PICTORIAL

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EASTER

APRIL 1909

10 CENTS

# A Women's Newspaper for Montreal for One Day

With the disappearance of the snow, and with the summer vacation within sight, the problem of playgrounds for the children of the congested parts of the city comes again into the range of 'practical politics.'

But the playground problem has not yet been taken hold of either by the 'practical politicians' of the Provincial Legislature or the City Hall.

Aiming at stimulating these gentlemen into action by means of a thoroughly aroused public opinion, the ladies of Montreal have arranged with the publishers of the 'Witness' to take complete charge of a special 'Women's Edition of the Montreal Daily Witness,' to be issued early in May.

This is something the ladies of Montreal have never yet done. They have been leaders in all sorts of enterprises to raise money for movements aiming at a better city, but this is the most ambitious undertaking yet launched, and, while they regard it purely as a business proposition, they rely upon the good offices of their friends to give the fullest measure of publicity to it.

The 'Women's Edition' will be unique in the annals of Montreal journalism. The feature will be the need of supervised playgrounds, and this will be presented with full information and illustrations showing what is being done elsewhere in that connection. But in addition, every department of the paper will be edited by a woman, and matters of current interest will be viewed from a woman's standpoint, not even excepting such masculine matters as finance and sport.

The Parks and Playgrounds Association, under whose auspices the 'Women's Edition' will be produced, includes most of the best-

known Montrealers, and, with their influence in its favor, the venture cannot be anything but a huge success commercially, providing money for playground equipments.

The ladies have already started canvassing for advertisements, and are meeting with gratifying success.

The circulation department, not content with relying upon the sales of the day of issue, are distributing coupons which will be sold in advance, as tickets for a bazaar are sold. These will be in the hands of hundreds of enthusiastic friends of the cause, who will sell the coupons at five cents each. Each coupon will be good for one copy of the famous 'Women's Edition,' if presented on the day of issue, the enormous increase in the size of the issue having entailed the pricing of the price at five cents per copy.

The officers of the Parks and Playgrounds Association and the ladies directly in charge of the 'Women's Edition' are as follows:—

Patron. His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada; president, Sir Alexandre Lacoste; first vice-president, Sir George Drummond; second vice-president, Mr. George Hooper; hon. secretary, Mr. A. D. Durnford; hon. treasurer, Mr. C. J. Fleet, K.C.

Board of directors: Sir George A. Drummond, Sir Alexandre Lacoste, Mr. Robert Meighen, Mr. C. J. Fleet, the Hon. F. L. Beique, Lieut.-Colonel Burland, the Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, Sir E. S. Clouston, Bart.; the Rev. Dr. Hill, Dr. Lachapelle, Mr. H. Laporte, His Worship the Mayor, Sir W. C. Macdonald, Mr. Charles Meredith, Mr. H. V. Meredith, Mr. W. R. Miller, Mr. Bartlett McLennan, the Hon. R. Dandurand, Mr. M. J. A. Prendergast,

Mr. Farquhar Robertson, Mr. Recorder Weir, Lady Drummond, Lady Hingston, Mrs. Thibaudau, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Cox, Mr. A. Durnford, Mr. George Hooper.

Editorial Board of the Women's Edition of the 'Witness': Mrs. J. E. Logan, who has had experience in literary journalism extending over several years in connection with the New York 'Evening Post' and 'The Nation'; Mrs. Cox, wife of Prof. Cox, of McGill University; Mrs. F. P. Walton, wife of the Dean of the Faculty of Law, McGill University; Miss Waud.

Advertising Committee: Mrs. Hamilton Gault (convener), Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Peterson, wife of the Principal of McGill University; Mrs. C. E. Moyse, wife of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, McGill University; Mrs. C. Johnson, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mrs. H. Vincent Meredith, wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal; Mrs. J. D. Rolland, wife of the Hon. J. D. Rolland; Miss Rubenstein.

Sales Committee: Mrs. F. H. Waycott, past president of the Montreal Women's Club, and Miss Edith Watt, joint conveners; Mrs. F. Robertson, wife of the president of the Montreal Board of Trade; Mrs. Weir, wife of Judge Weir; Mrs. Wylde, wife of Dr. Wylde; Mrs. A. Murray, Miss Blackader, Miss Roddick, Miss Esdaile, Mrs. Roddick, wife of Dr. T. G. Roddick.

The primary aim of the ladies is, of course, to raise funds for the Playgrounds, but their secondary aim is to make everybody discuss Playgrounds, so, in order to set the town talking, they have adopted several plans to make the interest steadily increase from now until the day of publication.

## TWO LIMERICK CONTESTS

To stimulate interest in the Women's Edition, and also to gather in the many little donations towards the Playgrounds Fund, two Limerick Contests have been arranged. The results of both Contests, together with the best last lines and the brightest and cleverest original Limericks, will be given in the Women's Edition, and will undoubtedly form one of its many interesting sections.

### HOW WOULD YOU END IT?

Oh, the Montreal women are bright,  
They will edit the "Witness" some night.

The next day our old town  
Will be turned upside down.

### CONTEST No. 1

This will be for the best last line to be submitted as an ending to the incomplete Limerick printed at the top of this announcement. Copy the coupon given below on a sheet of note paper, fill out the blank lines and enclose ten cents, in coin or stamps, as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund. Send it in as soon as possible, for all entries will be numbered as opened, and should two persons hit on the same line, the first in order will be the only one for whom that ending will count. Entries in this competition must be addressed:

Aunt Limerick,  
Care The Women's Edition,  
"Witness" Office, Montreal.

### CONTEST No. 2

Besides prizes for the best last line to the above, prizes will be awarded for the best wholly original Limerick on the Women's Edition, in which the words, "Women" and "Witness" must appear. These Limericks must also be accompanied by ten cents each as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund, and must be received before the end of April, but in this case the address will be:

To the Editor,  
Original Limerick Competition,  
Women's Edition,  
"Witness" Office, Montreal.

N.B.—The same person may send in as many entries as desired for either or both competitions—the more the merrier, but to count for the prize each entry must be accompanied by ten cents as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund.

### THE PRIZES

The prizes will be awarded as follows:

For Last Line Limericks		For Original Limericks	
One	First Prize	One	First Prize
One	Second Prize	One	Second Prize
Twenty-five	Third Prizes	Five	Third Prizes
Fifty	Fourth Prizes	Ten	Fourth Prizes

Aggregating Ninety-Four Prizes, value over \$150.00

More prizes are given in the "Last Line" contest, as that will naturally attract more entries, but for that very reason it will be easier to win the prize in the "Original Limerick" contest for those who enjoy the fun of writing verses and have the happy knack.

The prizes will be:

#### First Prize

One 3-yd. best quality Canadian flag (British manufacture), of real double-warp wool bunting, canvas bound, roped and toggled, all ready to hoist.

#### Second Prize

One 2-yd. Canadian flag, quality identical with above.

#### Third Prize

One year's subscription each to "World Wide" and the "Canadian Pictorial," to be sent either to his own or any other addresses the winner designates. (To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the "Daily Witness," or one year's subscription to the "Weekly Witness" may be substituted for either of the above.)

#### Fourth Prize

One year's subscription to either "World Wide" or the "Canadian Pictorial," to be sent to any address the winner designates. (To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the "Daily Witness," or one year's subscription to the "Weekly Witness" may be substituted for the above.)

### How Would YOU End It?

Oh! the Montreal women are bright,  
They will edit the "Witness" some night,  
The next day our old town  
Will be turned upside down

Name .....

P.O. Address .....

Date .....

N.B.—I enclose ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund.

In sending in your version of the last line it will not be necessary to cut out this coupon, thus spoiling your copy of the "Pictorial." Merely copy it in full on a sheet of note paper, filling in the blank lines. Send it with 10 cents in coin or stamps, to "Aunt Limerick," Women's Edition, "Witness" Office, Mon

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# A DUSTLESS HOME BY ACME VACUUM SYSTEM



*Have you not often wished after a thorough House Cleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.*

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that the dust and dirt carried into your home, by air currents or otherwise, is full of **disease germs**, and that the majority of the **known diseases** result from germs which enter the system **with the air we breathe**.

Further, you must appreciate that every time you sweep you actually remove by this laborious method only the larger particles of dirt from the premises, and that you stir up the **germ-laden dust** only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back on to the floor through the accustomed dusting process.

But you need **neither sweep nor dust** when you use our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner. It **takes up the disease germs** with the dust and the dirt, and **removes them forever** from your home. The vacuum in the cleaner is so regulated as to thoroughly clean your carpets without injury to the fabrics.

The motor in Our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner is wound for **Direct or Alternating Current**, and operates from the ordinary lamp socket **at an approximate cost of one cent per hour**.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will **remove the dirt and dust** from your home is **with your own eyes**, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the **VACUUM CLEANER DEPARTMENT**.

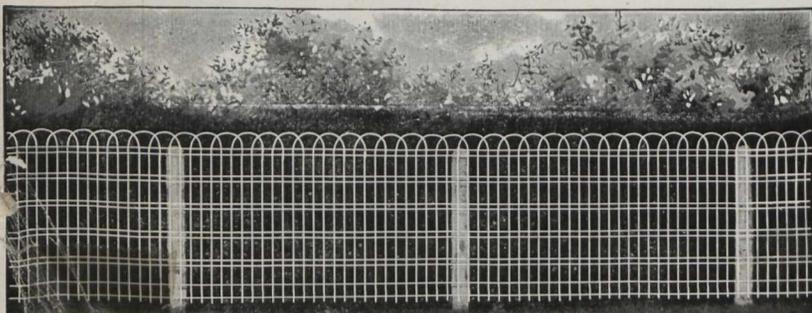
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*Manufacturers*

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## New Negligee Shirts for Spring and Summer

We have just received many new shades and exclusive patterns in these fine shirts from England.

Made of Pure Wool "Cambric," "Taffeta," "Tussore," and Twill Flannels, with the soft double cuff, they are, without doubt, the neatest and most comfortable negligee shirt offered anywhere in Canada.

They are the ideal shirt for outdoor wear—for golfing, tennis, riding, boating, etc., because they protect the body from becoming chilled, either from the changeable weather or from overheating with exercise.

Make your selection while our stocks are complete.

### Spring Underwear

in all sizes and weights, for men, women, and children.

Quality guaranteed by the Jaeger trademark.

**Dr. Jaeger's Co., Limited**



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Montreal

Also at Toronto  
and Winnipeg



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MONTREAL**

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A new sugar—sweeter, more inviting than sugar has ever been before.

"Crystal Diamonds" are sparkling tablets made from the choicest cane sugar and represent the very latest and greatest achievement in sugar refining. An ornament to any table.

## "Crystal Diamonds"

Your grocer should have them—in attractive 5 pound cartoons or by the pound.

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND DOMINOS" are larger than "Crystal Diamonds" and are especially for coffee. Ask your grocer. 3

The **ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited, Montreal.**



**The Head of the G. T. P.**

Mr. Edson J. Chamberlin, who has succeeded Mr. Frank W. Morse as Vice-President and General Manager of the new railway, the steel tracks of which will bind the provinces of Canada more closely together, has already since his appointment made a trip over the whole territory through which when completed the line will pass. He is a native of New Hampshire, but has resided in Canada since 1886, when he was appointed General Manager of the Canada Atlantic Railway, from which position he retired when that line passed into the hands of the Grand Trunk. Mr. Chamberlin is admittedly an able railway man, and being quite alive to the needs of the country, great things are expected of him.

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# Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 4, No. 5

One Dollar  
a Year

APRIL, 1909

142 St. Peter Street  
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

## An April Day

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick on the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed. — Longfellow

## A Missionary Policy for Canada

THE opening days of April, 1909, will go down into Canadian history as red-letter days. The Dominion has had conventions of leaders in all branches of commerce and many gatherings of the clergy of various denominations, but never before have the laymen of any nation met together to consider and adopt a missionary policy for their country. This is the object of the Canadian National Missionary Congress now in session in Toronto, at which two thousand laymen—most of them leaders in commercial life—are discussing the great problem which has been crystallized into "the evangelization of the world in this generation." This great Congress is really the result of a trans-continental journey made by representatives of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, who, starting from Sydney, marked their westward progress by holding meetings at twenty-four centres, the last of which was Victoria. The question everywhere asked with confidence was: "Would Canada do her share in evangelizing the world in this generation?" The answer, everywhere given with enthusiasm, was: "Yes." And with the answer were given assurances that the money needed would be forthcoming. The great question before the Congress now is not "Will Canada do her share?" but "How will Canada do her share?" The Laymen's Missionary Movement, which has already shown itself possessed of such extraordinary vitality, is not yet two and a half years old. It dates its existence from a representative gathering of laymen in New York on November 15th, 1906, and it has spread practically throughout Christendom with results little short of marvellous. Perhaps the feature of the movement, apart from the fact that the laymen, and not the ministers, are most active in the work, is the thorough confidence that the result desired will be achieved. The world has known several forward movements along missionary lines, all of them founded upon a sublime faith that could move mountains, but none of them were daring enough to confidently look for the accomplishment of the work "in this generation." Taking it for granted that the world would be evangelized some time, the Laymen's movement has gone a step further; in this generation must it be done. Could anything be nobler or grander? And so modern Crusaders are forsaking their business, laying aside the mere raking in of dollars, and devoting themselves to Christ's business, laying up for themselves treasures where neither moth nor rust corrupt—the leaders of the movement tell us of scores of such instances in Canada.

They are bent on extending Christ's kingdom on earth, and to that end they are using that great agency of the successful business of the twentieth century—System—and are systematizing the work of spreading the Gospel to every creature. Two things are essential: men and money. The Movement asks for 40,000 missionaries, instead of 13,000, and \$80,000,000 a year instead of less than twenty-three millions. Canada's share is apportioned at 1,600 instead of 300, and \$3,200,000 annually instead of \$600,000. But we as a country have Home Mission work that cannot be neglected, so that a total of four millions and a half is being asked for to meet the mission work of the Christian Church at home and in the foreign field. This works out at five dollars a year for every church member. The twenty-four centres already mentioned promised to raise \$7.38 per member. Winnipeg promised \$10.00 per member, and Montreal and Toronto, \$8.33. The amounts promised by these twenty-four centres represent an increase of over a million dollars over what they raised for missions last year.

But lest there should be a tendency to emphasize too strongly the business side of the work, the executive committee gave prominence in its advance literature to a letter from the Bishop of Fredericton, in which His Lordship says:

"The great danger against which the Laymen's Missionary Movement must guard itself, and, I think, a very real danger—is the idolatry of facts and figures."

The Rev. Principal Sparling, of Wesley College, Winnipeg, says:

"A great wave of materialism has swept over this continent, if not over the world, in the last few decades. There have been influences at work which have tended mightily to make the dollar bulk big in the eyes of men. Some, I fear, have come to believe that the dollar is everything. But yet I am persuaded that it will be found that the hearts of the vast body of young people throughout the land are still loyal and true. The heroic in them is not atrophied. Signs are not wanting to indicate that our brightest and best young men and women are ready to sacrifice where sacrifice is necessary for a worthy cause. Give them to see their duty and they will do it."

Thus the question before the Congress is, not: "Will Canada do her share in evangelizing the world in this generation?" but, "How will Canada do it?"

## NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

The Senate of Texas has passed an anti-racing and anti-bookmaking bill by a vote of 18 to 12.

In the Danish elections last month seven percent of the candidates elected in the provinces were women, and out of the 42 members of the Municipal Council of Copenhagen, seven are women.

In Portugal Dom Miguel de Braganza, the pretender to the throne, has announced that he has renounced all claim to the throne. His sympathies, he says, are all with the young King who was so tragically thrust into his present position.

Trouble is again reported brewing in Central America. According to advices received in the United States Department of State, about six thousand Nicaraguan troops are now near the Honduran frontier. The chief scene of activity is in the neighborhood of Corinto, on the Pacific coast, whereabouts are concentrated four gunboats and other auxiliary craft.

Count Zeppelin's steerable airship made an amazing flight last month at Lake Constance. With a crew of 26 men on board she was in the air for four hours and covered a distance of 150 miles. A great throng witnessed the flight. When the descent was made the military experts were enthusiastic and unanimously agreed that the record flight brings nearer the practicability of Zeppelin airships as troop transports. The comparatively great weight carried in the flight also convinced the military men that the airship could with equal facility carry an equal weight of explosives. The next test of efficiency will come when a demonstration will be made by Count Zeppelin firing explosives from his airship. The success of that test will establish, it is believed, the necessity of aerial navies. The airship is 445 feet long, with a width of 49½ feet. It has three motors, each of 145 horse power. Its speed is as high as 50 miles per hour. The airship is fitted with wireless, has powerful searchlights, and cost over \$100,000.

A plot to murder the Ameer of Afganistan, the Heir Apparent and other members of the royal family has recently been discovered. Twelve hundred arrests have been made in Jellalabad, and it is reported that batches of prisoners are being blown from guns daily. The Ameer, Habdulla Khan, C.C.B., was born in 1872 and ascended the throne in 1901.

The French astronomer, M. Gaillet, has announced the discovery of the two new planets beyond Neptune. He estimates that the one is forty-five times and the other sixty times the distance of the earth from the sun. Reduction to figures does not make the matter much clearer as the numbers are unthinkable, but the discoverer calculates that the one is 4,185,000,000 miles from the sun, and the other 5,580,000,000. The earth is 95,000,000 of miles from the sun, and Neptune 2,800,000,000.

The shelving of the adult suffrage bill in the British House of Commons last month is regarded by the suffragettes as cancelling the possibility of the franchise being granted to women at this session. The measure was introduced despite their protests. They know there is no chance of adult suffrage in England to-day. They have always demanded suffrage only on the same terms as men have it. Therefore, this bill was designed really to prevent them from achieving it for the present. Mr. Asquith, in discussing the bill, said it was well-known that the woman suffrage question had never been made a Government question. He himself believed, as did most of his colleagues, in the necessity for reform in the present franchise apart from any question of sex. He wished to reaffirm what he had previously said, viz.: that the Government intended to introduce a measure for general electoral reform. While Mr. Asquith was speaking four attendants carried in four huge bundles of paper. They were a petition from the anti-suffragettes, signed by 243,782 women, praying the House of Commons to reject any measure granting the parliamentary franchise to women. The document was received with much laughter and was then gravely carried out again.

Lieutenant Shackleton, who left England for the Antarctic in July 1907, has arrived back at New Zealand after reaching within 111 miles of the South Pole, by far the farthest south ever reached by man. He reports his journey difficult but successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. He climbed Mount Erebus, the 13,000 foot volcano never before ascended, and found a crater half a mile in diameter and 8,000 feet deep, discovered a hundred mountains, a glacier 40 miles wide and 120 long, camped in a blizzard with the thermometer 70 below zero, gathered valuable mineral specimens, discovered beds of coal and rejoined their ship after a journey of 1,708 miles covered in 125 days. Another section of the expedition on leaving the ship travelled 1,200 miles in 122 days and triangulated the coast from McMurdo Sound to Drygalski Glacier. Coal measures discovered in the limestone prove that this inhospitable region was once the scene of luxuriant vegetation. The region about the South Pole is a plateau some 10,000 feet high.

Sir Andrew Fraser, K.C.S.I., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who is at the Laymen's Missionary Movement Convention at Toronto, expressed the opinion that in spite of the sensational stories that had gone out from that country, there would be no general uprising. 'It is quite true,' he said, 'that there is a spirit of unrest there, but there is no danger of a second Indian mutiny. The revolutionist element is small, and the feeling against present conditions rather undefined. Of course, the economic conditions in India are not conducive to general quiet. The price of articles of necessity and general use have gone up, while the wages have stood still. The remedy? I suppose there will have to be a period of waiting until affairs adjust themselves. One reason for the unrest may be explained by the fact that the natives have ever before them the fact of Japan's success in the war with Russia. It is not the missionaries that are spreading the feeling. It largely comes from the many young men of India who go to Japan for their education, and there imbibe the idea of India for the Indians.'

## DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

The scare talk in the sensational press of Britain's unpreparedness for war and Germany's rapidly increasing preparation for it, has lessened somewhat during the past few days. Mr. Asquith, in the British House of Commons last week, said there was no friction between the two countries, not even any unfriendliness, nothing, indeed, but a mutual feeling that each must have regard to its own interests in matters of national defence. He condemned the mischievous legends to which currency had been given as the most unscrupulous misrepresentations of the actual situation he had ever experienced. The facts of the case, he said, are that at the end of the current year Britain would have eight Dreadnoughts in commission, while Germany would have two; in 1912 Britain would have 40 first class battleships with a total displacement of 585,000 tons exclusive of the Dreadnoughts, while Germany would have only 20 with a displacement of 241,000 tons; Britain would have 35 cruisers and Germany eight. He appealed to the House, in the interests of the nation, that, whatever party might be in power, to make it its first care to maintain unassailable the supremacy upon which the freedom of Great Britain depends.

Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said that the vastness of the expenditure on armaments had become a satire and a reflection on the civilization of the world, and predicted that, carried much further, it would end in general European bankruptcy. The vote of censure on the government for its naval policy was, after a heated debate, lost on division, by 135 to 353.

In the Canadian House of Commons, on Monday, March 29, a resolution introduced by the Hon. George E. Foster brought the vital question of Canada's participation in Imperial defence measures formally before the Canadian people. The occasion was a notable one, and after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Borden, and the Hon. Mr. Brodeur had spoken, the following amendment to Mr. Foster's resolution, proposed by the Premier, was unanimously adopted:

"This House fully recognizes the duty of the people of Canada, as they increase in numbers and wealth, to assume in larger measure the responsibilities of national defence:

"The House reaffirms the opinion, repeatedly expressed by representatives of Canada, that under the present constitutional relations between the mother country and the self-governing dominions the payment of any stated contribution to the Imperial treasury for naval and military purposes would not, so far as Canada is concerned, be a satisfactory solution of the question of defence:

"The House has observed with satisfaction the relief afforded in recent years to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom through the assumption by the Canadian people of considerable military expenditure formerly charged upon the British treasury:

"The House will certainly approve of any necessary expenditure designed to promote the organization of a Canadian naval service in co-operation with and in close relation with the Imperial navy, along the lines suggested by the admiralty at the last Imperial conference, and in full sympathy with the view

that the naval supremacy of Britain is essential to the security of commerce, the safety of the Empire and the peace of the world:

"The House expresses its firm conviction that whenever the need arises the Canadian people will be found ready and willing to make any sacrifice that is required to give the Imperial authorities the most loyal and hearty co-operation in every movement for the maintenance of the integrity and the honor of the Empire."

In England an interesting experiment was made by the War Office the other day to demonstrate the utility of the automobile as a means of rapid military transport to supplement the resources of the railways. Acting on the assumption that a hostile army had landed at Hastings and that the railway was blocked with troop trains, a relieving force of 1,000 men with full war kit and guns was moved to the scene by automobiles. Some 500 machines loaned by members of the Automobile Club picked up the men and their accoutrements at the various barracks and conveyed them to the Crystal Palace, whence the start was made. The machines travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour over the hard frozen roads towards Hastings. The lighter cars with the men took the lead, leaving the heavier vehicles with the guns and stores to bring up the rear. Great crowds gathered along the route of the run to watch the column which was over a mile long. At Hastings the cars were drawn up on the sea front. 'The Relieving Army' returned home the same evening.

# THE COMPENSATION

By I. A. R. Wylie

Published by special arrangement.



THE whole suite of splendid, slightly over-decorated rooms had been thrown open for the occasion. The shining parquet flooring reflected the hundred lights from the chandeliers. Every corner was banked with flowers, at every door a powdered and liveried flunkey kept solemn watch for the coming festivity.

Mrs. St. Clair passed from one apartment to the other with wide-open, wondering eyes, like a child who has stepped into an unexpected yet long-dreamed-of fairyland. For the first time in her life she had sat idly with her hands in her lap and let others work. For the first time she had enjoyed the luxury of unharassed calm and comfort. A year ago, in their old Canadian home, a few guests had drawn frowns on her brow and kept her alert with anxiety until they had safely taken their departure. She was a proud woman, and her very heart had sunk at the thought that there might not be enough or that it should be found out that the forks were borrowed and the pudding made with her own hands.

Now, miraculously as it seemed to her, the whole exterior of her life had changed. She took a deep breath of thankfulness. She was free. The bonds of respectable middle-class poverty, which had hitherto held every natural propensity pinioned, were cast aside. She was at last to play the part in life nature had intended for her, that of a brilliant woman of the world, holding in her hand the trump card of wealth.

She stopped before one of the long mirrors and studied her reflected image with almost impersonal interest. Nothing in her surroundings seemed quite so wonderful and surprising as herself. She had been a quiet, sad, rather shabby little woman with pretty but faded features. Now, like a flower that has been kept in the shadow and suddenly feels the first warm sunshine, she had blossomed with all her forty years into a beautiful, upright woman, unmarked by age save for the threads of grey in her dark, curling hair.

She turned from her pleased contemplation, and saw her husband standing in the doorway. It struck her in that moment—possibly by way of contrast—that he also had changed, but quite otherwise.

Through the twenty years of their married life, when things were at their darkest, he had always maintained the same cheerful equanimity and courage. His well-cut face had never worn the expression of anxiety, almost of fear, which it wore now. His tall figure had never seemed so bowed under the weight of care. She called him to her.

"Come here, Richard—look at these flowers! Aren't they beautiful? Isn't everything beautiful?" she exclaimed.

"You are the most beautiful of all," he answered simply. She smiled happily at him, and slipped her arm through his and paced slowly up and down the great reception-room.

"It has all come so suddenly," she went on. "This time last year we were wondering if one leg of mutton would last us through the week. Six months ago came Aunt Clara's little legacy, and three months after your clever brain had multiplied it to a fortune. My brave, clever, good husband!"

A young man in evening dress at that moment entered, and approached them, his fresh, pleasant face aglow with eagerness.

"I was afraid of a horrible scolding for being late, mother," he said gaily. "Well, I must say—glancing about him—"things have been well done. I feel as though I must be dreaming!"

She responded to his gaiety with a quiet smile of satisfaction, then glanced again at her husband, and a faint shadow fell across her face.

"Richard," she said, "you don't seem quite happy—not like Geoffrey and I. What is it? Are you dreading all these people?"

"Dreading them? Perhaps I am.

A fit of shyness in my old age!" he suggested. She pressed his hand.

"You poor fellow! You have lived such a quiet, humdrum sort of life, and now I thrust you into a perfect whirlpool. Is it selfish of me?"

"There is only one thing I care for, Eileen," he answered with sudden energy, "and that is your happiness." A blush of pleasure mounted her cheeks. Through all the years they had kept their love and consideration for each other.

"What is the time, Geoffrey?" she asked, turning to her son.

"Eight o'clock," he answered promptly. She took her husband's arm again.

"Our guests should be arriving," she said. "You think they will come, Richard? It seems so strange to have had no answers."

"We asked for none," he replied. "In a big reception such as this it is not necessary. Oh, they will come fast enough. Wealth is an irresistible attraction for most people."

"Come!" echoed Geoffrey. "I should think they will! Why, it's the talk of the town. We have caused quite a sensation. Anyhow, everybody is wondering why the rich St. Clairs should have come all the way from Canada to settle in a dull residential town like this." Mrs. St. Clair turned with slightly surprised eyes towards her husband.

"Why should they wonder?" she asked. "It is your native town, Richard. It is quite natural you should come back."

"I left as a young man—almost a boy," he answered indistinctly. "They have forgotten." She nodded.

"Let us go to the head of the staircase and be ready to receive them all," she said. She led the way, husband and son following. At the head of the handsome staircase she stopped, and Richard St. Clair drew a little to one side, observing her with almost hungry admiration. She seemed to him to be the personification of matured and triumphant beauty as she stood there. He knew, or rather guessed, the thoughts and emotions that were passing through her in that moment. He knew that not one of them was tinged with idle vanity or purse-proud satisfaction. She was like a long-imprisoned child who is set free in a world of flowers and rejoices innocently in the loveliness spread out before her. They heard the sound of an approaching carriage. Eileen St. Clair turned and nodded.

"The first!" she said happily. The carriage drew nearer, reached the door—and passed on. The rumbling of the wheels died away in the distance. Mrs. St. Clair drew a deep sigh.

"A false alarm!" she remarked with cheerful good humour. Neither of the two men answered, and so they stood there while five and ten minutes slipped slowly past. Mrs. St. Clair turned again to her husband.

"They are late," she said. "Isn't it rather strange, Richard?" St. Clair's hand rested on the gilded bannisters. He was leaning heavily, and, though he did not look at her, his profile seemed to her unusually white and haggard.

"In this class of society it is considered good form to be as unpunctual as possible, I believe," he said. "You must not expect people to turn up like they did at Monkton."

She laughed, and appeared satisfied. Below in the hall she could see the powdered head of the flunkey waiting to receive the first guests. Behind her she knew a row of similar solemn-faced individuals stood in readiness to lead the way to the reception rooms. It was all very splendid—princely in its magnificence. But she wished her growing sensation of nervousness would die away. Thus the ten minutes grew to twenty, to forty. A few heavy carts rolled along the street outside; otherwise there was a curious, almost death-like silence. The three standing at the head of the staircase did not speak. The flush of eager excitement had died from the younger man's face, the smile from about Mrs. St. Clair's lips. Only Richard remained as he had been from the beginning—quiet, composed, apathetic. Mrs. St. Clair drew closer to him.

"This isn't unpunctuality," she

said, striving to command her voice. "There must be something else—a mistake in the date, perhaps." Richard started as though someone had roughly awakened him from a dream. He put his hand to his forehead.

"Yes—a mistake in the date," he echoed dully. No one spoke again for a few minutes. A leaden inertia seemed to have fallen on them which none could shake off, though each moment's silence grew more intolerable. With an effort Mrs. St. Clair turned to the servant immediately behind her.

"There has been some confusion in the invitations," she said with a haughtiness she was far from feeling. "Turn the lights out—the rooms can be closed." The man bowed.

One by one the lights faded. There was the click of closing doors, a gradual hush ending in complete silence. The brilliantly-lighted scene of festivity had become vault-like in its chilly quiet and darkness. One light still burned above their heads, and Mrs. St. Clair could see her husband standing motionless, with folded arms, staring sightlessly before him. She crossed in front of him to her boudoir, and switched on the electric light. The two men followed her. Mrs. St. Clair went to her writing table, and, turning over some papers, picked out a printed card. She studied it earnestly.

"This is one of the invitations," she said, "for the 15th, Wednesday. What is the date to-day?"

Geoffrey glanced at his father, who made no sign.

"The 15th," he said. Mrs. St. Clair threw the card down again.

"So there is no mistake," she said slowly and clearly, "and there was nothing else on to-night. They did not come—because they did not want to." Her eyes were fixed gravely on her husband's set face. Suddenly she took a step forward. "Do you know why?" she demanded. He drew himself upright with the instinctive movement of a man put unexpectedly on his defence.

"No," he said. The monosyllable sounded compressed and forced. The gravity on Mrs. St. Clair's face became an accusation.

"Have you no idea?" He did not reply, and she put her hand on his shoulder. The touch was not so much tender as forcible and compelling. "I can't help it," she said. "I believe you do know—or guess. Richard, we have stood side by side all these years. Can't you tell me—can't you trust me?"

He laughed shortly. "My dear, what a tragedy about nothing! There has been some mistake—there is no other explanation possible. If there is, no doubt it will be forthcoming." Her hand dropped from his shoulder.

"Yes," she said coldly, "that is certain. If there is any other explanation it will be forthcoming; but I would rather have had it from your lips, husband."

She passed out of the door, and with a curt, awkward "Good-night" her son followed her. Richard St. Clair stood alone. In the pitiless white blaze of the electric light his face looked like that of an old man.

## II.

Geoffrey faced his father across the library table.

"It is very seldom I trouble your privacy, sir," he said. "I would not do so now, only I feel it is imperative to my peace of mind."

Richard St. Clair rearranged some papers on the table. His manner was quiet and collected.

"Everything that concerns your peace of mind concerns me," he said.

"I know," was the warm answer, "and therefore I feel doubly to blame—that I have not been quite open to you of late—not given you my full confidence. Perhaps," he added hesitatingly, "we have both failed each other in that respect."

St. Clair started, and looked intently at his son.

"Tell me first where 'you' have failed in that respect," he suggested grimly.

The younger man did not answer immediately. He seemed to be struggling to put some fixed resolution into effect.

"I won't beat about the bush," he said with a faint smile. "I am engaged to be married, sir."

St. Clair showed no sign of surprise.

"I supposed that was it," he said. "Why have you kept it from me so long? Is she a bar-maid, or ballet dancer, or what?" The words, mocking enough in themselves, were spoken in a kindly tone which left no sting behind it.

"No," Geoffrey answered quietly. "She is nothing like that. She is like my mother. Her people live very quietly—I only got to know them by accident, and after that things went so quickly that I hesi-

tated to tell you. I thought you would object because we are both so young. It has been rather on my conscience, though."

"Yes, you might have trusted me—as I trust you," St. Clair said, holding out a hand, which his son took and warmly clasped. "I know I could preach a long sermon to you about time and experience and so on, but I shan't. After all," he went on, more to himself than to his companion, "I married in dark days enough, and I have been happy—very happy."

There was a silence before he looked up again. "You have something else to say," he said sharply.

Geoffrey nodded. He had grown pale, and though he still held his father's hand, there was a new uneasiness in his manner.

"Yes, I have," he blurted out at last. "I hate it—I detest it. I feel that it is an insult to the man I love and honour most in the world, but I must understand things which are at present incomprehensible to me."

St. Clair's head was bowed.

"Go on," he said simply.

"Sir, it isn't only that night of the reception. Everywhere the doors are closed against us. I can't shut my eyes to the truth. We are being boycotted. The other day I was out with Alice's father. We saw you in the distance. I pointed you out. He started, and went as white—as white as you are now, sir. From that moment his manner towards me changed. He avoided me—shrank from me as though I were a leper. I cannot bear it any longer. I feel there is a cloud hanging over us, and I must know. Father—tell me!"

Richard St. Clair got up slowly. He was white to the lips, but his expression was one of resolution—almost one of relief.

"Yes," he said, "I will tell you. I had not meant to. Now I see I must. The story I am going to relate is a strange one—possibly you will not believe it, coming, as it does, from my lips. It was the fear of your disbelief that kept me silent." He went to the window, and stood looking out on to the street. "There is your mother's carriage," he said. "Let us wait for her. In the meantime, tell me your future wife's name. You forgot."

"Alice Cardew," was the answer. St. Clair swung sharply round on his heel.

"Who?" he demanded.

"Cardew—eldest daughter of Rupert Cardew, the retired banker." Geoffrey watched his father with a growing sense of uneasiness. There was no definite change in the strong white face, yet there was something in the rigid, upright attitude which suggested a paralysing blow.

"Rupert Cardew!" St. Clair repeated quietly. "And you love his daughter—ah!"

Geoffrey could read no meaning into that last exclamation. It might have been an expression of thoughtfulness. He could not tell. He approached his father as though to take his hand, when the door opened and Mrs. St. Clair entered. She looked harassed and exhausted. The three stood and looked at each other an instant without any pretence at welcome or pleasure. They seemed to realize by instinct that the growing storm had somehow been brought to a climax.

"I am glad you are both here," Mrs. St. Clair began breathlessly. "I could not have borne it any longer—you don't know what I have suffered. It was awful." She pulled off her gloves nervously and threw them on the table. "I have just come from Mrs. Redburn's—the invitation is of three weeks' standing. When I got there everybody seemed to be talking to somebody else. I might have been an absolute stranger. At last I got among some people who did not know me. They didn't talk to me, but I had to listen to them, and—Richard, shall I tell you what they said?"

"Please," he assented stiffly. "One woman was telling the others the latest scandal. A native of the town had returned after many years, very wealthy and with a wife and son. He had come back under an assumed name, and as no one at first recognized him he was allowed to force himself into a society which otherwise would have had nothing to do with him. Now the secret was out. Everyone knew that he was the man who, twenty-two years ago, had been mixed up in a disgraceful money affair—a most unlovely bankruptcy, she called it—and everyone cut him dead. She described last week's reception, just as though she had been there—even to how the servants laughed among themselves afterwards."

She choked as though the agony of shame was more than she could bear, and flinging herself down in the chair, burst into a passion of

## THE COMPENSATION

(Continued from page 7)

tears. St. Clair, who had remained stoically quiet throughout her recital, made a movement as though to put his hand upon her shoulder, but he drew back, and, instead, motioned to his son, Geoffrey bent over her.

"Mother!" he said tenderly. She looked up, and turned her tear-stained face towards her husband.

"I didn't listen to any more," she said. "Every word was like gall to me. I crept away and drove straight home—to you—to hear the truth."

She got up and stood close to him, gazing into his face as though she would have pierced down into his very soul. "Is it true?" she asked.

"I cannot deny it," he said.

Geoffrey took a step forward. "Father," he began passionately, "I am sure you have some explanation. Before my mother came you were about to tell me—"

"I have been saved the trouble," was the calm interruption.

For a moment no one spoke. Then, with a gesture of irrepressible love, Mrs. St. Clair put her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, Richard, Richard!" she cried. "I have lived at your side through all these dreary years, and loved and honoured you as the most honest, most upright man living. I can't believe it—I can't!"

"Why believe it, then?" he answered simply. "Why not trust me?"

"Trust you!" she retorted. "How can I trust you? The whole world—everything—speaks against you. And you yourself have denied nothing—have admitted everything. You ask an impossibility."

He loosened her clasped hands with a sigh that sounded like a groan.

"Yes," he said, "it's pretty hard, I know. Still—"

Before he had time to complete his sentence someone tapped at the door, and a servant entered.

"A Mr. Cardew to see you, sir," he said.

Father and son exchanged a swift glance.

"Show him up here," St. Clair said. Then added, as the door closed on the retreating servant: "Eileen—and you, Geoffrey—I must ask you to leave me. This gentleman and I—have business together."

The two men looked at each other with a stern interest. There was no exchange of formalities between them. The newcomer came forward. His step was an unsteady one, and his small, delicate frame bowed as though beneath an overpowering weight of care. He formed a striking contrast to his tall, powerfully-built host, and yet in the very contrast there lay a resemblance. The features were the same—the same nose, the same mouth, the same eyes only in the one case the traces of effeminacy and weakness were so marked that the resemblance had become blurred, and, at first sight, scarcely detectable.

"After all these years!" Cardew said, and held out his hand. The movement was a hesitating one. St. Clair remained stiff and upright.

"I can't," he said; "I thought I could—I meant to. I am not a man to carry an endless feud about with him. But you should have waited—till I had drunk this last cup of bitterness to the end."

Cardew nodded.

"I know," he said, "or, rather, I can guess. I know how these so-called 'honorable' Pharisees would treat you once they get wind of your identity. I know what you suffer. Dick, why in Heaven's name did you give them the chance—why did you come back?"

St. Clair laughed roughly.

"Why does every exile come slinking home at the first chance, or—as my friends here would doubtless put it—why does every criminal haunt the scene of his crimes? Besides," he added more gently, "my wife wished it." There was a pause, and he went on: "May I ask you a question now? Why have you come to me?"

Cardew started upright as though he had been struck. A flush of indignation spread over his features.

"Why I have come? Good God, Dick, I know what I am well enough—a weak cad and scoundrel—but I'm not a stone, not a machine. You think I have not suffered all these years—have not borne a burden of intolerable remorse? I can bear it no more, I had to come to you. Something must be done."

St. Clair shook his head.

"There is nothing to be done," he said. "You can't give me back what I have lost—my name and the confidence of those whose confidence was my due."

"You mean—"

"My wife and son's."

"You have not told them?"

"No." Cardew began to pace restlessly up and down like some tortured animal. "If I gave you back your promise—in so much that you could tell them at least?"

St. Clair laughed again.

"I confess I intended to tell them. My promise did not extend to my own family. It seemed to me only just and fair that they should know. I owed them so much for their peace of mind. Then Geoffrey told me he wished to marry your daughter." He paused, and then added significantly: "It is better for my son's happiness that he should believe his father to be a shady bankrupt than his future wife the daughter of a forger and criminal."

Cardew uttered an exclamation that sounded like a stifled scream, and, sinking down by the table, buried his face in his arms. St. Clair said nothing, and presently Cardew looked up again. His weak, white face was tear-stained.

"It's awful, Dick," he said huskily, "too awful. It's just as though Fate meant to torture us. I swear to you, if it was only for myself, I'd confess—I'd be thankful to get this weight off me—I'd tell the whole abominable truth. But there are other people concerned—my poor delicate wife and the children. It would break their hearts. I can't—"

St. Clair put his hand on the other's shoulder. For the first time his manner softened.

"I know you can't," he said gently. "I never asked you to. Someone has to suffer in this miserable business. I have chosen to be the sufferer, and I will keep to it. The trouble is how to prevent it falling on other people's shoulders besides my own."

Cardew cleared his throat. "You know what these people are like, Dick. You only need to pay back all you—I owe, and they will be ready enough to receive you with open arms and sing panegyrics to you about your generosity and nobility and so on—"

He broke off. St. Clair was looking straight into his face.

"You mean that I should pay off your debts, Rupert, partly to ease your conscience, partly to re-establish my own reputation? I see." He came over and took the other by the arm. "Brother Rupert, why should I? Have I not sacrificed enough? It is twenty years since I acknowledged disgraceful debts I had never made and signatures I had never signed. You know why I did it. I pitied your wife—I myself had no one who cared what became of me—and then there was my mother. You were her favourite son, and, in any case, it was better for the family that I should go bankrupt than you to prison. I'm sorry to make you wince—I can't help it. Well, I cleared out to Canada, under another name, and married there a beautiful and wealthy girl, whose parents cast her off penniless when she chose to follow me. For twenty years I fought against poverty, always with the thought that should I get rich I would repay the people you had ruined and at the same time redeem my old name. Through all the sufferings our poverty entailed my wife never grumbled, never murmured.

"Then, a little money was left. I speculated with it—and become rich. My first thought was to pay your debts, Rupert, though I knew it would swallow up the greater part of our fortune. Then, my wife—you have seen her, perhaps? She is a beautiful woman, is she not? Well, in those twenty years she had grown plain and withered. When the wealth came, and the burden of anxiety lifted from her shoulders, she blossomed out like a flower." His voice lost its steadiness for an instant, but he went on quickly. "Then I realized what those years had been to her—what she had suffered. I told myself that the time for Quixotism was past, that my duty was not to my own name nor to your creditors, Rupert, but to my wife, my patient, heroic comrade. I saw that to redeem my name was a selfish action, a mere seeking after the world's worthless respect. My real honour, my inward integrity had never been blemished. I swore that the money which was really my wife's should be dedicated to her and to her happiness alone."

"She knows nothing of the past?" "Nothing—except that I am under a cloud. She does not know that the sacrifice of her fortune would clear me before the world. She is an honourable woman, and would bring the sacrifice. That is why she shall never know—she has sacrificed enough. I will take her away where the scandal is unknown, and she shall have everything she has missed in life. Geoffrey can marry your daughter. The disgrace will not be visited on him."

III.

Mrs. St. Clair came upon her husband as he was arranging and tearing up some old papers. The estrangement between them had grown rapidly, and they seldom spoke to one another. She stood at his side now, her face pale but resolute.

"You say you are going away—for some time," she began, after a moment's pause. "Doubtless you are right—things cannot go on as they are at present. But, before you go, we must come to some sort of an understanding."

"Yes," he assented. "The other night I lost a great deal," she went on, "among other things, my confidence in you. I am sorry to be so brutal, but you must have known that that would be the inevitable result of the truth, did you not?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "There were two alternatives for me to choose from—either to let that loss and all the accompanying disgrace overwhelm me, or to defy the world and drown my loss in pleasure—"

"And you have chosen—?" "The latter!" she answered triumphantly. "I have done with gloom and sadness. I want to be happy—I don't care at what cost. If I can have happiness, the rest can go. So I have come to you."

"For more money?" he suggested. "Yes," she said deliberately. "Money and luxury mean happiness, don't they?"

"I don't know," he said, "for you, perhaps." Then, after a pause, he went on, "I have thought of this already. I know I have been a disappointment to you. I want to compensate to you for that disappointment. I think I can. As you suggest, there are few wounds money cannot heal. So I have put aside a reserve fund amounting to about what we had before, and something for Geoffrey and his future wife. The rest I shall make over entirely to you."

She gave an exclamation of delight. "You give me a free hand—to do just what I like—to buy what I like—whatever makes me happy?"

"Yes," he said. He got up restlessly and looked at her. Her face was flushed and her eyes bright with excitement. "Be careful of the money. It is a great deal, but if you put a heavy strain on it—"

"I shall have to go back to the old hand-to-mouth poverty!" she said, with a laugh. "Wouldn't that be awful?"

"I don't know," he said almost beneath his breath. "When I look back they seem happy times."

She shrugged her shoulders. "How extraordinary! What compensation had we then for our hardships?"

He did not answer, though the answer trembled on his lips.

"Good-bye," she said. "Let me know your movements. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" he answered.

St. Clair stood in the dark porchway and brushed the rain from his face. Outside he could hear the steady dripping from the porticoes and the occasional sighing of the wind round the house corners. He looked up at the windows. They were dark—otherwise than he had expected to see them, and he felt a vague surprise, touching on alarm.

As he stood there hesitating he asked himself for the hundredth time that evening why he had come. In a few days he was to go back to his old Canadian home to begin life again and build up with his own hands the fortune with which he should clear his name. It was probably too late to succeed, but he could not do more than try. He had written and told Eileen part of his intention. He had not meant to see her again. Yet he stood there on her doorstep listening for the sounds of merriment which never came. That very morning she had written to him.

"I am perfectly happy," she said. "I live in a whirl of excitement and am revelling in my new power. Money can do everything—it can even make me gloriously happy. Tomorrow night I am giving a big entertainment. Fifty people are invited—and they have all accepted. Think of that! The people who turned their backs on me yesterday! You see what money and I can do together. My guests will wonder at your absence, but I can explain that, and Geoffrey will do the honours."

And he had come—drawn by an irresistible longing to hear her voice and see her face for the last time. He had meant to slip in unseen in the bustle and confusion of arriving guests—but there was no bustle, no confusion. He rang the bell. The door was opened, not, as he expected, by a liveried footman, but by a little, untidy servant girl, who stared at him in blank amazement.

He went upstairs, his heart beating with nervous dread. Everywhere the same unbroken silence! At the first landing he at last heard voices, coming from the reception-room. Scarcely daring to think, he pushed open the door, and stood petrified on the threshold. Compared to the last time he had seen the room, it seemed like a barn in its barren destitution. There were no ornaments, no pictures, no flowers. In the centre was a long table, around which sat the guests. Strange guests! They were mostly old men, some bearing the traces of a past elegance in their attire, some undisguisedly shabby. They seemed to be turning their attention to the head of the table, and, instinctively, St. Clair followed their gaze. He saw his wife standing there, with Geoffrey at her side.

"So you see, gentlemen," she said in her low voice, "though you are all strangers to me, I have had to take you into my confidence—to trust you with the secret which has weighed down two lives, my husband's and another's. I know that other's name. I have his permission to tell it to you; but you will not ask me. You will be generous after these twenty years. You will let the past, with all its sins and mistakes, be buried and forgiven. The atonement will be sufficient for you—the atonement which my husband and I have taken upon ourselves. For a time my husband hesitated, because he considered the money mine, and that his first duty was to give me everything I had missed in life."

"Gentlemen," she concluded in a louder voice, "if you open the letters lying before you, you will find that our debt to you is paid."

St. Clair strode forward, blindly obeying the impulse which urged him to prevent her ruinous action. The noise of his entrance turned the attention of the assembly in his direction. An old grey-beard, whose face he remembered well, rose and came towards him.

"Mr. Richard Cardew!" he said. Richard accepted the outstretched hand mechanically. He felt himself being driven by a will stronger than his own. "Sir," the old man went on, "I confess that for twenty years I have thought of you with hatred and distrust. I confess I have thought ill of you until this very hour. Now I believe that I—that we—have done you a great wrong, and that you have acted honourably, nobly, Quixotically. I ask your forgiveness."

One by one they filed past him, with warm handclaps and warmer words, whose import he hardly understood. The last to pass out was Geoffrey. Richard turned and faced his wife.

"Eileen!" he said. She came and put her arms about his neck.

"I had not meant to let you know till it was all over," she said brokenly. "I thought you would try and prevent me. I have sold everything—horses, carriages, furniture—everything. It has been splendid—and I am so happy!"

"Eileen!" he repeated dully, "how did you know?"

"Your brother came to me. He threw himself upon our mercy—he said he could bear the burden of remorse no longer, and that he believed we would be glad to know the truth. He was right. Do you know, Richard, in those awful days before he came to me, I prayed God that He would take away my riches, and give me back my husband as I had first loved him—honourable and good. It seemed an answer to my prayer."

"Oh, Richard!"—a note of reproach crept into her voice—"how little you must have estimated my love to believe that I should care more for petty luxuries; how meanly you must have judged your son's character to believe that his love for Alice would be over-shadowed by the truth!"

"So you are going back," she went on; "and I am coming with you, Richard. We will go back to our little farm and to those dear simple folk. They will be glad to have us with them again. They were fond of us. We will begin life again. We will be so happy."

In the midst of that despoiled room, the symbol of a lost wealth perhaps never to be theirs again, her voice rang out more joyously than he had ever heard it.

"You have sacrificed yourself!" he protested passionately. "Remember the hardships—"

"Nothing I do for you is a sacrifice," she said; "and the hardships—have we not the compensation?"

"The compensation?" he echoed, and the memory of her question asked weeks before, as he had thought, in scorn and bitterness, drifted back to him.

"We have each other—our love for each other!" she answered triumphantly. "Is that not enough?"

# The Immigration Season Opens with a Rush



**Types of New Canadians**

These settlers were sketched by a "Sphere" artist as they were embarking for their trans-Atlantic voyage. Every week several train-loads of new-comers are now being rushed more than half-way across the Continent to that western land where they begin a new life under hopeful conditions.

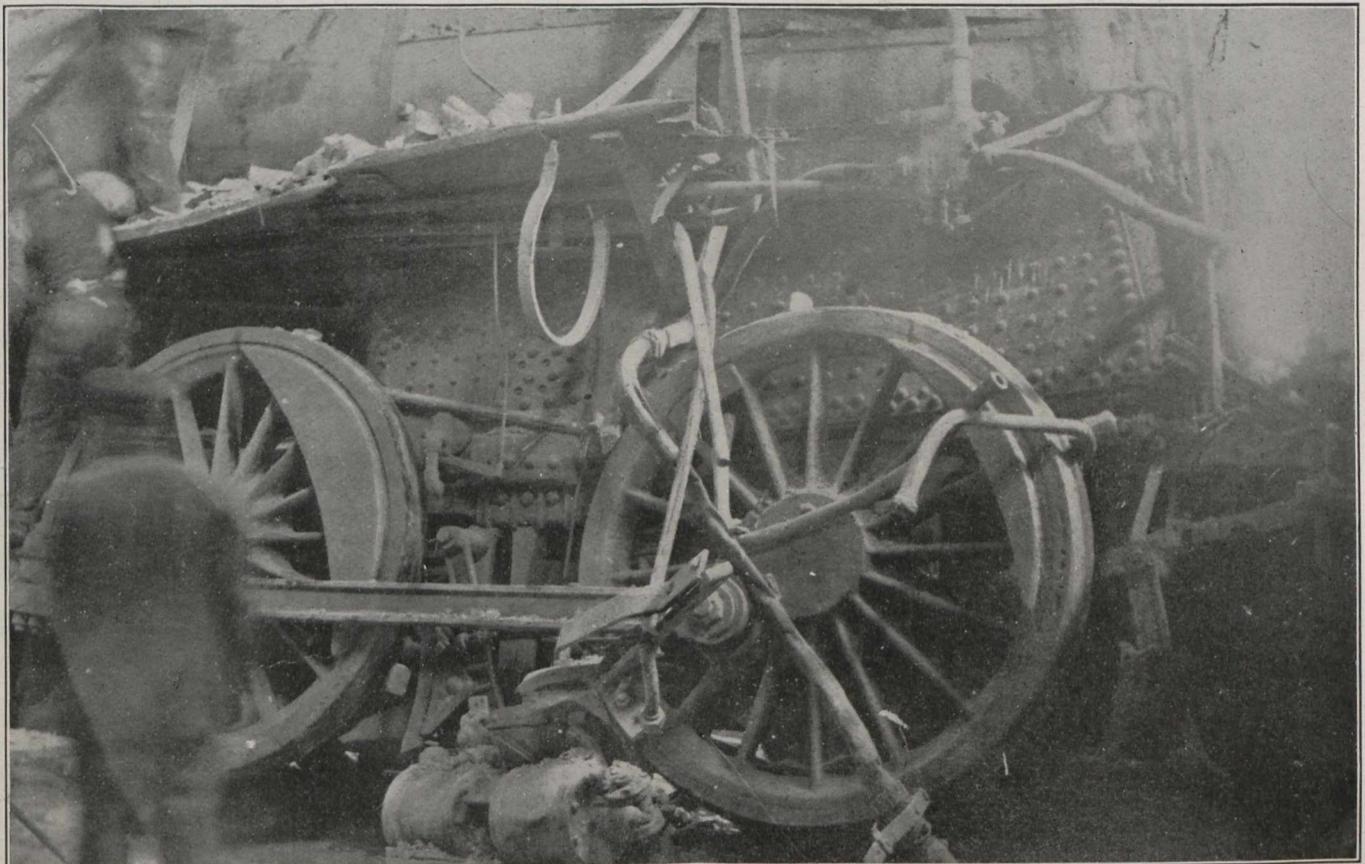


**The Maple Sugar Season** The sunny days and frosty nights of early spring bring out the sap, which is collected several times a day. The women help in boiling it down to a delicious syrup or sugar.—Sallows, photo.



### An Appalling Disaster

Windsor Street Station, Montreal, was the scene of an extraordinary accident on March 17th, when the morning express from Boston entered the station at forty miles an hour, and ploughed its way through the ladies' waiting-room into the general waiting-room, the engine going through the flooring into the immigrants' sheds below. By the blowing out of a plug of the boiler, engineer and fireman had been hurled from the cab several miles before reaching the City, and the engine was beyond human control. Five lives were lost, the engineer, two children and their mother, waiting for the return of the husband and father, and a girl who was with her grandmother seeing some friends off at the station. In this picture the baggage car is seen through the rent in the station walls. The box hanging over the side is a switchman's box that was thrown out by the train in its mad rush. The wall thrown out was of solid masonry.



### The Wrecked Engine

It took big gangs of experienced railway men forty-eight hours to extricate the locomotive, which had dragged down with it massive stone pillars and tons of masonry. The picture was taken before it was moved from its original position in the basement of the station.



### The Dominion Parliament

The House is in Session again and the public eye is turned towards Ottawa. This view of the Parliament Buildings is from Major's Hill Park, Ottawa, and shows the site for the new Grand Trunk Railway Hotel, between the Soldiers' Monument and the Rideau Canal. It will face the canal bridge and will be opposite the new Central Railway Station.

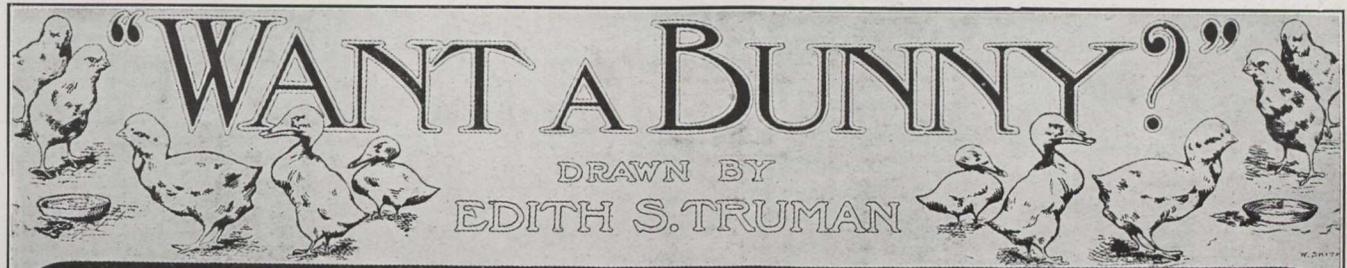


### A Cowboy with a Coat-of-Arms

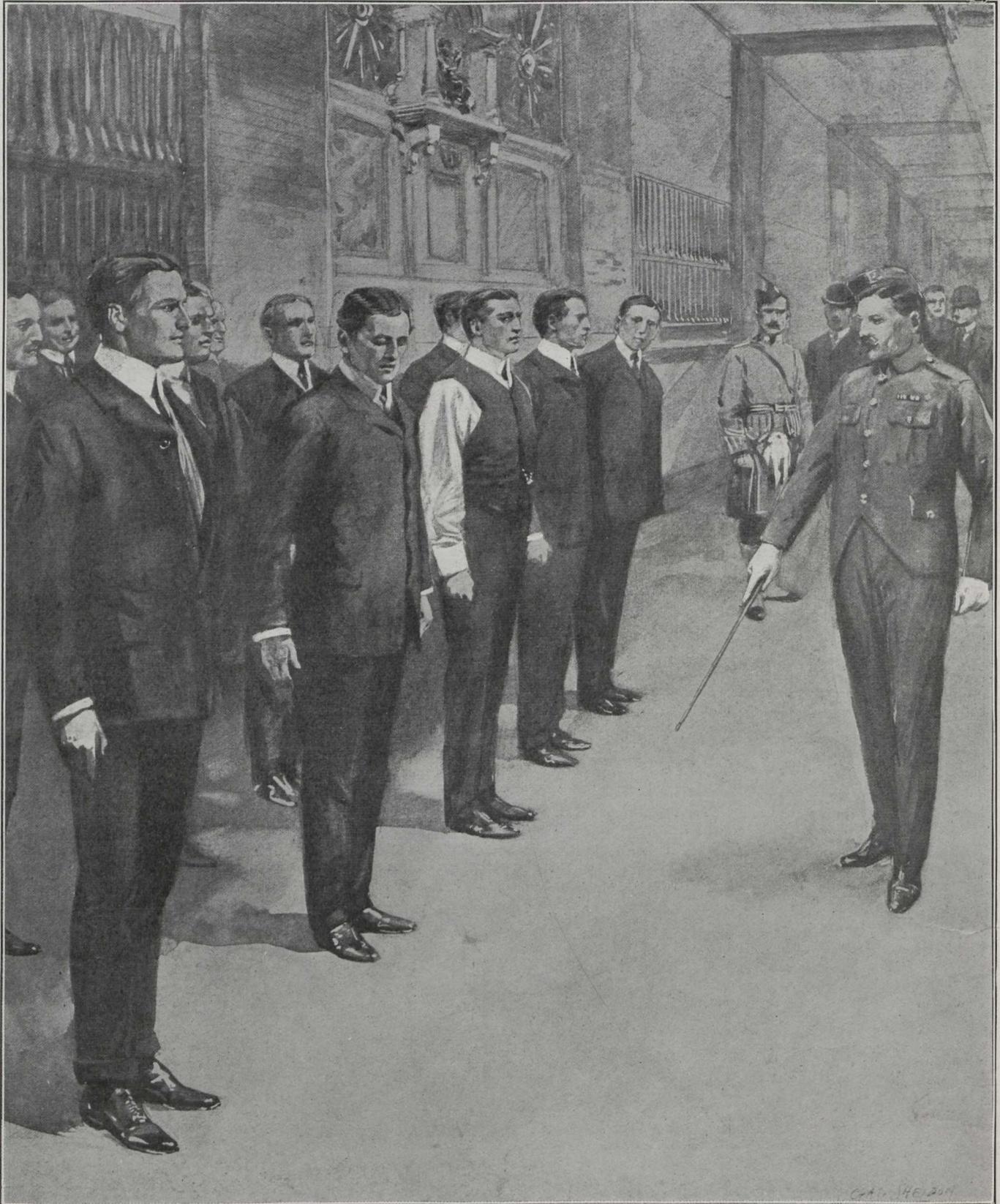
This is a portrait of Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, the cowboy who succeeds to a baronetcy in England. The baronet has inherited a large estate on the borders of Leicestershire, and a house dating back to 1641. For the present he is appearing in a Wild West Show, which he has organized, and which he presented last summer at the Franco-British Exhibition, London. In the photograph his coat-of-arms is seen embroidered on his saddle-cloth. The baronet was for 19 years employed as a cowboy on ranches in the Western States. He is shortly to be married to an English lady.

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# A Charming Easter Study



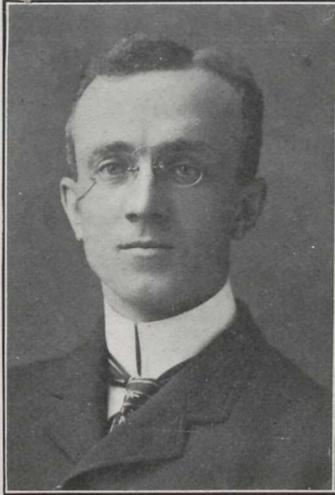
**A Prize Picture** This drawing was a prize-winner in the New York "Herald's" Easter picture competition this year. The hare and rabbit have come to be associated with Easter, particularly in its relation to children, and although regarded as somewhat of a novelty in this country, the connection of the hare with the opening of spring and the reviving of Nature comes down to us from the ancient Egyptians.



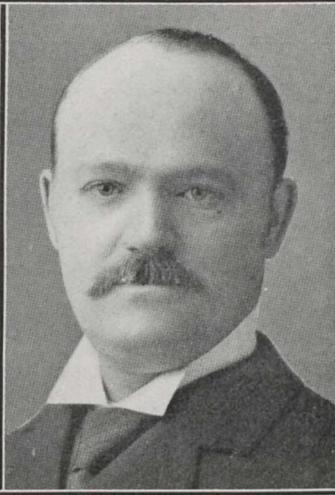
**The Defence of Britain** A scene at the headquarters of the London Scottish. The production of "An Englishman's Home" has led to a great increase in recruiting among the London Territorials. Our artist's sketch shows the Sergeant-Instructor of the London Scottish overhauling a batch of smart-looking recruits. In the background is the Regimental memorial to the men who fell in South Africa. —Black and White.



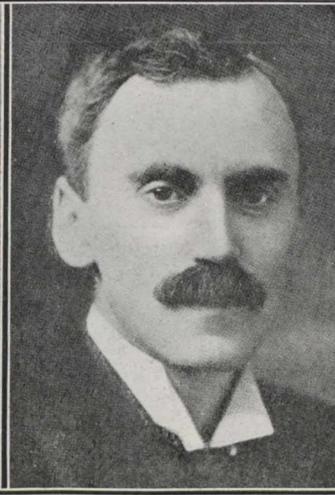
**Training Army Horses** These photos were taken during the training of the horses for the Royal Engineers' annual sports. The animals were the ordinary heavy team horses supplied by the British Government.



MR. S. CASEY WOOD  
Secretary Executive Committe



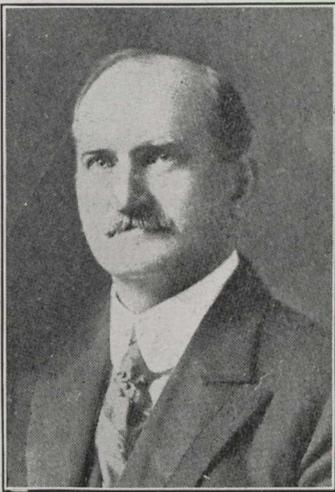
MR. S. J. MOORE  
Chairman Executive Committee



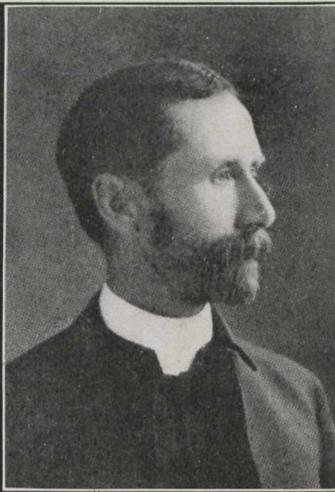
MR. N. W. ROWELL, K.C.  
President of the Congress



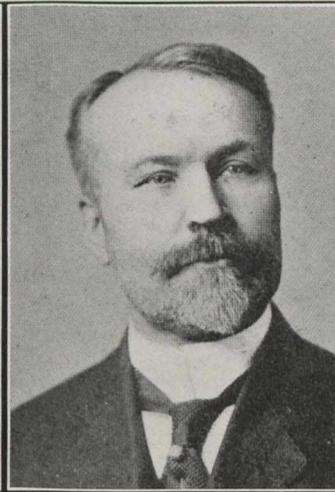
MR. H. K. CASKEY  
Congress Executive Secretary



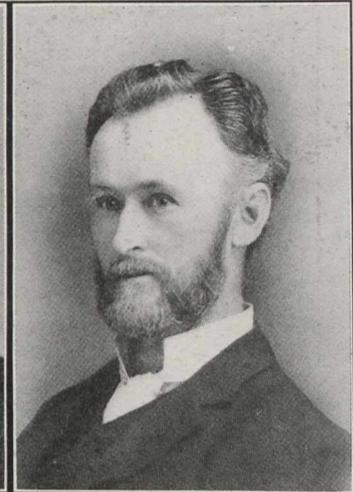
MR. J. CAMPBELL WHITE  
Gen. Sec., Laymen's Movement



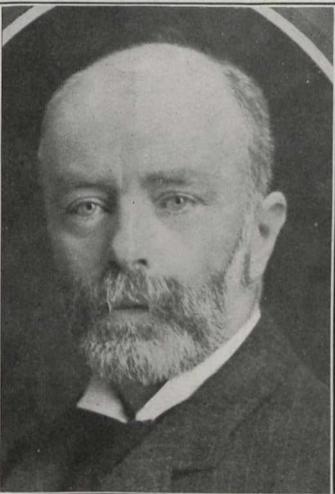
REV. C. W. GORDON, D.D.  
of Winnipeg (*Ralph Connor*)



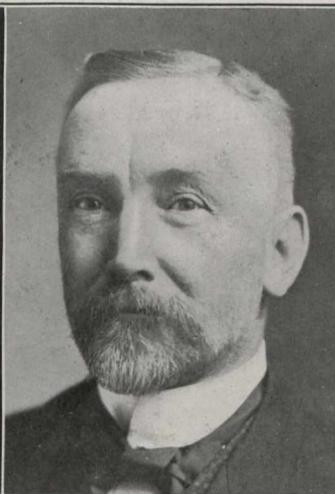
MR. J. A. MACDONALD  
Editor of the Toronto "Globe"



PROF. E. ODLUM, B.Sc.  
of Vancouver, B.C.



MR. R. S. DAY  
of Victoria, B.C.



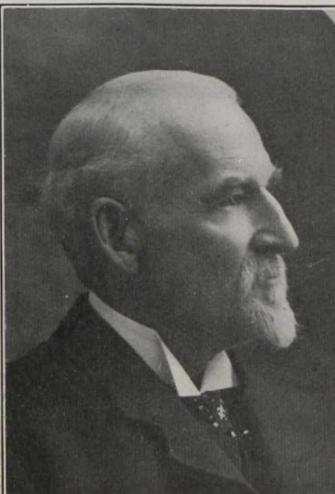
MR. H. H. FUDGER  
Pres., the Robert Simpson Co., Toronto



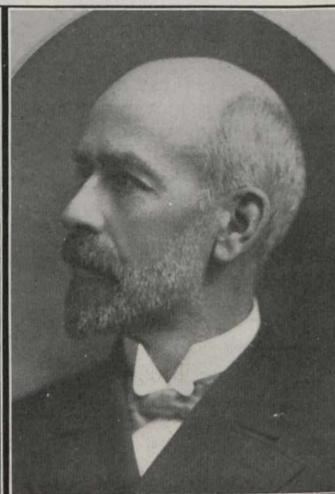
REV. W. T. GUNN, M.A.  
of Toronto



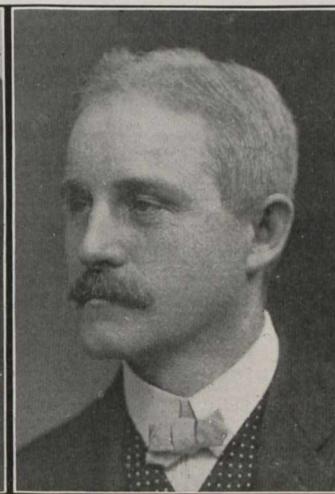
MR. WILLIAM SAVAGE  
of Vancouver, B.C.



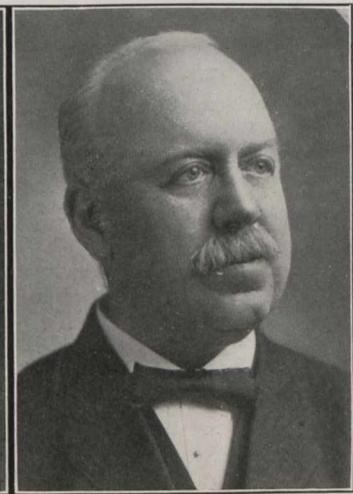
MR. JAMES W. BETTES



MR. C. E. GERMAN



MR. T. B. ESCOTT



MR. C. MCD. HAY

**Prominent Figures at the National Missionary Congress now meeting in Toronto**



### The Mysterious Radium

In the course of the lecture that immediately preceded the announcement of the forthcoming foundation of the British Radium Institute, Sir Frederick Treves said: "There is possibly a great future for radium in the domain of surgical therapeutics. I say 'possibly,' because one must exercise the very greatest caution when speaking of the potentialities of new remedies." Most, if not all, forms of birthmark can be cured by means of radium, and the London Hospital, which makes a specialty of the use of the "element," has been successful in a number of cases. At present, the radium is applied by means of a tube in the manner shown in this illustration. It has been found, however, that it is infinitely better to apply the radium from a flat surface, and a few experimental instruments have been made. Some idea of the cost of the cure may be gained when it is said that one of these new appliances, having a surface scarcely bigger than that of a postage stamp, and containing 1.35 grains of radium, costs \$1,530.00. The radium is usually applied for an hour at a time.

—Illustrated London News.

### Canadian Pictures Wanted

The Editor invites anyone interested in the CANADIAN PICTORIAL to send in photographs taken in Canada, which may be considered of more than local or family interest. The Editor cannot tell from description whether a picture may be desirable or not. The return of pictures not accepted is not guaranteed, but reasonable care will be taken to see that they reach their destination. Photographs of any interesting event in your town are especially desired, but no time must be lost in sending them in. Good prices will be paid for those accepted. Mark "Canadian Photograph" and address: Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



**The Future Ruler of Russia**

This is the most recent picture of the Czarewitch with his sisters. He was born on July 30, 1904, and his sisters were born as follows: Olga, 1895; Tatiana, 1897; Marie, 1899; and Anastasia, 1901.

—The Sphere.

**The  
Cream  
of  
Advertising**

We are being complimented constantly upon the high class of advertising that we admit to the pages of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL, and we feel that we deserve the compliments. These pages are closed to anything of an objectionable nature, no matter what price its promoters are willing to pay. Great care is used in selecting the advertising, as we desire our readers to feel that our advertising columns are just as interesting as any part of the paper, and more interesting than the advertising columns of any similar publication. We especially invite any readers who doubt this to study the advertising in this issue. In writing to advertisers it will be mutually helpful to mention that you saw the advertisement in the April CANADIAN PICTORIAL.



**Preparing for a Trans-Continental Railway**

This photograph, taken on the line of the G. T. P., between Fort William and Superior Junction, gives an idea of the immense difficulties encountered in building that 200-mile branch, which is now completed.

—E. C. Blair, photo.



**Construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway**

The branch line from Fort William to Superior Junction meets the National Transcontinental line at the latter place. Work equally difficult is being done on the Government section, between Superior Junction and Winnipeg, the obstacles met with being so great that the most optimistic can hardly expect the line to be completed in time to assist in the transportation of the year's grain.



**A New Terror for the Nervous Horse**

The nervous horse will have a new terror to face when the aeroplane becomes common; and, indeed, already has it, in certain places favoured by aviators. The Wright machine, for instance, at Pau, France, startles many a horse with the curious noise it makes in its passage through the air. In future, no doubt, when horses are broken in, whether they be for presentation to the Sultan of Turkey or for use by humbler mortals, they will have to learn that the noise of the aeroplane is nothing of which they need be afraid. It may be noted, however, that the aeroplane did not figure in the education of the charger that the King is sending to the Sultan of Turkey.

—Illustrated London News.



**Spring Work on the Prairies of Western Canada**

**Prizes  
for  
Pictures**

Spring is here again, and those who have cameras are out taking photographs. We want to see some of those photographs, for we are sure that some of them will be worthy of reproduction in this magazine. We have pleasure, therefore, in announcing a Competition for the MOST INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH received before the first of June. There will be seven prizes, as follows: 1st, \$10.00; 2nd, \$7.00; 3rd, \$4.00; and the next four, \$1.00 each. All pictures become the property of the publishers. Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest. Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph. Mark, "Photo Contest," and address: Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

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**THE EXPERIENCE IS IN THE TANK**

Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs, and Glass Plates.

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ORME & SON, LIMITED - - - OTTAWA

# — Woman and Her Interests —

## EASTER IN RUSSIA



IN no other country is Easter the one great festival of the year in the same way as in Russia. It is a national holiday time, lasting for a whole week, during which men, women, and children give themselves up to the enjoyment of the season. The pleasure is all the greater on account of the strictness with which Lent is observed, particularly the closing week. The only break in the long Lenten observance is Palm Sunday, or, as it is called in Russia, Willow Day. On the Saturday preceding, booths are erected in the square near the churches, and there are sold all sorts of articles suitable for gifts, while pedlars go about with trays of seed cakes and the delicacies known to Russian children, dolls, Easter eggs, angels, small rubber balloons, and toys. Peasants with armfuls of willow branches are at hand to supply the general demand. On Willow Sunday all the town is out of doors, peasant women and girls in bright garments and colored head-dresses, merchants with their wives and daughters, even the families of aristocrats, and everyone wears or carries a twig of willow.

During the week that follows the women spend most of the time either in church or shopping. Great stores of eatables have to be provided and prepared. Everyone gives presents, and a good deal of time is devoted to the coloring and preparation of Easter eggs, without which the festival would be quite incomplete. Real eggs are boiled hard and dyed in various bright colors; wooden eggs are made and sold for toys; the confectioners' windows are filled with sugar eggs of different sizes and colors, and the jewellers display little egg-shaped cases enclosing pretty trinkets.

Even more than in our own country ladies in Russia consider it necessary to have new clothes for Easter. The dressmakers and milliners are kept working overtime, and during the week messenger boys and girls are encountered everywhere carrying bundles and bandboxes. By Saturday afternoon the people who have not been "forehanded," take to carrying home their gifts for the family, or their own finery for the morrow, and, as on Christmas Eve here, almost every one on the streets is laden with packages. But it is not only her church duties and shopping that occupy the Russian housewife in the week before Easter. Everything within doors must be freshly cleaned for the feast. Floors are scrubbed and polished, windows are washed, and the storm windows taken down, clean curtains are put up, rugs and hanging draperies cleaned from dust, the whole house overhauled and given a genuine "spring cleaning." On Saturday, towards evening, quiet gradually succeeds to the hurry and bustle of the week. The shops close, the "dvorniks," or porters, deposit their last load of sacks of fruit, sweetmeats, and groceries; the last hat or gown that can be expected has arrived home. By nine o'clock the streets are deserted. Everybody takes a bath, for the precept in regard to cleanliness is put into general practice on Easter Eve, and nobody, rich or poor, would think of going to church without being clean in person, and as fresh in clothing as means will permit.

An hour or so before midnight people are pouring forth into the streets again on their way to church for the midnight service. The chapels, more or less private, are thronged with ladies in elaborate evening dress, white, or of some light color, and wearing jewellery; children in white embroidered frocks, boys and men, among them officers in uniform. The people massed in the churches stand or kneel through the service, as there are no seats. As the hour of midnight strikes, the church bells

begin a joyful peal, and at once the hitherto darkened church is brightly illuminated, while lights spring up along the streets and in the houses. The officiating priest, in clear, loud tones, announces "Christos voskres" (Christ is risen), to which the people answer, as with one voice, "Vo istiné voskres." (He is risen indeed). The candle which each person carries is lighted, one from the other, the first lighted from that held by the priest. Husbands and wives, parents and children, friends, relatives, and neighbors, kiss each other on the forehead, and on either cheek, with the greeting, "Christos voskres," and the reply, "In truth, he hath arisen."

After the service which follows, families return home along streets and roads lighted by tallow dips in earthenware dishes placed on low posts beside the roadway. The housewife has had the table spread before she went to church, and the feast is ready by the time the family party returns. The tables of the

better class are decorated with flowers, and are laden with a sumptuous repast. Among the characteristically Easter viands are the "pashka," or "paskel," a sort of cheese made from sour milk, and the "kulitch," or Easter cake, a sweetish bread-cake full of raisins and almonds. There are also hard-boiled, colored eggs in every home, and the repast is as bountiful as the means will allow. Cold roast joints, ham, and young roast pig are staple dishes. There is no fresh bread while the "kulitch" is being eaten, sometimes none for three days. Before supper the servants come in, and are saluted by the mistress with the Easter greeting, and each is presented with colored eggs by the mistress and members of the family. The servants are allowed to keep their own observance of the festival, and are given quantities of food, including the Easter cheese and "kulitch." In the homes of the peasants the mother decorates the table with branches of willow, and hangs over it an icon, beneath which a lamp is kept burning. There is an early morning service in the Cathedrals on Easter Sunday, but as everybody has been to church at midnight, many consider their duty done and remain home to rest. As the day goes on, the streets again become alive with people, the well-to-do in carriages drawn by the splendid black horses seen in every Russian city, and peasants wearing holiday dress of red and dark blue cloth, enjoying the sunshine and freedom from work, greeting their acquaintances and frequently exchanging eggs.

The Russian ladies are "at home" on Easter Day, as Canadian ladies are—or used to be—on New Year. They receive in ordinary afternoon dress, and white gowns are worn oftener than colored ones. The women of the poorer classes make a special effort to have fresh white dresses for this time. The high officials and dignitaries receive on Easter Day, and after paying these congratulatory visits, the men call at the homes of their friends. Calling and the leaving of cards is in order for two or three days.

The week following Easter Sunday is given up to parties, concerts, open-air shows, popular amusements, and the promenade. Gatherings of peasants sing national songs and dance the folk-dances. Wives and daughters of the wealthier middle class, and a few of the nobility, in their richest garments, are driven along the streets to see the fun—and perhaps to be seen.

Towards the end of the holidays the shopkeepers take advantage of the general leisure to run cheap sales, and hundreds of women and girls close the week with a round of bargain-counter shopping.



### THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

"It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care,  
It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in notes of prayer;  
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,  
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;  
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,  
And is stirred with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love.  
O sweet and strong and tender are the memories it brings,  
And I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings!"

—Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D., in  
"A Gate of Flowers."



### A Princess who may be a Queen

Among the royal ladies whom rumor has picked out as a bride for King Manuel of Portugal, is Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and niece of King Edward. Her Royal Highness, Princess Beatrice Leopoldine Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was born on April 20, 1884, and she is therefore almost five years older than the young King of Portugal. Her eldest sister is married to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. Another sister, H.R.H. Princess Victoria Melita, married the Grand Duke of Hesse, but the marriage was dissolved; she was re-married to the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch of Russia, first cousin of the Czar. The third sister is, by her marriage, Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Princess Beatrice is a close friend of Queen Victoria of Spain, who is her cousin.



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The rich creamy lather of Baby's Own Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin and leaves it soft, cool and fragrant. Do not accept substitutes and beware of highly scented and colored soaps.

Ask your dealer for  
"Baby's Own."

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**JOHN DOUGALL & SON**  
PUBLISHERS

## Boys! Attention!

### SPLENDID NEW COMPETITION

Open to all Boys who sell the  
"Canadian Pictorial" (10c. a copy)

Earn commission or premiums right along, and at the same time work for the extra prizes to be given for the **biggest aggregate sales of the "Canadian Pictorial" during the three months, April, May, and June.**

So that all will have equal chance we will make three separate classes.

Class 1.—For boys living in the cities of Canada (outside Montreal).

Class 2.—For boys living in the towns of Canada.

Class 3.—For boys living in the villages or rural districts of Canada.

A First and Second Prize in Each Class, all prizes to be over and above the usual premiums and commissions, which will be earned just the same, whether you win the prize or not.

**First Prize**—Your choice of the following :

- 1.—A Football, Rugby or Association, best quality, retailed at \$4.00.
- 2.—Fishing Rod and Tackle, best bargain to be got for \$4.00.
- 3.—A Camera, No. 2A Brownie, value everywhere \$3.00, along with films, etc., to the value of \$1.00 more.
- 4.—Watch and Chain, best to be had for \$4.00.
- 5.—Baseball Outfit. The biggest value in selected articles to be secured for \$4.00.

**Second Prize**—Your choice of the five articles named above, but of cheaper quality, though good value, each worth \$3.00 :

If you want as a prize something not included in the list, we may be able to substitute it, or we will allow you

#### MONEY IF PREFERRED

**1st Prize, \$3.00** } In Each  
**2nd Prize, \$2.00** } Class

N.B.—We prefer to give the prize in goods, because in that way we can give our boys the advantage of our exceptional opportunities of purchase, and so give in goods better value than could be obtained locally for the same money.

If you've never sold before, send for a package of the Easter Number (April) "Canadian Pictorial" to start on, and "Go in and win."

**REMEMBER—Whether you win a prize or not, you get your regular profits just the same on every copy you sell, so it's well worth an extra push.**

For example: Our fine collection of premiums includes:—Nickel vest pocket knife, a perfect gem, splendid steel, for selling six copies; large jack-knife (Rogers) for eight copies; rubber stamp with your own name and address, and a self-inking pad, all for nine copies (though formerly we required the sale of fourteen copies for this same equipment); nickel watch for eighteen copies (instead of twenty), etc., etc.

#### SEND A POST CARD.

Full particulars of this competition, and of our entire plan of premiums and commissions, on application to John Dougall & Son, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.

## The Best Sales of the Carnival Number

The best Carnival sales by our "Pictorial" boys, outside of Montreal city, was made by George Norman, of British Columbia.



His picture was in the Portrait Gallery only a few months ago, but he deserves another place of honour, for he sold 140 copies, earning, besides his liberal commission, a fine Canadian flag.

Two other of our old-timers, DOUGLAS WRIGHT, B.C., and HAROLD MCADIE, Ont., are still in the front rank, and for steady, rapid sales and prompt returns, they're hard to beat.

Another good friend of the Portrait Gallery, ARTHUR BARLOW WHITESIDE, Que., has recently completed payment on a \$20.00 camera, obtained through the "Pictorial," and two boys are hoping to earn tents and camp outfits by the time summer vacation begins.

This shows you how it goes—a word to the wise is enough.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, AGENTS FOR THE "CANADIAN PICTORIAL,"  
"Witness" Block, Montreal.

## THE TOILET AND THE BABY



HE Directoire fashions which have prevailed through the winter will control the spring costumes—that seems fairly settled. The new suits for street wear have the skirts of walking length, as a rule quite plain and with little more fullness than is absolutely necessary, although they are perhaps not quite so "skimpy" as those of the past season. They may be cut with any number of gores, from four to twenty; so far, there have been very few plaited models. The coats are half length, or almost three-quarter length, semi-fitting, and in more or less short-waisted effect. There is no trimming to speak of on the suit except buttons, and, apparently, one cannot have too many of them—for fashion, however it may be for good taste. Buttons covered with the material of the costume are used. The two-piece suit is dominant; that is, the gown all in one piece with coat matching, but many still cling to the three-piece costume of blouse, skirt, and jacket.

When separate blouse and skirt are worn, it is advisable to have the blouse matching the skirt in color. The "suit" effect may be further gained by trimming the blouse of soft silk, chiffon, or net, with bands or strappings of the skirt material, and the raised appearance of the waist-line may be managed by having the top of the skirt continued up in corslet fashion for a couple of inches above the natural line, or by attaching a swathed girdle to the skirt.

The one-piece dresses all have the waist-line raised, but not quite so much so as before. Although the skirt is quite plain, the bodice may be as elaborate as one pleases, with hand-embroidery, braiding, or other trimming applied flat. Shallow semi-transparent yokes and collars of cream-colored net or chiffon give the needed dainty touch at the throat. Sleeves in these gowns are long and close-fitting. In net waists or guimpes to wear with a suit, the sleeves are usually tucked horizontally, either all the way or in groups.

Smooth-surfaced cloths of various kinds are preferred for nearly every

use to the rougher weaves. Plain colors are rivalled by the striped effects, not the distinct stripe of different colors, but the "invisible" two-toned effect; that is, more or less visible as a stripe according as the light falls upon it. All dull, soft shades of color appear in the new cloths, and one color seems as good choice as another. That it is becoming is the main thing.

Linens, French cambrics, dimities, and muslins are already shown in great variety in the shops, and many women, especially those who make their wash gowns at home, are taking advantage of the quiet season to make up most of their summer dresses. The linens this year are of a soft, undressed finish, and less given to creasing and crumpling than the weaves with smooth, hard finish. Tans and browns and the champagne shades are liked in linens and cambrics, and striped effects prevail in these goods. A linen in two-toned blue stripe is also good, and a very pretty suit is shown in a blue linen with tan stripe. The linen coat and skirt suits will be similar in line and build to the cloth suits, but with rather more fullness in the skirts. As the season advances it is possible that shorter jackets may be worn, but there are no indications yet that make such prediction more than a guess.

In planning the wardrobe for the coming season, provision should be made for entire frocks of French cambric, linen, or whatever washable material is chosen. The cotton dress may be in one piece, or made with bodice and skirt joined under a belt of the material. However, there is still a place for the lingerie blouse, and there seems to be no diminution in the numbers of such waists offered in the shops. Many of the models have long, tucked sleeves, others have the three-quarter sleeve, and it is hard to say which will prevail when the summer arrives. One can be sure that the long, close-fitting sleeve will not look old-fashioned for a season or two, but the other is certainly more comfortable, and may find its way back into favor for the summer days.

The new summer silks are in delightful colors and soft pliable weaves. For street suits of coat and skirt, or one-piece frocks with coat to match, the shantung and tussore

silks are as popular as ever. No color is liked better than the natural one, which is becoming to almost everybody, and which can be given a distinctive touch of any other color to make it even more so. The same weaves come also in dull blues and greens, golden browns, and even old rose.



### THE BABY'S EASTER EGGS

Children, from the baby up, take delight in Easter egg gifts, colored or done in some fanciful way. It is an easy matter to color eggs now, since packages of assorted dyes are put up for the purpose. The tints obtained from boiling the eggs in water containing some vegetable matter are softer than the aniline colors. A little cochineal in the boiling water will make the shells pink; boiling with indigo, or clothes bluing, will produce a bright blue, lighter or darker in shade according to the amount used; spinach water gives a pretty green; yellow may be obtained from boiling with saffron, and a reddish-golden tinge from onion skins; logwood gives black or brown. Another way is to tie the egg up in cheap cotton of any desired color, and boil the dye out of the one into the other. White eggs take the dye more effectively than the darker shells. Having his or her own name on the egg adds immensely to its value in the eyes of the small child. First, warm the egg a little, then with a sharp-pointed stick write the name on the shell with paraffin wax or tallow, and the letters thus protected from the dye will show up plainly. If the eggs are boiled hard they will last as playthings quite a long time without breaking.

A tiny flower-holder that, placed in front of his plate at breakfast or Easter morning, is sure to delight the child, can easily be contrived from an egg-shell with one end cut off about a third of the way from the top. Fasten the bottom of the shell to the centre of an oblong piece of white cardboard, by means of glue or a drop of hot sealing-wax. Put a bunch of violets, bits of fern and grasses, geranium blossom and leaves, or any small short-stemmed flowers in the shell-vase. The pasteboard stand may be covered with moss.

A fairy balloon that will interest and amuse the child is made from a whole egg-shell emptied of its contents. On the big end, which is to be the top of the balloon, fasten a black silk thread. Put the thread into a needle, tie a large knot on the end, and draw it through the centre of a small circular piece of thin, tough writing paper, so that the paper will be close to the knot, then paste the paper on the large end of the shell so that it will hold the knot exactly over the centre. Cut some very narrow strips of red tissue paper and paste them diagonally over the upper half of the shell, crossing each other to form the meshes of the net. Then attach six red silk threads to the lower half of the net-work, with regular spaces between, for ropes, letting them extend several inches below the small end of the shell; gather the ends of the threads together and to them attach a little bag of the tissue paper to represent the car of the balloon, weighted with a bead or small button, something just sufficient to keep it steady when the balloon is in the air. Paste a strip of the paper around the middle of the balloon where the ropes and net-work join, as a finish. Pass the thread at the top over some support high up in the room, and let the child pull gently on the end. As the thread is invisible, the balloon will appear to be rising of its own accord.

Anyone who can draw the least bit can make an amusing toy, to resemble a clown's head, from a white egg-shell. Chip enough off the small end so that a drop of sealing-wax can be put in the exact centre of the other end to fasten in two or three grains of shot. This will keep the shell upright on the weighted end. Draw on the shell, with ink or paint, eyes with raised brows, nose, mouth turned up whimsically at the corners, a laughing clown's face. Make a jester's cap of red tissue paper, with a little bell on the peaked top, and stick it on the top of the clown's head. When the egg is tapped, the "head" nods comically on account of the weight in the large end, the low centre of gravity keeping it from being tipped over easily.

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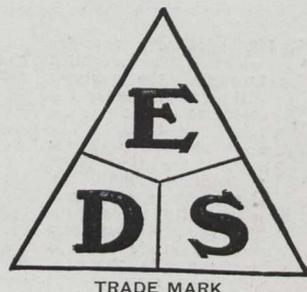
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It's so hard to get only the plump, ripe, pure berry, and it's so costly that you have to be most careful in milling it. So particular are we that there's only one hard wheat flour milled that is good enough and pure enough to be called FIVE ROSES. You can't expect to see FIVE ROSES on the bargain counter—like some. Still the results in cooking goodies make you forget the extra coppers, only to remember that it's good flour and makes good things to eat.

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# The Housekeeper's Page



**T**HE spring house-cleaning offers an opportunity for getting rid of many things, with which the housekeeper could dispense to her profit. So many women are held in a sort of thralldom by "things." They seem to have the hoarding instinct much developed, and cannot bear to throw anything away, although its usefulness is over. The store-room is full of old trunks and boxes of discarded clothing, bags of pieces kept originally to repair garments long since worn out, broken-down chairs and odds and ends accumulated from all over the house. The clothes-closets, lacking in space at the best, have hooks cumbered with dresses and coats that have gone out of fashion and are not worth making over, and shelves laden with hat-boxes with the head-gear of several seasons past, looking as hopeless as only an out-of-date hat can look. The parlor collects its load of so-called ornaments and bric-a-brac, serving no other visible purpose than to give occupation in dusting.

It pays to take a week, or two if necessary, before house-cleaning proper begins, to go through every room and closet, in a relentless campaign of weeding out. Make up your mind to get rid of every "thing" that you are not likely to want again, ever. The old adage that if you keep an article seven years you are sure to find a use for it may be true, but think of the waste of the housekeeper's nervous energy in dusting and cleaning the article and its lodging during that time. Let the light of experience shine into the store-rooms and closets at house-cleaning time. Let it help you to decide what is worth while keeping, and what is not. Divide the latter class into two parts, what may be of use to some poor person, and what is hopeless. Get rid of both parts, the former by putting it in order and sending it to those whom it may benefit, and the second part by burning or sending to the rubbish heap to be carted away. Have the courage to make a clean sweep of the worthless. You will feel a proportionate relief when you realize the absence of so many dust-collecting agencies, and feel the air blowing through the open spaces where the things you had to move laboriously at house-cleaning times used to be.

However, in the process of elimination, let it be said, it is only fair to consider the wishes and prejudices of other members of the family, to a reasonable extent, and to spare certain articles, useless perhaps in themselves, but valued by somebody.

## Some Cornmeal Recipes

Although Indian-cornmeal is less valuable as a food than oatmeal containing only a little over half the percentage of proteids and less than a third the percentage of fat contained in the oats, the cornmeal is a nice change from the other cereal which rightly occupies a leading place on the winter breakfast table. A variety of dainty and inexpensive dishes can be made from cornmeal, attractive in its bright golden yellow color. Like other cereals, the meal should be kept in covered glass jars, and it should be mixed with cold water before boiling water is added, so that it will be cooked smooth. Boiling water poured on any finely-ground cereal forms lumps.

For making breakfast mush allow one cup of Indian meal to two cups of water and a cup and a half of milk. Mix the meal smooth with the cold milk, and stir into the boiling water, which has been flavored with a teaspoonful of salt. Cook in a double boiler three hours. If hominy is used instead of the meal, allow a cup of fine hominy and a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of boiling water, and cook one hour. Serve with sugar and cream.

Golden corn cake or gems may take the place of toast or muffins at breakfast for a change. For corn meal gems mix a cup and a half of cornmeal and white flour in equal parts, or a little more of one than of the other may be used as preferred. Put in two teaspoons of baking powder, a half teaspoon of salt, and turn through the sifter; add a tablespoon of melted butter one egg well beaten, and stir in gradually about three-quarters of a

cup of milk. Bake in buttered gem tins in a hot oven. A cake is made of the same ingredients in almost the same proportions, with the addition of a little more sugar, and baked in a shallow cake pan. If a richer cake is desired, cream may be mixed with the milk, or another egg and another tablespoonful of butter may be added. Corn cake sweetened with molasses is darker than golden cake, but has a flavor which some prefer. Mix a cup of corn meal with three-quarters of a cup of flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder, and a teaspoon of salt, and sift all together. Mix quarter of a cup of molasses with three-quarters of a cup of milk, add gradually to the meal, with an egg well beaten and a tablespoon of melted butter. Bake in a buttered pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

A little cornmeal added to griddle cakes makes them of a rich golden-brown hue and changes the flavor. Sift a half cup of cornmeal into a cup and a half of boiling water, and boil for five minutes. Turn into a mixing bowl, add a cup and a quarter of milk, and stir in an egg well beaten, two tablespoons flour with which have been sifted three level teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoon and a half of salt, and one-third of a cup of sugar. Drop the batter by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, cook on one side, then turn and cook on the other.

Indian pudding is a nice light dessert, easily made. Scald five cups of milk, pour slowly on a third of

a cup of Indian meal moistened with cold water to keep it from lumping. Stir, turn into a double boiler, and cook twenty minutes. Add a half cup of molasses, a teaspoon of salt, and a teaspoon of ginger if the flavor is liked. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake two hours in a slow oven. Serve with cream.

## Things Useful to Know

White paint should not be washed with hot water and soap, which give it a yellowish tinge. Make a lather of hot water and a mild-cleaning soap, one without too much alkali, and let the water get lukewarm before using. After washing, rinse the paint with clear water, and dry with a clean cloth.

To remove soiled spots from wall-paper, take up a little dry powdered borax on a clean rag, and rub briskly on the spot.

If you cannot separate eggs readily without mixing, get a small funnel with a narrow outlet, and break the eggs gently, one at a time, into it, over a plate. The white will go through and the yolk remain.

When vegetables boil dry and begin to scorch, snatch the saucepan off the stove and set it in cold water for a minute, then turn off the unscorched vegetables into another dish.



LADIES' KIMONO WRAPPER AND SACK.

PARIS PATTERN NO. 2792.

A slight variation from the usual kimono is here illustrated. The material used in its development is lilac flannel. The body portion is side-plaited into the yoke at the front and back, giving the effect of a double box-plait. The square Dutch neck is bound with silk a shade darker than the flannel, a similar band trimming the flowing sleeves. A narrow cord is passed through the straps at the under-arm seams and pearl buttons fasten the wrapper at one side of the front. The model is adaptable to cashmere, albatross, messaline, silk, lawn or challis, and if a dressing sack is desired the pattern is cut off at the perforated line. The pattern is in 4 sizes—32, 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the wrapper requires 11½ yards of material 20 inches wide, 8¼ yards 27 inches wide, 6¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 5½ yards 42 inches wide; the sack needs 5 yards 20 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 42 inches wide; ¼ yard of satin 20 inches wide for bands to trim.



MISSSES' SHIRTWAIST. PARIS PATTERN NO. 2811.

Heavy linen in turquoise blue has been used for this simple little shirtwaist. The broad tuck over the shoulder in the front, stitched to almost the bust line, gives ample room to the rest of the garment, and three broad tucks either side of the box-plaited front, stitched from neck to waist, distribute the rest of the fullness. The sleeves, which may be made in full or three-quarter length, are finished with straight, or turn-back cuffs, according to the style used. The back is made with a box-plait down the centre, and the low round collar is of the material, though white linen may be used for both collar and cuffs if desired. The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a girl of 15 years the shirtwaist requires 3¾ yards of material 20 inches wide, 2¾ yards 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yards 42 inches wide.

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# ❁ A TRIUMPHANT EASTER SONG ❁

## "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"

HANDEL

"The Messiah"

LARGHETTO.

♩ = 72.

**TREBLE VOICE.**

I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth,

and that he shall stand . . . at the

lat - - - ter day . . . up - on the earth;

I know that my Re-deem - er li - veth, and that

### THE COMPOSER

The career of Handel, one of the greatest of musical composers, is a rare example of genius suddenly appearing in a quite commonplace family. From his parents he inherited the excellent qualities of energy, piety, earnestness, and clearness of judgment, but in all that has been learned of his ancestry there cannot be traced any musical taste or artistic genius of any sort. His grandfather was a master copper-smith; his father, a barber-surgeon, who, at the age of sixty-two, married Dorothea Taust, the daughter of a village pastor.

Georg Friedrich Handel was born at Halle, in Saxony, on February 23, 1685. His love of music was born with him, for we are told that as a small child his preference was always for musical toys. This trait seemed only amusing at first to his parents, but as the boy outgrew toys his attention to music was frowned upon by the practical father, who had little opinion of art as a profession, and who destined his son for the law.

When he was about eight years old, Handel accompanied his father on a visit to a relative who was in the service of the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels. The boy easily persuaded the court musicians, who were delighted with his talent, to allow him to practice on the big organ, and the Duke, chancing to overhear him, made inquiries, which resulted in a representation to the old surgeon of his responsibility toward the world as the father of a genius. On his return to Halle, the old man placed his son as a pupil with Zachau, a church organist, with whom he remained for three years, studying four instruments, copying scores, writing cantatas, and studying composition. He also studied a little law, to please his father.

In 1697 Han-el's father died, and the care of his mother and sisters fell upon his shoulders. The boy musician, then about twelve years old, obtained a position in an orchestra. In 1705 his first operas, "Almira" and "Nero," were given to the public. The next year he made a tour of Italy, and in 1710 visited England. His six months in London were one continual triumph. So hospitable and congenial did he find England, that he eventually adopted that country as his own.

In 1719 Handel was given the management of the Royal Academy of Music. Later he turned his attention to oratorio, and the works that have handed his name down through the generations were written. He died on April 14, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

he shall stand . . . at the lat - ter day up-on the

earth, . . . up-on the earth; I know . . . that my Re -

- deem - er liv-eth, and that he shall stand at the lat - - - ter day

up - on the earth, . . . up - on the earth;

and tho' worms destroy this bo-dy,

Yet in my flesh shall I see God, yet in my flesh shall I see  
 God. I know that my Re-  
 deem-er liveth, and tho' worms de-destroy this bo-dy, yet  
 in my flesh shall I see God, yet in my flesh shall  
 I see God, shall I see God. I know that my Re-deem-er  
 liv-eth. For now is Christ ri-sen

### THE ORATORIO

"No musical work has had such long, continuous, and enduring popularity as 'The Messiah,'" says Sir George Grove, editor of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Much of the veneration with which it is regarded is doubtless owing to the subject, but much also must be attributed to the splendid music, some of which is "not for an age, but for all time."

The composition of this wonderful work was commenced on August 22, 1741, when Handel was fifty-six years old, and the first part was completed on August 28; the second part, September 6; the third part, September 12; the instrumentation filled in, September 14. It is astonishing to find that the whole composition occupied only twenty-four days. The shortness of time is to be explained in part by the ever-readiness of the Master's inspiration, and also by his wonderful power of concentration.

The words of "The Messiah," now so closely associated with the music, were selected from the Old and New Testaments by a friend of Handel's, Mr. Charles Jennens. In the oratorio, we are brought face to face with Hope, Love, Sorrow, followed, by a great triumph which speaks to the heart of each listener. Nearly the whole of the first part is solemnly prophetic, working gradually up to the grand climax at the words, "Wonderful! Counsellor! . . . the Prince of Peace."

The second part is entirely different. It begins by calling upon us to "Behold the Lamb of God," and then, with tenderest feeling, depicts the Agony of the Passion as one great sorrow and grief. The sad recital begins with the deeply pathetic "He was despised and rejected;" and comes to a conclusion with the wailing "Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto this sorrow." After the Recitative, "He was cut off," comes a gleam of hope in "But Thou didst not leave," and this is followed by the triumphant "Lift up your heads." Step by step the listener is led on to the sublime Hallelujah Chorus, of which it is reported that Handel said, when he wrote it, "he thought he saw Heaven opened."

The confident, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," expresses the feeling underlying the conclusion. Through the final part the master has carried the attention to the worshipping "Worthy is the Lamb," and its fitting conclusion, the "Amen."

Music-lovers will find good music in subsequent issues of the "CANADIAN PICTORIAL." Watch for it. See subscription offers on another page.

from the dead, the first - fruits of them that  
 sleep . . . of them that sleep, the first - fruits of  
 them that sleep. For now is Christ  
 ri-sen, for now is Christ ri-sen from the dead, the  
 first - - fruits of them that sleep.  
 first - - fruits of them that sleep.

WITH THE WITS

NOT ALWAYS A BULL'S-EYE

"My aim is truth—always truth," said a man. "Possibly," rejoined an acquaintance, "but you were always a bad marksman."

THAT HAT AGAIN.

He—"How happy I shall be sitting beside you to-night!"  
She—"Indeed?"  
He—"Yes; so much happier than if I sat behind you."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Old Lady (rather deaf)—"Are you any relation to a Mr. Green?"  
Green—"I am Mr. Green."  
Old Lady—"Ah! Then that explains the extraordinary resemblance."

CRUEL.

Sportsman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer)—"I should like to try my hand at big game."  
The Lady—"Yes; I suppose you find it very hard to hit these little birds?"

READILY.

"Willie, did you put your money in the contribution box in Sunday School to-day?" No, mamma; I asked Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I could keep it and spend it on candy, and he gave me permission."

TEACHER WANTED TO KNOW.

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked, after her first day at school. "I like her," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

NOT AN INFALLIBLE METHOD.

"I diagnose all my cases from the patient's eyes," said a doctor emphatically. "Now, your right eye tells me that your liver is affected." "Excuse me, doctor," the patient remarked, "but my right eye is a glass one."

IN ROMANTIC SCOTLAND, TOO.

At a recent church bazaar a young lady went up to an old Scot and said, "Will you buy a buttonhole?" "Naw, naw; A don't believe in sic trash." "Well, won't you buy one to give to the lady of your heart?" "Naw, naw, naw, lassie, A hinna sic a thing," was the reply. "Am mirret."

NO RAGTIME FOR HER.

The Professor—"Of course, you want your daughter to take private lessons?"  
Mrs. Neurich—"Of course I don't want anything of the kind, I want her to go in a class so she can learn classical music."

FATAL.

A well-known London physician was invited out to the country for some shooting, but, although he tried several times, he could not hit a single rabbit. "I'm very unlucky," he exclaimed, "I've killed nothing all day." "Never mind," said his host; "write the rabbits one of your prescriptions!"

METHOD IN MADNESS.

The visitor (watching a lunatic wheeling a barrow ups-de down in the asylum grounds)—"My dear chap, that's not the way to wheel a barrow! You should turn it the other way up."  
The Lunatic—"Wrong! Go down one. I tried it that way, but they filled it full of bricks."

NOT QUITE WHAT SHE MEANT.

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out." "I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy. "Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

THE CROWN OF WISDOM.

A bishop was once led into a controversy with a learned man as to the mental superiority of the East over the West, and his opponent, as a parting shot, said: "Well, at any rate, you can't dispute that the wise men came from the East." "Surely that was the wisest thing they could do," retorted the bishop



A Delicate Attention

COUSIN DOROTHY (to Freddy, who has been to a juvenile party): "Did anyone pay you any attentions, Freddy?"  
FREDDY: I don't know.  
COUSIN DOROTHY: I mean, did anyone talk to you or dance with you?  
FREDDY: Well, there was a little girl who made faces at me.

HIS APOLOGY.

The vicar was invited to share in the festivities held in honor of the coming of age of the son and heir. At the dinner table he sat in front of a goose, and the lady of the house occupied the chair on his left. "Shall I sit so close to the goose?" he asked thoughtlessly. Then, finding that his words might be misconstrued, he added hastily: "Excuse me, Mrs. H.—; I meant the roast one."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

One winter's evening, in the city of Manchester, when a water inspector was going his round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the top and begun turning, when a hand was placed on his shoulder by a tipsy gentleman, who said in a drunken tone: "So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"

NATURE'S SPELLING.

An old native ghillie used to accompany his Sassenach employer on his shooting expeditions. Like many an old native in the place, he was an illiterate, but knew the countryside well. One day he was asked by the Southerner what was the name of the hill they were at. "Ben —," answered the ghillie. "I did not catch what you said," replied the sportsman, "say it again." "Ben —," repeated the ghillie. "I'm sorry I did not understand," replied the visitor. "Ben —," again said the ghillie. "Would you please spell it for me?" queried the Englishman, "for I can't make it out?" "There it is; spell it for yourself," quietly remarked the ghillie, pointing to the mountain with a finger of scorn.

A NEAT RETORT.

"I thought," said the American who was seeing Europe for the first time, "that your people had a lot of interesting ruins over here?" "Once we had such things," the native apologized, "but your heireses have come over and had most of them put in good repair."

MR. BALFOUR'S MISTAKE.

Mr. Balfour was once travelling down from the North of Scotland, and at a junction some little way from Aberdeen got out to walk up and down while awaiting the connection of the trains. The weather was bright and very cold, and stamping his feet and rubbing his hands to get warm, Mr. Balfour called out to a friend a little way off, "Isn't this invigorating?" "Na, sir," said a railway porter who was passing and heard the remark, "It's Inveramsay."

IN SUFFRAGETTE DAYS.

Clara (on hearing of her friend's engagement to the Earl of Dead-broke)—"Did he first tell you that he loved you, dear, and then speak the passionate yearning in his heart, and all that?"  
Maude—"Why, no."  
Clara—"Didn't he say something about life's stormy ocean, and about his strong, protecting arms that would always shield you; and how, ever since he first beheld you, he had been haunted by your pleading eyes, and his love had gone out to you in a great, passionate outburst? Didn't he say that life without you would be a dreary waste?"  
Maude—"No. Certainly not."  
Clara (impatiently)—"Then I should like to know what the fellow did say?"  
Maude—"He didn't say a word. I did the talking."

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# "THE HOUSE THAT GURD BUILT"

(COPYRIGHTED)

An adaptation by Eugene Cooke of the old nursery favorite

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"



CHARLES GURD  
Founder and President

THE business of "THE HOUSE OF GURD" was begun in 1868, and is consequently entering upon its forty-second season. From a small beginning in a basement it has grown to its present large proportions by sheer merit. The goods of "GURD" have won fame for Canada and encomiums for the firm at exhibitions in France, England, United States, and Canada. The GURD Motto is "The Best." In every detail and department the spirit of this Motto prevails.

This happy composition was inspired into being by a passing inspection, on the part of the author, of the new and thoroughly modern concrete structure erected on Bleury Street, Montreal, by Charles Gurd, Esq., President, for the use of the Company.

## No. 1.—"This is the HOUSE that GURD built."

"Mother Goose" has told us all from childhood about the "house that Jack built," which, from the presence of malt there, we infer to have been associated with the making of some sort of brewed drink.

So every resident of Montreal and vicinity knows of "The House that Gurd built," the business house of over 40 years' repute as makers and purveyors of "Gurd's Ginger Ale," and a score of other superlative non-alcoholic beverages.

But the "house that Jack built" did not have to be doubled in size to meet the demands of increasing business, as has been the case with "The House of Gurd" in the year 1908.



No. 1

They couldn't improve the Gurd beverages, so they improved the factory where they are made. Because the Gurd products are so good the business created called for a larger and better place to house it.

"The House that GURD built" is strictly modern in every feature, a clean factory, with a clean output:—1. An automatic washing, sterilizing, and rinsing plant. 2. A modern electric refrigerating plant. 3. An up-to-date distilling plant. 4. A scientific filtering plant.

"The House of GURD" has always aimed to produce the purest, most wholesome, most delicious, and never injurious beverages, equal to or even better than the best imported article. This is the sound foundation on which the "House of GURD" is built to endure.

In 1909 "the House that GURD built" will enter upon its 42nd year, with a leading reputation among the best dealers and all who "know a good thing" when they drink it.

## No. 2.—"This is the ALE that's made in the House that GURD built."

It was the eatable, palatable "malt that lay in the house that Jack built," that brought about the wide repute of Jack and his famous house.

If the rat hadn't found something good to eat there, the "Mother Goose history" would never have been written.

So it's the "ALE" that has won the widest reputation for "the House that GURD built,"—"GURD'S GINGER ALE"—"The Best," the kind that goes with the dealer, because it goes with the consumer.

The purchaser of "Gurd's Ginger Ale" is satisfied, and never afterward asks for any other domestic or imported product.

It is as hard to keep the connoisseurs from drinking "Gurd's Ginger Ale" as it was to prevent the rat from eating "the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

But "Gurd's Ginger Ale" is only the leader among a score of non-alcoholic beverages, that are also made in "the House that GURD built."

There is variety enough here to suit any palate, each flavor being so distinctive that the drinkers declare nothing is wanting.

## No. 3.—"These are the FOLK that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

The rat was after "the malt that lay in the house that Jack built" because it was appetizing and palatable—he liked it so well that he even exposed himself to being caught eating it.

And so the temperance taste is everywhere asking for the "Ginger Ale" and other aerated beverages that are "made in the House that GURD built," and will take no substitute without a protest.

There is not only "ginger" in the Ale from "the House that GURD built," but there is "ginger" and snap in the trade of the dealer that handles the GURD products.

All "the FOLK that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built" know that the name of "GURD" on the goods is an absolute guarantee of purity and excellence of quality in every detail.

Such beverages are bought and drunk with perfect confidence and satisfaction.



No. 2

Dealers have learned that the FOLK want the best, and it doesn't pay to offer them anything else.

The best of FOLK like these harmless, wholesome beverages, and have learned how to have a merry party without the champagne (sham-pain) that ends with "real pain."

## No. 4.—"These are the STORES that serve the Folk that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

It was no reflection upon the worth of "the malt that lay in the house that Jack built," that the rat stole it and ate it on the sly.

If the rat didn't pay for the malt he ate, he surely got his own pay when pussy caught him at it.

So "Gurd's Ginger Ale" is good enough to be obtained in any old way, but it is better to buy it when it costs no more than an inferior article, and you need not apologize for drinking it privately or publicly.

"Gurd's Ginger Ale" is so good that it is an easy seller for the STORE that carries it and the numerous other non-alcoholic beverages made in "the House that GURD built."

The STORE can always "put on a good front" if it "serves the Folk that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

The name "GURD" on the label is both the drinker's and the dealer's guaranty.

## No. 5.—"This is the LOAD that's sent to the Stores that serve the Folk that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

There was a "dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built," but there isn't any worry for anybody that deals in or drinks

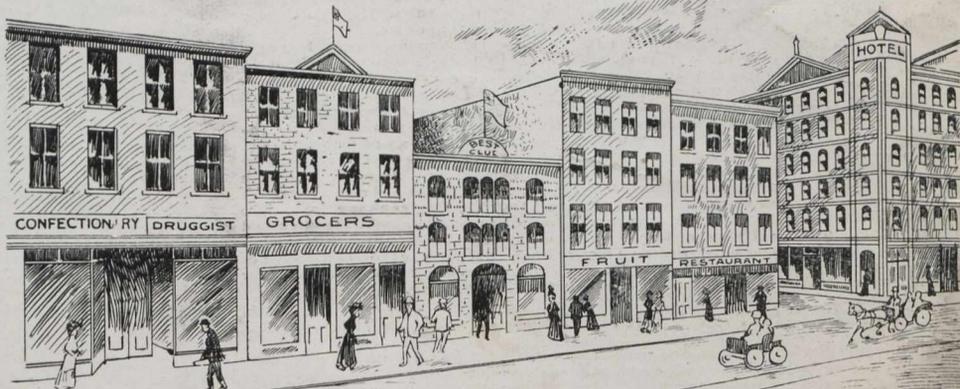


No. 3

"Gurd's Ginger Ale" and the other non-alcoholic beverages "that are made in the House that GURD built."

If there is any worry at all, it is when the dealer or his customer cannot get "Gurd's"—the beverage that they want—and are compelled to take inferior substitutes.

Nothing is too good for Canadians, in these times, who have become accustomed to the best. Why should a man, who lives in this world but once, be contented with anything that does not suit his tastes and desires?



No. 4

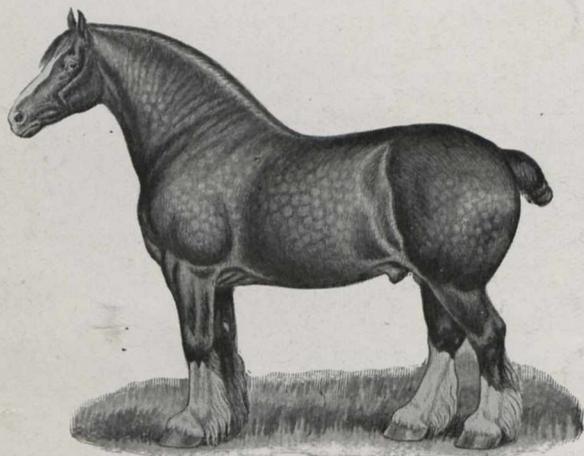
Such a man wants the best in its line, even if it costs more. He will have less of it and have it better.  
 But beverages "made in the House that GURD built" do not cost more, so there is a double reason why they should be preferred everywhere.

No. 6.—"This is the HORSE that draws the Load that's sent to the Stores that serve the Folk that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

There was a cow in the story of "the house that Jack built" who tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt.  
 But it is the best of horses that are used to draw the loads from the house "that GURD built."  
 Even the Horse himself (one of about thirty) shows the marks of quality and well-earned prosperity that attaches to the "House that GURD built."  
 If the business continues to expand and progress, even the best of horses will be too slow for the delivery of the superlative beverages "that are made in the House that GURD built," and he will be superseded by the auto-wagon.  
 But, whether "horse" or "auto," it is always a matter of satisfaction for the dealer or the consumer to see the delivery at his door from "the House that GURD built," when they both know that it brings the very best that forty years' experience can produce.

No. 7.—These are the MEN that need no goad to drive the Horses that draw the Loads that are sent to the Stores that serve the Folk that drink the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

"In the house that Jack built" there was a maiden who "milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt."  
 But they are able-bodied men "who drive the horses that draw the loads that serve the folk that drink the ale that's made in the House that GURD built."



No. 6

And neither whip nor goad is needed to "get there with the goods" that are made in "the House that GURD built."  
 Once known the "Gurd" beverages sell themselves on their superlative merit. The proof of a beverage is in the drinking. And nobody knows this better than the man who is kept busy on one of the Gurd wagons, delivering "Gurd's Ginger Ale," and other sparkling Gurd beverages, to pleased and satisfied customers.



No. 5

# GURD

No. 8.—"This is the NAME that suits the Men that suits the Horse that suits the Load that suits the Stores that suits the Folk that suits the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."

"The house that Jack built" has a reputation in every home-nursery in which the English language is spoken, and perhaps much farther.  
 There is much, indeed, in a NAME, when that name has been built up and established during a life-time of honest endeavour to produce the best.  
 The man with such purpose and industry deserves to succeed, as he generally does.  
 It is no hap-hazard result that "the name of GURD" leads in the manufacture of "Ginger Ale," and the half-score of superlative non-alcoholic beverages, made in "the House that GURD built."  
 By honest, persistent building of one stone upon another the House of Gurd has arisen to first importance in its class and City.  
 So it has come to pass, that now the sight of the name "GURD" on the label assures the dealer and the drinker that they have a beverage, the purest and best that can be made.

No. 9.—"This is the WATER that's worthy the Name that suits the Men that suits the Horse that suits the Load that suits the Stores that suits the Folk that suits the Ale that's made in the House that GURD built."



No. 9

Responsibility goes with reputation, and *vice versa*.  
 This truism was never more fully realized than by "Gurd's"—when, after travelling all over Caledonia Township in search of a new and meritorious mineral water, and after finding at nature's hand "the very thing," the "acme of their desires," they launched it upon the market as "GURD'S" Caledonia Water.  
 The result surpassed the firm's most sanguine expectations. So much so that everybody connected with "the House that GURD built" now claims that among the mineral waters of the world "GURD'S" Caledonia—in keeping with the firm's motto—is "The Best."  
 The popular verdict, as recorded in increasing sales, would seem to verify this conclusion, and, as a matter of fact, this increasing demand is in a large measure responsible for the factory and warehouse extension which furnished the subject of this sketch.  
 What better testimony though could one want than the following clincher:

COPIED FROM ANALYST'S REPORT

MONTREAL, July 10, 1908.

This is to certify that we have subjected a sample of "GURD'S" Caledonia Water to careful chemical analysis, and find it to be a perfectly safe, sanitary alkaline, mineral water of the mild laxative type, and free from any organic impurities.

It is an excellent table water and will be found agreeable to the taste whether used "still" or sparkling.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M.Sc., LL.D.,  
 Provincial Government Analyst.



No. 7.—The Salesmen-Drivers of "the House that GURD built."

"The House that GURD built" will shortly be issued in pamphlet form. Any person desiring a copy will be supplied by applying per mail, telephone, or in person, at the head office of CHARLES GURD & CO., LTD., 43 JURORS STREET, MONTREAL.

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