

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 2., No. 2

One Dollar
a Year

FEBRUARY, 1907

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

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The Postmaster-General

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who has effected many reforms in the Department since he took charge last summer, is a lawyer by profession and resides in Montreal. He is one of the most brilliant speakers in the House of Commons. Mr. Lemieux is forty years of age.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Mr. Elihu Root, United States Secretary of State, with Mrs. and Miss Root, were last month guests of His Excellency at Ottawa.

Lady Victoria Grenfell, daughter of Earl Grey, died at Ottawa of typhoid fever on Feb. 3. She had arrived with her husband, Capt. A. Grenfell, from Mexico only three weeks before, and is believed to have contracted the disease there.

The island of Simalu, one of the Dutch East India Islands, was engulfed in the tidal wave, which devastated the region on Jan. 11, and it is believed that 1,500 persons perished. Earthquakes continue to be felt.

Chicago University, having been excluded because of its denominational character from sharing in the Carnegie \$10,000,000 pension fund, is to be endowed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller with an extra \$3,000,000 for its own superannuated professors.

That the Mormon question is a live one in the Canadian North-West is shown by the recent purchase by Joseph A. Smith, the head of the Mormon Church in Utah, of the Cochrane Ranch in Alberta. This ranch contains 70,000 acres of high arable land, and is costing him nearly half a million dollars. That Mr. Smith is living in polygamy was proven in the United States courts within the past few months.

The Shah of Persia died in the Palace in Teheran on January 8, at 11.30 p.m. The new Shah was crowned on January 19, amid magnificent ceremonial upon the famous peacock throne of solid gold, crusted with precious stones. The Shah has begun his reign by letting his people know that he is anxious to have them at liberty to communicate with him unchecked by officialdom, and to this end he has had the Palace connected by telephone with the public square of Teheran.

The King and Queen are travelling incognito in France for a week before the opening of Parliament. The trip is described officially as purely personal and private. It is, however, recalled that the previous visits of the King to Paris have been followed by the strengthening of the Anglo-French understanding, and the general impression is that the present visit will assist in the extension of the understanding which some observers believe will ultimately end in an Anglo-French Military Convention.

In the Canadian North-west this winter has been the coldest in twenty years. Last week a Chinook wind turned the prairie in many places to slush, ten minutes after the Chinook dropped the same region was a glare of ice, and before night the drifts could be crossed on horseback. On Jan. 28 the town of Macleod, Alberta, was invaded by 6,000 head of half-famished range cattle. From walking through the crusted snow their legs were all raw and bleeding, and many have died every day since.

Reports from Shanghai, by way of Victoria, B.C., tell of the increasing horrors of the great famine in Central China. A correspondent of the 'Echo de China' says that in two districts, Sinchow and Paichow, starving people are eating their own children; also that plants and grass which have furnished food for many, have disappeared, and there are not even roots to eat. The famine-stricken people are being driven to the cities in the famine districts, the officials refusing to allow them to take to the roads. The correspondent says the stories of cannibalism are many. He investigated a number and many of them are absolutely correct. In the absence of ordinary food, he found human flesh actually being sold. Still later reports say that smallpox is breaking out in the famine camps. Three thousand destitute persons

are being driven towards their homes, and 250,000 in one camp alone are believed to be doomed. Heavy rains bring prospects of floods, and the prospects of relief works are being lessened by the rascality of officials. The agent of the American Bible Society in Shanghai cabled to New York on Jan. 23 pleading for help for the famine sufferers of Central China. The sufferings for the past five months are, it is declared, only a beginning to what must be expected unless help comes at once.

A hitherto unknown copy of the Latin correspondence between Luther and King Henry VIII. was sold at auction in London on January 30. The correspondence concerns the time when King Henry, prior to the English Reformation, won the title of defender of the faith, which has since been borne by all British sovereigns, from Pope Leo X., for attacking Luther's new theology. Luther's vigorous rejoinder is contained in the exclamation: 'O how I should enjoy covering the head of his English Majesty with dirt and filth.' The correspondence was printed by Pyndon in London, in 1525. Only three copies were known of before.

The French Government has ordered the old device on the coins, 'God Protect France, stricken off, and 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' put in its place. The new law separating the Church and State in France, and known as the Briand Law, was signed by President Fallieres on January 3, and promulgated. M. Briand, the French Minister of Education, has announced that all the bishops' mansions, rectories and seminaries taken possession of by the Government under the Church and State separation law, will be used for museums and for other educational purposes. The famous seminary of St. Sulpice will become part of the Museum of the Luxembourg.

News reached San Francisco on January 31 of a terrible earthquake on the Solomon Islands, which opened great gorges in many places, and changed the whole face of the islands. The news was brought to San Francisco by Mr. O. B. L. Moore, Governor of Samoa, from the captain of a trading schooner who had arrived from the Solomon Group at Apia just before Mr. Moore left. It is thought extremely likely that the earthquake was the one recorded on the seismographs in various parts of the world a month ago, of which no other trace could be found. According to the instrument at Apia, Samoa, it lasted for several minutes and was said to be the heaviest shock ever recorded.

A despatch from Lethbridge, Alberta, says that Dr. W. Watson, the Dominion bacteriologist there, has discovered in the blood of a rabbit the germ which causes the deadly sleeping sickness, which is such a scourge in many parts of Africa. The germ was obtained from the blood of a cotton-tail rabbit, captured by the scientists for purposes of experimentation, and having the disease of which the rabbits have been dying in great numbers throughout the country this winter. Every seventh year a scourge sweeps the rabbits almost out of existence. During one succeeding seven years the virus gradually accumulates in the rabbits till another scourge again decimates them. This happened this year.

Lady Burdett-Coutts, who died in London last month, was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and at the age of 23, the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, fell heir to the vast wealth, and took the name of her grandfather, Thomas Coutts. She at once became distinguished by forwarding and directing vast philanthropic schemes, and for this was, in 1871, raised to the peerage, and the year following admitted to the freedom of the city of London, hers being, as Mr. Chamberlain on that occasion said, 'the first female name ever recorded in the lists of those whom the citizens

have so delighted to honor.' At the age of 67 she married Mr. William Ashmead-Bartlett, long her confidential agent, but many years her junior. She died at the age of 92, and had lived during the reigns of five British sovereigns.

Details coming this week of the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 14, and the fire which followed, show that the disaster was greater than first reported. Over a thousand are believed to have been killed, and for days the air was heavy with the odor of burning flesh. Part of Port Royal, the town at the outer end of the sand-bar, forming a natural breakwater to the harbor, sank, causing the death of several more. For days the refugees were without water, and food was extremely scarce. The death list of English included Sir James Fergusson, Captain Constantine and Captain Young, of the Royal Mail Steamship service; Dr. Gibbs Varley, Dr. Menier, Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Locke, Mr. B. Varley, Mr. J. W. M. Bradley, and four children named Livingstonstone. One Canadian, named Truesdale, was pinned below a load of debris for 54 hours, and was half insane when rescued. Five or six others near him all died. The shock was felt over a radius of 10 miles, and over ninety per cent. of the city is in ruins. At Amotta Bay, on the north shore of the Island opposite Kingston, an old crater (of which there are no records of previous activity), is said to have been seen since shooting out smoke and fire.

Interest in the Jamaica disaster itself has been quite overshadowed during the past few weeks by the tilt between the Governor, Sir Alexander Swettenham, and Vice-Admiral Davis, of the United States Navy. Admiral Davis offered men from his ships, and wished to fire a salute in honor of the Governor. The Governor declined both help and salute. Notwithstanding this a salute was fired (through a mistaken order, as the Admiral afterwards explained), and detachments were sent ashore heavily armed to 'guard the American consulate' and 'assist private individuals.' The Governor then sent a second message, politely requesting the United States Admiral to remove his men, saying that while he had no doubt various Kingston storekeepers would like to have their premises cleared by the United States Navy free of charge, the government of the island was quite equal to the charge of the whole city. He also reminded Admiral Davis that thieves a few months ago in the house of a New York millionaire would not have justified a British admiral in landing an armed force to assist the police of that city, whereupon the sailors were recalled to their ships. Many papers on both sides of the Atlantic are trying to magnify the affair into an international incident, but cooler heads look upon it as a purely personal affair. The London 'Globe' applauds the firmness with which the Governor asserted the rights of his Sovereign and flag in a position of peculiar difficulty, and the Home Government has announced that it is a matter purely private between the government and one of its officials.

Enormous avalanches of mud caused by heavy rains swept down from Mount Vesuvius last week, over several squares miles of country, uprooting trees, destroying farm buildings and killing farm animals. One man was carried out on this sea of mud for almost a mile, and was rescued by three courageous women at the risk of their own lives.



Our Cover Picture

The hockey player on the front is Mr. Grover Sargent, captain of the Montreal Hockey team, who is himself one of the cleanest and most brilliant players in Canada.



The Kingston Earthquake

A good idea of the terrible results of the disaster is obtained from this picture, which shows Harbor Street, the principal business thoroughfare of Kingston, looking west from the General Post Office. To the left are the ruins of the Constabulary Station. In the distance are the ruins of the large Beehive store. In the foreground sit two brothers weeping beside the body of their sister, a clerk in one of the stores, which has just been extricated from the ruins. Near them is a large group of relatives of the missing, watching the extrication of the bodies from the ruins.

—Photograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



The Kingston Earthquake

The Roman Catholic church was completely wrecked, and forms the largest and most costly ruin in the city. As it was empty at the time of the shock there was no loss of life here.

—Photograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



SOMETHING ABOUT PICTURES



HERE are various ways of conveying information, and among them, pictures rank among the most important. Columns and pages of type would fail to convey what a single picture can show at a glance. To those who cannot travel, pictures bring the sights of distant places and portraits of great people, and, to those who have travelled, pictures of the places and people they have seen are of even greater interest.

Most people have been taught to read, but many have never been taught to see pictures. Many think it requires no teaching to see pictures, that any child can do that, providing the picture be simple. But there are pictures that yield pleasure only as the eye is trained to see. Some pictures that appear to be badly printed are often the most expensive to produce. One cannot, for instance, bring a great catastrophe into the studio of a photographer, so that he may photograph it under the best light with a large cumbersome camera. Some of the most interesting photographs are obtained under the greatest disadvantage, and even at peril, to the photographer. And though these pictures do not do justice to the printer, they are worth all the space given to them in the leading pictorial papers of the world. And as the eye and mind get trained to appreciate them, the wonder grows that results, which to the ignorant might seem poor, are as good as they are. We do not care half so much for a formal studio photograph of the King and Queen as we do of some snap-shot that has taken them unawares, in ordinary life, and yet, of course, the chances are that such pictures will be more or less blurred by movement. The kodaker would spoil his picture by calling out: 'Steady, please, your Majesties, and look pleasant! I'm going to take your picture for the "Canadian Pictorial!"'

Snap-shots are usually taken under the greatest disadvantage. The photographer is often jostled by a crowd, who are as anxious to see the thing that he is going to photograph as he is himself. They have to be taken under all sorts of adverse conditions as far as light is concerned. Some of the most interesting snap-shots are taken under a lowering sky; consequently the result is that nothing in the picture is really clear, yet a most interesting, or perhaps historic picture, can be shown somewhat hazily. So many things make or mar a picture. The other day a 'Canadian Pictorial' photographer was sent to get a picture of thirty-two horses which were drawing a huge block of granite weighing thirty-two tons, out of which a monument to the late Hon. Mr. Prefontaine is to be hewn. Two pictures were taken, but the horses had had a stiff pull, and the steam from their bodies so blurred the view that the negatives were useless.

On another occasion there was a fashionable wedding. Our photographer went to the church to try to catch the bride as she left her carriage or entered it. But there was an awning from the church door to the curb-stone, and a similar one in front of the residence of the bride's father. The wedding was never illustrated, for you cannot take a snap-shot under an awning or similar covering.

A London paper, 'Answers,' the other day published the following 'confessions':

I am a Press photographer. What does that convey to you? Well, I am a man with a camera who has to go here, there, and everywhere to supply the picture papers with photographs of everything of importance that takes place. Recently I had orders from one of my editors to go up in a balloon and take snap-shots of a new airship. I am a nervous man, but I had to go. The other day I spent in the depths of a Durham coal-mine, taking pictures by flashlight; next week I may probably be sent to America.

I go off at a minute's notice, travel at express speed, and do my work at high pressure. The anxiety is tremendous. A little while ago I was sent off to the Isle of Man to get snap-

shots of the motor races. I had strict injunctions to get on the course, photograph the cars in full flight, develop my plates, and have them in the newspaper office at least six hours before any other paper could get them. That is the sort of unreasonable instructions you get from an editor. Off I went, and spent three miserable days in Manxland during the preliminary trials. The weather was so dark, wet, stormy, foggy, and overcast I could get nothing.

On the morrow every Press photographer in the kingdom would be on the course, and the following day the results would appear in all the morning papers. What was I to do? I went to a local photographer who had taken the cars at their trials the day before I arrived. I bought his entire stock and sent the best off to my newspaper, and they appeared before the other Press photographers reached the course.

At the recent trials at Blackpool the police were very strict, and would allow no one on the course. I saw half a dozen photographers perched up on a wall. That wasn't good enough for me. I meant to get better pictures than could be got from that poor altitude. How did I manage it? I equipped myself in a smart motor kit with a long white coat, and addressed the constable as 'officer' as I stood and chatted with him about the weather and other trifling matters. Everybody thought I was a judge or a committee-man—except the other photographers when they saw the papers the next morning containing my results.

The police hinder one dreadfully, and have to be most skilfully bluffed. I once had to snap-shot a prominent M.P. on his way to the House. The constable would not hear of it, and ordered me off.

I had expected opposition and anticipated it. I took a confrere. He carried the camera beneath his overcoat and—presumably—didn't want to do anything but yawn up at Big Ben. As soon as I saw my M.P. approaching, I began arguing and remonstrating, reminding the police-officer that this was a free country. Meanwhile, my confrere had 'snapped' the Parliamentary celebrity, and I departed, of course, very much aggrieved at the punctiliousness of the police force.

Sometimes a policeman does you a good turn, quite unintentionally. When I went down to the Salisbury railway disaster I was peremptorily refused admittance across the rails. I meant to get in somehow, so I walked down the line for about a mile and a half. Here I actually came upon the milk van which, you will remember, the boat express ran into. Nobody else had photographed it, so I got an exclusive picture, what we call a 'scoop.' I tell you, one has to be full of resource. It's no good to tell your editor you can't get a picture. You must get what you're sent our for. Here's a space left in the newspaper for your only twelve plates with me on the morning of over in Madrid for the Royal wedding. I had photograph, and you've got to fill it. I was away from the scene of the outrage. I rushed up, thinking of all I had missed. Turning, I saw a meek-looking Spaniard with a camera. I borrowed it by main force, explained as best I could my reasons for doing so, at the same time operating the camera and taking as many pictures as possible in the few moments of panic. It happened that the camera was good, and the Spaniard reasonable, otherwise I might have been added to the number of the victims of anarchy. These pictures appeared in several London papers a few days later.

One of the most difficult jobs I ever had to tackle was to photograph a Parisian duel. The scene of the duel I refer to was guarded on all sides. I entered a house adjacent to the square wherein the sanguinary conflict was to take place. Climbing over two roofs at imminent peril of my life, I reached a huge drain-pipe, a kind of perpendicular sewer. On to this I clambered and dropped down to within a few feet of the combatants. Here I 'snapped' them in several vengeful attitudes.

I remember a rather funny incident that occurred when I was out at Monaco at the motor-boat races. We wanted to get some good pictures of the boats coming 'head on,' so we stationed one young photographer on a floating buoy. That evening, after the races were over, we were all bustling about to catch the train back to Paris. Suddenly someone said: 'Why, where's Jones?' 'By Jove!' said his chief, 'I declare I had forgotten all about him. He is still on the buoy!' He had been sitting there for about six hours.



Photo Contest Results

One hundred and fifty-seven photographs were received for the competition which closed with the year 1906. The judges lost no time in getting to work and now announce their decision.

The Sovereign Prize goes to
WEST HAMMOND, Carleton Place, Ont.

Honorable mention is awarded to the following:

C. POWER CLEGHORN, 185 University street, Montreal.

R. W. STEVENS, 4846 Western ave, Westmount, Que.

E. W. BENNETT, 391 Huntley street, Montreal.

WILLIAM M. FOSTER, The Grange P. O., Ont.

E. L. SAVAGE, 22 Seymour avenue, Montreal.

H. D. KEAST, Farnham, Que.

J. KIRK HODGES, Westmount, Que.

C. CHAMPAGNE, 114 Dubord street, Montreal.

MRS. W. H. MILLS, jr., Wilton, Ont.

There will be little criticism of the judges' decision, at least as far as the awarding of the prize is concerned. Every detail is so perfect and the various processes in connection with the production of a finished picture have been carried through with such skill as well as care that the photograph of the rapids at Carleton Place is outstanding among the mass of entries, most of which had some points to commend them as 'the most artistic picture.'

While the conditions did not call for mounts as well as prints, the mounting of Mr. Hammond's photograph was done so artistically as to enhance the beauty of the picture itself. There were many pictures that would have been prize-winners in other contests. There were plenty of good ones from other points of view, but they did not strike the judges as being 'the most artistic photograph.' Some of the competitors had evidently lost sight of what the present competition was. It demanded a high standard of excellence. It did not embrace a merely curious picture, but the subject had to be a good one and every process through which it passed had to be almost perfect to make the result worthy of consideration at all.

The entries submitted included lots of landscapes, some with fatal flaws that were very apparent, many hunting scenes, vacation views, portraits of children, water scenes, family groups, English towns and cathedrals, country roads stretching away under leafy branches, rustic bridges spanning crystal streams, pet animals, farmers at work, ministers in their studies, old ruined houses.

The photographs came from Montreal and all the suburbs; from Quebec, from the Eastern Townships and then stretching away into the other provinces, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, in the west, and down east, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and then across into Newfoundland, the old Crown colony being represented by several characteristically rugged pictures. And the United States were represented, too, from far away Montana coming mining scenes in addition to many from nearer states. During the last days of the competition a few came from across the Atlantic.



Photo by J. G. Macdonald

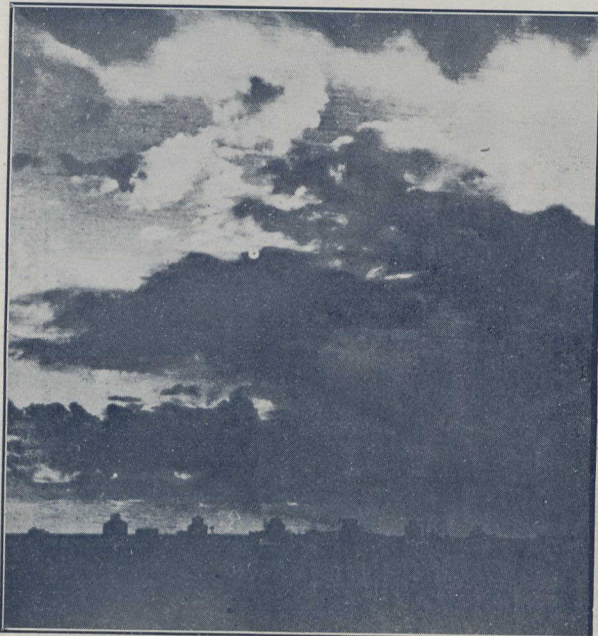
The Rapids, Carleton Place, Ont.

The Most Artistic Photograph

The prize of a gold sovereign is awarded to Mr. West Hammond, Carleton Place, Ontario, for the photograph of the rapids at Carleton Place, reproduced above. The photograph is a gem and was mounted and finished with the skill and care that characterizes the picture as a whole.



Honorable Mention In the Sovereign Photo Contest this moonlight scene was one of a series attractively mounted in a booklet, by William M. Foster, The Grange P.O., Ontario.



Honorable Mention The prairie sunset scene is by H. D. Keast, Farnham, Que. The elevators of the town of Wapella, Sask., are seen in silhouette. J. Kirke Hodges, Westmount, Que., entered the picture of snow in Westmount Park.



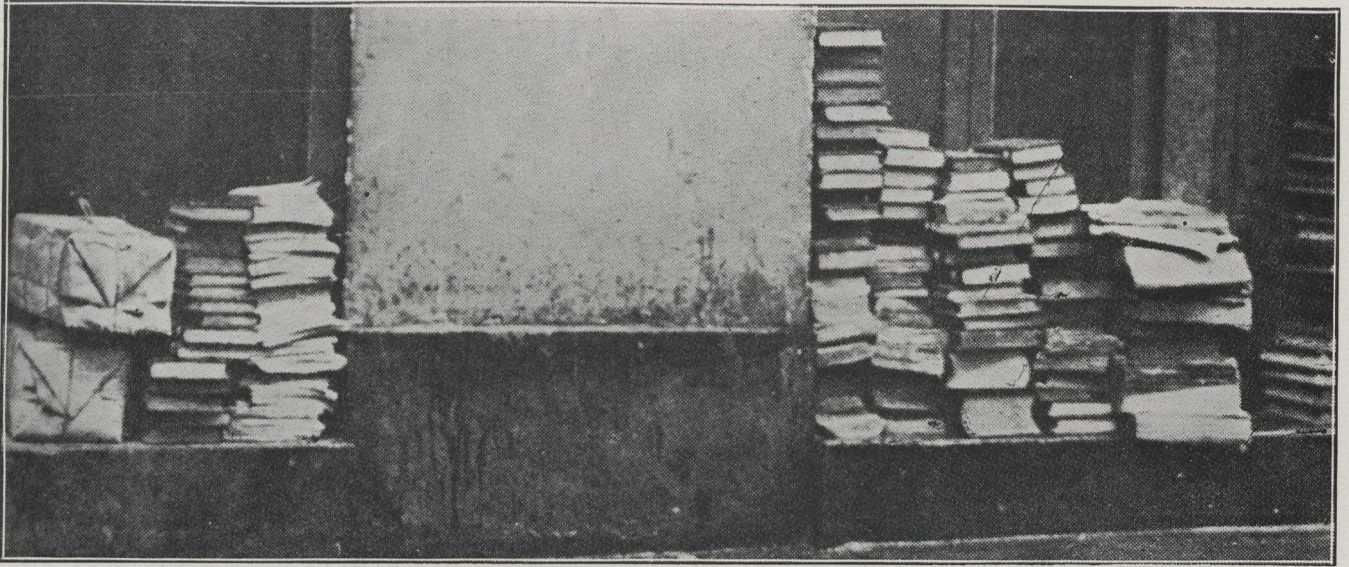
Honorable Mention The boy and dog, by J. Kirke Hodges, Westmount, Que.; The little child on the verge of darkness where bears may hide, by C. Champagne, 114 Dubord Street, Montreal; calling the moose in New Brunswick, by Mrs. W. H. Mills, Jr., Wilton, Ont.



Honorable Mention Two photographs that pleased the judges immensely are reproduced above. The one showing the boats in Halifax harbor is by Mr. R. W. Stevens, 4846 Western Avenue, Westmount, Que., and the trees reflected in the water by Mr. E. W. Bennett, 391 Huntley Street, Montreal.



Honorable Mention This charming photographic study of cows in the water is by C. Power Cleghorn, 185 University St., Montreal.



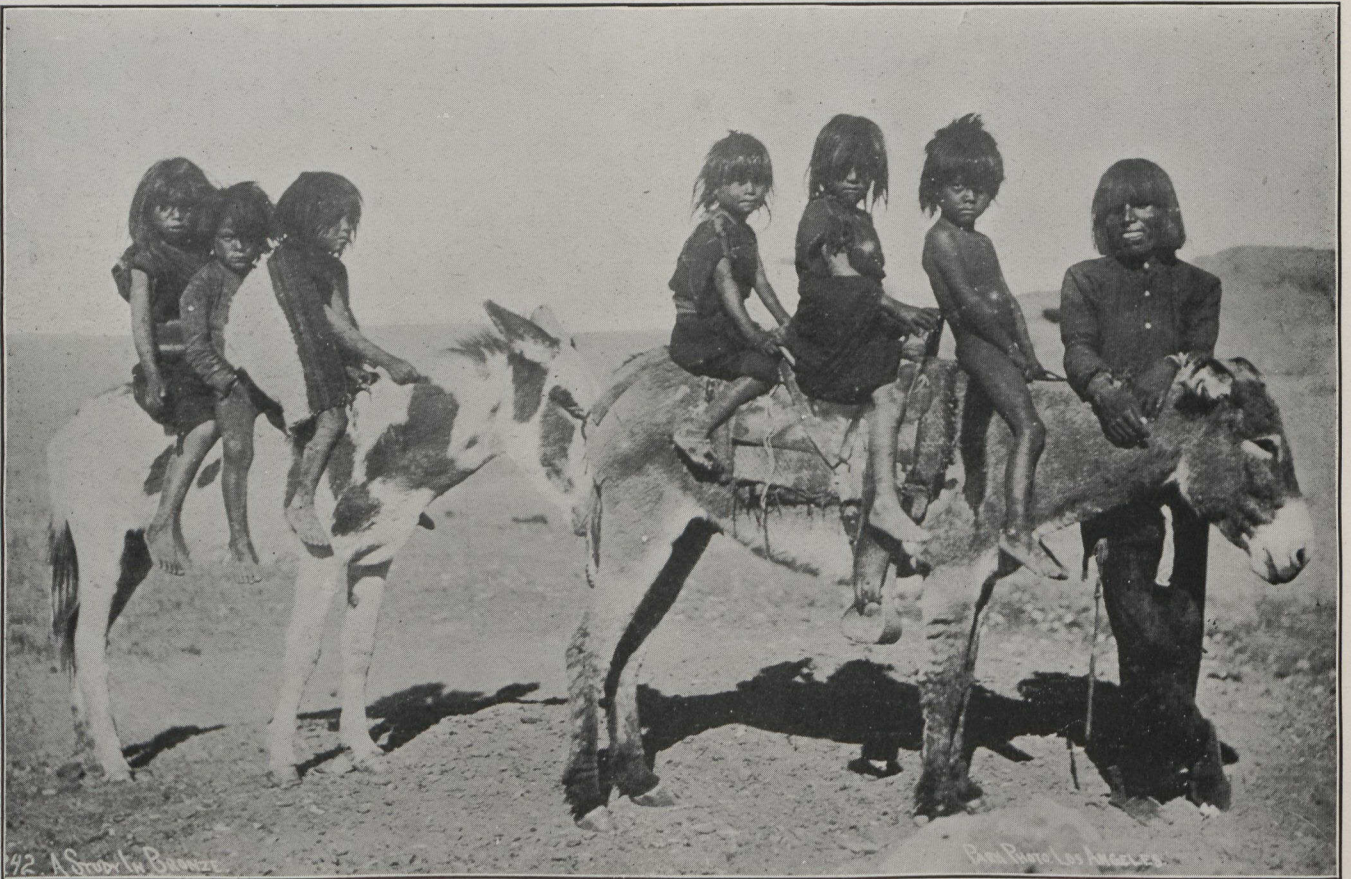
The Religious Crisis in France

The books of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris piled up in the street. His Eminence himself was conducted to the railway station by the police.



The Religious Crisis in France

The students of the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice carrying out their belongings. —Black and White



The Useful Burro

On the Great Mojave Desert, California, the "Burro" is the ship of the desert. He carries enormous burdens and, unlike his cousin, the mule, he knows no guile. To the children of the tribes of Mojave Indians he is a faithful friend.



The Great Solitudes of the Canadian West

The Asulkan Glacier.



The Great Solitudes of the Canadian West

The Asulkan Glacier from Mount Abbott.



A Real Canadian Bounce

Photo by Clayton Armstrong, Levis, Que.



A Canadian Winter Night

This is not an orchard in full bloom. It is a group of trees, the branches of which are snow-laden. The photograph was taken by Mr. Frank Redpath with the light of an electric street lamp.

News Photos



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



Where the Hounds Dwell

The Kennels of the Pontiac Fish and Game Club, of which several Senators and Members of Parliament are the moving spirits.



The Park Slide, Montreal Photo by Mr. Frank Redpath



Young Canadians Love the Snow
Photo by R. Hicks, Portneuf, Que.



The Princess Royal

Her Royal Highness is reported to be recovering from her recent severe illness. The picture shows the Princess, who is the King's eldest daughter, with her husband, the Duke of Fife.

—Black and White



A Queen and a Blind Subject

"Carmen Sylva," Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, has lately sent to the press a series of articles giving an account of her asylum for the blind called Vatra Luminaosa. The inmates support themselves by printing, on a wonderful machine perfected by one of the Queen's proteges, literature for the blind in Braille type. The Queen has also written a most interesting letter giving an account of her husband's fortitude during his recent illness, through which Her Majesty has been his devoted nurse.

—Illustrated London News.



International Football

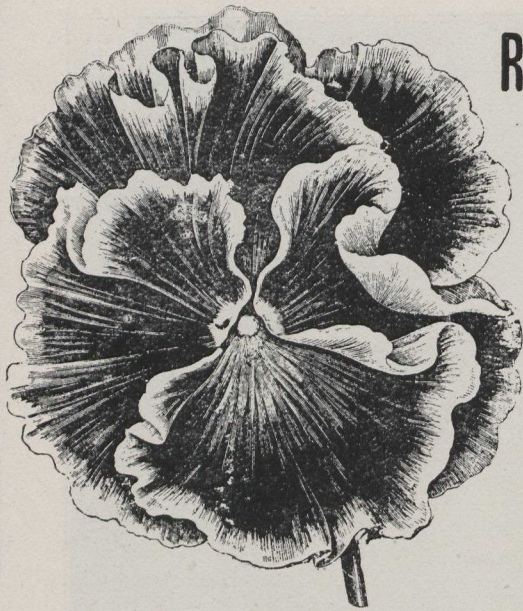
The great Rugby match of the season was that between England and South Africa at the Crystal Palace, London, on December 8th. In the first half the "Springboks" scored a try. England drew level in the second half of the game, but failed to gain a lead before time was called in spite of most desperate efforts. The picture, from "Black and White," shows a good pick-up and pass by the South Africans from a loose rush.



Death of the Shah of Persia His Imperial Majesty, Muzaffar-ed-Din, died at the Palace, Teheran, in January. He succeeded his father Nasr-ed Din on May 1st, 1896, and was the fifth of the Kajar dynasty, by which the Crown was seized in 1794 after a civil war which lasted fifteen years.



Sanscrit Manuscripts at McGill McGill University has been presented by Dr. J. G. Adami with some fine specimens of Sanscrit manuscript. One is written on native paper and the other on palm leaves, and are about 230 years old. They are wrapped in faded linen covers.



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— Woman and Her Interests —

QUEEN AND POETESS



AMONG the many noble women who have conferred distinction on what has been called the 'woman's era,' the poet-Queen of Roumania, 'Carmen Sylva,' would still be in the first rank quite apart from her exalted station. It is as the poetess, 'Carmen Sylva,' that she is most

widely known, but one cannot read the history of Roumania during the last quarter of a century without being impressed with the part the Queen has played in the development of the nation, and the great work she has done for her country and her people; while behind all is apparent the lovable, magnetic personality of the woman who is to her people their 'little mother.'

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Luise) was born on Dec. 29, 1843, in her father's little German Principality of Wied. She was the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied, and the Princess Maria of Nassau. There seemed little enough prospect that the robust, bright-eyed restless little girl, who was taught to read at the age of three years to keep her occupied, would ever be crowned one of the queens of Europe; and, indeed, 'Carmen Sylva' has said she was glad to have been born far from a throne, as she thus had a more natural youth.

The childhood of the little princess was passed amid simple, healthful surroundings. Of a lively, always active, spirit, she was the ringleader in games with the village children, and delighted also to teach them out of the knowledge which she herself was so quick in acquiring. Besides the lessons of her books, she learned to cook and to sew. Her young brother was very delicate, and with a view to benefiting his health, Prince Hermann had a farm laid out at his country seat, and here the children dug and worked in the ground, milked the cows, tended the poultry, and fed the calves. The mother of the princess, recognizing the child's passionate temperament and active imagination, wisely forbade her reading novels before she was nineteen, but a few works of fiction were presumably permitted. 'The Wide, Wide World' was one of her favorites—as it has been that of many another young girl—and the book was sometimes found hidden under her pillow, or between the covers of one of her school books. She began to write verses in her early girlhood, and kept in secret a kind of poetic diary. Although there was much that was bright and happy in her childhood, the chronic invalidism of her father and her brother's serious illness shadowed her home, and these early poems have a note of sadness.

After her little brother's death, she was taken to Russia for change of scene. She also had a journey by way of the Rhine—later adding her poetical tribute to that much sung river—and also visited Paris and the Isle of Wight.

A romantic story is told of her first meeting with her future husband, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, Prince of Roumania,—when, at the age of 17, she visited the court at Berlin. Rushing down stairs one day with characteristic impetuosity, she slipped, and would have fallen down the steps had she not been caught by the Prince, who was opportunely on the spot. However this may be, it was some years later that, for state reasons, a marriage between Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth was talked of. The Emperor Napoleon III., hearing of the projected marriage, highly approved of it, observing that 'The German princesses are so well brought up.'

A meeting between the prince and the princess was arranged, and took place at Cologne,

where Princess Elizabeth and her mother were staying for a short time. The Prince soon fell sincerely in love—so says the writer of his memoirs—and the Princess's mother consented to ascertain her daughter's wishes. 'A long quarter of an hour elapsed, when she returned with the answer "Yes."' The marriage took place in the following month, Nov., 1869, the ceremony being performed according to the rites of the bride's church (Lutheran), and that of the bridegroom (Catholic).

The honeymoon was contracted to a few days, owing to the unsettled state of affairs

The Postmaster-General's Wife



MRS. Rodolphe Lemieux, the wife of the Postmaster-General of Canada, was, before her marriage, Miss Bertha Jetté, and is a daughter of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Sir Louis Jetté. Mr. and Mrs. Lemieux have been married for twelve years; they have three children,—two girls, and a boy

eight years old, who is at Loyola College in Montreal. The Postmaster-General and his wife have taken a house in Ottawa for the Sessional months, and Mrs. Lemieux is welcomed as a charming addition to the society of the Capital. In manner she is perfectly natural and unaffected, bright, and at the same time sincere. She speaks English prettily, like most educated Frenchwomen, and with just a piquant touch of the accent of her native language. She dresses becomingly, and with unerring taste. Mrs. Lemieux is among the most successful of the younger hostesses in the Capital. She has had good training for the position, having frequently assisted her mother, Lady Jetté, in receiving at Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Society has not spoiled Mrs. Lemieux. She is a devoted mother, and the home life is dear to both herself and the Postmaster-General. Perhaps she will not mind one's adding that she is quite proud of her clever husband, the more so that he is one of the public men against whose integrity no charges have ever been brought.

in Roumania. At once the Princess took an active share in her husband's work, and together they gradually brought the government through intrigue and conspiracy, and times of financial distress.

The Princess at once set to work to acquire the Roumanian language. With all the enthusiasm of her nature, she instituted reforms with the development of the Roumanian nationality at heart. She founded schools, art galleries, asylums and hospitals, encouraged popular lectures, and sought to disseminate correct ideas on sanitation.

A little daughter was born in 1870, and was named Marie. The bright and much-loved little one died of scarlet fever when she was four years old. The Prince and Princess had the sympathy of other countries—sovereigns and people—in their great grief. Queen Victoria wrote to the Princess a characteristic note of heart-felt sympathy.

During the Turco-Russian war, in which Prince Charles took the field on the side of Russia, the Princess devoted herself to work among the soldiers and in the hospitals. The Czarina sent a special messenger, on her birthday, with the Order of St. Catherine in brilliants. In the Roumanian capital of Bucharest there is a monument, from the wives of Roumanian soldiers, representing the Queen giving water to a wounded soldier.

In 1881 Roumania became a kingdom, and the Princess was crowned Queen Elizabeth, with a plain golden crown without jewels or ornament. Shortly before her coronation she published her first volume of poems.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is, as one who visited her wrote, a queen in the best and richest sense of the word, and a true and noble woman. Her rich, sympathetic voice and genial smile are among her personal charms. She speaks with animation and fluency, and has retained a naïve simplicity and frank sincerity amid her courtly surroundings. She is a clever linguist and talented musician, among her instructors having been Madame Schumann and Rubinstein. Among her work for her people, has been the fostering of the native handicrafts. The Roumanian women are famous for their spinning, weaving, and embroidery. The Queen has founded schools in which the old Byzantine patterns are carefully reproduced. When she is at her summer residence in the Carpathians, the Queen and her maids of honor wear the picturesque embroidered costumes of the peasant women, with the addition of the veil as an emblem of queenly dignity.

In 1890 the Queen of Roumania paid a visit to Queen Victoria, and was warmly received. This hard-working queen has been for years developing an idea whereby the 20,000 blind people in her kingdom will be greatly benefited. (See the picture on Page 14.)

'Carmen Sylva,' Queen Elizabeth's pen-name, is derived from her fondness for song and for country scenes. Among her published works are 'Storms,' 'Les Pensées d'une Reine' ('A Queen's Thoughts'), 'From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom,' a collection of Roumanian fairy tales and legends, 'Shadows on Life's Dial,' 'A Real Queen's Fairy Book' (1901), and many poems, novels, and stories. It has been said that if 'Carmen Sylva' were not a queen her work would not attract so much attention. Rather it may be urged that if she were not burdened with the cares and duties of her high office, her literary work might be free from that evident haste which is its only fault.

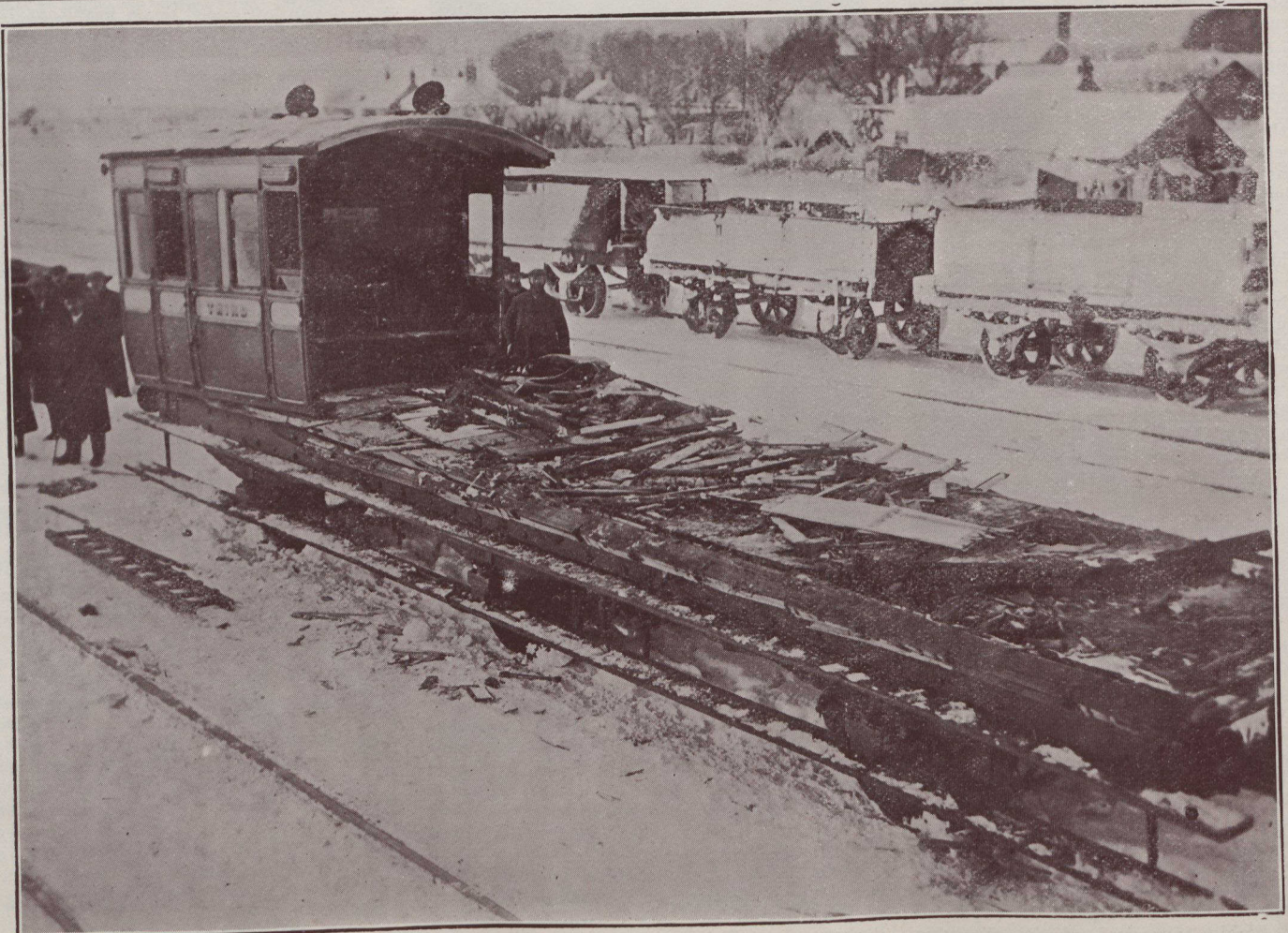


If the juice of a fruit pie run out, try putting a small funnel of white paper in the centre of the upper crust.



The Scottish Railway Wreck

The unusually heavy snowfall in Scotland is blamed for the disaster at Elliott station on December 28. The switches were clogged and would not work. - This picture from the "Illustrated London News," shows the injured being removed from the wrecked train.



The Scottish Railway Wreck

The ruins of the first-class carriage from which Mr. A. W. Black M.P., was extricated. His legs were so badly crushed as to necessitate amputation, which however failed to save his life. He died the day after the accident. -Photo, copyright, by Halfstones, Ltd.

DRESS IN THE HOME



HERE is no part of a woman's wardrobe to which she should pay more attention than to the dresses to be worn in her own home. This applies to the one who assists with the work of her house, as well as to the woman of leisure. It is not only women of limited means who are tempted to entertain

that unhappy idea that, 'anything will do for the house'; some who devote much thought, time, and money to their party and street costumes, are not guiltless of wearing in family privacy morning dresses and negligees that have long since lost their freshness. There is no reason why one should not make a careful and attractive morning toilette, whether she dons a shirt-waist suit made from material at twenty-five cents a yard, or a wonderful imported robe costing an unbelievable sum.

Very pretty and dainty morning jackets can be got up at a trifling cost, especially where one can make them oneself, which is not difficult. China silks, Dresden muslins, delicately tinted lawns with Valenciennes edging and insertions are all inexpensive while if something warmer is required, French challis, veiling, or cashmere, is suitable. On the other hand, the woman who can afford it may have an elaborate *matinée* into the acquiring of which has gone more money than at first sight would be supposed. In the trousseau of a recent bride was a dainty breakfast jacket of shell pink chiffon lined with China silk of the same tint, the collar less yoke formed of tiny hand-run tucks on which white sick lace medallions were applied. Down the front and around the short sleeves were full ruffles of silk lace. Another *matinée* in the same trousseau was of baby blue crepe, with deep square collar inset with white rows of Valenciennes lace, and lace motifs. The body of the jacket was accordion plaited.

The afternoon house dress may be simple or elaborate, just as one chooses, and as one's means and circumstances will permit, but, in whatever form, it is one of the essentials of every woman's wardrobe. The woman of small means will find it the truest economy to provide dresses, suitable for the one special purpose for which they are intended. A costume which has to do double duty will wear less than half as long as if it is kept for its own purpose, and will not look so well in either capacity. It is a mistake to utilize the skirt of the street suit with a light waist for the afternoon in the house. Nothing will sooner spoil the smart appearance of the out-door suit, apart from the fact that it is more expensive and less comfortable than a lighter-weight house dress.

If one has but little money to spend on her wardrobe, she must make up the deficiency as far as she can by careful planning and forethought. Here is where the bargain counter and the remnant sale come in. However, a word of warning just here. While these may be great helps to economy, taken advantage of judiciously, they may also become outlets to useless extravagance. The bargain hunter must have in mind a clearly defined notion of what she wants, and what she intends to do with it, and must not yield to the temptation to buy things she does not really need, because they happen to be cheap on the plea that they will come in handy sometime. There are certain articles, such as bits of good lace, which one is safe in buying when one finds them going cheap, and has the money to spare, but as a rule it is wise to leave on the counter bargains for which one has no object yet actually in view, though it may be in the distance.

But the judicious shopper who will exercise a firm restraint over her feminine tendency to acquire good articles cheaply, will find the periodical sales in the big shops a very great help in furnishing her home wardrobe. New materials are constantly being introduced in the long list of textiles, and

what is left of rolls of goods a half season or so less than up-to-date is sold at a decided reduction. One can often find a few yards of some pretty material, not strictly the latest manufacture, but admirably suited by texture and color to one's needs, selling at about two-thirds of its former marked price, and sometimes at fifty per cent. discount if there is scarcely enough for an ordinary dress length. In that case the pattern can be eked out with guimpe and under-sleeves of some light material, which is one of the popular fashions.

In the construction of the afternoon house gown there is free scope for individual taste. One may follow the lines of fashion closely or afar off, or may develop picturesque ideas of her own, though this last is apt to be ra-



A House Party Frock

A dainty gown in soft white silk, trimmed with ruchings of the material. Lace is inserted at the décolletage, and a black velvet sash is used.

ther a hazardous experiment unless one has really artistic tastes.

The new over-blouse style, or 'jumper' waist, as it is sometimes called, is an excellent model for the house dress. The over-blouse is cut out at the neck, and slashed in various fanciful ways to show the waist, which is of lace, net, chiffon, or may be simply a lingerie blouse. The over-blouse should always match the skirt in the shade of color, even when it is of a different material, but the best effect is gained when the waist is composed of the skirt material. A simple and inexpensive, but very pretty, house dress is of a golden brown cashmere, the skirt, which is in round sweeping length, trimmed with three graduated bands of darker brown velvet. The over-blouse is of the cashmere quite plain with the fulness provided for by gathers at the waist line, on a tape, so that the garment can be slipped on over the head, with no fastening visible. The waist is cut out round at the neck, both back and front, with wide sleeves ending two or three inches above the elbow, and with the seam on the outside left open from the shoulder. The

edge of the waist and sleeves is finished with a shaped band of velvet, worked with fine gold and brown silk cord in a simple design of interlacing rings. The girdle is of velvet, similarly trimmed, and fastened with a gilt buckle. The blouse is of cream-colored dotted net, with full, three-quarter sleeves, and inset on the collar and the upper front portion with lace medallions.

A more elaborate gown was in old rose satin cloth, the over-blouse much slashed and what was left of it embroidered in shades of dull rose-colored silk, touched here and there with silver, the edges finished with a narrow border of dark fur. The blouse was of fine all-over lace. Another handsome dress is developed in royal blue velvet, with a fleur-de-lis design in cloth appliqué around the skirt, the design worked around the edges with silver threads. The over blouse is slashed in a deep point to the waist line at both front and back, the sleeves little more than slashed shoulder caps, and the fleur-de-lis pattern is reproduced in smaller size. The under-waist is trimmed across the opening with narrow ruffles of lace, and the sleeves are formed of a series of lace ruffles ending below the elbow with a band of velvet. A charming afternoon dress in the modified Empire style was developed in light gray crepe de Chine with garniture of lace and velvet, both in yellow tones.

The negligee, whether it takes the form of a 'creation' for the boudoir, or a wrapper for wear in the bedroom—the only place where it should be worn—is a necessary part of the wardrobe. Veilings and soft wool fabrics are serviceable, and make up prettily, and some of them are quite inexpensive. At the same time, as much money is put into some of the elaborate negligees as might provide a whole wardrobe. A comparatively simple one is developed in mauve China silk, cut out straight across front and back from shoulder to shoulder, with a shaped band of mauve velvet embroidered in silver and rose-color, and edged with a flat double ruffle of white chiffon. The gown is shaped by rows of shirring under the band. From the bust line down the material is drawn in gradually to an almost close fitting lining, and is further held in place at the waist line with a cord of rose and mauve chenille entwined with silver, and ending in silver tassels. The skirt portion is likewise embellished with rows of shirring. This garment is also in a bridal trousseau.

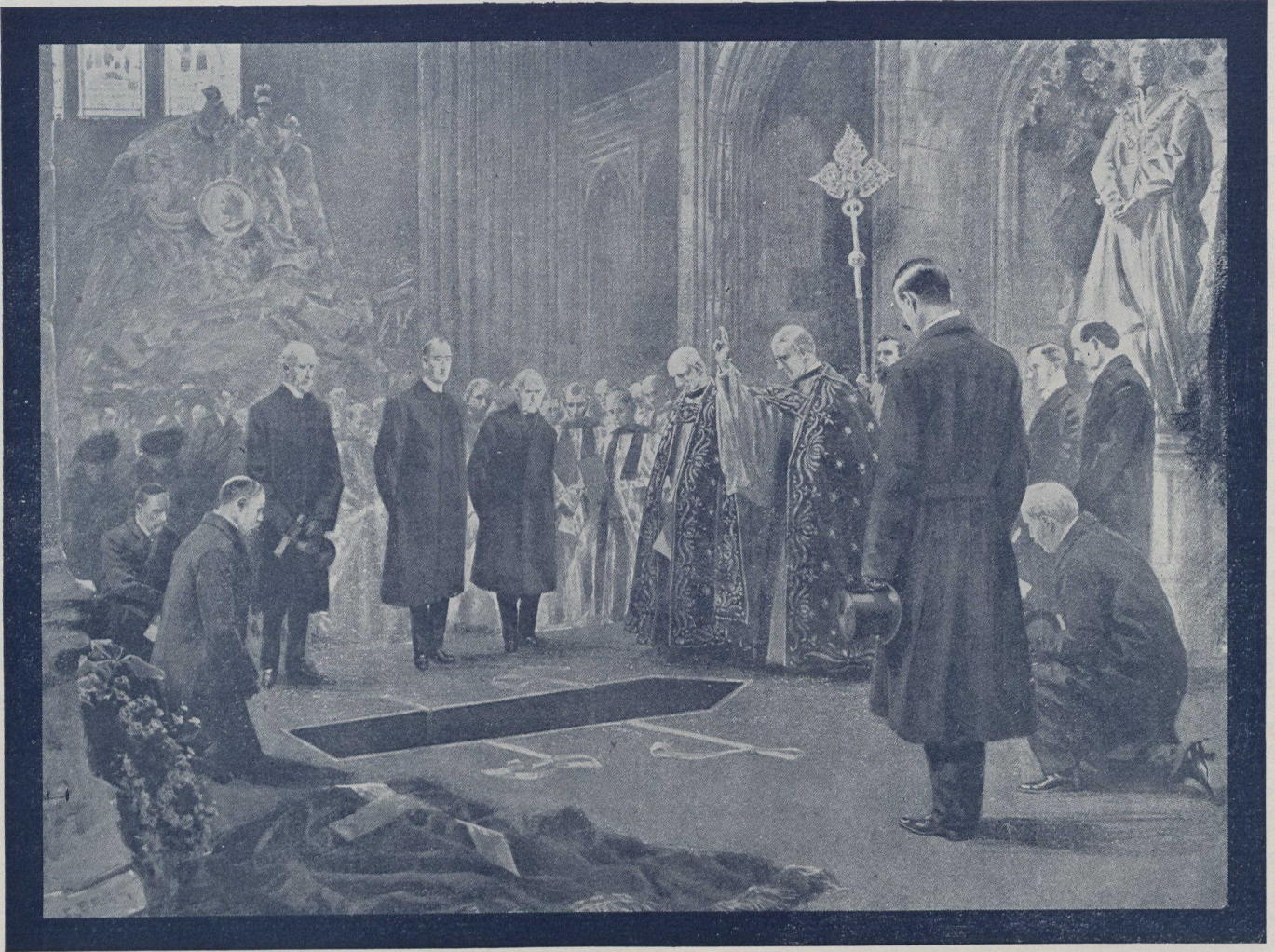


Selected Recipes

Cucumber and Chicken Salad.—Soak a level tablespoon of gelatine in two tablespoons of cold water, add one of boiling water and heat until dissolved. Stir in one grated cucumber, one tablespoon of lemon juice and a few dashes of pepper. When the mixture begins to grow stiff add one cup of chicken cut in small dice. When the mixture is almost firm turn into small moulds. Serve with mayonnaise.

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and chill large, well-shaped cucumbers. Cut in two, and slice off the end, so that the cucumber will set firmly on a plate. Then scoop out the pulp and mix with an equal quantity of finely cut celery and a little minced onion. Mix with mayonnaise or French dressing, fill the shells, put a little of the stiff mayonnaise (if that is used) on top, with a little sprig of parsley, upright, for a garnish. The shell will look pretty, if rolled in chopped parsley before being filled. The moisture of the cucumber will cause the parsley to stick.

Orange frappé.—Boil together two cups of water and one cup of sugar for fifteen minutes. Add one cup orange juice, one-eighth cup lemon juice. Cool, strain, add two small cups ice water, freeze to a mush, and serve in frappé glasses.

Viscount
Peel.Capt. C.
Keppel.Mr. F.
Greenwood.Archdeacon
Wilberforce.Canon
Duckworth.Mr. W. R.
Malcolm.Mr. H.
Gladstone.

Duke of Wellington. Mr. Burdett-Coutts.

Prince Francis of Teck. Duke of Argyll.

A Great Woman's Funeral

On January 5, the remains of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts were taken from her house, No. 1 Stratton Street, Piccadilly, to Westminster Abbey. The pall-bearers were Prince Francis of Teck, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, Viscount Peel, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Captain Colin Keppel, Mr. W. R. Malcolm, and Mr. F. Greenwood. The committal prayers were recited by Canon Duckworth and Archdeacon Wilberforce. All that is most distinguished in the nation's life formed the congregation in the Abbey. The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales were represented.

—Illustrated London News.

NO BOOKS since "SAM SLICK" have caused more genuine wholesome smiles than



"RUBE AND THE COLONEL"—The two famous "Sam Wellers" of all Gard's humor. Their fame is fast becoming world wide.

"The Yankee in Quebec" and "The Wandering Yankee"

BY ANDREW A. GARD

They are full of a humour peculiarly "Gard." Always cheery and never insipid. Even President Roosevelt, in commenting upon this author's books, said: "They are brim full of humour, and always interesting." A noted writer speaking of "The Yankee in Quebec" called it: "That delicious vacation story," and further that: "Nobody can read it without loving old Quebec, and at the same time being thankful to the author for such real entertainment." Mr. Gard has written many books, but we have selected these two as containing such pleasure-giving qualities that we feel that we are doing the world a favor in telling of them.

THE price of each is 60 cents per copy, post paid. Now we are going to make a Special Offer to hold good up to April 1st, 1907. Anyone sending \$1.00 will receive the two books, and with them, "Ottawa, the Beautiful Capital," an 80 page book, full of illustrations. Don't delay, but send before you forget it. Address

THE EMERSON PRESS, Ottawa, Ont.

P.S.—Watch out for "WHO'S THE BOSS?" the most novel novel of the times. It will be in Gard's best vein. In press in the early spring.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



THE origin of the customs so long associated with St. Valentine's Day is not traceable with certainty. The good Bishop Valentine, who was one of the martyrs of the early Christian Church, can scarcely have had anything to do with instituting the peculiar mode of celebrating the day to which his name has been given. Perhaps the most plausible theory is that which connects the St. Valentine observances with those of the Lupercalian festival in ancient Rome. At the feasts of Pan and Juno, which fell about the middle of January, it was the custom for the young men to choose by lot young maidens as their partners for the festivities. The early Christian teachers thought it was wiser to seek to transform the character of these heathen celebrations rather than to do away with them altogether. In accordance with their idea of substituting saints' names for those of the heathen gods, to St. Valentine was dedicated the fourteenth of February, and it was recommended that instead of the names of maidens to be drawn by lot, there should be written moral maxims and the names of saints. Whether this revised version succeeded for the time being, or not, does not appear, but, at all events, the more popular idea underlying the older custom resumed its sway, and continued for many centuries, with the saint's name retained.

In England and Scotland for centuries, St. Valentine's Day was observed with much ceremony. One of the ways of choosing a 'Valentine' was by drawing lots, and the two thus mated continued to be each other's 'Valentine' for several days, after which time their friends were not surprised to hear

of matrimonial intentions, this sequel being considered quite the natural result of the omen revealed by the 'lot.' Sometimes the first person whom the lady's eyes rested on in the morning of February 14 was her 'Valentine,' and not infrequently, one may be sure, was Fate directed by the vigilance of the lady. 'Valentines' were somewhat expensive in those days. The gentleman was obliged to give the lady a fine present, and as it might happen that he had two Valentines—one whom he had chosen, and the other who had chosen him—he often found himself considerably out of pocket when the celebration was over. Mr. Pepys, whose famous Diary is sure to be quoted for details of domestic life in his time—the reign of Charles II.—writes under date Feb. 14, 1667, 'I am this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines.' (Oh, Mr. Pepys! To put your wife off with a strictly useful and unromantic gift on St. Valentine's Day!) Noted beauties and belles often received very valuable gifts. The economical Mr. Pepys records of the remarkable Miss Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, 'The Duke of York being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord—Somebody Else—her valentine this year, a ring of about £300.'

The valentine tradition was brought to Canada long ago, and flourished for several generations of men and maidens. Its development took the form of sending by mail dainty creations of lace paper and pink satin, concealing on an inner page some tender sentiment expressed in verse,—if the poetry, however doubtful, was original, so much the better. The name of the sender was not supposed to be given, but the recipient was seldom at a loss to know from whom her valentine came. To her the pretty trifle was a confession of the 'attachment' of the sender, and was welcome in proportion to the degree in which the interest was mutual. Sometimes a



5686

No. 5686
Over-blouse and gimpe

This blouse was developed in white taffeta, over a gimpe of all-over lace. The open front is cut in scalloped outline and crosses slightly at the waistline. Graceful fulness is produced by tucks at the shoulders. The back is plain except for slight gathers at the waistline. Elbow sleeves and full length sleeves are both provided for in the pattern and a high standing collar finishes the neck. Peau de soie, taffeta, liberty, pongee and linen are all suitable for the making.

For 36 inch bust measure 2 1/8 yards of material 36 inches wide will be required for the gimpe and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse. Sizes for 32-34-36-38-40 and 42 inches bust measure.



5670.

No. 5670
A smart little dress.

This pretty little frock shown in checked gingham, is cut somewhat on the princess order, and is particularly suited to the childish figure. A body lining is included in the pattern but its use is optional, and provision is made for full length bishop sleeves, if elbow sleeves are not desired. A pretty feature is the large collar of white pique, trimmed with a bias band of the checked material. The turned back cuffs and belt are also made of the pique. Silk, cotton and the woollen fabrics are all suitable to the design. For a girl of seven years 3 1/8 yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER
"THE NEW KIND"

It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer, as now made from the "revised formula," promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.

Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair.

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

girl received three or four of these soulful missives, greatly to the envy of a less popular sister who tried vainly to conceal the humiliating fact that St. Valentine had passed her coolly by. Many a girl arose on the morning of the 14th of February in a state of great suspense and expectancy which nothing but the visit of the postman could set at rest. If the hoped-for valentine came, how she read and re-read its poor little rhymes, finding a deeper meaning each time. If, alas! its day passed without bringing the coveted missive, it was a very disconsolate little maiden who laid her head on her pillow that night, glad of the friendly darkness to hide her disappointment.

St. Valentine's Day is not taken so seriously now-a-days. A faint aroma of sentiment still clings to the day, however, and we are unwilling to pass it by altogether. The stationers display regularly the second week in February a few wonderful works of art, hand-painted and sacheted, and versified, all complete. But there is not a ready sale. Indeed, the kingdom of St. Valentine has been quite handed over to the children. Ninety per cent of the valentines bought are for the small boys and girls.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send pattern shown in the accompanying cut, as per directions given below.

No.....

Size

Name

Address in full

Be sure to cut out this illustration, and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than a week. Price, 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, Pattern Department, 'Canadian Pictorial,' 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

WITH THE WITS

NOT HIS FAULT.

Teacher, to Little Boy—Freddie Brooks, are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?
 Freddie Brooks—Please, teacher, no, ma'am. I was trying to smile, and my face slipped.—'Lippincott's.'



AN ALMOST PARDONABLE PUN.

Jones: 'What became of that old dog of yours, Pat?'
 Pat: 'Shure, he shwallered a tape measure, an' it kilt him.'
 Jones: 'He died by inches, thin.'
 Pat: 'Indate he didn't. He wint round an' died by the yard.'



ATROCIOUS GRAMMAR.

Some people claim the owl is wise.
 If that were really true,
 It would exclaim: 'To whit, to whom!
 And not, 'To whit, to who.'
 —'Catholic Standard and Times.'



ON THE STILL HUNT.

Mrs. Subbubs—No, my husband isn't at home; he's out hunting, as usual.' Mr. McCall—'You don't say? After something big?' Mrs. Subbubs—'We don't care whether she's big or little, so long as she can cook our meats and do plain housekeeping.'—Philadelphia 'Press.'



RECESS.

Allessandro is an adorable infant—to his parents. One day his mother, to punish him, deprived him of his fruit at dinner. He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours, and then stopped.
 'Well,' said his mother, 'are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?'
 'No,' replied the boy. 'I have not finished. I'm only resting!'



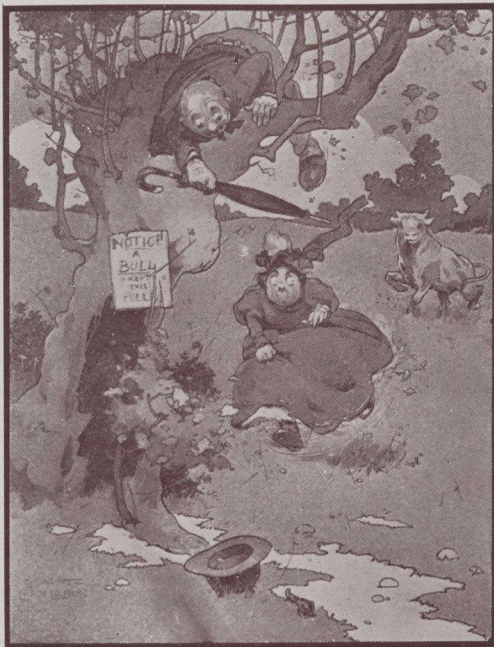
HOPE DEFERRED.

I know the rose will bloom again,
 I know the butterfly
 Will flaunt once more across the plain
 His beauties to mine eye;
 I know this world is springtime's glow
 This mien severe will doff,
 But ere that time what tons of snow
 We'll have to shovel off.
 —Washington 'Star.'



ART OR NATURE.

She had just turned from the blackboard where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a 'sum' which to her very youthful pupils seemed difficult.
 'Now, children, are you perfectly sure that you understand?'
 There was a murmur of assent.
 'Do any of you wish to ask a question?'
 In the back of the room a small hand was raised aloft. The teacher, looking into the earnestly eager face, felt that glow of satisfaction which we all experience in assisting a budding intellect.
 'What is it, Annie? What do you wish to know?'
 'Miss M—, are your teeth false?' demanded the earnest little seeker in a shrill treble. And she swept away.—'Cassell's Magazine.'



Self-Sacrifice

Mr. Bodger, (heroically from above), "Here Maria, you take the umbrella, never mind about me."
 —Black and White

IN TURN.

John was a very practical young man, and in order to start straight he said to the young lady:
 'You know, Juliet, I promised my mother that I would marry only a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping.'
 'Yes,' Juliet replied, 'I went to a cookery school, and learned how to make all kinds of bread.'
 'And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, and quite unable to pay dressmakers' bills.'
 'Yes,' she said frankly. 'I can make everything I wear, especially hats.'
 'You are a jewel!' he cried, with enthusiasm. 'Will you marry me?'
 'Wait a minute—there's no hurry,' she said coolly. 'It is my turn to ask a few questions. Can you carry coal and light the fire of a morning?'
 'Why, the maid would do that.'
 'Can you scrub floors, beat carpets, sweep chimneys—'
 'I am not a domestic servant.'
 'Neither am I. It has taken most of my time so far to acquire the education and accomplishments that attract you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of, I will let you know. Meantime, good afternoon.'



WHOLESALE PRICE.

The busy shopper paused at the fruit vender's stand. 'How much are your pine-apples?' she asked.
 'Eight cents apiece, lady.'
 'Well, I declare, that's too good to be missed; I'll take eight of them,' she said.
 The dealer placed them in a bag and said: 'Eight eights—eighty eight. You take dem along for eighty-five.'
 The lady's eyes sparkled at the bargain price, and she departed in a happy frame of mind—happy until her husband told her to brush up on the multiplication table.—'Lippincott's.'

KEPT IN REMEMBRANCE.

'I never forget a joke that I once hear,' remarked a youth.
 'No,' returned the friend wearily, 'and you don't give anyone else a chance to!'



CONTAGIOUS.

An Irish lad on the East Side was obliged recently to seek treatment at a dispensary. On his return home after the first treatment he was met by this inquiry from his mother: 'An' what did the doctor man say was the matter wid your eye?'
 'He said there was some furrin substance in it.'
 'Shure!' exclaimed the old woman, with a I-told-you-so air, 'now, maybe, ye'll kape away from thim Eyetalian boys!—'Success.'



A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

'If I engage two clerks on Jan. 1,' said a merchant, 'at \$500 a year each, with the understanding that one is to get a raise of \$100 every year and the other a raise of \$25 every half year, which will draw the bigger salary?'
 'The one that gets the \$100 yearly raise, of course.'
 'Do you mean to say that, starting equal at \$500, the man getting the \$25 semi-annual raise will draw more salary than the one getting the \$100 annual raise?'
 'Precisely.'
 'Bosh.'
 Then the merchant took paper and pencil and proved his contention thus:

	Half-yearly increase.	Yearly increase
First half-year	\$250	
Second half-year	275	
	—\$25	\$500
Third half-year	\$300	
Fourth half-year	325	
	—\$25	\$600
Fifth half-year	\$350	
Sixth half-year	375	
	—\$25	\$700



THEY MISSED THE POINT.

An unusually fine collection of schoolboy 'howlers' appears in the 'University Correspondent.' Here are a few of the most brilliant gems:
 The name of Caesar's wife was Caesarea; she was above suspicion.
 Tolstoy was the leader of the Passive Resisters; he had his goods sold rather than be vaccinated.
 Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks.
 The Duke of Marlborough was a great general, who always fought with a fixed determination to win or lose.
 The Transvaal is situated on a plateau 4,000 miles high, and produces large crops of serials.
 Socrates died from a dose of wedlock.
 The heart is over the ribs in the middle of the borax.
 A thermometer is an instrument for measuring temperance.
 To keep milk from turning sour you should keep it in the cow.
 The embalmed body of an Egyptian is called a dummy.
 Contralto is a low sort of music which only ladies sing.
 The articles of our belief are the Creed, Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Vulgar Tongue.

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