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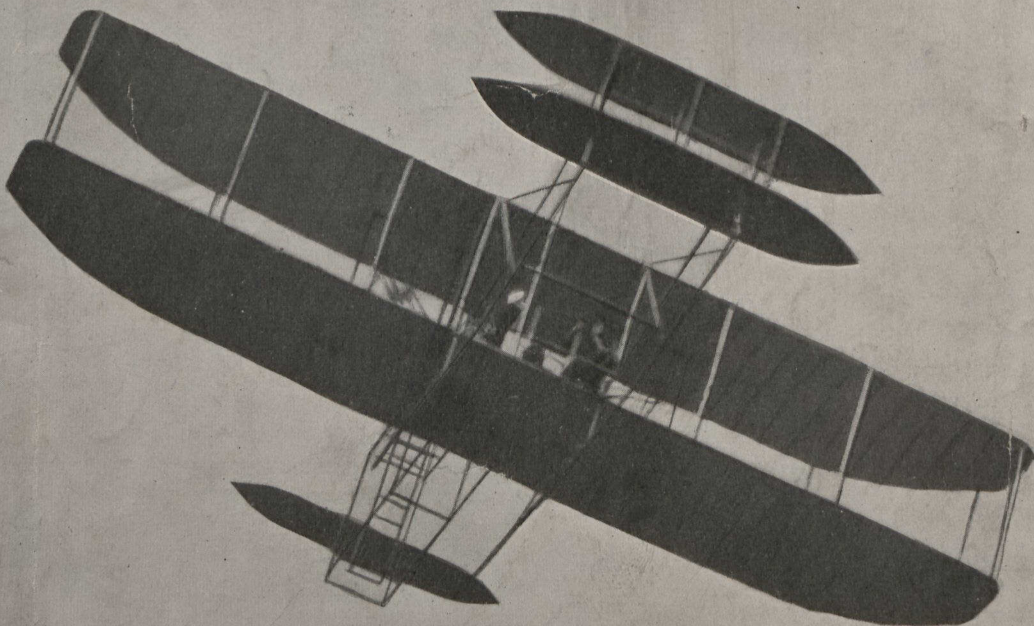
V. 5, no 8, July 1910.

# CANADIAN PICTORIAL

SOARING NUMBER

TEN CENTS



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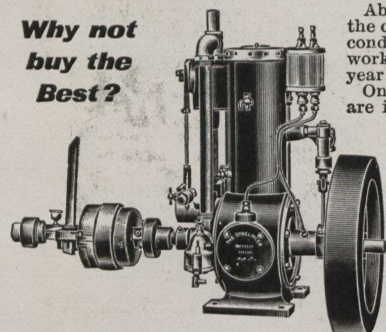

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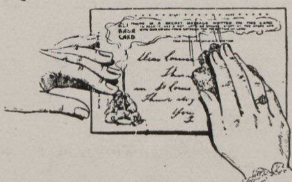


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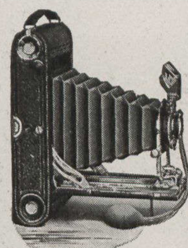

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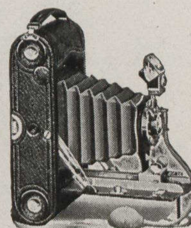

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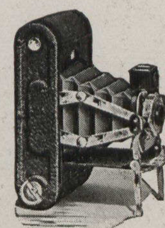

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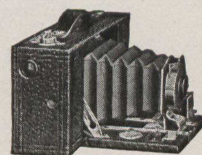

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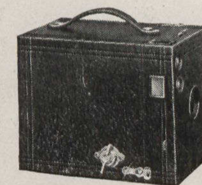

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**Canada's First Aviation Meet at Montreal** This is the first international meet ever held on this continent, and consequently it has attracted much attention. Our cover shows Count Jacques de Lesseps, the famous French aviator, a balloon and an aeroplane which ascended during the meet. The above picture shows a Wright machine being wheeled back into the shed after an ascent.

*—Gleason, photo*

# Canadian Pictorial

Vol. 5, No. 8 | One Dollar a Year | JULY, 1910 | 142 St. Peter Street Montreal | PRICE 10 CENTS

## Canada and the Air-men

THE first Aviation Meet that has yet been held in Canada is now going on in a suburb of Montreal, and machines and aviators from Britain, the Continent, the United States are here. Canada herself is represented by the McCurdy machine from Baddeck, Nova Scotia. The interest in the meet has been extraordinary, and spectators have crowded here from all over North America. To show that young Canada is alive to this newest of sciences, the Montreal *Daily Witness* has held a very successful competition for the best model aeroplane made by a Canadian under twenty-one, and the judges have been M. de Lesseps, who crossed the English Channel, Mr. Knabenshue, the Wright Brothers' manager, and Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, the Canadian aviator.

Though we have called aviation the "newest of sciences," humanity has endeavored to fly with heavier-than-air machines since the dawn of civilization. Such efforts are recorded in the mythological lore of all ancient and modern races, the machines being more or less bird-like and having flapping wings. This method gradually gave way to the development of the horizontal screw propeller, the theory being that man could raise himself from the earth by the thrust of a rapidly revolving screw. The expense of this method led to its practical abandonment, and the next stage in the evolution of the heavier-than-air machine was what is now called the aeroplane, produced within the last hundred years and defined as any reasonably rigid surface propelled horizontally so that the pressure of air beneath its surface prevents descent. Motion is the prime requisite of such a plane; if it stops it falls. In the middle of the nineteenth century investigators in England, Australia, France, Germany, and the United States attacked the flying problem from the standpoint of the soaring bird. They designed gliding machines consisting mainly of arched wings carried on a bar. Sir Hiram Maxim went in for the making of a huge machine which in its final form had an area of four thousand square feet. It had a lifting capacity of eight thousand pounds and was propelled by a steam engine of no less than three hundred and sixty-three horse-power. But it was wrecked in the early stages. The first aeroplane that ever flew freely was a model made by the late Professor S. P. Langley in 1896. This was later made big enough to carry a man, but was not successful in launching, but that the plan was a good one was proved by Bleriot's success in crossing the Channel, for his machine was much on the same lines.

The first instance of dynamic man-flight in history was on December 17th, 1903, when the Wright Brothers made a motor-driven flight of 852 feet, lasting 59 seconds. They were sons of an Ohio preacher, and they worked together, approaching the science of flight in a scientific way. They reduced to facts what had been merely untried theories. They reversed Nature's law as shown in the birds, by placing the up and down rudder in the front instead of aft. This plan makes the aeroplane more dirigible. Realizing that the control of the centre of balance for lateral stability depended on the increase of surface on one side and decrease on the other side of the wing extremities, they devised the wing warping system upon which their patents are based. To obtain the desired stability in rounding corners or when flying in strong winds, they turn the margin of one wing up and the edge of the wing on the other side down. This operation is produced with a simultaneous action of the vertical rudder, which is carried in the rear. With few exceptions, this system is the foundation for all the different variations which are present in the numerous machines now flying in various parts of the world. Santos-Dumont was the first human being to fly after the Wrights were successful. He made a notable flight on November 13th, 1906. In 1908 the late Leon Delagrange was the first man to take up a passenger with him, and the same year—less than two years ago—Henri Farman flew from Chalons to Rheims, making the first cross-country flight. Then came Bleriot's feat of crossing the Channel from Calais to Dover, 32 miles in 37 minutes, on July 25th, 1909, followed this summer by Count Jacques de Lesseps' feat, and still later by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who holds Britain's banner aloft with the record for a return trip over the English Channel to France and back. Then we have had the long flights of our own McCurdy Brothers at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, and other noteworthy events which are pictured and described in this issue.

Public demonstrations of the utility of the aeroplane such as are now being held at Lakeside, near Montreal, on the banks of Lake St. Louis, a lake-expansion of the noble St. Lawrence, famous as the scene of many a tight race between sailing yachts of two nations for the possession of the Seawanhaka Cup, date back only two years. At the beginning of this year there were about five hundred aeroplanes in existence, and we are told that there will be double that number before the year ends. In France there are seventeen factories exclusively devoted to their manufacture, with a capitalization of ten million dollars and a working staff of nearly ten thousand. Great Britain has nineteen factories, with an invested capital of five million dollars, and a wage-earning army of five thousand. The United States as yet have not more than five factories. The total capital of the world invested in the manufacture of aeroplanes is estimated at twenty million dollars, excluding consideration of the manufacture of accessory parts. The number of persons able to control an aeroplane to-day is estimated at some two hundred and fifty. In this art, France leads, with Great Britain second, and the United States third. Their compensation naturally is enormous, ranging up to seven thousand dollars per week for exhibitions. All aeroplane driving is consummate daring allied to natural ability. The reason Paulhan, Latham, Bleriot, and one or two others are considered the best in existence is that they are fearless in the face of terrific speeds and have the extraordinary sense of equilibrium, absolutely essential to an aeronaut, developed to an extraordinary degree. The successful flight of an aeroplane is said to depend more upon the operator than on the machine. The popular interest in aeroplanes has never been greater than now, and is similar to that aroused long ago by George Stephenson's locomotive.

# NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

King George's Birthday was officially observed in England on June 24th.

Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons has announced that a bill will be introduced for the modification of the King's oath.

It is stated in England that the scheme for complete administrative separation of the self-governing from the Crown colonies in the Colonial Office will be complete by the Spring of 1911.

Mahomed Ali, who abdicated the throne of Persia last year in behalf of his son, Ahmed Mirza, and who is living in Odessa in a villa placed at his disposal by the Russian Government, has taken up the study of medicine. He is particularly interested in surgery.

The Canadian Government has indicated to the United States Secretary of State its desire to take up as early as possible the subject of the negotiation of a trade treaty with the United States. This action is in reply to a letter from Secretary of State Knox to the Dominion Government, suggesting such a course.

King George, who at the time of his father's death held ranks in the British army and navy inferior to several of his subjects and to the Kaiser, Czar and Emperor Francis Joseph, has assumed the highest rank in both branches of the service, making himself a Field Marshal and Admiral of the Fleet.

The Russian Douma has passed the bill giving that body authority over the Finnish Diet. The vote was 164 to 23. When the vote was announced Vladimir Purishkevich, President of the Reactionary League of the Archangel Michael, sprang to his feet and triumphantly shouted: 'Finis Finlandiae!'

The Canadian Express companies having claimed that millinery packages of late years have represented the maximum of size with the minimum of weight, asked the Board of Railway Commissioners that present tolls based on weight plus size, plus value be revised. The request was granted and increased tolls to cope with increased sizes are now in order.

Cocoanut shell bombs filled with poisoned needles are the latest weapon used by the seditious Bengali against the British. A copy of what is described as 'the most outrageous incitement to murdering Europeans yet published in the Indian press,' has just reached London. It is held fully to justify the recent rigorous application of the press law in India.

Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons last month that communications on the constitutional clash between the House of Lords and the Lower House had been engaged in by Mr. Balfour, former prime minister, and now leader of the Opposition, and himself. 'Communications which,' Mr. Asquith added, 'I hope may lead to an early meeting between us.'

A boycott of American goods by Chinese, which has long been expected in San Francisco as a protest against the establishment of detention sheds for Oriental immigrants at Angel Island, has begun, and at a meeting of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in that city it was decided to cable merchant societies and trade guilds throughout the Empire asking their aid and co-operation. The Chinese consider they are not being treated fairly as other nations are and allege that their protests have been ignored at Washington. They lose time when obliged to go to the Island as witnesses for fellow-countrymen and are not treated courteously by officials when they do go. They know that the boycott will cause great loss, but they see no other way of securing justice.

Manitoba elections are, it is said, to take place on July 20.

Sir Henry De Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of United South Africa, has been raised to a peerage on the occasion of the establishment of the Union, thus being the first peer created by King George.

By a collision in the English Channel between the French submarine 'Pluviose' and the cross-channel steamer 'Pas de Calais,' the former was sunk, resulting in the loss of all her crew, 27 in number.

The Rev. Dr. Forrest, president of Dalhousie College, Halifax, has been elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, now sitting at Halifax. The Assembly has voted for union with the Methodist and Congregational Churches.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is paying a State visit to Bosnia, the province which was annexed by Austria in the fall of 1908. So far the Emperor, who is in his eightieth year, has received a warm reception from his new subjects.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the famous lady physician, died in Hastings, England, on June 1st, in her eighty-ninth year. When living in New York she founded a hospital and medical school for women. Returning to England, she founded the National Health Society of London and assisted in forming the London School of Medicine for Women.

A statue commemorating Edward the Peacemaker will be erected in Montreal. The 'Witness' suggested this, all classes of citizens fell in line, and at a mass meeting held last week the work inseparable from such a scheme was enthusiastically undertaken. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is in charge, and with him are men whose names mean success to any movement.

Frey, a German aeronaut, while making a flight at Budapest, Hungary, lost control of his biplane, which dashed into the grandstand. Six women were injured, two probably fatally. Frey was not hurt. While an aviator was attempting an exhibition at the agricultural show in Worcester, England, his aeroplane became unmanageable and swooped down upon a crowd of spectators, killing one woman and injuring several other persons. The aviator was little hurt.

The 'Terra Nova,' the British Antarctic expedition ship, started on June 1st from London on her way to New Zealand, where Capt. Scott, R.N., will come on board, and the 10,000-mile voyage into the Antarctic will then be continued. Capt. Scott and Lieut. E. R. Evans, second in command, claim that they have the best equipped expedition that has started on a polar search. The officers and scientists to the number of twenty-eight and the crew of twenty-seven are all picked men. Capt. Scott has announced Dec. 11, as the date for his arrival at the South Pole.

The appointment of Sir Charles Hardinge, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to be Viceroy of India in succession to the Earl of Minto, is announced. Sir Charles Hardinge is fifty-two years of age and a graduate of Cambridge. He has been in the diplomatic service continuously since 1881. He served successively at Constantinople, Berlin, Washington, Bucharest, Teheran, and St. Petersburg. In 1904 he was appointed Ambassador to Russia and two years later was made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He accompanied King Edward on his various Continental tours. It is understood that Sir Charles will be raised to the peerage.

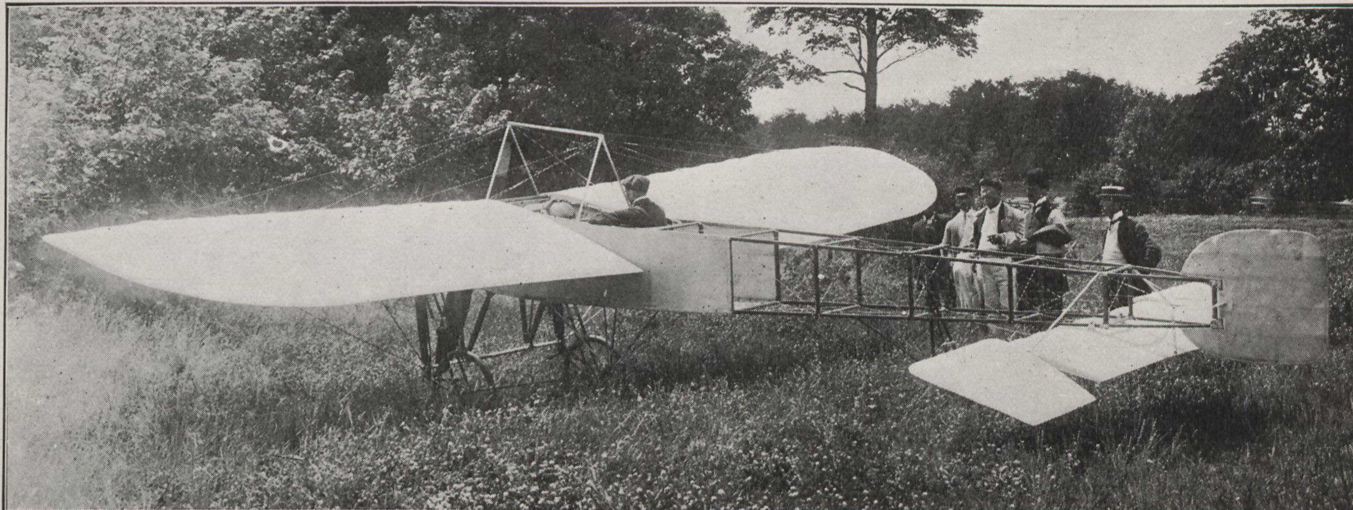
Lord Kitchener has resigned the Inspector-Generalship of the Mediterranean forces to which he was appointed last August.

Professor Goldwin Smith passed peacefully away in his 87th year, at his home in Toronto, on June 7th, having never been well since he fell and broke his thigh bone in February last.

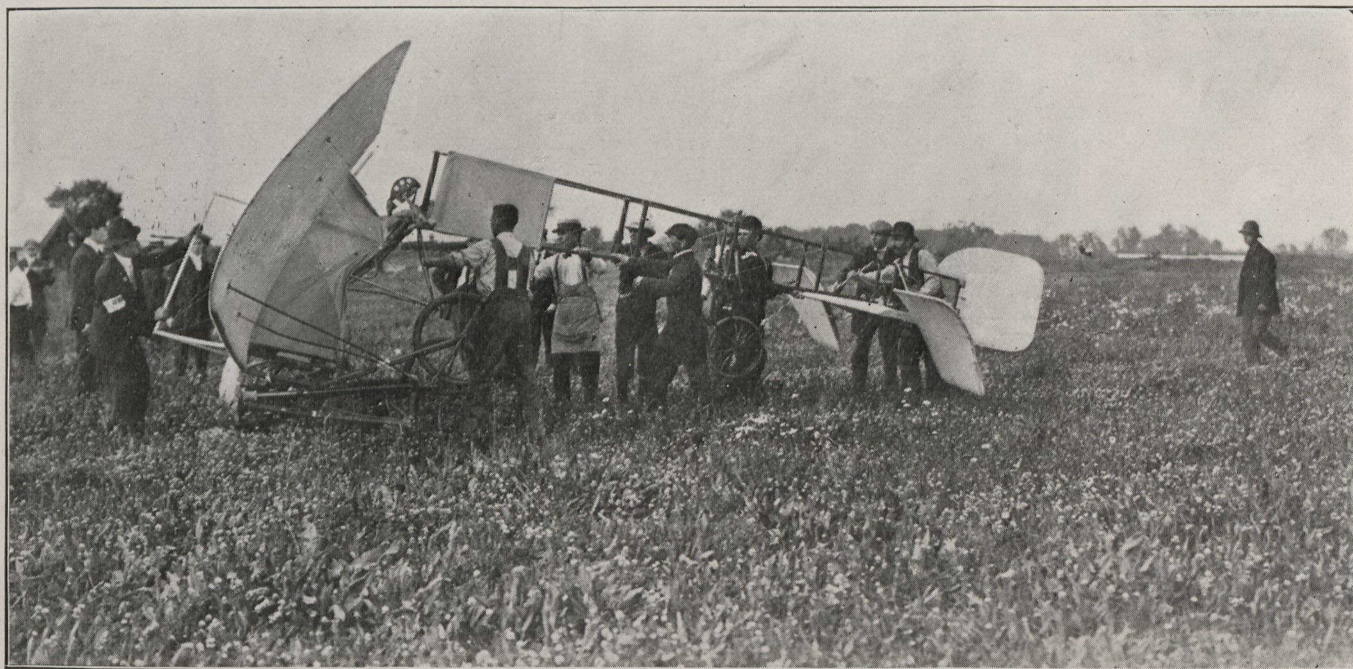
The United States Secretary of State and the British Ambassador have signed a treaty delimiting the boundary between the United States and Canada, running from a point in Passamaquoddy Bay, between Treat Island and Friar Head, and extending through the bay to the middle of Grand Manan Channel. This action, subject to the approval of the Senate, settles the one remaining boundary question between the United States and Canada, or New Brunswick, to be more exact. The location of this boundary has been in dispute ever since 1783.

There has been much writing and criticism over Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Guildhall, when he received the freedom of the City of London, opinions differing according to the politics and proclivities of the writers. No doubt the desire expressed in England for a heart to heart talk from Mr. Roosevelt was gratified in full measure, when in an astonishingly frank manner he told leading statesmen of England, including members of the Cabinet, that 'if you feel that you ought not to be in Egypt and have no desire to keep order there, by all means get out. If you feel that it is your duty to civilization to stay, then show yourselves ready to meet the responsibility of your position.' Whatever may be said of the good taste of the guest criticizing the host there is no question, it is said, that many Englishmen at heart sympathized with the ex-President's remarks.

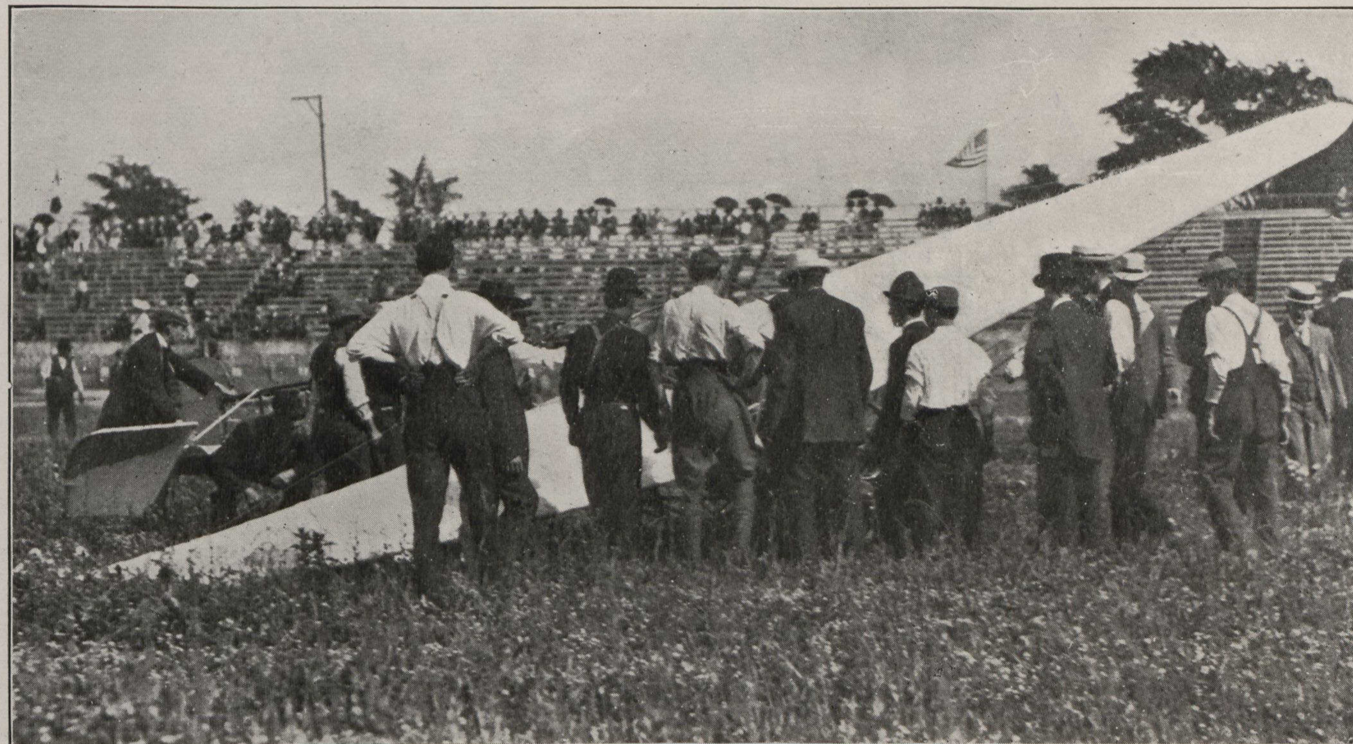
The formation of the Cabinet of Mr. Botha, Premier of the South African Union, has been completed, and is officially announced as follows:—Prime minister and minister of agriculture, Botha; Internal affairs, defence and south railways, Sauer; Education, Malan; Finance and mines, Hull; Native affairs, Burton; Lands and irrigation, Fischer; Public works, posts and telegraphs, Graaff; Trade and commerce, Moore; Justice, Hertzog; Minister without portfolio, Gubbins. General Botha has sent the following natal day message to the Cape 'Times': 'We rejoice that union has become an accomplished fact. May we be a united people, with hearts united as well as hands, a peaceful, progressive portion of the Empire.' The Duke of Connaught will open the Union Parliament. The Royal proclamation of the single dominion constituted by the legislative union of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and Transvaal, was read at the Assembly House in Pretoria, the occasion being made a holiday and celebrations were general. Following the reading of the proclamation Viscount Gladstone was sworn in as Governor-General of the union, and General Louis Botha, the premier, and the other members of the new ministry took the oath of office. Canada, through Earl Grey, sent congratulations, and Mr. O'Hara, deputy minister of trade and commerce, cabled Mr. Ponssette, trade commissioner of South Africa: 'The school children of the Dominion of Canada of all classes and creeds of British and French extraction, will unite to-morrow, May 31, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, a distance of 3,000 miles, in honoring the school children of British South Africa by flying the flag in celebration of the first natal day of United South Africa.' Both Boer and Briton will accept this as a mark of love and affection from their brothers and sisters across the sea.'



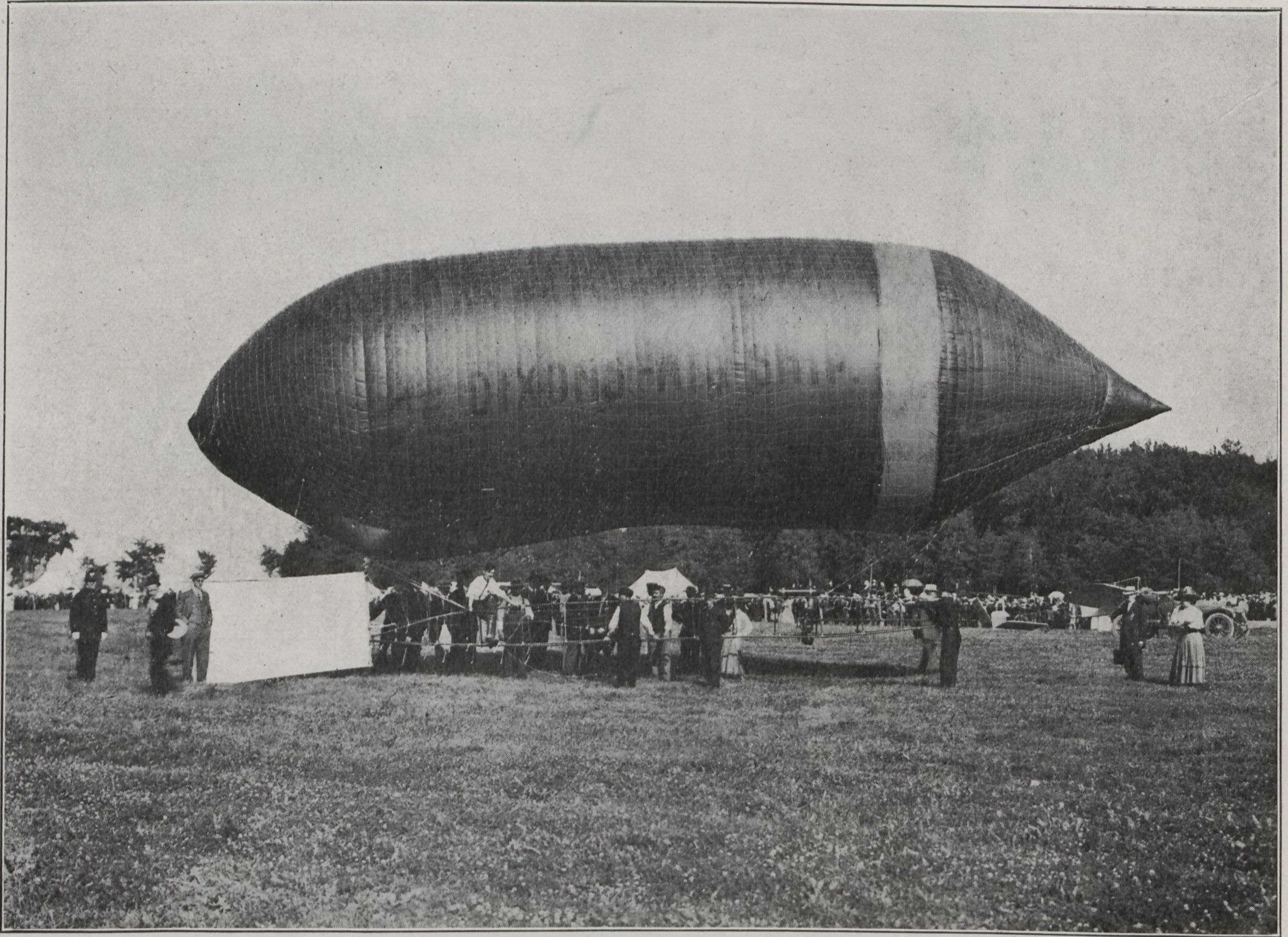
**A Canadian's Airship** The Bleriot which Mr. William Carruthers brought from France is the first air machine owned by a Montrealer. Unlike the Wright machine, the Bleriot is fitted with pneumatic-tyred rubber wheels to run the airship along before it gets impetus for flight.



**Accident to an Airship** On the first afternoon of the Aviation meet, Mr. Carruthers' new Bleriot made one graceful short flight, but on the second ascent, when about fifty feet in the air, the motor stopped suddenly, and the machine fell to earth, turning over on its side.



**Accident to an Airship** When the machine fell to the ground, the owner and officials rushed to the spot, alarmed for the safety of the pilot, Paul Miltgen, who, however, escaped injury, through the turning of the machine on its side. The long blades of the propeller were smashed.

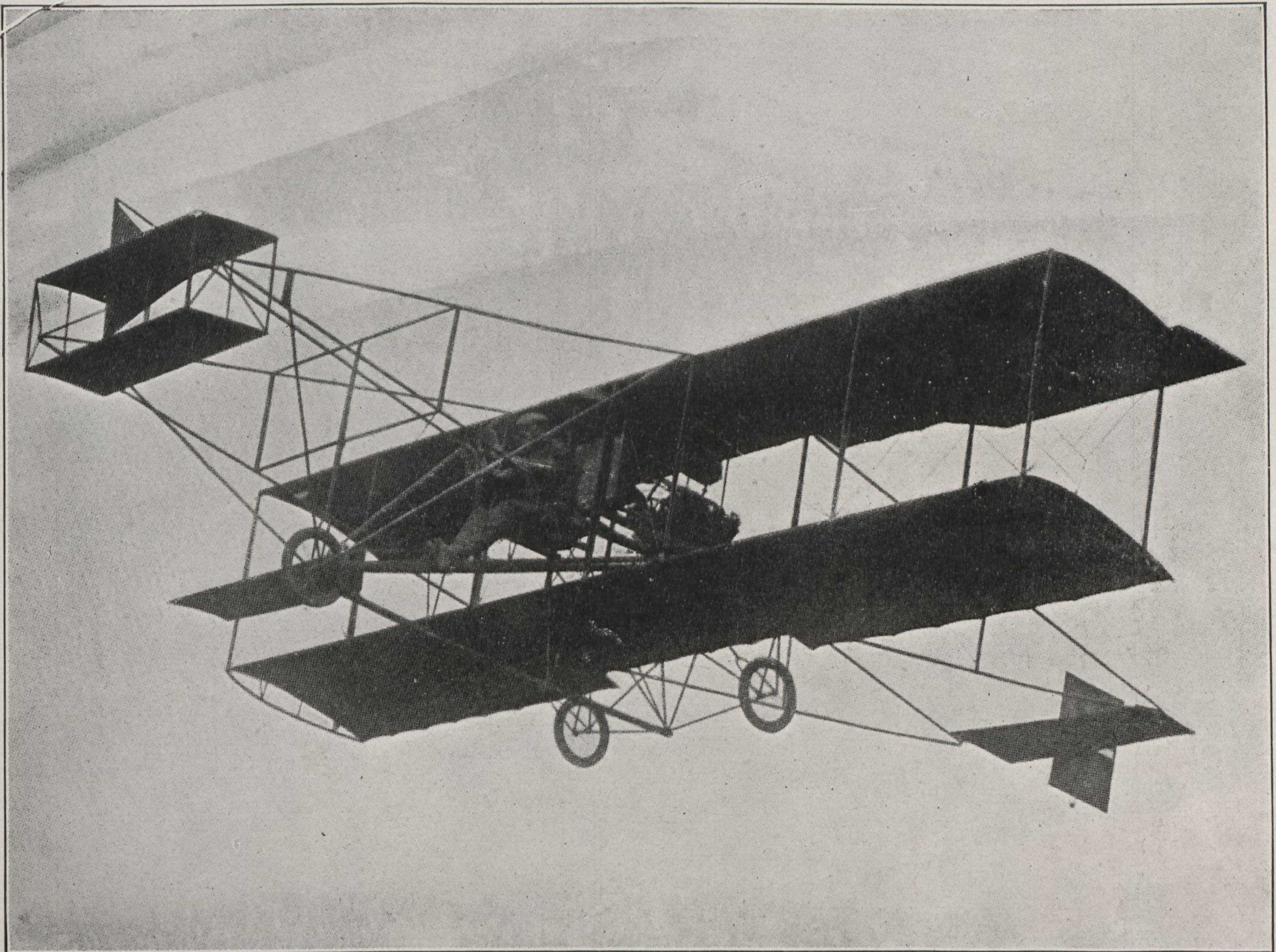


**Dixon's Dirigible Airship** Cromwell Dixon, the boy aviator from Ohio, made his two hundred and seventy-sixth ascent on the first afternoon of the Aviation meet. His balloon, the body of which is of Japanese oil silk, takes from eighteen to twenty-four hours to fill. The aeronaut stands on a railed platform underneath. On the second day of the meet, the balloon escaped from the rope, soared to a great height, and exploded. Fortunately, Dixon had jumped from the machine when it was twenty feet from the ground.

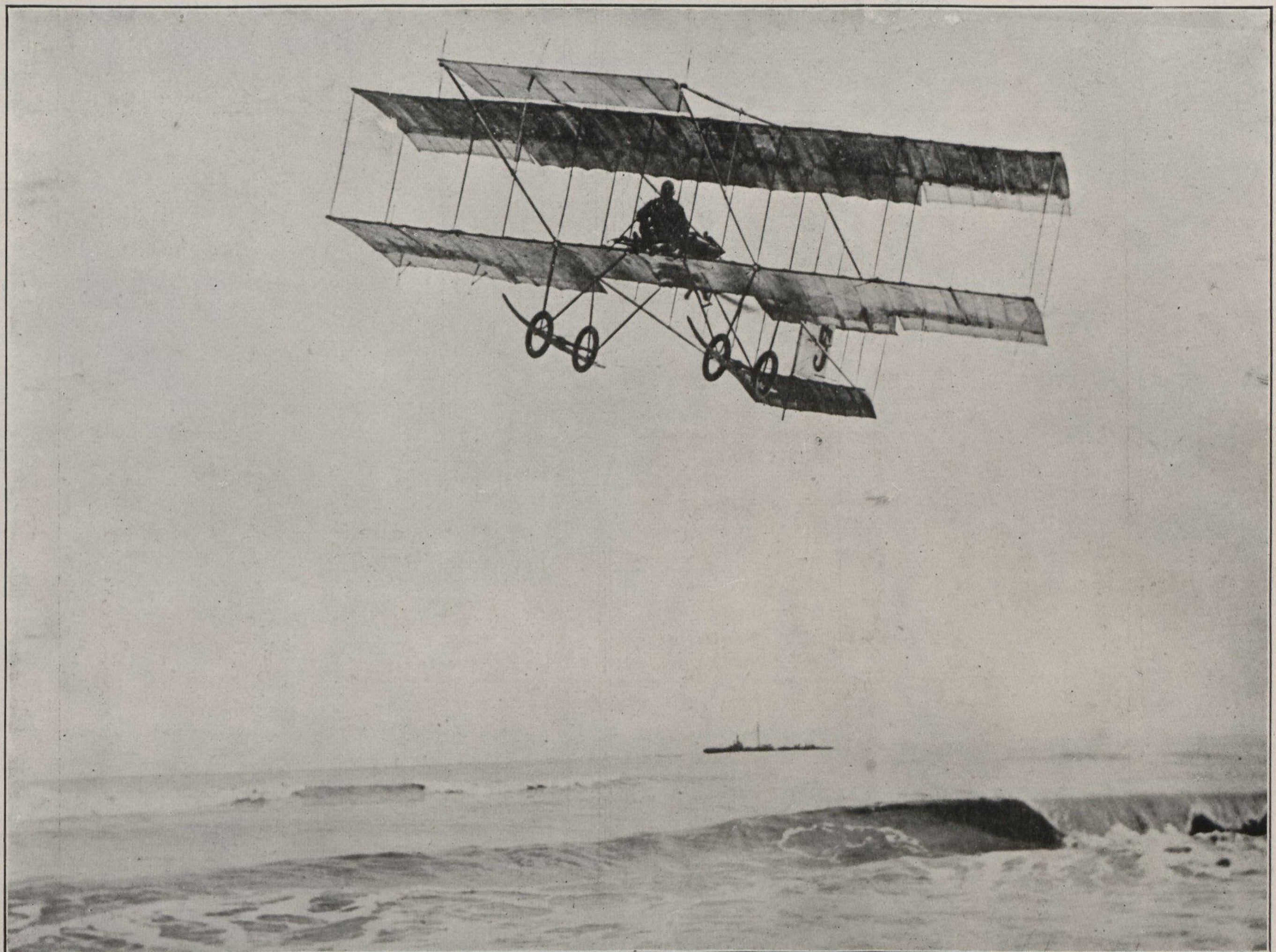
*—Stroud, photo*

**One of the Wright Machines at the Meet** The flyers of the Wright brothers are big machines which in the air are surprisingly manageable. They are moved about on runners, and the ascent is made rapidly from a long plane, by means of twin propellers operated by a motor. A height of 4,164 feet has been reached. The picture shows the machine in which Wilbur Wright made the ascent at the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The Wright brothers had four machines at the Aviation meet.

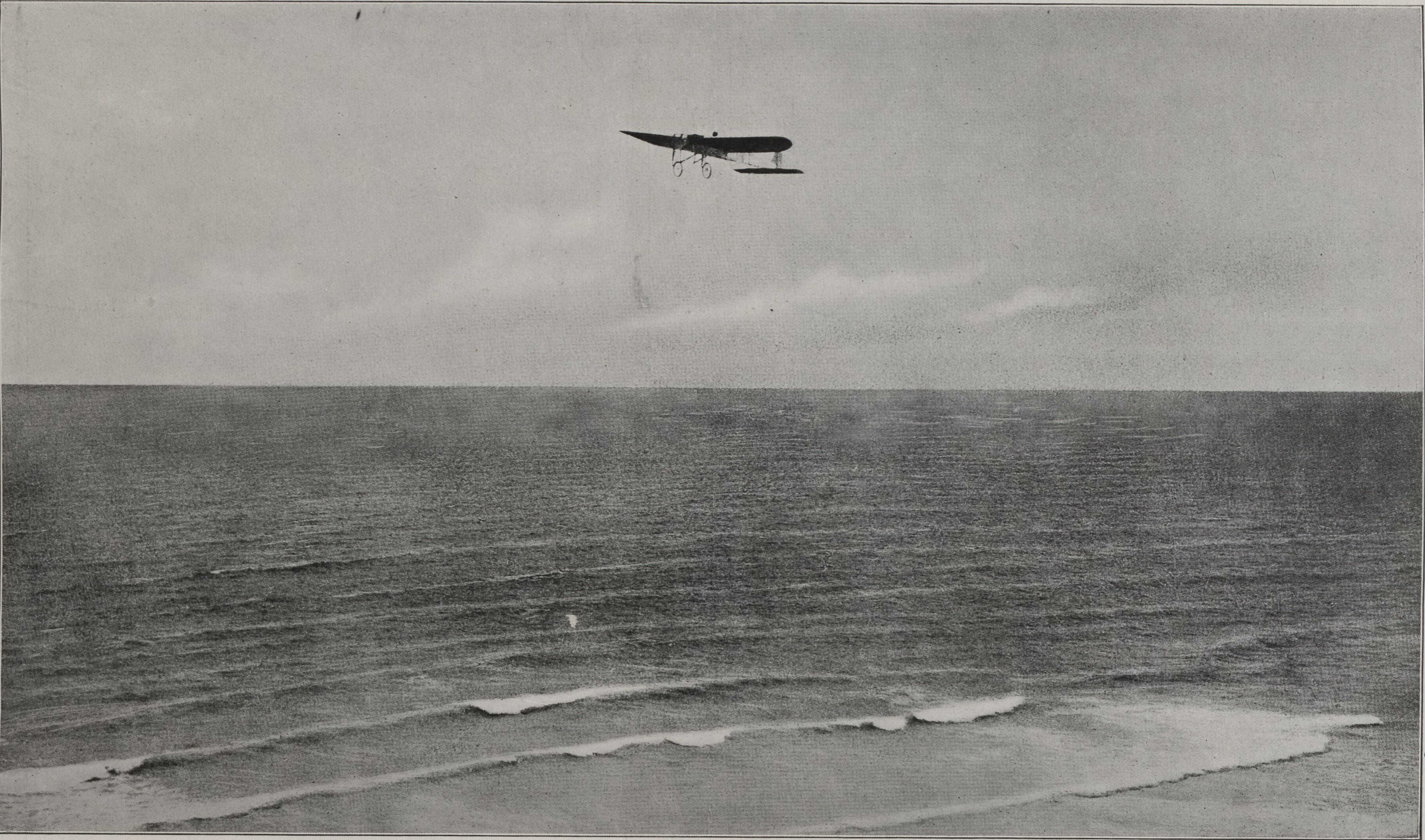
*—Gleason, photo*



**The Swiftest of them All** The names of the flying-men of the world will rank in history with those of the pioneers of great movements. High among them will be Glenn Curtiss, who is shown in mid-air on his biplane. Last month he flew from Albany to New York, down the Hudson river, and his time was 150 miles in 170 minutes. His aeroplane measures only thirty feet between wing tips.



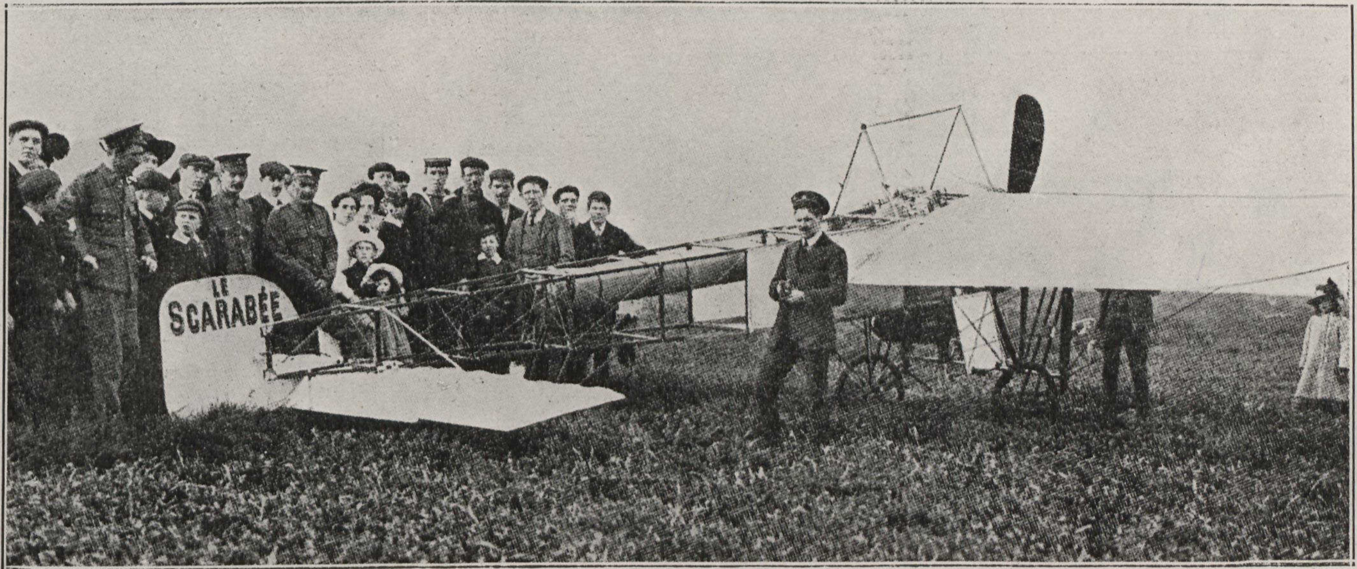
**Aviation in France** M. Van den Born flying over the sea at Nice in a Farman biplane. —*Copyright, Central News*



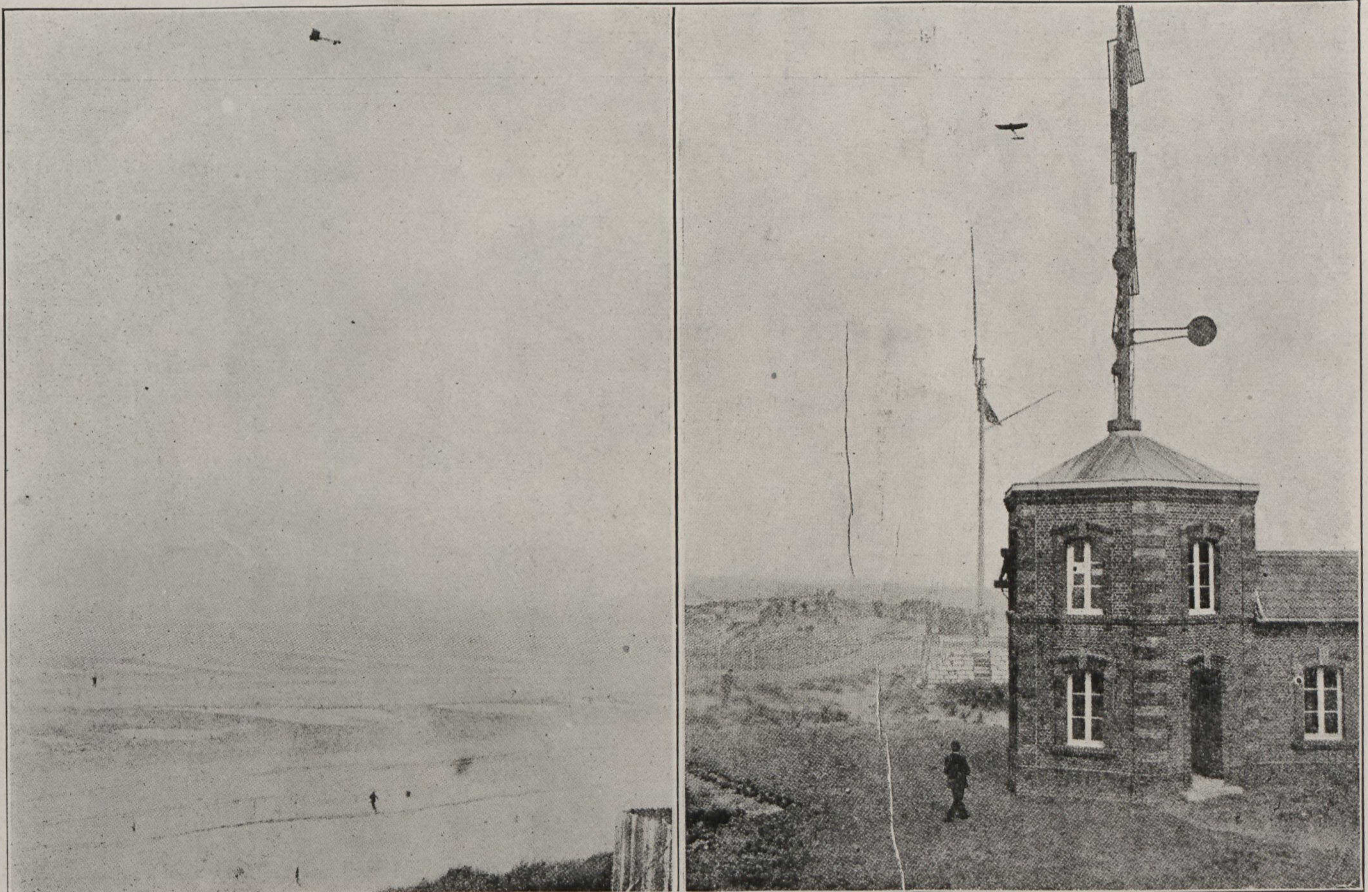
**The First Crossing of the Channel** On Sunday morning, July 25th, 1909, the English Channel was first crossed by a heavier-than-air machine sailed by M. Louis Blériot. The Blériot monoplane has small wings, and is twenty-two horse power. The Blériot wings are made from Continental aeroplane sheeting pneumatique. In his own account of the experience, M. Blériot says: "I drive on. Ten minutes have gone. I have passed the destroyer, and I turn my head to see whether I am proceeding in the right direction. I am amazed. There is nothing to be seen, neither the torpedo destroyer nor France nor England. I am alone. I can see nothing at all—rien du tout! For ten minutes I am lost. It is a strange position to be alone, unguided, without compass, in the air over the middle of the Channel. I touch nothing. My hands and feet rest lightly on the levers. I let the aeroplane take its own course. I care not whither it goes. For ten minutes I continue, neither rising, nor falling, nor turning."

*—Illustrated London News*

**M. Jacques de Lesseps** By his achievement of crossing the English Channel, M. Jacques de Lesseps, who is at the Montreal Meet, won the prize of £500 offered by the firm of champagne-growers, MM. Ruinart, for the first airman who, after giving ten days' notice, should cross the Channel on a Saturday, or Sunday during the present year. His achievement also won for him the £100 cup offered by the *Daily Mail* for the second airman to fly across the Channel. M. de Lesseps, who was born in 1883, is the youngest son and the eleventh child of the late Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps, the famous engineer, whose association with the Panama Canal is so well known. Having independent means, he took up aviation as a sport, and not as a profession. He began only eight months ago, and in December flew sixty-two miles at Issy. He has since made six other long flights.

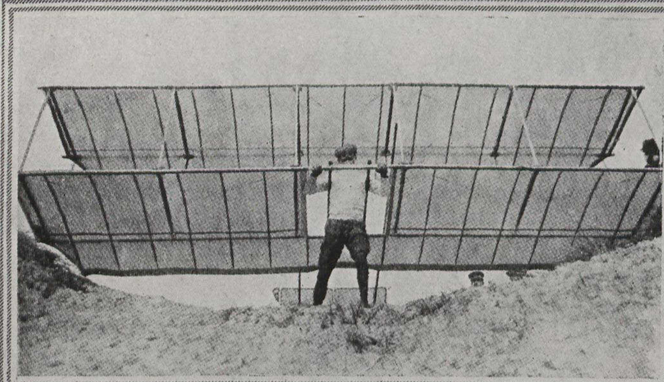



The Bleriot Monoplane, "Le Scarabee," in which de Lesseps crossed the Channel.

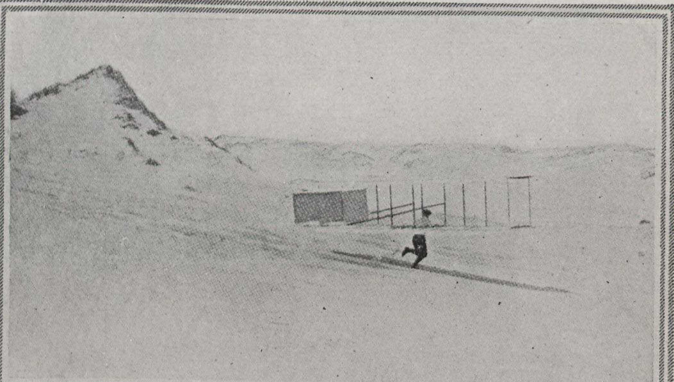


The English Channel Flown for the Second Time; M. de Lesseps Leaving Calais for the Trip.

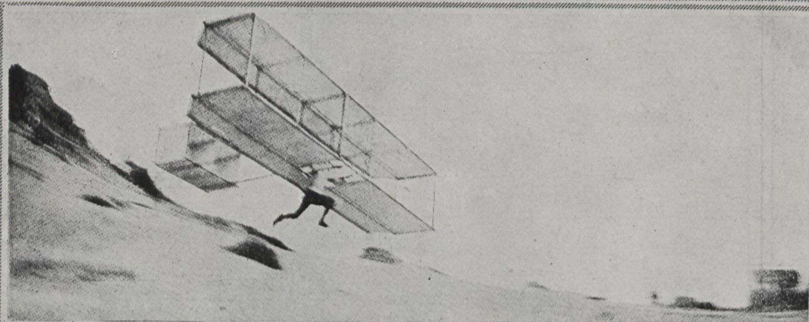
# How Men Have Learned to Fly



THE FIRST STAGE—EXPERIMENTING WITH GLIDERS



RUNNING TO GET MOMENTUM WITHOUT MOTOR—*The Sphere*



### First Stage—Gliding with Supporting Planes

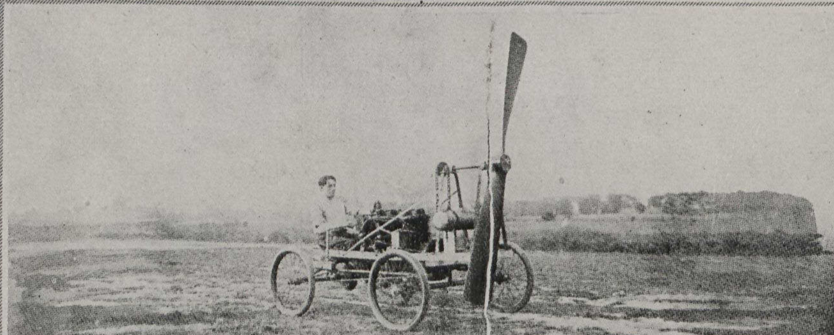
The difficulty of keeping on a straw hat when motoring may help to illustrate the first principle governing gliding and flying machines. Setting out on a calm day it will be found that the current of air rushing against one's hat increases with the speed of the car, and further it will be noted that the tendency of this horizontal current of air is to lift the hat upwards off one's head. The rim of the hat is usually tilted at a slight angle, and it is in effect a kind of aeroplane. The greater the speed at which it is moved through the air the greater is the uplifting pressure of the air against it. This upward reaction of the air gives support to every flying machine. Experimenters first designed gliding machines of light weight and with large bearing surfaces, and to gain the necessary support from the air they leaped off hills or ran down inclines. When the proper speed was attained the

### Second Stage—Adding Artificial Force

machine rose in the air. Thus gliding was accomplished. Be it noted that for gliding machines man has departed from the bird type with flapping wings. The gliders and the modern glider aeroplanes have fixed planes.

But it was soon found that these glides could only be of short duration, for the forward speed of the machine rapidly declined, and thus the upward supporting pressure of the air diminished. In the same way when the speed of a motor car declined there would be less difficulty in keeping one's straw hat on. It was obvious that there should be an artificial propelling force to keep up the velocity of the machine. This idea was tested with models by shooting them from catapults and other devices, and is still employed for toys and demonstration purposes. A bullet shot from a gun is also in effect a flying machine, the enormous velocity imparted to it enabling it to make a long flight through the air.

As continuous velocity was essential it soon became evident, however, that the best way of maintaining the velocity of a flying body was to have the propulsive power provided on board the vessel itself.



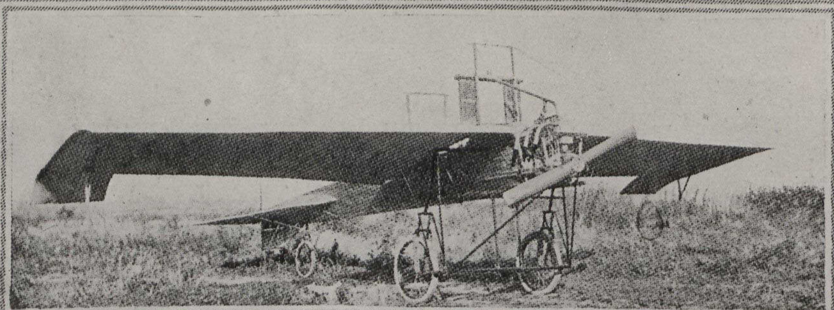
### Third Stage—Experimenting with Propellers

Experiments made with propellers mounted on motor cars showed that a good speed could be obtained from a vehicle running on the road by fitting it with aerial propellers. Acting on the air the screws move the whole apparatus forward just as a ship's propellers drive it through water. Airship propellers could thus be tested for their efficiency by use on road vehicles, and the method well illustrates the suitability of the air as a medium in which to use propellers.

The last stage was to obtain the gliding machine, mount an engine on this, and set it to drive one or more propellers. The action of the screw was to force the machine along the ground first, and then as speed increased and air resistance grew greater the whole apparatus would be lifted bodily off the ground, provided the upward air pressure was able to overcome

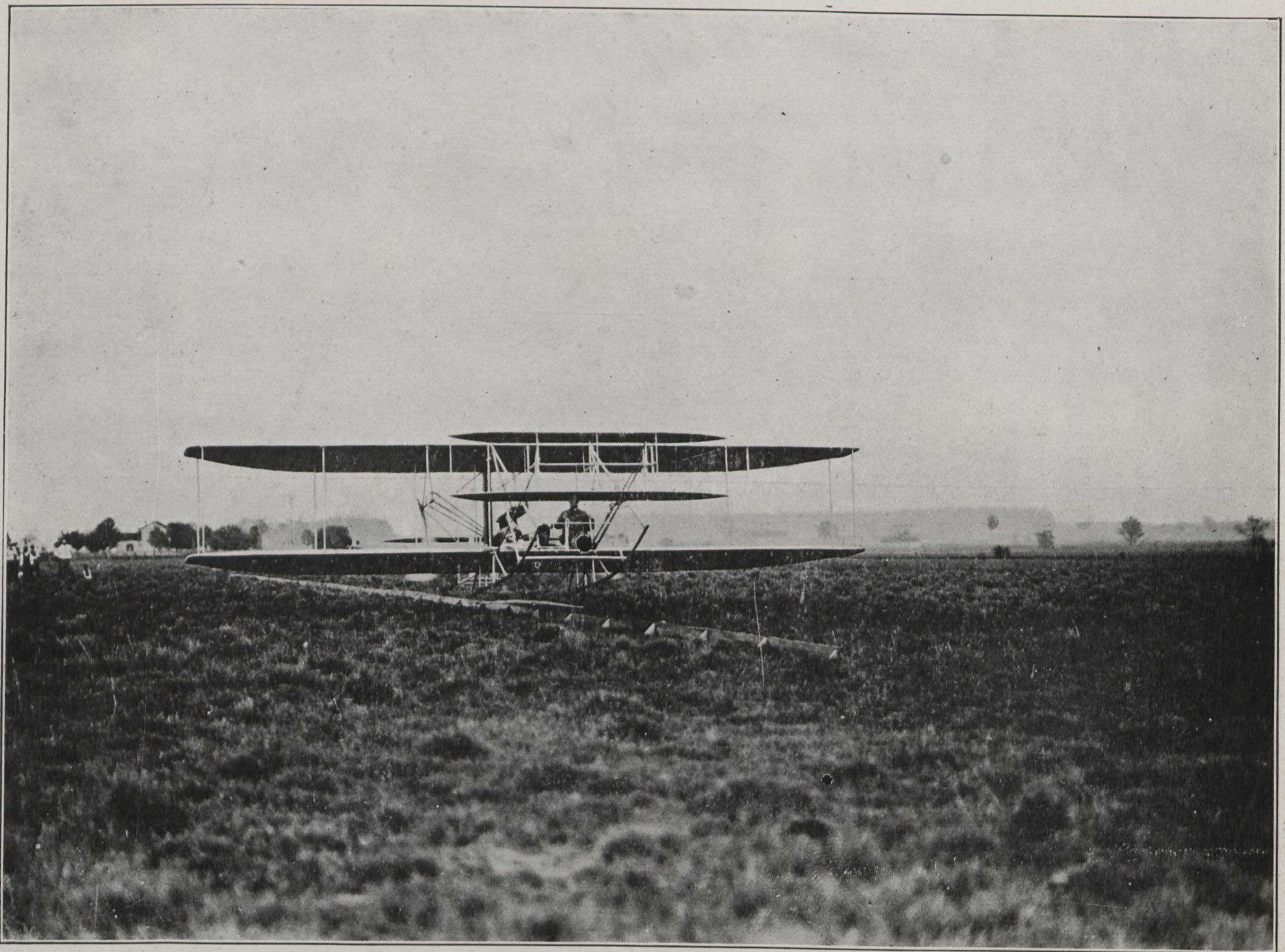
### Fourth Stage—The Complete Machine and Propellers

the downward pressure due to the weight of the apparatus. As long as a certain minimum speed is obtained and a certain minimum air pressure kept up the vessel will move in the air, always controlled by two main forces—the downward pull due to gravity and the upward thrust due to the reaction of the air against which the machine is forced. Such in brief is the first stage of the problem of flight. The balance and control of the machine in the air, the action of varying wind currents, etc., are other important factors, however, which govern the machine in the treacherous aerial sea.

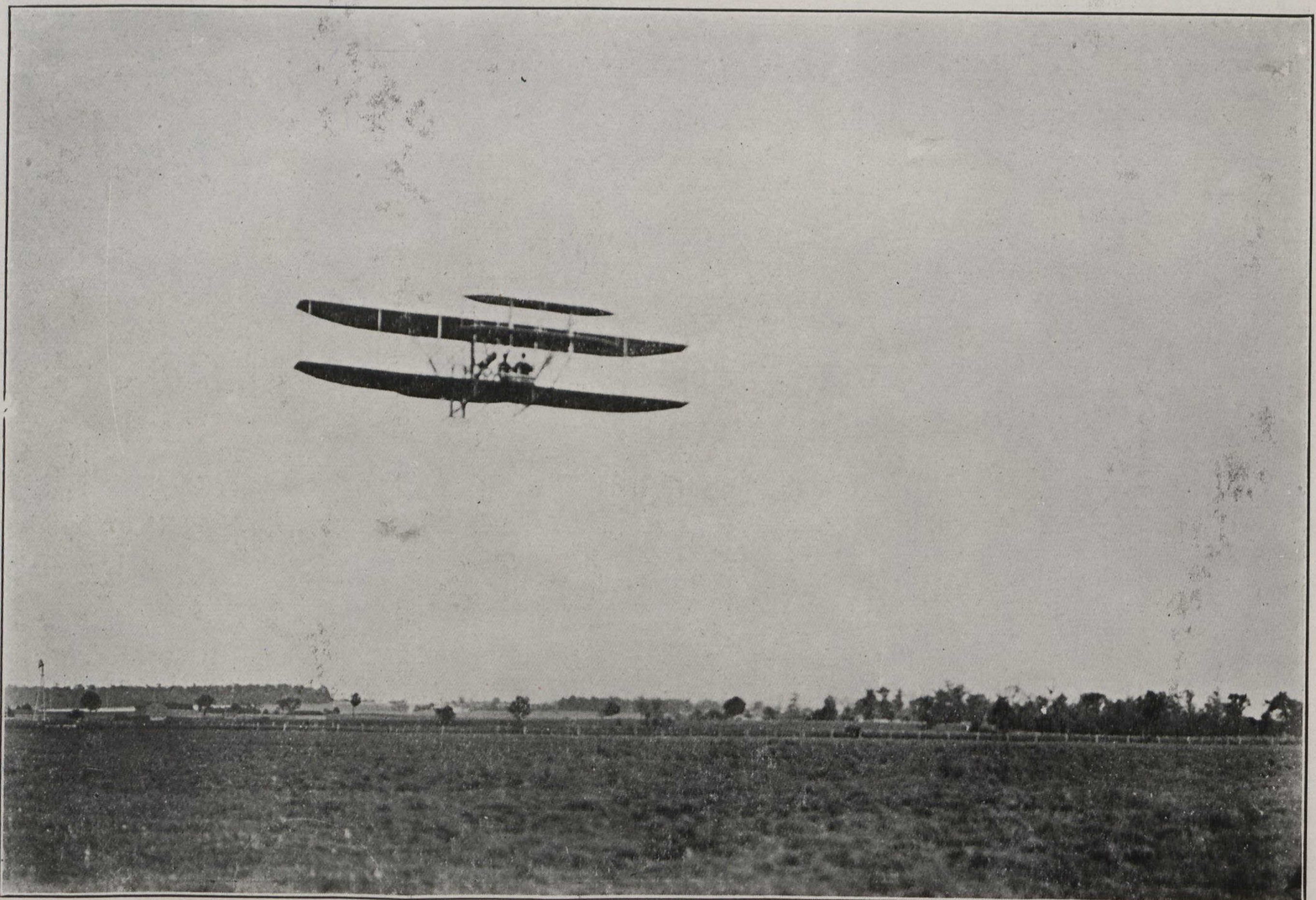


# Woman and the Wing

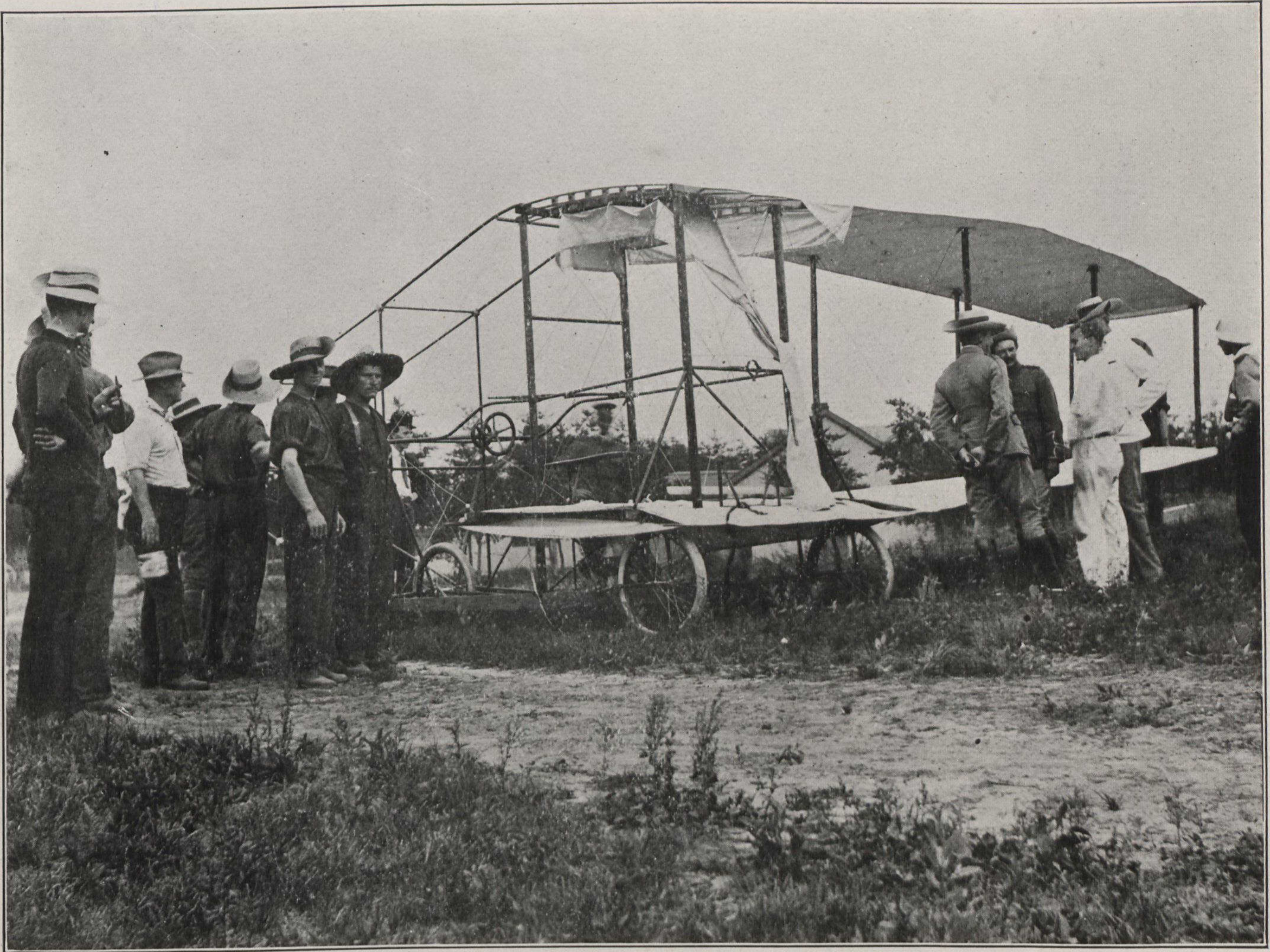
**"Passenger Flights Booked Here"** There was a curious scene at Ranelagh on a recent Saturday, says the "Illustrated London News," a scene which, unique at the moment, seems likely to become a commonplace ere long: all of which is to say that, in an aeroplane-shed, it was possible to book places for aeroplane-flights. The price charged for each flight with a skilled pilot was ten guineas. Each ticket was numbered, and it was arranged that the "first come, first served" principle should be observed. **Ladies were especially keen to take tickets for flights; the first ticket, indeed, went to a titled lady.**



**Wright Aeroplane Leaving the Rail to Commence Flight** The Wright Biplane has 608 square feet of lifting surface, is forty-one feet wide, and six feet six inches long. It is driven by a twenty-five horse power motor, two propellers, flies at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and weighs from 1,050 to 1,150 pounds.



**A Wright Aeroplane in Flight** The Wright Brothers, Orville and Wilbur, began studying aviation in 1896, while building bicycles at Dayton, Ohio. In 1903 they built the first machine, fitted with motor and propellers, which ever raised itself by its own power with a man in it. On September 11th, 1908, Orville Wright broke all records for a time and distance flight, and on the 28th of the same month Wilbur Wright won the French Aero Club prize of $1,000 for the longest flight over an enclosed ground. The Wright Brothers themselves are not at the Montreal Aviation Meet but four of their machines are.



**A Canadian-Built Aeroplane** The McCurdy Brothers, of Baddeck, Nova Scotia, were the first to actually set up their machine "Baddeck No. 1" on the field for the Montreal Aviation Meet, having been ready for flight on June 22nd. This picture shows Mr. J. A. McCurdy, in white suit, bareheaded, standing alongside his flyer. He made a trial ascent on June 24th thus securing the honor to Canada of having been the first to fly at our first Aviation Meet.

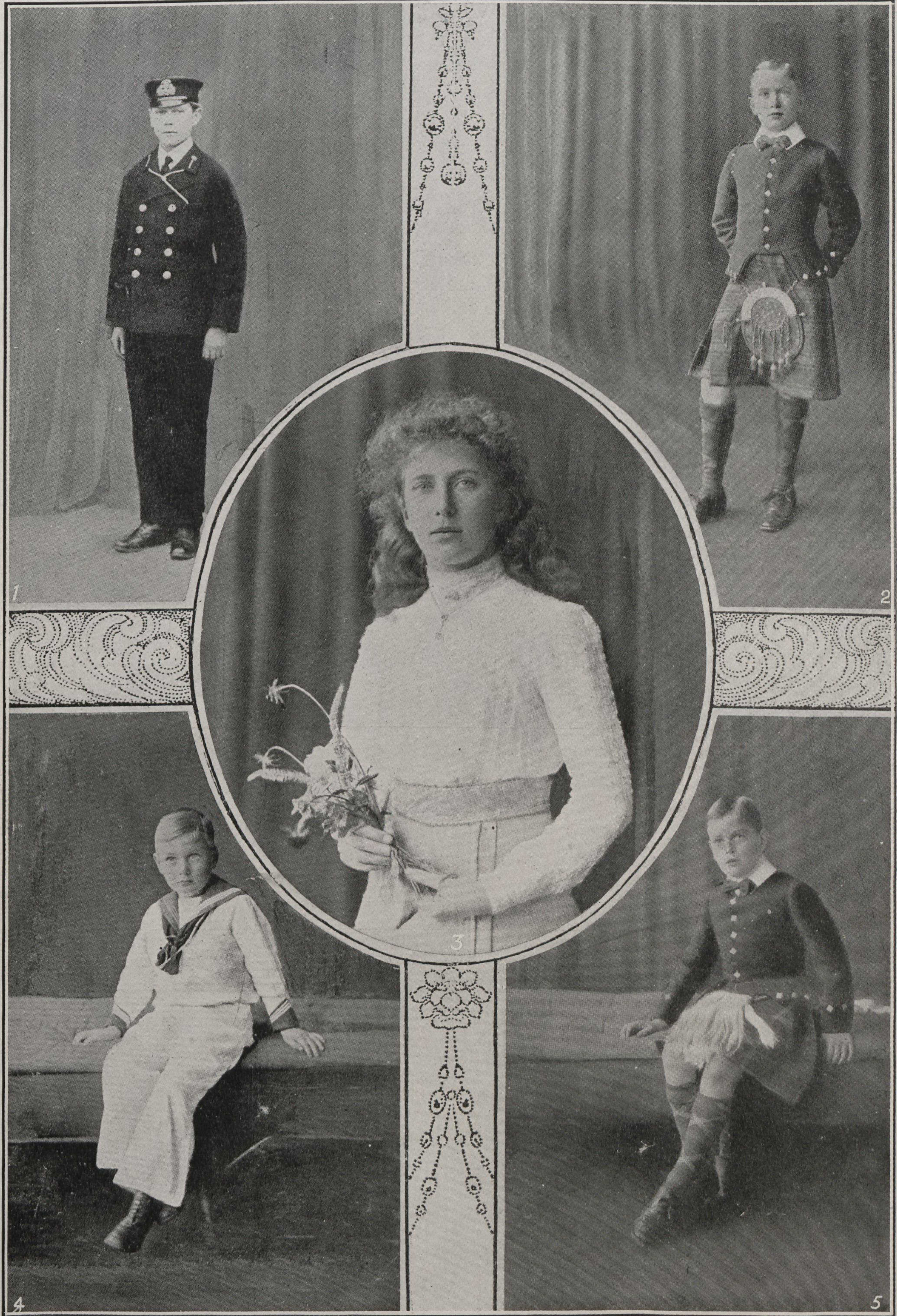
**Britain and Aviation** This year will be notable for the many triumphs gained by British airmen. The Britons who have taken unto themselves wings have trained under very difficult conditions, but, if they seem to have been somewhat backward in giving evidence of their powers, there is strong assurance of their ultimate great success. The Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls is shown in the picture ready to start on his trip over the English Channel and return to Dover on June 2nd, the first time that the return trip was ever made. In addition to the flight over the sea, Mr. Rolls manœuvred over French soil for ten minutes before returning, and, on reaching Dover, encircled Dover Castle before descending. Mr. Rolls was in the air for about one hour and a half. He estimates that he covered fifty miles altogether, and a great part of the flight was made at a height of a thousand feet. The following is a time table of the flight:—Left Dover 6.30 p.m.; reached Sangatte 7.15 p.m.; left Sangatte 7.25 p.m.; reached Dover 8 p.m. Mr. Rolls, who is a Master of Arts, F. R. G. S., and a captain in the Army Motor Reserve, is thirty-three years old and a son of Lord Llangattock. From boyhood he has shown amazing energy with regard to anything connected with engineering, and he was among the first to recognize the possibilities of the motor-car. Mr. Roll's boyhood effort in the direction of automobilism was the adaptation of a superannuated bath chair to his purpose, but a more ambitious enterprise was made with a steam roller at the Hendre, Lord Llangattock's estate in Monmouthshire. The machine on which Mr. Rolls made his flight was a Short Wright aeroplane, fitted with a Wright engine. It weighs 1000 pounds, has a 40ft. spread across the wings, and 45ft. length of planes. It is fitted with rear planes (the invention of Mr. Rolls himself), which it is claimed add considerably to the safety of the machine. Mr. Rolls is wearing a life preserver for use if he should fall into the sea. Fortunately, on this famous trip it was unnecessary.

**A Disaster that Cost Thirty-four Lives** At half-past ten on the morning of Monday, June 13th, the water tank on the roof of the offices of the Montreal "Herald" collapsed and crashed through the five floors, burying itself in the basement with tons of debris, and, worst of all, nearly a hundred men, women, and girls. Some escaped almost unhurt, twenty-five were conveyed to the hospitals, and thirty-four bodies were taken out of the ruins. A score of these were heads of families. After the tank fell, with its sixteen thousand gallons of water, fire broke out, rendering the position of those still on the upper flats of the building one of the greatest danger. An investigation is being held to determine the cause, and place the responsibility.

—*Stroud, photo*

## *Pictures of Canadian Scenes*

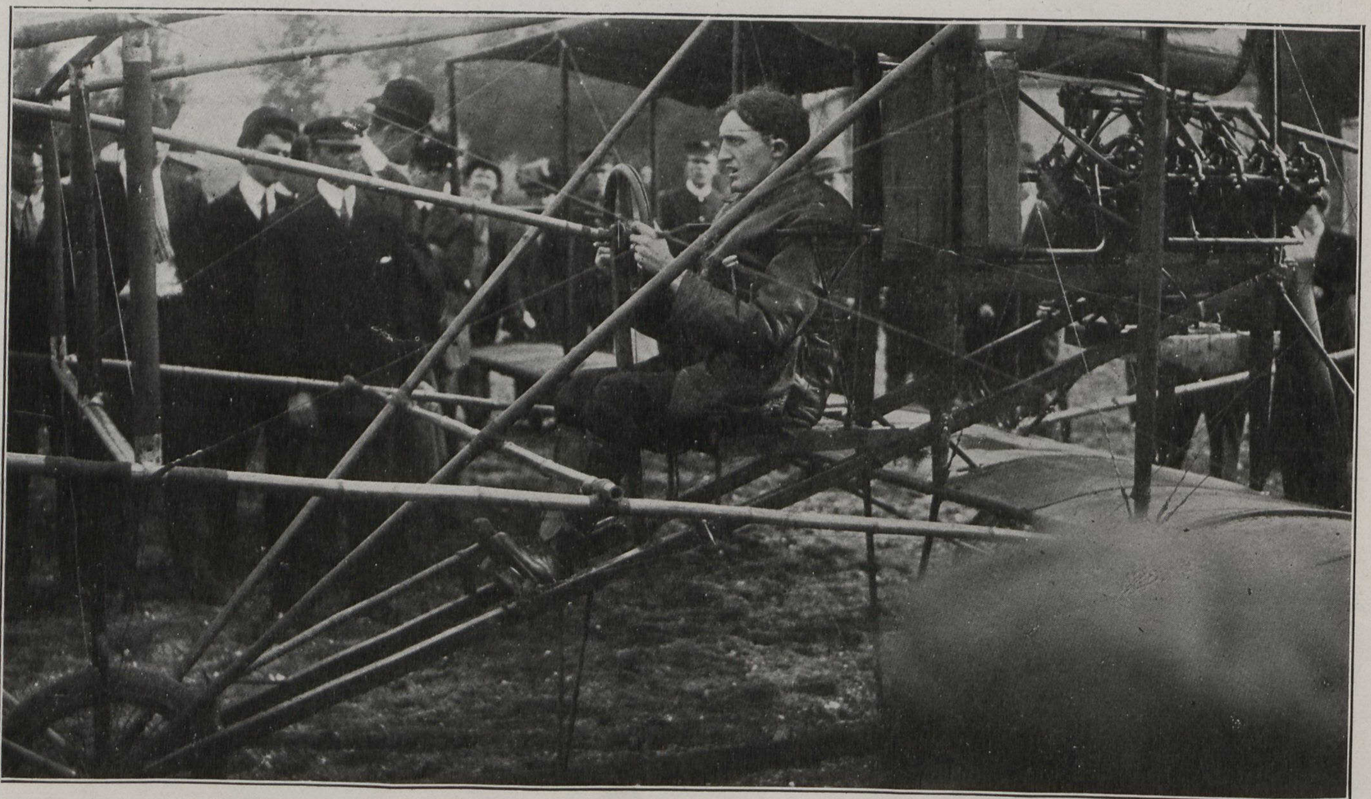
While it is the aim of the Editor to publish pictures showing the great events of the world, we are most interested in our own country. Therefore, we want Canadian pictures. But we want them immediately after they are taken and not several weeks afterwards. Family groups as a rule cannot be used. Such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



1. PRINCE ALBERT FREDERICK ARTHUR GEORGE, BORN DECEMBER 14, 1895.
2. PRINCE HENRY WILLIAM FREDERICK ALBERT, BORN MARCH 31, 1900.
3. PRINCESS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA ALICE MARY, BORN APRIL 25, 1897.
4. PRINCE JOHN CHARLES FRANCIS, BORN JULY 12, 1905.
5. PRINCE GEORGE EDWARD ALEXANDER EDMUND, BORN DECEMBER 20, 1902.

**Children of the King** Our new King and Queen have been blessed with five sons and one daughter. The portraits of the younger sons and of Princess Mary are given above. The Royal children have been brought up in the atmosphere of simplicity which is essentially associated with the typical British family life, the wholesome traditions of which our present Royal Family have always endeavored to cultivate and maintain. *—Illustrated London News*

**The Passing of "The Sage of the Grange"** This was the title that Toronto delighted to apply to one of the foremost men of letters that the age has produced. He was the Queen City's most eminent citizen, and all Canada mourns one who went down to death full of years and of such ripe scholarship. Goldwin Smith was born at Reading, England, on August 23rd, 1823, and when only thirty-five was appointed Regius professor of Modern History at Oxford University, holding the chair for eight years. He took great interest in the newly-formed Cornell University, and after three years as a professor removed to Toronto in 1871, retaining his connection with Cornell, as a non-resident professor. He has since maintained a close connection with Canadian journalism and literature. His residence, "The Grange," now reverts to Toronto as a museum. The above picture was taken during a visit of the Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States, to Dr. Goldwin Smith. The host is the one with the book in his hand.



**Flew from New York to Philadelphia** On June 13th, Charles K. Hamilton accomplished this feat, covering the eighty-six miles between Governor's Island and a supurb of Philadelphia in an hour and fifty-three minutes. The picture shows Mr. Hamilton in his biplane ready to start on that journey.

# WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

## The First Woman Physician

WOMEN physicians are now well known in Canada, in the chief centres at least, where some members of the profession have done especially notable and admirable work. In the United States there are thousands of women practising as physicians. England, Germany, and other European countries have recognized the place of women in the medical profession. But half a century ago the lady doctor, as she was called, was looked upon as a curiosity, and she met with opposition on every hand. The death recently of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to take an M.D. degree, recalls her early and long struggle for recognition of a woman's right to study and practise the science of healing.

Elizabeth Blackwell was an English girl, one of the elder children in a large family emigrated to the United States. Her father's death, when she was seventeen, left her mother in straitened circumstances, and Elizabeth went to work to help by teaching school. She cherished the idea of some day studying medicine, feeling that women physicians were needed in the social scheme. With this end in view, she studied all her spare time after school hours.

Then she endeavored to obtain admission to the medical schools of Philadelphia, but without success. Finding the schools closed against her, she studied privately with two physicians of Philadelphia. But she felt that this mode of study could not give her the thorough grounding she wanted; and, moreover, it was her aim to lead the way in opening the right road to a medical career for women desirous to qualify themselves to discharge its duties worthily. She realized that her admission to a regular medical college and the acquisition of the medical diploma, as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women, were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore procured a comprehensive list of the medical colleges in the United States, and proceeded to address in succession an application for an admission to each of them.

Her application was refused by twelve colleges. The future M.D. found the barriers of "precedent" raised against her in one direction after another, but at last began to appear a way out.

Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the country, one had been addressed to the medical college of the University of Geneva, N.Y. The faculty of that institution gave her request a fair consideration, and agreed that they saw no reason why a woman who wanted to study medicine, and who had possessed herself of the required preparatory knowledge, should not be permitted to take the college course. Finally the matter was referred to the whole student body, who hailed it as a good joke. Whether from a spirit of gallantry, the incentive to make an innovation, or an aroused love of fair play, the students decided unanimously in favor of the new applicant. A resolution was drawn up, not only inviting her to enter the college, but also pledging themselves "individually and collectively, that no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step." To their credit be it said, they kept their word.

Miss Blackwell entered the college when she was twenty-six years old. It may be imagined that she applied herself to study with an ardor proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome. Her position, the only woman in a large body of students of medicine and anatomy, was not without its embarrassments, but she was prepared to endure them for the sake of the knowledge she could gain in no other way. She sought by her own manner to make her presence in college regarded by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred, confronted in the lectures and demonstrations only with the truth and dignity of natural law. Through her own dignity, sense, and right-mindedness, she won the respectful and yet kindly regard of her fellow-students.

But though the "lady student" had thus made good her position within the college, the suspicions and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town, were long in subsiding. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of "Here she comes!" or rude invitations from one street urchin to another to "Come and have a good look at the lady doctor!" would greet her ears. Even well-dressed men and women would draw up on the pavement to see her go by. But the quiet, dignified bearing of the little woman, dressed simply, and going on steadily about her business, made it apparent that there was nothing strange or outlandish about her personally, and gradually the unwelcome attentions fell off.

Dr. Blackwell graduated in 1849, and received her M.D. degree. The convocation building was crowded, a great many ladies being present, some of them coming miles to witness the conferring of a medical diploma on a woman for the first time.

The president, in his address, alluded to the presence of a lady student as "an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one," and said that "her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects."

Her subsequent career justified her course. She studied at the Maternity Hospital in Paris, and "walked" one of the London hospitals. Afterwards she returned to New York, worked up a successful practice, and established an Infirmary for Women and Children. Ten years after her graduation, she registered as a physician in England, and later practised in London. She founded the National Health Society in London, and assisted in founding the London School of Medicine for Women. She also disseminated medical knowledge by her published works, among these being one on "Physical Education of Girls," "Religion of Health," "Council to Parents on Moral Education."

**A Group of Bridesmaids** Attendants at the wedding of Viscount Maidstone and Margaretta Armstrong Drexel, the first of three International marriages in London, in June. The bridesmaids wore white satin gowns, with tulle veils instead of hats, and their bouquets were of lilies and marguerites, the bride's name flower.

**A Class in Nature Study** Building up Canada through the improvement of its rural conditions is the motive of what is known as the Macdonald Movement, so called after Sir William Macdonald, who has given millions of dollars to carry on the scheme. Canada is an agricultural country, and the prosperity and welfare of the rural population must be an important consideration. To teach the farmers of the future how to use their land to the best advantage, and to educate the boys and girls in nature study so that they will find life in the country interesting, and lead contented as well as useful lives, is the aim of the movement, in which Dr. J. W. Robertson has been a moving spirit. A relatively small number can have the advantage of large educational institutions such as the Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., but gardens attached to country schools bring training within the reach of the boys and girls near their own homes.

**Students of Nature** These are types of young Canadians benefiting by the Macdonald Consolidated Schools. Both pictures show a Nature Study class at West Brome, Que., the pupils working under the supervision of their teacher, Miss A. C. Dunn. The photographs were taken by Mr. George D. Fuller, B.A., inspector and teacher of Nature Study.

# The Toilet and the Baby

WITH the coming of summer the "little frock" is more in evidence than any other kind of dress. It is called a "little frock" because of its simplicity and suggestion of ease and informality, but it is not always as inexpensive as it looks. It may be fashioned of any summer material, from gingham to fine linen elaborated with hand embroidery. But whether inexpensive or costly, the "little frock" must be trig, fresh-looking, and made on good lines, or it is nothing.

Pongee and linen of a light weave may be developed into smart frocks for morning wear, with very little in the way of trimming. A plain, well-hung linen one-piece dress, that is, with skirt and blouse joined under a belt, can be made quite smart in effect by the addition of hand-embroidered collar and cuffs, in which a note of color can be introduced if one prefers. The touch of color is one of the fashionable little fads of the season. Colored linens and mercerized suitings, etc., are more fashionable than all white, but as the hot weather continues, more and more white frocks will be seen. The colors of the muslins, cotton voiles, and other sheer weaves, out of which simple afternoon frocks are made, are really lovely, in pinks, pale blues, and mauves. Floral designs are inwoven in some, the flower toning in with the background. Mull and Valenciennes lace are combined in many dainty summer frocks, not intended for street wear. The mull requires careful laundering so that it will keep its soft, silky look. Linen lawn and batiste are more practical, as they emerge from the laundering process looking delightfully fresh. Almost every model for the tub frock, simple or elaborate, has a belt of some kind, usually matching the dress or its garniture. Skirts are invariably short, but the sheer lingerie dresses are not quite so short as those of linen and the heavier weaves. A soft mull or lace-trimmed muslin loses some of the grace which should characterize it, if it is too short, but it must clear the ground always.

The feature of the bodice portion of these "little frocks" is the neck finish, which is either collarless or has a turn-down collar, of the material or separate. The turn-down collar is more generally becoming than the "Dutch neck," which seldom looks well on any woman past youth. For the matter of that, the flat collar arrangements are youthful looking, too much so for some women, but they are so comfortable that one can hardly blame women for wearing them if within the limits of possibility at all. It is a case for just and impartial dealing with oneself and one's fellow beings.

Just here, it may be said that the "beauty doctors" can do a good deal to make the neck presentable enough that a turn-down collar may be worn. Most women are their own beauty doctor, so it is advisable for them to find out all they can on the subject. The beginning is to emancipate the neck from high, close stocks and stiff linen collars. If you are one of the women who look their best only in the linen collar that is the complement of the tailored style, at least you can wear the soft embroidered collar that comes on a slightly-stiffened band, instead of the impervious, stiff affair that is trim indeed but ruinous to any beauty of the neck. The two imperfections that most women have to overcome are darkened spots and a thin or flaccid condition. The treatment for both can go on at the same time, bleaching for the one, exercise and massage for the other.

Of the various bleaches, the natural juices, of lemon or cucumber, are safe and as good as any. First cleanse the neck with warm water, your favorite soap, and either a complexion brush or a face cloth of Turkish towelling (kept hygienically clean). Rinse in tepid water, dry on a soft towel, then dab the dark spots with lemon juice, clear if you can stand it, diluted with rose water if it is irritant. Let it dry in and remain for half an hour or longer. Some find that peroxide of hydrogen works more quickly than the lemon juice. It may be used clear, or diluted with soft water, and care should be taken that it does not get on the hair, else the user might find herself with a line of bleached hair along the back of her neck. The individual must select whatever bleach suits her skin best—she can tell what does not suit by its roughening and irritating the skin.

To tighten the muscles and fill in hollows, the exercise of drooping the head backward, forward, and to each side, is one of the best. One beauty doctor has invented the "comet exercise," during which you turn your face to look straight up, then you look down at your feet, several times in succession, till the neck muscles become supple. Deep breathing is very beneficial in this regard.

For plumping out a thin neck, massage with a good cold cream or skin food, with gentle rotary movements, not forgetting behind the lobe of the ear where hollows are apt to come early. Apply just as much of the cream as the skin will absorb. This treatment can be given after the bleach is rinsed off, and any superfluous cream wiped off afterwards with a piece of soft old linen, the rest remaining over night. If the neck is too fat, massage with even strokes downwards.

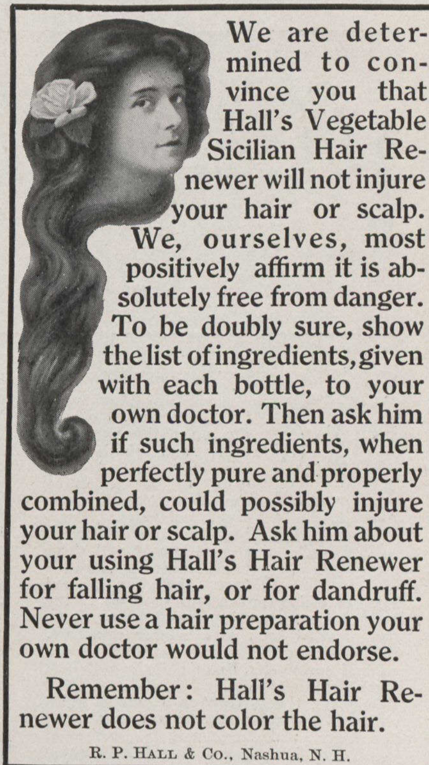
If you want to wear the collarless "little frock" this summer, by all means devote some time first to making the neck "fit and presentable."

**Mother and Daughter** The Duchess of Norfolk and her eldest child, Lady Mary Rachel Fitzalan-Howard. The little girl is five years old. The portrait (by Ellis Roberts) was shown at the New Gallery, London.

## The Baby's Milk in Summer

Physicians who have made a study of infantile mortality find that the danger of serious illness for babies is greatest in the hot season. The chief source of trouble is the food, notably the milk in the case of infants. Milk is a good "culture broth" for microbes, and for none more than for the germs of diarrhœa. Therefore, when the baby is fed from the bottle the greatest care should be exercised in keeping the bottle scrupulously clean and in having the milk perfectly sweet. All milk contains certain bacteria, which at ordinary temperature multiply rapidly and cause the change known as turning the milk sour. The greater the care in sterilizing the milking utensils and in having the milking done in clean surroundings, the fewer the bacteria to begin with, but even at the best the milk must be cared for properly, or it will not be healthful for the baby who is dependent on it for his whole sustenance. One way of preserving milk is by pasteurization—heating it to a temperature of 140 degrees to kill the bacteria. This is difficult to accomplish at home, and is not necessary with ordinarily good milk. If the milk is taken as soon as it comes from the cow, strained into a sterilized sealer, covered close from the air, and set in a cold place, it will keep quite fresh and sweet. When there is no ice, wrap a wet cloth round the sealer and set it in a dish of water in a draught. The evaporation will cool the contents. In cities, unless the housekeeper has had favorable experience of the source of supply, it is advisable to scald the milk to the boiling point, and afterwards keep it in the ice chest till wanted. The sterilizing of the pitcher or sealer in which milk is kept is important.

Still more important is the absolute cleanliness of the bottle from which the infant who is a "bottle baby" is fed. The bottle should not be left with milk in it even for a few minutes, much less from one feeding to another. Don't put too much in it at a time, and as soon as the baby has finished, rinse out the bottle with cold water. If it is not convenient to wash it just then, let it stand filled with cold water in which is a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. It is advisable to have at least two bottles, so that one will always be ready for use and there will be time for proper cleaning. To wash the bottles, make a suds of hot water and soap or soap powder, and use a bottle brush or a swab of cotton on the end of a hooked wire (scalding it afterwards). Rinse the bottle with several waters, the last one scalding hot. Let the rubber nipple soak for a minute in cold water and bicarbonate of soda, cleanse it in cold water, then put it through the scalding water. It is a good idea to further sterilize the bottles by putting them in cold water and heating to the boiling point, once a day during the very hot weather. It seems a lot of trouble, but will go a long way towards warding off infantile disorders, which would be much more trouble in every way.

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# Sauce for the Gander

## A Complete Story

## by SHAN F. BULLOCK

*(Published by special arrangement)*

I.

N the garden of her house in Camberwell, close to the open drawing-room door, and shaded by the long star-set tendrils of a jessamine that hung from a rustic arch, sat Mrs. Piper, her feet on a brown sheepskin mat and three parts of her head—from the bun-shaped knob of whitey-brown hair upwards to the lace of her matron's cap—showing above the rounded back of a wicker armchair. She was darning a pair of huge fawn-colored socks—Mr. Piper's, for a certainty—with the slow deliberation of one come to viewing things through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, her lips firmly met; her large, full face, with its relics of youth and beauty, and its deep impress of experience, set at an observant angle; her large, strong hands moving with the patient skill and certainty of a machine. On her lap was a work-basket lined with red. A pair of scissors hung by a tape from the band of her black apron. On either side of her feet, in the folds of her black dress, lay a fox terrier and a tabby cat. She had the comfortable, placid appearance and air of fifty-five just come down from the refreshing after-luncheon nap, conscious of a good morning's work done, of a house well-ordered, and ready now to while the peaceful hour or two that lay before five o'clock tea.

Having sight of her there in the small suburban garden, seated so comfortably, engaged so pleasantly, and with the warmth and radiance of July falling upon her, you must have thought Mrs. Piper to be burdened with as few cares as the cat sleeping blissfully at her slippered feet. Yet she had cares of her own. And, despite appearances, just then she was troubled. The little frown on her brow did not come of failing sight or the sunlight blinking through the jessamine. When at intervals she let her hands fall on her lap and sat looking down the garden, it was not the flowers or the narrow grass plot she saw. Mrs. Piper, in fact, was conversing with herself, going over things, recalling the past, weighing, considering; and as centre of her thoughts, cause and object of them together, was the partner of her life, the man Henry, her husband. He brought the little frown. He compressed her lips. It was he she saw, plain as though he stood large as life in his dark grey flannel suit, and it was with him she conversed silently, when she looked straight down the gravel path.

To use Mrs. Piper's own expression, things had begun on the evening before, during the evening meal. Being a woman of much common sense and judgment, she was ready to admit that perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Piper was not to be held entirely accountable for the beginning of things. The day had been uncomfortably hot. It was a busy season at Henry's office. To a man of his years—sixty almost and perilously near the retiring line—even one extra hour's work meant expenditure in nerves and energy. He had come home weary, found the girls gone out, found dinner not ready, found herself not dressed, found washing in the garden, found a pane broken in the greenhouse, found the cat asleep among the carnations—oh, had found sufficient to rasp those overstrung nerves. Men had their own troubles and endurances. Of course, of course. Still—still—well, so had women. Her own day had not been without trials, thought Mrs. Piper; then rested a moment, looked down the path again, and had sight once more of Henry seated in the armchair, legs outstretched, thumbs hooked in the armholes of his waistcoat, and those clear signs of ill-humor on his face. She knew that attitude, those signs; knew what to expect of them. Her best she had tried to smooth things over—and—well, had failed.

"Oh, I'm dog-tired," Henry had said, drawing his chair to table and pushing a corner of his napkin into his waistcoat. "Ding-dong I've been at it all the blessed day. Only half an hour for lunch. Driven from post to pillar. . . Why the deuce do men ever become clerks? I'd rather drive a 'bus myself. Slavery—slavery! And nothing for it—nothing. One of these days I'll be called in and fired. And then—oh, then I'll find a place in the workhouse, I dare say. Well, serve me right and a good job too. There at least a man will have his meals served regularly. . . . How is it, Emily? Surely to goodness, it's little to expect. Here I've been waiting half an hour—tired—hungry. . . ."

Yes; that had been the beginning of things, thought Mrs. Piper; then resumed her darning and her slow process of thinking; then, in a while, came again, for maybe the twentieth time that day, to the matter that chiefly concerned her.

"Tell you what, Emily," Mr. Piper had said over his portion of cold gooseberry tart. "I want—isn't there any cream? No. Hum. Oh, well. Dare say I don't deserve it. No matter. What was I going to say? Oh, yes. Tell you what. I need a good change. I'm fagged. I'm not the man I used to be. If I don't get a change I'll break down for a certainty. . . . A change. A holiday. Yes, that's what I want."

"I'm sure you do, Henry. So do we all, perhaps. Well, can't you arrange to have your vacation a little earlier this year?"

"Hum. Yes, I suppose so."

"For myself, I'd much rather go away now than later on. Everybody goes in August. We've always gone then—always for years and years."

"Yes, always for years and years," Mr. Piper had said, pushing back his empty plate with some appearance of disgust. "The same time—the same blessed place—the same blessed rooms—the same old weary round!"

"But—but——" Mrs. Piper, over her darning, remembered accurately the way she had received Henry's outburst, and had sat regarding him across the table. "But we needn't go to the same place, my dear. Not at all. Indeed, I'd like a change myself. Why not try Bournemouth this year, or Yarmouth, say—or even somewhere in Wales? I *should* like to go to Wales. Mrs. Ritchie was here yesterday, and she says that——"

"I know what Mrs. Ritchie would say, Emily. She's another of the tame cats. All she wants is niggers with banjos, and somewhere to parade up and down in her new dresses, and a pier with some idiot playing solos on the piccolo. . . . I know, I know. The seaside? I'm sick of the seaside. What change can a weary man get there? Ozone—bracing air—bathing—bah! All humbug. Might as well spend one's holiday on the Thames Embankment."

"But—but——" Again Mrs. Piper recalled the feeling of surprise, of amazed revealment, that had come to her at hearing of Henry's bitter words. What did they mean? What did they portend? "Then what do you suggest, my dear?" she had asked. "I'm sure I for one am ready to meet you halfway in anything."

"Oh, I dare say. I dare say. I know you are, Emily. . . . Tut. It's all nonsense. What does it matter what I think or want? Who am I? Only the breadwinner."

Quite clearly, as she sat there in the garden, Mrs. Piper had vision of Henry's enormous sneer whilst, with a lurch in his chair and a shrug of his shoulders, he in a tone of exceeding bitterness had exclaimed *"Only the breadwinner."* How often in the course of their long and by no means unprosperous married life had she heard that phrase, and how often had it come as prelude to some domestic episode which happily could soon be forgotten?

"All I'm fit for," Mr. Piper had continued, "is to keep things going—work like a horse and bring home the money. Oh, yes, that's it. Who cares whether I get my meals on time or not, or whether I'm dog-tired or not, or any blessed thing? And as for holidays—pooh! Let the old fool spend a fortnight pottering about Ramsgate, catching shrimps and getting sunburnt. That's good enough for *him*. That's all *he's* jolly well worth." And then Mr. Piper had risen, spraddled on the hearthrug, and put on his look of suppressed martyrdom. "Well, perhaps it is," he had said, with a slow shake of his foolish old head; "yes, perhaps it is. Hunting shrimps in a pool. Chasing young crabs across the sands. Paddling with the nursemaids and the children. . . . That's what I'm worth," Mr. Piper had said, stretching a hand and fixing his Emily with an austere eye. "That's what I've come to! That's what you call enjoyment, recuperation—*that!* That's what you call *a—holiday—for—a—man!"* Mr. Piper had exclaimed, with slow and concentrated intent, one hand outspread, the other hoisting his coat-tails; and, as she sat darning in the sunshine, Mrs. Piper recalled that at sight of him she had felt a great inclination towards laughter.

But she had not laughed. No. The spectacle had its serious aspect. Something was in Henry's mind, deep down in it—something important that must be found. So, quietly and sauvely, she had made answer, "Then what is your idea of a holiday for a man, Henry?"

"Idea—idea? Oh, I don't know. Something different from all that foolishness. Something manly. Something to stir a fellow's blood, and make him feel fine and strong."

"I see. Mountain climbing, for instance?"

"M—yes. That might do. A bit expensive, though—and risky, too."

"Well, yachting on the Broads?"

"Yes. Jolly good idea. I've heard men talk of that."

"Or going for a walking tour in Brittany with a companion or two?"

"Rather! Just the thing. One of the office men—Brown—you know Brown—chap that's always gadding about the world—has been everywhere 'cept the North Pole, seems to me. Well, Brown went walking in Brittany last year with two other men and had no end of a good time. Of course——"

"But where was Mrs. Brown, Henry?"

"Mrs. Brown!" Upon the fawn-colored heel of Mr. Piper's sock his wife could still see the look, part startled, part apprehensive, that had helped to give expression to the words; and she smiled, a little grimly, at the vision. "But there isn't—surely I've told you—there isn't any Mrs. Brown, Emily."

"Oh, I had forgotten. I'm sorry, Henry. And the other men, they're bachelors, too, I suppose?"

"Hum. Well, as a matter of fact, I'm not quite—that is, I *think* they're both married men."

"Then their wives, of course, accompanied them on the walking tour?" (The smile still lingered on Mrs. Piper's face.)

"No. Of course they didn't. God bless my soul, what a question! What would women do on a walking tour? Couldn't stand it—wouldn't enjoy it a bit. Why, they did a matter of twenty to thirty miles a day. And it rained sometimes. And they carried everything on their backs. Think of that, Emily!"

"Yes, I understand. Still—— Where were the wives of those other men, Henry, I want to know?"

"Oh, dear! Why *will* you women ask such questions. On earth how am I to tell where they were? At home, perhaps—or with friends, perhaps——"

"Or maybe catching shrimps at Ramsgate, or helping the children to paddle?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Don't know. If it's of such importance, Emily, I'll try to find out for you. But, 'pon my soul, I can't see what *they've* got to do with the matter."

"Neither can I, Henry. Clearly, they had nothing to do with the matter. And, I suppose, if you went mountain-climbing, or yachting on the Broads, or walking in Brittany, I shouldn't have anything to do with that matter either?"

How had Mr. Piper, standing on the hearthrug and filling his pipe from a pouch, taken that straight shot? In Mrs. Piper's recollection he had taken it badly, with a frown and a smothered exclamation, and the air of one being found out; then had flung his pouch on the table, struck a match and let it burn out, and of a sudden had demanded, "What on earth are you driving at, Emily?"

"Oh, nothing much, Henry. Merely trying to get you to be frank with me, my dear. Am I right in assuming that your idea of a real holiday for a man—for yourself, of course—doesn't include myself and the children?"

"There! I knew that was coming. I knew the tables would be turned on me before long and I'd be made out the most selfish brute in creation. It's always the way. It doesn't matter a straw what I do—slave my heart out—pinch and save—deny myself everything—at the end I'm only the worm that's made to be trodden on. . . . It's a shame, Emily. You ought to have more consideration for me—if nothing else. . . . I won't stand it. No, I won't. . . . Now, look here. I'm going to talk straight. How many years have I given up everything for sake of you and the children? Have I ever grumbled before about the seaside and those beastly lodgings in a back street? Have I ever even hinted to you before about going away by myself for a change? . . ."

"Wasn't it Mr. Brown, of your office, Henry, who first gave you the notion of making that little trip to Tangier some years ago?"

"Ah! It's come at last. I knew it! You've been saving that up for a good while, Emily, waiting a good opportunity for flinging it in my face. So much for all my explanations and pleadings; and so much for your pretended forgiveness. Didn't I go on my knees to you, Emily? Didn't I explain that only a passing fit of madness made me go? Didn't I tell you everything — everything — everything? Didn't we agree to bury the confounded thing for ever and ever? And now here it comes bobbing up again. . . ."

"I know, Henry. But so has the other thing come bobbing up again. My dear Henry, it's no use. I can read you clearly. Much better be frank with me. Why do you want to spend your holiday this year away from your wife and children? Is it because you have lost your love and affection for us? Are you tired of us? Are you tired of your home? Or —or—— Henry, *is* there any other attraction that causes you to have these strange turns? I can't understand them. You used not to be so. You used to delight in taking me and the children away for a change, and delight in your home and our society—and—and—— And now it's all different. It's the club, or bowls, or those precious Freemasons, or something else. Ever since that miserable trip to Tangier you've been changed. I've seen it, and tried to hide it from myself, and—and—— And I can't. I *can't*. . . ."

At this point, Mrs. Piper remembered, tears had interrupted the progress of things; and they being assuaged, thereupon had ensued a weary half-hour, during which, so it seemed to herself, Mrs. Piper had sat enduring a series of explanations to which she gave neither belief nor sympathy. Of what avail was it to hear Henry maintain, with much earnest iteration, that now as always his thoughts and endeavors were solely in the interests of his family? What in the shape of comfort might come of sentimental passages expounding the old eternal theme, *Absence makes the heart grow fonder?* What consolation was it to know that in the view of many wise people, including hundreds of correspondents to the morning papers, the ideal holiday for husband and wife was spent by each of them apart?

"Stuff and nonsense!" Mrs. Piper had sat exclaiming; and so, after hours of reflection, after long and earnest consideration, she sat under the jessamine arch exclaiming now. Not one of Henry's explanations held water. He wasn't sincere. He was trying to deceive her. Deep inside him was some wicked plot designed for his mysterious and selfish ends. For what did men try to get away from their wives and families? For what had Henry himself gone away so mysteriously, so inexplicably, in that spring of five years ago? Of course, he had explained, had been contrite and abashed, and she in a way had understood and had forgiven. Yes, but something had always remained—a doubt, a feeling of distrust, a sense of striving to comprehend the motives that had led him to doing such an amazing thing. Think of it! Without any word of warning to leave her standing on the step and go down the road swinging his cane; so to sail away in a ship to Tangiers, leaving her to bear all that agony of terror and grief and gnawing suspicion through an eternity of days. Could any explanation, any abasement, ever rid her of the memory of that? Why had he gone? What had he not told her? Why, supposing it all to be a mad freak, had the going worked such change in him, made him restless, more discontented with his lot and his home, more secretive, more difficult to live with and to understand? Since then she had always kept dreading the next outbreak. Despite herself, not a day hardly in all those five years had she spent without wondering whether Henry would come home to her in the evening. And now there she sat wondering again, full of worrying thoughts and suspicions. What had Henry in his mind? What did he intend? Were his motives innocent? Was she exciting herself unnecessarily? Was there not something to be said for the idea of husband and wife separating for the holidays? . . .

"No, no, no," cried Mrs. Piper within herself, and sat looking fixedly at a post of the rustic arch. "It's all stuff and nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. I'm not unreasonable. I'm not a suspicious kind. I'm ready to make every allowance. But the good old-fashioned way is enough for me. Where Henry goes I go. I'm his lawful wife, and I have my rights and I mean to have them. I've been too easy all these years. I was a fool over that Tangier business. If he thinks he can stop out whenever he likes, and go where he likes, and come back when he likes, well——"

For perhaps twenty minutes Mrs. Piper sat in deep thought; then, a grim smile on her face, she resumed her darning and formulated the following conclusions:

(1) *"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."*
(2) *"It would serve him right."*
(3) *"He needs a good lesson."*
(4) "YES, I WILL!"

II.

When Mrs. Piper came to the momentous conclusion which found expression in that phrase, "Yes, I will," she was not aware that, in determining to teach Mr. Piper a lesson, by giving him tit for tat, or, as she expressed it, by "giving him back a little bit of his own," she showed herself lacking in powers of invention. In her view the method of accomplishment was nothing, the object everything. If a man needed a lesson, then the quickest and surest way of enforcing it was to turn the tables completely; in other words, to say:

"Look here, Henry Piper, this is how you treated me and made me feel—well, my dear man, and how do you like it? Once you went off mysteriously on your travels; for a long time now you have been doing as you like—well, my dear Henry, I want you, before you make another expedition, just to know that others have rights as well as you and are not afraid to use them. In other words, dear Henry, I'm going to let you see what it means to come home one day and find your faithful helpmate and slave gone off on an expedition of her own. Never mind where, Henry. Never mind with whom. We shall discuss all that afterwards when it comes to explanations. Meantime, I want you just to *feel* and comprehend; and amongst other things I want to prove to you, by your own methods, my worth and value. . . ."

But if in determining her method of operations Mrs. Piper displayed small

*(Continued on page 27.)*

# The Housekeeper's Page

ITH the beginning of the hot months begins all over again the housekeeper's annual warfare against the fly. It is not a pleasant subject, but if by facing it the discomfort and annoyance can be lessened, and thousands of the insects prevented from coming into existence at all, then it must be faced. Science has proved that the fly is more than an annoyance, he is a positive menace to health, carrying about with him on each of his six adhesive feet germs picked up from the refuse in which he lives and moves, and has the greater part of his being. When the housekeeper realizes this, she will redouble her vigilance to keep flies away from the premises altogether.

So long as the insects are swarming out of doors, it is next to impossible to keep at least some of them from gaining an entrance. They must be prevented from coming around the place at all.

The fly can be exterminated. Why is it that one house will be free from the pests, and another under the same natural conditions will be overrun with them? The difference is one in degrees of tidiness. Leave nothing about for the fly to feed upon or breed in, and he takes himself elsewhere or starves. Flies cannot breed in dry places, therefore the ground around the kitchen should be drained and dry. Never throw out even clear water from the kitchen door. It is in decaying fruit, vegetables, and refuse generally that flies multiply with great rapidity. If the place is kept systematically free from decaying organic matter there will be no flies. The garbage pail in which such is collected should be of metal, with a close-fitting cover, and should be emptied frequently. If it is allowed to stand long enough to emit an odor, or if it is not emptied clean out when it is emptied, flies will find their way to it, as they are attracted by malodorous things. In the country, where there are barns and stables, myriads of flies will come to life unless the outbuildings where animals have lived through the winter are cleaned out in the spring. Especial care should be taken to keep the premises about the kitchen of farm-houses clean and free from all waste matter.

Dishes containing food should be kept covered when set in the pantry, and fruit kept under wire screens. Uncooked meat, even when fresh, has an odor which is very attractive to flies. Spilt milk, fruit juices, etc., must be washed up at once. Some cooks have an unfortunate habit of slopping whatever they touch, and where there are slops there will be flies. Scrupulous cleanliness, within doors and without, is the great protection against flies. As the general public has not yet taken the lessons of science to heart in this regard, the use of screens on doors and windows is necessary.

## Hot Weather Breakfasts

The housewife who has to cater to the fickle appetites of the members of the family in hot weather finds breakfast the most difficult meal of the day. No one comes to the table with zest on a morning that is already hot as the prelude to a scorching day, and yet it is necessary that nourishing food should be provided and eaten. The housewife probably feels no more energetic than anybody else, but her sense of duty is strong and active, and she tries to tempt the flagging appetites by serving the breakfast as attractively as possible, and making all the changes she can from the ordinary routine.

Many housewives do not recognize the possibilities of the out-door meal in summer. Where there is a verandah that is wide enough to accommodate table and chairs, cool and shady in the morning, what could be pleasanter than to have breakfast there? If the verandah is too conspicuous from the street—vines and climbing plants can screen it another season if started in time—it is possible to put up awning curtains to give the desired privacy. For porch curtains for this or other uses choose blue and white, or some equally cool-looking color, rather than the heat-suggestive red and white.

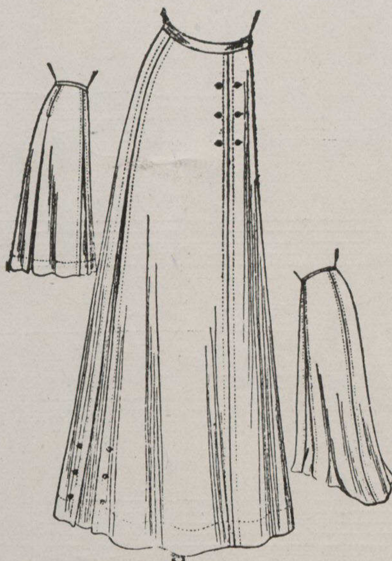
Similarly, for table decoration avoid flowers of brilliant hues, particularly at breakfast time. The difference between the effect of a vase of white and pink or pale mauve sweet peas, or purple pansies in a low flat dish, and that of a bowl of orange nasturtiums, however handsome in themselves, is actual, not theoretical. The sight of green on the table is refreshing, and, failing flowers, a small well-kept fern in a blue and white dish, is a very satisfactory centre piece. Breakfast china patterned in a small design in pale green and white, or other delicate coloring, is better than more ornate ware. All these things tell.

For a summer breakfast, the first dish is usually fruit, preferably fresh fruit, ringing the changes on the different kinds in season. For a change, one can have a green salad of some kind. If the family is fond of tomatoes, slice a few fresh from the ice, and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, moistened with just a little lemon juice and salad oil. Something of this kind makes a good appetizer.

Cooked oatmeal, which has a heating tendency, may be exchanged with advantage for some other cereal during July and August. Once in a while have rice or tapioca. Cooked in milk enough to be quite thin, and then cooled to a jelly, and served with cream and sugar or whipped cream; rice makes a delicious breakfast dish. This is a good way of using cooked rice left over from the day before, reheating it in milk.

Baked eggs are a change from the poached and boiled forms, of which one tires at times. Here is an attractive way of serving them: Butter a number of little tin moulds or gem pans, break an egg into each carefully so as to keep the yolk whole, and set the moulds in the oven till the egg is well set. Have the plates heated, put on them small squares of softened and buttered toast, turn the eggs out of the moulds, and garnish with sprigs of parsley or watercress.

Hot breads, especially those with much shortening, are too heavy for the summer breakfast. Corn meal muffins and gems can be served hot or cold. Even on hot days it is better to have the breakfast beverage, tea or coffee, hot.



LADIES' FOUR-GORE SKIRT.

PARIS PATTERN No. 3299.

With separate skirts as much worn as they are this season a new model is always welcome. In the illustration we show one which has several points of novelty about it. The small number of pieces means that it will be found simple to construct, and the four gores allow it to be made of either wide or narrow material. The skirt has four gores and at the centre of the front and back the cloth is turned back and stitched to give the effect of a slot seam. At each side is a real slot seam, with a strip of material sewed underneath the turned-back edges of the material. A skirt of this description will be excellent in Panama, brilliantine, pongee, linen, or gingham of good quality. It will be suitable for either long or short skirts, and may be trimmed with buttons or braid or both, or it may be entirely untrimmed. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. To make the skirt in the medium size will require 4 yards of material 36 inches wide.

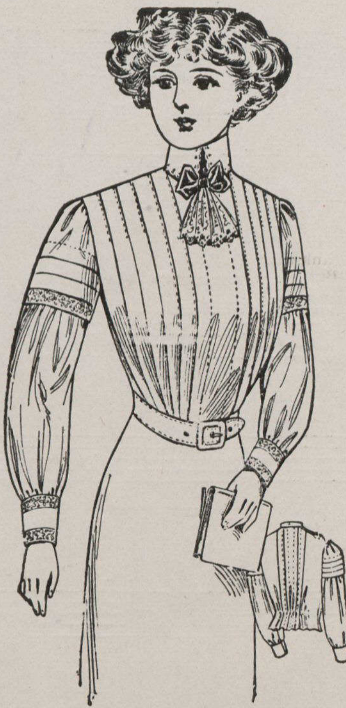
## Cool Drinks in Season

While the weather is hot, there is a strong temptation to fly to iced drinks. Now, while as much cold water can be taken as one wants, iced water has its attendant dangers. It is the throat and mouth that call for the cooling drink, and the stomach is apt to revenge itself if it is drenched with quantities of iced water. A pitcher of water set on the ice until it is as cold as at the ordinary winter temperature for drinking is as refreshing as the ice water, and is more healthful.

Iced tea is a favorite summer luncheon beverage, but it should not be made too strong. As soon as it is brewed it is strained over the cracked ice, and left to get cold, but not to the icy degree.

Lemonade, the most popular of summer drinks, can be varied agreeably without much trouble. The addition of mint makes it very refreshing. The fresh green leaves of the mint are used. Pick them from the stalk, wash thoroughly, and squeeze the lemon juice over them. A handful of leaves is enough for the juice of a couple of lemons. Make a thin syrup of sugar and water, and pour it boiling hot over the mint and lemon juice. Let it stand a little, then add some cold water, strain, and set aside to cool. More water may be added when serving, if desired.

Fruit juices in cold water are pleasant and healthful drinks, and are easily prepared. Make a syrup of sugar and water, add the small strawberries, raspberries, cherries, or other small fruit, crushed in their own juice, strain, and bottle for use.



LADIES' SHIRTWAIST.

PARIS PATTERN No. 2962.

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# FASCINATING GAVOTTE

(Elfen Gavotte)

*Tempo di Gavotte.*

p f mf p mf p mf p f FINE. mf cresc. 1 2 f mf p

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

TRIO.

*p*

*marcato il canto.*

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*D. S. al Fine.*

**A Whale Ashore** The authorities of Cloughton Wyke, a small village near Scarboro', in Yorkshire, are in a quandary. They have a white elephant on their hands in the shape of a whale which was washed ashore some time ago. For a time the whale was a curiosity and brought many visitors to the little village. Trade in picture postcards became brisk and business of all kinds began to look up. But that was some time ago, and now the whale is keeping all tourists away. The sign posts directing the way to the leviathan have been taken down. No longer are they needed. "Follow your nose" is the advice. Having outlasted his usefulness the whale must be got rid of, and the sooner the better. Tenders are to be issued, for the contract is a large one. The whale weighs fifty tons at least, and must be cut up on the beach, carted away and buried. Not many years ago an adventurous whale wandered in from the ocean highway and made his way up the St. Lawrence as far as Longueuil, where his career came to an end. He was harpooned by inexperienced whalers, and towed across the river to Montreal, where be remained on view at the wharf until some enterprising showman secured him for private exhibition, after which, in the natural course, it became necessary to dispose of him for good.

**Canada and South Africa** These happy little ones are the children and grandchildren of subscribers to the "Canadian Pictorial." Their father, Mr. Walter Moodie, went with the first Canadian Contingent to South Africa, leaving his British Columbia home to start a new one in that distant land, in which he remained. After the war was over he entered railway construction work under Sir Percy Girouard. Their home is in Vicksburg, Orange River Colony, and the picture was taken at a Cape Colony summer resort.

## *Sauce for the Gander*

(*Continued from page 22.*)

powers of initiative, at least, when it came to carrying these into effect, she proceeded in a way quite different from that taken, on a certain memorable occasion, by Mr. Piper. You may remember that, on the occasion in question, Mr. Piper, led by an irresistible impulse towards freedom, just allowed himself to be carried by that impulse, almost recklessly, without heed or care of consequences, and without more consideration for the feelings of those left behind than was shown by the despatch, at the last moment, of a telegram.

"I want a change," said Mr. Piper in effect. "I must have it. I want to taste life, to see something of the big world, to be free for once in this miserable routine existence of mine." So, the means coming in his way, and a certain measure of temptation, Mr. Piper, after a qualm or two of conscience, put foot aboard the boat for Tangier and went out to taste life in the big world.

Now Mrs. Piper felt nothing at all of that irresistible impulse towards freedom. She was of the tame cat species. Home and its duties; the society of friends, children, husband; a little diversion now and again; three weeks at the seaside once a year: all this was nearly enough to satisfy the cravings of her placid nature. Had she lived to the age of a patriarch it would never have been her own inspiration to adventure as Henry had done. Personally she needed nothing of the kind; in fact, she shrank from anything of the kind. Consequently, in arriving at that momentous decision and in determining to realise it, she was yielding to nothing more urgent than the plain dictates of duty. It would be no pleasure at all to leave her home and to stay from it. She knew what her feelings would be. She felt that, wherever she went and for how short a period, conscience would be with her, admonishing always and giving her cause for ceaseless worriment. If duty called her to make sacrifice, no less did it proclaim that in making sacrifice she would be deserting the path of duty—that path which for her began at the front gate and ended by the wall beyond the grass plot and the flower beds there at the foot of the little garden. To that her feet had kept faithfully these thirty years or more, hardly without deviating a step; to stray from it now, even at call of duty and following the example set by none other than Henry, was something of an ordeal.

"How can I?" Mrs. Piper asked of herself, over and over again. "I mustn't," she said. "What will the children think? How can they manage without me? The neighbors . . . the friends . . . the worrying . . . the coming back!" And then, before her once more stood Henry in his grey flannel suit, perhaps enjoying himself in Brittany or Ostend or Paris (good heavens!); and she braced herself and cried: "*I must, I will.*"

In the circumstances, had she been Mr. Piper (or any other man, for that matter), Mrs. Piper would have flung down the fawn-colored socks, gone indoors, packed a bag, left a note (perhaps) on the dining-room table, and departed within an hour. But women, you see, are happily so much the superiors of men in their observance of the laws of conduct; and Mrs. Piper surely, in this respect at least, was worthy of her kind.

It happened, therefore, that, despite certain signs of unrest in Henry which gave her reason for swift action, Mrs. Piper actually spent the most of two anxious days in deciding where to go. There were so many things in the way, she found, so much to find out, so much to plan; always before Henry had directed the travelling arrangements. Madeira was too far, too expensive, too risky; so was Morocco; so was the Norwegian coast; and even against the idea of a small coasting trip, "always in sight of land, frequently drawing up at the side," was the decisive objection of that terrible, merciless sea.

"Think of there being a storm," exclaimed Mrs. Piper. "Think of struggling for my precious life in the cold waves. Ugh! And then the sickness," said she to her harassed self; so with a shudder went hunting through timetables and guides and advertisement columns until at last, almost by process of exhaustion, she decided to teach Henry his lesson by leaving home on at latest the Saturday morning (that is, within three days more) and journeying to Edinburgh.

"I can do that without any changing," said she. "I'll be able to find a good, cheap hotel. I want to see Holyrood. And—and I'll not be very far from home, and I'll be able to come back whenever I like. There! That's settled," said Mrs. Piper, with a great sigh of relief; and turned her mind to the no less complex and exhausting problems of what to travel in, what to take, and how to take it.

How many hours she spent in pondering these matters I know not; but I do know that it was whilst returning from a long round of shopping on the Friday afternoon that all of a heap she was struck by the fact that, supposing her to take four dresses, her long jacket, her three best hats, her mackintosh, her strong boots, her small dressing case, to say nothing of a spirit stove and kettle for her early morning cup of tea—why, then it would be necessary to pack a trunk at least, and that would mean a cab to the station, and a cab would. . . .

"No, no," said Mrs. Piper, "whatever happens I mustn't be *seen*. Besides, no one will know me in Edinburgh—and cabs are expensive—and . . . Yes. I'll just put a few things in that brown bag of Henry's and slip out quietly."

But before the brown bag was ready and Mrs. Piper prepared to slip out quietly (as though on an errand to the dressmaker's) much had to be done and much endured; and even when all at last was ended—the house perfectly ordered from roof to cellar, everything belonging to Henry and the children clean and mended, ample supplies of household necessaries stored away, a letter for Henry carefully composed, money drawn secretly from the savings bank, the brown bag smuggled out and sent by carrier to the station—even then it seemed to this poor faithful soul that the worst by far was yet to come. A thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions racked her without cease. How could she go? How stand there on the step bidding Henry just an ordinary good-bye, and within her such unfathomable stores of secret intent?

"You look a bit pale and worried this morning, Emily. Anything wrong, eh? Bit of a headache? No. Well, good-bye, my dear. Shall try to get home by three this afternoon. Have a bit of dinner for me. And, I say, perhaps you could manage another of those black-currant puddings. I do like them."

How stand on the step hearing Henry say all that, and how at thought of her monstrous hypocrisy keep from breaking into sudden passion of confession—she there with Henry's parting kiss on her cheek, and in her heart the knowledge that when at three o'clock he returned there would be no Emily in the house and no black-currant pudding steaming on the gas stove. . . .

Ah, it was terrible, thought Mrs. Piper. "I'm wicked," said she, closing the door. "Perhaps I may never see him again. An accident on the line—a slip on those cobble stones in Edinburgh — damp sheets in the hotel—anything—everything. . . . . I know I'll be unhappy and miserable," said she, and slowly climbed the stairs to her bedroom. "I know I shall. I'll never sleep a wink. I'll worry night and day. . . . How can they manage without me? Jenny is sure to spoil Henry's toast. The butcher will send in anything. I know I'll find all the account books in a muddle. . . . And those children? What will they think of their mother? How can I leave them with a lie on my lips? A lie. A lie. Oh, it's all a lie!" cried Mrs. Piper, and closed the door, and sinking by the bedside, buried her face in her hands. "I can't go," she cried. "It's wicked. I daren't. I mustn't. I'm afraid—I'm afraid. . ."

But after a while she rose slowly, crossed to the wardrobe, deliberately took out the hat and jacket in which she had decided to travel, and courageously facing the haggard reflection of herself in the mirror, began to dress.

"It's my duty," Mrs. Piper spoke to that drawn-lipped reflection of herself. "If I don't go I'll be sorry for it afterwards when it's too late. I'm going," she said; then took a hasty look round the room, as though bidding it farewell, went steadily down the stairs, along the hall, and without halt or sign of faltering passed out into the street.

No one called her back. Not one of the children came to the dining-room window to watch her go through the gateway. Not even Jenny ran that morning to the doorway with word of something needed for the house.

"Well—why didn't Jenny come? Why—why didn't the children call her back?" cried Mrs. Piper to herself; so, with a furtive backward glance at the home which perhaps she might never see again, she hurried towards Camberwell Green.

### III.

Once in the omnibus and without manner of doubt started upon her journey, Mrs. Piper felt a measure of relief. The die was cast. The worst was over. Remained now only to close her eyes, keep from thinking, and go straight on. In an hour she would be at St. Pancras; in two hours be started on her journey; at three o'clock be hundreds of miles from Henry. What would he say and do when he found her gone? Above the turmoil of the streets, as she sat with closed eyes, she heard his key in the lock, heard his step in the hall, heard him hang up his hat, go into the dining-room, come to foot of the stairs and call, "Emily — Emily, where are you?" And then there would be no response, and he would climb the stairs, and find the letter on the dressing-table. . . . Was she doing right? By three o'clock there would be no choice of turning back? Hundreds of miles away—hundreds—hundreds! . . . Despite her resolve, and despite her efforts to keep from thinking, Mrs. Piper went miserably, like one bound on a tumbril cart, all the way to St. Pancras.

As in a dream, her mind working mechanically in unison with her unwilling feet, she followed the porter to the cloak-room and then to the main line booking office.

As it happened, a small crowd of excursionists was in line by the barrier, and as Mrs. Piper, moving slowly with it, came nearer the ticket-window, something like a refrain worked in her mind, slowly, feebly at first, then quicker and stronger with each advancing step.

"Shall I?" went on the refrain. "It's not too late—it's not too late! Hundreds of miles—hundreds of miles! Shall I? Shall I?"

And, as it happened, it was just when she reached the window that the refrain came to a climax, and then that something forced her to answer, "I shan't," and to pass on without taking a ticket.

"It's—it's the wrong place," she explained to the porter, and even he noticed the little gush of emotion in which the explanation came. "It's not Edinburgh. At least, not yet. The fact is, I *am* going to Edinburgh, but later on, by a later train, you know. I don't feel quite well this morning, not at present. And—and——"

Mrs. Piper stopped short as though at bidding of something scornful in the porter's wondering eyes. She thought a moment. And then, prompted, it seemed, by that inner something which was not quite herself, she said in her own voice and manner, "Would you please put me in the next train for Haverstock Hill and help me to get a ticket. No, a single will do. Second class, of course. And I'll keep the brown bag in the carriage."

So it came about that, nearing noon, when, as she had decreed, she should have been speeding on the way to Edinburgh, Mrs. Piper had really got no further than the doorstep of the villa at Haverstock Hill, where lived her married sister Jane. Since leaving St. Pancras she had found that improvement in appearance which comes only of mental relief; and when presently Jane herself opened the door it was with a genuine access of joy that Mrs. Piper fell upon her neck. Perhaps that access may seem not less surprising to us than it did to Jane—to us who see no reason why the shortening of a journey by some hundreds of miles should work such a change in a mother, and who know that Mrs. Piper was still determined to teach Henry his lesson. But, it must be remembered, there is for one of Mrs. Piper's kind a world of difference between a lesson taught from a hotel in Edinburgh and one taught from a sister's villa in Haverstock Hill. There she would be as at home. There she could think calmly, and rest content; could confide, perhaps, in Jane; could have the satisfaction, maybe, of seeing Henry come in search of her.

"The fact is, Jane," she explained upstairs, "I haven't been quite myself lately, so I thought—well, I thought a little change would do me good, and so I've come to stay with you for a few days. I've left my things at the station——"

"But, my dear! Oh, I'm so sorry. On earth, why didn't you let me know? But you see Herbert and I have promised to go to St. Alban's for the week end, and I'm going to meet him at two o'clock at St. Pancras, and we can't possibly get out of the engagement. Why on earth, Emily, why ever didn't you send me a post card?"

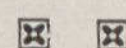
Emily had sat down, slowly and somewhat heavily. Surely it was fate! Through the great sense of relief that filled her passed a slight feeling of faintness, and she knew that she was pale and that her breath came quickly.

"Never mind, Jane," she said, striving to smile and to regain her composure. "It's really of no consequence. Some other time will do me just as well. Of course I ought to have written. But—but—no. It's nothing, really. I feel the heat, and that walk from the station tired me a little. Go on dressing, dear. And then you'll give me a bit of lunch and—What time did you say you are meeting Herbert at St. Pancras? Ah. That will be rather late for me. I want, now, if I can to be at home before three o'clock. Yes, I positively *must* be there before Henry. . . . Oh, no matter. I'll treat myself to a cab for once. . . . Jane, dear. Jane, dear! . . ."

And with that Mrs. Piper bent low in her sister's wicker chair, put her face in her hands, and cried blessedly.

By three o'clock she was at home.

That night she had a long interview with Henry in the dining-room, and, in course of it, taught him the lesson of his life by confessing to him everything.



### RECALLED.

"Professor," said Mrs. Newly-Rich to the distinguished musician who had been engaged to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?"

"That, madam," he answered, glaring at her, "was an improvisation."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. I knew it was an old favorite of mine, but I couldn't think of the name of it for the moment!"

### FINANCIAL WISDOM.

A school teacher was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" There was a pause, and then, "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

### TRUTHFUL.

At a Scotch Burns dinner a number of kindred spirits had foregathered. During the convivial evening songs were rendered by all present except a medical gentleman who occupied the vice-chair. "Come, come, Dr. Macdonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape." The doctor protested that he could not sing. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door." The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty, and reminded him that good singers always needed a lot of pressing. "Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it I will sing." Long before he had finished his auditors were uneasy—he had faithfully described his voice. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the end of the table. "Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no' up to much, but your veracity's just awfu'! Ye're richt aboot that brick."

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# WITH THE WITS

HE DOES.

"Do you know, I'd like to sing awfully," remarked a young man. "Oh, you do!" said a lady who had heard him.

AN IRISHMAN IN CANADA.

An Irishman and a Canadian judge were one day travelling together through Canada. They were discussing the relative merits of Canada and Ireland, till at last the judge, getting angry at Pat's obstinacy in maintaining the superiority of Ireland, asked, "Now, in real earnest, wouldn't you be a long time in Ireland before you'd have the honor of travelling in a first class carriage with a judge?" "That would be so," agreed Pat, "and you'd be a long time in Ireland before they'd make a judge of you!"

WEDDING FAVORS.

They were driving from the railway station to the village in which the blissful honeymoon was to be passed, and, though she had not as yet brushed the confetti out of her hair, the bride was in an agony of nervousness in case they should be taken for anything but a couple well-seasoned to the joys and sorrows of matrimony. Presently the carriage drew back with a jerk. "What's the matter?" queried the bridegroom of the coachman. "Horse thrown a shoe, sir," said the driver. The bride clutched her husband's arm, and, with what sounded suspiciously like a sob—"Oh, dear George," she said, "is it possible that even the very horses know we are married!"

A WARNING.

A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer. The boy was dull, and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night. "You're discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged." On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work. "Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you on Saturday night." "Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."

TO JULIA IN MOTORING GARB.

*(With apologies to Herrick.)*

When as to mote my Julia goes,
Ah, then, methinks, she sweetly shows
Much satisfaction in her clothes.
Ah, would some power the giftie gie
To Julia, so that she might see
How queer her togs appear to me!
A bulky coat envelops her—
A leather thing, lined through with fur,
And pockets here and there occur.
A frightful-looking hood and cape,
Bound tightly with a drawing-tape,
Conceals her head's exquisite shape.
A chiffon veil, with mica pane,
Protects her from the wind and rain
(It's lucky Julia isn't vain!)
Or, when it suits her, she will wear
A mask that gives me such a scare!
I think an ogre's standing there.
Oh, Fashion, prithee, send next year
Some style for women's motor gear,
That won't make Julia look so queer.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

HE STILL REMEMBERED THEM.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in." "Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised. "You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement, and an old suit of clothes, put half-a-crown in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?" "Yes, you are," replied the farmer. "He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad." "Gracious!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him." "I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you." "What is it?" they both asked expectantly. "He told me to tell you that he is still poor." As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling-pin at the chickens.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Sir, I heard you using the word 'jackass.' Did you apply it to me?" "No, sir. Do you think you're the only jackass in the world?"

A FELLOW FEELING.

First Tramp—"Yuss, Bill, I 'as the greatest respect for the flying machine." Second Tramp—"Why?" First ditto—"Because it won't work."

PAID FOR WHAT HE USED.

Country Doctor (who has advised patient to give up smoking and drinking)—"That will be a shilling—advice and medicine." Patient—"Well, here's a saxpence for your medicine—but ah'm no' takkin' yer advice."

THE DAMAGE.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "you say your wife hit you on the head with a plate. Is that so?" "Yes, sir," answered the prisoner. "But," said the judge, "your head does not show marks of any kind." "No, sir," responded the prisoner, with a touch of pride, "but you should have seen that plate!"

SOMETHING WRONG.

"Better send an inspector down to see what's the matter with this man's meter," said the cashier in the gas company's office to the superintendent. "Oh," began the superintendent, "we throw complaints about meters——" "This is no complaint. He sends a cheque for the amount of his bill and says it's very reasonable."

SPEED.

Two men were coming into London on a local train which stopped every five minutes, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up more steam, the man's impatience overflowed. "Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other. "It isn't making much progress," replied his friend. "Progress! I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a job to take a moving picture of this train."

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

A young doctor in a thriving country town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Scrambling into his clothes he hurried downstairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door. "Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come at once?" "Certainly, sir. Just step inside for a moment while I 'phone for my horse and trap. We'll soon be there." It was a good ten miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of cottages. "The red brick house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the trap. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee." "Fifteen shillings," said the doctor. The stranger took the amount from his pocket and passed it to the doctor. "That'll be all, thank you, doctor. None of those cabmen up in town would do it for less than a sovereign."

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

A quiet, bashful sort of young fellow was making a call on a West End girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said—"Young man, do you know what time it is?" The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going." He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was. "Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on. After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon, and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."

NOT HER FAULT.

The Lady Fare—You cannot cheat me, my man. I haven't ridden in cabs for twenty-five years for nothing. The Cabby—Haven't you mum? Well, you've done your best.

WHY?

Mistress (to servant)—"Now, Elsa, considering that you are quite ready to take the advice of any idiot who offers it to you, I can't think why it is you will never listen to me."

A SUMMER JOKE.

A minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning, said—"In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his garden, and paused to say—"Well, indeed, I am glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

FINANCIAL ITEM.

One business man met another in the city. The second seemed downhearted. "What's the matter, old man?" asked the first: "you look pretty blue?" "Well, to put it in a nutshell, I've been having a 'flutter' in rubbers, and come a bad cropper." "Sorry, old boy. Were you a 'bull' or a 'bear,' may I ask?" "Neither. I was an ass."

IN THUNDERY WEATHER, TOO.

Mrs. Younghusband—"Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?" Mr. Younghusband—"I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately." Mrs. Younghusband—"Indeed, it is. I had it from a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure; so I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks."

BAD FORM.

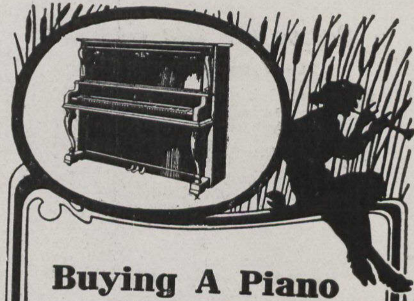
It had been hard work, and the speaker now thought that he had spoken quite long enough. In fact, he had been talking for fully forty-five minutes, during which time his audience got considerably smaller. So with a view to ending his oration, he said—"Gentlemen, what I want is Housing Reform, Educational Reform, Social Reform, and——" Voice from the audience—"Chloroform!"

CLERICAL SLIPS.

One of our best-known bishops has a fund of excellent clerical stories at his disposal, although it is seldom that any but his intimate friends are favored with them. Here are one or two: A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his work, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming—"In these days, my hearers, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip: A gentleman said to the minister—"When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the Deacon is in Heaven."

WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY.

The office-boy to a large firm of publishers was a smart lad, and when recently he was sent to one of the operative departments with a message, he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He returned, gave the alarm, and thus prevented much damage. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom the lad was summoned. "You have done me a great service, my boy," he said. "In future your wages will be increased five shillings weekly." "Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it, and to be a good servant to you." The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done. "That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase ten shillings. Now, what do you say to that?" "Well, sir," said the boy, after a moment's hesitation, "I should very much like to say it again!"

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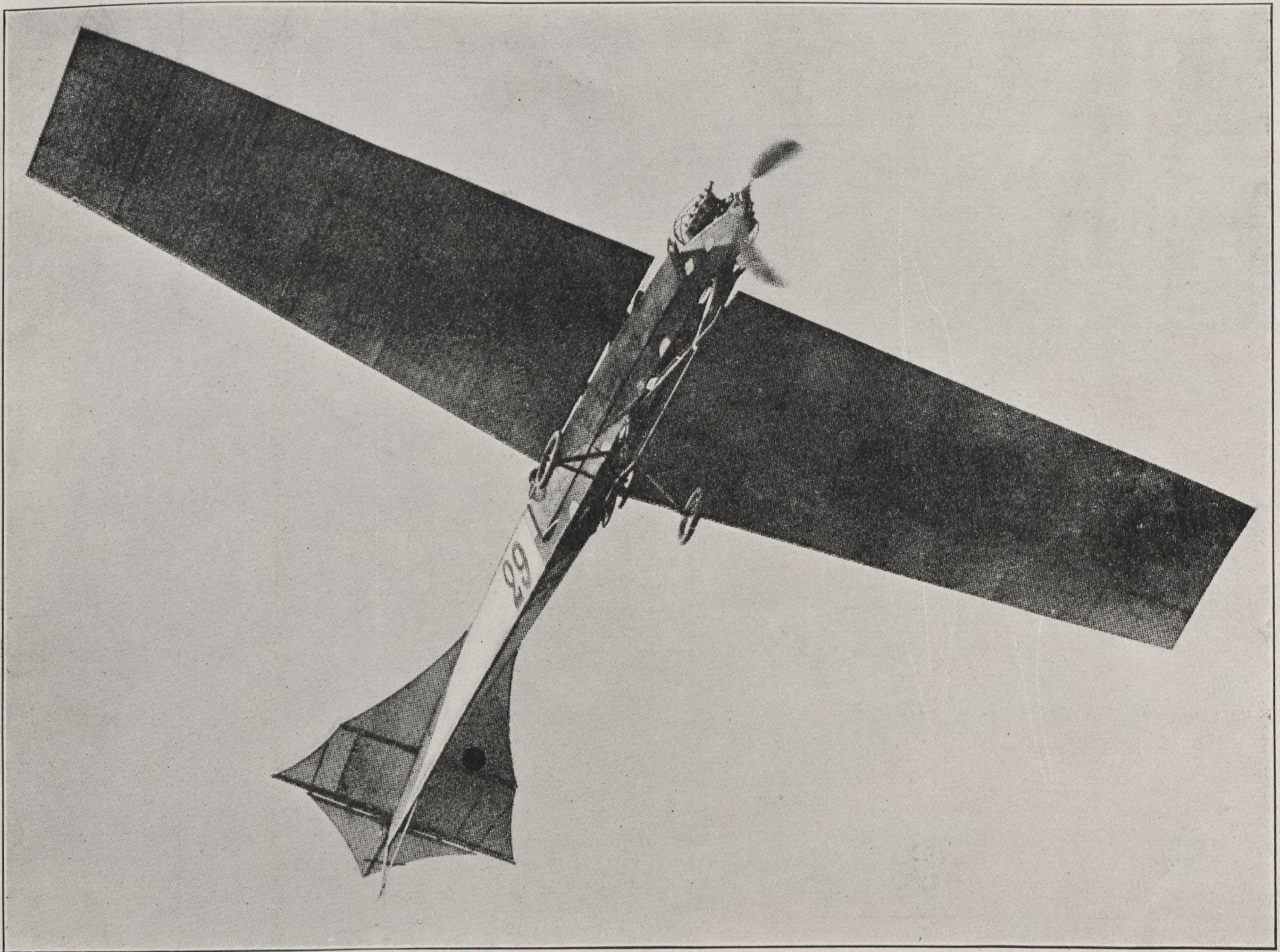
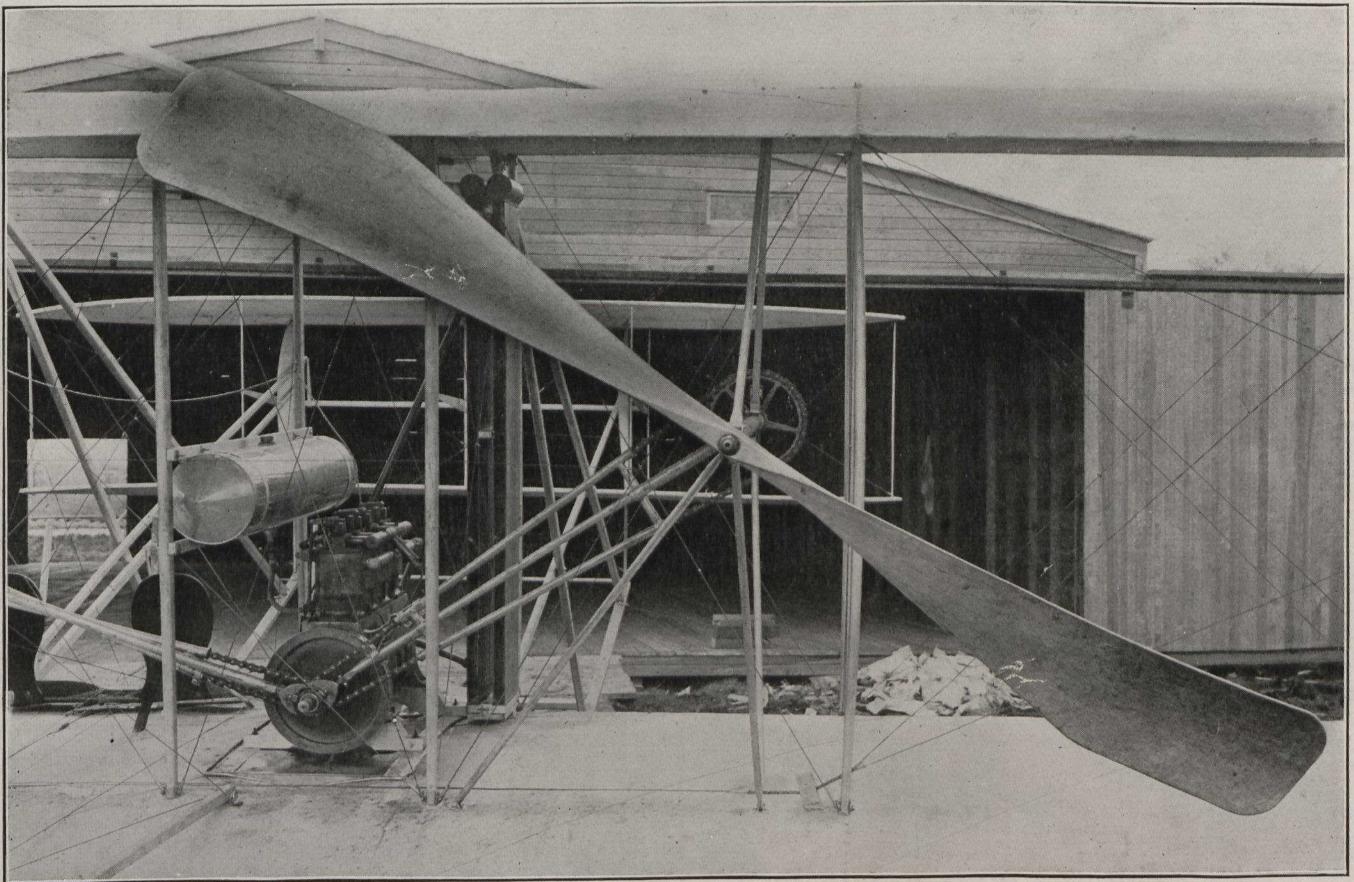



**The Most Like a Bird** A view of Latham's "Antoinette" from below, during the James Gordon Bennett Cup Race.



One of the Two Propellers on a Wright Machine.


## *News Photos*

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Printed at the "Witness" Printing House for the Pictorial Publishing Co., by C. Gordonsmith, Managing Editor, No. 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.