

V. 6 no. 3

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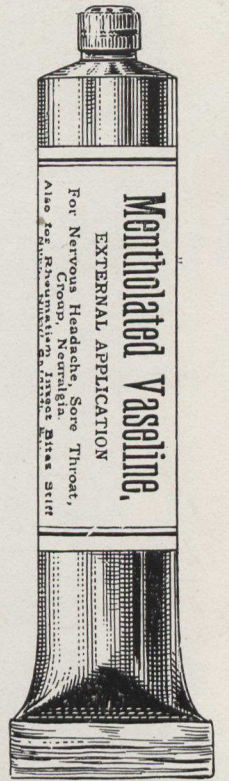
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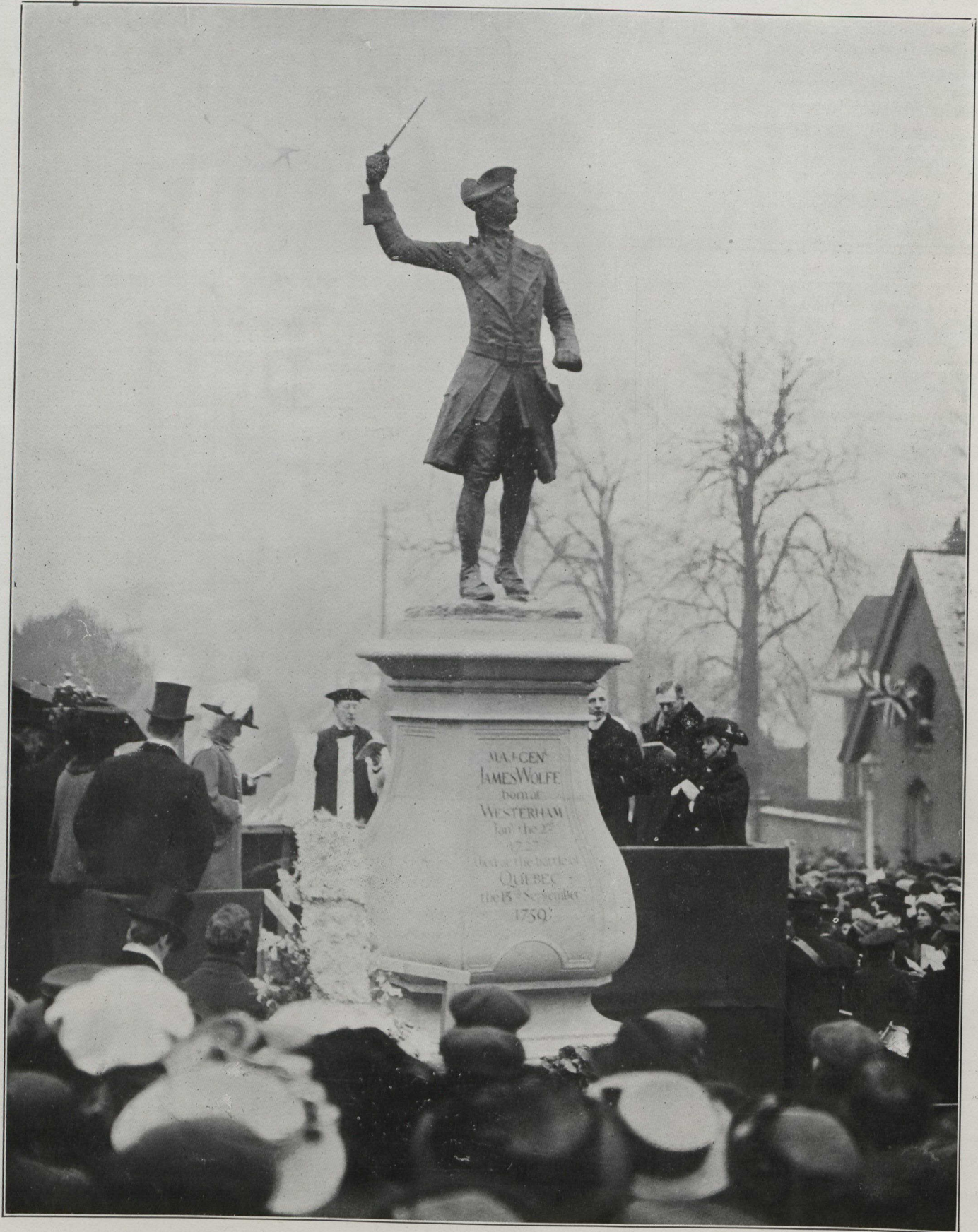
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Wolfe's Birthplace Honors Hero's Memory

To the victor of Quebec, whose death on the field of battle together with that of his foe, Montcalm, is one of the striking tragedies of New World warfare, has just been erected a fine bronze statue at his birthplace, Westerham, Kent, England. The statue, which is the work of F. Derwent Wood, represents the young General moving forward with uplifted sword at the moment before he was struck by the fatal bullet on the Heights of Abraham. The monument was unveiled by Lord Roberts, who is seen at the left.

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Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 6, No. 3

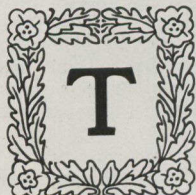
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happenings of a Month



HERE is not likely to be any readjustment of the ministerial posts for some time to come, and certainly not during the present session of the House. What with the discussion which will be caused by the reciprocity agreement, the framing and consideration of the Bank Act, terminal elevators, Hudson Bay Railway, and other legislation, Sir Wilfrid will be too busy to engage in the work of cabinet-tinkering between now and the time he will leave for the Imperial Conference and the Coronation.

* * *

The visit of Mr. Fielding and Mr. Patterson to Washington to discuss reciprocity—returning the visit made to Ottawa by the tariff experts of the United States a month or two ago—has been the political event of the month. At the time of writing no official statement of the result of the negotiations has been made, but it is understood that the consequence will be an arrangement for a more or less extended free interchange of the products of the forest, farm, and mine, with a slight incursion into the realm of manufactured products, including a reduction of duties on agricultural implements and other articles which would tend to meet the demands of the farmers. The definite assertion is made by Maritime Province members that the agreement will provide for free admission of potatoes into the United States, thereby widening the markets for one of the leading products of the Provinces down by the sea. Other items which it is said are dealt with are dairy products, hay, oil, fish, and products of market gardens.

* * *

A return presented to the House of Commons the other day shows that the cost of the Senate for the fiscal year 1909-1910 was \$311,096.90, as against \$248,847.83 in 1896-1897. An analysis shows that while the indemnity paid to senators in 1896-1897 amounted to \$147,980, it was \$209,645 last year. The travelling expenses of the senators last year amounted to \$3,892, as compared with \$18,835 in 1896-1897, but in the latter year there were two sessions and the venerable gentlemen had not then received their annual passes, which they now enjoy. The cost of the staff has grown from \$48,588 to \$69,041, while the expenditure for stationery has decreased from \$11,824 in 1896-1897 to \$7,348 last year. The high-water mark for stationery expenditure was in 1907-8, when the Senate expended \$16,207 on that item.

* * *

In the Senate the other day, on a motion for returns respecting divorce, Senator Power said every one no doubt felt that the ideal state of society would be one where there was no divorce, and all would agree that the less divorce the better. Prince Edward Island had never had a divorce, and the reason was that the divorce court of that Province was really the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, and less accessible than the ordinary court, which some persons wished to have established throughout Canada. Courts multiplied divorces. In England there had been great increase in divorce since 1857, when the divorce court was established. In the United States the increase had been phenomenal, so there was now one divorce for every twelve marriages, and at the present rate the proportion would soon be one to six. In France, since the establishment of divorce courts, the increase had been so rapid that it looked as though the record of the United States would be exceeded. No one would want Canadians to travel the same road and at the same speed as the United States and France were travelling, but that would follow the establishment of divorce courts throughout Canada. In the

Provinces where there were divorce courts, divorces were more numerous in proportion to the population on the whole than in Provinces which had to resort to Parliament for divorce.

* * *

The annual statement of the public accounts of the Province of Quebec shows that on June 30th, 1909, the balance in the bank was \$1,746,771, and that the total expenditure for the year ending last June was \$6,343,271, and that the total revenue added to the balance left in the bank a year ago equalled \$8,567,648. By deducting the expenditure from this amount, the statement shows that the balance in the bank on June 30th of last year was \$2,224,377. Of the main sources of the Provincial revenue, the report shows that \$1,319,118 was received from the Federal Government as a subsidy on population, with a special allowance of \$240,000. There was also received from woods and forests \$1,033,895; law stamps brought in \$290,966; taxes on commercial corporations, \$688,152; licenses for hotels, \$871,448; and duties on successions, \$838,334.

* * *

Over two hundred delegates, representing different patriotic organizations in Ontario, waited upon Sir James Whitney to ask for the erection of a suitable memorial to the soldiers who fell in the war of 1812. Sir James, after saying that the sacrifices made and the heroism displayed in that struggle had preserved Canada for the Canadians, advised the delegates to prepare a concrete proposition for presentation to the Government.

* * *

At the Canadian Forestry Convention in Quebec, the Hon. Clifford Sifton gave these figures regarding bush fires: Fires during the past year were considerable in number, and two men had been sent out to investigate their cause. The result was that it was found that in Quebec last year there were 171 fires, which, however, had not caused serious damage. Of that number, 75 were caused by railways. There were 432 fires in Ontario, which had caused considerable damage, and of that number 404 had been caused by railway locomotives. In the Prairie Provinces there had been 1,227 fires, and 184 of them had been caused by railways, and in British Columbia, out of a total of 1,184 fires, the cause of 272 was ascribed to railways.

* * *

The Festival of Empire, Imperial Exhibition and Pageant of London, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace, between May and October, promises to add a memorable and historic chapter to the story of coronation year. The reconstructed programme far exceeds anything that was contemplated when the original scheme came into being. There are to be vivid representations of the scenery of the British possessions over sea. In connection with the Pageant of London, there will be enacted historic scenes of the Empire's history, for which Mr. Frank Lascelles has prepared twenty-four episodes, eight of which will be represented daily in the open air amphitheatre designed by Sir Aston Webb, R.A. The pageant promises to be one of the greatest historical spectacles ever witnessed. In order that every detail of the costumes for the fifteen thousand performers might be accurate, a research committee was formed, whose duty it was to trace in the various museums and private houses old masterpieces and tapestries portraying characters and scenes in stirring times of long ago. The principals will be clad in the richest satins, silks, and velvets, adequately to render the dignity of the characters they are impersonating. To make the armor for the knights a special armory has been established at the palace, where a big staff of workmen are daily engaged in turning out the mail armor.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Lord Swaythling, head of the banking firm of Samuel Montagu & Co., London, is dead. He was the son of the late Louis Samuel. He was educated at the Liverpool Institute, and in 1853 he established the banking firm of Samuel Montagu & Co., of which he remained the head until his death. He assumed the name of Montagu by royal license. From 1887 to 1890 Lord Swaythling was a member of the Gold and Silver Commission and from 1885 to 1900 was a member of Parliament from the Whitechapel division of Tower Hamlets. He was raised to the peerage in 1894. Lord Swaythling took a great interest in advancing Jewish and other institutions and in founding new synagogues. He was known among the Jews of London as the 'King of the East End,' where he used his wealth for the welfare of the Jewish community, being second to Lord Rothschild alone in liberality as a donor to the children of his faith. In January, 1909, Lord Swaythling, then president of the Russo-Jewish Committee, caused much comment by upholding the action of the committee in deprecating the issue of the Finnish ten-million-dollar loan, destined for the construction of railroads in the grand duchy, in England, and strongly advised his co-religionists and others to keep aloof from all investments in securities of that government. 'In condemning the issue of the loan, I have taken the ground that no good purpose can be served by a government that treats its subjects in such a way as Finland does,' he said.

By a census taken in December, it is shown that the population of Vienna numbers 2,044,291, a smaller increase during the decade than was anticipated. The population in 1900 was 1,698,335.

Rumors that Mr. Bryce, British Ambassador to Washington, intended to resign, are denied at the embassy. Mr. Bryce a few days ago said that he had much work yet to accomplish in the United States, and would not leave his post.

W. R. Travers, former general manager of the Farmers Bank of Toronto, has been sentenced to six years in the penitentiary for defalcation, and his share in robbing and ruining the bank. A warrant is out for the arrest of Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, a former president, and summonses for four prominent men who were on the provisional directorate.

Details received in London of the plot to assassinate the Emperor of Japan for which 23 Japanese anarchists were sentenced to death, say mysterious explosions were heard on Mount Kiso. It was first supposed that they were volcanic. A police investigation led to the discovery on the summit of the mountain of a complete modern dynamite factory, and the unearthing of a plot for the assassination of the royal family, peers and others, and the destruction of official residences.

The commission appointed by President Taft to inquire into the practicability of digging the first section of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway from Lockport, New York, to the Mississippi River will, it is understood, report that a governmental appropriation for the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway is impracticable at this time.

With the exception of the youngest daughter of the late Count Tolstoy the members of his family are so persistent in making capital out of his great name and fame that Russians are becoming outspoken in their dissatisfaction. Count Ilya, acting for himself and his brother, has formerly petitioned the Government to purchase the estate at Yasnaya Polyana and make it national property. They ask a million roubles, or about \$500,000 for their share and their mother wants a million more for hers. There is little likelihood that they will get anything from the Government. The launching of a national subscription will doubtless be the next move.

Fifteen persons were killed the other day by the derailing of a train at Cathcart, South Africa.

Fifteen tons of Argentine meat was put on the Vienna market one morning last month. The public rushed to buy it. All was sold in the forenoon, bringing from twelve to eighteen cents a pound.

Eighteen persons were killed and twenty-four others wounded in a riot in Bombay on Jan. 12. As usual, the occasion of the Muharram Festival brought about a clash between Sunnites and the Shiah, and troops called out to restore order fired several volleys into the mobs.

Ontario is going to have a mounted police force operating along the international boundary under the direction of Thomas Robinson, chief immigration officer, in charge of the inspection service at Windsor. The new force will be employed to prevent undesirables from entering Canada from the United States. These mounted men will work in conjunction with the provincial police.

More than a hundred thousand persons, including many Europeans, have died from the bubonic plague which is ravaging Manchuria and Northern China. A number of missionary doctors have left Peking for the plague belt to help in fighting the epidemic. In order to prevent further spread if possible, no railroad trains will be operated south of Mukden for the present.

A complete agreement on all details involved has been reached between Canada and the United States, and likewise sufficient adjustment of difficulties with Newfoundland has been effected to make unnecessary any recourse to the mixed commission of The Hague tribunal in the fisheries dispute.

The Dominion Parliament resumed its sittings on Jan. 11th, after the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Owing to the fear that some of the anarchists who are being chased out of London will make their way to Canada, extra precautions will be taken by the Immigration Department to weed out undesirables who reach Canadian shores, more particularly via the ocean ports of St. John and Halifax.

Following the Foreign Minister's declaration in the Chamber of Deputies that France, by her policy of making ententes with Russia, Great Britain, Italy, and other nations, was now in a better position than ever to carry out her traditional policy of maintaining international peace, M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader in the Chamber, urged upon the Deputies that France take the lead in following up President Taft's plan for universal arbitration. M. Jaurès said that the projected treaty between the United States and Great Britain would be the first link of a chain which would bind all nations and peoples not to bear indefinitely the burden of armed peace, which was only a hideous caricature of real peace.

One Gisolme, formerly a clerk in the court of Bayonne, and only recently liberated from an insane asylum, where he had been sent for an unsuccessful attempt upon the life of the British Consul at St. Sebastian, fired twice at Premier Briand in the Chamber of Deputies, the man shooting from the public gallery upon the ministerial bench, where the Premier sat. M. Briand was not hit, but M. Mirman, director of the department of Public Assistance in the Ministry of the Interior, was shot in the leg. The madman, who was arrested before he could do further harm, had resented his discharge from the court at Bayonne, and as M. Briand was Minister of Justice at the time, he thought he was responsible for it.

A delegation of members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, representing every important Canadian manufacturing interest, waited on Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ottawa last month, and presented to him and members of his Cabinet a vigorous protest against reciprocity with the United States. The intention of the Canadian manufacturers' protest was, as far as possible, to offset or counteract the recent visit of the Western grain growers and the Eastern farmers, who made demands for freer trade, and reduction in duties on farming implements. In a lengthy reply Sir Wilfrid said the Government had thought that it might be possible to have some measure of reciprocal trade to benefit the farmers who ask for it, without injuring the manufacturers who oppose it.

King Alfonso of Spain is visiting Morocco, and so far his reception has been cordial. A most enthusiastic reception at Melilla has been prepared for him. Among those taking part in it will be the leaders of the Kabyle tribesmen, who were recently in revolt against Spanish dominion in Morocco.

The Emir of Bokhara died on Jan. 5th, it said from plague. Bokhara has been a vassal State of Russia for more than thirty years, although in form it has been an absolute monarchy. It lies between Afghanistan on the south and Russian Turkestan on the north. Its trade amounts to more than \$15,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 goes to Russia. There is a large trade with India and Persia. The Transcaspian railway reaches the capital. The Russians overran the country in 1868. The Emir who has just died, Sayid-Abdul-Ahad, came to the throne in 1885. He abolished slavery in 1886.

The Grand Jury which has been investigating the dynamiting of the Los Angeles 'Times' building on October 1, in which twenty-one employees of the paper lost their lives, has returned indictments. While the names of the indicted men are withheld, it is understood that they are the three men alleged to have bought 500 pounds of high power explosive at Giant, Cal., on September 21. When infernal machines were found a few hours after the explosion at the homes of Gen. H. G. Otis, owner of the 'Times,' and F. J. Zeehandelaar, secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, the wrappings on the powder showed that it came from Giant. An investigation there led to the disclosure of the purchase by the three suspects. The men have dropped out of sight so completely that no clue to their whereabouts has been obtained since the day the 'Times' Building was blown to pieces.

The New York State authorities without telling the direct cause of failure have taken possession of the Carnegie Trust Company and closed its doors at No. 115 Broadway, New York. The deposits amounted to nearly \$9,000,000 at the time of the last report, in November. Although Mr. Andrew Carnegie had no connection with the institution, he was drawn into its affairs in the panic of 1907. The company was then shaky because of the runs on all banking institutions, and because of the collapse in security values, and the Carnegie Trust officers went to him and told him that his name would be hurt if the trust company were to fail. According to a high authority, he advanced \$1,000,000 to the company in United States Steel corporation bonds, and this helped to tide it over the crisis. Only part of this loan had been paid back up to a year ago, for its books still showed \$758,170 on that special account.

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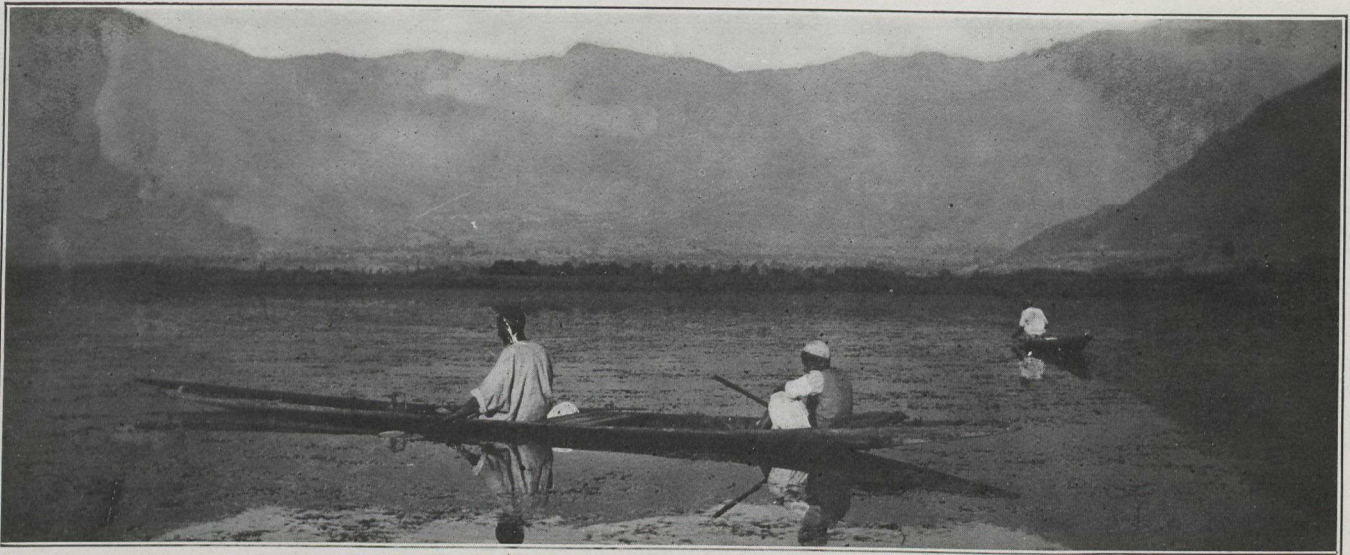
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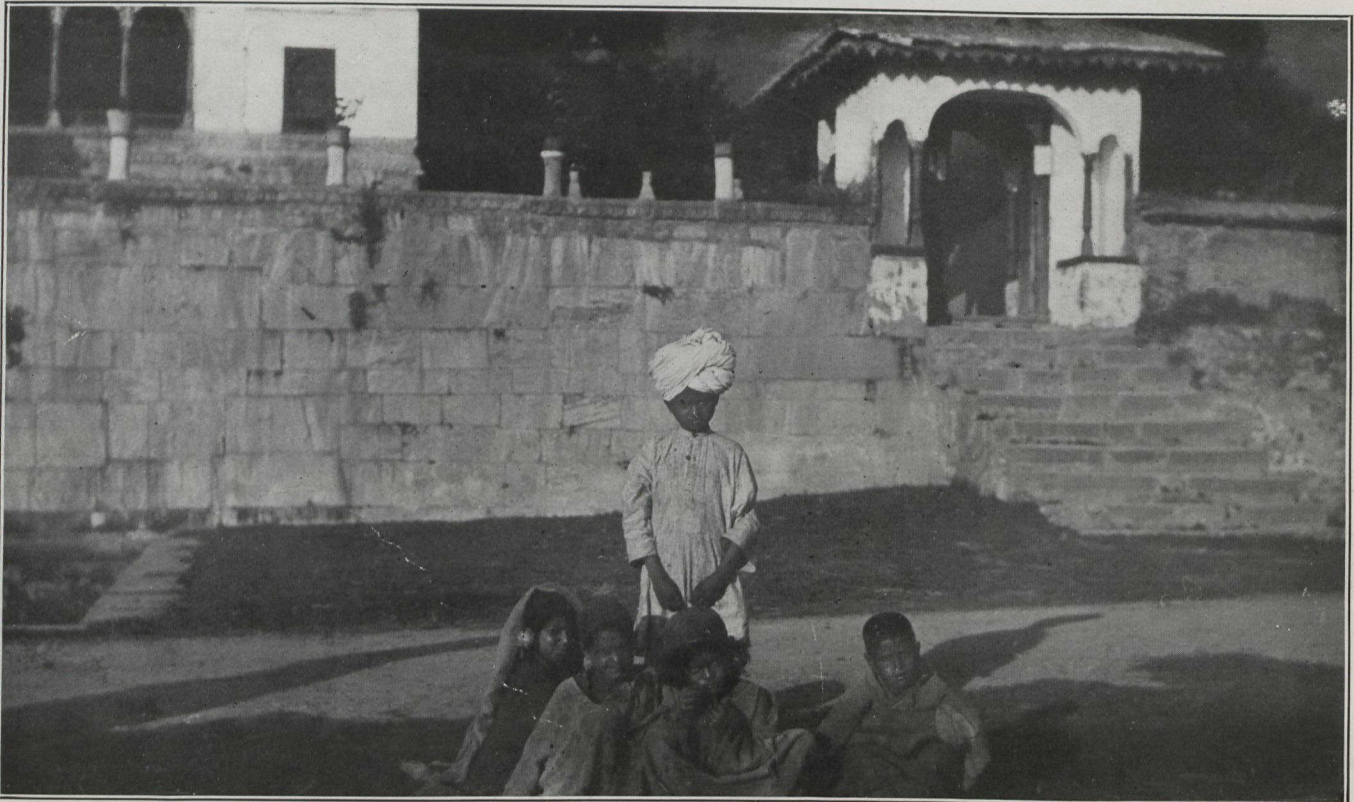
A Log Cabin This page shows two rapidly disappearing features of Canadian farm life. Nowadays the farm houses are being made more elegant, if not more substantial. Those who have not tried it, have little idea of how warm a real, old-fashioned log-house can be kept, even during the coldest weather.



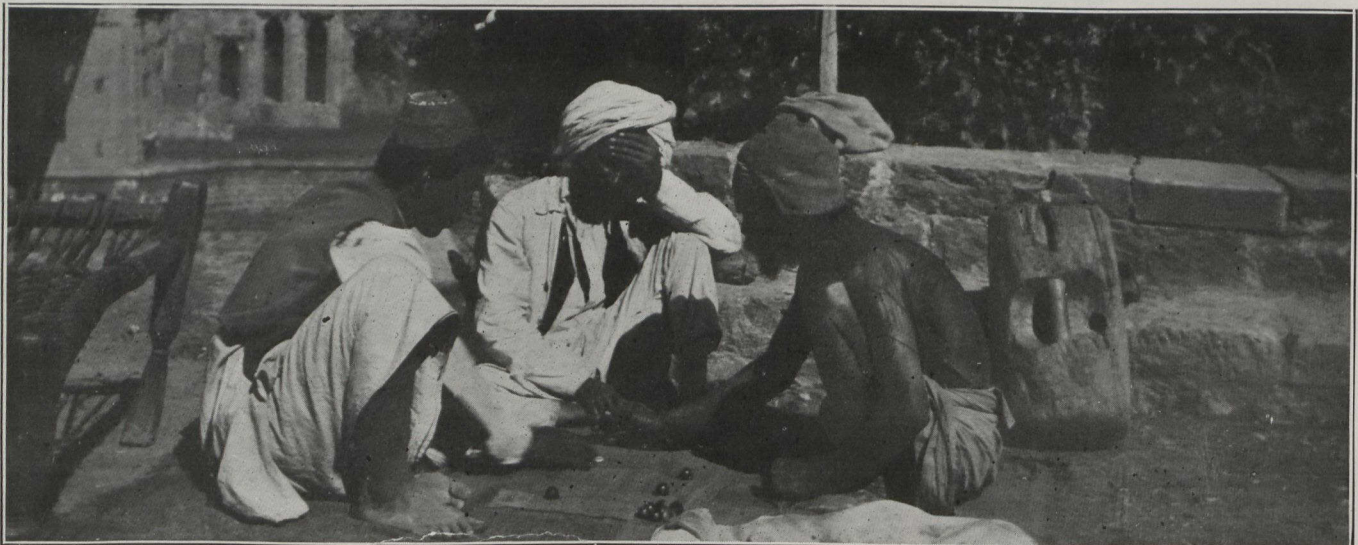
The Patient Ox It is only in the very newest or most remote farming sections that oxen are still used as beasts of burden. Horses do the hauling on the average Canadian farm, but in the progressive west, steam and gasoline engines have begun to reduce the demand for horse-power. —Sallows. photo



Duck Shooting in India The pictures on this page are from photographs taken by Dr. Walter C. Bazin, a Canadian dentist, practising in India, son of Dr. Bazin, of Ormstown. He is now home for a brief holiday. The above view was taken on Dal Lake, Kashmir. The gun pointing from the bow is fastened to the boat and aimed and elevated by the position of the rear man. The front man then takes a piece of charcoal from an earthenware pot and touches off the powder; result, three or four birds. Taken late in autumn the picture shows weeds resting on the water due to its decrease in depth.



Kashmiri Children Typical young villagers, three boys and two girls. In the background is the entrance to Nishat Bagh, one of the three gardens laid out by the Mogul emperors, on the shores of the Dal Lake.



By the Way-side A game of Parchesi beside the road. Though almost under passing horses', bullocks', and people's feet, not a bit less keen is the play. They use stones for men, and shells for dice. On the right is a Saddu or holy man. A cart driver and his mate make up the party. The Domeil bridge over the Jhelam River in background.

The Duke of Connaught in South Africa



Incidents of the Royal Visit

His Royal Highness has returned from the journey undertaken as the King's representative. These pictures show some of the minor but interesting events of the tour. 1. The Duke of Connaught taking part in a Masonic Ceremony at Pretoria: H.R.H., Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons, marching in procession to lay the foundation stone of a new church. 2. The Royal Mason in South Africa: The Duke of Connaught, in his capacity as Grand Master, marching before the Banner of the Buluwayo Lodge to lay the foundation stone. 3. Representatives of the British Army in South Africa: Artillery galloping past at the Pretoria Review. 4. The King's Uncle and representative pays tribute to a great Imperialist: The Duke of Connaught on his way to Cecil Rhodes' grave. 5. Drawn up by Princess Patricia of Connaught on her way to visit the grave of Mr. Rhodes.

—Illustrated London News



The Marvellous Battle in London Streets

In all the history of London town nothing quite parallels the happenings of Tuesday, January 3rd. Two weeks before, three policemen had been murdered by burglars surprised at their work in a Houndsditch jewellery store. It was discovered that the murderers were anarchists and Scotland Yard was on its mettle to run them down. Some arrests were made and one of the women gave information which led to the shadowing of a house on Sydney Street. At four o'clock in the morning the watching detectives heard the discharge of a revolver and the spat of a bullet against the wall alongside them. Then the battle began in which the Scots Guards, as well as the police, took part.

—Copyright, Central News



The End of the Battle

The result was that one of the besieged anarchists was shot and another was burned to death. Their charred bodies were found after the authorities allowed the Fire Brigade to approach the house, against which the ladder is seen leaning. Within the circle, inset, are the two young Russian women under arrest.

—Copyright, Picture Syndicate



Mr. Churchill a Conspicuous Figure

The Home Secretary was here, there, and everywhere, during the fight. He made it his business to see that no precaution to secure the safety of the innocent was neglected. All the papers speak warmly of his courage. In the midst of a perfect hail of bullets, he frequently crossed and re-crossed the street within the firing lines. He is shown in this picture next to the gate-post.

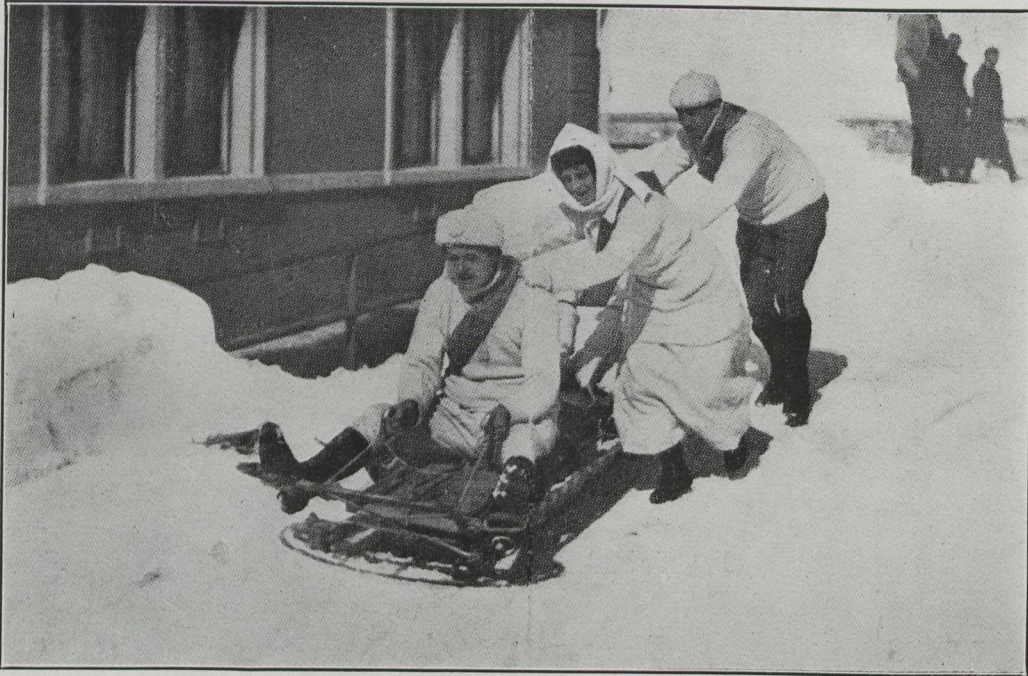
—Copyright, Central News



Interested Spectators

An idea of a little of the excitement in London may be had from this view of a bit of the enormous crowds that surged into every street in the vicinity of the besieged house. The chief work of the large number of police on duty there was, of course, to keep back the people who swarmed there as soon as the news spread abroad.

—Copyright, Picture Syndicate



Winter Sports in Switzerland

A recent writer in the "Sphere" says: "The Alpine winter day is a thing unique in its splendor and loveliness. You have travelled perhaps for some twenty hours from London, arriving at your hotel late on Christmas Eve, and when on the following morning you look forth from your window to obtain your first daylight view of the Oberland or the Dent du Midi the experience is an unforgettable one. Spread before you framed by the window lie miles and miles of undulating snowfields, sketched over with pine forests and diversified with black precipices of an almost absurdly melodramatic violence, and on the sky-line a chain of filmy, pallid peaks, oddly resembling a torn edge of note paper, lie against a delicately blue heaven, infinitely deep and remote."



Jumping on Skates

This is a pretty difficult trick, though the picture would make it appear that, if half a dozen chairs happened to impede one's course over a sheet of ice, the easy and natural thing to do would be to leap over them.



Funeral of the Murdered London Constables

Great crowds assembled at St. Paul's Cathedral to witness the funeral of the three constables killed in the execution of their duty by the murderous band of anarchist-burglars at Houndsditch. The sequel to this, resulting in the burning of the house in which the murderers took refuge, furnished some of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of Scotland Yard. They are illustrated elsewhere in this issue.



A Young Mechanic

This juvenile carpenter means business. He is thoroughly in earnest over his work and with saw, hammer, square, plane, and carpenter's pencil is going to make a finished product that will soon entitle him to join "the union."
—Boyd, photo

News Photos



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

Recruits For The Canadian Navy



How Naval Training Improves Physique

This group of likely-looking young men was taken at Halifax, a few weeks ago. It represents recruits for His Majesty's Canadian Ship "Niobe," the nucleus of Canada's Navy. Several of them, as will easily be noticed, were newcomers from the British Isles. They had not "gone in strong" for physical training and so were good subjects for the naval instructors.



Three Weeks Later

After twenty-one days of it, the same raw recruits faced the camera again. You can see the result. For purposes of comparison each sailor was placed in the same relative position as he occupied in the former group. The slouchy appearance is gone. Every man looks as if entitled to designate himself as "able-seaman" now. The Naval College for the training of cadets opened at Halifax, on January 19th.

—Photos by George S. Graver, R.N., of H.M.C.S. "Niobe"



A Splendid Jump

This is the sort of jump that those who put on skis are proud of. It was taken at a Saturday afternoon contest on Mount Royal. There is another interesting skiing picture on page 16.



Canadian Farm Boys' Winter Work

This is a big load, but not too big because the road is so hard and slippery. Lumbering is the chief work of the younger men of the farms during the winter.



A Bit of Montreal's Winter Life This is a corner of Fletcher's Field, the public playground that lies at the foot of Mount Royal. Its gentle slopes are favorites for tobogganing, and children especially take great delight in the sports at this place. Almost any afternoon during the winter this scene could be duplicated. The group of buildings surrounding the one with the dome constitute the Hotel Dieu, a hospital established by Mlle. Mance, in 1647.

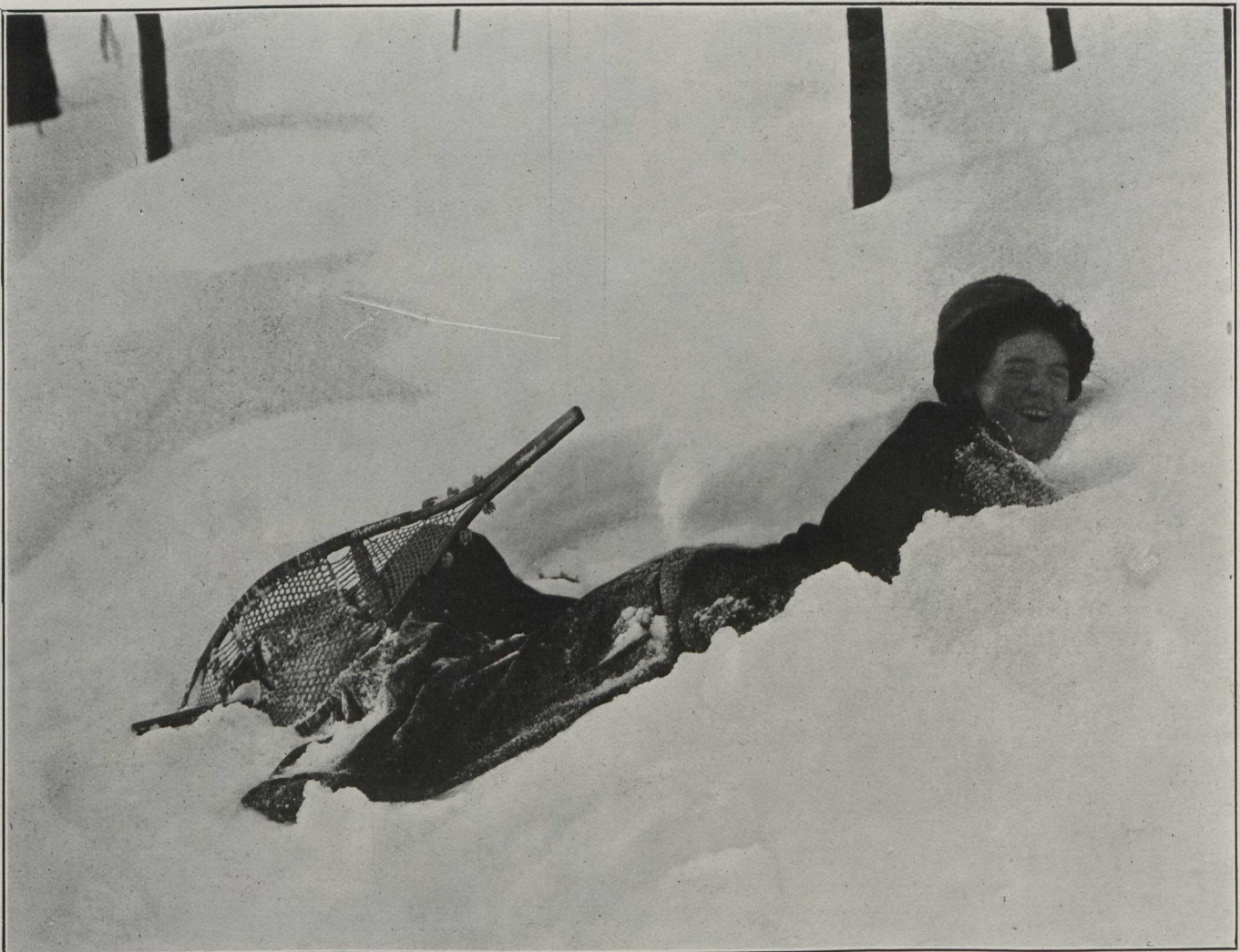


A Norwegian Sport in Canada Canadians are taking enthusiastically to skis, and the mountain slopes are peopled with young men and young women too, who are more or less proficient in the art of propelling themselves on these queer-looking runners. Some good jumps stand to the credit of some of the Montrealers who have become experts.



The Joy of Canada's Winter

Years ago, centuries ago, the other side of the world thought the Canadian winter a fearful thing. They know better now. They have seen so many photographs and have heard so much of the truth about it, that they know that winter is a season of joy, not of terror.



A Snow-Shoeing Incident

An occasional tumble adds to the zest of the occasion. The snow is soft and dry and easily shaken off, so that no ill-effects result even to the clothing of a lady "tramper."

St. Valentine's Night

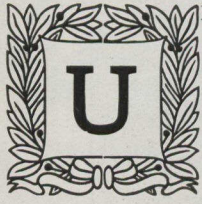


When Time Stands Still

A picture that needs no explanation.

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Canadian Social Season



UNLIKE the Old Country, where the London season is at its height in June, Canada's social season coincides with the winter. This has been the case since the days of the early settlements along the St. Lawrence, when the Seigneurs

opened their manor houses in a large hospitality, and the young people gathered in parties and light-heartedly whiled away the long, cold months with sleigh-drives, skating, dancing, and visiting, to the accompaniment of music and conversation, arts not neglected in those days of easy and charming sociability.

The season in Canada, so far as the country can be taken as a whole in this respect, may be said to begin with the Vice-Regal Drawing-room held the next day but one after the opening of Parliament, which now takes place in November. There is only the one Drawing-room, but there are state dinners, receptions, and towards the end of the season a state ball, and Government House is a centre from which the social influences radiate to all parts of the country. During the months while Parliament is in session, the Capital is a social Mecca for wives and daughters of Cabinet ministers, of members of Parliament and Government officials, and there are always visitors from various places throughout the country. At Government House, many distinguished persons from the British Isles and different parts of the Empire, on a Canadian tour, are entertained, in an atmosphere that is Canadian as well as British. Their Excellencies give dinner parties frequently during the season, sometimes two or three times a week, and there are a number of pleasant luncheons and teas for visiting ladies, with a delightful dance now and then in the beautiful white and gold ball-room. A feature of the winter season in the Capital is the weekly Friday night skating and tobogganing party at Government House.

Throughout the land, the afternoon "tea" is a social institution, but this form of entertainment differs widely in country and town. In country communities, to be asked to tea implies a little visit of two or three hours, with a delicious and fairly substantial meal, in the early evening, of home-cooked cold meats, bread, biscuits, cake, and preserved fruits. This same sort of pleasant tea party is not unknown in larger places, but the regulation "tea" in the towns and cities is a much less personal and intimate affair, although it may vary from the informal few to the formal many. Under some circumstances it is the most convenient way of getting even with social indebtedness. The hostess sends out her cards to practically her whole visiting list; on the appointed day she has her rooms decorated with flowers, with particular attention to the refreshment table in the dining-room, in the arrangement of which she can show her individuality and taste to advantage, for its appearance is sure to be observed rather closely, especially by those of the guests who do not know many of their fellow tea-drinkers.

Luncheons for their women friends are a form of entertainment at which some Canadian hostesses are very successful. The personal charm and brightness of the hostess count for as much as the excellence of the dainty light dishes she sets before her guests. The musicale, which has taken the place of the old-time soirée, is favored by some hostesses who treat their friends to the enjoyment of some specially good numbers, from well-known musicians, or kindly give promising local talent a chance. The formal dinner party is sometimes varied by the din-

ner dance, in which several hostesses participate.

The débutante everywhere is the occasion of a considerable number of social affairs throughout the season. The inclusive "tea" is still popular for her introduction to society, but frequently she prefers her own

special dance, and more of these young people's affairs are given now, since it has become a matter of course to utilize hotels and public halls for private entertaining.

Winter sports—snowshoe and skating parties, curling club teas, etc.—are a factor in the Canadian social season.

A CANADIAN HOSTESS



Lady Allan is the wife of Sir Montagu Allan, a Director of the Allan Steamship Company, son of the late Sir Hugh Allan, who founded the Allan Line. Before her marriage, which took place in 1893, Lady Allan was Miss Marguerite Mackenzie, daughter of the late Mr. Hector Mackenzie. At their beautiful home "Ravenscrag," on a slope of Mount Royal, overlooking Montreal, Sir Montagu and Lady Allan have entertained a number of distinguished visitors, among them Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Fushimi of Japan. The photograph was taken by a London artist during Lady Allan's last visit to England



Preserving Game in the Winter

Hunger makes wild creatures tame, and on the continental preserves deer and birds can be fed by hand when it is impossible to do it in the winter. These pheasants are on a famous preserve in a German principality.



"Monarch of all I Survey!"

This is one of the wolves for whose pelts bounties are offered on account of the inestimable harm they do in chasing the wild things of less ferocious nature. General Roger D. Williams, describing a wolf-hunt says: When a wolf that is sorely pressed, in evident distress, realizes that he cannot outfoot his opponents longer, he determines to make a stand and fight for his life. Then his whole appearance and demeanor change; from the skulking, fleeing, cowardly animal he becomes the personification of strength and defiance. He generally selects a high point for his stand, forcing his enemies to come up to, rather than upon him; closely hugging the ground, with tongue protruding from foam-flecked chops, with keen and wary eye, he watches the circling dogs, seeking a vulnerable spot, and no matter at which point they assail him, they always find a glistening array of snapping teeth. His savage look and shaggy appearance warn the leading lightweight hounds not to go in until the arrival of the staunchest seizers and the hunter. It is astonishing with what skill and quickness a wolf can break the hold of a half-dozen dogs hanging upon him. I have seen them, after they were literally soaked with their own life's blood, get and retain a death's grasp on the throat of a dog, that required the strength of two men to release. Alive the wolf leaves waste and desolation in his path; he has no friend among men or beasts, and when dead he is worthless; his pelt and carcass have but little commercial value, and even dogs cannot, through hunger, be induced to eat his flesh. His generally odious aspect is well known; his voice is hoarse, breath excessively offensive, and the stench arising from his body is as repulsive as he is disgusting in habit; his disposition is ferocious and savage. His eyes have a disagreeable expression and a peculiar obliquity of the pupil not found in the dog. In disposition he combines mingled ferocity and cowardice, and like most cowardly animals is crafty and cunning to a degree. His irascible, sulky disposition is as conspicuous by its presence as is the absence of pride, dignity and self-respect, usually found in his cousin, the dog. While an abject coward by nature when alone, in bands and when brought to bay with no chance to run they become a most formidable foe, fighting with frantic fierceness and determination, sustaining the severest physical suffering without utterance of a sound. The hunter and hounds that essay to kill a wolf in fair chase had better be prepared for a warm reception, for while lacking in courage in proportion to his great size and power, he frequently fights with great obstinacy and intrepidity. He has teeth and jaws of extraordinary strength and certainly knows how to use them to the best advantage. A wolf does not bury its fangs in the flesh, like a dog, or the cat tribe, though quite as deadly in its effects, but by a rapid succession of sharp snaps causes its long needle-pointed ivories to meet in the flesh, and great loss of blood results. His bite is exceedingly poisonous, and I have known simple wounds received by hounds to take weeks in healing.

The Toilet and the Baby

WINTER and summer the eyes are subjected to certain injurious conditions, which need to be guarded against. In summer there is the glare of the sun on water, sandy roads, or city pavements; the dust from driving or walking in the wind; the flying cinders and dirt particles in the air, and so on. In winter there are dangers from the glare of the sun on the snow, hours of work or recreation in artificial light, the sudden change of temperature from a warm room to the cold outer air, also from the specks of dirt and dust present in the atmosphere in cities.

It is not going too far to say that the great majority of people entirely neglect their eyes, except for washing the lids externally when they bathe their face. This plan of leaving the eyes to look out for themselves would be all very well, as nature could be trusted to take care of them, were it not that they are over-worked, and worked under wrong conditions. Instead of going ruthlessly on, treating the eyes as if they were a piece of machinery, one should take the proper precautions to safeguard them as the wonderful and delicate organs they are.

Women have an added incentive to the care of their eyes besides the wish to retain unimpaired sight, and to avoid painful complications. Fine eyes add more than does any other feature to the beauty of the face, while if the eyes look weak or inflamed, or the lids are reddened, even a handsome face is marred. Not everyone can have eyes that are beautiful in form and color; a great many can keep their eyes clear and healthy—and thus possessed of at least two qualities that make for beauty—if they give them, habitually and systematically, the proper care.

The general health has much to do with the appearance of the eyes. Lack of exercise, too much pastry and rich food in the diet, late hours, sleeping in an unventilated room, all have their effect in making the eyes look dull and lustreless. Worry, and everything that affects the nervous system detracts from the strength of the eyes; hygienic living and whatever promotes vigor of health also strengthens the eyes.

Everyone knows that reading or sewing by a flickering, or an insufficient light, is bad for the eyes. Reading on a moving train is very tiring and injurious, as there is constant effort to keep the sight focussed on the page. Too much light is almost as harmful as too little. One should never read or write with the light coming full in one's face or reflected from the page. Always arrange it if possible—and it is nearly always possible—so that the light will fall from towards the back, over the shoulder, preferably from the left to avoid the shadow from the moving right hand when one is writing or sewing. Light coming from two directions is tiring to the eyes.

The sleeping room should be arranged so that the morning light will not fall on the head of the bed.

The tired, strained feeling after one has been reading or using the eyes steadily at one focus for a long time should be a warning that such procedure is injurious. When reading or doing any kind of work that requires steady, close application, the sight should be rested from the fixed gaze by raising the eyes and directing them to some distant object from time to time.

When the eyes begin to ache, it is quite time to discontinue whatever is being done that needs their aid, and to give them a rest. On a very bright winter day, when the sun on the snow is dazzling, it is far better to wear a chiffon veil or even smoked glasses than to run the risk of perhaps permanent injury to the eyes. In summer there is danger of actual sunburning, resulting in a painful, bloodshot condition, unless care is taken to protect the eyes from the hot sunlight either direct or reflected from water or white rocks or sand.

When the eyes feel irritated or slightly inflamed, a soothing wash is a boracic acid solution. Boil some water, put a spoonful of boracic acid powder into a pint of the water to dissolve, then strain it into a glass jar, and keep it covered. Bathe the eyes occasionally with the solution lukewarm, using an eye-cup, which can be bought for a few cents. By use of the little shaped cup the inside of the eyelid and the eyeball are washed much more effectively than they can be by dabbing with a rag. Do not go into the cold air or let a draught strike the eyes after washing them in warm water, until they are dry and cool again. Putting a compress of old linen folded and wet in cold water over the closed eyes at night helps to keep down a tendency to inflammation. If there is any trouble which will not be banished by such simple means, together with rest, an

oculist should be consulted. Do not experiment with hear-say remedies; the eye is much too delicate to be tampered with.

Never rub the eyes for any reason whatever. When drying them, dab lightly with a soft towel, do not rub.

After an illness, or when one's vitality is low from any cause, the eyes should not be called to service for much reading or close work. Reading in bed, owing to the position and the consequent pressure on nerve centres, is to be deprecated. In short, whatever overworks or strains the eyes should be avoided, and the conditions under which they are used should be kept as favorable as possible, considering the appearance as well as the comfort and continued usefulness of these precious possessions.



When the Child Takes Cold

This is the season when children are liable to colds, not in the first place because the weather is cold, but because they are too much in a close atmosphere. Little children's winter colds are often the result of badly ventilated rooms. Even in the depth of winter, the child should have fresh air, in the house when he cannot go out for it. The rooms in which small children have to spend most of their time in the winter should be kept as free from dust as possible, for dust is a fertile breeder of colds. For that reason a hardwood floor that can be wiped off every day, with a light rug that can easily be shaken, is preferable to a carpeted floor. The temperature should be kept even at a comfortable degree, and some means of ventilation provided that will admit fresh air without draughts. In our climate there is a temptation to shut out the cold air, but it must not be overlooked that only the air from outside is pure, and for the sake of the little ones who must be indoors a great deal in severe weather the pure air must be admitted. At the same time, draughts and a lowered temperature must be guarded against. In most houses, where ventilation must be by the windows, to accomplish the proper conditions may tax the ingenuity of the housewife, but she is pretty sure to solve the problem when she realizes its importance. The need of fresh air in sleeping rooms is coming to be quite generally realized, but the need of well ventilated living rooms is surely not less imperative.

Unless on stormy or extremely severe days, the children large enough to run about should have their play spell out of doors, and the baby should be taken out

for an airing. It goes without saying that they should be properly clothed for the outing, and for this the extra outdoor garments should be as light in weight as is consistent with sufficient warmth. There are soft, fairly light woollens that afford as much warmth and protection as heavier garments that impede the movements and so tend to repress circulation. Leggings are an important part of the outfit, to protect the little limbs from the snow. The aim is to keep the child dry, and warm enough without being overheated when he runs about. Some mothers make the mistake of clothing the little ones rather too warmly in the house, so that they are more susceptible to any change of temperature. Of course, a mistake the other way would be even worse, but there is always the happy medium.

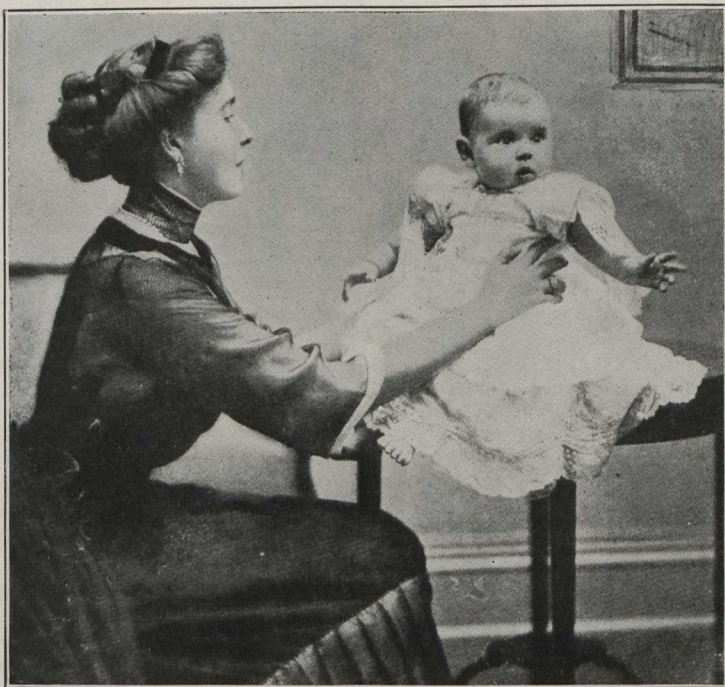
A child who is allowed to eat too much sweets or too much rich foods, will be liable to catch cold, because the digestive process is interfered with, and the excess of waste matter cannot readily be thrown off. As it is by the skin that much of the carbonic waste is carried off, it follows that the pores must be kept open, and the skin in good condition by the regular bath. The closing of the pores, by the rapid cooling of the skin from a draught, the sudden lowering of the temperature, or any other cause, is almost certain to be followed by a cold.

When a child shows the first symptoms of a cold, measures should at once be taken to open up the pores and set the skin working. To this end a warm bath is good, followed by a thorough drying with the towel, and then a rubbing with the hands till the child's skin is warm and glowing. The bath must, of course, be given in a warm room. Put a fresh, warmed night-dress on the child, wrap him in light woollen blankets, and put him in his crib to rest and sleep. Wrapping him in blankets instead of "tucking him up" in bed is a wise course, as he cannot throw the clothes off.

If a child takes cold easily, it is well to have a physician prescribe for the up-building of his general health. Teach him to breathe properly through his nose. Such children should be guarded against exhausting themselves by undue excitement. And always they should have the food suited to them, regular sleep, comfortable warmth, and plenty of fresh air.



Skating costumes this winter are very smart. The jackets are just long enough for warmth without retarding action, and the skirts are on the prevailing straight lines, but with inverted box-pleats let in to give the width necessary for the long skating movement.



Crown Princess of Sweden and Her Younger Son

The Crown Princess is the elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught, (who it is hoped may be the next Governor-General of Canada), and was known before her marriage as the Princess Margaret. She is a cousin of King George. Her marriage to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden took place in June, 1905. The Crown Prince and Princess have two sons. They are healthy, happy children, brought up simply and under the personal supervision of their parents.



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A Queer Mixture

A Complete Story

by J. J. BELL

(Published by special arrangement)



WHO'S the blue-eyed little thing?" inquired the smartly dressed, fat-faced man, tilting back his chair and his silk hat simultaneously.

"Who?" The younger man at the desk spoke absently, without raising his eyes from a broad sheet of paper crossed with red and blue lines and peppered, so to speak, with black figures. "Your pardon, Mr. Fashner—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing of importance. She's rather a pretty little piece—the girl who brought you that statement. Reminded me of my little friend Lottie Helm who's playing at the Octagon just now. You have some nice-looking girls around you, Locksley." Mr. Fashner laughed, and selected an Egyptian cigarette.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the other, making a pencil jotting on a slip of paper. "Excuse me for a minute, while I get out this percentage. . . . I'm! It's as I feared, Mr. Fashner—not very satisfactory." He repeated some figures, the results of his brief calculations.

"No," said Mr. Fashner, frowning as he struck a match, "it's as you say—not very satisfactory. You'll have to buck up, Locksley."

Locksley said nothing. Apologies and explanations did not come readily to him, and he was not the sort of man who makes airy promises. He was wishing Mr. Fashner would take his departure, and leave him alone to think things out.

"Of course," continued the older man, perhaps a trifle patronizingly, "we must not expect too much all at once. Still, the business is two years old now, and we should be glad to see a start at profit-making. We are paying you a generous—but I need not refer to that, since I am sure you fully appreciate the fact. Well, I must be getting along. By the by, what is the name of the blue-eyed little thing?"

"I'm sorry I don't know whom you mean, Mr. Fashner," Locksley replied. "Why, I told you; the girl who brought you the statement."

"Oh, yes—yes. But I didn't notice her. She came from the sales office. That's all I can say about her."

"I thought she might have been your secretary or stenographer," said Fashner with a laugh which was not unpleasant, but rather silly for a middle-aged man.

Locksley smiled in spite of himself. "I'm afraid you would not have called my chief stenographer a 'blue-eyed little thing,' though she does wear blue glasses. She stands nearly six feet." He sighed. "Poor creature! She leaves us this week because of her sight."

"Hard lines, I'm sure," said Fashner, getting up and putting his hat straight with deliberation. Then he extracted his pocket-book and took from it a five-pound note. "Put it along with her salary, when she gets it for the last time," he said, throwing the note on Locksley's blotting-pad. Then he held out his hand. "Buck up, Locksley, and let me have a better report of things next time we meet," he said. "I don't blame you, but the others are inclined to get rusty." With a nod he left the room.

"A queer mixture," said Locksley to himself. "Wonder if he'll do as much for me when I leave this place. Hardly—because I'll be sacked," he said. Leaning his head, which felt unusually heavy, on his hand, he began to examine the figures on the broad sheet with red and blue rulings. Presently his pencil stopped at a little block of figures. At the end of a minute's reflection he put out his hand and rang the bell.

Following a tap on the door, a girl entered. Locksley glanced up, and allowed his eyes to linger for a moment. She was not what he would have called "little." His eyes went back to the figures.

"Who is responsible for the making-up of this statement?" he asked.

"I, sir."

"Then can you assure me that these figures—these here"—he indicated them with his pencil—"are correct?"

"Yes, sir."

Locksley stroked his dark moustache, regarding the figures thoughtfully. They showed an appalling drop from the previous week in the lace department.

"Sure they're correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"No mistake in the figures supplied to you?"

"I thought there must be some error when I first got them, so I went to the lace department and made sure."

"Ah! You take an interest in the business!"

She smiled slightly.

"A great many people here take an interest in their own part of the business," he remarked, "but not many, I'm afraid, do so as regards the business. I'm obliged to you. Now I want the lace figures for the past thirteen weeks—it will do in the morning—also the figures for the corresponding weeks of last year. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." She scribbled on a tablet. He looked up. "You write shorthand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good speed?"

"I believe it's pretty good," she said frankly.

It was here that he noticed her eyes. "Take this down," he said, and read fairly rapidly from a circular which he took from a basket. "Bring a typed copy with the figures to-morrow morning. What is your name?"

"Mildred Harvey."

"Thank you. That is all just now."

The remainder of the afternoon saw him engaged in receiving callers, interviewing heads of departments, dictating letters. At seven o'clock he dined hurriedly in a restaurant, and returned to the office to wrestle with figures. The man's days were spent in talk, his nights, with rare exceptions, in thought and calculation. John Locksley was strong of mind as well as of body, but he was beginning to suffer from discouragement; he was an eager worker, but the feeling was growing upon him that he was striving in vain. He could not get away from the fact that Locksley's Stores had failed to "catch on." For the first two months of its existence the enormous warehouse had certainly attracted the public; but now the people came in hundreds instead of in thousands, and there were spells of actual slackness. Probably the average customer would still imagine that Locksley's was doing splendidly, but such an establishment was doomed unless the people came in their battalions. And Locksley knew it. He was tired of asking himself why the public did not overrun the place, why the daily flood of orders by post had dropped to such a depressingly small stream. He was tired of trying to explain these things by "the general depression in trade," "over-competition," and so on. The cold and simple fact remained—Locksley's Stores had not "caught on" with the public. For the first time in his life—he was thirty-four now—he was losing confidence. Also, he was wishing that he had never come to London.

In a city in the Midlands Locksley had, a few years earlier, undertaken the management of an old-established but failing business, revivifying it and forcing it again to the very heights of prosperity. And then, whilst ambition sang in one ear, temptation whispered in the other. A syndicate comprising seven immensely wealthy men invited him to London. They had the money, he the ability and experience. They wanted his name also. Nominally he was the proprietor of the magnificent building that rose shortly afterwards in one of the Western thoroughfares. He was really a figurehead, though, to be sure, he had all the responsibility, unlimited powers of management, and a yearly salary of £1,500. Already he was counting his income as at an end, and his good name beyond redemption. He could have endured the former misfortune.

Figures, figures, figures. Pounds, shillings, pence—and those silly farthings. Were the buyers or the sellers the bigger fools? What was business at all, except to take an advantage under the pretence of giving it?

Locksley literally sweated over the sheets of figures. He absorbed them, he analysed them, he wrought with them. But he could not juggle with them. They were black figures; in no way could he make them golden. They represented a deplorable loss on the week's trading.

At one o'clock in the morning he left the office for his hotel, determined to inform the syndicate on the morrow that the game was not worth the candle. But it was not the first time he had gone to bed with that determination, only to wake, not so much with renewed hope as a fierce defiance of failure.

"The statements you asked for yesterday afternoon, sir," Miss Harvey laid the broad sheets at the side of his desk. "Thank you," he said absently. "And the typescript,"

"The what? . . . Ah, yes; of course." He took it from her hand, and the circular on which he had written her name, from a drawer. He compared the two, and laid them aside.

"Any customers in the leather department as you came through?" he inquired.

"Eight, sir."

He put his hand on the statements.

"There is some work here," he remarked.

"Did you stay late last night?"

"I came in early this morning, sir."

Then he looked up. By this time he knew she was pretty, but at that moment he was struck more by her freshness than by her features. In her regulation pale grey dress, with its collar, cuffs and belt of white, she would have attracted most men.

"What is your salary at present, Miss Harvey?"

"Fifteen shillings, sir," she answered, with a slight start.

"My chief stenographer is leaving on Saturday. Do you think you could take her place?"

She flushed, and a small laugh of delight escaped her. She bit her lip, and replied, demurely enough:

"Yes, sir."

"You think you can undertake the work?" Mr. Locksley was used to girls saying they would try.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at her again. She had the happiest blue eyes and the happiest yellow hair and the happiest red mouth he had ever seen. His gaze went back to his desk. Opening a scribbling diary he wrote a word or two.

"On Monday, then," he said. "You will occupy room 44, next door to this. The salary is twenty-five shillings."

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly, and just managed to check a "really?" Recovering herself, she murmured a grave "Thank you, sir," bowed slightly, and left the room.

For the rest of that day Locksley felt unwontedly cheerful. Night, however, with its figures and facts, changed all that.

II

Locksley, who was peculiarly sensitive in some respects, differentiated between quickness and sharpness. He admired the former quality and detested the latter. The predecessor of Miss Harvey, despite her poor sight, was what one would call a sharp business woman, and her manner annoyed Locksley, while her misfortune depressed him. Miss Harvey was merely quick-witted and alert, and—in a vague way at first—he found her refreshing. Later, he ascribed this effect to her healthy brightness, her daintiness and her pleasant voice. Later still, he put it down to what he was fain to call her sympathy—not that she had ever even suggested such a thing. Perhaps he thought of sympathy because he wanted it. He had had no time for making friendships in London; and his relatives had shown their regard principally by borrowing the bulk of his income for the last two years. Yet his relations with the girl were absolutely of the business sort. Doubtless she knew more about him than when she first entered his employment; that was inevitable; but he remained as ignorant regarding her as when he had asked her name. Well, he didn't want to know any more—so he told himself one afternoon as he watched her face while she wrote to his dictation.

A week later Locksley had an unexpected visit from Mr. Fashner. As he entered the room from the corridor, Miss Harvey, a sheaf of papers in her hand, was leaving it by the door leading to No. 44. Fashner came forward with his lips shaped for whistling, which expression became a grin as the door closed behind the girl.

"What! Blue Eyes again, Locksley! Surely you have noticed them by this time."

Locksley had a wild desire to strangle the man.

"Know her name yet?" asked Fashner, placing his hat on one chair and seating himself on another.

"Miss Harvey, I believe," said Locksley stiffly.

"And is that all you know about her?"

"That is all I know about her."

Fashner went into a fit of laughter, that to the young man seemed as idiotic as it was offensive. "Well, well," he said at last, bringing out his cigarette case. "Well, well. . . . By the way, Locksley, wish me joy. Miss Lottie Helm has done me the honor of promising to marry me." He made the announcement so bashfully, so boyishly, that Locksley's resentment fell away.

"Why, certainly, I congratulate you, and wish you joy, Mr. Fashner," he said rising and holding out his hand.

"Thanks, thanks. . . . Only wish I had been twenty years younger, for her sake as well as my own. But I believe she does like me a trifle. She's a good, honest little woman. Had a rough time of it till she hit it off at the Octagon. But she's going to chuck the stage when she marries me, next month." He smiled, then sighed. "I've been a bit of an ass in my time, Locksley, but, thank the Lord, I've escaped being a blackguard." He lit a cigarette and fell silent.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley once more. Aloud he said, going back

to his desk: "You have all my best wishes, Mr. Fashner."

The older man nodded.

"There's another thing," he said at last. "I thought I'd tell you, lest the others should spring it on you when you haven't time to think. You see, I had a good deal to do with bringing you to London, and I'm afraid it hasn't been all you expected."

Locksley stared. "You mean," he said presently, "that I haven't been all you expected?"

Fashner waved a podgy hand.

"What I have to tell you is this," he said slowly. "Locksley's Stores is probably on the eve of being floated as a public company. Have you got that?"

Locksley sank back in his chair.

"Well?"

Locksley said nothing.

"The prospectus is in course of preparation," the other continued; "the subscription list may possibly open some time next month."

"But—but it won't float! It can't!"

Fashner smiled. "My dear boy, wait till you see the prospectus! The prospectus at present being drafted by my colleagues would float a battleship!"

Locksley recovered himself. "It must be a romantic document," he said dryly. "You believe the public will come in, Mr. Fashner?"

"Helter-skelter! My colleagues are anxious to get their money back, you know, and they'll get it back in this way with—well, interest."

"What's to be the capital?"

Fashner mentioned some figures that made Locksley raise his brows.

"They'll never pay a dividend on that, Mr. Fashner."

"Never is a big word. Locksley's is a big business, and its turn may come yet. The shareholders will have the odd chance, I fancy. Oh, yes, Locksley's turn may come yet."

"After they have got rid of Locksley himself," said the younger man, with a bitter laugh. "Are they going to change the name of the firm also?"

Fashner was watching the smoke rising from his cigarette.

"I understand that you, Mr. Locksley, will be invited to remain where you are, as managing director, at your present salary."

"Why should they want me to remain?"

"My dear fellow, a prospectus of Locksley's Stores without John Locksley in it would not charm the public. That's obvious!"

"I suppose it is. The public don't know, of course, that Locksley is a failure. I begin to see, Mr. Fashner. I might remain for a time as managing director—in name. How's that?"

Without replying Fashner rose and took up his hat.

"I've mentioned the matter, simply because I thought you ought to have time to think it over. I have no advice to give you, but I'll be interested to know how you feel about it, say, a week hence. I'll look in this day week. This puts a good deal of responsibility upon you. And a bit of a problem, too. You can see that the company can't be floated without you. On the other hand, I'm not saying that the business would come to an end if you—er—left it. I hardly think my colleagues would let it go just yet. Your agreement, I believe, expires next February. I do not suppose you would be asked to—er—retire before then. But you might wish to do so—eh? Personally I am sorry—but we all know that business is business, don't we? However, you must think it over. You know better than I do what you have at stake." He held out his hand.

"You have something at stake yourself, Mr. Fashner," said Locksley, looking straight at him.

"I've twenty thousand in this show," he returned simply.

"Naturally you desire the flotation to—"

"Sorry; but I've an important engagement. See you a week hence." And Fashner hurriedly left the room.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley again. Then he muttered: "What an infernal swindle!"

But it was a problem all the same—and a bigger problem than it would have been three months earlier. Locksley had ever done the straight thing, but now it was more difficult than usual. Why should he beggar himself to save some scores of the silly public from losing money? And it was not absolutely certain that they would lose; they had, as Fashner had said, the odd chance of Locksley's Stores' turn coming yet. Beyond a few hundred pounds—a very few—he had no resources; and what sort of berth could he hope to obtain in the circumstances?

Scddenly in the midst of his self-questioning, like an actual blow the great truth struck him—he loved Mildred Harvey.

III

The week had passed. The day had come for Locksley to declare his decision. He had received a note curtly stating that Fashner would call at four o'clock. It was now three-thirty.

Locksley had not made up his mind. The temptation to accept the syndicate's

(Continued on page 29)

The Housekeeper's Page



VERY successful housekeeper knows that the food she provides for her family should be varied to suit the season. A great deal can be done to fortify the body against the cold of winter by supplying it with sustaining, heat-producing foods. While the diet all the year

round should, of course, be well balanced—nitrogenous foods for building up and repairing the tissues of the body, carbonaceous foods for supplying heat and energy, and minerals for bone formation and other purposes—the proportion of the heat-giving classes should be increased in the cold weather, to preserve the balance. These are principally—to use simple terms—fats, starches, and sugar.

The fats are supplied in fat meats, butter, suet, and so on. Butter contains 85 per cent. of fat, and its fuel value is proportionately high; let the children "pile" as much of it as they like on their bread in winter. Bacon averages 62 per cent. fat, and is a good "staple" for the first meal of the working adult's day. A well-cooked chop or ham and eggs are suitable variants. Oat-meal is an excellent breakfast food in winter, as it contains 66 per cent. heat and energy forming material with 16 per cent. protein, or tissue building and repairing material. With a bowl of well-cooked oat-meal served with cream, a slice of nice crisp bacon, or a piece of ham and an egg, buttered toast or roll, and a cup of coffee with cream and sugar, if desired, an adult is fortified against the attacks of a cold winter morning.

Starches occur in vegetables and cereals. Dried beans are over 59 per cent. carbohydrates, and 22½ per cent. protein; therefore baked beans, which are cooked with a piece of fat salt pork in the bean pot, is a valuable winter dish for one who is much out of doors. Vegetable soups made on meat stock are comforting on a cold day, and also nourishing. Persons who cannot take fat meat will often like suet puddings, which can be prepared in light, delicate forms, and assimilate a portion of the necessary fat in that way. Rice puddings and tapioca puddings should be served frequently for desserts. Rice contains a large percentage of starch, and so does tapioca. Cream cheese is rich in fat and protein, containing over 33 per cent. of the former. Whole wheat bread is almost 50 per cent. carbohydrates. Olive oil is an excellent substance to take into the digestive system at any time, but particularly in winter. It can be served palatably as a dressing on salad, the most easily prepared dressing consisting of olive oil and vinegar, in the proportion of two to one, beaten together, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Sugar is the third form of heat producing food. The child who asks for "bread and butter with sugar on" before going out to play in the cold is instinctively seeking to supply himself with extra energy. Dried fruits like dates and figs are rich in sugar. Children who like honey may be given plenty of it. Honey is a wholesome sweet, not so likely to ferment in the stomach as sugar.

In planning the winter dietary the housekeeper must take into account the needs of the different individuals. The man or woman who does active muscular work requires a dietary standard arranged with some difference from that of a person whose work is sedentary, while the person who is much out of doors needs food with a higher "fuel value" than one who stays mostly indoors.

Selected Receipts

Mutton Chops Breaded.—Flatten the chops, pare them nicely, and season with salt and pepper. Dip them in beaten egg, then in rolled dry breadcrumbs, and place them flat in a pan with a small amount of butter, heated quite hot, to sauté. Less butter is required for sautéing than for frying. Cook for four or five minutes on each side, serve hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Breakfast Bacon.—Cut thin slices, crosswise, not lengthwise, arrange the slices on the broiler, and broil over a moderate, clear fire, till done on both sides, which will take about four minutes. If the bacon is fried, let it cook in the pan until the fat is transparent and the slices are crisp. When liver is served with the bacon, a good method is to have the liver washed, dried on a cloth, and sliced. Flour the slices, and broil them over a clear fire, adding pepper and salt. Serve on a hot dish with a slice of bacon on each piece of liver.

Baked Ham.—If a ham is baked in the following way, it is cooked in its own juice and is of a fine flavor. Put a ten pound ham in a jar with plenty of water and let it soak for twelve hours.

Then wipe it off, trim off all the uneatable parts from the underneath side, and spread it over thickly with a paste of flour and water. Bake in a well heated oven for about four hours. When done, take off the flour crust, skin the ham, dust over with sifted bread crumbs, and serve with a garnish of pieces of any vegetable preferred.

Broiled Tenderloin.—Cut a slice from the tenderloin of beef, about an inch thick, wipe dry, and dust with pepper and salt. Grease a gridiron, put on the meat, and broil it over a clear fire, turning several times a minute, for four or five minutes. Spread with maitre d'hotel butter, and serve. This sauce is made by mixing well together two ounces of butter, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and the strained juice of a small lemon.

Yorkshire Pudding.—This is a time-honored accompaniment to the "roast beef of Old England." For the batter allow a tablespoonful of sifted flour to each egg. Beat the eggs, mix the flour in with them, add salt to season, also a little grated nutmeg, then stir in as much new milk as will make a batter of the consistency of rich cream. Stir the batter with a fork vigorously for about ten minutes, and then turn it at once into a very hot baking tin or dish, in which there is a spoonful or two of hot dripping. The old and approved way of cooking Yorkshire pudding was to set it under the beef roasting before a hot fire. Since we, in ordinary households, no longer hang the roast before the fire, the pudding is baked in the oven, in the bottom of a double dripping pan, under the meat which is placed on a raised grill.

Boiled Apple Dumpling.—Pare some good-sized apples, cut into quarters, and remove the core. Cut some good puff paste into pieces each large enough to enclose the four quarters of an apple, and fold into a ball. Have some pieces of cotton, dip in hot water and wring out, dredge with flour, tie each dumpling into its own cloth, and drop into hot water. Cook for half an hour or longer, according to size. Serve with a sauce of butter and sugar flavored with lemon.

Currant Dumpling.—Chop fine half a pound of beef suet. Put it in a basin with four tablespoonfuls of flour, one pound of bread crumbs, a half-pound of sugar, and a half-pound of cleaned currants. Mix all together well, then stir in three-quarters of a pint of milk. Wring a pudding cloth out of hot water, sprinkle the central part with flour, stretch over a basin, and pour on the dumpling. Tie securely, and put in boiling water to which half a tablespoonful

of salt is added. While the pudding is cooking see that the water does not cease to boil, and replenish it if necessary.

Rice Fritters.—Put a scant cup of rice in warm water to cover, let stand in a warm place about three hours, then put it forward on the stove to simmer until dry. Pour on a pint of milk and let it all soak in, then stir in an ounce of butter and set it aside to cool. Beat three eggs and stir into the cooled rice, with a tablespoon of flour and grated nutmeg and salt to taste. Turn the mixture on to a floured board, and work it into flat cakes. Place in the middle of each two or three raisins "plumped" by soaking in hot water for a couple of minutes. Form into balls, dust with flour, and fry in hot fat. Drain, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve with sweetened cream.

Albermarle Pudding.—Cream four ounces of butter, beat to a froth, add four ounces of sugar, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Whip three eggs and mix them in, sift in three-quarters pound of flour, and beat smooth. Butter a pudding dish, ornament with raisins, turn in the pudding, cover with buttered paper, stand the dish in a saucepan with boiling water to three parts its height, and cook for an hour and a half.

Bread Pudding.—Trim the crust off half a loaf of stale bread, cut into slices a third of an inch thick, spread with melted butter, and line a pudding dish with them. Put two eggs, six ounces of cleaned currants, sugar to sweeten, a pint of cold milk, and the juice and rind of a lemon into a dish together, and mix with a spatula for ten minutes. Pour into the pudding dish, bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven, and serve with cream sauce.

Hominy Cakes.—Boil a quart of hominy very soft, add a pound of corn meal, three well-beaten eggs, a teaspoon of salt, and milk to make a thin smooth batter. Drop in big spoonfuls on a greased griddle and cook. Serve with maple syrup.



8860.—SMALL BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT.

The growing boy will welcome the comfort and freedom of this blouse suit. Blue serge with stitching for a finish and self covered buttons, is here shown. The blouse is double breasted, and the knickers are of the regulation cut. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the 6 year size.



8643.—LITTLE GIRL'S SCHOOL DRESS.

This very simple but effective dress is suitable for school wear, if made of dark and serviceable material, or for more dressy wear if made of cashmere, or other soft material. It could be of cashmere with yoke and sleeves of lace to give a guimpe effect while of lawn or batiste and without the collar, it would be a dainty "party dress. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 years. It requires 4 yards of 24-inch material for the 4 year size.

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Not too fast.

1. There's a bright lit - tle maid - en, so dear to me, Who's just.... as charm - ing as
 2. Now, Ro - sie, dear, tell me, oh, tell me, do, You'll al - ways be faith - ful, so

she.... can be; Ro - sie her name,... al - ways the same, I call her my
 ten - der and true; For sometimes I fear,..... when you're not near, Per - haps you for -

rit. e dim.

rose, for she's sweet don't you see..... She is the girl, yes, the one I love, None
 get that I love..... but you,..... Prom - ise me tru - ly you will be mine 'Till

fair - er was e'er known be - fore, Than dear lit - tle Ro - sie, my sweet lit - tle
 death parts us both ev - er - more, My dear lit - tle Ro - sie, my sweet lit - tle

rit. *a tempo.* Refrain.

Po - sie, Fair Ro - sie the one I a - dore..... *p* Ro - sie,

Po - sie, she is the one, the one I love; So pret - ty, so

neat, so win-some, so sweet, There's none half so rare, there are none to com - pare With my

rit. e dim.

a tempo.

Ro - sie, Po - sie, The pride of my heart ev - er - more;..... My *ff*

f

dear lit - tle Ro - sie, my sweet lit - tle Po - sie, Fair Ro - sie the one I a - dore.....





"What is it?" This was the first time that these dainty little creatures had seen a photographer, and their curiosity overcame their natural timidity. Mr. Sallows was hunting, but with a camera, so, instead of being slaughtered, they were merely photographed. Don't they make a pretty picture?



Cutting Cord-Wood [o] Elsewhere in this issue are pictures of big loads of wood being taken out of the Canadian bush. These men are taking out the supply of fire-wood for next winter, either for their own farm-house or for the nearest market.

—Sallows, photo

The Fairy Princess

A Complete Story
by WALTER E. GROGAN
(Published by special arrangement)



LINLEY Street hid itself coyly, and was only discovered with difficulty. Years ago it had been of some importance, but traffic had been diverted from it, business had forsaken it, until now it had the appearance of genteel poverty ruminating upon a past. Linley Street had quite a character of its own. It was beset on all sides with vulgarity, with rattling 'buses and noising, chattering streets, but Linley Street itself was decorously quiet. Here and there it had descended to shop-keeping, but for the most part the tall, gaunt, well-built houses were as private as displayed cards announcing 'apartments' and 'private hotel' permitted.

The shops attracted custom in a half-hearted way, as though they were conscious of having come down from a high estate and were heartily ashamed of themselves. Their windows still suggested the windows of private houses, their lights were never obtrusive, and they stood shyly back from the pavement the whole width of the small areas of the other houses. This space in their cases had been flagged in, but as a further mark of retirement had been raised a step above the level of the common pavement.

The evening was inclined to be foggy, and the street lamps had a misty halo surrounding them. The roads were muddy, the air chill, and the smell of smoke more than usually obnoxious. Altogether it was as cheerless a November evening as it is possible to conceive.

Fifty yards down Linley Street, on the left hand side as you turned out of Arthington Street, was a shop devoted to the business of a watchmaker and jeweller. Over the window in faded letters, was "M. Clumber," with the addition in new gilt almost untouched by grime, "& Son." In the window were displayed some old-fashioned clocks and a curiously miscellaneous collection of jewellery of no later fashion than mid-Victorian, amongst which articles of jet largely predominated. Leaning against a black marble clock in the very middle of the window was a card. On the card was written in large characters, "Housekeeper wanted."

Matthew Clumber, a tall, largely made old man with a spiky halo of silvery hair, a clean-shaven face, big dreamy eyes, and a kindly mouth, pored over the works of a watch. His garments were eloquent of the struggle of his life. Nature had intended him for a poet, and circumstances had insisted upon his being a working jeweller. Probably no one was more unaware of Nature's intentions than Matthew himself. Stified from the first by Linley Street and the inherited shop, Nature had never become articulate. But sufficient mischief had been done to render him in the eyes of Linley Street an eccentric. He was unbusiness-like, and he was averse to general gossip, two cardinal sins only to be forgiven by the plea of eccentricity. All his life he was torn between an extraordinary respect for the opinion of the street and that disturbing artistic strain. Here was the outcome figured in his attire. A neat black cut-away coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, embodying the best traditions of Linley Street, a black tie, still in accord as to color but open to censure as being hand-tied in a bow, with butterfly ends instead of a made-up heart-shaped black silk plaster, a white linen collar, with points far too pronounced; and—diametrically opposed to the street—a black velvet waistcoat, with heliotrope sprigs profusely scattered over its surface, cut much too low, and disclosing an expanse of frilled skirt. The waistcoat was dusted with snuff, and a large pewter snuff-box lay open to his hand. The hand made frequent pilgrimages.

Near him, working at a desk littered with brooches requiring pins, chains with broken links, and other crippled trifles, was Matthew's son Paul—a pale, dreamy youth with longish black hair, an only child, and the occasion of the new gilt letters over the shop.

"It's remarkable, son Paul, how very few seem to notice that card," Matthew said.

"Very few," Paul answered. "And those who do are hopeless."

"I don't like to say that. Very good people in their way, but not in our way. There was Mrs. Garton. A capable woman, a very capable woman, but—This is an old house and we are old-fashioned people, son Paul. She wouldn't

have fitted in. Too capable, far too capable, I fear, for us."

"We shall have to continue with old Martha alone."

"I hope not. Martha is very worthy. I have no word to say against her."

"When have you a word to say against anyone, dad?" Paul asked affectionately.

"On occasion, son Paul. I'm a thought too hasty at times, I fear." The son smiled.

"Well, Martha is very worthy as a servant, clean and hard-working. But she has no head. I hope I'm not too harsh, but I certainly think she has no head. Under Mrs. Stone she did well enough. But since Mrs. Stone left to live with her married daughter after fifteen years, son Paul, ever since your mother—"

He broke off his sentence, sighed, and took snuff. "We want a directing force—a head. Martha seems to be unable to realize that provisions have to be bought. We appear to run out of everything, and it is disturbing."

"Perhaps another servant—"

"I am surprised at you, son Paul. Martha has been with us eighteen years. If we got rid of her who do you suppose would put up with her?"

"No one."

"No one!" said Matthew, triumphantly. "That's what I think. So it is impossible to get rid of her."

The door of the shop opened and a young woman entered. She was dressed in coat and skirt, and carried a small bag. Paul gazing at her with his dreamy eyes noticed that, and afterwards saw only her face. It was a beautiful face, undeniably beautiful—so beautiful that it seemed strangely out of place in the shop of ticking clocks. But more fascinating to Paul—dreamer of dreams—was the mournful wistfulness of the woman's eyes. They looked at him first, they seemed to appeal to him, to call to him, to claim him as of kindred. There was a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth when she was not smiling. Paul thought her propitiating smile more pathetic than the drooped corners. Yet her face was made for happiness, he determined; it seemed to him that she was asking him mutely for happiness—the happiness hitherto missed through all her life, but for which she was still wistfully looking. Dreamer of dreams was Paul, confiding to paper some of them when the house was still. Pale, crippled verses—but the effort was a solace.

The woman, certainly a foreigner but of indeterminate nationality, turned from Paul to Matthew. She smiled again, not so mournfully, with indeed a hint of amusement—sly, lurking, elfin.

"Monsieur is in need of a housekeeper?" she said.

Her accent was slight. Her voice had a musical caressing cadence.

Paul's heart stopped for a moment, and then raced madly. Matthew's mouth opened in astonishment.

"Yes, but—" He paused.

"I have the honor to apply. In the first place I will explain my disabilities. It will be better. So you will learn the very worst of me. I have no character—I have no friends—I have no home—I have never been in a similar situation."

"But these things are necessary," Matthew said, in a hurt voice. "That is, character and—experience are. How can you keep house without experience?"

"With woman's wit. And I should love it, monsieur. To look after a house, it has been my dream. It is possible to have too much experience and not enough liking," she added.

"But you are too young." He took snuff continually until there was a broad trail down his waistcoat. "You are altogether unsuitable."

"You have not heard my abilities. I am willing to accept whatever wages you give—or none. I am quick, and shall be quicker, because I long to—to have a home. Monsieur keeps a servant?"

"Yes—an elderly one. She has no head." He spoke warningly.

"I am used to elderly servants," she said triumphantly. "And I have a head."

Matthew ran his hand over his spiky hair.

"You are far too young. My son and myself are the only people who live here besides Martha, the servant."

"I want no other society," she said naively. Matthew shook his head. "Monsieur, I have no home," her voice pleaded plaintively.

"You must have come from somewhere."

"I cannot go back there." Her voice became determined.

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"I am very sorry—but it is impossible. My son and partner agrees"—Paul shook his head—"I am sure agrees with me."

"I am very tired, monsieur. I am also hungry. I do not know where to go to-night. I have nowhere. If you had a daughter—"

If you look at me you shall see in my eyes that I am honest. No? You will not?"

"Dad!" cried Paul.

He spoke quickly to his father in a low voice. Matthew shook his head over and over again.

"Hear 'em son Paul?" he said, nodding at the clocks: "Du-tee, du-tee." It's my duty to see that a fit and proper person takes charge of this house. No character, no experience. Impossible."

The young woman—she was indeed hardly more than a girl—turned to go. When near the door she staggered. Paul ran round the counter and caught her as she fell.

"Brandy, dad!" he cried. "She has fainted!"

Left alone with her he laid her upon the floor, supporting her head against his knee.

"And when the Fairy Princess comes and touches his hand the dreamer will awaken, and the world will no longer be the same world but a new one, more beautiful, more to be desired," he muttered. Then he blushed.

She opened her eyes as Matthew bustled in with some brandy, followed by Martha, a pleasant, vacant-looking woman.

"Tut-tut," said Matthew, speaking to himself. "Hungry, tired, homeless. If I had a daughter, she said. I never had; but I had a wife. Tut-tut, there they go. Du-tee, du-tee." He nodded at the clocks.

"And my wife would declare that my duty was to the neighbor who fell by the way. Ugh, a cold night!" He rubbed his spiky head vigorously.

Paul gave the young girl the brandy, while Martha looked on heavily. No accident or moving adventure that ever happened would have shaken her stolidity.

"I may stay?" the girl murmured. She looked from Paul to his father.

"What did you say your name was?" Matthew inquired.

"It is Elise."

"Elise what?"

"Nothing else."

"It's very unbusinesslike. No character, no experience, no surname. But—my wife wouldn't have turned you away. The wages will be thirty pounds a year. Martha, this is our new housekeeper. She's tired and hungry. Put her to bed, and give her some soup—if you haven't run out of it."

So the Fairy Princess came to the watchmaker's shop in Linley Street.

Madame Elise—she insisted upon the madame as adding dignity—was probably the most incompetent housekeeper who ever existed. She had no idea as to the quantity of provisions necessary, her opinions about butchers and their meat were vague, and her knowledge of the value of money meagre in the extreme. That was at first. She learned from the finest teacher in the world—experience. In a week she had grasped the more important details, in a fortnight she had restored comfort to the watchmaker's abode, in a month it was as though she had always been there. She was happy in her work, she sang softly little songs in language unknown to the Clumbers—father and son—she was even merry on occasion, and she ruled Martha with a rod of iron, and was clever enough never to allow Martha to guess it. In one matter she was strange—she never went out unless it was absolutely necessary.

Matthew Clumber from the first treated her very much as a daughter. He was a kindly, friendly, simple old man, and having accepted her with all her disqualifications made no attempt to discover the reason for their existence. She sat at the head of his table, and shared the fire in the big dingy dining-room through the long evenings.

One morning Matthew Clumber rose hastily from the breakfast table and went out of the room.

"Go down to the shop, son Paul," he said. "I want to find something."

Paul laughed, and rose as the door closed.

"How guilty dad looks," he said to Elise. "He used to do this frequently before you came. Always that excuse. 'I want to find something,' confessed in the most guilty manner imaginable. And presently he will come into the shop chuckling."

"He is a very lovable man, Monsieur Matthew," Elise said. "I myself have found no one so good."

"I am glad," Paul replied, flushing at her words. "I can hardly remember my mother. It is a good thing to be able to say that I have never consciously missed her."

It was Madame Elise's custom to remain a few minutes after breakfast, busied with a little dusting and the duty of ministering to a noisy canary, before ringing for Martha. This morning she opened a drawer in the sideboard and found that her big apron was not there. She remembered that it was the day for a clean one, and that she had left the clean one in the kitchen. She went into the kitchen.

Matthew Clumber was busy at the table sorting torn pieces of paper. At his elbow was a waste-paper basket. Elise recognized it as the one in Paul's bedroom, a large room in which stood a little writing table.

Old Matthew started when she entered, grew very red in the face, and made a terrified grab at the pieces of paper.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "Is that you? What are you doing here? You are breaking your routine. Nothing can go on without routine."

"Ah, Monsieur Matthew, what are you doing here? This is my kingdom—not yours. You look so guilty!"

She laughed a little tender laugh.

Matthew stared at her and then at the bits of paper in a very confused way. Then he gathered up the scraps with great care.

"Come into the dining-room, my dear. You have found me out."

They made a solemn procession, old Matthew looking remarkably crestfallen.

"Have you noticed anything peculiar about the house, my dear? It's an old house, a very old house. I was born in it. And before that grand folks lived here. Lord Marday took it for a season—"

—sat in this very room, no doubt. Well, the house being so old and me being so old we've become old friends, if you follow me. And it seems to me that it has a voice and I hear it. All nonsense, of course, but it explains—it explains a little why I am such a queer old man."

He sat clutching the scraps of paper in one hand and rubbing his head with the other, such a whimsical, curious old man that Elise smiled at him. Then suddenly, she could hardly tell why, her tears looked through the door of her eyes, and she laid her hand on his.

"I think I know," she said softly.

"Do you, my dear? She said—she was the only one." He paused. "I've enough money to live on, enough for Paul and me. The clocks don't help much; they only teach. 'Du-tee, du-tee!' you know. I married late in life. God only lent her to me for a few years. So I'm an old man and Paul is a very young one. You're wondering what all these bits of paper are. Well, I'm coming to it. Never hurry a man, my dear. When clocks hurry they go all wrong; so should I. Paul being so young and me so old it is natural that—that I am not a companion for him. In a way, yes; in a way, emphatically no. As this, my dear. His heart. He has thoughts and aspirations locked up in it. I know. He says

(Continued on page 29)

WITH THE WITS



RUDE BOY: 'Hello, mister, aviating?'

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

He timidly climbed up the mansion steps,
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
Though the reason he couldn't tell.

As he stood in the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
"John, tell him that I'm out."

Then, timid no more, with stately mein,
He said to the butler tall,
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I didn't call."

THE DIGNITY OF THE COURT.

The following incident is related of an American judge, who had a lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of the Court. A murder case came before him. There was no direct evidence as to the perpetrator of the crime, but the individual arrested was well known, and, indeed, confessed the crime. When brought into Court, the judge cautioned the prisoner not to commit himself; that he must remember his rights as a free citizen; and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the Court.

After this friendly warning, the judge went on to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased. Upon this, the prisoner broke in:—

"Well, an' so I did."
The judge was much annoyed at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue, sir," he exclaimed. "Have I not told you not to commit yourself, not to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of Court if you do so again," he added, sternly.

He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner again broke in:—

"I have told you afore that I killed—"
The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded, angrily:—

"Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?"
"I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession."

"Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of Court."

WHY HE RESIGNED.

"I hear you resigned your position as treasurer of the 'Don't Worry Club?'"
"Yes. No one cared whether they paid their dues, so what was the use?"

SUBURBAN AMENITIES.

Jones—"Excuse me, neighbor, but every morning on your way to the train, you walk over my lawn." Brown—"I know it isn't right. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help it. I have only just time to catch the train, there's the lawn and the temptation—and I'll be hanged if I can resist it!" Jones—"I know just how you feel. I'm that way myself. I've got a shot-gun, and when I sit in my window and see you sprinting, it brings out my sporting instincts. I've stood it so far, but I can't answer for myself to-morrow morning."

HORTICULTURAL.

Willie (whose father is building a conservatory)—"Papa, if I plant this pip, would an orange tree grow up from it?" Papa—"Of course, my son, and oranges would grow on it." Willie—"That's very wonderful, isn't it, papa? 'Cause this is a lemon pip."

DESCRIPTION NOT COMPLETE.

The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang, with great feeling, "The Village Blacksmith." In response to a vociferous encore, the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," when the chairman tugged his coat-tail. "Better sing the owd n' over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again, and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles."

THE WORM TURNED.

A youthful barrister looked somewhat contemptuously at a simple-looking agricultural laborer in the witness-box, evidently regarding the rustic as too "small fry" for his cross-examining skill. However, he began. "Have you been married?" The witness, who stammered, said he had once. "And whom did you marry?" "A w-woman, sir." The barrister turned to one of his confreres and murmured, "Village idiot." "Come, come, my good man," he said to the witness, "of course it was a woman! Did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?" "Yes, sir; p-please, my sister did!" was the reply, and the "village idiot" was troubled no further.

UNANIMOUS.

"I am so glad," said the conceited ass, "I am not as other men." "That probably makes it unanimous," observed one who possessed reasoning powers.

REAL JOY.

The retired contractor sighed as he got into his dress suit and thought of the elaborate dinner and the opera. "Some day," he said, "I'll get real desprit, an' then do you know what I'll do?" "Something terrible, I've no doubt," replied his ambitious wife. "I s'pose it wouldn't look well in print," he admitted, "but I can't help that. What I'll do will be to throw away these high-priced cigars, put on some old clothes, go out an' come in by the back way, an' smoke a quarter-pound of cut-up chewin' tobacco in a cob pipe while I'm talking things over with the coachman, in the barn."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What's the difference between a haunted house and a handsome man about to kiss you?" asked she coyly. "I give it up," he murmured, growing interested. "Why, you can't let a haunted house."

A LITTLE OVERDONE.

"Dolan," said he, "what does them letters MDCCCXCVII mean?" "They mean 1897." "Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdoin' this spelling' reform a bit?"

A MILD REPROOF.

There was once a judge noted for the mildness of his manners and the gentleness of his reproofs to the men who sometimes addressed each other in language which could not be passed by without notice in the court. One day two lawyers, who were pleading a case, went beyond the stage of bantering, and began to call each other names. One of them said, "The learned gentleman on the other side is, may it please your honor, not only the worst, but the most stupid, lawyer in the country." "You forget yourself, Mr. Brown, you forget yourself," said the judge, rapping the table gently.

NOT SO FAR ASTRAY.

The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," said she, "that it is very dangerous to go near to and have horns." "Motor-cars," replied little Jenny Jones promptly.

CRUEL.

In the dining-room of a hotel at Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantel-piece, you can read the following:—"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."

HER ECONOMY.

For weeks he had been trying to drive into his wife the iniquity of wastefulness. She, on the other hand, had been accustomed before marriage to the best of everything, and plenty of it; consequently, she found it hard to fall in with her husband's habits. "What's this?" he gasped, one Saturday afternoon, as he glanced down a list of articles his wife had asked him to buy for her. "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, one bottle of lemon extract, one tin of ground cinnamon, one quart of milk, two pounds of sugar. What do you want all these things for?" "Why," answered the young wife, "I musn't let anything run to waste, dear; and I've got a stale loaf in the larder, so I'm going to save by working it into a bread-and-butter pudding. You don't catch me wasting anything!"

A PREJUDICED BENCH.

It was a case in an Irish court, and, the prisoner seeming hard to satisfy, jurymen after jurymen was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his counsel. "The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered, "but ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him sivil times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."



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A Queer Mixture

(Continued from page 22)

offer was not so easily put aside. Again and again he had told himself that for good and all he was quit of it; again and again it had returned. Could he afford to reject the offer? Heavens! he might come to be a shopwalker in a fourth-rate drapery establishment. And would he not deserve it? Before him lay an opportunity that most men—respectable men, too—would snatch at. Why not? Never in his life had he so greatly dreaded poverty—or, at any rate, penury. It is one of the penalties of our civilization that love and money are inseparable.

He roused himself. Only twenty minutes remained. He must force himself to decide.

There was a tap on the door of No. 44. Miss Harvey entered.

"In the letter for Bulard & Co. you gave me the sum of £1,350. Our final offer. Is that correct, sir?"

"Why, no," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it should be £1,530. Yet I remember giving you £1,350. Thanks for letting me know. And—Miss Harvey, let me know if you strike anything else that doesn't seem right. I'm in the way of making slips to-day."

Involuntary she glanced at him. His eyes were on the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," she said, turning to her door.

"Miss Harvey—"

"Yes, sir?" She paused.

He rose and placed a chair near his desk.

"Miss Harvey, would you mind sitting down for a minute or two? I want to ask your advice."

Looking frankly surprised, she seated herself.

Locksley leaned against the side of the desk.

"What I shall first tell you, Miss Harvey," he began in a low voice, "is private and confidential—in the meantime, at least. Of course, you are quite used to things that are private and confidential in this office. Well, the owners of this business are desirous of converting it into a limited liability concern—selling it, or a part of it, to the public. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind dropping the 'sir' during our present conversation?"

"Very well, sir—Mr. Locksley." Her voice became just the least thing shy.

"Thank you. By the way, have you been regarding me all along as the owner of this business?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you why you have done so?"

"Why? Oh—because—because it has your name, of course. And, perhaps, because you always seemed so worried," she added gravely.

"Ah! Well, I must tell you that I'm only the manager. I lent my name, and—I'm afraid I can't get it back. I'm no lawyer, and I'm not sure that I'm much of a business man either, though I used to fancy myself as the latter. However, I must grin and bear that bit of it. The point is that the people who do own the business want me to become manager of the proposed company, chiefly because they believe that my name will induce the public to buy shares. Now, supposing the shares were not, let us say, going to be very good for the public. Do I make it clear enough?"

She nodded. "Quite clear, Mr. Locksley."

"Then what should I do? I have to give my decision ten minutes hence."

"Oh!"

"What ought I to do, Miss Harvey?"

She half rose. "That is too big a question for me." Then she sat down again.

"Supposing you refused the offer—"

"The probability is that there would be no company; and the certainty is that I should find myself unemployed, with little chance of getting anything but an ordinary job. You admit that I have something to make up my mind about, Miss Harvey?"

"Oh, yes." She rose with decision.

"But no one can make up your mind except yourself, Mr. Locksley. May I go, sir?" There was pride but no unkindness in her voice.

"I had hoped," he said sadly. "I had hoped you might help me."

"I?"

"I—I would be guided by you."

"Oh, dear!" The words escaped her. "I am honored by your confidence, Mr. Locksley," she went on, soberly, "and I think that you are in a most difficult position, but—"

Suddenly he drew himself erect and faced her squarely.

"Miss Harvey—would you care whether I did the one thing or the other?"

The blue eyes fell before his grey ones; the fair face went rosy—then white.

"Oh, how unfair of you!" she cried, and ran to her room.

Locksley threw himself into his chair, a prey to many emotions. He would have given all he had then for the touch of her hand.

Four-thirty. Fashner was late. Locksley did not care. He was consumed with misery, but he had made up his mind. Perhaps the blue eyes had helped him in spite of their owner. There would be no

prosperous John Locksley. There would be no Mildred for him. With his head on his hands he tried to proceed with the heap of documents. Presently he pushed them aside, and wrote a letter.

"Well?"

Fashner had entered in his quiet way. He did not seat himself, but waited for the other to speak.

Locksley sat up. "Good afternoon," he said. "I've just been writing my resignation."

Fashner's face betrayed nothing of his thoughts. "Sure you won't change your mind?" he asked.

"Quite sure, thank you."

"I see. Then I don't suppose there's anything for me to say. Besides, I'm pressed for time. Lottie is waiting for me in the motor." Fashner took an envelope from his pocket and threw it on the desk. "Look at it afterwards. By the way, have you found out yet who Blue Eyes is?"

Locksley's face turned dull red, but ere he could command his voice, Fashner, with a laugh, had gone. He rose and opened the door of No. 44.

"There will be no company, Miss Harvey," he said.

She raised her eyes from the typewriter and met his fairly. A very sweet little smile played on her lips.

"I didn't think there would be, sir. I have found a doubtful point in one of the letters. I will bring it to you immediately."

The machine clicked, and Locksley retired, helpless.

IV.

Mr. Fashner got into the brougham. "Find what you wanted, Percy?" inquired Miss Helm.

"I did, my dear," he replied with unusual gravity. "Locksley is a straight man. He was ready with his answer. So I left him the note offering him seventy-five a year to look after my affairs. I hope to goodness he agrees."

"Do you lose a lot through the company thing not coming off?" she asked.

Fashner made a grimace, but changed it quickly to a smile.

"If Locksley could face losing everything, surely I can face losing a bit. You shan't starve, sweetheart."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said warmly.

"Besides, it was you, Lottie, who really kept me off the crooked road. I've admired Locksley all along, but I couldn't have followed his example if I hadn't had you. Fact, my dear!" Then he laughed. "By Jove! some people will be mad when they get his resignation."

"But what about the girl you say was like me? Are you sure she is the girl you thought she was—the rich Miss Somebody who wanted to learn all about business?"

"Absolutely certain. I'm not sure, though, if I've succeeded in directing his attention to her existence. He got mighty red when I mentioned 'Blue Eyes' to-day, but I'm afraid it was with rage. The good fairy game isn't in my line, Lottie."

Lottie squeezed his arm. "You're just a dear!" she said.

He beamed on her. "Lord, but I am happy!" he whispered. "I'd give something to see Locksley happy, too. She's the very girl for him. I know what I'll do. I'll get to know her through her uncle, whom I've had deals with. Then I'll introduce—"

"You seem to think he won't be able to resist her, goosey!"

"Of course! She's so like you!"

But at that moment Locksley with a letter in one hand, and Miss Harvey's fingers in the other, was trying to tell her that she was like no one else in all the wide, beautiful, wonderful, glorious, happy world.

The Fairy Princess

(Continued from page 27)

nothing to me. That's natural. I'm just a straightforward hard man of business." She smiled. "But when he looks out of the window, and peers up at the stars, I know. His bedroom is near mine. When I see a line of light at three o'clock in the morning all along the bottom of his door where it don't fit, I know. So when I see that look and that light,—I make free with his waste-paper basket in the morning. Last night was such a night. And here's the result." He held up the scraps of paper triumphantly.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Poetry!" His eyes were gleaming. "He tears it up in very little bits, but I piece them together. He copies it all into a book when he thinks it's good—it is always good, but he is young and diffident you know—so I get the lot."

"He does not know?"

"He mustn't." He seemed alarmed for a moment, and then smiled. "You wouldn't tell, my dear, because it would hurt son Paul and me. I shan't speak until he comes to me. I don't want to force his confidence, me being so much older. I sometimes wonder whether I shall join her before he does speak."

She held out her hand.

"A few pieces, please," she said. He rubbed his head in consternation. "It is

necessary to bribe me," she declared, smiling mistily at him.

He gave her a few grudgingly. She fell to piecing them together on the table cloth. A few fitted quickly. "The Fairy Princess," she read. She stared at it for a few moments with blazing cheeks. Then she swept the pieces together and handed them back to old Matthew, looking away from him. He took them as one recovering great possessions, put them in his pocket-book, and left her.

So he thought of her. She sat staring into the fire a long time. She was not surprised. Paul's secret was an open one. She had read it in his eyes, in his voice, in his smile. She looked round at the dingy room, with the heavy square bookcases, and the worn carpet, and the cage of the canary in the window, and the curtains long since turning from crimson to brown, and knew that it was dear to her. And Paul! She smiled and blushed as she thought of him, and sometimes the old mournfulness crept back into her face.

A clock ticked on the mantelpiece—a solemn, deep-toned clock.

"Du-tee, du-tee!" she said to herself. "The clocks teach—the clocks teach."

She rose angrily and stopped the ticking, and smiled at the hush. Faint, but growing louder as she became accustomed to the sound, came the voices of the clocks in the shop below. "Du-tee, du-tee!" they cried. "It is the voice of the house itself," she said. "Monsieur Matthew said it had a voice. And it is speaking to me now." She pressed her hand to her heart. "I fear my heart has learned its lesson. It says 'Du-tee, du-tee' also."

She sat down and wrote a letter. As she was sealing it a drop of water fell upon the wax. She brushed her hand over her eyes. Then she went out and posted the letter.

When the supper things were cleared away that evening, old Matthew drew his easy chair close to the fire, folded his hands over his waistcoat, smiled at the clock on the mantelpiece, and fell asleep. There was nothing unusual in this procedure, for it was his invariable custom. What was unusual was that Paul sat openly looking at Elise instead of covertly doing so from the ambush of a book. Elise stitched slowly. Watching her, Paul could see that she was unused to the labor.

Presently Elise sighed, looked up, and was conscious of Paul's eyes.

"Do you know what I call you to myself?" he whispered. "Ever since you first came—ever since I first saw you—ever since I knew how beautiful the world might be, and how hearts ache at the pining of dreams, I have called you 'The Fairy Princess.' You have taught me so much—so much."

"And I have learned also," she said, looking at the clock.

"Not of me?" He whispered his question eagerly.

"No, not of you," she answered steadily.

"Of course. I have had no hopes—only dreams. But dreams are beautiful. And they are more real than reality. I have loved you ever since you came."

"Hush, Paul!" she said.

"You must not be hurt because I speak. My Fairy Princess, I ask nothing. I give you my love freely, and I am content. I make no bargain. I ask nothing for my love. It is my happiness to love—and perhaps afterwards my pain. But happiness and pain, I think, are twin sisters. These are things you have taught me—you, my Princess. Will it not be well in the years to come to say, 'For a month, or two or three, I was quite happy?' No man is the worse for knowing love."

"You speak as though I were going away," she said, wonderingly. How did he know? It was strange; it struck her as being very strange that hitherto she had not thought him handsome, but that now he appeared beautiful. When love looks out of the eyes it transfigures its casket.

"I know," he answered. His whispered words throbbed sadly, burdened with infinite regret. "I knew from the first. You are not of us. You are—my Fairy Princess. When you fainted that first day some lines from an old tale came into my mind, and I spoke them over to you. 'And when the Fairy Princess comes and touches his hand the dreamer will awaken, and the world will no longer be the same world, but a new one, more beautiful—more to be desired.' They seemed prophetic. I forgot that the dreamer was a prince and that I—was a watchmaker."

"Hush!" she said again. "You also are a prince, for you are a poet."

He was not surprised that she had possession of his secret. It seemed so natural that she should know all about him.

"But not of your kingdom."

The solemn clock ticked its call, "Du-tee, du-tee!"

"No," she said.

"So the dreamer will go back to his dreams."

"Poor dreamer." She spoke softly.

"No. I want no pity. I love you. It seems to me that man can do no more beautiful thing." He took one of her hands, and, raising it to his lips, kissed it reverently.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she cried suddenly.

His face was illumined; he stretched out both arms to her.

"Elise!" he said.

"No, no." She spoke unsteadily. "The clock, the clock! It will strike eleven soon."

She sat looking at the solemn face as though fascinated by it. At its first stroke there was a loud knocking at the front door. Elise shivered. Old Matthew stirred in his chair, sat up, and took snuff.

"Bless my soul, it's a late hour for anyone to come knocking us up!" he said. "I wonder who it can be?"

They heard Martha go heavily down the stairs, and voices raised in deference to her deafness. Presently the front door was closed, footsteps came up the stairs, and the door of the dining-room was thrown open.

"Two gentlemen to see Madame Elise," grumbled Martha, and retired to her kitchen.

Elise rose. She stood close to the table, her head thrown back, her face white. Paul watched her after his first questioning glance at the two frock-coated foreign-looking men. She had a new dignity in her pose, something regal, something aloof.

The two men advanced quickly towards her. She stretched out a hand to them. They bowed very low, and kissed it ceremoniously.

"Princess!" they murmured. Paul put a hand to his heart, it was beating painfully, and watched them as they spoke a few sentences in a language unknown to him.

"You will wait," Elise said suddenly, in English. "Go down the stairs to the shop and wait. In five minutes come back. I shall be ready then." They bowed and went out of the room.

"You are going?" said Paul. "To-night?"

She nodded.

"To my kingdom—to my loneliness." She paused for a full minute, and then proceeded quite simply: "I am the Princess Elise of Bergania. The King is my grand-uncle. I am his only heir. He is a very old man. Bergania is a small kingdom in the Balkans—a pawn in the game played by the great Powers. If I marry—there is a prince, a cadet of the House of Hapsburg—Bergania can remain secure in its independence. I do not love the prince; I asked for time to consider. I was permitted to come incognito to our Ministry in England for a while. Six weeks ago I ran away. I have been lonely all my life. I had no love, no happiness; I could have no friends, for I was taught to mistrust everyone. And I am a woman—a woman as well as a princess! I have my dreams—as a woman. The loneliness and emptiness of my life were terrible, so at last I ran away. I went to find a home—I went to try to become a woman. I was so tired of being always a princess. I did not mean to go back."

"To-night?" Paul said. "It has been so short—so short."

"Then I learned the lesson of the clocks."

"Eh? The clocks?" said old Matthew. "They are very wise."

"They were always saying 'Du-tee, du-tee!' I began to think of my country. I can save it, I know that, and now I know that my duty lies there. You see, the sacrifice of one woman can mean so much happiness to others. And so I wrote to our Minister to come to-night—to-night."

Old Matthew came forward and took her hand and patted it.

"If I had only been your daughter, Monsieur Matthew!" she said. "You are the first person who has ever loved me."

"And I," said Paul.

"And you." She stretched out a hand to him and held his. "We must never meet again, you and I. Keep me always in your prayers, as I shall keep you in mine."

"Always," he breathed.

Old Matthew, looking up at them, knew suddenly. He sat down in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

When the door opened the princess and the young watchmaker were still holding hands.

"I am quite ready," she said, and went out with the two men.

"Good-bye, my Fairy Princess," Paul said brokenly. "Good-bye."

☞ ☞

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☞

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A young minister had obtained a kirk in a mining district in Scotland. After a deal of difficulty he managed to secure lodgings. The first morning following his arrival the landlady knocked at the door with the rather unusual query as to whether he had washed himself. "Yes," he said. "Why?" "Because," she replied, calmly, "I'm gaun t' mak' a dumplin' for the dinner, an' I wad like the len' o' the basin!"

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