

THE  
**WESTHALL**  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**REVIEW**

XMAS NUMBER

EDITED BY  
W. S. Northcote Johnson

Vol. I.

JANUARY 1, 1908

No. 2.



AUTUMN IN THE ENGLISH MIDLANDS.

## A Merry Christmas.

*Elgin, December, 1907*

*Dear Elgin People:*

*W. B. Robertson & Co. request the pleasure of your company at their Drug Store any time before Dec. 25, -Xmas- to enjoy a pleasant time looking over their beautiful and varied stock of Fancy Goods and Toys. Children welcome*

## A Happy New Year.

**ROSS & CUNNINGHAM**

# The People's Favorite Shopping Place!

**Why? Because we always have the Goods and our Prices are Moderate.**

If it is DRESS GOODS we have the selling kind for the stock is choice, the quality good, and the price is low.

If it be FLANNELETTES we have the variety and that makes it a pleasure to buy.

If it is PRINTS, GINGHAMS, CHAMBRYS, ours have proven themselves to be the best, for they stand the washing and still retain their original color.

If it is something in TOWELS or LINEN we have them at a very low price, we have the medium, and we have the best

If you haven't secured your supply of UNDERWEAR yet there is no place you are more likely to get just what you want than right here.

If it is FOOTWEAR we have it to suit all kinds of weather and all kinds of feet. Come and bring your feet with you and we will boot you properly.

If we have any winter you will need some FURS. We are clearing our entire stock of furs at 25 per cent. discount. Lay in your supply for two years ahead. It will pay you.

### Xmas Goods. Santa Claus is Here Now.

And will remain with us the rest of the month. We have a liberal supply of JAPANESE CHINAWARE, RICH CUT GLASS, FANCY SILK, LACE AND EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, and many other things too numerous to mention. For your Xmas groceries we have just received a large shipment of fresh new fruit. We guarantee everything in this department strictly fresh and the best. We still have Apples by the barrel.

*Come and give us a trial order. We will make it worth your while.  
We pay the highest price for Produce.*

*The West End Store*

# Ross & Cunningham

# Westhall Illustrated Review.

Vol. 1, No. 2.

JANUARY 1, 1908.

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year.

W. S. NORTHCOTE JOHNSON,  
EDITOR.

## Editorial.

After this year's experiences, it seems, to the eye of the freshman—if this term may be used to denote the man making his initial attempt for himself in the agricultural line—that the farmer's ways lay far from the proverbial bed of roses and honeysuckle.

It is not necessary to recall to mind the many difficulties of the year, a late spring, dryness, etc. These and many other drawbacks were one by one overcome and after all there was prospect of a fair crop.

Then came the hail.

Many were bemoaning their fate that they were not insured. Now, on the face of it, these seem to be no whit worse off than many who were insured.

Undoubtedly the Hail Insurance Companies were hard hit this year. Even so, is that any reason that their inspectors should travel through the land on their so-called tour of inspection, and apparently in accordance with orders received, wherever possible shut their eyes to damage done, in order to minimize the claim of costs? The general tone of dissatisfaction pervading the farmers' conversation when on the hail subject, shows that either this was so, or else the inspectors were totally incapable of fulfilling their duties, in which case the sooner they are relieved of their responsible position the better. Every farmer, who by cash or note, insures his crop against hail is entitled to his percentage of loss, even if such loss only averages 1 or 2 per cent. In many cases however, this year, the damage was much more considerable, yet the inspector rules that the damage is NIL. Is he blind, or merely zealous for his company, or perhaps he never even went into the crop

but contented himself with a glance from the road allowance. Anyhow he blandly informs the farmer that if he's not satisfied he can appeal, but the farmer knowing that this course would only eventually land him into further expense and no return, finds himself between the frying pan and the fire and perforce puts up with the lesser of the two evils.

So much for one of the "little" trials the farmer has to contend with. Now to another!

He draws his wheat out and ships a carload, which he sells through the elevator at quite a moderate price. His reason for this is that he may get money quickly to oblige his creditors who in their turn have their obligations to meet. One, two, three and even four weeks go by and he gets no returns. His wheat has not even reached Winnipeg. It has been side-tracked somewhere on the line and left. Meanwhile the price of wheat is steadily rising and eventually when his car does reach Winnipeg, the quotation is perhaps 6 or 7 cents a bushel more than when he sold. He sold to get money quickly yet when he at last receives his returns the amount is perhaps some \$70 to \$80 less than he could have got by holding till that moment. Yet he can get no redress from the Railway Company. Why? Because the company do not undertake to carry his grain from any one point to any other in any stipulated time! Why shouldn't they be made to do this? The farmer is the mainstay of the Railway Company. Surely they should be compelled to study his interests to a greater extent.

Yet another matter in which the farmer has no say whatever. That of deciding the grade of his wheat. This year the grading is all anywhere. Some farmers have sent a carload of wheat, confidently expecting nothing better than 3 Northern and to their pleasure have had it returned as 1 Northern. On

the other hand, many have sent grain which everyone in the know has pronounced as 1 Northern easy and lo! the returns show it as 3 Northern. Could anything be more manifestly unfair. One might with equal honesty take a handful of dollar bills from a man, and say, "Here, those aren't dollar bills; you only think they are. They're only worth a quarter apiece really, and that's all I'm going to give you for them." It is highly probable that the man who tried that sort of game on, would get a nasty sore nose and no dollars. Why shouldn't the other be treated in like manner. It's a poor policy to let others always have all the say. How long do you intend to let them? For ever? You can't alter it you say! "Can't" is a word that should not be found in anyone's dictionary. If it is in yours rub it out, it is doing no good there. Shake up a bit farmers, and pull more together and you'll find you will have a larger say in things than at present, and that will mean better times and greater comfort. You say you are "getting along pretty fair." Is that any reason why you shouldn't get along a bit better if possible, and after that better still and yet again better. In not only to yourselves would such a state of affairs mean prosperity; the lot of your local merchants and retail stores would be improved, since if by standing out, you could command a better price for wheat, you could afford to spend more, and what is more important still, you could spend that IN CASH, thereby making your local merchants more independent of the wholesalers, and if you could do this, depend upon it, your local merchant would never forget it should a hard year, temporarily embarrass you.

ERRATA.—On Page 36 substitute the word "discant" for "discount" in the third last line of "The Song of the Settler."

**What Size Do You Take ?**

Sir James Barr, President of the Liverpool University, made an emphatic declaration in his presidential address at the Public Health Congress in the Isle of Man which should make the average Briton very unhappy if he can be brought to believe it.

"One of the largest hatmakers in the United Kingdom told me that in the last half-century the average size of the hats has diminished a full 'size'; an average diminution of three inches in the national brain-box is a fact to give us pause."

A representative of the Daily Graphic, who finds great difficulty in obtaining a hat large enough for him, and yet has no place upon any roll of fame, asked a scientist whose particular business lies in this direction if a big head really meant brains.

"No," he replied, gazing steadily at the representative; "at least, not necessarily. There is literally no relation at all between ability and the size of the head. Professor Karl Pearson made some experiments in this direction recently which fully proved what I say. He carefully measured the heads of first class honors men, second and

third, and also poll degree men at Cambridge, and found that the sizes had nothing whatever to do with what was inside "

"But what about Sir James Barr's hatter ?"

"I cannot believe that any hatter in this Kingdom has kept a record of sizes of all the hats his firm has sold for half a century. I shall not believe that the race is deteriorating until it is proved to me. It can only be proved by statistics, and

those statistics are not to hand yet, and will not be for a very considerable time. When they are, and the deterioration, if it exist, be shown, then steps can possibly be taken to arrest it."

George held her hand and she held  
hiz'n;

Soon they hugged and went to  
kiz'n

Ignorant that her pa had riz'n !

Gee! But George went out awhez'n



A  
WESTHALL  
GROUP.

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## Deloraine Brass Band.

In towns where the talent is drawn solely from various store-keepers, assistants, etc., it is necessarily a hard job to keep a band up to standard since continual gaps are being caused through removals to other districts, etc.

For the last year it has been self-supporting and financed itself in all its branches. This has been in great measure due to the excellent entertainments and dances it has gotten up and given. A short while ago the band gave a dance

funny little skit written for the occasion by one of the members and acted by several others.

It was what perhaps, in medical parlance would be called "Band-skititis" and would come under the heading of amusing and agreeable diseases, which we hope for the general welfare may become contagious.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Davidson of the Deloraine Photo Studio for the very fine illustrations accompanying this article.

### *According to Law.*

Tommy's new nurse was a 'bear.' She made him keep off the grass and out of the puddles, and would not let him leave her for a moment.

This new state of affairs exasperated our young hero, and one morning he began to run. But his nurse caught him up—being fleet— and scolded him. A short time afterwards Tommy ran away again and was again captured. And when a third attempt at flight brought no more satisfactory state of affairs Tommy decided to consult a police-



DELORAINÉ BRASS BAND.

Mr. Oddie, the capable and hard working secretary of the Deloraine Brass Band, has in part solved the problem, however.

He has interested the younger olive branches of the residents, in music, with the result that not a few of his band members may be termed permanent.

The Deloraine Band dates back into the dim past. At any rate there was a band in existence when Mr. Oddie arrived on the scene and that was 12 years ago.

Ever since then Mr. Oddie has been secretary and with the welfare of the band always at heart, has seen it gradually expand, grow and blossom out until now it might be described to be at its best.

The past summer was a most profitable one and especially prolific in engagements.

Amongst others, the band played one day at Brandon Fair.



which was pronounced as the best ever given in the town.

That it can also do well in the entertainment line the accompanying photo amply demonstrates.

Susan's Band was a howling success and brought some \$71 to treasury. It was a pleasant and

man. "Nister," he exclaimed, addressing an official in blue, "are you a policeman?"

"Yes, young man," replied the "bobby."

"I want you to arrest this woman, please," replied the youngster. "She won't stop following me about."

## = With the Guns. =

Bang! Bang!

"That's a death warrant! There they come; watch out or you'll be smothered in feathers, standing right under them like that!"

Plunk! Thud!

"There's a couple of beauties for you! Twenty-five pounds the pair, if an ounce."

Geese, of course, we are referring to and the 'locus operandi' Whitewater Lake. Luckily perhaps for the feathered tribes, every shell fired did not equally successfully find its mark; still on the whole, sport has been good this year and the bag heavy.

From information we can gather, it appears that Mr. P. Janz was the most successful gunner in the neighborhood, he having accounted for over two hundred geese and ducks without count during a sojourn under canvas of about eight weeks.

Many other enthusiastic sportsmen spent a pleasant holiday at the lake and at one time the shore developed quite an inhabited look, with the sun glinting on the white canvas of the many tents dotted along the margin. Among others to be found there were Mr. and Mrs. F. Marshall, Messrs. J. Wood and Morris, J. H. Johnston, all from Elgin, for longer or shorter periods, while Messrs. Dawson and Ford pitched their camp on the island and decidedly disturbed the serene solitude of the duck thereon, bagging some fifty geese and over five hundred ducks.

Mr. R. Ruttan, of Port Arthur, was up again this year, and with the aid of his very complete outfit, was highly successful in diminishing the numbers of both geese, duck and snipe.

Mr. Ruttan, who owns a portion of the land abutting on the lake, told us it was his intention to fence it and build a shooting-box there next year.

This probably means a well in addition, which would be a boon to camping parties who at present have a considerable distance to go for drinking water.

Whilst at the lake this season, Mr. Ruttan was justly incensed at the act of some decidedly unsportsmanlike person who annexed one of his canoes and many decoys.

That such a thing should happen at all, is bad enough, but that Mr. Ruttan, whose entire outfit from food and ammunition downwards is always at the disposal of any campers for the mere asking, should be the sufferer, seems to certainly aggravate the offence. The only consolation we have in the matter is the fact that none of the Elgin or Westhall faction would stoop to such actions. Fair-play is their motto, be it sport or business.

Prairie chicken seemed to us to be scarce this season; at any rate we only got within shooting distance of one during open season. Still it eat very nicely and perhaps tasted all the sweeter in that it was the only one!

Whilst on the subject of shooting, we call to mind the fact that several people were arraigned before the court this year for carry-



SHOOTING SCENE AT WHITEWATER LAKE.

ing arms and discharging them on Sunday, contrary to the game laws of Manitoba.

Some were discharged whilst others were duly fined.

All that we can remark is that it serves them jolly well right.

There is absolutely no excuse for them violating the law in this manner.

To plead ignorance of the said law is about as futile an excuse as the school-boy puts forward when caught out of bounds: "Please, sir, I didn't know."

"Didn't know!" An expression about equally as worthless we were taught in the Navy, "I think so," was.

If we ever dared to "think so" to a superior officer in answer to a question, the reply was pretty curt.

"Think so! Think so! What the

devil d'you mean by think so!!! Go and make certain, sir!"

The same answer might well be applied to the shooting law.

Of course we are not suggesting that much would be said, supposing the larder were empty and a goose happened along over the house on Sunday morning and incidentally dropped into the pot on the stove, but such cases are the exceptions rather than the rule.

We reproduce in this number a couple of interesting photographs we took while in Italy.

They are two of the gates of Milan, of which the town has sixteen in all.

A short account of Porta Sempione, the Italian equivalent of the French word Simplon—of tunnel fame—may be of interest to some.

The magnificent Arco Della Pace (Arch of Peace) now forms this gate. This triumphal arch of white marble was started by the Architect Luigi Cagnola and was intended to celebrate the heroic acts of Napoleon I. It was commenced in 1807, interrupted in 1814 on account of the political events of that year and resumed in 1826 and finally inaugurated in 1836 by Ferdinand I, to whom it had already been dedicated on the downfall of Napoleon. This monument, the marble of which came from Crevola cost 4,000,000 francs (1 fr. roughly=1 quarter).

On it are represented many events, amongst others being the entry of Francis I, of Austria, into Milan; the meeting of the allied sovereigns; the Peace of Paris and the battle of Leipsig. The monument of Peace crowns the whole.

The other photo we reproduce is of Porta Romana, one of the genuine old gates.

MARK TWAIN says the only introduction to a literary audience that he ever had that seemed to him the right word in the right place, a real inspiration, was as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man—at least, I only know two things about him—one is that he has never been in prison, and the other is, I can't see why he hasn't."

**LAZY BILL.**By *W. S. Northcote Johnson.*

Bill was lazy, extravagantly lazy. In fact ever since he had entered His Majesty's Navy as second class boy on a training brig, Bill and laziness had been two words which were always coupled with a big bracket.

As time went on and Bill through no fault of his own, mounted from 2nd class boy to 1st class, and thence to ordinary seaman, his indolence became if anything more marked and decided: indeed, as he quoted "he eat well, he slept well, but whenever he saw a job of work he was all over a-shiver."

At the time of my story, Bill was one of the crew of H. M. Cruiser "Undaunted," attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. Now, if there was one thing that vessel prided herself on, it was her general smartness, be it at evolutions, gunnery or torpedo practise, boat sailing, in fact at any of the hundred and one things in which each vessel strains to out-do her sisters. Another matter which filled the Commander's heart with pride, was the scrupulous cleanliness aloft and alow, and the spotless brilliancy of her white paintwork and brasswork.

His speechless anger can therefore be imagined, as strolling along the upper deck one day, his roving gaze encountered a legend writ in bold figures of chalk upon a piece of his pet woodwork, "Lazy Bill the somnambulant musician."

Bill was immediately and unceremoniously hauled aft to the quarter deck and questioned anent this sacrilege. All Bill's wit and wisdom however, could not point out the culprit, so for want of someone better to punish, the Commander sentenced Bill to 5 days 10A—cleaning wood and paintwork in spare time—"for," said he "if you weren't such an out and out lazy scoundrel, that sentence would not have been written."

Poor Bill marched for'rd ruminating on the hardships of this world, by which one person is punished for other people's crimes, for this was by no means the first time he had been dropped on in like manner. Talking to his bosom pal awhile later he remarked "I dunno 'ow it is Tom, but I means well you know, honly things 'as a way of turnin' agin me some 'ow. Now 'ow could I 'elp some long-legged,

lump-eyed, lotus-nosed, lumper, a scribbling 'is endearing little ditties on the Commander's wash-deck locker? And then in course because 'e's loon enough to bring my name and peculiarities into 'is journalistic attemp's, an' lary enough to keep 'is happelation dark, I gets lugged up and 10A'd ' for want of some one better.' Strike me, 'taint fair I sez.' With which unusuaily lengthy word effort, Bill slouched away to do his bit of 'spit and and polish.'

It must be mentioned that there was some truth in the statement recorded on the wash-deck locker, for Bill in 'livelier' moments—that is to say when not absolutely asleep—was guilty of indifferent efforts on a mouth organ amongst other liabilities. As often as not in the midst of some heavy evolution, Bill would suddenly stop getting in the way, pull out his mouth organ and agrieve it with a bad reproduction of "Sons of the Sea," following this up with about three lines played much out of tune of "Rule Britannia." This was Bill's sum total of repertoire, though as often as not he would never get as far as the second tune, having somehow unaccountably dropped off to sleep in the operation.

Needless to say these peculiarities on Lazy Bill's part led to many passages of arms between the Commander and himself, from which encounters Bill invariably emerged defeated and disgusted.

"Seems 'ard" he would remark after one of these skirmishes "as a bloke can't practise 'is musical proclivities," which last two words mightily pleased Bill, so much so, that he was at great trouble to repeat them once or twice for the edification of his grinning audience. "You better apply for 'parson's mate' Bill" said one of them, "then you can work the 'armonium and 'ave choir practice on your own," which splendidly witty remark went down amongst his listeners with great gusto.

"Better ast permission to conduct the band, Bill," joined in another with a laugh, "guess Sousa would have to take to boot-cleanin' then."

"Yes," said a third, "you might get commanded to appear afore Royalty."

"If that's anything like appear-

ing before the 'old man' " interrupted Bill, "I'm not on; 10A ain't like a trip ashore, all beer and bel-lowing," which remark was duly agreed to, and thenceforward treasured as one of "Sommy Bill's smart sayings."

It was not so long after this that during an evolution of "out stream anchor" a stopper holding the great 6½ inch wire hawser carried away on the fo'c'sle. Everyone knows how the devil enters into a wire hawser when running out uncontrolled, and how, snakelike, it twists and turns, and whips around all over the place. Cracked skulls and broken arms and legs are sufficient after evidence of its peculiarities and power. On this occasion Bill happened to be stationed on the fo'c'sle. Directly the accident occurred there was a scramble for shelter; Bill however, who had just retired from active operations for a little music practice, remained, like Nero whilst Rome burned, supremely indifferent to the surrounding turmoil. He had just got as far as the fourth bar of "Sons of the Sea" when a coil of the flying wire, settled gracefully over him. Bill, undismayed, got half way through the fifth bar, when he was ignominiously whipped overboard.

"Lord, Bill's done for" was the general remark that passed round. Bill's summing up of the matter, which, though inaudible to the remainder of the ship's company, was nevertheless spoken as though to an audience, was "Me again in course," with which philosophical observation he allowed the waters to close over his head without a struggle. Just as it seemed to him to him that his lungs would burst, the wire coils dropped from him, and he shot to the surface like a bullet from a rifle. Arrived there, greatly, it must be said to the surprise of everyone, he gave one lusty shout for help and then floating on to his back, calmly waited for a boat to come to him.

"Why can't the idiot swim to the ship," said the first lieutenant sharply.

"Too lazy I expect" replied the Commander, and sent a boat for his pet buffer.

When this arrived, its crew was flabbergasted at the scene that met their eyes, for there was Bill,

treading water with feet and one hand, the while his other firmly grasped his mouth organ, from which at the moment he was extracting a very weak and watery "Rule Britannia."

"Stow that and hoist yourself aboard," shouted the officer in the boat, "We can't lay here all day listening to your hymns of praise and thanksgiving."

Immediately two or three pairs of lusty hands, with the aid of a boat hook, grabbed Bill in various parts of his anatomy, and none too gently started to heave him inboard.

Just as he was, as it were, in the balance, with a most lugubrious wail of despair, Bill flopped back into the water and dived. Rising to the surface a little distance away he shook his fist at them and in a most profane and unkindly manner launched his entire stock of Naval language at them.

"By jove!" said the Commander, who heard this stream of vituperation from the ship's bridge, "I never knew Bill so energetic before. What's it all about I wonder." He soon found out. It appeared that as they were hauling Bill inboard, one of the crew, by accident, had knocked his mouth organ out of his hand. Bill had promptly dived after it, and now having been unable to recover it, he let go the vials of his wrath on the heads of the unfortunates in the boat. Neither would he be persuaded to get aboard till the officer of the boat had solemnly promised to get him a new one.

Once on board the cruiser again, Bill slouched aft to make a complaint against certain men in the boat, through whose clumsiness he had lost some of his "vallible personal property."

"Get for'ard sir," said the Commander sternly, though with a twinkle in his eye. "How dare you come aft making frivolous complaints. If you hadn't been so d—d lazy, you'd have been drowned. You can rest assured indeed, that you owe your life to the fact that you never struggled and tried to save yourself. Had you done so, you would in all probability have only got yourself more mixed in the wire. Get for'ard I say, and be thankful you are alive. Instead of complaining against, you should be praising the men who got you aboard."

With this Bill slouched for'ard again crestfallen and crushed, and with the excuse of changing his wet clothes, appeared no more on

deck that forenoon. Recounting his grievances later to his 'raggie' he said, "S'elp me Tom, it do seem 'ard. There was I, a doing nofink unusual, and that 'ere blessed wire must single me out as assistant for its conjuring tricks, and 'aving taken all the 'Sons of the Sea' out of me, an' filled me with salt 'o the sea, blow me if them kack-'anded blokes wi' bunches o' carrots at the end o' their arms instead o' fingers, don't go and drop overboard me precious mouth organ, to say nothink o' breakin' me pipe wot I've coloured for six months. I'll never get a mouth organ again with a tone like that 'ere last one. 'Taint likely; I've 'arf a mind to ask the owner if 'e'll 'ave the divers overboard to look for it. It's a cruel shame I sez, to deprive a man o' 'is pleasures in such a way," with which Bill repaired to the canteen for a new clay pipe, and was later on found on the fo'c'sle smoking over his grievances, and holding forth to all and sundry on the peculiar cussedness of the commander in not exercising his divers, and the outrageous clumsiness of some of the ship's company, whose names he said, though indelibly engraved on his memory, he would withhold from a curious world.

For some time after this, events went smoothly, Bill assiduously practising on his new mouth organ, what time he wasn't going ashore on liberty, and, through laziness and beer, missing the boat off to the ship, and remaining there. He had even got as far as knowing the whole of "Rule Britannia," and for some time been nearly worrying himself into a fever as to whether he should start next on "Lads in Blue" or "Beer, Beer Glorious Beer."

Having eventually decided 'on the latter as being distinctly in his opinion, mo'e soul inspiring, he gradually recovered some of his old spirited indifference, and could be heard at all sorts of odd moments during the day, torturing his mouth organ with a weird and awful medley of sounds,—practising he called it—.

It really seemed also as if he were losing some of his lazy habits, for as the Commander remarked one day, "I don't seem to have had that Lazy Bill up before me lately. I wonder what he's up to. Do you think its reformation, or has he struck some new method of eluding the vigilance of the officer of the watch. Instinct seems to tell me that the latter is the more likely. I must investigate."

And so it proved. By some means or other, Bill had managed to get himself transferred to the magazine party; and thenceforward, at evolution time, serenely laying in a corner of one of the ammunition rooms on a cushion composed of his more active mates jumpers, he would discourse weird music "to cheer 'em on in their arduous task." As often as not however, the insinuating charms of his couch, overcame his love of music, and Bill would peacefully sleep, utterly oblivious of the racket and panting and perspiring men around him. Now it so happened that one day during 'General Quarters' evolution Bill had got up from his lair to get a drink of water, and had not returned to his usual place, but contented himself with sitting down in a corner of the ammunition passage and was soon fast asleep.

As a result, when the evolution was over, his mates, not finding him in charge of their clothes as usual, came to the conclusion that he must have had a wakeful fit and got on deck before them. They therefore closed up and repaired on deck for a smoke before dinner.

Bill slept calmly on in his corner, no doubt dreaming of when he would next be ashore, and how he would enjoy himself.

Presently however, he became restless, and though still asleep, continually kept shifting his position, till at last the moving about awakened him. For some moments he lay still gathering his senses together and wondering where he was. Then as it gradually dawned on him, he raised himself on his elbow and looked around curiously.

Why this smell of smoke? Where did it come from? Surely one of his mates wasn't smoking down here of all places. Then it suddenly struck him that they were all gone and he was by himself. "Missed me from my usual corner I suppose," he soliloquised, "an' thort as 'ow I'd gone on deck I expect." Then as he caught another whiff of smoke his mind reverted to immediate surroundings, and in order to aid his powers of thought, he pulled out his mouth organ and started "Beer, Beer Glorious Beer." Then as he played, his roving eye caught sight of a glow just outside the door of one of the ammunition rooms. Removing his mouth organ he remarked to the opposite side of the passage "blow me, 'ow in 'eaven's name did that get started." Immediate action with a view of putting it out did not for the moment enter his head. Cause



at present seemed of more paramount interest to him than effect.

Suddenly however, the full meaning of the situation dawned on him and electrified him into action. "S'elp me" he ejaculated "I'd better be gettin' a move on and forming myself into a hamateur fire brigade, else I'll be blowed 'eavens 'igh in a brace o' shakes. 'Ow to start's the thing." And unconsciously he produced his mouth organ and started "Beer, Beer Glorious Beer." "In course" he suddenly remarked, "Beer for man, water for fire, both equally good or bad, as the case may be." With that he worried along the passage to see if there was any water in the drinking tank at the other end. Then he suddenly remembered that it was under repair and he'd had to go on deck to get a drink shortly before.

"Just my luck" he murmured, and started blowing hard at his mouth organ.

By this time the canvas roll which had so unaccountably caught fire burst into flame.

"That's right, yer red-faced, yellow-tongued brute," said Bill, waving his organ at it. "You spit and spurt at me as much as yer like, but I'll 'ave yer yet some'ow. I'll—I'll throttle yer and wear yer for a necktie, that I will, if yer'll kindly wait while I think of a way."

Another bar of "Beer, Beer" followed, and then with a wild whoop, Bill gave a double shuffle of delight and started tearing off his jumper. "That's it" he shouted, "Smother yer, in course, that's the game." Off came his flannel. "I'll teach yer to wag yer ugly yellow tongue at me yer varmint." Here his trousers slipped off.

"Now we'll see who's best, you nor me" saying which, Bill flung himself at the flames and started beating them with his jumper and other clothes. "No beer nor water" he muttered as he stamped around, "but I'll do yer yet." Now he rolled over in his excitement, but quickly recovering himself as the flames burnt his bare flesh. "Burn me would yer, yer bounders" he gasped, as with the perspiration pouring off he renewed his attack. "I'll teach yer to burn an inoffensive uncomplainin' Christian man, d— me if I don't." Round and round he flew, beating, stamping, rolling on and smothering the flames, even spitting on them in his fight for life.

After a short while he had the satisfaction of seeing that the flames had disappeared, and only a few

glowing bits of canvas remained. "That's taught yer" he gasped as he stamped at the final sparks.

"'Spect I shall get 10A for makin' all this mess" he ruminated as surveyed the blackened paintwork and charred canvass strewn about. "'Owsomedever, it can't be helped, puttin' out fire always is dirty work." With that he sat down, and tried unsuccessfully to start a tune on his carefully saved mouth organ.

"Blame me if that d— fire ain't jiggered up my playin' propensities for a while," he remarked as he removed the organ and incidentally a piece of skin from his mouth. "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer," couldn't I do a drop now," and then he inconsequently went off into a dead faint.

As Bill was missing at dinner—a most unusual thing, a search was made for him when it was over, but none of his usual haunts found him. Eventually someone suggested the ammunition passage and there he was found still unconscious, with his precious mouth organ tightly clenched in his hand.

It was a very burnt and unrecognizable Bill that was carried tenderly to the 'Sick Bay' and conveyed from there to the hospital on shore.

When he became convalescent, and allowed visitors, the Commander was the first to call and see him.

Bill was convalescently worrying his mouth organ, and in answer to the Commander's question as to how it occurred, replied: "Dunno 'ow it 'appened sir, but it woke me hup with it's stench and blusterin' and seemed to challenge me to a job o' work. Well in course, I wasn't standing no sauce from a bloomin' roll o' canvas so I hups and gives it a lesson like."

"Yes Bill" replied the Commander, "and by utilising the stored up energy of years, thereby not only did a great duty to your country, but in all probability saved the lives of some seven hundred men and officers."

Later, when Bill was back on board the "Undaunted," the ship's company and officers were piped aft to the quarter deck, and Bill was summoned forward. The Commander then made the following speech:

"William Thompson"—that being Bill's official name—"I hereby reprimand you for skulking your duty, inasmuch as you did go to sleep in the Ammunition passage during the evolution of 'General Quarters.' As however, by so do-

ing, you were the means of extinguishing, at great personal risk, a fire which would certainly have reached the ammunition before discovery, and thereby have blown the ship up, I have great pleasure in presenting you with a suitable memorial of the occasion, which memorial has been subscribed to by both officers and men of your ship. I have also mentioned your name in despatches to the Admiralty for recognition of your bravery. Recognizing now that your apparent laziness was only a superficial covering to great energy, I fully endorse the present company's opinions in saying that we are proud of you. Now men give three hearty cheers for William Thompson, who single handed fought for your lives, when by passing through the water-tight door he could have warned to fire quarters, but thereby perhaps have given the fire time to do its work."

There was no mistake as to the heartiness of the cheers, but the fourth and last one put the others entirely in the shade. Bill was then carried shoulder-high round the mess deck, playing uproariously out of tune on his new solid silver mouth organ—the memorial aforementioned—which was suitably inscribed as follows:

"To 'Energetic William' erst-while 'Lazy Bill,' from his shipmates, the officers and men of H. M.S. "Undaunted" on the occasion of his single-handed fight with a fire in the ammunition passage."

It was some time later that Tom found Bill on the fore shelter-deck gazing lovingly at his new possession:

"Say Bill" he remarked, "'ow on earth was it yer never shouted through the water-tight door afore yer started lambasting that 'ere fire?"

"Why fat'ead," growled Bill, "d'yer think I was agoin' to the trouble of undoin' all them clips on the door? No feary. That would 'a been too much like work for this child." And Bill tuned up to "Sons of the Sea" once again.

[THE END]

Scene—A nursery.

Several little girls and boys gathered on a sofa, one boy yelling at the top of his voice.

Enter Nurse. "What on earth's all this row about?"

Small Boy—"Please nurse, we're playing at shipwreck and Billy's the wind howling in the teeth of the gale."

# New Year's Eve in Italy.---Milan.

BY W. S. NORTHCOTE JOHNSON.

"Xmas" in the old country—"New Year" in Italy. These words sum up in a line the difference between the great yearly festivals of the two countries.

I happened to be at Milan during 1905-06 collecting data for the papers about the International Exhibition of 1906 held to inaugurate the opening of the Simplon or Sempione Tunnel and consequently was able to get a very fair idea of how the Italians enjoy themselves on great occasions.

Natalie—as Xmas is called—is an event undoubtedly but an event only.

New Year's Eve is the time set apart for making merry and 'Mafe-king.'

On this night the cafes remain open right through the dark hours. Fights mostly friendly—are numerous; bands many; squeakers and Kruger's Ticklers or peacocks feathers in preponderant amount.

The farmer and his team is represented by the country folk dressed up, and a bullock cart, harnessed pro tem to a dilapidated and antiquated piece of equine flesh. Good wishes galore fly around—so do hats! Everyone is friendly, and some unfortunately are—well, we won't tell on them.

Even the foreigner is on this occasion taken—one might say—to the bosom of the native. Everywhere this is the same.

On entering a cafe for a cup of the fragrant liquid one is immediately surrounded by many hitherto strangers, now friends. They do their best to sing "God Save the King;" you attempt a reply in Italian, till you're shouted down by one of them who speaks English and offers to interpret. Thereafter things go smoothly.

With a group of these "friendlies" one can tour the town and see the Milanese crowd at its best as regards "festaing," if one may coin a word for the occasion.

Coffee being the fall-back drink of the Italian one is not obliged to partake of alcoholic refreshment—a point much to the credit of the country.

A most enjoyable evening or night can be spent at a very small

cost in Italy and though next morning one is not absolutely at through lack of sleep, there is none of that awful relic of an awful night—an enlarged cranium

In a word, on New Year's Eve, hospitality reigns supreme, and though one could if inclined imbibe enough to float a battleship, it is never forced on one. It is regarded as an almost unwritten law in Italy, that the Englishman who is not a total abstainer must needs make whiskey his particular drink, but if on the other hand one prefers a cup of coffee, it is there in a moment and no such foolish thing as offence is taken as is too often the case in many other countries.

"Picon," the Italian equivalent to "thrower out," is kept in every establishment, but seldom used. Any slight disturbance is invari-

ably the same, incidentally with much abuse, was not "pulled," but because it was New Year—most kindly told by the Police that his presence was no longer required. More abuse followed but eventually he was got out. Even then however, the Police went one way, the tramp the other! Such is the good-fellowship on New Year's Eve in Italy.

I spoke with the Police myself and firmly believe that on that night nothing short of absolute assault would have been sufficient to get run in!

At 6 a.m. the principal cafes close but many of the minor lights shine through the large and small hours.

In one, a flower-girl with a basket of flowers evidently picked two days ere the old year fled, caught me and attempted in vehement Italian, to convince me that they were fresh picked that morning—this at 6:30 a.m. 20 centissimi (approx 5c.) for a withered rose was the price she demanded—and got—but then it was New Year and the only sale she effected in the place!

She left, however, with a firm conviction that although my Italian might be faulty my knowledge of flowers was great. Be that as it may, it is an undoubted fact that going home with the milk in Italy is after all much the same as elsewhere and that is "not up to much!"

\* \* \*

The author does not wish his readers to imagine that he spent all his nights in the cafes while in Italy, but the search for journalistic copy leads men into strange places and stranger company.

"So, doctor, I've got to take the waters on the Continent. Where are you going to send me?"

"Let me consult my notes. H'm—er—Vichy, 27; Carlsbad, 49; Marienbad, 10—"

"Excuse me interrupting, but I really don't follow you!"

"These figures denote the number of my patients who died last year at these resorts. I want you to follow the treatment at the place where I had the fewest deaths."



PORTA ROMANA—ONE OF THE GATES OF MILAN.

ly settled by the friends present and the boss. Knife and other fights, of course, do occur but in the street only; anyone producing a knife in a cafe would be unceremoniously bundled out.

The police visit around in couples with revolvers and these alone are sufficient to enforce politeness. In variation to the English P.C. they are allowed to partake of liquid refreshment when visiting—by this I mean openly!

Whilst chatting in one cafe, a very, shall I say "over the seas," and bedraggled tramp came in, followed shortly by a couple of P.C.'s. Though obstreperous, he was allowed his drink and having finished

## Illustrated Interview, No. 2. Mr. S. Marshall.

BY OUR TAME INTERVIEWER.

It took me a long time, for Mr. Marshall is a busy man, but at last I was successful in running him to earth in the Elgin Club Room—as in my own mind I invariably term his store.



"Now look here, Mr. Marshall," I let off at him, the while I took up a strategic position and effectually blocked the only ready means of exit. "I consider it a shame. Here is an eager public impatiently awaiting awaiting to hear all about you and you continually elude my nimble pursuit and hide yourself away away behind your flour sacks or in your coal store and tell me you're too busy. I repeat, its a shame, but I've got you cornered now and you've got to take your dose."

Mr. Marshall chuckled as he sat back in his chair and calmly awaited the blizzard of questions I was about to hurl at his head.

"Well, sir," I resumed, "to begin at the beginning. Will you kindly tell me, Mr. Marshall, something about your early days. I believe you were born in the old country?"

"Yes, that's so," exclaimed Elgin's leading merchant. "I was born at— Hundred of flour! Certainly Mr.—. D'you want it for pastry or bread? Bread eh!

Well that's it in that corner."

The door had opened and a customer blown in, and for the moment Mr. Marshall's birth-place was buried under a hundred pounds of flour. This looked serious for me; if I couldn't make quicker progress than this I should find myself still trying to force questions through sacks of flour and tons of coal on publishing day and this I knew would not suit my Editor, who had already informed me that if I couldn't assist him get this number out more punctually than the last, he would have no further use for my services.

Now a sack containing flour may have its uses in the way of tea-cloths and such like, but the 'sack' in connection with a job is a most unsatisfactory episode and so whilst the business tran-SACK-ion (I hope it didn't hurt) was being concluded, my massive brain had been working overtime.

"Mr. Marshall," I said as the door again closed; "our privacy seems liable to constant interrup-

could go down to the house for a while and get it over."

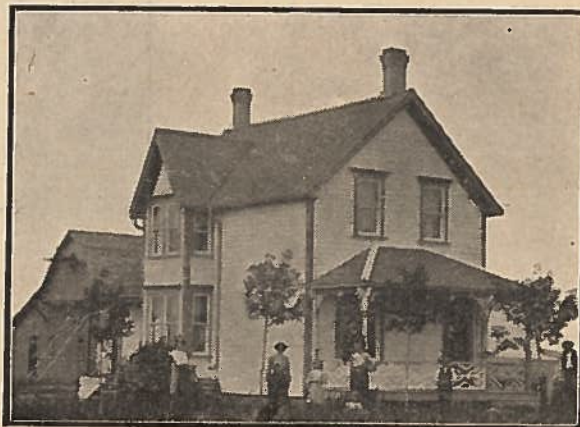
"Really, Mr. Marshall," I rejoined with a laugh, "you speak as if it was some nasty 'dope' you had to take instead of a few minutes social chat."

At this moment Mr. Fred came in and his father having informed him of what was afoot, asked me to accompany him to his residence.

Arrived there I was soon able to get to work in earnest.

Mr. Marshall it appears was born at the village of Ashwell, in Rutlandshire; as he himself describes it, it is the smallest village in the smallest county in the old country.

Mr. Marshall does not remember much about this event, since it occurred as far back as 1840 and naturally his memory is somewhat hazy as to the world's history at that particular epoch. It was in 1850, when he was ten years of age, that the family crossed the 'herring pond' and landed in Canada.



MR. S. MARSHALL'S RESIDENCE.

tion here. Can we not find some other spot where we can enjoy each other's society for a while and escape from such mundane affairs as money and business."

"Well," replied Mr. Marshall, "I expect my son Fred will be along in a moment and then we

"Did you come straight up here" I hazarded

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Marshall. "We settled in Ontario first of all and it wasn't in fact, until '91 that I came out this way."

"And I suppose you homesteaded?" was the next question.

"No, but I did the next thing to it," was the reply. "I bought from a homesteader, one Admiral Brown, who was the first settler in this part. Perhaps it may be interesting to know that Admiral Brown is still alive in Winnipeg."

"And I suppose you found it pretty hard in those days, without the railway?" was my next query.

"Indeed we did," commented Mr. Marshall. "Still, we pulled through somehow."

"Your hale and hearty condition at the present is evidence of that fact," I replied.

"Now, I believe I am right," I continued, "in supposing that you were the first merchant to sell produce in this town?"

"Yes, that is so. I sold the first sack of flour and the first lumber in Elgin."

"And I suppose since that time," I asked, "you have seen many changes?"

"That's a fact," rejoined Mr. Marshall, "but invariably for the better."

"And when was it first suggested to run a line through here?" I next queried.

"Well now let me think," replied my host. "No, it's hard to say," he continued after a moment's cogitation. "It's hard to say exactly when the railway was first proposed, but the North Pacific laid a line through here in '98 and I was one of a party of delegates who went to Winnipeg to interview the Government and the N. P. Railway Company about the train service."

"So the Northern Pacific was the first line through here?" I commented.

"Yes," replied Mr. Marshall, "you see they actually laid the lines, but eventually the Government bought them out and rented it to the C.N.R."

"I see," I rejoined; "and I suppose since then Elgin has been steadily growing?"

"Yes," Mr. Marshall remarked, "much more so than anyone ever expected. Why five years ago we thought it had got to the limit of

it's growth, but between then and now it has just doubled it's population and increased it's built-upon area accordingly."

"And you think the future of the town is assured?" I remarked.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Marshall, in no hesitating manner. "Our future is a sure thing. Our town is in a prosperous condition; it is situated in as good a wheat area as one could want and its various institutions and general government compare favorably with towns of much larger proportions."

"And now, Mr. Marshall," I said, "will you give me a few of your ideas on any subject you think may interest my readers both

for this reason. It is advantageous to both landlord and tenant. Now, say that the rent is, as is usually, the third share of the crop; well, if it's a bad year, the tenant does not have to pay so much, only the third, and this makes it easier for him. Then again in a good year the rent being on the percentage scale, the landlord shares in the benefit of a bumper crop. Thus both of them share in the fortunes of the farm, and whilst I think about it, I would like to say a word about the taxes.

"I consider these are better arranged in this province than in Ontario. Down there, the more buildings a man has on his land,



PILOT GOING OUT AT YARMOUTH TO ESCORT INWARD-BOUND VESSEL.

here and in the old country?"

"That I can," replied Mr. Marshall, promptly, "for I am essentially what one might describe as loyal to the country at large and the Province of Manitoba in particular."

"For instance?" I prompted.

"Well," said Mr. Marshall, "as you know of course, I now rent my farm. Now, I consider the method of renting up here is better than that of the old country and

and the more improvements, the greater is the tax, whereas here we have one rate only. It doesn't matter whether the owner has only a cow-shed or a palace on his farm, the assessment is the same and not a very large one either. And now I think I've told you all I can and I'd better get back to the store," with which Mr. Marshall said "good-day" and left me to attend to his business and many customers.

## Our \$5 Prize Agricultural Essay.

### *A Reason for the Non-Success of Vegetable Gardens.*—By J. B. King, Fairfax.

The season of 1907 has been an unfavorable one for vegetable gardening. The spring opened fully a month later than usual and the season on the whole was cold and dry; but, where the land was well prepared, suitable seeds sown at the right time and the ground well cultivated, the results were fairly successful.

Lack of sufficient preparation is the main reason for the poor success of most vegetable gardens on the farm. The farmer, usually after he has finished his wheat seeding—or it may be even later—takes the notion that he will have a vegetable garden; so he plows and harrows a piece of land that is handy to the house. It is often stubble or the weed-grown piece that he had tried the year before and he sows the seeds from onions to citrons all on the same day. The result is that if the season be rainy, he has fair success with some kinds, while, if it be dry—and it usually is dry weather at this time, there is not sufficient moisture to germinate the seeds, for newly plowed land dries out very quickly, especially the top two inches, which is about the limit of depth we can plant the most of garden seeds. Even if they do germinate some of the seeds are planted too late for the best results; and some too early, and are frozen.

To properly prepare land for a garden, work must be started on it the year before. A garden well cultivated and kept free from weeds is the best preparation for it the next year. It is unnecessary to change the plot each year; to change the position of the different kinds of vegetables is all that is necessary. A piece of well-worked summer-fallow or any land on which a hoed crop is grown, of course, fills the bill to start with. As is well known, cultivation conserves soil moisture, and moisture is the great essential.

The garden is not sufficiently prepared unless it be manured, plowed and harrowed in the fall. Use only well-rotted manure without a semblance of straw in it. It may be applied either before or after plowing. In the latter case, it should be thoroughly harrowed in, so as to incorporate it with the top few inches of soil. It is necessary to have the garden thus prepared, so that we can sow certain kinds of seeds early.

Some may say, what is the use of sowing certain kinds of seeds so early? There is little growth and the land is so cold that there is little available nitrogen in the soil, for nitrification does not go on till we have warm weather. That may be so, but we have more moisture to germinate the seeds than if sown a few weeks later, and, will not the deficiency of plant food at this time cause the plant to throw out more roots, and thus be able to make quicker growth when warm weather does come? Whether this is true or not, we have generally found the early sown to be the better crop.

You can plow deeper in the fall than it would be advisable to do in the spring, thus bringing up some crude soil to the surface, to be oxidized by the air and disintegrated by the action of the frost. The plant food is then in a more available form, besides your soil is deepened and the roots of the plants will make freer growth. The land should be plowed a little deeper each year till you have it as deep as it is possible to put a plow into it. A walking plow with four horses is best for this work. The coulter can be taken off and the plow run in till the muzzle scrapes on the ground.

Contrary to the opinion of some farmers, a soil capacity for holding water is increased by deep plowing, provided it has sufficient surface cultivation to moderately firm it, so that capillary attraction can take place. Again, by fall plowing, especially if done late, you turn under cut worms—the insect that so far has given us the most trouble—and so break their cell at a time they are unable to make another. Now, supposing we spring plow. If done early, you will be unable

to plow deep, for the frost will not be far enough out of the land to do so, and especially if the land has been manured the previous fall or through the winter. If done later, when you can plow deep, it is not advisable to bring up too much crude soil, and, as was mentioned before, it would be too late to get the best results with certain kinds of vegetables. It will also leave the soil rather loose, though this can be overcome by the use of a land packer. Spring plowing, especially in some seasons, is sometimes preferable to fall plowing for grain. The principal reason being usually considered the snow held in the stubble during the winter. But, as the garden has no stubble, and the rubbish is burnt in the fall—or should be, as it harbors vermin—it makes no difference whether it is plowed in the fall or not as far as the holding of snow is concerned.

Some farmers complain of the amount of labor necessary to keep a garden in good order. The soil, lay out, and cultivating at the right time, are great factors in determining the amount of labor necessary, for we must remember that labor to be the most productive, must be done in the right place, in the right manner and at the right time.

#### *A Long and Fatiguing March.*

A regiment of soldiers were making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "How far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank Heaven, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"

## Motor Notes

### Air Pressure in Motor Tires.

Mr. S. F. Edge has some interesting results of experiments which he carried out at Brooklands Track on a 40 h. p. six cylinder Napier with different sizes of Dunlop tires with varying pressures, the air pressures in the tires varying from 35 lb. to 100 lb. to the square inch.

"The most astonishing result at first sight, from these tests," he says, "appears to be that the speed of the car was entirely unaffected by the pressure in the tires, nor did it seem to make much difference as to the size of the tires. The car seemed equally fast whether the tires were the 120 mm. to all wheels or 100 mm. to all wheels, or whe-

rifice practically all, or a large amount, of the comfort that it is possible for a pneumatic tire to give. If any success could be achieved in this direction, it would mean that all motor cars would receive less road shock, they would be more comfortable to ride in, and I think, would, by freedom from road shocks be less liable to damage and all parts wear longer."

### Motoring on Ice.

The influence of the motor is becoming world-wide, as it is now found in every sphere of human activity. It is only a few years since it first began to conquer the land, yet its strides have been so great

built by the Arrol-Johnston Company has been on view at their London premises, 24 Princes-street, Hanover-square, W. It has several features which are very interesting, as they are different to the ordinary practice. First of all, the engine, which is vertical, is 12-15-h.p. has four air cooled cylinders, the low temperature of the atmosphere being relied upon to take the place of water. The body is strongly built, and has two seats in front and a large well capable of holding 16 cwt. of spares, provisions, etc. The wheels are very strongly built, and have thick and wide wooden tires. The front ones can be fitted with sledges about 8 ft. in length when travelling on ice, while the back ones have provision for using metal spikes to get a grip under these conditions. They are the gift of Messrs. Stevenson, of Glasgow and Coventry. The petrol tanks hold enough for 300 miles, and are rendered non-freezing by a special process. A set of grooved Dunlop pneumatic tyres will be used in the earlier stages. A non-freezing brand of lubricating oil has been given by Messrs. Price and Co., so that there should be no trouble from congealed oil at low temperature. The exhaust gases are utilised to heat the carburetter, for a foot warmer, and to melt snow. The control levers are leather covered, to avoid frost-bite. The car leaves London for New Zealand shortly, and the expedition will start early in January for King Edward's Island, 750 miles from the South Pole. It is estimated that the car will have travelled 2,000 miles by the time it returns.

Sales of racing horses after their successes on the turf are by no means infrequent and in starting auction sales of racing cars on the Brooklands (old country) track the motor authorities have borrowed another leaf out of the book of the older sport.

Details of an assault and battery at Kingston, England, were given to the magistrate by an eye-witness of the incident, as follows: "I saw this man hit him twice, and the third time he hit him, he missed him." Must have given the poor chap a nasty sore place.



S. BATES AND HIS REO CAR, AND PARTY, BEFORE LEAVING ON THEIR WINNIPEG TO ELGIN TRIP LAST JULY.

ther the air pressure in the tires was 35 lb. or 100 lb. Although these experiences appear inconclusive, they really lead us to one of the greatest steps forward the automobile movement has had for some time. If it can be conclusively proved that a small air pressure in the tire is almost equally good from a speed point of view as a high air pressure, it then only remains for the tire manufacturer to make a tire which will wear well with small air pressures. If this can be done, it means that we shall have our motor vehicles running upon exceedingly comfortable air cushions, as undoubtedly at the present moment, owing to it being desirable to pump tires hard to get the maximum wear out of the tires, we sac-

that all the elements have succumbed in turn. Its success on water is assured, while it appears to be the key to the fascinating problem of aerial navigation. The latest scope for its activity is in the forbidding regions of the Pole. Hitherto man has made many attempts to reach it, but always unsuccessfully, owing to the superhuman difficulties which meet him. Whether it was animal strength, his own resources, or even the air itself that was relied on, not one proved sufficient to allow him to raise the standard of glory on the coveted spot. It comes, therefore, with greater interest to find that the motor will shortly be used in a somewhat novel manner at the next attempt to reach the forbidden territory. A car specially

## Over the Kitchen Stove.

### YE GOOD OLDE PLUM PUD- DINGE.

Mix together in a large basin half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of almonds, finely chopped, one teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, quarter a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and two ounces of flour. Beat four eggs; add to them two tablespoonfuls of brandy; add these to the other ingredients and mix all well together with the hand. Butter a mould and put this mixture into it. Cover with a piece of buttered paper. Take a cloth, wet it with boiling water and flour it well; then tie over mould allowing a little slack for any swelling of the pudding.

### MINCED MEAT FOR PIES.

Stone a pound of raisins, wash and dry a pound of currants, mince a pound of beef suet very fine and one pound of tender beef, one pound of apples pared and cored; mince them with the raisins, and mix them all together; season with half a pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pounded ginger and cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of mixed spices; mix them all together, put them into a stone jar, press it down with a spoon, pour a teacupful of brandy over it, and tie it up closely with a piece of bladder. You may use this immediately, but it is much improved by keeping for some months.

My illustration this week is a dainty dish of

### EGGS WITH MACARONI.

Ingredients required: Eggs, a cupful of macaroni boiled, 2 or 3 oz. of grated cheese, a cupful of white sauce, a pinch of cayennes, butter and bread crumbs.

Boil the eggs till hard, cut them lengthwise into eight pieces each. Have ready about a cupful of boiled macaroni cut into inch-long pieces, also the cheese. Mix these

ingredients together and put them into a buttered fire-proof dish; pour over them a cupful of white sauce.

Season with salt and a pinch of cayenne. Cover the top with crumbs and bake for twenty minutes.

If possible garnish with spriggs of green stuff.

for 5 minutes; again a handful of flour, and so on till you have added in all, 12 eggs. Have one pound and a half of currants cleaned, half a pound of sweet almonds blanched and cut small, one pound of orange peel, and half a pound of citron peel also cut down, and half a pound of Sultana raisins. Mix all the fruit with the remainder of the



### LUNCH CAKE.

Beat to a cream six ounces of butter; add eight ounces of ground sugar, and beat for a short time; drop in an egg, beat a few minutes, then another egg, and so on, till you have put in four. Mix one gill and a half of sweet milk with a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix together 1 pound of flour and half a pound of currants; add the half of this to the butter, sugar and eggs, then mix the whole ingredients together. Put in a prepared tin dish, and bake in a moderate oven from an hour to an hour and a half.

### RICH PLUM CAKE.

Beat to a cream half a pound of salt butter and half a pound of fresh, in a basin, over a stove or hot plate; then add one pound of ground sugar, and beat together till white; add two eggs, beat for five minutes, then another two eggs, and so on, till you have put in six. Have one pound and a half of flour sifted, from which take a handful and shake in the mixture; then two eggs, and beat

flour; then add together, taking care not to beat the cake after you have added the fruit and flour. Pour it into a papered tin dish, and bake in a moderate oven for nearly three hours.

If putting silver away, wrap several lumps of camphor in flannel and put all together in an air-tight box. The brightness will then be preserved.

### A NICE DISH OF APPLES.

The following is a very inviting way to serve apples: Select half a dozen medium sized apples—Northern Spies are excellent—pare very thin, leaving the stem and core. Steam until thoroughly done, being careful not to let them go to pieces. When cold roll in fine granulated or pulverized sugar until perfectly white. Serve with whipped cream. The fleecy whiteness is the beauty of them. Care must be taken to not over-steam the apples, as they soon fall to pieces.

Polish oilcloth with kerosene. Just a little should be used.

(Continued on Page 19)

A NOVEL

## WHEN DUTY CALLS

By W. S. Northcote Johnson

## CHAPTER I.

Ding-ding-ding-ding. "All visitors ashore."

Such was the cry, accompanied by the ringing of the bell, that broke in upon the conversation of a small group of people chatting together near the gangway of the P. and O. steamer "Parramalta."

It signified that the ship would shortly be leaving for foreign parts and that all those who had come to say farewell to their friends must return to terra firma. The little group already mentioned was only one of many and consisted of Lieut. Reginald Ferris of His M. Navy and his mother and sister. The former was on his way to join his ship H.M.S. Theseus then stationed at Malta and his relatives were taking a fond farewell of him as they would in all probability not see him again for a full three years, that being the time of his ship's 'commission' in foreign waters.

"Well mother mine," said Reginald, "I'm afraid you and Rita must leave me now. That is," he added with a smile, "unless you feel a desire for a somewhat prolonged sea trip." Though he tried his best to be cheerful and seemingly high spirited, it was obvious to the casual onlooker that he felt parting almost as much as did his mother and sister.

It was the former who answered him first. "Goodbye my boy," she said with an ill-suppressed sob in her voice. "God watch over you and send you safely home again."

"Yes, and don't forget I shall expect all sorts of lovely presents when you do return," added his sister by way of giving the conversation a rather more cheerful tone.

"No, I won't forget," replied Reg., and then turning to his mother he folded her in his manly embrace. "Farewell my mother," he said, kissing her gently. "Farewell and God bless you. It isn't for so very long after all; only three years," and with another kiss he released her in order to say goodbye to his sister. "Well Rita I suppose you'll be married by the time I return, eh! Well, goodbye darling. Look well after mother and keep her cheerful and the time will soon pass." So saying he kissed her and then ushered them down the ship's gangway into the tug that was awaiting to take them ashore. Amidst much shouting of 'Adieu,' 'Bon voyages' and waving

of handkerchiefs the little boat pushed off from her larger sister and puffed her way to the shore, where passengers disembarked and stood waiting to catch a last glimpse of the vessel which was to take many loving and fond hearts to distant parts. Lieut. Ferris, or Reggy as we shall now call him, after waiting a few moments to wave a last farewell, straightened himself up from the rails on which he had been leaning and turned to go below and see that his baggage which he wanted on the voyage was in his cabin.

"I'll just see what sort of a steward I have to look after me," he muttered, "and then I think a good smoke will meet the emergency," having delivered himself of which soliloquy he dived below. Lieut. Ferris was just twenty-four years of age, having received his promotion some eighteen months previously. In general appearance he was a typical naval officer; clean shaven, smartly dressed and with just that touch of bronze in his complexion that denotes the healthy seaman; in fact, to sum him up in few words, he was of that breed that has done so much towards making Britannia mistress of the seas, and further, of keeping her in that proud position.

Although he had as yet had no chance of showing his worth in a naval action, for which he had the peaceful relations existing between his country and the rest of the powers to thank, yet he had come through a brush with some natives on the coast of Africa, when he was landed with a small armed party, with much credit and a D.S.O. Meanwhile Reginald down below, was with the usual characteristic of the naval officer, getting his things "shipshape," when, feeling a vibration pass through the ship his knowledge of matters appertaining to the sea told him that they were slipping the cable that held the ship to the buoy and getting under weigh.

Hurriedly putting his things away he rushed on deck to watch the shores of England as they gradually receded in the distance, every stroke of the powerful propeller adding speed to the vessel. Evening was closing down as they cleared the mouth of the Thames and then having rounded the South Foreland they headed down Channel.

Everyone was busy in the saloon writing letters, as their only opportunity of sending any before they next stopped at Gibraltar was when the ship slackened speed about 1 a. m. off the Isle of Wight to put off the pilot.

Our friend either not feeling in a writing mood or else having no one special to write to remained on deck pacing up and down in quite the orthodox naval quarterdeck style.

Presently just as he was passing the companion hatch, two ladies, evidently mother and daughter, emerged, having come up presumably to take the evening air.

Of the elder we need not speak; suffice to say she was of that stamp which betokens good family, whereas the fact of her travelling with her daughter seemed to show that she was not without that most useful of things in this world, a fair income.

It was on her daughter that Reginald's eyes fell; nor did he seem able to withdraw them, being quite oblivious of the fact that he had halted in his walk almost directly in front of the couple. In fact it was not until they were almost up to him that he recovered himself with a start and stepping aside lifted his hat with a muttered apology for his rudeness. This was acknowledged by a courteous bow from ladies as they passed him.

Reginald replaced his hat and with a shake strode off muttering, "By jove, what a lovely woman. I must seek out the purser and ask who they are." Our friend was not wrong in his opinion as to the beauty of the younger of the two ladies; she was all that he had remarked and more. She made a pretty picture now, clad in navy blue coat and skirt, from under which her neat shod little feet peeped mischievously for all the world like a pair of romping little kittens. As the bard has it:

"Her toes beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice peeped in and out."

Her wavy auburn hair was caught up in a careless, yet withal, graceful, fashion and surmounted by a pretty yachting cap. Of her features the most noticeable undoubtedly were her eyes, saucy yet demure and which plainly expressed the great joy she found it to be alive.

In the meanwhile Reginald had found the purser and with the aid



of a small gold coin was getting all the information he required.

"Yes," the purser replied to his questioning, he could inform him who the ladies in question were. They were Lady Malcolm and her daughter The Honorable Miss Enid Malcolm and they were on their way to Malta where they intended stopping for the season.

"Thanks, so much," replied Reginald, and then in a confidential manner he added, "I say purser, do you think you could manage to find me a seat next to them at table, eh?"

"Well, I'll see what can be done sir," answered the purser, with a twinkle in his eye. "I daresay I can manage it for you."

"I'm much obliged purser; you're a brick."

"Ah, sir," the purser added, "it's not the first time by a long way I've been asked to arrange little matters like these. Well, good evening sir. I'll let you know the number of your seat later on," with which he hurried away to attend to his various duties, leaving Reginald to ponder on how best to introduce himself.

Strolling up to the smoking-room he seated himself and pulling out and filling his pipe, gave himself up to reviewing the situation from all points.

To start with it was no use denying to himself that he had fallen head over ears in love 'on sight.' Already he started picturing to himself the admiration his "Sweet Enid" would cause as his wife; for that he would meet with a refusal never entered his head for a moment.

Wife!—Wife! Ah! that reminded him. Should he tell her that he had been married before?

That was not a pleasant portion of his life to look back upon.

It had happened that once whilst on leave, he had taken a short trip to Paris, and there in one of the smaller music-halls became infatuated with a dancing girl; so much so indeed, that though she was many years his senior, he had been foolish enough in a moment of madness, to marry her.

The result, as might have been expected was not only disastrous in the extreme, but had nearly cost him his commission in the Service.

Luckily for him, his ill-chosen companion had been content to keep in her old line of business, first however, demanding and seeing that she got a substantial sum paid to her monthly.

This sudden access to wealth had

however been her undoing, for no sooner had Reginald gone to sea again, than she started leading a very strenuous existence, the chief item of which consisted of large quantities of liquor. The result was that when Reginald had been away some sixteen months he received a curt note from a French hospital to the effect that a dancer describing herself as his wife had passed away in that institution during a protracted attack of delirium tremens. The death certificate was enclosed, as also a few articles of a purely personal value. So had ended a term of horror for him.

Since then it had been his one idea to try and wipe the remembrances of that woman out of his mind. This he had done with some degree of success, but now it was all brought back to him with renewed vividness. Should he tell her? The question kept knocking at his brain for an answer until suddenly starting up he came back to the present and with a rather dry laugh remembered that as yet he did not even know his "fair ladie" to speak to.

That, however, he added to himself was a matter he would soon remedy or know the reason why. Rising, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went out on deck for a stroll.

As he moved aft he espied in the distance Lady Malcolm and her daughter seated on deck chairs under lee of a shelter and being wishful of another glimpse of his "fate" he carefully wended his way towards them.

As he came up, they arose and started folding up their chairs with the evident intention of going below. Here was his opportunity, and to his credit be it said he was not backward in grasping it.

Advancing hat in hand he bowed politely and said, "Excuse me ladies, but may I not assist you by carrying your chairs down below for you? At the same time allow me to introduce myself as Lieut. Ferris of His Majesty's Navy."

"We are greatly obliged indeed, to you. Mr. Ferris," replied Lady Malcolm, "and pleased at the same time to make your acquaintance. It would indeed be kind of you to see to our chairs. This is my daughter Miss Malcolm; I am Lady Malcolm. There now, I think we all know each other, don't we,"

she added, with a kind smile. "May we enquire how far you are going?"

"I am joining my ship H.M.S. Theseus at Malta," replied Reginald.

"Oh! isn't that nice, mother," exclaimed Enid. "We are going to Malta," she added, turning to Reginald.

"Yes, indeed," joined in Lady Malcolm, "I hope we may see something of you there."

"I am honoured," said Reginald, "I also hope that I may have the pleasure of showing you over my ship one day. Have you ever been on a man-of-war yet, Miss Malcolm," he added turning to her.

"No," she answered, vivaciously, "but I should dearly like to. I've always wanted to, haven't I mother?"

"Well, I am pleased to think I shall be able to gratify your wish. I feel sure it will interest you. Indeed my sister says she always finds something new every time she visits any ship I am in." Reginald thought it as well to let Lady Malcolm know in this delicate manner that he was quite "au fait" as to etiquette on board.

"Oh! I am sure we shall be friends and have a lovely time," said the now thoroughly delighted Enid.

"Yes indeed," rejoined Reginald, mentally vowing that before long he would try and make her feel something more than friendship for him. And then as a bugle sounded he added, "and now ladies I think it is time we went below to dress for dinner. That is the dressing bugle sounding now."

"Yes, we must hurry down, Enid dear," said Lady Malcolm, and turning to Reginald, she added, "I hope we may be near each other at meals. It is so nice to have a naval man by one to help explain all the different little occurrences of the day."

"I will ask the steward if he can possibly arrange it," said Reginald telling a 'white lie,' "although I am afraid the tables will be made up by now."

"Well, you must make them alter it if necessary then," said Enid, "because we want to hear all about your ship." And then thinking that perhaps her speech was a trifle too friendly she coloured in the most delightful manner and disappeared down the hatchway dragging her mother with her and leaving Reginald in a most exalted state of mind.

## CHAPTER II.

Dinner that night was a most enjoyable function, at least Reginald thought it extremely so, seated beside the fair Enid, enjoying her animated conversation.

The dinner bugle had found him at the seat apportioned him by the purser and on Lady and Miss Malcolm arriving he had in the most barefaced way, informed them that after considerable difficulty he had managed to have his seat at the table changed. Lady Malcolm had expressed her approval and Enid had insisted that the purser was a 'dear' and deserved a kiss, whereupon Reginald had told her the purser was a much married man and also that such graceful presents would be much more acceptable to poor, lone bachelors. This had caused Enid to blush very prettily and look shocked and then dinner had started.

To Reginald this meal, the precursor to many others, seemed as a foretaste of Heaven itself. Certain it is, that had anyone asked him, he could not have told them one single item of the menu. While Lady Malcolm was graciousness itself, it was to Enid that he directed the major portion of his fund of small talk. And in this quarter let it be said Reginald was no ordinary machine, merely quoting the remarks of others and holding second-hand opinions.

Far from it, for when he laid himself out to be pleasant, few indeed were those who did not find him at the same time interesting, whilst as for Enid, but lately 'come out,' she was perfectly content to sit there listening to his mellow voice, as he recounted some anecdote or explained some puzzling naval peculiarity, merely throwing in an occasional exclamation or asking a further question.

After dinner, the evening being quite mild, Reginald had the further pleasure of comfortably settling the ladies in their deck chairs, whilst he himself lay on the deck beside the fair Enid, enjoying his after-dinner cigarette.

"Tell me, Mr. Ferris," said Lady Malcolm, "is it true that the Fleet is going for a cruise to Greece and Turkey very shortly?"

"I believe that is so, Lady Malcolm," replied Reginald, "though I am not certain at what ports it is calling. I received a letter from a friend of mine on the 'Theseus' only a few days back saying that there were rumours of a cruise, but that details as to its length or when it commenced were then lacking."

"Oh," joined in Enid, "I do hope it won't be for some time after our arrival. It will be wretched with no ships in the harbour, I feel sure; and besides Mr. Ferris, I am so looking forward to seeing over your

ship."

"Let us hope," replied Reginald as his gaze wandered over her beautiful face, "that, if for no other reason, the departure of the Fleet will be delayed in order that I may have the great pleasure of being your personal guide whilst initiating you into some of the mysteries of life aboard a battleship."

"A position I feel sure you are ably competent to fill, Mr. Ferris," joined in Lady Malcolm. "No," she added with a smile as Reginald was on the point of scrambling to his feet to acknowledge the compliment, "you needn't trouble to move. I feel sure you are more comfortable as you are."

"I expected Mr. Ferris was really going to run away from you, mother," laughed Enid. "Now tell the truth Mr Ferris" she added, turning to him, "didn't you feel a wee bit shy or something of that sort, at being told straight out what you really know yourself to be?"

"My dear Enid," said Lady Malcolm, with mock severity, "do you really think that an officer like Mr Ferris, who has won the D.S.O. facing hordes of fanatical savages would be likely to turn tail merely because a lady happened to say something slightly complimentary to him?"

"Ah! mama," rejoined Enid with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "I have read that the bravest of men have been known before now to run from a woman's tongue."

With a laugh Reginald left the ladies to order three cups of coffee.

"Isn't he a dear," exclaimed Enid impetuously as soon as he was out of earshot. "I'm sure we shall get on well with him, mama; don't you think so?"

"Really Enid," replied Lady Malcolm, reprovingly, "you must not be so outspoken in your opinions though I must say Lieut. Ferris is a most interesting and well-mannered gentleman. I have no doubt, however, that you will have ample opportunity during the voyage," she added, with a meaning smile, which was wholly lost on Enid, "of finding out all his good and bad qualities for yourself."

"Oh mama, I am sure he hasn't any bad qualities. Why a gentleman with a career like his would be absolutely incapable of wrongdoing. Oh!" she ended in confusion for Reginald had come round the corner of the deck-house with the coffee.

"I must apologize if I startled you," he said, turning to the now

blushing Enid. If however he had heard her previous remarks he displayed the good taste of refraining from further embarrassing her by giving evidence of it.

Settling himself down on the deck beside them, he sought for and obtained permission to smoke a cigarette and the conversation then became general, Enid joining in with many little airings of her opinions.

Shortly before ten the ladies rose and saying good-night retired below to bed leaving Reginald to smoke a final pipe before he himself sought his couch.

Left alone, his thoughts must have been pleasant ones, that is if his happy, dreamy expression was any indication.

At last, rousing himself from his reverie he knocked the ashes from his pipe and having taken a couple of turns and scrutinized the weather, retired to his cabin, where he was very shortly sound asleep and dreaming of a happy future.

Next morning everyone was up betimes inhaling the crisp, salt breeze and gaining a healthy appetite for breakfast. As the day promised fine, Reginald during this meal suggested that sports of various kinds should be gotten up, and the other passengers falling in with his idea, preparations were soon afoot.

With general consent Reginald was created Master of Ceremonies and right thoroughly he threw his heart into the business; so well indeed that by lunch time all arrangements had been made, the programme drawn up and prizes decided upon.

The mid-day meal over, every one trooped on deck, either to participate in or watch the sports.

The first event was a 100 yard race for men. Reginald had found that once around the upper deck just made up the 100 yards, so that the spectators aft were enabled to watch both the start and the finish.

After several other items had taken place the "piece de resistance" of the programme came on. This was called the "soda and biscuit race" and was one in which both ladies and gentlemen took part, the latter nominating their fair partners. The idea of the race was that the gentlemen started from a line and ran 10 yards to a table, on the other side of which stood their partners provided with a wired soda-water bottle and corkscrew each.

(To be continued in our next issue)

## Photo Notes

### Cloud Printing on P.O.P.

The novice is often at great trouble to mask out the landscape on to the top of which he desires to put clouds from a separate negative; covering the sky with cotton batten, or a cardboard screen, and in the end usually making a very bad join of it. The most efficacious way is to paint out the printed but untuned landscape with some harmless non-actinic medium. This may sound rather drastic, yet it is perfectly simple.

Obtain some pure gamboge in powder from the drug store, and mix up a little with water like ordinary water-color paint. Then, with a very fine brush, paint over the edge of the landscape, forming a quarter of an inch border all along the sky-line. The rest of the landscape can, of course, be covered with opaque paper or anything else that may occur.

The border of gamboge being yellow is a complete protection, and the clouds can then be printed down to and over the sky-line without fear. In the wash before toning the gamboge will dissolve off at once, and leave the print none the worse for it. It is advisable to use the gamboge in as dry a form as convenient.

### Varnish for Films.

The usual negative varnishes are not suitable for films, the celluloid being liable to dissolve in spirit, which is always an ingredient. Hence a water varnish is recom-

mended, and if in the interval between the more active outdoor season and the indoor winter work, an evening or two can be devoted to varnishing films and glass plates, it would be time well spent.

A good formula for a film varnish is as follows:

Bleached shellac, 1 oz.; borax,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz.; sodium carbonate, 60 grains; water to 10 oz.; glycerine, 1 drachm.

Dissolve the borax and soda in three parts of the water, and add the shellac broken up small; boil for two hours, allow to cool, add the glycerine with the remainder of the water and filter.

### Indoor Portraiture.

By which is meant portraits made inside an ordinary room and not in a specially constructed, glass-roofed studio.

Much has been said to show that creditable work can be done in an ordinary living room. One of the greatest portrait photographers in the old country has said that he is convinced that a studio is by no means essential, and, indeed, he has grown to prefer the effects obtainable in ordinary rooms.

At first, the indoor portraitist will, unless cautioned, make the side of the face farthest from the light too dark.

This is merely a question of observation. As a general rule, it may be laid down that while one side of the face is well lighted the other side should be partially so; there must be direct light seen

touching the cheek-bone and spreading slightly down towards the jaw; yet this should, if possible, be obtained without the sitter's eyes looking into or at the light. At the same time the eyes must look straight in front of the nose, or a curious out-of-the-corner-of-the-eye expression will result. Of course the darker the days, the more difficult becomes the question of length of exposure, a nice calculation having to be made between the power of the light and the sitter's ability to remain without moving. As near to noon as possible should be chosen, and of course, a bright day, and then, with an extra rapid plate and a stop of F8, seven to ten seconds should be enough.

NEXT to dust, damp is probably the photographer's greatest enemy, printing papers as well as plates being liable to deteriorate if subjected to the influence of damp air.

Plantinotype paper, if the tube has been opened, will deteriorate in a few hours, and dry plates develop spots as a consequence of spending a night in a place without warmth or a precaution against damp.

"PLEASE, Mr. Editor," wrote a correspondent of an Irish paper, "can you tell me how to prevent bleeding as the nose?"

"To prevent bleeding at the nose," replied the Irish editor, "keep it out of the other people's business."



### Black Battle

The engagement began at 8:15 a.m. and raged furiously all over the house for three and a half hours.

The battalions of the blacks, under the able command of General Soot, offered a determined resistance, but the merciless onslaught of the Editor slowly drove them before him and successfully dislodged them from one place after another.

A final desperate rally of the enemy took place at Elbow Corner, but with unabated energy the Editor hurled his forces upon them and very shortly afterwards the myriads of darkness were to be seen flying to the four quarters of the globe.

We reproduce a photo of the victor, taken the moment he emerged from the fray.

## Milady's Mirror. Conducted by Madame X.

### Millinery Hints.

No feminine conceit is so self-blinding as is the satisfaction of the owner of a home-trimmed hat whose friends profess to see in it the stamp of Parisian professionalism. To advance beyond the bunkers of amateurishness is none so easy, and the woman who slips the gold-lettered lining from her last year's \$25 model into the crown of her own chef-d'oeuvre seldom succeeds in inducing anyone but herself to credit it with the authorship of an expert. Added to experience gained by steady practice in trimming in season and out of season, "knack" is far more needed in millinery than in dressmaking, and there is some truth in the French assertion that she who is nee modiste creates her models with a puff of air, any touch more weighty converting a hat into a cabbage and robbing it of the first essentials which make for success.

To have learnt the art of bow and rosette making is to have mastered the pothooks of millinery, and a few hours' practice with the sacrifice of "virgin soil" in the form of a piece of new uncrumpled ribbon and a cheap shape will never be thrown away. A long needle with not too large a head, together with strong cotton, is indispensable in hat trimming, the latter being used double, so that, in lieu of knotting the ends, they may be cut a few inches above the last stitch and tied together firmly.

Bows with rounded loops are always more artistic than those which are drawn into a series of sharp points, whilst in the case of wired bows the wire should be sewn here and there to the ribbon by "invisible" stitches and made to bulge in arch form when massing the loops together so as to give them a graceful curved appearance.

When pulling out the loops, the professional bow or chou maker always place the forefinger in each while the stem is held firmly with the other hand. Short loops may always be sewn straight on to the hat itself, large loops on the contrary—especially when wired—being preferably given a correct form before allying them to the model

### Knitted Drawers for Child of 8 Months.

With the cold weather now upon us and a certain amount of spare time, baby can be kept nice and warm by a pair of easily knitted drawers.

To make them procure 4 balls of white wool, and a pair of knitting needles No. 12.

Cast on 60 stitches and knit in ribbed knitting, 3 stitches plain and 3 stitches purl for 30 rows. Then knit alternately a plain row and a purl row, increasing 1 stitch at the beginning and 1 stitch at the end of every row, (in the plain rows these increasings should be made one stitch from either end, and in the purl rows three stitches from either end), till you have done 30 rows and have 120 stitches on the needle. Knit and purl alternately 12 more rows, increasing at the beginning of the 4th, 8th and 12th rows. At the beginning of the 13th row, which will be a purl row, knit the first 6 stitches plain, and do the same likewise at the beginning of every purl row, and increase at the beginning of the 16th, 20th, 24th, 28th and 32nd rows, when there will be 128 stitches on the needle. Then knit without any more increasing till you can count 30 ridges of the garter stitch up the side. Then knit 63 stitches; turn and purl back. Knit 57 stitches, turn and purl back. And so on, working 6 stitches less every time, till there are only 9 stitches to knit and purl. Leave this piece of knitting and cast on 60 stitches for the commencement of the other leg, which is to be knitted exactly the same, till you get 120 stitches on the needle; then make the increasings every 4th row at the end of the rows instead of the beginning, and knit the garter edge at the end of the purl rows; also slope off the top upon the opposite side. When this leg is finished as far as the other, knit a plain row across both legs taking two stitches together every 4th stitch. Next row—slip 1, knit 1, to the end of the row. Then for the waist make 1, knit 2 together and repeat; knit 7 rows of ribbing, 3 stitches plain and 3 stitches purl; and cast off. Make a crochet cord to run through the holes at the waist to tie; and finish it off with tassels.

The subject of my illustration this issue is a pretty waist suitable for either day or evening wear. For day wear, I would suggest brown, set off by a contrasting shade of a lighter brown velvet, or vice-versa as may best suit the complexion; the yoke being of a deep cream lace, underlined with a cream satin or silk of the same shade. On the



other hand, for evening wear, my idea would be pink or pale blue silk or satin lined with sateen, the yoke as for day wear. For a 36 inch bust measurement,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36 in. material would be required, whereas the yoke and collar would need  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 18 inch all-over lace.

### A Dainty Coverlet made out of Old Blankets.

Buy twelve yards of sateen or cretonne, cut the selvage of the sides two and a half inches for a wide frill. Then join the widths straight down, making it three yards long. Gather frill, tack it round one three-yard length all the way round, allowing fulness at the corners. Run the other half of the quilt to it, leaving an opening of a yard to slip the blanket in, which must be just tacked the right size. Sew some tapes at the corners inside, and the blanket can be

taken out when the case requires washing. This is easily dried with out the blanket. A tape must be sewn at the corners of the blanket to keep it in place. This coverlet is quite as warm as eiderdown and easier to wash.

To perfume notepaper sprinkle

some blotting paper with perfume, and when dry place the notepaper between the leaves. The blotting-paper should be kept closely shut up or the perfume will evaporate.

To improve an eiderdown quilt, when it has become hard and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the shade for a few hours, shaking it

occasionally, and the quilt will then be as good as new.

Velvet which has been spotted with rain should never be rubbed dry. Shake the velvet lightly and then leave it; the water will probably evaporate and leave no mark, whereas, if rubbed, the pile will not rise, and will leave spots.

### *Over the Kitchen Stove.—Continued from Page 13.*

#### CHOCOLATE RICE.

Boil the rice in milk until tender then stir in one and a half ounces of grated chocolate. Pour the mixture into a deep dish and bake.

#### POTATOES

fried whole make a change from 'plain boiled.' Boil the potatoes and when nearly cooked put them in a pan of boiling fat and fry until brown.

#### BROWNED FLOUR (For Thickening.)

Take as much flour as required, spread it thinly on a plate, and place it in the oven till brown, turning often. Bottle, and keep tightly corked.

#### HOW TO ROAST IN A SAUCEPAN.

This method is only suitable for small thick pieces of meat, or half a leg of mutton. It is very economical, because so little fire is needed. A thick iron pot or saucepan with a close-fitting lid, is required. Put into it a tablespoonful of dripping, and when this smokes slightly, put in the meat, and turn all the sides so that each shall be quickly browned in the boiling fat. In this way the outside is crusted and the interior juice cannot therefore escape. Then leave it to simmer until cooked.

The best way to use up cold beefsteak is to mince it finely and to beat it with a little good gravy. Season with pepper, salt and a little fried onion, also a few drops of ketchup. Serve when very hot on nicely browned toast.

Another good way of using up cold meat is as follows :

Prepare the meat as for hash, fill a deep dish with boiled macaroni; on the top of that place the hash, and cover it with tomatoes, over which sprinkle bread crumbs, with a little butter; bake until nicely brown.

#### VEAL CAKE.

Slice down three hard boiled eggs and with some of the slices garnish a well-buttered plain round mould. Put alternate layers of veal, ham and hard boiled eggs till the mould is nearly full, seasoning well with pepper and salt. Fill up the mould with nicely flavored white stock, and allow all to bake for four hours in a steady, moderate oven. Let it stand till quite cold; then turn it out very carefully and serve.

#### ROAST TURKEY.

Have a young cock turkey, singe, pick and rub it well with a dry cloth; cut the head over by the shoulder, leaving the skin long in the front of the neck; cut through the skin only, all round, below the first joint of the legs; break the bones; draw the feet away to pull the tendons from the bird, and then draw it, taking care not to break the gall nor the gut; if properly done, it will not require to be washed. Break the backbone, and dislocate the thigh joints; put a little salt and pepper into the inside and put the vent over the rump. Have a stuffing ready and put it in where the crop was taken out; sew it up and put a large skewer through the wing, the under side of the thigh and the body, to the thigh and wing of the other side; press down the legs and put

another skewer through them, down the side of the vent; have a piece of tape, put it firmly around the turkey, and fasten it on the point of each of the skewers to keep the skin of the bird from giving way; fix a piece of paper upon the breast of the turkey, and put it to roast in the oven for fifteen minutes to every pound. When nearly done, dredge with flour and baste with butter. Dish it, garnish with sausages, and pour the gravy over it.

#### APPLE JAM.

Take apples, as many as you wish, pare neatly and cut into eighths the long way of the apple, taking out the core at the same time; then cut across into small pieces and throw them into cold water as you do them, to keep the color. To every pound of apples take one pound of white sugar, and put it in a preserving pan, allowing a pint of water to six pounds of sugar and boil it candy high. Drain the apples from the water, put them into the boiling sugar, and boil gently till soft, but by no means allow them to break; then put it up in sealers as other preserves.

#### *Very Ill.*

Steward (on a liner)—"Did you ring, sir?"

Traveller.—"Yes, I—I rang."

Steward.—"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

Traveller.—"Yes, st—steward. Bub—bring me a continent, if you have one; or an island—anything so, lul-long as it is solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship."

# The Ghost of Crawleythorpe.

BY W. S. NORTHCOTE JOHNSON

Christmas, a real, good, old-time Christmas, with the snow glistening on the ground; the trees scintillating in the clear moonlight and a keen frost promising the skaters plenty of exercise on the morrow.

The village of Crawleythorpe was, according to time-honored custom, making merry at this festive time of the year. Every shop was displaying, to the best advantage, its tempting wares; holly, mistletoe and evergreens abounded; people were hurrying here and there making the last few necessary purchases, with a smile and glad word for everyone.

Every house was ablaze with light, for was it not Christmas Eve and therefor the time to throw care to the winds and enjoy oneself.

Stay! There was one house from which no kindly lights threw their reflections onto the white world without. Gaunt and sombre, the house stood out, its very isolation making it but the more noticeable. Dean House, as it was called in the locality had for many a year been tenantless and few there were among the villagers who cared to pass it by after dark.

Sinister rumours there were afloat about Dean House. Village gossip had it that old Squire Dean had been foully done to death one Christmas Eve, by two friends he was entertaining in a quiet way, and his body had been flung down an old well in the basement.

That there was some truth in the story was very evident, since on investigation being made when Squire Dean had been missing some time, his body was found in the well. How it really got there was a thing none of the present inhabitants of Crawleythorpe could say. It was before their time. The present landlord of the house had bricked the well in and gone to some trouble in an effort to give a commonplace appearance to the affair, but for all that the village of Crawleythorpe would have more of it, and tenaciously clung to their superstition that the place was haunted by the restless spirit of the old Squire.

What is more, they invariably took good care to inform any intending tenants of their views, backing these up with many tales of lights flashing to and fro, sounds of struggling, groans and so forth. As a consequence Dean House found no tenants. This Christmas there

happened to be two young fellows from a nearby city, spending a short vacation at Crawleythorpe and naturally it became a matter of keen rivalry, which amongst the villagers could recount to the young fellows the most gruesome tales concerning Dean House.

Fred Strong and Jack Raymond, to give the visitors their names, however, took all the ghostly stories with a certain amount of incredulity, and many a time, a villager, deep in some blood-curdling recital, noting the semi-sarcastic smiles that greeted his legend would promptly shut down and betake himself off muttering his opinions as to the improbability of some pig-headed people in this world being brought to believe anything, even with the whole of the population of the British Isle to bear witness as to the truth of it. This kind of thing only tended, however, to make Fred and Jack all the more hilarious, and many a time the villagers heard them roar with laughter over "the poor gossip-ridden ghost" as they jocularly termed him.

"I don't suppose there's a grain of truth in the whole affair," Jack said one night as they were smoking their pipes by the comforting warmth of the crackling inn fire.

"Of course not," responded Fred. "It's just the fact that this story has been handed down from the last generation, and you may be sure has lost nothing in the descent. As a consequence the present inhabitants really believe what they say and no amount of arguing will get them to alter their rooted opinions."

"I tell you what though," said Jack, with sudden energy, knocking the ashes out of his pipe as he spoke and reaching his tobacco pouch off the table. "I'll tell you what would make them alter their ideas."

"What's that?" queried Fred.

"Why, if someone could prove to them there was no ghost in the house, they'd soon believe him." Jack lighted his pipe as he spoke and then looked at Fred to see how his idea took his friend.

"Undoubtedly that is so," said Fred; "but how would you propose collecting the necessary proof?"

"Very simply indeed," went on Jack. "Why all we have to do is for one of us to spend tonight in Dean House, whilst the other lets the villagers know what's on the

it, I should say they could not but help acknowledging the non-existence of the ghost. What do you think, eh?"

"Go right ahead, Jack, my boy," replied Fred, with a laugh, "and I'll have the villagers mustered in force, with the St. John's Ambulance Corps and the Fire Brigade to the fore in case the ghost should feel like giving a fire-works display at being thus rudely deprived of his solitary rights."

"Oh, I'll do it like a shot," responded Jack, a little bit nettled at Fred's apparent disbelief in the seriousness of his plan. "I'll just take a lantern and a couple of books and plenty of tobacco and you can rest assured I'll lay the ghost for them."

"Well, of course, if you really mean it," said Fred, "I'm on to help you. But, seriously, I don't envy you spending all those hours in that lonely old building. Why it must be thoroughly mildewed with the damp inside and is sure to be infested with rats, and in fact, generally uncomfortable. Of course I don't suppose for an instant there is any ghost, but why go to this bodily discomfort to prove to a body of people we have nothing in common with, that their idol has feet of clay?"

"Just for that very reason, if nothing else," Jack remarked; adding, "anyhow it will be an adventure we can talk about afterwards. And shan't we have the laugh at the villagers too, when we show them their old ghost is nothing but a gaunt, grey rat scurrying around in search of his supper?"

"Well, we'll consider it settled then Jack, will we?" said Fred. "If so we'd better be getting a move on. I see it's five past eleven now, and the ghost walks at midnight."

"All right," cried Jack, jumping up, "I'll first get together the things I want and you can tell the landlord what we're going to do. I'll join you in a minute" he shouted, as he left the room.

Left to himself Fred sought out the landlord and considerably startled that good man by recounting their plan. 'Mine host' brought every possible argument to bear to put them off this, as he termed it, "fearsome project," but without avail, and eventually finding Fred adamant on the matter, threw up his hands in despair and declared there would sure be a funeral to-

Smiling at his quaintness, Fred left him and found Jack ready and waiting. Stopping but a moment to light their pipes, they set out for their destination.

It was only some seven minutes walk, so they were quickly on the spot. Jack who had now lighted his lantern led the way round the house, and as they hoped found that the back door was unlocked. Jack took out his watch and glancing at it by the light of the lantern found it was twenty minutes past eleven.

"Ah! another forty minutes," he said, turning to Fred, "before we can expect to get to business. Anyhow I'd better get on in and look out the most comfortable spot to camp on. Now look here, Fred," he added, "I'll stick on till 12:30 and if nothing has happened by then, well, we'll consider the ghost laid, eh?"

"Yes, I think that would give us the necessary proof," responded Fred. "Ghosts are generally pretty punctual I believe, though if they have the same difficulty with their ghostly automobiles that we poor humans have to put up with, there's no knowing when they may turn up."

"Ah! well," rejoined Jack with a smile, this old fellow lives on the premises, so he should have no difficulty in keeping time. Well, I'll get along," he added, opening the door. "You'd better get back to the fire, Fred, and wait there for me. I'll be home by a quarter to one at the latest."

"All right," ejaculated Fred, "I guess I may take a bit of a stroll first though. It's nice and fresh and will clear the cobwebs a bit. Well good luck, old chap. Ta, ta," saying which he turned away for the road. In his own mind Fred had decided to wait around somewhere handy in case he should be needed. He had read of so-called haunted houses being in reality the abode of desperate gangs of cut-throats and burglars and therefore he thought the timely assistance, in such a case, of a small pocket revolver he carried, might go a long way towards evening matters up.

With this object in view he took up his position under shelter of some trees within hailing distance of the house, and settled himself as comfortably as circumstances would allow for a somewhat frigid vigil.

Meanwhile, Jack, having done a certain amount of exploring, had settled on a room, evidently once a kind of study, as being the best place for him to make his head-

quarters. There was still some furniture in it and amongst other things he found a very comfortable easy chair, which he promptly pulled out to the middle of the room.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," he soliloquized, "if this wasn't the Squire's own chair. I hope his ghost won't come around wanting it to-night, because if so he's likely to find it very much engaged."

Having placed the lantern on a small table by his side he settled himself comfortably into the chair with a rug around him for warmth and then opening one of the books he had brought with him he was soon deeply interested in the stirring contents and perfectly oblivious of his surroundings.

"Ding, dong—ding dong—ding, dong," chimed the village church clock.

"Another quarter of an hour," murmured Jack to himself, "and then we'll get busy." Again he became immersed in his story.

"Boom." The first stroke of midnight rang out. Slowly the bell tolled the strokes . . . Ten. Eleven. Twelve. Midnight.

Even as the sound of the last stroke was still reverberating on the air, a shuddering sigh became audible somewhere in the house.

Jack felt an unaccountable thrill pass through him. Silence for a moment, and then—Yes! he really heard slow, dragging footsteps coming along the passage outside.

Riveted to his seat, his eyes wandered to the door and fixed themselves on the knob, watching for the first movement.

On came the steps. They were very near now. They were just outside. They stopped. Jack was certain the door never opened but yet—what was that filmy cloud on the threshold!

Now it was clearing a little. It must be—yes, it was—the Squire himself, dressed as he had been on that memorable night, in the evening dress of the period. And yet Jack could see the door through him.

So the ghost had actually come. And how ghastly he looked! There was blood on his forehead and his shirt front. Why couldn't he take his penetrating glance off Jack? Couldn't he look somewhere else? This was really getting beyond a joke. What was that; he—it—was approaching and beckoning Jack with it's lean forefinger.

"Come," it whispered in his ear, as it drew up beside the chair, "follow me."

Jack's will power seemed to have

left him. A moment before he could not move from his chair. Now, when he would rather have stayed where he was, he felt some unaccountable power forcing him out of his seat.

"Follow me," again whispered the ghost with a mournful sigh.

With a shudder Jack was on his feet and following the apparition. No sound did the latter make as it wended its way along passages and down stairs. Unable to break the spell upon him, Jack perforce followed step for step. Now they were in the basement. Still the ghost led on drawing Jack after it. They entered the very room in which was the well and Jack now saw to his consternation that the bricked in portion had been removed and the forbidding hole yawned at their feet, black and bottomless.

The ghost once more turned his ghastly gaze upon Jack and pointing downwards moaned, "My bones are lonely. They need company."

Jack shuddered. Oh! for a moment's freedom from this power that held him! But break away he could not.

Still the ghost pointed. "Do you hear them?" it whispered. "They call for company. They are calling for you. Go to them."

For a moment Jack held back, but the next, he found himself on the brink, gazing down into that awful gloom.

What was that? With a start he realized that it was a heap of bones he was looking upon and oh! horrors! they were beckoning him to come to them.

With the madness of despair he fought against the compelling force and restrained himself, but again the ghost approached, whispering, "Won't you go to them," and then seeing Jack fighting against it's will, it reached out it's clammy hand, and clutching him by the shoulder, slowly but surely urged him over the brink. Ugh! that awful grip. Jack felt as if his very heart was frozen and then just as he lost his balance and felt himself being hurled downward at last found his tongue and shrieked aloud in his fright.

What was this? Why was he in his chair with the lantern by his side. He had fallen asleep and dreamt it all. For the moment, however, his mind refused to take it all in, and frantically jumping out of the chair, he let out shriek upon shriek as he rushed from the room, and down stairs into the open air. There he fell headlong in a faint and so Fred,

## News the World Over.

News from all parts and of all kinds  
I gather and I give to you.  
These items should enrich the minds  
Of all who read Westhall's Review.

Note.—“The Ghost of Crawley-Thorpe” is continued on Page 39.

AND so the King-killers are getting busy again. First it is King Edward VII and next, the German Emperor. Both plots were luckily nipped in the bud, owing to the smartness of the detective force. Whose turn is next!

“MARS is inhabited.” Such is the positive declaration of Prof. Todd, of Amherst. Now all you inventors, hustle around with your ideas for setting up regular communication with our neighbors!

ONE of the greatest feats in the annals of shipbuilding is now nearing completion. It will be remembered the White Star Liner *Servic* ran ashore at the Lizard some time back and broke in half. The after part was successfully raised and repaired at Southampton, but the fore part was lost and a new one has been in course of construction at Belfast. At the latter end of October the new forepart left Belfast to be joined to her other half at Southampton Docks, and though stormy weather was experienced, the craft reached her port without showing the slightest sign of damage. Captain Dunlop, skipper in charge of the *Servic* said the weather experienced was very rough and at times seas broke right over the vessel. The boat was however, as tight as a bottle and did not ship any water.

THE French are not to be outdone in the matter of battleships. The Chief Council of the Navy has just decided to establish a type of battleship much more powerful than the Dreadnought type of the British Navy.

THE railway crisis in the old country seems to be simmering down. It will be remembered that a short time ago the chances seemed large for a general strike amongst railway employees. That such an event would have meant widespread disaster and almost starvation for the inhabitants of many inland towns, is only too clear. However, it appears that the agitators have found that their hold on the men is not as strong as they thought, since it has tran-

spired that a large proportion of the employees would remain loyal to their companies. The men of the Great Western System do not forget that during the last five years the company have voluntarily contributed some \$1,667,639.25 to their servants' various societies.

AERIAL navigation is making great strides. M. Henri Farman has covered a distance of 771 yards in 53 seconds on his areoplane, an average speed of 14 yards a second. Hitherto the record was held by M. Santos Dumont with 223 yards to his credit.

MONDAY, October 14, witnessed the opening to the public of the wireless telegraphy system between the British Isles and Canada, and the transmission of messages at less than half the cost of that entailed by a cablegram. In spite of this, however, the cable companies do not anticipate any loss, though they will in time be compelled to lower their rates. But they have as yet one or two advantages to set against the cheapness of the Marconi system, as, for instance, the fact that the latter messages can only be sent by night and in favorable atmospheric conditions. Then, again, there is the risk of messages getting mixed on the way, which might prove either ludicrous or disastrous, and there is the comparative unreliability of an untried system, and the possibility of “tapping” etheric wires, decidedly dangerous where secrecy is essential. On the other hand, all these defects will undoubtedly be swept away in time, and competition, having a free hand, will balance losses in initial prices by increase in the number of messages sent.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, the novelist, absolutely denies a report that he had served as butler to the Vanderbilts to gather material for a book on the folly of the millionaires. The Vanderbilts say that had they engaged Mr. Upton Sinclair as their butler, he might well have considered himself bound to write such a volume.

Following on the success of the British airship at Farnborough comes the two hundred mile trip of the German boat steered by Count Zeppelin, who sailed around Lake Constance at a speed of thirty miles an hour, and the exciting rescue of

MM. Lepers and Delobel from their balloon, “Le Nord,” which struck the sea north of Ostend.

THE British Battleship *Superb*, another improved Dreadnought was launched last month. Her displacement is 18,600 tons, and length 490 feet. Indicated horse power 23,000 and speed 21 knots.

BARNUM & Bailey's great show has been sold to W. W. Cody—price \$410,000.

SURELY this reads a little out of the ordinary: The tinsmiths employed by a Coventry firm of motor car manufacturers have struck work because the company insisted on paying them a bonus in addition to their regular wages! The worthy tinsmiths are apparently afraid of getting rich too quickly. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.

A characteristic story is being told of John B. Herreshoff, the blind yacht builder of Bristol, Rhode Island, and head of the famous family that has given America so many victories in the contests for the America Cup. Herreshoff was a guest at a large party in Bristol when the hostess was proudly displaying a cabinet just received from an antique shop in New York, and bought for £150, as a product of the year 1710. It was observed by one of the other guests that Herreshoff alone refrained from favorable comment, although the old man had examined the cabinet by his delicate touch. Finding an opportunity, the man approached Herreshoff, and asked him the reason for his silence. Herreshoff chuckled. “I'll let you into a secret, if you don't breathe a word of it to the good Mrs. B—,” he said. The promise having been given, Herreshoff led the way, with his unerring directness, to the cabinet, and, extracting a drawer, he ran the tips of his fingers lightly over the bottom, and chuckled again, “Circular saws in 1710? Poor Mrs. B—!”

MRS. Ellen Dunne died in October, at the patriarchal age of 110 years, at Carrick-on-Shannon. She was married to three soldiers, and was a nurse in the Crimea under Florence Nightingale.



## Illustrated Interview, No. 3.

**Donald L. Livingston, Esq., of Deloraine. Police Magistrate, Municipal Clerk, County Council Clerk, etc.**

### ANOTHER PERPETRATION BY OUR TAME ONE.

Luckily I found him at home, or rather to speak more correctly at his office. A nineteen mile drive "on a cold and frosty morning" in quest of valuable information is likely to be disastrous to the liver, if the said information is not at the end of the journey.

While I have only hearsay as a guarantee for this medical fact, I give it free and gratis, without charge. A liver as far as my limited knowledge leads me to believe, is, thank goodness, one of the few human weaknesses to which I cannot lay claim.

However, I digress—"to our mutttons," as the French say.

Having got rid of the usual greetings and exhausted the already done to death subject of the beautiful fall and winter weather, I sprang my mine and informed Mr. Livingston of the purpose of my visit, and awaited the result.

I was not kept in suspense long!

Rising from his seat, Mr. Livingston drew himself up to his full height and thrusting one hand into his coat, a la' Napoleon, delivered himself in true melo-drama hero style.

"Sir, I refuse to be interviewed."

The twinkle in his eye, however, unfortunately for him, told me his game, so I replied, "Very good, sir I'll just tell my readers that and give them a couple of blank pages for the children to scribble on. How will that suit?"

"No, no!" hastily interjected Mr. Livingston, "that would be unjust. It would be taking money away from the stationery stores."

I sat down again, content with my victory.

"And now, Mr. Livingston," I said, "to start in proper and orthodox interview style, what part of the world, may I ask, had the supreme good fortune in cradling you in your infancy?"

After a moment's delay, Mr. Livingston replied, "Oh! I see—yes—what you are really trying to ask me is where was I born? That's easy. My birth-place was County Simcoe, Ontario, about 9 miles from Collingwood town."

"And may I ask when you came up here?" I next ventured.

"January, 1895," was the prompt reply.

I was getting him worked up now and he was beginning to run

"Yes," was the answer. "I play lacrosse and fill in a hole in the baseball team now and again, whereas I'm good for tennis all the time. You can't give me too much tennis."

"Ah! you should take a trip to the old country then," I remarked to draw him out, "and see some of the tennis tournaments. They would interest you."

"Yes, no doubt they would," replied Mr. Livingston, "but I



RESIDENCE OF MR. D. L. LIVINGSTON.

easier.

"By the way, Mr. Livingston," I remarked, "what are your prospects for curling here this winter?"

"Oh! they are very good. We are starting getting the ice ready this week," replied Mr. Livingston.

"And I suppose you are an enthusiastic player," I asked.

"Well, yes, I play quite a lot."

"And I suppose also," I said, "that you take a hand in many other sports as well." From his build and general appearance I felt I was on safe ground with this question.

guess they'll have to get along without me for the time being as I have no intention of visiting the old country yet."

"Ah! well, let us talk of Deloraine again, then," I remarked. "What do you consider is the best move the town has made of late years?"

"Without a doubt," replied Mr. Livingston, "I should say the two best things the town has done are getting incorporated and supplying a good fire-fighting apparatus. This latter is our special pride and is ready to do good work whenever

needed."

"And do you think the town has reached its limit in size as yet?" I asked.

"By no means. You see the town has always been carefully handled by the council and is therefor in a prosperous and successful position; and whenever a town is that way, it's limit is not reached."

"And I suppose you anticipate no difficulty this winter on such questions as fuel, etc."

"Oh! no," Mr. Livingston replied; "we have a large stock of wood and coal on hand and of course so far the consumption has not been over heavy."

My readers must not imagine that because I was in Mr. Livingston's office and spending quite a while there that the gentleman in question is not a busy man.

On the contrary, he is the very opposite, but it so happened that I arrived about noon and thus we had the place to ourselves.

How busy Mr. Livingston is was amply demonstrated to me when I returned later in the day to get the photo of his house which he had promised me. It was with difficulty I managed to squeeze myself into the office, but I eventually wormed my way to the front and got the photo.

As I said good-bye, I remarked that I thought I'd got all the information I wanted from him.

"It's just that amount more than anyone else ever got anyhow," was the prompt reply with the handshake and a laugh.

[We regret being unable to reproduce a likeness of Mr. Livingston, but unfortunately at the time of the interview the light was none too good and snapshotting was off. Mr. Livingston was also unable to lay his hands on a photo of himself.—Ed.]

Muggins: "You musn't mind my daughter's mistakes. You know, she plays entirely by ear."

Guggins: "Unfortunately that is

### **Wild Beasts as Feasts**

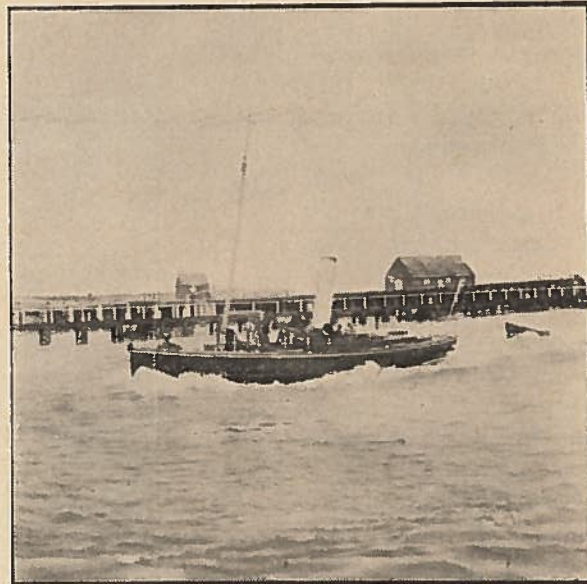
Instinctively one has a prejudice against eating the flesh of a carnivorous animal, but this feeling is not shared by some of the natives of India, who regard tiger's flesh as a dish of special value. The meat of the tiger is sinewy and tough, but there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the cunning and courage of the animal.

Explorers tell us that the flesh of the lion is fairly palatable, being rather like tough veal, though more greasy.

burn for three hours. At the end of that time the foot has been perfectly cooked, the flavor being delicious, and the flesh being so delicate that it may easily be eaten with a spoon.

### **House Full.**

Uncle Harry has been absent for three years on an exploring expedition. When he left home he was clean-shaven, and perhaps for that reason had imagined it unnecessary to take a razor with him on his travels. At all events, when he returned to Bristol he brought with



LIGHT-HOUSE INSPECTOR'S BOAT.

With regard to elephant's flesh there is considerable difference of opinion. Stanley branded it as the most disgusting thing he had ever tasted, describing it as being exactly like a mixture of boiled leather and glue. Other explorers, however, have declared it to be thoroughly enjoyable.

With regard to the elephant's foot there is no dissenting voice amongst the explorers, for they all declare it to be the finest thing in the world. When this dainty is to be cooked, a hole is dug in the ground, into which the elephant's foot is placed. A fire is then light-

him not only nicknacks from the various ports that he had visited, but a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache.

So changed, indeed, was his appearance, that his little niece Violet failed to recognize him.

"Why, Violet," her mother urged, "I tell you it's Uncle Harry, only he's grown a beard and a moustache since you last saw him. Now, then, aren't you going to kiss your own uncle?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I would," replied the youngster cheerfully, "only I don't see any place to do it."

## The Editor's Chatter Department.

A Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to everyone, and may the price of wheat never grow less!

Ere our spirit ceases to percolate Peace and Good Will, we wish to tender our sincere thanks to Editor Andrew King, of the Elgin Banner, for his great efforts and kindly notices of the Review in his valuable paper. We might here mention, that for rival editors, existing in such near proximity to each other, we hit the mark of friendship exceedingly well. In fact, as yet we have no intention of decrying each other's productions. Of course, as Mr. King remarks, should such ever be the case, he could get in fifty-two hits to our four, which is certainly long odds, but still, the Review is an illustrated and we might be able to snap Mr. King in some un-editorial attitude and so even up, so we have let it go with the pointer at "friendly," and the district must contain itself in its possible disappointment of a letterary warfare between two such brilliant lights of the literary firmament!

*We both take off our hats and bow to this exceedingly truthful and justly deserved description of ourselves!*

No applause please!!

Competitions do not apparently attract! In response to our request for a short Agricultural Essay of 1,000 words, for which we offered a prize of \$5.00, we have received ONE attempt. This is, to say the least, very disheartening. We certainly did not expect to be over-loaded with matter, but we surely thought there was a little more literary talent knocking around the district.

Mr. Jas. B. King, of Fairfax, was the ONE, and he has consequently, in a walk-over, secured the prize. We have much pleasure in reproducing his essay in this number.

In the Children's competitions not even ONE attempt was received. Perhaps the coupon condition prevented many from showing their skill. Anyhow, to make certain, we repeat the competition in this

number, in toto, with the exception that no coupon is needed.

Details will be found on the "Children's Quarter" Page.

Now, children, you have the winter with you and can easily find a spare hour or so. Wade in and try for a prize.

We should be pleased to know if any more of our readers contemplate expending any of their garden money, on the old country seeds we advertise.

We have a few orders on hand now and would like to make up as large a parcel as possible and have them all sent at once. Catalogs may be seen at the Banner Office, Elgin, or at the Editor's house, Westhall.

We are wondering, with a capital W, whether any of our readers intend helping us with interesting matter, in the shape of literature or photographs. A one man paper begins to be somewhat of a bore to

us a line telling us your views. In what way can improvement be effected? What items of general interest, not now included, do you think should find a space in the W. I.R.

These and sundry other questions are the ones that rampage through our brain when we come in from the field in the evening.

Your help in this direction will be much appreciated for two reasons:

Firstly, because it will show us you really take an interest in the paper, and secondly, because in this way we shall be able to get at the wishes of our readers and duly endeavor to carry them out.

It may be that some of you think certain portions of the paper as it is at present arranged, could well be dispensed with.

Let us know!

Some of you perhaps have special hobbies of your own that you think might interest others.

Let us know!

"Two heads are better than one" is an old saw. Perhaps it might be rehashed in the present instance into "Many heads will help one."

There is no getting away from the fact that you are paying a big price for a small article at present and therefore it is up to us to see that that article is of the highest quality obtainable.

This we are endeavoring to do but to be absolutely sure of pleasing all we must get inside your brain boxes and poke around a bit. By doing so there is every probability that we shall hit some happy ideas.

So just sit down and let us know. It will only cost you two cents and a moment's thought and will greatly assist the task of

YOUR EDITOR.

### ***This Mule Knew Something.***

A mule has earned a position in the detective force of Jersey City. It had suspicion as to the right of a man who was in a fowl house to wring the birds' necks and put them in his pocket, so it kicked the fowlhouse down. The man was half stunned and was easily arrested by the owner of the fowlhouse, who ran out when he heard the noise.



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

its readers after awhile, for the reason that the style of writing, emanating necessarily from one source, runs more or less in a groove and gets monotonous.

And now friends all! Lend your brains and air your opinions. In other words, what do you think of the W.I.R. Remember, it is our endeavor to cater for everybody; but there must be many who have suggestions as to how the paper could be improved upon. These are the ones we want to get hold of! When you next have a spare moment, just sit down and scratch

## "Snow Bucking" on a Prairie Railway.

BY W. S. NORTHCOTE JOHNSON.

I had been spending the day with Jim. The latter, by the way, is Section Foreman of the Canadian Northern Railway at a little town not 200 miles from Winnipeg and at the time I speak of we had been snowed up for over a fortnight. Winter had descended on us this year with more than its usual abruptness, and the very first fall of snow had covered the ground two feet deep, whereas the railway cuttings were filled with the drift. We were in the throes of a fuel famine, wood and coal being non-existent; in fact during the last two or three days both farmers and townfolk had been burning their fencing and such like to keep the fires going, and thus in some measure repel the cold, which at the time was registering anywhere about 30 deg. below zero.

Everyone was wondering when the snow plough would get through and open the line, and Jim being, as well as a friend of mine, also the "man in the know," I was constantly down at his place for the latest news.

It was just about 11 p.m. that I intimated to Jim it was time I was hitching up my team and making for home, when a sudden "rat-tat" at the door interrupted us.

I might here mention that Jim had to-day just finished a "wrecking" job, which had kept him at work and out of bed for three days and nights, and was in consequence looking forward to a good night's rest.

"Come in," he shouted with a yawn, in reply to the knock, and the sub-station agent hurriedly entered.

"You're just in time," said Jim. "Another five minutes would have found me asleep. What is it?" he queried, holding out his hand for what I could see was a telegram.

"Something that'll keep you out of bed a bit longer, I guess," replied the sub. "You'll have to hurry, too," he added. "She's left Fairfax already."

Meanwhile Jim had torn open the message, and rapidly perused the contents.

"There," he said, with a doleful looking smile, at the same time handing me the missive, "there's a railway man's life for you."

I glanced at the telegram, and read as follows:—"Your snow plough on arrival, and take charge. Bring two or three men."

"That means another all-night job, I suppose," I said as I returned the paper.

"Yes," Jim replied, "and all tomorrow, too, as well. I expect we shall go right through to the terminus at Virden. By Jove, I must hurry, too, I can hear her coming along now," and, sure enough, we could distinctly hear the panting of the great engine in the distance.

"That means I haven't got any time to knock up the men," said Jim; "they all live too far off."

Then an idea struck me. My team was safely stalled in the livery and the rest of my stock on the farm would be looked after by my man. Why shouldn't I go with Jim. It would be an experience anyhow. So, turning to him, I intimated that I was willing to accompany him.

"Will you really, Charlie?" he replied; "it's good of you; but," he added, "it's risky work you know; you carry your life in your hand on a snow plough. There's no knowing at what moment she may strike too heavy a snow bank and capsize; and the engine come grinding along over her."

"That's all the better," I cried, "anything to relieve the monotony of existence for a short while. This eternal sameness of snow, snow everywhere is beginning to get on my nerves." It was my first winter in Canada.

"All right, come along, then," said Jim, "though I can't promise you anything but snow, to-night. Still," he added with a laugh, "you'll see it flying up, instead of falling down, and perhaps that may relieve your feelings a little."

So saying, he hustled on his thick sheepskin jacket and we started for the station at a good speed. As it was, however, the great snow plough passed us on the way, and was waiting at the platform when we arrived.

This being the first time I had been in close proximity with a snow plough, I was for a voyage of inspection. But here I was doomed momentarily to disappointment, for Jim, having got his orders came rushing up with a "Jump in Charlie, we're just off," and I perforce followed him into the dim and forbidding interior of the plough.

For the edification of those who may not have seen a snow plough, I will here give to the best of my ability a slight pen picture of one.

Know, then, firstly, that the "crew" or "gang" of men working it are actually cooped up in the plough itself, being thus sandwiched between the snowbanks they may encounter in front and the powerful engine behind. Now, although the front or plough part of car is of three inch steel, the back portion adjoining the engine is totally unprotected, the sides and back being built just as an ordinary railway carriage. It will therefore be seen, as I have already mentioned, that in the event of a bad spill there is nothing to prevent the engine forcing its way right through and into the hapless crew in the interior of the plough.

As to the "bows" of the plough itself, this, as I have said, is three inch steel. In shape it is somewhat like a giant shovel, or, more properly speaking, a turf spade 14 ft. across, and sloping at an angle of about 30 deg. from the horizontal. From the centre of this inclined plane and some two feet from the front projects upwards the great wedge or cutter, that makes the initial division in the snow. I can only liken this to the sharp bows of a battle-ship or cruiser, with, if anything, a slightly more acute curve and larger overhang at the top. This "cutter" rises up some 15 feet, and its sides curve gracefully away until they meet the inclined plane, and it is up and outwards on these curves that the heavy masses of snow are forced when the plough is cutting its way through. Some ten feet or so back from the top of the cutter is the little superstructure with the small look-out windows—one right ahead and one on either side.

So much for the outward appearance. The interior, as I first observed it, is of easier description. One word suffices—darkness. But presently, as my eyes got more accustomed to the gloom, I began to make out my surroundings.

I was facing forward, and the first thing my eyes encountered was a stove, a most welcome object on such a cold night. Then as my vision strayed further, on one side I saw a small tank containing coal, and on the other a wooden locker or chest. On again beyond these, two great wheels, one on either side, which I learned later were for operating the "wings," should a wider passage be deemed necessary. Beyond these again, dimly discernable, the first

step of a ladder way, leading upwards, and then pitch darkness.

Turning round, I found that I had been able to discover this much through the aid of the diffused rays of a lantern in a deep tin receptacle, placed there, I was informed, to prevent it dazzling the men on watch.

Whilst I had been thus occupied, getting my bearings, as it were, we had moved out of the station, and were, as I could tell by the rattling and jolting of the plough, beginning to get up speed.

"Now," I thought to myself, "the fun begins," and just at this moment I heard Jim's voice calling me out of the darkness ahead.

"Come up here, Charlie," he said, "and see us hit this next cut."

I knew from previous daylight observation that the cut mentioned was a particularly long and deep one, in fact, it was on my own land through which the railway ran, so I scrambled up as best I could, nearly upsetting, as I did so, the other man on look-out, amongst whose legs I got my head entangled.

Although nearly midnight, the surrounding snow gave off light enough for us to see things pretty plainly, and peering out of the little look-out window which Jim had opened for a moment, I observed that we were tearing full at speed—some 45 to 50 miles an hour—towards the cut.

"Get your head in," shouted Jim, pulling me back, and at the same time slamming to the window, and the next moment we struck the snow.

In a second everything was obliterated from sight by a sheer wall of white and flying snow.

Clearing a small portion of one of the side windows from the encrusting frost I gazed out. Nothing met the eye but snow, rushing past and over us. For all we could see we might have been tunnelling through it tens of feet below the surface. Only the regular and rapid jolt, jolt, jolt of the plough told us that we were still on the metals. Unconsciously I began to hum a tune in time to the jolting. But presently I found myself running ahead of the time, or rather, as I discovered, the time was slowing down.

"Now we're feeling it," shouted Jim, giving a pull at the line connected with the engine whistle, which signalled to the engine driver to give her more steam. Now and again we could just hear the great engine grinding and panting behind us, as it forced us onwards. The

pressure of the snow must have by now become awful, as we could tell by the heavy labouring of the plough. Again Jim whistled, signifying "All you can," and for a moment we went ahead a little faster, but the spirit died down until it seemed we were scarcely moving, and then suddenly there was a jerk and terrific "vibration" all through the plough. Jim instantaneously gave three blasts on the whistle, and turning to me said:—

"Well, we must back out and take another buck at her. Did you feel the vibration, Charlie?"

"Yes," I replied, "what was it? Off the line, or what?"

"Oh, no," laughed Jim, "not quite as bad as that, thank goodness. No, Charlie, that was the engine-wheels skidding on the rails directly we stopped, and they lost their grip. Do you know," he added, "that if you could examine that spot to-morrow, you'd find the rails all burnt and flattened where that happened. In fact, I could show you a dozen or so such marks just round about this spot, where the same thing has happened winter after winter. We have to watch the rails very carefully just here to see they are in fit condition."

By this time the engineer, in answer to the three blasts had pulled back and got us well clear of the snow.

Seeing this, Jim whistled up twice, and we went at it again, and this time managed to get through, though our pace when we emerged was more a snail's crawl than anything else.

"Well we're lucky, Charlie," said Jim, "getting through on the second try. Why, I've known the time when we've got to buck at that cut eight and nine times with two, and even three, engines before we got out."

"But that," he added, "was when the snow was 15 feet deep and more, right up to these windows."

"How deep was it to-night, do you think?" I asked.

"Oh! only about nine or ten feet," he replied, "a mere nothing in the ordinary way. It's the length of the cut that stops us, not the snow. Why, this is the longest cut anywhere along the line; its over half a mile in all."

"Then, at that rate," I said, "we're not likely to be stopped again, eh!"

"I don't think so," said Jim, "unless something very unusual occurs."

"Well," I rejoined, "I'm going

down to have a warm up and smoke by the stove. It's not exactly like a furnace up here."

"You're right," said Jim. "You go down, Charlie, and have a smoke; there's nothing more for you to see up here. Only the same old thing over and over again."

So with that I toddled off down to the grateful warmth of the stove and lit my pipe.

Two or three of the "crew" were round it, smoking and yarning, and I listened to the stories with amusement, for though some of them undoubtedly had a savour of truth about them, the major portion were decidedly of the "long bow" order.

After a while, however, I grew tired of hearing Tom 'minding Bill of when they were capsized four times in the same number of yards, and how Ted recollected when they struck a bank "40 feet deep," and went right through it with three engines behind; so finding the top of the locker aforementioned vacant, I stretched myself out on it.

I have certainly reposed on more comfortable places but despite the fact that it was only 3 ft. 6 in. long and therefore of necessity some 2 ft. 6 in. of me overlapped, I nevertheless, with my head pillowed against the vibrating and jangling wing wheel, went soundly to sleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly without a word of warning, never more thoroughly awakened in all my life. I was off that locker in the twinkling of an eye, and it was only then I discovered what it was had aroused me thus suddenly.

It seems we were just cutting through a snow-drift when the door on my side, which unfortunately did not securely fasten, flew open to admit a blinding rush of snow which as effectually covered me as if I had been plunged head first into a deep drift. It got up my trousers, in my pockets, and worst of all, as I jumped up, a large portion slid down my neck between my vest and skin, and having arrived about half-way down my back and chest there inconveniently stuck and melted.

After that, it is needless to say, I patronized the stove for the rest of the journey.

It was 1:45 a.m. when we arrived at our destination, and being by that time too late to get into the hotels for a bed, Jim and I begot ourselves to a first-class car in the station, stretched ourselves out on the cushions, and slept the sleep of the weary.

Six o'clock in the morning found us up again, and making towards town for breakfast. This want being supplied we returned to the plough for further orders.

Meanwhile we gave her a bit of a clean-up inside and out, and pushed out some of last night's

unwelcome snow which had by now, with the aid of the stove, converted itself into about two inches of sloppy water.

This done we were told to stand by to coal the engine.

We put about ten tons aboard her, and by that time it was nearly

noon. After dinner we waited around for "sailing orders," which eventually arrived about 2:30, and we finally started on our return journey at 2:45, arriving home again about 5:30 p.m., after a novel if uncomfortable experience.

(The above was printed in the London Telegraph, April 6, 1907.)

## The Deloraine Fire Brigade.

[We beg to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. C. E. Stevens, Chief of the Brigade, in supplying us with the information for this article,—Ed.]

The brigade was organized two years ago and is undoubtedly most thoroughly and efficiently equipped. The fighting power actually consists of

- 1 chemical engine,
- 1 gasoline engine,
- 1300 feet of hose.

Then there are tanks sunk in the ground at various points in the town. These number ten in all and each one holds 80 to 90 barrels.

Under the Fire Hall itself is a large tank with a capacity of over 200 barrels, from which with only 800 feet of hosing the whole of the business quarter of the town is covered.

The other tanks and the additional 500 feet of hosing can account for the remainder of the town.

There are 32 members in the brigade, of whom Mr. C. E. Stevens is Chief, while Thomas Falconer is the engineer in charge of the gasoline engine, and Henry Boles of the chemical.

Of the rest, two have permanent sleeping quarters in the Fire Hall, and the remainder are without exception on the telephone which is run on the all night system.

In addition there is of course, a large fire alarm bell, whose brazen tongue should be able to awaken the soundest sleeper.

Although no actual record has been kept, Mr Stevens says the best and for that matter average time for a turn-out was follows :

Eight minutes after the bell was

rung without any warning, they were three blocks down the street, with water issuing from the pipes at a good head of pressure.

This is nothing to be ashamed of !

The chemical engine is capable of throwing water over any of the elevators in town when at working pressure, which is 85 lbs. to the square inch.

Whereas the gasoline engine can also souse the elevators when working with a length of 800 feet of hose pipe.

So far this season they have only had one serious call; but they have up till now invariably emerged triumphant from the conflict of the elements.

Long may they continue to safeguard the town of Deloraine.



DELORAINÉ FIRE HALL AND BRIGADE.

### A very Soft Answer.

Thomas, aged eight was the possessor of an ungovernable temper.

"Always remember, my dear," his mother told him anxiously, "that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' So if any boy or girl hits you or insults you, even if he's wrong to do it, just repeat those words to yourself, and be careful not to loose your temper."

Tommy promised, and on the following morning<sup>2</sup> was despatched to school.

He returned home for lunch,

and his mother smilingly inquired of him if he had borne in mind her precepts.

"Yes, mamma," replied the youngster demurely, "even though one of the boys called me a liar."

"And you remembered what I told you about a soft answer turning away wrath? Good, Tommy! And what soft answer did you make?"

"Please, mamma," said the youngster, getting to work upon his lunch, "I hit him in the eye with a rotten tomato!"

## Old Country and Colonial Sport.

The opening match of the M.C.C. tour in Australia was started on Oct. 26th. England batted first and ran up a score of 350 for 7 wickets, F. L. Fane contributing an excellent 133; other large scorers were A. O. Jones, Braund, Hardstaff and J. N. Crawford with 45, 59, 46, 43, to their credit respectively. The innings eventually closed for 402. Western Australia replied with 152 and following on could only amass 116, thus leaving the M.C.C. team victors by an innings and 134 runs.

Captain W. Darrell, the well-known sculler, of "Diamonds" fame, has just entered the ranks of the Benedicts.

The New Zealander's Rugby Football Team are 'going some' in the old country. It looks as if England could learn a lot from the colonies in this line of athletic exercise.

How many people are there still taking any kind of interest in football to-day who remember when a blown-up bladder (pig's or beast's) was to be oftener seen chased by the youths on a village green than a leathern case with an inflated bladder inside? The big, hard ball that furnished the amusement in the village to village, or "top of town" versus "bottom of town" matches, and the various kinds of balls used in the prehistoric school games gave way somewhere between the 'forties and 'fifties to the leathered-cased bladder, and the Rugby ball became known amongst the working-class in many parts of the country.

But there is an old stager who occupies a front seat regularly on the members' stand of a Liverpool club who professes to remember when a leather-cased football was a rarity in his district, and an unprotected 'bladder' served for many an enjoyable struggle on some Lancashire village greens.

The Association ball was not

possible until the invention of the indiarubber bladder. The maximum circumference of the round ball is 28 in., or between 8 in. and 9 in. in length. The "oval" ball is 11 inches long, between 30 in. and 31 in. round the long way and about 26 in. the other. The weight of the ball in both cases, when dry, is about the same—14 oz. or thereabouts.

The Montreal Rugby Team won the championship from the Ottawa Team with a score of 25 points to nil.

In the Oxford freshmen's sports held last month, L. C. Hull, of Brazenose College, a Rhodesian scholar from Michigan, won a triple victory,—high jump with 5 ft. 3 in.; putting the weight, with 31 ft. 6 in., and the quarter mile run in 52 1-5 seconds.

The dates and places of the five test matches of the M.C.C. Australian Tour are as follows:

- 1st Test.—At Sidney, Dec. 14, 16, 17, 18.  
 2nd Test.—At Melbourne, Jan 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 3rd Test.—At Adelaide, Jan. 10, 11, 13, 14.  
 4th Test.—At Melbourne, Feb. 7, 8, 10, 11.  
 5th Test.—At Sidney, Feb. 21, 22, 24, 25.

The leaders in the Old Country Football leagues at the end of November were:

First League—	P	W	L	D
Manchester United	12	11	1	0
Second League—				
Oldham Athletic	11	8	2	1
Scottish League—				
Dundee . . . . .	13	11	2	0
Southern League—				
Plymouth Argyle . . . . .	11	7	1	3

Sensational batting was the order of the day in the second match of the M.C.C. Tour.

The old country teams were pitted against South Australia and the match opened the serious part

of their tour.

Five centuries in one game denotes hard hitting.

S. Australia went in first and ran up 343. The M.C.C. followed with 660 for eight wickets declared and then dismissed the Australians a second time for 133, thus winning by an innings and 184 runs.

To Clem Hill fell the honor of hitting the first hundred of the season, against the English attack, his 104 being the result of faultless batting for over three hours. The M.C.C. rivals to Father Time were A. O. Jones, 119; Braund, 160; Hardstaff, 135; J. N. Crawford, 114.

The "Pro-Blacks" (New Zealanders) met with their first defeat at Wigan. The game was played before a crowd of 30,000 spectators and opened at a terrific pace. The New Zealanders tried every kind of formation, but at half time Wigan led by 2 tries to 1 try.

During the second half the visitors made strenuous efforts to reduce the lead and gave a splendid exposition of never-say-die football. They met their masters, however, and the game ended with the score 4 tries (12 points) to 1 goal, 2 tries (8 points) in favor of Wigan.

### Bishop as Drover.

Not very long ago the Bishop of Truro, accompanied by his wife, was strolling along one of the country lanes in his diocese. Suddenly there appeared a drove of runaway bullocks, followed by a gesticulating countryman.

When the latter saw the bishop, he shouted to him to head off the fugitives. Always good-natured, lordship did not hesitate for a moment, but waved his hat and succeeded in turning the cattle.

When he came up to the farmer the latter was much embarrassed at discovering the bishop's identity.

"I'm very sorry——" he began.

"Well," said the bishop, "I'm supposed to be a shepherd of sheep, you know, not of bullocks."

"Then," replied the farmer, "I'm happy to be one of the sheep."

## Souris Hockey Club.

The above club held their annual meeting on Nov. 4th for the appointment of officers for the season and to arrange all necessary details.

The following were the officers appointed and their rank:

Dr. Croll — President.

C. M. Boswell. — Vice-President.

J. Taylor. — Hon.-President.

F. Roche. — Secretary.

Exec. Committee. — Messrs McLeod, Young and McDonald.

The financial report was read and showed a good balance on hand, always a useful commodity to start a season with.

formance of last year.

Of the team themselves we give the following brief account which we have been able to gather:

Neil McDonald, goal. This gentleman might well be nicknamed 'the old reliable' since he has the happy knack of stopping everything that comes his way no matter in what shape or form.

His brother, J. G. McDonald, takes position as point man. He is away at present, but it is hoped he will be back in time to take part in the games. A smart player and always very much like the monkey when he sat on the tin-

of these fast skaters and wicked shots and in addition is exceedingly tricky.

Lastly, but by no means leastly, is Lawson of left wing fame. This gentleman is a heady player, a great checker and further, is always right in the thick of it.

The team have no spare members and barring illness or disablement, are not likely to need any as the first line are all keen enthusiasts.

### *Butter from Birds.*

It is not generally known that in South America is to be found a



UPPER ROW — F. ROCHE, RIGHT WING; C. LAWSON, LEFT WING.  
 LOWER — W. MCLEAN, ROVER; A. HERRIOT, CENTRE; M. MCLEOD, COVER;  
 A. MCGLASHAN, POINT; N. MCDONALD, GOAL.

As regards the personal of the team this winter there is very little difference from the composition of last season. That this speaks well for their prospects, it is only necessary to remark that last winter the Souris Hockey team only lost two games out of ten on their program. Five of the players are enthusiastic lacrosse men, which in itself is enough to ensure an abundant amount of energy and vitality being put into the game.

Prospects of plenty of play are good this season and the team intend if possible eclipsing their per-

tack, on the point.

Next there is McLeod at cover-point; his reputation is summed up in the words, "a fast skater and a wicked shot!"

McLean as rover fills the position not only to the satisfaction of everyone else, but himself as well; a mighty hard thing to do successfully.

At centre there is Herriot, a recruit from last year's junior team. If he holds his reputation he will undoubtedly win his spurs and be as good as the rest of the bunch.

Roche at right wing is another

bird from which a species of butter can be obtained.

This animal is known as the "oil-bird," and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, laying its eggs in a nest constructed of mud.

The young birds are extraordinarily fat, and the fat having been melted down in clay pots, produces a kind of butter. This butter is used by the natives.

The caves inhabited by these oil-birds are usually accessible only from the sea.



## Christmas Spice and Other Things.

Said the man with an "eight-day" match: "These things give me the jou jars. You strike them and after five minutes foretaste of the nether regions, just as they light they go out!" Was he Irish?

What is the difference between Scotchmen and Englishmen who come to this country! Read the following letters,—bogus, to be sure,—but they will give you the correct line.

From Sandy Macpherson, Alberta, to his parents in Gleskie.

Dear Father and Mother.—If you really would like to come out here, come right along. I have a little housie all ready and if you fear the expense of the trip I'll send you a money order for the amount. I earn \$4 a day at my old trade, stonecutting, and am able to salt away some every week. The whiskey here is rotten and expensive and I only take an occasional dram. I can keep you both here fine and you'll be as cosy as two bugs in a rug. Come on out. This is a great country.

Your affectionate son,  
SANDY.

From Algie Spook-Brookes to his ma in Belgrave Square, London.

My Dear Mamma.—Your long letter arrived here last night and I was horribly cut up to find no cheque enclosed. Of course, Effie's wedding must have cost you a pretty penny, but I ought to be able to borrow an occasional tenner from her after her honeymoon with Lord Charlie.

I am in a bally fix just now. The hotel man presented me with his bill after breakfast this morning and had the impertinence to tell me that if I didn't settle before noon I would have to get out. I only owe him about \$250, \$35 of which is for board and lodging. Try and get the gov'nor to send me a cheque at once or, by Jove, I may have to go to work.

I called on the bishop and told him that I was one of the Spook-Brookes of Shropshire and he invited me to dinner, after which I borrowed five dollars from his lordship for current expenses. Now, please, mamma, make an effort to let me have a cheque, for I am badly strapped. Love to the family and for goodness sake ask the

gov'nor to pony up. Otherwise, by Jove, I may come home. Indeed, I was thinking of returning home in a couple of weeks with a cattle train and working my passage over on a cattle boat. Of course this would involve my arriving in Belgrave Square attired in overalls covered with blood and corruption but what can a chap do when he is hard up, don't you know?

You might remind the gov'nor that there is a cable across the Atlantic now.

Your loving son,  
ALGIE.

(See Footnote).

Thus the Calgary Eye Opener, and though the idea has glimmerings of truth around it, we think the "Algies" are beginning to find out that Canadians have pretty well tumbled their game and consequently give the Dominion a wide berth now. So much the better. They are nuisance enough in the old country without attempting to spread the disease.

There was a young man of Westhall,  
Who of tales could spin some pretty tall;

When his neighbors did try,  
Him in yarns to outvie,

Supply the missing line. The winner takes a cheap trip to Mars via the Moon.

This from "Punch," we think, deserves one from the glad hand.

Those contemplating giving dinner parties this Xmas may find it useful.

### FIRST AID TO THE HOSPITABLE.

We venture to extract the following italicized hints from a recent article on "How to Serve a Dinner," in "The Evening News," and we add a few notes ourselves upon points which we deem important:—

1. *If dust has gathered on polished surfaces since luncheon, wipe them lightly with a soft cloth.* A guest's bald cranium always excepted.

Footnote: A bunch of money is cabled over as fast as electricity will bring it.

2. *See that your table is exactly in its right place.* Nothing is so annoying as to find that it has been mislaid at the last moment.

3. *Lay a dinner plate for each person.* Nothing causes a tablecloth to deteriorate so quickly as the neglect of this simple rule.

4. *When all are seated uncover the soup tureen; put the cover on the side table.* The top storey of a dumb waiter may be used for this purpose, but great care must be taken to ascertain before hand that he really is completely dumb.

5. *To remove the soup course, take first the tureen, then a soup plate in each hand.* The tureen should be held firmly between the teeth.

6. *Pour sherry.* It is no longer fashionable to take this wine in tabloid form.

7. *If olives and almonds have not been served by the persons at table to each other, serve olives first, then almonds.* If an olive or an almond strikes the host, it counts a "let," and you serve again.

8. *Put a spoon in the potato dish.* This utensil has quite superseded the now old-fashioned harpoon.

9. *Remove the crumbs.*

10. *To remove this course first lift the carver, and quickly and silently remove any crumbs you may find beneath him.*

11. *Do not leave the dining-room until you are sure that you have finished.* It is always embarrassing if you go back afterwards to pick up any little trifle, and meet somebody else on the same quest.

Westhall can lay claim to quite the latest in "perambulating pussies." Mr. John King cannot now go for a friendly evening visit without his cat accompanying him.

Mr. Tomcat King will not be gainsaid, but daintily picks his way along the snow behind "my dear fellow." Perhaps he finds batching it rather lonely also.

Who claims the title of "Wolf Catcher to the Elgin district?" Is it Mr. Frank Johnson?

## The Veteran's Scar. *By George Gilbert.*

"How did I get this scar, Sir? Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say, seeing as 'ow it be telling of my own deeds of valour. Anyways, it's a long story," said the old fellow as he fished out some tobacco ash that had fallen in the few remaining drops of his beer. "And little did I think as 'ow I should 'ave lived to receive the personal thanks of 'Er Most Gracious — but, it weren't for me to 'ave told you o' that. Howsomever, to cut a long story short, I were attached General Bungler's column at the time; him wot 'as since 'ad a monument put outside the park, where blow me, if them suffragettes don't climb on 'is knee, and say that wot they wants is—alright, I'm coming to 'ow I got the scar.

"Well, I remembers we 'ad been follering the enemy for about a fortnight, and was close on their 'eels, when the first signs of the monsoon come on us. It come up so black that it seemed like as if the whole o' Hallelujah had been tarred over. I 'appened to be in the rear of the column at the time, on account of 'aving a sick mule to lead, when all of a sudding the blackness changed to a blaze o' light, wot would 'ave put a couple o' night attacks, or a Brock's benefit to shame.

"That 'ere lightning weren't like wot we get over 'ere; it reg'lar run along the ground like a red hot bar wot 'as got the d.t.'s, and just frizzled you from your feet upwards. I 'eard arterwards that I were the only one wot weren't killed, all the others being burnt up where they stood, looking like a regiment o' Lot's wives, only they were ashes 'stead o' salt.

"Me being the tail end o' the column, 'ad time to see what was coming likes, so 'opping on the old mule like a flash, I gives 'im a kick in the gear box wot seemed to upset his table d' oats, so much that 'e give a six-foot jump in the air just as that overgrown firework shot underneath 'im. He weren't

quite quick enough tho', for that 'ere lightning gave him a sizzler on the near hind-leg wot made 'im do a couple o' Grand Nationals all on 'is own. I don't know wot it was 'e 'ad been suffering from, but when 'e pulled up 'e couldn't 'ave been better'n if 'e'd done Sandow's exercises, and worn an electric belt for a twelvemonth; that 'e couldn't.

Anyways, long afore 'e finished 'is bit of a galop, that 'ere monsoon weren't nowhere's about, and you couldn't 'ave told there'd been no monsoon at all, if it 'adn't been for the burn on the old mule's hoof and a few trees wot 'ad been blown into the ground, and looked like large gooseberry bushes wot they finds all the kiddies under.

"As soon as we 'ad got over our surprise like, and after I 'ad pulled out the mule's tail which 'ad also got blown in a bit, I set about thinking 'ow I was to get out of the wood, or rather, where the wood used to be.

"At last, after a lot o' 'ead scratching, I decided to follow up the enemy alone.

"For two days I continued the pursuit, and then our bit o' food and water gave out, but still I plodded over the desert in the 'opes o' running across some friendly natives.

"By the end of the third day my thirst was something awful, and somehow or other, I don't think it ever properly recovered."

Having managed to extricate his face from the fresh pot I ordered, he started anew. "As I was saying, my thirst was too 'orrible for words, and I was just thinking of openin' one of the mule's veins, and drinking 'is blood same as they does when they escapes from a wreck in the story books, only they don't 'ave a mule; they usually catches a shark, or seagull in the nick o' time.

"Well, just as I was losing all 'ope; I noticed the old mule prick up 'is ear and s top dead; leastwys

'e stood very still like. Following the direction of 'is gaze, I saw wot looked like a roll o' cocoanut matting, but on comin' a bit nearer, it turned out to be a dead camel.

"It didn't appear to 'ave been dead very long, and on discoverin' this, I couldn't 'elp uttering a couple o' glad little cries, for I knew that a camel always took enough water to last it over the autumn session, or thereabouts. It weren't the work of a moment to draw my bayonet, and with feverish 'ands plunged it into 'is jug and bottle department. Quickly pulling it out I placed my lips to the 'ole I'd made, and waited. But there weren't a drop and I reckon I might 'ave waited till that 'ere 'ole 'ealed up again for all the water I should 'ave got.

"Why, there weren't even so much as a drop o' blood, for that camel were just about as dry as this 'ere pot wot I'm 'olding of."

When I had pointed out that his beer was still on the counter, and that he must have taken somebody else's empty pot in mistake, he hurriedly resumed: "That were indeed a bitter disappointment to me (I concluded he was alluding to the dryness of the camel) and it were with a sinking 'eart that I pushed wearily on, more parched than ever, with the fierce rays of the sun blistering my lolling tongue. That sounds like poetry, don't it? But it weren't no poetry to me, I can tell you; it were stern reality.

"We must have struggled on like that for about another five or six mile or so, and it were getting toward sunset when I thought I saw a speck on the horizon wot looked like a small cloud. Every moment as I watched it seemed to come nearer and nearer, growing bigger and bigger as it come, till at last I knew we was in for one of them short sharp desert showers. A few moments more, and the first drops were spatterin' down, coming faster and faster, till at last it

were one hissing sheet o' water. Never before 'ad rain seemed so pleasant as it soaked thro' and thro' my tattered and dusty uni form.

"But there weren't no time to be wasted, and 'astily whippin' off my old 'elmit, I pretty nigh filled it with the precious fluid, and raised it greedily to my cracked and blistered lips. It seemed as if I couldn't get enough, and I was just 'olding out my old 'eadpiece for more, when all of a sudden it struck me that the old mule hadn't 'ad any.

"I knew it weren't no use offering 'im the 'elmit, 'cause it weren't big enough to get 'is 'ead in, and for the moment I was in a quarandary, when suddenly a brilliant idea come to me.

"Quickly slipping off my trousers, and tying the legs in a knot I 'eld 'em out in the rain wot was now rapidly abatin'.

"I 'adn't more than got 'em 'arf full when the shower stopped. Howsomever the little I got were a godsend to the old mule, and 'e couldn't ha' drunk more greedily if 'e 'ad been full of 'ot cinders. Them there trousers didn't want no 'anging out to dry by the time 'e 'ad finished with 'em, although they could 'ave done with a bit o' patchin' through 'im makin' 'em a bit threadbare like.

"Our thirst had been quenched for the time, but our 'unger still remained unsatisfied. It wasn't a bit o' good tightening up my belt, 'cause it couldn't go no further, and the mule 'e 'adn't got no belt tighten, and even if 'e 'ad, it wouldn't 'ave done 'im a lot o' good, seeing as 'ow his bones were about all 'e could 'ave raised a mortgage on just then.

"For the last two days 'e 'adn't nothing better to eat than a slice o' cocoanut wot I give 'im now and agin, and several times 'e 'ad made ugly rushes at my beard thinking it was a bunch o' hay wot I wouldn't let 'im 'ave.

"Both of us were getting a bit desperate like and it seemed as if one of us would 'ave to eat the

other, although I think I'd sooner the old mule 'ad eaten me, than t'other way about, when we 'appened to stumble on a pile of bleached bones."

"What did you do?" I interpolated. "Bring out your banjo whilst the mule accompanied you on the bones?"

"Ah, you may joke, sir, but them there bones reg'lar brought the joy to my 'eart for wot most people would ha' thought weren't no good were food to me. I don't mean to say as I eat the bones like they was, but after breaking them on the old mule's hoof, and picking out the marrow, you couldn't 'ave wished for a more tasty bit o' meat tho' I won't say as a drop o' gravy wouldn't 'ave added to the flavor. Anyways, I made a pretty good meal, and was just looking to see if I could find a tasty bit to put in my haversack, when I 'appened to look up, and see a lot o' them black chaps come tearing over the sand. At first I thought they was friendly natives wot was 'aving their Whitsuntide sports a bit earlier, but I soon saw they'd something up their sleeves wot wasn't going to make me crack my jaw thro' laughing.

Howsomever, I weren't going to be skeered by a few niggers after what I'd been through, so waiting till they come a bit nearer, I lets 'em 'ave 'arf a dozen rounds which brought down a couple of them, and seemed to make the others wish they 'adn't come in by the early doors after all.

"But it weren't long afore they come on again, so giving them my last two rounds for luck, I clubs my rifle ready to give the first one a bit for his nob.

"I was just making up my mind to sell my life at the highest rate of exchange, or thereabouts, when a strange thing 'appened. One o' their spears, wot would 'ave finished me off, but didn't, 'appened to give the old mule a nasty gash on the nose. He weren't looking at the time, and it seemed to strike 'im all of a 'eap with surprise.

"Then catching sight o' one o' them black chaps dancing about, 'e just gave a snort o' pain, and dropping 'is 'ead between is forelegs, 'e lashed out one from behind catching that nigger a crack in the suburbs which must have given 'im nervous debility for a long time. But the old boy 'ad fairly got 'is blood up, and I could see that someone were in for a rough time of it. And I weren't far out either, for the way that 'ere steed o' mine kept letting out would 'ave made you die o' laughin'. To see 'im you would 'ave thought 'e 'ad been brought up in a circus.

"First 'e gives 'em one from behind, and then 'e rears up, and lets 'em 'ave a right-'ander on the jaw, and all the time me standing by doing nothing but holding my aching sides."

"I suppose the mule came back and gave you that scar for laughing at him?" I interrupted.

"No, it weren't that way," said he, slowly passing his hand over the mark in question. "You see, the last chap wot I told this tale to—"

But here the tears welled into the old man's eyes, and knowing how painful such reminiscences must be, I softly stole away.

#### *A Soldier's Wedding.*

The humorous side of the horrors of war is exemplified by this story. While leader of the conflict with the Federals of America, President Davis received the following letter:—"Dear Mr. President—I want you to let Jeemes C— of 5th South Carolina Regiment, come home and git married. Jeemes is willin', I is willin', has mammy says she is willin', but Jeemes' capt'n he ain't willin'. Now when we are all willin' 'cept Jeemes' capt'n; I think you might let Jeemes come. I'll make him go straight back when he's got married and fight hard as ever—Your affectionate friend," and so forth.

Mr. Davis wrote these words on the back of the letter—"Let Jeemes go!"

## Curling Prospects.

### At Elgin

On account of the very open fall, at the time of writing very little has been done in the way of getting the Elgin Curling Club in shape for the winter season. So far it has been impossible to get the ice made, and predictions place the first game to take place on Christmas Day. Whether this will be correct or not time will tell. In spite of all this the club is in well-organized form. At the annual meeting held last spring officers were elected, but owing to some removals others had to be appointed early in November last to fill the vacancies and the list now is:

Patrons—Jas. Argue, M.P.P.; Dr. Schaffner, M.P.

President—P. R. Janz.

Vice President.—A. J. Woods.

Secretary.—W. A. Robertson.

Canvassing Committee—W. T. Draper, P. R. Janz and C. D. Gibson.

The skips appointed are: J. A. Gray, W. McEwan, P. R. Janz, R. Folley, B. H. Dial, J. E. Underhill, T. P. Jackson, C. D. Gibson, W. T. Draper, A. J. Woods.

Last year's financial statement showed a balance of \$34 and this will be applied on an old debt.

A pleasing feature of last season was the first annual banquet held on April 23rd. in the Elgin House. Twenty five curlers were present and with them were a number of invited guests. Every curler is looking forward to the second annual event of good fellowship.

Of course, a bonspiel will be held sometime during the winter though the date is not set as yet.

Two sheets of ice have been arranged for this year instead of one as formerly. This allows more to play and the limited membership will be extended from thirty-two to forty. As a result the membership fee will be reduced to about eight dollars.

A jolly season's sport is in store for the Elgin Curling Club.

### At Souris

The following are the officers of the Souris Curling Club:

Patrons—Jas. Argue, M.P.P.; Hon. C. Sifton, M.P.; Wm. Herriot.

President.—R. J. McCulloch.

1st Vice-Pres.—D. McEachern.

2nd Vice-Pres.—A. Lockart.

Sec.-Treas.—W. G. Hetherington.

Chaplain—J. W. Gordan.

Executive Committee—D. Kitchen, S. Kitchen, J. W. Fitzgerald, J. A. Stirling, J. R. Orr.



The club has a membership of 48, and good prospects for the season of 1907-08.

The annual bonspiel has been set for the week commencing Tuesday, January 21st, 1908.

A new feature is the forming of a farmer's branch to the club. Hitherto many outlying farmers, though enthusiastic curlers have been unable to do much in this direction owing to the sheets being only in use at night.

This is now remedied, and a sheet of ice is at the disposal of the Farmers' Branch in the afternoon, whilst interclub matches will be held both in the afternoon and evening. This should be a good thing for all concerned.

### At Fairfax.

The first season of curling at Fairfax will be inaugurated this winter when the new rink which is being erected there is opened. Keen interest is manifested and in the near future Fairfax promises to turn out some crack curlers.

#### The Doctor's Advice.

SHORTLY after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true—"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham, but—"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the 'phone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think—"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your—"

"Doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard.

"No, I don't," he replied grimly. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this."

#### Warning to Sweethearts.

"You stopped smoking because she asked you to?" "Yes."

"And you stopped drinking because she asked you to?" "Yes."

"And you stopped swearing because she asked you to?" "Yes."

"And you began going in better society because she asked you to?" "Yes."

"It is a wonder to me you did not marry her?"

"I had intended to, but when I had gotten rid of all my bad habits I found I could do better."

## Correspondence.

To the Editor W.I.R.

Dear Sir:—Whilst having many good wishes for your enterprising paper, may I voice a complaint which I fully believe to be just.

Briefly, it is that your paper, as at present arranged, does not, I consider, devote enough of itself to the ladies.

Wishing you every success,  
I am,  
"A LADY READER."

And so it has come! Complaint No. 1. Tiens! fair ladies, as the French say. Allow me, I beg you breathing space in which to properly array and marshall my forces! I am pleased to receive your complaint, strange as it may seem. It shows me that there is one lady reader; as soon as I know that I have a few more, the space devoted to them will most certainly be enlarged. Until, however, I am sure of this I consider it wise to keep the pages as they are.—ED.

### The Common House-fly

What a pesky little creature he is. Wire doors and window screens are as nothing to him.

If he wants in he'll in all right no matter how you try to keep him out. What says the great Ruskin anent this lively animal. It is well worth of reproduction in such a fly-infested spot as Westhall.

"I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Nor free only, but brave, and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of

the world's having been made for flies.

Strike at him with your hand, and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be if an acre of red clay ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim.

That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect to the fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand and alights on the back of it. you cannot terrify him; nor govern him; nor persuade him; nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one usually for his own ends, and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging, the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweet meats in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's backyard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz. What freedom is like his?

### A Study in Optimism.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity

would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blest with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house was burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened.

The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"You are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured someone. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said:

"They were always cold, anyway!"

### The Lawyer's Need.

"It's this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now what would you do if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the solicitor, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. Never mind the costs; I need the money."

## Advertising Rates.

The following is the schedule of advertising rates:

SPACE.	ONE ISSUE.	TWO ISSUES.	THREE ISSUES.	FOUR ISSUES.
1 inch . . . . .	\$ .25	\$ .45	\$ .65	\$ .75
1/4 column, 2 1/2 inches . . . . .	.50	.90	1.30	1.60
1/2 column, 5 inches . . . . .	.90	1.75	2.50	3.00
1 column, 10 inches . . . . .	1.75	3.25	4.00	5.50
1/2 page, 15 inches . . . . .	2.50	4.75	6.25	7.75
2 columns, 20 inches . . . . .	3.25	6.25	7.50	9.00
1 page, 30 inches . . . . .	5.00	9.00	12.00	14.00

All copy must be in the hands of the printer at least two weeks previous to issue. Address all communications to Editor W.I.R., Box F, Elgin.

### Danger in The Telephone.

Some old country doctors hold that the receiver and transmitter of telephones in public offices are liable to spread disease. The remedy they suggest is a solution of weak carbolic or else a fresh covering of tissue paper for each person.

How doth the deadly vile microbe  
Lurk in each telephone;  
This is a matter we should probe,  
If health we wish to own.

The Doctor tells us we may find,  
Hiding in 'transmitter,'  
Disease of quite a varied kind,  
Without which we'd be fitter.

'Receivers' also, we are told,  
Receive more than they should;  
What one ear leaves another'll hold.  
The chances are it would !

The remedy is simple—quite—  
Rinse both in weak carbolic,  
Or tissue paper'll put things right  
And stop those microbe's frolic.  
—W. S. Northcote Johnson.

### Grit and Its Uses.

When fowls and chickens have their freedom and are able to wander about the fields and under the hedgerows, they are generally able to procure all the grit they require for the proper mastication of the food; but when, on the contrary, they are confined to runs, it is quite another matter, and it is necessary under these conditions to provide them with a liberal supply. Probably, everyone has noticed at some time or another the poultry pecking away at the hard roadway, and it is possible surprise has been expressed because the birds are not likely to find food upon a flint or gravel road. The fowls are pecking about for grit, small, sharp pieces of flint, gravel, etc., as they are well aware how essential a plentiful supply is for their health and well-being. When poultry are kept in runs, a small trough containing grit should always be available, so that they may take as often and in what quantities they like. In nearly all cases when grit is not supplied it is merely owing to carelessness, as the expense is a matter beneath consideration. Excellent samples of specially prepared grit can be bought at an extremely low figure, while, if one goes to a little trouble it can be prepared at home at no

cost at all, save labour. Broken flints or glass bottles answer admirably, or, if very sharp gravel can be obtained, this does as well. The main purpose of grit is to grind the food up into a fine powder, in order that it can be more easily assimilated. Fowls, of course, possess no teeth, and the food passes to the gizzard in almost the same conditions as it enters the mouth, where it is ground up very finely by means of these small, sharp pieces of flint or glass, termed grit. The power of the gizzard is truly remarkable — probably there is no more wonderful organ in the whole system—and its strength was very clearly demonstrated by some interesting experiments conducted by a Frenchman a few years ago. A small lead ball had inserted into it twenty needles, the point of each projecting about the sixteenth of an inch above the surface of the ball. It was thickly covered with sugar, and given to a fowl to eat. At the end of ten days

ceived neither food nor grit. At the end of these times they were liberated, and there were placed before them a trough of grit and one of food. In every case, even where the fowls had received nothing for three days, they made for the grit, and ate several pieces before they attempted to touch the food. This shows, we think, the fowls must have a craving for grit, or else they somehow or other know how important a factor it is towards health and vigour. For adult birds it requires to be about the size of peas, not round, but as sharp as possible; while for very young chickens it should not be larger than coarse sand.—'Feathered Life.'

### The Song of the Settler.

Away, away, o'er the heaving ocean  
Out and away from the land of  
their birth,  
Such is the cry of the countless  
thousands

Called from the nethermost parts  
of the earth.

What is their reason in thus  
leaving homeland,  
Ties, kith and kin, in this  
headlong flight ?  
Seek ye the answer in Can-  
ada's wheat-land,  
There find the reason—the  
bright guiding light.

Long from afar have they  
viewed this fair Canaan,  
Hoarding up grimly their  
wealth, that they may  
One day take ship, and so  
reach the haven  
Set there by God in its  
splendid array;  
Magnet more powerful  
than e'er manufactured,  
Know ye the reason men  
strive for thee so ?  
'Tis that their wives and  
their children enraptured  
May live in plenty and  
and peace when they go.



SEA-SIDE SCENE IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

or a fortnight the bird was killed and immediately cut open, when it was found that every steel needle had been ground down to the level of the surface, while there was not a single scratch or mark of any description on the gizzard. This is all the more wonderful when it remembered that the gizzard contains no bones whatever, being entirely composed of gristle. Showing the craving which fowls evidently have for grit, we may mention an experiment we conducted a little time ago. Several pens of fowls were starved for periods varying from twelve hours to three days, during which time they re-

Canada, then, with thy riches un-  
numbered,  
Wheat-land aflo with the gold of  
the grain,  
Work for the miner, mechanic, or  
farmer;  
Surely art proud of thy prosperous  
reign !  
When in the years that to thee are  
now speeding,  
Prosperous men, on thy beauties  
discant,  
Throw back thy glance 'pon the  
time thou wert needing  
Help from the arm of a poor  
EMIGRANT.

# Children's Quarter. *Conducted by Uncle Tommy.*

Dear Girls and Boys:

Now how did you like the pretty story I gave you to read in the last number? Didn't you think Mrs. P. Rock was a good mother? That is how you should all try and be yourselves. Always think of how you can help or be kind to others before yourself. If you work on that plan you will find life much more pleasant. Giving pleasure to others does not cost much after all and you will never regret it. People soon begin to find out that you are unselfish and will respect you accordingly. And now I would like to say a word about the competitions. Remember that there will be other competitions from time to time. Persevere and you are sure to win a prize sooner or later. Perseverance never did anyone any harm yet, so stay with it and put all your heart into whatever task you take up in life.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE TOMMY.

Now, girls and boys, I shall always be pleased to hear from you. Write me short letters telling me how you like the C.Q. and anything else you like and if your letter is of sufficient interest I will publish it for the others to see.

## A Friendly Dog.

There was a friend of mine once who had a dear, old collie dog. This dog seldom, if ever, left his master. He was a splendid guardian and if ever his master left his coat, or anything else, on the ground, whilst working, the dog mounted guard over it and nobody could get near it. If anyone tried to take it away, he would show his teeth and snap and snarl and generally give the intruder to understand that there was a bad time in store for him if he persisted in trying to take the coat.

Now, my friend was a farmer and lived quite close to me. Of course, I saw a lot of him and got to know the dog so well that he always wagged his tail whenever I

came along.

Well, the year I am speaking of, the threshers came along to my friend's farm in due course and my friend and his dog were around all day very busy, the former helping the gang and the latter catching mice out of the stooks.

Now, funnily enough, when the threshing was over on the farm and the outfit started off to another place, the collie dog thought his master was still with it and of course went along as well. His master didn't notice he had gone till the next day and even then did not bother his head much about it, as he felt certain the dog was somewhere close around and would return.

But a week went by and the collie dog never showed up. Then his master began to worry a little. He knew that probably his dog was with the threshing outfit, but couldn't make out why he had not returned yet.

When a second week passed and no dog came home. My friend really began to think something had happened, and though he smiled and told me the dog was sure to turn up, I could see he was very upset about it.

Two or three days after this when I was watering my horses one night in the dusk, I noticed something crawling along the trail very slowly.

Although I felt certain it wasn't my own dog, I called out "Jim, Jim," but the animal took no notice and still kept slowly on. I could tell it was not a wolf and then suddenly the idea came into my head that it might be my friend's dog, so I called, "Collie, Collie."

There was a whine of delight and then with much jumping and wagging of tail, the doggie gave me to understand how pleased he was to see a friend again.

I patted him a little and then put my horses in the stable for the night.

When I got back to the house,

there was collie sitting on the doorstep waiting for me.

"What's the matter, Collie," I said, "do you want to come in for a warm before going on home?"

It was evident he did, for as I opened the door he marched in ahead of me and went right up to stove.

Poor Collie, he looked so thin and starved and his coat was all matted with burrs as if he'd come a long distance, so after supper I gave him some hot milk and a plate of bones.

Didn't he enjoy them too! He just sat there wagging his tail and eating at the same time, till he'd finished up everything. Then with a look at me as much as to say "Thank you", he went over to the stove again and lay down.

Getting a good hard brush I gave his coat a polish up and soon had him looking somewhat like his old self. After that I put a rug down for him and went to bed.

Next morning I was up early, and there was Collie waiting at my door to say "Good-morning."

Well, I gave him some more milk and bones and then tying a note around his neck, to say that I found him, I sent him off home. Next day I went over to my friend and there was Collie looking the same as ever, and there was a smile on my friend's face that had not been there for a long while.

Don't you think that was a friendly dog to come and pay me a visit on his way home, like that?

## OPPORTUNITY.

"'Tis a long and weary road to 'by-and-by,'

And a 'sometime' that seldom arrives;

Why not take the pathway that leads thro' to-day,

Make each day the 'now' of our lives?

Why wait and plan for next month or year?

The 'Will' and the 'Wish' bring the 'How';

There is only one time to do each our best,

And that is just here, and just now."

—Overland Monthly.

Our competitions for this issue are four in number:

**FIRST**—For Boys above 10 years of age and under 16. I will give a W.I.R. prize pocket knife to the boy who sends me the best drawing of a small shallow box containing four apples. Let me give you a hint as to drawing the box. Remember that to get the lines in proper perspective they should if continued far enough, all meet at one point. Therefore fix your point and then rule from that, but lightly, so you can rub out the lines beyond the box afterwards. The drawing must not be more than three inches broad by two inches high and must be on unlined white paper. Cleaness of work and general neatness will be counted in awarding the prize.

**SECOND**.—Boys under 10 years of age. Tell me in not more than 50 words how you enjoyed the Sunday School picnic this year and what pleased you most about it. Write it out as neatly as possible and remember spelling and grammar will count. To the boy sending in the best description, I will give a W. I. R. school box containing pencils, ruler, etc.

**THIRD**. For Girls over 10 and under 16 years of age. For the one giving me the best recipe for a W.I.R. cake, which, mind you, must not be one of the recognized recipes of everyday use, I will as a prize give her six nicely mounted photographs of herself. Now girls, in this I will allow you to ask your mothers and elder sisters to give you hints.

**FOURTH**—Girls under 10 years of age. Send me a short description—not more than 50 words—of any pet animal you have and why you like it better than any other. For the neatest and best letter sent in I will award as a prize the choice of a neat little pinafore, four yards of 2 inch wide ribbon for

keeping the hair tidy or a pair of winter mitts. When sending in your letter, write on the back your choice in case you win a prize.

These are the conditions to be complied with to be eligible for a prize:

1st. Except when otherwise stated, all work must be your own unaided effort.

2nd. Someone must sign your work to show this is so.

3rd. Do not forget you must put your name, address and age on the back of the paper.

4th. And finally keep your work clean.

UNCLE TOMMY.



VIOLET MAY, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. F. JOHNSON

#### *Why She Was Silent.*

"Darling!" he cried, in tones of deep emotion. "At last—at last you are safely in my arms, and nothing shall part us more!"

The object of his touching words and passionate embrace made no response, but remained cold and silent. Tears welled into his eyes.

"Dearest," he continued, "how can I prove my love? Is there no sacrifice I can make for your sweet sake—no suffering I can endure?"

This final appeal was irresistible. "The best thing you can do, my man," said a gruff voice, "is to come along with me!" And a brutal policeman unfastened him from the lamp-post and led him silently away.

## The Ghost of Crawley-Thorpe.

(Continued from Page 21.)

running up with all speed, found him.

Gently raising him he soon brought him around, and forbidding him to talk till they reached the inn, he walked him off quickly in that direction.

As they entered, the landlord met them and after giving one frightened glance at them, ran off to get such things his rural mind suggested as being necessary. For a moment Fred could not understand the landlord's hurry, till

turning to Jack, now standing in the light, he saw the reason. Jack's hair, hitherto almost black, was now a snowy white!

Of course the story soon got around and though much sympathy was extended, the general feeling was well summed up in the words of one of the old villagers:

"Sarves 'e right I says," he muttered. "Ut be a main, voolish thing to meddle with spirits. Best be let well alone they be."

*Charles the Considerate.*

She was forewoman in a large millinery establishment, and earned four pounds a week. He was "something good" in the jam trade, and his weekly wage was £4 10s. They met, they talked, they loved, they married. And now they were spending a fortnight's honeymoon at Hastings. "Charles," she cried enthusiastically, as they walked along the esplanade, "now that we are married, there's only one thing I regret—that I have to give up my fine position."

"That's all right, my sweetest," he replied, in soothing tones; "don't you worry about that! You needn't give up your position; I'll give up mine!"



**A Bachelor's Confession**

I used to think Amanda had no equal ;

Time was I thought Ellaine divinely fair ;

And yet my warm affection has no sequel—

No rice or slipper entered the affair—

For shortly after I was struck with Mabel;

Till Kitty my devotion quite annexed

(But then, you see, she served a luncheon table—

A fact which would a certain aunt have vexed).

My passion for Helene, the best of dancers,

The moment to express I thought was prime,

But then I tore her chiffon in the lancers,

And I was saved just in the nick of time !

Then Ermytrude began to charm me vastly—

I thought her one of Nature's fair delights—

But I was spared disaster almost ghastly

(I overheard her views on Women's Rights !)

Next, Dorothea made me wax poetic ;

I penned her lays with all a Shelley's tricks,

Until she wrote and said ('twas most pathetic !)

I ought to try my hand at Limericks !

For weeks my faith in woman-kind was shaken,

But I recovered when I met Estelle ;

With this sweet maiden I was fairly taken,

Until I heard her sing—'twas just as well !

The question I was on the point of popping

At Laura, but the chance I did not grasp—

I went with her one day to do her shopping,

And her requirements made me fairly gasp !

I fancy Fate decreed I should keep single—

I realise what wedded life may mean !

And with the fairer sex immune I mingle—

Affianced to—my Lady Nicotine !

—R. C. Tharp in London Opinion.

**"Bobs" and the Bore.**

A gentleman whose name we shall not disclose is a member of a famous London club. He is not a bad fellow at heart, but he wearies his friends with his continual and unsuccessful efforts to be funny.

Now it happens that Earl Roberts is also a member of that club and the other day, when his lordship entered the smoking room, the

Naybor : "That boy of yours seems to be a bright one. He'll cut out a name for himself some day."

Popley (angrily): "He's done it already—on our new piano !"

Professor (examining medical student): "If you are called out to a patient, what is the first question you would ask?"

Medical Student : "Where he lives !"

"Do you believe the good die young?"

"I think they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true !"

Barber: "How was the last shave?"

Patron: "Capital ! My wife cut her new blouse by the diagram on my face."



BATHING GROUP ON THE SANDS.

man who poses as a wit hustled up to him, seized him by the hand, and exclaimed :

"I've often heard of you, but I've never seen you !"

Lord Roberts is one of the best tempered of soldiers, but he felt that on this occasion a snub was the right thing.

"And I," he replied, "have often seen you, but I've never heard of you."

Then at last the wit succeeded in raising a laugh, but it was at his own expense.

## E. I. SALSBUURY Butcher.

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**"Them Was Times!"**

"Yes, cricket's a fine game and I likes to watch it, but it's not meant for the likes of us. It's a game for gentlemen. Why, a man says to me only last night, 'My boys is always a cricketing or else a practising in church. They never have time to help me in my garden.' Yes, cricketing is all very well for gentlemen, but working men never had no time for games when I was a boy. They always had to spend their spare time in their garden, and made the boys help them. Boy's ain't worth half so much as they was when I was a boy. We never had no cricketing then, nor yet no gardening in school. There was no twenty min utes' play in between while then, and them boys were twice the scholars these are. The learning they now get don't make them fit for nothing."

"Have you seen the wrestling matches here? They are well worth

seeing."

"Ah that's an old game; but the wrestling ain't what it was. Why, in my young days Sam Ward and his brother Dick would come into our blacksmith's shop and wrestle till they got us out. And it was wrestling then! Our clothes got tore and we got smothered with ashes; and when my father come in, blarm me if they didn't once set about him and tore his clothes. That was wrestling. And once Sam said he would run me 200 yards, and I was to carry my father and have 100 yards' start. But it worn't no race. We was to run to the river, and I was agoing to pitch my father in, but somehow he nicked off and I somehow fell in myself. I always think as how he shoved me, but he always said as how he didn't. We boys always wore a wrestling by the river, and many a time we have had to stay abed whilst our clothes were a drying. Them was times if you

like. There worn't no ten o'clock time then, and the men would often be at the Fox from the time they knocked off work till they started the next morning. Yes, them was times." J. J. W.

***Knowledge is Power.***

Farmer Jeames, having suddenly come into a fortune, was crossing to America, and on the voyage decided to write a letter to his wife. On the second page, however, he wished to use the word "saloon," and, not knowing how to spell it, decided to ask for information.

Not wishing to expose his ignorance to his fellow-passengers, however, who had all received a much more thorough education than he, Farmer Jeames approached one of the sailors and asked him for the correct spelling of the word.

The response came unhesitatingly: "You begin with a hess and a hay, and then you go hon with a hell and two ho's, and you hend hup with a hen!"

"Ho!" murmured Jeames, as he walked off, with a puzzled expression. "Is that hall?"

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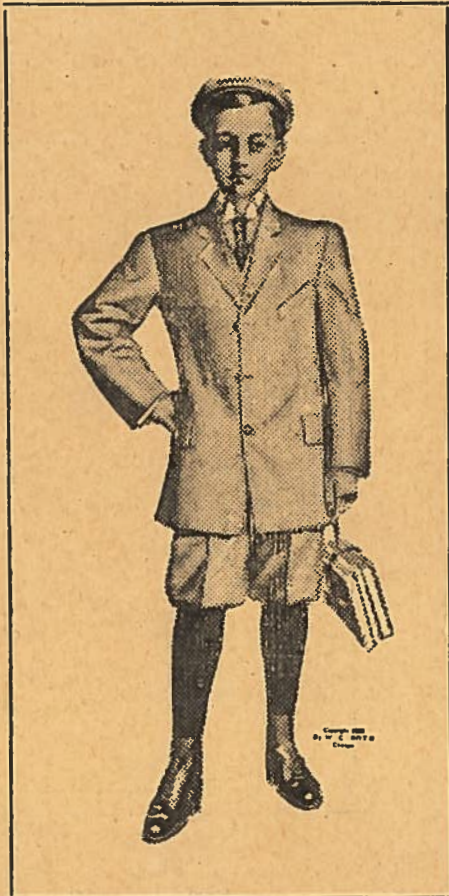
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