

Royalty Attended Famous St. Andrew's Ball of the Long Ago



THE PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, AT THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL HELD IN MONTREAL TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO—The St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, since its establishment in 1834, has, with one exception, celebrated each recurring festival of Scotland's patron saint with a ball such as that which was held in the armory of the Royal Highlanders last night. Since Confederation these functions have very frequently been graced by the presence of vice-royalty. On one occasion, a daughter of the late Queen Victoria was included in the list of distinguished guests. The above illustration,—the reproduction of a photograph by Notman,—commemorates that fact. This princess was none other than H.R.H. the present Duchess of Argyll (then Marchioness of Lorne), whose husband, the Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne) was Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883. The especial ball illustrated on the top of this page was held in the old dining-hall of the Windsor Hotel, which, about a year ago, was completely gutted by fire. The Marquis and his royal consort will be seen standing on the right of Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, a little to the left of the centre of the picture. Col. Stevenson is uniformed in Highland garb. This ball was probably the most exclusive and the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society, and the presence of Princess Louise did much to make it the noteworthy function it proved to be. The great Conservative chieftain, Sir John A. Macdonald, is standing behind the Marquis.

A Remarkable Home Coming Welcome to a Young Canadian Singer



MR. W. M. RAMSAY, President of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, under the auspices of which the annual St. Andrew's Day Ball was held last night in the armory of the Royal Highlanders on Bleury street.

St. Andrew's Society's Prominent Officers



LIEUT.-COL. GARDNER, one of the vice-presidents of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, and a former commandant of the Sixth Fusiliers.

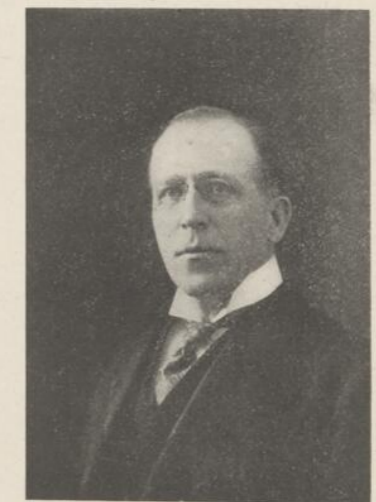


THE HOME-COMING OF MADAME DONALDA—The above illustration is a reproduction of a flash-light photograph taken by Homier especially for The Standard on the occasion of the debut of Montreal's gifted prima donna soprano before her fellow-citizens at the Arena on Monday, Nov. 19th. It shows a portion of the large and fashionable audience leaving the vast auditorium at the close of what was one of the most historic concerts ever given in Montreal. Donalda was in splendid voice, and at the conclusion of the programme received a tremendous ovation from the thousands present. During the evening she was presented with a gold medal bearing the civic arms, and an address of welcome, by His Worship Mayor Ekers.



MR. WILLIAM SEATH, Treasurer of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, and one of the prominent merchants of the commercial metropolis of Canada.

St. Andrew's Society's Prominent Officers



MR. F. S. McLENNAN, one of the vice-presidents of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, and one of the leading lawyers of the Montreal Bar.

Some of the Sights Which Meet the Eye of the Traveller in the Dominion of Canada



ON THE WESTERN RANGES—Sturdy young Albertans in the land of plenty.

good stables. In his stables, we were shown a fine Clydesdale stallion, the property of a syndicate of farmers here, valued at some \$2,400.

It is hard to conceive the richness of the soil in this country. Here in Creelman, which is only one of many stations on the line, and by no means exceptional, there are three elevators, one belonging to the Western Canada Flour Co., one to the Lake of the Woods Co., and the other to the Canadian Northern. The wheat is brought in direct from the threshers in teams of two and four horses. It takes about ten minutes to have your load weighed, and receipted, and you give way to the next. The plank on which the wheels rest are so constructed as to tip, and when the tail-board is removed, the grain runs out in a rich golden stream.

The Price Of the Land.

Land is pretty high-priced here—all improved land, of course—from \$22 to \$25 an acre being asked for it. This should not be considered unreasonable, for right here in Creelman are two brothers who own a section and a quarter of land, and raised 7,000 bushels of wheat this season. I intended to stop over at Regina, but found every hotel full up. Fortunately, however, the Im-



SCENE IN EBOULEMENTS, QUE.—Cutting wheat with the old-fashioned sickle. This is still an every-day feature of harvesting in certain sections of the Province of Quebec.

(Photograph by C. S. Mitchell, Montreal.)

(Written for The Standard by Prof. W. R. Fraser, Ph.D.)
ARTICLE No. 1.

HAPPROACHING Winnipeg from the East, there is very little to prepare one for the great city to be found on the banks of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. It is with wonder and amazement that one beholds the phenomenal growth of the place, and it is not until you have travelled farther west and seen the boundless prairies, dotted with huge stacks of grain, that wonder gives place to a firm belief in its future greatness.

Twenty-four years ago, as an old resident informed me, you could count on your fingers all the houses there were north of the C. P. R. tracks. To-day there are 30,000 people in that section of the city. What struck me especially, as a newcomer, apart from the substantial stone and brick buildings going up on all sides, are the concrete sidewalks and asphalt pavements. Armies of men are employed in the newer portions of the city, in the construction of these, and no discrimination seems to be made between the humbler and the wealthy parts, or between different nationalities.

Winnipeg Streets are Wide Thoroughfares.

The streets in Winnipeg are wide thoroughfares, straight as a rule, the chief exception being Notre Dame Ave.,



PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. FRASER, Ph.D., who writes to The Standard of his experiences in the Canadian West.

which corresponds to the old trail. Passage avenue, the people tell you with pride, runs straight away to Portage La Prairie, some 65 miles. To the south and west of the city, there are some beautiful residences in course of construction, with ample grounds, and trees. This is destined to be the beauty spot of the city, and is already fitted out with asphalt streets, smooth as the floor.

Everything is on a grand scale here. Stopping in Winnipeg over Sunday, I had the pleasure of listening to a sermon in Westminster Church, by the

Rev. C. B. Pitblado, whom I used to listen to years ago in Chalmers Church, Halifax, when a student at Dalhousie

take before settling down. He is only nineteen years of age, and is the possessor of a homestead north of Saska-

are certainly not very inviting. We must not forget, however, that many of these farmers are bachelors, and have



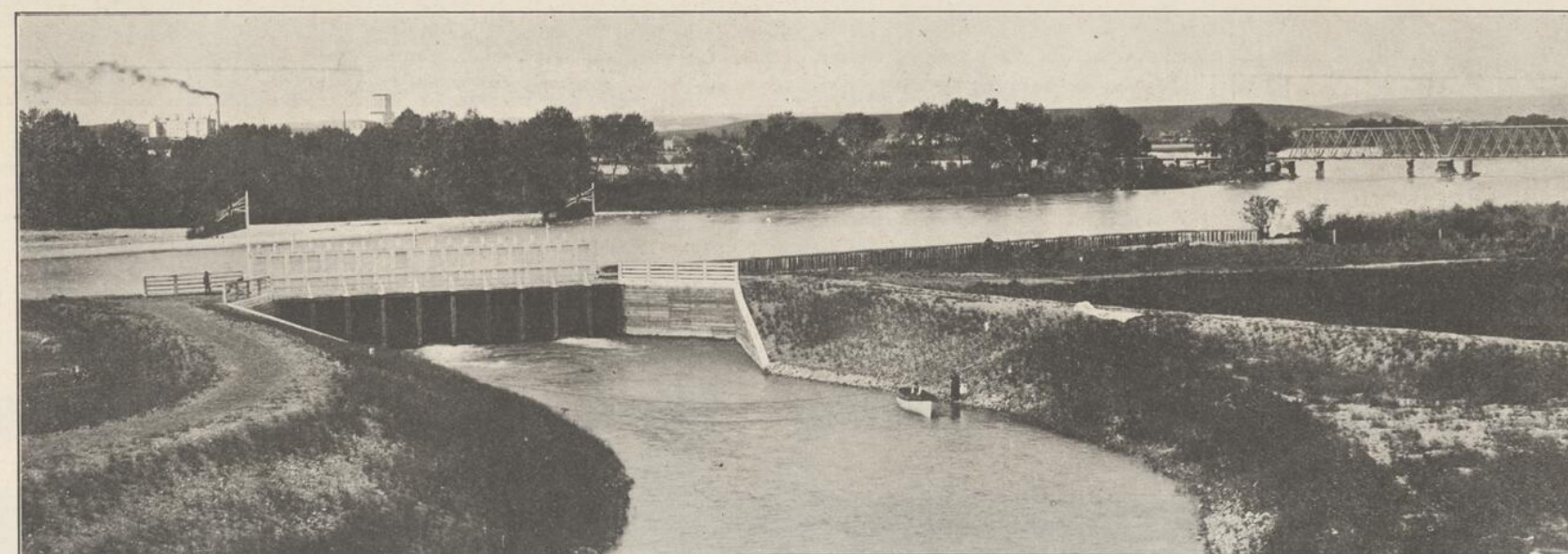
ON THE WESTERN RANGES—Calgary, the Sirlolin City of Canada, in the great ranching district of Alberta.

College. He retains all his old-time vigor and earnest address.

My next stopping place was Brandon. It is situated on a gently sloping hill, and is a charming little town, growing rapidly to be a large one. Away across the prairie is a ridge of hills, which extends for miles to the west. After the monotony of the level prairies farther east, this is a great relief to the eye. There is also some "bush" to lend variety.

One is impressed at once in these Western towns with the evident intention of the people to begin well, for the streets are well laid out and the wooden sidewalk is rapidly giving place to concrete and asphalt. Most of the buildings in course of construction, and many of the old ones, are of stone and brick. There are several hotels for the traveller to select from, and Brandon is not without its King Edward. However, she must look to her laurels, for Portage La Prairie, a little to the east of her, is ambitious to eclipse her. There is a fine experimental farm in the neighborhood of Brandon, which is visited by many every day.

From Brandon to Regina, I determined, for several reasons, to travel by the Arcola Branch, which is a loop of the C. P. R., and, of course, many miles longer than the main line to Regina. I wished to see what the country was like away from the main line, and I also wished to stop at Creelman. Starting out the next morning with a rig, I rode away over the open prairie, in search of a friend, passing on my way teams ploughing, with six and seven horses to a plough. On all sides there were huge stacks of straw, where the grain had been threshed out. At last I espied a young fellow working in a field near the trail, and, sure enough, it proved to be the boy I was in search of. He had come out to this country a year ago, and had been even as far as the coast, and has taken the Canadian "Grand Tour," as every young fellow of spirit should be ambitious enough to

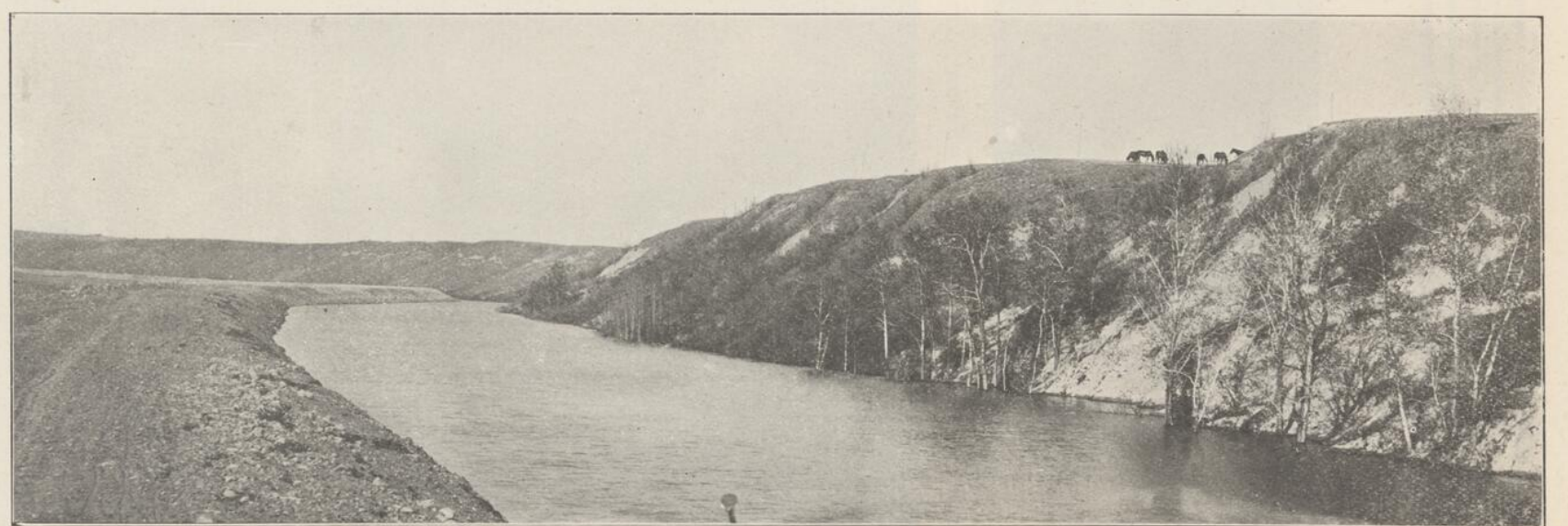


ON THE WESTERN RANGES—The Bow River and the head of the C. P. R. irrigation works near Calgary. Photograph of the weir gate.

toon, and hopes to build a shack on it this winter, and become a landed proprietor. He selected his homestead adjacent to land that may be purchased later, so as to enlarge his estate in the course of time. It speaks well for the climate that he had never had a sick day since he came out here. His is the best age to come to a country like this, for then the heart is more easily weaned from its love of the sea, and the trees and the mountains of his home in the East.

A Great Lone Land.

Make no mistake, this is a great lone land, and for a man of middle age to break up a happy home in the East to settle here, must prove, if not to himself, at least to his wife, a sad wrench. On this ride over the prairie of Creelman, I was able to see how some of the people live. Many of the houses are built of sods, and while they may be very comfortable and warm in winter,



ON THE WESTERN RANGES—The C. P. R. irrigation works in Alberta.

none but themselves to please. In the case of a man like Mr. Cowan, who is a family man, it is quite different. He has a nice comfortable frame house and

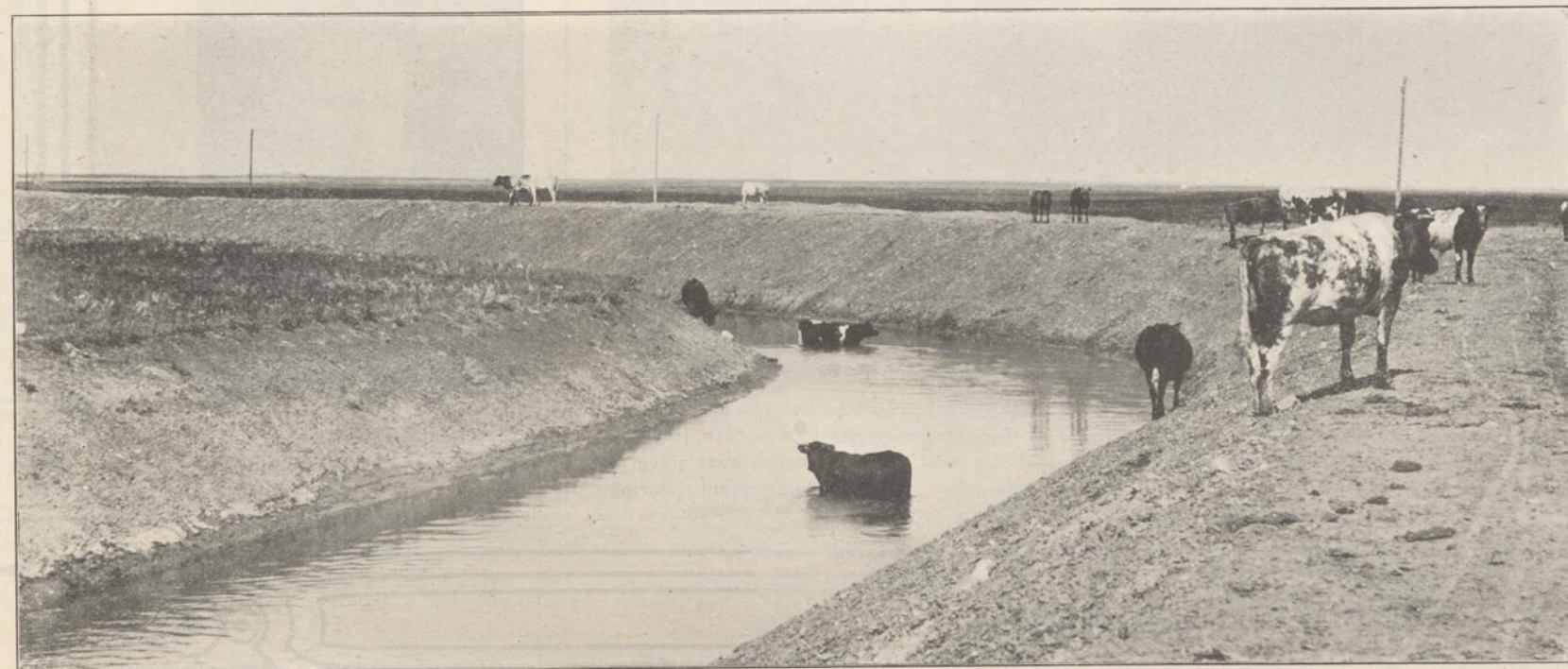
perial Limited was three hours late, and I was able to proceed on my way. On the way West from Regina, we stopped for a short time at Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. The latter town is the best lighted place on the continent, for its gas lights burn night and day. The people find it cheaper to allow them to burn all day than to relight them. The dull glow of these lights, rendered dim by the light of day, has something weird about it.

Beauty Spot Of the West.

Calgary may be justly called the beauty spot of the West. When you stand on the cliff overlooking the Bow River, and see at your feet this new city of the West, with its dusky golden background of tufted plateau, and a hundred miles away, the snow-clad Rockies, rising up in their whiteness like blocks of marble, you are fain to say that it is one of the fairest scenes your eyes ever rested on. It grows on you in its attractiveness, until you are ready to say you could make your home here. Edmonton, two hundred miles away

area without anyone to alarm him. As the train sweeps by, he stands and looks for a moment, then is off for his covers.

less you visit their reservations. In the neighborhood of Calgary is the tribe of Indians called the Sarcees. They are fast dying out.



ON THE WESTERN RANGES—The immense irrigation works of the C. P. R. east of Calgary.



SCENE ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER, QUE.— This portion of the Montmorency is situated near the residence once occupied by Queen Victoria's father, a few miles east of Quebec City.

(Photograph by C. S. Mitchell, Montreal.)

Laurentian Hills Are Full of Charming Spots for Setting Up a Summer Camp



IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS—View of Lake Long from the veranda at "Camp Raquette," the property of a Montrealer.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN WEST

CANADA is a very strange land, full of surprises and unaccustomed modes of life. We, who have been brought up in the Old Country, have come to think that romance is only possible in a land where things are ancient and men can trace their forefathers back through the centuries. A trip through the Western Prairie soon makes one realize that an equal share of romance belongs to nations in the making.

Spirit of Quiet Optimism is General.

Everyone you meet has some fine plan about by which he hopes to make his fortune, and can tell you stories by the hour of men who started as penniless emigrants a few years back, and who to-day hold influential public positions. There is a spirit of quiet optimism in the air which is very contagious; everybody believes in the future of the Dominion and in his own capacity to make it more glorious. Here are men and women of all kinds and sorts, with all manner of histories at the back of them—gloomy and otherwise—doing all that they can to improve their present with the certainty of a golden future before them. To-day, for instance, in driving over the prairie, I came upon six men with bare feet, ragged trousers, and shirts open at the neck, hard at work upon their new homestead. They had borrowed a yoke of oxen and a cart, and, whilst two of them loaded the wagon, the other four ran up the walls. The house was built of turf-sods piled one on top of the other, in the manner of some of the Irish peasant dwellings, and was forty feet by twenty; they hoped to complete the entire undertaking in three weeks. These men had escaped from Russia, and had only been in Canada two months. On approaching them I found that they could speak German, and so could converse with me. Here, four hundred miles from Winnipeg, and twenty from the nearest railroad, upon a vast tract of prairie land which had never before in the history of man been under cultivation, I launched into a discussion of the Russian Revolution.

The Russian Peasant is Intelligent.

The Russian peasant, as I have found him in Canada, is a person of very high intelligence and a considerable linguist. These ragged emigrants, in a lonely corner of Saskatchewan, gave me a description of the causes and aims of their nation's uprising, which, for clearness and shrewd criticism, would have done credit to a Times leader-writer. When, however, I turned to things of more immediate interest, they became enthusiastic. "In the old country," said the father, "I paid three and a half roubles in rent for wretched land, whilst here I can buy for ever the very best land for seven dollars per acre. (The purchasing power of one rouble is



IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS—"Camp Raquette." A bit of the veranda.

equal to that of two dollars, or eight shillings and fourpence.) He had taken advantage of the Government grant of one hundred and sixty acres of free land, as had each of his five sons, so that between them they owned a farm of one mile and a half square. It had cost them in transportation from Russia to Canada over a hundred pounds, so that on landing they found themselves penniless. As they told me of their destitution they laughed, just as though living on bread and water and



EDWARD SHELTRY, an old landmark around Trenholme, Que. He is over 100 years old, and has lived all alone for many years in the little hut shown in the above illustration. (Photograph by F. L. Nunns, Sherbrooke, Que.)

going about with hardly any clothes on your back was the biggest joke in the world.

Living Upon the Open Prairie.

The settlers are very kind to one another, as was proved in this case, and keep the new-comers going with now the loan of a plough, and now the gift of a few pounds of flour, until they are able to take care of themselves. These little groups of people who have been driven from their own country by in-

justice and persecution, thrown down upon some lonely spot of ground by the chance selection of a Government official, often reproducing in their methods of agriculture and the styles of their dwellings a something of the old village life with which they have been familiar all their years, singing their country's folk-songs at their work, yet persisting that they are already Canadian citizens at heart, are very pathetic. They are so brave and full of hope. The old gentleman with whom I spoke must have been at least sixty-five years of age, and his eldest son could not have been a day under forty; yet here they all are, living as best they can upon the open prairie until their houses are erected, although they have in their company women with little children at their breasts—and this without a single word of discontent.

In the most out-of-the-way places one runs across reminders of the big world that has been left behind. Leaving the trail the other day to get some water for my horses, I met a nephew of Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist. He was living all alone in a little one-roomed building, and had just commenced to break up his land. He was something of a sportsman, and had managed to procure upon one of his expeditions the cubs of both a red fox and a wolf, which he was engaged in taming. When you speak to a man about his land, you must always take it for granted that his homestead is the most desirable in the Dominion—he does. It is quite comic to come across a man hard at work carrying away great loads of stone from off his claim, and to hear him, still perspiring from his heavy labor, and with his back all crumpled up with stooping in the sun, declare that his tract is the very pick of the land.

The Problem of The Unemployed.

The man who lives in Winnipeg and writes home to his people saying that he cannot find employment must be either very blind or very untruthful, for the employers of labor are at their wits' end to know where to get men to carry out the projects which are already under way. Wherever you go there are signs up announcing that men are wanted for immediate engagement. The manager of the Canadian Northern Railroad, in speaking to me, said, "If two thousand men were to apply for work to-day, I would engage every one of them, and the lowest wage which I should pay would be a dollar and a half (6s. 3d.) per day. The Great Northern Railroad proposes to construct seven hundred miles of rail in the near future, and the only thing which will hinder them from doing so will be lack of men. The Canadian Pacific is at present engaged in flinging out new lines all over the country, but they are handicapped in the same way—they can't get the men." He went on to say how impatient it made him feel when he was in London last year to hear so much

about the unemployed problem when he knew that Canada would pay anything from six shillings a day upwards to every man, no matter how unskilled he might be, who would trouble himself to cross the ocean. At the present time they are engaging men of inferior phy-

so. They shoot, and fish, and farm their land for seven months in the year, i.e., from sowing time to harvest, after which they are free to work in the lumber-camps or upon the railroads, or to change their mode of life by going to a town. Nowhere have I heard a word of



IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS—"Camp Raquette." A corner of the lounge room.

sique, who cannot stand the strain of hard work, and paying them high wages because they cannot get anything better, whilst great strapping fellows are content to starve in London rather than cross the water.

Where are The English?

Men from the southern parts of Russia, men from the East, men from France, Germany, and Holland have the enterprise to come to a land whose tongue they are unfamiliar, whilst the men of the Empire's metropolis prefer to march the streets for chance offerings rather than cross a few thousand miles of sea. I have travelled for days together through country which equals for beauty anything in Yorkshire or the Lake District, and which for fertility much surpasses it, and yet it is empty. There are Russians and Poles, and men from every country of Europe to be found in plenty, building their houses and raising magnificent crops; but the Englishman is conspicuously absent. Wherever I go, whether it be to the Hudson Bay outposts up the Nelson River, to lumber-camps in British



A SURVIVAL OF EARLY LIFE IN THE PROVINCE—Primitive log school house at Lac Charlebois, Ste. Marguerite, Que.

Columbia, or to farms in Alberta, I find men impressed by and taking advantage of the greatest opportunity which England has ever had, and yet comparatively few of them are English.

If the excuse be made that the life is monotonous, I can only say that the people who are living it do not find it

complaint; everyone is happy and hopeful. When I think of the men whom I have seen asleep along the Embankment, and the poor starving women and children who have marched up from the East End begging for alms during the winter in London, I cannot but wonder whether the fine old spirit of adven-

prise that Britain has ever had. The Russian, German and Swede see it—and why not the English?—C. W. Dawson in T. P.'s Weekly.

MARVELS AND MYSTERIES.

How many and how incomprehensible are the inexplicable mysteries of the realms of nature. And amongst the most astonishing and noteworthy of them all may be numbered the mariner's compass, to which Great Britain, owning more than half the tonnage of the entire globe, is so much indebted. But the compass does not always point to the North; it is ever varying both in direction and in "dip." In England, in A.D. 1580, it pointed about 15 degrees East; in A.D. 1813, more than 24 degrees West, then swaying backward, until, at the present time, the variation has reached nearly 18 degrees West. In some parts of the world, however, the variation far exceeds these figures; for, it is said, at a point in the extreme North Atlantic the variation attains no less than 169 degrees; in other words, that the needle instead of pointing to the north points almost due south. (This statement, however, appears altogether unintelligible and in-

of the revolution of the planetary system, and doubtless also of the sidereal universe. The earth performs its annual journey of five hundred and sixty-six million miles without deviation and without the slightest irregularity, or variation, arriving, at a given moment, exactly at a calculated point in the ether at the second of time expected; each star, doubtless also, though at present this is beyond our powers of calculation, revolving round the stupendous and mighty pivot of the universes with equal regularity.

But of all the unintelligible mysteries which could exist throughout the universe it is ever varying both in direction and in "dip." In England, in A.D. 1580, it pointed about 15 degrees East; in A.D. 1813, more than 24 degrees West, then swaying backward, until, at the present time, the variation has reached nearly 18 degrees West. In some parts of the world, however, the variation far exceeds these figures; for, it is said, at a point in the extreme North Atlantic the variation attains no less than 169 degrees; in other words, that the needle instead of pointing to the north points almost due south. (This statement, however, appears altogether unintelligible and in-

AMBITION.

"Ambition" is one of those strange words which convey every shade of meaning, from the highest wisdom and virtue to the rankest folly and vice. We may have the "divine ambition" of Hamlet, and Macbeth's "vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side." Curiously enough, the word is not found in the authorized version of the Bible, although it is common in Shakespeare. In its primary signification it denoted nothing sinister. It merely meant the "going about" soliciting votes for office, a perfectly legitimate proceeding, even if attended with danger of corruption. But the illegal and corrupt canvassing of candidates for office was called "ambitus," not "ambitio," and was a penal offence in Roman days, as it is, nominally, nowadays.

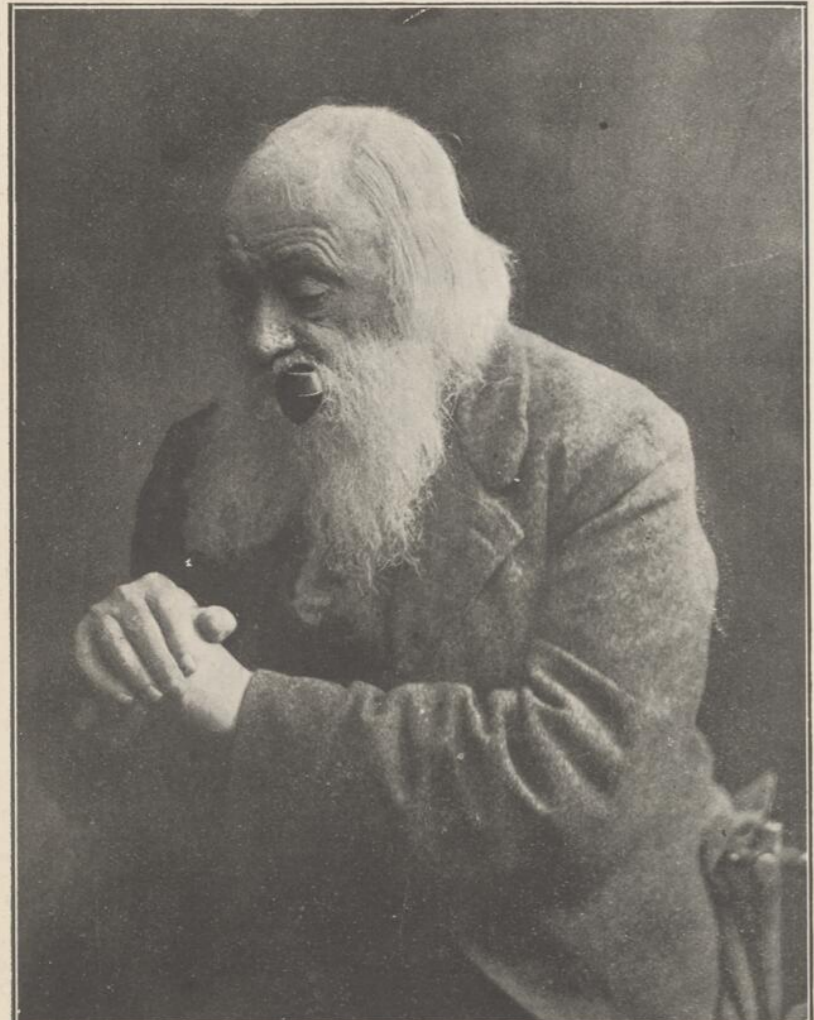
From such a simple "going about" to solicit votes came a word which conveys either approval or blame, as it is uttered in commendation or rebuke. When we call a man "ambitious" we may mean that he has a wholesome desire to achieve some ideal end, or we may mean that he has devilish determination to stop at nothing in order to secure his own aggrandizement. Washington's ambition was to make his country free and independent, so that liberty might be enjoyed by the humblest. Napoleon's ambition was to enslave Europe and bring monarchs to their knees before the footstool of a Corsican adventurer.

This variableness in the meaning of a word, often dependent upon a mere inflection of voice, the raising or lowering of pitch, the slightest possible change of emphasis in tone, really indicates the existence of a great truth. It implies that the borderland between virtue and vice is often debatable ground. Love may be a most just and commendable consciousness of power or the most unjust and contemptible arrogance. Ambition may be the most laudable desire to achieve the noblest ideal of human nature or the most blameworthy determination to sacrifice humanity for the aggrandizement of self.

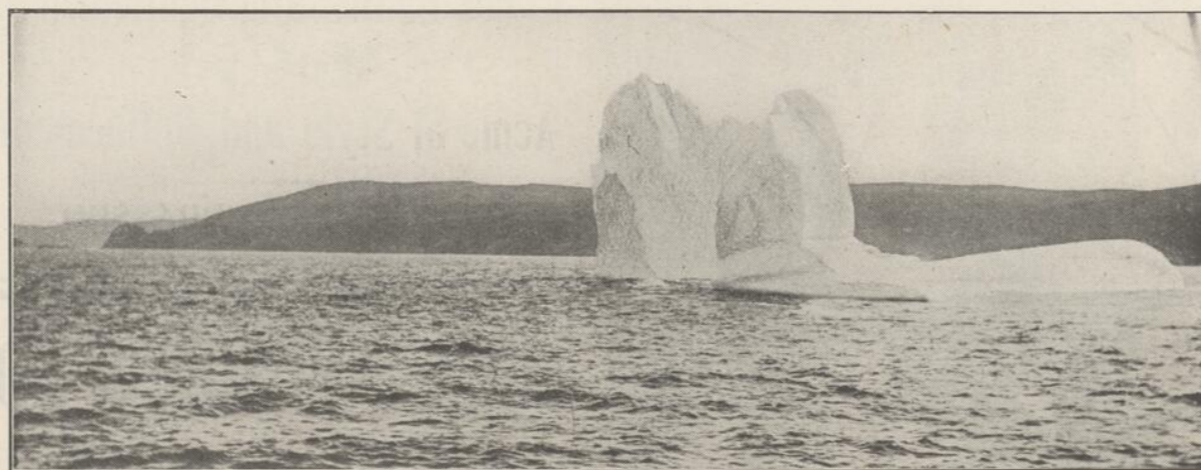
And then, too, like a piece of iron and a magnet are mutually attracted and drawn together by some strange force, so two individuals at first sight are powerfully attracted to each other, though neither may have previously experienced any such emotion; in some cases relinquishing a prospective throne rather than give up her who had claimed his heart.

Amongst other mysterious wonders is the newly-invented portrait telephone, by which one person conversing with another by telephone sees the other on a plaque in front of him. And when more powerful batteries are invented it will be possible for two persons, one at the Antipodes, the other on this side of the globe, notwithstanding that they are standing feet to feet with the body of the earth between them, to be able to talk and see each other as though they were face to face.

And another stupendous mystery, in one sense equally as wonderful as their creation, is the marvellous exactitude



"CONTENTMENT."—A character study by Barnes, Montreal.



An iceberg encountered in the Straits of Belle Isle, from a photograph taken for The Standard from the deck of the C. G. S. "Minto."



"MENDING THE NET."—A character study by Barnes, Montreal.

Unique Parisian Fashion Creations for the Lady Readers



BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN MODELS—The Standard, by special arrangement with the celebrated photographer, Henri Manuel, of Paris, is enabled to present, weekly, to its readers, the newest creations in fashion, posed specially by famous Parisian models. Unlike the illustrations in fashion magazines, these reproductions are from life. The above evening gown in white spotted net in tunic effect is from the Maison Bone Soeurs. The waist and foot of skirt are embroidered in grape design, and finished with a fold of Liberty satin. This is also used for the simple girde. Frills of lace compose the short sleeves.

of taffetas, Louisine, Shantung—what you will, frilled, pleated, tucked, tailored, and sewn, smart usefulness personified. How can we escape from the thrall of the blouse?

Fascinating Types for the Decoration of the Hair.

For the decoration of the hair we have more fascinating types than ever. Plumes of Indian marabout, that ideally charming smoky-grey fluff tipped with black "hairs," or of marabout dyed in

The darker glove is a welcome guest after so long a reign of pure white kid and suede, none too becoming to those whose hands are not their strongest point. A most attractive fancy is that which matches the long kid or suede glove to the furs it accompanies, or the neutral-tinted gown. Thank goodness, no self-respecting English gentleman would descend to the horrors of blue and green and red gloves, no matter how frequently they make a tentative appearance! But the mushroom shades, the browns, the greys, and



BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN MODELS—The Standard, by special arrangement with the celebrated photographer, Henri Manuel, of Paris, is enabled to present, weekly, to its readers, the newest creations in fashion, posed specially by famous Parisian models. Unlike the illustrations in fashion magazines, these reproductions are from life. The above afternoon gown is from Maison Ney Soeurs, Paris. The skirt is of London smoke cloth in Princesse effect. It is trimmed with three bands of moire ribbon. The sleeves are of three-quarter length. A little coat of Point Gaze lace, with flowing ends at the back, finishes the waist.

This and That to Wear.

What London is Thinking of in the Fashion Line.

LONDON, NOV. 28th.—We have been very busy with our tailors and our furriers; we have chosen our faced cloth and our supple velours, our fox and squirrel, sable and Persian lamb; we have decided to which seduction we shall succumb, that of the felt toque, clustered with wings, or the velvet beret plumed with ostrich tips—the fur toque with grapes, or the beaver picture shape, with tumbling masses of cocks' feathers. We have laid the foundation of our winter equipment; well and good, let us turn our attention to more airy trifles, just as important, but not quite such hard work to think out!

It is difficult, in thinking out one's wardrobe, to avoid the subject of the blouse for long. In the old days, when blouses were shirts, pure and simple, or elaborate bodies in all but the name, it was a different matter. Now, not only our more ornate coats and skirts, but even our regular dresses, require something of the blouse or "slip" persuasion to complete their charms, something of which only a fascinating glimpse may be caught here and there, something,

possibly, that reveals but guimpe and sleeves, as a rule, until the little picture bolero or fashionable capelet of modern mode be discarded. The blouse of the day, in nine cases out of ten, plays the part of subordinate trifle, detail, fanciful addition, but is absolutely necessary, for all that, and replete with attractiveness and interest!

There is Nothing That Can Take its Place.

Nothing can quite take the place of the lace or net blouse all the year round. Of a morning it is out of place, but from the hour when we "change for luncheon," there the lace blouse holds her sway. There is the model of Irish lace, still a favorite of fashion, that is half-concealed and revealed by its capelet of fine satiny-faced cloth and sweeping, short-waisted skirt that forms one accepted type of afternoon gown. There is the adorable net slip, embroidered, spotted, or sprigged, decked with narrow laces of the Valenciennes, Mechlin, Tambour, or Alencon order, with tiny ruchings of satin, pipings of velvet, threadings of bebe ribbon, a delightful possession in which to make a triumphant appearance upon the shedding of fur coat or driving cloak at matinee or tea party. There is the blouse of embroidered nixon, silk, muslin or linen, decorated with work "a jour" and delicate stitchery; there is the silken shirt

pale colors, a soft rose or sulphur cloudiness; attractive, sparkling details in silver and gold tissue and spangles, roses or double dahlias of tulle or silk muslin, with a diamante dewdrop here and there; sprays of Parisian bows and knots of velvet or gauze; combs of all types, small and light, large and severely Spanish, carved, inlaid, jewelled, plain; gems set with fairy-like lightness in loveliest of modern as well as antique designs. simple single blossoms to adorn the debutante's curls, garnitures of Madame costing the price of a whole gown—are they not to be had for the asking? (and the paying!) And yet, elaborate as is La Mode this winter, sweet simplicity is appreciated.

the tans of all sorts and descriptions, are most alluring. As for veils, you please yourself! They are still worn as draperies behind some hats if you wish it; they are worn over the face, full and soft, or short and perky, to suit whichever type of hat you may affect; you can swathe yourself in tulle illusion, net, chiffon, lace—or you may omit them altogether. Fashion is in a pliant mood in several directions, and what suits us best may be seriously considered first of all. This is as it should be, is it not? And should please everybody but the tiresome person who finds "Life extremely flat. When there's nothing whatever to grumble at!"

Hints to Lady Readers.

White gloves have so receded in favor, that they are being sold at greatly reduced prices, and women of thrifty and frugal minds buy them and have them colored the exact shades of their new costumes.

The newly invented shoulder forms, which can be slipped in between the coat and lining, give just the correct shoulder line, and aid much in the setting of the sleeve.

A skirt measure has been invented which the amateur and home dressmaker will appreciate; it marks exactly the correct hang of the skirt when it is being tried on the wearer.

Empire combs are much to the fore, with tops narrow in proportion to the size of the comb, the top being the medium of artistic work in gold inlay and jewels.

Hand embroidery is a mania in Paris.

Antelope grey, with a brownish cast, is the latest approved shade in sweldom.

A soft shade of peacock blue is natty, and there is a popular grey blue like that worn by the "Chasseurs d'Afrique."

The lace gowns exhibited now are gorgeous enough to satisfy the most exacting.

A rare tourmaline brooch, that can also be used as a pendant, shows a short bar of the translucent stone shaded from emerald through white to an exquisite rose pink. The setting is of flagree silver studded with diamonds, and partially suggests a double heart outline interlocked at top.

Pointers for the Gentlemen.

The waistcoat with or without a collar finish is purely a matter of preference.

Trousers are a little bit narrower, but not noticeably so.

It is only by a comparison of periods that one really appreciates changes of fashion in men's dress.

But while standard in general character, a change, whether from old to new, or from new back to old, is constantly going on, and it is a quick observance of this that constitutes fashion.

As an example of bad style to which the fashion has led some men is the placing of the scarf-pin half-way down the necktie.

Black Derbies, as usual, are in more general use than brown.

Shirts, save for some few new fabrics, are exactly the same as last season; the wing and fold collars show a wide stitching.

Four-in-hand ties, often in the bright colors, are the most generally fashionable.

There are several styles of the Ascot, of which one is in large puff shape, of heavy silk, in deep old-gold color.

The outside breast pocket is again the general fashion, although perhaps not absolutely essential to correct finish.



Scene from "Girls Will be Girls," the attraction at the Academy of Music during the week beginning Monday, Dec. 3rd.

About the Stage and Things Theatrical

WHEN you go to the theatre and see some of the spectacular plays that are constantly being produced, you are not surprised to learn that small fortunes are spent on the dresses of the principals and supers alike. In some historical plays it is not unusual for a single costume to cost £100, and on occasions the dresses of ordinary chorus girls have amounted to as much as £20 or £30 apiece.

No Imitation Used.

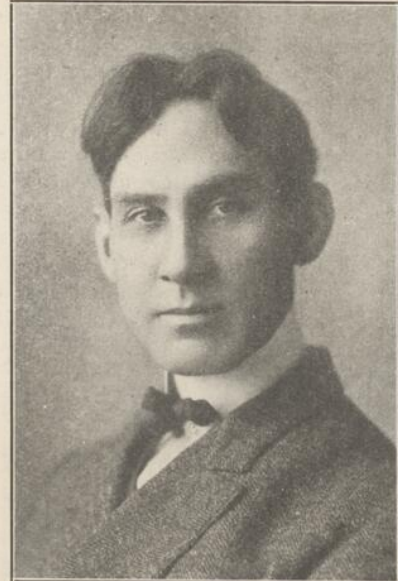
Twenty years or so ago the embroidery, gold lace, and armor was made of cheap imitation material, but nowadays

performers do not despise them, and companies touring the small towns and country fit-ups or travelling in the colonies find them useful.

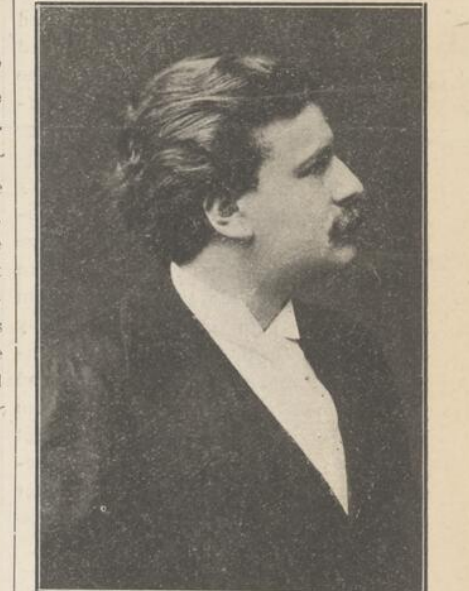
When a Run is Over.

When a run is over the dresses will be carefully overhauled and repaired, and then either stored if there is any likelihood of a revival of the play, or if they consist of dresses of good material, which come in useful in another production, or they will be sold at once. Uniforms and old English costumes or dresses which have been used in Shakespearean plays will be put away for future use, as nearly every theatre wants them at some time or another. Ballets are not so often revived, and when one is withdrawn the dresses will perhaps be sold outright or stored for a short time, and then sold. Pantomime dresses are dealt with in the same way. After the run is over, they are carefully overhauled and repaired, as the smaller provincial theatres are only too glad to purchase a whole wardrobe which has been previously used at one of the first-class houses.

"Juliet" in Hoops and Flounces. It is difficult to remember that almost until modern days players dressed in the costume of the day in which they lived, whatever period the play dealt with. Julius Caesar, in a full-bottomed wig, and Juliet in hoops and



AL. LEECH, with "Girls Will be Girls," at the Academy of Music during the week commencing Monday, Dec. 3rd.



MORIZ ROSENTHAL, pianist, who will give a recital in the Stanley Hall on Monday next.

everything must be real and of the best. In these times of long runs, too, the best material is cheapest in the end, as the hard usage soon wears out a dress, and the costumes will be renewed again and again. As soon as they show signs of wear they will be sold, for the lower ranks of music hall



MRS. H. FETHERSTON-WARNER, formerly contralto soloist at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and who is now leading contralto soloist in the Washington Heights Baptist Church, 145th street, New York.

flounces, seem startling to modern ideas when museums are ransacked for costumes which have actually figured in the events with which the play deals. It has actually happened that a play has been written round a particularly fine collection of dresses. For instance, a play was brought out at Surrey, especially to show off two fine suits of fourteenth century armor, which afterwards figured in the Lord Mayor's Show.

Coronation Robes Hired.

The writer believes that it has not been publicly stated that some of the Peers' robes which figured at the Coronation came out of a stage wardrobe. Several Peers hired the robes in which they appeared on that historic occasion, and a well-known theatrical costumier was applied to among others. In his stock were several costumes which had been used in "Iolanthe" at the Savoy Theatre.

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belongs pre-eminently to our gems and settings. They are worn by the social leaders of all continents and adorn the court ladies of the United Kingdom and European dynasties. The

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Your friends in the evenings, their last impressions are of the refreshments you serve. The ideal drink for this, and almost every other social function, is

Suchard's COCOA.

Its flavor is simply delicious. Suchard's have succeeded in imparting to it a delicate richness and velvety smoothness that please even the most fastidious.

It is a true "refreshment"; not a stimulant, but a real, vitalizing, strength-giving food. Suchard's Cocoa is especially suited for an evening drink, as it soothes the nerves, and gives a healthy night's sleep. Try Suchard's next time.

Agents: Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

Burns, Great Scottish Poet, Found to be Intimately Connected with Canada



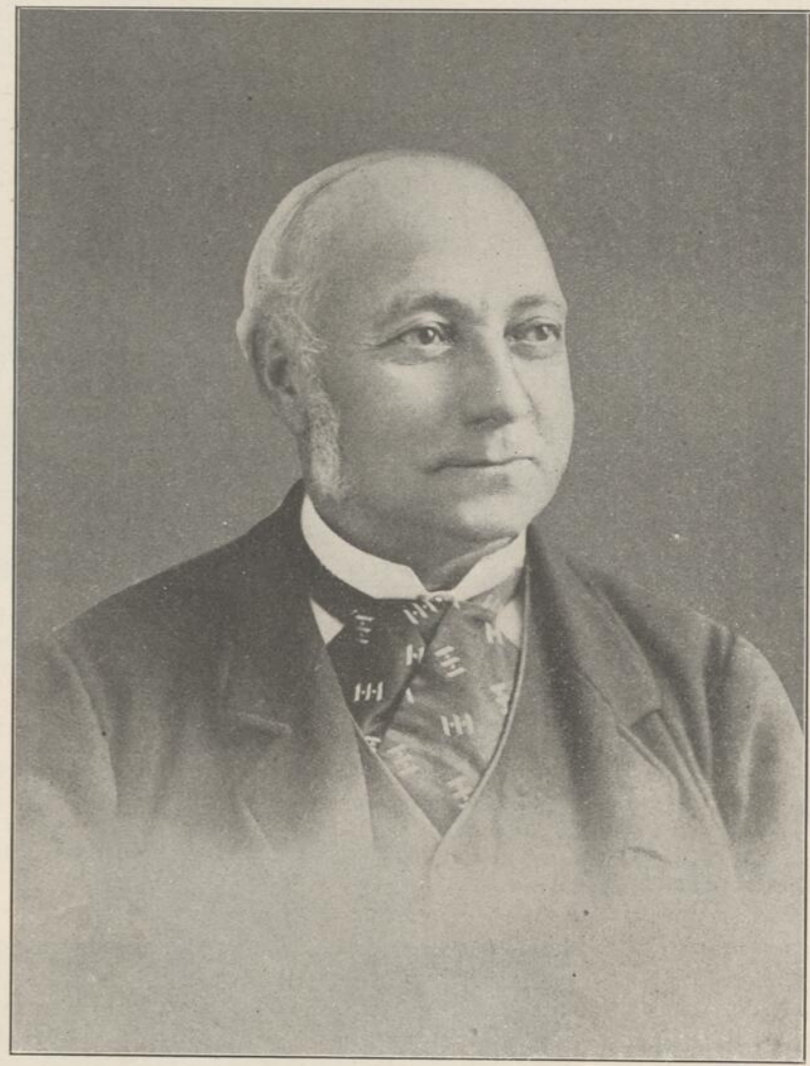
BURNS AND CANADA—The late Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, founder of the Allan Steamship Line, and one of the first of the merchant kings of Canada. Sir Hugh, on his maternal side, was a descendant of the old Browns of Ayrshire, of the same family as that of Agnes Brown, the mother of Burns.

and that by a picture which genius, inspired by piety, could alone have conceived, a picture—how tender and how true!—of that happy night in which, by some sweet transition, the working-man is prepared for the hallowed day of God—for that day on which a heavenly calm is breathed over the

That," will endure while the language lasts. I cannot help but think that were our young men to study Burns, that we should hear less of the franchise being bartered away for a few dollars, but rather would such study teach us to prize the privilege so sacred, and which cost our forefathers so



BURNS AND CANADA—Mrs. Jean Burns Brown, a grand-daughter of the Poet, and her little daughter, Jean Armour Brown, both of whom once resided at Guelph, Ont.—From a photograph taken while both were living in that town, and now published for the first time.



BURNS AND CANADA—Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Stevenson, of Montreal, a grandson of a sister of Agnes Brown, the Scottish Poet's mother. The Colonel has been a life-long admirer of Burns and was Secretary of the great meeting held in Montreal in 1859, in celebration of the centenary of the Poet's birth.

WHAT did Burns know about Canada? What connection has Canada with the great Scottish Poet?

Recent research has thrown a flood of light on the subject, and has established an intimate relationship between the immortal Burns, his life and work, and the great country of the 20th century—Canada.

The Standard to-day is enabled to present the story to its readers, and the world generally, for the first time.

Mr. William Drysdale, of this city, lectured before the Burns Club of Montreal recently, on "Burns and Canada," his paper displaying remarkable evidences of research and erudition in the lore that has gathered around the great national poet of Scotland. At first it would seem that Burns had little connection with Canada, since he never was in this country, and also seeing that his work is so intensely and so characteristically Scottish, both in subject and in language; but Mr. Drysdale surprised and delighted his audience by showing in a clear and able manner that between the poet and the land in which we dwell there are not a few connecting links, some of them of an altogether remarkable kind. Mr. Drysdale said:

Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, was born in January, 1759. In September of the same year, General Wolfe captured Quebec. It is now 110 years since the bard passed away, in 1796. The centennial of his birth, as well as that of his death, have been duly celebrated; also, yearly anniversary gatherings have taken place. And it has taken the people of Canada all this time to think about erecting suitable memorials or monuments to perpetuate the memory of one who, as the late Professor Wilson



BURNS AND CANADA—The Poet as he followed the plough "in glory and in joy upon the mountain side."

(of Noctes Ambrosianae fame) said: "Among those who are regarded as the benefactors of their race, none can deny that Burns is entitled to hold a distinguished place. He it was who reconciled poverty to its hard lot, who lightened the burden of care with his music, and even with its charm reconciled grief to its grave; he who, by the immortal song, has sanctified forever the poor man's cot,

earth that is nowhere seen or felt so purely as 'mong those who inhabit the hills and dales of dear auld Scotland. Personally, I hold that such sentiments as these afford a justification of the works and character of Burns, both moral and intellectual, that should place him beyond the possibility of detraction, and amongst the very highest orders of human beings who have benefited their race by expressions of noble sentiment and glorious thought. We cannot but love him for his independence; we love him because of the sunshine which he threw around those occupying the humblest walks of life—not by representing the poor man as an object for pity, but by showing that there was truer nobility to be found in their ranks than the greatest philosopher ever dreamt of—purity, devotion, true piety, and affection are nowhere to be found more than among the tillers of the soil."

Burns is the poet of freedom as well as beauty. His song of the Bruce, his "Man's a Man for a'

much to obtain. What Burns asked was a fair chance for the individual in life. He sang his fervent snatches against tyranny and tyrants:

"Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write,

There's nae man ever feared that the truth should be heard
But them wham the truth wad indite."

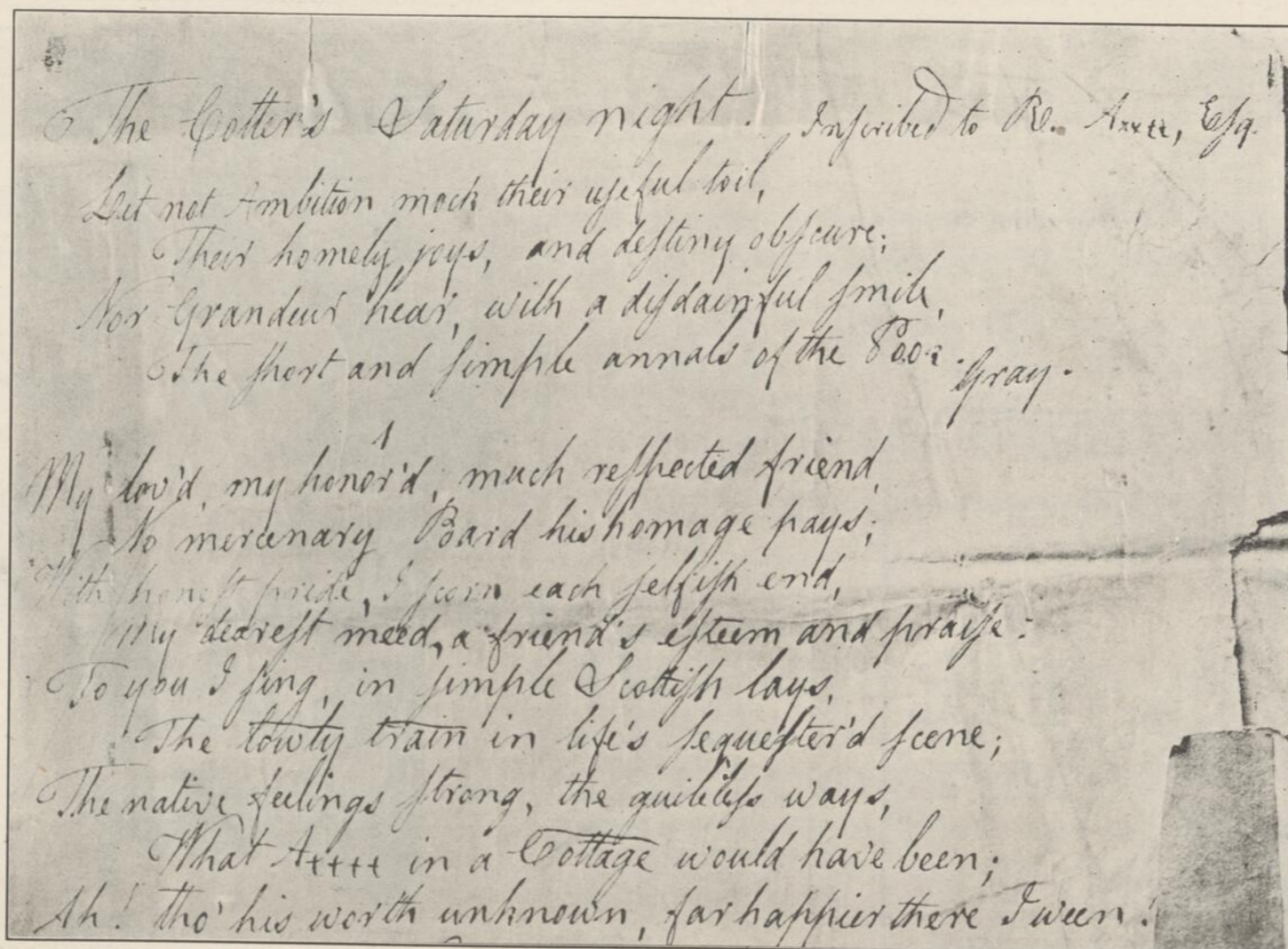
The poet has thus described his meeting with one of the nobility:



BURNS AND CANADA—The meeting of Burns and Scott in Edinburgh in 1786. The two great Scotsmen then gazed upon a picture under which was an inscription in which reference is made to "Canadian Hills."



BURNS AND CANADA—Statue of the Poet at Fredericton, N.B.



BURNS IN CANADA—The first verse of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," with introductory quotation from Gray's "Elegy," in Burns' own handwriting.—Photographed direct from an original manuscript once in the possession of a well-known citizen of Montreal, and now in the Lenox Library of New York.

This wot ye all whom it concerns
October twenty-third,
A ne'er to be forgotten day,
Sae far I sprached up the brae
I dinnere'd wi' a Lord.

(Continued in General Section,
Page 11.)



BURNS AND CANADA—Statue of the Poet by Flaxman in the Scottish National Gallery at Edinburgh.



BASKET-BALL IS NOW IN FULL SWING IN THIS CITY—Members of the M.A.A. Basket-ball Team for 1906, Champions of the City Intermediate Basket-Ball League, 1906. Reading from left to right, the names are:—Top row, W. H. Swift, F. D. Rogers (chairman of the Gymnastic Committee); R. Gomery. Middle row, O. W. Detmers, W. C. Davison, J. M. Morris, R. B. Thompson. Bottom row, G. B. Kent, M. J. Cairns.

The Thistle of Scotland

Every person who knows anything about Scotland is aware that the thistle is the national emblem of that country; but there are many who have never heard of the event that led to its adoption, and so many wonder why it was chosen in preference to some kind of flower that had more claims to beauty, for instance, a bunch of that heather, for a sight of which the heart of every true Scotsman yearns when absent from the land he never ceases to love, or the bluebell, whose beauty has been celebrated in many a song and story?

To learn the reason of the choice, we have to go back many long years, to the time when might was right, when a country was liable to be attacked at any moment, and when peace was never secure. At this time it was not necessary to declare war before proceeding against an enemy; on the contrary, preparations were made as quietly as possible, and very often the first notice that the invaded country had of warlike intentions on the part of a neighbor was when the attacking party appeared in sight. If they could approach in the night and surround sleeping foes, all the better.

And so it happened that the Danes, then a warlike and powerful nation, had determined on an invasion of Scotland, and, descending on that country, succeeded in effecting a landing without attracting attention. They hoped to be able to surprise the strongly-fortified Castle of Slatines, situated at no great distance from their landing place, and, if successful, they would have a stronghold from which, ably supported as they would be by their ships, they could sally forth to subjugate the country.

This castle was considered to be the key to the situation, and their hope of taking it by surprise was not unwarranted, for Scotland had been at peace for a long time, and, as was quite natural, discipline had been relaxed, and a vigilant watch was not kept. Spies were sent out by the Danes, and soon returned with the information that the moat by which the castle was surrounded had been allowed to run dry; and gave other instances of carelessness. Everything showed that there was no apprehension of an attack, as they had not the slightest idea of an enemy being near.

Everything was satisfactory to the invaders. They arranged to make the attack that night. They would wait until deep sleep had fallen on the garrison, and then they would creep silently through the moat, scale the walls, and fall on the sleeping enemy. An easy victory would be theirs. The sol-

diers were ordered to remove their wooden shoes so their approach might be noiseless. But they had reckoned without taking the Scottish thistle into consideration.

return to their own country. So the thistle that had been the means of saving Auld Scotland from the threatened invasion, became the national emblem.



DEVOTEES OF THE SOCCER GAME—Members of the Point St. Charles Association Football Club, and the valuable trophies they have won by their efficiency on the football field. Reading from left to right, their names are:—Back row: J. Sutherland, D. Anderson (president), E. Adams, J. Kyle (secretary), D. Lorimer, W. MacDougall. Second row: A. Mackay, D. George, N. Doran, J. Anderson. Front row: D. Mackay, J. Strachan, A. Munro, J. Watt. The Point St. Charles Association Football team has had a most successful season, winning all the trophies in the district for senior competition, viz., the Hemsley shield, the Caledonian Cup, and the Freedman Cup. They played 25 matches through the season, 22 of which were won, two drawn, and only one lost, 98 goals being scored for and 18 against.

The true Scottish thistle is surrounded by barbs, which resemble a small horn in stiffness and penetrative power. So, when the Danish army, their sandals thrown aside, crept softly to the side of the moat, they little thought of how they were to be betrayed.

The moat had been dry so long that it is not to be wondered at that, when the first soldier planted his bare foot on a thistle, with its coat of barbs, he uttered an involuntary cry of pain and alarm.

That Danish soldier's cry was the undoing of the Danes, and was the means of saving the castle, for it was heard by a Scottish sentinel. The garrison was aroused, and the invaders were beaten off and forced to fly to their ships, and

Just in what year this memorable battle took place is not known. Like all the good things of ancient times, people were so much pleased with it, that they forgot to make a memorandum of the day and date, with an elaborate account of the circumstances under which it came into being.

It is not known for certain which of the various species of the thistle is entitled to be called pre-eminently the Scottish thistle. Perhaps it is the burr or spear thistle, the botanical name of which is *Carduus lanceolatus*. This is the Scottish thistle of popular tradition and poetry, and is referred to by Burns in one of his most charming poems, from which we quote these four lines:—

gardens of the Tuilleries and the parterres of Sans Souci. It has a rough, prickly exterior, and, on certain points, like Sandy himself, if meddled with, will retaliate in right good earnest. But it has its downy qualities; and where is the Scotsman worthy of the name who has not a warm heart?

"Nemo me impune lacessit," the motto of the Order of the Thistle, has it not been humorously translated:—

"Touch me if ye daur?"

Many are the songs which Scottish bards have sung in praise of the thistle. Here is a little one, by Alexander Mac-lagan:

Hurrah for the thistle, the bonnie Scots thistle,
The ever green thistle of Scotland for me!
Awa wi' your flow'rs in your lady-built bow'rs,
The strong-bearded, weel-guarded thistle for me!

'Tis the flow'r the proud eagle greets in his flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
'Tis the flow'r that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For the greater the tempest the greener it grows.

Hurrah for the thistle! etc.
Round the love-lichted hames o' our ain native land—
On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand,
On the face of the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!

Hurrah for the thistle! etc.
Hale hearts hae we yet to bleed in its cause;
Bold harps hae we yet to sound its applause;

\$12.50
to
\$110

The Victor Company announces the production of Verdi's Masterpiece, "Il Trovatore," complete from the opening chorus to the finale of the last act, by the principals, chorus and orchestra of the La Scala Theatre, Milan, Italy.

Now on sale at all leading Music Houses and Talking Machine dealers full score in 20 Records, \$21.00, or single selections as per catalogue.

THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
417 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. Canadian Agents.
Write for Catalogs of Talking Machines and Records, Free.

"The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear."

A hardy flower, the thistle grows
equally well on the field of Bannockburn
and the moor of Drumclog, in the

How, then, can it fade, when sic chieftans
an' sic cheer,
And sae many braw sprouts o' the thistle
are here?
Then hurrah for the thistle! etc.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.
King Carlos of Portugal has a great

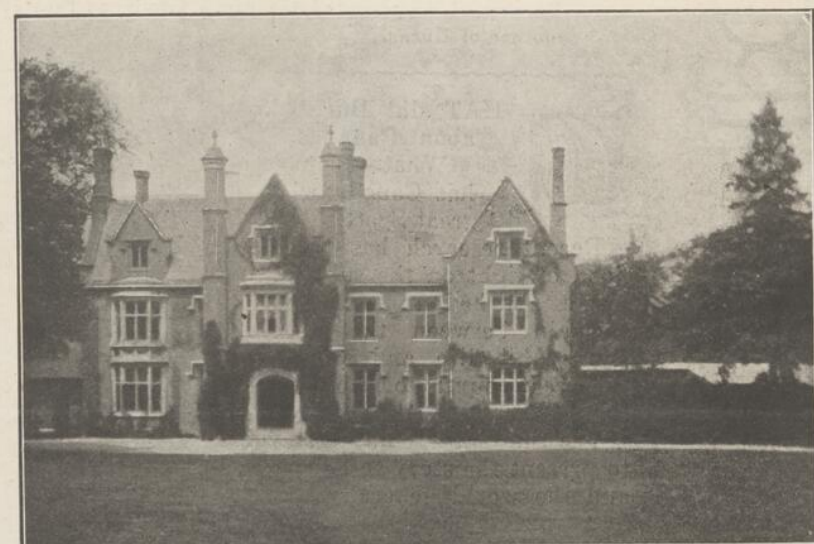
knock a pot of flowers off a verandah,
which, in falling, smashed on the helmet
of a soldier standing below. The
King at once recovered sufficient composure
to say to the surprised but uninjured
man:—
"I have been a sportsman all my life,
and have bagged lots of big game, but
I have never before potted a soldier of
my cousin Edward's."

King Edward swears by Tuesday as
his lucky day. On various Tuesdays
he was born, baptized, married, and
succeeded to the throne. On a Tuesday
he attended a thanksgiving service
for his recovery from a dangerous ill-

the known physiology of plants to explain
the phenomenon, but there can be
no doubt as to the reality of the results.

RED-HAIRED CHINAMEN.

John Chinaman, of centuries ago, had red hair and blue eyes. Professor Gruenwedel, of the Prussian Expedition to Chinese Turkestan, reports that they have found remains of persons belonging to a red-haired, blue-eyed race, evidently the founders of the temple in the Mingol caves, and bearing unmistakable marks of Iranian origin. A number of huge iron swords



CASTLES AND MANORS OF CANADA — Manor House of Rouville, St. Hilaire, Que., the ancient seat of the family of Hertel, Seigneurs de Rouville, a Canadian family of senatorial rank.

ness, and on another Tuesday (in 1902) his physicians saved his life by an operation.

The beautiful Princess Von Hatsfeldt believes in Wednesday, of which she is ever saying, "It's the best day for everything."

also were discovered, and numerous Buddhist frescoes containing many figures. The temple, in fact, seemed to have been a sort of Buddhist pantheon.

THE ORANGE TREE.

CHLOROFORMING VEGETABLES.
Even plants are susceptible to anaesthetics nowadays. A professor of Copenhagen University has proved this. He first completely narcotizes the plants, and then lays them aside in a condition analogous to lethargic sleep, which lasts for a considerable time. On their revival from this state they begin to bud and flower with remarkable profusion. There is nothing in

The orange is the longest-lived fruit tree. It begins to bear the third year after budding, and for 100 years it will yield abundant crops. Orange trees have been known to attain the ripe age of 300. The orange requires less care and attention than any other fruit tree. Its early growth is rapid. In the first two years it grows more than it will in the next fifty. This refers, of course, to its height and breadth alone.



WHERE THE VICE-REGAL DRAWING-ROOM WAS HELD ON SATURDAY LAST—Following the official opening of Parliament, it is customary for the Governor-General and his consort to hold a state drawing-room in the Senate Chamber of the Houses of Parliament. This function is marked by many of the magnificent ceremonies that accompany royal drawing-rooms in Great Britain, and the official presentations to Their Excellencies include not only Britishers, but citizens of the United States. With the exception of the Guianas in South America, Canada is now the only country in the Western Hemisphere in which a royal court is annually held. Last Saturday's function was one of the smartest witnessed at Ottawa for many years.

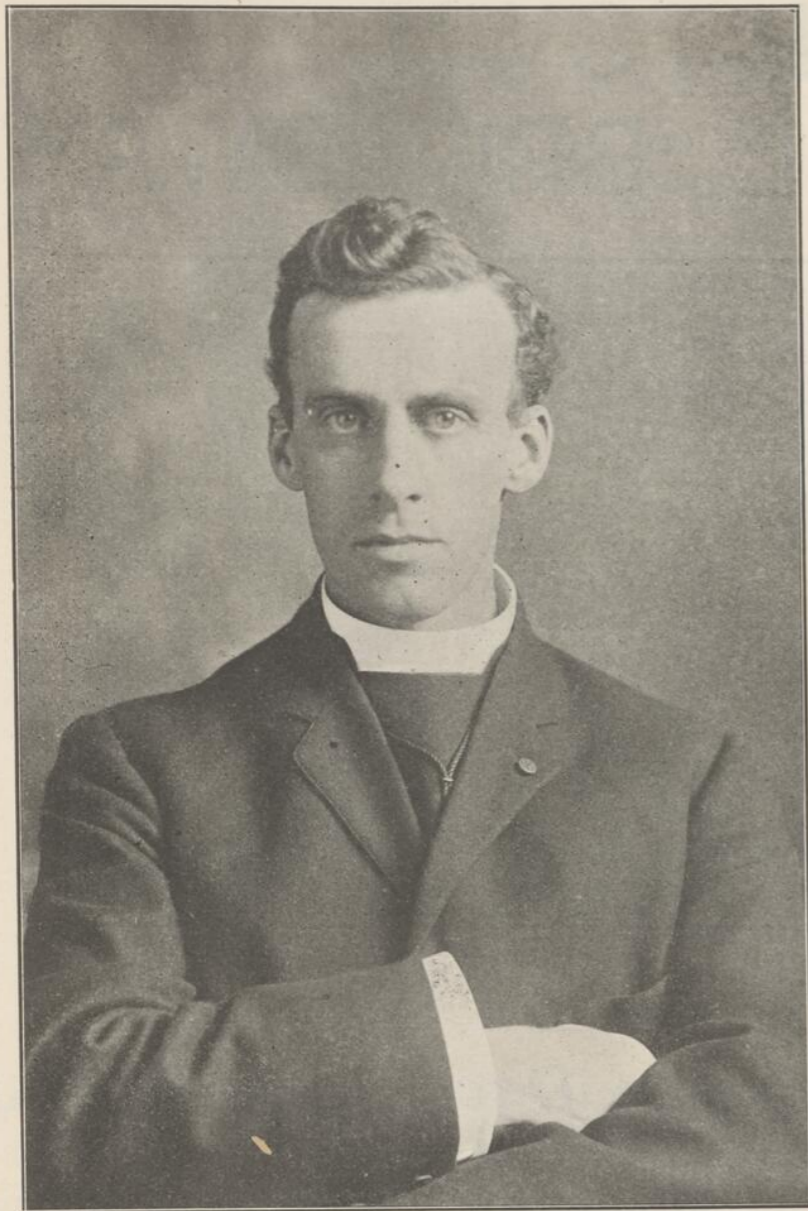
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Pure Egyptian Cigarettes

AN IDEAL GIFT

FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

\$2.50 per box of 100



THE RIGHT REV. DR. RICHARDSON, who yesterday was consecrated Coadjutor-Bishop of Fredericton in Christ Church, Cathedral, Montreal. He will assist Bishop Kingdon in the episcopal oversight of the Fredericton diocese.

COADJUTOR BISHOP RICHARDSON.

The Rev. John Andrew Richardson, whose consecration to the high office of Coadjutor-Bishop of the diocese of Fredericton took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, yesterday, was born on Oct. 30th, 1868, in Warwick, England, being a son of the Rev. John Richardson. He came to Canada in 1887, and in 1891 entered St. John's College, Winnipeg, from which he graduated in 1895. He was ordained deacon the same year, and priest in 1896, when he became rector of St. Luke's Church, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, which until then he had carried on as a mission. In 1899 he received a call from Trinity Church of St. John, N.B., and entered upon his duties as rector in August of that year. After going to the city, Canon Richardson was prominently identified in reform and philanthropic work, and gave much valuable assistance to various societies that have for their object the alleviation of distress and the uplifting of the people. In his church work he was singularly successful, being an earnest and thoughtful preacher and indefatigable in his efforts among the younger element in his congregation. After he became rector of Trinity, large accessions were made to the membership, and the parish flourished in every respect. The work to which the Coadjutor-Bishop is now called is a difficult as well as a most important one, and all who are interested in the welfare of the Church in the Maritime Provinces will pray that the Synod of Fredericton may never have occasion to regret its choice.



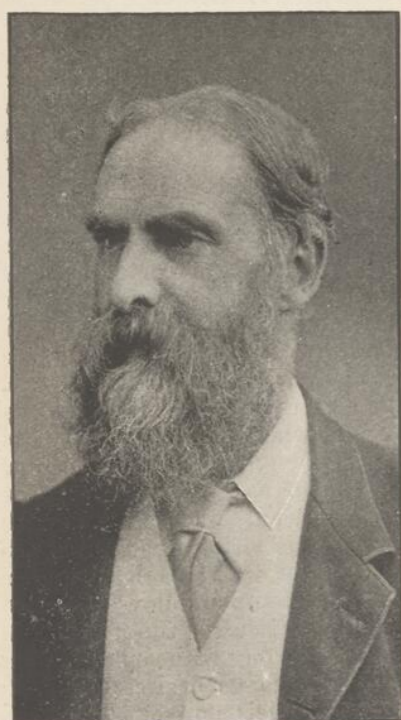
MR. J. C. WALSH, M.P., who was recently elected to represent St. Ann's Division, Montreal, in the House of Commons, defeating Mr. Frank Curran, Conservative candidate.



ALD. MEDERIC MARTIN, M.P., who was recently elected to represent St. Mary's Division, Montreal, in the House of Commons, defeating Mr. Joseph Ainey, Labor candidate.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A great power—the lion's. Pages-in-waiting—MSS. held over. The "silver question"—solid or plated? A hard thing to sharpen—the water's edge. "This is not what it's cracked up to be," as the miner said who pulverized quartz for gold and found only mica. X—What are parasites? Y—People who live in Paris. The boy who struck an attitude has not yet been arrested. "Joint education"—gymnastics. Plays a "leading part"—The blind man's dog.



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, who will probably succeed Sir Mortimer Durand as British Ambassador to the United States.



A WELL KNOWN EMBROIDERY AUTHORITY WRITES:

"I HAD WASHED WITH PEARLINE several handsome pieces of embroidery that were embroidered with Richardson's Wash Silks which had been on the road with teachers, DISPLAYED in shop windows, HANDLED by hundreds of people and the result was in every respect SATISFACTORY. I shall instruct all my teachers to use PEARLINE in cleansing their samples of embroidery."

Pearline washes silks perfectly

WOMEN WHO ARE MUCH AT HOME

Women are the ones who enjoy lovely home surroundings. They are responsible for the sort of home they live in, and they get most of the enjoyment out of a home when it is beautiful.

No woman can excuse herself if she lives in a home that is not a model of refinement and good taste. Materials are now made in such exquisite colors and patterns that home-beautifying is no longer very expensive. The great difficulty lies in the art of doing it. The knowledge of harmonizing colors, planning schemes of decoration, and carrying them out effectively, are the lines along which the uninitiated fail. Those are the special study and practice of trained craftsmen. Those who intend home improvements should consult experts to be sure the work is satisfactory.

The United Arts & Crafts are the leading operators in artistic home decoration; their work is considered the best done in Canada. Their prices are very reasonable, and their patterns and effects are exclusive.

You are welcome to visit the Studios from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The United Arts & Crafts, LIMITED, Studios—91-93 West King St. TORONTO.

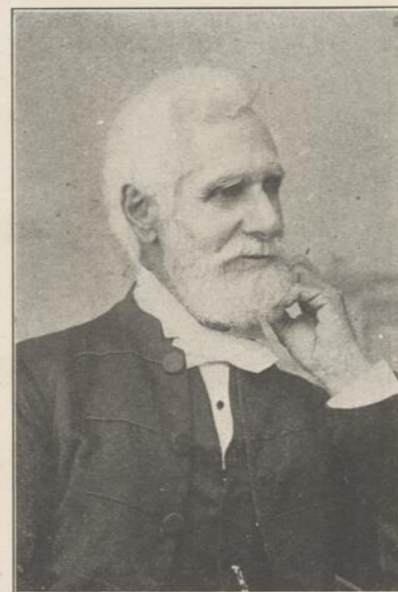


(Established 1879) "Cures While You Sleep." Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrh. Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics. ALL DRUGGISTS.



Send postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us. 10 cts. in stamps. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., Leeming, Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Hay fever or malaria leaves the system in a weakened condition. Consequently winter colds come easily and are hard to get rid of. Prevent them or cure them with Scott's Emulsion. ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



THE LATE SENATOR VIDAL, one of Canada's oldest Parliamentarians, who passed away recently at his home in Western Ontario. The deceased was a strong Prohibitionist.

THE LATE SENATOR VIDAL.

The Hon. Alexander Vidal, who passed away last week, was born in Bracknell, Berkshire, Eng., in 1819, the year of the late Queen Victoria's birth. He was the son of the late Captain R. E. Vidal, R.N. The family originally went to England from Spain about the close of the 17th century, and were Huguenot refugees. In 1834, certain of its representatives came to Canada. Senator Vidal was educated at the Royal Mathematical School, Christ's Hospital, London, England. He was married in December, 1847, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Capt. W. E. Wright, R.N., of Moore, Lambton. She died April 19, 1882. He practised as a

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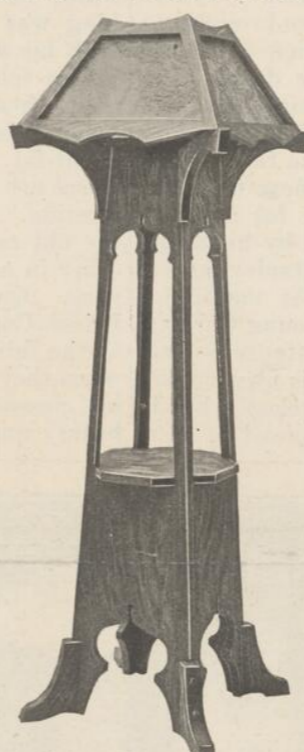
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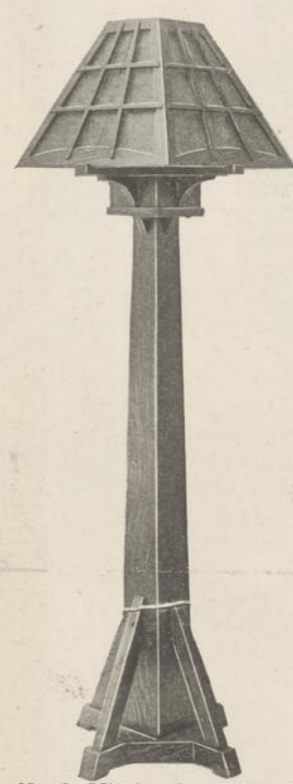
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Provincial Land Surveyor in Ontario from 1843 until 1853. He was manager of the Sarnia branch of the Bank of Upper Canada until 1867, and then of the Sarnia branch of the Bank of Montreal until 1875, when he retired from active business. He was County Treasurer of Lambton for 38 years; and for several years filled the position of President of the Dominion Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating liquors. He ran for the House of Commons at the general elections of 1872, but was defeated. He was called to the Canadian Senate on Jan. 15, 1873, and was a Conservative in politics.

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Queen Alexandra Celebrates Her Sixty-Second Birthday on Saturday, December Second



HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—To-day Her Majesty celebrates the 62nd anniversary of her birth, having been born in Denmark on Dec. 1st, 1844. Few more popular or more lovable Queen-Consorts have ever shared the British throne. Her Canadian subjects extend to her loyal wishes that she may enjoy many happy returns of the day.

THE LOVE STORY OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.—The old beech trees in the splendid groves surrounding the royal palace of Fredensborg, Denmark, have witnessed many romantic love scenes, but few of these equal

in interest those which accompanied the wooing of Alexandra, Princess of Denmark, by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of Great Britain. Under their deep shadows, the present King and Queen of the world's mightiest Empire did their courting. Their marriage was a love match, and this is the story: Before the death of Al-

bert, the Prince Consort of England, it was determined between him and Queen Victoria that their eldest son and heir, the Prince of Wales, should seek some pious, intelligent wife among the several royal families of Germany—not too elevated in rank to be a good mother and a good housekeeper, for that was a hobby of the late Queen; and politics, of course, was also to be considered. Albert Edward, who had been brought up in the habits of obedience and the strictest ideas of the duties of a future king, was admitted to their confidence, and, by their direction, prepared for a visit to the various capitals of what is now the German Empire to seek for a bride. He was accompanied by his chaplain, the late Dean Stanley, and a military secretary. At one of the towns he visited, a young German officer, whose acquaintance he had made, told him of his own recent engagement, and carelessly handed him what he supposed to be a

photograph if it pleased his fancy. A few days later the Prince of Wales showed it to his aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, as the portrait of his future wife. That was only a short time after King Christian ascended the throne of Denmark, and having lived so long in poverty and seclusion, the faces of his family were generally unfamiliar to the public. Shortly afterward, learning that the Danish king was travelling in Germany with his daughters, the Prince of Wales followed their trail, overtook them at Heidelberg, and made love to Alexandra in that beautiful old university town. There are two stories of their first meeting. One says it occurred in the old cathedral at Worms; the other in a beer garden at Heidelberg. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were disappointed at the failure of their plans, but when they discovered the depth of his passion and learned of the beauty and character of the Dan-

singers, and it was through her influence that Jean de Reszke was induced to come to London and join the Covent Garden Company for the production of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Stegfried." The great tenor had a prejudice against English audiences, and declined a London engagement until she wrote him a friendly letter requesting him to appear in those two operas for the pleasure of herself and the Wagner admirers at London. He then consented to come, and was rewarded with a personal interview and a letter of thanks from the present Queen of England.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SISTER IS A BRITISH PEERESS.

The news that the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are probably coming to England this winter is of great interest to that section of the high nobility who were at one time intimate with the old King of Hanover and his daughters. Few people are aware that the Duchess, who is Queen Alexandra's youngest sister, is a British peeress, as well as a Queen "de jure"; but the Duke of Cumberland is proud of his right to sit in the House of Lords, and it is quite possible that he will so time his visit to England as to be present when the King opens Parliament early in 1907. It is an open secret that the Duke has steadfastly kept away for so long from the United Kingdom owing to the great part taken by Queen Victoria in promoting the marriage of his sister, Princess Frederica, to the late King of Hanover's private secretary, Baron Pavel von Rammingen. He is, however, on the most intimate terms of brotherly friendship with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and doubtless will now be content to let bygones be bygones.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER GRANDCHILDREN — The love of Her Majesty for and devotion to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales is well known. During the royal tour of India, she looked after them with a motherly interest, and spent many happy hours in their company. The illustration includes Prince Edward of Wales, heir-presumptive to the British Throne.

photograph of his fiancée. It represented a beautiful young woman in the plainest of white muslin frocks, with her hair brushed back from her brow and parted in the middle, after the fashion of the Danish peasant girls; and a broad band of black velvet concealed her slender neck. The Prince of Wales was charmed, and was commenting upon her beauty, when his companion snatched the photograph from his hand and said impatiently:

"I have given you the wrong picture! That is the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Here is the right one!"

Albert Edward made appropriate compliments upon the young lady's appearance, congratulated his friend upon his good fortune, and asked the privilege of retaining the photograph of Alexandra. The officer explained who she was, and told him that he was welcome

ish princess, they gave a cordial approval of his choice.

Queen Alexandra is the only woman of royal station who holds the degree of doctor of music, which was conferred upon her many years ago by the University of Dublin, and a photograph taken in her gown and mortar-board hat was formerly sold in the shops. She is a brilliant performer upon the piano, and also plays the harp, the guitar, the banjo and several other instruments. Her first instruction was received in Copenhagen, where her teacher is still living upon a pension granted him by the royal family. After her marriage, Sir Charles Halle became her instructor, and gave her a thorough training. She is an enthusiastic disciple of Richard Wagner, and has made frequent visits to Bayreuth during the opera season. She has a personal acquaintance with many famous

The Standard's War Medals Series



Obverse.

INDIA GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL.

On the Accession of Edward VII. to the throne of Great Britain, in 1902, a new India General Service Medal was struck. This medal bears on the obverse the head and shoulders of His Majesty King Edward VII. attired in Field Marshal's uniform and cloak, with the inscription, "Edwardus VII. Rex Imperator."

On the reverse stand an English and an Indian soldier, both holding a flag-staff, from which flutter over them the flag of the British Empire, with the word India. This medal is issued from time

to time for Indian Frontier Campaigns, and bears the name of the war for which issued on a bar.

The one shown in the illustration was awarded for Waziristan, 1901-2.

The ribbon is crimson, with two



Reverse.

dark green stripes one-fifth of an inch from the edge.

The recipient's name and Regiment are engraved on the edge of the medal.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KING OF DENMARK

The King of Denmark, brother of Queen Alexandra, is a man of such strong character and advanced views, that he was often carried into conflict with the late King, although his pronounced opinions never disturbed the harmony that always existed between them. He takes a keen but impartial interest in the politics of his country, and enjoys nothing so much as a friendly argument with the editors of the leading political organs, whom he invites to the castle for the purpose. He is jocularly known as "the Editor's Terror," because he so frequently catches his visitors napping. He will stand with his back to the fire or walk up and down the room while he discusses the political issues of the day with some editorial guest whom he desires to give a candid criticism or some debatable point. The unsuspecting editor promptly lays down the political law while the King listens attentively. The dissertation finished, His Majesty turns to a bookshelf, and, taking down a large scrapbook, gravely proceeds to read the printed leaders of some previous issue of the editor's journal, probably expressing diametrically opposite views. He seems to enjoy keeping editors consistent by means of these "warm quarters of an hour."

King Frederick was born on June 3rd, 1843. He possesses the stately appearance of the Glucksburg line, and carries his sixty-three years very lightly. He is a brilliant scholar and bears an Oxford degree. His needs are of the simplest, and his nightly suppers of bread and milk—also the supper of his father, the late King Christian—are a continual source of surprise to potentate and ambassador. He married the Princess Louise, daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden, and has had eight children.



COMING ROYAL VISITORS TO CANADA — It is publicly announced that Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Connaught and her daughter, Princess Patricia, will accompany the Duke of Connaught on his approaching tour of the Empire, which will embrace a trip through Canada. In the above illustration the Duchess is the central figure, and Princess Patricia is seated on her left. Princess Margaret, Consort of Prince Adolphus of Sweden, is seated on her right.



Obverse.

MEDAL FOR RHODESIA, 1896.

In 1896 a medal was granted to all soldiers who took part in quelling the Matabele rising.

The obverse bears the crowned and veiled head of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and the inscription "Victoria Regina."

On the reverse is a lion, springing, and underneath it a native hide-shield, and piercing it an asse-



Reverse.

gai. Above is "Rhodesia, 1896," and below "British South Africa Company."

The medal is suspended from an orange and blue ribbon by an ornamental bar, bearing the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock of England, Scotland and Ireland.

The name of the recipient and his regiment were indented on the edge of the medal.