

*Spauter*

ILLUSTRATED  
SUPPLEMENT

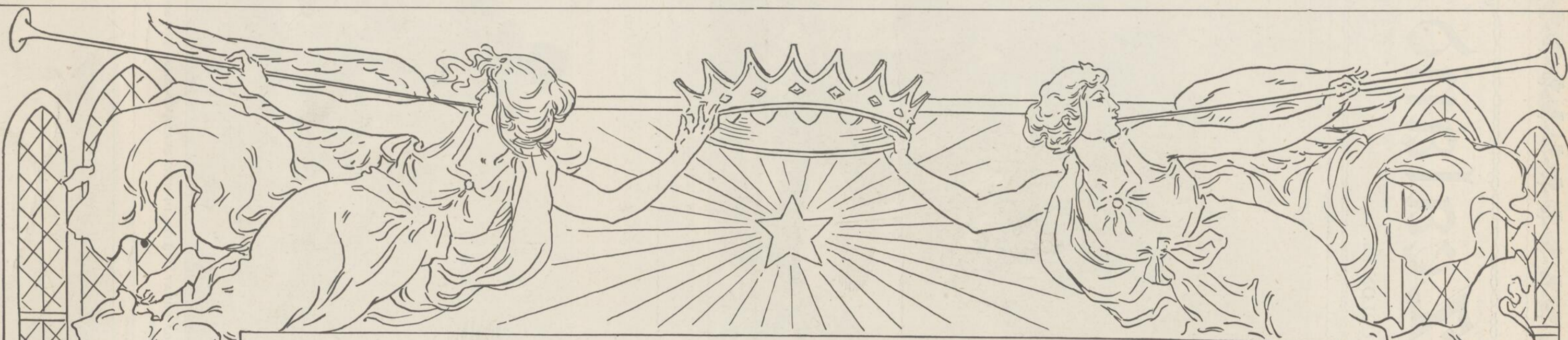
# The Standard

SECTION  
NUMBER ONE

VOL. III. No. 10.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

171 ST. JAMES STREET.

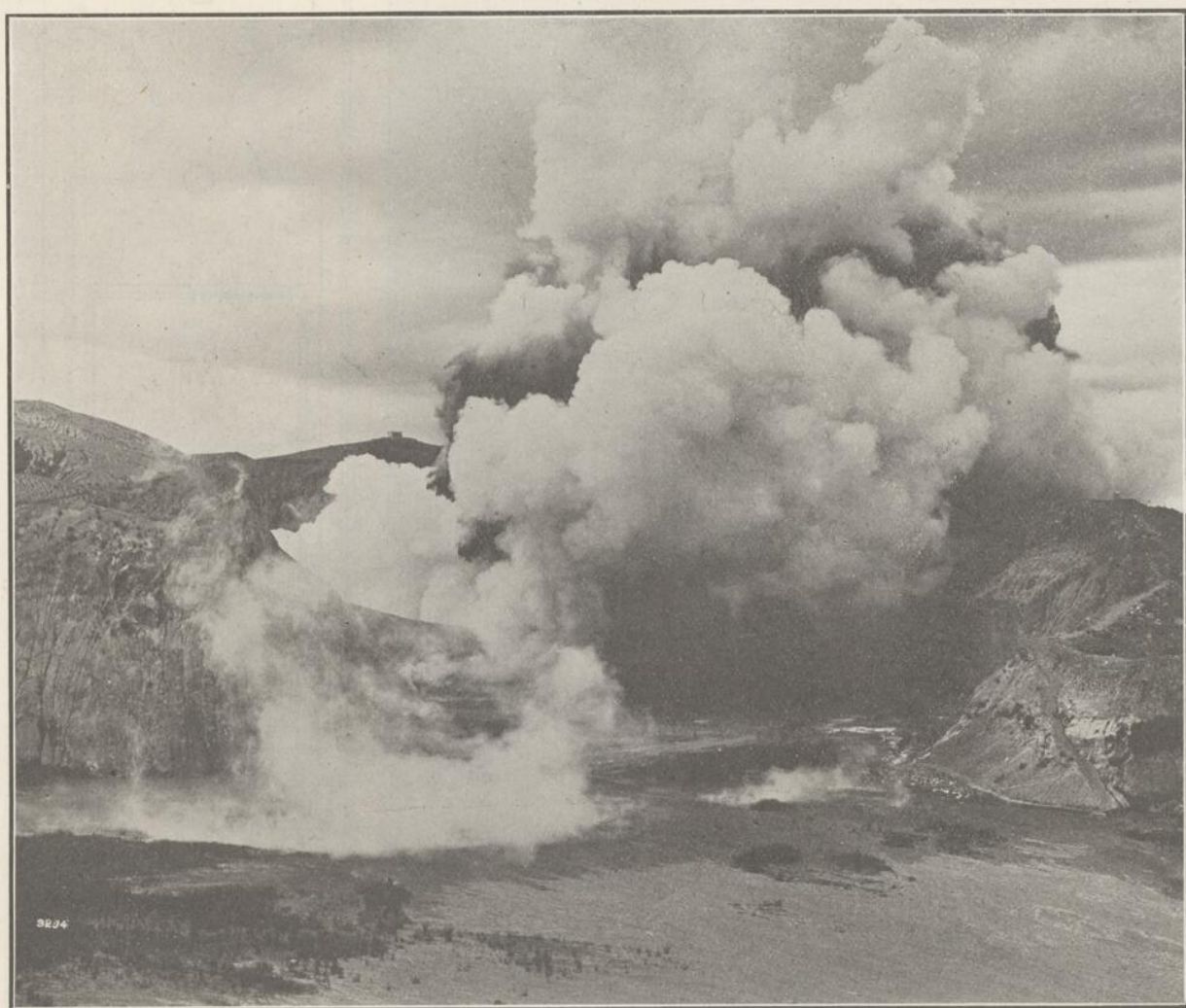


Sarah Maxwell.

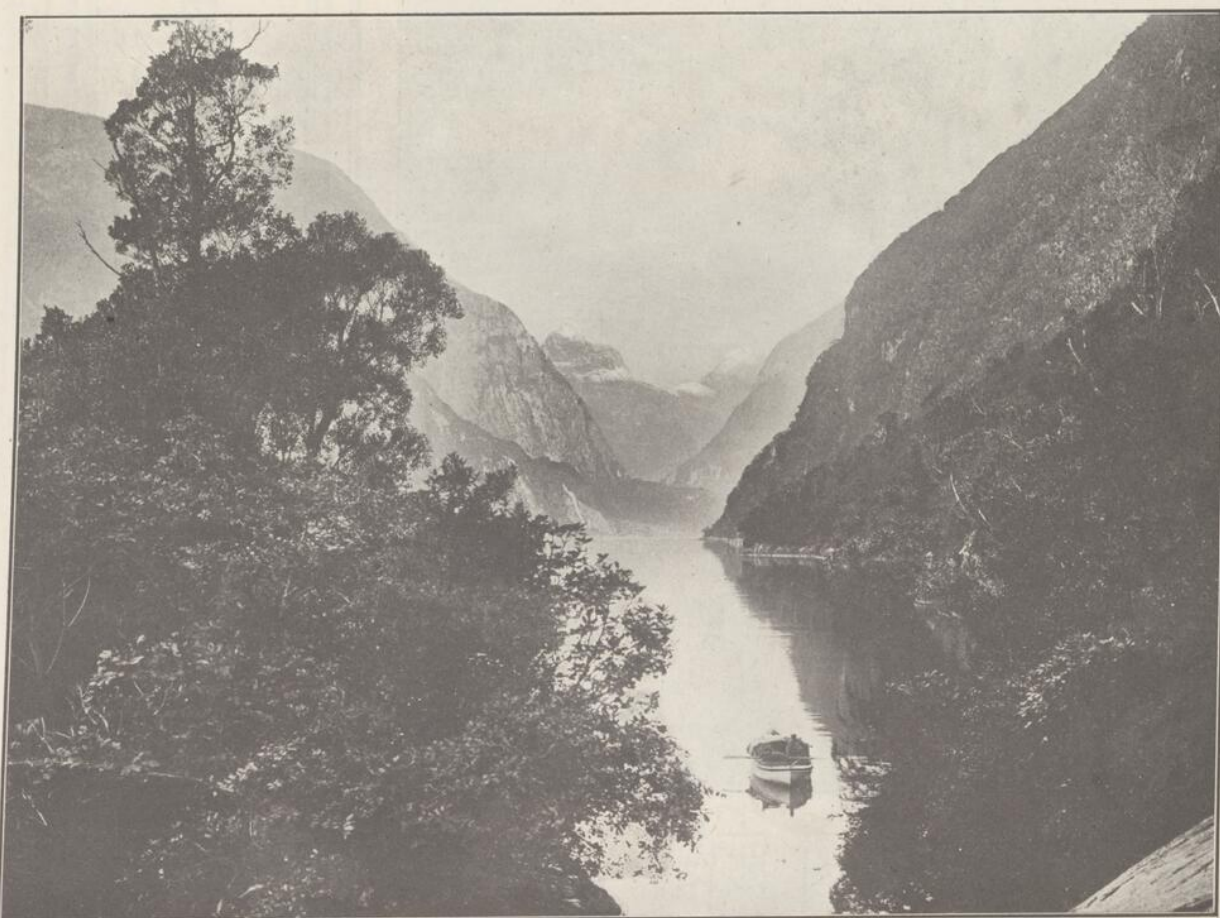
"Greater Love Hath No Man than This, that a Man Lay Down His Life for His Friends."

# The Fame of Canada Extends to New Zealand

EXHIBITS OF THE DOMINION MUCH ADMIRER IN FAR OFF LAND—THE PROMOTION OF TRADE BETWEEN THESE TWO GREAT BRITISH COLONIES.



THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS OF NEW ZEALAND—Waimangu Geysers in a state of eruption. At such a time the water is thrown 600 feet in the air.



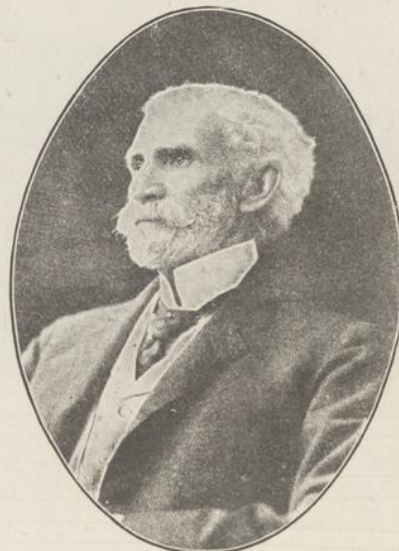
PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN NEW ZEALAND—Looking up Melford Sound, from Windbound Point.



THE IMMENSE PROPORTIONS OF GLACIAL FORMATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND



THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS OF NEW ZEALAND—Wairoa Geysers at Whakarewarewa. This somewhat resembles the celebrated Great Geysers in Yellowstone Park, U.S.A.



Mr. T. H. Race, one of the Canadian Commissioners at the New Zealand International Exhibition at Christchurch.

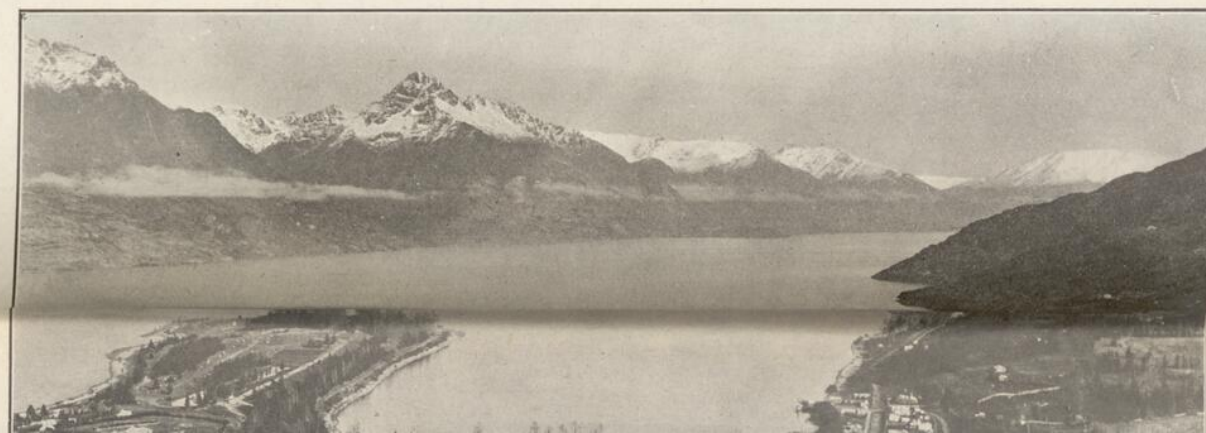
**A**N International Exhibition is at present in progress in Christchurch, New Zealand, at which Canada is largely represented. The Dominion possesses its own Court, and the exhibits contained therein are typical of the mineral, manufacturing, and agricultural products of the Dominion. The exhibits are divided into sections: a fourth to furniture and vehicles, a fifth to grain and cereals, a sixth to forestry, a seventh to motor cars and boats, an eighth to electric dynamos, fixtures, etc. and a ninth to products of the Dominion.

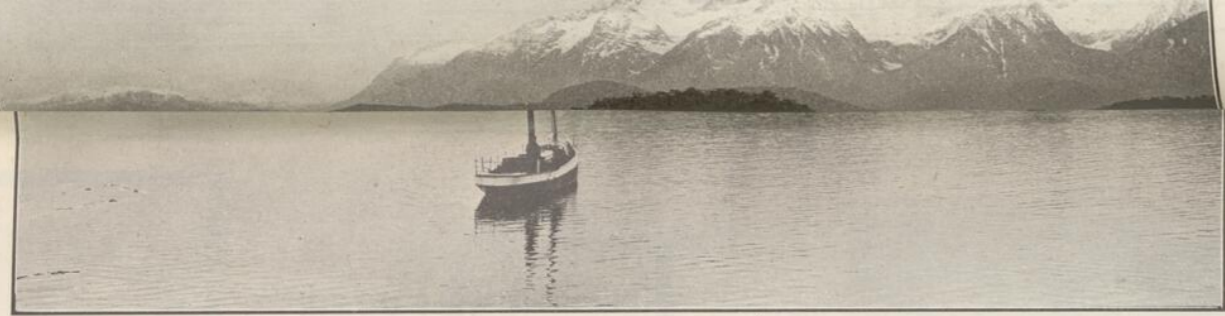


A NATURAL PHENOMENON OF GREAT UTILITY IN NEW ZEALAND—Maori women cooking with hot volcanic stones.



A RARE NATURAL PHENOMENON OF GREAT UTILITY IN NEW ZEALAND—Maori girls cooking in natural hot mineral water at Whakarewarewa.





THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF NEW ZEALAND—Cathedral Peaks, near Lake Manawapouri. They are vastly different from the Cathedral Peaks in the Canadian Rockies, being less precipitous and sharp.



THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF NEW ZEALAND—Middle Fjord, Lake Te Anau. This spot somewhat resembles Emerald Lake, in the Canadian Rockies.



Musical Instrument Section of the Canadian Court at the New Zealand International Exhibition at Christchurch.



FIJIAN FIRE-WALKERS AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—Walking on the white-hot stones. This is conducted without semblance of hurry, although the performance takes less than a minute. The whole band walk quickly across and around the pit, leaving it at the point of entrance.

land, at which Canada is largely represented. The Dominion possesses its own Court, and the exhibits contained therein are typical of the mineral, manufacturing, and agricultural products of the Dominion. A fourth to furniture and vehicles, a fifth to grain and cereals, a sixth to forestry, a seventh to motor cars and boats, an eighth to electric dynamos, fixtures, etc., and a ninth to products of the loom. The joint commissioners



THE IMMENSE PROPORTIONS OF GLACIAL FORMATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND—Ice cliffs and the Francis Joseph Glacier on the Southern Alps.



FIJIAN FIRE-WALKERS AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—Making the fire in the pit where the walking takes place. The pit is usually three or four feet deep and twenty to twenty-five feet across. Huge logs are placed in the bottom, and over them the stones on which the Fijians are to walk. The logs are then lighted, and the stones are brought to a white heat. The walking at once commences.

for Canada are Messrs. T. H. Race and Wm. A. Burns.

Mr. Race was born in the North of England in 1848, and emigrated to Canada in the early fifties. He was educated at the Port Hope Grammar School and Victoria University. He spent all his early life on the farm, and although a journalist for nearly thirty years, has always kept closely in touch with agriculture in all its departments, and especially so in fruit culture. Mr. Race has for a number of years taken active part in economical and educational matters, and has held many positions of honor and influence during his life, and has had much to do with exhibition work during his later years.

Mr. Burns is a Canadian by birth, and was appointed along with Colonel William Hutchison to the Exhibition Branch of the Federal Government when the Exhibition work of the Canadian Government was taken under its control. It was for fourteen years a



FIJIAN FIRE-WALKERS AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—These people hail from the island of Beqa, and possess the extraordinary faculty of being able to walk unharmed through a fiery furnace of white-hot stones. They belong to a little tribe which live at Suva, in Beqa.



THE HOT SPRINGS OF NEW ZEALAND—Champagne, Pool, near Wairakei, a natural phenomenon similar in some respects to the hot springs of Colorado, U.S.A.

commercial traveller in Canada, and during the last six years has been representing the Government at foreign Exhibitions in different parts of the world. His extensive knowledge of the country enables him to give valuable information regarding the scope and possibilities of the great natural resources and the manufacturing efficiency of Canada. He is here to promote trade between the two colonies in either direction, and is always ready to give information to those seeking it.

The Canadian Court is proving a great attraction to the thousands of visitors who are attending the Exhibition, which is the largest that has ever been held in Australasia.

Among the extraordinary attractions at the Exhibition are a tribe of fire-walkers from the Fiji Islands, a band of Maoris, and a score of Arawa Poi dancers. These interesting people are daily performing many of their barbaric rites, and are attracting wide-

spread attention. The Fiji fire-walkers are featured on this page.

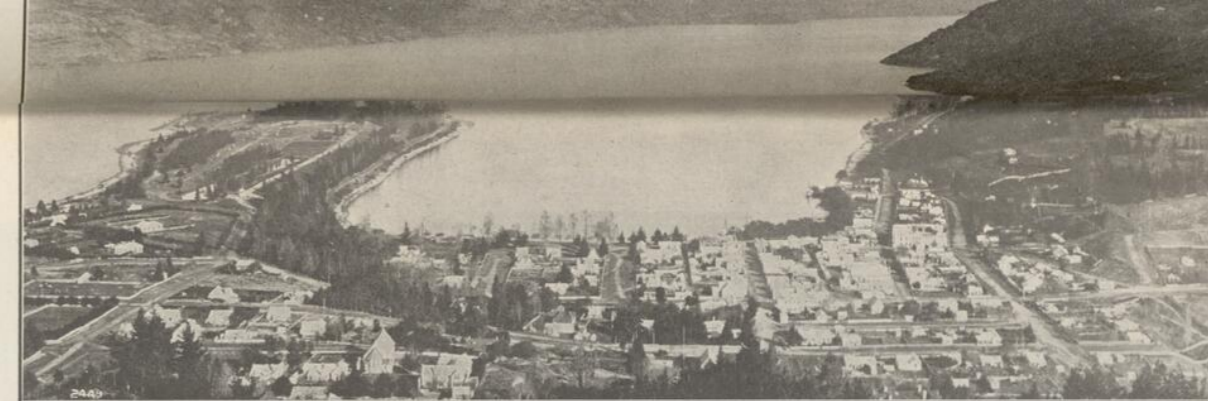
#### THE WONDERLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE wonderland of New Zealand contains every phase of thermal activity, from the treacherous volcano down to the modest porridge pot (boiling mud spring), with all the intermediate phenomena of geysers, boiling and steaming caldrons, blow-holes, mineral springs, etc. Whakarewarewa—"Whaka," as it is locally called—is just fifteen minutes from the railway

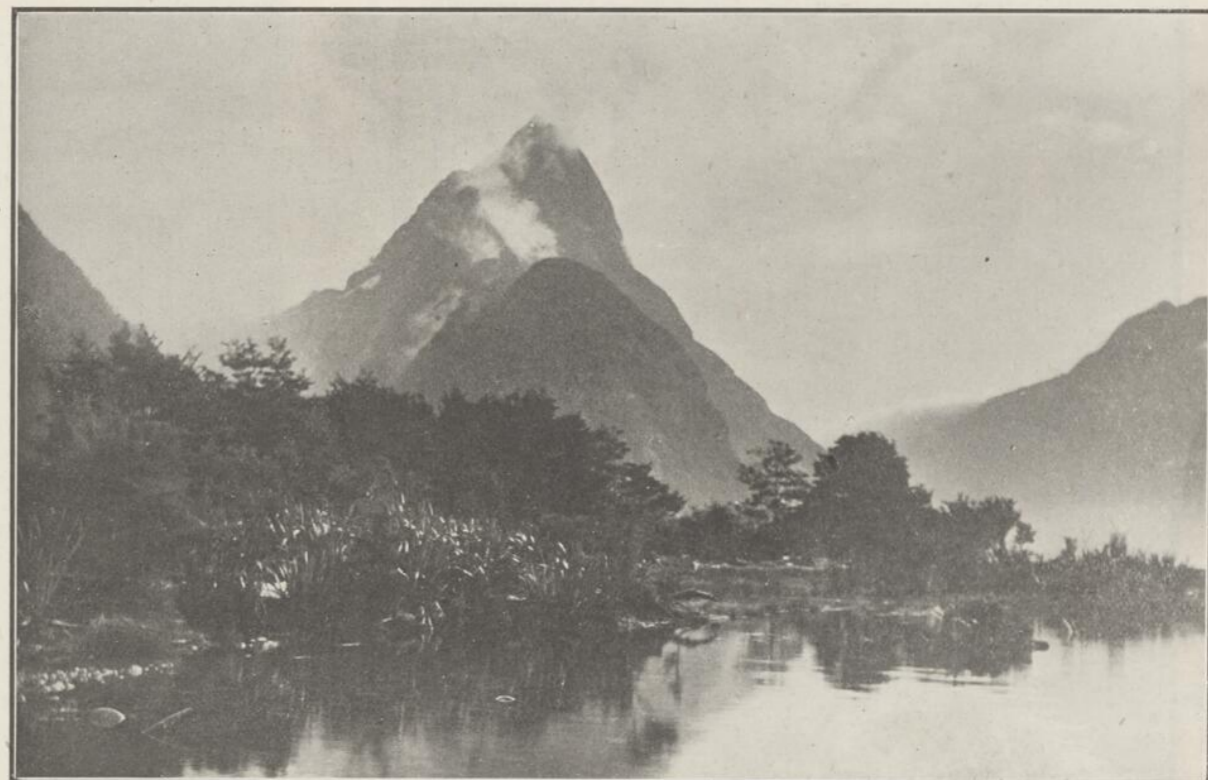
(Continued on page 5, Supplement.)



Mr. Wm. A. Burns, one of the Canadian Commissioners at the New Zealand International Exhibition at Christchurch.



A CHARMING NEW ZEALAND SEAPORT AND HARBOR—Queenstown and Lake Wakatipu, showing the distant mountains crowned with their halos of perpetual snow.



THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF NEW ZEALAND—Mitre Peak, Milford Sound, a most wonderful mountain summit.



The north-east corner of the Canadian Court at the New Zealand International Exhibition at Christchurch.



FIJIAN FIRE-WALKERS AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—A group of these extraordinary people, including their chief, Ifirimi Qasivakani, and Mr. W. A. Scott, officer in charge of the party. Mr. Scott is seated in the centre of the group, and Chief Ifirimi is the white uniformed figure at the extreme right of the illustration.

# The Whole Dominion of Canada Rings with the Tragic Story of Sarah Maxwell's Death



THE FUNERAL OF THE HEROINE OF THE HOCHELAGA SCHOOL HOLOCAUST, MONTREAL—The hearse containing the body of the late Miss Maxwell on its way to Christ Church Cathedral, where the service was held. A long line of mourners and representative citizens followed the bier.



THE FUNERAL OF THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE HOCHELAGA SCHOOL HOLOCAUST, MONTREAL—The scene at St. Mary's Anglican Church, on the afternoon of the burial of nine of the sixteen little tots who lost their lives in the fire. Eight hearses conveyed the bodies to the cemetery.



INTERIOR OF THE HOCHELAGA FIRE TRAP—The dressing-room, adjoining the kindergarten classroom, to which some of the doomed children ran when the alarm of fire was given. Near the window there is evidence that the flames had a fierce innings for a brief time, but towards the door which opens into the corridor they had hardly any sweep at all, and some of the coats hanging on the pegs in the illustration are absolutely unharmed. The first thought of the children was to save their clothing, hence the fatalities in this part of school.

**H**OME FOR DESTITUTE INCURABLES.—The Grace Dart Home for Destitute Incurables, a photograph of which appears herewith, represents the consummation of the desire of a number of Montreal ladies and gentlemen who have been working unobtrusively, but thoroughly, to this end for the past two years. The house, which has just been secured for the purpose, is situated at the corner of St. Antoine and Dominion streets. It was built by the late Sir Francis Hincks for a private residence, is of pleasing architectural design, and is in a first-class state of preservation. The rooms, which are large and have lofty ceilings, are being left unaltered, but all that could be done in the way of modern improvements has been attended to. The Home is lighted throughout by electricity, and there is a bathroom on every flat; the plumbing has all been done according to the most approved sanitary method, and no detail of furnishing has been omitted to make the Home a place of comfort for those unfortunates to whom the hospitals are obliged to refuse admission.

The furnishing throughout has been most carefully carried out by the Montreal Ladies' Sunshine Society. The ladies will make arrangements for periodical visits, which will be paid to the inmates. The Home, when opened, will accommodate about fifty people. None but incurables will be admitted. A medical and nursing staff will be maintained, so that no effort may be spared to make the last days of the inmates as comfortable as possible. This is the object which Mr. H. J. Dart had in mind when he first began to lay his plans before the Montreal public. His appeals for financial assistance have been so far well responded to, and although at times the outlook was decidedly gloomy, the promoters of this benevolent scheme are now happy in the knowledge that their efforts are about to be crowned with success. The Grace Dart Home will be opened early in May. It will recognize no denominational or racial lines, and will be opened to men as well as women. It will provide, absolutely free, all the attendance and comforts required by those who are destitute and who the doctors pronounce incurable.



INTERIOR OF THE HOCHELAGA FIRE TRAP—The ruins of the kindergarten room on the second storey of the Hochelaga Protestant School. This was the classroom of the sixteen little children who met their death in the dreadful holocaust of Tuesday last week. Among the desks of this room their bodies, as well as that of Miss Maxwell, the principal, were found after the fire. On the wall to the left is the word "Love" in large white letters, untouched by the cruel flames, as if left by some mysterious hand—title to the tragedy of an heroine and her helpless babes. The floor, it will be noticed, has sagged considerably in the middle.

The house is surrounded by a large area of ground, where the inmates will be able to take exercise and breathe pure air. It is interesting to note that the Chinese community in Montreal have contributed \$100 to the fund of the institution.



Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in "The Law and the Man," at His Majesty's Theatre during the week commencing Monday, March 11th.



The new building of the Grace Dart Home for Destitute Incurables, formerly the residence of Sir Francis Hincks.



Miss Mamie Babin, of Ottawa, who sings for the Knights of Columbus at Nazareth Hall, Tuesday, March, 12.



Miss Elma Powell as Estrella in "Arizona," at the Academy of Music during the week commencing Monday, March 11.

## Women's Stylish Suits for Easter.

WHEN ORDERING FROM SAMPLES, ALWAYS ENCLOSE SAMPLE WITH ORDER.

You'll surely agree that the Suits shown on this page are the handsomest ever designed by our artists. The illustrations are exact. The page is from our New Spring and Summer Catalogue, on every page of which you will find something to interest you, a fine class of goods at a low price. Your every need is anticipated.



**J-6506.** Stylish Suit, made of all-wool French Venetian cloth, in colors black, navy or green. The Eton is trimmed back and front with straps of self, taffeta silk around lower edge overlaid with silk braid; has vest effect of self, trimmed with fancy braid; new sleeve, with detachable cuff, which can be worn either 3/4 or full length, is trimmed with taffeta silk, rows of braid and fancy ornaments; lined throughout with silkalene. Skirt is made eleven-gore style, with twenty-two side pleats. . . . \$16.50  
Special or extra sizes \$3.50 extra.

**J-6514.** This highly tailored Suit is made of fine all-wool Panama cloth, in colors black or navy. The Eton is trimmed back and front with self, taffeta silk overlaid with fancy silk braid. New style sleeve, made with detachable cuff, can be worn either 3/4 or full length; lined throughout with silkalene. Skirt is nine-gore style, panel effect down front, made with double box pleat; has silk braid trimming and side pleats all around. . . . \$16.50  
Special or extra sizes \$3.50 extra.

**J-6500.** This charming style is made of all-wool tweed, in light or medium gray over check. The Eton is trimmed back and front, with straps of self in box pleat effect, finished with silk soutache braid; vest effect has trimming of fancy silk braid, 3/4 sleeve, with attachable cuff, and belt has silk braid trimming; lined throughout with silkalene. Skirt is twelve-gore style, panel effect front and back, made with cluster of inverted pleats, alternate side-gores, ending in three side pleats. . . . \$17.50  
Special or extra sizes \$3.50 extra.


**J-6507.** Military style suit, made of fine all-wool French broadcloth, in colors black or navy. The jacket is made 22-inch length, with tight fitting back; front trimmed with silk braid and covered buttons; vest effect of self closely buttoned with silk covered buttons; full length sleeve, with turned back cuffs, trimmed with silk and soutache braid; lined throughout with taffeta silk. Nine-gore style skirt, panel effect down front, formed with two box pleats, trimmed with stitched straps of self, silk braid and buttons, has side pleats all around. . . . \$22.50  
Special or extra sizes \$4.50 extra.

Women's Suits shown on this page are made in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust, with choice of skirt lengths 39, 40, 41 and 42 inches. Style 6507 can also be supplied in regular stock sizes up to 42 bust. Waist measures are 25 inches for 32 bust, 24 inches for 34 bust, 25 inches for 36 bust, and 26 inches for 38 bust. In case size and color ordered is out of stock, it may require about ten days to supply same. A second or third choice will generally avoid delay. We can alter waist band of the skirts of these suits to one inch smaller or larger than stock size if desired. Special or extra sizes will require about ten days to make. Send for Measurement Form before ordering. Samples of material sent on request.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE.

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA.**

**RADNOR**  
"THE WATER OF THE EMPIRE."  
*Endorsed by Royalty,*



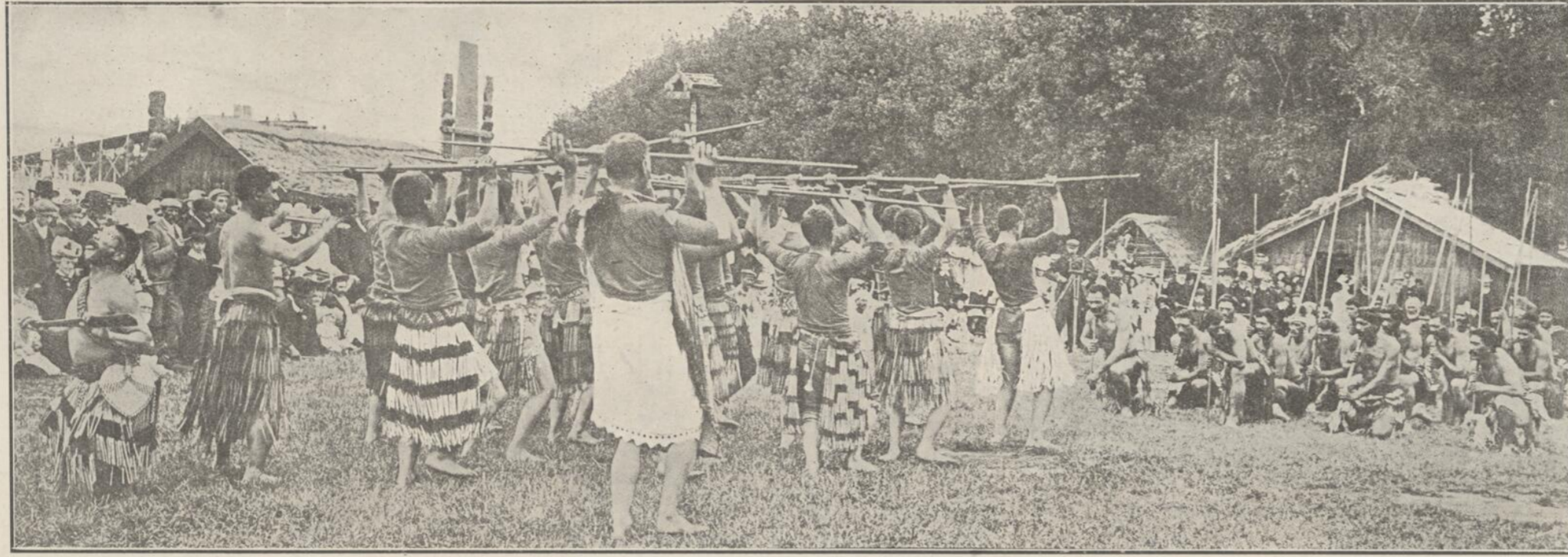
**THE RADNOR WATER COMPANY**  
HAVE BEEN APPOINTED  
BY  
SPECIAL WARRANT  
PURVEYORS TO  
**His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales**

## The Present Day Maoris Perpetuate the Many Strange Customs of Their Forefathers

**THE POWHIRI AND POI DANCING OF THE MAORIS.**—Few of the many tribes of aborigines which exist in different quarters of the globe are more successful in the art of gesture than the ancient Maori, the original inhabitants of New Zealand, and it is one of the arts that has descended to the present generation.

The ancient warriors of this race were accustomed to greet enemy or friend with dances which expressed exactly their feelings towards the newcomer. Thus was originated the Powhiri or welcome dance (which is illustrated on this page), with its suggestion of eternal friendship,—the welcoming haka with which the warrior invites his friends to come and assist him in his work, and the haka of defiance with which the ancient warrior was wont to work up his feelings before entering the battlefield.

While the warriors have shown such aptitude in gesture dancing, their womankind have been little behind them. Among the entertainments of the Ki-



A WAR HAKA BY THE MAORIS—The Defiance. This is a very spirited action, and abounds in vigorous gestures.



A WAR HAKA BY THE MAORIS—The Reply. In this action the attacking tribesmen raise their spears and utter demonic yells of derision.

anga for generations have been the poi dances by the wahines (matrons) and kokines (maids). By the aid of a poi, a small ball made of raupo and suspended at the end of a string of flax, swung with clever gestures, the poidancer is enabled to tell the most elaborate story in pantomime, and tell it with such fidelity that there is no mistaking its meaning. This dance is also illustrated on this page, the dancers being Arawa women.

Perhaps a description of a canoe poi, one of the prettiest and most illustrative of the several poi dances, may enable readers of The Standard to better understand just what these dances are like. In this dance a roll of matting is laid out on the grass to represent a canoe, and on this the dancers take their seats, the pois representing the paddles. An accordion strikes up, and the action of rowing is gone through with, the command being given by the leader. Soon the rowers are in full swing enjoying themselves immensely. A few minutes later the canoe gets into deep water (figuratively), and the rowers become troubled, their regularity of action is broken, and the strokes on either side become much deeper and stronger. Rougher water still is soon reached, many of the rowers faint sea-sickness, and, in consequence, their action becomes more irregular than it was. The final scene comes when the rowers all simultaneously throw themselves down on their backs in the imaginary canoe, exhausted by their labors.

These dances are most interesting to witness and create much amusement. The present-day Maoris enter into them with all the zest that characterized the performances of their forefathers.

### Origin of the Maori Indians.

Prior to 1769, very little is known of the history of the Maoris, as the natives possessed no reliable record, but their traditions are clear. They tell they came from a place called Hawaiki, from whence they were driven by civil wars. Steering their canoes towards the rising of the Southern Cross, they landed in various points in the northern portion of New Zealand. From the parties who came in each canoe the various tribes are descended. Their genealogical sticks, carved by the Tohungas, show that emigration took place at least fourteen centuries ago. Until they adopted the Christian customs, the Maoris had no marriage ceremony. The chiefs had generally several wives, though one was always regarded as the wife proper. To have a number was a mark of dignity and greatness. They had no distinctive name for marriage, and was known as Moho Tohi, which means willing or

living together. The ancient way of obtaining a wife was to carry her by force or pretended force. The total population of the Maori race in 1901 was 43,143 persons, including 3,133 half-castes living as Maoris. The Maori population fell from 41,993, in 1891, to 39,854, in 1896, and increased to 43,143, in 1901, according to the returns.

### THE WONDERLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

(Continued from p. 2 & 3, Supplement.)

station, and will be found the safest point from which to study this weird region, where the earth is always hot and the air is heavily charged with sulphur from the steaming blow-holes and geysers that rise in every direc-



A POI DANCE BY MAORI DANCERS—This is one of the most graceful movements in the national dances of the Maoris, and is exclusively performed by the women.



A WELCOME HAKA BY MAORI WARRIORS—The tribesmen lined up to greet the representatives of another tribe.



A WELCOME HAKA BY MAORI WARRIORS—Visiting tribesmen showing their appreciation of the greeting.

watch in fear the convulsive throbs of this great, angry, seething pit that voices the overwhelming power of that all-wise Creator. Another geyser goes off when the debris lying about it—mostly alum—is thrown in.

Wells and mud-holes are all over the place; the boiling mud resembles thick porridge simmering on a fire, with a dull "flop, flop, flop," as the steam escapes from the hideous mass. A few visitors, through getting off the tracks, have had their feet or legs burnt; such wounds will never heal properly. This may appear strange in a place so noted for the healing qualities of its waters; but needless to say, all the water here is not of a healing nature. Some water is just the reverse; so strong that it will dissolve a zinc bucket in a few hours. "That is not used for bathing purposes." The water used for bathing imparts to the skin a beautiful satiny feeling, and the bather experiences a delicious sense of luxury. It also possesses the virtue of beautifying the complexion, and is therefore much used by ladies. All sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from every part of the world, are to be found at these fountains of Hygeia, where rheumatism, gout, skin diseases, neuralgia, sciatica, liver and kidney troubles are quickly cured.

These mud springs are of all colors, from a dirty black to a fine, creamy hue. One of them, composed largely of magnesia, furnished the natives with an article of diet during a time of war. Quite near this edible mud, separated by only a few feet, is another spring containing iron ore; but the ore has been reduced to putty by the gases, and, when mixed with oil, makes a perfect paint. Strangest of all, the oil is provided by another mud spring which adjoins it. This paint is used by the Maoris for painting their canoes and carved houses. The volcanic mud has remarkable properties, and is used largely in reducing joints swollen by rheumatism. The patients are rolled in the mud and splashed from head to foot, a sensation not too pleasant, but wonderfully efficacious.

### The Phenomenon of Boiling Mud.

If we go along to the geyser Te Wairoa and drop a bar of common soap into it, within ten minutes it will send up column after column of boiling water one hundred feet high. This is caused through the soap forming a film over the water and imprisoning the steam that rises on a calm day in majestic clouds of immense proportions and fantastic shapes. When the geyser is about to play, the eruption is suddenly announced by a muffled roar of thunder; the earth trembles violently; and, like a huge rocket, a volume of boiling water shoots into the air with the boom of a cannon. The sensation is strange and terrible as we

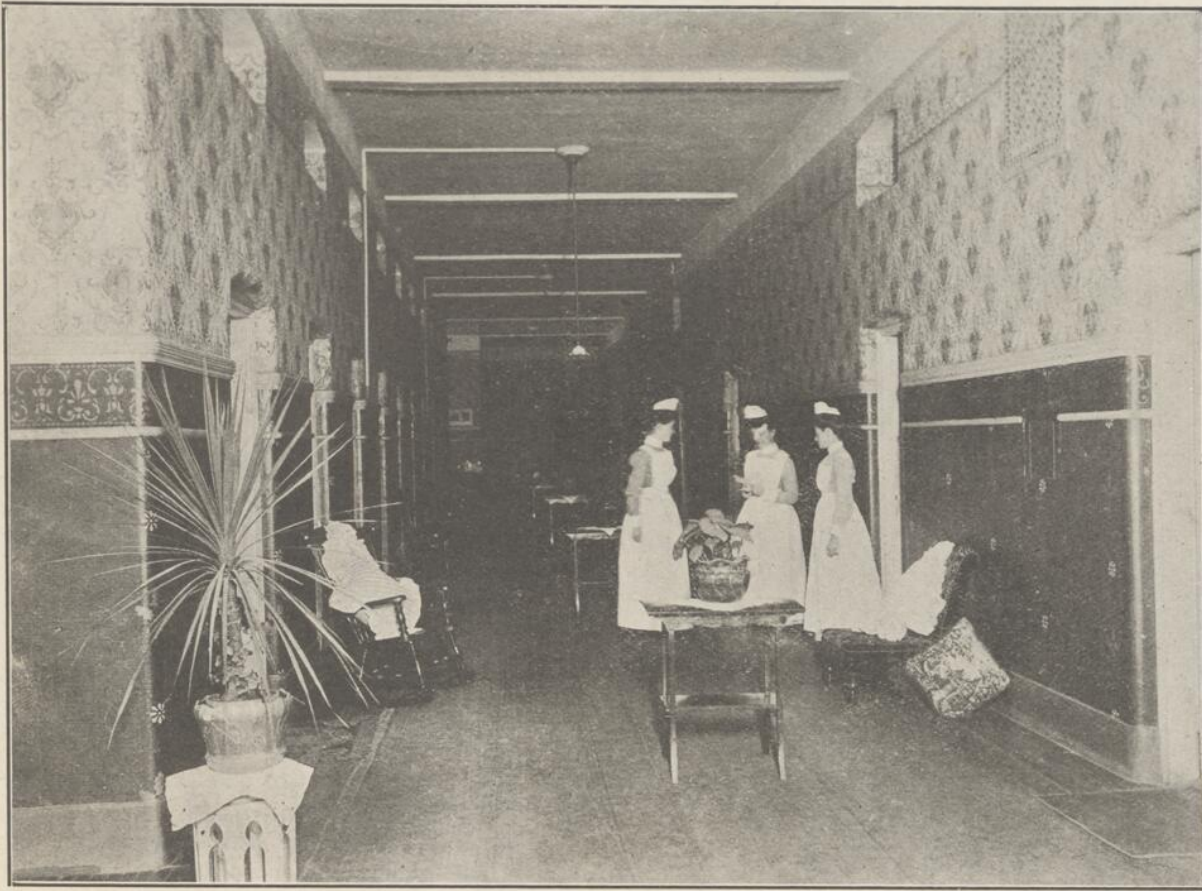
### Nature Has Been Good to New Zealand.

Nature has been prodigal here in her culinary arrangements, for there are boiling pools at both of the native villages, into which the food is thrown. There is no cutting of wood and lighting of fires; no waiting for the pot to boil. A basket with a string attached is the only cooking utensil required. To see a row of men and women apparently fishing in a pond of boiling water is an uncanny spectacle, until they draw up the steaming kites of potatoes and go off to their dinner as unconcerned as if all the world were accustomed to this very novel method of cooking. Life about these pools is attended with no little peril, for to fall into one means certain and terrible death. During my stay at Rotorua a little boy perished in this fearful manner, having slipped in while drawing out the food. The temperature of these holes is easily regulated. And, strange though it may sound, the Maoris themselves spend a great portion of their time in the hot pools. They sit in them

for hours, and on rainy or cold days stay there most of the time. They only leave them to get food or tobacco. It is not an unusual sight on a rainy day to see a man or woman sitting in a pool comfortably smoking under an umbrella—or, it may be, an elegant little sunshade left behind by a summer visitor. The natives living here are not fair specimens of the race, for their environment makes them very indolent and useless. They are a merry lot—always laughing, singing and dancing, and never so happy as when joking. They take nothing seriously. Their lives are an incessant round of gales spent among visitors, from whom they contrive to get all sorts of presents, such as umbrellas, top-hats, and other nicknacks, which add materially to the fun of the place—especially on Sundays, when the Maoris "put them all on."

OLIVER BAINBRIDGE.

# Drama of the Insane ; Visit to the Protestant Asylum at Verdun ; Five Hundred Patients



A DRAMA OF THE INSANE—A view in one of the wards of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Verdun.

It is a great, real drama, with five hundred players, and it is played every day, every hour of the twenty-four, to a small and select audience. It is the Drama of the Insane, and it is played at Verdun, on the fringe of Montreal.

At this time of the year the journey from the city to Verdun lunatic asylum, or the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, as it is officially and more generously named, is a little depressing. The Verdun and Wellington car bumps you a mile or so from the compact streets to the district of isolated houses, with the snow-fields in between, a lonely and comfortless-looking district, the chill blast whistling across it.

You change there to the Lachine Rapids car, and are borne still further from the city, along the winding road, with a desolate snowscape on the right and the ice-bound river on the left. Even the isolated house has disappeared. You are beginning to feel that you are on the way to Nowhere, when the car stops with a clanking jerk, and the conductor whispers, "the Asylum!"

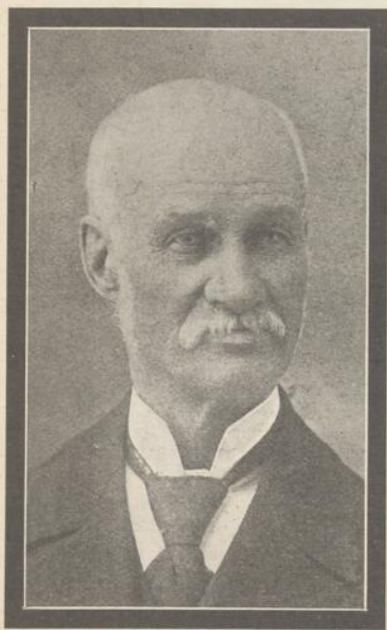
You dismount, and see a big iron gate and a lodge-house. Behind that a plain of snow. Beyond that again, in a wilderness of snow, a long, dark building rearing up like some black ghost in a white night. It is quite a walk to the dark building. On the way you meet two men, snow-shovelling. They touch their caps. One looks gloomily on you, and edges away; but the other comes forward smilingly, and shakes hands.

"I get \$1000 a day for snow-shovelling," he says, brightly. "Of course, I am very expert. I'm the finest snow-shoveller in the world!"

It is your first glimpse of the Drama of the Insane.

### Not so Grim at A Closer View.

A little further on, to the left, you see a small open-air skating rink. There are seven men on it just now, well wrapped up, for it is very cold. All are clever skaters. They whirl round the rink. Then there is a race. It is followed by a show of backward skating. Next a skater gives an exhibition of figure-cutting, while the others gather round to watch. It is all so natural. It surprises you to learn that all the skaters are of more or less unsound mind. But they are harm-



THE LATE COLIN SINCLAIR.

Mr. Colin Sinclair, who passed away at his home in Carleton Place, Ont., on Feb. 15, was the surviving pioneer business man and municipal servant of his town, and a worthy descendant of a pioneer father and mother, who came from Argyle, Scotland, in 1822, and took a homestead at what is now known as Scotch Corners, Beckwith Township, near Carleton Place. The deceased citizen served as reeve and deputy when Carleton Place was a village, and also as a councillor of the town after its incorporation. He always took a lively interest in the civic and business life of the community, in which he was highly esteemed for his honorable and reliable character.

less, and have the freedom of the grounds during certain hours. By and bye, one of the seven will skate over and talk to you about red-and-gold bank-notes with King Alfred's name stamped on them.

You are nearing the dark building, and at close view it is not so awesome as you thought at first. Every window is barred; but there are architectural features which partly compen-

nurse, a man o' pairs, to act as your guide through the establishment.

At the end of the corridor is a circular hall, lighted from the roof, and bearing some resemblance in design and coloring to the rotunda of a Moorish palace. As you look round, and as your guide is telling you that the building is about twenty years old, and that those oil paintings on the walls are of benefactors of the institution, a



A DRAMA OF THE INSANE—An exterior view of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Verdun.

door opens and a file of men march into the hall and down the corridor, officered by a capable-looking official. They are patients being taken out for a walk, some harmless, some dangerous, none wise enough to be allowed to wander about of his own sweet will. One lags a little, "Come along, John," says the official, gently. John clenches his fist, forgets what he clenched it

sure that they are of good families, honored families. You cannot believe that they are insane, though your guide tells you so. Other patients, to your lay understanding are distinctly insane. That fierce-looking woman, for instance—you are afraid of her. Or that old, grey-haired lady who is playing with her fingers and chuckling like a child. Or the young woman whose

for the next instant, and joins the file, singing in an undertone.

Institution, in the Main, Resembles Ordinary Hospital.

All doors are locked. A door is opened for you to pass through, and it is locked again behind you. All stairs and dangerous places are fenced with wire netting to prevent suicidal patients from jumping over. Heating coils are protected with gratings. These, and the barred windows, are almost the only features which distinguish the institution from an ordinary hospital, or, in parts, a hotel. Female patients are in the right wing, male in the left. Paying or paid-for patients are divided into three classes, the differences being in food and accommodation, and according to the price paid for maintenance. Nearly all of the wards are on the same plan as of that shown in the photograph on this page, the difference of look in the various classes being in furnishing, not construction. The first-class is not one whit removed from first-class hotel style.

There is a wide corridor lined with bedrooms in each ward, and with a big sitting-room at one end, or perhaps a recreation or work-room. Your guide takes you through the female wing. Nearly all of the patients are out of their rooms—reading, resting, talking to themselves or others, pacing the floor, peering out of windows, or shrunk up against a wall, with head in hands. In the first-class ward some of the inmates might be ladies in natural posture in their drawing-room at home. They are dressed in the latest fashion, their conversation and manner are cultured and refined. You feel

will have no more of it, sir; you must"—her voice swells to a shriek, and your guide draws you away—"you must obey my mandate or take the consequences, which, mark you, will be of a severity—"

Patients who Would Seize Chance for Committing Suicide.

She follows you down the whole length of the ward, heaping threat and abuse on you, until a nurse comes and coaxes her away. As you return, you find that another of the ladies has



A DRAMA OF THE INSANE—A group of nurses of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane at Verdun. (Photograph by Dunphy.)

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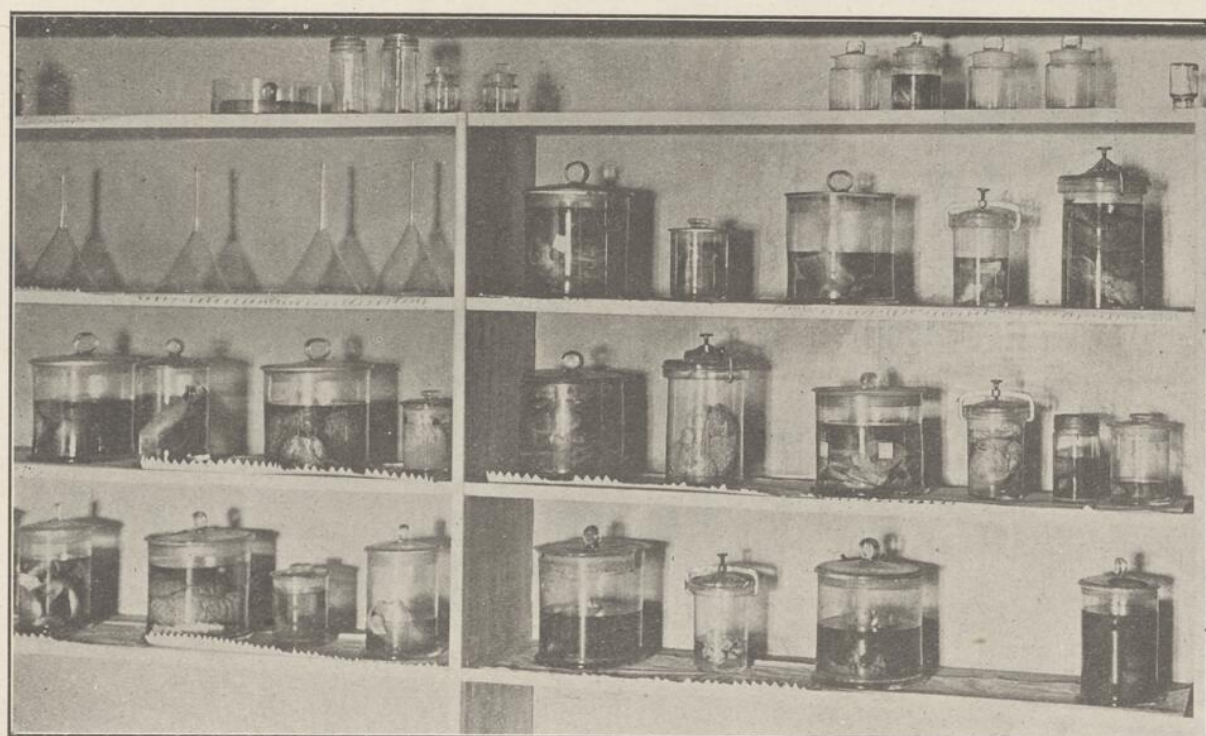


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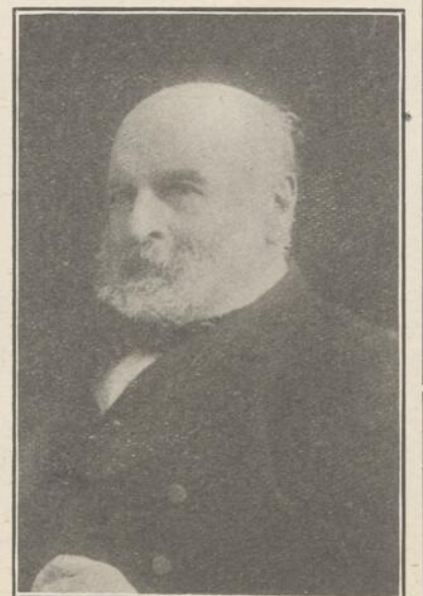
F. L. Benedict & Co., Agents, 144 Craig St. W., Montreal.



A DRAMA OF THE INSANE—A corner of the Pathological Museum in the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Verdun.

learnedly of strait-waistcoats, padded cells, and other restraining paraphernalia and action which you associate with institutions of this kind.

Dr. Porteous laughs. "There isn't a strait-waistcoat or a padded cell in the building. We do not believe in them at all, and in rejecting them we follow the practise of most of the best hospitals for the insane in the United States and Great Britain at the present day. Restraint that is too evident to the patient is more likely to have a bad than a good effect on his mind. We use no restraint whatever, in the sense you indicate. We aim, rather, at a prevention of the need of restraint in cases where the patient is likely to do injury to himself or others. Tactful conversation and the attracting of the mind to other objects often play a greater part than could any physical restraint." Having delivered this black eye to a popular notion, Dr. Porteous appoints the head male



The late Jacob Henry Joseph, of Montreal, who passed away last week at the advanced age of 92 years.

head is ever swaying to and fro. Or that woman who runs here and there without apparent object.

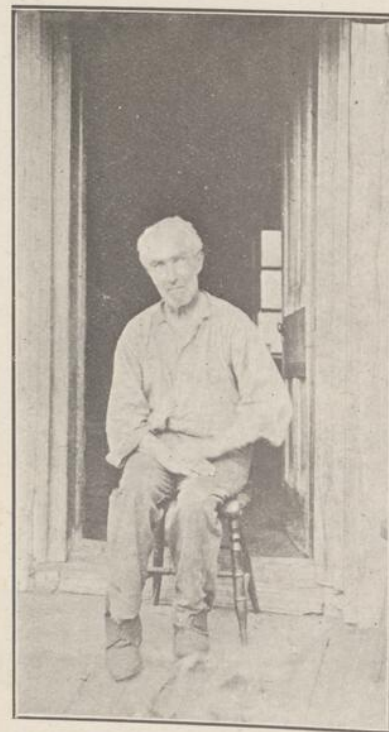
But those ladies with the culture and refinement and naturalness! Your guide is making game of you. As the thought passes through your mind, one of the ladies rises from her rocker and approaches. She bows graciously, wishes you good-afternoon, and asks if you have attended to your business at the post-office.

"I own all the post-offices in Canada and the United States," she says, "and"—her voice rises—"you know it very well, sir! Every letter and parcel is mine, and I want them all opened to find that ring I lost four hundred years ago. I command you to investigate this, sir! I have asked you a hundred times—you never saw her in your life before—"to look into this affair, and you always come here with a plausible story of the difficulties which have arisen in your path. I

commented to talk utter nonsense to the wallpaper, while a third is waiting with an imaginary partner, and scolding and kicking him for tramping on her toes.

On the way to the male wing you are told that many of the women you have just seen, and of the other male and female inmates, are of suicidal tendencies. One woman would even try to steal pins from a nurse's apron in order to cut herself with them. Others would be dangerous to fellow-patients and nurses if not carefully watched. Others, again, tear their clothes to shreds, try to starve themselves, and shriek and act in a manner which absolutely prohibits them from

(Continued on page opposite.)



TRAGEDY OF THE MONTREAL BAR.

About thirty-five years ago there lived in Montreal a noted lawyer by the name of Thompson. He was an exceedingly able member of the Bar, but possessed an ungovernable temper. At a certain noted trial he was, because of a sudden vehement attack on the Court, expelled from the Bar by the presiding judge for a term of 30 years. This humiliation so played upon his mind that he retired with his sister to the solitude of the wilderness in the northern part of Quebec, where for many years they lived in poverty. He died a short time ago in the little hut before which he is represented as sitting in the above illustration.

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# Anglican Bishops of the Dominion of Canada; The New Mayor of the City of Ottawa



PRELATES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA—Right Rev. William Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., D.C.L., first Lord Bishop of Calgary; consecrated in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Winnipeg, on Sunday, August 7, 1887, by the Right Rev. Dr. Machray, Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land and Metropolitan of Rupert's Land.

## LORD BISHOP OF CALGARY.

The Right Reverend William Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., D.C.L., first Lord Bishop of Calgary, was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1844. He was educated at the Church Academy, St. John's, and at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. Coming to Canada, he was ordained deacon by the Right Rev. Benj. Croyn, Lord Bishop of Huron, in 1868, and was raised to the priesthood by the Right Rev. Robert Machray, Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, in 1869. In the latter year he became curate of St. James Church, Winnipeg, and five years afterwards, in 1874, he succeeded to the rectorship of that parish, when the Rev. Dr. McLean was elected Lord Bishop of Saskatchewan. He was Superintendent of Education for the Protestant Schools of Manitoba from 1871 to 1883, and Secretary of the Synod of Rupert's Land from 1882 to 1887. He was appointed Archdeacon of Manitoba and Residential Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, in 1882, and one of the Bishop's chaplains in 1884. He was also Acting Rector of All Saints' Church, Winnipeg, from 1883 to 1884. In 1886 he received from the Archbishop of Canterbury the degree of B.D. for general services to the Church, and particularly for services in connection with education. In 1887 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Manitoba, and that of D.C.L. from Trinity University, Toronto. As Archdeacon Pinkham, he became a prominent figure in the Church in the North-West. On the death of the Right Rev. John McLean, Bishop of Saskatchewan in 1887, the choice of his successor rested in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on the recommendations

made to him, appointed Archdeacon Pinkham. He was consecrated in Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday, Aug. 7, 1887, by the Right Rev. Dr. Machray, Bishop of Rupert's Land and Metropolitan; assisted by Bishops Horden, of Moosejaw; Young, of Athabasca; Anson, of Qu'Appelle; Baldwin, of Huron; Thorold, of Rochester, Eng.; Whipple, of Minnesota; and Walker, of North Dakota. In the same year—1887—the Diocese of Saskatchewan was divided into two parts—the District of Saskatchewan to retain the name of the old diocese, and the district of Alberta to be known as the Diocese of Calgary. Bishop Pinkham was elected Bishop of both dioceses, until such time as an episcopal endowment could be raised for the new Diocese of Calgary. For fifteen years he was Bishop of the two dioceses—Saskatchewan and Calgary, and finally, in 1903, the endowment for Calgary having been completed, he chose the latter diocese, and became first Bishop of Calgary. He is a gentleman of commanding presence, "strong, vigorous, hopeful," and "a faithful, indefatigable and most successful church worker."

## LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Right Reverend Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., D.C.L., sixth Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, is a son of the Reverend Canon J. B. Worrell, of Oakville. He was born at Smith's Falls, Ont., in 1853, and was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and Trinity University, Toronto. He was Wellington scholar, 1871-1872, Dickson prizeman for Mathematics in 1873. He took his B.A. Degree in 1874, and M.A.

In 1883. He was ordered Deacon in 1881, and raised to the Priesthood in 1884. He has been successively Curate at Gananoque, and at Trinity Church, Brockville, and Rector at Morrisburg and Barriefield. He also held the Mathematical and Scientific Mastership in the Cobourg Collegiate Institute; the Head Mastership of Gananoque High School; and the Principalship of Brockville Collegiate Institute. He was President of the Old Boys' Association, Trinity College School, Port Hope, and in 1886-1887 was Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Canada. In 1891 he was appointed Professor of English in the Royal Military College, Kingston, and Rector of St. Luke's Church, Kingston. A few years later he was appointed Archdeacon of Ontario. In 1904 he held the office of Prolocutor of the Provincial Synod of Canada, and in the same year he was elected to the See of Nova Scotia. His consecration took place on St. Luke's Day, the 18th of October, 1904, at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, by the Most Reverend W. B. Bond, Archbishop of Montreal and Primate of All Canada, and the Most Reverend S. P. Matheson, Archbishop of Rupert's Land; assisted by Bishops Sweatman, of Toronto; Dunn, of Quebec; Thorneloe, of Algoma; Mills, of Ontario; Carmichael, of Montreal; and Brent, of the Philippine Islands. His Lordship is a pious and learned Churchman, a capable organizer, and a man of culture and experience. His Cathedral Church was recently destroyed by fire, but the Churchmen of the Diocese of Nova Scotia have risen to the occasion, and are about to build a handsome new church to be known as the Cathedral of All Saints.



Captain Zealand, of the SS. Wahconadah, which recently experienced the terrors of a winter voyage on Lake Superior.

and three bricks in a clergyman's sermon. What do you think? Isn't it circumlocutively?"

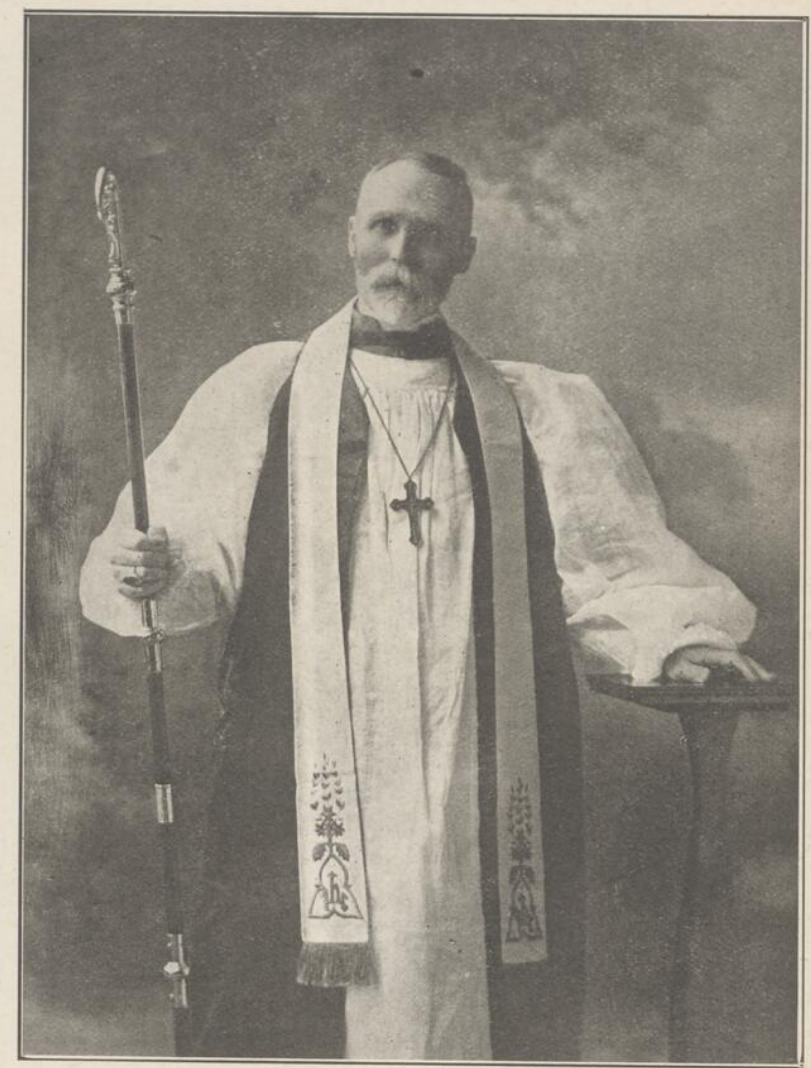
On a lounge at one end of the corridor a big, broad-shouldered man is playing with a handkerchief. He pretends it is an animal of some sort. It runs away from him. He catches it and bites it. He throws it on the floor, and jumps down after it, shouting in childish glee all the time. He is shy and will not speak to you. Another

record shows that he never had any children.

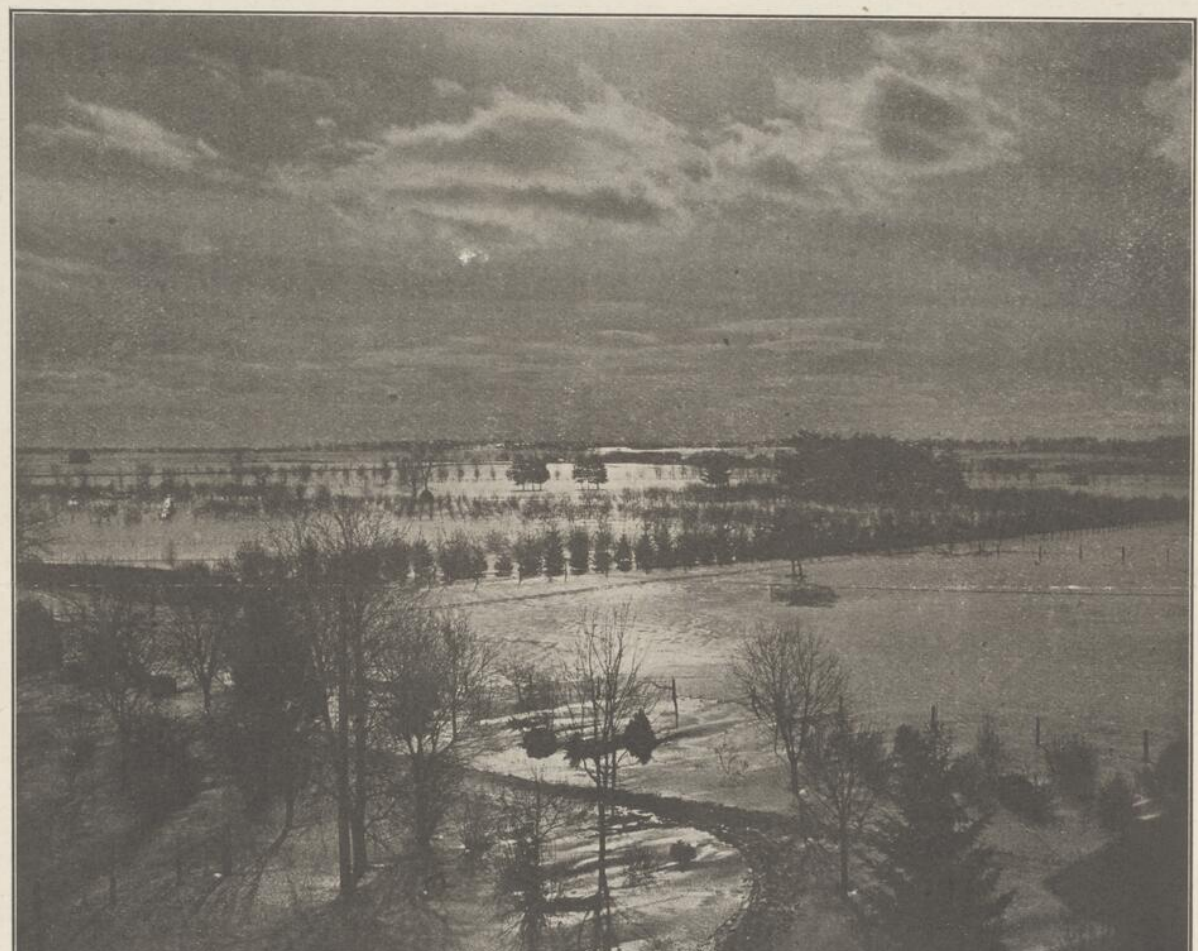
You next see the male public ward. It is plainer and more crowded than the rest. There are probably over a hundred men in sight at once, and as some of them hiss at you and follow you with unfriendly attitudes, you begin to wish yourself well out of the ward. What would the male nurse and you be against that little mad army if it suddenly revolted? There is a Chinaman among the patients. His hair is standing up on end, and his little slit eyes are rolling in his head. Another patient pulls your guide by the sleeve and tells him not to forget to bring the doctor to pull that aching tooth. The nurse says that he will bring him back on his next round, and the patient tells you that the nurse was ever his good friend in a case like this. Later, your guide tells you that the patient is always suffering from imaginary pains, and has to be humored.

You are leaving the ward when a man comes forward to shake hands with you. Instead of shaking hands, however, he raises his arm and aims a blow at you. Your guide steps in between, turning attention to himself. He dodges the flying fist, and the man strikes the door instead of the nurse. Then the door is locked, and you pass to the entertainment hall, where a number of unsound patients and a sane carpenter are preparing the hall for an entertainment that week. The patients are working away just like any ordinary men. Another patient is sitting at the piano and playing with a mastery finish.

Leaving there, and on your way along a passage, you meet Lord Aberdeen, sleeves rolled up, sweeping the



PRELATES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA—Right Rev. Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., D.C.L., sixth Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia; consecrated in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on Oct. 18th, 1904 (St. Luke's Day), by the Most Rev. W. B. Bond, Primate of All Canada, Lord Archbishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of Canada.



A REMARKABLE NOON-DAY PHOTOGRAPH—This unique picture of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa was taken from the roof of the Dominion Astronomical Observatory in December last to show the reflection of the sunlight on the ice-covered snow and the shadows from the trees. It was taken at 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was fairly high in the heavens. The print from which the above illustration was made was printed dark, hence the picture appears to be a moonlight scene. (Photograph by A. Steadworthy, Dominion Observatory, Ottawa.)

## THE DRAMA OF THE INSANE.

(Continued from page opposite.)

mingling with the outer world. Some patients, perhaps quite a number, are in the institution for life. They may have been there since the hospital was built; they may have been passing this death in life existence even longer, for some of them came to Verdun from the old Longue Pointe Asylum when the latter was burned down.

These people are without that one thing, the proper equipment of the brain, which distinguishes the human from the brute creation. They are animals. The institution is a menagerie. The horse that responds to the pull of the reins is more intelligent than they. It is grateful for its food. What would you do with a mad dog? But you pause. What if that patient were a mother, a brother, a wife, or a son? Your thoughts were hard.

In one of the male wards you find two men playing billiards. They play well. There is nothing at the moment to indicate to you that these men are what they are, dangerous lunatics. You see them in their sane, their normal spell. At another time, in an instant perhaps, the man who is all keenness on making the cannon off the red, would stand behind a door, ready to spring out and throttle you.

## Big Man who is a Child in his Actions.

A bearded man with the look of a well-to-do stockbroker is perambulating the corridor, pausing every now and then to address himself to some other patient who pays no heed to him or tells him to "talk sense!" His address is something after this form:—"My friend, there are stars in the laundry, and if a Liberal wins it will snow at five cents. Or, it may be, when the fire brigade informs my wife that—well, supposing the green dragon

man orders the attendant about. He commands him to send a telephone message and to see that his bed is carefully prepared at once. He talks pretty rationally to you. "We have very few visitors," he says, "and they are always welcome. This is a very comfortable ward, but the attendants don't carry out instructions very well. I have made several complaints, but nothing came of them. If I were really insane, like those other poor fellows, I could understand why no attention was paid to my talk. It is rather galling to a man in full possession of his faculties, is it not?" As you are going away, he slips up to you and asks you to be good enough to tell his children where he is, so that they may come to visit him. He wants very, very much to see them. You are touched, but his

floor. He is a bright, soldierly-looking young man. He says—"Excuse me, sir, but I fear you do not recognize me. I am Lord Aberdeen. My greatest trouble at the present time is that the Grand Trunk Company is retaining three trunks of mine at Bonaventure station. These trunks are filled with gold and jewellery. I have prayed repeatedly so that the Company's heart might be softened, but without effect. I prayed two hours this morning. Force is now necessary, and I have 40,000 soldiers waiting outside for my commands—10,000 cavalry, 10,000 artillery, and 20,000 infantry. I have three beautiful uniforms myself, decorated with gold crosses and the medals I have won in various battles. Yes, sir."

A brief view of the little infirmary

which stands apart from the main building, and in the pathological room of which you see a gruesome collection indicative of science and its grapple with the Drama of the Insane. This collection is of abnormal brains preserved in jars. A photograph of a part of the collection is shown in a reproduction on this page. There are several patients in the infirmary; they are there for treatment for physical complaints, and their mental conditions make them hard subjects.

From the infirmary to the east building, a brick structure of recent date, and which is also isolated from the main building. It contains 112 of perhaps the worst female patients, and they are more difficult to deal with than the worst male patients. Occasionally they break out in worse than usual tantrums, and the nurses have a trying, and highly dangerous, time. At all times it is a place far from being conducive to ease of mind on the part of those in charge.

You wonder at the patience and cheerfulness of the male and female nurses in all the wards of that big asylum. You expect to find them gloomy and morose with the horror of

their surroundings, perhaps even coarse and brutal. You are agreeably surprised to find all your preconceived notions swept down like so many pins before an expert bowler. So many find flaws in the rules and processes governing the entry and retention of patients, and you find none. There are even patients, in Borderland, who came voluntarily to the institution, and can leave on three days' notice. They are few, of course, but they form a sidelight on modern care of the mentally affected.

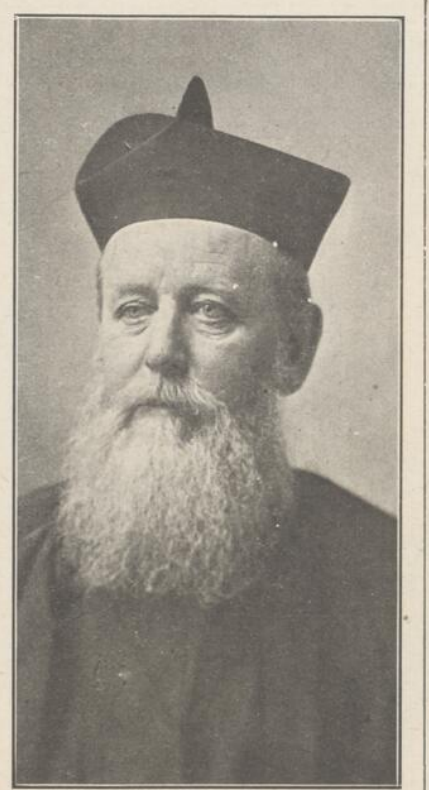
You come away, and on the depressing journey back to the city you ponder over the Drama of the Insane, and believe that it is the greatest drama that you have ever seen.



CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF CANADA'S PARLIAMENT CITY—Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Mayor of Ottawa, the Capital of Canada.



THE HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, The new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.



LATE REV. FATHER DOHERTY, Who passed away suddenly in Montreal on Sunday last.



THE HON. W. H. PUGSLEY, The new Premier of the Province of New Brunswick.

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Does Rupture pain?.....  
Do you wear a Truss?.....  
Name.....  
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# Party of Montreal Snowshoers Pays Pleasant Visit to Historic Monastery at Oka



THE VISIT OF THE TUQUE BLEUE SNOWSHOE CLUB TO THE HOME OF THE TRAPPIST MONKS—In this illustration a couple of the Monks, in the regulation habit of their Order, may be noticed in the centre of the group. They are two of many who look after the entertainment of visitors to the Monastery.



THE VISIT OF THE TUQUE BLEUE SNOWSHOE CLUB TO THE HOME OF THE TRAPPIST MONKS—Recently the members of this well-known athletic organization visited Oka, where the incident shown in the illustration took place. It is known as the "bounce," and is alike interesting to the "bouncers" and him who is "bounced."



THE VISIT OF THE TUQUE BLEUE TO THE HOME OF THE TRAPPISTS—The manner in which snowshoers get down a hill. It is old-fashioned, but serviceable.

home, the monks again treated all hands to some more of their wine.

The tramp home was started about 3 p.m. down the Ottawa and across the Lake of Two Mountains, through Senneville to Ste. Annes, where the train was taken for Montreal. The trip was one of the most enjoyable that the club has ever had, the day was splendid and clear, and the tramping glorious. Among those present were: President Gordon C. Bowie, Louis J. Desrosiers, T. R. Fulton, Fred Dalby, J. C. Riddell, R. H. Bryson, Bert Tait, J. Davidson, Fred D. Rogers, J. Hunsicker, Jos. Brown, W. Brown, Tweede, C. Bentley, A. Walsh, and W. M. Doyle.

### WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland as a winter resort owes the beginnings of its vogue to the discovery of the outdoor cure for pulmonary and nervous disorders; but its present popularity is due to the facilities which it affords not so much for rest and quiet as for the most thrilling of exercises. Consequently the two or three high places in the Engadine celebrated as sanatoria have now their dozens of rivals, and it is the ambition of most Alpine hotels to re-open their doors in winter or to avoid closing



A COON DRIVE ON THE ISLAND OF MONTREAL—The members of the West-End Butchers' Association making ready for their annual drive to Pointe Claire, where they afterwards held a jolly dinner. For the drive every man had to wear a coon coat.

**S**NOWSHOERS VISIT CANADIAN TRAPPISTS MONASTERY. — The recent tramp of the Tuque Bleue to Oka Monastery was both enjoyable and pleasant. The train was taken as far as Como, where the trappers put on their shoes, and started for the famous Indian village and monastery. The tramp across the Lake of Two Mountains was thoroughly enjoyable, every one of the trappers being in the best of spirits, and the wind being on their backs, the cold was not felt in the slightest, as all were warmly clad.

The president led the club first to the building where the roomers stay, and were met by Brother Legaris, who stated that he had been up for the past two nights attending to the needs of a brother monk, who was seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. Brother Legaris acted as guide to the monastery, where a warm welcome was given by the monks, Father St. Jean Baptiste and Father Edouard in the name of the order.

After a wash-up dinner was announced; needless to say that no one had to be called twice. The dinner-table was a sight to behold, for truly the brothers had given of their best. Here were apples that looked the pink of perfection, one would think they had just been plucked from the trees; fresh eggs, fresh fish, home-made bread, vegetables, and everything that one could wish for; and wine, the better of which it would be hard to find.

After the members had done full justice to everything, Mr. Gordon C. Bowie, the president, arose and thanked the fathers and brothers for their kind hospitality, and proposed the health of Pere Cure and the welfare

of the order, which was responded to by Brother Legaris, who stated that they were most happy to have the members of the Montreal Snowshoe Club with them, and hoped it would not be long before they would again visit them.

After dinner the club was divided

into two parties and shown all over the monastery. The first place visited was the chapel, where all were asked not to break silence. The beautiful vestments and golden chalices were exhibited, some of them over two hundred

years old. The work on the vestments being particularly fine. The next place visited was the reading rooms, where again silence reigned supreme, and then the dining room of the friars, who were all sitting in rows before the long benches, not speaking a word one to the other. This sight was most im-



THE VISIT OF THE TUQUE BLEUE SNOWSHOE CLUB TO OKA—Homeward bound, after a day full of pleasure and excitement. In this illustration the snowshoers are depicted in the act of crossing the Lake of the Two Mountains.

pressive and weird. After a visit to the dormitories, the cheese factory and saw mill adjoining were shown; then the stables were visited, where there were 125 cows and fifty horses, innumerable sheep, pigs, poultry, etc., all of the purest breed. Before leaving for

them at all. For this the addition of ski-running and curling to the choice of sports is largely responsible. A long list might be compiled of the places which are full of visitors at this time, including Les Avants, with its fine toboggan run; Kandersteg, the scene of an international curling bonspiel, patronized by The Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Lenzerheide, with its exclusive Winter Sports Club; Villars-sur-Ollon, which has held a great ski concourse; the heights around Caux, above Montreux in the Canton Vaud; Adelboden in the Bernese Oberland; and, above all, Grindelwald.

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### Ski-Running an Exciting Pastime.

For ski-running Grindelwald is as happily situated as for summer mountain excursions, short and long. The variety of runs is unlimited, and all alike are beautiful. On ski one may safely attain heights which would be otherwise inaccessible in winter, while the delight of swooping easily by the aid of the "Telemark swing" athwart almost sheer hillsides is unsurpassable. There are quiet, sloping meadows, too, about Boss's Chalet and Splon Kop, where the tyro may essay his first steps and take his first falls. For ludicrous and painful contortions there



THE M.A.A.A. CURLING TROPHY—Won this year by the Montreal Club, St. Luke street. It is a very handsome affair of silver and ebony.

## THE FUNERAL OF SIR WILLIAM H. HINGSTON.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON AT MONTREAL—A view of the cortege as it turned into Dorchester street from Alexander street on its way to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The banners seen just around the corner are those of the Laval students, who led the procession.



THE VISIT OF THE TUQUE BLEUE SNOWSHOE CLUB TO OKA — A halt on the ice of the Lake of the Two Mountains for the purpose of "lighting up."