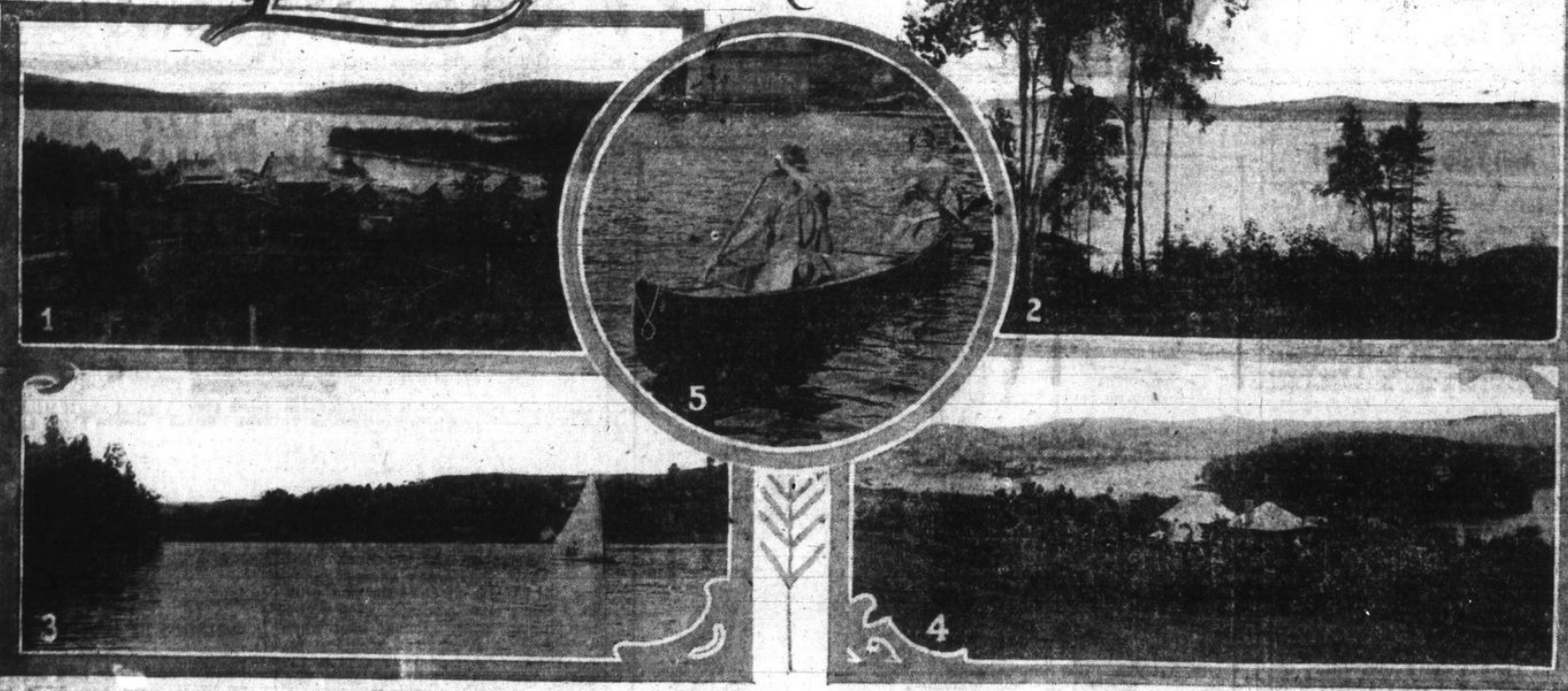


Popular Resorts in the Laurentians



(1) A glimpse of Lake Labelle. (2) Big Nomming Lake. (3) Looking down Lake Manitou. (4) Lac des Sables and Ste. Agathe. (5) Mount Tremblant Lake.

NORTHWEST of Montreal is an extensive mountainous district picturesque and full of attraction for the summer visitor. Its lofty hills and fertile valleys have been penetrated by the Canadian Pacific and a few hours ride from Montreal brings one into the heart of the enchanting woods and countless lakes and streams among the mountains. The names of the Mountain, Labelle—names unusual yet soothing, ministering often by their very mysteriousness. Too much cannot be said of these popular resorts. The climb from Montreal to Mount along the famous Riviere du Nord, twisting and turning, skirting sugar-loaf mountains clothed in green and crowned with the silver of young birch; now passing the Horse Shoe Curve at Ste. Margaret, never the same, yet always enchanting. The great question arises where to leave the train. It is an embarrassment of riches. The Laurentians largest in the whole stretch of the Laurentians, is situated affords new attractions, likewise Lac Labelle, in the same vicinity, and Mont Tremblant. This latter lies two or three miles from the station and is surrounded by a magnificent stretch of gorgeous mountains which add to the splendor of the scenery. Away back from every station lies some unexplored country, lakes teeming with the beloved trout or black bass, not yet fished. This only partially known country is composed of mountains and lakes and is the home of the hunter and fisherman, and so vast that it seems to be inexhaustible.

THE MISANTHROPE

By Ethel Ward Meservy.

"Vapid, profitless, almost unendurable," was the way Ralph Burt described life as it presented itself to his distorted view. Then he became very much ashamed of the misanthropic utterance. He glanced about his lonely but elegant home, he looked into a mirror and noted the unusual glow of health upon his cheeks, he realized that he had not a real care in the world. Outside the birds were singing, the flowers blooming, all radiant nature breathing purity, peace and promise. The sun shone at its brightest. Its rays glorified the redolent garden. Beyond it lay a sportsman's paradise—stables, kennels, garage and hangar. It represented the latest facilities for pleasure. "Yes, with all this, I may well be ashamed of myself for finding nothing worth living for!" murmured Burt, self-reproachfully. Burt went out to the spot where

the hangar was located. With the assistance of his hired man the superb biplane he operated was wheeled out. He had become quite an expert aviator and enjoyed his air trips greatly. Under his expert direction the machine struck an upward lateral course a thing of life and beauty. He enjoyed the rare exhibition of pure air and bird-like speed immensely. Ten miles accomplished, Burt volplaned to a meadow stretch to adjust a trivial defect in the control mechanism. He had just got in trim to resume his cloud work, when a shout down the highway attracted his attention. With both interest and indignation the amateur airman observed a lad of about fourteen running towards him as if for his life. Struggling behind him, but in hot pursuit, were three men. They were shouting and gesticulating. One carried a cane, which he waved menacingly. A second had picked up a lot of stones. These he hurled with varied aim after the running boy. "You young rascal!" roared the man in advance. "Drop it, I tell you or I'll have you 'jalled!"

But the little fellow never heeded the threatening cries and actions of his pursuers. He forged straight ahead, momentarily hearing the spot where Burt stood. "This way! This way!" shouted Burt, as the boy came nearer. "Climb under the fence." "Oh, oh!" yelled the lad just at that moment, in frantic pain. "Brace up!" cried Burt, leaning over and lifting the lad clear of the entangling wires. "Now, then, who are those men?" "Villains! They'll kill me—and you too. Oh, they're coming!" They were, indeed, but Burt was going. He lifted the helpless lad in his arms bodily, and made a run for his biplane. "Don't get frightened," he ordered placing his charge in the seat be-

commented Burt's lawyer, when he was made aware of the facts in the case. "Why, your new experience has made you look like a new man. I'll soon have this affair straightened out." It was with a good deal of surprise that Ralph met "Sister Eleanor" a week later. He had supposed her to be a little girl. Instead, confusedly, he listened to the ardent thanks of a beautiful young lady. "You have saved Miss Morley from captivity and the loss of her fortune," advised the lawyer. "She may continue to need a friend." Day by day Ralph Burt's heart warmed to new impulses. There came a final presaging lasting contentment. It was when Eleanor became something more than a friend—his wife.

and after a hunting trip, indulges in potato bouillon, which he eats with as much pleasure as his forester. The Kaiser especially enjoys roast game bird and carp. Czar Nicholas of Russia is fond of fish of any kind. He is especially partial to Provencal dried codfish, seasoned with oil, pepper and garlic. Even better the Czar likes kabeljau, codlings prepared in oil. He once remarked to the late Felix Faure of France, "I could eat them (codlings) twice a day." The King of Italy and Alfonso of Spain have a weakness for sweet things, such as whipped cream, chocolate, cookies and tarts. The favorite dishes of the Queen of Holland are English roast beef and mutton. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy declares his great liking for polenta, the Indian meal porridge, which he eats as regularly as the poorest peasant. He also likes roast chicken gizzards with calves' brains and artichokes. Vienna schnitzel is a favorite dish of the Emperor of Austria. The Emperor is also fond of calves' tongues in red wine. The Czar of Russia, however, does not care for caviar, the prepared sturgeon roe, which is the daily dish of the Russian peasant. Instead he is usually fond of certain Russian vegetables, soups called borscht and tcheli.

KINGS AND ROYAL FAMILIES EAT ONLY NOURISHING FOOD

They Realize the Necessity of Clear Heads and Healthy Bodies — Some Of the Diets. Kansas City Journal. Many people think that kings and royal families dine sumptuously of the richest and most expensive kinds of food. In most cases, however, this is not true; for realizing the necessity of clear heads and healthy bodies in the proper conducting of affairs of state, the monarchs of the great Powers eat only the simple and most nourishing foods. In the early morning, the Kaiser drinks chocolate, followed by ham and eggs. At noon he eats a very light luncheon. At night the Kaiser has cold meat and sandwiches,

If time is money, why is it most men have more time than anything else. Many a woman loses a good friend when she acquires a poor husband. A cynic is a man who has tried to make good and failed.



WOGOO TAMKOSITSCH. Germans may say he is the cause of the great war and in a sense this is so. He is credited with being the man who plotted the Sarajevo assassination. He is specifically named in Austria's ultimatum to Serbia as one of the Serbian officers whose trial Austria wished to conduct, this being the basis on which negotiations broke. Tamkositsch is now a major in the Serbian army. This is his first authentic picture.

hind the pilot post and hurriedly strapping him in. "Quick, mister! oh, quick as you can!" insisted his passenger, with terrified glance at the fence. The three pursuers had arrived. One tried to jump the fence and his feet tripped and he fell with a thud. A second attempted to crawl under the lower wire and his clothing had become entangled. "Don't you interfere with that boy or you'll be liable to the law!" he shouted at Burt. The latter paid no attention to the threat. He sprang to the pilot seat Chug-chug—whirr! and the biplane went aloft like an arrow. The dismayed and chagrined men below vainly vented their wrath on the rescuer who had baffled them. The little fellow sat spellbound with delight at the rare sensation of an air flight he had never dreamed of. For the first time in his life Ralph Burt had found his mind invested with real human interest. It elevated him. An actor in an exciting and unusual circumstance, he was eager to learn what lay behind the strange incident of the hour. Soon he knew all about it, for when the biplane landed on home ground he took his passenger into his library and questioned him. It came out that he and his sister, Eleanor, were practically prisoners in the power of one of his three pursuers, Giles Warden. Fearing foul play, the sister had that day given him the will of her dead father, with the injunction to place it in the hands of some lawyer for safety and action. Hence the pursuit. "Fighting a wrong—quite heroic!"

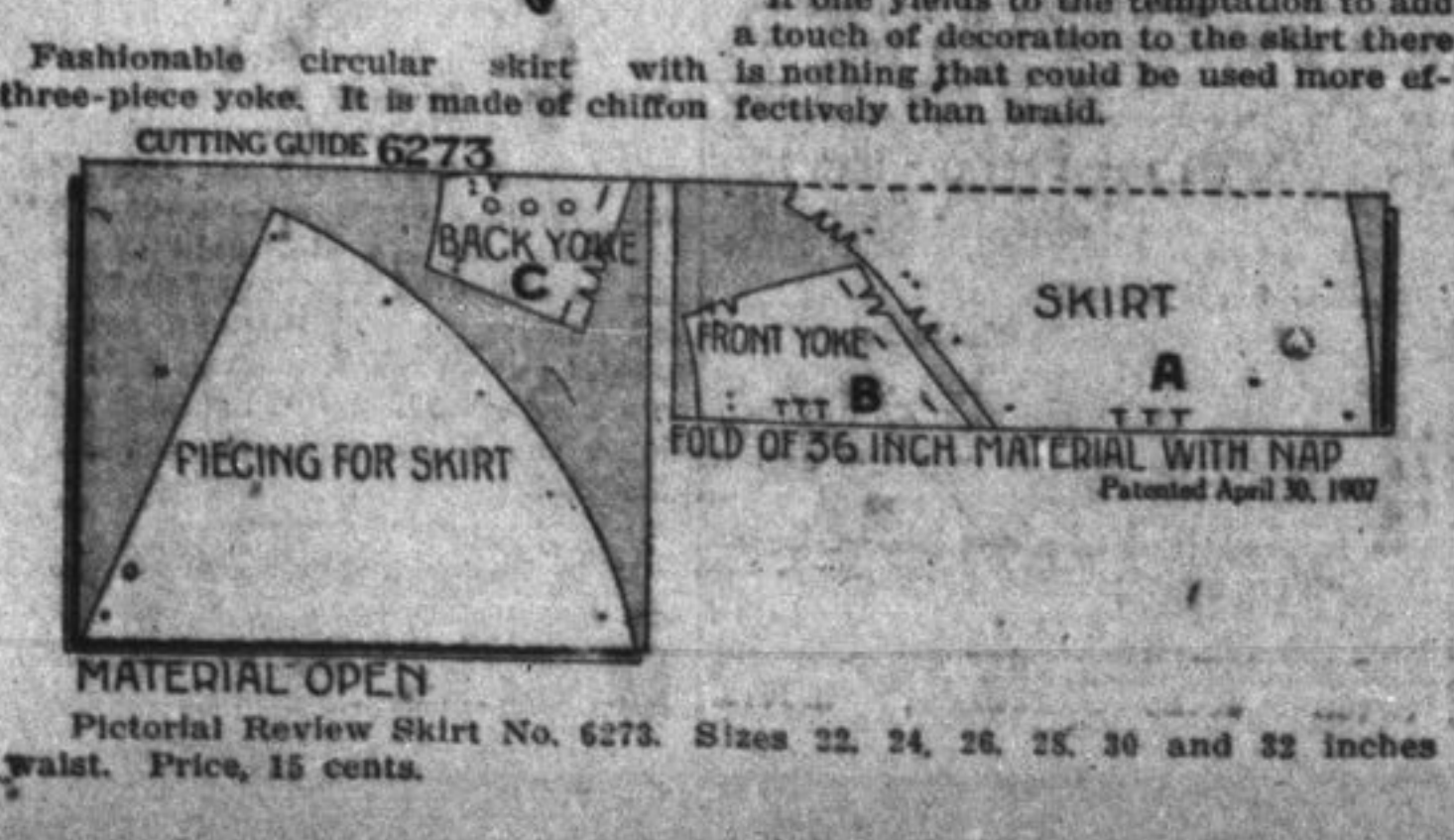
Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review



SKIRT MUST HAVE FLARE

tailfata and puts especial emphasis on the flare effect. There is a well-developed revolt against the clinging skirt. All of the new models show a decided flare, especially below the hips. The circular model shown here is made of chiffon taffeta, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide being required for average size. The skirt proper is cut on a fold of material, but because of the extra width it is necessary to lay the pattern for the pleating on an open width of the goods. The front of the yoke rests on the fold, to the left of the skirt, while the back is arranged on the open material with the pleating. After cutting the yokes are joined as notched, after which the lower edge is turned under on slot perforations so that the yoke can be lapped on to the skirt section to small "o" perforations. Too much stress cannot be placed on the necessity of having the notches, the center-fronts and back edges even. The bedding should be done about 1 1/2 inches from the folded edge. For the last touches along the back seam from large "P" perforation in skirt section to lower edge and finish edges above for placket. The bedding used should be about 2 inches wide and is stitched to position underneath the upper edge of the skirt to give it support. If one yields to the temptation to add a touch of decoration to the skirt there is nothing that could be used more effectively than braid.



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