

LADY ABERDEEN TALKS ABOUT HER EXPERIENCES OF A CANADIAN WINTER.

The Countess Gives a Delightful Description of the Quebec Carnival, and Many Other Things She Has Seen Since First Coming to this Country.

Our first winter in Canada! What a medley of memories it brings up!—new experiences of many kinds, a new home, new friends, new work; are all associated with bright skies, an ever glittering scene of snow and ice, and bevy of eager-faced youths and maidens, intent on some one or other of the sports which have made Canadian winters so famous.

"But the cold? Do you not feel the cold very severely?" I hear some one ask. Well, to that question I can reply with no uncertain sound. The cold may be severe, the thermometer falling once or twice during last winter to 26 and 30 degrees below zero at night in Government-house gardens; but the fact remains that one does not feel it more cold than, it so cold as at home. It is of a different quality; and our coachman, whose opinion may be considered impartial, as he has frequently to bear night exposure, says he has often felt more chilly when driving on a winter night in Aberdeenshire than in Canada. Of course one has to adapt oneself to the climate's requirements; but all the arrangements for protection against cold are so complete that there is more likelihood of suffering from too much heat than cold in the Canadian houses and railways and places of public resort.

So never let fears of the severity of the climate deter anyone from making their home in Canada. Only let them come clad in the woens which wise people wear at home as well in Canada, and be ready to adopt simple precautions to preserve ears and fingers and toes from frost bites. There is a material made in Canada called blanket cloth, which is admirably fitted for winter wear; it is in fact, an adaptation of the blanketing worn by the Indians, and has been great in vogue amongst the merry tobogganers. But we are disposed to think that it is not sufficiently appreciated or worn by the general public. We think that the members of the government house staff never look so well as when they turn out in their dark-blanket suits striped with light blue, or, on very smart occasions, in white, with the same blue, and with many-colored scarves, woven in times gone by by the French peasants, wound round their waists. It is a pity that a picture taken of our own family should not have been rendered in colors to illustrate the variety that may be obtained in these costumes—three of the children in bright blue and white, our eldest boy in red and white. His Excellency in dark and light blue, and myself in brown and yellow. But it is to the Ice Carnival time in Quebec last January that we owe our most picturesque recollection both of blanket-clad snow-shoers and of the pleasure of a Canadian winter generally.

It was the first time that one of the carnivals had been held in the quaint, historic old city overlooking the St. Lawrence, and her citizens had determined that the event should be a success. Not only in the main streets, but in the by-ways, it would be seen that the inhabitants were vying one with another as to who should do the most for the occasion. Decorations there were in abundance, also all manner of snow fortresses and buildings, arches, marvelously-carved ice statues of the old heroes of Quebec, an ice model of a lion, and to crown all, an ice fortress, built of huge blocks of transparent green ice, with fortifications all around it and all glittering and shimmering in the sunlight, a constant thing of beauty to all beholders.

The reality of the reign of King Winter was demonstrated on the day of our arrival by a furious blizzard of snow and hail, which delayed our train for six hours, but which at the same time gave the finishing touch to the carnival preparations by frosting over the whole. In spite of the tempest, all the snow shoe clubs had assembled in their many colored blanket costumes of white, red blue, and black, brown, and green, and purple, to receive us at the station, and insisted on themselves dragging our sleigh up the precipitous streets to the finely-designed, newly erected Chateau Frontenac—the hotel put up by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has the distinction of adding to the beauties of the place instead of detracting from them as such edifices are wont to do. At the head of the snow-shoers, as president of the carnival was a notable figure, M. Joly de Lotbiniere, an ex-Premier of the Province, a handsome old gentleman of 70, who proved to be the very life of all the proceedings, cheering, encouraging, here, there and everywhere, forever amongst his "boys," as he called his stalwart army of snow-shoers. He was ably supported by his lieutenants, and all the organizers of the carnival must have been proud of the results of their efforts, and of the conduct of the people. Though often waiting for long hours to see the processions, or the illuminations, or whatever it might be, never did we see the slightest disorder, or any behavior which could cast the least discredit on the character for orderliness and courtesy of the inhabitants of Quebec—no, not even on the great night of the attack on the ice fortress,

followed by a midnight parade of the steets.

I wish I could give a faint idea of the beauty of that scene. The fortress was lit up from within by a succession of colors—rosy pink, changing to fiery orange, and then again sea green, with aethyist gleams flashing across it, as if the garrison within were holding high festival. And then, presently, came in sight the long defile of the attacking host, some 2,000 in number, each with torch in hand, and at last taking up their position right in front of the walls. A few minutes' suspense, and then poured forth a very shower of fire on the devoted defenders; every manner of firework was launched forth over the fortress, and myriads were the stars of many colors which poured down out of the sky. The fortress answered boldly, and two little redoubts took their part in answering fire for fire, until at last it appeared as if the whole fortress was enveloped in lurid flames, lit from within by crimson lights, and deluged with a final volley of rockets. The moment of surrender had come. M. de Lotbiniere was ascending the fortress and planting the flag of the conquerors on its turrets, and the flames faded away, leaving the fortress a cold mournful grey. The joyful troop of the jubilant snow-shoers filed down through the streets, filling the night with their shouts of triumph and their songs. We were taken around on a model locomotive belonging to one of the snow-shoe clubs, which had figured in the great procession of the day before—which I have not space to describe, but in which there were over 100 emblematic cars, also typical parties; the voyageurs, the lumbermen, the hunters, and other pioneers in Canada.

As for the games and the competitions of all sorts which were going on, I could not attempt to describe them. Hockey, the premier winter game of Canada, was of course well to the fore, exciting the wonted enthusiasm of its devotees, though the roughness which accompanies it when the full excitement of the game is aroused, tends to detract from its charms and from one's admiration of the skill with which it is played; curling, another Scottish game adopted so thoroughly by Canadians that they almost consider it their own; lacrosse, played for the first time on ice, tobogganing, coasting, and skating in its perfection. Ah, what skating! If you visit one of the great skating rinks in Canada, you will find out what skating means. Waiizing is mere child's play, and dancing the lancers a pastime; but just watch the more serious skaters cutting figures of impossible nature with the utmost grace and ease, darting in and out like swallows; and presently, at a signal from the band which is always present on high days, the whole company assemble for what is called "a march," and twist in and out, and backwards and forwards and across one and another, with a precision and a finish which appear the perfection of the art.

From time to time, as on the occasion of this carnival, or for some special night as we had at Ottawa, a skating masquerade takes place, and the skaters will appear dressed in character; and sometimes the children get an afternoon devoted to them, and appear as Red Ridinghoods, princes and princesses, clowns and sailors, and red Indians, and so on. These children seem to be brought up on skates, and their little figures in vivid colors flashing past, skating hand in hand, backwards and forwards, make one feel amongst the fairy-folk in very deed.

At Quebec the bob-sleds used for tobogganing purposes down the steep slopes are not the usual flat, wooden toboggan curved at one end, but are iron-tipped, and curved at both ends. But it is the ordinary toboggan which is used on our slides at Government House, where we have had many merry gatherings both by day and by night.

I must leave to some one of more experience to tell about the merry Canadian winter life, of the fishing through the ice-bound waters, the pursuit of the moose, and the methods of winter travelling by means of dog-sleighs, adopted by the hardy Hudson Bay Company hunters and the devoted missionaries of the North-West. I have only been able to give a glimpse of first impressions of the winter's recreations of the townsfolk, and even so, I fear, I have not at all conveyed an impression of the condition of things which make this sort of life possible. The sun is a great factor in a Canadian winter, and Canadians tell us how they miss it when they spend their first winter in England; and then the snow, it is not the wet, penetrating snow we know, but the dry, crumbling, shimmering substance, in which it is a pleasure to roll, or to be upset from a toboggan; the deep rivers, too, become permanent roads not only for the snow-shoers (with their long netted snow-shoes, which look rather like lawn-tennis racquets made in the shape of a flat fish), but for carts and wagons and traffic of all kinds; and, in the centre of the river, you can watch huge blocks of ice being hewn out for the butchers and other provision merchants, who keep all their meat, fish, etc., frozen.

But if the winter is enjoyable, let me add a word to describe the beauties of the first Canadian spring. King Winter had, after all, only reigned three months, from the beginning of December, when crash! came the end of his power. And by the middle of March the sledges were discarded,

and the Governor-General could use a carriage and four when going to open Parliament on the 15th of March. What a sight the rivers were about that time! With what cracks and groans did the huge masses of ice break up and drift down the waters, and hurl themselves over the rocky heights. And then, almost before we were aware of it, the woods around Government House were one mass of glorious wild-flowers; the Canadian robin (a bird of the thrush species, for our own little pert robin friends are not known there) were slogging in the trees, and tapping on the lawn for their worm victims, and the lovely little blue birds were delighting us with their sweet notes. We were told that there was no spring in Canada—that we should find that summer succeeded winter with a hop skip, and a jump. But I can but record our experience. Certainly we could never wish for six weeks more of perfect and substantial spring weather than we experienced at Ottawa from the end of March.

But I may be asked whether the note of gaiety, on which I have dwelt, is so predominant a feature of Canadian life that it throws all else into the background. Well, frankly speaking, I think this general gaiety and buoyancy is a national trait in Canada, which impresses the newcomer very vividly; but let it be remembered that in a country like Canada all relaxation and recreation must perforce take its proper place. There is happily no room yet for loafers; it is a young country, where all must work who would live, and this applies not only to the men but to the women; and the young ladies who issue forth in brave array for their amusement in the afternoon or evening, are usually very conversant with the details of household work in the morning. If the difficulty of finding and retaining good servants has been felt a real hardship and difficulty, yet it has produced a race of mistresses, whose glory it is that they can, if the necessity arises, be independent of servants altogether. And so long as there is this background of definite work in the lives of the people, it is surely a matter for rejoicing that there should be that capacity for enjoying simple pleasures, and for entering heartily into healthy outdoor amusements, which tends to give proper balance and development to both mind and body, and fitness to perform aright the more serious duties of life.

An Ultimatum. In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors' cattle, a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle licker by hanging outright those taken red-handed without waiting for the slow process of the law. When Sir William Scott was a young border laird, he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught, and, being brought before Sir Gideon, ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband and indignantly exclaimed: "Hoot, George, what do I hear? You tak' the life of the winsome young Laird of Harden, wi' three ill faured lasses in the house o' yer ain to marry!" "Ye're recht, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. Wullie shall tak' our muckle mou'd Meg, or else he'll stretch for it."

The helpless prisoner consented, and much to his father's surprise, returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had ridden out to harry.

Absolutes Rest. Physician—Your husband must stop all work, all thought, everything." Wife—He would never consent to absolute idleness." Physician—Then we must fool him into imagining he is busy. I'll get him appointed a member of the Board of Health."

A Secret. There is quite a secret about Simple Short-hand, it is so quickly learned by mail. I will teach you to write 60 words a minute for \$5 or return your money. SNELL'S BUS. COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

THE DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER, which are now taking the place of the Best Imported. Our Ales and Porters are known and used from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are in General Favor. ASK FOR THEM and see that our Brand is on every cork. JOHN O'REGAN, ST. JOHN, N. B. Agent for the Dominion Brewery Co. and Reinhardt & Co's Salvador Lager.

FREE. THE ILLUSTRATION REPRESENTS A VERY ATTRACTIVE POCKET PIN CUSHION. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ONE. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON MONTREAL CHICAGO. CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for our beautiful doll parcel. Free, for only 25 cents, 6 eight inch imported, stamped cloth dolls. Address: Gorbell Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-1711. THE BLUE NOSE BUFFALO is the Sleigh for the country. Be sure you see them at 240 Union Street. Leather of all kinds at 240 Union Street. Hides, Skins and Tallow wanted. WM. PATRICK, St. John. 10-27-11

\$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to get \$3 a day sure. We will furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day you work. Don't fail to write today. EMERALD SILVERWARE CO., Box 15, St. John, N. B.

NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER. Will be without one of our New Patent Kitchen Sifters. See it a pound of Raisins in less than 10 minutes. Wonderful sifter and money maker for Agents from now till after Christmas. Sample sent by mail. 15c.; 2 for 25c.; 10c. and Circulars free. Albert O Specialty Co., 64 Bleeker St., Toronto, Ont.

"VIRGIN" CASTLE SOAP—Lately recommended for cases of this celebrated soap. Unsurpassed for the nursery, toilet, and bath; excellent for the teeth, 5c. per cake. 10c. per dozen. SHORR'S PHARMACY, Jefferys Hill. Telephone 400.

WANTED, GOOD AGENTS to handle the Ideal Sewing Machine throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. First-class American Machine. Special prices and circulars on application to M. J. HAINES, 208 St. Lawrence St., Montreal, P. Q. 9-5-11

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want ANYTHING in Rubber goods? If so send us, as we supply EVERYTHING known to the trade. Please ask for quotations and send us a save money. STANDARD RUBBER CO., ST. JOHN.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. mailed to us brings you promptly 50 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measuring blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and send us express or P. O., Pants \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PRIGMAY CO., St. John N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Develop and fix on plates and film. Largest Photo Studio, 55 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11-9-11

RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothsay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister at Law, Pugsley Building. 24-6-11

Flowers Bloom and Fade Away! We wish we could keep them always blooming to enjoy their beauty and their fragrance, but this is impossible. We can, however, have all their delicate perfume by using Piesse & Lubin's fine English Perfumes, to be obtained from any drugist. "A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass." Shakespeare.

WHAT IS IT? Dr. LAVIOLETTE'S Syrup of Turpentine? TURPENTINE is a volatile essence extracted from the health giving pine tree. Its effects, when used as a lotion or ointment are well known, but though long recognized as possessed of wonderful healing properties by its stimulating action on the digestive organs and kidneys, has presented its use as an internal remedy. How to prepare it rendering it safe and easy to take as a medicine, while still retaining its curative principles, has been a puzzle to chemists for generations. This chemical enigma has at last been solved by Dr. Lavolette after numerous experiments and an experience of 25 years as a practical chemist. He has succeeded in compounding a syrup whose active principle is turpentine with all its curative and health giving properties intact, but with its irritating effects neutralized and removed. By the use of Dr. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE the cause of the malady is from the first attacked. No narcotics or poisons enter into its composition, it is as safe for the youngest child as for the robust and healthy man. It does not drug the patient and trust to nature for a cure, but the wonderful healing balm of the turpentine is carried in the blood right to the sore spot which it at once soothes and a permanent cure is the result. Beware—Since the great success of Dr. Lavolette's SYRUP OF TURPENTINE many unscrupulous persons offer for sale, or prepare for their own use a concoction of syrup and raw spirits of turpentine, which dangerous imitations they palm off as "the same" or "just as good." Remember, it has taken Dr. Lavolette many years of labor to discover the secret of rendering turpentine harmless to the human system. He is the only person in possession of this great secret, therefore avoid dangerous imitations. Get nothing but the genuine Dr. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE. OFFICE AND LABORATORY 232 & 234 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, ST. JOHN

Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION. 158 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th TEACHING STAFF: M. S. Whitman, Piano and Harmony. Mrs. R. A. Parker, Elocution. Miss Alice Rising, Vocal Music. Mr. Carl Walker, Violin. M. S. WHITMAN, Director. CONSUMPTION. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. J. J. BLOUNT & Co., 155 West A. Main Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE REASON PEOPLE BUY JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF —is because it— Strengthens. If You Need a Strength-Giving Food BUY IT.

WEDDING PRESENTS. We have an immense stock of— Silver Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Solid Silver Goods from the best English, American and Canadian makers, which we shall be pleased to show to everyone.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN. THERE IS A Time to Act Quickly. If any of our friends find themselves still unprepared for the Winter storms let them call and see us, and we will fit them out with one of our Celebrated NEW SILVER MOON Stove Feeders, that are so popular in St. John. This Stove has no equal as a Heater. It is made in 8 different styles and sizes. Prices always bottom.

EMERSON & FISHER. WHAT'S MORE BEAUTIFUL Than a Feather fan? What will add more to a handsome costume. We make fans to order equal in appearance to the finest imported goods. Send us from three to six first-class Ostrich Plumes, and let us show you an artistic creation. We Clean and Dye old fans and get into them all the lightness and faintness of new goods. We also Dye Feather Trimming. Want your box to match your costume? Send for catalogue.

R. PARKER & Co. DYERS AND CLEANERS, 787 to 791 Yonca Street, Toronto, Ont. Branches at Hamilton, Brantford, London, Galt, Woodstock and St. Catharines, Ontario. THERMOMETERS. WINDOW, HOUSEHOLD, SELF-REGISTERING, DAIRY, BATH, BREWERS. A FULL ASSORTMENT. PRICES LOW. T. M'AVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Genuine Jenkins' Valves, Common Globe Valves. GUARANTEED TIGHT. Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings. Packings of all kinds; Waste and Oils. GET MY PRICES.

J. S. CURRIE, Mill, Steamboat and Railway Supplies. ST. JOHN, N. B. BONNELL'S GROCERY. Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.