

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Mural Decorations  
In C.P.R. Station  
At Vancouver

The walls of the noble and spacious waiting hall of the C. P. R. station at Vancouver have recently been beautified by a series of mural decorations representing the principal mountains seen from the line between Calgary and the coast. They are the work of Mrs. Adelaide Langford, whose training has well qualified her for this species of work, which is in a class by itself. Mrs. Langford studied in the Slade School of London, England, one of the most celebrated institutions for artistic training, and she also is a graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago. Among her teachers in former years were Professor Tonks, whose name is well known in art circles; Prof. Freer, whose abilities as a water-colorist are known in two hemispheres; and Mr. H. Vanderpool, whose book on the "Human Figure" is one of the best ever published on figure-drawing. Mrs. Langford was also a member of the international jury on art works at the St. Louis Exposition, and holds several medals.

It is perhaps to be regretted that architectural exigencies led to the placing of the panels to be decorated so high that they are liable to escape the notice of the ordinary observer, though this is but following the example of many edifices of the kind, both on this continent and in Europe. Still to people of average powers of vision, this series of fine mural decorations need present no difficulty. They will find that the laws of mural decoration have been adhered to. The general tone of the interior they ornament has been borne in mind by the artist, who has subdued her colors so that they harmonize with and seem part and parcel of their surroundings. They are broadly and simply executed, and will bear examination by the aid of a field glass, so as to bring them within the range of the convention which decrees that the proper distance at which to look at a picture is three times its greatest dimension.

Following the frieze around from the northwest corner, westward, the following list will help to make the series more intelligible. The first picture is:

Mount Stephen and Kicking Horse River, as seen from Field. This is the gateway to the famous Yoho valley, and a favorite stopping place for tourists. The winding waters of the river are particularly well shown.

Lake Louise, Laggan, as seen from the chateau. Those who have visited this place do not forget its quiet peace and grandeur. Here we get a sight of the splendid glacier, which, as it thaws, produces the beautiful green water of river and lake.

The Falls at Banff are depicted with much vigor of handling, and the mountain background melting into the distance is excellently treated.

Mount Temple, as seen from the main line of the C. P. R., near Lake

Louise, is an arresting object in the landscape, but this decoration is scarcely so arresting as the one which follows, viz.:

Banff, as seen by the light of evening. There is much rich color in this picture, which also shows the reflection of Mount Rundle and the giant pines that tower aloft. The river shown runs between Rundle and Tunnel mountain.

Mount Agnes and the Lake in the Clouds. This spot is reached by a trail from the Chateau Louise, and the lake nestling among the peaks is an interesting object.

The Creek leading to Lake Moraine, in the Valley of the Ten Peaks. In the distance may be seen part of the glacier from the wonderful stretch of the ice-fields of the Rockies.

The Beehive. The queer formation of this mountain has been well set forth by the artist in this decoration. It is shown as seen from the trail from Laggan. In the distance is the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

The Gap. The traveller who is familiar with the C. P. R. line will remember this spot, where after travelling some miles side by side with Bow river he enters the noble region of mountain where sublimity reigns.

The Three Sisters forms the first important group meeting the eye of the traveller from the plains, and they never fail to arouse the enthusiasm of the lover of natural beauty and grandeur.

Mount Wapta. This decoration is one of the best of the series, the composition of the picture being especially admirable. Mount Wapta is one of the finest peaks in the Rockies. This view also gives a glimpse of Summit Lake.

Castle Mountain. The peculiar formation of this mountain is well shown. Its series of what are apparently round towers, its pinnacles and "donjon keeps" give appropriateness to its name.

The Crow's Nest. Here likewise we see the appropriateness of a name. This is almost the chief mountain on the Crow's Nest branch of the C. P. R.

The Lions, as seen from the golf links, Vancouver.

Cathedral Mountain. One of the most beautiful of the whole range of our Western Switzerland. Its snowy recesses look as if they might be the home of roaming polar bears.

Mount Regis, as seen from the main line.

Additional interest is given to Mrs. Langford's work from the fact that she has been a hard working organizer in the way of art. She was the manager of the artistic educational work of the normal and model schools of the Manitoba Government at Winnipeg. And it was she who with others helped in the starting of the Vancouver Studio Club, out of which grew the B. C. Society of Fine Arts.

## Plenty of Proof

By O. F. WOODRUFF

Teddy sat upon the top step of the stairs that led to the street and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and huddled to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with a great sorrow.

Tom had said it, so it must be true, for Tom was eight years old and didn't have to go to bed until 8 o'clock. Teddy's hour for retiring was half past 7, and he realized that the extra half hour made a man of the world out of Tom, while it left the unfortunate Teddy still a baby.

Tom had stuck his hands into his pockets—Tom's trousers were lovely and rough, just like his father's—and had swaggered around telling all the fellows that there wasn't any Santa Claus! When questioned further, he had said that there used to be, but that this year there wasn't going to be, and there never would be again.

No Santa Claus! If Teddy hadn't been six years old, he might have cried, but of course one as old as he never cried.

Teddy wondered if he'd better tell his mother. He decided he wouldn't. Why should his mother, whom he loved so dearly, be made to suffer any longer than was necessary? It was hard, though, during the next two weeks, which seemed like years, not to tell, and when Christmas eve came and his mother gayly brought out his biggest pair of stockings and hung them up at the end of the mantle, he could hardly keep back the tears.

How disappointed he and his mother would be when they got up in the morning and found the stocking empty! She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem as happy as usual."

Teddy asked her, as well as he was able for the lump in his throat, that he was perfectly well. His mother, like the wise one she was, didn't press the question. She merely drew up her low rocking chair and sat beside the bed until she thought Teddy was asleep, and then crept quietly down stairs.

Teddy lay for a long time after she went, watching the firelight flicker on the walls. He couldn't go to sleep and besides what was the use, when there wasn't anything to wake up for? A good many tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes, but he didn't care now.

He must have lain there for about four or ten hours, he thought, and had just shut his eyes to rest them from the light, when he heard a sound, a very little bit of a sound. He sat up quickly in bed and listened eagerly, because it sounded, it really did sound, as if it might be sleighbells. In a minute, he didn't know just how, he was leaning out of the window.

He didn't feel as if he had walked there at all, but more as if he had just skimmed along without any effort on his part, as if he had been some sort of delightful fish bird. He leaned away out of the window, not feeling a bit afraid of falling, and looked down upon the street.

Yes, down there on the street, as plain as day, he could see the reindeer shaking their long horns and prancing until the bells that seemed almost to cover them filled the air with their musical jangle. And then there was a gleam of red. Somebody was climbing into the sleigh! There was the echo of a jovial voice calling,



the horns of the reindeer quivered joyfully, then the whole turnout seemed to leap into the air, and like a flash was gone!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. It was funny! He thought he was at the window, but here he was in bed.

He sat up and looked around the room. The fire in the grate had gone out, but the gray light of the morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. Teddy slid out of bed and crept softly to the fireplace.

The stockings were bulging in all directions, as had been their exhilarating wont in other years! He put out his hand and touched one of them gently. It was no dream! The stocking was full to overflowing!

With a little sighing, whispering wheeze of joy and relief Teddy clasped his hands until the knuckles showed as white as the snow outside. Then with a cry of absolute delight he dashed into his mother's bedroom.

She opened a pair of sleepy eyes at the sound of the pattering little feet. Teddy threw himself upon her, laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried. "He came after all! Santa Claus did come! Santa Claus did come! He did, he did, he did!"

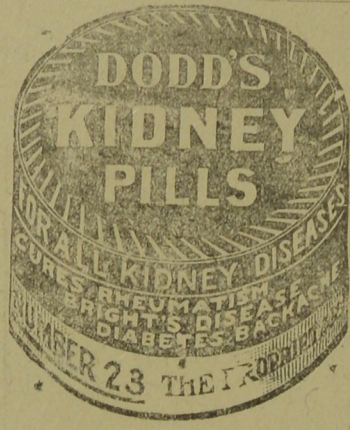
## Among Roumanians

Roumanian girls can learn, during the Christmas season, whether or not they are going to be married within the coming year. At midnight they enter the stable and strike the foot of the first ox they come across, saying: "This year, next year." If the ox gets up at the first stroke the girl will marry within the year; if it gets up at the second stroke the marriage will take place the year following; if it does not get up at all the gods have not yet decided on her wedding date.

## Christmas Spirit

Too many of us take mean things on faith and demand proof of good things.

Oxen kneel in the stall at midnight on Christmas, says English tradition. They kneel as if in adoration of the Nativity.



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The palatial modern hotels, some years ago were responsible for the innovation of shifting kitchens from basements to top floors. Now, however, improvements in ventilating methods and kitchen appliances have very largely resulted in the abandonment of this plan, which, from the first, was found oppressive because of elevator expense. In the opinion of the medical man above quoted, all additional cost in locating the kitchen of a hospital at its top instead of at its bottom, is unnecessary.

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