

HAPPINESS VILLA.

BY A. DE LAMOTHE.

"Mon Dieu! I am going to tell you about it. I have some friends to breakfast, and our provisions ran a little short."

"That's right, now you are talking. Come to my arms, Lucullus, my providence I am one of your guests; I invite myself and you make me promise. I was just putting myself this question: How can I make a good meal on ten centimes? Athanasie, thou art not merely a man, as Victor Hugo says; thou art a solution. I was shadow, you are light, I was hungry, you will satisfy me."

"It is only that we have a great many."

"An additional reason, my dear, you had numbers, I bring individuality. The crowd is made for the genius; it is darkness, he is a torch, but for me, no one would have spoken of your commonplace reunion. I come there, and this evening everyone in Paris will be saying: Pharamond was there! I shall associate you with my fame. Has your repast been ordered?"

"My wife drew up the menu."

"Let me have the handling of it. We will do the picturesque."

"Impossible for to-day."

"To-day? Then you come here some time?"

"Why—I live here."

"You live here," cried Pharamond, "and I did not know it. So do I, I live here; I came to study nature, for lack of something better I have established myself here; but from tomorrow, from this very evening, I transport my Penates to your house, and like the ivy to the elm, I attach myself to your person. Contran, my friend Gontran, is camping at Sevres; I will go with him to you—your villa will be the temple of the arts."

"Saprest! nothing was lacking but that!" sighed the lucky proprietor, while the artist was pounding on the table to summon the host, busy with his kitchen rance.

"Coming!" responded a loud voice from within.

"No need, I prefer to enter," said Athanasie, who had already formed a clever plan of escape.

"Then we will go in together," exclaimed Gontran. "I am not the man to forsake a friend, and he seized his arm."

General stupefaction ensued when the guests at the villa saw Athanasie returning escorted by this species of giant with flowing hair and beard whom no one knew.

"It must be one of Garibaldi's drum-majors," murmured Mme. Raymbaud.

"Perhaps you might as well go and notify the police," said Mme. Mitoufar to Auguste.

As for Pharamond, to whom her father had read the last number of "The Petit Journal," she rushed into the house screaming in terror: "The pirates! the pirates!"

"Zenobie, hide away the silver and get out the carrying-kale," said Elodie in a curt and commanding tone, who always recovered her coolness in emergencies.

At last everything was explained. Athanasie presented his friend, Mme. Polydore, who graciously vouchsafed him a smile, but she led him to her husband.

"Come with me, Pharamond," said the latter, trembling.

But the artist, already attracted by the graces of Mme. Raymbaud, paid no further attention to his luckless friend. Polydore went into the house alone.

"Sir," said his wife, "this evening I shall return to my mother's house with my daughter, and to-morrow I will lay my complaint before the public prosecutor."

"Don't be angry, my dear Elodie; it was not my fault. The moment I entered the Stewed Rabbit—"

"Leave me, sir! Leave me at once!" said Elodie stamping her foot. "Go back to your friend the brigand!"

"But indeed—"

"Go out, abominable creature, or I will call for assistance. Ah! great heavens! what is that? He is assassinating my daughter!"

And he rushed into the garden, where Pharamond was screaming at the top of her lungs.

"There! ah! brigand! ah! wretch!" Auguste and Sigismonde were shouting as they ran through the garden beds. Pharamond was frisking among them, using his red jacket as a torch.

"What is that? What has happened?" cried the distracted mother.

"It is the dog which is running off with the green chicken," vociferated Richard and Isabelle, delighted with such a pretty trick.

"What? What green chicken?"

"My poor parrot!" sobbed Pharamond.

"Hurrah!" shouted Pharamond, who had just caught Medor in his red jacket like a fish in a net, "the villain is in my power. Approach young girl—have delivered your interesting bird from his teeth!"

"An has he not torn him to pieces, sir? Will he live?"

"I have every reason to believe that it will be difficult to heal him, my dear young lady, for a piece of him is missing."

"A wing, perhaps?"

"No, mademoiselle, nothing but the head," said the artist, drawing the corpse of the decapitated bird from under his jacket.

"Poor bird! he died in consequence of the wound he received in the neck."

propose that we give him civil burial."

This funeral piousness was not altogether a success. M. Le Comte would not hear of his daughter's grief being turned into ridicule. Hence there resulted a slight coolness among the guests, singularly augmented by the demands of the stomach. It was noon, and no sign of the dejeuner promised for half-past ten.

"It is an invitation to fast instead of to break-fast," said Mme. Raymbaud to Sigismonde in an undertone.

"So I think," he replied.

Irene, Athanasie and the blonde Zenobie were going back and forth from the dining-room to the little gate where they expected the cutlets and fried gudgeons. With a courage beyond her sex, Elodie was trying to keep up a conversation with the parrot, whose head Medor was meanwhile digesting. The group assembled in Happiness Villa looked about as cheerful as the guests invited to a funeral.

At last the dejeuner arrived. But although appetite may be justly called the best reasoning for a feast, the culinary products of the Stewed Rabbit inn were so execrable that there ensued a general consternation. Pharamond alone, thanks to the strength of his Mesopotamian jaws, succeeded in triumphing over the beefsteak, which took the edge off the knives. As to the gudgeons, forgotten in the frying-pan, they were transferred into carbon fossils. The artist cut off the tail of one with his knife and used it as a pencil in sketching on the tablecloth the charge of the amphitryon.

This jest in doubtful taste did not succeed in smoothing out the frowning foreheads of the guests. Its author was not surprised, such people were not on a sufficiently high level to comprehend him.

The dishes prepared beforehand, and on which Elodie chiefly relied to sustain her reputation as a housekeeper, were far too microscopic for fifteen guests instead of seven, there was just enough to whet the appetite and occasion regret. It was Mme. Raymbaud who made this piquant remark.

On the other hand, there were plenty of potatoes.

"There is more smoke than butter in them," said to his charming neighbor the handsome Sigismonde, who fancied that he had wit enough to pay his scot. Mme. Raymbaud had fallen furiously on the spinach, and did not discover until afterwards that it was sorrel that annoyed, almost irritated her, for she pretended to detect it.

In a word, everybody except Pharamond was horribly dissatisfied, and even to the intruders there was not one who did not think he had a right to compella and to sneer. Mme. Polydore surprised more than one malevolent smile upon their lips.

Alas! she could not disguise from herself that for an invited repast the breakfast was ridiculous. Her self-love was in tortures. Poor Athanasie stealthily regarded her with alarm, he was awaiting with terror the second act, and would gladly have detained his guests until evening.

But, with the exception of Pharamond, all were in haste to get away as soon as possible from Happiness Villa and to laugh at their case over the receptions of M. Le Comte de Sevres and what the charming Auguste described as the servitors of Mme. La Comtesse de la Chiffonerie.

By three o'clock in the afternoon there was no one in the villa but the owners, since Pharamond had gone to look for Gontran. Madame was packing her trunks and Athanasie striding up and down in his devastated park. He was trying to work himself into a rage by a sight of the ruined place, in order to gain courage to support the coming storm.

Just as he was beginning to consider himself well panopied, he heard the voice of Elodie summoning him from the window, and his legs bent beneath him.

"What do you wish?" said he.

"Fetch me up the cover of that packing-case and some paste," answered she, in a tone of unalterable decision.

And then he recalled the threat she had made in the morning of a legal separation. He went upstairs trembling.

"Paste this on that board and go and fasten it on the gate," said his wife, handing him a sheet of paper, on which were written in large letters these three words:

"Do you wish to leave the villa?" asked he, astounded.

"I shall leave it on the instant, sir!" replied Elodie, with firmness.

"It is for you to say whether you will keep it because it belongs to you, but I warn you that after what has just occurred it is impossible for me to comply any longer with your tyrannical caprices by living in the country, which I detest, or by burying myself in a desert denuded of all resources and frequented solely by the vagabonds who are the accomplices of your vices. You say that you cannot dispense with a country seat and—"

"But, on the contrary, my dear Elodie, it is I who am sacrificing myself for—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and allow your victim for once, at least, to make her sad voice heard. It is time that this insupportable tyranny should cease. I declare, you that I am determined to emerge from this prison which you have the infamous irony to call the Villa of Happiness, and where you have to-day plunged so deep into the fathomless ocean of pleasures that your daughter and I

and of your fall. Reply, sir, reply!"

"If your decision is irrevocably taken, dear Elodie, to return to your parents, I will not oppose it."

"Not I alone, but Pharamond, do you understand? Pharamond whom you call by the sweet name of daughter, and whom you will never see again."

"Pharamond may go too," replied Polydore, suddenly bracing up.

"Then you have completely decided to separate yourself from two beings who—"

"Who wish to leave me? Why, yes, since it is for their happiness."

"And you will make them a considerable allowance?"

"I will return your dowry, my dame, and I am ready to assure my daughter an income of twelve hundred francs."

"Twelve hundred francs! But I owe more than that to my dressmaker."

"You will have your dowry."

"My dowry, Athanasie," answered Mme. Elodie, bursting into tears.

"You thought considerable when you came in nanken pantaloons and a blue frock-coat to ask my mother for my hand. I was young and I was beautiful at that time and you rated my innocence and my beauty above money. Times have changed very much, Polydore!"

Like many others, the sensible Elodie thought that fortune was not destitute of charms, and the idea of renouncing not only opulence but ease to live in privation in a family where affection found no admirers always inspired her with salutary reflections.

Athanasie, on his part, sincerely loved his wife and daughter with, or rather in spite of, all their faults. Thanks to mutual concessions, peace was restored. Happiness Villa alone was sacrificed. Elodie showed herself intractable on one point only. She insisted that her husband should admit that he, and he alone, had the idea of coming to live in that unlucky habitation. He consented with joy on condition of leaving it at once.

This, moreover, was the condition "sine qua non" insisted on by Irene and Zenobie, who could not endure the country. As to Pharamond, she was promised another parrot and a glass globe for her goldfishes.

The treaty of peace being concluded, they began getting ready to move. Irene went in advance, to prepare dinner that very evening in Paris.

At half past six in the evening the whole family joyfully quitted that house, within reach of everything, which they had entered a week before in triumph.

Three persons only experienced real annoyance from this hasty break-up. M. Mitoufar, Pharamond and Gontran, who, instead of the dinner they hoped for, encountered at the exit Happiness Villa nothing but the sign announcing that it was to let.

"Another happiness eclipsed!" exclaimed Pharamond. "I did well to take my part of it in advance. Let us look somewhere else."

At that very hour Elodie, sinking down on her side of the fire, was exclaiming:

"Oh! how well off one is here! Frankly, Loulou, this apartment is charming. All it lacks is a fine mirror."

"And my parrot," said Pharamond. "You shall have all that to-morrow," cried Athanasie.

"And at last we have found happiness, my big darling," replied Mme. Polydore.

"Colloquial French for a professional female cook. The 'cordon bleu' is the blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, the 'cordon rouge' the red ribbon of the Order of St. Louis—Trans.

(The End.)

IT IS A LIVER PILL—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, particularly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parman's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

MAKE THE CROSS PROMINENT (From The Ave Maria)

Strange to say, the least prominent object in many Catholic churches nowadays is what ought to be, according to St. Charles Borromeo, the most conspicuous of all—a great crucifix so placed as to be visible to the whole congregation and to dominate the church. Nothing else can so vividly recall the Redemption purchased on Mount Cavalry, and not to give the Holy Rood prominence in our churches is to neglect the more impressive preaching and to misrepresent our religion to non-Catholics. To many, perhaps most, of these the statues are meaningless or worse, the stained-glass windows are a distraction, the sanctuary lamp always a mystery. But a crucifix would explain itself, appeal to every beholder and teach many a lesson which other pious objects do not impart. As Father says: "The crucifix reveals man to himself and God to man." Crucifix est medicina mundi, and the world is in sore need of it.

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW?" will become a great danger if it be allowed to reach down from the throat to the lungs. Nip the peril in the bud with Allen's June Balm.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Proceedings of the Twenty-seventh Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto on Wednesday, the 18th June, 1902.

The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the charter at the banking house of the institution, June 18th, 1902.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

The General Manager at the request of the Chairman read the report of the Directors and the statement of affairs.

THE REPORT

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their twenty-seventh annual report with statement, giving the result of the business of the bank for the year ended May 31st, 1902.

It is with sincere regret that the Directors are called upon to place on record the death on the 27th of January last of the late President of the bank, Mr. H. S. Howland, who continuously filled that position since the opening of the bank in 1875. His ability, good judgment and fidelity to the interests of the bank contributed largely to its success.

The vacancy on the board occasioned by Mr. Howland's death was filled by the appointment of Mr. D. R. Wilkie as a Director.

Mr. Thomas R. Merritt, the Vice-President, was elected President. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Vice-President, retaining his position as General Manager.

During the year branches of the bank have been opened at Rosthern, Saskatchewan and Feigonson, B. C.

The capital of the bank was increased in 1899 by \$500,000, making it as at present \$2,000,000. Since then business of all kinds throughout the Dominion has greatly expanded, requiring increased banking facilities, which in the opinion of your Directors can be furnished most economically by the institutions which are already firmly established.

Your Directors feel that to enable the bank to avail itself of present opportunities and to provide for future growth a larger capital is advisable, and you will be asked to approve of a by-law (No. 20) authorizing an increase of that account in the sum of \$1,500,000, to be issued in such amounts and at such periods as the Directors may determine, at a rate of premium proportionate to the amount the Rest Account bears to the Capital Account at the time of issue.

Your Directors further recommend the adoption of a by-law (No. 21) authorizing the transfer from time to time of surplus funds in the Guarantee Fund to the Pension Fund.

The officers of the bank continue to perform their respective duties to the satisfaction of the Directors. The head office and branches have all been carefully inspected during the year.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. R. MERRITT, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 52, 5 per cent. (paid 1st Dec. 1901) \$125,000 00
Dividend No. 51, 5 per cent. (paid 1st June, 1902) 125,000 00
Total \$250,000 00

Transferred to Rest Account 275,000 00
Interest on Bank Deposits and Securities 20,000 00
Interest on Loans 10,000 00
Balance of Account carried forward 605,000 00

Balance at credit of Account, 31st May, 1902 910,437 58
Total brought forward 1,515,437 58
Profits for the year ended 31st May, 1902, after deducting charges of management and interest on deposits and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount 605,000 00

Balance at credit of Account, 31st May, 1902 1,515,437 58

REST ACCOUNT.

Balance at credit of Account, 31st May, 1902 81,850 00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account 275 00
Total \$82,125 00

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation \$2,231,121 00
Deposits not bearing interest 3,300,910 20
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 13,550,810 50
Deposits by other Banks in Canada 74,874 47

Total liabilities to the public \$9,963,716 17
Capital stock (paid up) 2,000,000 00
Reserve fund (paid up) 2,000,000 00
Total \$3,999,999 99

Former dividend not claimed 52 12
Balance on bills discounted 54,700 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward 82,125 00

Total \$3,999,999 99

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver coin \$32,558 49
Domestic Government notes 1,753,354 60
Total \$1,785,913 09

Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation 106,901 00
Notes of and cheques on other Banks in Canada 710,993 00
Balances due from other Banks in Canada 426,619 91

Balances due from agents in the United Kingdom 275 10
Balance due from agents in Foreign Countries 1,877,600 00

Total \$3,775,348 10

Dead-end and Provincial Government securities \$44,872 50
Canadian Municipal securities and British or Foreign, or Ontario public securities other than Canadian 1,009,832 36
Bills and other Bank securities 1,009,832 36

Total \$3,775,348 10

Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada 2,620,134 63

Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances 18,412,743 93

Overdue Debts (less provided for) 22,000 00
Real Estate other than Bank premises 41,408 11
Mortgages on Real Estate held by the Bank 70,007 58

Bank premises, including Sates, Vaults and Office Furniture at Head Office and Branches 332,331 50

Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads 2,924 97

Total \$25,651,440 78

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager

The scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz. T. R. Merritt, D. R. Wilkie, Wm. Ramsay, Robt. Jaffray, T. Sutherland, Staver, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. T. R. Merritt was elected President and Mr. D. R. Wilkie Vice-President for the ensuing year.

By order of the board

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager

Toronto, June 18th, 1902

When Jason Monroe Cleaned House.

(By Harriet Caryl Cox.)

Amanda glanced timidly at her husband, and her hands gave a nervous twitch at the yarn in the stocking she was darning. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then closed it again and hastily began on another big rent.

There was silence as she drew the yarn in and out. Her husband kept on reading. She made another effort.

"I'm going to begin house cleaning to-morrow," she ventured nervously. The paper in her husband's hands lowered slightly as he looked inquiringly over it at his wife, but he did not speak.

"I guess I'll begin on the sitting-room. I'll take up the carpet the first thing and I thought perhaps if you could spare Jed for a while in the forenoon, he could beat it while Lizzie and I were cleaning, and we could get it down 'fore night and it wouldn't bother you much. You needn't know nothing about it, you see."

This apologetically, as her husband continued to look straight at her with an inscrutable expression in his deep-set eyes.

"Look here, Amanda."

"Well?"

"You ain't going to clean that room. It don't need it at all. It's all foolishness the way you women folks go at things and turn the house all topsy-turvy just so often whether it needs it or not, just 'cause it's house cleaning time and you think you've got to. It's all foolishness, I say."

"I suppose it does seem so to you men folks," his wife confessed, "cause you don't ever see nothing of it, 'cept before the carpet comes up and after it's all done. You don't see all that dirt you and the boys have been bringing in all winter, and the ashes from the stove and everything. It's dirty—it's dreadful dirty, Jason, and you see it just has to be done." Her gentle voice had a mild insistence in it which seemed to carry conviction.

"Well, then, I'm a-going to do it myself same's I said last spring when there wasn't no place to set down in or table to eat off of, must you know what I said then, Amanda? I said next time it had to be done, I'd do it myself, and I'd show you didn't have to be such a long strung out job, either. I shall take up all the carpets at once."

He left the paper fall from his hands.

"Yes, I shall take 'em all up at once and set the boys to beat 'em and then I'll do the cleaning up in short time and get 'em all back let me see. One day to take 'em up and get most of the dirt out, and the next to clean, and get down one or two, and the third to get everything back in place. The third night I'll come after you in the buggy, Amanda, and you'll come home to a good clean house."

"Come after me? Why, Jason?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to have you round, do you? Advising and a-worrying and a-telling me I'd ought to do it some other way? And a-fretting yourself to pieces? No, Amanda, you're going over to Hetty's. I'm going to take you over to-morrow night right after supper, and I'll come for you the next night but one. And—"

She started to speak.

"It don't make any difference what you think, Amanda, I'm going to do it, you know. I said so last spring and I haven't had cause to change my mind. 'Twill be a good rest for you, and I guess you need it. It'd enough you can't tell you don't, now can you?"

An affectionate glance relieved the setness of his face as he smiled across the table at his wife.

"You just go peaceable, Amanda, and see what we men folks can do."

Amanda glanced out of the front window, contemplating the view from the porch.

Jason came long ago," she said finally.

Mrs. Baxter looked up from her work. "You don't really suppose he'll come so soon, do you? Three days indeed! More likely 'twill be a week 'fore you see him. You won't catch him coming for you 'fore he gets good and done, I can tell you that, I guess I know my own brother. I don't think that kind. And I guess he'll find that house cleaning ain't any fool of a job. Three days indeed!" she snuffed scornfully.

"But you know he said he'd come, and he's very particular about doing things when he says he's going to. That's one of Jason's good points. Hetty. He don't say things 'less he means 'em."

"Oh, he meant it all right enough. You needn't fret about that, but he can't do it. You know he can't. Amanda. And I'm sure he wouldn't come for you 'fore he'd got done, would he now?"

"'Twould be kind o' hard on him, wouldn't it? But then, I can't stay any longer, Hetty. I can't really I ain't got no other thing to do. I've done all the mending I brought, and turned my black silk and made Jason three new shirts, and I should die staying here doing nothing. I've really got to go, Hetty."

"He's come," she finished abruptly. "He's coming down the road now, I can see him. Guess I'd know that old horse anywhere."

She bustled excitedly from the room