

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Since my last letter was written we have had another visit from Madame Albani—and have enjoyed the promised farewell concert—which was in all respects a brilliant success. Canada's Queen of Song was applauded to the echo, and was, if possible, more charming and more gracious than ever. Her sweet manner, no less than her sweet notes, will linger long in the hearts and memories of her countrymen.

Among the floral offerings presented to Madame Albani was a magnificent bouquet, in the centre of which was a piece of the last spike driven in the western end of the Canadian Pacific Railway—embedded in diamonds. This was the gift of Sir Donald and Lady Smith. On Saturday Madame Albani and Mr. Gye visited Chambly, where they were received with due honours by the mayor and leading citizens of the town. A visit was paid to the former home of the cantatrice, after which the party drove to the residence of the mayor, where an address was presented to Madame Albani. After partaking of luncheon the party returned to Montreal. Chambly will ever hold a fair place in the pages of our history—not only on account of its illustrious daughter who is living, but also by reason of its still more illustrious son who is dead. Honoured beyond measure was the little hamlet on the Richelieu by the visit of the Queen of Song, honoured is it no less by the stately effigy of the Leonidas of Canada, the gallant hero of Chateauguay, the brave and beautiful de Salaberry.

One of the sweetest anecdotes of Albani's visit to Montreal is that of her kind encouragement of our blind singer, Mademoiselle Tessier. Mademoiselle Tessier—a pupil of the Grey Nuns' institution of "Nazareth" on St. Catharine street, is gifted with a magnificent voice, and has become quite a favourite as a concert singer, not only in Montreal but throughout the Province. Notwithstanding her success the young girl is gentle and timid and none too confident of her own powers. An interview with Madame Albani was arranged for her by some of her friends, and one morning during Madame Albani's sojourn at the Windsor the blind girl was announced. One can imagine with what trepidation Mlle. Tessier responded to the great artist's request that she should sing to her. She, however, suffered Madame Albani to lead her to the piano and sang Massenet's "Alleluia du Ciel" in such a manner as to elicit warm applause from her illustrious hearer who took the blind girl in her arms and kissed her affectionately, assuring her that any favours that she could possibly grant would always be at Miss Tessier's command. After singing Faure's "Stella," Miss Tessier took her departure—not, however, without having received an invitation to come again. When the day appointed arrived, however, Madame Albani was unavoidably prevented from keeping the engagement, and therefore, early in the morning a dainty envelope from the Windsor found its way into Miss Tessier's hands, and it is whispered that its contents were, not only an affectionate note from the Queen of Song, but also a cheque for a handsome sum of money which will go far towards enabling Miss Tessier to prosecute her musical studies in the Conservatoire of Paris.

Few more interesting columns have ever appeared in the *Star* than the autobiographical sketch which gave to the world the account of that popular journal's early struggles. Who, in looking at the magnificent offices of the *Star* on St. James Street could believe that twenty years ago: "the coal to make the motive power was, during the greater part of the winter, bought by the bag, one bag at a time; the office boy's duty being to go to the coal yard with a hand sled every morning as soon as the cashier could give him half a dollar to pay the coal merchant." Again, when an engine next door, the use of which was rented by the *Star*, was stopped, ruin threatened. "At this juncture," says the writer of the article in question, "a messenger was sent to the country for an ordinary tread mill, horse-power, horse and all. This was actually set up in the press room, a telegram despatched to Boston for a small Roger engine, and in twenty-four hours we were running our own engine."

Whatever may have been the merits of the *Star* in the days referred to, everybody must be ready to concede that it is not a "one-horse" paper to-day.

A munificent donation has been made to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society by Mr. R. B. Angus, who has presented that body with a very rare collection of engravings, comprising views of Montreal and Quebec, portraits of the ancient governors, etc. These are almost all extremely rare; and of great interest—in fact the collection is unrivalled here except by that of the Hon. Judge Baby, who, by the bye, has left Rome at last, and will probably arrive in Montreal about the middle of March. Judge Baby has received the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory.

The Grande Ligne Mission has held its annual meeting, and has considered its annual report, which would have us believe that each French Canadian Protestant costs the Mission but a very modest sum, there being 40,000 of those curiosities in Canada, and the annual disbursement of the Society being but \$9,154.91, something is evidently not worth much, is it the Society or its victims? We are told that Mr. Lefleur "pointed out that though the work in hand was great, the means at their disposal was small, and that it behooved those present to do their utmost to free the country from the Papal bonds." Judging from the above given statistics the product of the soup kitchen will scarcely be sustaining, and possibly, in order to prevent the Mission from tumbling bodily into the soup, Lent may be resorted to as a sort of enforced economy.

"A prophet has no honour in his own country," says the proverb; nevertheless, our much lauded laureate is somewhat of a hero to us in the Province of Quebec. We are proud of his talents, of his fame, of the classic beauty of his laurel crown. What then were the feelings of all true votaries of the gentle Muse to learn that "Mr. Louis Frechette, the French Canadian poet, appeared before the Recorder this morning, charged with having neglected to keep the sidewalk clear of ice and snow opposite his residence on Sherbrooke street." The absurdity of expecting the Laureate of the land to cast his upturned eyes downward to the vulgar level of a Sherbrooke street side-walk is infinite, the want of delicacy that could make public any disregard of the by-laws on the part of Mr. Frechette is shocking. The wonder is that nobody came forward into the breach to volunteer for the honour of removing stumbling blocks from Mr. Frechette's path. But then the good of the people is the supreme law, and though Mr. Frechette may be busy enunciating this noble sentiment in stirring words learned in the Parisian school of Liberalism the "people" whom he so loves may meanwhile break their necks at his door. So the guardians of the public safety, come forward—and spare not even those whom fame has made her own.

It will not be with feelings of unmixed cordiality that all Canadians will welcome the artist correspondent of the *London Graphic*. "The *Graphic* is non-political," says Mr. Villiers. This will be news to those who recollect its remarks on the subject of the fancy ball given by the patriotic Countess of Aberdeen at Dublin Castle. Probably the *Graphic* has "no political prejudices" except as regards Ireland and Canada, which countries it dearly loves to represent as bristling with mud huts or bark wig-wams, as the case may be.

Gros Bourdon has rung out again its sonorous notes of joy. The reception accorded to His Grace Archbishop Fabro was most hearty, and the address of welcome presented to him expressed the true sentiments of the thousands of loving children whom His Grace's sceptre sways. In his reply to the address Monseigneur Fabro took occasion to toll his hearers that "the gift of the Canadian Seminary at Rome was most acceptable to the Pope and was a matter of greater satisfaction to His Holiness than anything that he had received during the year."

It is pleasant to have our Archbishop once more in our midst, and to see for ourselves as well as hear His Grace's assurance that he has greatly enjoyed and benefited by his visit to the Eternal City. OLD MORTALITY.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own" says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.