

## LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

The blood of two peoples and of two heroes has drenched the Plains of Abraham. There it was that the great struggle between France and England for the right to colonize the New World was brought to a decisive close. It is sufficient to state the bare facts to convince every man with a pinch of sentiment in his composition, that it would be nothing short of a national disgrace to allow the Plains of Abraham to be destroyed.

ARE bank clerks underpaid? Following both the Ponton case and the Banque Ville Marie cases, we have heard a good deal about the wretched salaries paid to this class of men. His Honor Judge Wurtele, in his charge to the jury in the Baxter-Lemieux trial, spoke of the false economy of the directors in paying Lemieux too small a salary to keep him decently in the style his position demanded and out of the way of temptation. While careful to say that this constituted no excuse for Lemieux's conduct, Judge Wurtele deplored the fact that so many men handling large sums of other people's money were paid penurious salaries. There is no doubt that what the judge said was right. Considering their responsibilities and temptations, the employes of banks, I believe, are in general poorly remunerated. But they are not the only people, by any means, who suffer in this way, and in their case there are compensating advantages that should not be lost sight of. The calling is an eminently respectable one, and as a rule furnishes an entree into good society; the hours are short; and the work is chiefly of a routine character. On the other hand, the large amount of leisure time at the disposal of bank clerks is a peculiar source of temptation from which the man who is always busy—even though he be underpaid—enjoys immunity. On the whole, however, my sympathy for underpaid bank clerks is less than for the thousands of men in other callings who do hard physical or mental labor uncomplainingly, every day in the year, and in the end receive a poor pittance and have small promotion to look forward to. For these have often none of the compensations that help to save the humdrum work of a bank from becoming intolerable. It seems to me that there is a great deal too much sympathy for bank clerks and a great deal too little for bookkeepers, office clerks, stenographers, shop-people and mechanics—thousands of whom are wretchedly underpaid and know 10 times as much as the kid-gloved young men of the banks about the bitter struggle for existence.

AN inadequate salary is a standing invitation to steal to the man who handles other people's money. But it is not requisite to be the guardian of funds in order to have the tempter hovering about the desk or bench. The underpaid employe—no matter what his occupation—is tempted to be dishonest. He may not have the chance to make away with cash that does not belong to him—but stealing is not the only form of dishonesty. A man may be tempted to do slipshod work, to waste his time, to lose interest in his employer's concerns, and, worst of all, to lose interest in his own future and suffer himself to become a mere drudge. In the end his penalty, if he yields, is much the same as that of the man whose crime was to steal the money of others passing through his hands. He loses his grip and becomes a failure as truly as the defaulter who goes to jail.

OF course, no man need be dishonest, no matter what his temptation; and some men never would be dishonest under any circumstances. But the metal of which these were made must have been very rare when humanity was being moulded. Temptation and opportunity are a strong combination which few have the power to resist. Yet temptation and opportunity together do not, in most cases, form a real excuse for wrong-doing, for we all know that temptation is oftener based on fancied than on real necessity. Dishonest people, as

a rule, steal to provide themselves with luxuries, not with necessities; and most of the men who have gone wrong in banks did so because they wanted to indulge in wine, women and cards—or to have the clothes, the amusements and the pocket-money of acquaintances beyond their own station in life. The penitentiaries are full of people who will tell you they were forced into a career of crime and will bitterly accuse other people for their misfortunes. But get at the facts, and there are few doing time because they yielded to a justifiable temptation. I have yet to hear of an embezzler who merely took enough to settle with the butcher or the coal dealer, or of one whose peculations were not for the purpose of squaring the accounts of riotous living and vice

FELIX VANE.

## SOCIETY NEWS.

HIS LORDSHIP the Bishop of Montreal who has been confined to the house with a slight attack of la grippe is now well on the way to recovery. Ever since his last most serious illness he has found that even the slightest cold must not be trifled with.

Atlantic City must at present be like a second Montreal, so many people have gone there during the last few weeks or are going. Mrs. Bagg and Miss Mitcheson, Sherbrooke street, are spending some weeks there, as are also Mr. and Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg, the Misses Bagg and Master Bagg. Mrs. Mulholland, too, will make a short stay at this most popular resort.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. A. F. Gault, "Rokeby," entertained a number of friends at a very delightful euchre party.

Mrs. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue, who has been ill for the past fortnight, is now convalescent.

Miss Riddell, Sherbrooke street, has left on a short visit to Grande Mere, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Alger, Jr.

Though of an informal nature, the skating party given at the Arena on Monday evening by a number of bachelors was very much enjoyed. Everybody enjoys novelty, and the idea of skating in that huge rink where so many exciting hockey matches have been played pleased most of those invited. The ice was excellent and there was room for two large circles of waltzers.

ON Tuesday morning, at the Victoria Rink, the strains of a piano-organ induced quite a number of people to skate. And it was hard to imagine from the coolness, almost coldness, of the atmosphere, and the delightful ice, that it was so balmy out of doors. To waltz one certainly needs music, and an organ always sounds so weird in the huge building that it creates no little merriment, especially as the "grinder" when he finds that one waltz apparently suits is apt to imagine that a good thing bears unlimited repetition.

Mrs. Charles Eliot, of Ottawa, has been spending a few days in Montreal at the Windsor in order to see her brother, Capt. E. C. Hamilton.

## THE LOVE THAT PURIFIES.

MEN there be who to woman are drawn  
By those passions mere beauty inspires;  
When, to feed these alone, must they pawn  
Future's dower for present desires.

Could a man, while thus minded, but find—  
Beauty least of her gifts—that in store  
A woman hath wit, pure heart, chaste mind—  
Crystal depth none with taint may explore:

And aroused, through her impulse for good,  
To a striving for something that's better,  
Back he shrinks from the brink where he stood—  
Whence have plunged. Then, fetter by fetter,

Bonds are loosed which base passion had wrought,  
Till the Life of his Soul be renewed;  
Scorns now the vain thing once he sought,  
And by Better the Worse all subdued:

Comes there Love—Love that's best! And its joy  
Cheering heart, filling soul, now they find,  
Wholly freed from the baser alloy,  
Such the Love that uplifts all mankind.

Montreal.

B. A. MacN.