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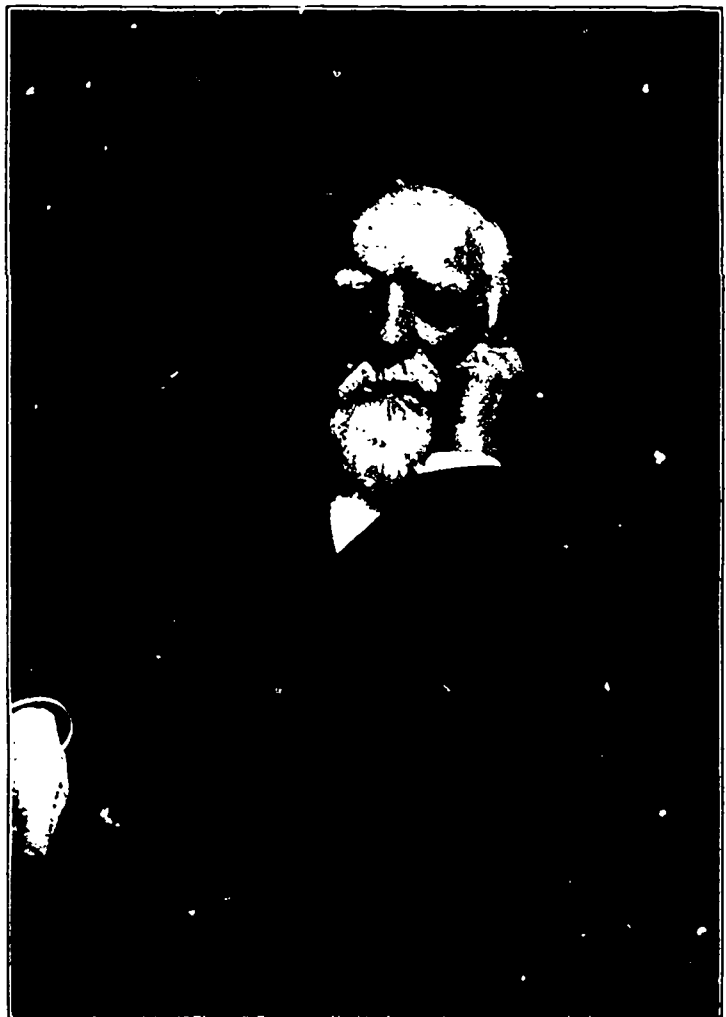
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MONTREAL LIFE.



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(From his latest photograph. By permission of Dr. Bryce, author of a new work on the Hudson's Bay Company.)

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Wanted :- \$2 per day sure, gentlemen or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary.

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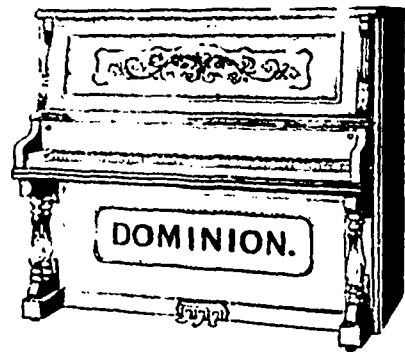
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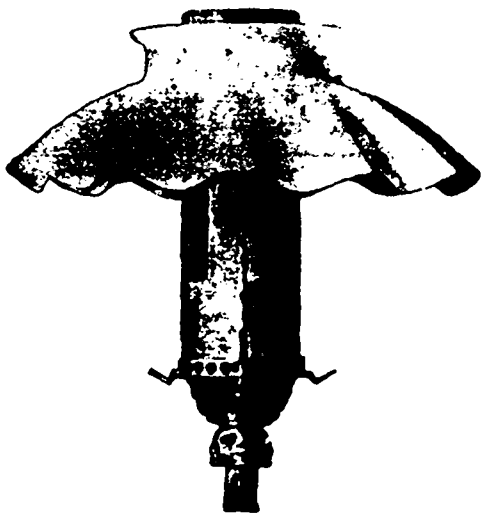
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MONTREAL LIFE.

Vol. IX. No. 6.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents.



A THANKSGIVING DAY PHILOSOPHER.

"Wish I had a real drum, Gran'pa!"
"Oh, Willie, don't you know we should be thankful for what we have?"
"Yes, sir, but how are we to be thankful for what we haven't?"

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

JONES.—Why do you argue so with your wife? You can never convince her.

BOXES.—True, but think of the pleasure it gives her.

DISTRESSING.

"WHAT is troubling you now, Penelope?" said Marguerite to her friend, as she noticed the cloud on her brow.

"I was merely thinking, Marguerite," replied this Royal Victoria College maiden, "that when a girl condescends to marry she is compelled by force of circumstances beyond her control to marry a mere man."

A CASE OF UNMERITED PRAISE.

MRS. SHERBROOKE.—They say that that Mrs. Lisson, from Toronto, is a brilliant conversationalist.

MRS. DORCHESTER.—Well, she isn't. I met her at a musicale yesterday, and she hardly had a word to say.

AND THIS WAS IN MONTREAL.

"THAT policeman is new to his duty."
"How do you know?"

"Someone told him this morning there was a fight round the corner, and he hurried round in time to arrest both belligerents."

SAFE BETTING.

WHEN the newspapers announce that "dainty refreshments" are to be served, it is safe betting that it is going to be hard to get anything to eat.

DIDN'T LIKE THE TREATMENT.

"MY husband is much better, thank you," said Mrs Cowper, in answer to the kind inquiry of a friend. "But I regret to say he is not out of danger yet. You see, that horrid doctor has ordered him to ride a bicycle."

OUR INBORN VANITY.

HUMAN nature is such that, when the doctor tells you yours was one of the worst cases that he ever attended, you not only immediately feel 50 per cent. better, but conclude that sickness has its compensations, after all.

A PARADOX.

JACK.—Her face would stop a clock.

MACK.—That's funny, it made me feel like running away.

INEXPLICABLE TALENT.

DILLON.—Did you notice that The Daily Squeal described Van Daub as an artist of great genius? How do you account for such an absurd statement?

SHILOX.—Well, you see, his pictures may be rank, but he has managed to sell some of them, and therefore he must have genius of a high order.

Life in a Looking-Glass

THANKSGIVING DAY, like a good many human institutions, is not precisely what its name implies. Although a small percentage of people go to church and offer up the gratitude of devout hearts for the blessings of the year, how many are there who really think of Thanksgiving day except as the last holiday before winter sets in—as a time for military parades, sham battles, driving, hunting, eating, drinking and making merry in every conceivable way? I have no doubt there is many a man who connects the day simply and solely with the idea of a big spree. But not to take such an extreme case, the average individual certainly has no extraordinary experience at this season of the religious impulse that gave the day its origin. If he is thankful he expresses his thankfulness, not by going to church, nor by deeds of self-denial, but by having just as good a time as he knows how. The fact is one of many indicating that the gospel of pleasure is just now looked upon as the sanest of gospels by the majority of human kind. Some day the pendulum will swing in the opposite direction; it is bound to. But, at the present time, there are no holidays in the old sense (holy days). Every day that is free of work is, to humanity in general, nothing more than a day for self-gratification, and this applies to Sunday almost as much as to Christmas day, or Thanksgiving, or any of the seasons that are supposed to be marked by some special religious fervor.

ALTHOUGH one hears it argued frequently that the big capitalists of the day are monopolizing profitable industry, and that there are not the chances to become rich there once were, it is said on good authority that more new men have become millionaires since 1890 than in any other decade of this century. Without going beyond the borders of Canada, there is much evidence in support of the statement. Montreal, Toronto, every Canadian city almost, contains men who have amassed much wealth in the past six, eight or ten years. Some of these, beginning with little or nothing, have, in a few years, built up huge interests, others have doubled or trebled fortunes that were already considerable. To the life-story of one of these pre-eminently successful business men, extended reference is made in another column of this paper. There are many others. Even a partial list would comprise the names of Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Jas. Ross, Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, Mr. Hugh Graham, Senator Forget, Montreal, Mr. Wm. MacKenzie, Senator Cox, Mr. W. R. Brock and Mr. W. D. Matthews, Toronto, Mr. J. H. Clergue, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Mr. Chas. Magee, of Ottawa, Mr. John Penman, of Paris, and many others. And so it is likely to go on. Large fortunes will grow larger, and great combinations of capital will take place, but side by side with these there will be new opportunities for new men.

POOR men and men who think they are not as successful as they should be, will, of course, continue to look with suspicion on the large fortune and its maker. Envy is one of the natural weaknesses of human nature, and the man who realizes he can never be rich, unless he is an exceptionally contented person, is pretty certain to sneer at the man who has become rich and to charge the fact against him as if it were a sort of *prima facie* evidence of some undefined crime. The attitude of the average individual towards wealth is natural, but it is illogical. If Jones wishes he were rich, is he not most unreasonable in sneering at Smith, who wished the same thing and got his wish? Jones may be quite as deserving of wealth as Smith, but on the other hand Smith may be and likely is quite as undefiled and honest as his envious but less successful neighbor.

FOOTBALL this season has shown far too great a tendency towards rough and unprincipled playing. There seems to be bad feeling between some of the clubs and between a few individual players. But people do not pay their good money at the gate to see a number of hot-tempered young men—wholly deficient in the virtue of self control which their sport should cultivate—settle their differences by a resort to the methods of the prize ring. The public pay to see football. Let the young men who adorn the gridiron remember this fact; and let them also remember that if there continues to be as much fist work, and mean striving for an unearned advantage, and infringement of the rules of the game as there has been in some of the matches this fall, the sport is going to lose the backing of the best people. The vast majority of the players are gentlemen and sportsmen, but a few hot-heads can bring both themselves and their fellows, as well as the game itself, into disgrace. This too obtrusive minority ought to be suppressed. If they cannot or will not behave, let them be set at marbles, or button, or some other game in which they will not have an opportunity to hurt each other and the reputation of a truly admirable sport.

ONE of the results of the difficulty experienced by the Dominion Government in settling the question of sending a contingent to the Transvaal, will, it is said, be the postponement of a general election until after another session of Parliament. The Government realize that their course has probably weakened them in Ontario and the West, without strengthening them in Quebec. They are, therefore, likely to give the elector a chance to forget the unpleasant incident, before asking him for an expression of confidence. This course of action is rendered more probable by the course of events in Ontario provincial politics, culminating in the resignation of Mr. Hardy.

IT IS rather odd that the automobile has not yet made its appearance in Montreal. Considering the wealth of this city, one would naturally have supposed that the various kinds of motor-vehicle would long ere this have been in quite general use here. In the cities of the Eastern States, as well as throughout England and the continent, the adoption of automobiles amounts to a fashionable craze, very like the widespread devotion to the bicycle three or four years ago. An immense amount of money is being invested in works for the manufacture of horseless vehicles, and the fact that only a few weeks ago a single United States firm ordered the construction of more than 4,000 of these new conveyances, valued at over \$8,000,000, gives one some idea of the onward march of the latest fad.

ONE of the surest indications of Canadian prosperity is the fact that more and more capital from this country is seeking investment in foreign lands. The Havana Traction Company, which is to build railroads in Cuba, numbers amongst its incorporators a number of prominent Canadians. No fewer than eight of the directors are citizens of this country, and the first president is Sir Wm. C. Van Horne. In foreign enterprise there is probably no country that makes a better showing than our own in proportion to its wealth and population.

FELIX VASE.

ON these beautiful autumn days how is it that more people do not take advantage of the charming rambles the mountain affords? Either in the park or on the newly-cut roads of the Westmount slope, nothing could be lovelier than the variegated foliage, the carpet of fresh strewn leaves, and the wonderful vista extending far beyond the darkening fields with the low-lying haze, the smoking bonfires. Yet the majority of us evidently prefer the populated, stone-paved streets for our daily recreation and exercise. Supposing the mountain and its environments were prohibited, what a surprising number of "forest lovers" would at once be in evidence, with their outcry for free woodland paths! Do we ever appreciate what is ours without effort?



THE MONTREAL HUNT.

THIS spirited picture of the opening meet of the Montreal Hunt will interest many who love the music of the hounds and the invigorating dash over hill and dale.

The Montreal pack is the oldest on this continent, having been organized in 1826, and, until four or five years ago, it was the only pack in America to hunt the wild fox instead of the drag. It is said to be one of the best-equipped hunts either in Canada or the United States, having a beautiful club house, commodious kennels and stables, and about 50 couples of hounds—many being from the best kennels in England. There are three hunting appointments per week, the principal territory being the Islands of Montreal and Jesu.

There are quite as many as usual taking part in this kingly sport this year. About 60 were mounted at the opening meet. A few old hunting members have dropped out, but there are several new ones. Nearly all the members, however, have been hunting for a number of seasons—some as long as 25 years. Mr. John Crawford, of Verdun, who has been master for two or three different periods, is the oldest hunter of the lot, being now in his 86th year, yet still an occasional follower of the hounds. He began to hunt in 1855 in Montreal, and has been devoted to the sport ever since. Several ladies follow the pack regularly. The meets this fall are proving most successful and delightful.

BEAGLE.

ON THE GRIDIRON.

THE McGill-Queen's football match, of Saturday last, furnished a surprise to the home team as much as to the visitors. To say that the play was poor is a decided mistake. Better running, tackling, kicking and catching, could scarcely be wished for.

That the victory fell to a team inferior in every point save one, i.e., the scrimmage, affords one more instance of what has been demonstrated year after year in Rugby—that possession of the ball means everything. It may not be amiss to draw attention to the fact that McGill's game was one of mass play from start to finish. That such should be the case

is especially remarkable, when it is remembered that McGill were the bitter opponents of this style of play last season. Their representative at the meeting of the Intercoll. gate Union, along with Varsity, came down very heavily upon Queen's for spoiling intercollegiate football by such tactics on the field. This year McGill's only strength lies in the scrimmage, and they have to cut their cloth accordingly. Without blaming them too much for what they cannot very well help, let them, however, be a little more lenient in future with styles of play at which they are not, **AT THE TIME,** proficient.

The matches played under the auspices of the Quebec Rugby Union would almost go to show that the popularity of the game is on the wane. Players and officials, however, have only themselves to blame for this state of affairs. A few years ago, the fact of two teams like Montreal and Ottawa College playing would have filled the big M.A.A.A. stand to its utmost capacity, whereas it was only about half-filled on Saturday, when these two teams met for the first time this year.

The game itself could not be called a good exhibition. The first half was about as miserable an exhibition of how not to do it as could be; one series of uninteresting scrimmages followed another, relieved occasionally by a punt or two, and the "knocking out" of several players, for the work of the heavy centre men was by no means clean; in one or two instances it was flagrantly foul.

If any college team in the United States were guilty of the open "scrapping" of our wings, the hacking of our scrimmage, and of blows deliberately struck, when and where the officials cannot see, they would be ostracized by players, public and press. Such things are unheard of in England, even among the professionals, and yet this sort of thing characterizes the style of play at every one of our matches, is winked at by the public, cheered by interested supporters, and scarcely mentioned by the papers.

One thing only remains to make the game again respectable, and that is, immediate, vigorous, and combined action on the part of all officers of the different unions, but more especially by referees and umpires, on whom it is unfortunate that all responsibility must rest.

The match between the Britannias and Brockville is said to have been characterized by some very unseemly work. The Brits. charge roughness against their opponents, and also claim that the first half was brought to a close several minutes before time was up. If this is true, it is a very serious charge.

THE IMPARTIAL ONLOOKER.



Some Notable Books of the Day. "LADY BARBARITY," a romance, by J. C. Snaith. This is a story of the last century. The heroine is a hoydenish beauty, only happy in mischief or adventure. Opportunity lends itself to her desire for excitement and the story turns upon the mood in which Lady Barbarity meets opportunity. The narrative is most animated, and will be enjoyed by those who love a tantalizing succession of hair-breadth escapades and ingenious entanglements woven together into a network that is only unravelled at the end of the book. The surprise of the story is the discovery of the hero at the eleventh hour. There is some good character sketching in "Lady Barbarity." The Earl father, who, notwithstanding his superficial refinement, is at heart a reprobate and a pagan, presents a strong but truthful study in the deterioration of character produced by combined wealth and idleness.

"YOUNG APRIL." By Egeton Castle, with illustrations by A. B. Wenzell. This book has been well described as "a sentimental romance, without sentimentality." The story moves with unlagging rapidity to its end. It embraces intrigues, duels, quarrels, reconciliations, surprises without number. Yet the beautiful impression left by "Young April" on the mind and in the heart is due not to the stirring character of the story, but rather to the rare note of "sunny youth, happy experience and sweet sentiment," which the author strikes in his first chapter. The hero is surrounded by a glamor of love and loveliness, delightful in its subtle sweetness, but never mawkish or unmanly. Almost lyric in its quality is the style in which the story is unfolded. There is in the book a mysterious but imperative charm which has caused it to be highly praised by more than one critic. It is full of a high chivalry and ideality, an exquisite grace, without being once stilted or unnatural, and it is likely to become exceedingly popular.

"STALKY & CO." By Rudyard Kipling. If the genius and the popularity of Mr. Kipling are on the wane, as some contend, one of the indications is the coolness with which Stalky & Co. is being received. I have not yet had an opportunity to read this book, but I note that the New York Tribune, one of Mr. Kipling's first, as well as one of his staunchest and steadiest friends, says that "for once his good taste and his sense of what is interesting have deserted him." The book it pronounces "a glorification of cheap 'smartness' and the first book by Mr. Kipling which we have found an unmitigated bore."

"MATTHEW ARNOLD." By George Saintsbury, M.A., professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University. Arnold has long been a source of dubiety for Professor Saintsbury. The latter has found it possible to approve his great contemporary, but never without serious reservations. In the work under discussion the professor elaborates his criticism of the great critic and poet, hitherto expressed in brief passages in his "History of Nineteenth Century Literature" and his "Short History of English Literature." According to the book now before us, Matthew Arnold was, on the whole, an ambiguous individual. He was a gentleman; he worked dutifully at the uncongenial tasks set him by fate; he wrote some good prose and some better verse; but if he had any scholarship it was of a very amateurish sort; if he had abundant taste we may be sure that a good deal of it was bad, and if the inspiration of the poet visited him it was only casually, at long intervals, and with a certain grudging disposition. We find

scattered bursts of enthusiastic praise in this book, but their value is seriously diminished by the welter of "buts" and "ifs" through which Professor Saintsbury wades from beginning to end. His criticism of Arnold has, of course, already met with much opposition and counter criticism from the admirers of the great English critic, and one hostile reviewer describes the professor's work as an "ill-written as well as an ill-conceived volume." It is a book, however, that every serious student of English literature must read with an honest and open mind.

"LOVE AMONG THE LIONS." By F. Anstey. This is a nonsense book in this farce-author's liveliest vein. The perversity of a woman develops an eccentric situation and a consequent panic in her lover, who, between cowardice and romantic affection, is kept in a state of unremitting and acute agitation. Not the least of his disquietudes results from discovering, toward the close of his martyrdom, that his mental tortures have been unnecessary, being due mainly to his own lack of perspicacity. The tale of the hero's wooing, as related by himself, is perfervid, as is to be expected, but he is not without his lucid intervals, as witness when he learns from the engraving on a brass plate that the man he assumes to be his innamorata's father is Aeneas Polkinghorne, professor of elocution, he admits "I can give no greater indication of the extent of my passion, even at this stage, than by saying that I found this surname musical, and lingered over each syllable with delight." The hero has no reservations from the reader, whom he frankly takes into his confidence at every stage of the preliminary arrangements for the final dread event. He reveals himself as a temporizing weak-kneed hypocrite, but still he does not forfeit respect, because he manages along with pitiable self-revelations to enlist the reader's sympathy; for his experience was beyond cavil, trying, and it is doubtful if he behaved much if any worse under the circumstances than most men would have done.

"LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY." By Maurice Hewlett. These tales of the Italian Renaissance fully justify the reputation their author achieved from his first book, "Earth-work out of Tus any," his collection of verse, "Songs and Meditations," and his long novel, "The Forest Lovers." The "Little Novels" are stories of the crime, passion and intrigue of the time in which they are set, relieved of what might be too sombre hues by occasional types of innocence, purity and moral heroism, and by many passages full of refined comedy. Mr. Hewlett's imagination is strong and chaste, and his style is nearly always felicitous.

CANTON.

CAPTAIN OF "THE BRITS."



MR. PHIL MACKENZIE.

MR. PHIL MACKENZIE, captain of the Britannia Rugby Football team, has played the great autumn sport for a number of years. Commencing in 1895, he was on the senior team of "the Brits." for two successive seasons. They then resigned from the senior series, and in 1897 played for and won the intermediate championship of Quebec, Mr. MacKenzie playing in his position at centre half, both that year and the following season, when the intermediate championship of Canada fell to this club. This year the Britannias are back again in the senior series, with Mr. MacKenzie as their captain. He is playing in his usual position and is doing good work, both as a player and as head of the team.



SOCIETY

"No one needs amusement so much as he who has most of it."—GEORGE.

THOUGH momentarily appearing as something of a paradox there is more truth in this assertion than at first meets the eye. To a large proportion of us this world is work-a-day enough. Probably some of us feel that amusement must needs be a secondary consideration, and that our supply is never equal to our just demand even then. We long for the time when pleasure is put before duty, if the two don't happen to assimilate, and frequently make up our minds that we will reserve a day on which our own wishes will come before anyone else's; our own plans be made without another's sanction. Not that we live for others, or set up ourselves as unselfish, or free from egotism. No, merely that stress of circumstances obliges us to be the drones; the pipes to others' dancing; the moths that let the butterflies show off in the sunlight, and have to be content with the rays of the tallow candle.

But, though we may grumble occasionally, we are optimistic enough for the most part. Less satisfies us, and the pleasures that filter through the worries are not snapped at so greedily as they are taken philosophically, and enjoyed according to their worth. We sigh, no doubt, at their scarcity, but busy hands and brains, occupations and interests, drive away regret.

NO, it is the seekers of pleasure and unceasing amusement only that find the object of their search so difficult to discover—those restless people, without aim or ambition, beyond a certain amount of self-gratification to be administered daily in doses as large as it is possible to procure. This is a restless age, restless in every particular; an age of striving and straining after the possible and impossible. And the restlessness that characterizes business matters lends its disturbing element to the lighter side of life.

There are many people who, either lacking in birth, position, money, or whatever the necessary qualifications are in the state of social distinction spoken of so freely by them as "society," spend their spare time in anathematizing the population on the opposite bank of that bridgeless abyss. They talk of "the gay, butterfly existence," "the empty vanities" of lives that, did they but realize it, are quite as well spent as their own. They speak of "fashionable people" as though the term was synonymous with breakers of the Ten Commandments, and more—if there happened to be others. If the fact must be looked into, the habitations of the mighty are not the only ones that harbor the discontented pleasure-loving spirits. It is not to be denied that, perhaps, owing to their "lot" being in "a fair ground," the possessors of "a goodly heritage" are in a position to cater to the craving for gaiety, and follow the rounds of frivolity with more assiduity than those of lesser means.

Yet, there is not a division or a subdivision of human souls, innocent of the same type of being—whether it be the working-man who spends his last 10c. piece to see a realistic production at his favorite theatre, or the tired shop-girl who expends hard-earned money to breathe impure air at a matinee because she must have excitement, or whether it be the men and women who sit in the orchestra chairs and boxes almost nightly, lest their absence should necessitate a peaceful evening in their own drawing-rooms with none other than their own or their family's society.

IT IS always sad, in a measure, to watch the enthusiasm of youth die out, and a blase, indifferent attitude of mind fill its place; yet one feels that when the change occurs, it is no doubt for the best. To drink to the full of anything and become satisfied, after all, is the most one can do. It is well enough to see one's friends still keen for enjoyment, still easily pleased, even though their years are creeping on apace, for one recognizes the simplicity of their natures, and admiration, if not wonder, is evoked.

But to witness people, no longer young, still paunting, in spite of all obstacles, in the mad race after excitement, in what form it may deign to take shape, or at what cost, is nothing short of a degrading spectacle. Without aims or interests of benefit to themselves or mankind, on they rush, helter-skelter, and the passive onlookers are left behind, glad to be outsped by such a turbulent throng.

Are there any of us that do not number among our acquaintance, such people? About whom in fair weather, no doubt, we cluster, but from whom, in the dull days, we shrink. Do we go to those people who make amusement their god, when we want sympathy? Do we expect help or encouragement from those who cannot bear to see a joyless face, or listen to a tongue that is not ever ready with a bon-mot? No, thank Heaven, we have among us others than this! And in joy or sorrow, laughter or tears, we come for whole-hearted sympathy to the friends that realize that God's earth is not all a playground, and that pleasure may be derived from education, cultivation, and the bettering of one's higher nature in as great, and avowedly more beneficent, proportion than is obtainable from the fleeting follies of the hour.

GOLF has most assuredly worked its way into the hearts of Montreal people, and, no doubt, the fair golfers of the Royal Montreal Ladies' Club are responsible for its position. Its popularity could not have been more strongly demonstrated than on Wednesday of last week, when the recently completed club house was formally opened with its initial tea party. It was unfortunate that the gloom of the day should have somewhat detracted from the beauties of the links. But the concourse of people did much to enliven where Nature refused to smile. Probably a larger number of guests never took advantage of the cordial invitation extended by the members, although the entertainments at the Golf Club are two well-known ever to be sparsely attended.

From the scene at the Bonaventure station one would have supposed there was a large race meeting on hand, or, at least, an exposition, and seats in all the cars were at a premium for the late arrivals.

MR. JOHN TURNBULL, the indefatigable president, received the guests on the broad gallery, and from thence everyone who could, passed on into the hospitable club-room, as much to explore the new beauties as to enjoy the very excellent tea. Nothing could be more charming than the interior of the bungalow. With its low ceiling, its high, dark wainscoting, broad windows, and quaint fireplace of rough hewn stone, flanked on either side by deep, old-fashioned settles, it seems to give one a peep into the old days when hard-riding squires sat around just such a log fire, with their tankards of home-brewed ale, and gentle ladies tended the whirring wheel by the fading sunset light through just such windows.

A GOODLY number of people had lunched at the club, as well as the visiting and home teams, for all the enthusiasts had spent the day at Dixie in order to see the play. And it was pleasant news to the newcomers to learn that the Province of Quebec had held its own, with a score of 53 to the good. No wonder that jovial spirits reigned supreme, when all remembered that on the previous day the home team had been successful in their match against Quebec. The remainder of the time was spent in wandering about the links and

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

watching the various foursomes coming in, the latter, no doubt, being a pastime the players could have dispensed with, as putting is not an art to be brought to perfection when one is being inspected by a group of chattering onlookers.

A special train, after a somewhat lengthy wait on the part of the guests, conveyed the very jolly party back to town in admirable time for dinner, and on all sides the opinion was most forcibly expressed as to the delights of the opening tea.

AMONG those present were: Miss Macdougall, Col. and Mrs. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. Denne, Miss Molson, the Misses Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. A. Harriss, Mr. and Mrs. Lausing Lewis, Miss Scott, Miss Minda Buchanan, Mrs. Coristine Miss Coristine, Mrs. G. Napier, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. T. C. Kidd, Mrs. R. W. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. L. Sutherland, Miss Piers, Mrs. A. G. B. Claxton, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Miss M. Ramsay, Mrs. Applegath, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Law, Miss Paterson, Miss Street, the Misses Woodhouse, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mrs. Southam, Miss Linton, Miss Towne, the Misses Cassils, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Mr. B. M. Humble, Mr. E. Smith, the Misses Dawes, Mrs. Lyman, Miss Lyman, Miss Strathy, Miss Eadie, Miss Stearns, Mrs. E. Meredith (Quebec), Miss Sweetland (Ottawa), Miss G. Crombie (Toronto), Miss Turner (Quebec), Miss Sewell (Quebec), Miss Yarker (Toronto), Mrs. W. M. Dobell, the Misses Ewan, Mr. H. Ewan, Mr. J. S. MacIntyre, Mr. C. Sise, Miss Sise, Miss Caro Brainerd, Miss Cundill, Miss Kittson, Mrs. W. W. Waton, Mrs. W. M. Marler, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Miss Stephens, Mr. G. W. Stephens (jr.), Miss Edythe Gault, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss Allan, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Miss E. Marler, Miss Isabel Burke, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Hayter Reed, Mrs. A. D. MacTier, Miss M. Thompson (Quebec), Mr. Hanbury Budden, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. W. Hope, Mrs. Wigmore, Miss Watt, Miss Ludington, Mrs. Henshaw, Miss Greene, Miss Drury, Miss Howard, Mrs. Waddell, Dr. and Mrs. Wyld, Miss Annie Galt, Dr. and Mrs. Shirres, Mrs. F. Taylor, and many others.

MRS. ALEC. ESDAILE, who has been abroad for some years, is visiting her sisters-in-law, the Misses Esdaile, University street. Mrs. Esdaile's visit is a source of much pleasure to very many old friends whom she made when living here.

Miss Louisa Archbald, Durocher street, has left town to visit friends in Toronto for some weeks.

MR. AND MRS. G. C. SMITH have returned from their wedding trip, and are now settled in their new residence on Fort street. Mrs. Smith received on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Macgregor street, entertained a number of friends at lunch last week, to meet Miss Mitchell, of New York.

The marriage of Miss Anne Ewing, daughter of Mr. A. S. Ewing, to Mr. Robert Starke, son of Mr. G. R. Starke, will take place at St. Paul's church on Wednesday, October 25.

ALMOST from time immemorial, that is at least to Montreal's younger generation, has McGill's sports day been a red letter day in the calendar. And this year was no exception to the rule. The weather was pleasantly warm, although the sun was singularly chary in dispensing his rays, and one sat for the whole afternoon at the M.A.A.A. grounds without feeling a tremor of cold. It would almost seem as though the greater part of Montreal had turned out to witness the doings of her collegians, for the enormous stand was packed very nearly

from end to end. The lusty voices of the students enlivened the pauses, notwithstanding they were quieter than is usual. The events were full of interest and keenly contested. Several McGill records were broken, thereby causing endless gratification. The faculty team race, which ended the programme, was a source of great excitement, and resulted in a victory for science. Shortly after 5 o'clock the games were over, and, as the spectators hurried off to the various tea-parties at which they were expected, or even more prosaically to their own homes, no doubt they all shared the same hope that McGill may ever shelter as many upholders of true sport as at present, and that her reputation in all appertaining to athletics may never be other than widespread.

DR. JAMES BELL, has left town with some friends on a shooting expedition in Nova Scotia. Judging from the various reports big game seems plentiful this year, and sport consequently good.

Mr. Harry Cross and Miss Cross are visiting Mrs. Cross, Cote des Neiges Road.

Mrs. Collins, England, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Joseph, Dorchester street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Paugman returned this week from New York, and have taken possession of their house on Union avenue.

AVERY pleasant little tea was given on Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. C. Ward, Mount Pleasant avenue, for her sister, Mrs. MacNaughton, who has lately returned from abroad. Professor and Mrs. MacNaughton, and Master Ion MacNaughton, after a short visit in Montreal, left this week for Kingston.

Miss Gertrude Hampson, who has spent the last six or seven months in traveling in England and Scotland, arrived this week by ss. Dominion.

Miss Lily Dougall, the well known Canadian novelist, was also a passenger on the Dominion. Her admirers will hope to hear of some fresh evidence of her skill in weaving interesting romances, at no distant date.

MR. D. STEWART ROBERTSON, of Kingston, has been spending some days in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. George Molson, Bishop street.

ONE really sometimes is inclined to wonder how far people can merge upon madness, and yet be considered sane, when one reads the questions and answers conducted, ostensibly in all seriousness, in some magazines and papers. This form of correspondence seems confined largely to the penny weeklies that flourish in such numbers in England, though even in the higher class magazines people are encouraged to pour in questions that their own family, at any rate their next door neighbors, unless extraordinarily stupid, could answer satisfactorily. Self-conscious children, on the invitation of "Aunt Polly" or some such fictitious relation, scribble accounts of their homes and pets, accompanied with their photographs, and are rewarded by the appearance of their name in print, and a loving message tacked on to the end by this large-hearted lady. Women who might occupy their time more profitably write lengthy explanatory notes as to the condition of their wardrobe or house furnishings, and receive hints for one or the other that are as impracticable as they are unsuitable.

But these are the least harmless. In a certain paper which shall be nameless, a series of "Side Talks" is conducted that fills any reader endowed with an atom of common sense with a feeling of ferocity impossible to depict. "I met someone at a dance," says "Troubled," "who made love to me before the evening was over. I was too astonished to rebuke him, but I am privately engaged to someone my people don't approve. I have lost my heart to this other and prefer him to my fiancee."

"I am far from home," says someone else, "and a man has written to say he considers himself engaged to me . . ." with more of the same trend. These quotations are genuine, and are fair samples of a dozen or so in each issue.

Is it possible that there are so many friendless imbeciles who have no one to turn to for advice on such idiotic subjects, but an unknown editor? Though we may be maligning some unfortunate person, we prefer, on the whole, to assume that both questions and answers emanate from one overworked brain. Unless it is so, lunacy is unmistakably on the increase.

DR. AND MRS. CHARLES MACEACHIRAN and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bishop and family, Mr. T. D. Bell, Mrs. Bell, the Misses Bell, Mr. Bart. McLennan and Mr. A. E. Ogilvie are among the last to close up their summer residences at Cartierville.

His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Hunter-Dunn arrived this week from England, where they have spent the summer.

Mrs. Percival R. Gault is among the brides receiving this week. On Monday and Wednesday afternoons a large number of friends had the pleasure of visiting her in her pretty house on Mackay street.

Mrs. Davidson Parker and Miss Helen Parker are among the arrivals by the Tainui, after having spent a pleasant summer in England visiting relatives.

INVITATIONS are out for a dance to be given on Tuesday, October 31, by Mrs. William Donahue, at the Windsor. It is in honor of Miss Eva Donahue, who will make her debut on that occasion. The Ladies' ordinary at the Windsor makes a most delightful ball-room, and almost of itself insures the success of this first large dance of the season.

ON Saturday last the Brookline County Club played the Royal Montreal Golf Club team at Dixie. The visitors, we may almost add "of course," won, but the beating was on the whole a merciful one, for they were but 14 holes up. Mr. Percy Taylor distinguished himself by making a record round and, naturally, winning from his opponent. After lunch the players had several friendly foursomes, and later, dined at the Forest and Stream Club. Quite a number of ladies were out to watch the match, and pick up any new and possible hints as to style or efficacious play. And here their own Club House had a chance of showing its use. For in its precincts they were enabled to lunch quietly and comfortably before leaving for town. It seems as though the weather had made up its great mind that visitors last week to the links should not be allowed to see them at their best. For Wednesday and Saturday were equally dull, and oppressive in the extreme.

ON Saturday, Mrs. R. Wilson Reford gave a very jolly afternoon tea for her sister, Miss Meighen, and a number of her friends.

LAST week, Mrs. Grant MacIntosh received at her pretty house in Durocher street. Like several other brides, her wedding took place too late in the season to permit of her friends calling upon her until after the summer.

ON Sunday, the Countess of Aberdeen arrived in Montreal by the ss. Dominion, and was the guest of Mrs. G. A. Drummond, previous to her taking her departure for Hamilton, where she will receive an enthusiastic welcome from the members of the National Council. It is pleasant to learn that her interest in this great organization has in no way abated. Miss Wilson, who has occupied the position of secretary for the National Council, will assume the responsibilities connected with a similar position in the Canadian branch.

THE new honorary-secretary of the National Home Reading Union in Montreal is Miss Viola Kerry, the former very able secretary, Miss Skelton, having retired. The circles formed

in connection with this very admirable organization are yearly increasing in number in Canada, and, after the interesting addresses given last week by Mrs. Drummond, Professor Colby and Dean Walton, systematic reading should receive the attention it deserves.

MISS RATHBUN, Deseronto, is visiting Miss Estelle Holland, Sherbrooke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hampson, and Master Hampson, who have spent the summer at their pretty cottage, "The White House," Longue Pointe, have returned to their house on Hutchison street.

AMONG the ladies who accompanied the Brookline County Club golfers was Mrs. Thorpe, wife of Mr. Thorpe, whom Mr. Taylor had the honor of beating. And it is a matter of no little interest to learn that she is a daughter of the great Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, that poet who elicited as much love and admiration from the British people as from his own countrymen. It is not known whether her illustrious father's mantle has fallen upon her in any degree, as far as poetry is concerned. No doubt she has been brought up to admire rather than emulate his works.

MR. DAVIS, Kingston, spent a few days in town this week, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Fleming, Fort street.

Miss Redpath and Miss Helen Redpath have left town for Ste. Agathe, where they intend to make a stay of some months. Miss Penner, of Kingston, is visiting Mrs. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue.

Cards are out for an afternoon tea to be given on Saturday by Mrs. Davis, "Beausejour," Pine avenue.

ON Tuesday afternoon a very interesting and successful meeting was held in connection with the Victorian Order of Nurses at their home on University street, not the least pleasant feature being the presence of the Countess of Aberdeen. The Montreal branch of this order was only founded in 1898, but, judging from the reports, the work done among the extremely poor, and even the comparatively well-to-do, has been eminently successful in the fulfilment of its mission. Lady Aberdeen gave a most graphic account of the necessity for such an organization in the Northwest, and cited many instances of the unwillingness of different districts to do without these nurses when once they had received the benefit of their care and skill. Dr. Craik also made a very excellent speech, and his words were listened to with the attention and appreciation he always commands. Sir William Hingston, Hon. G. A. Drummond, and Mr. A. M. Crombie, also addressed the meeting. Among those present were: Lady Hingston, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. Mendola de Sola, Mrs. Barclay, Madame Thibaudreau, Mrs. R. Macdonell, Mrs. G. C. Dunlop, Mrs. H. C. Scott, Prof. Bovey, Mr. G. C. Dunlop, Dr. Roddick, Miss Wilson, Mrs. R. W. Macdougall, Miss Bond, Miss Ewan, and many others. After the meeting, very excellent tea and a pleasant informal talk brought the afternoon to a close.

MISS LILLIE OGLIVIE left this week for Quebec, where she will spend some weeks, the guest of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Wilson, the Citadel.

IT IS with sincere regret that the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Stancliffe have received the news that they have decided to make their home in England, and that at no far distant date. Mrs. Stancliffe has long been associated with many good works in Montreal, and in social and musical circles her absence will leave a blank not easily filled. Mr. Stancliffe has ever been a leading and powerful spirit where golf is concerned, and at the Dixie links he will be very much missed by many a member, both old and young.

MUCH interest centres in Lieut. Maclnnes, R.E., whose engagement to Miss Millicent Thomas was recently announced, and who, when last heard from, was with his company at Kimberley, South Africa.

Mrs. Finley, Dorchester street, gave a large dinner party in honor of Mr. Whitlaw, of New York, on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. P. C. Kidd, University street, gave a delightful tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Our 5-Minute Story

JOHNNIE.

BY FAYR MADOC.

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I.

JOHNNIE, walking home from his office one cold evening in the merry month of May, looked down into the kitchens of the fine houses in Queen's Gate, and wished that he were going to dine in one of the handsomely curtained dining-rooms above. It was seven o'clock, and the most savory odors came floating up from the areas, and in one kitchen the wayfarer could espy a splendid joint hanging before the fire, and in another the cook could be seen beating a toothsome custard. But whether the viands were visible or not, it was evident that, all along the line, people were going to dine, and to dine well too.

It was a tantalizing thought for a hungry man, and Johnnie was a very hungry man. True, he had dined off a mutton-chop about half-past one, but he had had no extras to this simple fare, and of the luxury of afternoon tea he knew nothing. Indeed, of any gastronomic luxuries he was ignorant. Breakfast of coffee and bread and butter, with perhaps a dried haddock or a slice of cold bacon, dinner at a restaurant, and when he got home, a meal which was called supper, but which consisted of tea and toast, garnished with a sardine or a spoonful of grated cheese: this was what Johnnie had grown tall upon.

He was abnormally tall—a great deal too tall for his width, and he did not look robust. Nevertheless, he was five-and-twenty, and his health had never yet failed him, and he had worked hard since he was 16, and had supported himself and helped to support his mother and his delicate sister.

Johnnie never complained. He had his day-dreams, of course, and his fine aspirations. He wanted to dine in great houses, he longed to associate with gentlemen, in fine, he craved society, but he never showed any signs of discontent. He came of the grand old stock that has made England what she is, and though he could not count a hundred curls among his forebears, he was as staunch and brave as if his shield had had 24 quarterings.

But on this evening, as he walked through Queen's Gate to his mean little home beyond Lillie Bridge, he was seized with what he was wont comically to call "the tenth commandment disease." He was restless, his heart was full; his intellect was quick. In short, he coveted.

He saw other young men, fresh from their Bond street tailors, dashing about in lousings, and he envied them. He longed for some of their opportunities, their possibilities. If he could change places with one of these only for a week! If he could only go in and out of these high, wide houses, call a hansom a dozen times a day, wear a good hat and neat boots, above all, dine at such a table as he had read of in novelettes, and talk on equal terms to the gilded youth, whose easy airs he so much admired! Nay, nay! He must not be a prince unless his mother, who worked so hard in her wretched little "Select School for Young Gentlemen," which was attended by the sons of greengrocers and fishmongers, might be a queen and cease from her labors, and unless Bessie might be a princess, with a fur bon around her neck and guineas in her pocket to get advice for her cough.

He was a good fellow, unselfish to the core, and his mother and Bessie reigned in his heart. He was cultivated enough, being an assiduous reader of newspapers, and a frequenter of the free library, and he felt that he could hold his own intellectually among the rich and educated Queen's Gaters; but to

climb, like Jack, up the beanstalk, and leave his mother and sister behind—oh, no!

Suddenly, as he pondered over these things, the door of a house opened, and a man came rushing down the steps.

"Hullo, Vincent, old man! You're just the fellow I want."

"You mistake. My name is Wright," said Johnnie mildly.

The stranger recoiled. He was a handsome man, of the vulgar type, flashily dressed, about 10 years Johnnie's senior. He stared at Johnnie for a moment. Then he put his hand on his arm again.

"Surely I can't be mistaken," he said earnestly. "Hang it, man, there can't be two Vincents! I never saw such a likeness. You're pulling me by the leg, my boy!"

"My name is Wright," repeated Johnnie.

Again the stranger went backward.

"Odd!" he muttered. "And the very fac-simile! Might be his twin. Well, can't be helped. I'm in a pretty fix." He glanced at his watch. "Must be off in a couple of jills."

"What is it?" asked Johnnie, good-naturedly.

"A deuce of a nuisance," said the man. "I'm all alone in here with a little kid of mine that I can't leave, and don't want to take hanging around a station. Fact is, I've got to go and meet my wife at Victoria, and I don't know what to do with the youngster, and when I saw you coming along, I said to myself, 'Vincent's the best chap alive. He'll stop with Percy!' And then blest if you say you're not Vincent!"

"I'm not Vincent. But if I could be of any use," began Johnnie, unguardedly.

"Could you? Would you?" cried the man, eagerly. "Would you stay with the kid while I fetch his mother?"

"How long?" asked Johnnie.

"An hour. An hour and a half at the outside."

"All right."

"A thousand thanks." The stranger drew Johnnie inside the house, and shouted "Percy." Then a little boy of four years old came running out of the back room, holding his finger shyly in his mouth. The man took him up and kissed him. Then he put him into Johnnie's arms.

"Be a good boy, and do what this gentleman tells you till daddy comes back," he said. "He won't be any trouble," he added, looking at Johnnie. "There's supper somewhere about; help yourself. In two hours, at the very stretch. Au revoir, Mr. Wright."

In a moment he was gone. The door slammed behind him, and Johnnie, making a dash after him, saw him disappearing round a corner. He turned to the child in his arms.

"Who was that?" he said.

"Daddy."

"And where's mammy?"

"Dunno."

There was no information to be extracted from the child, and Johnnie proceeded to search for the supper. But the cupboard was bare. He could find nothing but a crust of bread, and for this little Percy held out his hand.

"I want it," he said, distinctly, and Johnnie gave it to him.

"He must be back by nine o'clock," he said, trying to reassure himself; and he amused the child till the little fellow fell asleep. Then Johnnie laid him on the bed in the back room. The rest of the house was empty.

"Daddy," Percy explained, with the astuteness that the children of adventurers often acquire, "Daddy's keeping the house, but he ain't much good. He owes a lot. It's because of them things," and he pointed to a pack of cards.

"So I'm dished!" thought Johnnie, as he sat beside the sleeping child, and the hours glided by. For Percy's daddy did not return, and about midnight, Johnnie, cold and exhausted for want of food fell asleep himself in an uncomfortable straight-backed arm-chair.

How long he lay there, dreaming uneasily that he was always swarming down areas with delicious smells in his nostrils, only to find when he reached the bottom that the

kitchen was empty, he did not know; but he awoke suddenly at the sound of a violent knock at the door, and he started up.

"Mother and Bessie have wired," he said to himself, as he crossed the vestibule. Then he recalled to mind that they knew nothing about him, and he laughed as he undid the door.

The postman looked at him suspiciously. With that queer-sounding laughter on his lips, with his hair dishevelled and his dress in disorder he looked like a lunatic.

"Anyone of the name of Wright?" said the functionary.

Johnnie grasped the letter, and, in his eagerness, he let the man go without asking for any information concerning Percy's father.

The letter was addressed to—Wright, Esq., and it ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I must apologize for leaving you stranded with my young hopeful, but as I have overrun the constable and am obliged to cross to the Continent to-night, I was compelled to look around for someone to take the poor little devil, and when I saw you I saw you were a soft-hearted sort of fool, and I acted accordingly. I've got no wife, and I know no one of the name of Vincent, and I'd never seen anyone a bit like you before. But I'm what they call a physiognomist, and I saw you weren't one to let a child starve. So I did the trick, and I apologize, as I said above. Yours, awfully pressed for time, R. Stevens.

"P.S.—My wife was well-connected, and the little beggar's grandfather is Lord Weybourne. If he won't do anything for the kid, and you aren't so soft as you look, he must go to the Foundling."

II.

Late that afternoon Johnnie presented himself at the town residence of the Earl of Weybourne, and he requested to see his lordship on important business. He was a very different man from the Johnnie who had walked through Queen's Gate barely 24 hours before, looking down the arcs and breaking the tenth commandment. Then he had been light-hearted and happy; now a weight of dreadful responsibility had settled upon him. Then he had been well, if hungry; now he had caught a fearful cold in that night spent fasting in an arm-chair, and he felt ridiculously ill.

He had concealed his feelings as much as he could from his mother, who was always anxious if he so much as sneezed—as a mother is apt to be whose husband has died of consumption at less than thirty, and one of whose two children is already in a decline—but he had felt scarcely able to crawl to Lord Weybourne's house across the park, and when he reached the door he was ready to faint. He pulled himself together, however—considering that it was puerile to be knocked up by one night out of bed—and spoke sternly to the footman.

It is not always easy to gain access to a great man, but Johnnie, by his mother's advice, had written to announce his coming, and something in his manly simple address had touched the earl, and he had given orders that Mr. Wright should be admitted. So Johnnie was shown into a comfortable little room, where a fire crackled and to which the east wind did not penetrate, and he threw himself down upon a couch and gave himself up, for the first time in his life, to entirely comfortable surroundings. He was warm; he lay soft; no smells or sounds assailed him; he slept for an instant and thought he was in Heaven. But he was only in a rich man's simplest apartment.

While he awaited the interview he thought of little Percy, who was a pretty child, with winning ways, and he wondered whether Lord Weybourne would let him come sometimes to see his grandson. He never thought of the possibility of the child being repudiated. His mother, poor as she was, had gathered the little one to her heart, and Bessie, coughing more than usual because of the agitation and anxiety of that night of watching for the absent brother, had never reproached him for bringing home another mouth to feed. They had made a

joke of it; they had bantered Johnnie on his credulity, he, a Londoner, and so easily taken in! The laughter had helped Johnnie to conceal his illness, and he had gone off to his office, only owing to being "tired." He was more than tired now. He was so much fatigued that his weariness amounted to pain. But he threw it from him; he was angry. Teh! that one night of discomfort should upset him thus. It was not to be borne.

When the footman came for him he followed the servant slowly, for his feet were heavy and his head ached; but when he reached Lord Weybourne's presence he suddenly became alert and forgot that he was weary. In a large and beautiful room, furnished as Johnnie had never conceived possible, stood a young man, scarcely older than himself, with his back to the fire, a bright light in his eyes and a pleasant tune upon his lips. He came forward, and as he drew near Johnnie stood still.

"There is some mistake," he said, blankly. "You cannot be anyone's grandfather."

"No," said the other, laughing gaily. "Didn't you want to see me? You wrote."



THE VICTIM.—You blankety blank old jay, what are you laughing at?

THE ONLOOKER.—Believe me, sir, I'm deeply grieved at your mishap, but I belong to the "Don't Worry" society. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

"I wanted to see Lord Weybourne," said Johnnie.

"Well, I am Lord Weybourne."

"And there is no other?"

"No."

"But," said Johnnie, grasping at a straw, "you have only been Lord Weybourne for a short time?"

"For fifteen years—since I was eleven. But sit down, Mr. Wright. You look ill and tired. What did you want of Lord Weybourne?"

Then Johnnie handed him Stevens' letter.

"I never had an aunt," said Lord Weybourne. "This is an entire fabrication. How did you come to be so taken in?"

Then Johnnie told him, and the earl laughed long and loud. He was strong and wealthy, and the story tickled him. But Johnnie rose impatiently.

"I need not detain your lordship any longer," he said. "I was indiscreet, and must suffer for it; but it is hardly a jest."

"You were awfully indiscreet," said Lord Weybourne

FIVE MINUTE STORY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

frankly. "But since you've got the child—my grandchild," and he laughed again, "what are you going to do with him?"

"Bring him up as best I can," replied Johnnie, grimly.

"Won't you think of the Foundling, as the fellow suggests?"

"No," said Johnnie, "he is too sweet."

Then he turned his head away, for a man must not be seen by another man to weep.

"Look here!" said Lord Weybourne. "Is it a matter of importance to you? May I help you? He is my grandson, you know."

"No," said Johnnie firmly. "I was an idiot; but I don't see why I should shift the consequences of my idiocy on to another man's shoulders."

"At least, stay and dine with me," said Lord Weybourne. "I dine at home to-night, and I hate dining alone."

I don't know what impulse dictated this invitation, nor do I know what impulse dictated Johnnie's acquiescence. But he accepted, and for once he sat at Dives' board and fared sumptuously. He forgot that he was ill. The generous wine invigorated him, the dainties tempted him, the luxury of the service and the surroundings made him feel like a man. He laughed and talked; he was excellent company. Lord Weybourne never guessed that he was poor.

"You must come again," he said, when Johnnie rose to go. "And about the brat? You are sure he won't be a burden on you?"

"Nay," said Johnnie, with rather a peculiar smile, "the fool's folly is surely his own."

Then he went out into the bitter east wind, and the door of Paradise closed behind him, and all at once he was weary again and sick unto death.

III.

"Darling, did I ever tell you of an original whom I fell in with in the spring, just before we were engaged?" said Lord Weybourne, one autumn day at the close of his long, sweet honeymoon.

"You've told me so many things," replied Lady Weybourne, smiling. "But I don't remember anything about an original."

So Lord Weybourne told her about Johnnie, and of how he had scorned any idea of help.

"I suppose he didn't want it," said the young man. "He was all right as to dress."

"But, my dear," cried the beautiful bride, "I expect he did want it."

For she was a clergyman's daughter, and though her father was a dean now and lived in clover, time was when he had been a poor vicar, and Lady Weybourne had felt the pinch of poverty and knew what it was to pretend that an extra knife and fork made no difference, though it did—it did, she said passionately to her husband.

Lord Weybourne was quite surprised. He was not selfish, nor thoughtless, nor hard-hearted; but he had been rich all his life, and he simply could not imagine what it was to be poor—even when his bride took pains to explain to him that some people have only £200 or £300 a year, and that every leg of mutton and every loaf of bread, and even every potato, costs a definite sum. "I asked him to come again," said Lord Weybourne, apologetically.

But Lady Weybourne knew also what it was to be proud, and she teased her husband till he took her back to London, and to call at the little house beyond Lillie Bridge, whose address Lord Weybourne had preserved. There they heard a story which made Lady Weybourne weep unaffectedly, and caused Lord Weybourne to look out of the window with his back to the company.

"Yes, my boy is very ill," said Mrs. Wright. "I was always uneasy about him, because his father died young; but he kept well enough till that terribly cold night he passed with

little Percy in that empty house. He got a bad cold and a pain in the chest, which he didn't tell me of, and when he came away from dining with you, my lord, he had no great coat, and he increased his cold, and next day he was down with pneumonia. Well, I needn't tell you all the details. He stuck to the office when he got better, but I saw how it would be, and a month ago he had to give it up."

"But is he so very ill?" cried Lord Weybourne, wheeling round.

"He is dying," said the mother quietly.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't he write?" cried Lord Weybourne, distractedly.

"My Lord, it had nothing to do with you," said Mrs. Wright. "It was his own doing, and it was a mere chance you knew anything about it. It isn't the expense of little Percy I think of, it's my boy's life. But no one could save that. It was his death-blow when that man Stevens put his hand on his arm. He couldn't stand privation, and the cold and the hunger did it. Oh, no, don't you be sorry! But will you come and see him?"

Lord Weybourne found Johnnie in the next room, dressed, but emaciated, and too feeble to rise. The strong young man took a seat by his side and attempted to express his sorrow and contrition.

"I oughtn't to have let you bear the burden alone," he said. "But I never thought of it. You held your head so high, my dear fellow, you—"

"I didn't want to seem poor," said Johnnie. "Now I begin to think it's a false pride. Why shouldn't you know a man's poor as well as that he's consumptive. However, if I'd told you, you couldn't have saved me. It's my own stupidity," he said, "but it isn't every piece of folly that's punished so straight and so soon."

"Wright," said Lord Weybourne, "when I look at you I can hardly bear to think of my own happy, jolly life. Why didn't you let me do something for you?"

"But you did," said Johnnie, laying his wasted hand on the other's arm. "I used to walk through Queen's Gate every day, and I used to long—oh, you don't know how I used to long!—to dine once in one of those houses and be a gentleman, if only for one evening. And you gave me my heart's desire, and I enjoyed it. I enjoyed it," he repeated, smiling. "Don't you think I owe that fellow Stevens something for having given me my chance?"

ON Tuesday afternoon Miss Evelyn Marker, Peel street, entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant little tea party.

Miss Turner, Quebec, who has been spending some days in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. Brainerd, Drummond street, left for home on Thursday last.

QUEBEC golfers, no doubt, are in excellent spirits this week, and not unreasonably so. For they succeeded on Monday in doing what was left undone here, namely, defeating the Brookline County Club by a score of 17 to 14.

However, we comfort ourselves with the thought that it was all in the Province of Quebec, and, accordingly, the glory reflects on us all!

MISS SCOTT, Quebec, who was among the visiting team of Quebec golfers, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Frank Bond, Bishopscourt.

Loyalty is a quality that should be encouraged till it reaches the highest possible pitch, much as some people choose to sneer at exhibitions of patriotism. And that Montreal is not behind hand in demonstrating her love for the Mother Country was strikingly evinced by the students of McGill on their theatre night, and also by the rest of the vast audience, and, again, in many of the churches on Sunday night. At St. Martin's, St. George's, the English Cathedral, and the Church of the Advent, references were made to this great crisis in British affairs, and the National Anthem and Rule Britannia were played. Those of the congregation who were not thrilled with that inexpressible, indefinable rush of enthusiastic loyalty were unimpressible and unemotional indeed.

Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

IT IS doubtful if any other city in North America has been so favored in the matter of high-class music this season as Montreal has been during the present week. With the French Grand Opera Company still at the Monument Nationale, and the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, at Her Majesty's theatre-goers here have had a choice of treats, fairly embarrassing in richness and variety. At the Monument Nationale the week's programme comprised Mignon, Guillaume Tell, Aida, Le Trouvère and L'Africain, while at Her Majesty's La Traviata, Carmen, Romeo et Juliette and Faust were presented. This is certainly from an operatic standpoint a menu worthy to be set before a king. If there is a slight reaction after it, all over in favor of lighter productions and lighter prices, who can wonder?

To the genuine music lover, to the taste that is capable of discrimination between permanent merit and ephemeral fame, in the most elusive and spiritual of all the arts, an adequate performance of a chef d'oeuvre in grand opera doubtless affords genuine pleasure. But I have often wondered, a looking over an average fashionable audience at such a time, how many were present because they could appreciate the music, how many because they wished others to think they could, and how many because they wished to see and be seen by the world of dress suits and décolleté gowns. Everyone, no doubt, enjoys the orchestra—who could fail to when the wizard hand of a Manacelli is on the baton? Everyone, also, enjoys the exquisite melody that pours from the throat of a Semblich, a Dippel, a Campanari, a Calve, a Suzanne Adams, a de Reszke, a Sabina, a Devries, a de Lussan, a Plancon, or an Ansaldo. But how many enjoy grand opera in its full beauty, as an artistic unity? I should not care to hazard an answer. But I recognize that the more one hears of good music the more critical becomes one's taste, and the more capable one gets of judging aright.

With regard to the Grau engagement at Her Majesty's, it must be said that the advent of such a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude afforded a rare treat to those whose taste in music is refined and educated. The productions will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. Mr. Grau has scored a triumph in gathering about him so much splendid talent, while, by bringing his company to Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy have laid the people of this city under a debt, and have done much, at some risk to themselves, to raise the standard of public taste.

CETILO

AT THE Academy of Music, the Devil's Auction ran during the first three days of the week and made a decided hit. What Happened to Jones is the bill at this theatre for the last half of the week. Doctor Bill at the Francais, like the plays that have preceded it, is a success. The Francais Stock Company are a capable lot of players and have so far been happy in their choice of dramas, as well as in casting the roles.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

MR. ALDEN BASS, who originally played General Stanburg in Held by the Enemy, comes to Montreal next week as a member of the Theatre Francais Stock Company. He is said to be an exceedingly clever actor, and will be welcomed by the Francais big clientele.

NO attraction that has visited Montreal in a long time has aroused greater interest than is being manifested in the forthcoming engagement of Hall Caine's, The Christian, which the management secured after persistent efforts, and at an unusual expense, for performances beginning Monday, October 23, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Hall Caine got his idea of The Christian from a sonnet of Rossetti on his

own drawings of Mary Magdala at the door of Simon the Pharisee. In the drawing Mary has left a festal procession, and is seen tearing a wreath of roses from her hair, and ascending, by a sudden impulse, the house wherein she sees the face of Christ. Her lover has followed her and is trying to draw her back. Though it is not intended that there should be any other parallel with the subjects of the drawing, yet the touching and beautiful lines of the poem express the motive of the play—the spiritual conflict in the heart of a true woman who stands between her good angel



MISS EFFIE ELLSLER
in The Christian, at the Academy, next week.

and bad angel, between the beauty and the brightness of the world and the sternness of self-sacrifice, between the chaplet of flowers and the crown of thorns, when the chaplet of flowers looked fairest. And this is, in some sort, the story of humanity, the human tragedy, the warfare waged in the hearts of all.

WILLIE GILLETTE is probably the most skillful dramatic writer that America has produced, and, indeed, from the point of deep plot and execution, no country has produced a greater playwright. Mr. Gillette's Secret Service packed the Garrick Theatre nightly in New York. But, of all his contributions to the dramatic literature of the world, no greater work has he done than in Held by the Enemy, that perennial success which has been constantly played in America for the last 12 years. A production of this play at the Theatre Francais has been on the tapis for several weeks, and the management announce that it will be given next. Several extra members of the company have been called into requisition, the scene-painters have been employed for three weeks upon special sets of scenery, and the costumes for the entire production have been imported from Philadelphia. The play is described as of the most thrilling character. From the first moment after the curtain rises the suspense begins, and it is never relieved until the close of the last act. The company is admirably adapted to its production, and several of the members will be seen to the very best advantage in it. The vaudeville bill is headed by Rosaire, the wonderful wire-walker, who has already made a hit at the Francais.

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THE NEW C.P.R. DIRECTOR.

SIX years ago two men dined with "Bonanza" MacKay in New York. Both were very much depressed. The great financial panic of that year left one of them on the wrong side of the market, chiefly on Commercial Cable shares, while the other was a publisher, unsuccessful in his efforts to keep his magazine afloat. Mr. MacKay was an old friend and they had gone to him with their troubles. They were young men of great energy, great ability and confidence in the future of their interests. Neither had met the other before, nor, strange to say, have they seen each other since. Each impressed their always generous host and he helped them over their temporary difficulties. To-day, both men are millionaires. The first was Charles R. Hosmer, of Montreal. The other was Frank A. Munsey, of Munsey's Magazine, who recently refused \$3,000,000 cash and \$30,000 a year for his monthly.

As is well known, Mr. Hosmer has, of late years, acquired great wealth, and his position in the financial world has been affirmed not only by his recent appointment on the directorate



MR. CHARLES R. HOSMER.

of the C.P.R., but by his selection in a like capacity in such institutions as the Merchants Bank of Canada, the Montreal Gas Company, the London and Lancashire Insurance Company, Canada Paper Company, Edwardsburg Starch Company, the Pillow-Hersey Manufacturing Company, and other important enterprises, to say nothing of his position as vice-president of the Commercial Cable Company.

The story of Mr. Hosmer's rise is an inspiring one. Born in 1851 in the county of Soulanges, at the age of 14 he entered the service of the Montreal Telegraph Company as an operator. Step by step, but with great celerity, the ladder of promotion

was climbed, and, at the age of 21, he was appointed superintendent by the Dominion Telegraph Company, then the active competitors of the Montreal Company.

His striking abilities attracting the attention of prominent American capitalists, interested in the Mutual Union Telegraph Company of the United States, an organization formed to oppose the Western Union monopoly, Mr. Hosmer was offered and accepted the presidency of the Canada Mutual Telegraph Company, the Canadian ally of the Mutual Union. He retained that position until 1886, when his services were requested by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and Mr. Hosmer became general-manager of the whole C.P.R. Telegraph system, and undertook the stupendous task of organizing that department of its business.

Its marvellous development is a matter of history, and its progress has been largely due to Mr. Hosmer's shrewdness, diplomacy and executive ability, and to his unceasing devotion to the great interests entrusted to him by Sir William Van Horne, and the Pacific directorate.

The alliance of the C.P.R. Telegraphs with the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable companies, effected by Mr. Hosmer, brought him into contact with Mr. John W. Mackay, and this business association naturally led to close personal friendship, one of the results being that Mr. Hosmer is now vice-president of the Commercial Cable Company, and takes an active part in the direction of its policy and affairs.

Mr. Hosmer's financial genius suggested, and his adroit management successfully accomplished, the amalgamation of the Postal Telegraph by the Commercial Cable Company, and the phenomenal success of the scheme was largely his personal triumph. To-day there is no better-informed authority on all that relates to telegraphs and cables than Mr. Hosmer, and it is a peculiar tribute to his high sense of honor and creditable business methods that, amidst the fierce and remorseless rivalries of business and finance, Mr. Hosmer has preserved the personal friendship—one might almost use the term affection—of those whose pecuniary and commercial interests have been opposed to those it was his duty to protect and promote.

Had Mr. Hosmer been disposed to devote his attention to politics or statecraft, the very qualities which have rendered him so successful in business would doubtless have enabled him to achieve a like result in public life. His one effort in this direction, which Montrealers recall with pleasure—his management of the Reform Municipal Campaign, resulting in the election of Mr. Beaugrand as mayor—left no room for doubt on this point.

In his private relations, Mr. Hosmer is distinguished by modesty, hospitality and kindness. Charitable to a degree, no unavailing appeal is ever made to him in behalf of a worthy cause, and, indeed, as one of his intimate friends put it to the writer, "Charles R. Hosmer doesn't even wait to be asked for help—he is ever eager to bestow aid, whenever he considers it is required. He is one man whose success excites no envy, and as for enemies—he has none."

TO THE MAN.

THE woman whom thy heart may safely trust

Awaiteth thee, if but thy heart be pure;

Thou mayest then thy loneliness endure,

Watch thy ambitious bloom, or the storm-gust

Scatter their useless petals with the dust;

Fame's fruit will not entice thee, nor the lure

Of fortune's banquet-house—thou wilt be sure

Love satisfies, though giving but a crust.

True heart, be tender, but be strong, and wait

Through years which ripen thee for that glad day

When she will come and take thy hand, at last;

Then for a moment shall the Book of Fate

Flash open, that thy heart may trace the way

Love guided thee to her through all the past.

—WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.



THE newest trimmings for outing hats, for golf, walking, etc., are made of stitched velvet lined with silk, in white or a contrasting color, and breasts of birds—not quills as formerly. Pheasants, wild turkey, grebe and guinea breasts are all used in this way.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a frame for a parasol which will enable the woman who buys it to change the cover, the tips and the handle three times a day if she feels so inclined. A very great saving is likely to be effected by this novelty for women who have considered it necessary to have as many parasols as gowns or hats, in order to be smartly set up.

ONE of the most interesting books of travel that has appeared for some time is "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser (sister of F. Marion Crawford), who treats of manners, arts, ceremonies, and scenery. She has the sympathetic pen of an artist, which is rendered more sympathetic by her love for this country. She says: "Whatever life brings or takes away, whatever comes, Japan will always be my second home. One cannot explain these things. I have lived in many countries, north and south and east and west, and, excepting the Rome of our childhood, in none have I found the spirit of beauty, the spirit of peace, the skirts of Nature's robe ever at hand to cling to, as I have here, 'east of the sun, west of the moon,' in the land of the gods, reed-growing Japan."

THE delegates of the Woman's International Congress who had attended previous conventions devoted to the discussion of phases of the woman question, express themselves as surprised and gratified at the marked change in the attitude of the British public. A little over 12 years ago only the most daring of the Liberal party entertained or in any way countenanced the advocates of woman's suffrage, the nobility giving no sign that it ever heard of such a movement for the expansion of woman's sphere. The Congress of 1899 has an entirely different story to tell. The delegates were welcomed by all classes, and by none more cordially than by titled people who opened their palaces to them.

IF we may trust the story forwarded by a Vienna correspondent, a grower in the charming valley of Kezanlik has attained the summit of floricultural ambition. He has produced a blue rose. If, in the middle ages, some one had announced his veritable discovery of the philosopher's stone, history would furnish us with a parallel to the flutter which the news of this marvel is likely to send through the botanical world. At last the feat which generations of nurserymen have been patiently laboring at has been performed. If the rose has been forced to adopt an azure tint, hardly anything in the way of transformation need be considered unattainable. It is predicted that the novel bloom will soon be abundant in the market.

SAID the man in his vanity: "The truth is, women let the dressmaker boss them and say how they shall wear their clothes, while men boss the tailors and have their clothes made to meet the convenience of those who wear them." Mistaken man! exclaims a writer in *Vogue*. Wherein lies the convenience of evening dress or of the starched-to-metal-rigidity linen collar? the hideous and heavy top hat? the starched white shirt? the cloth coat and waistcoat in torrid

weather? And the list might be extended much further. Reflect, oh, man! before you again boast that the man customer is the czar of the tailors' kingdom.

THE day of the masculine boot, with its thick leather, wide sole and massive toe, is not actually over; the heavy calf-skin boot will continue to be worn this winter, but it has been banished from the drawing-room and wedding procession, where it has been a fad this past summer, and relegated to its proper place, the street. Nothing could be more sensible than heavy calf-skin boots, with half-inch projecting soles for stormy winter weather, for mountain tramps, and even for general street wear in the uncertain seasons, and so they will be worn this winter; while for nicer wear, for afternoon, for theatre, for church, and even street on bright days, a fine oxidized kid will be worn by the society girl and all sensible girls. The sole of this boot is just thick enough to be healthful, does not project beyond the vamp, and the heel is moderately high. For full-dress wear, the very daintiest of foot-gear is again in fashion—slippers made in all the light shades, and in gold and silver as well. Patent leather will be worn more this winter, both by men and women, than ever before, and is made up in the three foregoing styles and considered as appropriate for the street as for the ball-room.

GERALDINE.

A BLACK EYE FOR CHAMPAGNE.

ON the southeast coast of Newfoundland, about half way between Cape Race and St. John's, lies the wreck of the *Scottish King*. She was a British trading steamer, and it is now almost a year since she was driven in a storm upon that inhospitable, rock-bound shore. In spite of this catastrophe, however, fortune favored the ship to a considerable degree. Thanks to the precise spot on the coast where she struck, and the marvelous manner in which she slipped in between two projecting reefs, instead of grinding directly upon them, she still lies with her hull almost intact.

The fact that she did not go to pieces at once, as most vessels do which have the misfortune to strike that coast line, was a subject for great rejoicing among the fishermen in the neighboring villages. A most seductive rumor went abroad that she carried large quantities of champagne in her cargo. The Newfoundlander's steady drink, is of course, rum, but he has heard of champagne and its powers. Nets and hooks were almost abandoned for awhile in the ship's vicinity, owing to the more fascinating fishing to be obtained in her hold.

Now, although the fishermen had not heard of it, and would have been no wiser if they had, the *Scottish King* carried just about as much apollinaris as champagne, and the cases containing the mineral water were on top, and hence the more accessible. A glimpse of bottles was quite enough for the Newfoundlanders. The cases of apollinaris went merrily ashore, and the sampling began without delay.

Disillusionment and despair! Where were the virtues of this celebrated drink? Bottle after bottle was patiently, gravely disposed of, with no approach to the desired result. One of the men summed it up tersely to a visitor afterward, with this half pathetic, half scornful remark:

"Sure, we tried it fair; drank quarts of it, and kept on drinkin', but no use; we got no forrarder!"

The reputation of champagne is probably lower now in that part of Newfoundland than anywhere else in the civilized world.

Nearly all the music and syllabus for the Associated Board Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, for next season's examinations, was on the Scotsman. A cablegram was received the other day saying that they have been entirely reprinted, and had been shipped by a fast New York steamer, so that the board's office in Montreal will be able to mail copies in a few days.

POINTS FOR INVESTORS.

THE stock markets during the past week were purely professional in their character, and are apt to remain so for some time to come.

This, however, is altogether a normal characteristic of October. The main causes of restraint at this period, as they have been exemplified in the last three years particularly, lie in the contraction of the money market, resulting from heavy drafts upon bank resources for moving the crops when already these resources had been severely taxed to support an active stock speculation in the spring and summer months. During the current season, for reasons now familiar, the money market has acted as an even more powerful check than usual. The speculative community having gravely underestimated the enormous claims of new business upon the supply of active capital has had to pay for its temerity by a period of heavy liquidation, which has restored a comparatively safe balance between the aggregate of outstanding credit and the reserve supply of capital.

To come to the main point at issue in the current market, the average operator is still hesitating between the discussion of intrinsic merit in securities, and the more technical questions concerning the money supply and the character of speculative holdings as being at the moment more influential. Against the reasoning which foresees renewed disturbance in money and further extensive liquidation is pitted the reasoning which figures out a basis of actual worth for the great majority of securities selling at the present level. To take an arbitrary stand between these two theories is neither practical nor logical. There are times, like last August, where an unsound technical condition must outweigh every other consideration in the estimate of market quotations. But when such a condition has been if not wholly at least very largely corrected, financial discussion must admit the possibility of the general situation having reasserted its influence over the price list. No doubt there has been considerable investment buying, but further practical exemplification of it is necessary before the theory of the natural limit of the decline can be confidently accepted.

There can be no hesitation in believing so far as another important advance is concerned, that the prospect of an early revival of speculative activity is entirely out of the question. The money market, as pointed out in this column last week, has passed through the most critical period of the autumn stringency, but the process of recuperation must necessarily be so slow that extended operations in stocks which draw upon credit resources cannot be thought of for some time to come. With this condition it is natural that the local list should have furnished few striking developments. Practically the only stocks to show any material change were Royal Electric and some of the mining groups. The former was depressed owing to a hitch in the negotiations between the Royal Company and the Chambly Water & Power Company looking to the practical absorption of the latter concern. In the case of the mines, labor troubles in the mining districts were the disturbing influence. Payne was the stock most severely dealt with.

Centre Star stock, which has been long anticipated, is at last to be listed on the stock exchange. The company announces that it intends commencing in January the payment of a dividend of one per cent per month. This means a yield of 8 per cent at \$1.50 per share, the price at which the stock is to be offered, and of 6 per cent at \$2 per share. The payment of 12 per cent per annum on a capital of \$3,500,000 will absorb \$420,000 per annum. In order to earn this, the mine would only require to ship 100 tons of ore per day, or say 35,000 tons per annum at \$12 net per ton.

R

THE mining market has been more or less demoralized for some time, and the decline culminated on Monday when it was announced that the Payne had closed down and would suspend its dividends until the settlement of the labor troubles. The decision of the board has caused considerable comment on the street, and it has leaked out that the board was not unanimous in its action, but the general opinion seems to be that the right course has been pursued. The management, evidently, have no intention of boosting the stock by misleading reports, or paying out what they have not earned.

Another feature of the week has been the announcement of the issue of Centre Star stock to the shareholders of War Eagle. Public opinion seems somewhat divided on the policy of floating stock just now. But it has to be paid for in instalments, and it is not likely that the present state of the money market will have much effect on the subscriptions. We understand that a large amount of the stock has been applied for, and it certainly looks as if the issue might be over-subscribed.

In the main trading has been somewhat limited, and there are frequently more stocks offered on the floor of the Exchange than the demand will absorb. Still on the other hand a good deal has been quietly picked up by shrewd investors, and, while there is nothing immediate in sight to create an upward movement, prices seem to have reached as near the bottom level as they are likely to go. There are some

stocks that are apparently being manipulated, but this is the case in every mining exchange.

The stocks of the company owning what are known as the boundary properties are somewhat weak, and this is probably due to the fact that it is now generally understood that while there is actually a great deal of ore in the district it is mainly low grade, and the question at present is, at what profit can it be treated?

There continues to be a dearth of news from the north Ontario country.

The Golden Star Company has issued its financial statement for the months of August and September, showing the proceeds of bullion for the two months to be about \$9,000, but, as the pay sheet runs a little over that amount, and the other expenses are about \$5,000 more, there is nothing for a dividend, and, as the estimated expenses for this month are \$5,000, it does not appear as if there would be a dividend in the near future.

October 13, 1899

ROBERT MEREDITH.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WHOLESALE HARDWARE MERCHANTS.

IT IS not everyone who has the ability to rise in 18 years from the position of office boy to that of business partner. Mr. T. H. Newman, to whose knowledge of the hardware business a well-merited tribute was paid when he was recently elected president of the Canadian Wholesale Hardware Association, enjoys the distinction of having made such a record. He began his commercial career in 1866, when, as a lad, he entered the wholesale warehouse of Crathern & Caverhill, as general utility boy. As a result of hard work, based on a determination to master the details of the business, he steadily rose in the confidence of his employers, and his services became more valuable to them with each succeeding year. The outcome was not surprising. In 1884, when the firm of



MR. T. H. NEWMAN.

Caverhill, Learmont & Co. was organized to carry on the growing shelf hardware business of Crathern & Caverhill, Mr. Newman was rewarded with a partnership. He is still a member of the firm, and no business man could be more attentive to the interests of himself and his fellows than is he.

Mr. Newman was born in Toronto 48 years ago, but at an early age removed to Montreal and was educated in the latter city. Outside of business matters he is of a quiet and unobtrusive disposition, although his sincerity and kindness have won for him many warm admirers.

Mr. Henry Peck, jr., of Hill Brothers, military tailors, London, England, was in town this week.

HIS MODERN NAMESAKE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Johnnie, who was Paul?

JOHNNIE.—He's de feller wit' de funny bunch of whiskers dat's 'rowin' bluff at de English.

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 "Well, I discovered that the one I am taking milk from now has a nice, clear spring on his farm, while the other had nothing but a cistern."

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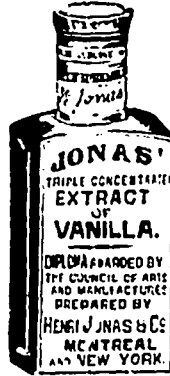
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