

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any or all images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

MONTREAL LIFE

A Paper devoted to the Home Life of Canadians and to Canadian Affairs



WHAT WE MAY COME TO.

CLERGYMAN—Aw—um—ah—pardon me, but which is the bridegroom
and which the bride?

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.



Reduced Rates for
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Round Trip Tickets at One-Way First-Class Fare, on April 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. Good to return until April 17th, 1900, between Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich. and Stations East thereof.

SCHOOL VACATIONS.

Round trip tickets (on presentation of certificate) at One-Way First-Class Fare and One-Third, April 6th to 14th inclusive. Good to return until April 24th, 1900.

Special rates to and from Quebec and points on and via C. P. R. short line to Maritime Provinces.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office:
129 ST. JAMES STREET, Next Post Office.



Easter Holidays

Return Tickets will be issued at First-Class

SINGLE FARE

between all Stations in Canada—all Stations in Canada to and from Detroit, Mich.; Port Huron, Mich.; Island Pond, Vt.; Fort Covington, N.Y.; Bombay Junction, N.Y.; Helena, N.Y.; Massena Springs, N.Y.; House's Point, N.Y.

All Stations in Canada to, but not from Buffalo, N.Y.; Black Rock, N.Y.; Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

Good going April 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, valid for Return leaving destination on or before April 17th, 1900.

SCHOOL VACATIONS.

Students and Teachers of Schools and Colleges, on surrender of Standard Form of School Vacation Railway Certificate, signed by Principal, will be ticketed at First-Class

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

from April 6th to 14th, inclusive. Tickets valid for Return leaving destination on or before April 24th, 1900.

City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

THE besieged in Ladysmith said that the sounds made by Buller's distant artillery resembled the sullen growling of lions, and those whose travels have taken them into lion-inhabited regions unite in saying that big guns 15 miles off are remarkably like the distant roaring of the king of beasts.

FASTER THAN
EVER TO
CALIFORNIA

Chicago-Union Pacific
& North-Western
Line

THE OVERLAND ROUTE leaves Chicago 6.30 p.m. daily, arrives San Francisco afternoon of third day and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars; all meals in Dining Cars. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars with barber. The best of everything. The Pacific Express leaves 10.30 p.m. daily. Tourist Sleepers every day, and personally conducted excursions every Thursday from Chicago.

For tickets and full information apply to your nearest ticket agent or address B. H. BENNETT, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

IF GOING
To NEW YORK

Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati or St. Louis

—Try the—

NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Trains leave Windsor Station, Montreal

Daily at 7 00 p.m. | Daily except Sunday at 8.25 a.m.
Pullman Buffet | Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars
Sleeping Cars | to Utica and thence to New
through to | York on EMPIRE STATE EX-
New York. | PRESS.

Time Tables, Tickets and Parlor or Sleeping Car reservations at Windsor Hotel, Windsor Station, or 129 St. James Street.

GEORGE H. DANIELS, H. D. CARTER,
General Passenger Agent, General Agent,
NEW YORK. MONTREAL, N.Y.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The Most Picturesque
Summer Resort in America.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Every river and lake along the line of the Newfoundland Railway abounds with salmon and trout.

The Shortest Sea Voyage and Quickest and Safest Route is via the Royal Mail Steamer "BRUCE" (Classed A1 at Lloyd's.)

Leaves North Sydney every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on arrival of the I. C. R. express. Returning leaves Port aux Basques every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on arrival of Newfoundland Railway express from St. John's.

Fare Montreal to St. John's, Nfld.

First Class	-\$3.95
Second Class	- 19.00
Return	- 54.55

Through tickets on sale at all the stations on the C.P.R. and G.T.R. Railways. The sea trip will be only 6 hours. For all information apply to

R. G. REID, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.
Or ARCHIBALD & CO.,
Agents, North Sydney, C.B.

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH FROM
THE NEW ENGLAND STATES?

The Best Route to Travel is From
Boston to Norfolk, Va.

.. BY THE ..

MERCHANTS' AND MINERS' STEAMERS.

THE most elegantly fitted boats, finest state rooms and best meals. The rate including meals and state rooms is less than you can travel by rail, and you get rid of the dust and changing cars.

If you want to go South beyond Norfolk to Southern Pines and Pinebluff, the Winter Health Resorts or to Vaughan, N.C., the Pennsylvania Colony headquarters, Peachland, N.C., the New England Colony, Statham, Ga., the Ohio Colony and headquarters of the Union Veterans Southern settlements, you can connect with the Seaboard Air Line. For information as to rates of travel, address W. P. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

For information as to farming or mineral lands, water powers, manufacturing sites or winter resorts, rates of board, rent of cottages, etc., address JOHN PATRICK, Chief Industrial Agent S. A. L., Pinebluff, North Carolina.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

LOWEST RATES AND
Best Accommodation

...TO...

EUROPE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

City Ticket Office,
129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

W. F. EGG, Agent.

Telephone Main 3732.

To California Quickly and Comfortably. via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6.30 p.m., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10.30 p.m., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western Railway. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to B. H. Bennett, 2 King street East, Toronto, Ont.

Continental nations are talking of adopting khaki.

R-I-P-A-N-S. 10 for 5 cents, at druggists, grocers, restaurants, saloons, news-stands, general stores, and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep, prolong life. One gives relief.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package, and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents, or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

APIOL & STEEL
PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochila, Pennyroyal etc.
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from
EVANS & SONS, Limited, MONTREAL,
or Martin,
Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton.

Montreal
Carpet-Beating Co.

623 LaGauchetiere Street, Montreal.
Head of Cote Street,

Largest and best equipped establishment in the city.

TELEPHONE MAIN 716.

Squeegee Albums

For...
Unmounted Photographs.

Made of special paper, which will not discolor or injure photographs. Various sizes.

MORTON, PHILLIPS & Co.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,
1755 and 1757 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

Two Great Historical Romances
— BY —
MARY JOHNSTON.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
Crown 8vo., Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, 75c.
In less than a month after publication
it has reached the
150th THOUSAND.

PRISONERS OF HOPE
Crown 8vo., Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, 75c.
50th THOUSAND.

MONTREAL:
The MONTREAL NEWS COMPANY, Limited.
TORONTO:
GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, Limited.

It's a strong Statement
but a straight fact, when we say that
the greatest help to the live grocer
and general storekeeper in Canada is
"The Canadian Grocer."
You cannot read it without getting
some valuable information. Spend a
cent for a post card and send for a
sample copy and be convinced.

The MacLean Pub. Co., Limited
TORONTO. MONTREAL.

**THE NEW
REGISTRY OFFICE**
(FOR SERVANTS.)

MADAM NOISEY,
2138 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

F. R. F. BROWN
M. I. MECH. E.

...Consulting
Engineer
ARBITRATIONS.
VALUATIONS.

Machinery, Rolling Stock, Engines and Boilers
of every description supplied.

22 Street Railway Chambers, Montreal.
Telephone, Main 3351.

EASTER
GREAT VARIETY. **HATS**

Latest Spring Styles.
To call is to be suited.
MRS. O. GRIFFIN,
2036 St. Catherine St.

Tel., Main 3958

SMITH & CO.

Established 1880

ICE

461 WILLIAM ST.
Guaranteed Pure Ice and Prompt
Delivery.

ICE

ORDERS NOW BEING RECEIVED.

**FOR
TENDER
SKINS** there is nothing superior, if equal to—

ORIOLE SOAP

Made from pure Vegetable Oils and Eastern Balsams, and packed and
sold only in enamelled boxes, at 10 cents.

FOR SALE by best dealers everywhere.

ONE TRIAL will convince you.

If you cannot procure this readily, write to
THE MAYOLE DEBOT, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

John Murphy & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE are now showing
full stocks in all
departments of the finest
goods imported for *Spring*
and *Summer* wear, and cor-
dially invite inspection!

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2343 St. Catherine St., Cor. of Metcalfe St.

TERMS CASH

Telephone Up 933

✻ ✻ MONTREAL

ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS

WE have one of the largest stocks in Canada, and the greatest variety of goods at all prices, from 10c. upwards.

House Painting and
Decorating

In all its branches. Fifty years' experience in Montreal and other cities.

JOHN MURPHY,

2236 St. Catherine St. MONTREAL.

Bell Tel. Up 2152.

Designs and Estimates
Furnished.

JONES & HENRY

Decorative Painters

5 McGill College Ave. - MONTREAL

Wall Papers Relief Ornaments.
Stained, Bevelled and Plate Glass.

FOR SALE.

A NEW MARLIN RIFLE.

Never been used. Just the Rifle for practice.
Price \$50. Will take \$20.

19 Board of Trade, Montreal.

THE DRINK AND DRUG HABITS.

Permanently cured by the "Dixon Cure" when taken as directed, or money refunded. No other drink cure can do that. Full particulars sent sealed by the "Dixon Cure Co.," or the Manager, J. B. LALIME, 572 St. Denis St., MONTREAL.

H. HAMMOND . . .

Practical Carpet Layer,
Upholsterer, Etc.,

222 and 222a St. Urbain St., Montreal.

Carpets cut, made and laid. Also carefully lifted, beaten and re-laid. Oilcloths laid and repaired. Upholstering done. Mattresses made and renovated. Pew Cushions and boxes made and re-covered, etc.

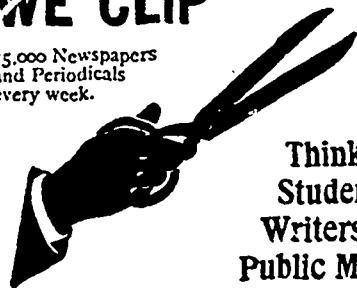
Carpet Linings, Spring Rollers, Stair Pads, Studs, etc., Supplied.

H. Hammond having a thorough and practical knowledge of Carpet Laying, etc., in its various branches, feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

BELL TELEPHONE EAST 467

WE CLIP

15,000 Newspapers
and Periodicals
every week.



Thinkers
Students
Writers
Public Men
Business Men

and ANYONE wishing to collect clippings on any subject—business pointers, material for lectures, sermons or debates—should become subscribers. 100 cuttings, \$5; 1,000 cuttings, \$40. Special rates on annual orders.

Canadian Press Clipping Bureau

605 Board of Trade, MONTREAL
25 Front St. West, TORONTO
107 Fleet St., E.C., LONDON, ENG.

R. W. Fowler

2639 ST. CATHERINE ST.

COR. BUCKINGHAM AVE.

wishes to direct the attention of the Ladies of Montreal to his specially fine assortment of Ladies' Blouses, Skirts, Hosiery, Corsets, Spring Gloves, and all kinds of Smallware.

R. W. FOWLER,

Cur. Buckingham Ave.
Telephone Up 1011.

2639 St. Catherine St.

Removal Notice.

The Misses Ramsay beg to announce to their many patrons and public generally, that they will, on and after the first of May, occupy the premises situated at number 2444 St. Catherine Street, where they cordially solicit the continuation of the patronage of their much esteemed customers.

THE MISSES RAMSAY, 2447 St. Catherine St.

The Marcel Wave

The Latest Fashion.

J. Palmer & Son,

1745 Notre Dame Street.

Make appointments by Telephone Main 391.

Always used by
our Skilled
Artists.

We make a specialty of
dressing the hair in the
style best suited to each
face.



OUR IMMENSE STOCK

of Furniture enables us to please everybody with exactly what they like best.

In Dining Room Furniture we have over 85 different styles in Sideboards for you to choose from.

FINE QUALITY, RICH DESIGNS, LARGE ASSORTMENT AND LOW PRICES are the 4 points on which we have built our business. Get our prices.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,

652 Graig Street.

2442 St. Catherine St.

MONTREAL LIFE.

18-19 Board of Trade . . . Montreal.
26 Front Street West . . . Toronto.
109 Fleet Street, E.C. . . London, Eng.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1900.

TELEPHONES:
Montreal . . . Main 1255
Toronto . . . 2143

LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE decay of manners in Parliament is one of the signs of the times. The more you widen the franchise, the more do men of undesirable qualities and antecedents enter the House. One man can spoil the manners of a multitude, and although you have in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper two men of really fine demeanor, with a large sense of the proprieties of Parliamentary life, you have also a number of persons who would be flung out of a schoolboys' debating society for their insolence and ill-breeding. In fact, the boys in such a school would adopt an admirable expedient for clearing the atmosphere and the room. They would simply "punch the head" of the offender and he would disappear from view. I am not greatly concerned about the decay of manners in the House of Commons, because, after all, there are worse things than the growth of a spirit of public suspicion and contempt for Parliament. Parliament can acquire far too much power if it is thought too highly of. At the same time, it is very unfortunate that a few persons can degrade the standing of the Parliamentary body. A really exciting debate, with speeches where invective rather than vulgarity reigns, has much in its favor. But recent scenes at Ottawa are simply wearisome. They impress nobody with anything except the conviction that certain members of Parliament ought to be left at home.

WHILE on the subject of Parliament, something ought to be said about the long speeches. I confess frankly that I do not read them through. A man who cannot state in two hours all the thoughts his intellect has on any given question for consideration by the general public is little short of an interminable bore. A technical address, legal or otherwise, is different. It requires the passing in review of all the points which fortify the argument. Sometimes, therefore, a lawyer in Parliament transgresses the rules of brevity from pure forgetfulness that he is not speaking in a professional capacity. When he has so transgressed once or twice, an intimate friend ought to call him gently aside and explain to him the imminent danger of becoming a public nuisance, if he keeps up the train of his lengthy exhortations. I assume that every public man, however great, has some intimate friend who can, at a critical moment, prevent him from making an ass of himself. But, perhaps, the assumption is wrong, because the evil of long speeches, both in our Parliament and in our Provincial Legislatures, has been steadily growing until men of quite inferior calibre actually think themselves entitled to take up from two to six hours of Parliamentary time with a long drawn-out statement of their views. I hope the newspapers will do their part in correcting the evil, by simply not reporting these gentlemen. There is, of course, Hansard, which groans every year with long reports that nobody reads except members of Parliament. But the daily paper is the most powerful regulator of Parliamentary loquacity. There is no better remedy for the inflated vanity of a would-be orator than a report something after this fashion: "Mr. X. then made a few remarks on the question."

ONE does not require to be in the confidence of either party at the present moment to know that each is busily counting up its chances. The elections may be held in June, or in October, or next year, or never, but the fact remains that just now the election agents are figuring on the details, considering the outlook and making estimates of the result of an appeal to the people, supposing one took place in the near future. To

those who, like myself, do not care a brass farthing which party is in power, seeing that in the main there is practically no difference between them, it is very amusing to hear the doubts which the practiced electioneers on both sides have of their own prospects. They know well that a popular movement at any time can overturn a strongly entrenched Ministry, or the most promising Opposition. How far such a trend of feeling may operate at the present time I do not pretend to say. It has become a fashion for profound political and economic philosophers in these days to deprecate abuse of party politics. They say you should seek to elevate the political conditions of your country and not to stand by idly and sneer at proceedings of which you may not approve. Now, all I wish to say to persons of this description is that they had better stop writing books, leave the warm fireside in their quiet libraries and rush out to attend a ward meeting. Then they will know whether the advice they so freely give to others is advice that they are prepared to follow themselves. We may just as well confess the fact that, since the appearance of what is practically manhood suffrage in Canada, we are face to face with conditions that nauseate every decent man who wants to take a part in politics. I am not either deploring the fact, or pointing out a remedy, but merely making a statement of fact. When the condition is generally recognized that will be the time for urging a reform movement. At present, a man who frankly admits the corruption of our politics is as a voice crying in the wilderness.

COMMEND to those who are offended when you speak disrespectfully of party politics, a study of the conditions which surround the University of Toronto, and its fate as compared with that of our own McGill. There is nothing in the world wrong with the University of Toronto except its State connection. After a long existence as a State university, the controlling spirits of the institution dislike to give up the connection because it implies dignity, authority and influence. It was the State connection which differentiated Toronto from every other college in Canada. But it has involved the baleful effects of party wire-pulling and mischief-making. The party politicians will not leave anything alone into which they can poke their fingers. The consequence is that Toronto University, which ought to be one of the most distinguished and powerful institutions on this continent, is crippled in its finances, is ineffectively governed, and suffers in public opinion on account of matters which can be directly traced to political interference. I doubt if you could get a \$10 note for Toronto University just now from any private individual. I am told that Upper Canada College is shortly to be divorced entirely from all State control, and that as soon as this is effected an endowment of \$100,000 for the institution will be forthcoming from benefactors. We know how it is at McGill. We do not claim to be perfect, and, doubtless, mistakes have been made. But everyone knows that no political party is in control of the university or using its patronage for entirely ulterior purposes. Nothing is more maddening than to have education mixed up with the Jake Smiths and Tim Browns of politics. Such a condition drives good men away, puts a premium on scheming of all sorts, and men like Sir William Macdonald would turn in disgust from any institution where the Principal could not discharge an ordinary janitor on account of the political influence behind that janitor. Of course, you may say that party politics may be good but that a university is not the right sphere for their display. Well, I have lived a long time in this world and I have never discovered any place where party politics can be developed to the public advantage.

Author of "A Canadian Idyll."

A Writer Whose Sketches of French-Canadian "Types" Have Attracted Much Attention in Great Britain, as Well as in Canada.

A GOOD deal is being said now-a-days, in one way or another, about the French-Canadian. His loyalty, or lack of it, forms excuse for discussions more animated than polite on the floor of the House of Commons. According to one section of the press, he has a decided tendency to pro-Boer sentiments; according to the other, he is ready and waiting to spill his last drop of blood in the interests of the British flag. To get a glimpse at him as he is in the heart of him, away from the modifying and corrupting influence of cities and politics, one may read with advantage the sketches of French-Canadian types which appear from time to time in *The Canadian Magazine* from the pen of Mrs. Jane Fayer Taylor, of Montreal.

Mrs. Taylor spent the years of her early girlhood in a quiet, but beautiful, rural district near St. Hyacinthe, Que. Having no companions of her own age and class, she mingled constantly with French-Canadian boys and girls, whose language she learned to speak as glibly as her own. The picturesque and romantic surroundings of her home fostered and enriched the glowing "inner sight" with which she had been gifted by Nature. She found her chief delight in studying the quaint manners and customs of the people about her, often recognizing "the perfect statue in the unformed block of their character," where others saw only clay of a very ordinary kind. The bare-foot boy, with clouded complexion, and pantaloons many-patched but not patched enough; the old habitant gardener, with his short corn-cob pipe and villainous tobacco; the leathern-faced old woman, in abbreviated home-spun skirt and shapeless shoes—all have their "angel side," and Mrs. Taylor sees it.

As the wife of Mr. F. W. Taylor, Inspector of the Bank of Montreal, Mrs. Taylor has sojourned for a time in many of the smaller towns and villages of Ontario and Quebec, even penetrating into the lumbering districts of Northern Ontario, where a lady less interested in the "study of mankind" must have fallen a victim to ennui of the most malignant type. But, whether it was the local lion playing whist in dogskin driving-gloves, by way of conforming to the conventionalities of society, or the bushwhacker in shrieking plaid "mackinaws," they were "types" of man, and as such worthy of being scanned with thoughtful, if somewhat amused, eye.

About two years ago, Mrs. Taylor began contributing to *The Canadian Magazine* sketches dealing chiefly with French-Canadian people at home. These sketches are instinct with feeling and life. They are clear-cut as a cameo and mellow in color as an old picture. One sees "the afternoon sun glaring down mercilessly upon the whitewashed, red-roofed Ledoux farmhouse, and the old pepe Ledoux on the shady side of the verandah industriously reseating hardwood chairs." One can smell the "acrid atmosphere which he is poisoning with the fumes of his home-grown and self-cured tobacco. One can hear the whirr, whirr of the spinning-wheel, the clackety-clack of the catalogue shuttle, and pum, pum of the foot-loom," and one quite believes the boast of old pepe that "his fille gets two prices for her eggs and chickens, and sells madame for 100 years old the spinning-wheel he made."

Mrs. Taylor has written no books or long stories as yet, nor does she intend doing so. Her chief aim is to make the French-Canadian understood, and for such a purpose the sketch, or "soul of a story," is best adapted. Her sketches have, most of them, been copied by the *English Public Opinion*, and thereby hangs a tale, or rather, therefrom will arise several tales.



MRS. TAYLOR.

(as "Canada," in a Tableau.)

So favorable was the notice attracted by these short stories, that a large syndicate of English publishers have recently written to ask Mrs. Taylor for 10 sketches of Canadian types from one end of the Dominion to the other. To procure material for these, Mrs. Taylor will in a short time visit Halifax to select and study her Nova-Scotian "type," and will proceed during the summer through the other Provinces to British Columbia, devoting as large a proportion as possible of the allotted number to her favorite habitant people.

These stories will be illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and will be eagerly watched for by those who have read "Philomene," "A Little Circle in the Sand," and "A Canadian Idyll."

E.B.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S PRINCIPLES OF PHILANTHROPY.

IT would require volumes to describe in detail just exactly how and where the ironmaster bestowed and still bestows his munificence. The world knows about the many libraries at Braddock, Homestead, Johnstown, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, besides the great Carnegie Library and Music Hall, at Pittsburgh, which have so stimulated the intellectual pulse of a city tempted to devote itself too absolutely to material pursuits. That he is not charitable in the strict acceptance of the term he rather glories in. At any rate, he has stated emphatically that it is almost useless to give promiscuously, and that it is little short of a crime. He wants to help those who help themselves, he says. Let others lift up the "submerged tenth"; to keep them above water is the task which requires attention. He is not a charity giver, he affirms, but looks for the elevation of the race through the elevation of the mind. For this purpose he will give of his millions, but he exacts of the community what he would exact of the individual—that once in possession of its library it must carry the work forward.—Review of *Reviews*.

Points for Investors

DURING the past week the stock market has shown considerable activity in many directions. Mining shares have been to the fore, and, on the settlement of the labor troubles, War Eagle advanced smartly nearly 20 points, but quickly receded, as the rise was out of proportion to the importance of the event which had been expected and previously discounted. It is, however, a great comfort to holders of mining shares, although dividend results from both War Eagle and Centre Star need not be expected for some time. I am further informed that, before his departure for England, a blanket mortgage, stated at \$250,000, on the War Eagle property, was made to Mr. George Gooderham to cover advances.

VIRTUE'S MANIPULATION.

Virtue has been the most active stock and its rise has been remarkable; in fact, too remarkable not to avoid the belief that there is considerable manipulation. The discovery of a rich vein in the adjoining property has given greater confidence to this stock, but, even so, it is hardly to be expected that a better dividend than 1 per cent. a month can be declared in the future. With their recent experiences, the public should be chary of any mining investment that does not yield 10 per cent. on the market price.

THE NORTH STAR'S RICHNESS.

A mine of great merit that has been pretty well overlooked in the Montreal market is the North Star in East Kootenay, in which Mackenzie & Mann have the controlling interest. I have an English mining engineer's statement who has been on this ground for several years to the effect that there are 38,000 tons of ore in sight on this property that will net from \$30 to \$33 per ton. A rapid advance may very well be looked for in this stock, especially as the C.P.R. line to the mine is now completed.

DOMINION COTTON.

The slight rise in Dominion Cotton, together with the issuance of the new stock, has been foreshadowed in this column. I understand the annual statement presented this week is quite satisfactory, and, with the country's conditions so favorable, well managed cotton manufacturing concerns should all make considerable gains.

C. P. R.'S GREAT SHOWING.

Canadian Pacific has been stronger, as it well deserves to be. The increase in gross traffic earnings for the last week in March of \$141,000 shows how well this road is keeping up its average of increase, even over last year. The west-bound cars for the Northwest are filled with new settlers, and, in its transcontinental business, the C. P. R. is having a splendid year. The early spring on the prairies will greatly help both passenger and freight business; and the Rockies are now clear of snow so that there will be no interruptions in spring traffic. As an instance of the freight the road is handling, there are now going through the Rockies 100 cars of freight every day, averaging 22 tons per car. A large portion of this is for China and Japan and comes over the Minneapo's and Soo line. There is no fear of competition in the future. The C. P. R. directors have pretty well taken care of the large prospects of the road. If there is any other transcontinental line in the future it will be a road under C. P. R. control with Port Simpson as its western terminus, and a line nearly 1,000 miles shorter than the present one in transcontinental distances. Investors can have every faith in this stock.

ROYAL ELECTRIC SKY HIGH.

Royal Electric has shown undue strength, and I cannot see how the present price of this stock, 208, is at all warranted. Even if there is an increase in dividend it should not be made until the last half year. At present, for a highly capitalized 8 per cent. bearing stock, the price seems altogether too high, especially as compared with Canadian General Electric, a practically guaranteed 10 per cent. stock, which has just made a new issue of \$300,000 at 125, and is yet only quoted around 170.

THE RICHES OF THE WEST.

One cannot visit the Northwest and British Columbia at this time of year without being struck by the great development that is going on in this country, west of Lake Superior. It is expected that some 75,000 new settlers will take up land in the prairies during 1900. Last year the farmers had such an excellent season that they commenced to buy up available land adjoining their farms, with the result that this year there has been an increase in the cultivated acreage of 15 per cent. The ranchers are getting better prices for their stock, though the need of thoroughbred horses and shorthorns in the West is patent and any importer of good shorthorn breeders is sure to turn over a good profit and confer a benefit on the community. On the Coast, Vancouver and Victoria are developing with healthy strides, free from undue inflation. The mines, it is true, have not come up to the golden expectations that were hazarded in boom times. They never do. Still, there is no question that the mineral wealth is great in extent and demands time and capital for its realization.

MONTREAL'S BANK CLEARINGS.

In bank clearings, Montreal alone of Canadian cities continues to show retrogression. I still believe that this decrease is in a large measure due to the lessening of stock speculation and the reduction of call loans. If Montreal dealers would put more money into their own country and less in New York stocks they would not suffer so much from granulated eyelids, caused by looking for a rise in sugar.

SPECULATORS IN NEW YORK STOCKS.

Those who have speculated in American stocks are getting hard knocks every day. Federal steel, which had to forego its dividend on common, was the last jolt. It is true that the company is in a flourishing condition and is quite capable of paying a dividend on common, but the New Jersey laws are such that until the full dividends on preferred stock are paid for the year the common stock cannot share in the profits.

The Western railroads reflect the prosperity of the Western country. Great Northern shows remarkable gains this first quarter and St. Paul is producing wonderful increases in gross earnings.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market continues fairly active, and is, in the main, strong. The news from British Columbia of the settlement of the miners' strike has had a reassuring effect, which was mostly reflected in War Eagle and Centre Star.

Virtue continues to advance, and the strength to-day is attributable to a satisfactory report from the Virtue Collateral Mine. There has been little doing in Montreal-London, but the price remains steady. Recent accounts from the Dufferin are very encouraging, and the improvement in the ore will warrant the starting up of the whole mill again. The little boom in Montreal-Oregon appears to have petered out, and there is more stock offering than the market will take; when the mine commences shipping ore there will be probably another movement in the stock. Deer Trail has been almost neglected, and there is no change in the quotation.

The Exchanges will be closed from Thursday until Tuesday of next week, and the market is already commencing to assume a more or less holiday character. The next few weeks will see increasing ore shipments from the British Columbian mines, and it is quite probable that some new shippers will be added to the list, which will no doubt materially add to the strength of the market.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Montreal, April 10.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.

MAN is the most inconsistent of all animals. Indeed, he is the only one that is always wanting something that he has not got, simply because he cannot get it at that particular moment. Last autumn our citizens, when wading through the mud on Craig street, longed for the pure and beautiful snow to come and make for them an ideal thoroughfare. Now they are saying dreadful things about the road department because they did not cart the snow away fast enough and let us get back to that nice slimy adhesive mud for which this city is so justly famous. Now, they are yearning for the sun to dry up the mud, and, later on, they will go around clamoring that they are so full of dust that they could use their lungs for polishing their door plates. Then, when the rain comes, and they have to dry their washing at the stove, they will say things with reference to the weather that will cut large livid streaks in the Canadian climate. And we shall stand by and applaud them.

It was always thus. Ever since Eve first bit into the apple and gave the initial impetus to the clothing trade, mankind has been similarly inconsistent. The very men who stood around and made fun of Noah when he started predicting a wet spell were the ones who clamored loudest for a midships berth in the ark, where they would not be disturbed by the animals when once the universal watering of stock began. And when that record-breaking voyage was over, and the dove had returned with an olive in its beak to show that the saloons were open, no doubt these men were the first to howl about the mud on the sidewalks, and to insinuate that "boodle" was at the bottom of it.

When the fair Helen of Troy eloped with her star-boarder, and showed Menelaus that he was not the only pebble on the Grecian beach, the bereaved husband howled like a spaniel dog with its tail in a rat-trap. Yet, we are not informed that he had ever before shown himself particularly appreciative of the jewel he possessed. I have no doubt he compared her cooking with that of his sainted mother, very much to her disadvantage, and that he ogled every girl in Argos on his way down town to business. No doubt, when he came upstairs at night with his sandals in his hand, and fell over the cradle which she had thoughtfully placed in the main entrance to the palace, he thought things that lit up whole constellations before his eyes and caused the passage to smell as sulphurous as a match factory. Yet, when Paris came along, at a time when Helen was turned 60 and certainly old enough to know better, Menelaus forthwith raised a whoop over the loss of his treasure, which led to a number of estimable Trojan citizens being compelled to assume their angel plumage at a time when they were in debt to their grocers and their families were just preparing to go away for the summer.

But we do not need to go back to the days before the invention of the shirt waist for instances of man's inconsistency. Take the average citizen of to-day, the man who, in the bosom of his family, speaks of the demon rum in tones as corrugated as a boarding-house mattress. Land him in a Scott Act town where he has no more friends than a lacrosse referee in a close match, and forthwith he will become as dry as a temperance lecturer in the alkali desert. In five minutes you will be able to hear his lungs rattle, and he will devote all the energy and soulfulness of his nature to discovering where he can secure a drink of whiskey which would take paint off his front door. He will march a torchlight procession down his throat that will cause the hardest microbe in his system to climb a tree, and return to his hotel in all the quiet pride of a strong man who has accomplished a good deed. Yet that same citizen, when he strikes a city as wide open as an alligator's jaws on fish day, would not go into a saloon even to see a dog-fight. He will stand up against a soda fountain and fill himself so full of frapped sizz that he feels like a perambulating Babcock. And he will gaze with cold reproach upon the foaming "collins" and the insinuating cocktail, simply because they are within his reach. He will enlarge upon the tale of the small boy who fell four storeys on to a brewery wagon, and was saved because his head hit a bottle of "soft" stuff. And he will

steadfastly refuse to look upon the wine when it is red, even with lemon and sugar in it, and will take, instead, a cigar, one whiff of which would drive a dog out of a tan-yard.

Let the average man swear off anything, from shaving to Scotch and soda, and his craving for it will become instantly almost pathetic in its intensity. It is at the moment when the cyclist is trying to dodge two trolley cars, a coal wagon, and an old lady with an armful of bundles that his desire to rub his nose becomes most uncontrollable. It is in the pause of dead silence when the baby has finally consented to go to sleep that the average man is forced to sneeze like the explosion of a dynamite bomb. It is not his fault. It is the inherent inconsistency of human nature. And the glare of scorn in every female eye which brands him as a nineteenth century Cain is wholly uncalled for. The man who could refrain under such circumstances would stand out among his fellows like a cameo on a background of bottle glass. He would be the man of iron who moulds nations to his will and writes his name in letters of fire on the bronze pillars of history. And such men are as rare in this commonplace community as a bathtub among the Boers. SINBAD.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

PREPARED FOR "MONTREAL LIFE" BY MR. JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

Sunday, April 15.—A good day on which to visit friends.

Many dangers are foreshadowed during this year, among them being loss of money through speculation and extravagance and loss of position in the case of employes. Women will be courted, but marriage will not be the result.

Children born to-day will find it hard to obtain lucrative or steady work, and in other respects also they will be rather unfortunate.

Monday, April 16.—Not a good day for journeys or for writing important letters.

Illness, possibly slight, or accidents and some business prosperity may be expected during this year. Trouble is also threatened to young women who act indiscreetly.

An immoderate love of pleasure will be a characteristic of children born to-day. Prosperous they will be in a measure, but sorrow will come to them through members of the opposite sex.

Tuesday, April 17.—Business will flourish to-day.

This year will bring many unforeseen annoyances. No new enterprise should be started, and no money should be loaned except on gilt-edged security. In love affairs great ill-luck is foreshadowed, and women are cautioned to be prudent.

Clever and ingenious to-day's children will be, yet they will not be very prosperous since their efforts to rise in the world will frequently be thwarted by more influential persons.

Wednesday, April 18.—A favorable day for business and journeys.

As regards business this will be a fortunate year, but illness may be expected in the family circle as well as trouble on account of love affairs.

To-day's children will be very energetic and ambitious and will surely prosper.

Thursday, April 19.—A day concerning which nothing certain can be foretold.

This will be a quiet year and no very important event is likely to happen.

To-day's children will be rather rash, but, if born during a lucky hour, they may prosper exceedingly.

Friday, April 20.—Property may be sold to advantage to-day.

Danger is threatened during this year through an angry correspondence or through legal documents. Employes may obtain an increase of salary.

Children born to-day should look for salaried positions as, if they go into business on their own account, they are certain to lose money.

Saturday, April 21.—A very doubtful day.

This year promises to bring some good fortune and hardly any evil fortune.

Magnanimous and generous to-day's children will be, yet exceeding good fortune in any direction they can hardly expect.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,
Room 35, 1368 Broadway, "Gabriel."
New York.

Mr. Hingston is an expert astrologer and will be pleased to answer all letters which may be sent to him at the above address.



EASTER at last! The winter of our discontent is fading into the oblivion or the partial oblivion that shrouds all that we wish to put behind us.

Lent has gone past, too. Only each individual person knows what that season has meant to them, or whether it has meant anything at all. Whether there has been self-denial, or, perhaps, better still, self-erasure. Whether the days have slipped by little differently from the others which go to make up the 365. Whether they have been spent, so that Easter does not come as a relief to a jaded mind and heart, but as the joyous realization that even in this world our rewards come sooner than they are expected, even merited.

But, after all, let us not moralize. Everyone does that more or less for him or herself, and probably better than that which is done for them.

Easter Sunday in Montreal is, I do not hesitate to say, a day that is made much of in every grade of society. Many, of course, celebrate it by leaving home, and welcoming in the glorious morning in other surroundings. Perhaps New York attracts the larger number of us, if possible. But, though we are fond of saying, "everyone is out of town" in the middle of the summer, so we persist that "everyone" has gone away for Easter—that indefinable sum total of people which really is enclosed in the small human circle which bounds our particular set. And yet the streets are thronged and the churches filled, and there are thousands of voices left to swell the choruses of Easter praises.

Though we, who consider we come under the distinctive title of "everyone," do not perhaps care to burst out on this particular Sunday, as the butterfly does from the chrysalis, or in an evident desire to eclipse the lilies of the field who make no effort, it must be confessed we cannot quite stifle an innate desire to wear something new. Even though it be but a fresh pair of gloves, a different tie or any other insignificant but essential part of dress.

We even, did we acknowledge it, rather envy the unconscionable and enviable courage of the housemaid as we watch her emerge from the area door in bravery of a description that would have taxed the imagination and descriptive powers of that ancient queen, and dimmed the glory of Solomon. Not unto us is it given that we should sally forth, and to our unlimited satisfaction in a brand new dress, made upon the hopeless and delusive plan that a tight fit is a good one and of stuff that only the name "material" seems to suit. We realize how painfully conscious we would have been of that smart hat, of a shape never before worn by us, and of a most doubtful becomingness. We blush as we think how supremely miserable those squeaking and shiny shoes would render us, as we crept up the aisle. Then we go to our rooms and don the suit that has served us all winter, or the one that was locked away in the autumn. And we wish we had been made upon a more usual pattern. Yet, putting fun aside, it does seem only fitting that there should be an outward reign of the inward gladness.

Sackcloth and ashes are better laid aside in the letter as well as the spirit.

The whole earth is rejoicing in Eastertide, and the freshness of spring sunshine and breezes. Why should not its creatures do their share of beautifying.

Items for this department should be in the hands of the editor on Tuesday, if possible. No news whatever can be taken after Wednesday at 5 p.m.

How tempting the principal shops, indeed, all the shops, are looking with their holiday displays! The confectioners' with their wealth of Easter eggs, from the monster creation, which induces tears in the eyes of the recipient on the discovery that white "composition" cannot be devoured, and that "seeing" takes the place of tasting, down to the ten-cent chocolate one, of natural size, if not color, and rejoicing in a life-like distribution of "white" and "yoke." The florists', a feast to the eye and heart, even to gaze upon, not own, with their banks of jonquils, the long-stemmed Californian violets, fragrant American beauties, or delicately pink tulips.

Even the drapers' windows, with the profusion of summer muslins and blouses of wonderful, occasionally fearful hues, rather please the artistic sense. They are all indicative of the same idea—that for everything there is a fresh start, a quickening of the pulses, a new beginning.

As usual, Sherbrooke street from end to end almost will be a moving mass of smiling faces beneath spring hats, whether flower bedecked creations, or merely "toppers"; of light suits worn at the expense of subsequent pneumonia, or covert coats undiscarded because new, and wholly unbearable as to warmth; of unusually large button holes; or bouquets languishing helplessly upside down from feminine shoulders, or nodding uncomfortably from belts, filling one with pity for the lack of insight in the donor, which should have prompted the suggestion to leave them at home in water. Even to see them in company with the inevitable piano lamp in the front window seems to us preferable. Yet, Easter day may dawn and grey skies and weeping clouds may dampen our spirits so ready to effervesce. And the milliner's box may stand unopened, or the tailor's neat parcel keep its wrappings. Yet, though with those who can experience the perfect peace and joyousness, irrespective of immediate circumstances, Nature's vagaries will have little weight. May we have here in Montreal, in our hearts, in our homes, and in the weather, all that goes to make up—

A Glad Easter—

K.

• • •

MISS EMMA WONHAM, 1018 Sherbrooke street, has left on a visit to New York, where she will be the guest of her brother, Mr. Fred Wonham.

The marriage of Miss Amy Murphy, second daughter of the late Hon. Edward Murphy, to Dr. Harrison, will take place on April 25.

Mrs. Bunting, Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Peel street.

Miss Macnider, 1018 Sherbrooke street, has returned from a visit of some weeks to New York and Philadelphia.

Last week, a very small subscription dance was given at Stanley Hall by 15 bachelors, for 15 debutantes. Dances are not as a rule given at this season, but, I suppose, the smallness and simplicity of the entertainment made it excusable. It began in very good time and was supposed to be of the Cinderella order, but 12 o'clock came before it really should have, and it was difficult to be punctual in breaking up. The music was excellent, and a light supper, for which, I believe, the girls were responsible, was served. Mrs. John Grant and Mrs. Porteous were the chaperones, and the whole affair was indeed most successful. Among those present were: The Misses Gilmour, Miss M. Howard, Miss A. Ewan, Miss L. Peterson, Miss Shaughnessy, Miss Porteous, Miss J. Grant, Miss E. Drury (Kingston), Miss B. Forget, Miss M. Molson, Mr. Wotherspoon, Mr. Howard, Mr. H. Little, Mr. J. Angus, Mr. G. Porteous, Mr. P. Sise, Mr. M. Scott, Mr. R. O. King, Mr. P. Griffin.

Last week, Miss Van Horne, Sherbrooke street, entertained the members of the Afternoon Euchre Club at a very pleasant euchre party.

Mrs. C. L. Shorey, of Redpath street, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Margery Shorey, has left for a trip to Old

SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

Point Comfort and the South. They will spend a few days with friends in New Haven en route.

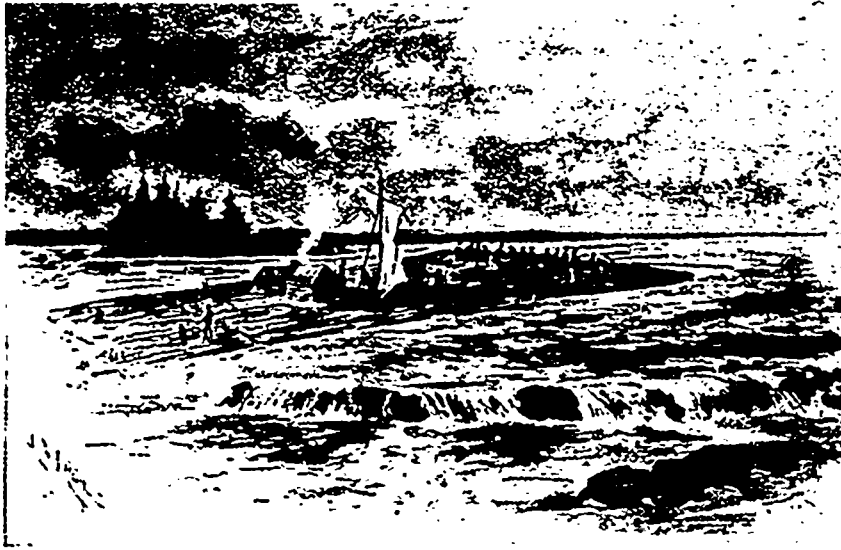
Mr. E. G. Black, of Scotland, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. John Greenshields, Drummond street.

Among the Montrealers at Atlantic City are the Ven. Archdeacon Mills, Mrs. Mills and Master Lennox Mills.

Mr. Dunlop, architect, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Dunlop, left last week for New York to spend Easter.

Last week, Mrs. Fvshe, McTavish street, gave a large and very pleasant tea.

MISS Claudia Bate, Ottawa, who has been spending some months in Arizona, was in town for a day or two last week. Miss Bate's marriage to Mr. Barrett Dewar, of Winnipeg, has been arranged to take place early in June. Without doubt, it will be quite one of the most interesting of social events in Ottawa this spring, for Miss Bate has



RAFTING ON THE RIVER.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steamboat was got us towin'.
All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy workin' dere.
So we sing some song an' chorus, on de good tam dat's before us.
W'en de w'ole biz-ness she's finish, an' we come on Trois Rivières.

But had luck is sometin fetch us, for beez strong witi' come an' ketch us
Jus' so soon as we struck de rapids—jus' so soon we see de smoke.
An' before we spik some prayer for ourself dat's fightin' dere,
Roun' we come upon de beez rock, an' its den de raf' she broke.

DR. DRUMMOND.

always been a tremendous favorite in Ottawa society. The wedding will be a large one, and probably a great number of Montrealers will go up for it.

Mr. and Mrs. George Caverhill, Drummond street, left this week for New York, where they will spend Easter.

Mr. John Turnbull and Miss Laura Turnbull, Peel street, are enjoying a short holiday at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. M. Pangman, Union avenue, have left on a visit of some weeks to Lakewood, N.J., New York and Atlantic City.

THE ninth concert of the Symphony Orchestra on Friday last was a very good one, though, perhaps, to ordinary concert-goers not quite as interesting. Schubert's Rosamunde was beautifully played and was much appreciated. And Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, always a great favorite, was most excellently rendered. The orchestra seems to steadily improve. Mr. Louis Charbonneau's cello solos were admirable and received great applause. Miss Wishart, owing to illness, was unable to appear, but Miss Kellert took her place and sang several songs, which were quite as much

enjoyed as at the previous concert. It is quite extraordinary that such a very young girl should possess a voice of so much promise.

It was announced that a grand benefit concert is to be tendered Prof. Goulet on April 27. And I sincerely hope that the public who have so much enjoyed this painstaking conductor's efforts to provide them with good music throughout the season will show their appreciation by attending this concert. I did not notice whether it is to be in the afternoon or evening. If the latter, it will be rather a pity, as the Fenian medals are actually at last to be distributed, and on that night, and this will be rather a serious counter attraction. The attendance at Friday's concert was rather poor, I thought. At least, not up to what the performance merited.

Last week, Mrs. R. MacDougall Paterson, Drummond street, gave a small but very pleasant tea.

Miss Robertson, Phillips Square, is among the many Montrealers spending Easter in New York.

Miss Marguerite Macpherson, Stanley street, is visiting Mrs. R. R. Wallace, West New Brighton, Staten Island.

LADY HICKSON and Miss Mabel Hickson, Mountain street, and the Misses Dow, Beaver Hall Square, are spending a few weeks in New York. Miss Gertrude Hampson, Peel street, will also spend Easter in New York, the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. A. Cundill. Miss Bond, Bishop'scourt, went down to the same city this week for a short visit. In fact it would almost be simpler to say who was staying at home. Possibly the list would be the smaller.

THE Bispham concert on Saturday night more than fulfilled the pleasant anticipations of all who had heard this splendid baritone before, or knew of him by reputation only. The Ladies' Morning Musicale indeed deserve a vote of thanks for their enterprise in bringing him back, and for their perfect arrangements. The Windsor Hall was packed, and the audience a most fashionable and enthusiastic one.

Mr. Bispham has such a very charming presence that were his voice not even as delightful as it is, he doubtless would be most popular. And he always looks as though he enjoyed singing.

There is nothing blase about him. A remarkable diversion in the entertainment, and one not prearranged, was the unexpected visit of a huge bat.

MR. BISPHAM'S invitation to Hark! Hark! the Lark, evidently called it out from some hiding place. And it swooped down to investigate the cheery singer's personal appearance. A bat entangled in one's carefully arranged hair, or clinging to a Tibet collar, is not to be welcomed. And the feminine portion of the audience hardly listened to the music as they bent their heads, and even indulged in stifled screams (well, perhaps hardly, screams) as it ventured too near them. Finally, however, the stranger, undeniably "out on a bat," departed, and sighs of relief were heard on all sides. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. Shaw, Miss H. Cassels, Miss Sise, Mrs. Gillespie, the Misses Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Miss Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Herrick Duggan, Mr. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie,

Mrs. Stephen, the Misses Stephen, Mr. N. Rielle, Mr. and Mrs. R. McD. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Ives, Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne.

A MOST interesting entertainment is being planned for May 9, when the Gibson pictures, so very successful last year, will be presented by very much the same people, and in aid again of the Day Nursery. I cannot honestly say that Montreal possesses many, or at least more than her share of "Gibson" (as we understand the term), men or girls. But, of course, Gibson people are generally types of beauty, and, though Montreal people may truthfully be said to be very nice-looking as a whole, they are not in the aggregate up to that mark—any more than elsewhere. However, the general effect last year was all that could be desired. So, why be critical? And let us remember that, after all, the American girl is a type of the Gibson girl, not the vice versa. If someone would institute a type for Canadians, we might also live up to it in time.

THERE are many rumors and hints of an engagement shortly to be announced that is to "shake the foundations of Montreal society," in the words of one gossip. Whose it is, it is difficult to imagine. Doubtless, before this is read the bomb will have exploded. But, in the meantime, everyone is wondering who are the fortunate people who intend to create such excitement with what is usually considered, and has been, of late especially, an almost daily, or weekly, at least, occurrence.

IT was rather a pity that such an attraction as Bispham should have been on the same night as the performance of the Garrick Club. Otherwise the audience which witnessed the very excellent performance of the farcical comedy *Uncle* would have been infinitely larger. Only one public performance has been given by the club this season. No one but the associate or non-active—or whatever they are called—members being permitted to attend.

Mr. Cecil Gordon in the title role was, as usual, very good, and Mr. W. O. Ryde, as on his debut at the last performance, created a most favorable impression.

The ladies in the cast were Mrs. Cecil Gordon as Mrs. Beaumont, whose acting was by no means below her standard, Miss Brown as Emily Montrose, and Miss Lillias Graham as Sarah. The last named is a new member, or, at any rate, has not appeared before. Mr. Percy Bellhouse also did very well as Peter Fletcher.

Of course, it must always be remembered that when amateurs play before the public they must expect to be criticized according to their deserts. But then, when an amateur club plays before its members only, it puts a different construction on the matter. One hesitates to point out flaws. It would be as impolite as criticizing the singing of a friend in your own drawing-room, and as unkind as a young husband preferring baker's bread to that kneaded by his wife's hands.

THE very sudden death of Miss Bella Wheeler, which occurred last week while visiting in New York, was most inexpressibly sad in all its circumstances. And the sad news cast a gloom over a very large number of Montreal people. Miss Wheeler had numberless friends, and indeed deservedly so. For few people are so ready with sympathy and unselfish thoughtfulness and very material kindnesses as was she. Miss Wheeler was associated with several public charitable organizations, but it was perhaps even more in the unostentatious ways of alms-giving that she will be remembered—the love of doing for others that keeps the left hand in ignorance of the right hand's generosity.

Mrs. Kennedy Campbell, of Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Thomas Fyshe, MacTavish street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Stanley street, who have been spending a short visit in Ireland at Lady Miller's country seat, out of Londonderry, have decided to sail next week by the *Germaic*.

IT seems a most extraordinary and awful idea of the fitness of things that allows Montreal theatres not only to be open on Good Friday, but announces that there will be a special matinee on that very solemn day. One certainly would not like to credit any of one's friends with even the suspicion of an intention of attending a performance. We may be lax in many particulars, but surely we draw the line somewhere.

Miss Helen Parker is at present in Quebec, where she is visiting Mrs. Andrew Thompson.

IT hardly appears to me interesting to read what most of the well-known people intend to do two months hence. Will there not be time enough to let us know where Mrs. B. intends to spend the summer, where Mrs. A. has taken a cottage or rooms, when they are on the eve of departure, or, at least, a little nearer to it than at present? Especially, as most of us know quite well where nine-tenths of our friends will probably go, or have been in the habit of going.

It will soon be chronicled: "Mrs. B. is thinking of going to Metis." "Mrs. B. has decided to go to Metis." "Mrs. B. is packing her trunks to go to Metis." "Mrs. B. has (oh, joy!) gone to Metis." But, no! still more. "Mrs. B. is comfortably established at Metis." And by the time she has taken several trips back to town and finally returned for good, Mrs. B. will be responsible for, were it collected, about two columns of very readable and highly diverting matter.

It is with sincere regret that the serious illness of the Lord Bishop of Quebec was heard this week. It seems such a short time ago that Bishop Dunn was in Montreal visiting his great friend, Bishop Bond, at Bishopscourt, and then he certainly had every appearance of being in most excellent health—full of life and vigor.

The Spring Exhibition of Canadian Artists has closed, and it is pleasant to learn that the attendance exceeded that of any previous year. We are all so prone to rave over old masters of which we know absolutely nothing, or, at least, are, in reality, not competent to judge, that it is just as well to expend a little interest and appreciation in the work done by those we know, and who will be affected by our criticisms.



RACHEL BOOTH

In *A Runaway Girl*, at the Academy next week.

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Loprohon.

CHAPTER XVI.

The stated fortnight, with its hours of pain and pleasure, passed rapidly over; but alas! poor Antoinette found that for her at least pain predominated. Apart from harassing doubts regarding the possibility of her father proving implacable; apart from the remorse she experienced for the manner in which that kind, good father had been deceived and disobeyed, there was much in her lover's conduct to grieve and wound her. Ever passing from one extreme to another, he was either all tenderness or passion, or else a prey to the most gloomy irritability; and, whilst under the influence of the latter mood, he would reproach her with her coldness and cruelty, in terms which made the girl's eyes overflow, and her heart throb with mingled grief and indignation. Her approaching departure for the country was a continual source of reprimand and upbraiding, but despite all his remonstrances, her resolution remained unchanged. She knew, if Major Sternfield did not, that her father was not a man to be trifled with.

The last day of her stay in town had arrived, and Mrs. D'Aulnay had invited a number of guests, intending that Antoinette's closing evening should be as pleasant as possible. All was gaiety and glitter—promising a time of complete enjoyment; but one young heart was destined to learn, during the course of those mirthful hours, a new and keen suffering from which it had as yet been exempt.

Antoinette, had of course, danced the first dance with her lover. As they promenaded slowly round the room, he abruptly exclaimed:

"Were you speaking seriously yesterday evening, when you told me that you could not possibly say how long you would remain in Valmont?"

The reply was so low toned that he guessed, rather than heard its purport; and he rejoined irritably: "I tell you that so prolonged, perhaps uncertain an absence is more than I can patiently bear. However possible for you, it would be impossible for me; so I shall soon run over to see you."

"And what would papa say to that?" she questioned, in alarm.

"He would know nothing of it. I could go under a feigned name, and stop at some village inn near, or at some farmer's house. You would have nothing to do then but to take your walks or drives in the right direction."

"Audley, Audley, I dare not—I cannot do that. The sharp eyes, the busy tongues of village gossips would soon make our meetings known, not only to papa, but to all the world."

"So you refuse me even this paltry concession? Beware, Antoinette, you are trying me too far!"

"What can I do?" she urged, turning an appealing, tearful glance upon him.

"What can you do?" he retorted, untouched by that pleading look. "Prove by your actions that you are a woman, not a silly child; prove that you really feel, in some slight degree, the love you so solemnly vowed me a fortnight since. Surely I do not ask much. Permission to meet, to see you for a short hour; and yet even that you heartlessly refuse me. If you continue thus insensible to pity, to common justice, I shall soon insist on your showing me both."

"These reproaches are intolerable!" gasped his companion, turning deadly pale. "Audley, I will confess all to my father at once, and throw myself on his mercy. Better his open though terrible anger, than this unceasing secret wretchedness."

"No, you will not confess to Mr. De Mirecourt yet. Remember your solemn promise. When the favorable time comes, and not till then, shall I release you from that vow."

"Oh, Major Sternfield, in what a network of deceit and

mystery you have bound me!" she rejoined with involuntary bitterness.

"Perhaps you are already beginning to weary of your bonds," was the cold reply. "Well, I acknowledge I am a tiresome lover, too devoted, too fond; I must endeavor to amend however."

Silence followed this remark, and soon after he led her to a seat, leaving her without further comment. In another moment, she saw him by the side of a graceful, dark-eyed brunette, whispering in her ear with the devotion he usually vouchsafed herself. An uneasy feeling smote her, but she resolutely combated it, and accepted the hand of the first partner who presented himself. The dance over, her gaze involuntarily wandered in the direction of her lover. He stood just where she had last seen him, bending over his beautiful companion, toying with the flower she had given him from her bouquet, and adding, by his whispered flatteries, additional brilliancy to the bright flush that glowed on her cheek. Ah, now indeed, a keen, sharp pang shot through Antoinette's heart; but too proud, too maidenly to show it, she went calmly through the penance of another dance with a wearisome partner, who almost bewildered her already aching brain by his overwhelming flood of weak, small talk. It came, however, to an end, and then the slow measured strains of the minuet, so different to the rapid polka, waltz, and galop of our days, struck up, and Sternfield and his companion pressed forward to join it. Still Antoinette bore all bravely. Another partner came up, and, though she declined dancing under a plea of fatigue, he retained his post beside her. Nothing daunted by her discouraging silence, he stood his ground, determined to have her hand for at least once during the evening; and when the music of the contra dance, which succeeded to the minuet, commenced playing, she unwillingly stood up with him. By some unpleasant freak of fate, the place that fell to her lot was very near the couch on which Sternfield and his partner were now resting; and, during the course of that interminable dance, she had to stand an apparently unconcerned spectator of that mutually engrossed couple, who seemed at the moment so entirely wrapped up in each other. Notwithstanding her close proximity, never once did Sternfield's glance wander towards herself; and as she silently watched them—how could she help it! she ever and anon asked her aching heart, "Is that man really my husband? Must I see all this, bear all this, and not even dare to complain—this too, the last evening that we shall be together for perhaps many weeks? Bring me to the other room, it is too warm here," she abruptly said, when her partner, noticing her excessive pallor, asked her at the close of the dance if she were ill.

With a sentiment of relief, she entered a small sitting-room, specially appropriated to Mrs. D'Aulnay's use, which at the moment chanced to be vacant; and, longing for a moment's solitude to school her looks and voice to the calmness they ought to wear, she eagerly assented to her partner's proposal that he should procure her some refreshment. He was scarcely gone, when the clanking of approaching spurs told that an intruder was at hand. It proved to be Colonel Evelyn, who had accepted (an unusual circumstance for him) Mrs. D'Aulnay's invitation for that evening; and who now, without perceiving Antoinette, threw himself on the sofa with a wearied ennuye look. His glance, however, in carelessly wandering around the room, suddenly fell upon her, when he started up, exclaiming:

"What, you here, Miss De Mirecourt, and all alone?"

"Oh, I have only just entered. Mr. Chandos has gone in quest of coffee and cake."

Colonel Evelyn at once detected that her carelessness of manner was assumed, and, as he looked at her more narrowly, there was something in the pallor of her cheek, the constrained look of her beautiful but unusually pale lips, that brought vividly back to memory the eventful drive they had once taken together, and the feeling akin to interest which she had awoke in his breast at that time. Instead of quietly escaping from

the room, as was his wont when by any chance he found himself tete-a-tete with a pretty woman, he drew nearer, and, whilst uttering some of the commonplaces of conversation, which he generally avoided, secretly wondered at the shadow which had fallen on that young face, at the involuntary look of pain it wore.

"You have wearied soon of dancing, to-night," he said, after a short pause.

"Yes, I must keep my strength for to-morrow's journey. I will start for Valmont immediately after breakfast."

"Ah, you are leaving us then. What will your friends and admirers do in your absence?"

"Forget me," she apathetically rejoined.

The listener inwardly thought that where she had once inspired love, she was not one to be easily forgotten, but he merely said, "As you will doubtless forget them."

Ah! would she? There was one that now she never could, never must forget; and yet how he had grieved, how he had trampled on her feelings, through the course of that painful evening!

She made no reply to her companion's chance remark; but the tide of vivid crimson that rushed to her cheek, the look of intense mental pain that suddenly contracted her features, told how deeply it had moved her. Interested, touched by the evidence of suffering thus involuntarily betrayed, Colonel Evelyn gently changed the subject; inwardly thinking what a pity it was that a few more months' experience of fashionable life would teach that guileless young nature to dissemble completely the emotions it now so clearly revealed.

Had Antoinette been in her usual state of health and spirits, smiles irradiating her beautiful face, Evelyn would soon, if not almost immediately, have left her side; but he had known deep and bitter anguish himself, and moody, misanthropic as he appeared at times, coldly, impatiently as he turned away from human mirth and friendship, suffering or sorrow always touched his heart.

At this juncture, Mr. Chandos returned with a well-loaded salver, and, as he pressed some of its contents upon Antoinette, expressed a hope "that she would soon be able to accompany him to the ballroom."

"If Miss De Mirecourt would rather remain here a little longer to rest herself, I will be happy to wait upon her," exclaimed Colonel Evelyn.

Mr. Chandos engaged for the next dance to a sprightly young lady, who was probably already impatiently awaiting him, mentioned his engagement, and joyfully withdrew. Antoinette, after making a pretence of tasting some fruit, rose with a vague, unhappy feeling that she ought not now to sit thus alone with Colonel Evelyn, or indeed with any other.

"What, anxious to go already, Miss De Mirecourt? Pray take my arm, and we will walk through the rooms till you are sufficiently rested to return to the partners who are probably growing impatient at your absence."

The forced smile with which poor Antoinette endeavored to meet this remark was more painful to see than even her late expression of misery; and, Evelyn, remembering her calm, unflinching look in an hour of mortal peril, sorrowfully thought that bravely as she might meet physical danger, she was one apparently whom mental suffering would soon prostrate. Walking slowly through the rooms, he exerted himself in a manner most unusual with him, to interest and amuse her, and he partly succeeded.

Colonel Evelyn possessed a rare and powerful intellect, and, though his conversation was wanting in the graceful strains of compliment, the witty and constantly recurring epigram, which imparted such brilliancy to that of Sternfield, to a refined and cultivated mind, it was infinitely more interesting. Antoinette quietly listened, unconscious that in the short, simple observations she occasionally made, her companion found a freshness, a transparent candor which charmed him far more than the wittiest repartees could have done.

In passing through one of the apartments, dimly lighted by rose-colored lamps, and abounding in niches and angles which seemed to make it a very temple of flirtation, they saw Major Sternfield seated on a causeuse beside a pretty, child-like creature of sixteen, whose blushing, embarrassed face, and downcast eyes betrayed she was totally unused to the new strain of adulatory conversation in which he was initiating her.

As they passed on, Evelyn's lips curled, and he abruptly asked:

"Do you admire Major Sternfield?"

"How little he imagines," inwardly thought poor Antoinette, "that Major Sternfield is now the sole arbiter of my destiny—my future life"; but the colonel, without perceiving her sudden embarrassment, or, careless of hearing her reply, rapidly went on, "Of course you do, and so also do two-thirds of the ladies present to-night. He is handsome as an Apollo, dresses, dances, and flirts irreproachably; surely that is enough. Still I think I would rather labor under the imputation of being a woman-hater, as you once told me I was regarded, than a woman or rather lady killer. One is not more heartless than the other. But now, I must yield you up, for I see a claimant for your hand approaching, and I will say farewell, for I intend soon leaving this gay scene."

"Good-bye! You have been very kind to me to-night," she simply said, tendering her hand.

He clasped it in a friendly pressure, and whispered, "Your last words encourage me to venture on offering you a counsel which otherwise you might have regarded as impertinent; a counsel at least disinterested, for it comes from one who has ceased to seek or care for ladies' smiles and approbation. It is this: Remain in that happy country home, in which you have grown up candid and truthful; remain with the tried, wise friends of your girlhood. You will meet none such in the gay, heartless life on which you have lately entered."

"Too late!" inwardly sighed Antoinette, but she merely replied by a sad slight shake of the head; and Colonel Evelyn turned away, acknowledging to himself that such a thing as truth or worth in woman might still possibly exist.

Antoinette, on her part, accepted without word or comment the partner who had just presented himself, and doubly wearisome did his platitudes appear after the engrossingly interesting conversation of her previous companion. Soon her thoughts wandered back to Audley Sternfield, to his studied, cruel neglect of herself, his open devotion to others; and the olden pained look came back on her face stronger than ever. At the end of the dance, supper was announced. That over, came a cotillion, some singing; and, finally, when the greater part of the guests were taking leave, Major Sternfield sought her side.

"How have you enjoyed yourself?" he asked; "I left you to do so, untrammelled by my wearisome attentions."

"You have made me very unhappy, to-night," she rejoined, with a quivering lip.

Sternfield read as clearly as Colonel Evelyn had done, the traces of mental anguish on that pale face, and his heart somewhat smote him.

"Forgive me, Antoinette," he tenderly whispered; "but what is the slight annoyance my conduct may have caused you to-night, compared to the suffering your coldness continually inflicts on myself?"

"I act as I do from principle, Audley; but you have grieved, tortured me to-night, either through retaliation, or through an idle wish to see how much you could make me suffer—how much I could bear."

"No! so, my little wife; but I thought the harsh lesson might render you more merciful to me than you have hitherto been. You will not surely now refuse me permission to visit Valmont?"

"Visit Valmont if you will, Audley, but come openly, without disguise; and even at the risk of incurring papa's anger and reproaches, I will receive you with friendly welcome; but

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

to meet you in inns or lonely walks, I will not, I cannot consent."

"So be it. I shall speedily commit myself, according to your wishes, to the mercies of your father's hospitality. Meanwhile, how shall I pass the time of your absence?"

"Oh, you have many resources," she bitterly replied. "witness to-night."

"What, jealous, Antoinette!" and an almost imperceptible smile flitted over his face.

"I do not know that I have felt so; but I know that I have been very wretched during the course of the last few hours; and have asked myself more than once in alarm, can the love you profess for me be really sincere—can it even really exist whilst you treat me thus? Oh, imagine Audley, with what agony—what anguish such a doubt must have filled my heart, now, that we are irrevocably united together!"

"Yes—; fortunate indeed that it is so!" he rejoined, his eyes flashing with a moody triumph.

His companion shuddered. "Fortunate, you should say, Audley, as long as confidence and affection reign between us"

"I make no exception—fortunate in any and every case. Even with distrust, coldness, irritation, clouding our mutual relationship, 'twill always be a welcome thought to know that you are entirely, irrevocably mine!"

The words were merely one of those exaggerations of passion which sound pleasant enough, in general cases, in the ear of a young bride of a fortnight; but they blanched the cheek of Sternfield's girlish wife, and filled her heart with nameless dread.

"What, am I not right?" he continued, almost fiercely, noticing her sudden pallor

"For mercy's sake, Audley, do not speak so wildly! God forbid that either distrust or anger should ever arise between us now! I will be true, faithful, and devoted to you—ah, do you, on your part, be kind and forbearing with me. Sport not with my feelings, as you have so mercilessly done to-night—"

"Even as you are constantly doing with mine," he whispered. "But, here comes our hostess. Pray, dearest, try and look more cheerful; or I shall have to undergo a private court-martial at her hands."

"What are you two conspiring about in this desolate corner?" Mrs. D'Aulnay smilingly asked. "Why, Antoinette, you look wretchedly ill! You will surely be unfit for your journey to-morrow."

"There, Major Sternfield, say good night at once, for I am certain it is you who have worried all Antoinette's roses away with your melancholy fretting and grumbling. Say good night and good-bye!" and she good-naturedly turned from the lovers, still interposing her stately person between them and the half-open door of the adjoining room in which some of the guests still lingered.

"Farewell, my own Antoinette," whispered Sternfield, as he tenderly pressed the young girl to his heart. "Forgive and forget the pain I have so cruelly inflicted on you to-night."

Forgive and forget, aye, the request was easily spoken, but was it as easily granted? Antoinette's sleepless, tear-stained pillow could have answered that.

CHAPTER XVII.

Another day saw our young heroine installed in her own home, surrounded by her father's affectionate cares, the gentle ministrings of her devoted governess, and the friendly attentions of Louis Beauchesne, who was, of course, a privileged visitor at the Manor-House. Still, despite the triple wall of affection thus surrounding her—despite her return to the regular hours and calm healthful pursuits of country life, she retained the fragile delicate look she had acquired during the last few weeks of her residence in Montreal. Mr. De Mirecourt

felt little anxiety on the subject, persuaded as he was that a fortnight's rest would make her as strong as ever; but Mrs. Gerard was far from being as sanguine, or as easily satisfied.

What pained and alarmed her far more than the pallor of Antoinette's cheek or the slowness of her step, were the frequent fits of melancholy abstraction in which she so often indulged; as well as her indifference, if not aversion to the charitable as well as intellectual pursuits which had formed the chief pleasures of her guileless life before her recent visit to Mrs. D'Aulnay. Gently, patiently, lovingly, as a mother would have done, did she endeavor to win the confidence of her beloved pupil; but the latter shrank with terror from every overture; and Mrs. Gerard, finding the invariable result of any such effort was to drive Antoinette to the seclusion of her room for half the day, abandoned the attempt, contenting herself with daily pouring forth prayer to Heaven in private, for the support and direction of that heavily-burdened young heart, sparing, at the same time, no effort to cheer and distract her sadness.

A source of unceasing regret and annoyance to Mrs. Gerard was the constant correspondence kept up between her charge and Mrs. D'Aulnay. This annoyance was well founded; for the reception or writing of a letter generally left the young girl a prey to a fit of absorbing melancholy, or to a severe headache. How much would her anxiety have been increased, had she but known that half of the letters thus received from, or sent under cover to Mrs. D'Aulnay, formed part of a correspondence with Major Sternfield.

A gentle, half-playful request on her part to be permitted to see some of the epistles in question had met with a cold reply from Antoinette, accompanied by an assertion that she had promised Mrs. D'Aulnay to show her letters to no person. Really alarmed, Mrs. Gerard applied to Mr. De Mirecourt; but the latter, grown doubly indulgent towards his daughter since her return, impatiently rejoined that Antoinette must not be worried or vexed about trifles. She was too old to be obliged to submit to inspection a harmless correspondence with her cousin, as if she were still a schoolgirl."

So had it always been with Mr. De Mirecourt, whenever the governess had appealed to him; and if his child had hitherto proved a gentle and submissive pupil, it was owing to her own natural sweetness of disposition, not to parental constraint. It was well for the young girl's jealously-guarded secret, that her father's time and thoughts at the present period were entirely taken up by other matters, or he could not have failed noticing the great and unaccountable change which had come over her.

We have already remarked that the greater part of the French-Canadians, instead of recourse in their difficulties to judges who understood neither their laws nor their language, were accustomed to refer them to the arbitration of the cure, or to that of some leading person in the parish. In Valmont, Mr. De Mirecourt was universally beloved and respected; and he found himself constituted judge and umpire in all the differences which happened to arise amongst his coparishioners. No appeal was ever sought from his decision, for all felt that he acted with the strictest justice and impartiality.

"A letter for you, little one," he smilingly said, entering one morning the cheerful though old-fashioned sitting-room in which the ladies of the household were passing the hours of the forenoon. "As heavy a despatch as the Provincial Secretary ever receives."

No answering smile brightened his daughter's face as she took the epistle and slipped it into the folds of her dress, with a slight word of thanks. Mr. De Mirecourt, who had an unusual number of cases en delibere that morning, soon took his departure, and a moment after Antoinette rose also.

"Why not read your letter here, my child?" questioned Mrs. Gerard. "I promise to neither speak to nor look at you during its perusal."

The young girl murmured some apologetic, half unintelligible reply, and left the room. Ah, those letters of hers were

not letters to be read under the eye of anyone whose scrutiny she feared. They brought crimson flushes to her cheek, tears to her eyes too often for that. They sent too many shades of pain and pleasure (alas that the pain should have so constantly predominated!) flitting over her expressive face to permit her to let any eye study her features whilst she read them.

Alone in her room, she turned the key in the door and opened the envelope which contained, as she had previously divined, two letters, one from Major Sternfield, the other from her cousin. We will give the latter—a pretty accurate illustration of the mind and character of the writer—in full.

"My darling Antoinette, for Heaven's sake, make every effort to obtain your father's permission to return to Montreal immediately! Audley is like a perfect madman. He has heard somewhere that young Beuchesne is almost domesticated in your house, paying you all the while the most devoted attention; and he will have it that you are flirting outrageously with Louis and entirely forgetting himself. He was here last night in a towering passion, and declared that if you remained in Valmont much longer, he would assuredly go there to see you, let the consequences be what they might. I have hitherto, in compliance with your urgent prayers, prevented him doing so; but I fear his patience and my influence have now reached their utmost limits. Who would have thought that such a dear, handsome, fascinating creature could so soon have turned tyrant? And yet there is something in his very violence, arising as it does out of the excess of his love for you, calculated, it seems to me, to render him ten times dearer to the one he has chosen from among all her sex. How contemptible does the tame, philosophic love of most men appear when placed side by side with his stormy devotion!—Now, with regard to your visit here: how is it to be brought about? I think Mr. D'Aulnay and myself must drop in (of course unexpectedly) this week at the Manor-House; say we find you looking ill, which, of course, you do, or ought to do, separated from the being nearest and dearest to you in this world; and coax and worry Mr. De Mirecourt into lending you to us for some time. I will represent, that this being the season of Lent, I am doing penance for past gaiety in perfect seclusion—that you will meet no one at our house; and, finally, if all else fail, I will invite Louis also. That last stroke of policy will I know decide the matter; for Uncle De Mirecourt will naturally suppose it will further his own darling project of a union between you both. But adieu, I hear Sternfield's voice in the hall, so I will not seal my letter yet. Of course, he also has a few lines, or rather a folio to send you. Your devoted, but greatly-worried, Lucille."

The lines alluded to were not calculated to diminish the mental trouble produced by the letter in which they were enclosed. They consisted chiefly of accusations that she had forgotten him, passionate protestations that he could not suffer to be much longer exiled from her presence; and a concluding assurance that he would endeavor to be patient for a few days longer, at the end of which time she must absolutely meet him at Mrs. D'Aulnay's.

Antoinette read and re-read the epistles with quivering lips, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed forth:

"Oh! Audley and Lucille, what misery ye have both brought on me!"

The words, melancholy-strange as they were, coming from the lips of a young bride, married to the husband of her choice, were not as might have been supposed, the fretful complaining of a moment of trouble or anxiety, but the real outpourings of an over-burdened heart. Yes, during the past few weeks, removed entirely from the fascinations of Sternfield's society—separated from Mrs. D'Aulnay's companionship and influence, she had leisure in the solitude of her own heart to look back on and to judge the irrevocable past. What the result of that stern scrutiny was, may be gathered from the exclamation that had just escaped her.

Had Audley Sternfield proved persistently gentle and considerate, there is no doubt that the passing fancy which she had mistaken for love, would ultimately have ripened into deep affection; for Antoinette's nature was loving and gentle, but the system of persecution and intimidation the bridegroom had so soon adopted after their ill-omened marriage, insensibly frightened away the dawning attachment she had felt for him; and with anguished fear for the future, despairing regret for the past, she now acknowledged to her aching heart that she only feared and trembled where she should have loved and confided. A dreary half-hour followed, during which she sat leaning her head on her hand, tearfully watching the bare branches of the trees as they swayed to and fro, or wildly tossed about, sport of the keen February wind; and thinking with a sort of broken-hearted apathy, how improbable it was that she would ever know peace or happiness again.

A slight tap at the door aroused her, and Mrs. Gerard gently asked admittance, mentioning that Mr. De Mirecourt and Louis were in the drawing-room, and had inquired for her.

"Please, go to them, dear Mrs. Gerard! I will be down in a few minutes."

After hurriedly bathing her eyes, and smoothing back her rich hair, yet damp with tears, she sought the drawing-room, tutoring her countenance as she went in to a look of repose or indifference. Placing herself under the shade of the heavy crimson curtains, that the glow they cast might help to conceal her pallor (a precaution she had learned from the fair Mrs. D'Aulnay), she contrived to reply with apparent composure to the remarks addressed her. After a time, Mr. De Mirecourt was summoned to his private room by some neighbors who wanted his counsel and arbitration; and Mrs. Gerard, being occupied with some household details, the young people found themselves alone.

"What is the matter, Antoinette?" asked Louis, who had detected her mental trouble, spite of crimson curtains and assumed composure.

"Oh, Louis! I am very miserable—very unhappy!" was the agitated reply.

"I have seen that since the first hour of your return," he gravely rejoined. "You are not the light-hearted and happy being that you were when you left us. But, dear Antoinette, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, clasping her hands together. "Obtain permission for me to return soon, aye immediately, to Montreal."

"Yes, to the fascinating society of the irresistible Major Sternfield," rejoined her companion with a jealous bitterness he could not at the moment overcome. "Surely, if he grieves over your mutual separation one-half as much as you appear to do, your names will deserve to go down to posterity as illustrative of the noble devotion of the lovers of our day."

"Oh! Louis, spare me reproaches and taunts; I am already miserable enough. Help me, if you can; if not, pity me!"

Touched by her gentleness, young Beuchesne impetuously exclaimed, "Nay, Antoinette, 'tis you who must pity me, you must forgive my injustice. Say that you do so, and I will endeavor to prove myself worthy of the trust you have placed in me."

The assurance he asked was speedily accorded, and Antoinette then communicated to him Mrs. D'Aulnay's approaching visit and the object she had in view. Louis, of course, promised at once to do all in his power to further the project; and Mrs. Gerard entering soon after, he engaged her in lively conversation, in order to withdraw her attention from his still agitated companion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININE SUPERIORITY.

"LEONIDAS," said Mrs. Hippick, sharply, "whom do you regard as the greatest general in history?"

But he was not to be caught napping. Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Joan of Arc."

The Personnel of the Supreme Court of Canada.

The Judges of the Supreme Court stand very high in the opinion of the Public, and are considered to be of the highest integrity and conscientiousness of Principle: In fact, as fine a body of Men as can be found anywhere.

THE Supreme Court of Canada was constituted under the Act of the Dominion Parliament which came into operation on January 11, 1876. It is a general court of appeal from the courts of last resort in the several Provinces. Appeal lies



SIR HENRY STRONG,
Chief Justice.

thence, under certain restrictions, to Her Majesty in Council. Until 1887, it also exercised exchequer jurisdiction, but in that year Parliament divided the appellate jurisdiction from the original jurisdiction theretofore exercised by the court, and erected the Exchequer Court of Canada into a separate tribunal. The exchequer jurisdiction has been largely extended since then. The judges of the Supreme Court of Canada are habited in much the same style of official robes as were worn by the old Barons of the Exchequer in England. On the opening days of the sessions the Chief Justice and the five puisne judges take their seats upon the bench gorgeously arrayed in scarlet robes, with capes of ermine. On ordinary days a black robe is worn, with trimmings of ermine. At the opening of Parliament the judges usually attend in their scarlet robes, but at other State functions they appear in court dress, with sword and cocked hat. Two of the judges must be chosen from the bar of Quebec.

During the first twelve years of the Supreme Court's existence, it decided ten times as many cases as the Supreme Court of the United States did in the corresponding period. This is, perhaps, more eloquent of the national confidence in the Canadian tribunal than suggestive of extreme litigiousness on the part of our people.

The first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada was Sir Wm. Richards, a judge of first-rate ability. Owing to ill-

health he was, unfortunately, compelled to resign in 1879. A fine portrait in oils of the first President of the Court, hangs in the court-room, painted by his niece, Miss Frances Richards. Upon Sir Wm. Richards' resignation, the Hon. W. J. Ritchie, one of the puisne judges of the court, was made Chief Justice. He subsequently received the honor of knighthood. Sir William Ritchie came of a family which has yielded to the profession of the law in the Maritime Provinces of Canada some of its ablest men. Sir William died in harness, after presiding over the court with conspicuous ability for some 13 years.

The Right Honorable Sir Henry Strong, the present Chief Justice of Canada, was promoted to the Presidency of the Supreme Court in 1893. In the same year he was knighted. Before coming to the Supreme Court, in 1876, he had been Vice-Chancellor of Ontario. In 1897 he was created a member of the Imperial Privy Council, and has since attended the sittings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for the hearing of colonial appeals. It may be fearlessly said that Sir Henry Strong possesses one of the newest legal minds in the British Empire. He is, besides, a man of broad culture and fine intellectuality, resembling, in this respect, Lord Selborne, and the other giants of the English bench in modern times. He delivered what is commonly called the judgment (but what is really their advice to Her Majesty) of the Judicial Committee in two very important cases recently.



HON. HENRY ELZEAR TASCHEREAU.

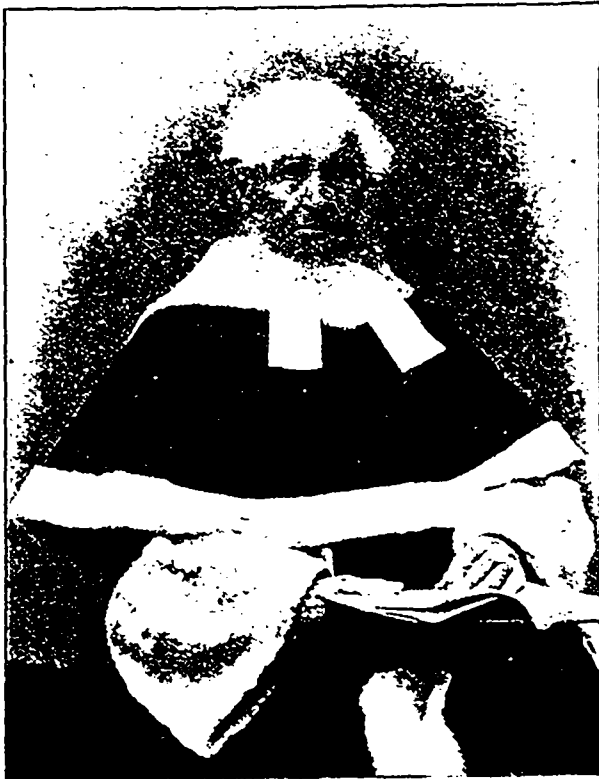
Sir Henry is very particular about arrangements of all kinds, as a good lawyer is apt to be; and when, some time ago, alterations were being made in the court, and it was necessary that his books should be removed, the contractor

had to resort to a device when the Chief Justice was absent. The books were one morning found strewed on the floor of the corridor. The Chief Justice was naturally exceedingly aggravated, and nothing but an apology saved the contractor from the dire consequences of the law at his hands.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE TASCHEREAU is the senior puisne judge of the Supreme Court. Judge Taschereau's popularity with the members of the bar practising before him dates from the first session after he was appointed to the court. He belongs to a race of lawyers and judges who have been prominent in Canada for the last 200 years. Judge Taschereau is a gentleman in the best sense and every sense of the word. Both by his address and bearing he keeps alive the finest traditions of the Quebec ancien regime. "Taschereau's Criminal Law" is a criterion of Judge Taschereau's legal knowledge and industry.

The judge has been married twice, and has quite a large family by his first wife, Capt. Panet, of the Imperial army, being a son-in-law. Mrs. Taschereau is a very pretty young woman, and has one child. They live very quietly, and are much averse to appearing in the papers, at least, in so far as society is concerned. Their house is set among pretty grounds where the judge may be seen reading on a summer's day after or before his work at the court.

He was for a long time president of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club, where he frequently appeared, racquet in hand. He and Mrs. Taschereau go every winter to Bermuda or Florida. The judge is the most popular of the grave and reverend seigneurs of the court; and has at the same time an extraordinary amount of executive ability, and power of despatching business. At the last sitting of the court, for the first time since its organization in 1876, all the judgments were delivered, and every case wiped off the docket. A man of wide reading and literary tastes, in disposition thoroughly courteous and dignified, an old-time Roman Catholic, he is devoted to the



HON. JOHN WELLINGTON GWYNNE.

interests of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Ottawa. He has not allowed himself to become fossilized in the dry atmosphere of the court. In Sir Henry Strong's absence, Judge Taschereau takes his place.

MR. JUSTICE GWYNNE was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1879 on the resignation of Sir William Richards, C.J. He came from the Court of Common Pleas of Ontario, where he had acquired a reputation as a painstaking and capable judge. He is of Irish origin, and was educated at



MR. JUSTICE SEDGEWICK.

Trinity College, Dublin. He is probably the oldest judge on the bench in Canada, having been born March 30, 1814.

Judge Gwynne is a member of the English Church, and was a doughty opponent of the late Chief Justice Ritchie in the high and low church controversy, taking the former side.

MR. JUSTICE SEDGEWICK, the next in order of appointment, is a son of the late Rev. Robert Sedgewick, D.D., once the "Old Man Eloquent" of the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia. He was appointed to the bench from the office of Deputy Minister of Justice for Canada. He was one of the leaders of the bar in his native Province, making equity jurisprudence his paramount study and practice. He was one of the pioneer lecturers in the well-known Dalhousie School of Law at Halifax, N.S. In 1893 he was created an honorary LL.D., by Dalhousie College, a rare distinction from that conservative institution.

Judge Sedgewick is a jolly, stout man with a great many friends; and is eminently a lover of the social life of the clubs. The Rideau would be lonely without him. He was a personal friend of the late Sir John Thompson, under whom he was made Deputy Minister.

JUDGE KING is another who looks on the bright side of life, and one who always meets this sad, old world with a smile, literally. His face has somewhat the cast of an actor and in social life he is "dubbed" a fine fellow. He is not fond of socie'v, however, as of some other things. It is stat that he attends, with his daughter Roma as his companion, every hockey match that takes place, having season tickets for all. He is an enthusiastic admirer of sport in various forms, especially horses and racing. His daughter is a very beautiful girl, and goes to England this summer with her parents before coming out next winter.

Mr. Justice King was transferred from the Supreme Court of New Brunswick to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1893.

SUPREME COURT—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

Next to the Chief Justice, Judge King is said by the legal profession to be the best all-round lawyer on the bench of the court. A favorable judgment by "King, J." is regarded by counsel as a distinct advantage for the purposes of appeal, if the decision of the majority be against him. Judge King, in 1896, was appointed by the Imperial authorities a member of the Behring Sea Fishery Arbitration.



MR. JUSTICE KING.

THE latest appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada was that of Hon. Mr. Justice Girouard, in 1895. At the time of his appointment, Desiré Girouard, D.C.L., LL.D., was one of the acknowledged leaders of the bar in the district of Montreal. Mr. Justice Girouard is a judge of literary leanings; and his graceful pen has enriched the literature of French Canada by numerous contributions. He was also one of the founders of *The Revue Critique*, and in collaboration with his son Desiré, whom death robbed of a useful career only last month, he published a law-book some years ago under the title of "Girouard on Bills and Notes."

Judge Girouard left political life for the judge's red robe, as he graduated from the House of Commons. He was for years chairman of the Privileges and Elections Committee. He married Miss Beattie, of Cobourg, a sister of Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, of Ottawa.

AS before observed, in 1887 the exchequer jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Canada was conferred upon a distinct federal tribunal, under the name of "The Exchequer Court of Canada," to consist of a single judge. The Honorable George W. Burbidge has held the office since that year, being appointed from the position of Deputy Minister of Justice. Considering the large domain of civil crown business that necessarily exists in a young and growing country like Canada, probably no single judge in the Empire has so important a jurisdiction. Besides this, Mr. Justice Burbidge has a wide jurisdiction in respect of patents, copyright and trade-marks. The Exchequer Court is also the Court of Admiralty for Canada, and an appeal lies to the judge of the

Exchequer Court from the local judges of the court on its admiralty side. The court has also been made an international tribunal during the past year by being created a prize court in time of war. Mr. Justice Burbidge's sound knowledge of the abstruse branches of law administered in his jurisdiction renders him peculiarly well-qualified to preside over the court. He is in the prime of life. He is the author of a "Digest of the Criminal Law."

HERITAGE.

SUGGESTED BY READING DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."

WHEN the first man and woman had left the seclusion of the Garden, crossed the river of Possibility, and stood upon the shore of Time, ready for their onward journey towards Posterity, the Angel of Opportunity appeared to them and said:

"Man make a prayer to Nature and Life. Petition wisely, for whatsoever you ask shall be the heritage of your sex forever."

And the man thought and thought, then, looking up at the glowing sun, exclaimed: "O Nature, do not thrust your greatest throes upon me, nor persist in making me remember pain."

The Angel said to the woman, "Pray thou also with wisdom."

As the woman bent low her head she softly said: "O Nature, do not allow me to grow callous nor empty. Hold me close to the joys, so few, the sorrows, so many, that I may gain strength from each."

Again the Angel bade the man pray, and once more he stood and looked towards the glowing sun, saying: "O Life, give me joy and pleasure. Do not unload upon me the sorrows of others; do not open my eyes to pangs I cannot assuage. Give me sweets and the power to cast aside regret."

"Sister," said the Angel, "pray."

The woman bent still lower and in a softer voice uttered her petition: "O Life, do not take away from me the memory



HON. DESIRÉ GIROUARD.

of sorrow, the shell holding the kernel of joy; do not allow me to become blind to the debt I owe others. Make me tender; give me a woman's portion, pain—that I may attain my full stature."

And that the Angel's promise might be redeemed, from that hour there was implanted in man the overmastering love of pleasure, and engrafted in the heart of woman the undying instincts of motherhood.—George Denton Canfield, in the April New Lippincott.

Theatres and
Entertainments.

ONE of the most ambitious and successful musical compositions of last season was *A Runaway Girl* which will be given its premiere in Montreal, Easter week, at the Academy of Music. The engagement begins with the special holiday matinee, Easter Monday afternoon.

This pretty comedy, set to music, differentiates from most of the musical compositions of recent years, not only in its real magnificence of costumes, scenery and accessories, but also in the artistic fineness with which every contributory department has furnished its service. Nothing so definitely forecasts the merit or mediocrity of a coming attraction in these days of common theatrical intelligence as the names surrounding the work to be presented. This delightful melange of mirth and melody is especially rich in its list of theatrical personages.

Augustin Daly is famous by reason of his great reputation as the original producer of many of the popular successes on this side of the water for the past 25 years, and is universally known as the proprietor and manager of the foremost place of amusement in the metropolis, known as Daly's Theatre, where all of his plays were staged and presented. Mr. Daly personally supervised the rehearsals, as well as the initial presentations, of *A Runaway Girl* in New York City, and it was due to his able stage direction that the pretty musical comedy proved such an instant and enduring success, while Mr. Carleton, the stage manager, and Mr. George P. Towle, the musical director, gave valuable aid, as the energetic amusement purveyor's assistants. These men are all leaders in their special departments, and, inspired as they were to do their best work, have each rendered exceptionally fine service.

The well-known principals of Mr. Daly's excellent singing company include: Marie Celeste, Paula Edwards, May Baker, Jeanne Towler, Rachel Booth, Carolyn Gordon, Ollie Craig, Fanny Tyson, and a very strong male contingent, headed by the clever comic-opera comedian, James T. Powers. The management state that a younger, prettier or better singing chorus of comely ladies and gentlemen has not been seen or heard in this city but rarely, if ever before. The engagement, which is for the entire week, will include the usual weekly matinee on Saturday afternoon.

THE king of all entertainers, George Grossmith, is announced to give three performances at the Windsor Hall—Friday, April 20, and on Saturday there will be a matinee in the afternoon and a performance in the evening. Grossmith would have been in Canada long before this, but that his tour in the United States has been such an enormous success that his manager, N. Vert, has extended his contracts in numerous cases. Everywhere he has gone his performances have aroused the greatest enthusiasm, having crowded audiences, and the public and critics have had nothing but kind things to say of him. His performance is unique, and one that appeals to all. His forthcoming visit here, no doubt, will be in line with the great success he has had in the United States. Crowded audiences will surely greet this popular entertainer.

A MILK WHITE FLAG has been a distinct disappointment, and was decidedly inferior, in so far as entertainment went, to Chris and the Wonderful Lamp, which was the play of the previous week. It may be true that it was a very good play some time ago, and that it suits some places. But it is not good now, and certainly does not suit Montreal, nor the Academy of Music. When it is said that the dancing of the Lawrence sisters was perhaps the bright feature of the programme, it will be remembered that this is only true comparatively speaking.

FOR the concert on April 20, Mr. E. Renaud will appear in the double capacity of composer and pianist. He will play a composition of his own for piano and orchestra. If his work as composer should prove equal to his ability as pianist a splendid and interesting performance may be looked for.

Six Famous Pianos Coming to Montreal for the Easter Weddings.

THE enterprising music house of Willis & Co., 1824 Notre Dame street, are importing specially for the Easter trade six splendid pianos of rare quality and beauty. These

pianos are so nearly entitled to be described by the impossible quality of perfection that they may almost be called perfect pianos, although it would scarcely be right to apply the term perfect to anything made by man.

A parlor grand of true scientific proportion, encased in fine rosewood, a grand piano, in upright shape, semi-colonial design in wondrously marked Honduras mahogany, a triumph of art musically, and architecturally are the Knabe contributions to this great selection.

There are two Newcombe upright pianos of new scale and new design made by that famous Canadian company, one a beautiful boudoir style in mahogany, exactly similar to the case of the Knabe piano, also a larger cabinet grand, Colonial design, in rare Circassian walnut. This is quite a masterpiece.

There are also two magnificent pianos by the renowned Dominion Piano Company. One of these is in beautifully marked onyx wood, a gem of art, while the other, which is the largest sized upright, is in San Domingo mahogany.

These pianos are duplicates of the instruments sent by the respective companies to the Paris Exhibition, and will grace the parlors of six families of the Montreal elite. Messrs. Willis & Co. have done very much to improve the grade of pianos purchased in Montreal, and, doubtless, this new venture will be successful.

Everyone
Having False Teeth
Should Use

COVERNTON'S

FRAGRANT

Carbolic Tooth Wash

As it cleanses and hardens the gums, disinfects the plate, thereby keeping the breath sweet. Highly recommended by the leading dentists of the city. Be sure and get that prepared by

C. J. Covernton & Co.

Cor. Bleury and Dorchester Sts.
For Sale by all Druggists.

Windsor Hall

Every Friday, at 4.15

Prof. Goulet's

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

In Classical and Popular Programmes.
Reserved Seats, 50c. Admission 25c. Seats Reserved at Shaw's, 2274 St. Catherine Street.

George Grossmith

THE KING OF ENTERTAINERS.

THREE
PERFORMANCES

WINDSOR HALL



FRIDAY, APRIL 20th
SATURDAY, APRIL 21st
AT 8.15 P.M.

SATURDAY MATINEE.

Seats, 75 cents and \$1. Admission, 50 cents.

Plan opens at J. W. Shaw & Co's, St. Catherine street, on Monday, April 16th.

JOS. BENNETT

FLORIST

Choice Cut Flowers and Plants.

136 Peel St., Montreal. Greenhouses: Lachine.
Telephone up 1451.

ACADEMY. EXTRA April 16th

Week Starting with Easter Matinee, Monday Afternoon
SEATS ON SALE TO-MORROW.

This and Last Season's Brilliant Melodic Success

"A RUNAWAY GIRL"

INITIALLY PRESENTED IN MONTREAL BY

Mr. James T. Powers and Augustin Daly's Famous Musical Company

65 MEMBERS—65

Direct from Daly's Theatre, New York City.
A Stage Full of Talented People. A Chorus Full of Pretty Girls. Delightful Harmonies.
Gorgeous Costumery. A Superb Scenic Environment.

Prices: 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50.

Regular Matinee Saturday Afternoon.

MUSICAL CARDS.

THE MONTREAL
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC.

938 & 940 Dorchester St., near Mountain
Development in all branches of Music. Terms: Strictly
as to European Conservatories. Consultation hours
4 to 5 daily. For prospectus, apply to
MR. C. E. SEIFERT, Director

Bertha Belasco-Burland,
PIANOFORTE TUITION.
Pupil of Dr. Jodlitzka, Klindworth-Scharwenka
Conservatory, Berlin.
Lessons given at Dominion College of Music or
at pupil's residence.
For terms, etc., apply
J. W. SHAW & CO., 2274 St. Catherine St.

ELOCUTION
MR. STEPHEN'S
personal services in Class and Private Lessons
Montreal School of Elocution,
2426 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

HUBERT A. BAKER
153 STANLEY ST.
Flute, Pianoforte Lessons
and Voice Culture.
Pupils Prepared for Examinations

Buy your piano at
W. H. Leach's
Piano Parlors,
2440 St. Catherine St. (Near Drummond)
and save money. Pianos Exchanged,
Tuned and Repaired. Telephone, Up 29

 **J. J. Levert**
Teacher of.....
Banjo, Guitar
and Mandolin,
2232 St. Catherine St.,
Opposite Queen's Block.
.....Montreal
Hours of arrangements for tuition: From 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

LUCRA.—I heard about the elopement.
Has her mother forgiven them?
TOM.—I think not. I understand she
has gone to live with them.

...ASK FOR...
"Y and S"
LICORICE

PUT UP IN 5c. PACKAGES.
IT LEADS. OTHERS FOLLOW.
It will strengthen and tone up the vocal
cords and give a clear ringing voice...
YOUNG & SMYLLIE
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



The
**Associated
Board**

OF THE

Royal Academy of Music
AND
Royal College of Music.

President for Canada:

H. E. The Governor General, The Rt
Hon. The EARL OF MINTO.

Hon. General Representative for Canada:

Lt-Col. J. BAYNE MACLEAN,
Montreal.

EXAMINATIONS

will be held as follows:

THEORY (paper work)—June 2nd.

PRACTICAL—Between the 10th and
30th June. The exact dates will
be duly announced.

Entries close on May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of
entry, etc., can be obtained of the
Hon. Local Representatives in each
centre, or from Mr. Alfred Back, Central
Office, Room 503, Board of Trade
Building, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR,

March 30th, 1900 Secretary.

N.B.—The music, specimen theory
papers, etc., can be obtained from
the local music sellers, or direct
from the Central Office, Montreal.

Richelieu THE PRINCE OF TABLE WATERS.

PURE. SPARKLING. REFRESHING.
For sale at the Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, and
all first-class Grocers.

J. A. HARTE, Wholesale Agent,
1780 Notre Dame Street. Montreal.
Telephone 1190.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have
analyzed and practically tested the
GLOBE BAKING POWDER
I find that it is an excellent BAKING
POWDER, second to none, rapid in its
action and economical.
(Signed) DR. N. FAFARD,
Laval University, Montreal.

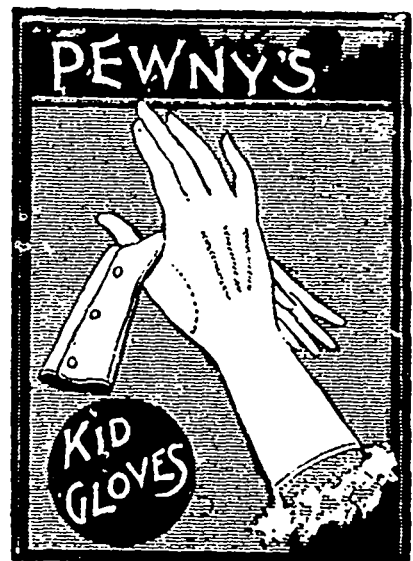
Wauchope is the name of the new
town on the Fire Valley trail and head
waters of the Kettle river, and named in
honor of General Wauchope, who lost
his life at Magersfontein, South Africa.

DON'T WORRY

ABOUT
YOUR

**Easter
Gloves**

GET
A PAIR OF



AND
YOU WILL BE

SATISFIED

WITH

FIT AND WEAR.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"The Realist." NOVEL readers are usually on the lookout for something new, and they will find it in "The Realist," by Mr. Herbert Flowerdew. The groundwork of the tale is this: Auguste Zant, the realist, is a French novelist who has come to England in order to gather material for an English novel. His *modus operandi* he describes thus:

"My method is to plan out a dramatic story as the idealist does, and reconstruct its leading positions artificially, in order to describe them with the realist's fidelity. If I introduce a case of slow poisoning, a doctor, of course, could give me the symptoms. Most novelists are content with that . . . I should poison a man and watch him studiously, living with him and sharing his thoughts. I did so in writing 'La Femme.'"

His real method, however, is much more artistic, and in the above case would have consisted in persuading the man to believe he was being poisoned, managing it with such feindish ingenuity as to deceive even the reader as to his real condition. For instance, on one occasion he contrives to allow the victim to be bitten by a snake, whose bite he has previously assured him causes almost instantaneous death, and therefrom he constructs a most dramatic scene, after which the victim is informed that the snake was harmless. But even this was a crude piece of work, and gives no idea of the delicate skill used in the realist's scientific investigation. Through long practice and experience he was able to calculate to a marvellous nicety what a particular person would do or think under given circumstances, and so, by veiling his real objective point by elaborate feints, he constructed circumstances so that his specimens voluntarily performed exactly the evolutions which he planned out for them, while the realist "observed" them secretly by devices beside which the X rays is a child's toy. In this way he "constructs" a complete romance.

Mr. Weyman Again. WE are to have another English romance from the pen of Stanley Weyman. It is called "Sophia," and is, of course, in the historical vein. He treats no longer of the France of Richelieu, or Henry IV., but of the England of Queen Anne, no longer of adventurers who win their fortunes by their swords alone in mediæval fashion, but of men who, as befits a more civilized age, show their bravery and resoluteness in other ways. The spirit of adventure is not wholly absent, for the heroine has still to be rescued from evil hands and her pursuers punished. But, though the story moves as swiftly as in the earlier novels and does not lack for excitement, the main interest is of a different sort, and is one likely to gain Mr. Weyman new readers without depriving him of his old following. "Sophia" is a



ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.
(From a photo taken by Arthur Cox, A.R.C.A.)

novel of character as well as of plot. The heroine, a rich prize in the matrimonial market, is beset by intriguing suitors and harassed by intriguing relatives, but, in spite of all, discovers the man of her choice where she least expects to find him, and grows under our very eyes from a sentimental girl into a woman of ready wit and noble nature. The novel is based on a close study of the times.

Those interested in Scotch poetry will turn with some pleasure to the forthcoming volume of Alexander McLachlan's poems. Rev. Dr. Dewart has contributed an introduction, and Dr. Alex. Hamilton—a nephew of the poet—a biographical sketch, as well as a series of notes on the text. A glossary of Scottish words is being prepared by Mr. David Boyle. Two portraits of Mr. McLachlan (one of which is shown herewith), and views of his farm residence in Amaranth township, sketched by Arthur Cox, A.R.C.A., will embellish the volume.

Theatre-goers will learn with pleasure that a "History of the Montreal Stage" is being compiled by Frank T. Graham, and will be published by The Franklin Association, Philadelphia. The material for the work has been gathered in no less than six different countries, and from sources far removed from the general reader. The annals of the Montreal stage, which extend back to 1786, form a most valuable adjunct to the history of the New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Southern theatres in recording the annual incursions to Canada of the forces of the Walnut, Chestnut, and Arch street theatres; the uninterrupted summer season of V. allack's company for a period of 20 years, the early Bostonians, Ben De Bar's from New Orleans and St. Louis, and J. W. Albaugh.

The book of poems by the late Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, has sold so well that there is not a copy to be had.

LLOYD & RICHARDSON
Sanitary Plumbers
and Heating
798 Dorchester St. MONTREAL.

CITY FORMERLY THE
Dominion Steam
Carpet Beating Co.
Bell Telephone 11 Hermine St.,
Main 798. MONTREAL.
RELIABLE, PUNCTUAL, CLEAN.

Look about and see
what is needed in
the way of

Interior Decorations

Estimates cheerfully furnished for

FINE CABINET WORK
UPHOLSTERING
HOUSE PAINTING
FLAX TAPESTRIES

GLAZING AND GILDING
FRENCH, ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN
PAPERS.

W. P. SCOTT

2422 St. Catherine St.

MONTREAL

Telephone, Up 1274.

DENTISTS.

DR. W. GEORGE BEERS,
DENTIST

Will remove 1st May to 107 Metcalfe St., opposite High School. TELEPHONE UP 1110.

Dr. Arthur Hope Beers, Surgeon Dentist, will remain at 213 Ash Avenue, Point St. Charles.

A. FRANK IBBOTSON,
...SURGEON DENTIST...

176 Bleury Street,
Cor. St. Catherine St.

Office Tel. Up 939.

Residence Tel. Up 46.

W. J. G. BOULTENHOUSE
DENTIST

2420 ST. CATHERINE ST

J. A. BAZIN, D.D.S.

Dentist and Oral Surgeon

218 St. Catherine St.
Phone Up 2151. MONTREAL.

GEORGE H. KENT,
SURGEON DENTIST,

2334 St. Catherine St.,

Tel. Up 1350. MONTREAL.

P. H. HASTIE

84 and 86 Conway St.,
MONTREAL.

ICE
Taken from the middle of the river above Victoria Bridge
Orders received now at reasonable rates.
Telephone Main 2576.

The City Ice Co.

(LIMITED)

26 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Stock now complete.
Ice very fine.
Orders now being received.

Capacity 46,000 tons.

R. A. BECKET,

Tel. Main 70.

Manager.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

**W OIL AND
WATER COLORS**

The leading colors FOR ARTISTS throughout the world.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. Ramsay & Son, - Montreal.

AGENTS FOR CANADA.

PERFECT CONFIDENCE

The cook and housewife should have perfect confidence in the flavoring extracts she uses for her cooking in order that results be satisfactory.



JONAS' FLAVORING EXTRACTS

are used by the best cooks in Canada, because they are the purest, richest and strongest. Once used, you will buy no other.

They have stood the test for thirty years.

Head Office and Factory:

HENRI JONAS & CO.

389, 391 and 393 St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL



GENTLEMEN

WELL DRESSED BY

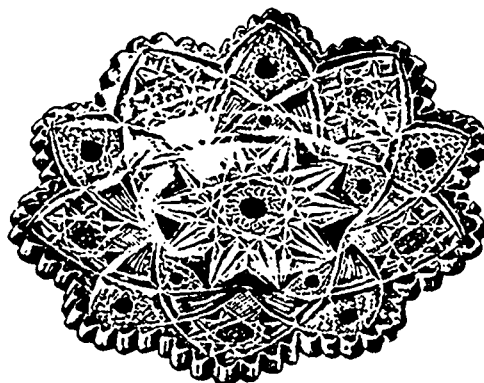
F. Wallace & Co.,

English Tailors

2282 AND 2284 ST. CATHERINE ST.,

AT MODERATE PRICES

BEST IMPORTED GOODS ONLY.



Rich Cut Glass.

A few pieces of Rich Cut Glass brighten up the appearance of the dinner table wonderfully. As a gift nothing combines usefulness and beauty to such a marked degree.

We make a specialty of keeping nothing but the finest productions in these goods, many of which are beautifully mounted with Sterling Silver.

R. A. DICKSON & CO., - Jewellers

2261 St. Catherine St.

FINANCIAL CARDS.

Robert Meredith & Co.

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange.
Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission.

51 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Cable address, "Mining"

McCUAIG, RYKERT & Co

STOCKBROKERS.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
A special department for Canadian Mines.

Telephone, LONDON AND LANCASHIRE
Main 923. CHAMBERS, St. James St.

HON. A. W. ATWATER, Q.C. CHARLES A. DUCLOS

ATWATER & DUCLOS,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

151 St. James Street, : MONTREAL.

GEORGE DURNFORD,
Chartered Accountant

Room 76, Canada Life Building, 189 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

YOUNG LADIES

75 Complete Stories sent on
receipt of 200 cancelled stamps
and unused 2c. stamp.

J. T. HANDFORD,
29 E. 13th St., Paterson, N.J.



Style up-to-date.

Size any size or width.

Price always moderate—quality considered.

2295 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Fine Creamery Butter

At Reduced Prices.

FRESH MADE,
ONLY 25c. PER LB.

Other qualities at equally low prices, at any of our stores.

1620 St. Catherine St., cor. St. Hubert	- -	Telephone East	309
772 St. Lawrence St., cor. Guillbault St.	- -	Telephone East	477
224 Bleury St., cor. Berthelet St.	- -	Telephone Up	1018
841 St. Catherine St. East	- -	Telephone East	36
7 Chaboillez Square	- -	Telephone Main	185
Cor. Centre and Ropery Sts., Point St Charles	-	Telephone Main	3522
Cor. St. Catherine St. and Olivier Ave., Westmount.	-	Telephone Mount	383

The Laing Packing and
Provision Company

... LIMITED

THINKING ABOUT
YOUR . . . EASTER SUIT?

ASK TO SEE

PRIESTLEY'S
DRESS GOODS

You are sure to find something
among them . . . TO PLEASE YOU.

HENRY MORGAN & CO.

Colonial House, Montreal.

Carpet Department

SPRING IMPORTATIONS, 1900.

NOW READY LARGE LINES OF

Novelties for the Spring Trade

--- IN ---

Carpets, Rugs, Floorcloths,
Linoleums, etc.

NEW WILTON AND AXMINSTER CARPETS.

In Parlor, Library and Dining Room styles, including many novel effects, such as Chintzes, Rug Patterns, etc. We have also on exhibition a splendid line of **New Axminsters**, which is recommended as the best Carpet yet produced for wear, considering the small cost and beauty of effect. The styles and colorings are suited to all classes of Furnishings.

BRUSSELS, VELVET AND TAPESTRY CARPETS.

The stock is replete with Novelties in the above goods. Special attention is called to the large assortment of **Crossley's Fine Tapestry and Velvet Carpets**. We have imported a much larger stock of Woven Rugs this season, and the prices are **lower than ever before**.

LARGE AXMINSTER CARPETS, WOVEN IN ONE PIECE.

Art Squares and Crumb Cloths, in Linen and Wool, all sizes and prices. **Felts and Calmuck**, plain goods, suitable for surrounds, in all the leading shades.

HODGES' FIBRE CARPETS AND ART SQUARES.

Sole agents in the city for Hodges' Fibre Carpets and Rugs. A large Stock of both Carpets and Art Squares now on exhibition.

CARPET WORKROOM.

Carpets taken up, cleaned, altered and relaid.
Prices moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Headquarters for Butterick's Patterns and Publications. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Samples sent and every information supplied.

HENRY MORGAN & CO.,
MONTREAL.