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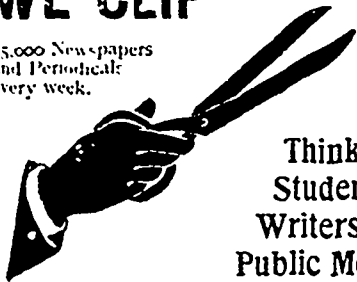
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

WE, of Quebec, are accustomed to swallow in silence the sneers of the people of Ontario, who have, in the past, pointed the finger of scorn or pity—not always without reason—at the wastefulness and corruptness of our Provincial and municipal administrations. Quebec has been used by our western friends as a term signifying the quintessence of leprous uncleanness in politics. There has been much in the history of this Province, God knows, to justify many of the harsh things they have said about our public men, our political ideals, and our people. But people who own conservatories should have a care in what direction they point their catapults, and I think the time has come for our fellow-citizens in Ontario to “dry up”—if I may be permitted the use of this homely but expressive phrase—about the political rottenness of Quebec. Was there ever in Canada a series of more disgraceful election scandals than those ventilated in Ontario since the elections of March, 1898? If so, I have yet to learn of them. These scandals have reached an extreme, and it is to be hoped a culminating point, in the West Elgin case.

HERE is a case in which there is evidence of the most serious wrongdoing. The Premier of Ontario promises a full investigation. The commissioners meet to probe into the matter, and then it transpires that the ballots—the only clues to the alleged frauds—are missing. All the explanation that is forthcoming from the Provincial officials is that they must have been accidentally burned in the furnaces of the Parliament buildings. The commissioners also find the nature of their instructions such that the man from whom the seat is alleged to have been stolen cannot appear as a party to the investigation, although his counsel claims to be in possession of facts material to the eliciting of the truth. Surely Mr. Ross and his colleagues do not expect to be strengthened in the country by such incidents as these. If they are the victims of accident they are indeed unfortunate, for a great many people are likely to put a harsh construction on the facts. And until such events as this—scarcely less sensational than those reported from Kentucky—become rarer in that “unco guid” Province with its “unco guid” capital, it will not be in the mouths of Ontario people to say one word against the fair name of Quebec.

THIS West Elgin case is likely to form the great bone of contention at the present session of the Ontario Legislature. The parties there are more evenly divided than ever, and, although the new Government has announced a progressive policy, which entitles it to credit and may win it the confidence of the people, everything goes to show that for the present, at all events, Mr. Ross and his colleagues are going to have no thornless pathway. Sensational and far-reaching events are not beyond the possibilities of the next three or four months in Ontario—events in which the people of Quebec will be by no means uninterested, for the result of the neck-and-neck political race that has been on for two years in the most populous Province of the Dominion must have an immense influence on that other race soon to be called in the Federal arena. The Ontario Conservatives are fighting as they never fought before; but the Liberals of that Province are as astute as the Boers and as strongly entrenched. The men who, for so long, have held their position at Toronto against successive Conservative generals and all kinds of weapons and ammunition, may be depended on to make the most of every advantage

Providence or political foresight has favored them with. In this connection, I may point out that the Ontario Liberals know enough to encourage and promote the newspapermen serving in their ranks. Some of the ablest members of the Legislature—Messrs. Graham, Pattullo, Stratton, Pettypiece and Preston, for example—are the editors and proprietors of influential country newspapers. The Conservatives, both at Ottawa and Toronto, are neglectful of their newspapermen. The Liberals know better.

THE following letter reached me too late for use last week. It was evidently suggested by my paragraph two weeks ago on the inauguration of a Presbyterian “mission” in this city to Roman Catholics. The communication needs no comment, as its writer defines his position quite clearly, and LIFE’s opinion has already been stated:

Dear Sir,—The religious war, which is being waged with such misplaced zeal in the pulpits and press of our fair city, is assuming truly alarming proportions. Were any tangible results to follow this theological fighting, were peace and goodwill to spring from the ruins of the vanquished creeds, or the conqueror to reign forever more—dispenser of happiness to the followers of a universal church—then, in God’s name, might the good work go on, and haste the millennium. But, since the hour when the first “non serviam” was thundered from Heaven’s heights down to the church-divided, faction-torn days of the 19th century, there have been as many beliefs almost as individuals; and just for so long and weary a stretch of time have wars—wordy and otherwise—been waged in the name of religion, without the slightest particle of good resulting to the long-suffering world. It was once asked what would Christ do if He came to Montreal? I do not wish to be profane when I answer that He would require a mighty Habeas Corpus Act—an all-powerful search-warrant—to produce the religion founded by Him, whose first words to His lonely Apostles in the cenacle were “Peace be with you.” And in His name, let us have peace. “What matter if, at different shrines, we pray unto one God?” Why waste time and eloquence to prove that Peter was in Rome, or that he was not; that St. Paul was his superior or his vassal, that priests should or should not marry. In my humble opinion, when the day of reckoning comes, all such issues will be set aside. Let everyone live his life as best he may, doing unto others as he wishes others to do unto him, helping a weaker brother to loftier aims, walking in simple, child-like faith in the way whose beauties were first pointed out by a mother’s gentle hand, scattering brightness in dark places, and cheering the weary ones of the world. This may not be orthodox, but it is practical religion, and could it only become universal the world would be all the better for it. I write this with all due respect to the learned and saintly clergymen who have taken part in the controversy in question, but I still think that so far it has done little good, and may do untold harm. Let each go his own way, and if that way leads to Anglican St. George’s, Catholic St. Patrick’s, or Methodist St. James’, what matter, so long as the churchgoer is satisfied in his respective pew? If not, he will, of his own accord, look elsewhere for the truth. It required no remonstrance to make a Manning or a Newman, nor did it need a “mission” to convert a Chiniquy. Mine, I know, is the humble voice of one crying out in the wilderness of a great church-studded city, but others may re-echo my words, and in time put an end to a useless, if learned, controversy. Yours, etc., Eric Gordon.

VERY interesting little pamphlet is the first annual report of the Orthopedic Hospital in Toronto, a public institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of the lame, crippled and deformed. I learn from the report that this is the only hospital in Canada of its kind. Hospitals set apart for this special work have long been fully recognized as a necessity in Great Britain and the United States, but, until July, 1898, there was no institution in the Dominion of Canada devoted to this work alone. Already there have been 172 admissions to the

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

Toronto Orthopedic Hospital, and 156 patients have been discharged. In some minds there may arise doubt as to the necessity of a hospital devoted exclusively to the treatment of deformed and crippled persons. There is, however, general agreement among those most competent to judge that the whole field of orthopedic surgery cannot be adequately covered in general medical and surgical practice. Nor does specialization alone place the practitioner in a position to deal successfully with orthopedic problems, for an expensive and constantly growing special equipment is required. I do not know how far the surgeons of Montreal are equipped in this direction, but I do know that the number of halt and maimed to be seen in the poorer sections of the city suggests that we might wisely follow Toronto in establishing an Orthopedic Hospital. There could be no better field for philanthropy than this.

THOUGH Canada has lost a good officer in Major-General Hutton, and though the Government of the day may be culpable, a great deal of the criticism of Hon. Dr. Borden and his Department comes with very bad grace out of the mouths of Conservatives. One would think, to hear the noise made by some of the Opposition windmills, that there had never been friction, until now, between the G. O. C. and the Department of Militia. As a matter of fact, the Conservatives, when in power, knew how to ignore and hamper the successive Imperial officers, who commanded our forces, quite as much as was good for the health of the latter. General after General has been driven away from Canada, and the whole blame does not rest upon this party or upon that, but upon the miserable state of political honor and morality of both parties. Seemingly, it is impossible for a Government in Canada to administer any Department without seeking to make it a donkey-engine to serve party ends. The more capable and honest an official is, and the more resolutely he stands in the way of sacrificing the country to the machine, the surer and swifter will be the vengeance of those he antagonizes. This is equally true of Conservatives and Liberals alike, and Conservative criticism of Liberal wrong doing savors only too much of the pot calling the kettle black. At the same time, the circumstances surrounding Major-General Hutton's recall should be probed to the bottom. The people of Canada are, perhaps, no longer in the right temper to permit political marplots to manipulate military matters, which are becoming more and more important from either the national or the Imperial viewpoint. When the full correspondence is brought down, every patriotic Canadian should make it his business to digest it thoroughly, and to protest, in the most efficient way he can, if it appears that our national defences are being made the plaything of politicians. As The Canadian Military Gazette points out, "The fact that since 1883 five successive G. O. C's. have withdrawn from the command before they had completed their terms of office is convincing that something must be radically wrong; and that they were gentlemen of much varying calibre and attainments is enough to show that all the fault cannot have been on the side of the Imperial officer."

NO better appointment has been made by the Militia Department in connection with the Boer War than that of Lieut.-Col. Gordon, D.O.C. He has been both popular and efficient in the discharge of his duties here and well merited the enthusiastic send-off he received. His hundreds of friends wish him a wealth of warlike experience and a safe return.

ANY faults and deficiencies that may have characterized the first Canadian contingent have been wiped out in a grand and touching manner by the outpouring of blood, last Sunday, at Modder River. Only enthusiasts thought the first contingent all it might have been, but from the moment the cable

flashed the news to Canada that her sons had drenched African soil with their blood, a single feeling became dominant, and that is that our boys are heroes who have done credit to Canada and been true to the traditions of the fighting stock from which they sprang. Neither Canada nor the Empire can bestow too much honor on the boys who voluntarily went forth to the hardships of war and the fearful baptism of fire. The price is a heavy one for Canada to pay, but, having taken the chances of war, we must not shrink from the result. With the sons of the other colonies falling in defence of the flag, Canada would have felt dissatisfied, and her volunteers themselves would have come back heavy hearted, had no opportunity been given our boys of proving that they are not made of inferior stuff. The spilling of so much blood brings the war home to us, and we can now realize what the feelings of the people in the old land must have been through all these months of bereavement and suspense.

FELIX VANE.

WHAT the concert on Tuesday evening was the last of Miss Abbott's recitals at the Art Gallery, is, no doubt, a matter of regret to all those who have attended the series. Throughout, the talent engaged, if not abnormal in any way, has given a great deal of pleasure, and the pleasant surroundings, together with the fact that almost all present knew one another, made these concerts more of the nature of "musicales." The programme of the last recital was very much more varied than the preceding ones, for the performers, besides Miss Abbott, were four in number. Miss Lichtenstein, of the Royal Victoria College, Miss Ada Wait and Mr. E. B. Felton, vocalists, and Mr. Haus Kronold, cellist. Perhaps the last named created the most enthusiasm. His playing was delightful, and his various numbers were keenly appreciated. Everyone was disappointed that an opportunity was not given to hear Miss Lichtenstein as a soloist, for few in Montreal, except personal friends, have had that pleasure. As usual, the audience was an extremely large and fashionable one. Among those present were Mr and Mrs E. B. Green-shields, Miss Cook, Mr G. A. Drummond, Miss Sise, the Misses Angus, Mrs Gillespie, Miss Gillespie, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Stephens, Mr. Horan, Mr. MacCunn, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wingham, Mrs. Parker, Miss Parker, Miss Stikeman, Mr. Stikeman, Miss Branstone, Miss Howard, Miss Thomson, Quebec, Dr. A. A. Browne, Mrs. Browne, Miss Labatt, Miss F. Ogilvie, Mr. M. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mr. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Buchanan.

Miss Sparks, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. G. R. Hooper, St. Mark street.

Yesterday, the students of McGill College met for a general demonstration of patriotism, and, no doubt, the foundations of the college were shaken to the very depths by their expressions of enthusiasm: for, when occasion warrants it, McGill men can use their lung power to surprising advantage. Speeches, songs, and the now usual appeal to their credit's sake were indulged in. The idea seems to be a very happy one.

It is sincerely to be hoped that before Sir Henry Irving's engagement begins at the Academy, that in some way or other the buying up of tickets by speculators will be put down. It is hard luck that, when we so seldom have a chance of seeing anything really good in our theatres, it should be completely spoilt by this odious practice. The last time Irving came it was almost impossible to get seats, unless one paid an absurd price, though happily some speculators were left with tickets on their hands, as a little warning for future occasions.

Mrs. W. T. Benson, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. C. G. Hope, Drummond street, returned this week to her home in Cardinal, Ont.

Miss Bertha Cochrane, "Hillhurst," Compton, is visiting Mrs. Coulson, Metcalfe street.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of Miss Mackenzie's friends at dinner.

Points for Investors

THE stock market is an institution which is always full of surprises, and this is in no wise better instanced than in the price of Canadian Pacific Railway. After the declaration of a half-yearly dividend of 3 per cent. and a remarkably fine statement, one would have expected that this stock would have at least touched 105 on the announcement of the declaration. Instead of that it has remained a fraction under the century mark.

SIX PER CENT LIKELY TO CONTINUE.

When the railway shows an increase of \$400,000 in net earnings in January, and the two first weeks in February are keeping up the same rate, it would seem difficult for the directors to avoid making the 3 per cent. half-yearly dividend continual for the year 1900. In fact, it would seem as if they would have no other recourse in July, than to declare another 3 per cent. half-yearly on the common stock. Every indication points to another splendid year, and the widespread possibilities of the country is such that both C. P. R. and G. T. R. should make great strides.

The fortunate absence of snow blockades this winter, should make a considerable increase in the net revenue.

A REMARKABLE SHOWING.

I have foreshadowed in these columns the statement of the annual report of The Canadian General Electric Company, which was presented at the general meeting on Tuesday. Endeavoring always to be on the safe side, I was even under the mark in stating the company's net profits. This company shows, probably, the most remarkable statement of any joint stock company whose securities are listed on any of the Canadian exchanges. The net profits for 1899 were \$282,000, as compared with \$182,000 last year. Its capitalization is \$900,000 common, and \$300,000 6 per cent. preference. If the \$18,000 paid in dividends on preferred is deducted, the company has still \$263,000 available for common stock. In other words, the net profit in proportion to its common stock, after paying the fixed charges mentioned, is in the neighborhood of 28 per cent. The company, however, have not been at all radical in carving up the surplus, and, after paying a dividend of 8 per cent. and a bonus of 2 per cent., it has carried \$100,000 to the reserve fund, making a total of \$140,000, and a balance of \$4,637.36 has been added to profit and loss, making the total at the credit of that account \$58,437.30. The directors have taken advantage of prosperous years to write down each year the assets of the company, and this year a further sum of \$69,000 was written off machinery and tools, and this year a further sum of \$25,000 has been written off this account. The large number of contracts secured during the year necessitated an expenditure of \$12,000 in patterns and drawings, every dollar of which has been written off. Of the sum expended in fitting up and furnishing the head office and warehouse of the company, 50 per cent. has been written off, although only just completed. Other accounts have also been treated in a conservative manner.

GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW ISSUE.

The company has announced that it will issue 3,000 shares of new stock at \$125. This should be a great opportunity for the investor. I consider that the stock of a manufacturing electric company is on a much better basis than an ordinary industrial, on account of the enormous possibilities of electricity in the future.

THE WAR EAGLE MEETING.

A number of Montrealers went up to attend the annual meeting of the War Eagle mine on Wednesday, but there were no stormy scenes. Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock reiterated their statements that they had the fullest confidence in the property, and that what they did was in the best interests of the mine. Most people will admit these statements. It was not so much what they did, as the "nawsty way they done it."

R. & O. IS HIGH ENOUGH.

Richelieu & Ontario is a company which has every good prospect in store. The lower St. Lawrence tourist traffic is only in its infancy. The virtual control of the water route

between Toronto and Montreal is a most valuable franchise. The company last year added nearly \$100,000 to its receipts, while operating expenses increased \$83,000. The net profit, after providing for fixed charges, increased to \$128,730, as against \$112,027, or an advance of \$16,703. After paying a 6 per cent. dividend, the company has a surplus of \$24,330. The company in the past, has suffered from a non-progressive policy, but such complaint cannot now be made; and while its dividend returns leave little for reserves, still it may be relied on in the future to show much larger gains under its new policy. The stock, however, is quite high enough in view of the company's lack of reserves.

G. T. R.'S PROGRESS.

The Grand Trunk Railway keeps on its course of showing large gains like its rival, the C. P. R., but the advances are not quite so pronounced. If these gains in G. T. R. continue the second preference stock should get a five per cent. return for 1900. Sixteen years ago the Grand Trunk paid five per cent. on both first and second preference, and present prices are the highest since 1885. It speaks volumes for the improvement in the conditions of the country and the methods of the new management, when it is recalled that four years ago, when Mr. Hays assumed the management of the road, first preference stock was quoted at 26 and is now at 92. There will be some hope for the holders of third preference yet, and in another 10 years even the common holders may have a glimpse of a dividend.

NO RELIEF YET.

The relief of Kimberley did not relieve the stock market as expected. One may look to a good deal of unsettledness in the New York market owing to the near approach of the Presidential election contest. In London, the fear of a heavy war loan has a most repressive tendency. Still, securities should be higher. That they are not, is another vagary of the market.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market is broadening out daily, and becoming more active and healthier. During the past week there has been a genuine boom in a few specialties, and the public is again looking with favor on mining speculation. While the collapse in War Eagle was disastrous to many, the shake up has been beneficial to the general list, and people are inquiring more what is the actual return on the investment, of a dividend payer, or the prospects of undeveloped properties.

A message was received to-day, just before the close of business, that the War Eagle meeting was harmonious, but it had no effect on the stock, and it looks as if it would take more than pleasant gatherings to instil life into its position on the market.

Payne had a sensational advance on the announcement of the settlement of the miners' strike, and "street" gossip regarding a dividend, but whether the company pays a dividend shortly or not, it is probably to-day the best purchase amongst the high-priced securities. The mine is a great one, and the manager is undoubtedly one of the most capable men in the country.

Rumor has it that Republic will shortly get out of the rut, and take a boom. An effort was made recently, but the manipulation did not succeed. Now it is claimed that "a truce has been signed," and when the loose stock is gathered in, an upward movement will begin.

Among the low-priced securities there has been a fair business doing, but the fluctuations in prices, with a few exceptions, have been narrow. *Slocan Sovereign* advanced to 36, in sympathy with Payne, but fell off again. This stock is probably good at a price, but there is too much floating round just now, and, until the Montreal London Co.'s option is up, it will not advance.

The Boundary stocks are heavy for some unexplained cause. Knob Hill if offered from the West at 60 and there is no demand. Whether the returns of \$10 per ton from the smelter for the B. C. ore is the cause or not it is hard to say. But it is the general opinion that Boundary ores are low grade and that would seem to be a good result.

Deer Trail has declared its dividend, as usual, but it has not affected the stock. It should be cheap, but the public are not convinced that the consolidation has been beneficial, and, until it is proved that it was not a plant to sell the Bonanza, investors will keep shy of it.

The market is assuming the shape I have anticipated for some time past, and now any fair proposition is a tolerably safe purchase.

Montreal, February 21.

ROBT. MEREDITH.

THE ANSWER OBVIOUS.

MR RECORDER WEIR—You say the prisoner turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?
INTELLIGENT POLICE MAN.—The dog, yer 'ammer!

HE LIVED NEAR A STAND.

ELDERLY SPINSTER (to young reprobate, who has been swearing).—Oh, how can you use such dreadful language? Do you know what becomes of little boys who do so?

BILLY—Yes'm, they gets to be kch drivers

NOT FROM PUDD'NHEAD WILSON, EITHER.

LAWYER.—Now, madam, since you know so much about this case, will you be good enough to tell the jury whether it is true you are living under an assumed name?

WITNESS.—It is true.

LAWYER.—You stand there and unblushingly admit it. So the name you are known by is merely assumed?

WITNESS.—Yes, it is the one I assumed when my husband married me.

SHERIFF BLACK.—Order in the court!

A MOST CRUEL CUT.

TORONTONIAN.—You are a stranger in our city, I presume.
HAMILTONIAN (haughtily).—I am from the great city that Toronto is jealous of.

TORONTONIAN.—Ah, and how are things down in Montreal, anyway?

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"THE burglar," said the excited citizen from Sherbrooke street, "lighted matches all over the house, but evidently he knew how to strike them without making a noise, for we are all light sleepers and none of us awoke."

"A clue, a clue," exclaimed Chief Detective Carpenter "He must be a married man."

GETTING MORE DIFFICULT

"Y'OU NG m'm," said the prosperous broker with the big watch chain, "I laid the foundation of my fortune by saving street car fares. I—"

"That may be so," remarked the flippant youth, "but you must remember that it's getting more difficult every day to deceive these Montreal conductors."

AFTER THE MATCH

"THAT hockey player with the dislocated knee must have suffered terribly. I never heard a man yell so, after they carried him into the dressing-room."

"He wasn't making that noise. It was the consulting surgeons wrangling about the nature of his injury."

NOT SO BAD FOR SANDY.

A MONTREAL man who was visiting the home of his fathers in Scotland, not many moons ago, tells the following story on himself. Time being heavy on his hands, he determined to practise his skill at golf. Having procured a "caddie," he sallied forth to break the record of the green. Before driving off, he asked the caddie the distance to the first hole. "Two hundred and sixty yards," said the caddie. "Oh," said the gentleman, "that's just a good drive and a putt." The player topped his drive, and it went only three or four yards. "Beg pardon," said the caddie, "but have you taken the putt first?"

A USELESS SYSTEM

"ENGLAND pensions her poets and novelists."
"Does that make them stop writing?"

"No."

"Then, the pension system would not be suitable for this country."

SURE RECOVERY.

"DOCTOR, do you think you'll pull him through?"

"Pull him through? Of course I'll pull him through. He's insured for a hundred thousand."

"But I don't see—"

"You don't, eh? Well I own 200 shares in the company. D'ye see now?"

FULLY ASSURED.

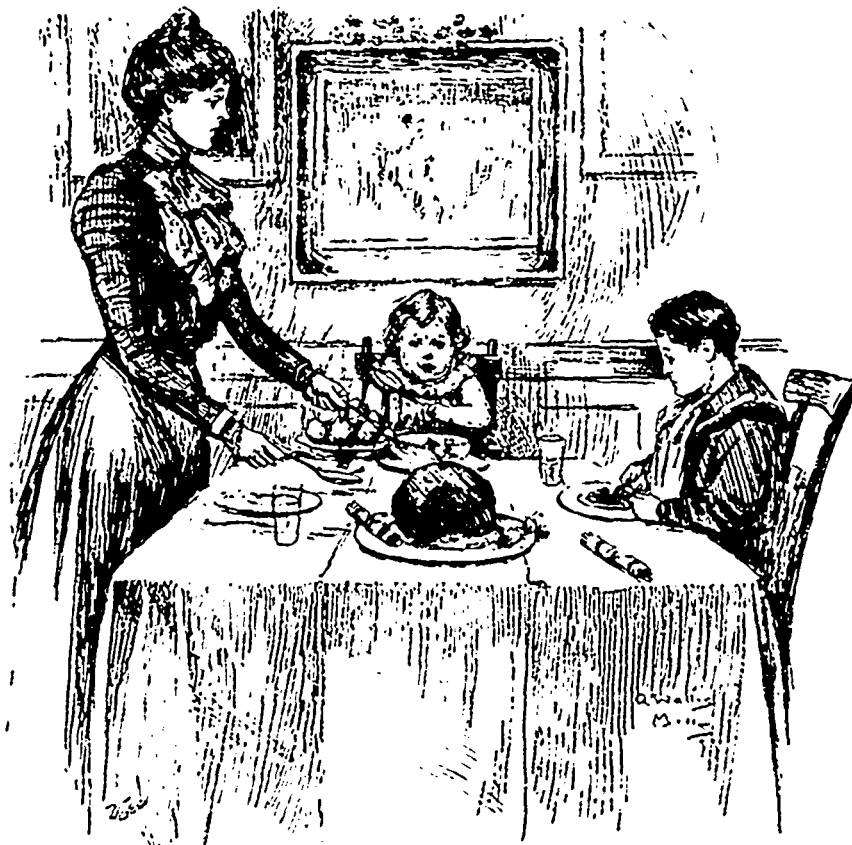
IN these days of religious controversy in Montreal, it is interesting to know what a great business man thought of the "doctrine of full assurance." It is said that a rather pompous minister once met P. T. Barnum, the circus manager, and said to him: "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in Heaven." "We shall," replied Barnum, confidently, "if you're there."

OH, THOSE BARGAINS!

"HOW'S your wife this morning?"
"She's very happy indeed."

"I understood she was suffering with the grippe."

"She has it, but she isn't suffering. You see, she bought a fifty-cent bottle of medicine for forty-eight cents some time ago, and she was beginning to despair of ever having a chance to use it."



MOTHER—Well, Tommy, what are you looking so sad about?

TOMMY (who has partaken largely)—Nothing, mamma dear, but I know now why you cried when you sent the plum pudding out to papa in South Africa!

Winter Sports in Montreal.

AN ARTICLE THAT WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST BY ALL CURLERS, HOCKEY PLAYERS, SKATERS, SNOWSHOERS, SKIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

WOMEN AS CURLERS.

TEN years ago, possibly, the idea of women being willing, much less competent, to curl, to soup up stones and ply the besoms, would have been greeted with derision.

But this is an age of progression, and we are gradually learning that the athletic sports are, indeed, few which are not entered into and enjoyed by women. And learning acquired gradually is apt to be valuable, and of no little account; for we measure our capabilities before we test our powers, and, in so doing, are prevented from undertaking anything unsuitable or that we may regret.

To Montreal belongs the not unenviable distinction of being the first city in Canada to possess a curling club for women, and November 1, 1894, was the birthday of the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club. To Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, jr., is due the origin of such a scheme; for, in spite of much adverse criticism, she called a small meeting of intimate friends, and made known to them her ideas on the subject. It was at a time when golf was becoming most popular, and those who enjoyed this exercise throughout spring, summer and autumn, hailed with delight the prospect of participating in some vigorous sport during the long winter months. The Montreal Curling Club came forward readily with an offer of their rink and delightful club rooms. And the much-talked-of club became an actual fact.

Mrs. Whitehead was elected president by acclamation, and has filled that position ever since, to the utmost satisfaction of all the members, and to the benefit of the organization. The membership list contained but 25 names the first year, and the second year showed but a small increase. The third year, however, it rose to 70, and then it was thought wise to restrict the number to 75. In 1898 it was found necessary to allow 100 members to join, and there is, notwithstanding, a lengthy waiting list of those eager to take part in this most fascinating game.

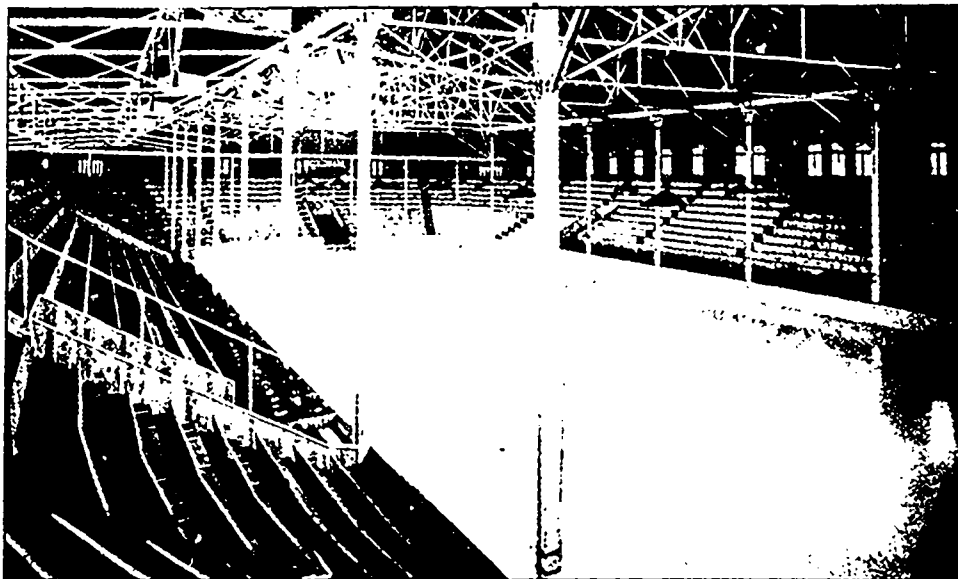
The mornings set apart for the club are Monday and Thursday throughout the season, but those who wish to play on other mornings seldom find any difficulty about doing so. On these particular mornings it is usual for everyone to turn up, and refreshment in the shape of tea, sandwiches, etc., is provided, constituting what our American friends are fond of calling a "lunch," even though it were eaten at 12 o'clock p.m.

To go into a detailed account of the by-laws and constitution would be wearisome. Suffice it to say that the annual

general meeting is held on April 3 for the reception of reports and election of officers, and a weekly meeting every Monday at 11 o'clock a.m. As a general rule, women are supposed to be seldom qualified for an able administration of business matters, and, consequently, the running of a club upon a successful financial basis. The Ladies' Montreal Curling Club has done much to disprove this erroneous idea. At the third annual meeting held last April, everything was found to be in a most flourishing condition, eminently satisfactory to committee and members. The office bearers for this season of 1899-1900 are as follows:

President, Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, vice-president, Mrs. G. H. Duggan; secretary, Miss Jean Tyre; treasurer, Miss Macpherson; rink committee, Mrs. Shearwood, Miss Caro Brainerd, Miss Bond, and Miss Belle Oswald.

Naturally, as the ladies of Montreal were the pioneers of curling, for the first few years matches could only be played one rink against another—a friendly imitation, therefore, of civil war. But numerous competitions were indulged in, and interest and ambition thus fostered. The first competition was for stones presented by Colonel Gardner. It was won by Miss Bond, who has ever since kept the reputation she then earned for excellent play. During the second year Miss Caro Brainerd was victorious several times, and Miss Tyre, Mrs. Lyle Davidson (Miss B. Hutchins), Miss Macpherson, Miss Oswald, Miss Dunlop, Miss Sybil Johnson, Miss Hamilton, Miss E.



ARENA HOCKEY RINK, MONTREAL.
Built in 1898, capacity, 10,000.

Selater and Miss M. R. Macpherson have all been successful in carrying off prizes, presented by various friends.

The ladies do not always play alone. Mixed teams, formed from the Ladies' Club and the Montreal Club, frequently meet in well-matched contests; for all the men have always exhibited

WINTER SPORTS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

a most friendly interest in the club affiliated to theirs. The Junior Club, composed of boys, also met, and, I regret to say, defeated them twice last year; but they most gallantly tried to assuage the bitterness of defeat by presenting a prize to be played for by their late opponents, which was won by Miss Dunlop and Miss Johnson.

I began by saying that the interest was, at first, much restricted, but, with the forming of clubs in Quebec and Lachine, a wider field of glory is opened out. Last season, Lachine was victorious on three several occasions, but in Quebec the Montrealers were more successful, and this winter they have defeated both these by no means unworthy adversaries. A team from Quebec played here, it will be remembered, a few weeks ago, when the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club gave a lunch in their honor, and a tea, which was very largely attended, after the match.

One very beautiful trophy, which the club is proud to possess, is the "Perpetual Cup," in the form of a silver tea-kettle, presented last year by the late Lord Ava. Dr. H. B. Yates and Mr. Morton Paton, of New York. The first to win it was Miss Belle Oswald. The Earl of Dufferin has also presented the "Dufferin Medal," or rather, has promised to present it. This was won by Miss Norah Smith. The silver tea-kettle was won this winter by Miss Marguerite Macpherson, who, without doubt, is one of the most promising players. This season it was arranged between the clubs of Lachine, Quebec and Montreal to subscribe for a perpetual challenge cup, for which the three clubs should compete, and one cannot but rejoice that at present it remains in Montreal. May it long continue to do so!

The skips this year are: Miss Bond, Miss C. Brainerd, Miss Hamilton, Miss Smith, Miss Macpherson, Mrs. Shearwood, Miss Tyre. Without exception they all are admirably fitted for the positions of command.

As will be noticed, little beyond bare facts have been written regarding the club and its doings. But, as a rule, information is more easily gathered, if it be plainly set forth and without garnishing. Looked at, purely from an athletic standpoint, for the robust, it is a most excellent institution. But those with weak chests and delicate throats, I should think, would find the standing about on the ice, to say nothing of the atmosphere of a covered rink, most deleterious. However, if one strolls in on any club morning and sees the stones speeding over the keen ice, and hears the, I might almost say stentorian, voices of the skips, as they give directions full of technicalities, incomprehensible to the uninitiated, one has no fear for the health of the majority of players; and of the non-active members also, there are always a goodly number ready to applaud and criticize, and cheer on their energetic friends, from behind the huge window of the pleasant club rooms, or the pathway between the rinks. Every year, too, the committee and members prove themselves as excellent hostesses as they are players. For the "curling teas" are much looked forward to, both as social events of no little importance, and as affording an excellent opportunity for noting the improvement in play from year to year.

Yes, undoubtedly, curling for women, having been introduced to Canadians, has no intention of being done out of its once acquired popularity. The only marvel is that, instead of, as I believe some have, turning their attention to hockey, a game far too violent for girls to take up to any extent, several other clubs have not been formed, considering the size and population of Montreal. That happiness and prosperity may long attend the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club is assuredly the hope of the many friends and sympathizers who have witnessed its constant progress.

SKIP.

A CENTURY OF THE ROARIN' GAME.

"CANADA is the paradise of curlers," wrote Mr. James Brown, in 1806, after a visit to Montreal. In his same report in the annual he says: "Fixtures can be made without any fear that the clerk of the weather will play any of the nasty tricks with which he is wont to vex the hearts of the curlers at home here." To the curlers of Scotland he said—if you wish to enjoy a real curling holiday go to Canada. There you will find yourselves in no foreign country, but among brethren—men with Scottish blood in their veins and the fire of Scottish patriotism burning brightly in their hearts, who are never tired of singing God Save the Queen and Auld Lang Syne. Their an' auld mother tongue will greet their ears wherever they go, and the hand that will grasp theirs has the true grip. Many a time was reference made to the pro-

posal that a representative rink of Scottish curlers should visit Canada. Depend upon it, they would receive a welcome that would warm the cockles of their hearts, and the recollection of the Canadian trip would remain as one of the brightest and most joyous memories in life.

This suggestion of a representative rink is more appropriate than ever this year when the whole Empire, the colonies, everyone in touch with loyalty, are looking for little tokens to strengthen every link in the chain of Imperial unity.

A striking illustration of this oneness of feeling was given on Saturday last at the Thistle Rink, when the thrilling speeches of Rev. Dr. Barclay, Judge Archibald, Mr. Mowat and Mr. Cornell told of the sentiment that was paramount in every curler's heart.

So much for the mental healthiness of the sport. In a physical way we may look up to curling as a great educator in showing a person just how small he is. He looks at it for the first time, sees a greybeard who carries merrily 70 years on his shoulders put away a stone as lightly as a feather. It looks like child's play; then the stranger tries it. He gets on the ice; his feet suddenly grow to be about three times too big for the hack, and the simple appearing stone looks up and smiles at him. It increases in size gradually, and what he thought was a simple bit of metal about 10 pounds strong, assumes the proportions of a ton of coal—not a short ton that coal dealers give out, but something considerably over 2,000 pounds.

The stranger has masticulated, and, if he lives long enough, he will graduate; but he must live a long time. Perhaps this is why there are so many curlers in Montreal. The first touch of the stone is fatal, and the ordinary man never gets over the habit. Men who are old enough to have been at the christening of the oldest inhabitant, old enough, in fact, to know better, and not behave like two-year olds, are still playing the game and hoping to improve.

Before the 19th century got itself written about, there were curlers in Montreal, and people say there are some of them here yet. The Ancient Capital claims first date in the way of throwing things about on the ice, but this record is about as reliable as the Chinese invention of gunpowder. The first authentic information we have naturally comes from Montreal, the home of all sports and the mother of many.

Perhaps the best authority on this subject is Mr. Alexander Murray, for many years secretary of the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club, and to his research I am indebted for much material in curling lore.

The oldest curling club on the continent was organized in Montreal in 1807, but it is not until 1821 that we find a regularly organized body in Quebec. How geographical distances differed in those days may be gathered from the fact that their matches were for the eastern and western championships. About 50 years ago, people in Ontario followed a good example, and the Ontario Curling Association came into life. This was about the same date as the organization of the Montreal Caledonia.

Since that time the progress of the game has been rapid in this city. Then came Thistle, Heather, St. Lawrence (called the baby club and now a very thriving body indeed). Irons are used in all the city rinks, but all are provided with granites for use in soft weather or when visiting Ontario or other clubs require them. The Gordon medal, for instance, must be played with granites, whether in Canada or the United States.

To most people not acquainted with the game, it may be news to know that the implements of warfare weigh from 56 to 64 lb. in iron, while the granites are limited to 50 lb. and a circumference of 36 inches. There are traditions of tremendous stones being played that reach up into the almost impossible, like the gyves Dick Turpin wore, but few are extant. A fine specimen ornaments the reception-room at the Thistle rink, but it is not of Canadian origin, and irreverent people strike matches on it.

In 1852, the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club was organized, the charter clubs being: Quebec, Stadacona, Montreal and Montreal Thistle. These clubs were represented by Messrs. James Burns, James Tyre, John Hyde, and David Muir. In 1874 the Canadian branch was divided and the Ontario branch came into existence as a separate body, controlling the granite-playing clubs.

A history of the branch tankards would require too much space, suffice it to say that Ottawa now holds two of them. The Quebec challenge cup, established in 1874, is one of the most coveted trophies, entailing an awful lot of hard work on the part of the club holding it, not to speak of the expense.

The Governor-General's Prize is perhaps the most coveted of any by curlers in the Quebec branch. Not many days ago Montreal was all agog with the possibilities, and it was no surprise to see the Caledonians win out even with a small

majority. This prize was established by Lord Dufferin in 1874, and ever since then the rest of the Governors-General have followed his good example. The territory for these matches is divided into three sections—Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa. The winners in each section play the semi-finals in Montreal, and the two winning rinks play the final on the Governor-General's rink in Ottawa. This year the match was played on February 16, and was one of the closest imaginable contests, both Caledonia rinks winning by one shot each, as will be seen from the following score:

CALDONIA		OTTAWA	
W. H. Murphy		I. H. Thompson	
J. W. Simpson		I. D. Wells	
J. H. Robertson		C. Holbrook	
W. Lyall	(Skip)—13	G. O. Hutchinson (Skip)—17	
RINK NO. 2		RINK NO. 1	
J. Wilson		P. Larnoch	
I. Paton		O. H. Hutchinson	
H. R. Hutchison		W. Stuart	
W. R. J. Hughes (Skip)—14		C. Stout (Skip)—12	
Total	32	Total	29

The Governor-General's trophy has been played for 26 times, and the Ottawas have the lion's share of the prizes, having won 11 times. The Montreal Caledonias come next, with six wins to their credit, Quebec four, Montreal three, Thistles two. Neither the Heather nor St. Lawrence clubs have been fortunate enough to capture the trophy, but they have made some very close calls.

The Brunch Tankard was another trophy, which, after five years' play, was eventually won by the Caledonia Club. Last year, the Royal Caledonia Curling Club of Scotland donated a handsome silver cup, to be known as the Jubilee Trophy, for annual competition. This was played for for the first time this year, in Montreal. The match was an intensely exciting one, and was won by only two shots by the Heather, their opponents in the final being the Ormstown Club. As will be seen, it was a see-saw match, one rink of each side winning:

HEATHER.		ORMSTOWN	
G. A. Robertson		D. McCormack	
R. Thomson		Dr. Kee	
N. K. Macdonald		C. McGerrigle	
J. H. Smith (Skip)—19		W. McGerrigle (Skip)—19	
RINK NO. 2		RINK NO. 1	
D. H. McCallum		I. B. Welch	
N. K. McLeod		G. F. Beard	
G. W. Wood		R. L. Welch	
W. B. Hutchison (Skip)—15		C. A. McNee (Skip)—19	
Total	31	Total	29

The Governor-General's and the Jubilee Trophy are the principal prizes for curlers, but the city clubs have a very important annual competition, in which much interest is taken. It is known as the M.A.A.A. cup. Everyone recognizes the usefulness of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association in their healthy sport. As curling is a king among sports, and as the M.A.A.A. had no curling rink of its own, the next best thing was to provide a trophy, which all the curlers prize very highly. Of course, play for the leading prizes does not begin to give an idea of the amount of curling done in the various rinks, as every club has special club competitions open to members only, such as the Greenshields, the Murr, the Stanchile, and others too numerous to mention.

What are called the annual friendly matches are always keenly contested. In these matches each club plays with the other, the number of rinks taking part being regulated by the numerical strength of the various clubs. These matches usually take several days to play, and are great examples of the hospitality and good fellowship of curlers, and woe be to the man who cannot take a joke, for nearly every knight of the besom can make one.

The latest of these matches, played by Montreal clubs, was that between the Thistles and St. Lawrence. How close and exciting the play was may be gathered from the fact that although eight rinks aside played, there was only a difference of two shots in the final, in favor of Thistles, the figures being 107-105.

The St. Lawrence Club recently visited Sherbrooke and suffered defeat by seven shots, and two rinks of the Montreal Curling Club defeated the Country Club, of Boston, on Saturday last.

An international medal was presented some 15 years ago for competition between the United States and Canada. This year the competition takes place in Utica, two rinks being picked from the various Montreal clubs. These competitions have been held annually, the place of play alternating each year. They are always very enjoyable occasions, for we're "brithers a' who play the roarin' game." R.O.N.



VICTORIA HOCKEY TEAM OF MONTREAL.

(Taken in Quebec in 1881.)

HOCKEY—THE WINTER SPORT OF THE PEOPLE.

NO Canadian winter sport has enjoyed the great, all-round popularity of hockey. And in no part of the Dominion is greater enthusiasm thrown into the game than in Montreal. The immense crowds that assembled last week at the Arena—the largest rink in Canada—to witness the matches for the Stanley Cup, the fabulous prices that were paid for tickets, and the mad enthusiasm that reigned during the games, were proof of this.

In the development of hockey, as now understood, Montreal has played an important part. Mr. Arthur Farrell, of the *Shamrocks*, in his interesting little work on the game, says that to the McGill College and Victoria Hockey teams of Montreal the game of hockey owes its present state. These two were the first regularly organized hockey clubs in the world, the former preceding the latter by a very short time. Previous to the formation of the above organizations, about 1881, teams existed in Montreal and Quebec, but the only rule that was well defined was the one which demanded that every man should "shunny on his own side." Do what you might, play on what you liked or with what you liked—and as long as you shinned on your own side, you were within the law.

All kinds of sticks were used, long-knotted roots, broom handles, clubs, and all kinds of skates were employed, from long, dangerous reachers to short wooden rockers. On each particular occasion the captains agreed, before the game, upon the rules that they would abide by or disregard, so that, the rules that governed one match, might be null and void for another. The puck was a square block of wood, about two cubic inches in size, on which a later improvement was the bung of a barrel, tightly tied around with cord. Body checking was prohibited, so was hitting the puck; if the puck went behind the goal line it had to be faced; the referee kept time and decided the games; the goal posts, placed, at times, like ours, facing one another, were also fastened in the ice in a row, facing the sides, so that a game might be scored from either end, the forward shooting in the direction of the side of the rink, instead of towards the end, as we do.

As soon as the Montreal Victorias were organized, the secretary of that club wrote to every city in Canada for information regarding the rules of hockey, but the result was unsatisfactory, because he could get none. When, shortly after, the Crystals and M.A.A.A. had formed teams, and the Ottawas and Quebecs had come into existence, the first successful matches, played under a code of rules that had been drawn up and accepted, were brought about by the challenge system. The first series of games took place during the first winter carnival, in 1881, and was played on the cold river rink, and the second, during the second carnival, in the Victoria Rink.

(Continued on page 11.)



POT BOILERS.

Copyright. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Limited, of London and Birmingham, the publishers of the large engraving.

"Pot Boilers" is a popular picture now first published in a Canadian journal, by special permission of the proprietors. It is by Miss Maud Earl, author of that other well-known picture, "What We Have We Hold." The size of the original engraving is 20x17 inches. The dogs in the picture are the celebrated Scottish terriers—Champion Valiant, best and best in title, Elworth Haggis. Miss Earl, it is scarcely necessary to say, is looked upon as the leading animal painter of the day.

THE SHIPS THAT SAIL AWAY.

UNDER a glow of reddened bar,
That gulls with light each trembling spar,
Watted by winds from far off West,
Like gulls that float on ocean's breast,
The ships come sailing in,
But never ship on dark'ning bay,
As fair as ship that sails away.

Oh, white the pearls, and red the gold,
Down in the darksome, hidden hold,
With freight of finest, richest, best,
From rosy East, from radiant West,
The ships come sailing in,
But filled with hopes of early day,
Are fairy ships that sail away.

Fair ships of dreams, of air, of light,
Ghost like you glide through unknown night;
And still we watch, and still we pray,
For our bound ships that sail away.

ELLA WALTON

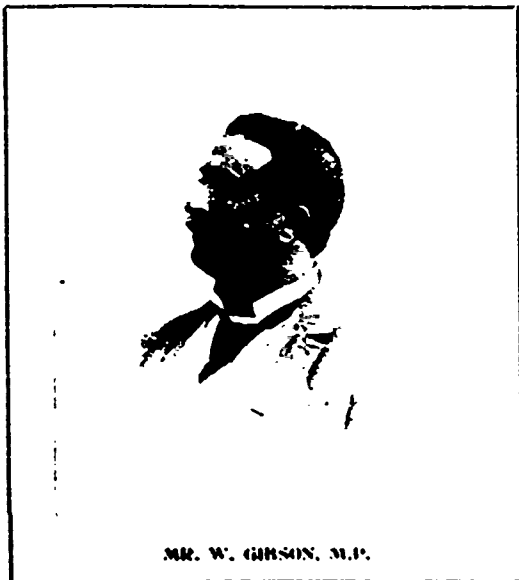
A STORY OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE following incident is said to have occurred when the Duke of York, then Prince George, was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in command of the gunboat Thrush: One night he was present at a ball, given by the officers of the regiment in garrison there. Now, throughout his stay in Canada, Prince George made himself extremely popular by his bonhomie and evident desire to be treated as an ordinary mortal, but the hostess of the evening—the colonel's wife—would not conform to this, and during the evening she "Royal Highnessed," and generally gushed over the Prince, till he was evidently sick of it. When supper was announced, Prince George took in his hostess, who redoubled her attentions. Fancying that the Prince would like some oysters, she called out to a young subaltern, who was busily engaged in looking after his own partner: "Mr. H., fetch His Royal Highness some oysters, and look sharp." "Mr. H.," a quiet, collected youth—poor fellow, he was one of the first to fall in the Tirah campaign—turned to a waiter, who was passing, and said, with a slight emphasis in his voice, "Waiter, will you kindly take some oysters to His Royal Highness as quickly as possible!" No one enjoyed the rebuke more than our future King.

People We Hear About.

THE NEW CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP.

"WILLIE" Gibson, as The Hamilton Spectator delights to call him, was elected to the Dominion House of Commons for Lincoln nine years ago, and when the Liberal hordes swarmed into Ottawa for the first session of Parliament after the bouleversement of June, 1896, his fellow-members paid a tribute to his popularity in selecting him as



MR. W. GIBSON, M.P.

whip for Ontario. Major Sutherland having entered the Cabinet, Mr. Gibson has now been chosen his successor as chief Liberal whip. This is a position, as all men know who have mastered the a.b.c. of party management, requiring a very rare combination of qualities—tact, patience, ceaseless energy, and a nice proportionment of suavity and firmness. It is not so much what the whip does as what he prevents from being done that is the measure and test of his ability and fitness for the position. No one doubts that "Willie" Gibson will be a thorough-going success at his new post. He has a shrewd Scotch head on his shoulders, and is possessed of any amount of energy and finesse, as his remarkable business career goes to prove.

Mr. Gibson turned his 50th year last summer, and has been 30 years in Canada. He received a substantial education in his native town, Peterhead, Scotland. When he came to the New World he was first engaged in railway engineering, but since 1878 he has been a contractor on his own account, building many important public works, including the great tunnel under the St. Clair river from Sarabia to Port Huron. He had also a contract in connection with the new Victoria Bridge, Montreal.

Six years after coming to Canada, Mr. Gibson was married to Miss Davidson, of Hamilton, daughter of a prominent merchant.

PARAGRAPHS: ARTICLES.—Major Gilmour, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Doon, September 29; Mr. W. J. Ginge and Mr. Louis Herbert, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denbow, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Mr. Geo. Goldwin Smith, November 10; Mr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Goskerham, November 24; Sir W. C. Maslova and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchési, December 8; Mr. Charles Beauséjour, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtzke, December 29; Mr. Wm. R. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. L. Moran and Mr. Raymond Preshotins, M.P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19; Archbishop Lewis, February 2; Hon. Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, February 9; Hon. Senator Geo. T. Fulford, February 16.

For over a quarter of a century he has taken a keen interest in Freemasonry. He rose steadily in the order, and, at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, held at Belleville, 1896, he was unanimously elected Grand Master of the order—a position he held with the utmost credit to himself and to the fraternity for two years, being succeeded by Mr. E. T. Malone, O.C., of Toronto.

Mr. Gibson is well-off. He is a director of the Bank of Hamilton, of the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society, of the Keewatin Lumber and Power Company, of the Hamilton Gas Light Company, and is president of the Hamilton Street Railway. His clubs are the Hamilton, Hamilton; the National, Toronto, and the Rideau, Ottawa. He has a charming home, "Invergie," at Beamsville, near the Ambitious City, and is a big-hearted, hospitable fellow who delights to give everybody a good time.

Mr. Gibson has decided literary talent, and would have made a first-class journalist, had he not wisely chosen a more remunerative field for his ability. On retiring from the Grand Master's chair in the Masonic order, he read an original humorous poem, in Scotch dialect, which was widely published at the time and highly thought of. BEAMSVILLE.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

"GEBER," by Kate A. Benton (The F. A. Stokes Company), is a well-told and ingenious tale of the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, the Great Caliph of Bagdad. In this book, by means of its anecdotes and descriptions, one gets a vivid idea of the Great Caliph and his city; and there is, besides, a story of pure romance, full of incident and passion, with intrigues and difficulties a-plenty, and it is all admirably told. We hear the gossip in the baths; we listen to the secrets of the Caliph's harem—secrets that would mean the taking off of a number of very pretty heads if the Caliph himself knew them; we roam the streets with Haroun and sit with him in his court of capricious and astonishing justice; we wander by the hundred mosques, and shudder in the Caliph's merciless, great prison; we follow poets and soldiers in their love-making; and always there is "Geber," strongest of all the characters, stronger even than Haroun himself.

"THE WHITE TERROR," a romance of the French Revolution, is a lively narrative of that epoch which has been exploited well nigh to exhaustion by the historian, novelist and dramatist. It attempts to give the very breath of the times, and its author succeeds well in making the reader realize the ignorance of a large part of the population of France, and the utter demoralization of nearly everyone in the revolutionary period. Those readers who care for a well-told tale (disappointingly translated by the way) replete with dramatic incidents and in which the interest never flags, will find entertainment in "The White Terror." The author of the book is Felix Gras, and the translation into English has been done by Catherine A. Janvier.

"THE Four-Masted Catboat and Other Truthful Tales," by Charles Battell Loomis (Century Company) is described as "a book of clean, bright American humor, and as funny as it is individual." Mr. Loomis writing of the book, himself, says: "I can testify to one thing: the stories that make up the book were not ground out—they were all written *con amore*. Indeed, they were all written to amuse me. I need to be amused, and, as I live a hundred miles from any library and cannot afford to buy other peoples' books, I simply had to amuse myself. If the public finds them amusing also, what more can I ask?"

"THE DRUMMER'S COAT," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, with illustrations by H. M. Brock (Macmillan & Co.), is a charmingly pretty little story of the early part of the nineteenth century, recalling in a certain degree the artless simplicity of the late Mrs. Ewing's beautiful tales for children. There is a very fine description of the retreat to Corunna and the hardships endured by the soldiers during that terrible march, all the military details being drawn from authentic sources, notably the "Recollections of Rifleman Harris" and the "History of the Fifty-second Regiment." P.V.N.

WINTER SPORTS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"when," as history relates, "the players were slightly interfered with by the erection of a large ice-grotto in the rink."

In 1887, the challenge system was done away with, and the Victorias, Crystals, Montrealers, Quebecs and Ottawas formed the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada, which, in the good effects that it has produced, constitutes the second epoch in the history of the game, because, from this date, hockey made rapid strides in its advancement as a popular, scientific sport.

Hockey skated up into Ontario from the city of Montreal. Kingston was the first western town, excepting, of course, Ottawa, to play the game as it should be played. Some of the Royal Military College cadets, who hailed from Quebec, brought to the old garrison town the principles of the new born sport, and with their football rivals, Queen's College, materially assisted the progress of the game in the west.

In Toronto, the game was introduced by Mr. T. L. Paton, for many years a member of the champion M. A. A. team, who chanced to be traveling in that city. Mentioning to friends that hockey was the winter game par excellence in Montreal, he was induced to write for a puck and some sticks, and teach them the sport. This was in 1887, and in a few years the game that electrified the people of the east, was destined to secure a fast hold upon the sporting instincts of those in the west. From Toronto to Winnipeg, hockey was received with great eclat. Clubs were formed in every city that boasted of the name, and unions and associations sprang up to regulate the games and to draw up schedules.

In the season of '90-91, the Ontario Hockey Association was organized with its head centre in Toronto. It is difficult to form any conception of the invaluable work that this association has done for the game in Ontario. Caring for the senior clubs and fostering the interests of the juniors, it has placed hockey on its solid basis in the west, as the original association has done for Quebec.

Manitoba has produced in the Winnipeg Victorias, a team that can compare most favorably with any seven that ever chased the rubber disc. They are past masters in the art of skating and stick-handling, and because of the high perfection which the game has attained in Manitoba, they will ever be dangerous rivals for any team in the east that captures the coveted trophy. Besides the Victorias, there are the Winipeggs, of Winnipeg, who deserve honorable mention as a clever, practiced aggregation.

In the Maritime Provinces, hockey has been introduced to stay. It is obtaining a firm hold on the younger generations, and is fast approaching the high degree of excellence that marks the game in Quebec, Manitoba and Ontario; in fact, the senior teams of Halifax and St. John, in virtue of their showing against sevens that have visited them from Montreal, are eligible to compete for the Stanley Cup.

The game was first introduced into the United States some years ago, by a Montrealer, Mr. C. Shearer, who was studying at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He formed a team among the students of the college, and was successful in inducing the Quebec team (which was the first Canadian seven to play across the border), to travel to the Oriole city for a series of games. In 1895, the Shamrocks and Montrealers, of Montreal, delighted audiences in New York, Washington and Baltimore. Since that time the Queen's College team has played in Pittsburg, and nearly all of Canada's leading clubs have sent their representatives to play in the different American rinks. During all this time, after our American cousins had awakened to the wonderful possibilities of hockey, the game made rapid strides in popularity. Colleges and schools took an interest in the game, and organized teams, schedules were drawn up, the public flocked to the rinks to see the games, and now it bids fair to be, in time, as popular a winter sport among the Americans as it is among ourselves.

Hockey was first played in Europe by another Montrealer, Mr. Geo. A. Meagher, world's champion figure skater, and author of "Lessons in Skating." In Paris, the first European team was formed, and the gay Parisiens took most enthusiastically to it. The Marquis of Dufcrin and Ava attended the first game played in that city, in the Pole Nord artificial skating rink. London boasted of the second club in Europe, and in less than one season more than five teams chased the rubber disc in that city. Scotland was the next country to enjoy the game. In the artificial ice palace, Sauchiehall street, the first practices were held, and so proficient did the canny Scotchmen become, that a game with the team of the Palais de Glace in Paris was arranged. A series of six matches was played in one week with the French seven, and the crowds that witnessed

the game fairly raised the roof with their clamorous applause. The Figaro, the leading newspaper in France, described hockey as a game that promised to excel all other sports in Paris, in point of popularity and "scientific possibilities."

THE STANLEY CUP.

Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, took a great interest in hockey when he was Governor-General of Canada, and, when about to leave for England, in 1893, he announced his desire to give a perpetual challenge cup to be emblematic of the championship of the Dominion. This was made known at a dinner tendered the Ottawa hockey team, of which His Excellency was patron, by Lord Kilcourse, who represented Lord Stanley. The cup was subsequently entrusted to Sheriff Sweetland and Mr. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, who were instructed to hand it over to the Montreal A. A. Hockey Club, as winners of the Amateur Hockey Association championship. In view of the fact that there were several hockey associations in Canada, Lord Stanley asked the trustees to suggest some means of making the competitions for the cup open to all, and thus, as representative as possible of the championship of Canada. This was done by allowing to any team that would win the championship of its respective league (recognized as such by the trustees), the privilege of challenging the holders of the cup.

The following is a record of the competitions that have taken place for the possession of the trophy:

- 1893 Awarded to M. A. A. Hockey Club as champions of the A.H.A. of Canada.
- 1894 Montrealers challenged by Osgoode Hall, Toronto. No game on account of unfavorable weather.
- 1895 Montrealers defeated Queen's College, Kingston, in Montreal, by 5-1. Referee, F. C. Chittick, Ottawa. Gave over the cup to Victoria H.C. of Montreal, winners of A.H.A. of Canada championship.
- 1896 Victorias of Winnipeg defeated Victorias of Montreal, in Montreal, by 5-2. Referee, A. F. Martin, Toronto.
- 1896 Victorias of Montreal defeated Victorias of Winnipeg, in Winnipeg, by 6-5. Referee, W. C. Young, Ottawa.
- 1897 Victorias of Montreal defeated Capitals of Ottawa, in Montreal, by 15-2. Referee, J. Findlay, Montreal.
- 1897 Victorias of Montreal defeated Victorias of Winnipeg, in Montreal. Referee, J. Findlay, Montreal. February 16, by 2-1, February 18, by 3-2 (match unfinished).
- 1898 Shamrocks of Montreal awarded the cup as winners of the A.H. League championship.
- 1899 Shamrocks of Montreal defeated Queen's College, Kingston, in Montreal, by 6-2. Referee, H. Pullford, Ottawa.
- 1900 Shamrocks of Montreal defeated Victorias of Winnipeg, in 2 out of 3 matches. Referee, Hugh Baird.

THE RECENT CUP MATCHES.

The Stanley Cup will remain in Montreal until a better team than the Shamrocks can take it away from them. But they had to put up a most desperate fight to get it. It was only by the odd goal scored by Trihey in the last 10 minutes of the last match of the series that saved them. The Shamrocks certainly won the cup on their own merits, and, although the visiting team deserve the greatest amount of credit for the fast games they put up, the home team had the advantage of them in as far as stick handling and combination play are concerned. Both teams put up games that no other teams ever played before in the history of Canada's famous winter sport. Will any one of the spectators of Friday's match ever forget the excitement which reigned, during the last 10 minutes, when each team had the same number of goals to their credit? The match of Friday night was certainly the best game of the series, and, in fact, the finest imaginable exhibition of hockey, and of determination on the part of every player on the ice. The match started sharp at 8.25, Trihey scoring the first goal. Winnipeg put the next past McKenna, and before half time was called Shamrocks added two more to their credit—score now stood 3 to 2. The excitement at the start of the second half was tremendous. Farrell scored the first goal in this half for Shamrocks, then Gingras and Roxburgh of the Western seven managed to pass the famous cover-point and point of Shamrocks and evened up things. Eleven minutes were left to decide who were the winners. One-and-a-half minutes before the call of time, in the fastest game of hockey that has ever taken place in Canada, Trihey scored the winning goal. A notable feature of the match was that the Shamrocks seemed to play on the defensive throughout, and it was through this they were saved. Only a team like the Shamrocks could have beaten the Victorias. They played a most gentlemanly and clean game of hockey, which can also be said of our own Shamrocks. Trihey and Farrell of the home team were the stars for their side in all three games, while Bain and Gingras of the visitors played the best game for their team. There is a rumor around town, in sporting circles, that Shamrocks have an invitation to visit

Winnipeg and play a series of matches in that town. As to whether they will accept the "bid" remains to be seen. The two teams are most friendly. This alone made the games, which took place last week, the best ever witnessed.

PUCK.

MONTREAL ON SKATES.

SKATING in Montreal, the leading city of Canada in this form of sport, is undergoing a change which is decidedly marked this year. This change is noticeable both in pleasure skating and in speed skating. The former is losing many patrons, while the latter is, if anything, gaining in this respect.

There has been a great falling off this season in the attendance at the rinks, especially the large ones. This is due partly to the late opening of the rinks, which took place about Christmas, and partly to the very great hold which hockey has taken on the youth of the city.

The M. A. A., the Montagnard and the Victoria, which are the chief rinks in the city, opened a week or ten days later this year than last, and that length of time at the beginning of the season is of very great importance, especially to those rinks where admission is by ticket only. Even after the rinks were opened the weather was of a discouraging mildness.

Another reason for a decrease in attendance at the rinks is, the great interest which is being taken in hockey, especially by the younger frequenters of rinks. That this has caused a large decrease in numbers of skaters can be seen from an examination of the tickets issued by the various rinks. The falling off is greatest in boys' tickets, and the total in this class for those rinks where admission is by ticket only reaches well up to the four figure mark. To balance this there is a large attendance at hockey practice.

The event of the pleasure skating season was the British Empire carnival, which was given in the Arena on February 7 last, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. This large rink was filled to the door with spectators, while 600 gaily clad skaters glided around the rink to the music of united military bands. The majority of the costumes were not of the historical character expected, but the variety of color, aided by ever-changing tinted light thrown from lanterns, formed as pretty a sight as Montreal has seen on the ice for some time. Financially, it was a success, the proceeds after expenses were paid being over the \$1,000 mark.

Speed skating has, if anything, grown in public favor, and has, in consequence, more aspirants after honors than ever. The championship meets of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada have done much to foster racing, and Montreal now can boast of some of the fastest men on the ice in the amateur class.

Almost every year, the world's champion, Johnny Nilsson, comes here to skate at the races of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada, and Norval Baptie, Johnny Johnson and the other professional speeders try to lower the colors of the champion on that best of tracks, the M.A.A.A. quarter-mile oval. These professional contests, in which the fastest skaters in the world take part, have taught young Montreal how to get up speed on skates.

Among the speedy ones who have earned honors on the track are Jimmy Drury, Bert Spooner, A. E. Pilkie, W. Thibault, P. Fafard, Bob Sonne, A. Briere, W. Coldwell, Z. Ste. Marie.

Of these, Drury and Pilkie represented their association at the championship races of the American Skating Association, at Newburg, on January 27, and Drury carried off the honors and the gold medal in the 500 metre race, going the distance in 55 1-5 seconds. Pilkie came second. Drury got third place in the 1,500 metre and 10,000 metre races. The track was a 6 1/2-lap one, much smaller than the M.A.A.A. track, which was a disadvantage to Drury and Pilkie.

A week later, the A. S. A. of C. held its race meet, and the winners in Newburgh, A. E. Thomas and F. D. Gibb, met the Montreal men on a quarter-mile track for the first time. Fresh from winning the United States championship, Thomas and Gibb met defeat at the hands of local men except in the three

and five miles, the former going to Thomas, with Drury second, and the latter to Gibb and Thomas, in that order. Drury's skates gave out in this race and he had to leave the ice.

In the mile, Drury, Bert Spooner and W. Thibault all beat them. In the corresponding race, 1,500 metres, in Newburgh on a 6 1/2-lap track Drury came third. So that in fair skating, not in the trick work of getting round corners, Montreal's representatives were able to hold up their end.

In the 880 yards, the United States champions were defeated by Bob Sonne.

In the 220 yards, the Montreal gliders went down before the Toronto champion, Fred J. Robson.

Fafard and Thibault have developed wonderful speed in backward skating and showed it at these races. Thibault quit before the finish by a mistake, though he had a good lead and was a sure winner.

Unfortunately, the Winnipeg champions who came down to skate were unable to go on the ice, the change having put them on the sick list.

At these races also there was a match race between Norval Baptie and Nilsson, the world's champion. Nilsson retained his title, defeating Baptie one, two and three miles, the two latter being the record-breaking times of 5.33 4-5 and 8.41 1-5. The previous world's records were 5.51 and 8.48.

This year's amateur Canadian champions and their time made at these races are :

Miles.	Champion.	Time.
1-8	Fred J. Robson, Toronto	.21
1-8 (hurdles)	R. T. K. Holeombe, Montreal	.27
1-2	Robt. Sonne, Montreal	1.35 4-5
1-2 (backwards)	W. Thibault, Montreal	1.33
1	James Drury, Montreal	3
3	E. A. Thomas, Newburgh, U. S.	9.22
5	F. D. Gibb, Newburgh, U. S.	16.17

A week later were the annual races of the Montreal Toboggan and Skating Club, held in conjunction with those of the Montreal Snowshoe Club. These races brought to the front a number of younger skaters and showed that many a speedy skater has not yet been in competition. Bert Spooner distinguished himself especially, beating even Drury in the half and mile in spirited finishes. Spooner is one of the best skaters Montreal has. He has gone to Toronto to take a position there, but will return again in a few months.

In these races the Winnipeg champions took part. D. A. Brown, the Manitoba champion, was outclassed by the local sprinters. Geo. Starke came second in the boys' race, C. Beaudoin beating him out by a yard, a trick which he repeated on Saturday last at the Montagnard rink.

In the quarter-mile, Caldwell showed his heels to Drury.

Neither Pilkie nor Sonne took part in these races.

On Saturday evening last, the Montagnard races were held. The track was about 11 laps, and on this size of a track, Ste. Marie, who had just missed the medals at the M.A.A.A., managed to come out with three firsts. The surprise of the evening was that W. Thibault defeated Philippe Fafard in the backward race.

This rink has done much to increase the love of skating with the French-Canadian people.

This completes the large skating events of the year. From now on there are a few club races, which are of great value in training coming champions, but are of little public interest.

Trials against time have formed an important part of the season's work. Few indoor records have been established, and it is difficult to compare the times made on such tracks. Nilsson went what he says is his fastest half-mile, 1.32 4-5, in the Arena, on February 10. He also tried the mile and did it in 3.03 4-5.

Baptie, wishing to get revenge for his defeat, set out to beat them on Le Montagnard track. He did the half in 1.29 1-5, and the mile in 3.06 2-5. As both tracks were officially measured and tested, and watches were held by practised timekeepers, these records will stand—half, Baptie, 1.29 1-5; mile, Nilsson, 3.03 4-5. These are for indoor tracks. Other times have been made which are much faster, but the tracks were found to be improperly measured.

Fafard, the backward skater, also made a record for the half-mile backward, indoor, standing start. No such record existed previously. His time was 1.38 1-5.

Considering the whole racing season, it must be said that it is very satisfactory from every point of view. Independent of who won or lost, the style of skating is improving and the speed is increasing, two very desirable points. A. M. D.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Author of "The Barnstormers," "A Woman in Grey," "A Man from the Dark," "The Secret of the Pearls," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHISPERS

A trap-door was opening in the floor underneath. It was a moment of sensations, beating like the blows of a hammer on brain and nerves. I had no time for conscious thoughts. My first idea was that I should be let down through the door into some unknown abyss, which would be my grave—where, at the bottom, I should be crushed and dead.

But in an instant more I told myself that this could not be, for the door opened upward, and, in being raised, only lifted one corner of the mattress.

In a moment more, I said to myself not in words, but with the same distinctness of impression as though I had heard the sentence spoken aloud—I should have got my death-blow. I should have learnt the one great secret which no one has ever come back to whisper.

I tried to murmur a prayer, but I could not concentrate my thoughts. I could merely say, soundlessly, over and over again: "God—God—dear God!"

I wished, too, to ask who had come to kill me, but still I could not utter a syllable. My eyes stared through the thick darkness. Suddenly I remembered Millais' picture of the two little princes in the tower, and it did not seem irrelevant that my mind should dwell upon the shrinking figures, the piteous white faces, and the golden hair at such a moment.

Someone had come up through the trap-door. Someone had shut it down again, almost noiselessly. Someone was breathing quick, panting breaths. Someone was groping towards me in the dark.

"Eve!" whispered a voice. "Eve, speak to me for God's sake! Is she dead?"

The revulsion of feeling was so sudden, so intense, that it well-nigh killed me. All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my head, and sing there like the sea at high tide in a cave. A thousand sparks fell, and I swayed forward against an outstretched arm.

It was Mrs. Rayne who had whispered to me.

In an instant more I was lying upon her breast, held closely to her heart, while she murmured softly and lovingly over me, as if I had been a little child.

I think for a few moments I must have fallen into a state of semi-consciousness, yet, all the time, as in some dim dream, I knew that a kindly presence was with me, that a pair of warm arms were wrapped tenderly around me.

"Do you know me, dear?" whispered the gentle voice again, tremulous with unshed tears.

"Yes, thank heaven; it is you, dear Mrs. Rayne," I articulated at last.

"Come to save you, my darling. And I will do it, too."

"How—how?" I breathed, weakly, but eagerly.

"I am not quite sure yet how we shall carry it through to the end, but it will be done," she said. "Did you think of me? Did you not know that I would come to you?"

"I had given up hoping," I panted, "that anyone would come—except those who meant to murder me."

"Ah my dearest, you know her at last—that terrible woman—you know her as I feared you must in the end. But she shall not have her way with you, never fear. Tell me about yourself, darling. Are you ill? What have they done to you?"

"They have tried to poison me," I murmured in the same low tone in which she had spoken. "I drank a little water—I was so hungry and so thirsty, I could not help it—and it was bitter. But I had only a few drops."

"I thought as much," she said, passionately. "I was prepared for that. But wait a moment, and I will show you what I have brought."

She struck a match, and I could see that she drew something from her pocket. It was a small piece of candle, which she placed on the floor, and then took also from her pocket a little bottle and some object wrapped in a handkerchief. "You may safely eat and drink these," Mrs. Rayne said. "They will do you good. There is brandy in the bottle, and here, you see, is bread and meat. Make haste, dear, for we dare not leave the candle lighted for long."

"Oh, must we be in the dreadful, black darkness again?" I moaned.

"I'm afraid—afraid we must," she replied.

I ate hurriedly and thankfully, and then drained the brandy and water, which at another time would have caused me to gasp and choke.

"How did you find your way here to save me?" I questioned, as I raised my eyes to her face and saw the love and devotion upon it—love and devotion which I had never been able to quite understand.

"I have never been away from the Dark House," she returned. "At least, I have never been further away than the barn. Did you think that terrible woman could drive me from you, at the time when I knew you would be needing me most? Never—never! As to the way in which I have managed to come to you, there is no time to explain that now. Some day, when you are happy and safe, I will tell you, and you will listen as though it were some strange story in a book. You will have forgotten all your fears and troubles. No we must think how to escape." As she spoke she blew out the candle and replaced it in her pocket.

"We may need it again," she went on.

"How can we escape?" I asked, helplessly. "We are like flies caught in a trap; Lady Mary is a spider—a spider with a hundred eyes. We know too much. She will never let us go."

"You are right. She never would—if she were here," breathed Mrs. Rayne, "but she is not. That is part of the plan. She has gone away, whether actually abroad or not I don't know, but so it is given out. And she took with her a young girl, dressed in black, wearing a thick black veil. Everybody is to suppose it is you—you and your step-mother are going on the Continent together. How she intends to account for your absence in the end I do not know, but while you are supposed to be far away with her in France or Italy anything—anything may safely happen at the Dark House."

"But—if she is not here, who—who—" I stammered. I had it in my mind to ask who had been appointed to do the murder, but I could not articulate the words.

Mrs. Rayne, however, readily understood me.

"Who, but Valentine Graeme?" she exclaimed. "Who but he—who, after Lady Mary, has most to gain through your death?"

"And Donald," I cried, almost bitterly, "why is he so far away? He said he loved me—I forgot you did not know that—but if he had, really I do not think they could ever have deceived him so, and made him believe that I had gone."

People who love know things by instinct. He ought to have known that I should be here."

"Perhaps, after all, he is not so far off as you fear," said Mrs. Rayne, soothingly. "I have great faith in Donald. Something seems to tell me that he is close at hand—that once you are outside this terrible house, it will be to find yourself in his arms."

"Ah, if we are ever out!" I echoed. "Tell me where we are; it may help me to think how we can get away."

"We are above the room which you and I entered by the secret staircase on that first night," she whispered. "This place, as you could see while it was light, is much smaller than the other tower-room. There is no way of entering, save through the trap-door. How I knew of its existence you shall hear another time, if we live. It is just a cell, built at the top of the tower, looking like a mere ornamental erection of stones on the flat roof when seen from below. No one who did not know would dream of suspecting it to be a room."

"Then," I said, fearfully, "to get out we must go down through my own room."

"Yes, it is the only way. And Miss Cade is sleeping there now. But—hark! Did you hear a noise?"

I had, indeed. It was a stumbling footfall in the room below.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LONG PINS IN THE CHEST.

I threw my arms around Mrs. Rayne's slender figure and clung to her in an agony of fear. "It is he—coming to kill me," I whispered, with teeth that clicked together as though in an ague chill. "When he sees you he will kill you also, that you may not escape to tell his secret. Oh, what can we do? We are lost!"

"It is still again down there now," she said, reflectively. "He is not coming yet. There may be a few minutes left to us, Eve. I have a plan. Will you obey me in what I tell you to do—obey unhesitatingly and unquestioningly?"

"Yes—yes!" I uttered, breathlessly.

"The trap-door opens upward, as you know, and this mattress is placed so close against the hinges that it cannot be laid back on the floor, but must remain upright when open. Valentine Graeme when he comes must bring some sort of a light with him—probably a lantern. He will let it down and come around to take a look at you on the mattress most likely before closing the trap-door. In that moment, if you crouch in the shadow and can remain unseen, you may have time to slip down the staircase before he discovers that you are not on the bed."

"But you?" I questioned, fearfully.

"I will lie on the mattress, and he will think for an instant that it is you. That one instant may be enough. Don't be alarmed for me. I have brought a knife with me, and I can defend myself from him, never fear, for he is a coward. I am strong in my love for you; he will be weak and trembling with the knowledge of his guilty design."

"I will never leave you alone with him," I cried. "I am selfish and cowardly, but I am not so bad as that."

"But, listen, my darling; you promised to obey me unconditionally—you will drive me mad with despair if you try to thwart me. There is no time for explanation—for argument. Even if I had not the knife, I swear to you that I should be safe. There is a secret which the time has not yet come for you to know, which would render his hands powerless if he tried to touch me, when I have risen and said but one word to him. Oh, trust me, Eve—it is the only way. Go—take your chance—otherwise he will kill you; and on my knees I would beg him to take my life as well."

With eager hands she pushed me from her beyond the trap-door. I was dazed and terrified, and the strength of

her earnestness overcame me. My head swam. I had only sense enough left to know that I must obey.

"Crouch down on the floor where you are," she said: "I believe—I hope his face will not be turned your way. Remember, the instant his back is turned and he moves around the door to the mattress you are to go. If Miss Cade is below you must —" The words died on her lips. I felt the hand that I convulsively grasped tremble and suddenly grow cold. "Hush!" she whispered. "He is coming; that was a step on the stairs."

Again she gave me a gentle push, and was gone. I knew, though I could see nothing in the darkness, that she had taken my place on the mattress.

I could hear a faint movement or two in that direction, and then all was still. I cowered down where she had put me, shaking from head to foot, while the current of my blood seemed congealing into ice in my veins.

Softly, slowly, inch by inch, the trap-door moved. There was one faint creaking sound at first, and then there was no further noise. But through an ever-widening crack a light began to gleam. The door was being cautiously pushed up.

In the growing light I could see a hand, which pressed against the door—a woman's hand! Then Mrs. Rayne had been mistaken. It was not Valentine Graeme after all.

A head rose within my line of vision, and though, as Mrs. Rayne had prophesied, the face was turned from me, while the body to which it belonged came slowly and softly up the stairs, I recognized it instantly. Lady Mary herself was coming to do the work her brain had planned.

She had, then, only feigned to go away, or she had returned again. At that moment I did not concern myself with the mystery of her sudden appearance. It was enough to know that she was there.

If I had cherished some faint hope of escape before, it was all gone now. Valentine Graeme had doubtless more physical strength than she, but he had not half her indomitable power of resource, courage and resolution.

She pushed the trap-door until it stood upright, or nearly so, balanced by the mattress against which it leant. Now, if she shut it down again behind her, all was lost—if she even so much as turned her head towards me; but she did neither.

With a cat-like stealthiness, which told of softly-shod feet, she ascended the last step of the stairs, and then, bending towards the bed, lifted the lantern high. I could see now that it was one of the kind known as "dark lanterns," and only one narrow streak of light was allowed to show.

Carefully she set the thing down upon the floor, the one yellow ray streaming towards the mattress on which I was supposed to lie, and busied herself in removing some article which had been slipped for safe keeping under her belt.

Now, if ever, was my time to escape. The light dimly showed a slender, black-robed figure prone upon the bed. From the place where I crouched in the darkness, close to the open trap-door, I could only see an edge of the skirt, which trailed off the mattress on to the floor. The raised door formed a screen which hid the rest from me, but my imagination pictured it. I knew how Mrs. Rayne would have covered with her arm the coils of white hair, which must have shown Lady Mary that the form extended there was not mine.

She must know in a minute—when she approached a little nearer. If I did not at once make that desperate rush for liberty which Mrs. Rayne had enjoined upon me the plan would have failed.

But I could not go. My head was clearer now—not dazed by Mrs. Rayne's impassioned pleadings and commands. I could not leave her to die, perhaps in my stead. She said that I must trust her, that she would not fail to follow me. She had had some reason for so confidently as-

LADY MARY—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 17.

serting this that I did not know. She had a knife, too, with which to defend herself, while I had nothing. Still I could not go. Even had I desired to do so, I doubt if I could have succeeded. A species of frozen fascination held me motionless. I scarcely seemed to breathe.

All was darkness in the tiny room save for the contracted circle of light round the lantern. It scarcely reached to Lady Mary's face, yet I could see the sparkling of her great black eyes and the quick movements of her white hands. The thing that she had drawn from her belt was a little hammer. I had seen it before. Well did I remember the slender handle of dead black wood, tipped at the end with silver.

Something else she drew forth now, and tried the point against her finger. A long, thin nail, rather more like an exaggerated pin. A shudder of extremest horror ran through me at the sight. I recalled the night of my arrival at the Dark House, and how I had bent over the old chest in the room above mine. It was there that I had seen the hammer and the few scattered nails, wondering what could be their use. Now, I knew, or was about to know.

Perhaps, in the end, when my father had been long in yielding to the effects of the poison, one of these nails had been called into requisition by his impatient wife.

Suddenly, as I stared, conscious of no part of myself save my fixed and straining eyes, the scene appeared to be bereft of all semblance of reality. It was a horrible nightmare, and if I could only move I should awake. But I could not move. I could merely watch Lady Mary, the central figure in my dream, as she deliberately made her preparations.

She tested the strength of the hammer with a wrench, then endeavored to bend the nail between her fingers, but it remained straight as before. At this I fancied I heard a faint sigh of satisfaction.

The sound seemed to rouse me from the trance into which I had fallen. As the tall, dark figure knelt down at the bedside, half disappearing from my view behind the screen of the raised trap-door the ice which had congealed my blood melted. A torrent of fire poured through my veins, and I sprang upright.

Lady Mary was bending over the figure on the mattress. She had placed the nail over a little ear that showed under a heavy curve of hair, not white, like Mrs. Rayne's own, but copper-hued as my own.

I opened my lips to utter a cry, but no sound would come. Why did not Mrs. Rayne move? What meant the strange brightening of the white locks? What was the mystery of it all? And was she already dead?

A hundred questions flashed across my brain during the space in which I could scarcely, in a normal state of mind, have counted three.

As I still struggled to reach the woman who loved me, and was about to sacrifice herself for me, with a cry which might warn her before I could be at her side, she turned her face and looked at Lady Mary. The light of the lantern fell upon it and showed me that it was not the face I knew as Mrs. Rayne's. The disfiguring glasses were gone, and my fancy that the white hair had turned to auburn had not been an illusion. Even the shape of the nose seemed different. It was a younger face, and strangely fair, that gazed up into the eyes of Lady Mary Raven.

She recoiled from the sight of it with a cry like that of a lost spirit. Up from her knees she got; the hammer and nail dropped from nerveless hands.

The woman who was and yet was not Mrs. Rayne rose also, and moved after her in silence more deadly than curses could have been.

"My God!" I heard Lady Mary say—the only time at

which she had been known to call upon that name—"It is you, Helen Murray!"

Then the other spoke, in a voice that sounded far away, the human element refined out of it: "What have you done with my child?"

She moved forward, ropes of auburn hair falling over her slim, black-covered shoulders, and, as Lady Mary shrank further from her, stretched out a thin, pale hand.

There was a shriek, a swift rush of trailing drapery, and before I realized what had happened, Lady Mary had gone down through the open trap-door with a thud of flesh upon stone at each step over which she fell.

"What have I done! I have killed her!" cried the white-faced woman with flowing auburn hair. I ran towards her and caught her hand. It could scarcely have been colder had she been dead. She did not look at me. Her eyes were staring down into the square of darkness under the trap-door.

"Who are you?" I pleaded. "She called you Helen Murray. I—"

"Don't! Don't!" she moaned. "Has she made me a murderess at last?"

"It was to save me," I said. "And you did not know that she would fall."

"It is true, it was to save you," she assented, in a less natural tone. "She may not be dead—I pray not. Wicked as she is, murderess as she meant to be, I did not mean—that."

"She is a murderess already," I cried. "She killed my father."

The beautiful eyes, which until to-night I had never seen, stared at me in horror. "You know?" she whispered. "You are sure?"

"I have seen it in his own handwriting."

"Then it was the hand of an avenging Nemesis which pushed her down there into the darkness—not mine, not mine. Come, my darling, I have kept you here too long, shuddering over what cannot be undone. You are not safe yet. There are others in this house who—let us go!"

Gently she urged me to the stairs, catching up the lantern, which showed me the descent.

"I can't, I can't!" I moaned. "She will be there—dead, perhaps. See, as you hold the light, there's blood upon the steps."

"I will go first," she said. "And you will follow. You will not stay in that awful place alone."

The light of the lantern she held wavered along the floor, and I saw by the bedside a huddled mass of white hair—the wig which had helped to make Mrs. Rayne the singing teacher.

There was no time for further questioning. I gathered my skirts around me and crept down the stairs close behind her, avoiding with a sick shudder the blood, which began on the sixth step below.

The staircase led precipitously down through a narrow space between two walls, doubtless a continuation of the hidden passage which made communication possible between my tower-room and the one above.

What awaited us at the bottom we could not see at first, but my companion uttered a smothered exclamation as she reached the foot of the stairs, and I shivered as I divined that, inadvertently, she had touched the thing that lay there.

"Is she—dead?" I breathed, fearfully, as I, too, reached the last step, and saw Mrs. Rayne bending over a crumpled, motionless heap of crape and disordered lengths of hair.

"No, she is breathing. Thank God for that!"

I moved closer and looked in horrified fascination at the beautiful, evil face, over which the blood trickled slowly. One arm was bent underneath the body, the other lay extended at full length, thrown over the head, and on the open hand was blood. She had meant it should be mine,

And if all had gone as she had hoped, she would dauntly have washed the ugly red stain away, and have given firm, explicit directions for having what was left of me put out of sight—under the pines, perhaps, that after all had been moaning a warning to her, not me.

"Do not look at her—do not let your dreams be haunted afterwards by that stony face!" whispered Mrs. Rayne. "Come with me—I know the way. There is only one. And we may have to meet Valentine Graeme and Miss Cade. If we do—Heaven help us! They will not willingly let us pass."

"Valentine Graeme is a coward," I said. "I am more afraid of her than of him. You will frighten him as you did—that terrible woman, perhaps."

"Ah, perhaps! But come—there can be nothing gained by waiting here."

With one backward look she moved down the passage and opened a door that slid back with a slight clicking noise. Mrs. Rayne stepped through the opening thus revealed, and I followed, finding myself in the room over my own—the room which contained the chest.

"Everything was ready here, you see," she said, "in case at any time it had been convenient to pay you a visit while you slept. That was the reason they gave you the tower-room by yourself—I feared for you from the first. It was only the pressure of unforeseen circumstances which forced them to put you in a place still more remote, still more secure than the one originally chosen for you."

We went down noiselessly, and at the bottom of the stairs Mrs. Rayne paused, her finger on her lip. "It is possible," she said, softly, "that they will both be waiting here to learn of Lady Mary's success. I shall push aside the panel a little way and look out. Whoever is there will be astonished and bewildered at sight of me, and it is that moment of surprise that will save us, if we are to be saved at all. Whatever happens, follow me closely, but once outside think of me no more—remember only your own danger, and that at all hazards you must escape."

She kissed me with a strange passion, as though fearing it might be a farewell, and then the spring which opened the sliding door clicked gently, as had the other in the floor above.

She pressed her face into the crevice and looked out, then boldly slid back the panel. "There is no one here," she said.

I followed her into the room which so lately had been mine. A lamp burnt high on a table, and every candle was lighted. The bed had not been disturbed, but beside the lamp stood a decanter of brandy and a glass half-full, while a cloud of fresh blue smoke floated yet in the air.

Evidently the room had had an occupant, and not long ago.

"Quick! Quick!" adjured Mrs. Rayne, and I hastened after her to the door which led into the main house.

Together we went down the steps leading to the gallery running around the great hall below. Here it was dark, save for the faint gleam of the lantern that Mrs. Rayne still carried.

We hurried towards the stairs, I clinging to her gown, and we almost reached them, when someone, bounding up, stumbled violently against us.

"Quick! Quick! Go back and hide yourself in the secret passage," harshly commanded a voice in a rough whisper: "there are those downstairs who mustn't know that you're in the house."

(To be Concluded.)

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, 1891, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

Sunday, February 25.—An unfavorable day for courtship, but propitious for journeys and social visits.

Money will be gained and lost during this year. Employes may expect an increase of salary, and to young people of both sexes some sorrow will surely come.

Children born to-day will fare best as employes. The girls will marry unlucky men.

Monday, February 26.—Little good is promised to-day and any important business should be postponed, if possible.



MR. HUGH BAIRD,

Referee in the recent "Stanley Cup" Hockey Matches.

Journeys, loss of money and some keen sorrows are foreshadowed during this year.

To-day's children will be active, energetic and reasonably fortunate.

Tuesday, February 27.—A favorable day for journeys, financial transactions and courtship.

An excellent year for business, love affairs and domestic happiness.

Success in early life and disaster in later years is foreshadowed for those born to-day.

Wednesday, February 28.—Quarrels are threatened to-day, but success is promised to those looking for employment.

Foolish disputes, law suits and loss of money through speculation are the dangers foreshadowed during this year.

Poverty in old age is likely to befall to-day's children, as well as matrimonial ill luck in the case of the girls.

Thursday, March 1.—No favors should be asked to-day, either of superiors or of women.

During this year employes are likely to lose their positions, and other business men will almost certainly lose money.

A gloomy birthday. Girls will be unhappy in marriage and to all poverty is threatened.

Friday, March 2.—A favorable day for journeys or for signing legal documents.

This will be a brisk year for business, but sorrow is threatened through sickness in the family. Misfortune also threatens young women, who are reckless in their conduct, and financial loss may be expected by those who lend money to irresponsible persons.

By working for employes those born to-day will fare best. Girls, unless carefully trained, may suffer a grave misfortune in early life.

Saturday, March 3.—A good day for business, money matters and courtship.

Lawsuits and financial loss may be expected during this year, especially by those who go security for others, and who embark in new enterprises. Danger also threatens reckless young women.

Much good fortune and much evil fortune may be expected by to-day's children. Girls will be unhappy in marriage.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,
New York.

"Gabriel."

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

A SOFT SUBJECT.

SINBAD GIVES WAY TO SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT LOVE-MAKING—
A WEAKNESS THAT IS UNIVERSAL.

IF June be the month of weddings, February, which contains the festival of St. Valentine, should certainly be considered the month of lovers. It is in the spring-time, the poets tell us, when every sentiment is punctuated with a sneeze, that the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—when it is not concentrated on his pocket-handkerchief. And it is just as delicious to bestow one's affections on a divinity in a fur collar and lined rubbers as it is to cherish a warm and somewhat sticky young woman in a pink shirt-waist. No doubt a young man is more venturesome in summer, when the requirements for starting housekeeping are narrowed down to a paper of pins and a palm leaf fan, than he is at the present moment, when the problem of the hall stove engages his financial attention. But it is just as nice to speculate as to whether she will scream if you kiss her—while she wonders if you will "squeal" if she lets you—in these days, when the trolley poles stand up as gaunt and solitary from the dingy snow as a living skeleton at a fat man's picnic, as it is when the leafy trees break the golden sunlight into shimmering spots on the dusty sidewalk.

We must remember that all over this vast Dominion—from where the foam-crested waves of the mighty Atlantic dash in sullen majesty on the tawny sands, to where the placid Pacific feeds the silver salmon to the Mongolian canneries; from the frozen north where the patient Indian endeavors to sprinkle salt upon the tail of the elusive rabbit, to the sunny south where the rapacious hackman holds up the innocent tourist on the verge of Niagara's foam-flecked abyss—true hearts, whose manly worth has become somewhat freckled by exposure, are getting their owners into matrimonial trouble, and love's young dream—the one pure absorbing passion of mankind which can easily be distinguished from indigestion by the fact that matrimony is an unfailling cure—is as epidemic to-day as it is in the sultry evenings when the whizzing of the soda fountains mingles with the clink of ice cream spoons, and the fair young creatures are so full of cake and caramels that they have to put their shirt waists on with a shoe-horn.

Of course, the methods employed to win the pure affection of the trusting girl are not always the same. They vary with the location and the financial standing of her lover. In this fin-de-siecle city, the usual plan is to fill the object of affection with sufficient candy to render her as comatose as a sawdust doll before telling her the old, old story—that is always new. This renders her willing to listen to anything, provided she is allowed to sit down, which materially simplifies matters. After the crisis is over, and the accepted swain has gone home as proud as a tabby kitten, whose remains have won a medal at a health-food exhibit, her family can soak her in warm water until the candy is sufficiently dissolved for her to regain the power of speech, and speculate upon her chances of getting an engagement ring.

With other surroundings, other methods of getting into matrimonial trouble prevail. But the rosy glamor of the blind god tints them all with the same opalescent splendor. It is equally sweet to stroll along the dusky streets with some bronze-haired divinity, snugly encircled with a strong right arm lest any of her character should get away, expatiating on the delights of living in a residential flat, so small that they have to feed the baby on condensed milk if they wish him to harmonize with his surroundings. It is nice to drive along the crisp snowy roads holding a soft little feminine paw in one of our hot, red hands, and tempting Providence by trying to steer the horse with the other. It is delicious to fly over the glistening ice, part of the time traveling on our skates and the remainder on our shapes, while the fair one glides beside us, and we grow cross-eyed trying to look at her and at our rival at the same time. For the great god, Eros, looks down on us and illumines every prosaic detail with the glorifying power of love. We are all going through the same old experience that

had moss upon it when Julius Caesar sat on the edge of the sofa, with the end of his toga in his mouth, waiting, while Calphurina figured out whether she had better be a sister to him, or keep him on the string until she saw whether Mark Antony would come up to the scratch. It was old when Adam first began to regard Eve in the light of his "steady company," and before he started his unlucky experiment in vegetarianism. Yet it is ever new. The young man of to-day, who whispers soft nothings in a pink shell-like ear, with a piece of cotton-batting in it to keep out the cold, still holds his audience all evening; and only requires one chair to do it. Moreover, unless his departure be accelerated by the paternal boot, he may prolong the performance until that witching hour when only the graveyards and the trolley cars are open for business, and the calm stillness of the winter night is broken only by the sound of the busy burglars breaking into the residential flats and acquiring rich booty. Human nature is still human nature. And so long as the world revolves on its axis, man will go a-wooing.

SINBAD.

A PACK of cards was recently sold in a London stationer's for \$600. It was one of the handsomest Italian copper-plate card games called "terocchi di Montagna," engraved during the fifteenth century. Another pack of cards recently sold at Paris for 1,000 francs. Each of the cards in this pack is a masterpiece of the engraver's art, and all the figures in the game were historical personages. The queen of hearts, for instance, represented Queen Anne, the king of hearts being her husband, Prince George of Denmark. The queen of diamonds was Queen Anne, Sophia of Denmark, the queen of clubs the then Crown Princess of Prussia, the wife of Frederick William I., and the queen of spades Princess Anna of Russia, later on the Czarina. The jacks in this deck of cards represent the most prominent diplomats of Europe at the same time. Another famous set of cards is an incomplete pack of old Spanish cards found in Mexico, with the supposed bones of one of the followers of Cortez.



BROWN (who has just sit down violently, to appreciative onlookers)
What the devil are you laughing at; I suppose I can sit down if I like to?



AS everybody's attention is being drawn towards winter sports, it does not seem suitable to discuss things appertaining to mind and matter, to society's doings or misdoings, to points of etiquette or "household hints," or, in fact, anything that should properly appear on this page. And surely it is a reasonable time to discuss winter sports, plunged as we are in the midst of them. For February is undoubtedly the month, par excellence, when the sun is bright and powerful, when the days are most visibly lengthening, and we are apt to be well treated as regards quantities of snow.

We in Montreal certainly should carry off the palm, and merit it, for a proficiency in all the pastimes indulged in in northern countries; for the length of our winter gives us ample time for the practice that is popularly credited with being responsible for perfection. And, are we possessed of a true Canadian spirit, we should all rejoice that, of late years, parties are being constantly made up of those willing and anxious to get all the pleasure out of our pleasantly cold climate that is possible. We can dance in any month of the year. Can we skate? We can play euchre by the thermometer at blood-heat—that is, I daresay some I know would. Can we skim down snowy steeps on our runaway skis, with guiding-pole, and the rush of crisp air in our ears? We can have five o'clock teas from March to December. Can we tramp over the park roads, our snowshoes leaving their tell-tale marks behind, and the moon shining through naked branches? We can go to the theatre very nearly the whole year round. But can we wield the broom and stones? The main object of this catechism being to enforce the sage advice of Herrick to "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

Everyone knows the resolutions made in early autumn to mark our appreciation of winter by enjoying what he provides; and most of us in the spring look back with disgust to the sad lack of enterprise in keeping to them. As the furs are being put away, as the men are appearing in covert coats, and the women are occupied in endeavoring to keep their skirts from out the rivulets in roads and on pavements alike, we look longingly at our snowshoes, still acting as a screen inside the double windows, or repress a sigh as we unscrew our skates and walk forth in the heavy boots to which they were attached. Surely the thaw is unusually soon! We meant to give several snowshoe parties, and, as for the rink, we had decided to go every morning the next week. And here it is the end of March! However, next year—! We quite enjoy making plans for that.

STILL, there are some who realize the necessity of living in the present and seizing upon pleasures while they are at hand, instead of trying to grasp them at the last moment. Consequently, there have been this winter a surprisingly large

number of snowshoe parties; a fair sprinkling of those ambitious of learning to ski, and those already masters of the art, to be seen about the mountain; and perhaps never greater enthusiasm, as regards skating and curling and hockey, has been evinced. As for sleighing, the popularity of the comfortable picturesque burleaus is too noticeable to require reference. Even tobogganing and bob-sleighing have received their share of attention. And yet, our supply of snow has been scanty, and the frequent rainstorms sufficient to damp the largest amount of ardor.

Not only is it the men who have been foremost in the ranks of lovers of winter sport. It is a matter of congratulation that girls, too, are thoroughly awakened to the benefits, as well as the pleasure, derived from this out-door exercise. We are triumphantly emerging, or may be said to have emerged, from the days of novel reading, before a hot fire, straining the eyes over fancy-work of no earthly use to ourselves or anyone else, on the cold wintry days, instead of getting up the circulation, strengthening our nerves and muscles in the open air, be the mercury ever so chary of creeping on its upward way.

For why, when we play golf and tennis, row and paddle in summer, should we allow our energies to be dormant, merely on account of a change in temperature? Among women, there is, I regret to own, a tendency towards overdoing things, when they once begin; to take up a new fad or fancy means, with many, the riding of the hobby till the spirit of it is broken, from over-straining, or they themselves drop from sheer exhaustion. But the woman athlete of to-day, who is wise, does not look at athletics from a man's standpoint, balancing, or trying to, his capabilities with her own. She maps out her course after judging her own strength, and does not thus confuse a system resulting only in fatigue and loss of good looks with a proper amount of exercise, neither too much nor too little, which renders her strong and yet graceful, to say nothing of the possession of a cheerful soul.

K.

ON Thursday of last week, the President of the Victoria Rink, Mr. Edgar MacDougall, and Mrs. MacDougall gave a most delightful skating party. It was most unfortunate that several other entertainments should have been planned for the same night; for few enthusiasts of skating care to miss the president's party. The number present was small in comparison to the last entertainment at the rink, but none the less enjoyable for that; for it is rather nice, now and then, to waltz without momentary expectation of being tripped up oneself, or causing the downfall of others. The rink was beautifully decorated with electric lights, a huge Union Jack in the form of a shield, in its correct colors, being at the far end, while, above the directors' gallery, a large coronet blazed forth. Mr. and Mrs. MacDougall received in the outer hall and by 10 o'clock everyone was skating vigorously. Programmes were provided in the shape of small cards with the Victoria Club crest in red, and I think most people were glad to see them again. Nine waltzes, the grand march before supper, and two extras, made up the numbers. Again, at supper time, the absence of crowding was a delightful experience. Everyone found seats at the prettily arranged little tables, and had the rest one really begins to need, after two hours or so of skating. Among those invited were: The Misses Angus, the Messrs. Angus, Mr. Dyson (Eng.), Mr. F. E. Meredith, Miss Sise, the Messrs. Sise, Miss Arnton, Miss MacDougall, Mr. R. MacDougall, the Misses McIntyre, Miss Grant, Mr. Simms, Miss Porteous, Mr. Stikeman, the Misses Gilmour, Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Houll, Mr. and Mrs. Almon, Mr. T. Allan, Mr. Savage, the Misses Bond, the Messrs. Bond, Mr. W. G. Turner, Mr. R. O. King, Mr. P. Griffin, Miss Greenshields, Miss Hammond (Eng.), Miss Archbald, Miss G. Cundill, the Misses Clay, Miss Bethune, Mr. M. Bethune, Mr. W. Murray, Miss G. Murray, the Misses Ewan, Miss E. Scott,

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.

SOCIETY—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 21

Miss Holland, Miss Sewell, Mr. B. Humble, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Miss Blackwell, Mr. H. Brainerd, Miss Brainerd, Mr. G. Lewis, Miss Pangman, Mr. H. G. Eadie.

MRS. WILLIAM C. FINLEY, Mountain street, has issued invitations for a tea on Tuesday next.

Dr. Arthur Aylmer, who has been practising in Minnesota for some months, is visiting friends in Montreal for a short time.

THE patriotic entertainment at Her Majesty's is now a thing of the past. But the reward of that most indefatigable organizing committee is great, for, from every standpoint, it was a tremendous success. Financially, perhaps, no undertaking has ever been more successful. Montreal society, in toto, I should think, attended the evening performance, and the theatre presented an unusually gay scene, with its characteristic decorations, every box filled, and, as a whole, a very smartly dressed audience.

Miss Ruth Holt (Mrs. Peyton Carter's stage name), in her khaki uniform, both looked and was very charming, as she recited *The Absent Minded Beggar*. And her passing of the hat was most effectual in making people "pay, pay, pay." Her recital of *Bobs* was received with great enthusiasm; and no wonder, for it was most taking. Mr. Sebastian and Miss Preston also gave some very enjoyable numbers, though I could imagine the former's voice could have been heard to better advantage in different songs.

The war pictures created much interest and it was pleasant to note that a large number of people stood up, as well as applauded, when the speaking likeness of the late illustrious General Wauchope was thrown on. The two tableaux, the animated one of "Queen Elizabeth's Court," arranged by Mrs. J. Peck, and "Britannia," under Miss Agnes Drummond's charge, could not have been better. The minut in the former was exceedingly pretty, and the costumes in both admirably carried out. Miss Ella Molson wore a wonderfully correct costume as Queen Elizabeth, while Miss Ethel Bond, as "Britannia," was a most striking figure. The music by the Victoria Rifles Orchestra was much appreciated.

One could not help being a little struck by the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the audience. They were very pleasant about clapping, but there was no outburst of patriotism at any time—even at the end of the entertainment. Of course, this may have arisen from the fact that, by the time Miss Preston sang *Rule Britannia* and Mr. Sebastian God Save the Queen, we had already heard both, I hesitate to say how many times, during the evening, to say nothing of *The British Grenadiers*, judiciously filtered through the entire performance, sung by Miss Preston, played in Greater Britain, played during the recitation, played as apropos of the war pictures. So no doubt the national airs would have evoked more riotous excitement had they been played for the first time at the end, and not before. But one can't help wishing that, at times, Montrealers would try to imagine they are Americans, inasmuch as making some outward and visible sign of an inward and essentially patriotic sentimentality—even if it is a trifle superficial.

ON Thursday of last week, Mrs. A. A. Browne, 1002 Sherbrooke street, gave a second and very largely attended afternoon tea.

The dance given last week by the Art Association students, at the Art Gallery, seems to have been a most pleasant one. After weeks of hard work, in one another's company, it is very nice to meet together for a little recreation. Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Haswell and Mrs. Harris received the guests, and dancing was in the new gallery, while supper was served in one of the studios. As usual, the students were responsible for the pro-

grammes, each doing a certain number, and it need hardly be said they were most artistic. It is said that there were 20 dances, "most of which were encored." This is most regrettable, and augurs badly for the suppressing of this deplorable custom.

Miss Margaret Clapham is visiting Mrs. F. Kingston, 1050 Dorchester street.

Miss Minnie Thompson, of Quebec, is spending some weeks in town, the guest of Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Peel street.

Lady Galt, Mountain street, gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. L. Lewis, Ontario avenue.

AFTER the Patriotic Entertainment on Friday evening, the Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Drummond, Sherbrooke street, entertained at supper His Excellency and the Countess of Minto, Lady Vera Gray, Capt. Mann, A.D.C., and Capt. H. Graham, A.D.C., most of the organizing committee, all those taking part in Miss Drummond's tableau, the Red Cross Nurses, who dispensed programmes, and a number of other friends. His Excellency and Lady Minto received, with Mrs. Drummond, in the drawing-room, and a large number of the guests were presented, though many of them rather shrank from shaking hands with Vice-Royalty in the costumes in which they had been arrayed for the tableau. The Vice-Regal party and some of the organizing committee had supper in the dining-room, while the others supped in the large billiard-room—and both there, and in the big hall, with its broad stairs, the scene presented was wonderfully pretty; for soldiers and sailors, Indian Princes, Indians, and white capped nurses, figures symbolical of England, Scotland and Ireland, Australians, Highland laddies, Zulus, and even a Boer, laughed and chatted, regardless of nationality or calling.

ANOTHER supper party was given by Mrs. James Peck. "Undermount," for all those who were in the Elizabethan tableau; and after supper all those invited enjoyed a very jolly little dance.

Last Friday afternoon, the Countess of Minto, Lady Vera Gray, and the aides, Capt. Mann and Capt. Graham, skated at the Victoria rink for an hour or so, at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, who had engaged the band for the occasion. All the small boys and children were, very properly, told that their society might be dispensed with for the time being. But unfortunately very few of the usual waltzers and ordinary skaters had been apprised of this event, and very few people were on the ice. Lady Minto and Capt. Mann did some very marvelous figure skating in the centre. Lady Minto's excellent skating is proverbial, but Capt. Mann is also extremely clever on his skates.

On Tuesday afternoon, the Misses Henderson, MacTavish street, entertained a number of friends at tea.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Quebec and Miss Dunn have been spending some days in town, the guests of Mrs. A. T. Taylor, Essex avenue. His Lordship preached to large congregations at St. Stephen's Chapel and the Church of the Advent, last Sunday.

What in the world is a "Clothes Pin Social?" One was advertised last week in aid of some church or institution. And to those to whom even the word "social" is fraught with a certain amount of mystery, these qualifying words open up fresh channels in the imagination. The entertainment known as a social belongs evidently to a much subdivided species. There have been "Klondike" socials, "grape" socials, "oyster" socials, "sweet potato" socials, "strawberry" socials, and I doubt not "pumpkin pie," "hot biscuit" and "raspberry vinegar" socials. These, to the uninitiated, are comparatively easy to understand. One concludes they are for the demolition, in large quantities, of these articles, in which there is evidently a corner at some church. But are we asked to believe that

even the most voracious would consent to devour clothes pins, no matter how estimable the object that suggested it? It hardly seems likely.

MISS KIRKPATRICK, who has been visiting Mrs. S. P. Stearns, Peel street, for some weeks, returned to New Brunswick, N.J., on Wednesday. Another visitor who left this week was Miss Elsie Montizambert, of Kingston, who has been staying with Miss Reford, Drummond street.

On Monday afternoon, very pleasant teas were given by Mrs. Hugh Graham, Sherbrooke street, and Lady Galt, Mountain street.

One cannot but be envious when one hears of the tripping about in which some people are able to indulge. Mr. and M. C. D. Maze have but lately returned from the Continent, and have now left Montreal again for the Coast, on a visit of some weeks, previous to returning in the early spring to France. Miss Duhamel and little Miss Maze accompanied them.

Last week, Mrs. Fyshe, MacTavish street, gave a very pleasant luncheon for Miss Doull, of Halifax, who has lately returned from a trip to Cuba.

Dr. Henry Lafleur left last week for Bermuda, where he will spend a short holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Paton, of New York, who are frequent visitors to Montreal, are staying with Mrs. A. A. Allan, Stanley street.

In mentioning the Patriotic Entertainment, I quite forgot any allusion to the programmes, which were unusually pretty, and were bought by many merely as souvenirs, or to send away to friends. The design in red, white and blue, upon the cover, was most artistic, and the little sketches on half-sheets between the other leaves were charmingly executed. I think I am right in saying that it was the work of a young artist (Miss Moore), who lent her talents gratuitously, as her contribution to the fund. She assuredly deserves great credit.

None of the papers, I think, spoke of the ladies, who, as Red Cross Nurses, on both occasions sold programmes to everyone as they entered. Dressed all in white, with regulation caps, aprons and badges, they looked exceedingly well, and performed what could not have been a very agreeable duty, and was a very tiring one, I have little doubt, most cheerfully. The idea that it was for a good cause was sufficient recompense, perhaps, but still "Honor to whom honor is due." And not in anyway have they been alluded to.

THIS afternoon, Miss Jardine-Thomson, of Toronto, will be the soloist at the Symphony Concert. Her voice, which is soprano, has been carefully trained in England and France, and her singing has been spoken of in most complimentary terms. One of the numbers on the programme is Waldteufel's Les Patinems, a waltz which anyone who skates at the Victoria rink is very familiar with, for it has even been a favorite with those who waltz on the ice.

The first private performance of the Garrick Dramatic Club, which took place last week, seems to have been a great success. The four-act comedy, Seven-twenty-eight, was most amusing, and the cast was a good one. As is only natural, the members are constantly improving; for a lack of self-confidence is generally the pit-fall of amateurs, and the more they strive to conceal it, the more palpable it becomes. So, with the Garrick Club, they are acquiring by degrees the forgetfulness of self, and throwing themselves more into their parts. Miss L. Boulter and Miss Campbell were very good the other night, as also were Mr. Lacoste and Mr. Carmichael.

On Monday, the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club played the Lachine Club, at Lachine. The match ended in a victory for the former. After play was over, the visitors were entertained at tea by Miss Dawes, "Maplewood," Lachine.

That the Little Minister is coming to the Academy very shortly is delightful news. We do not often have a chance of seeing such an utterly charming and amusing little play as this is. It is too much to expect that we are to see Maud Adams in it, I suppose, and the Little Minister, without her as Babbie, is rather Hamlet with Hamlet left out. But perhaps

somebody good will fill the role, and we must be thankful for small mercies.

Mr. Norman Montizambert, of Toronto, has been visiting friends in Montreal for some days.

Mr. C. B. Esdaile returned this week from a trip to New York and Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Drury has returned from Ottawa, where she has been visiting Mrs. Fred. Carling.

Miss Hope Sewell, Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street.

To-night, Mrs. David Deane, University street, is giving a euchre party.

Miss Scott, Sherbrooke street, gave a delightful luncheon for Miss Leigh, who is visiting Mrs. Buchanan, Drummond street.

Miss Annie Napier, who has been visiting Mrs. E. H. King, Dorchester street, is now the guest of Miss Dobell, Peel street.

Miss Elizabeth Burnett, 27 Ontario avenue, left this week for Ashville, where she will spend some time.

AS can be readily understood, for those who are anxious to do patriotic work there is no lack of opportunity. Some people imagine that because our contingents have gone, and have been supplied, there is naught else. But bandages, hospital stores of all kinds, warm socks, not to keep out the cold, but to prevent the chafing of the heavy boots, are all in great demand.

The Misses Roddick are indefatigable in their work, and many friends are assisting them. At weekly meetings at Mrs. R. B. Angus', countless "housewives," cholera-bands and other necessities have been made. And Miss Elsie Scott also has a weekly meeting of friends to cut and roll bandages. These are but a few of the circles so busy with good works.

The other day, and it happened to be an intensely cold one, while busy writing by the window, I was struck with the surprising inconsiderateness of some people. Sharp at 3 o'clock, up drove the sleigh and pair to the house a few doors farther on. Evidently the owner was going out calling, and up and down, up and down, went those horses till a quarter to 4 o'clock, in a bitter wind, until, had I been the coachman I would have felt inclined to get down from the box and give warning on the spot. For this is a daily occurrence. Evidently either the lady in question is a procrastinator and puts off till the last minute what should have been done before, or else she enjoys watching the horses showing off the paces, or it may be that it is to beat down the few yards of road before her door. Perhaps she is anxious to inculcate patience among her domestic servants. But I hope that, be it what it may, she has sufficient reason for a practice that does not certainly commend itself to the average mind.

There is one person who deserves a special vote of thanks, and that is the lady who took the part of the South-African savage in the tableau Britannia at the Patriotic Entertainment. It is bother enough to get up a costume that is to show one off to the greatest advantage. But, to assume a character like the above, one must be possessed of unlimited unselfishness and good nature. To begin with, to stain one's face and hands till they were of the required tint is not agreeable; and when it comes to wearing iron ear-rings, a nose-ring, and chains on the head—well, there are few people who would have consented to so disfigure themselves. Mr. Huntly Drummond, as a Zulu, was most fearfully and wonderfully made up and created much amusement. But, in some way or other, men never seem to mind making themselves extraordinary, and I did not feel so sorry for him.

Mr. Hampson, Peel street, left this week for England, where he will spend some weeks.

Mrs. Harry A. E. Rowlands, Elm avenue, had a very pleasant euchre on Monday night.

Do not forget that a charming new story will be commenced in LIFE next week, March 2. Mrs. Leprohon, one of the most gifted writers this country has produced, published "Antoinette de Mirecourt" in 1864. Since then it has been out of print. It is a beautiful story of Montreal after the conquest, and was highly praised by eminent literary men, when it appeared. Its republication in the columns of LIFE should occasion a veritable renaissance in the ideals of Canadian authors, and afford a genuine treat to the reading public.

Mainly About People.

QUEEN VICTORIA very seldom sends personal answers to any of the numerous letters and petitions sent to her. One with the Royal signature came to Canada not long ago. A wise old Indian, up at Wabagoon, had been annoyed by having the timber cut upon the reserve set apart for the Indians. He sent a letter to the Great Mother stating his grievances, asking her to come over and stop the trouble, and if she could not come, "to send your big boy." Mr. McColl, the Indian agent, received the following reply: "The Great Mother received your letter and is sorry that she cannot come. Her 'big boy' is too busy, but she has given instructions to your agent that you are not to be molested.

(Signed) "VICTORIA, R. & I."

THE death was announced quite recently in England, of Sir Kingsmill Grove Key, Bart., at the advanced age of 84 years. His existence, taking it generally, was singularly uneventful, the chief landmarks in his career being his four wedding days, from which it may be seen the late baronet was an ardent admirer of Hymen. His father was much more of a celebrity. He was Lord Mayor of London in the stormy year of the passing of the Reform Bill, and gained a good deal of kudos for his tact during that crisis. He also represented the city in Parliament the same year. The new baronet is rather a novelty among men of his position, like the new Lord Tankerville being devoted to good works, at present he is a missionary in Zanzibar. The Keys are a distinguished race, known in Montreal from several families here being closely connected with them. The late Admiral Sir Cooper Key, once in command of the North American station, was of another branch of the same family.

TEN years ago Mary Anderson gave up the stage on her marriage with Mr. Navarro, and she has been living the simplest of country lives in England ever since. Her case is an almost marvellously rare one, for she had achieved extraordinary distinction and fame. Already having reaped a handsome fortune, she might soon have quadrupled it, with her great beauty still unblemished and her art ripened by experience and culture. But, no, having chosen the man of her heart, she seemingly felt that between the unrest of theatrical employment and the calm of household content there stretched an impassable gulf. Only to the world her sacrifice appears large. To herself it has evidently been no sacrifice at all. She spends most of her time, now, in an old-fashioned Elizabethan farmhouse, not far from the ancient and quiet town of Worcester. She confesses herself absolutely happy in the society of a beloved husband, a boy three years old, and a few chosen friends. Quite lately, we learn, she has received a number of tempting offers to resume her former career as an actress. But her reply is always the same: "I have done with public life forever. I am living now only for my husband and baby."

NOT many Canadians are aware that the present Governor-General was ever in South Africa. When Lord Roberts landed at Cape Town last month, old residents remembered seeing him land on his previous visit in 1881, when, as Sir Frederick Roberts, he was sent out by the Imperial authorities to deal with the military situation at that time. But he stayed only one day, taking the return steamer back, the Imperial Government having changed its august mind as to

the policy to be pursued. On his staff during that flying visit was Viscount Melgund, now the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada.

NOW that the head of the great Churchill family, the Duke of Marlborough, has reached Cape Town, practically speaking the whole of that famous house is serving the country in the Transvaal. To give some idea of those assisting it is but necessary to name Lady Randolph Churchill and her two sons—one of whom, Mr. Winston Churchill, has already earned a great name for himself. Lord Edward Churchill's only son, Mr. George Churchill, has just arrived at the Cape; while the four sons of Lady Wimborne, a daughter of the late duke, are serving with their regiments. Lady Sarah Wilson, the heroine of Mafeking, is also a member of the Churchill family.

IN a United States illustrated weekly, a gentleman who presented letters of introduction to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while in Quebec last summer, relates an incident that displays one side of the Premier's character and shows that, as a "jollier" and baby-kisser the man of sunny ways could give pointers to many a ward politician. The business of the call having been transacted, Laurier asked: "How would you like to take a trip about the old town?" His visitor responded that he would enjoy it very much, and the start was made. Objects of interest were pointed out from the carriage, but not until the quarters of the old habitants were reached did Laurier display much enthusiasm. Once among the old French people his eyes lighted up, and soon a torrent of the patois was pouring forth. "Ah, Uncle Basil," to an old man standing in the doorway, "it is some time since we met. How is that rheumatism? Still troubling you? And petite Anne, where is she? What, married! But no, that is not possible. Her child, that little one on the doorstep? Eh bien! How time does fly!" And Laurier left the carriage, took the little one in his arms, kissed it, and then, leaving some silver with Uncle Basil, he resumed his seat in the carriage, and was slowly driven down the street. "These are my children," he said. "I love them dearly."

THE marriage of Miss Freeman (Faith Fenton), to Dr. Brown, was recently celebrated in Dawson City. When the Victorian Order of Nurses went to the Yukon, Faith Fenton accompanied the party as correspondent of The Toronto Globe. Her bright letters are well known to many friends and admirers.

LIEUT. JOHN WOODBURN OSBORNE, son of Mr. J. K. Osborne, of Toronto, recently killed in battle at Spion Kop, was born in Brantford, Ont., June 25, 1873. Lieut. Osborne was a man of splendid type, gentle and lovable. These qualities he combined with the highest sense of duty and honor. He never crossed a threshold except to bring sunshine.

"OTTAWA is an aggregation of strangers," said one the other day who had lived in it for 25 years. "People come and go, from anywhere to nowhere, are made much of and are forgotten like the vanishing face in a glass. The political tide bears many on to fortune, taken at the flood—to the river Lethe at ebb tide. I never was in a place where the craze for the new was so great. Arrivals are received with open arms—whether the welcome is sustained depends on what they are doing. A young man may have been a black sheep or an exemplary shop-clerk elsewhere, but, if he gets into a bank or in the civil service, he is all right in Ottawa, if he does not bother people with the recital of what he used to do."

IT was noted recently in LIFE that skiing was not as much practised as formerly in Ottawa. Partly because of the lack of snow, and again because of the great interest taken in skating has this been the case. But the Countess of Minto is much interested in the pastime and practices whenever a chance

occurs, and expert skiers in Ottawa say that so swift has been her progress that she has already outdistanced all but really first-class experts. It is to be hoped that in her ambition she will not emulate the feats of that reckless sportsman, Capt. Lawless, now having full scope for his hardihood and pluck fighting the Boers in South Africa. He used to go down the toboggan slides at Rideau on his skis, and once descended the Aylmer slide in the same way. It is an exceptionally steep one.

IT may not be generally known that when a Speaker of the House of Commons dies, his family is entitled to the chair in which he has sat. It is an imposing bit of furniture, of oak, covered with green leather, and its value is estimated at about \$50. In accordance with another custom, the portrait of the late Sir James Edgar—an excellent one, by the way—has been placed in the reading-room of the Commons. During the Speaker's tenure of office, the Government votes \$500 for the purpose of having his portrait painted, and this is supplemented by such further sums as the Speaker himself cares to offer. It is told of Sir David Macpherson, that his portrait—a very large one—cost \$2,000. A bitter opponent of his in the House once commented in most sarcastic terms on the size, saying that to do the picture justice and get full value out of it, it should be cut in half and each portion framed separately.

APROPOS of this, a story is told in Mr. E. B. Biggar's "Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald," concerning this same portrait. Mr. Ross, of Middlesex (now Premier of Ontario), one day complained that Sir David had got his portrait painted by an English instead of a Canadian artist, and thought it was not fair that Canadian artists should be passed by. Sir John replied: "I am quite surprised that the honorable gentleman, who is a man of letters and a man of classical knowledge, should object to any gentleman sitting for his portrait to the painter he fancies. The honorable gentleman's objection is quite in the style of Sam Slick, who said, 'I went to Italy and I saw old, smoky, dried up pictures there that were worth five or six thousand dollars. Why, I can get new ones painted on my clocks, with new paints and new gildings, at \$5 a head.'"

THE Speaker, in full dress, wears a large rosette of black silk on his coat, just at the nape of the neck. It does look rather as though it had just "happened," and so thought a visitor to Ottawa at a recent reception. Going up to the wearer she said, blushing, "I'm sure you won't mind if I tell you that some practical joker has placed something on your back. Let me take it off." But, to her dismay, she saw at the same moment that it was a fixture.

MRS. BAIN, the wife of the new Speaker of the Commons, is a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman, with dark hair, brought back in smooth bands from her forehead, and with soft, expressive brown eyes, an inheritance which she has bequeathed to her eldest daughter, Miss Helen Bain, the younger, is a sweet little debutante, who made her bow for the first time to their Excellencies at the opening drawing-room. Mrs. Bain may not be a society leader, in the same way that her predecessor was, but she has, if one may judge from all appearances, the power of making a stranger feel at once at home with her, having tact, and a certain inherent dignity, which ought to make her very popular.

THEY are telling a delicious story in Edinburgh just now at the expense of a certain yeomanry officer, an immensely popular man, whose one weakness is his belief that the making of a great general was lost when he went into the business of keeping a shop. The militia regiment garrisoning Edinburgh Castle, in the absence of the Gordon Highlanders, contains some choice spirits, and the other day, after a lying together of heads among the officers, a stripling rushed into the establishment of the officer in question. "Oh, Colonel so-and-so!" he called, "have you heard the news? You are ordered off for active service immediately!" The colonel started to this feat. "Good Heavens!" he cried; "has Roberts been killed already?"

ONCE again the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has shown her wonderful public spirit and patriotism. In a touching and manly letter Mr. Burdett-Coutts has given his reasons for going to the front, adding that, of course, his wife fully

approved of his action in so doing. Lady Burdett-Coutts has always been the soldiers' friend, and, notwithstanding her present age and failing health, she has taken a very keen interest in the many admirable schemes which have been devised during the last few weeks on behalf of Tommy Atkins and those he has left behind him. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, who, since his marriage to the Baroness, has in every way furthered her wishes, and who has acted, as all the world knows, as chief organizer of her charities, is a great authority on horses and horse breeding; and it is said that his advice will be of immeasurable advantage to the military authorities should the campaign prolong itself for the next few months. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was one of the first members of Parliament to proceed to South Africa, but the two brothers go out with widely different aims and objects—Sir Ellis being above all a politician, while Mr. Burdett-Coutts is as frankly interested in military operations and also in what may be called the philanthropic side of the campaign.

GREAT as is the reputation of the late John Ruskin, it may be doubted whether the present generation really reads the works, which, in the fifties, took the world of art by storm; while many of his later semi-political, semi-socialistic utterances, such as "Unto this Last," "Sesame and Lilies," etc., though compelling admiration by the beauty of their language and the richness of their imagination, provoke also the reluctant queries, what does the author mean? and is he quite sincere? I was in the Lake District of England last summer (says a correspondent), and, being in want of a book, I went to the lending library in a certain little town very near Brantwood. The attendant was a lady, and I asked her if any of Ruskin's works were on the shelves. "Yes," she replied, "there were some, but they were not often asked for." Having obtained the book I desired, I asked her what she thought of the great critic and teacher. Her ideas of Ruskin's personality were very vague, however, and she excused her ignorance on the ground that the people about there did not seem to trouble much about him. As for herself she only knew him as "the old gentleman who only had a clean collar once a week!"

THE retirement of both the Hon. Edward Blake from the Chancellorship, and the Hon. Wm. Mulock from the Vice-Chancellorship, of the University of Toronto, recalls the little French Revolution which the University experienced in 1895, when all the causes of disagreement and friction, that had been accumulating for years in that complicated institution, seemed to gather to a head. There was, at that time, not only trouble between the students and the faculty, but between one section of the faculty and the other section, between two factions in the Senate, and finally between the Education Department of Ontario and certain professors, while the graduates also were divided into two opposing camps. One of the charges, which, however, was wholly unsubstantiated before the special Commission that sat, was that Mr. Blake, though Chancellor of the University, and therefore the guardian of its interests and fair name, had used his influence with the Ontario Government to have his son-in-law appointed to a professorship. Mr. Mulock, as Vice-Chancellor, was, on the other hand, more or less openly accused of fomenting discontent amongst the students in order to create difficulty for the president, Dr. Loudon, who has not been on very friendly terms with Mr. Mulock for many years. Though no effort was made before the Commission to fasten this charge directly on the Vice-Chancellor, an attempt was made to connect him with the troubles through Mr. Wm. Houston, a member of the Senate. The attempt, of course, failed. The truth is that Mr. Mulock did sympathize to some extent with the students, and thought they had not always been frankly treated by President Loudon. At one time he asked a committee of students to his house and talked over the whole situation with them confidentially, but his advice was wholly in the direction of discouraging them from the least insubordination. When, upon the dismissal of Prof. Dale, the undergraduates instituted a boycott of all lectures, and thus effectually closed the University for several days, Mr. Mulock, the story goes, went to President Loudon and begged to be commissioned as an intermediary, assuring the President that if negotiations were carried on through him, the trouble, he felt sure, would be brought to an end at once. But Dr. Loudon, it is said, rather hotly resented the offer of mediation.

THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE event of the week in the city theatres promised to be the introduction at Her Majesty's of "high-class vaudeville," such as the people of New York and other cities delight to patronize. The advance notices promised a rare treat at Her Majesty's where the innovation took place but, if the aggregation of hoary chestnuts and vulgarisms which was opened out on Monday night was high-class vaudeville, the people of Montreal will be quite content to let it remain in New York. The show was really devoid of merit, with the possible exception of the singing and dancing of Coakley and Hensted and their framed dog, and the humorous monologue of Gus Williams. The fog of boredom that enveloped the audience was never dispersed, and never did any entertainment fall flatter in Montreal. This is to be regretted, because really good vaudeville is delightful. But, in risking so momentous an experiment, the managers of Her Majesty's should have made certain of scoring an initial success by providing only the best. Another feature of the week has been a continuance of the improvement recently noted at the Francais. The play at that theatre is *Friends* and it is quite cleverly done, while the vaudeville programme is capital. At the Academy, Mr. Russ Whytal's company played *For Fair Virginia* in a satisfactory manner for the first three nights of the week, while Mr. Lewis Morrison, in *Frederick the Great* on Thursday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, and *The Master of Ceremonies* on Friday evening, is the attraction of the closing half.

CETIIO

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

MR. W. A. FREEMAYNE, of Montreal is meeting with decided success as a playwright. His *Lost—24 Hours* was seen to advantage at the Francais last week and the coming week his fellow citizens will have the opportunity of seeing his new play *The Dagger and the Cross*, in which Mr. Robert B. Mantell will appear at Her Majesty's.

AT the Theatre Francais next week Bronson Howard's big production, *Aristocracy*, will hold the boards. Bronson Howard has written a good many plays, says Mr. Phillips press agent, but they have nearly all been relegated to the category of the things that "have been." In *Aristocracy* he has shown the most remarkable talent, and the situations are declared by critics to be without an equal in the history of play-writing. In addition to *Aristocracy*, Mr. Phillips has a splendid vaudeville bill, headed by Peak and Keller, the banjoists. The Misses Peak and Keller are said to be two charming girls, and the best female banjoists now connected with the vaudeville stage. Miss Peak is a direct descendant of the famous Peak family, which, for half a century, has been connected with entertainments in America.

MANAGER EDWARDS, of the Academy of Music announces that very shortly he will give to his patrons a play of which much has been said, over which a great deal of curiosity has been aroused, *The Little Minister*. The reports of the phenomenal success and business achieved by this play have reached us here. Judging from the vast amount of interest which has already been shown, there is going to be an audience in attendance to greet this play and company that will crowd the theatre to the doors.

ON the first three nights of next week, with matinee on Tuesday, Professor Frank Norman's musical extravaganza, *Cinderella*, will be produced in aid of the Samaritan Hospital, Homoeopathic Hospital and the Highland Cadets. There will be a cast of 20 people, besides 60 dancers and 30 singers.

A. G. FIELDS Minstrels will appear at the Academy for three nights, with Saturday matinee, commencing Thursday, March 1. Mr. Field has always made commendable efforts to secure for the Field Minstrels the best talent in each department, and to further this ambition no expense has been too great. The comedians who have been engaged were selected with a view to have the performance abound in original and refreshing comedy. Each comedian is distinctly different in methods from the others, and all are known to be wedded to their profession. Messrs. Harry Shunk, Tumme Donnelly, Jake Welby, Doc. Quigley,

George Kingsbury and Al. G. Field are all creative men, and may be relied upon for a fresh budget of good things. They write their own songs and invent their own "gags." Patrons of the A. G. Field Minstrels get their fun first hand and hear songs that become famous.

It is not alone in the comedians and first part that Mr. Field's originality is seen, but it extends, as well, to the olio, where each specialty and feature must bear the stamp of newness. Among the many features engaged for this portion of the programme, the original act of the famous Faust family will stand out prominently. To properly present their new act, three more members of the family have severed their connection with the Melbourne theatre and have recently arrived from Australia to join their relatives, making nine people in the act, which contains all new difficult and sensational feats in athletics, and an interesting and life-like representation of ancient and modern statuary.

THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

THE Garrick Club gave a successful performance at Her Majesty's last Thursday evening.

POOR Edwin Mayo's terribly sudden call in Quebec, at the close of an indifferent week's business in Montreal, in Pudd'nhead Wilson, shocked all who saw this clever actor at the Academy of Music last week. But Mayo was only too plainly in poor health while here. He seemed to be suffering from a cold, and was not at all his old self. Mayo was a clever comedian, and made an ideal Pudd'nhead Wilson when in good health.

THE work of Mr. Frank Nelson at the Theatre Francais this week, as the old opium fiend, Otto, is attracting much attention, and justly so. It is one of the best bits of character work that has ever been seen in the theatre. Mr. Nelson, though quite a young man, has made a decidedly



MR. FRANK NELSON.

good reputation for himself on the stage. He has been in the support of several big people, including the late Thos. Keene, and also Katherine Kidder, in her memorable production of *Sans Gene*. His ability to do light juvenile roles is as marked as that which he has displayed in *Otto*. Mr. Nelson is personally popular in Montreal.

A DELIGHTFUL feature of last week's session of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club was the highly artistic rendering of the *Mazurka*, by Tchaikowsky, and also Rubinstein-Bendel's, *Es blinkt der Thau*, by Miss Edythe Newman (a former member of the club), who has quite recently returned from Paris, where she has been studying under the famous Delaborde.

SNOWSHOEING, SKI-ING, ETC.

BY many, showshoeing is considered the king of winter sports. It has the advantage of always being indulged in in the open air and amid Nature's wholesome works and scenes. But, of late years, snowshoeing has not been as popular as in times past. However, a revival of interest in this beautiful, health-giving pastime seems imminent. A couple of weeks ago some very interesting races were held, followed by a snowshoer's dinner. It is not unlikely that this, the only winter sport of importance without a central organization, will soon be provided with this sine qua non of success. A committee of the various clubs now has the matter under consideration. It is to be hoped that organization will take place, as in that case a true revival of the sport may be looked for.

Skiing, which is an importation from Norway, has not as yet a great many devotees in Canada, but it is steadily growing in popularity. The pastime is described by those who brave its perils as delightful and invigorating. There is little doubt that the sport will become more and more popular. The Governor-General is fond of the sport, and his devotion to it has done much to give it vogue in Canada.

Tobogganing, at least in Montreal, seems to be a thing of the past. There is, practically, no tobogganing now indulged in. Nor is it likely that the pastime will be resuscitated. Bob-sleighting seems destined to take the place of the sport at one time so popular in this and other cities of Canada.

BUFFALOES and elephants are by no means approaching extinction as rapidly as is commonly supposed. Immense herds of buffaloes roam about the vast northern plains of Australia, but bloodthirsty blacks are also numerous in that region, and buffalo hunters carry their lives in their hands. Also, according to the latest number of The British North Borneo Herald, large numbers of elephants occupy the jungles of that colony. The jungles to the south of Sandakan Bay are full of them.

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MISS HOLLINSHEAD.

THE concert to be given at the Windsor Hall by Miss Marie Hollinshead, on the evening of Tuesday, February 27 promises to be of more than usual interest, as an opportunity will be afforded Montrealeers of hearing Mr. J. P. Clarke, the well-known tenor, of Ottawa. The services of Mr. Heney, of Ottawa, as elocutionist, have also been secured. Half the proceeds realized by the sale of tickets will be devoted to the cause of the Old Brewery Mission on Craig street.

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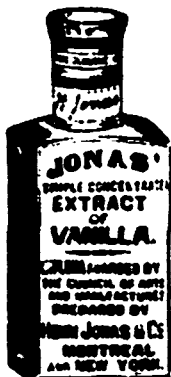
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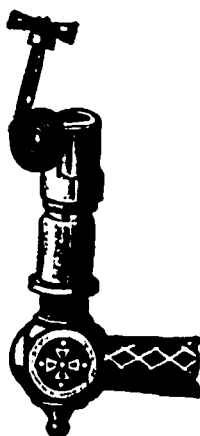
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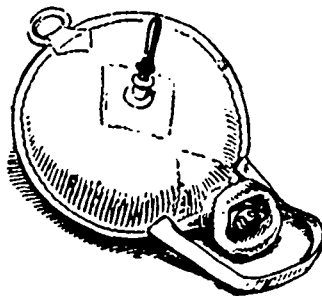
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