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MONTREAL LIFE

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



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- At One Way First-class Fare and One-third.** December 29th, 30th and 31st, 1929, and January 1st, 1930. Good to return until January 3rd, 1930.
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Single Fare Between all stations in Province of Quebec also from stations in Province of Quebec to Ottawa. Going Dates Jan. 5 and 6, 1930. Return Limit Jan. 8, 1930. City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

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The Most Picturesque Summer Resort in America.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Every river and lake along the line of the Newfoundland Railway abounds with salmon and trout. The Shortest Sea Voyage and Quickest and Safest Route is via the Royal Mail Steamer "BRUCE" (Classed A1 at Lloyd's.) Leaves North Sydney every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on arrival of the I. C. R. express. Returning leaves Port aux Basques every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on arrival of Newfoundland Railway express from St. John's.

Fare Montreal to St. John's, Nfld.

First Class	\$33.95
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PORTLAND and HALIFAX to LIVERPOOL.

Steamer.	From Portland,	From Halifax.
Cambroman	Dec. 30, 2 p.m.	
*Roman	Jan. 10, 2 p.m.	
Vancouver	" 13, 2 p.m.	Jan. 11, 5 p.m.
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First Cabin—\$50.00 and upwards, single; according to steamer and accommodation. Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry and Queenstown, \$35.00 single. Return \$65.50. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Glasgow, Queenstown and Belfast, \$21.50 and \$27.50, according to steamer.

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FIRST OF THE SEASON.

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"Champions"
VS.

VICTORIA.

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Seats on sale at Club Shoe Store, 2417 St. Catherine street, Phone Up 2437, or at Slater's Shoe Store, 240 St. James street, Phone Main 2502

Prices, 25c., 35c. and 50c. Box Seats \$1.00. Boxes (6 seats) \$5.00.

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

.. BY THE ..

MERCHANTS' AND MINERS' STEAMERS.

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

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

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

When some men get a telegram it affects them as the largest strawberry of the season affects a farmer.

It is a poor sort of virtue that consists in abstaining from sins that are not cared for.

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Annual Discount Sale

OF

FINE FOOTWEAR

Starts on

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Special discounts on all lines of

BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS,
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ATWATER & DUCLOS,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

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There are some people who should be accompanied with directions for taking the same as a bottle of medicine.

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Also a splendid lot of Hunters ridden last season. First-class liveries for hire.
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ARBITRATIONS. VALUATIONS.
Machinery, Rolling Stock, Engines and Boilers of every description supplied.
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Telephone, Main 3351.

HE PLAYED HOOKEY.

A VERY subdued-looking boy of about 13 years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in a country school and handed her a note. Then he took his seat, and became deeply absorbed in his book.

The note read as follows:
"Miss B.,—Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played trooant, but you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, and the driver of a van they hung on to licked him allso. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassin' me for telling his pa. So you need not lick him until next time. I think he feels he better keep in school hereafter."

Robert Meredith & Co.

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange.
Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission.
51 St. Francois Xavier Street.
Cable address. "Mining."

Husband: I don't see how you can kiss that dog.
Wife: Huh! I don't see how dear little Fido can stand it to kiss me, when he knows I've just been kissed by a horrid man.

Miss Clever: Oh, don't be going.
T. Trype (who has made a two-hour call): Why, I didn't say I was going, did I? You must have dreamed it.
Miss Clever: Guess I did.

A GOOD RESOLUTION for 1900.

I will buy ALL my Furniture and Bedding from

Renaud, King & Patterson,
DOWNTOWN: 652 Craig Street.
CITY: 2442 St. Catherine St. (near Drummond).

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Celebrated Cutlery and Electro Plate

Knives, Forks and Spoons in Stock . . .



A few cases containing table and dessert Knives, and Carvers will be sold cheap.

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1739 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

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 300 MEDALS AND FIRST PRIZES AWARDED.

With every Dominion Piano the purchaser has choice of silent piano, practice clavier, or instrumental attachment, which furnishes a complete orchestra in itself.

The Musical and general public are invited to inspect Samples of these "Art Products" at our warerooms.

Sole Contractors:
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"John has wrote a sketch," said the old man, "an' he's had it printed in the papers."

"Going to be a literary man, is he?"

"Yes; but I reckon he's one already, fer he's jest drawn on me for fifty dollars."

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

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Carpet Linings, Spring Rollers, Stair Pads, Studds, e.c., Supplied.

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ALL AND EVERY ONE

at this important season in the fur trade, to visit their immense assortment of Fine Furs of all descriptions, beg to draw special attention to the fact that on account of the very heavy stock on hand, which must be disposed of without delay, they have decided to sell at such low prices as will surprise every one who will honor them with a visit.

Old Furs re-dyed, re-made and repaired with neatness and despatch.

Our Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are world renowned.

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You can have the same unvarying success with your cakes and puddings if you always use

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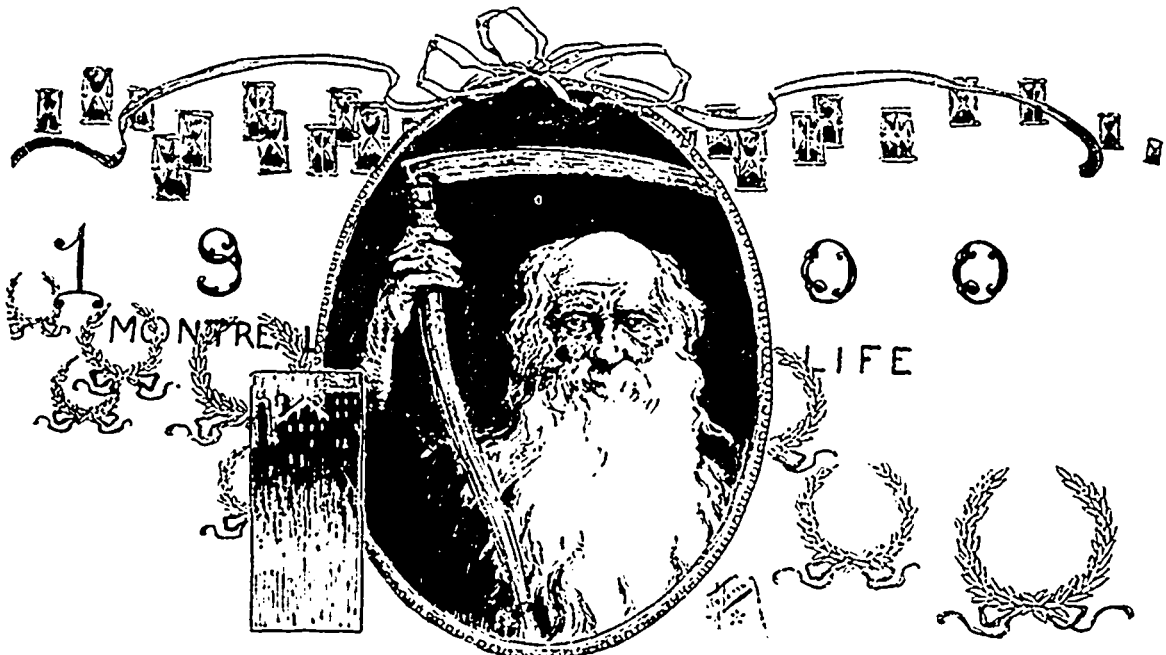
MONTREAL.

MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1899.

TELEPHONES:
Montreal . . . Main 1255
Toronto 2148



Here ends a year and a hundred
years.

1900—There is a strange feeling in writing these figures for the first time. Although the new century will not, strictly speaking, begin until the 1st of January a year hence, in popular thought the change takes place with the change from the figure 8 to the figure 9. Therefore the inscription above, "Here ends a year and a hundred years," is not altogether astray. The closing century has been a wonderful century—the most wonderful, without much question, in human history. As we stand at the first milestone bearing a 19, with all the 18's behind us, it is impossible not to speculate on the character of the new stage in the journey—a stage which comparatively few now alive will see half or even quarter through. Will the coming century, like the past one, be preeminently scientific and material? Or will the erratic trail of human development and progress take some new and unlooked-for direction? No one can say. The world will not necessarily continue always to swing in its present orbit—that of commercialism, of preoccupation in the practical and the material. The ascetic of the middle ages doubtless could not conceive a different civilization from that in which he lived. He could not have imagined, even dimly, such a world as that of our day. Yet the change came—logically, quietly, by simple, unnoticed processes of evolution. Like the mediæval philosopher, we believe that the path in which we are treading is the one in which humanity will continue to tread; we can conceive of no order different from the only one we have known. But the future may, and doubtless will, bring changes as complete, as unexpected and as surprising as any of those that overtook the ignorance, the incredulity and the short-sightedness of our ancestors.

EVERY community has its peculiar evidence of the almost inconceivable revolution that has been going on during the past century. Let us take our own case. Let us go back 100 years in Montreal. Christie, in his "History of Lower Canada," gives an instructive picture of the state of communication between this and other portions of the civilized world

at that period. To give the reader an idea of the rate at which news, in those times, traveled backward and forward, it has only to be stated that the mail between Quebec and New York, as well as to Halifax, was but monthly and not always regularly so. In *The Quebec Gazette*, of November 10, 1792, it is stated that the latest news from Philadelphia and New York, were (sic) to October 8, giving accounts of a battle on the Wabash and Anguille rivers in August, between an expedition of the American forces, consisting of 523 rank and file, under General Wilkinson, and a body of Indians, in which the latter were routed; "news," adds Christie, "which, at the present time* would reach us in three days, and perhaps less, from the place of action, and in direct line." Again, on December 29, 1792, it is said, "yesterday's post from Montreal brought New York papers to November 27." In a notice from the general post office, Quebec, November 17, 1791, information is given that "a mail for England will be closed at this office, on Monday, December 5, next, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to be forwarded by way of New York in His Majesty's packet boat, which will sail from thence in January." Similar notices were sometimes given of mails for England by way of Halifax, by which route they also occasionally came and went. But a month was the average time of the mail between either of those places and Quebec, and from the latter to England, two months.

SO much for communication a hundred years ago. How was it fifty years later? Writing in 1847, Christie said: "We have now frequently, at Quebec, since the establishment in 1840 of the Cunard line of steamers, from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston, news from India, via the Mediterranean and England, in less than two months; from England in 16 to 18 days, regularly, from Boston and New York in three, the mail coming and going daily; and, at the hour of committing this to paper (half-past noon, October 4, 1847), we learn by the electric telegraph, just finished and in operation between Quebec and Montreal, that the steamer *Hibernia*, from Liver-

pool, with the English mail of November 19, arrived yesterday at 2 p.m., at Boston; the information reaching Montreal by the circuitous route of Buffalo and Toronto, and which we might have, as probably we shortly will, in one hour, when the line shall have been established direct from Montreal to Boston." Let us fancy ourselves receiving the news of Buller's recent reverse at the Tugela river, on February 15 next, or perhaps not till the beginning of March, and we can realize what the people of Canada thought was remarkably quick communication only 50 years ago.

YET, even in those days, the stupendous revolution in transportation which the closing half of the nineteenth century was to witness, was not altogether unforeseen, and I consider the following passage, written in 1847 by the historian to whom I am referring, as one of the most remarkable things in the literature of our country. "Who can say," he asks, "that before the close of the present century, an overland trip hence to the Columbia or California, and voyage thence to the blooming isles and edens of the Pacific, including Hawaii and its magnificent volcano, the mighty Mauna Loa, to which Vesuvius, Aetna, Hecla are said to be mole hills, en route for Europe, via China and India, to spend the winter in St. Petersburg or Paris may not be fashionable, and of more frequent and easy accomplishment than is at the present time a voyage to Naples or Gibraltar, Madeira or Teneriffe?—when the whole may be done in fewer weeks, peradventure days, than it took Sir George Simpson months to perform his famous overland expedition—and a tour of the globe, from Quebec, by that route, looking at London and the lions, on the way home, in spring, but an agreeable excursion during the winter, of four months at most, including stoppages at Delhi, Tobolsk, Constantinople, Vienna and Berlin!"

HERE is a wonderfully true description of what has come to pass in the round-the-world excursions of the C.P.R.; for, although tourists do not go to St. Petersburg to spend the winter, the general outline of the route now followed by globe trotters is traced with accuracy. When we consider that this passage was penned only 14 years after the Royal William, the first steamer to cross the ocean, sailed from Pictou for Gravesend, and only 11 years after the opening of the first railway in Canada (from Laprairie to St. John's) we realize the remarkable character of the historian's prediction. Unlike Mr. Christie, I have not the gift of prophecy, and cannot venture to outline the changes that Montreal and Canada will experience during the century or half-century upon which we are about to enter. I can only repeat that the world has most probably not reached its final state, but that the future has doubtless as surprising entries in store as any of those that are charged up in the big ledger we are now closing and putting by in the rusty vault of past time.

FELIX VANE.



SKYSCRAPERS IN PARIS.

A NEW departure in the building trade is being made in Paris. Hitherto houses of a dozen and more storeys have been rarely erected outside the United States. The French capital, however, is soon to have one of 14. A correspondent states that it is being built in the Rue Mont Thaber, and will be fireproof throughout, being constructed entirely of cement and steel. When completed, the archives of the Ministry of Finance will find a resting place within its walls.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' RECORDS.

OF the younger war correspondents, Mr. W. S. Stevens, the bright correspondent of The London Daily Mail, who has been spending the last few weeks within the close confine of Ladysmith, is perhaps the most experienced.

Many of the war correspondents run each other close in this respect. The oldest of war correspondents, William Howard Russell, of The London Times, went through the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and saw most of the battles of the Crimean War. When the Indian Mutiny broke out he once more left England for the scene of action, and returned only to go abroad again during the American War of 1861-1865. He also represented The Times in the Austro-Prussian and Franco-German wars. Mr. Archibald Forbes' opportunity came with the Franco-German War, when he was given the post of war correspondent to The London Daily News. He was present at the battles of Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte. He saw Bazaine's abortive attempt to break out of Metz and the surrender of the French at Sedan. He was the first non-combatant to enter Paris after the siege. He was in Spain during the tumults that succeeded the abdication of King Amadeus. He was at the seat of war during the Servian revolt, and was present at the battle of the Shipka Pass, and under fire during Skobelev's attempt to take Plevna.

THE STRUGGLE WITH SAVAGERY.

IN this contest with a low state of civilization in India and unquestioned savagery in Africa, Great Britain should, and must, have the moral support of the United States, as Great Britain will uphold the United States in its contest with savagery, or, at least, barbarism, in our Asiatic possessions. It is these two nations against the rest of the world. The sentiments of brotherly feeling and mutual union which exist in spite of many efforts to deny it on both continents, should be encouraged and given full play; the disturbances of the past should not be remembered to-day. "It is astonishing how much I like a man after I have fought him," says the doughty Colonel in "The Lady of Lyons." So we might say in regard to the British element which is helping us to raise the world to a higher degree of civilization. We have fought England twice, and both people down in their hearts really think better of each other for it. Again we say that there should be a deeper, stronger, and more abiding feeling of union between Great Britain and the United States; it may be needful in some of the future contests for broader and better civilization as an example to other nations.—St. Louis, Missouri, Hesperian.

GENIUS IN ITS TEENS.

EDISON'S early wanderings brought him at 17 years of age to the Cincinnati office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, where his absorption in electricity and predictions of its future power confirmed the sobriquet "Luny," which clung to him even until his fame was established. "We have the craziest chap in our office," said the telegraph manager to the editor of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette; "he does all sorts of queer things. I wouldn't be surprised if he should turn out a genius some day. Let me tell you his last prank. We have been annoyed for some time by cockroaches. They infested the sink. They don't now. 'Luny' fixed them. He just ran two parallel wires round the sink, and charged one with negative and the other with positive electricity. Bread crumbs were then scattered, and, when Mr. Cockroach appeared and put his little feet on the wires, ashes were all that were left to tell the tale." In this cockroach "annihilator" was the germ of the incandescent light.

Points for Investors

THE close of last week saw the crisis in the stock market safely passed, and on Tuesday the tone of everything opened up with some strength and confidence. It was a most illogical demoralization in the New York market; but a highly speculative and strongly manipulated market is always illogical. There had been a period of inflation last spring and the pendulum had swung too far forward. The law of the stock movement is very much like the law of the pendulum, and the same force which carried the pendulum in one direction swung it back again. The same reasoning does not apply to the Canadian stock market, but with our own stocks it is the law of sympathy and reflection which has been equally strong. The recent panic was, however, entirely distinct from other panics such as the depression of 1893. There the demoralization of the share market followed upon the depression of business and hard times. The present demoralization was unique because it occurred at a period of unprecedented prosperity.

THE WAR WILL BENEFIT US.

The war, it is true, has increased the monetary stringency which the great expansion of business and industries had originated. To us, on this side of the Atlantic, the continuation of the war must mean an increase in business and a goodly portion of the large sums distributed must find their way to American and Canadian pockets.

A financial writer in an American weekly has thus stated the case: "The decline in values has completely discounted, and more than discounted, the contraction in loans, the tight money market in this country and Europe and whatever possible disaster may occur through the South African War. Thousands of men have been drafted, or, to speak more accurately, they have volunteered from the industrial walks of life in Great Britain to fill up the ranks in the army necessary to carry on the war against the Boers. This means an enormous depletion of the industrial energies of Great Britain. Furthermore, it means that the United States, which has already demonstrated its capability to supply the steel, the food products and many other manufactured products to the world, is in a stronger position than it ever has been in the past 30 years."

The Canadian export trade should be the first to benefit by the war demands of the Mother Country, and in special lines, such as hay and saddlery, the Canadian manufacturer has already received his orders. Other large orders will follow.

THE BANK RATE UNCHANGED.

The money market will be slightly unsettled until the Bank of England decides whether the pressure of additional war demands on it will necessitate further increases in rates. Last week, at the time of writing, a cable had stated that the bank had advanced its rate to seven per cent., but this report turned out to be incorrect. Canadians are interested in this subject because it will mean more money being sent to England, and our own banks will contribute their share either through New York or directly. Last week, the Canadian banks helped the New York markets very considerably with several millions rushed to the storm centre.

There is no doubt that now especially is the time for the investor to buy. At the end of the year it is estimated that in the United States about \$150,000,000 will be distributed in dividends. A large portion of this money will be reinvested and an upward movement all round must result. In Canada there will also be a considerable amount paid out in dividends and in a much smaller way the same reasoning applies to the Canadian market.

CANADIAN SECURITIES GOOD.

At the end of the year it is interesting to look over the list of Canadian securities and to consider their position.

C. P. R., the most prominent stock on the Canadian market is now at its lowest point since the beginning of the year. On the contrary, never has the road been so highly prosperous, and its increases in earnings are continuing right up to the year's end. There is a reasonable belief that it will follow the example of the leading American roads and give its shareholders a one per cent. increase in dividend when the year's business is wound up. The New York Central is the last road in the United States to give a larger return, following the example of Chicago and Northwestern, St. Paul and Omaha on common stock, and Atchafson on preferred. Out of this year's accumulated surplus, \$650,000, or an additional one per cent. of common stock, can easily be spared for C. P. R.

shareholders. The physical condition of the road is better than ever before and the more temporary sections of the roadway are now nearly all converted into permanent beds.

The Grand Trunk has seen its most prosperous year, and its increases have been accumulating under its present excellent management. Grand Trunk stock will, in a few years, redeem its past history of disappointment and failure.

THE BANKS PROSPEROUS.

Canadian banks have never experienced such expansion and prosperity as during 1899. The increases in capital found necessary by the Imperial, the Molsons, the Bank of Hamilton, and the Union Bank of Halifax are salient proofs of the statement. The recent panic benefited no one except the banks and a few large bear operators. With business prosperous and trade booming, stock market stringency indicates a bank's increased power of earning. The consistent line of increases all through the year in bank clearances is another indication of the advances in the banking business. The November statement shows \$30,000,000 more on deposit than for the corresponding period last year, while overdue debts have decreased greatly. The banks which have been profiting the most by the recent conditions of the monetary market are the Montreal and Commerce, which have greater facilities of handling call loans in New York and elsewhere. Other banks, which are showing the greatest readiness to meet the ever-expanding business which the mine field and forest development of the West has created, are the Imperial, the Dominion, the Merchants of Halifax, and the Bank of Hamilton. Of these the Dominion is operating the largest volume of business on the smallest capital of all. Hence the increase of capital which must take place sooner or later, as I have frequently pointed out.

THE STREET RAILS.

The demoralization had the effect of reducing street railway stocks to a more normal level. The Toronto Street Railway Company holds its annual meeting in two weeks' time. The increases in earnings for the year will be over \$100,000, as I have previously stated, and the net earnings should show an increase of \$60,000, but the advance should not be sufficient to warrant any further increase in dividends for the present. The Toronto railway has this great advantage over the Montreal railway. Its operating expenses are only 47 per cent. of the car earnings, where Montreal's are 55, owing to the hills and slopes. Montreal, on the other hand, is making greater strides in earnings and more continuous increases. At present prices both stocks are high enough.

TWIN CITY'S POSITION.

The traction company which has, perhaps, the best future of the three is Twin City Rapid Transit, which controls the entire surface traffic within and between the two rapidly growing cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. There is a great future in store for these two distributing points of the American Northwest. They have safely recovered from all the depressing effects of excessive inflation, and without an unhealthy boom are on the high road to ever-increasing population, manufacturing and railway operations. Its traffic receipts are showing great increases, and will amount to about \$350,000 for 1899. Its operating expenses are only about 40 per cent., so that the dividend on the \$15,000,000 outstanding common stock, which was inaugurated with 1 per cent. in August, should, during 1900, be equivalent to at least 3 per cent. Comparing the present quotations with Toronto and Montreal, this stock should be susceptible of considerable increases. The road is heavily capitalized, being called upon to pay over \$700,000 in annual fixed charges on bonds and preferred stock, and it has \$15,000,000 common stock issued.

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS.

Of Canadian industrials, the electric stocks are most to the fore. Royal Electric of Montreal showed the readiest recovery from the recent slump. The inside buying has been the cause of this stock's remarkable advance, consequent upon the control of The Chambly Power Company. The financial statement of the company does not warrant so remarkable an appreciation. It is claimed that under the new conditions the company will operate with great economy and that net earnings will be largely increased. The investor would, however, do well to wait until the atmosphere has entirely cleared.

I have had frequent occasions to speak of the strength of Canadian General Electric as an investment. This company after paying a 10 per cent. return in 1899 will show a very large surplus in the annual statement issued next month, and the stock at present prices is a splendid investment.

FAIRFAX.

It is reported from China that ten men carry the Emperor's umbrella. This is not so very remarkable. Ten men, more or less, carry the umbrella of the average Canadian before it is entirely worn out.



"So Alice has decided finally to marry an officer?"
 "Yes, she captured him in what she positively declares to be her last engagement."

A SPELLING COMPETITION

WE all feel happy when we can play an innocent and harmless joke upon our friends, don't we?

The other day Jones said to Brown: "I'll bet you anything you like you can't spell three simple words I'll give you, within 20 seconds."

"What are they?" asked Brown.

"Well, here goes," Jones said, as he pulled out his watch. "Believe."

"Be-l-i-e-v-e."

"Receive."

"Re-e-e-i-v-e," again Brown spelled.

"Wrong!" said Jones.

"What?" exclaimed Brown, in surprised tones. "I've spelled the two words you gave me correctly. I'm certainly not—"

"Time's up!" Jones said triumphantly. "Why didn't you spell the third word—wrong?"

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

ON their arrival at the Cape a party of English people drank the health of the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination.

One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in the ceremony replied: "No, I'm a teetotaler; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in."

A friend disappeared, and returned with a glass of water.

Thanking him, with a graceful flourish the recipient tossed the water off.

Immediately he made a fearful grimace, and began choking and coughing.

"Ugh! what on earth is it?" he spluttered.

"That?" said the friend. "Why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in!"

A TRADE SECRET REVEALED.

MR. RUSSETTIP.—How much for a shine, sonny?

BOY.—Five cents when yer ask beforehand. Ten cents, if you don't.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

MRS. SHORT—Now, look here, George, I thought you said you had been duck-shooting?

MR. SHORT—Yes, m' dear, been duck—(hic)—shooting.

"But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks."

"Yes, m' dear; I tamed 'em after—(hic)—shot 'em."

PEN POINTS.

THE novice is not always a man of no-vice.

When a man is getting on well we usually mean he is getting well off.

The world esteems a good bread-maker more than it esteems a poor elocutionist.

A church in Bergen, Norway, is constructed entirely from compressed paper. This is extraordinary, but, as the idiot says, a great many churches in this country have been built from promissory notes.

EXCHANGE IS, ETC—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 9

certain extent; but, I may add, that he rather than I had reason to be flattered by the resemblance.

"At Glasgow," I retorted irritably, "no such luck! we are snowed up somewhere in the wilds of Dumfriesshire. I don't exactly know where. But nobody on this train is likely to set eyes on Glasgow for hours."

"Snowed up—good gracious me, you don't say so," rejoined the fellow briskly, "that won't suit my book."

"Nor mine either," I grunted. "I don't suppose anyone in this train wants to spend Christmas in a snowed up railway carriage. I'm hungry already," I added, with a retrospective thought of the hasty dinner I had made six or seven hours ago, and a prospective longing for the splendid breakfast I had intended to make at Greenock. There was not even a biscuit or a sandwich among my traps.

"Dear me, how unfortunate," remarked the other placidly. Well, I mean to get out of this anyhow," he added, with sudden resolve. He seized the Gladstone bag lying nearest him and bundled out of the carriage as suddenly as he had entered it, and vanished into the whirling whiteness outside.

I heaved a sigh of relief.

The man must be mad to face such a storm, but that was his affair, not mine, and I saw him depart without the smallest regret.

Well, not unduly to lengthen my story, the upshot of this provoking incident was that for 12 mortal hours we were shut up in the embedded train. The stoker and one of the guards made their way, with infinite difficulty, to the nearest signalman's hut, only to find that the telegraph lines up and down were snapped by the furious wind. Some of the passengers had tea and wine packed in their luggage, and one Christmas hamper was ransacked and the contents cooked on a fire kindled on the snow. But what was one fat turkey and a ham among so many. Of course, we fed the ladies and children first, and we did our best to keep them warm with all the rugs we could muster.

But we spent a wretched Christmas Day. The snow still fell at intervals. Fortunately, the wind dropped late in the afternoon. We had made out that we were 10 miles from the village of Whitecross, and some 20 miles from the nearest station.

The thought of spending another night penned up in that comfortless compartment, filled us with dismay. The rumor of our plight had reached Whitecross, for, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a couple of stalwart lads, with a rough pony laden with provisions, appeared upon the scene. I asked if there was any decent accommodation to be had in the village, and, receiving an affirmative answer, negotiated with the relieving party for the transport of my belongings thither. The snow reached our knees, but, with the pleasant prospect before me of sleeping in a bed and getting something decent to eat, I trudged—or, rather, waded—on, in the wake of the lads. My Gladstone bag and bundle of rugs were hoisted on the pony's back. After three or four hours' walking, we got to Whitecross, and my guides deposited me at the door of a very small village public-house, where they told me I could put up for the night. My clothes were soaked through with snow, but the contents of my Gladstone would afford me a change of attire, and my depressed spirits rose as I entered the Rose and Crown.

It was a queer-looking little place, but the sight of a blazing fire in the parlor behind the bar made me forget the bare, sanded floor and the smell of stale tobacco and beer that pervaded the air. In a trice I found myself installed in the one guest-chamber the house boasted. A fire was kindled in the high old-fashioned grate. Having ordered a meal to be cooked, I unstrapped my Gladstone and dragged out the first garment that came to hand—a rough, short coat of Irish frieze. That coat was certainly not built by my excellent tailor: I stared

at it in dull surprise. And then, it was suddenly borne on me that neither the coat nor the Gladstone was mine. That wretched fellow who had traveled with me from Carlisle had made off with my property and left me in possession of a portion of his beggarly wardrobe! I flung the frieze coat away with an exclamation of disgust, and surveyed the various items folded up in the Gladstone with something of the distaste I had felt for their owner. But, I was wet to the skin, and shivering like a spaniel. It was not a time to stand on ceremony. In five minutes, I had donned a complete suit from the Gladstone bag of my unknown fellow-passenger, including the despised frieze coat. Then I went downstairs and ate a very fair supper of fried ham and eggs, followed by a good jorum of excellent hot whiskey toddy.

Greatly refreshed by these consolations, I returned to my chamber. The experiences of the past 24 hours had thoroughly tired me out, and I was far too sleepy to closely examine the bag from which I had taken the warm and dry clothes I had on. As I turned into bed I wondered dreamily if my unknown benefactor was at that moment taking his ease in my garments. My unreasoning dislike of him had abated, now that he no longer vexed me with his presence, and obtruded on my notice the unwelcome fact that in creating him Nature had chosen to infringe my copyright by duplicating my features and figure.

My sleep that night was the sleep of a worn-out man. I did not wake until a pale thread of winter sunshine filtered in at the casement window. Then, with a start I remembered the circumstances which had brought me thither. I sprang quickly from my bed. I looked about for my clothes, and then saw that the night before I had omitted to send them to the kitchen to be dried and brushed. There they were thrown down anyhow on a chair. I could not possibly put them on, for they were still reeking with damp.

There was nothing for it but to travel on to Glasgow in the clothes I had taken from the Gladstone bag. My own garments could be properly dried and sent on to me at Tighnabruach.

I would then take steps to recover my bag and return that of my fellow-traveler. Meanwhile I argued, exchange was no robbery, and since he had made a stupid mistake in decamping with my wardrobe, there was no reason why I shouldn't temporarily appropriate his.

After breakfast, I went out into the village to reconnoitre. The snow was deep, but hard and crisp with frost; the wind had fallen and the sky was blue and cloudless. On inquiry I learnt that it would be possible to drive by road to a station on the line beyond the point where our unlucky train was embedded in the drift. Gangs of workmen were, it was reported, at work on the line, which would most likely be clear by mid-day.

I went back to the "Rose and Crown," strapped up my borrowed Gladstone, left orders with my landlady for the transmission of my property, hired a conveyance, and drove off in the direction of the nearest railway station. I arrived there in due course, and when I was seated in a compartment labelled Glasgow, I congratulated myself that my disagreeable adventure was over. Alas! it was only in its first stage.

The train drew up in the Glasgow station. I gathered up my traps and stepped out of the carriage. But I had not got many paces before an individual of the easily-recognized private detective type accosted me. Behind him was a colleague, whose movements were accompanied by an ominous clink of metal.

"James Penneyquicke, I arrest you in the Queen's name," said the first man giving me at the same time a light tap on the shoulder.

I stared a moment, and drew myself up to my full height.

"My name is Graham—Angus Graham, of the Inner Temple," I said. "You have made a mistake my man."

The fellow smiled in the most aggravatingly superior manner.

"No mistake, you're James Pennequicke fast enough. It's not the first time we have met. Anyway I'll trouble you to go with me to the station. You'll go quietly, eh?"

"I'm hanged if I will," I retorted angrily, "I've an appointment to keep, and don't mean to go fooling around at police stations. There's my card." I fumbled in my pocket for my card-case, "and my luggage to prove my identity."

"Ah, I've heard of that dodge—pasteboard is cheap and so is printing. As for your luggage—here you Campbell, just call a cab will you, and we'll have a look at that down at the station. Now, will you come quietly, or must we put the bracelets on you?"

Wroth though I was, I was forced to comply. A cab was hailed, I, the two detectives, took our seats inside, and that unlucky Gladstone bag was deposited on the front seat.

"If you have arrested me for being in possession of that," I said, indicating the bag contemptuously, "I can easily give you an explanation that must secure my release from custody. The bag is not mine."

"The contents are not anyway," retorted the detective, meaningly.

"What are you hinting at? No, of course, the contents are not mine—they belong to a person who traveled with me the night before last."

"Oh, indeed. It's my duty to warn you that anything you say will be used in evidence against you," answered the other in his stiffest Jack-in-office manner.

Seeing the fellow was hopelessly obtuse I resolved to hold my tongue until we got to the station. There I should soon be able to set matters right. Still, it was annoying that I should be found in possession of property that was not mine. I racked my brain in trying to remember if the clothes I had on, or those in the Gladstone had on them any name or mark to identify their rightful owner. But the effort was made in vain. Indeed, I probably had not noticed whether the clothes were marked or not, for I had been too preoccupied, and too fatigued to think of the matter.

At the station, in the presence of the inspector, I made my statement, explaining how the Gladstone bag had come into my possession. I could see that not a word of it was believed. Then a minute description of James Pennequicke was read out, and, with it, my own personal appearance. I regret to say, exactly tallied. Another piece of damning evidence was that the frieze coat I wore was marked inside one of the sleeves with the initials J.P.

Worst of all, the Gladstone bag was turned out in my presence, and other articles of attire were discovered to be marked with the same letters and, to my utmost astonishment and dismay, the bag itself was ripped open and found to have a false bottom. In it was concealed a mass of jewels: brooches, necklaces, rings, sparkling with diamonds and other precious stones. At sight of this treasure the detective who had arrested me, his colleague Campbell and the Inspector showed a profane glee.

"Better own the truth, said they all, "you are James Pennequicke, and, on the night of December 24, you abstracted these from Northside Hall near Carlisle."

I asseverated my innocence, declaring that until that moment I was even ignorant that the jewels were in the bag.

"The fellow who went off with my Gladstone bag may have stolen the stuff," I said, indignantly, but I know nothing of it. My name is Angus Graham and I never heard Pennequicke's name until this morning."

"So you say," remarked the detective, drily, "but your description fits him to a T, you're wearing clothes that belong to Pennequicke and you are found to be in possession of stolen goods. You will be detained in custody until inquiries can be made."

And in this enlightened country, I, an innocent and peaceable citizen, was marched off and consigned to a fireless cell, there to meditate on the cursedness of things in general and my own ill-fortune in particular.

Can it be wondered at that I have ever since disliked Christmas and its cant phrases of hilarity and good-will?



CLARA—"Drinking is one of his failures."

CHOLLY—"Thought it was one of his successes."

In the solitude of my cell I meditated on the most advisable course of action I could adopt under the circumstances. I asked for and obtained writing materials and wrote several letters, one to Annie at Tighnabruaich—she was an only daughter and motherless, so to her as my hostess that-should-have-been, was addressed an apology for my non-appearance. The second letter was to Mr. Macpherson, Annie's father—an old friend of my father's. To him I wrote a detailed account of my misadventure, and begged him to recommend me a respectable solicitor in Glasgow. A third letter was to a "pal" of mine at the Inner Temple whom I entreated to come and identify me with as little delay as possible.

That done, I felt easier in my mind, and, when night came, in spite of the discomfort of my surroundings I was able to snatch a few hours' sleep.

My appearance at the police court next morning was the next incident in my tale of woe. There had been no answer to either of the letters I had sent to Tighnabruaich, and, to my disgust, my story did not obtain the credence in court I had counted on. I was remanded for a week, that further inquiries might be made.

Sullen and dispirited, I returned to my cell. Late that evening, Mr. Macpherson and a friend of his, one Macgowan, a big-limbed Scotchman, practising as a solicitor in Glasgow, appeared on the scene. To them I recounted my adventure. Mr. Macpherson seemed to be immensely tickled thereat, and laughed until the tears came into his eyes at the sight I presented dressed in the burglar's frieze coat. If he had not been Annie's father I should have expressed the indignation I felt. But I put a check on myself, and reminded him that my situation for the coming week would be somewhat unpleasant.

"Tut, my lad! Macgowan and I will see to that," he replied, "I'll prove that you are Angus Graham, and you shall bring an action for damages against Campbell, if you like. As for the jewels, mark my words, if they don't win you a friend worth having."

"What do you mean?" I asked sharply.

"Why, don't you know who lives at Northside Hall, Carlisle?"

I muttered a surly negative.

"Why, old Lady Mereswell, my late wife's aunt, and Annie's godmother. She's wealthy, she's eccentric, and she's as fond of her jewels as she is of her life. Mark my words, if she doesn't indemnify you for the disagreeable Christmas you have spent, and reward you for saving her jewels, I shall write to her by to-night's post, and tell her what you told me."

When I did obtain my liberty, and at last reached Tighnabruaich I was able to think philosophically of my misadventure. My unknown double, James Pennequicke, got safely to America; presumably he took my Gladstone bag with him. I own I should have liked to see his face when he opened it.

As for the jewels, I see them whenever my wife goes to a big reception or ball. For, six months later, old Lady Mereswell departed this life, and she bequeathed her jewels to Annie, and a legacy of £5,000 to me, "as a mark of her sincere gratitude."



IN furnishing a bedroom, the popular taste now seems to favor fixtures placed along the walls, so as to leave a clear space in the middle where the owner of the room can move about freely. In Austria it is often impossible to see the wall paper, so completely do the fixtures cover the wall; for example, the Viennese puts a great cupboard, at comfortable height from the ground, anywhere along his wall, and arranges a nest of drawers to fill up a space just where the top of it can be utilized for photographs and ornaments, or for the more prosaic appurtenances of the ordinary washstand. The only paper visible in such a room is the frieze, and that only where the fittings do not reach the ceiling, and in such a position the paper can hardly be injured. Here is the description of a room just fitted up for an English lady. The room is oblong, and, being warmed by hot-water pipes, there is no fireplace to be considered. At the end of one of the long walls is a good, moderate-sized sash-window, and the door is opposite to it, thus leaving the main portion of the apartment snug and private, and without even the suspicion of a draught. Behind the door stands the bed, its head well up against the end wall. The angle opposite the bedhead is occupied by a roomy corner cupboard in pitch pine or some similar wood, reaching the ceiling and divided virtually into two cupboards. In the centre of the door is a long sheet of mirror, so that the occupant can see herself from head to foot when she wishes. The cupboard is furnished with hooks, and forms a fairly commodious hanging wardrobe; and from it to the window there are long drawers, arranged something like a dresser, with a flat top, which is very useful, and a couple of shelves over them at the back which will accommodate quite a little library. This top is carried on straight just the window, where it forms only a shelf, on which is placed a swing looking-glass and whatever is desirable for the toilet. There is ample room for every comfort, and the only movable pieces of furniture are the washstand, bedstead, a couple of chairs, and a small table.

HAT trimming has been believed to be an accomplishment exclusively possessed by women, but New York boasts of several men who make a business of "building" millinery. One of these innovators is a house to house milliner, and charges \$4 a day for his services in trimming and renovating hats. He is said to be especially clever in making over old material. One of the best designers in a certain Fifth Avenue shop is a young man, and another shop on the avenue is owned and managed by a man. He is his own head trimmer, and in the beginning of his career was the only trimmer, as well as the only salesman. Patrons of these men milliners aver that not only are their designs attractive and their work satisfactory, but their judgment as to the becomingness of a hat is extraordinarily good.

CONSIDERABLE comment has been occasioned among women interested in philanthropic work in London by the recent gift to Sir Richard Tarrant of \$200,000 for a hotel for poor women in that city. The money was contributed by an American who desires that his name shall be unknown. The \$200,000 will build one house holding 500 women. Any woman who can pay 80c. a week for a room will be taken. The institution, it is expected, will be self-supporting.

MISS Felicia Mary Frances Skene, who has lately died at Oxford, England, aged 78, cooperated with Florence Nightingale in nursing the soldiers in the Crimea War, con-

stantly visited the prisoners in the jail at Oxford, and, when there was a severe cholera epidemic in the city, formed a band of nurses. She knew Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Gladstone, Sir John Franklin, Lord Lyons, the poets Aytoun and Landor, Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon and Archbishop Thomson, whose wife was her niece. Miss Skene was a woman of many accomplishments. Born abroad, she spoke French even better than English.

SPEAKING of Florence Nightingale, it is interesting to recall that when she first started the idea of professional feminine nurses at the seat of war, the thing was absolutely necessary. Little or nothing was done in the 'fifties for the sick and wounded in the Crimea. We lost many more troops through illness than through shot and shell. Nowadays, the ambulance and its transport is one of the most carefully looked-after sections of an advancing army. It is more in deference to public sentiment than actual necessity that ladies now are taken thousands of miles over sea to bandage wounds and comfort the dying. The women who go (and I hear the competition is enormous) have the chance of becoming popular heroines, for nothing appeals to public sentiment so much as the vision of the military nurse. And not without reason, for the military nurse, at the seat of war, must be a very uncommon specimen of her sex. She must have splendid health, tact, mettle, high professional skill, and nerves of iron. In short, she would not be taken at all unless she were an exceptional woman.

ONE of those ever-recurring "silly" magazine articles is found in the Christmas number of an English publication, and is entitled "How Men Propose." Here are the concluding remarks of the writer, which are a fair sample of the whole article: "The anxious lover might study to advantage the advice on proposing which Mr. Pickwick gave to Mr. Peter Magnus. In approaching a young lady, too much meekness of spirits cannot be manifested. The man should linger on his unworthiness to possess such a fair angel as she is, and allude to faults and follies while protesting his deepest love. A mysterious and darkly-veiled hint to your fate if rejected may be found very effective, but it must be used with caution. But, with all these directions and the hereditary instinct of former generations, how men blunder at the fateful moment, and make the ladies awkward and confused also! How much better women would propose than men!"

"WELL, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?"
Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—"An orphan."—
Mothers' Journal.

THE English Society for the Protection of Birds issued a charming Christmas card—beautiful from an artistic point of view and of additional value from having some touchingly-beautiful verses, written for the occasion by the poet laureate. The poem is too long to quote in its entirety, but the following lines will give an idea of the strength and pathos expressed in the four verses. After a graceful description of the song and flight of various birds, Mr. Alfred Austin continues:

And then another scene I saw,
Crushed plamage, crimson streak,
The shattered wing, the crippled claw,
Mute breast and drooping beak,
And round the havoc creatures far,
Not sad, but eager now
With the dead spoil to crown their hair
And decorate their brow.

Women are implored by the poet to believe that, by restraining the desire to beautify their attire by the reckless destruction of so many birds, they will be rewarded by the gratitude of our feathered friends in the sweetness of their spring-tide song.

GERALDINE.

MUSICAL TRADES UNIONS.

Sinbad Imagines a Case in which Harmony Gives Place to Discord.

A NEW kind of difficulty has recently arisen in connection with organized labor in Canada. The friction occasioned between the regimental bands of two militia regiments in Toronto and the commanding officers of the corps became so acute that the instruments of the several bands were finally called in, the bandsmen being sent back to the ranks. The appended "Diary of a Commanding Officer" gives an amusing picture of what might result from unionism in a regimental band, if carried to its logical conclusion:

DIARY OF A COMMANDING OFFICER.

Monday.—This afternoon a deputation called on me. Very nicely spoken fellows. Said they knew I was a friend to the workingman. Hinted they would like to support me at the next elections, and asked me if I was in favor of workmen's unions. Said I was. Said I laid awake at nights thinking how to do good to the workingman. In fact, I was growing bald in consequence. Deputation much gratified. Said in that case they felt positive I would recognize the new musical union in which they were interesting the regimental band. Felt as if I had slid into trouble; but did not see how to get out again. Said I would. Deputation shook me by the hand, and said if I ever ran for office I would be surprised at the amount of support I should receive from the workingman. Perhaps I would.

Tuesday.—The deputation called again. Said they had omitted to explain that the musical union covered a number of affiliated unions. Requested me to endorse my recognition of them also. Knew I was in a mess; but did not see any way out. Said "certainly." Deputation much gratified. Said my election to any office was absolutely certain. Chairman borrowed a dollar of me. Feel myself a public man and the favorite child of the people.

Wednesday.—A still larger deputation arrived, headed by a fat Dutchman with a red nose. Said they were the walking delegates of the union represented in the band. Twenty-three of them. Only 22 men in the band. Wonder who the 23rd man represents? Wanted to show me the rules of the union regulating the amount of work each union player was allowed to do, how, when and where they were to do it—and a lot of other things. Dutchman made a speech which no one listened to. Beginning to feel nervous. Don't see where I come in. No one says anything about my being elected now. The only reference to me is a request to contribute \$5 to each of the 23 unions. Hinted that it will save me trouble if I do. Wonder what I have done?

Thursday.—Small man with a pimple on the end of his nose called. Said he represented the United Piccolo-Blowers' Protective Association. Said the association demanded that the work of union players be equalized. At present there were 748 notes for the piccolo in the regimental march, and only 14 for the big drum. Said it was an outrage. Said either piccolo must play only 14 notes or the big drum 748. Asked handmaster. Handmaster said if drum played half as much as piccolo, the march would sound like a thunderstorm in a telephone exchange. Told small man I would think it over. Cowardly of me. But I must have time to breathe.

Friday.—Orderly room full of delegates all day. Handmaster resigned. A board of representatives of the Cornet, Saxophone, Double-bass, Flute, Clarinet, French Horn, and Snare Drum Benevolent and Protective Orders has been in session, drawing up a comparative schedule of the share of the music each member of the union shall play in proportion to the importance of his instrument. Seven fights already. And the piccolo delegate has just asked for a piece of raw beefsteak to put on a black eye. Delegates of big brass instruments want the scale regulated by the amount of wind required to produce each note. Small instruments demand that it depend upon the movements of the fingers. Drums and cymbals insist it shall

be based on the force of the whack which produces the sound. Triangle union stands out. Say they know no more about music than an army mule does of the doctrine of regeneration. Drum says triangle is no more use to the band than a woollen undershirt to a brass idol. Eighth fight. Getting interesting. Police broke up session. Was cautioned to keep the peace.

Saturday.—Awful row all day. Still at schedule. Looks as if it would take a month to settle. In the meantime every-one jumps on me. Men say if I was a gentleman I would not see the rights of the workingman trampled on. Belief growing that it was I who gave the piccolo player his black eye. Saxophone delegate is certain I kicked him behind when he had the cornet union's delegate's head in chancery. Getting afraid to go out. Dark-looking men prowling about front gate. Ten threatening letters last night, and a post card with a coffin on it this morning. Wife in hysterics all day. Police inspector very gloomy. Shakes his head. Says I should not have aroused the bitter feelings of the mob. Says he hopes it will come out all right, but—

Sunday.—Stayed in bed all day. Brick came in through kitchen window and struck cook in the small of the back. She left at once. Said she would not live in the same house with a tyrant who trod on his fellow man. Warned me to repent while there was yet time.

Monday.—Compromise arrived at on the schedule, with which no one is satisfied. Board has notified me that two walking delegates will accompany each player to see that he carries out the orders of the union. As these men will lose a day's work in consequence, they will look to me for compensation. Recommend that I deal with them in a generous spirit if I wish to atone for the past. This is pleasant!

Tuesday.—Regiment decline to march out headed by a band composed of 22 musicians and 45 walking delegates. Besides, the march, as regulated by the schedule, resembles the sounds emitted by a barrel organ with the croup. Officers held a meeting at which they deplored my conduct in exacerbating the feelings of the men and irritating the susceptibilities of organized labor. Hinted I had better resign. Non-commissioned officers met in public house and passed a series of resolutions denouncing my adhesion to the tyrannical tactics of a capitalistic oligarchy. Four reporters waiting for me when I got home. Wanted to know if it was true I had become an anarchist. Said I soon would be.

Wednesday.—All the bandsmen ordered out by their respective unions, except the big drum, which remains loyal. Came and serenaded me last night, and woke the baby. Had to walk the floor till morning. Wish I was dead. The Morning Huzzoo regrets editorially that the action of the commanding officers' disregard for the requests of organized labor should have resulted in breaking up the magnificent band of the regiment. The Evening Snorter calls me an over-bearing tyrant, and suggests that I be tarred and feathered. The street is full of people staring up at the house, and my wife and children have gone over to her mother's for safety. I feel like Judas Iscariot.

Thursday.—Called as witness in 21 assault cases by delegates who were hammered in the melee. Got letters from nine legal firms, who have been instructed to sue me for damages, in consequence of my action in interfering with organized labor. Landlord called. Wants me to get out at once, as the other tenants can get no rest from the mob. Man called to-day to suggest a compromise, and walked off with all the overcoats in the hall, while I was preparing to weep upon his neck. The Evening Snorter came out with a broad sheet describing me as the modern Kobespierre, and giving details of the various crimes I am popularly supposed to have committed. It thanks the walking delegates, in the name of labor and liberty, for exposing me in my true colors, and calls upon the Cabinet to depose me from the position I disgrace. Isn't this nice?

Friday.—Have purchased a page of The Morning Huzzoo in which to define my "position," packed my grip, and start for Transvaal to-night. The band has organized a demonstration under the auspices of the United Association of Walking Delegates, and threaten to burn the house down. Farewell, Canada! my happy home! With the assistance of a set of false whiskers and a \$6 serge suit, I shall soon be beyond the reach of calumny, and organized labor can work their will unchecked. I have no more use for a band now than a sucking pig has for an egret or ostrich feathers. A mouth-organ will satisfy my musical requirements from this out. Will write from Modder River.

SINBAD.



A FAMOUS CANADIAN JUDGE.

LOOKING at the accompanying portrait, one would not think for an instant that Judge Wurtele will soon be in his 73rd year; much less to look at the man himself, who is one of the best preserved, though one of the busiest, of Canada's public men.

At this time, when general attention is directed to the Bank Ville Marie case, it is but natural that the eyes of the Canadian public should turn with interest upon the judge before whom the matter has been investigated. It is safe to state that no more wise or impartial judge could have been chosen to deliberate upon the evidence in this unprecedented case. The Hon. Mr. Justice Wurtele as a judge of character and human nature stands unsurpassed to-day; his quick perception and ready tendency to grasp the details of evidence, his thorough knowledge of law, and the able manner in which in summing up he sorts out the "wheat from the chaff," has brought him quickly to the front rank of distinction, honor and popularity. His sentences are often severe; yet, when the ultimate fate of the accused lies within his hands, justice is tempered with mercy, his well-known figure and distinguished bearing are always a welcome sight about the courts of law.

Judge Wurtele has a well-marked and interesting personality. Like all distinguished men, the learned judge has his peculiarities, particular amongst which is that of novel reading. He finds this a great relaxation after a hard day's work at the courts; and, to distract his thoughts from the heavy masses of evidence that have been accumulating in his busy brain during the day, he will often at night resort to literature of the lightest and even of a sensational kind. He is also a great lover of music. Another peculiarity—although I am not sure that it should be classed under the head of peculiarities—is that his writing throughout is so clear and distinct as to be as decipherable as print, a not altogether unimportant fact in these days of scrawls and scrawlers.

He loves order. His private rooms, both at his house in University street and at the court house, are always kept in a perfectly orderly condition, and there must never be a speck of dust or the sign of a litter of paper anywhere. Each chair must stand straight in its place, and no book or paper lie crooked on the table.

To those who know him well he is an ever welcome guest, a delightful host. His endless flow of wit and his fund of good stories, insure him a place with young people as well as their elders. He is the father of a large family, most of whom are married and living in different parts of the country. Both he and Mrs. Wurtele are prime movers in society, and no social function is ever complete without the presence of the genial judge and his wife and daughter.

It is told of the Hon. Justice that, on one occasion, when he was running for the Quebec Assembly for the County of Yamaska (which he afterwards represented) he nearly lost his election because his opponents raised the cry that he was "un Prusse" (Prussian). He is not a Prussian, however, though he derives his name from a family that came from Strampfelbach, in Wurtemberg. He boasts of the old United Empire Loyalist stock both on his father's and his mother's side. His grandfather, Capt. John Saxton, sometime captain in His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, left his ancestral home in England, and coming to America settled on the banks of the River Delaware, where he became possessed of a beautiful property,



JUDGE WURTELE.

and where for some years he lived in happiness with his wife and family, until, at the close of the American Revolutionary War, he was forced to abandon it. Prior to this, and during the British occupation of New York, his daughter, Charlotte Saxton, was united in marriage with Archibald Campbell, Esq., of the noble house of Breadalbane, in Scotland. Their daughter was the judge's mother. The family, by their adherence to the British cause, lost not only the Delaware river property, but also large estates at Crown Point, Ticonderoga. The son of the late Jonathan Wurtele, Seigneur of River David, Quebec, by his wife, Louisa Sophia, daughter of Archibald Campbell, the future judge was born in the city of Quebec, January 27, 1828, and was educated by private tuition and at the Quebec High School. At a comparatively early age he succeeded to the Seigneurial estates of his father in River David, and he may be considered the last of the old Seigneurs of Canada, he being the last Seigneur to render "Foy et Homage" (an old custom of signifying allegiance on bended knee) to the Governor-General, after receiving his property. Called to the bar in 1850, he subsequently took the degrees of B.C.L. and D.C.L. at McGill University, and was, for many years, a member of the Law Faculty of that institution. Since his retirement from active service in that capacity, he is an eminent professor. He was created a Q.C., by the Earl of Laufferin, 1873.

Mr. Wurtele sat for Yamaska in the Quebec Assembly from the general elections of 1875 until his elevation to the bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, in 1886. He negotiated a loan for the Government of Quebec in France, and organized The Credit-Foncier Franco-Canadien, 1880; received the Palms of Public Instruction, 1882, and was named an officer of the Legion of Honor of France, 1883. He was a member of the Quebec Government, holding the office of Provincial Treasurer, 1882-1884; Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, 1884-1886; codifier of the statutes of Quebec, 1887-1886, and since October, 1892, has been a puisne judge of the Queen's Bench.

Judge Wurtele was elected a vice-president of the Montreal Natural History Society, 1895; president of the St. James' Club, 1895; and president of the newly organized United Empire Loyalist Association the same year. He is a member of the Anglican communion, and has been twice married—first to Julia, daughter of the late Dr. Wolfred Nelson (she died 1870) and, secondly, to Sarah, daughter of Thos. Braniff, Staten Island, New York.

It was Judge Wurtele who took steps in 1894 to have the Royal arms placed over the seats of the judges in all court houses in the Province of Quebec.

PEDRO.

PREVIOUS ARTICLES - Mayor Grouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Doon, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbetie, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 12; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Gen. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Mr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Goswelterham, November 24; Sir W. C. Marshall and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchesi, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Beauvolet, December 15; Mayor Paton, of Quebec, December 22.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A Book on Hockey.

It is rather surprising that up to the present there should have been no reliable book on hockey, that most popular of winter sports.

The need for a handbook on the game is at last supplied, however, by a small but comprehensive volume, by Mr. Arthur Farrell, a well-known Canadian player, and forward on the Shamrock team. The book is printed by C. R. Corneil, Montreal, and is entitled "Hockey: Canada's Royal Winter Game. A handbook containing a short history of the birth and development of the game, its rules, hints on training, practice, and scientific plays; with sketches and photos of the leading teams, and opinions of expert players."

The author's opening paragraph in the introduction explains the *raison d'être* of the book. "With the natural modesty becoming a player who is still in the game, the author feels that he should assure his friends that, in his present undertaking, he has been prompted more by the demand—in fact, the necessity—for a book on hockey, than by any impression of confidence in his ability to do justice to the subject." Notwithstanding Mr. Farrell's diffidence about his qualifications as an author, his book, we believe, will be found both reliable and readable.

As the title indicates, the work traces the history and development of the game that has in a few years taken perhaps the foremost place in the hearts of the Canadian public. There are some very valuable hints to young players, and not the last useful portion is that devoted to the rules of Quebec, Ontario and the United States. Amongst the prominent players who have contributed to its pages are: Messrs F. S. Stocking, Quebec; "Mike" Grant, Victorias; Hugh Baird, Montreal; H. Trilley, Shamrocks, and Gordon Lewis, Victorias. The book embraces nearly 200 pages, and is bound in stiff board covers, lithographed. It is profusely illustrated, and will, doubtless, be welcomed by the devotees of the game throughout the Dominion.

Mr. Wm. McLennan's New Book. THE new volume of short stories, "In Old France and New," by Mr. Wm. McLennan, of Montreal, is being well received. The New York Tribune has this to say of it: "Mr. McLennan divides his collection of short stories into two parts. The first one embraces a number of striking incidents illustrative of the disordered and dramatic conditions of the French Revolution. Some of these are based on contemporary documents. They are all well written, and two of them, 'King for a Week,' and 'Cache Cache,' are capital performances. The Canadian



Shamrock Hockey Team—Champions of the World.
(Illustration from Mr. Farrell's Book.)

stories are in more than one instance effectively conceived, but have not as much charm as the Revolutionary narratives. The tales of 'Mon Compere Melchior' are completely spoilt by the French-Canadian dialect in which they are written, a dialect which on the printed page is weariness itself."

MR. CECIL RHODES has a sister with a taste for authorship. Miss Edith Rhodes is now at work upon some articles describing "Life in Rhodesia."



"Ye Gude Old Days."
(Illustration from Mr. Farrell's Book.)

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, who is undoubtedly a forcible writer, never had any proper education. He was a poor boy, and his youth was spent in toil. Asked to what source he owed his power of writing, he answered: "The source of my 'style,' as you are pleased to term it, is the Bible. I began reading that earlier than I can remember; I am 43 years of age, 15 years of which I spent at sea, climbing up from cabin boy to chief mate, and I have read the Bible through, from cover to cover, 25 times."

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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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The Hon. Eve Rutland, daughter and heiress of Lord Raven, hears from Mrs. Goring-Anderson her schoolmistress, that her father is dead. Eve is 20 years old, and has been kept at the school all the year around since childhood. When she first came her father had married a second wife, Lady Mary of the Dark House, whom Eve has never seen, and it turns out that in his will Lord Raven has provided that his daughter shall be consigned to her stepmother's care for one year, till she comes into her fortune. Mrs. Rayne, music-mistress at the school, who knows Lady Mary and her evil reputation, implores Eve not to trust herself to her stepmother's house without a trusty friend near her, and she offers to go with her to the house in Cumberland. This is arranged, and when Lady Mary's confidential woman, Miss Cade, arrives at the school with Valentine Graeme, Lady Mary's nephew, to escort Eve to the Dark House, Mrs. Rayne accompanies the party disguised as Nichols, Eve's maid. Mrs. Rayne had previously written to Sir Donald Howard, a baronet, with whom she had some mysterious influence, and who lived near the Dark House, to befriend Eve, and he makes himself known to her on the journey. Eve is very much puzzled by Mrs. Rayne's extraordinary fears in regard to her safety within Lady Mary's domicile, and she also wonders how it is that Mrs. Rayne takes this special interest in her welfare at all. But she finds that the Dark House is a very strange abode, inhabited by strange people, and she is much consoled at having Mrs. Rayne, or Nichols, as she is now called, near her. Lady Mary is a very handsome woman. She affects to love Eve, but the latter is gradually possessed by the fear that there is something unpleasant going on in the house which may be directed against her, and she is also troubled by the offensive attentions of Graeme. Then Eve discovers that her bedroom is in a remote wing in the house, that there is a secret entrance to it, the existence of which she is not supposed to know, and that efforts are made to keep her maid far away from her in the night time. It turns out that the servants have been allowed to suppose that she is mad. There is apparently a deep plot against herself in the house, but of this Eve is still unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN SIR DONALD CAME.

"Somebody has been lying to you!" he exclaimed. "I dare you to tell me who it was. If that old witch, Trout, has been gabbling, I'll wring her neck. I'll—"

"She has not spoken to me, except to say what you heard last night," I vouchsafed. "There—that is all I will tell you about it, except that I believe what I heard, as who could help, after what I saw in this hall, when the creature flew at you? And I desire you not to touch me again."

"By heaven, I shall make it hot for somebody!" he muttered, and then drew away from me that I might pass.

Of all things I dreaded luncheon, with his hatefully handsome face opposite me, but I was spared the ordeal. As I walked away from him he ran up the stairs I had just descended with great bounds, and the one furtive glance I cast upwards showed him to me, in the gallery overhanging the hall, marching towards the passage which led to Lady Mary's rooms.

Presently Miss Cade came down, and though she said nothing on the subject, and very little on any other, I saw by her face that she had been told, and that I was in disgrace. The food I tried to eat, under her disapproving, rabbit eyes,

choked me, and I would have given anything to have been back again in the commonplace surroundings of Wellington House.

True to my resolution, I procured a book from the dim and musty library in the right wing of the house, and sat down to read, or appear to read it, by the fireplace.

It was half-past two when I so stationed myself on guard, so to speak, and exactly two hours had passed before I heard the jangling of the bell and pounding of the heavy knocker on the front door.

I was sure that it must be Sir Donald Howard. For the Dark House was supposed to be a house of mourning, and, no matter how many acquaintances my stepmother might have in the neighborhood, of which she had spoken as "lonely and unfrequented," none save a very old and valued friend, such as Sir Donald appeared to be, would be likely to call at present.

Where would Lady Mary receive him, I wondered? In the hall, where I now sat, in the drawing-room, or upstairs in that masculine-looking boudoir of hers? At all events, they were very long in answering the bell.

At last I heard the old butler's footsteps shuffling slowly along the floor. But, instead of going on at once to the door, he paused near me and said: "I beg your pardon, miss. My mistress' companion told me to ask you to meet her in your own room. You'll find her there, if you go now, miss, I'm sure. She's waiting for you."

My anger rose. Who was Miss Cade that she should desire me, Eve Rutland, to go to her? "Tell Miss Cade, when you have attended the door," I made answer stiffly, "that if she wishes to see me she will find me here in the hall."

Still he did not go. "I'm very sorry, Miss Rutland," he said, "but I'm instructed not to open the door until you have gone upstairs to Miss Cade."

"Who gave you such peculiar instructions?" I demanded, the blood stinging hotly in my face.

"They were given me by the mistress herself, Lady Mary," the old man doggedly replied.

CHAPTER XIII.

"ACCEPT THIS AS A SIGN."

Baffled and angry I went upstairs, to find, as the old servant had said, that Miss Cade was waiting for me. She was ready with a hundred excuses to hide the truth which I more than suspected, and to account for her preemptory summons: sometimes, in her efforts to keep Lady Mary out of the question, contradicting her own statements.

When at last I demanded outright whether I were not being purposely kept from another meeting with Sir Donald Howard, she admitted with a gobbling laugh that this was the case. It was very well for Lady Mary to know him; she was old enough to be his mother, and had known his family for years. But Sir Donald Howard was not a fit companion for a young girl. His life, as everyone was aware, had been a series of mistakes and frightful follies, which had lost him most things worth having in a man's career. It was very unfortunate that I should have encountered him, and Lady Mary did not mean to let it happen again.

It was not easy to refuse to listen to Miss Cade. She had her own way of making herself heard, and it was still less easy to escape from her. I had meant to go down to the hall again, if for no reason save to show my defiance of such ridiculous rules, and say a word or two to Sir Donald as he went out. But I soon discovered that this could not be accomplished without actually "making a scene." If I went downstairs I must promise that I would go straight to the library, where Mr. Valentine Graeme would amuse me, or I must stay where I was until Sir Donald Howard had gone away. That was the condition which Miss Cade, as Lady Mary's proxy, was empowered to make, and it is needless to say that my dignity kept me in my own room, shut up with Mrs. Kayne, and

unable to talk freely because of a stealthy breathing outside in the region of the keyhole.

I refused to go down to dinner that night, pleading a "headache" (an ailment I had never known in my healthy young life), rather than sit at a table between Mr. Graeme and Miss Cade. How I was to keep myself out of their way in the future I did not know. Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof. I still had hopes of Lady Mary's clemency, when I could carry an appeal to her in person; and I hoped, too, that Mr. Graeme might speedily be obliged to go away.

With Miss Cade alone I might deal, but in my present mood food would have choked me eaten in the presence of both. Even starvation was preferable. And I was staving off the pangs of hunger with a few dreary scraps brought me surreptitiously by Mrs. Rayne (doubtless they had composed the major portion of her own dinner), when a summons arrived bidding me, if I felt able, attend my stepmother in her boudoir.

I did feel able, and even had I not I should have made a great effort to avail myself of the opportunity for another audience with Lady Mary. So much seemed to depend upon her attitude towards me.

I appeared before her drooping, not knowing what my reception was to be, but the moment her large dark eyes became fastened upon my face my heart began to beat uncontrollably.

She sat at her writing-table, the light from a shaded lamp falling upon the cold, beautiful profile she turned towards me. "What of your promise to me this morning?" she said abruptly, when she had bidden me to sit down.

"I—what promise?" I began to falter.

"I cannot think that you have already forgotten. Yet, in spite of what you said to me, in spite of the trust I placed in your given word, you have already seen fit actually to insult my nephew, Valentine Graeme. Do you consider that a propitious method of beginning your residence in my house?"

The deep fire in her eyes so confused and frightened me that I could scarcely find my voice. "Perhaps," I contrived to stammer presently, "you don't quite understand what passed, Lady Mary. I—"

"I beg you will not attempt to explain, Eve!" She held up one of her beautiful white hands. "I assure you that I do understand, and I must insist upon your apologizing to Mr. Graeme."

The blood mounted to my head. "I apologize to him—never!" I ejaculated passionately.

"You accused him this morning of something he did not do. I am surprised indeed that your father's daughter should be guilty of injustice; and your father loved Valentine Graeme. Now, Eve, don't make it necessary for me to find fault with your conduct so soon after coming under my roof. I wish to love you. Do not render it impossible at the start for me to do so."

The overwrought feelings with which I had contended all day were too much for me at last. I put up both hands to my face and broke into a storm of weeping.

Lady Mary's fingers uncovered my eyes, and the touch of them was as cold as the marble which they resembled.

"I want to love you, too!" I sobbed. "You are beautiful and splendid, and I want to believe in you. Oh, be kind to me, let me trust you, and not be afraid of you! Why do you allow people in this house to do such strange things? Your servants stare at me as though there was something uncanny about me. Your companion gives me her orders—almost uses force. Did you know, was it true that it was by your direction that I was kept from seeing Sir Donald Howard this afternoon? She said it was, though I could hardly believe it. It wasn't that I cared because I couldn't see him so much, but that I should be so unjustly restrained and restricted in your house. Oh! Lady Mary, please do not let all these things come between you and me."

I gazed imploringly at her through falling tears, and my heart sank as I saw her handsome face visibly harden.

"You must permit me to be the judge of whom you are or are not to see, Eve. I do not think it wise that you and Sir Donald Howard should be on terms of intimacy. That must suffice. In another year you will be your own mistress, and may make what acquaintances you please. Not so now; in this house, and during your minority, my will must be law. It shall be lightly enforced if you make that possible, but—I will be obeyed. Strict obedience and love are not incompatible, Eve."

"I know that, but—there are some things which I— Oh, Lady Mary, don't ask me to like Mr. Valentine Graeme!"

"If I assure you that you have done him an injustice?"

"Then—then I will try to be civil, at least."

"Ah! I can safely leave him, I think, to do the rest. Valentine, come here!"

I gave an involuntary start as he approached, entering through the door of the adjoining room. And I thought I could see the gleam of triumph in his black, gipsy eyes.

He paused near me without a word; and Lady Mary, firmly taking my hand, which fluttered a weak resistance at first, laid it in his, where it was tightly held.

A meaning smile seemed to pass between them over my head, while a little cold thrill of repulsion crept up my arm.

"Accept this as a sign, Valentine," Lady Mary softly said.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE BECOMES A BURDEN.

I had scarcely realized what it meant for me when I had received my stepmother's commands not to venture beyond the park gates alone, but I was soon to learn the full significance of the limitation.

I had determined at once that, since to gain permission for a walk beyond I must accept Mr. Graeme or Miss Cade as a companion, I would not go at all. And I had supposed that this decision would rid me of all necessity for their company; but I speedily found out my mistake. My only way of escaping one or the other of them was by keeping my own room. Mr. Graeme did not go away as I had hoped he would, though each day that passed there was talk of his departure; and I could not stir from the house without having him at my heels.

It began to seem to me that the man must be Argus-eyed, so infallibly did he discover me in all my haunts, and appear to know whenever I set forth, no matter how secretively. Even the presence of "Nichols" did not materially interfere with his plans. I often took her with me in my wanderings through the park, but that did not in the least deter Mr. Graeme from following and joining me. Or, if my pseudo-maid and I essayed a little confidential chat out of doors, we too often heard a rustling in the leaves behind us, and turned to see Miss Cade grinning and nodding, and announcing that she, too, had come out for a "constitutional."

Had I begun by liking Valentine Graeme, his companionship might have been acceptable to me (robbed as I was of all intercourse with my kind, outside the boundaries of the Dark House), for he had read a good deal, could talk well when he chose, and, ignoring my violently-expressed repugnance on that first afternoon, lost no opportunity of making himself agreeable.

I had been in Cumberland for five deadly dull, uneventful weeks (each day seeming an age, persecuted as I was by Valentine Graeme), when it began to be a necessity that I should be allowed to purchase a few trifles at Keswick, the nearest town.

I had not often been admitted to the presence of Lady Mary of late, though she was supposed to be feeling stronger and better, and once from my window I had seen her walking down the long avenue, all draped in black, by Sir Donald Howard's side.

But, though she seldom sent for me, she had not more than

LADY MARY--CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 17.

once or twice announced herself unable to see me when I had requested admittance. Now, therefore, finding myself in need of various things, I sought an audience through the inevitable mediation of Miss Cade, and begged that "Nichols" and I might be driven to Keswick in the carriage which had brought us to the Dark House.

Lady Mary looked thoughtful. That plan, she announced, after some deliberation, would scarcely be feasible. It was quite natural that I should desire to make purchases in Keswick. It was only to be wondered at that I had not needed to do so before; but Nichols did not know the town or its shops, and would not be an efficient guide. Besides, the carriage was undergoing much-needed repairs. However, Miss Cade was a fairly good driver, and could take me in the dog-cart which Mr. Graeme kept in the coach-house for his own use.

There were some other purchases which could be made at the same time. She (Lady Mary) would give me a list, and trust my taste in the selection.

Never, since the very first, had she been so kindly and unbending in manner. My heart warmed under her beautiful, melancholy smile, for never yet had her fascination ceased to powerfully affect me, whenever she chose to exert the influence she must have known that she possessed.

I was disappointed at the thought of resigning my plan to take Mrs. Rayne with me to Keswick, for I had looked forward to the mooted expedition with vague, but lively hopes. Still, I had reached that condition of mind when any escape from utter isolation was acceptable, and it was accordingly arranged that Miss Cade should take me into Keswick the following morning. We would have something like a 20-mile drive there and back again, and therefore it was decided that we should start early and lunch at an inn in town, that we might accomplish our shopping and return to Sombermere Court before dark.

Life of late had been so inexpressibly dreary (its monotony only broken by disagreeable events), that the thought of the little outing considerably excited me.

I was ready long before it was time to start, well wrapped up in sealskin by Mrs. Rayne's careful hands, and was relieved when I saw the dog-cart at the door—so had I feared that at the last moment something would happen to prevent the excursion.

Miss Cade could be ready in a moment. I was informed by the sullen butler, and it was her request that I should get into the cart and take the reins till she should be able to come out. I did so with alacrity, while the old coachman, who had driven us to the Dark House on the night of my coming, stood grinning by the horse's head.

Even he eyed me with a furtive curiosity from under bent brows, and I wondered if he, too, was on the watch for symptoms of incipient madness.

As I timidly put one or two questions to him about the horse, by way of showing him, with a rather pitiful vanity, that my brain was as normal as my neighbor's, Valentine Graeme came out of the house in soft hat and overcoat.

He said a word to the coachman, who stood aside, and then to my astonishment and dismay jumped into the dog-cart and took the reins out of my hands.

Before I had time to realize what had happened he had given the horse a slash with the whip, which sent it flying down the avenue towards the gates.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, "that's something like a pace! I shall get you into Keswick before you know it."

"You!" I ejaculated. "But where's Miss Cade? She was going to drive me."

"Oh, didn't they tell you? Aunt Mary had one of her attacks of faintness, and Miss Cade couldn't leave her. Rather

than disappoint you they sent me. Don't look so cross, E—Miss Rutland, and spoil my morning. It can be so pleasant, if only you'll be kind."

He gazed down at me from his high seat with a masterful look in his big, bold eyes, and I fairly shuddered under it.

"I daresay you mean to be good natured," I said. "But I would rather go home and wait for another day, when Miss Cade can take me. Please turn the horse around."

By this time we were almost at the gates, at such a tearing gallop had we driven. The woman at the lodge threw them open as we approached, and in a moment we had dashed through.

"Too late for going back," he cried. "I'm afraid you must make the best of a bad bargain, if only for your own sake. You know how angry Aunt Mary would be if you went home just because I was with you instead of Miss Cade."

There was nothing more to be done, unless I should go so far as to jump out of the dog-cart while we spun along the hard, frozen road, and this I was not quite prepared to do.

I relapsed, therefore, into silence, making, as he had said, "the best of a bad bargain." After all, I thought, we could not be more than two hours on the way. He would be occupied with driving, and perhaps would not annoy me much.

I slipped my hands into my muff, tightly interlacing the fingers in a way I had when I was vexed and straining after self-control, shutting my eyes, too, as though to protect them from the wind.

For 20 minutes, perhaps, we drove rapidly on, without having exchanged another syllable, when suddenly the sound of wheels ahead caused me to open my eyes.

At some distance before us a brougham had just turned the corner from a cross road, and was proceeding in the direction we must take. I could see a smart coachman and footman in dark brown livery, with black fur capes, and on the brougham was a leather portmanteau and one or two small pieces of luggage.

Mr. Graeme chuckled, and held his horse in. "We'll let them have a good start," he said, "Can you guess whose carriage that is? Well, it's that fellow Howard's. I knew he was going away, but, by Jove! I didn't expect that we should come across him. Cumberland won't see him again for many a long day."

A dim sense of depression settled over me. Sir Donald Howard was going away, and had made no effort to see me, not even to say good-bye!

As I gazed wistfully after the brougham, rapidly out-distancing our dog-cart, something solid and unexpected came before my eyes. It was the face of Valentine Graeme, bent down to look into mine.

"Don't waste any thoughts on that scoundrel," he said. "I want them all for myself. I must have them. I can't stand it any longer without telling you what I feel, Eve. I'm head over ears in love with you, and you're going to promise to be my wife. Oh! you may look as though you'd rather die than do it, but I'll tell you why you can't help yourself!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE Rev. Arthur Robins, an English clergyman, recently claimed to have preached the shortest sermon on record, lasting 2 minutes, 58 seconds. A correspondent says he knows of a shorter one, which he saw some years back in an old book. It runs thus: "I take my text from Job v. 7: 'Yet man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.' I shall divide my discourse into three parts. Firstly, man's ingress into the world; secondly, his progress through the world; and thirdly, his egress from the world. My friends, man's ingress into the world is naked and bare, his progress through the world is trouble and care; and his egress from the world is the d—I knows where. I can't tell you any more if I lecture for a year."

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS

Prepared for "Montreal Life" by Mr. James Hingston, B.A.,
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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 twelve 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. and back numbers of LIFE when available cost 10c. each.

Sunday, December 31.—Rather a gloomy and depressing day. The best thing to do is to keep quiet and refrain from engaging in external affairs.

As regards health and money matters this is not likely to be a favorable year. Disappointment or sorrow will surely come from some direction, and the prudent will do well to curtail their expenses as much as possible.

Children, born to-day, may prosper fairly well in any career which they may select, but the outlook is that they will never accumulate much money, or that, if they do, they will be forced to spend most, if not all, of it during their latter years.

Monday, January 1.—A pretty fair day for journeys and social intercourse, but in other respects rather doubtful. That money will be wasted to-day is evident.

Those, whose birthday this is, are likely to lose some money and to suffer through rash quarrels during the coming year. Persons holding salaried positions, are especially cautioned to be careful.

In the lives of children born to-day there will be many changes. Far from home they will wander and many obstacles they will encounter. Hot-tempered they will be and their own worst enemies.

Tuesday, January 2.—A favorable time for making purchases and for investing money. Favors also may now be obtained from persons in authority.

A prosperous year this will prove. Money will be plentiful, and many a merchant will find his business increase, even beyond his expectations.

Fortunate will be the children born to-day. They will manage their affairs prudently, and, while they will not be unusually clever, they are certain to rise in the world.

Wednesday, January 3.—A happy day for lovers and for marriages. Journeys either for health or business will also prove profitable.

As regards business and money matters this will be a good year. For young people it will also be favorable and many of them will get married. Some trouble may come through annoying letters or other writings but it will not be serious.

Kindly and courteous will be the children born to-day, and good luck will attend them through life, except at rare intervals. Fortunate, indeed, is their lot.

Thursday, January 4.—This is a favorable day for authors, journalists, and all who are busy with writings, and it is also good for journeys.

Young men, whose birthday this is, will fall in love during the year, and all those who are in business will prosper, provided they do not invest their money in wildcat schemes or leave it where thieves can get it. Loss by fire also threatens them, and hence they should have their real estate and personal property fully protected by insurance.

Children born to-day will succeed in business and they may accumulate money. Bright and clever they will be, and few will work more zealously and to better purpose than they.

Friday, January 5.—Little good fortune is foreshadowed for to-day, and some unforeseen annoyance may be expected.

Danger of financial loss through foolish speculation, or unwise investments, is foreshadowed during this year, and unprofitable journeys may also be expected. At the same time good fortune will come to those in business, and especially to those who are working for employers.

Children born to-day will succeed best if they work for employers, as the indications are, that if they go into business for themselves, they will soon find themselves in financial difficulties, with which it will be almost impossible for them to cope.

Saturday, January 6.—This is a good day for selling property, but it is decidedly unpropitious in every other respect.

Those, whose birthday this is, will suffer through various disappointments during the coming year, and they are advised to take special care of their own health and that of their families. Sensitive persons will grieve more than others and all will waste time in fighting against the inevitable.

Unless the children born to-day are carefully trained, they may come to harm through their innate rashness, duplicity and propensity to tell lies instead of the truth. Girls should especially receive a sound moral training, as a grave danger threatens them. I touch here on a delicate subject and do not care to speak more plainly, but parents will understand what I mean.

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.

BONAPARTE AND THE BRITISH NAVY.

THERE are, we fancy, very few people who know that the great Napoleon once applied for permission to enter the British navy. Such, however, according to The Naval and Military Record, is the fact, and Mr. Gosechen has recently discovered in the archives of the Admiralty the original letter in which the request is made by Bonaparte, then a student at Brienne. He was, as everyone knows, then preparing for a military career, but the school inspectors reported that he would make an excellent naval officer, and Sir William Fraser relates that his application to the British Admiralty was due to the influence of his fellow student, Lawley, afterwards Lord Wenlock.

Our contemporary adds: "Bonaparte, when sending the letter, expressed his belief that the application would not be successful, because, though not religious himself, he came of a fanatically Roman Catholic family, and at that time Roman Catholics were not welcome on British warships. As we all know, Bonaparte proved a true prophet. Singularly enough, it was only chance which, at a later date, prevented him from entering the British army. Paoli, the Corsican 'patriot,' strongly urged him to do so. Paoli at that time had some influence in British military circles, and would have procured Napoleon a commission. The latter considered the offer seriously, and then only declined it on the ground that the French Revolution offered brilliant opportunities for a young officer just starting his career. So he placed his sword at the disposal of his adopted country."

A GAME of football played on the stage has lately formed the chief attraction of an English play called The Football King, which has been attracting large crowds. The hero of the drama is the captain of the Rovers Football Club, which is the favorite candidate for the English cup. The hero passes through a series of reverses and adventures, and his last appearance is in the final round for the cup at Kennington Oval. For this mimic match professional football players were engaged, and the game, keenly and skilfully contested, was watched with the greatest attention by the spectators.

CABINET XMAS PRESENTS.

What the Ministers received from the Christmas Tree or in their Stockings.—The Telephone Girl records an interesting conversation.

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello central! Give me Sir Louis Davies . . . Hello, Sir Louis, this is Joly de Lotbiniere speaking! I thought I would call you up to see what Santa Claus put in your stocking. Dear old Santa was very good to me. I had a pound of tea from Li Hung Chang, six plugs of tobacco and a package of cigarettes from Montreal and Hamilton manufacturers, a keg of beer from Major Hooper—you know the major!—while the Inland Revenue collectors throughout the country sent me no less than 18 gallons of confiscated swamp whiskey. Of course, I can't use the whole of this stuff myself, but I appreciate it, and will share up with all the other Ministers, except Fisher. He, of course, is barred out from the mountain dew, but I'll make him a cup of Li Hung Chang's tea while the rest of us enjoy the remaining articles."

"Well, you have certainly fared pretty well, Sir Henri. I wish I could say as much for myself."

"Can't you, then?"

"Mas, No! All old Santa brought me was that cursed political surprise down in Prince Edward Island—which is almost as bad as the shock they gave the young Napoleon of the West in Manitoba. One of the papers has been good enough to say it was a great 'cod' on me, and that, later on, I would find myself properly 'whaled.' But, as Minister of Marine and Fisheries, I shall certainly endeavor to draw a herring across our trail in the Maritime Provinces before the day of reckoning comes."

"Right you are, Sir Louis; right you are! A little 'bait' often goes a long way in such cases—provided it be of the right kind. By the way, did you hear about the Christmas boxes our colleagues got?"

"No, haven't had time. I've been too busy reading the proofs of Sir Richard Cartwright's new work, entitled 'How Not to Do 't, or the Gentle Art of Eluding One's Record; a Modern Treatise on the Question of Double Personality, far Surpassing in Value and Interest the famous "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; by the author of 'Exodus,' 'The Jeremiads,' and divers ancient prophesies which are yet to be fulfilled. Mighty interesting book, Sir Henri, I can tell you! No one can accuse Sir Richard of not knowing all about his subject. But what about the Christmas boxes? I fear I interrupted you."

"Oh, no harm done I assure you, Sir Louis. I was only going to say that Sir Wilfrid's present was a threat from the Queen, through the Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, to decorate him with new titles in reward for his services in connection with the contingent. Poor man, he was terribly broken up about it, but when the Queen forces these things on a man, 'what is a loyal subject to do,' says Sir Wilfrid, 'but tamely submit to the outrage?' Sir Richard Cartwright received from his constituents a complete collection of his speeches while in opposition. Sir Richard looked about as pleased, I can assure you, as if he had just seen his own ghost."

"Shocking, shocking, Sir Henri; but proceed!"

"Hon. R. W. Scott's admirers sent him a dead goose, labelled 'Scott Act.' David Mills got a little volume entitled 'Mother Siegel's Rhyming Dictionary, or First Aids for budding Poets.' Dr. Borden, like the Premier, was the recipient of a threat of knighthood, for services in connection with the contingent. Mr. Mulock's ticket on the Christmas tree called for the heads of 16 Tory postmasters in rural localities."

"Shocking, shocking, Sir Henri, but proceed!"

"For our friend Fisher unknown parties left a dozen or two unfulfilled promises to resign from any Cabinet that would not enact prohibition, also a bottle of lemon sour and a copy of the public school primer on agriculture, with the suggestion that he should 'read, mark and inwardly digest.' Tarte got a confidential lecture from the editor of The Toronto Globe on 'how to lose ground in Ontario.' For Dohell, the Christmas tree had a toy steamer, with the inscription, 'Fast Atlantic Service—why don't you get me afloat?' Mackenzie & Mann sent both Blair and Sifton perpetual passes for themselves, their wives, children, uncles, cousins, aunts, nephews, nieces and friends, over all lines in the great Mackenzie & Mann system, either built or projected. Mr. Sifton also got a butcher knife four feet long, accompanied by a note which said simply, 'In hoc signo vinco'—supposed to be from Joe Martin."

"Shocking, shocking, Sir Henri! but proceed."

"Hon. William Stevens Fielding was the recipient of a handbook on arithmetic and a learned treatise on 'Methods of Making Twice Two Appear to be Eight,' by his former colleague, Attorney-General Longley. Billy Paterson got the promise of another nomination up in North Grey, and Jim Sutherland received a little whip with a card attached, on which was written, in Bob Richardson's well-known fist, 'Handle me with care. I'm a dangerous weapon, and sometimes my lash recoils on the loser.'"

"Shocking, shocking, Sir Henri, most shocking! but is that all?"

"Oh, no! I must tell you of big Dunc, Fraser's Christmas box, for, although he's not of the Cabinet, he'd like to be so much that sometimes he fancies he actually is. Sir Wilfrid sent him a copy of that old sweet song, 'You'd Better Bide a Wee.' No harm was intended; the Premier merely meant to pay a delicate compliment to Dunc's Scotch predilections; but the results were almost as disastrous as a Boer rifle volley. It spoiled the poor man's Christmas dinner, and he hasn't chewed anything since, except the rag."

"Shocking, shocking, Sir Henri, most shocking! And how about Prefontaine and McMullen?"

"Well, Prefontaine was given a pair of Joseph Israel's old shoes, and he's tickled half to death, as he thinks this means that he must get his feet accommodated to the shape. McMullen is also mightily pleased, as some kind friend sent him the words and music of

There, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an angel by-and-by.

He thinks it was from Sir Wilfrid, but it wasn't, and I'm afraid poor Jim will never be one of our angelic band, aren't you?"

"Yes, poor Jim's barking up the wrong tree. But say, Sir Henri, when are you going to divvy up all those nice presents of your own? I want to be present, sure, so don't fail to let me know. In the meantime, au revoir!"

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.



THE "Gordons" in their kilts are still only known to the Kaffirs as "the women soldiers." With the arrival of the Scots Greys in South Africa there will be a fine chance of playing off an old trick on the simple-minded blacks. When the 93rd regiment was at Balaklava, the odd appearance of the kilt attracted the attention of the Russians who came into the camp with a flag of truce, and one of the officers inquired: "What sort of soldiers were those in petticoats?" "These," said a waggish officer, "are the wives of the soldiers who ride on the grey horses," alluding to the Scots Greys.



Full knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
 And the winter-winds are wearily sighing—
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying

—Tennyson.

THE old year is well nigh spent. Its days are numbered in the units. And to it no new lease of life can be granted. Retrospection will affect most of us in vastly diverse ways. Peace and plenty have been the largest of the component parts in the lives of some during 1899; worries and losses, no doubt, the lot of many in the same number of days; while to the majority, perhaps, the ups and downs have been marvelously well divided, the first making up for the second; the second bringing the first into bolder relief.

Doubtless, our chances have been many and various for taking the steps forward, so necessary for our own progression, or, it may have been, for the advancement of others. Each alone knows whether he or she has taken advantage of them. But we all realize that those precise opportunities will not recur.

While the fleeting days of '99 followed one another into the past, what disappointments, what perished hopes, what unrealized ambitions bore them company! For most of us have been striving, this year as much as any preceding year, after those things, attainable or unattainable, that seem in our eyes to place us on a higher plane, that make us the more to be admired or envied. Perhaps we have been seeking a higher ideal in our work. The pains have been many; the gains apparently few. And yet the lofty end we had in view has made our upward gaze the clearer, our tread the more careful, our touch the more sensitive. Again, we may have been endeavoring to scale that ladder, up which some fortunate ones, not always the most deserving, are lifted with a sudden, steady ascent (as the crane draws up the block of stone, regardless of its weight and unpolished surface); that ladder whose rungs prove such toilsome resting places to those who would fain be at the top and know not the right methods of reaching it.

YES, perhaps social ambitions are the bitterest to swallow, the most difficult of which to be tenacious when slowly fulfilled. And the worst of entertaining them is that they seldom enlarge mind or soul, and receive little sympathy from the onlookers, either above or beneath you. People seldom care very much how it is you happen to be in the swim. Sufficient for them that you are there. It is while you are creeping in that you are held in contempt. So, after all, take good courage, those whose goal was not reached in 1899. The coming year may see you cross the last line.

For the rest, there may be many who, in spite of obstacles, have been endeavoring to bring into closer union the higher life with that which, while on earth, they must associate with earthly things. Of them little need be said. In the mere endeavor they have accomplished much.

REGARDING the events of the dying year, much might be written and spoken. They will make many pages in our history. But, even passing reference is unnecessary, where each and every person of intelligence in Montreal feels and knows their import.

Of local subjects there is little to say. It is a time when

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.

generalities come more readily, more pleasantly, and, perchance, more judiciously, than personalities. It might be possible to adopt the jocose style, and make amusing allusions to our municipal government, our civic authorities, or those who form the pillars of society, and in whom we put our trust. Probably it would entertain a few, but let us once a year, at least, get beyond our own environments, and free our thoughts from localism. Before another week has gone, we will have begun, ready or unready, our new campaign. We will have gathered together our forces, of mind and body, and made our resolutions, or left them unmade, according to our estimate of untried strength. For those who look back with pleasure or pain to the receding milestone of 1899, we would wish either continued happiness, or the joy that is even greater by reason of the contrasting emotions gone before, in this New Year, so full of possibilities, we usher in as—

1900.

MR. AND MRS. BRYCE ALLAN, of Boston, have been spending Christmas in Montreal, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, "Ravensrag."

Mrs. Torre, of Quebec, is, as usual, spending the holiday weeks with her daughter, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Stanley street.

The first of Miss Abbott's recitals is advertised for January 9, and promises to be a most enjoyable one. The artists engaged are Dr. Hopkinson, Miss Anna Otten and Miss Ada Wait, all of whom, I believe, are already of some note in musical circles.

It seems to me that we are all singularly remiss in discovering relationships, though they be of the nature of fifth cousin once removed, between ourselves and any of the prominent commanders in South Africa. Quite a feature of "Our war with Spain" was the continuous advertising of remote relatives of Dewey, and Sampson, Schley, and Shafter. They themselves had not done anything deserving notice, but their connection with the heroes of the hour purchased them notoriety at small expense. Is there not a single Montrealer who can claim kinship with a commander at the front? Who will be the first to enlighten us on this subject?

MR. H. B. BRAINERD, who has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, is now convalescent.

How the old fashion of paying visits on New Year's Day has died out here! There was a time when from early morning till evening, the daughters of the house were ready, in their smartest attire, to receive the visitors, that came in shoals throughout that time. Cake and wine then took the place of afternoon tea, and the amount dispensed must have shocked the temperance advocates, who, no doubt, flourished then as now. At the present day only a few old gentlemen keep up the very pleasant custom. The younger ones are too well employed at the racquet court, or the rink, to think of wasting time in paying their addresses. And how many ladies in this athletic age would they find ensconced by the fire, with crewel work, provided the day was favorable for outdoor exercise?

ON Thursday, last week, Mrs. Hugh Graham gave a second very pleasant lunch party, this time for her younger friends, to the number of 20. The table looked extremely effective with its centrepieces of Renaissance lace, over yellow satin, and exquisite cut-glass branching candelabra with yellow shades. The principal decorations were large tea-roses, but at either end were bowls of lily of the valley and violets. Among the guests were: Mrs. G. L. Cains, Miss B. Allan, Miss Burnett, Miss Bate, Miss L. Graham, Miss Dobell, Miss M. Dobell, Miss L. Dunlop, Miss V. Macallum, Miss V. Haswell, Miss E. Holland, Miss A. Ewan, Miss Peterson, Miss B. Boyer.

Last week, Mr. Andrew Reford gave a very jolly little dinner at the Montreal Hunt. The pleasant drive out, providing the weather is good, and the delightful club house,

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

always make entertainment in any form out there pleasant; and this was no exception to the rule. Those who made up the party were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Miss Reford, Miss Bate (Ottawa); Miss N. Molson, Miss M. Stephens, Miss Coristine, Mr. G. W. MacDougall, Mr. B. M. Humble, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, and Mr. C. B. Robbin.

One of the many euchre clubs met at Mrs. W. R. Wonham's, The Sherbrooke, last week, and spent a very delightful evening. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott, the Misses Ramsay, the Misses Cooke, the Misses Dunlop, Miss Bate, Miss Parker, Miss B. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wonham, Mr. and Mrs. H. Molson, Miss McCallum, Miss Ferrier, Mr. Holt, Mr. H. Redpath, Mr. M. Ogilvie, Mr. Atwater, Mr. F. Crombie, Mr. O. Harley, Mr. Bellhouse, Mr. Hamming, Mr. J. W. Cook, and Mr. Robertson.

Another euchre party was that given by Mrs. A. F. Gault, "Rokeby," for Miss McGuire (Detroit). The guests included: Mr. and Mrs. Blackader, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gault, the Misses Finley, Mr. A. Finley, Miss E. Gault, Miss V. Williams, Miss L. Brown, Mr. Benson (England), Mr. S. Carmichael, Mr. M. Burke, Mr. R. Ewing, Mr. H. Marler, and Mr. W. Robertson.

AMONG those who have returned to town for the Christmas holidays are Miss M. Stearns, daughter of Mr. S. P. Stearns, who has been at school in New York, and Miss Ruth Allan, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Allan, who is at school in Toronto.

Miss Leckie is spending some weeks in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. J. R. Meeker, Prince Arthur street.

It does indeed seem hard luck to be recalled in the midst of enjoying one's wedding trip, as has occurred to Captain A. T. Ogilvie. Yet, no doubt, like every true soldier, his pulse quickens at the thought of active service. It is Mrs. Ogilvie for whom sympathy is most to be felt; for it is not the least hard service to render, to "only stand and wait."

Miss Agnes Drummond has returned from New Haven, where she spent a few days in order to be present at the marriage of Mr. Huntly Drummond and Miss May Reynolds.

Mr. E. W. Parker who has been ill for some time past, is visiting his sister, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Sherbrooke street, during a somewhat tedious convalescence.

MR. JAMES FYSHE has returned from Harvard, and is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Fyshe, McTavish street.

Last Friday, Mrs. H. Montagu Allan gave a very large tea at her beautiful house, "Ravenscrag," which looked exceptionally well, every room being profusely decorated with flowers, and the large conservatory forming a fragrant retreat in which to stroll. Tea was served in the ball-room, and here an innovation was made in the shape of numerous small tables, at which one sat and enjoyed doubly a cup of tea taken at ease, a striking contrast to the usual manoeuvres which one is forced to employ, while endeavoring to shield one's own dress from the avalanche of tea liable at any moment to descend upon it, and to preserve one's own cup from annihilation in the surging throng. Among the guests were: Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mrs. H. Mackenzie, Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, Mrs. R. B. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. H. B. Macdougall, Miss E. O'Brien, Mrs. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Miss Miller, the Misses Dunlop, Miss Howard, Mrs. J. S. Allan, Miss Allan, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, the Misses Dobell, Mrs. E. S. Clouston, the Misses Clouston, Mrs. H. V. Meredith, Mrs. Baumgarten, Miss Brauerd, Mrs. C. F. Sise, Miss Sise, Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Greenshields, Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. Major, Mrs. Holland, Miss Holland, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Mrs. Porteous, Miss Porteous.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake and Miss Helen Blake arrived last week from Toronto to spend a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Law, "Bellevue House."

Last week, at West Haven, Connecticut, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Mary Reynolds, daughter of Mr. J. H. Reynolds, to Mr. Huntley R. Drummond, second son of the Hon. G. A. Drummond. On their return from their wedding trip they will take up their residence at 127 Bishop street, where Mrs. Drummond will receive on January 29, 30 and 31.

Mr. Snow, of Harvard, Mass., has been spending some days in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. T. Fyshe, McTavish street.

NO doubt, many are to a certain extent disappointed that the charity ball has been postponed indefinitely; yet, no one can help acknowledging the fitness of the committee's decision. There is quite enough going on to satisfy the most insatiable appetite for gaiety. And it is a satisfaction to feel that one entertainment has been put off on account of the South African crisis.

Mrs. R. L. Gault gave a large luncheon last week for a number of Miss Ethel Gault's friends.

Mr. Paget Aylmer has been spending the Christmas holidays at Melbourne, Que., the guest of his grandfather, the Rt. Hon. Lord Aylmer.

The reign of spotless white damask that is for state occasions seems in danger of being overthrown. At a recent luncheon the ordinary tablecloth was superseded by a very beautiful cover of Renaissance lace over pink silk. The effect was extremely pretty, but, surely, pure white is really nicer—to those of old-fashioned taste at least; and now that drawn-work counterpanes, over colored silk spreads, are used so much, the similarity is a little too striking.

THE deplorable accident which, on Christmas Day, cost Mr. J. F. Burnett his life, has cast a gloom over any holiday merrymaking. Mr. Burnett had always been very popular, both in society and in the hunting field, where his keenest interest had centred since he was a small boy. He had ever been associated in the hearts of his many friends with indomitable kindness of heart and temper, and a never-failing pluck. The whole circumstances of the bereavement are inexpressibly sad, and his family are accorded the heartfelt sympathy of a large portion of Montreal people.

THE marriage of Lieut.-Col. Arthur Lee, British attaché at Washington, to Miss Ruth Moore, of New York, last Saturday, was heard of with much interest by many Montreal people who have had the pleasure of meeting this clever young officer, who seems to have made such rapid strides in his profession. Lieut.-Col. Lee has visited Montreal quite frequently, and it is said he first met Miss Moore in this city.

On Christmas Day, a telegram was received by Mr. C. N. Armstrong from his son, Lieut. Charles Armstrong, who is out with the Canadian contingent in South Africa, assuring all relatives and friends of the well-being of the regiment. It was this telegram that Dean Carmichael, of St. George's, read at the close of his stirring sermon.

Mr. R. R. Wallace has returned to New York after a short visit to Montreal. He will return early in January when his marriage with Miss Grace Henderson has been arranged to take place.

Mr. Leslie Gault, it is said, has bought the large and most delightful house on MacGregor street, built by the late Mr. F. Fairman, and will probably take up his residence there in the spring. MacGregor street, in spite of the somewhat tedious ascent before one reaches it, is a most popular street of late. Certainly the view is beautiful from that height, and the houses, nearly all detached, and in some little ground, are, with few exceptions, very handsome.

HOW very sensible this new idea of not providing ices at an afternoon tea sounds; especially to men who are ever declaiming against the foolishness and the enormity of the "spreads" at this class of entertainments. How many hostesses will follow suit in this excellent crusade?

Since touching upon the postponement of the charity ball much vigorous discussion seems to have been running rife among people who always know very much more than they are expected to know, or than there is to be known for the matter of fact. To put an end to all speculation upon the subject I will briefly relate the exact reasons, which leave no room for other interpretation than the correct one. It was decided to postpone the ball, firstly, by the committee, in view of the unsatisfactory and distressing state of affairs in the Transvaal, and, secondly, by Lord Stratheona, who cabled to the effect that he would sooner it was put off, for the same reason. As soon as the war news is such as to warrant the giving of this entertainment the final arrangements will be made, and the committee confidently hope the date will not be far distant. Lord Stratheona has ever been so ready with sympathy and practical help for the hospital, that it is no wonder his wishes carried weight, especially as his expression voiced the views of the entire committee of management. In addition to the \$10,000, already donated by Lord Stratheona, he has promised to give another thousand, should nine other people be discovered willing to give a similar sum. As he will most likely visit Canada about the end of January, it is hoped that circumstances will allow of the carrying out of this much looked forward to event, at the Royal Victoria College.

BY participating in the Boer War, Canada is gaining a notoriety she little expected. Namely, she is being discussed in The New York Sun in countless letters to the editor, some anonymous, some otherwise, some merely inane, many thoroughly disagreeable. There is one correspondent who should at once be naturalized, and the sooner he casts even the remembrance of Canadian dust off his feet, the better it will be for all concerned. He signs himself, "Old Toronto boy." I am glad that Montreal cannot claim him! His notes are very short, and it is difficult to understand what point he is driving at, except to make his countrymen ashamed of having produced such a renegade to British rule. If his remarks are meant for sarcasm, not antagonism, he should change his style. For, till then, appearances will be against him. A statement of another correspondent reads thus: "The participation of Canada in the Boer War is a direct affront to the United States and to every American nation." We are certainly gaining importance. Canada little thought she could menace anyone!



NAVY MEN HATE COALING.

WILL no one invent a patent substitute for coal? What a luxury it would be to receive fuel through a pipe in the ship's side! No dirt, which is enough to break any commander or first lieutenant's heart. No hard work, which fags officers and men alike to the last degree. Nobody objects to hard work, but coaling seems such a hopeless job, no sooner done than it has to be repeated within a fairly short time. Take any smart ship, with spotless decks and paint work, her bright work shining like gold or silver highly polished. Put a collier alongside her, and within a quarter of an hour of starting, she looks worse than the collier herself. Even when she is well washed down, after 24 hours' hard scrubbing, she is hardly the same smart specimen of a man-of-war. When coaling is performed as an evolution, that is to say with all despatch, every officer and man puts his hands to the shovel or trolley as the case may be, and works—no, hardly works, rather slaves.



MISS ADORA ANDREWS

In Arizona, at Her Majesty's Theatre next week.

Let any amateur try digging coal in the hold of a collier for even 10 minutes, and he will soon see what arduous work it is. The strain on the back and muscles is terrible, the combination of heat and coal dust makes the hardest gasp and lap down liquid refreshment by the gallon.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S IDEA.

OLIVE SCHREINER believes that Mr. Rhodes has made money the god of South Africa. She deplors the fact that in the new country where socialism should be feasible, the same conditions prevail as in the old nations. To her the idea that one man should practically own an enormous amount of virgin soil and mineral wealth which rightly belong as much to one man as to another, is simply heart-rending. If Mr. Rhodes were not so very busy, he might reply that, had it not been for capital, no one would ever have heard of these mines. "Krantz Plaats" is the name of Mrs. and Mr. Olive Schreiner's place in South Africa. They own a dairy and consider the work of that before book writing. "To feed and clothe, to order a small plot of ground and the living things upon it, to walk simply hand-in-hand with the kindly seasons," is Olive Schreiner's idea of life. She thinks that living close to nature is a poem.

THE Duke of Wellington was one day chaffing Lord Brougham about the carriage that he had invented, and which had been called after him. "I have always hitherto lived under the impression, said the Duke, "that your lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law. But no—you will hereafter be known only as the inventor of a carriage." "And I, my Lord Duke," said Brougham, "have always been under the delusion that your grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon. But no—your grace will go down to posterity as the inventor of a pair of boots!"

Mainly About People.

A PICTURE that, from its size, drawing and color, attracts much attention at the Woman's Art Exhibit, now being held in Ottawa, is by Her Excellency Lady Minto. The subject is the Duchess of Leinster, and the painting is copied from the portrait of this beautiful woman by E. Roberts. Lady Minto paints remarkably well; so well that her work attracts much attention before the catalogue is consulted and the identity of her canvas becomes known. At the exhibit held last winter, a portrait of a former Countess of Minto and three tiny water-color sketches on the Thames were universally admired for their faithful adherence to technical lines, and for the rich and unusual skill displayed in the coloring. Her Excellency is thoroughly artistic in everything about her dress and belongings. She follows none of the fixed fashions of dress very closely, but has a style exclusively her own. The close toque is her favorite style of headgear, and she does not often wear wide spreading hats with waving plumes. Rarely is she seen without a bunch of carnations—her favorite flower—pinned on her corsage. Whatever her costume, she wears soft laces and jewels around her neck.

WHEN the Aberdeen Association sent out its double Christmas parcels containing many articles for the special needs at this season of the boys and girls of the settlers in the Northwest, it packed among them three dozen beautiful paint-boxes and paint-books, the thoughtful and appropriate gift of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, writing of Lord Lansdowne, says that the double strain of public responsibility and private anxiety (he having two sons and 13 nephews at the front) is rapidly telling on Canada's ex-Governor-General.

"He has grown greyer and thinner, and, indeed, seemed aged by many years since I saw him in the House of Lords at the end of August. And scarcely had I passed the War Secretary when I saw another and still more familiar figure. In a low-crowned soft brown hat and in a thick overcoat, I saw Mr. Balfour approaching the War Office—doubtless to have a conference with the Committee of the Cabinet, which is engaged in the administration of the war. He looked strangely bent and even hollow-chested to me; and he also was greyer. And, finally, away in Hatfield, in his desolate home, Lord Salisbury is fighting with a depressing illness, an irreparable bereavement, and all the anxieties of his supreme position." Mr. Chamberlain is apparently the only member of the Cabinet who remains jaunty and unworried through all the strain—wearing his monocle and his orchid as faultlessly as ever.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON used to say that the Bible was his best text-book on geology, and Professor Robertson, in an address to the Canadian Press Association this year, called it the greatest hand-book on agriculture. This recalls a story of a well-known English journalist, who began his career as an "all-round" man on a local paper. One day, an article on the agricultural outlook was required. The journalist protested that he knew nothing of farming. "What books have you at home?" was the sharp inquiry of the editor. "A Bible, Shakespeare and a dictionary," said the leader-writer. "What other sources of information do you want?" returned the editor, coolly. "Go ahead with the article." An "all-round leader-writer"—that is, a man who can write well or passably on any subject—finds the work, if he aims at doing it well and conscientiously, very trying and very arduous. He must be a widely-read man, especially in literature, history and politics, carrying in his memory a mass of varied, accurate and well-

assorted knowledge on these subjects, ready for use at a moment's call. He must be a man of ideas, able to look at a thing from different standpoints—a man of common sense and sound judgment, without crotchets, without conceit. He must also have a ready command of words and a facility for happy and forcible phrasing or expression, enabling him to present his thoughts in a precise and attractive literary form.

THIS calls to mind a story about the late John Bright. He once wrote a leader for the old Morning Star, of which he was part proprietor, and the policy of which he controlled. It was a very poor thing in the opinion of the editor, but, of course, it had to be published. Next day, a Conservative newspaper had a reply to the article, which began: "The great Tribune has laid aside his pen, and some miserable hireling of The Morning Star has taken it up." Mr. Bright called at the office of The Morning Star that afternoon and said good-humoredly, "I don't think leader-writing can be my forte." And yet, there has never been a leader-writer who spoke more brilliantly—not even Mr. John Morley. There is a prevalent idea that anybody can be a journalist, but that is no more true than that any intelligent being can write a leading article.

GENERAL HUTTON is one of the most pleasing of speakers. In the capacity of chairman, or at a dinner toast, he beams with good nature and happy expressions. He is, at all times, what may be called a "cheery" speaker, and has a fund of original anecdotes and incidents, which he tells in a most effective manner. When the branch of the Red Cross Society was recently organized in the ball-room of Rideau Hall, in speaking of the care to be exercised in sending what the men most needed, General Hutton described graphically the disappointments of the doctors and nurses he had witnessed in war time, when comforts and surgical supplies were needed, and, instead, two large cases with the Red Cross mark, but containing only two camp-chairs, were received.

NONE of the many obituary notices which have appeared have alluded to Lady Salisbury's great love for France and for the French nation. During many years of her early and middle married life, Lord Salisbury and his family spent all their holidays in the Chalet Cecil, a charming, unpretentious group of cottage buildings, situated on the great cliff which overhangs Dieppe on the one side, and the pretty little village of Puy on the other. When the latter place became more or less of a fashionable resort, the Chalet Cecil was sold, and Lord and Lady Salisbury migrated to the Riviera, where they bought a beautiful estate on the mountainous ground above Beaulieu, where was soon built, under Lady Salisbury's own personal supervision, the quaint edifice which became known by the old Provençal name for a castle, La Bastide. Though she enjoyed the state and splendor of Hatfield, Lady Salisbury delighted in her French home, perhaps all the more so that it would have been difficult to find a more complete contrast to the ordinary English country house. La Bastide has only two storeys; the lower one, which contains the sitting-rooms, the library, and Lord Salisbury's study, has a wide loggia running its whole length, from which are seen marvelous views of sea coast and sky, while below falls, almost perpendicularly, the cliff, studded with dwarf olive trees. While at Beaulieu, Lord and Lady Salisbury were together practically the whole day long, and they generally began their morning by taking a long walk, the Marchioness wearing a simple, serviceable gown, and one of the large black hats which lend a grace to French middle-age.

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin, Daniel Tallon, is a pleasant speaker both at a banquet and on the rostrum. At Boston, where he was hospitably entertained by Mayor Quincy, some one asked, "Dublin is the metropolis as well as the capital of Old Erin?" "It used to be, but at present New York has that honor," was Mayor Tallon's rejoinder.

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A YOUTHFUL SAM WELLER.

INQUISITIVE people sometimes find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious persons recently tared:

"Halloa, little boy" What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I alluz git there fust."

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Theatres and Entertainments

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy in securing Mr. Raffael Joseffy for a piano recital at Her Majesty's, last Thursday night, was but poorly repaid, for the audience was almost insultingly small in view of the reputation and attainments of the performer. I suppose the preoccupation of people in the festivities of Christmas, and the fact that at this time of year every dollar has a hundred and one claims upon it, must account for the poor attendance rather than any falling away of interest in high-class music. Space forbids a review of Mr. Joseffy's work. Suffice it to say that it came up to the highest expectations of local critics. One thing that was very pleasing was the



SCENE FROM HEARTS OF OAK.

pianist's modesty and lack of exaggerated mannerisms which have done so much to inflate the reputations of some inferior players who might be named.

This has been a good week for the theatres that have been open. The Christmas audiences were "bumpers" in every case. At the Academy of Music, *The Sorrows of Satan* are depicted by a strong company, that carries excellent scenery and effects. The dramatized version of Miss Corelli's work is quite as thrilling and as fascinating, if also as morbid, as the novel itself. At the Theatre Francais, the public are being treated nightly to a trip *Around the World in Eighty Days*. This play depends for its success almost wholly on scenic effects—there being little scope for finished acting. As presented at the Francais it is well-staged, and forms a pleasant change from the ordinary class of drama. Manager Phillips presents an interesting vaudeville bill this

week. At Windsor Hall, Miss Anna Eva Fay is again furnishing food for endless speculation and argument to hundreds who crowd to see the strange and interesting performances of herself and company.

CELLO.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

BY permission of Mr. Richard Mansfield, Mr. W. E. Phillips, of the Theatre Francais, will produce next week, the late New York success, *A Social Highwayman*. It was in this play that E. M. and Joseph Holland met their first success as co-stars. It was a dramatization of Elizabeth Train's story of the same name, which had been widely read, and the dramatization proved even more interesting than the novel. It was produced in Montreal at the Academy of Music a year ago and scored a great hit at that time. The story of the play has to do with a thief who masquerades in society as a prosperous club man and good fellow generally. He subsists upon the proceeds of that which he pilfers at society functions. A dozen other people are suspected of the crimes, but no one ever accuses him. One of the most dramatic episodes in the play is at a spiritualistic seance, at which a number of the people of the same social class as the highwayman are present. A clairvoyant is asked to name the thief, and, while under control, she gives a description of him which tallies with an innocent young man who happens to be present. The denouement is one of the most thrilling ever devised. The stock company will be seen at their best in this drama. They will present a production which will rival that of *The Wife, Men and Women*, and *The Charity Ball*, and each individual member will appear to advantage. New scenery and stage settings will characterize the production. The vaudeville bill will be thoroughly up to the standard.

THE New Year at Her Majesty's will open brilliantly with a special matinee performance, New Year's afternoon, of Augustus Thomas' new play, *Arizona*. This drama, by the author of *Alabama* and *In Mizoura*, comes with the enthusiastic endorsement of the critics, professional and self-constituted, of *Chicago*, in which city the play was given its premier presentation, and where it made the unparalleled record of a four months' run through the heat of summer time, to crowded houses. All students of the drama are aware of the fact that Mr. Thomas, beyond any other playwright, must be given the credit for the basic structure of the American drama—that institution of which tremendous things are hoped and expected by the judicious student of arts and letters. In *Arizona* he has chosen a workfield and material peculiar to his tastes and abilities, for Thomas is a Western man, born and bred, and writes best and brightest of those things of which he knows intimately and wholly. The scenes of *Arizona* are laid about the army post, Fort Grant, and Canby's ranch, in the Araviapa Valley. The people are a sturdy ranchman, his buxom, fiery-tempered and big-hearted wife; their pretty, tomboy daughter, Bonita; their elder daughter, who has become the wife of a colonel of cavalry, that colonel, Bonham by name; sturdy officers of his command and a number of soldiers, cowboys and Mexicans—the ordinary folk of any Arizona centre of civilization. There is a strong love story in the play and elements which are both tragic and melodramatic. But *Arizona* is not a tragedy, nor a melodrama. The strong comedy element saves it from either of these classifications. It would seem that Mr. Thomas has had a wealth of excellent colorful material to his hand, and people who have seen and admired the deftness of his work in *Alabama* and *In Mizoura* will not doubt that he has woven from the web and woof of scenes and atmosphere, an attractive dramatic fabric. The scenic investiture by Burridge and Ritter, and costuming supervised by Frederick Remington, are said to be elaborate and correct. The company engaged for the production includes many notable names, among them Eleanor Robson, Grace Henderson, Theodore Roberts, Vincent Serrano, George Nash, Adora Andrews, Edwin Holt, Mattie Earle, Edgar Selwyn, Malcolm Gunn, Jane Taylor, Stephen French, Lionel Barrymore and Sidney Ainsworth.

THE Academy of Music will have for its attraction New Year's week, commencing with special matinee New Year's Day, a type of melodrama that is altogether too uncommon in these days in *Hearts of Oak*, one of James A. Herne's earliest and best plays. *Hearts of Oak*, is a story of love and self-sacrifice, plainly yet eloquently told, and a spirit of homely heroism pervades every act. Terry Denison is a miller, living near Marblehead, Mass., about the year 1859, who, having reached middle age, and, having become prosperous, finds that he is in love with his ward, Chrystal, whom he has raised from childhood. Chrystal, however, loves Ruby Darrell, another protegee of Terry's, who, being a sailor, is away on a long cruise, and, at the opening of the play, is daily expected to return. Terry, not knowing this, tells his love to Chrystal, and asks her to become his wife, and she, rather than wound her friend and benefactor, consents to do so, even though she knows it will break the heart of her youthful lover, Ruby, as well as her own. On Ruby's

return he is made acquainted with the state of affairs by his sweetheart, and, rather than see his best friend suffer the pangs of unrequited love, he gives up all hope of marrying Crystal and goes on another long voyage. Terry and Crystal are married; a girl baby comes to bless the union and Terry's cup of happiness seems filled to overflowing. After a time Ruby returns to visit his friends, as madly in love with Crystal as ever, to find that she too has not forgotten the past. Terry accidentally overhears a conversation between the two, goes away, expecting never to return, and leaving instructions that should he not be heard from in five years, Ruby and Crystal are to become man and wife. Terry is given up as dead, a monument is erected to his memory, and Ruby and Crystal prepare to carry out his last wishes. On the very day of the ceremony, little Crystal, the child of Terry, discovers a poor old blind sailor wandering about the country churchyard. She takes him in charge—not knowing that it is her own father, for it is indeed Terry Dennison, who has come back to die amid the scenes of his childhood. In the company are E. P. Sullivan, Thomas M. Hunter, Nat Jones, James Horne, Ida Hamilton, Elsie Enneking, Marie Adair, and Margaret Cecil. A special feature of the presentation will be the singing of some good music by the Hearts of Oak quartet.

MISS FAY, while in Canada, has been much in sympathy with the heroism of the young men who have gone forth to share the responsibilities of the British Empire and uphold the flag in South Africa, and will contribute her mite to the Patriotic Fund for the soldier boys and their families by handing over to the committee the proceeds of this (Friday) evening's entertainment. On Saturday afternoon there will be a matinee for ladies only, when questions of a nature not suitable for a general audience, will be answered by Miss Fay.

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MR. WIDMER C. BLAND, of London, Ont., was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. D. L. McDougall, of Hutchison street, during the holidays.

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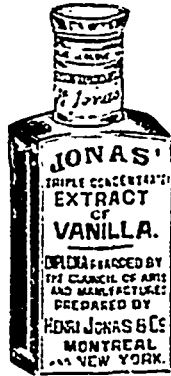
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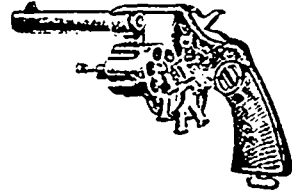
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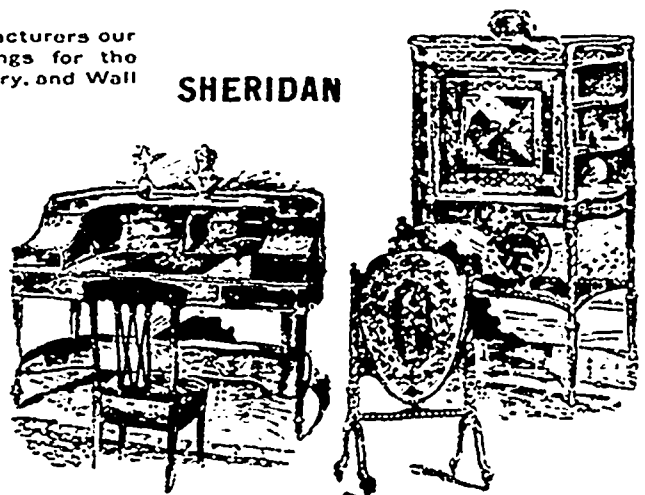
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