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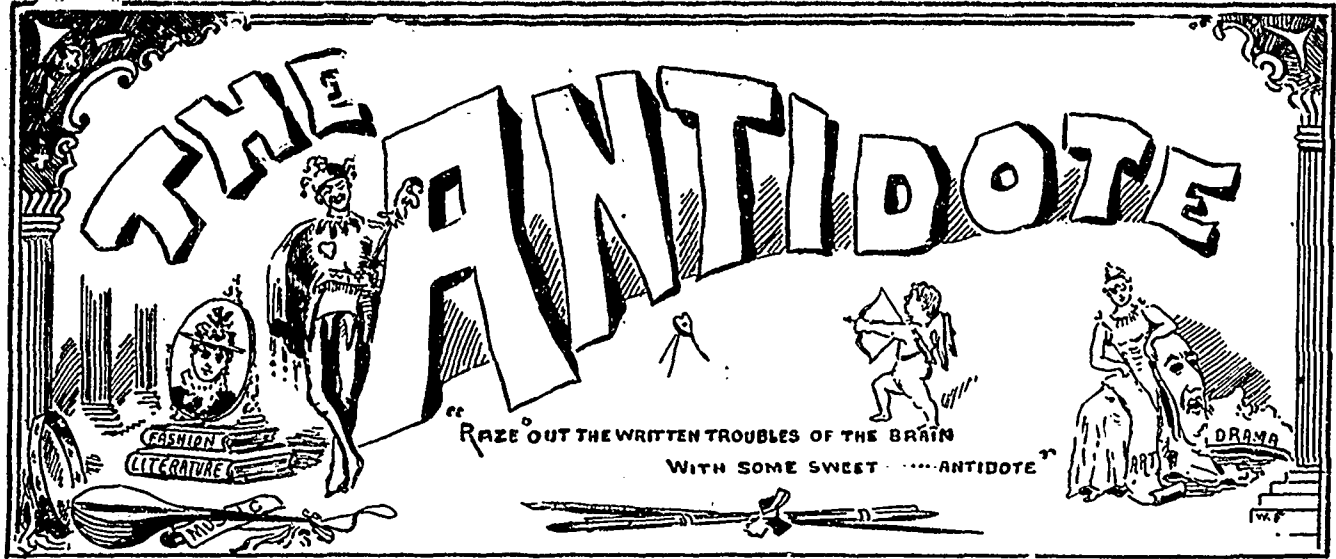
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Vol. 1. No. 20.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 29, 1892

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OUR PRIZE LIST

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 1st January, 1903, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

ADAPTATION.

Adaptation in literature has been both warmly defended, and ruthlessly condemned, by critics who have ranged themselves on the opposite sides of the controversy. The practice is neither more nor less than stealing we have heard some exclaim, which, if true, would make Shakspeare the greatest of literary thieves, for we cannot recall one of his plays which was not borrowed or adapted from some legend or novel, previously written. The dramatist altered the characters and plots to some extent, but he certainly made use of old foundations on which to erect his structures. And we maintain there is nothing unfair in this for the adaptations are not simple copies or translations of the originals, but may be likened to a different tune played upon the same instrument, by other, and may be more accomplished fingers. The old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" is still true of human passions and feelings, which are the stuff that dramas, novels and many essays are composed of, and love and mercy or hate and revenge are the notes of a large amount of literary music if we may use the simile. Could Lew Wallace have written "Ben-hur" had he never read the New Testament? If the father of Charles Dickens had been different to what he was, it is more than probable we should never have laughed over the stupendous adaptation of Wilkins Micawber. Novelists and dramatists, however great, all adapt both from reality and fiction, giving a new version to an old song, the same strain, varied

more or less, running through the melody. The love between man and woman commenced in Eden, and yet we never appear to tire of fresh adaptations of the music. The friendship of David and Jonathan is thousands of years old, but we did not seem to find it stale when repeated in George Warrington and Arthur Pendennis. A clever author seizes his ideas (or if you prefer it borrows it) and dishes it up to suit his readers, in other words adapts it, and we cannot see that he should be blamed for so doing.

Let us not be misunderstood, we draw a very deeply marked line between the adaptation we have described, and the pilfering which occasionally occurs in literature, and no condemnation can be too severe for him who publishes as original a book of travels in a country he had never seen, and the whole of which book he had copied almost literally from the real author. Likewise to take the description of scenery from guide books, ornamenting the same with illustrations from photographs and claim the credit therefor is simply contemptible. We might also name some of the predatory practices of a few play-writers and even novelists, but think we have said enough to define the difference between legitimate adaptation and literary stealing.



Music and the Drama.

As the season advances we are given an opportunity of witnessing good acting and hearing good music. The concerts given by the New York Symphony string quartette in Association Hall were of the latter class; yet this may be said with some reservation. No one will deny to Herr Brodsky an advanced technical knowledge of the violin, but he pleased us more in his quartette playing than in his solos. There is too much coldness—too little color—in his playing; even in the quartettes his violin was too loud for the second violin and viola. He wants a little reserve. We probably expected too much of Herr Brodsky because of praise bestowed on him by capable amateurs in Montreal. The playing of Jan Koert, 2nd violin, and Otto Novacek, viola, left nothing to be desired, but their instruments lacked sufficient power with the leader's strong and rather forced instrument. Anton Hekking's 'cello playing was masterly. We were glad to see that he had courage enough to give Schumann's "Traumeri" in one of his well deserved encores. Such gems cannot be heard too often. The

"Traumeri" is like "a thing of beauty," "a joy forever."

Willard's stock dramas, "Judah" and the "Middleman," drew crowded houses at the Academy of Music lately. It is evident that Mrs. Thomas does not mean to be beaten in the race for good actors—which seems to be benefitting the players of Montreal the present season.

Remeny's bow-arm has not yet lost its magic. Who can outrival him, with his weight of years, in such pieces as Mendelssohn's famous Concerts, or in some of Chopin's delicate and ethereal compositions? We are not favored with them in Montreal. We do not hear Joachim, Sarasate, Isaie. They can't spare them in Europe. Remeny's two concerts in Windsor Hall, Thursday and Friday, were thoroughly enjoyed by the genuine lovers of the "King of Instruments." More might be said, but where's the use in criticising an artist in the seventies? *Vive Remeny!*

Jules Hone of this city, the well known violinist and composer, has been elected a member of the French-Belgian-Swiss Society of Musical Composers. Mr. Hone's compositions number so far about twelve pieces, chiefly for violin and piano-forte, which apart from their musical merit, are chiefly remarkable for the ease, by means of the usual signs, with which the violin player is led along seemingly very difficult passages. Some of the best players in Montreal are or were pupils of Mr. Hone.



Wise and Otherwise.

The following advertisement appeared the other day in the Fremden-Liste, at Baireuth. "A young solid lady, knowing the German, English and French language seek a place in a family as lady society or by children. The young lady go also outland. Ask in the exp. of the stranger lists."

A correspondent vouches for the accuracy of the following: "My brethren," said a preacher, "such a man is like the captain of a crewless vessel on a shoreless sea. Happy would such a man be could he bring his men safe to land."—Tid Bits.

"I should like to know," said Eve one day. "whether you consider yourself of more importance than I am." "Well, my dear," replied Adam mildly, "I don't know as I would put it just that way, but you must admit that you are a side issue."—Washington Star.

Although of sight love backs the sense, Of this thing we are sure, That he can tell the difference 'Twixt a rich man and a poor,

NEW MUSIC.

We are favored by Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington St., W., London, England, with a collection of new music of a variety suited to the talents and tastes of all classes of musicians, instrumental and vocal. Among the vocal compositions—with piano accompaniments—are five songs by Lawrence Kellie: "Crossing the Bar" a beautiful little melody in A flat, treble time, the words by the late Poet Laureate; "My Fairest Child" a lovely slumber song with a charming accompaniment in cradle-rhythm, the words by Charles Kingsley; "Oh, Beautiful Star," perhaps the most original of this composer's contributions, a serenade with words by Oscar Wilde; "The City of Night" a more ambitious song in the flat keys of F and A, with organ or harmonium accompaniment (ad libitum), the words by Mowbray Marras; and the fifth song, entitled "I had a Flower" a simple pleasing melody in D flat, the words of which are said to be anonymous, but we have some recollection of hearing them in former years to a melody very popular at one time in the United States with the refrain, "They stole, they stole my child away."—"Time's Gift" is a charming light melody, triple measure, in A minor, by J. M. Capel, with words by Clifton Bingham. By the same composer we have "That Victor Love" in natural major key, simple and effective with words also by Clifton Bingham. Mr. Capel's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" is a most effective and charming little melody with pleasing allegorical words by Eugene Field, which cannot fail to have a permanent hold as a drawing-room or light concert song. By the same composer we have "Fanchette (graceful dance)" for the piano, in andante movement, in a light and airy style and within the range of the veriest amateur. Among the collection are two songs by Edward M. Chesham, "A Fickle Pair" and "The Boys of Limerick Town;" the latter though original and quite characteristic, compares favorably with the recent rollicking compositions of the "Ballyhooly" class, and is sure to have an equal degree of popularity, the former is like wise in a comic strain and cannot fail to be welcomed by people who enjoyed humor as well as sentiment in their music. "Beyond Compere" is a beautiful song, the music by Theresa Bency, the words by Hartley Coleridge. And here let us remark that the latter day tendency of song-writers, to choose their words from the writings of distinguished authors, is highly commendable.—"Why I Know" by the same lady, is a graceful little melody in common time, E flat, with words by Eugene Field. Mary Carmichael has gone further afield for a theme. "Age" from Boyce's *Annecron* with the words by the poet Cowley is the title of a very effect-

ive song which has received no little favor in English drawing-rooms of late and has been sung, we perceive, by Mr. Norman Salmond, which alone is quite sufficient to stamp it as a work of no ordinary merit. "With Early Horn" is an old song by the same composer, the words by John Ernest Galliard, written about one hundred and fifty years ago, which was at one time very popular in England. The movement is very suggestive of the chase and one can almost fancy he hears the "View Halloo" of the huntsman and the cheerful musical echoes of this popular sport. A song by Percy Gouffrey, "Katie's Answer," with the words by C. H. Thayer, is a pleasing little pastoral in the dialect of "Killarney" with a very pretty turn of sentiment at the close. "Till Thy Heart is Won" by the same composer is an Eastern love song with beautiful dreamy music and words, the latter by Arthur Chapman, and quite characteristic of the clime to which it refers. To say that "To be My Love" is from the pen of Tito Mattei with words by W. Toynbee is quite a sufficient recommendation for the lovely song of that name. "A Thousandfold" is the name of a pretty song in 12-8 measure by Clement Lockman, the words by Maud Blackett, and it is needless to say that it breathes the sentiment of love throughout. "The Light of Memory," music by Scuderi and the words by Clifton Bingham, is a dreamy pathetic melody with a simple and effective accompaniment. "My First, My Last" with music by Charles Deacon and words also by Arthur Chapman, is a pleasant little melody, with an accompaniment within the capabilities of young amateurs. "Love Lives On," the music by Sebastian C. Schlesinger, the words by Ellis Walton, is a composition of a somewhat higher class and can hardly fail to have a permanent place in musical collections.

(To be continued in our next.)



A Sprinkle of Spice.

"Her face is her fortune"—true,
But I've sold so many sonnets
On her eyes and cheeks and bonnets,
I think it's my fortune too!"

—Town Topics.

Mr. Plummer—I just found my hat on the refrigerator. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I will find it next?

Mrs. Plummer—Probably on your head, dear. And Mrs. Plummer smiled sweetly as Mr. Plummer slammed the door and rushed down-stairs.—Judge.

"Do you know Mrs. Everready?"

"Yes, the woman who is such a friend to the heathen."

"Well, she has taken up the temperance fad, and won't even let her corsets get tight."—Truth.

The Agency for Folls.

(Translated from the French.)

There are, as everybody knows, so very few homely women in this country, says the editor of "Romance," to whom we are indebted for the translation, that the following story would hardly flourish here:—

I.

I was astonished, yesterday, when I heard of an industry which a man named Durandau has had the ingenuity to start. It is founded upon the idea of making money out of ugliness.

You undoubtedly have sometimes met women walking, two and two, upon the larger avenues. They saunter along, stopping to look into the shop-windows, trailing their gowns in a graceful and engaging fashion. They walk arm-in-arm, like intimate friends, speaking frequently to each other in an affectionate manner; they are nearly of the same age and are clothed with equal elegance; but always one is possessed of faultless beauty, while the other is atrociously ugly—an ugliness which irritates, which holds the gaze, which compels the passer-by to make comparison between the two. Confess that, occasionally, you have followed the two women. The ugly one, alone upon the avenue, you would have fled from; the young woman with a merely pretty face, you would have passed indifferently. But as it is, the ugliness of the one has enhanced the beauty of the other.

The monster, the young woman atrociously ugly, belongs to Durandau's Agency. She takes the part of a Foil—a Contrast—a Set-off.

The wonderful Durandau has hired out this ugly one, in consideration of five francs per hour.

II.

Here is the history of the institution: Durandau is an eccentric and inventive manufacturer, rich into the millions. For many years he sighed whenever the thought came to him that no one had ever been able to utilize the ugliness of women.

One day, he was suddenly struck by an inspiration. He was strolling down the Boulevard, when he saw, walking in front of him, two young women, one beautiful, the other ugly; and as he looked at them, he comprehended that the ugly woman acted as a foil, by which means the pretty woman was made to appear beautiful.

"It is just and logical," he said to himself, "that as a beautiful woman buys ribbons, rice-powder, and false hair, with which to beautify herself, she has the right to buy ugliness as she would an ornament which pleased her."

Durandau returned home to think over the matter at his ease. The commercial operation which he contemplated would, necessarily, have to be conducted with

great delicacy. He did not wish to launch out, at a venture, on an enterprise which would be entirely agreeable, if successful, but ridiculous, if a failure. He passed the entire night in making calculations and in reading the philosophers who have written the best things about the weaknesses of men and the vanity of women. At dawn, he had decided. The philosophers had told him so much of the foibles of humanity that he already counted, in his thoughts, a numerous clientele

III.

I wish that I were competent to write an epic on Durandean's Agency. It would be an epic, burlesque yet sad—full of tears, yet sparkling with laughter.

Durandean had more trouble than he had anticipated, in forming his bureau. Wishing to begin at once, he contented himself at first with simply pasting on the trees, along the avenues and in the narrow streets, small posters upon which were these words:

WANTED

Ugly Women—To do easy and lucrative work!

He waited patiently for eight days, and not an ugly girl presented herself. There came to him five or six pretty girls who sobbingly asked for work; they were starving; they thought to save themselves by work. Durandean, very much embarrassed, told them that they were too pretty; but they insisted that they were ugly, that it was pure gallantry and perversity on his part to say that they were pretty.

Then Durandean comprehended that only good-looking girls have the courage to confess an imaginary ugliness. As for ugly girls, they never seem to realize that they differ from those around them. Advertise anywhere you will, offer ten francs to every ugly girl who presents herself, and you will not impoverish yourself.

Durandean called in his posters. He engaged a half-dozen brokers and sent them into the city in quest of the ugliest girls they could find. There was a general recruitment of the ugliness of Paris. The brokers, men of taste and of tact, first acquainted themselves with the character and position of each ugly girl whom they found; speaking brusquely when the girl had to be urged with promises of high wages—with more delicacy when talking with a girl at the point of starvation.

In the quest for poor and ugly girls, who weep before their mirrors, the brokers had many memorable encounters.

Each morning, Durandean received and inspected the collection. When the ugliness was unmistakable, when the face was stupid and heavy, Durandean would compliment the brokers. But he mistrusted the original ugliness; he thought that the girls, sometimes, only appeared ugly.



TOILET-COUNTER REPARTEE.

MRS. NEWBICH.—“Young man, have you any scents?”
 MR. FRESH (somewhat surp i-ed)—“I believe, madame, that I have the usual amount of gumption.”
 MRS. N. (stiffly)—“Sir, I do not understand you.”
 MR. F. (getting in another)—“True; I believe you did enquire for sense.”
 MRS. N.—“At any rate you will never have enough cents to become rich.”
 MR. F.—“Though poor, I shall be happier since I shall not be so dollarous.”

IV.

One day when the Agency was definitely established, he sent out the following Prospectus:

Agency for Providing Foils.

L. Durandean.

18, Rue M. . . .

Office open from 10 o'clock a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.

Madame, I have the honor to inform you that I have founded an Agency which will render the greatest service to ladies, inasmuch as it will tend to improve and retain their beauty; I have invented a method, the use of which ought to heighten with great effect, the graces accorded by nature. Until to-day, the adjuncts of beauty have been accessories of the toilet. One sees laces, ribbons and jewels; one knows that there is false hair, and that the deep color of the lips and the delicate rose on the cheeks are made by artistic touches.

I wished to solve the problem, seemingly unsolvable, of how to embellish or heighten beauty, leaving the world ignorant of the secret of the new grace. Without adding a ribbon, without touching the face, it was necessary to find an infallible means of attracting attention. I flatter myself that I have solved the apparently hopeless problem.

To-day, every lady who will honor me with her confidence will obtain, for a certain price, the admiration of every one. My article of toilet is of extreme simplicity and of certain effect. I need only to describe it, Madame, for you to immediately comprehend its use.

Have you ever seen a beggar-girl standing near a woman clad in silks and laces, who gave alms to her from her gloved hand? Have you ever noticed how the silk shone, as it touched the fluttering rags, how all the rich clothing took on an added luster beside that misery?

Madame, I offer to beautiful women the finest collection of ugly faces which can be found anywhere. Tattered garments make new gowns appear richer and more elegant; my ugly faces will make pretty women appear beautiful. All this is accomplished by a simple foil whom one takes by the arm and with whom one promenades the avenues.

Will you, Madame, honor me with your patronage? You will find at my Agency foils the ugliest and the most varied. You can choose, according to your beauty, the kind of ugliness which enhances it.

Rates: One hour, five francs; an entire day, fifty francs.

Will you accept, Madame, the assurance of my warmest regards?

Durandean.

V.

The success of Durandean's scheme was immense. From the first day, the Agency flourished; the office was filled with ladies, who chose, each one, a foil and carried her away with joy. One knows not with what delight a pretty woman takes an ugly one by the arm. She revels in her own beauty and rejoices in the ugliness of the other. Little by little, the patronage became regular; each foil had her employer. Durandean rejoiced in the



INCORRIGIBLE INDEED.

'Put you see I can rudding do mit ze fraulein. Ach! rader would I lead von Sherman pand on der strasse as one more lesson teach her.'

thought that he had created a new industry in the interests of humanity.

I know not whether one could render a good account of the feelings of those who play the part of foils. If there are days in which they laugh, there are also nights in which they weep.

The Foil is ugly; she is a slave. On the other hand, she is well-clothed; she gives her arm, oftentimes, to celebrities; is seen riding in carriages; eats at renowned restaurants; passes evenings at the theatre or opera. All day long she must be gay. At night, she raves and sobs and groans. She has left her beautiful costume at the Agency where it belongs. She is alone in her attic, looking into a piece of cracked mirror which tells her nothing but the truth. Her ugliness is there, all unadorned, and she feels that she is too

ugly ever to be loved. Picture to yourself her grief, even while she smiles and talks with her companion. The beautiful woman takes a wicked pleasure in pretending friendship before the world, but treats her Foil like a servant, in private. But of what account is a soul that suffers! Humanity marches on! Durandean will be the benefactor of future ages because he has invented an industry never before known.

A man who lives fast can not expect that enjoyment will keep up with him.

The man of sportive mind no more,
As in the days of old,
Will figure out the base-ball score
While his dianer groweth cold.

—Detroit Tribune.

Smiles.

I wonder why Lightly spends all his time at the gymnasium lately?

Slasher—There is a new girl expected in town and he is preparing to fall head over heels in love, and wants to do it gracefully.

Miss Prude—Oh, Mr. Dude, I'm just from the manicures and you don't know how nice my hands feel.

Dude—No; but give them to me and I'll find out.

Dr. Squyless—Why don't you order that Mrs. Faylings to go to California? She could afford to go.

Dr. Pylles—Yes; but I couldn't afford to let her go.—Life.

the aged poet had preferred a page of Isaiah, or the 15th chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

• • • • •

ZERO.

—•—•—•—
 THAT TELEPHONE GIRL.
 In Two Acts.

First.

How sweetly sounds that tender voice
 Hellowing through the 'phone;
 The number called in accents choice
 Bespeak sweet beauty's tone.

Second.

With disappointment how I rage,
 That sweet-faced girl I've seen,
 Her face is yellow, and her age
 Is ten times seventeen.

—Pick-me-up.

Cooking Beefsteaks.

A brisk, richly dressed lady entered a large up-town meat market the other day and asked for a round steak an inch and a half thick. Having proved it to be to her satisfaction, she gave her name and address and left the store.

Now a round steak is the most economical and the most epicurean of steaks. No other cut approaches it in flavor and while in a sirloin steak weighing four pounds nearly one-half is bone or fat, or inferior meat, every atom of a round steak of that weight is available. In the round the best cut is midway between the chuck and the shank, about where the leg is the thickest.

A clear and hot fire, a slightly greased gridiron or frying-pan, an evenly cut steak, a hot dish, hot plates and instant consumption—there you have the whole law and gospel of cooking a beef-steak. Use no fat except that which is on the meat. In turning it stick the fork into the outer rim of fat, never into the meat. Transfer to a hot dish containing butter, pepper and salt, and if there is any waiting to be done let your guests wait for the steak, but never treat a good piece of meat so shabbily as to let it do the waiting.

The difference between the price of a sirloin and a round steak will provide mushrooms for this king of dishes. Cook a beefsteak as described above, lay on a hot dish and pour over it mushrooms that have been fried meantime in a little butter.

There need never be any sameness about a beefsteak if a little trouble is taken to vary the manner of garnishing or serving it. Garnish a rare, juicy beefsteak with broiled sausages. Fried tomatoes or fried cucumbers served on the same platter with the steak are a very nice accompaniment.

Fried bananas served on a separate dish are nice with broiled steak. Boil enough macaroni to make a border round the quantity of steak you are going to cook. Drain it, season with butter, pepper, salt, and Parmesan cheese, and lay the steak in the centre.



About this season the screech owl hides its head under its wing and leaves the night to the student and other nocturnal saunterers among whom honors are divided.

Huigho! They're back again. The city fathers I'm an' back again from the Windy City. Several of them were seen weighted down with bag loads of ideas trying to find their way to the City Hall, lost among the forest of poles which have sprung up in their absence.

But—begone dull care! What's this I see, "Dissensions in a Montreal church!"

Dear me, how dreadfully shocking! That sweet little white-robed choir-boy again! It seems that last Sunday morning the youthful curate of St. —'s, famous, by the way, for its efficient choir, in the exuberance of his youth, addressed a few pointed remarks from the pulpit to that angelic body, and to certain members of the congregation, whereat whom the cap fitted squirmed.

I don't know why, but they did. Then, in the evening the worthy rector "got in his left," so to speak, and the victims squirmed some more. What was it all about? Well, you see, it was in this wise—that is—it seems somehow that certain members of the congregation were mixed up in it (the indictment, not the choir) and their spiritual pastors told them that they really shouldn't, you know—that it was very wrong—irreverent and all that kind of thing, and such conduct was most objectionable.

Nobody seems to know exactly what is wrong, but people are asking why the rules and regulations laid down by Mrs. Grundy, relative to the washing of dirty linen, should not have been applied in this case. Surely private remonstrance with the culprits would have been quite as effective and infinitely less painful to all concerned.

Choisters complain that the preacher's remarks were based on erroneous impression and that, perhaps, the reverend gentleman will see his way to withdraw some of the odium so liberally applied. We shall see.

Speaking of churches reminds me of a "dreadfully funny" incident which occurred in a St. Catherine street church,



A SIREN OF SHERBROOKE STREET.

Our Artist wants the receipt for keeping one of them.

the other evening. The weeknight evening service was over, the congregation had gone and a prominent pillar was just leaving when he espied a youth, whose crab-like movements indicated an early dinner, enter the church door and proceed to stumble up the gallery stairs. After him went the pillar. "Here, you sir, where are you going?" he demanded.

"Ah!" replied the gilded youth, "thash alri' ole' fellersh.—I'm alri'—hic—gods ish good 'nough for me—leggo my coat—hic—wantsh check? Hereyar! hic." This was dreadful! The churchman shuddered to think that this misguided youth had mistaken the church for the Academy and with many solemn warnings ejected the youth from the sacred precincts.

A clergyman, whose name by some eighteenth century error does not contain an apostrophe, had a fling at poor Tennyson from the pulpit the other day, because the dying poet passed into the Unknown with the moonbeams shining on his aged locks, and his hand resting on a copy of Shakespeare (open at the dirge in Cymbeline)—a death-bed scene which the worthy preacher deemed less Christian than heathen. Probably the light from luminaries made by human hands would have been deemed more in order. Surely the light of the heavenly orbs is not less sacred, though we do give them heathen names. But we should all have wished



From LONDON QUEEN.

Potatoes cut in little balls with a vegetable cutter and fried in hot fat. Pile them in little heaps, and alternate with a slice of curly fried bacon for each guest. The plainest steak is improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter rubbed with as much chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. It is only when you combine these two greatest delicacies of the market basket that you reach the acme of science and epicureanism in the matter of beefsteak. Cook your steak on a gridiron or broil it on a hot pan. Let it be porterhouse or sirloin, if you have not yet been educated up to the virtues of a round steak, but have it rare, and follow all the directions regarding heat. Meantime drain four large oysters for each guest. One minute before your steak is to be done lay these, with a tablespoonful of butter for a dozen and a half oysters, in a hissing hot frying-pan. The moment their beads begin to open your steak must be dished and ready to receive the contents of this frying-pan, which you will proceed to pour over it.

Veal omelet affords a nice way of disposing of cold veal. Make an omelet mixture of four eggs, half a cup of milk, and a pinch of salt. When half done stir in carefully one cup of finely minced veal and a handful of bread crumbs which have been soaked in milk. Also moisten the meat by

stirring it in a stewpan with a little melted butter. Fold the omelet and serve hot. If there is cold ham in the larder, a few shavings minced with the veal gives the dish an added flavor.

Coffee Cakes.—One cupful of mollasses, one cupful coffee, one cupful butter, one egg, one spoonful soda and one cupful seeded raisins. Nutmeg or cinnamon to flavor. Flour to roll about one inch thick. Cut in round cakes, sprinkle thickly with sugar, and bake slowly.

FASHIONS.

As winter approaches, furs and cloaks rise up in the female mind. A long coat reaching to the edge of the skirt and double breasted promises to be fashionable. It has a broad fur collarette with cuffs somewhat resembling gauntlets.

For Furs, Mink is likely to come into vogue this winter, and of course sealskin will still reign supreme, and will be worn in capes having rolled collars and full pleated backs, to which may be added a monks hood line with satin. For driving, carriage cloaks with large muffs all made of the darkest and sleekest Russian Sable will be both luxurious and useful. The muffs by the bye for the coming season will be, it is said, very large being

about the size and shape of a "busby."

Our illustrations represent:

No. 1. The Pognette Jacket, in shot red and black plush, suitable for slight figure. Side trimming of jet, finishing with jet fringe. The full revers fall into vandykes on the bust. Edging of black Thibet lamb. Gold felt hat bound with black, and trimmed with black velvet, black tips, and gilt buckle.

No. 2. The Chicot Jacket, in the Russian style. Black rep cloth, with two box-pleats falling from the belt behind. Loose fronts with velvet revers, and velvet blouse with belt and braided box-pleat. Silk cord girdle and ornaments. Hat in sage-green velvet, trimmed with green tips, cream lace, and chrysolite buckle.

No. 3. The Victoria Cloak, for matronly figure. Yoke and sleeves edged with black fox. Full back. Sleeves and lower part of mantle richly embroidered in cord and jet. Bonnet of violet velvet, with crystal buckle, black ostrich feathers, and osprey.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"Donnerwetter, what a sight you are."

"Just as I was leaving the house to come to the club my wife pelted me with flowers."

"But that doesn't account for your bruised and battered appearance."

"You see she forgot to take them out of the pots!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

A FAMOUS RIDE.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER II.

When Nellie Tucker opened her eyes it was close upon nine o'clock, and springing out of bed she dressed herself in haste and proceeded downstairs. Old Tucker was smoking his morning pipe in the bar, but there was no one else about. He nodded to his daughter with some commonplace remark about her being late, to which she replied she had overslept herself, and asked whether the three guests of the previous night had breakfasted yet.

"King and Norris rode off towards Brisbane an hour ago," rejoined Tucker, "and Mr. Dunham has just gone to the bank."

Now as Brisbane lies to the North East of Orange, and Eulalong about due West, it was evident to Nellie that either her father had been deceived or was deceiving her. She hoped the former, and enquired carelessly if Mr. Dunham were coming back before starting for his home.

"Yes, he said he would look in again for a moment," was the answer.

"I want to see him very particular," said Nellie.

"What for?" demanded Tucker quickly.

Nellie gave a toss of her head in reply as she did not feel certain how far she could trust her father. On the latter's repeating his question with an oath, however, she looked at him with those great black eyes of hers and said with a laugh, "Oh I want to ask him how much he won last night, and to tell him not to follow the Brisbane road to Eulalong."

"Brisbane road to Eulalong!" cried out Tucker. "What balderdash are you talking Nellie?"

"He knows nothing" thought the girl with a sort of relief, adding aloud "Look here father, those beauties, Jake King and Bill Norris have planned to rob, and I fear murder, Mr. Dunham at Lonely Creek to-night, and I mean to spoil their game."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Tucker.

"It ain't no nonsense at all," replied the girl, and she related the conversation she had overheard before daybreak.

"Get your breakfast," said Tucker when she had finished her recital, "and I'll go and find Mr. Dunham. I shall not be long."

Nellie eat her meal and waited. Ten o'clock came without any sign of either her father or Bob Dunham. She began to grow anxious, until at eleven she could wait no longer, but putting on her hat went into the street. Again the painful suspicion that her father might be in the plot crossed her mind, and kept her from making enquiries, so she loitered about for an hour or so, when she learned that Tucker had been knocked down and run over by a wagon, and was then lying at

Dr. Townsend's house. She proceeded there immediately and found her father badly shaken, as well as having also a compound fracture of the leg. The moment he saw Nellie, Tucker beckoned to her and whispered that Dunham had changed his mind about returning to their house and had started off straight for his home at ten o'clock that morning. Nellie gave a gasp, went deadly pale, and turning to the doctor, asked in an excited manner whether for the love of God, the latter would attend to her father for a couple of days, as she had to make a sudden journey. The doctor promised, as indeed it was better that Tucker should not be moved for eight and forty hours at least, and stooping over her father Nellie murmured a few hurried words and dashed out of the house. Running home she ordered their groom to saddle her horse Melbourne, and flew up to her room, where she quickly donned her riding habit, into the belt of which she thrust a revolver, as coolly as most ladies would have done a ball of knitting wool, and going to the kitchen made herself a package of sandwiches. It was one o'clock when she mounted, and consequently she was three hours behind Dunham, while King and Norris had five hours start, but Nellie conjectured that a ride of eighty odd miles the others would not push their horses as she was going to push Melbourne, and that she might overtake Bob before he reached Lonely Creek. At any rate it was her only chance of checkmating King and Norris in their nefarious scheme, and having carefully examined the saddle and trappings of her horse, she sprang into her seat and rode away.

Melbourne was a beautiful specimen of a really good Australian horse; over sixteen hands, but so well proportioned that he deceived you as to his height until you stood close beside him. He was a dark bay with black points, and his sloping shoulders, coupled with his powerful, but not heavy, quarters, clearly denoted speed, while his breadth of chest and depth of girth bespoke good staying qualities. He had only one spot of white—a star—on his forehead midway between the round honest eyes, that reflected the big true spirit within him, and though his head was perhaps a trifle too large, it was well set on to a long handsome neck, and altogether Nellie had every reason to be proud of the beast she owned that June five years ago. Perfect harmony existed between the two, and a light snaffle bit was what Nellie always used with Melbourne, but it was quite sufficient, indeed she could almost guide and control the horse by her voice alone, and would talk to him continually, making a companion of him, a mark of favor fully appreciated by her equine friend.

Nellie rode quietly out of the town, but

no sooner had they left the streets behind them, than stroking her steed's neck she exclaimed "Now Melbourne old 'oss (I have remarked already that she was not refined in those days) "we've the biggest race ever rode afore us, but we must win it, so off you go."

Melbourne bounded forward in response to the call and began that ride which has made him famous. Sixteen miles within the hour was nothing particularly wonderful for a horse of Melbourne's capacity, but to keep up that average for five hours was a feat that spread his name throughout the entire country, especially when there were considerable portions of the journey over which, owing to the nature of the ground or density of the bush, he could only proceed slowly. It was these portions that Nellie, with the wisdom of an experienced horsewoman, utilized as breathing spaces, for she was well aware that, in the long ride she was taking, she must give Melbourne as much as possible, and not run the risk of pumping him out in half the distance. Still she was determined the horse should do his very best, and though she never forced him to racing speed—until the goal was nearly reached—there were long stretches of good level ground over which she let him go at a fine swinging gallop, that put mile after mile behind them, at under the three minutes for each.

There is not much variety in an Australian landscape, one gum tree is very similar to another, and there is a dearth, —I might almost say an absence—of human life which gives a loneliness to the scene, depressing and even melancholy in its effect. Nellie's thoughts however did not dwell upon such matters, and as she felt Melbourne beneath her flying along in his easy thoroughbred stride, a gentle breeze fanning her flushed cheek, an unconscious exhilaration stole over her, and the doubts she had started with seemed to vanish away, for nothing braces up one's nerves like action.

"I believe we shall do it old chap," she cried out to her horse. "You are in tip top condition, and bar accidents must win, and oh Melbourne darling it's a race for a life, so you will do your best won't you?"

Do you suppose the horse did not understand her? I should be sorry to have such a poor opinion of the noble beast whom Nellie had always treated as a friend, and now he was going to prove himself such both in need and in deed. As she spoke to him, you could see the answering look in his steady clear eyes, and Nellie could feel how he strove to show his willingness to make greater efforts, which however she quietly checked.

"Eighty miles is not only once round the course," she said slightly tightening the reins.

Nevertheless the first twenty miles were covered in fifty-four minutes, and the brave horse held on with undiminished speed, until some uneven ground caused Nellie to pull up into a slow canter.

"Get your wind old fellow, for you will want it all before we are through," she snid as she slackened pace, and when after a few miles they again reached some good turf, away they went again.

It was a solitary ride for a girl even as roughly brought up as Nellie had been, but she never flinched or hesitated. Now and then a dingo would scamper across their path, and once or twice a kangaroo, but for the most part they were entirely alone, and it would have been a bad look-out had any accident happened to Melbourne. But he was a clever horse, cleverly ridden, and she pulled up at the Kyber stock farm at half past four in the afternoon, having accomplished fifty-five miles in exact'y three hours and a half, glorious going you will admit. It was still twenty-five miles to Lonely Creek, but she resolved upon giving Melbourne a bit of a rest, a light feed, and a rub down, while she herself eat her sandwiches and swallowed a draught of milk.

The owner of the farm, Richard Stokes, had been sweet on Nellie at one time, and although refused bore her no ill will. He called one of his men to unsaddle and groom Melbourne, asking Nellie into the house. But Nellie declined the invitation, saying she must be off again directly. She examined her horse carefully and was delighted to see him plunge his nose into the corn mash with an appetite that denoted no exhaustion. She told the man to rinse Melbourne's mouth out, and begged a bottle of good ale from Stokes, which liquor she poured down her steed's throat, observing with a laugh that she had not read Turpin's Ride to York for nothing.

"Has Mr. Dunham passed this way lately, Dick?" she asked of Stokes as her saddle was being replaced on Melbourne.

"Yes, he left a quarter of an hour before you came up," was the reply. "He borrowed a fresh horse as he said he wanted to reach home before nightfall."

"Anyone else gone by to-day?" questioned Nellie quickly.

"Two strangers about an hour previously."

Nellie was in her saddle in a moment, and with scarcely a word of farewell to Stokes, who stared stupidly after her, she dashed off towards Lonely Creek.

"Oh Melbourne," she cried between her set teeth, "you'll have to go as you have never gone yet. Don't think me cruel darling, but I can't—can't help it."

Yes; she broke into a sob, for that wild uneducated girl loved her horse dearly, and yet it was terrible to think she might be beaten and lose the race—the race for a life! But she would not lose it, if it

was within the powers of the best piece of horseflesh in New South Wales to win it. Melbourne gave a snort of defiance as he rushed forward, no longer checked in his slashing thoroughbred gallop. Was it the beer that had roused him to the utmost, think you? No, it was rather his big courageous heart that, beating in unison with that of his mistress, urged him to show what he could do at his best. Cruel? The gallant beast knew better, knew that when he was called upon, the emergency must be great, and that he was not going to be called upon in vain.

"Good horse, good horse!" exclaimed Nellie with tears, aye tears, upon her cheeks, in spite of which I do not think two braver spirits ever travelled that road than she and Melbourne.

Fortunately there were no obstacles to stop them between Kyber farm and Lonely Creek the ground being good pasture land with no stones or bush to signify, and Melbourne tore away without let or hindrance. The sun was at the horizon and it was a little over an hour after quitting Kyber farm that Lonely Creek or rather the hillock on the East side of it rose up before Nellie's straining eyes. The goal was in sight, and looking again she described a single horseman, who must be Bob Dunham, almost turning round the corner leading to the Creek. Nellie's heart gave a great thump and she shouted out, but the wind was blowing towards her, and the horseman did not hear.

Just then Melbourne showed signs that the pace and distance had begun to tell, he made a half stumble, but recovered himself directly and continued his career.

"Only another minute Melbourne," cried Nellie, her face blanching while she loosened the revolver in her belt. "Don't give in on the post old boy."

Give in! The horse was game till he dropped, and had not reached that point yet, though he could not have gone much farther. Nevertheless he carried his mistress far enough to win the race, for as he rounded the hillock into Lonely Creek and was pulled up trembling and panting, there stood Bob Dunham on his horse covered by the pistols of Jake King and Bill Norris a few paces to the right, both also on horseback. A flash and a report and Jake's horse reared straight up and fell backwards over his rider; Bill Norris started, his pistol going off harmlessly in the air, and then followed another report, when he reeled in his saddle and dropped.

"Saved!" shrieked Nellie springing from her horse and throwing her arms round his neck. "Melbourne, you beauty, you have won the biggest race that ever was run."

There is not much more to tell; Bob had an odd sensation in his throat as he recognized how and by whom he had been

rescued. Suffice to say his life was changed from that hour, and after sending Nellie to a finishing school, in the city from which her horse took his name, for two years, he married her, never, as far as I know, having repented his bargain. For the rest, old Tucker died from his accident before his daughter went away. Neither Jake King nor Bill Norris were killed, though they both had a narrow escape, and have not troubled this part of the country since.

"By George!" exclaimed Grimes when Datchit had finished, "you are right; Dunham could not have done otherwise than make that plucky girl his wife."

"No," replied Datchit smiling. "Do you recollect how Macaulay concluded his poem of Horatius Cocles in his 'Lays of Ancient Rome'? Well, Mr. and Mrs. Dunham are a highly proper and respectable couple, but round many a bush fire 'still is the story told' how Nellie Tucker saved Bob Dunham's life by her famous ride on her thoroughbred horse Melbourne, 'in the brave days of old.'"

The end.

An Alligator Story.

The following story from Eustis, Florida, is vouched for by the Jacksonville "Times-Union": The old legend that "there is nothing new under the sun" was obliterated last Monday by old Uncle Caesar Boggs on the Ocklawaha flats near Buzzard Roost. Uncle Caesar was standing with his old flint-lock musket in his hand near an old-fashioned rail fence, when all at once he heard a terrible rattling and yelping up in the woods near the saw grass, and looking up he saw old Snip, his favorite bench-legged lice dog, making the leaves fly like a whirlwind, and immediately in front of him a swamp rabbit was flying. The rabbit shot through the fence like an arrow, the same instant the little dog darted through the same hole in the fence and all was quiet. Uncle Caesar says that he ran to the spot and saw a huge alligator lying with his mouth open, into which both the rabbit and the dog had run, perhaps thinking it a hole in a log. He at once sent a bullet into the right eye of the 'gator who whirled over on his back, when Uncle Caesar pulled out his old praning knife and made a long and deep incision in the stomach of the 'gator, when, to his astonishment, the rabbit and dog both jumped out and flew down toward the water closely pursued by Snip. He has never seen Snip or the rabbit since.

"It's a funny thing Jones, that we never speak of our poor relations behind their backs." "We don't have to. The poor are always with us."—Pack.

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CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, BRANCH MANAGER

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager
 D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.