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MONTREAL LIFE.



MRS. NAGLEIGH.—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me.
MR. NAGLEIGH.—I made the mistake all right, but I'm not satisfied.

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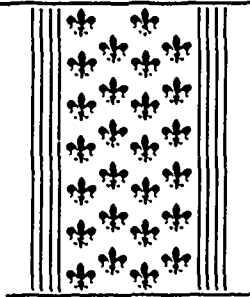
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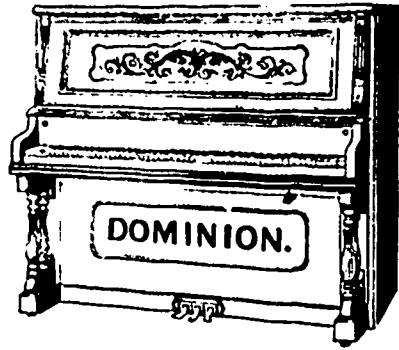
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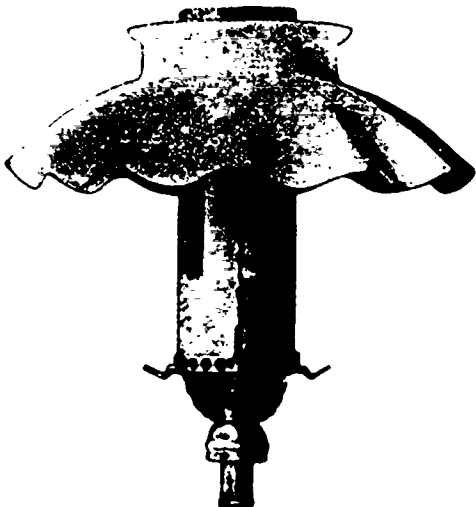
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MONTREAL LIFE.

Vol. IX. No. 5.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents.

AT THE LAST MATCH.

"AREN'T you afraid your son will get his brains knocked out, playing football?"

"Oh, no, judging from his appearance on the field he always leaves them at home."

A MODEL CREATURE.

HE never loved and lost,
He never sighed in vain
To stand on heights that only those
The gods loved may attain.

He envied not the rich,
Nor coveted their gold;
His bottle lay beside him—he
Was only two weeks old!

THE SELFISH BRUTE.

"HOW do you like living at Lachine?"
"Ah, it's a great thing financially. Our servant has given notice, and the lady who lives next door says we'll never be able to get another to go out there for the winter. So I am counting on just \$70 extra for cigars and things between now and spring."

ROYAL PASTIMES.

IT IS rather odd, but it is nevertheless true, that the King of Greece is an expert dairy farmer and finds his best amusement in making butter. We suppose that on the same principle his neighbor, the Sultan, must be addicted to poultry-raising.

UNANSWERABLE.

JACK.—Congratulations old man, I hear you are to be married.

TOM.—Who said so? I'm not going to be married.

"But everybody knows you're engaged to Ethel de Browne-Browne.

She says so herself."

"Yes, that's the best evidence that it's not true."

GOOD FOR THE DOCTORS.

"DEAD men tell no tales."
"If they did we doctors would be ruined."

HIS LOAD.

"DOES the sense of responsibility ever weigh on you?" asked the bore. "Do you ever pause to think that at your hands lies the entertainment of thousands?"

"Well," said the comedian, "I know that in the drunken scene I am assuming a great load."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"IT looks like rain to-day," said the maid, as the milkman poured out the daily allowance of lacteal fluid.

"Now, look a-here ma'am," exclaimed the irascible vendor of deceptive decoctions, "that's the sixteenth time I've heard the same remark within an hour, and I want it distinctly understood that this milk is the genuine article."



MRS. NABORLY.—So your name is the same as your papa's, Harry?

HARRY.—Yes'm.

MRS. NABORLY.—How do you know when your mamma calls who she means?

HARRY.—Oh, she always calls me kind of coaxing.

WHERE HANDKERCHIEFS ARE NECESSARY.

RUSSIAN soldiers are supplied with handkerchiefs at the expense of the Government. This is, no doubt, a necessary expenditure in a country where every name is either a cough or a sneeze.

QUITE NECESSARY.

FROM us far be it to despise
The unsuccessful man!
Think what the human race would be
Without the "also ran"!

DIVERTED THE COMPLIMENT.

"I HAVE met but two really handsome men in my travels," remarked the distinguished authoress to the star-boarder as they chatted in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Um—ah! Who—who, may I ask was the other?" stammered the callow youth in the most innocent manner.

Montreal Life.

Published by The Metropolitan Company

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18-19 Board of Trade . . . Montreal.
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MR. CLARKE WALLACE, who has been in British Columbia lately, does not think that Fighting Joe Martin is politically either dead or buried. Mr. Martin, he says, is exceedingly popular with the laboring classes, and is still a man to be feared. Simultaneously with this expression of opinion, comes the announcement that the Conservatives of the Pacific Province have decided to conduct the next local elections on "straight" Dominion party lines—whatever may be the meaning of "straight" as applied to our present politics. Evidently the people out in British Columbia are to have an interesting time, politically, but the complications will be as water to the thirsty soul of Joseph Martin, for his genius is such as to shine brightest when the freest fight is raging. He is after the "dress-coated hoboos" of British Columbia, whose support he doesn't want, and he is certain to use every means within reach to strengthen his hold upon the workingmen. Those who know Mr. Martin, whether as friend or as foe, know he is a hard man to kill and they know, therefore, that Mr. Wallace's opinion is probably right.

ANY idea that the interest in Canada's great autumn sport is on the wane should certainly be crushed out after such a day as last Saturday. Probably never before were so many football warriors on the gridiron at once, and though, of course, the large proportion of enthusiasts witnessed the games in senior series, still, intermediates and juniors were cheered on by goodly numbers of well-wishers, a fact which speaks well for the healthy interest taken in the game. Of the different games it is not our intention to speak in particular. Suffice it to say that, considering the early date, the ball played on all hands was of an order that promises exceedingly well. There was the inclination to "scrap" in some quarters, which means as a rule poor condition; but this will improve as the season advances. The roughest matches are very often those between rival teams from the same city, and the greater part of the ill-feeling is engendered and fostered by the supporters on either side, who seek, for ends of their own, through the press and otherwise, to set the opposing clubs on bad terms.

THE Britannias and the Westmounts both proved themselves worthy of their promotion from lower series. The former, though they found perhaps a harder nut to crack than they had anticipated, nevertheless are fit contestants for honors in the senior league; and the latter bid fair to run well to the front in the intermediate. McGill's defeat in Toronto may partly be accounted for from the fact that some of their best men are in training for their annual intercollegiate sports, and cannot play with the team until after that event is passed.

NOTWITHSTANDING repeated denials by members of the Dominion Government, the expectation of an approaching election within three or four months seems to be gaining

ground. A correspondent in Ontario says this belief is becoming general in that Province. It is strenuously denied that the Ontario and Manitoba Governments will choose the same day as Sir Wilfrid Laurier for an appeal to the people. But some people profess to believe that this will take place. If so, political issues will be slightly confused in the Provinces named. The experiment might not be altogether a safe one for the Governments to try.

ALMOST the sole topic of conversation in military circles continues to be the want of action of the Dominion Government with regard to sending a regiment to the Transvaal in case of war. At the time the paragraph that appeared on this page last week was written and printed, LIFE had excellent authority for stating that some members of the Government favored raising and equipping forces for South Africa. But before the paper reached its readers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had denied any such intention on the part of the Administration, and had pointed out certain alleged constitutional difficulties in the way. Sir Wilfrid's declaration of policy surprised many people, including a number of his supporters, and there is a feeling in some quarters that a hidden force of some kind has restrained the Government from the course it would have pursued if untrammelled by political exigencies.

THERE is no good reason for supposing that this restraining force is an unwillingness on the part of French-Canadians to serve under the British flag. Field Marshal Wolseley had no difficulty in recruiting voyageurs in Quebec for his expedition up the Nile in 1884. At the present time a considerable number of French-Canadians are serving in the Imperial army with success and distinction. Major Girouard, of whom his compatriots are justly proud, is to have charge of transportation in South Africa, and doubtless many French-speaking citizens would be willing and anxious to emulate the example of this able and patriotic young man. If there is any class of people in Quebec whose friendship the Government does not wish to lose by calling for volunteers for the Transvaal, it is not the native-born French-Canadians, but possibly the French from France, who, in some cases, may not be as friendly to British interests as we believe they should be, living as they do under the protection of Britain's flag. The Government is possibly bending to the understood wishes of a small section of these people. This is one of many explanations of its course now being advanced, but whether or not it is the true explanation who can tell?

IT would be a mistake to jump to the conclusion that the French papers of Canada represent infallibly the sentiments of their readers, any more than our English papers voice with unerring faithfulness the views of English-speaking Canadians. Many of the writers on the French press are not Canadians, but sons of Old France, and as such they naturally sympathize with the policy of their Motherland, which, in Africa, from Cairo to the Cape, is opposed at almost every point to the interests and aims of Great Britain.

SINCE the above was put in type it has been announced that the Government is taking measures to equip a body of Canadian volunteers for South Africa. These troops, it seems likely, are to be maintained in the field at the expense of the Imperial Government. Whether this arrangement will be wholly satisfactory to those who wished to see Canada actively assist the Motherland in the present crisis is doubtful, but there will be general rejoicing at the thought that we are not to be wholly unrepresented in the struggle. It is stated on good authority that the Cabinet has been seriously divided on this question, and that there was a hard struggle before the least concession could be wrung from those who opposed Canada's taking any part in the war.

Life in a Looking-Glass

WHO says that the British Empire exists only in the imagination of enthusiasts, that as a political entity it is but a dream, which the first shock of adversity will dispel? The Transvaal crisis has borne good fruit in bringing to the surface a sentiment that proves the contrary. Everywhere throughout the Empire there is a strong feeling that colonial troops should be sent to augment the Imperial forces; not so much because they are needed, as because their presence in the field would prove to the world that the minor British communities that girdle the globe are prepared to stand together against all-comers for one another, and for the beloved parent who brought them forth and reared them to maturity.

THIS sentiment is not a new thing. We saw it in a small way at the time of the Gordon relief expedition; and again when Cleveland's Venezuelan message and Emperor William's telegram to President Kruger together startled the British people out of their fancied security. But it is new in the fervor and spontaneity it is now manifesting. The people of the British colonies—the word is distasteful, but there is none better—are ready now as never before to make sacrifices for the common interests of the Empire. Nowhere is there greater readiness to do this than in Canada. While rash action should be avoided, the Government that balks the desire of the nation to give expression at this time to one of its deepest sentiments, or that neglects to take notice of the current of popular feeling, will court certain unpopularity and possible defeat.

THIS Transvaal trouble, if it really comes to a fight, may prove to be the test of the Empire's solidarity that the croakers talk about. No Britisher doubts the ability of the Empire in the long run to dispose of Oom Paul and his forces. And yet there are tremendous difficulties to be encountered in a campaign in South Africa. Mr. Mels, ex-editor of The Johannesburg Daily News, sums up the situation thus:

The Boers can muster nearly 18,000 well-armed men, mostly mounted, and all armed with Mausers. Included with them is the Staats Artillery, i.e., horses which have been inoculated against the tsetse fly and the rhinderpest, both of which are apt to play havoc with the green horses of the British cavalry. England has unlimited means, men and arms. But she must transport her troops 7,000 miles to the scene of action, for those in the country at this time are utterly inadequate to cope with the situation. She must also ship her commissariat and ammunition the same distance. Her cavalry horses, and most of her soldiers, are unused to the climate, and still less, to the Indian style of fighting of the Boers. The latter will be outnumbered, but they know every inch of the country, and are seasoned men. They control the water supply of the enemy and hold the base of supplies.

Mr. Mels believes that the natives are almost certain to take a hand, and, as they outnumber the whites by 100 to 1, they would be a powerful factor in the struggle. The Orange Free State is likely to side with the South African Republic. So long as British arms are victorious, the trouble need not spread beyond Africa. But supposing Great Britain at the outset meets with reverses, and some European power seizes the opportunity to pick a quarrel with her. What then?

WHILE I am on this question, let me point out that the attitude of the American press in regard to the Transvaal dispute is disappointing to the advocates of Anglo-Saxon unity who had hoped that Great Britain's friendly services to the United States in the Spanish war would put an end forever to tail-twisting. Many of the most influential papers in the United States are hostile to Great Britain's course in South Africa. Offensive cartoons are being published, representing John Bull as a land-grabber and a tyrant. The

tone of the editorials is in most cases anti-British. The American Monthly Review of Reviews, for instance, makes this absurd comment: "It is precisely because the Boers of the Transvaal are so few in number and their cause in the long run so impossible that the behavior of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in his sharp dealing with them so little becomes the dignity of a great nation which can afford to be just and abide its time." Great Britain, in order to purchase the friendship of the United States called "Hands off!" when the European powers were about to interfere in the miserable one-sided fight with Spain. Her reward is what many predicted it would be, and perhaps, after all, it serves her right.

ALTHOUGH Canada can scarcely be said to have what theorists love to call "a literature of her own"—and why should we have any literature apart from that of the great Anglo-Saxon family?—individual Canadians are constantly coming to the fore in the sphere of letters. Three or four years ago there was a young man in attendance at one of our universities who refused to take any regular course of lectures, but spent the greater part of his time in the library, and attended only such classes as suited his taste. This young man was looked upon as a dawdler by many of his fellow students, but one day he surprised them by publishing a little brochure of verse that met with the favor of critical readers. He afterwards spent a year at Oxford, and since his return he has published a good many sketches and poems that have borne out the promise of his first efforts. The young man to whom this paragraph refers is Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, whose "Loom of Destiny" is to be published this month by Small, Maynard & Co., 2,000 copies having already been sold in advance. Mr. Stringer is writing a serial, "The God That Never Got On," for an American magazine. His success is one more proof that Canadians are a versatile people.

IN an address at the Christian Endeavor Convention last Friday, the Rev. J. E. Starr, after pointing with pride to the evidences of Canadian prosperity to be found in the vital and commercial statistics of this country as compared with those of the United States, went on to say that the morality of our people was proven by the last national census, according to which the ratio of increase in church membership was more than keeping pace with the ratio of increase in population. I would be one of the very last to question the power and influence of the Christian Church for good. The Church, using the term in its widest and best sense, has within her pale everywhere, the elements that give hope and heart to the cruel grind of the mighty mechanism we call life. But that church membership necessarily implies right living is, unfortunately, a far-fetched conclusion. I am not attacking church-goers or church-going, but the observations of every intelligent person, including distinguished Christian workers such as Rev. Charles M. Sheldon and Ian MacLaren, will bear me out in the statement that church membership is not *prima facie* evidence of morality. Some church-going is dictated by mere custom, or some by the most selfish motives. Often those who refuse to conform to conventional standards are, in reality, more devoted to conscience—more truly moral—than their less courageous and independent neighbors.

FELIX VANE.

THE Montreal Football Club intend, although the Government has thought fit to change the usual date of Thanksgiving Day, to have an international football match on their grounds, viz., All Ireland vs. Montreal. Our citizens will then have an opportunity of comparing the English and Canadian games. One-half will be played under English, and one-half under Canadian rules. Apart from this being the first visit of a football team from the Old Country, and therefore of unusual interest to Canadians, the match will afford an opportunity of studying the two styles of football side by side.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"A Gentleman Player." **WHOEVER** carries in his memory the charm and magic of "Kenilworth"—and where is the reader who does not?—will find in "A Gentleman Player," by Robert Neilson Stephens, something of the subtle spell one feels in revisiting the scene of some youthful experience, about which time has cast its mellow glamour. Not that "A Gentleman Player" has much in common with "Kenilworth." The two stories are as different in both structure and treatment as they could well be. But, like "Kenilworth," "A Gentleman Player" deals with the romantic days of good Queen Bess, and in reading Mr. Stephens' novel the imagination is touched by the same thrill of unqualified pleasure which it first experienced when the abounding life, the romance, the elegance and splendor of the Elizabethan period were unrolled before it in the delightful language of Scott.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Stephens' book is an antiquarian picture or a learned description of the manners of a past age. The author distinctly disclaims any such character for his work, and disposes of the historical setting of his narration by merely reminding the reader "that England was still in the first thrill of the greatest rejuvenescence the world ever knew, that new comforts, and new luxuries, and new thoughts and new possibilities, and new means of pleasure had given Englishmen a mad and boisterous zest for life, that gentlemen strutted in curiously shaped beards, and brilliant doublets, and silken trunk hose, and ruffs, and laced velvet cloaks, and feathered hats, that ladies wore stiff bodices and vast sleeves, and robes open in front to show their petticoats, and farthingales to make those petticoats stand out, that many of these ladies painted their faces and used false hair, that the attire of both sexes shone with jewels, and gold, and silver, that London folk were, in brief, the most richly dressed in the world, that most ordinary London houses were of wood and plaster, and gabled and built so that the projecting upper storeys darkened the narrow streets below, that the many colored moving spectacle in those streets was diversified by curious and admiring foreigners everywhere, that, although coaches were yet of recent introduction, the stone paving resounded with them, as well as with the carts and drays of traffic, that grey churches, and desolated convents, and episcopal palaces, and gentlemen's inns, and turreted mansions of nobility abounded in city and suburbs, that the Catholics were still occasional sufferers from such persecution as they, in their time, had dealt to the Protestants, that there were still some very proud and masterful great lords, although they now came to court, and had fine mansions in the Strand or other suburbs, and no longer fostered civil or private war in their great stone castles in the country, that bully apprentices, in woollen caps and leather or canvas doublets, were as quick to resent real or fancied offence with their knives as gentlemen were with silver-gilt hilted rapiers, that the taverns resounded with the fanciful oaths of bravely bearded soldiers who had fought in Flanders and Spain, that there were eager ears for every amazing tale of seafaring adventurers who had served under Drake or Raleigh against the Spanish, that tobacco was still a novelty much relished and much affected, that ghosts and witches were believed in by all classes, but perhaps a few 'atheists' like Kit Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh, that untamed England was still 'merry' with its jousts, its public spectacles, its rustic festivals, its holiday feasts and its brawls, although Puritanism had already begun to show its spoilsport face, and, to come to this particular first Monday in March, that the common London talk, when it was not of the private affairs of the talkers, had gone, for its theme, from the recent trial and death of the brave but restless Earl of Essex to the proceedings now pending against certain of his lesser satellites in the Drury House conspiracy."

As the title of the book implies, the story has to do largely with the stage and those who made their living on the stage.

It opens with the first performance of Hamlet at the Globe theatre, and introduces one familiarly at the outset to Master Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Hal Mar, goot (the hero of the yarn), and other theatrical luminaries of the time. The story is entertaining in its essentials and in the manner of its telling. It is, indeed, one of those tales, of which there are but too few, that one reads with zest for the sake of the tale itself. As one passes from page to page one gets many a charming glimpse of the celebrities whose names cluster so thickly about the records of that remarkable period, including the Queen herself. The book is full of action and incident from cover to cover.

Mr. Stephens' thoughts are sprightly at times, and he gives us here and there a sentence that chings. For instance: "When thou hast no coin, lad, let thy purse jingle loudest. It will serve many a purpose", or, "There have ever been stomachs least fishily inclined on fish-days, as there are always throats most thirsty for drink where none is allowed." But, "A Gentleman Player" is not a philosophical treatise, any more than it is an historical work, and the grains of truth one gathers from its pages, like the glimpses of fact it affords, are merely incident to the telling of a capital and thoroughly wholesome yarn.

P.S.A.

THE PRESIDENT AND CAPTAIN OF THE MONTREALS.



MR. EDWARD W. JAMES.

MR. EDWARD W. JAMES, president of the Montreal Football Club, has had a long and honorable career in athletics and field sports. Prior to joining the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association in 1883, he took an active interest in the late Mr. Barnhart's gymnasium, and while there was a member of the pyramid ladder team. He first played football with the Montreal juniors in 1883. From the juniors he went to the intermediate team, and from 1890 to 1896 he played with the seniors. Altogether he played for twelve years with the teams of the Montreal club. In the course of his athletic career Mr. James took several firsts and seconds in the short distances of the annual spring and fall games, though never up to championship form. He has taken a keen interest in the aquatic sports on Lake St. Louis. His popularity is evidenced by his having been a member of the board of directors of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association for a number of years. He is now chairman of both the gymnasium and reading-room departments.

MR. A. CLIFFORD JACK.

MR. A. CLIFFORD JACK, who is one of the best quarter backs in Canada, began playing football in 1891. The two following years he was on the junior team of the Montreals. In 1894 and 1895 he captained the intermediates and in the latter year played on the first team in the tie with Ottawa City and McGill College, when Montreal won the championship. Since then he has played continuously on the first team and has developed great proficiency as a quarter. He has been a member of the executive committee of the club and was honorary secretary for one year. He is now acting as captain of the Montreals' first team. Mr. Jack has shown marked development in the practices this year, and gives promise of a brilliant season's work.



MR. A. CLIFFORD JACK.

SOCIETY

He who praises everybody praises nobody
—Dr. JOHNSON

PERHAPS the universal admirer is a less common type than most. As a rule, mankind in general is slow to bestow unstinted praise, be it merited or not. And he who picks to pieces everybody and searches unceasingly for flaws, is not especially lovable. Still, a faultfinder is apt to be original, to a certain degree, and often amusing from his very carping. At all events, he has the courage of his convictions.

But of all tiresome people, the ones who let go the flood-gates of their admiration without discrimination, or just provocation, are the most exasperating. How well we know and expect their reply when asked to give an opinion of anyone. "Oh, most charming!" "We thought her so very delightful and so interesting!" "Liked him immensely—best fellow we ever met"—invariably ended with "Don't you think so?" We refrain, perhaps with an effort, from saying, "No, we don't," decisively, lest we appear critical and disagreeable in the eyes of such magnanimous people. Then, having turned away, we wish we had asserted ourselves, and disputed such ill-directed praise. Why should the undeserving, we reason, receive as much as the deserving? But, remembering the incorrigible type with which we have to deal, we shrug our shoulders and let it pass.

THERE is, no doubt, something attractive about the people who have only good to say about their friends, but in order that this faculty be appreciated it must be genuine. Many men and women live in an atmosphere of superficiality and their "pleasant words are like the honey comb," inasmuch as they drop equally freely. Privately, they are most likely no more charitable than the brusque, outspoken and constantly offending, taking their chance at some future time to air their candid opinions. Oftener than not the praiser of everybody is simply the echo of his latest companion. Too indolent perhaps, or too obtuse to analyze for himself, he repeats with a genial smile, the impression of another. Had it been unfavorable, he would have given vent to the adverse criticism with as little hesitation. It is easy to give out what another has gathered.

Besides this, one can retract an opinion for which some one else is really responsible, if it happens to be unpopular at the time of utterance. Another point about the type under discussion is, that one is apt to feel, thereby doubtless showing up one's self-conceit, that if so very far from perfection satisfies him, be it mind or matter, there is no special satisfaction to be accrued from his obvious liking for oneself. It is no conclusive proof that one is worthy of admiration or esteem in any single particular.

Numbers of people are heard to state daily, with an air of self-congratulation extraordinary to behold,

that in their family or among their friends they never discuss their neighbors. To begin with, it is always a difficulty, that is to some of us, to be sufficiently credulous to assimilate this. Conversation can hardly be said to have reached such a plane as to render such a restriction feasible. We smile admiringly upon the statement, and inwardly decide they and their relations enjoy unlimited silence! But even acknowledging its possibility, or actuality, why is a rigorous rule of this kind instituted by anyone? To be critical is not necessarily to be unkind. Love may be blind, but it has yet to be proved that it is the gainer by this affliction. Perhaps fewer mistakes would be made, and fewer lives made miserable if the shaded eyes were allowed to peer more closely, and the critical faculty awakened instead of soothed to sleep. To proclaim the faults of one's friends is unnecessary and abominable. To be ignorant of them is impossible, if one is possessed of any insight or an analytical cast of mind. "Always be prepared to say something pleasant" is the advice of a fool. "Always give people their due, and the more hastily and openly, when it is a reward rather than a punishment," is the watchword of a well-balanced mind and a well-regulated heart.

MISS BALDWIN, daughter of the Bishop of Huron, is visiting Miss Day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Averill, who have been visiting Mrs. Mills, Stanley street, have returned to Champlain.

MRS. JOHN OGILVIE has returned from Ste. Agathe and has taken possession of her new residence on Stanley street.

Miss Lillie Ogilvie who has spent some years abroad will make one of the bevy of debutantes this winter.

The Misses Abbott are also among those lately returned from Ste. Agathe.

PROFESSOR MACNAUGHTON, Mrs. MacNaughton and Master Ion MacNaughton, have returned from Germany.



M. R. Gilbert

"So Miss Boreum would hardly believe you when you told her I was not at home; what did you say?"

"Sure, then I told her not to believe me; if she wanted I'd have yerself come right down an' prove it to her."

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

where they have spent some years, and are the guests of Mrs. J. Ward, Mount Pleasant avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith have arrived from England, and are staying at the Windsor, accompanied by their sons, Mr. H. Everard Smith, and Mr. H. M. Smith.

MR. AND MRS. EADIE and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Torrance are among those who have closed their country houses at Dorval and returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Skelton are visiting Mrs. Skelton, Mansfield street, on their return from a trip abroad.

Miss MacNider has left town on a short visit to Ste. Agathe.

"DAYS" have not yet begun to be kept to any large extent, for no one seems anxious to begin visiting or to remain in the house to receive. Though doubtless convenient, after all it seems a funny custom that lays down the rule as to when one will give an audience to one's friends. It hardly savors of the old-fashioned hospitality when people were made welcome at any time they chose to come. However, it seems a custom come to stay, and perhaps it is better to go when it is intimated one is really wanted. But when it is necessary to remember that one friend stays in the first and third Tuesdays, another the first and fourth and a third the first only, and that none of the three begin their days till November and refuse to see their friends after March, possibly April, one sighs for old times and old customs.

MRS. W. M. RAMSAY, Peel street, has left town on a visit to Hamilton for a short time.

Mrs. Day, McGill College avenue, gave a delightful tea last week in honor of Miss Baldwin.

Miss Duff, Sherbrooke street, left this week for Boston, where she will be the guest of her niece, Mrs. C. G. Schurmer, for a few days previous to sailing for England, where she purposes to make her home.

LAST week at the Dixie links, the Hamilton trophy, held during 1898 by Miss Linton, was competed for, and was won by Miss Muna Sharpe. As Miss Sharpe has not been very long among the ranks of golfers, she is the more to be congratulated.

MR. AND MRS. W. CLOUSTON were among the Montrealers who visited New York in order to be present at the yacht races.

Mr. David Law left last week for England where he will spend some weeks.

Miss Alice Esdale has returned from a delightful visit to Milwaukee.

MISS JARVIS, Ottawa, is spending a few weeks in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. Piers, Dorchester street.

Mr. H. Ewan is spending a short holiday in Montreal with his mother, Mrs. A. Ewan, Sherbrooke street, after an absence of some months in the United States.

GIVEN a perfect day such as was last Saturday, even without any other attraction the country has its charms. But, with the Hunt steeplechases at Bel Air, it was small wonder that the trains were crowded with pleasure-seekers. Probably there has never been a more successful race-meeting, looking at it from every standpoint. The card was excellent, and the races, one and all, were of as keen interest as good riding and good horses could make them. Not the least exciting race was the Jorrocks' Dash, for which there was a large number of entries, and the hunting men gave their friends a good idea of what they can do "cross country." Mr. A. E. Ogilvie on "Maggie

May" came in first. A wonderful improvement on the members' stand is the removal of nearly all the benches, which formed of late, it must be confessed, most precarious resting-places, and the advent of smart red chairs which can be moved about at will. Thus, it was a simple matter to gather in sociable little groups, composed of congenial spirits, and discuss everything and anything, apropos of sporting matters or otherwise. Excellent tea was provided, and most people preferred to enjoy it in the warm sunshine on the grass in the members' enclosure, rather than crowding into the somewhat dull tea-room.

Some of the costumes worn were unusually smart, and, indeed, as a whole, the spectators looked exceedingly well. Tailor made were more the order of the day, and, in one humble opinion, are always far the most suitable. For, in Montreal we cannot hope to emulate Ascot or Goodwood, and very elaborate costumes seem out of place in such simple surroundings.

AMONG the well-known people noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, the Misses Allan, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Miss Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus, Miss M. Hickson, Mr. R. Hickson, Miss Eadie, Mr. Eadie, Mr. and Mrs. F. May, Miss Richardson, Mr. George Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Smith, Mr. E. Smith, (England); Mr. J. B. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gault, Miss E. Gault, Miss L. Gault, Miss M. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mr. W. Ogilvie, Mrs. A. Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Mr. W. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sutherland, Miss Piers, Mr. and Mrs. Downer, Miss M. Molson, Miss Hart, Dr. and Mrs. C. McEachran, Miss McEachran, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Mr. A. Dobell, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Miss Meighen, Mr. F. S. Meighen, Mr. W. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Miss Cundill, Miss Holland, the Misses Hendrie, the Misses Cassils, Mr. S. Martin, Mr. J. F. Burnett, Mr. P. Burnett, Mr. T. D. Bell, Mr. A. Mitchell, Mrs. Baumgarten, Mr. B. MacLennan, Mr. Angus Hooper, Miss Oswald, Miss Marler, Mr. A. Hamilton, Mr. G. F. Benson, and many others.

THE Misses Hendrie and Mr. M. Hendrie, Hamilton, spent some days in Montreal, in order to attend the Hunt steeplechases.

Mrs. and Miss Lindsay have returned from their pretty country place at Lake Memphramagog, and have taken the house on Stanley street lately occupied by Mr. H. C. Scott.

MRS. LABATT, Sherbrooke street, leaves very shortly for Rome, on account of the very serious illness of her sister, Mrs. George Labatt.

THE first reunions after the summer are apt to be pleasant, from the very fact that people who have not met for some weeks or months find pleasure in merely being together again. And the first dance of the season is always greeted with enthusiasm, even by the most blase. Still, it was not merely on the count of novelty that the dance given by several members of the Montreal Hunt, at the Kennels last Friday, was voted such a success. Everything to create enjoyment had been arranged for. The floor was excellent, the music good, the supper everything it should have been—all essential points, or so considered. The patronesses were Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Mrs. W. R. Miller, but owing to illness, neither Mrs. Miller, nor Mrs. Hamilton were present, which was a source of much regret. The list of guests was not an extensive one, as a large number in the somewhat limited space would have spoiled the enjoyment of all. Decidedly, the greatest regret in vacating the old Kennels was in losing the delightfully spacious dimensions of the ballroom which will be remembered with keen appreciation by many, both among those whose day is past and those whose star is still in the ascendant, or, at least, not on the

wane. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. MacTier, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Allan, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Robertson, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mr. W. Robertson, Mr. Everard Smith, Mr. T. Allan, Miss Edythe Gault, Miss B. Allan, Mr. Sise, Mr. B. M. Humble, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Miss L. Gault, Mr. H. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Miss Howard, Miss Burnett, Miss M. Ward, the Misses Hendrie and Mr. M. Hendrie (Hamilton); Mr. Martin, Mr. Rogers, Miss Campbell, Miss Carrie Gilmore, Mr. J. T. Davies, Miss Strathy, the Messrs. Strathy, Mr. Clinch (St. John, N.B.); Miss O'Brien, Miss Forget, Miss Holland, Mr. H. B. Brainerd, Miss Elsie Scott, Mr. M. Scott, Miss Marler, Miss Angus, Miss Oswald.

DR. C. G. L. WOLF, who has for some time been associated with McGill University, has left Montreal to assume a position at Cornell University, Ithaca.

MISS RICHARDSON, daughter of Dean Richardson, of London, Ont., who has been taking a course of nursing at the Royal Victoria Hospital, leaves very shortly for New York where she intends to continue her profession.

TO be able to talk nonsense is a gift possessed by many, and the more unconsciously it is done, the more hopeless. But the gift of talking clever nonsense, paradoxical as it may sound, is possessed by few. Perhaps no one is happier in the possession of the art than Mr. Gelett Burgess, of "Purple Cow" fame. His latest effort is a "Nonsense Almanac," which, though possessing a calendar and a little astronomical information, ably upholds his reputation by the exceedingly quaint illustrations and rhymes, all in a style most assuredly his own. Apropos of the month of June, Mr. Burgess remarks:

There is little in afternoon tea
To appeal to a person like me
Polite conversation evokes the clation
A cow might enjoy in a tree

No doubt, though somewhat hard on the givers of such entertainment, the composer of the rhyme ably illustrates the unexpressed opinion of many a fellowman. And more especially the unhappy man who, having decided (a decision not so frequently arrived at in Montreal) to pay an afternoon call, is plunged, ere it can be helped, into the midst of a tea-party, and at that, composed of the opposite sex.

Sometimes we'll fight and we'll conquer,
Sometimes we'll fight and we'll run.

And it is a brave man who does not pursue the second course.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HANDYSIDE, Miss Handyside and Master Handyside, Dorchester street, have returned from Georgeville, where, as usual, they have been spending the summer. As a summer resort, Georgeville seems to become more popular every season among Montreal people, and, judging from the accounts of its beauty and various delights, it is justly so.

Mrs. Sewell, of Quebec, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street.

Mrs. Haswell and Miss Haswell have returned from Como, and will spend the winter with Mrs. Shepherd, Dorchester street.

MR. ARNOLD FINLEY has returned from New York, where he spent some days in order to be present at the yacht races. It has really been most unfortunate that so many people should have been disappointed in their plans to see the great international event. Holidays for most of us are not indefinite in length; neither is New York a place to remain in long, unless one is possessed of an extremely well-filled purse. However, as Canute so ably demonstrated, the winds and the waves of the sea are not to be enjoyed—even by a Sir Thomas Lipton!

IT was hardly with elation that the news of the Canadian golfers' defeat in the international match at the Morris County Club, N. J., was received. Canadians, like their brothers across the sea, are always possessed of the true sporting instinct that teaches them to take a beating as well as a victory. But their fortitude certainly must have been tried in this instance. That Mr. Smith, the champion of Canada, should only just save his reputation, so to speak, by

playing to the tune of one up, may be a matter of congratulation, but it is difficult to be very enthusiastic. We have been beaten at cricket this summer by our American friends, but that hardly created surprise, and excited interest in but a small circle. But golf is a different matter and excuses are not so easily forthcoming.

LIEUT.-COL. STONE AND MRS. STONE, Quebec, have been spending some days in Montreal.

NEXT week will be a week of theatre-going, as a result of the grand opera at Her Majesty's. Everyone is hurriedly deciding what particular star they most wish to hear, and then as hurriedly wishing they had come to a different decision. Theatre parties may be the order of things, but in most cases it is more than likely they will be "family" parties. The prices hardly allow of much more than the charity which begins at home and, perforce, stops there.

THAT Montreal is blessed with many generous and indefatigable givers seems to be a fact of almost daily demonstration. The latest gift to St. George's Church of a chime of bells and a clock, presented by Mr. A. F. Gault, must be a most valued addition to any church; and, indeed, not the church only, but the whole city is benefited by this particular congregation's gain. For, even were it so desired, the music of the chimes cannot be denied the public, nor can the clock be of any but general use. Every city has its public benefactors, but Montreal seems to have more than her share.

MR. MILES WILLIAMS and the Misses Williams have returned from Georgeville, and are once more established in their town house.

LAST Thursday the Abingdon School sports took place on the M.A.A.A. grounds. The beautiful day and the interest that has long been evoked for the games of this particular school were responsible for quite a large and fashionable gathering. And the embryo athletes acquitted themselves most creditably. To the smallest detail, their various styles in jumping, starting or bicycling, were accurate copies of those most approved in professional circles. It seems as though boys were possessed of more than ordinary powers of observation, especially in anything appertaining to sport. Immediately after the events, Mrs. Davies, the headmaster's wife, entertained her friends at tea, and the prizes were presented by the Rev. Dr. Barclay.

THAT society, not only of Montreal, but Quebec and Ottawa, will be out in full force at Her Majesty's Theatre next week, at the grand opera, is evidenced by the following partial list of box and stall holders: Sir William and Lady Hingston, Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Hector MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Hon. J. I. and Mrs. Tarte, Mr. Angus W. Hooper, Major and Mrs. Geo. R. Hooper, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Alexander and Lady Lacoste, Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait, Hon. L. J. and Mrs. Forget, Hon. A. A. and Mrs. Thibaudan, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Hon. F. G. Marchand (Quebec); Major Wilson, (Quebec); Mr. and Mrs. William Strachan, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair, (St. John, New Brunswick); Mr. David Russell, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. A. L. Strathy, Mrs. Lemoine, (Ottawa); Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Strathy, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Joseph, Hon. Raoul and Mrs. Dandurand, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Judge and Mrs. Desnoyers, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mr. James B. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Wilson, Mr. H. Stikeman, Mr. Justice Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. MacDougall, Mr. D. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. E. Goff Penny, Mr. J. J. M. Pangman, Mr. W. C. McIntyre, Hon. J. E. and Mrs. Robidoux, His Worship Mayor Prefontaine and Mrs. Prefontaine, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. St. George, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Choquette, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. and Mrs. Richard White, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Morrissey, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. E. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fortier, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Mr. H. Vincent Meredith.

PROFESSOR G. SMITH, Mrs. Smith and Miss Crooks will spend the winter in Italy. He has written a book called "Shakespeare the Man," to be published simultaneously in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Our 5-Minute Story

HOW HE WON HER.

A Tale of the Football Field.

"YAH! Yah! Yah!—Yah! Yah! Yah!—Y.A.L.E. Yale!" rang out from a thousand throats, as amid a thunder of applause, college yells, and wild enthusiasm, Yale, by a heavy mass play, forcibly bore the ball back to centre field, away from the dangerous proximity to her 25 yard line. Old Eli's rooters rose in a mass, and cheered her to the echo.

It was Good Friday, and an event of unusual importance was taking place—the annual football match between Yale and Princeton. It was this game which closed the season, and decided the championship, and as the second half was drawing rapidly to a close with Yale three points to the good, it was but natural that her "rooters'" enthusiasm grew to fever heat. Up in the yelling, gesticulating grand stand, which was a blaze of color and brightness, were thousands of representatives of New York's best society, mothers and brothers, sisters and sweethearts and friends of the 22 young men who struggled and strained and tossed each other about in the gridiron below. Pretty girls in fetching costumes, and with glowing excited eyes, flourished long ribboned streamers of their favorites' colors—the yellow and black of Princeton standing out flaringly beside the more sombre crimson of Yale. Respectable old gentlemen of the first business prestige, who, amidst the daily rush of affairs on 'change or in their offices in Wall Street, would have scorned to show the slightest traces of feeling or excitement, lost their heads entirely, and were carried away in the tide of excitement that bubbled and surged about them. Everybody appeared to have lost their self-control, to be yelling, waving and clapping, or dancing about like mad in the impulse of the moment. Everybody—NO! stop, let us look! On the tip-top of a tally coach, that was drawn up in close proximity to the boundary line, sat a fair young girl, silent and anxious, with her pretty face puckered up in an angry frown, and her shapely fingers plucking nervously at the long bunch of yellow and black streamers that hung from the lapel of her coat. "And so they're going to lose after all" she thought, "after all I said and promised!" and she bit her lip, and stamped her small foot with an angry gesture that caused the haughty coachman at her side to look down upon her in surprise. For Lilian Heatherington was angry, desperately angry, and it was not to be wondered at. Was not her sweetheart, her lover, big Harry Wright, captaining and playing at half on the Princeton line? Had she not told him in her maiden coyness but the night before, that if they could but win the football game to-day that she might listen to him, but—if he lost—well, never to come near her again? She was not going to have that horrid Yale girl who lived across the road hanging crimson ribbons out of the window, and crowing over her, and she would make Harry win. That was what she said the night before, but now that she saw that there was real danger of losing him, all at once it came upon her like a flash that she loved him, and might lose him, and so she was angry, and frightened, and cross. She knew how touchy he was, and, though he loved her dearly, that if they lost he would take her at her word, and never come near her again. Yes, she was angry, and afraid, and her pretty little ruby lips formulated some very strong girlish swears, at the same time as they breathed a fervent prayer that he would come out victorious in the end.

"Yah! Yah! Yah!—Yah! Yah! Yah!—Y.A.L.E. Yale!" "Rah! Rah! Rah!—Rah! Rah! Rah! Princeton, PRINCETON. What's the matter with Princeton?" She looked up. The ball had gone to Princeton, Yale having failed to advance it the necessary five yards. A deathly hush fell over the vast grand

stand, and the watching thousands held their breath, and eagerly scanned the field. Some man leaned forward in the stillness and yelled, "Now Princeton! Now Tigers! only seven minutes more left. Do 'em up! Tear 'em up! Kill—," but his voice was drowned in the angry roar that followed.

Captain Harry Wright, standing at centre in the Tigers' half-back line, heard the words, and his heart seemed to stand still within him. Only seven minutes more between him and the girl he loved, only seven minutes to win his darling. Well! there was yet time, and he'd have another try.

The play went to Princeton's scrimmage. Hastily calling his signals he bent his head, and waited the ball. Centre took it, snapped it to quarter, and in another second, with the ball tucked firmly under his left arm, and the guards clearing a way before him, he was dashing at full speed towards the Yale line. One-two-three-four-five men he passed, and now, with the exception of the Yale full-back, who with a confident smile on his face stood waiting him about ten yards from the goal line, the field was clear before him.

The vast crowd leapt to its feet with a howl. Mingled cries of "Well played sir, tackle him low, kill him, down him," were thrown at the heedless players. Certain it is that Harry Wright heard them not. He was thinking of his chances of getting over that line. With an effort he braced himself for the shock, and putting his head down charged full at the opposing full-back. With a crash and a shock both went down. In an instant he was on his feet again, and in a half-dazed condition, staggered rather than ran towards the line. He was just within reach of it, when with a yell and a howl the whole body of Yale players swooped down and jumped on top of him.

Amidst the hub-bub and confusion that followed, the referee found his hands full, but when he had finally sorted out the mass of players, Harry was found unconscious underneath, but still hugging tightly to the ball, which rested on the ground about six inches inside the goal line. Such a mighty shout went up from the assembled thousands as has never been equalled upon the field, and when some few minutes later the timekeeper's whistle sounded the call, the score posted up on the blackboard at the further side of the grounds read:

PRINCETON 8. YALE 7.

That evening when a certain young man, with his arm in a sling, and with a particularly unbecoming black eye, rang the door bell of a 5th Avenue mansion, he was not informed by a solemn-faced butler that "Miss Heatherington was not at home," but was shown at once into a brilliantly lighted, luxuriously furnished room, where a radiant figure in spotless white, with a big bunch of yellow and black streamers at her throat, sprang forward to meet him. "Oh! Harry," she said, "how proud I am of you."

THE CASUCC.

A LYCEUM bureau man says that the Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, who succeeded Dr. Temple when he was elevated to the Primacy of England, will lecture in America next season. The Bishop is a charming wit as well as a great scholar. Like James Russell Lowell, he has a horror of lending books, especially his favorites. A fellow-clergyman once visited the Bishop and took a fancy to an old edition of Shakespeare. He borrowed the volume, and did not think to return it for several months. Finally the minister returned it with a letter saying: "My Dear Bishop,—I have great joy in returning the volume you loaned me." The Bishop answered: "My Dear Brother,—All the joy is mine."

FROM DIFFERENT CAUSES.

"ARTHUR fainted when he proposed to me."

"How did you answer him?"

"Oh, when he came around, I told him to ask papa."

"And then?"

"Poor, dear Arthur fainted again!"

FINANCIAL.

POINTS FOR INVESTORS.

THE week has witnessed the attention of financial interests at nearly every banking centre of the world devoted to the exigencies of a tight money market. But confidence is growing, and apparently with good reason, that the worst effects of the period of extreme disturbance have been felt. It is frequently alluded to, almost as a paradox, that a money stringency should have resulted from extraordinary prosperity in trade. Late experiences, however, have not been different from those of the past. Expanding trade and active speculation cannot coexist without a transfer of capital from the less secure to the more solid sort of enterprise. In the activity of the past summer, the speculative community ignored this fact. When the demand for money increases more rapidly than the supply, as it did during the past eight or ten months, a point is reached where lenders are forced to discriminate against speculative customers, in favor of those who are borrowing for substantial business undertakings.

The recent liquidation of stocks on all the leading markets was not the result of accident. It came simply as a necessary correction of a condition where the speculation had encroached an unsafe distance upon the resources needed for legitimate commercial development. In England, the effect upon the share market was less sudden and violent than in New York, because the English bank officials were willing to acknowledge the gravity of the situation, and to act much sooner than their New York confreres. Here in Montreal, we have had a sympathetic reflection, in a modified degree, of the conditions in New York. But, it must be borne in mind that the movement necessary to restore a sound balance between capital and credit had nothing to do with the factors which determine the intrinsic worth of securities. Throughout the recent decline of prices, the conditions which justified a high range of real values remained essentially unimpaired. The result was that people who had their own money to use, or whose credit was above the average, seized the opportunity to acquire stocks at figures which, in their belief, fairly represented actual merit. The firmness of prices of late, under rather adverse surroundings, creates the inference that the absorption of stocks on behalf of these strong people has been considerable, and is a fair test of the firm foundation upon which stocks rest at present.

This is entirely apart from the attitude of the average speculator. His natural disposition is to rush from one extreme to the other. As soon as he becomes convinced that the decline has run its course, he is impatient for the upward campaign to begin again. It is very likely, in this connection, that the professional traders here and elsewhere foresee the possibility of another upward swing while the tide of prosperity is at the full, and are already laying their plans to profit by it. But the weight of intelligent conservative judgment, with the September experience so fresh in mind, will be apt to oppose attempts to stir up speculative enthusiasm again, until the outlook has become much clearer than at present.

The extraordinary advance of the Bank of England rate on two successive occasions in one week, from 3½ to 5 per cent, the corresponding action of the Vienna and Berlin banks, and the increasing tension followed at all the European centres, mean that North American exchanges, in their efforts to regain a normal position, will have to depend on their own resources. Whatever the outcome of the Transvaal matter, both London and Berlin are committed to a policy of self-protection for some time to come, and the possibility of drafts upon the Bank of France being accepted for any large quantity of specie is very precarious. Altogether, all the signs make it evident that the speculative community cannot be too careful. It is entirely different with people who have the money to buy and put away good stocks that are offered. After the decline that we have had, even a superficial knowledge of the circumstances governing the earning power of many of the properties, listed here and elsewhere, makes it clear that they are likely to be a profitable purchase.

R.

MINING SHARES.

THE market of late has been somewhat disappointing. According to custom, it is only natural to suppose there would be what is usually termed the "fall boom," and the conditions of the country at large are such that it was not unreasonable to forecast an upward movement during the months of September and October, at least. The advance, however, has been deferred, and, at the moment, it does not look as if there would be any material improvement before the turn of the year. The cause is not hard to find. Legislation, apparently controlled by an irresponsible labor union, has had the effect of partially, and in some cases wholly, closing down the mines in certain districts, some of which are

dividend payers, and others at a stage which promised shortly to return profits to the investors, also, it has frightened capital from entering this comparatively new field, which has already proved itself an expensive one to work. We are by no means pessimistic, and from personal investigation are convinced that British Columbia has a great future in the mining world before it. Undoubtedly the ore is there, but it requires money, time and patience to develop it and yield a profit. We learn that a good deal of work is being quietly done in the North Ontario district, the results of which are not yet known. In fact, except the Golden Star tinoco, but little has been heard from that country. Fluctuations on the local market have been somewhat erratic. War Eagle is declining, while Payne and Republic have advanced, due, it is said, to manipulation. The rest of the list shows somewhat of a shrinkage, and there have been some very heavy offerings from the West, notably of Big Three and California. Slocan Sovereign is somewhat of an exception, and has been fairly active at advancing prices, and, it is said, good reports from their properties. As we write, there is almost a stagnation of business. Quotations are wide apart, and there are more sellers than buyers. It is possible there may be a further decline, and, if so, we cannot but think that judicious investments will show good profits before a great while. Everyone cannot get in at the bottom, but experience has taught us that when the public want to get out is the time that the shrewd and successful operator gets in.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGEWICK.

A CHARMING GIRL, who betakes herself to literature, is soon inquired about by the reading public as well as the critics. No one now-a-days is allowed to remain in the back-



MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGEWICK.

ground. Miss Anne Douglas Sedgewick, a new star in the literary firmament, is the latest example of the pardonable curiosity to know the author as well as the book. Miss Sedgewick has written more than one novel in which a keen insight into modern society, and the types of character produced by society, is brought into play. In "The Confounding of Camelia" (Morang & Co.), Miss Sedgewick has shown how naturally a talented woman will turn into literary material the phases of life nearest

to hand. Although by birth an American, and belonging to a Massachusetts family with some claims to literary distinction, Miss Sedgewick has passed most of her life in France and England. She studied art in Paris, and some of her work was exhibited at the salons. She began to write stories for the delectation of the home circle, the appreciation of which is often critical as well as favorable, and which has, in this case, been fully justified. Living a quietly social life in England, Miss Sedgewick has been quite unknown to the tribe of editors and reviewers. The portrait of the fair authoress, with this information about her, comes from a near relative, and is presented for the first time in Canada.

VIII.

AN INFALLIBLE PRESCRIPTION.

THE great Duke of Marlborough was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the duchess. "I will be hanged," said she, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, instantly exclaimed, "Take it then, your grace, by all manner of means, it is sure to do good one way or the other."

Plays & Players

COPING ATTRACTIONS.

THE patrons of the Theatre Francais are always fond of good comedy, and when it is served up at this popular house, it is always of the purest and cleanest type. This applies, in every particular, to *Dr. Bill*, which is to be produced at the Francais next week. It was given here some three years ago, and at that time made such a decisive hit that there is no wonder the management has decided to give it a reproduction. Little need be said of it in advance, it is too well known to require any fulsome praise. Suffice it to say that it has been well cast, and that Messrs. Henderson, McGrane and Nelson, and the Misses Byron, Holland, Buckingham and Schovelin, have all been given roles which meet the requirements of their talents. The vaudeville bill will be the *Marvelles*, those wonderful grotesque dancers; Mr. and Miss Robbins, society entertainers, portraits of whom appear herewith, and Masie Howard, female baritone.



SIR HENRY IRVING and Miss Terry are to be at the Academy for three nights in March—the 8th, 9th and 10th. It is said one of the plays he will give here will undoubtedly be *Sardou's Robespierre*.

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

LOVERS of high-class music have had only one topic to discuss this week—the work of the French opera company at the Monument Nationale. Their engagement opened last Friday night with the performance of Halvy's *La Juive*, which has been followed by *Carmen*,

Robert le Diable, *Il Trovatore*, and *Les Huguenots*. The company is a strong one at almost every point, and its performances have afforded a genuine treat to those who understand and appreciate grand opera.

THE BRIDE ELECT, at the Academy of Music, was not as pleasing a production as many had anticipated. The company presenting it is certainly not above the average, to say the least, while the opera itself is of a decidedly inferior grade. Although the singing of Miss Drew Donaldson (*La Pastorella*), Miss Marie Celeste (*Minutezza*), and Mr. Frank A. Smiley (*Guido, Duke of Ventrose*), was at times meritorious, the company is by no means up to the mark in vocal talent. The movements of the chorus were pretty, and their fancy drill was one of the redeeming features of the performance.

AT the Theatre Francais, another success has been scored this week by Manager Phillips' talented stock company, in Robert Drouet's *A Woman's Power*. The play is just such a composition as its name would suggest, and the players have been given suitable roles in almost every case. On the whole, the performance is an acceptable one. The vaudeville programme is contributed by Mlle. Bernice Nata, in an aquatic act; Harry C. Stanley and Davis Wilson in a sketch, *After the Ball*, and Higgins and Leslie, comedians.

THE Ogilvie estate has definitely decided not to reopen the Queen's Theatre, which was closed on account of the collapse of the Scroggie store, but to utilize that portion of the building for commercial purposes.

THE PRINCE'S RECORD.

ONE of the most popular men in England is Prince Ranjitsinhji, who is now on a visit to the United States and is to spend a week or so in Canada, and the thing that has made him popular is cricket. He is under 30, and is a Cambridge man. He began when he was 16 years old, and although he played cricket considerably he did not come into form until about 9 years ago. Then he commenced to play a strong game, and in 1895, playing at Sussex, he burst upon the county cricket world in a blaze of glory. He not only batted marvellously, but his bowling and fielding were of highest order. His average in 1895 was 49, and in the following year he went even better than this. In 1897 he made a record score of 260, to match which the cricket enthusiast has to go back over 70 years. This year his average is over 60, and he has passed the 3,000 mark.

The right sort of prayer is just as fervent after the cyclone as it was during the blow.

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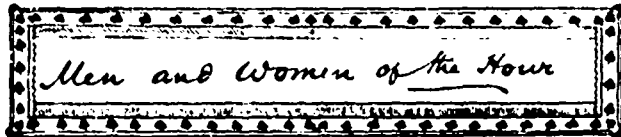
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THE NEW MINISTER.

IN the early part of the century, the Duke of Sutherland, believing that sheep were more profitable occupants of his land than human beings, burned the houses of hundreds of his tenants over their heads, and drove the peasantry from their lands. They were forced to seek new homes and new occupations. Some became fishermen, others carved out little crofts on the sides of the scrub-covered hills, many joined the army and some sailed for the New World. They were a splendid lot, were these Highlanders—of fine physique, educated and of high moral character. Numerous men of note were born in Sutherlandshire or have traced their descent to these people. When the fair but false Argyle attempted to justify Highland evictions in the House of Lords, he pointed out that the lands would not support sheep—let alone human beings. He was answered by The Chisholm, who showed that out of one little glen in one generation there came no fewer than 26 commissioned officers, of whom several were generals and Governors of colonies, and 24 clergymen, mostly of the Catholic faith, three of whom were archbishops, one of these being well known in Canada.

Of those who went abroad many found homes in Nova Scotia, but quite a number settled in Wentworth and Oxford



HON. JAS. SUTHERLAND, J.P.

Counties, Ontario. To-day, the latter county has the wealthiest farmers in the Province, and has probably produced more brainy men than any part of Canada. They are to be found as leaders in all walks of life, here and abroad.

Of these people comes the Hon. James Sutherland, M.P., chief Liberal whip, who has just been made a Cabinet Minister without portfolio. Mr. Sutherland, it is well known, has repeatedly declined advancement to Cabinet rank within the past three years, in order to enable his chief to recognize other supporters. In doing so, he not only proved his party loyalty, but unconsciously he strengthened his own claims to promotion.

He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1880 by the people of North Oxford, after having established his reputation as a shrewd and successful business man in the town of Woodstock, the county capital. In 1891 he became chief whip of his party, and in that capacity he has been

acceptable, not only to all sections of the Liberal forces in Parliament, but to the Conservative members as well. He has tact, good nature, and a clear head—qualities very necessary in a whip—besides energy, patience, and a deep-seated regard for the sacredness of a promise. His influence first began to assume the proportions of a national force at the Liberal convention of 1893, in the organization and direction of which he was a moving spirit. In the present Parliament he has served as chairman of the railways, canals and telegraph committee. He is noted for the brevity of his speeches. "What is the use of wasting words," asks Mr. Sutherland. "If I can say in ten minutes all I have to say, why speak half an hour?" Hon. Edward Blake said of him, a number of years ago, that he "could analyse a lengthy speech more accurately than any man of his years in Parliament." Probably the faculties that enable him to clothe his own thoughts with remarkable terseness are the same as enable him to go to the heart of lengthy orations with merring directness. The Premier has called Mr. Sutherland "the shepherd of our flock"—a not inapt phrase.

The new Minister is a man of broad sympathies and has devoted much time to educational matters, military affairs and the municipal interests of the town and county where he resides. In religion he is a Presbyterian, and he shows all the racial characteristics of the true Scotchman in his habits of thought and personal qualities. The new Minister was 50 years old on July 17 last.

IN THE FALL.

THE old autumnal stillness holds the wood,
Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream,
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends
His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hollow sound
The chestnut husks fall rattling to the ground.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon,
When brooding winds are whispering to the leaves,
Shrill twittered half-notes fill the air, and soon
From farm-house thatch and cozy cottage eaves
The circling swallows call their eager brood
And straight fly south, by unseen summers wooed.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days—
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of riper suns; old wounds, old woes depart:
Life calls a truce, and Nature seems to keep
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

—ALICE R. MYLENE.

HAVE SCORED AGAIN.

THE Smiths have scored again. This time it is private A. A. Smith, Company K, Colorado regiment, now fighting in the Philippines. Smith has likely been acting as cook for his company, and one day he was busily engaged in spooning out to the men some Boston baked beans. Suddenly he heard the order to charge. Spoon in hand, he shot ahead with the rest. Even in the excitement the boys saw the joke, and guyed him as they peppered the enemy. Suddenly Smith stumbled over the dead body of a Filipino, lying beside a brand new rifle. He grabbed the rifle, and, from a guy, he became a hero. There's a poem in this episode if the right man tackles it.

There will always be troubles in this world, but working for universal peace will not increase them.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.



THE military history of a country appeals strongly to its inhabitants. No matter how some sigh and hope for the millennium of peace, it has not arrived, and the world remains armed and prepared for the conflict, come when it may. In the old days, when Montreal was a garrison town, and always held at least a battery of artillery and a regiment of the line, their officers and men were the pets of its people. The sight of the red coats, the martial music of the battalion, always drew immense crowds, notwithstanding that it was almost a daily sight. The reason for this is easy of explanation. Within the heart of every man of right feeling, there exists a love of country, a love for the land where he lives. As a result, there should be, and is, an admiration for those who enlist under its flag, prepared, if necessary, to give their lives in its defence.

From the termination of French power in Canada up to the present time, when trouble of a serious character has arisen, the country has relied upon the strong arm of the Mother Country, and its own militia, and neither has been found wanting. Still, we have had regular soldiers of our own; we had them 100 years ago, and we have them to-day, in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Royal Canadian Artillery (field and garrison), and the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry. Among the people outside of the towns where they are stationed little is known of them. They are called permanent militia, because the Government is afraid, erroneously we think, to let the country know that it possesses in the neighborhood of 1,000 regular soldiers. Moreover, the designation of militia to this body of men is incorrect, as the term is applicable only to bodies of men enrolled for discipline, but engaged in actual service only in emergencies. Our permanent militia are constantly on actual service. The men enlist for three years' continuous service; the officers are appointed during pleasure; both are soldiers, pure and simple, following no other employment, and can be called upon to do service abroad. Such being the fact, everything ought to be done to inspire them with that esprit de corps which is the backbone of the regiments of the British army. Call them what they are—"soldiers"—and the first, and perhaps most important, step will have been taken in inspiring them with love for our Canadian service. To this add a pension scheme, and the change which this force would undergo would be marvelous. So much for our little army of the present time—the nucleus of which was formed in 1870 by the establishment of "A" and "B" Batteries of Artillery, on the retirement from Canada (except at Halifax) of the Imperial troops.

Seventy-six years previously, viz., in 1794, there were formed in Canada two battalions, known as the Royal Canadian Volunteers. To Lieut.-Col. Neilson, Director of the Militia Medical Staff, is due the credit of unearthing and placing on record all that is ascertainable concerning these two battalions. It is from two papers, published by him in the *V. R. I. Magazine*, November, 1896, that I gather what follows. The strength of each battalion is believed to have been 600 rank and file, with a lieutenant-colonel, one major, eight captains, ten lieutenants, ten ensigns, one chaplain, one quartermaster, one adjutant, one surgeon, and one surgeon's-mate—a total of 635. The first battalion was commanded by Baron de Longueuil; the rest of the officers, with the exception of five, being French-Canadian gentlemen, members of wealthy old families of old French Canada. This battalion was quartered at Quebec, Montreal, Sorel, Chambly and St. Johns, but was together in 1797 under canvas on the heights of Levis.

The lieutenant-colonel of the 2nd Batn. was John McDonell,

who, so far as it can be ascertained, came from the Glengarry settlement. With the few exceptions of four officers, who were French Canadians, I should judge from their names that the rest were Scotch. There were five McDonells and two McLennans among them. The stations of this battalion were in Upper Canada, viz., Fort George (Niagara River), Fort Erie, Chippewa, York (Toronto), and Amherstburg. The headquarters was always at Fort George. The motto of the regiment, emblazoned on its colours, was "Try Us." Its uniform was scarlet, of the contemporary infantry cut, and the facings were blue. The men wore grey cloth trousers; the officers white trousers, with long black gaiters buttoned to above the knee. The headdress was a three-cornered hat with black cockade, except the grenadier company, which wore the tall, conical, highly-decorated grenadier cap. The officers wore a cocked hat crosswise, with the tassels over the shoulders. The officers' swords were straight, 38 inches long—the blade decorated with blue and gold tracings; the hilt was of ivory and gilt metal. They were supported by a broad buff belt slung over the right shoulder; a crimson sash was worn around the waist and knotted to the left; the gorget was of gilt metal and bore the monogram of the King "G. R." and the Royal arms, which also decorated an oval breastplate on the sword sling. The men were armed with the old flint-lock and bayonet.

It is a somewhat singular fact that to-day the descendants of nearly every French-Canadian officer of these two battalions can be traced, while it is impossible to trace those of the 2nd Batn., not even that of the lieutenant-colonel commanding it, whose identification, so far as I can find out, has already become impossible. It is said that Capt. Dambourges, who commanded the grenadier company of the 1st Batn. and enlisted 150 of his men at St. Thomas (now Montigny), and the neighboring parishes. This gentleman was perhaps the most remarkable man in the regiment. He received his commission at the age of 53 years from Lord Dorchester, on

account of his remarkable bravery at the siege of Quebec by Major-General Montgomery in 1775. This was his second reward for this service, as, immediately after it occurred, Sir Guy Carleton gave him a lieutenancy in the 84th Regiment, in which he served to the close of the war for American independence in 1783. While stationed in Montreal, he died, and his body still reposes in a vault in



Father Burke was full of nit and anecdote.

the parish church, Notre Dame cathedral. He left only two daughters, so that his name has become extinct in Canada.

One of the ensigns of the 1st Batn. was Louis de Montizambert, who, to-day, has two grandsons prominent men in Canada, viz., Lieut. Col. Montizambert, so long commandant of the Quebec garrison, and now District Officer Commanding at Kingston, and Dr. Montizambert, head of the Canadian quarantine system, with office at Ottawa.

Much of what is known about the 2nd Batn. is gleaned from a work written by Col. Landemann, R. E., who was then on service in Canada, and entitled "Recollections and Adventures." He arrived at Fort George, where he was detained for some time, being unable to obtain water transport across Lake Ontario, towards Montreal. He says: "I was admitted an honorary member of the mess of the 2nd

CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

Batn. of the Royal Canadian Volunteers, and I passed many pleasant days with the officers of this excellent regiment." Among those he often met at this mess was an Irish Roman Catholic priest, Father Burke, and "a remarkably good companion he was." He was full of wit, and had a fund of anecdotes, and told them well. Subsequently, in 1817, he became the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, under the title of Bishop of Sion, and the following year was consecrated in Quebec. His death took place in 1820.

Here is one of his anecdotes: "It was a year or two ago," said Father Burke, "that the Bishop of Quebec (John Jacob Mountain), and his family, visited Niagara. When about to sail for Kingston on a Government vessel, he found that Captain Brant, chief of the Six Nation Indians, was going to accompany him, attended by 16 of his braves. He was an actual captain in the Imperial army, on the unattached list (a reward for his services during the War of Independence), and a very well connected man, a Mason, and had been to London and been received there in the best society. Brant and his 16 followers were all in their native costume, that is, sans culottes. As his wife and family were traveling with him, the Bishop naturally objected to the close society of so many half-clothed men, so took an opportunity of giving Brant a hint of the propriety of their wearing trousers. 'My Lord,' said Brant, 'I think with you it will, no doubt, be much more agreeable.' Then, with an arch look he added, 'Send me 16 pairs of trousers, my Lord, and I shall take care that my rascals wear them.' But His Lordship thought that 16 pairs of trousers was too costly a price to pay, so the purchase was waived."

Landemann says that he dined several times at the mess of the Royal Canadian Volunteers at Fort George with Brant. "I found him gentlemanly, and well acquainted with the etiquette of the table. He was never troublesome by intruding any Indian vulgarities while sober, yet he occasionally indulged in a few glasses more than he could bear, which rendered him excitable. I have seen him, with very little cause, jump up and flourish his tomahawk over any person's head whom he considered had offended him, declaring as he screeched out his warwhoop, that he would instantly scalp him. I never heard, however, that he had gone beyond a threat. I believe he had no desire but to cause alarm, and in that I think he never failed. Drinking to the health of the King was the first toast after the cloth was removed, when Brant filled a bumper, and rising, said: 'To the health of George III, God bless him!' But the moment the health of the Prince of Wales was proposed Brant turned down his glass, and, evidently much enraged, would exclaim: 'I love George III, from the bottom of my heart,' then frowning and assuming an expression of supreme contempt, he added emphatically, 'd—n the Prince of Wales!' I never learned the cause of his dislike to the Prince."

Another officer of the 2nd Batn. was Ensign Pierre de Boucherville. He was descended from Pierre Boucher, who, in 1663, was governor of Three Rivers and subsequently founder and first Seigneur of Boucherville. This officer was born at Boucherville, and was only 15 years of age when he was gazetted to a commission in the Royal Canadian Volunteers. In January, 1798, Lieut. Landemann, R. E., already quoted, having been unable to get to Montreal through Canada, determined to get there by the overland route to the head waters of the Mohawk river, then down its valley to Albany, then north by the Lake Champlain route. "I was fortunate," says Landemann, "to secure as fellow traveller, Ensign de Boucherville, a very fine young man, about 18 years of age, full of loyalty and military ardor. He was the son of one of the Seigneurs of Lower Canada." Later, on January 17, they had reached White's town (very probably Whitehall) and Landemann tells the following story of young de Boucher-



If we, like Reuben, could but lie,
All day beneath a wooing sky,
And let the crazy world go by,
Yet have as sure a catch as he!

Alas! our fish are different quite,
We're "up and at it" day and night,
Yet oft the suckers will not bite!

How Reub would laugh if he could see!

ville. "White's town is a small but very neatly built place . . . The hotel was very good, having a respectable coffee room, well attended by news hunters. After dinner, our loyal friend, Ensign de Boucherville, suddenly recollected that this day was the anniversary of the Queen's (Charlotte) birthday, when unable to restrain a public demonstration of his attachment and loyalty, he started up on his feet, and exclaimed with a Frenchman's accent, 'by G—dis is de Queen's burstday; we must drink Her Majesty's health,' and then raising his voice and looking fiercely around the room, he added, 'and everybody in de room shall drink de Queen's health, by G—! or he shall have to do wit me.' There were at this time about 20 Americans in the room, when they one and all rose, and each drawing his chair behind him, clapped him self down at our table, declaring they had a great regard for old Charlotte and for old Georgy too, and would most willingly drink to their health. This being accomplished by emptying two or three bottles, in addition to those that had been on the table at first, one of these good natured fellows said: 'Now, gentlemen, you will, I hope, not refuse to drink to the health of our worthy President.' This was, of course, done in overflowing bumpers, and then a dozen of the greatest men of both countries were in like manner toasted, always in bumpers; after which our excellent friends, giving us a very hearty shake of the hand, expressed their desire that we should revisit them, and wished us a good-night, repeating several times that they would always be glad to drink to the health of old Georgy and his wife. As they waved their hands in putting on their hats, I could see many of them chuckling and winking at each other, in silent enjoyment at leaving us to pay for our loyalty; for these very obliging and good-natured citizens had consumed with us 37 bottles of wine."

Young de Boucherville remained in the regiment till it was disbanded, in September, 1802. He married in 1812, Miss Sabrevois de Bleury, having just been appointed an A.D.C. to Sir George Prevost, in which capacity he served till the close of the American War, in 1814. He then became a Legislative Councillor of Lower Canada, and died in 1857, leaving two sons, one of whom is still alive, the Hon. Senator de Boucherville, twice Premier of the Province of Quebec.

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A pessimist is one who foresees the future meals of warmed over turkey before the Thanksgiving dinner has been eaten.

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The three music studios in the rear of the Hall have been converted into two large rooms, which are connected by an archway. Beautiful rugs have been laid in these rooms, portieres have been hung at the archway, and with their several other fittings they make two handsome apartments. These are used as the Chickering Parlors.

As the music studios are in a separate portion of the building, the fine three-manual pipe organ in the Hall will be open to any person for practice. A small fee is charged by the hour to meet the expense for the water used. Last, but not least, the firm intend placing in the Hall an entirely new Chickering concert Grand, by the time the concert season opens. For all particulars concerning terms and engagements for Karn Hall, apply to The D. W. Karn Co., Limited, Karn Hall Building, St. Catherine street.

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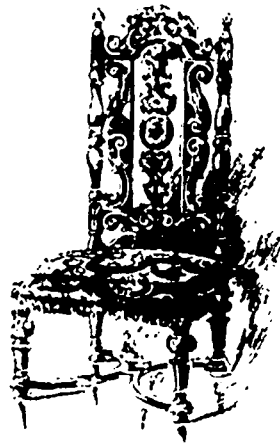
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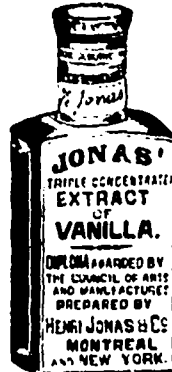
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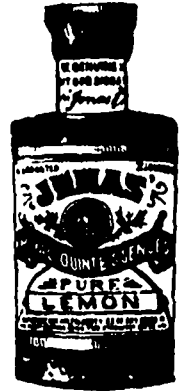
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