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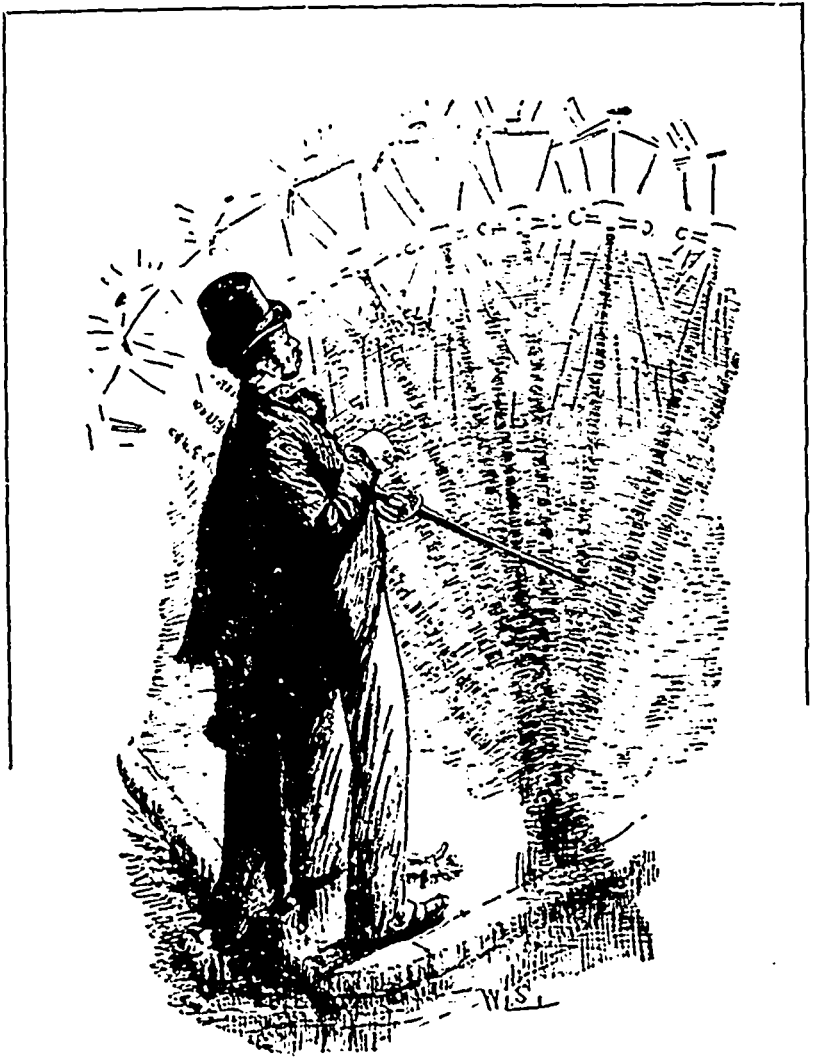
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# MONTREAL LIFE

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



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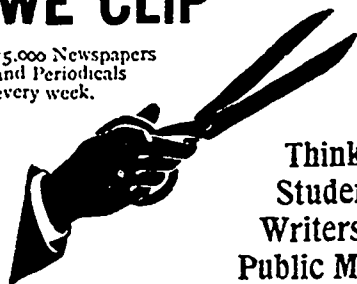
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"Dear me! What an unexciting thing a bargain rush must be over there!"

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Largest and best equipped establishment in the city.

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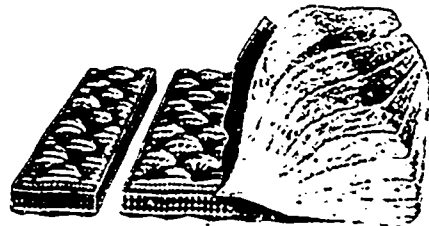
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Numberless letters from persons and institutions, having used their "Ostermoor" Mattress continually for periods ranging from twenty to thirty-five years, prove that it needs nothing in the way of renewal for an ordinary lifetime. It can be renovated by the manufacturers who have their factory in Montreal, and at far less expense than a hair mattress, but unless the bedding gets soiled it never needs it. A cleanly turning and airing (as all mattresses should have) and a generous sunbath occasionally will keep it indefinitely as good as new.

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# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1900.

TELEPHONE NO.:  
Montreal . . . Main 1255  
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## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE difficulty experienced in getting a full complement of suitable men for garrison duty at Halifax shows that young Canada is made of good stuff and prefers a hot, dead-earnest fight to a make-believe game of soldiering. There was no trouble in recruiting for the first and second contingents for Africa, or for the Stratheona Horse, but when it came to gathering together 1,000 men to take the place of the Leinsters at Halifax the country had to be fairly scraped for suitable recruits. This does not show that the passion for military service, which swept over Canada's youth, causing mere boys to run away from home and even leading rejected candidates to commit suicide, is burning low. If another 1,000 Canadians were needed for active warfare in South Africa there would be little difficulty in getting them. What the facts do show is that the average young fellow, when he makes the momentous choice and steps out of his working clothes into a uniform, would sooner go away and brave real dangers, taking his chances of meeting death or returning covered with glory, than remain at home and rot in the dreary routine of garrison duty. Many of those who enlisted for Halifax did so because they believed they would have a good chance of seeing active service before the end of a year. If it is necessary to recruit further for South Africa, men and officers from the Halifax garrison will likely be given the preference. For in two or three months the new regiment should be a well drilled and disciplined force. The men who have gone to Halifax should not be sneered at as stay-at-homes or toy soldiers, nor should they hold themselves as inferior in importance to those who went to South Africa. In releasing the Imperial forces for duty elsewhere, they are performing as great a service as their fellow-citizens who went off to fight the battles of the Empire. Inasmuch as their duties lie not in the path that leads to distinction and glory, their sacrifice in throwing aside the freedom of civilian life is perhaps even more admirable. The good soldier is one who does his duty, whatsoever it may be, and all military duties well performed are alike meritorious and important.

WITH a birth rate of 35.70 and a death rate of 18.85, the population of the Province of Quebec is playing an important part in the peopling of the Dominion. Taking full account of the considerable emigration of French-Canadians to the Eastern States, which is by no means equal, however, to what it once was, there is not much likelihood of the English-speaking element of Canada seriously outnumbering the French for many years to come. The birth rate of the Province of Ontario—a progressive community in all other respects—is, as everyone knows, amongst the lowest in the world. The Province of Quebec's natural increase of population—being the difference between the birth rate and the death rate—is higher than that of any other country in the world, and over twice as great as that of Ontario. Of course, the Northwest and British Columbia are being rapidly filled up by immigrants who are either English-speaking or in time will become so; and ultimately the centre of political power in Canada must shift westward. In the meantime, the high natural increase of the French population, as compared with that of the English Provinces, will act as a brake on this tendency. So long as Quebec's population increases as fast, relatively, as it is now doing, this Province must continue to exercise a mighty influence in the politics of the whole country.

AS pointed out by several American papers, this is one of the few times in the history of the United States when the contests in the Presidential conventions are not for the first honors, but for the Vice-Presidential nominations. The Republicans will renominate Mr. McKinley and the Democrats will renominate Mr. Bryan, but there are doubts in both cases as to who will be the candidates of the second place on the two tickets. In a general way it is thought that McKinley's running mate will be taken from New York. Governor Roosevelt was first mentioned, but he vigorously declined. Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, was next, and he, too, declared he was not a candidate. Then came Mr. Cornelius Bliss, who promptly retired. All this time the name of Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff, who has twice been elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, was being mentioned, and he much strengthened the impression by a campaigning tour in the West in which he proclaimed the Administration policy with eloquence and enthusiasm. Mr. Woodruff is about 40 and is a millionaire. There are many possibilities among the Democrats, including Judge Henry Clay Caldwell, of Arkansas, who is popular with the working classes because of his anti-trust and railroad decisions; George Fred Williams, of Boston, who has upheld the silver cause in New England; Amos J. Cummings and William Suizer, both members of Congress from New York; John R. McLean, recently the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and United States Senator Thomas B. Turley, of Tennessee, whose speech opposing the admission of Quay to the Senate recently brought him into national prominence.

PEOPLE seem to be getting heartily sick of war news, war editorials, war talk, and in fact everything pertaining to the war. They have been surfeited, with the usual result—nausea. I know of several families in which the subject is absolutely tabooed. For months we have read of nothing, talked of nothing, dreamed of nothing but the war, and now, with jaded appetites, we long for a change of diet. The newspapers themselves educated us up to the need of frequent changes. Before the war, they gave us politics, Dreyfus, yacht-races, and what not in lightning succession. There was always some new sensation. Now, and for many moons past, there has been nothing, day after day, but the war. Where is the editor who will lead us out from this dreary Sahara of monotony? I think, at the present time, a daily paper in which the war was never mentioned would have a great field. Most people can get all the war news they want from the bulletin boards. At all events, the wise editor is he who from this time forward will confine the despatches from South Africa to the smallest possible compass, and devote as much space as is left to good, readable news of another complexion.

IT is always a pleasant and inspiring thing to see a man's friends stick by him in the hour of adversity. In politics, it is notorious that as soon as a man commences to lose his grip, even close adherents will desert him. For this reason, the enthusiastic banqueting of the Hon. Thos. Greenway, by his old constituents in Mountain, is an almost unique chapter in the record of recent politics in Canada. Five years ago, Mr. Greenway had a solid Manitoba behind him. To-day, he is a badly defeated and discredited man. But I am glad to see those who knew him best sticking by him. No matter what we may think of the issues upon which he gained, held or lost power, we cannot help being stirred by such a spectacle of true allegiance and faithful friendship. It helps to keep alive our faith in human nature.

FELIX VANE.

## Mainly About People.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S "annexation" of the Orange Free State to the Transvaal is reminiscent of his former attempt to the same end. Then he tried to annex it by raiding it with force and arms, setting the example which Jameson followed in after years. But the stout Orange burghers turned out manfully with their elephant guns and brought him and his fellow-outlaws to a halt. It is doubtful if, after the wretched scrape the Transvaal has led the Orange State into, the latest attempt at annexation will be any more favorably received by the Orange burghers. And, however they may regard it, there is no reason to suppose the British Government will pay any serious attention to it.

M. FRANCOIS COPPEE, of Paris, who has several new books upon the market in this country, is a very industrious worker. Until his plays and books were successful he held a small Government position, but when his name and fame were made he gave his time entirely to literary effort. In commenting upon the varying political changes in France, he said to a friend: "You think the present upheavals odd, do you? Why, this nothing to what France has done. Take the span of my own life. My father took me, when I was five years old, to the Tuilleries to see Louis Philippe, and I remember as if it were but yesterday, how the people welcomed him with shouts. One year later I was taken to the same place to see him run from the mob who wanted his life. A year later yet I was one of a party of boys chosen to take part in the ceremonies of the planting of the Tree of Liberty near our house—so you see I don't marvel at the present phases of emotionalism. Our people can't live without change."

SIR HENRY IRVING has given \$100 to the fund to make the Dewey Arch in New York a permanent structure. Sir Henry met the Admiral and thinks highly of him.

SINCE his inaugural as the first mayor of the Greater New York, on January 1, 1898, Robert H. Van Wyck has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an inquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor home up town is as systematically arranged as his office in city hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a city judge, the mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatregoer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now. When he took office, the mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body. "During the next four years," he said, "I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to everyone impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them."

POOR young Roberts—"Bobs's" only son—who died so gallantly in that plucky endeavor to save the guns at the Tugela, is buried in a soldier's grave, near the spot where he fell. A correspondent who has just returned from the theatre of war writes:

"I visited the graves of the men belonging to the Dublin Fusiliers and Durban Light Infantry who fell in the armoured

train disaster . . . I visited the graves of the men who fell at Colenso, including Lieutenant Roberts, son of General Lord Roberts. It was a very humble grave, and the burial was equally as humble, he being buried in a blanket, the same as what is termed the 'common soldier.' You can only discern the grave by four small sticks placed around it."

THE wedding of Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, and niece of President McKinley, to Hermann Baer, of Pennsylvania, whose engagement was recently announced in Washington, will probably not be celebrated until after the summer vacation. It will in all likelihood take place at the White House. Miss McKinley, who is an exceedingly handsome young woman, is well known in New York and Washington society. She is at present the guest of her uncle and aunt, President and Mrs. McKinley, at the White House. Mr. Baer, whom she has known nearly all her life, is a student at the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia.

IN the furnishing and ornamentation of Lord Stratheona's town house, at No. 53 Cadogan Square, London, there is not much to strike the eye. In the central hall there is a handsome grandmother's clock, flanked by a Sheraton table on which stand two bronzes. Indeed, bronzes and beautiful china are among the most striking features in Lord Stratheona's furniture, but generally the tone is severely plain, governed by good taste and a dislike of violent contrasts. The drawing-rooms on the first floor are upholstered, the one in red and gold, the other in gold and a more neutral tint of color. The walls, which are panelled with satin, are in harmony with the upholstery of the gilded chairs and lounges. About the rooms are some very fine old cabinets and Sheraton tables, and most conspicuous are some Japanese china and not a few curious clocks. But these things only serve to remind their owner of his Montreal home, where he has one of the finest existing collections of Satsumas, bronzes and other artistic achievements of the subjects of the Mikado. Lord Stratheona is not a man of hobbies, but where oriental china is concerned he gets on the brink of one. His collection of paintings in Montreal has been described as "the most catholic and abundant" in Canada and contains examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Rosa Bonheur, Constable, Constant, Alma Tadema and other artists.

THE young Marquis of Graham, the future Duke of Montrose, has adopted the sea as a profession and has been assisting in the navigation of a trading ship from Australia to England. He is now second officer on Lord Brassey's yacht the Sunbeam. It was at Lord Brassey's suggestion that several of the ships trading between England and Australia were utilized as training schools for young men of good family with nautical tastes.

THE new yacht built for the Queen in the Government dockyards, at a cost of about \$2,500,000, will probably never be used by Her Majesty. The yacht's instability, so palpably demonstrated at the time of her undocking, has caused the Queen to take a strong dislike to the vessel, and the alterations necessary so materially reduced her comfort and convenience that it is believed they will render the vessel unsuitable for the purpose originally intended. The probability is that the yacht will ultimately be renamed the Enchantress and converted into a despatch vessel for the use of the Admiralty.

SIR WALTER BESANT, who is one of the originators of the new Atlantic Union, says that its chief purpose is to introduce visiting Americans, who would otherwise spend their time in their hotels, to the social and home life of England.

## Points for Investors

IN looking forward to the conditions of 1900, there were many who say that it would be too much to expect that the business prosperity should witness an uplift equal to that of 1899. Now that the first quarter of the new year is past, however, there is every indication that 1900 will be even a greater year than 1899. The export and import trade is on the increase, the principal railway carriers show great advances for the first quarter. Street railway lines report largely augmented earnings, bank deposits are greater, bank clearances, except in Montreal, are on the increase, while the decreases are due to less speculation in stocks, which is in itself a healthy sign.

### MORE WHEAT IN 1900.

The grain treasure palaces of the country in the Northwest promise even greater results this year than last. The acreage under grain cultivation is 15 per cent. larger, owing to the fact that the progressive farmers of Manitoba and the West spent their surplus last year in buying adjoining lands and sowing more wheat. These farmers, in many cases, held on to their wheat waiting for higher prices. The war has not increased the price of wheat as might have been expected, but it is safe to say that when the war is determined there will be an outburst of capital at the large centres and an improvement in prices all along the line. It looks as if the last year of the nineteenth century were going to be a great one for Canada.

### THE UNITED STATES GOLD STANDARD.

In the United States the Presidential election will hamper business somewhat, but there will be no such prostration as was witnessed in 1896. The new gold standard law has removed the danger of a silver standard, and the new currency provisions will, in a large measure, relieve the money situation which has always been uncertain and inelastic. It is interesting to read the opinions of some American journals which predicate too great an inflation of currency. It is true the small bank system is in danger in this respect, but the danger is pretty well secured by the collateral Government bonds, and it is to be hoped that The Associated Bank Statement's weekly bogie will be a thing of the past.

### THE MINING DEPRECIATION.

The last Canadian bank statement shows a decrease during the month of February of \$1,600,000, due to the War Eagle and Centre Star troubles. The depreciation in these stocks has been far reaching in its effects, but the fact that there has been so little trouble following in the train is an indication of the financial health of the country. We need not expect to hear anything very definite from either of these properties for many months.

### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS.

The Third Avenue Railway fiasco continues to call attention to the inflation of street railway stocks. I pointed out this condition months before the collapse, in a comparison between the absurdly high prices of tramway stocks as compared with railroad shares. In this connection, the report of Mr. Howard C. Forbes, an American engineer, on the result he is able to deduce from a study and analysis of 34 New England electric railways should be of interest to those who are inclined to this class of stock in Canada. He says: "The price at which any security sells on the market gives little indication of its value as a sound investment." He says that for repairs there should be annually allowed four cents per car mile, and when repairs are less the difference is a debt owing to the sinking fund. These 34 electric roads owe to their sinking funds over \$7,000,000. Their fair value is only

\$14,332,000, but their stock quotations show that they are bought and sold far in excess of this fair value, while their actual fair value, after allowing for all indebtedness, is only \$1,394,000. This statement is alarming. Of course, the market value is something quite distinct from the fair value, depending, as it does, on dividends earned or expected in the future. The franchise, if permanent, might make up a large part of the difference between the fair value and the market value; but when the franchise is an expiring privilege, it is clear that there must be a second sinking fund to recoup, when expiration is reached, that part of the capital which would otherwise be unprovided for after the debts are paid. And whether the company were wound up or not, it would not be solvent, if, after paying its debts, it had not enough to return its capital to the shareholders.

People who are going to buy Canadian street car stocks for investment would do well to think over this report.

### THE MONTREAL OIL COMPANY.

United States Consul Dickson, at Gaspé Basin, does not think very highly of the Canadian Petroleum Company's prospects which he says has commenced business on a large scale in Montreal. In his official report he states that, while there has been a large outlay of money, there are no more signs of oil than there were five years ago. The consul says that while oil has been found in all but one of 33 wells, it seems soon to be exhausted, and adds that experts tell him that "the sand and gravel are not suited to oil, and the dip of the rock is altogether wrong."

### LONDON ELECTRIC.

The London Electric Company stock has had quite a rise during the past fortnight. The capital stock is only \$306,380, on which, for the year ending November 30, net profits were \$23,205, or 7.57 per cent. There are rumors of increased capital, but in any case this security is good for 130.

### FAIRFAX.

### MINING SHARES.

THE market is active, and at the close to-day prices were very strong. The feature of the week has been the phenomenal rise of Virtue, from .94 to 1.17. What this is on no one seems to know for certain. Several rumors are current, one to the effect that a New York syndicate is about to take up a big block of stock, and another that there is a big buying order from Toronto. Those supposed to be on the inside, when questioned as to what is the cause, uniformly replied that there is plenty of good news, but it cannot be given out. Payne and Republic are neglected, while War Eagle is quietly working up on small transactions, and Centre Star is following in its wake. Montreal and London is in more demand and but little stock is offering. Among the low-priced stocks there has been a good deal of trading in Deer Trail, with the result that the price is about one point lower. No one appears to have any reliable information about this stock. Some large blocks have been offered in the last few days, which, rumor says, come from Western Ontario. The public apparently has no confidence in the statements issued regarding this company; for, on their showing, the stock is easily worth double its present value. Among the unlisted stocks Okanagan and Montreal Oregon are the only two in which there has been any trading worth mentioning; the cause of the decline in the former is due to the report recently issued, which states that the company is practically insolvent, and unless the shareholders come to its assistance it must go into liquidation. It is proposed to reorganize and assess for 2c. per share, which will create a treasury fund of nearly \$20,000. Montreal and Oregon has sprung to activity very suddenly. The stock has been offered for weeks past in the neighborhood of 20 without finding a buyer, but to-day quite a boom started and it sold freely at 30 and 31. The reports telegraphed from the mine are very satisfactory, and it is expected it will be soon on a shipping basis, with dividends not far off.

From the present appearance of the market it certainly looks as if there would be a continued upward movement, and as we approach the summer it will become more pronounced.

Montreal, April 4.

ROBERT MEREDITH.





Mr. Carman's  
Novel.

SINCE Dr. Algic wrote his "Houses of Glass," no Canadian novel has stirred the waters as deep as "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury," by Mr. Albert W. Carman, of Montreal, a son of the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church (Publishers Syndicate). Everywhere the book is being well received by people who are capable of doing the least unbiassed thinking on religious and social questions. The problem it deals with is not new, nor is the solution it offers new. But the book is original for all that; and, moreover, it is Canadian—not in a forced sense, the characters being merely so many nondescripts transplanted to a Canadian setting—but in truth and fact. Here is what one reviewer, who usually hits the nail on the head, has to say of it:

"Ryerson Embury is interesting, because he is a typical Canadian youth, born of and reared by the straightest of his sect. Both as a lad and a young man he is self-conscious, somewhat crude, and more than slightly disturbed by yearnings which are partly selfish and partly the growing pains of his mind. He is not altogether beautiful, but he is honorable, interesting and natural, and in his hopes and strivings nearly every strong-minded Canadian youth who has had a fervidly religious upbringing will recognize much of his own experience. The various characters in the book are sharply and faithfully drawn, but the pen of the artist has done its best work in depicting the different types of the genus preacher. The flirty young fellow, who has just gone on circuit, is a photograph, and his superficial piety and egotistical small talk would fit many scores of young pastors, as they have sickened thousands of onlookers. Rev. Arthur Drake Walters cheerfully tells how the young ladies 'set their caps' for him, and how he flirts with them to teach them some sense, while even huggings and occasional kisses are hinted at as part of his pastoral work. Young Embury had been brought up to believe that 'the Bible is true,' and that he who doubts a jot or tittle of it is an infidel. Yet his worry does not seem to be so much over the salvation of his soul, as that he is not really worrying enough with regard to it. In his trouble he goes to Dr. Holden, who is another typical preacher of the venerable, but easy-going, sort, who practically tells him to sift out the parables and other uninspired material, and to ignore the cheap logic of the agnostic. Young Patterson, a divinity student of the higher criticism sort, is equally unsatisfactory to the young inquirer, because his views are too nebulous. Rev. 'Tommy' Tracy is a lover of humanity, and is the ideal pastor who seems to have sacrificed everything 'to follow Him.' He is a gentle and lovable character, and it is the example of his self-sacrifice and piety which leads young Embury back to a belief in good things."

A pretty undercurrent of love runs through the story, which makes it pleasant reading even to those who do not care for the novel with a purpose.

"Cape Town to  
Ladysmith."

THERE has just been published in book form (Copp, Clark), the letters written from South Africa, by the late G. W. Steevens, to The London Daily Mail from October 10, the day he landed in Cape Town, on the very eve of the war, to December 6, when within a few days of his fatal illness he wrote the wonderful word-picture, "In a Conning Tower," where he shows us the Naval Brigade manfully playing their part in the defence of Ladysmith. The volume will be treasured by all who read it as a memorial of a man who had won, in a brief career, a well-deserved eminence among his comrades of the press. His friend, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, has added a

"Last Chapter," telling us something about Steevens himself. Unlike many who have gathered fame at an early age, he was unspoiled by his success. He had a singularly winning character. One cannot pay a better tribute to his memory than to say, as can be said with truth, that in his few years of strenuous, active life he had made a host of friends and not one enemy. In this, his last work, as in his other writing, the two most prominent features are the wonderful vividness of the descriptions and the simple directness of the narrative. His classical training at Oxford left him the pregnant phrase and the forceful epigram ever at hand, while his experience as a journalist had taught him the folly of long and tedious descriptions. He had, too, a great faculty for entering into the spirit of the thing. Look at his first impression of Cape Town:

"After the surprise of being ashore again, the first thing to notice was the air. It was as clear—but there is nothing else in existence clear enough with which to compare it. You felt that all your life hitherto, you had been breathing mud and looking out on the world through fog." The town itself "seemed half Western American with a faint smell of India—Denver with a dash of Delhi. . . . Cape Town itself—you saw it in a moment—does not hustle. The machinery is the West's, the spirit is the East's or the South's."

The pages of the book bristle with stirring passages. In describing the home-coming of the Dum. lee column to Ladysmith, he writes:

"Rents in their khaki showed white skin; from their grimed hands and heads you might judge them half red men, half soot-black. Eyelids hung fat and heavy over hollow cheeks and pointed cheek-bones. Only the eye remained—the sky-blue, steel-keen, hard, clear, unconquerable English eye—to tell that 32 miles without rest, four days without a square meal, six nights—for many—without a stretch of sleep, still found them soldiers at the end."

Of the dreariness of the siege Mr. Steevens gives a most interesting picture, relieving it by glimpses of the humorous side of things. His chapter on the sailors is full of merry conceits. Here is the commanding officer's opinion of a pertinaciously annoying Boer artilleryist:

"'That gunner,' said the captain, waving his stick at Surprise Hill, 'is a German. Nobody but a German atheist would have fired on us at breakfast, lunch and dinner, the same Sunday. It got too hot for us when he put one 10 yards from the cook. Anybody else we could spare. Then we had to go.'"

THE new novel upon which Mr. Winston Churchill is at work is set in the period of the American Civil War. He intends to study for the purposes of this book the notable Civil War collection at Princeton, and will spend the month of May near the university. P.V.N.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"MY LADY AND ALLAN DARKE." By Charles Donnel Gibson. Toronto, Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited.

"FROM CAPE TOWN TO LADYSMITH. An unfinished record of the South-African War. By G. W. Steevens, author of "With Kuchener to Khartum," "In India," etc. Toronto, Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS." By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," "Children of the Soil," etc. Authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Toronto, Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited.

#### ABSENCE OF MIND.

A CURIOUS and authentic instance of absence of mind is recorded concerning a popular book, says a London newspaper. A certain person, needing a copy of Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5, John street," is stated to have taken a cab to John street, Adelphi, to have rung the bell of No. 5 and astonished the maid servant by asking for one Whiteing. This sounds like fiction, but, as a matter of fact, it is true.



Captain Pratt had reached that stage in his profession of raising himself when he had become a social barometer. \* \* \* And any of his acquaintances who cared to ascertain their own social status to a hair's breadth, had only to apply to it the touch-stone of Capt. Pratt's manner towards them.—Mary Chalmorley.

HOW full the world is of "Captain Pratts," and how easily we recognize the type. In fact, after so able a description of that genus, known under the distinguishing term of "tuft-hunter" or "loady," it is hardly necessary to speak of it further. To be a successful tuft-hunter one must adopt the profession early in life, and stick to it with unswerving pertinacity. To begin it late in one's career, and with half-heartedness, is to gain very little, and be the laughing-stock of one's friends. For, though the species is not, as a rule, beloved, it is invariably awarded admiration (of sorts), and that by reason of its unashamed, totally unquenchable, persistency.

Speaking generally, the man who has this talent and makes the most of it is far from being brainless. He must be possessed of an alert brain, a mind retentive of useful facts, and a large amount of observation. Of course, the most perfect type must have tact also, but this is not absolutely necessary, or, rather, is not always expected.

As the straw shows the course of the wind, so the embryo tuft-hunter explains himself even in his schooldays, when his preference for the boy who drives to school in a pony-cart, or has the most pocket-money, or is any way useful to his friends, invariably is singled out by him. He is, perhaps, not disagreeable to the others, no—for even they might serve an odd turn—but, nevertheless, the more there is to gain, the more it draws out his most ingratiating side.

And is he likely to change? Depend upon it, the leopard's spots do not cleave more unfaithfully than these early evinced characteristics.

To the letter he carries out the idea of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Though, if he is wise, he will never let this be his only acquaintance.

It is not circumspect to turn a cold shoulder to everyone who can't benefit him, for some few disagreeable people have an equally disagreeable habit of keeping their eyes upon his actions, and not minding an occasional distribution of highly deleterious remarks.

The "Captain Pratt" with whom we can, most of us, claim an acquaintance is ever seeking whom he may devour, to say nothing of what he may devour, in their houses or their clubs.

There is, of course, the moneyed "Captain Pratt," who is looking for social distinction only. He may get numerous snubs and rebuffs, but the consciousness of a good bank account is generally a balm to his wounded feelings, besides the knowledge that eventually, unless the majority of people have changed, he will climb up and cling on somewhere, if even on sufferance. But the "Captain Pratt" who lives by his wits, who has, perhaps, neither money or position, or has the latter to a certain extent and little of the former, how his type causes us to marvel unceasingly! He cannot afford to take time. The promise that everything comes to him who waits does not comfort him. "To have and to hold," is his motto, and how busy he is kept in order to live up to it!

To begin with, he always knows all the debutantes. It may even help him on to be pleasant to the little girl who, though without money and unable to entertain, will speak favorably

of him in the houses to which she has an entree, and he, as yet, none.

So, at a dance, he may be seen rushing about, being introduced to all the ones he does not know, asking for dances or claiming those he has previously given an order for, as it were, by telephone, and smiling so charmingly upon the girls he really cannot include in his programme that it does just as good work.

He is generally noticed, too, being especially winning to chaperones. His manner is such as to remind them of the dear old days when gallantry was a commodity owned by the many.

At the club, among the older men, he also gets his bearings quicker than the average young man. His willingness to be instructed in the requisite rules of club life; his unwillingness to trespass in any way unworthy of a man, that is a young man of standing, his evident appreciation of all that therein is, even a bad cigar if it happens to be presented by the right person—all these qualities help him on his way rejoicing.

But he must in no way overdo it. If he is clever he knows it. He "assumes at the same time a virtue that he knows not of," and by many a judicious hint or reference satisfies his newly-made friends that, did he choose to tell all, they would discover that they were entertaining an angel unawares. Of no family does it come so naturally to converse as of that family you have never possessed. As long as there is not in reality an approved father in some Canadian village, no matter how remote, there is little danger in conjuring up very superior antecedents, if they dwell in your imagination only.

To give him his due, he is usually a pleasant companion. It may be through force of circumstances, it is true. The dog that fawns upon your knee must not bite your dress or even show his teeth, or you will not notice the tail wagged to order. So Captain Pratt, speaking generally, cultivates a ready or a "semi-ready" wit, has a mine of good stories, the result of personal experiences (whether his own, or some one else's, matter little, where the first personal pronoun can be used at no greater expense), and is also appreciative of the feeble attempts of his companion—especially if the narrator of the weak jokes happens to sit at the head of a well-appointed table. Even the jibes and "would-be-smart" remarks of the girl who, at home, has been told she is clever, fail to puncture his plate armor of complacency, if it is generally known, or, more fortunate still, known to him alone, that dinner and theatre parties are her favorite mode of entertaining.

Another hall mark of the tuft-hunter is his wonderfully acute discrimination as to "bounders" and "cads." He spots them out and labels them for the benefit of his acquaintance. And he likes nothing better than to apprise, always from the highest motives, his numerous girl friends which men it is advisable for them to know, and which not. His smile is seraphic as he explains how B is "a dear old fellow, but it is such a pity, don't you know—" or that "C is an awfully decent chap if you don't mind a little lack of polish, and can forget that his father was—" etc. You will generally find, too, that he not only knows all "the best people," but has a marvellously accurate knowledge of their relations also. He can tell you their connections by marriage, and though he only occasionally meets the children in the street with their nurses, can probably name them all and put the right ages to the correct names, with less likelihood of a mistake than if their favorite uncle attempted to catalogue them.

So that no wonder he is seldom at a loss for conversation. If there is a famine in aught else, he will entertain you with a detailed account of his engagements, past, present, and future. And he does not look contemptuous if you do not happen to have been asked to any of these desirable places. He merely "wonders" a little, or remembers that he "heard it was going to be very small" and "can't imagine why he was invited." Or, "of course, he readily understands you can't know everybody. For a fellow like himself it does not matter. He likes to

## SOCIETY— CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

take people as he finds them." With more of the same kind. It matters little what as long as you know where he is going and has been.

It must not be supposed that "tuft-hunter" can only be classified as of the masculine gender. Many a woman is admirably suited to be the wife of "Captain Pratt," or his disciples. But, as a general rule, among men is the type brought to a higher perfection. And as "we needs must love the highest when we see it" so it is better to discuss it from the same point.

HIS lordship Bishop Courtney, of Halifax, has been spending a few days in Montreal, en route from California, where Mrs. Courtney has been spending the winter for the benefit of her health.

Mr. David Law, "Bellevue House," has returned from a short visit to Grande Mere, where he was the guest of Mr. Russell Alger, jr.

Last week, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Peel street, entertained the members of the afternoon euchre club at a very pleasant euchre party.

Mrs. R. B. Angus and the Misses Angus have left on a visit of some weeks to Lakewood, N.J.

Miss Linton and Miss Towne, Sherbrooke street, left this week for Lakewood, N.J., where they will spend some time.

Miss Flora Greene, Drummond street, has also left for the same place, where she expects to enjoy some excellent golf on the very good links there.

An engagement of interest to Montrealers is that of Miss Clara Britton, of Kingston, to Mr. Lewis May, of New Jersey. Miss Clara Britton, and her sister, Miss Lizzie Britton are frequent visitors to Montreal, where they stay either with their sister, Mrs. Phillip Gilbert, or their numerous friends.

The Symphony Concert on Friday by no means fell short in any respect of its predecessors. From start to finish it was most enjoyable, as the generous applause betokened.

Schubert's Seventh Symphony played for the first time in Montreal was exceedingly well rendered by the orchestra, and made one hope that it is not the last time of playing.

Miss Beckie Kellert, the soprano, and a very youthful one, delighted all who heard her. Quite without affectation, and possessing a most pleasing voice and presence she evoked quite a burst of enthusiasm, and was obliged to give an encore.

Miss Myers, a promising local pianist played Liszt's Rhapsodie very well indeed.

The audience was a fairly large one, but Prof. Goulet deserves better support than he gets.

People can turn out every week to an afternoon euchre which last three hours. Yet, for a concert that would really educate them, in a slight way at least, they would probably say they cannot afford the time.

This afternoon, Mr. Louis Charbonneau, whose cello playing is well-known and appreciated, will be the soloist.

Mrs. Charles G. Hope, 265 Drummond street, has returned from Cardinal, where she has been visiting Mrs. Benson, "Cardinal House," for some weeks.

Miss Blanche Drury has left town on a visit to Mrs. Grace, Madison avenue, Toronto.

Mrs. Johnson, Prince of Wales' Terrace, entertained a number of friends at tea last week.

Miss Alice Reynolds, New Haven, Conn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Huntly Drummond, Bishop street.

Miss Dougall, Redpath street, left this week for England where she will spend some months.

It was far from being a bad idea that suggested the distribution of a Canadian copy book among English board schools. But, judging from the selections one saw in a daily paper, the knowledge imparted is not perhaps as interesting or as useful as it might be.

In schools here, the children are taught so much about Great Britain, or at least its geography, that it is difficult to realize how comparatively little English children know about Canada.

The average child in Montreal could probably tell you all the counties and their capitals of England, and rattle off the kings of England from the early Saxons, though many could not recite all the Governors of Canada or half the counties in Quebec. Canada thus receives the cold shoulder all around.

For one can as truthfully complain of the lamentable ignorance of the grown-up English people regarding this colony as the school children.

I remember an emigrant telling me that she had landed at "Halifax or Manitoba, or somewhere thereabouts." Of course she was uneducated.

But one finds that for the most part our English cousins are simply at sea as regards the geography of Canada. They will write and ask you to look up a friend who has gone out to British Columbia, as if one could go there in the electric car. They will wonder if you have met so and so who came out last year, and is, they think, in Winnipeg. And their ideas as to what cities are in Canada and what in the United States are of the haziest. Of course, it may be affectation. Perhaps it is more complimentary to assume that it is.

That distinguished officer, whose portrait appeared lately in the daily papers, the late General Sir William Lockhart, was, it may not be generally known, a first cousin of Mrs. Davidson Parker, Stanley street.

The Lockharts all appear to have been a most noted and interesting family. One of them, known to most people, is the delightful novelist, Lawrence Lockhart.

I think I am correct in saying that Mr. A. Lockwood, who is to be the pianist at the Bispham concert, is a nephew of Mrs. Edgar Judge, and some few years ago gave a most delightful recital at the Y. M. C. A. hall, to which Mrs. Judge invited all her friends.

This year, at the Victoria Rink, the long observed custom of having tea on Mondays and Thursdays in the directors' room was abolished. It was, of course, though pleasant, an unnecessary expense. So that, on Thursday of last week, afternoon tea and a piano-organ at 5 o'clock was a delightful innovation. To a number of debutantes was the gratitude of all who were present, due. And the only pity is, that earlier in the year such a plan was not formulated. Tuesday morning lunches at one time used to be given by a number of ladies. But that club fell through long since, and none took its place. Dear me! why are we all so devoid of even the minimum amount of enterprise that would result in the small pleasures, no doubt easy enough to forego, but equally easy to experience?

Mr. Frederick Jowett, of Leeds, Eng., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue.

Mrs. G. R. Hooper, St. Mark street, leaves very shortly for Washington, D.C., where she will spend some weeks.

Mr. G. Harold Eadie has recently purchased the house on Stanley street occupied by Mrs. Lindsay, and owned by Mr. H. C. Scott.

News of the death of the Countess Rebegni, in Italy, was recently received with much regret by the friends of Mrs. Theodore Labatt. Mrs. Labatt, it will be remembered, left for Italy in the autumn to be with her sister, Mrs. G. Labatt, who has since died also. Mrs. Labatt will probably return towards the end of April to Montreal, and will be accompanied by her niece, Miss Labatt, whom many Montrealers will remember when as a little girl she lived in Montreal.

The eighth annual concert of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club was, I should imagine, an unparalleled success in the annals of this interesting organization. To begin with, the audience was an exceedingly large and fashionable one, and, in some way or other, a well-filled hall always seems to enhance the success of any entertainment. The playing of Rosario, the talented young cellist, was much appreciated. Among the

members of the club who contributed numbers were Madame Laberge and Mrs. Shaw, who delighted all with "Les Preludes," by Liszt, on two pianos; piano solo by Mrs. Greenshields, songs by Mrs. Laing and Miss Mills and Mrs. Ramsay; also piano solo by Miss Baker. Perhaps the numbers that received the most enthusiastic applause were the songs of Miss Rodgers, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rodgers of St. John's School. She possesses a most charming voice, and an exceedingly well-trained one. Indeed, I heard more than a few people declare that her singing was the feature of the evening.

Mr. Lewis Toms is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, "Langorse House," en route for his home in British Columbia.

Mrs. Dickie, who has been spending the winter with her sister Mrs. John Hope, Dorchester street, left this week for her home in Dublin.

On the 17th of April, the marriage will take place of Miss Mary Owens, daughter of Mrs. Owens, Sherbrooke street, to Mr. R. Baldwin Hart.

Lieut.-Col. Burland and Mrs. Burland have returned from Lakewood, N.J., where, like many Montrealers, they have been spending a short holiday.

The "At Home" given last Saturday in aid of the Patriotic Fund was extremely successful, as, indeed, the names of the promoters of the idea warranted.

A very large number of invitations were issued, and not only was a most excellent tea provided, but the entertainment took the form of an afternoon concert, a number of well-known artists most kindly offering their services.

Mrs. Ives and Professor Goulet, Miss Ada Wait, Miss Rogers, Mr. P. T. Moore and Dr. Stewart Nichol were those who contributed instrumental and vocal music.

The tea-table was in charge of Miss Clay, Miss Pangman, Miss Rawlings, Miss E. Macrae, Miss N. Smith, Miss Dunlop, Miss Desbarats, Miss J. Tyre, Miss C. Shepherd, Miss M. Molson, who all wore the very becoming costume of a Red Cross nurse. And a number of well-known bachelors also made themselves very useful in feeding the hungry.

Several little girls, in pretty white frocks, received any money that the guests, so generously treated, cared to give. And though first it must be acknowledged that Montrealers have had many calls on their purses in aid of the Patriotic Fund, one cannot help saying that on this occasion they did not show to any great advantage.

If the greater number felt that they had given all they could afford already, well! I think it would have been advisable for them to have remained away. For they might have understood that it could hardly benefit the Patriotic Fund to supply them with tea and entertainment and receive no equivalent. The sum taken up was termed "substantial" in another account. I should be sorry to call it so. And I hope that all who attended, and are not used to giving unless it is dragged from them, are feeling conscious stricken to say the least of it.

Miss Gertrude Drury returned this week from Kingston, where she has been spending a few weeks.

The engagement is announced of Mr. John Molson, son of Mr. John Molson, of "Belmont Hall," Sherbrooke street, to Miss Pilkington, one of the well-known Cheshire family of that name.

Mr. Forbes Angus and Mrs. Angus, Pine avenue, have left on a trip of some weeks to the Southern States.

The wedding which took place on March 17, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, London, England, of Miss Muriel Stephenson, daughter of Mr. Russel Stephenson, and niece of Lady Dufferin, and the Hon. Oliver Howard, third son of the Earl of Carlisle, must have been an exceedingly pretty as well as fashionable one.

The guests numbered among them many exceedingly well-known London society people. And Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne attended the service and the reception at 56 Rutland Gate afterwards.

If Mrs. Oliver Howard is as pretty as she promised to be when a little girl, she must indeed have made a very charming bride.

Mrs. Mills, Stanley street, has returned from Champlain, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Averill, Jr., for some weeks.

Next week will begin the exodus for New York, in earnest. It is really extraordinary how Montreal people invariably wish to spend Easter, if possible, in that American metropolis. Certainly it does present a most attractive appearance at this season, with its throngs of well-dressed pleasure-seekers, its gay shops, its multitudes of street vendors, with their bunches of roses and violets and lily of the valley, or their little stands covered with fragrant pots of hyacinths and tulips, or gorgeous azaleas. And, above all, its clear, bright air, free from the smoke and smuts one expects in a great city. Yes, those who can go are not to be wondered at for going.

#### GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

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

Sunday, April 8.—A good day for journeys and social visits.

A fortunate year this will prove, especially as regards business and love affairs.

Very lucky in almost all respects to-day's children will be.

Monday, April 9.—A timely day on which to look for employment.

Business will be fairly prosperous during this year, but sickness and quarrels should be guarded against.

Children born to-day will surely prosper if they work for others instead of going into business for themselves.

Tuesday, April 10.—Men who have dealings of any kind with women should avoid them to-day.

Many annoyances are threatened during this year both in business and family affairs.

Very hard will the children born to-day be obliged to work in order to earn a living, and many troubles they may expect in their home life.

Wednesday, April 11.—Hardly a propitious day for any purpose.

Losses are threatened during this year, especially to those who speculate or travel.

Idle, reckless and extravagant to-day's children will be, and, unless carefully trained, they will find it impossible to work steadily at any occupation.

Thursday, April 12.—No good luck need be expected to-day.

There is hardly any promise of good fortune during this year, and great care will be necessary in order to avoid much misfortune.

Hot-headed, quick-witted and often untruthful, to-day's children will be and prosperity will only fall to the lot of those who happen to be born at fortunate hours.

Friday April 13.—An excellent day for business and love affairs.

Some business disappointments as well as troubles through sickness and quarrels are foreshadowed during this year.

Children born to-day will be hot-tempered and often unlucky. As employes they will be most prosperous.

Saturday, April 14.—A doubtful day.

Business will prosper fairly well during this year, but it will be advisable to guard against accidents and quarrels.

Very fond of roving from place to place to-day's children will be and more than once they will meet with severe accidents.

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

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

## A Miraculous Deliverance.

FISHING ON THE SCOTTISH COAST.

BY WALTER WOOD.

I WAS on the Lighthouse Pier when Chesney took a boat and prepared to pull a mile away to the north of Castle Hill for some fishing. The craft was a worn-out coble, which, being unfit to battle with the seas in the ordinary course of things, was permitted by an enlightened corporation to ferry a dozen persons each trip between the heads of two piers which formed the outer harbor at the foot of the hill.

An aged mariner undertook to row Chesney out and half-fill the boat with fish at the low, inclusive charge of eighteen-pence.

"Yer can sell the catch for twice the money, sir," observed the fisherman persuasively. That decided Chesney, who is of Scotch descent, and engaged in commerce.

"Then you'll owe me eighteen-pence," he answered, as he stepped into the coble.

The battered seaman winked expressively at me, and observed in husky tones of admiration that it was the smartest joke he'd heard this side of Christmas, and he'd come across most that were going.

Chesney is rather proud of his humor, and this remark was good for a cigar on the spot for the mariner and a mental resolve on Chesney's part—as I heard afterwards—to give him half-a-crown, and let him take the fish home for his own family consumption. The half-crown, for reasons which will presently appear, was not paid.

The boatman lazily pulled Chesney away, puffing great clouds of smoke from the cigar, which he was obviously getting through as speedily as possible, so that he might be ready for another. I watched them as they left the pier, and envied the elegance and self-possession of my friend. He also was smoking, and was reclining easily in the sternsheets as the coble rose and fell upon the crisp blue waves.

The sun was shining brightly then, and the air was so clear and fresh that I could count 50 steam and sailing crafts of all sizes and rigs, some going north, others south, and a few, which were tacking, proceeding any way that would secure them a knot forward on their voyages.

The coble disappeared around the foot of the hill, and Chesney gave me a gracious and pitying wave of the hand, for I am of a timorous and unadventurous nature. In addition, I am a student of the weather forecasts, and so I had refused to accompany him, saying that before noon the sea-fog would be upon us, and that it behooved all prudent men to hug the shore very closely.

Chesney went away in a blaze of sunshine and a cloud of blue cigar smoke, in the company of the aged seaman, and with one knickerbockered leg dangling carelessly over the gunwale. This, I believe, was done more for the benefit of several pretty girls upon the pier than for mine.

The coble and the mariner returned without him, and the latter reported to me and others, as he landed, that a thick fog had come down suddenly, that wind and sea had risen without warning; that Chesney, in leaning out of the boat to pull in the last bit, which he declined to forego, had been lurching overboard; that the anchor was then up and the coble under way, and that it was impossible to do anything to save him, inasmuch as the boat had shot past the spot, and one could not see half-a-dozen yards ahead.

"As for my gettin' back," explained the fisherman, "I came in mostly wi' the wind an' tide. But for them I should ha' bin wi' the Scotse man."

Late that afternoon I lifted a limp, unclothed heap of humanity, which was Chesney, into a cab, after dexterously

casting my waterproof around him, and we drove to our hotel. My friend was put into warm blankets, his knickers being hung up in the kitchen to dry, and until nightfall I employed myself, under medical direction, in gently pounding and strongly rubbing him to keep his circulation up, and in feeding him with watered brandy to keep his rheumatism down.

Chesney's first sign of returning intelligence was made when he observed, addressing no one in particular, that the aged seaman was a sham and a coward, emphasizing his description with an energetic adjective, which I must ask to be excused from mentioning.

"And now," I said, when I was tired with my exertions, and all the spirit was finished, "tell me how the whole thing happened. It strikes me as being wonderfully mixed up."

"Well," began Chesney, "you may talk as you like about proficiency in shooting; but, for my part, give me soldiers that don't know how to aim."

He turned himself in his blankets, and looked hard at me.

"No," he proceeded, cleverly reading my thoughts, "I'm not affected by what I've had—there's not enough of it, for one thing—and I'm not going mad. I'm telling you a simple fact, when I say that if those fellows on Castle Hill had been good shots I should have been blown into 1,000 pieces by this time. Then it would have been a case of Casabianca over again—asking of the winds which far around with fragments strewed the sea. You know that when I left you this morning those volunteer artillery fellows were potting away with the 40-pounders from the top of the hill. They have three targets rigged up 1,000 yards out to sea, the targets being large casks placed upright on anchored rafts, and each having a flag on a pole to show its position to the gunners.

"Well, the hill is 200 feet above the level of the water, so that it's safe enough to sail beneath the shot as they scream through the air. It's quite thrilling and interesting to be rowed about and watch the men at practice. You see the flash and the smoke, and if you're reasonably sharp you can follow the projectiles as they whiz along. Very often the shot goes in plump, and raises a tall, thin column of spray, and that's all you see of it; but frequently it goes ricocheting for a long distance, and this morning I saw one that ricocheted 20 times.

"When the skippers of the sixpenny excursion steamers want to let the trippers have their money's worth, they run very near the zone of fire. That usually knocks the passengers over, even if the sea doesn't. You've never been out in one of the steamers, I know. They're a bit too cosmopolitan for you, aren't they? But you must remember that you can always preserve your self-respect and gentility by going on the bridge—sixpence extra, and cheap at the price.

"Well, it's a pity you haven't made a trip or two, because you'd understand better what I'm going to tell you. For my own part, I've been out dozens of times, and paid my sixpence. There's no false pride about me. I'm not above mingling with the people, and sharing their joys and sorrows. I'm one of 'em."

It pleases Chesney to talk like this in private. All the same, he wears a ring with a crest, for which, however, I don't know that he pays the tax; and claims to be descended from Lord MacTaggart, of the Isles.

"I have already described my cobleman in fitting terms. As he rowed out he tried to persuade me that he'd seen every land on the face of the earth, but I don't suppose he ever got farther than the Dutch coast with the fishing fleets. That part of the world he certainly does know well, and speaks fluently of 'Tarskillin,' Ameland Island, the Texel, and other spots abroad, where he's put in a lot of time—mostly, I dare say, for illegal trawling. He was a fraud of the first water, and ran through my cigars in a way I could never have believed possible if I hadn't seen it done. He seemed to turn them

into smoke at a single draw, and didn't hesitate to ask for more, either.

"When we got half-a-mile out—you remember what a lovely morning it was—he stopped pulling, laid down his oars, and threw the anchor out. Then he tried to persuade me that the most perfect manner of enjoying my time was not to fish, but to lie on my back and smoke, and conjure up visions of what the hill was like in the old fighting days, and picture to myself the battles which have been determined hereabouts since the Armada. He's not an unromantic or unpicturesque old villain, but I'd gone out to fish, and fish I was determined on, even at the cost of putting the old gentleman to the trouble of baiting my hooks and looking after my lines.

"For half-an-hour I caught nothing, and even the ancient mariner had to confess that there wasn't much 'sport,' as he fondly called it. That, he explained, was due to the bright morning and the uncommon wariness of the fish. He tried to show me that since his young days fish have changed very much for the worse; for, whereas then they would go accommodatingly into any apology for a net, nowadays they know the cut of a trawl or line a mile away, and manoeuvre out of reach accordingly. As for patent trawl-heads, they scent them from afar, and won't go near them.

"It's all eddication 'at does it,' he assured me. 'If it wasn't for eddication there'd be no steam trawlers, an' if it wasn't for steam trawlers the fish wouldn't be so 'cute. Becoss, you see, it's this way—if a calm came on in the old days o' sailin' smacks only, an' lasted for a week or two, the fish 'ud forget what a net was like; but wi' steamers, wi' their gear allus down, 'cep'in' in 'eavy weather, the image o' the net is never out o' their minds, an' so they're rare an' cunning' "

"Specious old arguer," I observed.

"Natural product of a fashionable seaside resort," returned Chesney. "The curse of modern civilization is that it affects the inborn simplicity of these people, and makes them precocious and over-cunning, so to speak. That comes of tampering with the masses."

"Of whom you're one!"

Chesney scorned to notice the correcting interruption, and with a power of forgetting disagreeable positions previously taken up by him, which I have sought in vain to emulate, he went on with his story.

"All the time we were fishing we were underneath the direct tracks of the forty-pounders from the hill. You know how the guns are placed? They're all forty-pounder R.B.L. or R.M.L.—that is to say, rifled breech-loaders or rifled muzzle-loaders "

Having glanced with pity for my ignorance as he made this explanation, Chesney proceeded, "It's the breech-loaders that are mostly used in the way of practice. The gunners never seem to hit anything; at least, I never saw the target struck, and I've spent many hours on the hill in the rear of the weapons, sometimes half-afraid that the shot would come out at the wrong end and do the business for me. This morning they were especially bad, and I couldn't help remarking on the vileness of their aim to the old Johnnie who was with me. But he hadn't a thought for anything outside fishing smacks, coasters, fish, and cobbles, unless it was the amount of tips he was accustomed to get, on landing, from wealthy gentlemen like me, as he put it.

"I'm a bit of an artilleryman myself," proceeded Chesney—he was, at one time, I remember, in a volunteer regiment, as an officer, he would vaguely say, but qualified, as I understood, by the prefix "non-commissioned"—"and so I'm pretty competent to reckon up the performances of the men on the hill. Their aim was bad, their training was deplorable, and for the life of them they somehow couldn't tackle the trajectory. The result was that all the shots were wild, and not one went nearer to the target than 50 yards. I think there must have been some awful language on the hill, and the inspecting officer, who's coming down to-morrow, is certain to have a lot to say about it. He'll be hard up for a subject, and likes to

have his remarks reported in the local papers; so here's his opportunity.

"We kept well on the safe side of the targets, and enjoyed the sensation of the shots being very near, and yet of being ourselves quite out of danger.

"All at once the fog was on us. It came down from the north-east without warning, at any rate neither I nor the boatman saw it, and almost before we knew where we were the coble was enveloped in a mist so thick that you could hardly see the length of the boat.

"The old chap professed to get into a panic, and began to haul up the anchor with a vigor you would never have supposed to be in his withered body.

"I rather resented this haste, for I'd only got half-a-dozen wretched dabs and whiting, and didn't feel that I'd had my money's worth.

"Not so fast," I said; "You needn't be alarmed about this bit of a mist. It's a bright morning, and the air will soon be clear again."

"But the boatman took no heed. 'You don't know these parts as well as I do, sir,' he said, 'or you'd want to get back to the pier as sharp as you could. I remember once bein' out like this an' being utterly lost. The fog was that thick you could ha' sliced it, an' the tide was ebbin' so you couldn't row against it. I was providential picked up by a smack after I'd drifted 10 mile out an' bin in a' open boat fifteen hour. I don't want another do like that.'

"Just then he got the anchor up, plumped it into the bottom of the boat, and began rowing back like a very demon to where he supposed the harbor was.

"Just stop one minute," I cried; "I've got a tremendous bite!"

"Not a second!" he shouted back, and pulled away harder than ever.

"I was so certain I had a splendid fish on one of my hooks that I hauled in hard and fast. I was leaning over the side, and saw that I had a magnificent cod.

"For the moment I forgot everything but my frantic desire to get my catch on board. I had no such thing as a landing-net; it was a mere question of skill and muscle, a matter of watching for my opportunity, and jerking the beauty into the coble as he struggled and leaped.

"Let 'im go! There's plenty more w're 'e comes from!" the old man sang out.

"Yes, but you're got to catch 'em," I answered; "and that's more than you do every day with tackle like this. I'll have him on board before you can count 10. This'll be a big thing to talk about."

"Don't be a blamed fool, sir," the old man yapped. All the time he was working backward and forward at the oars, panting like an engine out of order.

"Now, you know, it isn't usual for a visitor to be spoken to like that by a native. Hang it, they have to depend on us for a living, and must keep civil tongues in their heads. What the dickens would become of my customers if I took to swearing at them? So I turned to the boatman for a second, just to tell him not to speak in that way again.

"Look out! Let go your line!" he roared by way of answer.

"It was too late. While I had turned to reprove him the cod had taken a desperate dive; my line tautened; I felt a jerk; the boat heeled over; and before I knew what had happened I was in the water, and the coble had been swept away into the fog. I heard the old man's voice asking me where I was; and Heaven save me from ever again listening to such an evil sound. Talk about the wail of the departing—it smote upon me with a vengeance then. That smothered cry from the clammy gloom will ring in my ears for many a long day to come. Ugh! I shall never see a Scotch mist without feeling all the horror of it again.

"My mouth was too full of the North Sea to make it possible for me to give an answer; and as I didn't reply, I suppose the old fellow worked his way into harbor, satisfied that I'd gone down like a stone. He was vastly anxious about his own safety; if he'd been one-half as concerned about mine, I dare say I could have got into the boat again, had as my chances were, 'or, you know, I'm a powerful swimmer."

"A life more or less doesn't count to an old North Sea fisherman," I observed, as Chesney paused to relight his cigar. "They get so used to loss at sea that they can't be affected as we are."

"No," agreed Chesney; "and I suppose that a mere outsider like me couldn't count much to the old man—I'm not a relative,

MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE—CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 13.

and can easily be replaced by another visitor. All the same, I feel sore that he should so readily have abandoned me. However, to let that pass, I was in an awful situation, how awful I can't adequately describe to you. I couldn't see more than a yard or two around me, and didn't know which way to turn to save myself. I supposed I was about half-a-mile from the shore, but was afraid to spend my strength in trying to swim to it, lest I should get to a spot where I couldn't land, and perish miserably.

"Thank Heaven, if I'm not much of a golfer or a tennis man, if I don't care for cricket, and loathe football, there's one thing I can do—I can swim. They couldn't drive Greek or Latin into me at school; I never got beyond the ass's bridge in Euclid, and didn't understand what came before; but Heaven bless the people who subscribed towards the swimming-bath, and the pater who paid the extra fees they charged for teaching what the headmaster elegantly described as the natatorial art. The pater used to say, in view of my general thick-headedness, that it seemed a sin to put into my hands the means of getting out of some tight corner in a river or canal when Providence might have designed some such means to rid the world of an encumbrance; but I'm sure the dear old man will weep for joy when I tell him how his subscription proved his son's salvation.

"Excuse this lapse into reminiscence—you might call it some harsher name—but I'm certain you'd feel the same gratitude if you were in my shoes.

"Curiously enough, after the first shock passed, I wasn't in the least disturbed about my situation. I felt wonderfully cool-headed, and at once began to get rid of my boots and clothes, so as to be able to float and swim with as little encumbrance as possible. That accounts for my rather unrepresentable state when I was fetched ashore from the waters east of the pier."

"I'm waiting patiently, Chesney," I observed quietly, "to get to know how you reached the raft, and how you got from it. You must admit that your method of coming ashore was rather a knockdown for the conventionalities."

"Needs must when the Evil One drives," returned my friend. "But let me tell the yarn my own way, or you'll spoil it; and it isn't without its strong features."

"It has a strength peculiarly its own.

Chesney went on, "As you live by your imagination"—this was a quid pro quo for my sarcasm—"you'll readily understand my position. I was a good half-mile from the hill, and about as far from the targets. The fog was so dense that you couldn't see three yards on any side of you. I might swim about in a circle until I was exhausted, or I might float, on the off chance that the fog would lift or a coble run past me. I might make for the harbor, or the hill—and miss both. Now, what would you have done?"

Chesney looked up triumphantly as he put this question.

"I shouldn't have done anything."

Chesney smiled in a superior way.

"Because I can't swim, and should therefore have gone to the bottom."

Chesney's smile vanished. "There was only one way out of it," he resumed, not without a suspicion of irritation, "which I venture to think wouldn't have occurred to the mind of the ordinary landsman, or, shall I say, the non-aquatic person? That was, to enter the lion's den, to make for the targets, and seek refuge on them."

"A harebrained notion," I commented.

"Listen. If I'd made for the hill I might have struggled into quite the wrong direction, and even if I'd reached the foot of it mightn't have been able to get a landing, for, you know, the tide was just then flowing strongly, and there's a nasty current around the base. For the same reason I couldn't try the harbor, so there was no option between floating aimlessly about and seeking a resting-place on one of the targets. I determined on the latter, and thought I had very good reason for making the choice.

"My reason was that in spite of the thick fog the guns were pounding away as hard as ever. That showed me that the fog was merely local, was, in fact, a bank that hung about the hill, and that a mile or so out the sea and targets were clear. The whole bank could easily be seen over by the gunners, and I take it that it was nothing to them what mysteries the bank concealed.

"I never for a moment supposed that I should not be seen as soon as I emerged from the grey curtain and got near the targets. I knew that I was all right for a certain distance, because, being fired from that height, the shots couldn't pos-

sibly hit the water for a considerable distance from the bank; and very often they didn't touch the surface until they got to the far side of the targets.

"But I couldn't spend all the day in thinking, and I struck out for the targets, going finely with the tide, which was still ebbing, although I expected every minute that it would turn. As it was, I knew that I should be carried pretty near the targets. As I have suggested, I did not think that once clear of the targets I should be otherwise than all right and safe. I imagined that I should be seen by at least one of the fellows who are forever peering through their glasses from the battery watching the course of the shots.

"The adventure wasn't without its exciting element, once I got into the spirit of it. The nearer the shots I got the more I was disposed to funk and turn back, but I didn't then care for the notion of being beaten, and, as I have said, I might have turned to a worse fate than that which was before me.

"Sure enough, I did emerge from the fog-bank. I swam out of the thick clammy cloud into perfectly clear bright air, and saw ahead of me the row of targets standing with absolute distinctness out of the water, and rolling gently about with the motion of the seas.

"Now came the critical time. I was in the direct line of fire, the straight track of the forty pounders, and any moment any one of those awful screaming shot might smash me to a pulp on the water, and leave only a sanguinary stain to show my resting-place. I can tell you, the terror of it for a moment almost froze my blood. But in time of deadly peril the main thing needful is action, and action I went in for for all I was worth. I've fought hard in swimming races to get the first place—and I don't think there's any sport on earth in which you can exert yourself more than in that—but I never strained myself as I did to get out of that fatal track.

"Every few minutes I looked around at the battery with an irresistible fascination, and as soon as I saw the puff of smoke and the tongue of flame, down I dived as deeply as ever I could, so as to be as safe as possible from the shells—for by this time they were firing nothing but shrapnel.

"Once or twice I shot bolt upright from the water, jumping as high out of the waves as my strength allowed; and when my body was out to the hips I moved my arms frantically, in the hope that those on the hill would see me and stop firing. But no such luck was mine. At that distance I must have been practically invisible, especially as no one would ever dream of looking for swimmers, crazy as some of them are when in the sea, in the neighborhood of the targets.

"At last I saw that my sole hope of salvation was to get on to one of the targets, stand up, and show myself against the flag. In that case it would be impossible for me to escape notice, and firing would, of course, cease instantly until I could be rescued.

"So I struggled on, not quite so vigorously as before, for my strength was failing. Every minute or so a shrapnel screamed past me or overhead, and one of them, bursting prematurely, scattered its horrible contents in a deadly hail about me. That awful shower of missiles put the final spurt into me, and before another shot was fired I was clinging, exhausted, to the centre target, expecting every instant that a shot would come to kill me.

"To my astonishment, there was no more booming, and it dawned upon me that the morning's firing was at an end. I gave a loud shout of joy at my deliverance, and with a desperate effort managed to get completely upon the platform. I instantly looked towards the battery, and saw that the flag was hauled down, and that the guns were deserted.

"For the immediate present I was safe, and I sank down shivering on the raft.

"But the time was one for action, and I pulled my cold and trembling limbs together. I looked towards every point of the compass, but there wasn't a craft of any sort in sight to take me off. It was impossible for me, owing to the curve of the hill, to be seen from the harbor or the outer pier, and as I had no wish to remain on the target all day, I determined to cast myself on the waters and get back to shore with the tide, which had now turned, and was being helped landward by a stiff breeze from the northeast."

Chesney paused awkwardly for a moment before adding, "But before diving I did what I hadn't done for many a long day—kneeled down by the flag and said a prayer, first for my deliverance, and secondly for strength to get to shore. The second part of it, as you know, was answered, and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge that I thank God for my wonderful deliverance."

There was almost a note of defiance in his concluding words, as if he thought I might take exception to his act as being unworthy of a man of spirit.

But I had noticed also a curious tremor in his voice, and felt that I could not improve on the plan of continuing to smoke in sympathetic silence—which I did.

# Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Loprohon.

CHAPTER XIV.

The following morning, the young girl awoke with an intense, overpowering headache which kept her prisoner in her room the whole of the forenoon, much to the annoyance and disappointment of Sternfield, who called at an early hour, and who, when refused admittance by Jeanne, turned from the door with a lowering frown which excited that worthy woman's wrath to a high degree.

"One would think he was the master of the house," she resentfully muttered, as she closed the door upon him. "Why, he looked as if he was about to push me aside and force himself in as he did recently when he wanted to see Mademoiselle."

She failed not on the first subsequent opportunity to communicate her ideas on the subject to her mistress, whose smooth brow contracted as she listened to the tale, in a manner which proved more satisfactory to Jeanne than it would have done to Major Sternfield had he witnessed it. Antoinette came down to dinner; and just as the ladies had sought the drawing-room, and Mr. D'Aulnay his library, the tinkle of sleigh bells stopping before the door announced an arrival.

"My father," murmured Antoinette, turning pale as marble.

"Yes, it is indeed he," rejoined her companion, taking a hasty reconnaissance through the window. Who would have expected him, with such roads? And now, dear child, no tremors—no nervousness. It, by ill fortune, your father happen to be in an unpropitious humor, do not run the risk of confessing your inarrriage now, precipitancy might spoil all."

Ere long, Mr. De Mirecourt—a carefully-dressed, stately-looking gentleman of the old French school—entered, and his daughter, dreading to meet his penetrating glance, instantly threw herself into his arms. He embraced her affectionately, and then gently raising her face, he looked earnestly into it, exclaiming, after a moment:

"'Tis as I feared, little one! This gay, fashionable life does not agree with a simple country girl like yourself. Why, you look three years older than you did when you left home, and though your cheeks are rosy enough, these burning little hands tell that your roses are more those of fever than of health."

"Antoinette did not rest well last night, dear uncle," said Mrs. D'Aulnay, who was standing beside the newcomer, her hand resting caressingly on his shoulder. "She is unusually nervous."

"There it is, my fair niece," was the smiling reply. "The usual *fine lady's* cant. Why, my little Antoinette, who used to give me breakfast every morning in the country at seven, and help to eat it too, with excellent appetite, scarcely knew then what the term nervous meant."

"But, cher oncle, Antoinette was scarcely more than a little girl a few months ago. She is a young lady now."

"A fine lady, you mean, Lucille. But it is not that alone. I find an undefinable change in her that I cannot describe. Perhaps it is that she is more graceful, more elegant in her style of dress; in short, more like my charming niece, Madame D'Aulnay," he good-humoredly added. "However, let my little girl's external appearance pass, 'tis well enough; but I cannot say I am well satisfied with her on other points. Aye, you may well blush!" he added, as Antoinette's face became painfully crimson. "I have two serious accusations to bring against you. But, to begin with the first, what is the reason you reject Louis Beauchesne, the husband I have chosen for you—to whom I promised you?"

"Because, dear papa, I do not love him sufficiently well to marry him."

"Ah, Lucille, Lucille, this is your work," exclaimed Mr. De Mirecourt, reproachfully shaking his head at his niece.

"Just what Mrs. Gerard foretold, when we discussed the propriety of accepting your invitation for Antoinette."

"But, dear uncle, I know you are too just, too kind, to force my cousin into a marriage with a man she does not love."

"She loves Louis quite as well as you did Mr. D'Aulnay when you wedded him; and who will presume to say that you are not a very happy couple? But *treve* to this nonsense! I have made up my mind, and, though I give her her own way about pocket money, household matters, and other minor details, on this point I must have mine. She has known Louis long, always treated him with affectionate kindness, and is as well acquainted as I am with his irreproachable character. He is an excellent parti too in a worldly point of view, and I do not intend sacrificing so many combined advantages, in compliance with a girl's sentimental whim. So prepare to return home with me to-morrow, my daughter; or if I leave you another week here it will be only to give you the chance of at once selecting your trousseau—for, before this day month, Louis Beauchesne will be my son-in-law."

"But, dear dear papa," pleaded Antoinette, with tearful eyes, throwing her arms about Mr. De Mirecourt's neck as she spoke, "forgive me if I say I cannot marry Louis. I will do anything else you wish me to do—return with you to the country to-morrow, live as quietly as a hermit there—"

"Pshaw! enough of this folly!" interrupted Mr. De Mirecourt, unwinding, though not unkindly, the little arms encircling him. "I have overlooked your singular, I might say rather undutiful letter of last week, informing me that you could not, would not, listen to my wishes; but, Antoinette dear, you must not try my patience too far!"

A pause ensued, and then the young girl unclosed her lips twice as if to speak, but her resolution failed her, and she directed a pleading look towards Mrs. D'Aulnay, mutely asking her to enter on the dreaded explanation.

"Well, it is all settled then?" cheerfully inquired Mr. De Mirecourt, misinterpreting the momentary silence into a token of consent.

"Ah! I fear not, my dearest uncle," and Mrs. D'Aulnay's hand was again laid caressingly on his shoulder. "There may be an invincible obstacle to this union—one which, perhaps, cannot be overcome!"

Mrs. D'Aulnay had scarcely calculated on the effect her words would produce, or she might have hesitated before uttering them. Dashing off her hand, Mr. De Mirecourt sprang to his feet, and, looking angrily from one to the other, sternly repeated:

"Invincible obstacle! What do you mean, what can you mean, Lucille? But, pshaw!" he continued, less violently, "'Tis only your romantic, exaggerated style of speech; unless, indeed"—and here his gaze grew darker than before—"that Antoinette has become entangled in a ridiculous love-affair with some of the gay military gallants who are probably allowed to overrun the house. I have heard a whisper of the flirtations and nonsense going on here of late."

"Uncle, dear uncle!" gently remonstrated Mrs. D'Aulnay. The simple appeal, uttered in the softest tones, somewhat calmed Mr. De Mirecourt, but he continued, still firmly enough, "'Tis of no use, Lucille. Soft words and pleading looks will not prevent me saying what I have to say; and again, I repeat, I hope that my daughter has not forgotten herself so far as to enter into any secret love-engagement with those who are aliens alike to our race, creed and tongue."

"But if she should have done so, dearest uncle—if she should have met with some noble, good man, who, apart from the objection of his being a foreigner, should have proved himself worthy in all other things of inspiring affection—"

"Then, Madame D'Aulnay," he interrupted, striking the table so violently that the vases and other ornaments on it shook again, "the first thing she has to do is to forget him; for never, never will she obtain either my consent or my blessing."

"Now is the moment," inwardly groaned Antoinette; "now,



ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 15

we should undeceive him—tell him it is beyond earthly power to prevent the union he so utterly condemns." So thought Mrs. D'Aulnay too; but Mr. De Mirecourt had wrought himself up to a degree of anger most unusual with him, and they tremblingly recoiled from the thought of exasperating him farther.

"Listen to me, daughter Antoinette, and you, my too officious niece, bear witness," he resumed, after a short pause, which had been merely a lull in the tempest. "I must be plain, explicit, with you both. I forbid you, child, to have any intercourse, beyond that of distant courtesy with the men I have mentioned, and if you have entangled yourself in any disgraceful flirtation or attachment, break it off at once, under penalty of being disowned and disinherited."

"Oh! my father!" faltered Antoinette, clasping her trembling hands, "For God's sake retract those cruel words; they are too terrible!"

A vague fear stole over Mr. De Mirecourt's heart at this passionate appeal; but, as is frequently the case, it only increased his irritation, and seizing his daughter's arm, he violently repeated, "I shall not retract them, disobedient, wilful girl!"

At that moment the drawing-room door opened, and Louis Beauchesne entered. A look of mingled dismay and indignation flashed across his face as his glance took in the scene before him; but Mr. De Mirecourt, still under the influence of his late fierce excitement, exclaimed,

"I have just been telling this wilful girl that this day month, willing or unwilling, she shall become your wife."

"Oh, Mr. De Mirecourt," he replied, with a look of mingled bitterness and pain. "I seek not an unwilling bride—one forced to the altar against the wishes of her own heart. But are you not exacting too speedy a submission from Antoinette? Scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since you first mentioned your wishes to her, and you must accord her a little time to make up her mind. Why, she will require a month to recover from the effects of to-day's scolding", and he glanced compassionately towards Antoinette, who was leaning against a chair, her cheek pale as marble, and every feature quivering with agitation.

Mr. De Mirecourt's heart smote him. During the 17 years that his daughter had passed under the protecting shadow of his parental love, he had never addressed as many unkind and harsh words to her as he had done within the last ten minutes, and unacquainted with the secret fears and anxieties torturing her heart, he attributed her overwhelming emotion entirely to his own severity.

"Sit down Antoinette," continued Louis, reading, at once, the relenting expression stealing over her father's face. "Sit down, and I know Mr. De Mirecourt will promise to grant six months instead of one, to prepare your mind and your trousseau."

"You are a philosophical wooer, Louis," exclaimed Mr. De Mirecourt, sarcastically. "more so than I would have been at your age; and seem to be in no hurry to seal your happiness."

"Because I seek Antoinette's happiness before my own," he rejoined, whilst the old bitter expression clouded his countenance for a moment. "But speak, Mr. De Mirecourt, is it not settled that you will give her six months longer for reflection, at the end of which time let us hope that your wishes and mine may be fulfilled."

Poor Louis! he knew well the futility of that hope, but, in his generous abnegation, he only thought of procuring a respite for the pale trembling girl before him.

"Be it as you wish then," returned Mr. De Mirecourt, with an attempt at carelessness. "Since the expectant bridegroom is satisfied, so also should I be. But, Antoinette, remember that of what I have just told you concerning foreign lovers or suitors, I retract nothing. What I have said, I have said; and if you disobey me, neither blessing nor inheritance will ever be yours. And now enough on this chapter. Where is Mr. D'Aulnay?"

"I will seek him, dear uncle," rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, hastily rising, for her quick ear had caught the sound of the hall-door opening. On leaving the room, instead of proceeding to the library where her husband was, she rapidly descended the stairs in time to arrest Sternfield, who was divesting himself of his outer coat, preparatory to seeking the society of the ladies, Jeanne having received no orders to exclude him.

Mrs. D'Aulnay drew him hurriedly into a small ante-room off the hall, and in a few rapid words recounted the stormy interview which had just passed up stairs. The major's flushed cheek and contracted brow betokened the intense annoyance the recital caused him; and had his companion been as quick-eyed as she generally was, she would have perceived that at her mention of Mr. De Mirecourt's threat of disinheriting his daughter, the listener's cheek gained a deeper glow, his eyes an angrier light. "Can you tell me," he irritably inquired, "how long this tyrannical old man is going to stay, for see, my wife I must and shall."

"Hush, hush, do not speak so loud. I think he will leave to-morrow morning, and until he has taken his departure, you must remain exiled from her presence. Do not get impatient; for, believe me, our penance meanwhile will be severer than yours."

Dismissing Sternfield with a friendly pressure of the hand, she turned now to the library where she found, as she had expected, her husband, and immediately entered on a narrative of the late scene in the drawing-room, condemning Mr. De Mirecourt's harshness in no measured terms, and concluding by imploring Mr. D'Aulnay to use all his influence in inducing this *pere sauvage* to leave Antoinette a little longer with them. "Believe me, dear Andre," the lady pathetically added, "she will be scolded and worried into her grave, if she goes back with her still irritated father. Request, then, the prolongation of her visit as a personal favor; and if you are sufficiently persevering, uncle De Mirecourt will scarcely refuse you."

"Well, I will do as you ask me, Lucille, for I am really fond of the little girl, but still I cannot help thinking she would be better at home, than flirting and fluttering about with the military cavaliers that you and she both so strongly affect."

## CHAPTER XV.

The meeting between Mr. D'Aulnay and his guest was cordial in the extreme, for they had been fast friends from early boyhood, and, though dissimilar in many points of character, resembled each other in being both honorable, kind-hearted men. On Mr. De Mirecourt's mentioning that he was about to bring his daughter back to the country, his host, with a warmth and earnestness for which the guest was unprepared, insisted that Antoinette's visit should not be shortened in so sudden and so unreasonable a manner.

"It must be, my dear D'Aulnay, your house here is too gay for an inexperienced country girl, such as she is; and I cannot trust her any longer among the fascinating English gallants whom report says find their way so frequently into Madame's salons."

"But surely where I trust my wife, you may safely trust your daughter?"

"Scarcely, Andre. My fair niece has a store of experience and worldly knowledge which my little girl has not had time yet to acquire."

"Well, even so, you will not refuse to leave her with us a couple of weeks longer?"

Mrs. D'Aulnay here joined her entreaties to those of her husband; and, after considerable pressing, Mr. De Mirecourt consented, though with considerable reluctance, that Antoinette should remain another fortnight in town, at the end of which time she was to return without fail to Valmont. The evening passed pleasantly enough to most of the little party; for Mrs. D'Aulnay and the good-natured Louis, whom the hostess had almost tearfully pressed to remain, exerted themselves to amuse the others. Antoinette alone was silent and sad; but the scene of the morning, fortunately, accounted sufficiently for her unusual depression. No allusion to that event was made by anyone, except once, when she herself whispered to young Beauchesne: "My dear, kind Louis, how can I ever thank you sufficiently for your generous interference this morning!"

"Aye! Antoinette, you may thank me, for the effort caused me a sharp, bitter pang. I am not quite the cold philosophical wooer your father thinks me. But no more of this now: it would only agitate you. Enough to say, that if I cannot be your lover, I will still continue to be your friend."

His companion's beautiful eyes, so dangerously eloquent in their gratitude, drove poor Louis from her side, but only to see him soon return again, and, as Mr. De Mirecourt's watchful glance followed their long-whispered conferences together, his smiles became more congenial, his laughs more frequent and prolonged. In the course of the evening he consulted his

host on the project so dear to his heart, informing him at the same time of Antoinette's opposition to his wishes.

"Well, my opinion," replied Mr. D'Aulnay, as he directed, by a slight movement of his head, his companion's attention to the two young people who were standing at a distant window conversing in a low tone—"my opinion is, that you have only to let them alone, and they will soon be more anxious even than yourself to fulfill your wishes. I know very little of womanly character or peculiarities, but I have read the works of those who have most deeply studied the question, and they all unite in asserting it to be a most difficult thing to force a young girl to love a suitor against her own will. They indeed go farther, and say that to warn her against, or forbid her loving any particular individual, is the most effectual way of insuring her attaching herself to him."

Mr. De Mirecourt smiled at this doctrine, and thought it might possibly be somewhat exaggerated; but still he had sufficient respect for Mr. D'Aulnay's opinions, to accept his counsel of leaving his daughter unmolested for some time to come, on the subject of her marriage, convinced that such would be the most effectual means of bringing it about. He would have felt more anxious respecting the truth of his theory had he chanced to overhear the conversation going on at the distant window, in which Louis, in reply to his companion's whispered avowal that she loved Major Sternfield, resigned then and forever, all hope of her hand; promising at the same time, with the innate generosity which formed so striking a feature in his character, to always do whatever he could to aid and befriend her. Mr. De Mirecourt left early the following day, despite the condition of the roads; and Antoinette, anxious to escape from her own harassing thoughts, seated herself at her tapestry frame, where her white fingers were soon moving with as much rapidity as if no graver care engrossed her mind than the formation of the miniature lilies and roses she was tracing on the canvas. Bending over her frame, her thoughts as busy as her fingers, she heard not the servant's announcement of a visitor, and it was only when enfolded in Sternfield's arms that she was aware of his presence.

Startled, surprised, she abruptly withdrew herself from his close clasp, and then, with crimsoned cheek, she asked, "Why did you do that, Audley?"

"Why did I embrace my bride," he repeated with a forced laugh. "A singular question that, Antoinette!"

"Listen to me," she gently though firmly rejoined, and this time there was no tremor in her voice, no nervousness in her manner. "I again repeat what I have once before told you, that till our marriage shall have been acknowledged in the eyes of the world, I shall be nothing nearer to you than I was as Antoinette De Mirecourt."

"You are unkind, unjust to treat me thus!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Not so, Major Sternfield," exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, advancing towards them. Antoinette is right; and should I find that till the time she mentions has arrived, you should in any way annoy or grieve her, rest assured that much as I esteem you, much as I have done and would do for you, I should be obliged to deny myself the pleasure of seeing you beneath my roof. Remember, Antoinette is under my protection, and I must shield her from any unnecessary annoyance."

"Good heavens!" impetuously interrupted Sternfield, "is it thus you threaten, speak to me about my own wife! It passes human patience! It passes belief! Nay, I must, I shall speak," he continued more violently than before, shaking off at the same time the hand which Mrs. D'Aulnay, partly in warning, partly in deprecation, had laid on his shoulder. Think you that after a clergyman has declared us one—after I have solemnly placed on her finger the wedding-ring that now glitters there, I am not to be allowed to speak to her—to even kiss the hem of her garments without permission?"

Antoinette, terrified by this hot outburst of passion, stood motionless with changing cheek and beating heart, but Mrs. D'Aulnay, wholly undismayed, quietly replied. "Be calm, Major Sternfield, and do not compel me already to regret the share I have had in bringing about your union. Yes, it must be as she says, and till your marriage is openly proclaimed, I will run no risks of having my cousin's spotless name made a bye-word by servants and scandal-mongers through too attentive civilities on your part. Rather than that such a thing should happen, I would close my doors at once upon you."

"By heaven! you will drive me out of my senses!" he fiercely retorted. "I will not, I shall not submit to such intolerable tyranny, Antoinette, were the solemn vows you uttered before God the other evening, a mere farce, an empty mockery?"

"Oh! no, no, Audley," and the soft pleading look, the low earnest tones of the girl somewhat calmed even his fierce

wrath. "Surely I have already given you a great, a mighty proof of my love; but, understand, till the conditions mentioned by me and subscribed to by yourself at the time of our marriage shall have been published, I will not look on the latter as completed—as ratified."

"And when is this ratification to take place?" he questioned, though somewhat less violently than before.

"Whenever you wish. Perhaps we had better write a full confession to my father at once," but a slight shudder ran through her frame as she spoke.

"Beware of precipitation!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay. "After yesterday's terrible scene, reflect carefully before venturing on such a step. He might cast you off—disinherit you at once. Even Major Sternfield, excited as he is at the present moment, will join with me in condemning so hasty a proceeding. The way must be prepared first; your father soothed and humored till he is in a mood to receive such a communication more favorably. Am I not right, Audley?" Sternfield, who had no wish that his bride should be portionless, felt the full justice of her remarks, and moodily replied in the affirmative.

"Well, since such is the case, let us all make up our minds to be tolerant with one another. You, Audley, will promise to look on Antoinette merely as your betrothed, till a public repetition of the marriage service in her own church shall have made her entirely and wholly yours."

Sternfield made no reply, but walked to a window, near which he stood for some moments in sullen thought. This constant harping on the incompleteness of their marriage made him both anxious and uneasy, and, after serious reflection, he returned to the spot where his pale young bride still stood, and exclaimed: "'Tis a hard and trying ordeal, Antoinette, to which you and Mrs. D'Aulnay wish to subject me; and you would yourselves despise me, if my heart had not at first rebelled against it. If you wish it so, however, I must endeavor to submit. In return, you must both solemnly promise, nay, swear that you will not reveal our secret union till I shall deem the time advisable."

Mrs. D'Aulnay, giddy and thoughtless, at once rejoined, "Certainly! I see nothing wrong in that. I promise you, Audley, in the most solemn, the most binding manner that it shall be as you say. But excuse me one moment; there is Jeanne at the door, wanting to consult me on some household topic."

"Now, Antoinette, it is your turn," said Major Sternfield, as his hostess left the room. "I consent to waive, for the present, a husband's authority and privileges; to look on you, treat you—hard task!—as a stranger, instead of my own dear wife, as you really are. In return, you will bind yourself never to breathe the secret of this marriage to any one, nor to allow Mrs. D'Aulnay to reveal it till I give you leave."

"Oh, Audley!" was the imploring rejoinder, "why must we surround ourselves with more secrecy—more mystery? Alas! have we not enough already around us?"

"It must be so, dearest, for your sake as well as mine. But this mystery, as you call it, will not last long, for my impatience to openly make you, call you mine, will brook no long delay. Promise, then!"

"I do, most solemnly," she earnestly repeated.

"By this sign, which I know you hold so sacred," he added, raising to her tips a small gold cross which she always wore suspended from her neck.

She kissed it, and repeated again, "I promise," adding afterwards, with a shudder, "My vow is indeed a binding one, that cross was my mother's dying gift."

"And I know you will keep it sacredly; but sit down, Antoinette, darling, and we will talk quietly, kindly together, just as if we were but simple acquaintances, as if our destinies were not united beyond the power of aught on earth to ever part them."

When Mrs. D'Aulnay returned, she was enchanted to find Antoinette quietly seated at her frame, looking like her olden self; whilst Sternfield, on a low ottoman beside her, was reading aloud from some volume of love-verses, such passages as he deemed most suitable to the circumstances. This was something like the realization of her romantic dreams for her young cousin—something like the piquante mystery she delighted in; and resting her hand lightly on the young man's rich dark curls, she said with a half-sigh, half-smile, "What would some wives not give to have their husbands make love to them thus!"

Audley Sternfield glanced towards his young bride, and though the long lashes veiled the downcast eyes, the sweet smile that stole over her lips, the soft crimson that suddenly flooded even her ivory neck, told that she, too, inwardly thought with Mrs. D'Aulnay, it was indeed very pleasant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE PINK SHIRT-WAIST GIRL.

IN these spring days, when every second sentence is punctuated with a sneeze, the thoughts of the young woman, when not concentrated on her handkerchief, grimly turn to thoughts of clothes. For the windows of the dry goods stores remind us that a time is coming when not only will our streets no longer resemble an annex to the North Pole but we shall be absolutely grateful when the iceman so far forgets himself as to leave a lump the size of a hail-stone on the front steps. Our climate will undergo its annual lightning change. And we shall slide from the Arctic Circle into the banana belt with the rapidity of a scalded dog through the back kitchen door. Noses will no longer be worn red at the end, and the dainty shirt-waist and the fascinating tan shoe will replace the fur collarette and the hideous gaitered rubbers.

In fact, inside of a month, we shall have acquired the shirt-waist habit. Already we see them in the shop windows, of every shade, from the white, which is the trade mark of the ingenue and the married woman who goes to matinees, to the yellow, which is affected by the frankly naughty. For yellow is a most reprehensible color. It is the color of new journalism, new women, freight cars, gold bricks, and people whose livers have gone on strike. But from the goody-goody white to the staid and sombre black, worn by women who are working hard in order to save up enough money to support a husband, there is a wide range of colors besides the suspicious yellow. There is the brown holland of the bicycle girl which bids fair to be as plentiful as the freckles on a summer girl's face. There is the scarlet of the golfing girl which will give her many an exciting sprint if she happen to encounter a bull anywhere on the links. There is the plaid shirt-waist with its suggestions of oatmeal and haggis. And last of all there is the pink shirt-waist which denotes the summer girl who stays in the city all year around, and which is the refined essence of the utmost possibilities of the seashore and the mountains concentrated and brought up-to-date by the alluring influences of a great city.

For the pink shirt-waist stands alone, like the solitary strawberry in the boarding-house shortcake. We associate it with white gloves, usually slightly sticky from caramels, and bewitchingly blonde hair, which, evidently, owes as much to art as to nature. There lingers about it a subtle essence of attractive naughtiness, half-veiled by innocence, like the suspicion of cognac which nestles coyly in the recesses of our after-dinner coffee. Yet it is always appropriate. One never feels it to be out of place. It is at home picking wild flowers on the mountain when the police are not looking or making after-theatre omelettes on a chafing dish in a west-end flat. It is not out of place on a bicycle, nor when the wearer is off the machine temporarily enjoying a short travel on her shape. It is delightful, seated in a canoe in blissful oblivion of the half-inch of cedar which swims between it and a ducking. It looks dainty through the glamor of a large cold bottle and a small hot bird, and equally bewitching when its pretty wearer is absorbing sufficient frapped sizz at the soda fountain to qualify as a portable fire extinguisher. It is irresistible in the cool moonlight, strolling along the quiet streets, and equally fascinating in the front row of the dress circle under all the glare of a choking theatre. The click of the typewriter keys does not disturb its serenity any more than the howls of the comic opera tenor, or the lamentations of the heroine, annoy its owner at the matinee or interfere with her flow of conversation. In fact, the pink shirt-waist is full of maddening possibilities—sometimes too full.

There are other delightful points about the pink shirt-waist girl. She does not talk golf. She does not chatter about brassies, clecks, toffy spoons, bulgers, mashies, niblicks and all the mysterious appurtenances which it takes the golfing girl six months to learn the names of, and six months more to tell apart. She does not talk gravely of waggles, stances, stymies, and other things which one cannot eat. Nor does she



TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

MRS. BOSS.—Your friend Smythers has offended me, and you must demand an explanation.

MR. BOSS.—My dear Jane, for eight-and-twenty years, I have been beaten by you, and now you ask me to be beaten for you!

hore us with century-runs, nor descant upon gears and pedals and other bicycle adjuncts. For she is not an athletic girl. True, the pink shirt-waist girl can be seen at every athletic sport. But it is on the grand stand or at the club-house. Never on the field. And her conversation is so delightfully irrelevant that it is evident that she feels it to be her first duty to look pretty and therefore leaves any worrying over the game to her escort. Her tinkling laughter rings out as clearly when our best batsman has struck out in the ninth innings and the opposing team is two runs ahead, as it does when our inside home man lays the enemy's goal tender out with an artistically accidental swipe of his lacrosse stick. She merely takes a fresh caramel, when the horse we have backed to the limit canters last past the post; and uses the moment when we are yelling ourselves hoarse over an exciting finish to put a fresh dab of pearl-powder on her nose. No one ever saw a pink shirt-waist girl excited except when she shoots over her handle-bars and tries to hold on to the Canadian climate. Even then she only whimpers a little and leaves her escort to do the swearing. In fact, she is the epitome of the nineteenth century—the choicest product of modern urban civilization. She reconciles us to the fact that we have to starve town and work while others are freckling their sinful skins on the seashore. Without her life would be as corrugated as a boarding-house mattress, and as dull as a society novel. She represents our Platonic ideal.

SIXMAN.

THE Spokesman-Review, of Spokane, Wash., says: "Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gault, of Montreal, arrived in the city last evening, returning here with Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Laberee, after a trip to the Virlin Collateral mine, near Baker City, and the Cumberland, near Silver City, Idaho, both the property of the Virlin Consolidated, a Montreal corporation. Mr. Gault is secretary treasurer of the company. Sir Frederick Fairbanks, an eminent mining engineer, accompanied the party, but did not return to Spokane with them as he was called east by wire, and went on from Boise. Francis Jenkins, general manager of the Cumberland mine, was with the party on its trip to that famous Owyhee mine and came to Spokane with them."

## Theatres and Entertainments.

THOSE who attended the Academy this week in the hope of enjoying a good laugh were not disappointed. The jokes could not be said, like Aristophane's, to be all new, but those that had been heard before were selected ones. No one expects much except mirth from an extravaganza, and *Ciris* and the *Wonderful Lamp* is not an exception to the rule. The singing was fair, and the large chorus was somewhat above the ordinary in point of looks. The seven scenes of the play are almost entirely unconnected, which does not matter at all, as the interest of the play is in the moment. Mr. Jerome Sykes managed to make Mr. Mac-Donough's humor quite taking at times, and was well received. Edna Wallace Hopper played her part, what there was in it, to the satisfaction of all concerned, and was ably supported by Miss Waltzinger, who acted as Chris' sweetheart. Good audiences have been the order of the day.

THE management of the Symphony Orchestra are already at work preparing for next season. If the subscription at all warrants it, they will, next season, have a larger and more complete orchestra, enabling them to give the most modern works in a satisfactory manner.

An excellent programme is being prepared for the next Symphony concert. In fact, excellent programmes have been the rule this season, and, with the improved playing of the orchestra, these concerts are proving much more enjoyable than ever before.

THE following is the programme which will be presented at the Windsor Hall on Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club, by Mr. David Bispham, baritone; Mr. Albert Lockwood, pianist; and Mr. Waller, accompanist:

- Song Cycle - In Memoriam - Liza Lehmann  
(Words selected from Tennyson's Poem.)
- Andante spianato and Polonaise - Chopin
- Wie bist du meine Konigin - Brahms
- Ein Ton - Cornelius
- Die Ehre Gottes - Beethoven
- Non piu andrai (Figaro) - Mozart
- Iago's "Credo" (Othello) - Verdi
- Quand'ero Paggio (Falstaff)
- Caprice, Alceste de Gluck - Saint-Saens
- Guitarre - Moszkowski
- La Campanella - Paganini-Liszt
- All the World's a Stage - Huss
- Hark, Hark, the Lark!
- Who is Sylvia? - Schubert
- The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington
- My Johnnie was a Shoemaker } Old English
- The Pretty Creature }

Such a programme speaks for itself, and music-lovers may look for a rare treat.

HOYT'S much-talked-about military satire, *A Milk White Flag*, is a coming attraction. An acquaintance with the merits of this comedy will prove both lasting and hilarious. It has as much fun to it to the scene as an egg has meat to the shell. It is something more than a common farce, and storms of laughter are raised because one becomes helpless over the sublimely ridiculous situations. It is funny to a paralyzing degree, and satire, exaggeration and burlesque are mingled in a manner that can

only be accomplished by the versatile Hoyt. While many pertinent hits are made, they are all of such a good-natured character that even the victims cannot take offence, and, as "everything goes" in farce comedy, thanks are due to Mr. Hoyt for providing an entertainment that is strictly up-to-date in the matter of specialties and dialogue, and which is ahead of the times in several essential features. It is certainly a rollicking, frolicsome fabric of fun. It is thought by many to be the author's best, and is built upon ideas that allow of no end of fun and ridicule. The Ransome Guards as presented upon the stage are good-natured farce comedy soldiers, at least, we are obliged to take the press agent's word for it. At any rate they are clever farceurs, and whether they have ever been upon the real field of battle or not does not cut much figure, so long as they earn their salaries after the manner laid out for them by the author and his able stage manager, and approved of by theatre-goers all over the country for the past few seasons. There is just enough of the farce to make the audiences laugh when the specialties are cooling, and just enough specialties to permit the same audiences to regain sufficient breath to laugh again. The company is excellent for the purpose, and taken as a whole are exceptionally brilliant. The Ransome Guards themselves are perpetually clever, and perpetually busy. They grace the club-room bar at times, together with the military band attached to the regiment, but never miss an opportunity to contribute tuneful choral selections. This same band has a trick of playing "Comrades" whenever that word is spoken, which is quite often, and the result is extremely mirth-provoking. Sometimes the band distresses "The Colonel," the colonel "Whom Napoleon resembled," and whose makeup and actions are a fac-simile of the great Napoleon. When danger threatens, this doughty warrior seeks the safety of a clothes-press, as the other members have all the other hiding places, leaving their visitor, General Hurley Burtleigh, of the regular army, to bear the brunt of the affray alone. The Guards club house is a swell affair, and they keep one private. One private is all the 400 guards can permit. He has no title; they were shy on titles when they got him. The guards need this private to answer the bell, serve refreshments, etc., and, when not otherwise engaged, to dance and sing, and incidentally make one of the hits of the piece. The stage settings are worth seeing. The costuming and general paraphernalia is in fine color and excellent harmony and the whole performance well worthy of patronage. A Milk White Flag comes to the Academy next week for six nights, with special matinee Good Friday and regular matinee Saturday.

THERE are opera companies and musical comedy companies. Some are thrown hastily together on a crude work, while others are the result of the most careful preparation and painstaking skill. Such a comic opera or musical comedy company, it is said, is the celebrated Augustin Daly Company, headed by the irrepressible Jimmie Powers, who, with other talented players, are this season presenting the brilliant musical success of London and New York, which will be initially produced in this city on Monday evening, April 16, at the Academy of Music.


Besides Mr. Powers, the company contains such well-known favorites as Marie Celeste, Van-Rennsalaer Wheeler, Paula Edwardes, Rachel Booth, May Baker, Jeanne Towler,

Carline Gordon, Frances Tyson, Almira Forrest, Arthur Cunningham, Maurice Abbey, Joseph C. Fay, Henry Stanley, Chas. Ruthven Smith, Spottiswoode Aitken, George Lesoir, and many others, which comprise almost every member of the original New York cast, which, surrounded by a great chorus of pretty young girls and comely young men with fresh, clear voices, will, with the sprightly comedy with its superb stage settings and glittering array of gorgeous costumery, prove one of the red-letter events of the season. Messrs. Stevens, Price and McKinney, the present managers of this splendid company, spent many weeks last season in the collection and inspection of the chorus, and, from the foregoing facts, it is quite evident that *A Runaway Girl*, and its clever interpreters, have not only made another strong bid for success, but, from the many excellent reports that have come from the large centres of population, we know that both play and company have achieved the solidest kind of success. The engagement, which is for one week only, will include matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.


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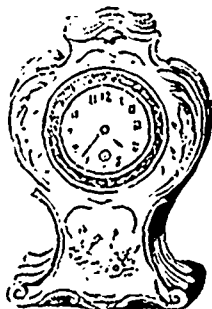
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For **Dining-Rooms, Halls and Libraries** there are printed Burlaps and Canvas Effects - Tapestry, Moorish, Turkish, Heraldic and Empire designs, in prices from 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 35c. and upwards per roll.

For **Drawing-Rooms** there are hand pressed and hand printed papers in artistic Floral Designs, in Louis XIII., XV. and XVI. designs, ranging in price from 75c. a roll up. Also rich Brocaded and Embossed Effects, at from 25c. per roll.

Inspection of this extensive stock is respectfully solicited.

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GIVEN AND EVERY INFORMATION SUPPLIED.**

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# HENRY MORGAN & CO.,

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