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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

DISGUISE the fact as they may, the result of the bye-elections in Sherbrooke, Winnipeg and Lotbiniere must have been about as pleasant for the Liberal leaders to swallow as a dose from a phial marked "Poison" to a person who can read. There are, doubtless, many Liberals who cannot read the portentous word on the bottle from which the party has just been forced to quaff. But the leaders are not so ignorant, and, although they may smile and say it was as pleasant a draft as a schooner of lager on a hot day, in their hearts they know that the dose means sure death, or, at least, a dangerous illness, unless an antidote be speedily obtained. When the Conservative party, disorganized and discredited as it has been since the elections of 1896, can administer such defeats to the party in power as those we have recently witnessed in both the Federal and Provincial arenas—notwithstanding the immense prosperity of the country—it is certain that the average elector must be far from satisfied with the manner in which the Liberals have been conducting themselves. Doubtless, the election of Mr. Ed. Martin in Winnipeg and Mr. Fortier in Lotbiniere was secretly even more disconcerting to Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues than the result in Sherbrooke. It is bad enough to have war outside the camp, but when war breaks out within, where will it end? Messrs. Martin and Fortier both go to Ottawa as nominal supporters of the Administration, but their attitude is really that of discontented brethren. They wish to reform the Reform Government. They will reinforce Mr. R. L. Richardson and other members who are disposed to make trouble, because the Liberal party has failed to do some things it promised to do, and has done some other things it promised not to do. They will increase the number of discordant elements within the party, and their adverse criticisms and votes will impress the popular mind as no amount of Opposition thunder and lightning could do.

OUTSIDE the circles of professional politicians, who either have no convictions or are too crafty to state them, there is a growing feeling that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a poor apology for a leader and can only be a source of increasing weakness to the Liberal party. The sheen of his silk hat and the creases of his trousers are faultless; that stereotyped smile is a rather pleasant thing for deputations to run up against, at giving the glad hand to everybody and everything the man who despised knighthood, but accepted it, is an adept. But otherwise Sir Wilfrid is hardly a success. He has the lofty visions of a scholar and gentleman, but when he comes down to practical politics and the task of ruling a great party, his personality is about as impressive as a clam's. The other members of the Cabinet, in the parlance of the lacrosse field, "play rings around him." Is it any wonder that half the time the Premier is not sure of the policy of the party he is alleged to lead, and flounders about, forever trying to square what he expected would be the course of the Cabinet with what it has really been. Canada never before had such a weak-backed personage at the head of her affairs as Sir Wilfrid has time and again shown himself to be. Sir John A. Macdonald, with all his pleasantries, was always "it" in his party councils. Mackenzie, Abbott, Thompson and Bowell were none of them strong, all-round leaders, but their followers knew where they stood; and if there were rows in the camp in their time, these were due to the fact that the Premiers named had opinions of their own and were not blown to and fro every time a colleague whistled at them.

BUT weak as the Liberal party is becoming under the Premiership of an invertebrate figurehead, it is doubtful whether the country is really anxious for a change unless a radical improvement be made in the personnel of the Opposi-

tion front row. Many Conservatives do not care two straws for the self-constituted leaders of their party in Parliament. There is a feeling that the party which still carries Messrs. Montague and Haggart on top of the bandwagon is not worthy of confidence. These and other unpopular elements will have to be got rid of before the electors will seriously feel inclined to give the Conservatives another chance. People are sick and tired of the name and platform methods of Foster. He has never justified the hopes that were entertained about him; there is a feeling abroad that he is not a man of deep conviction or much sincerity; and he has a fashion of assuming in his speeches that his hearers are all little boys learning their lessons, that is extremely distasteful. Sir Charles Tupper is gaining ground in popular favor. People are commencing to realize that he was over-abused in the campaign of 1896, when *The Globe* cleverly worked up a hogshead of lather out of some very small pieces of soap. To some extent there has been a change of heart towards Sir Charles, Sr. As for Sir Charles, Jr., the worst charges that can be brought against him are rashness and pig-headedness—a very rare combination. There is no question of his ability and honesty.

BY far the most hopeful leader for the Conservative party would be Hugh John Macdonald, could he be prevailed upon to leave the narrow field of Manitoba politics in which he has proved his capacity and take charge of the party his father led with such great success. But it is doubtful that Hugh John would feel justified in deserting the plough to which he has set his hand. The future may bring about changes, but for some years the son of the Great Commoner will probably remain at the head of the Government he has just formed. In the meantime the Federal Conservatives will have to worry along with their present leaders, their only chance of success being in the blundering of the Government and the growing dissensions under the Premiership of a man who is too weak to say either "yes" or "no" until someone has given him the tip.

JUST after the outbreak of the war, Prof. Goldwin Smith remarked to me, in the course of a general conversation, that one of the immediate results of the struggle would almost certainly be a falling off in book reading and an increase in newspaper reading. Although there are no statistics available in support of Prof. Smith's prediction, it seems to be borne out by the avidity with which the weekly and monthly periodicals have seized upon war articles. These papers, in order to compete with the daily press, which is filled with nothing but the war, have been compelled to meet the latter on its own ground and give the public the only thing it cares to read about. The uncertainties of the campaign have produced a strange unrest in the popular mind. People cannot settle themselves to the enjoyment of serious reading. The war will flit across their consciousness like a fearful but fascinating spectre. The daily papers know what the public wants, and their columns are filled day after day with news and what passes for news, from the front, with gossip about generals and high officials, and with belated accounts of engagements. The more sober periodicals have been compelled, in self-preservation, to follow suit, and it may be inferred that the publishers of books, being unable to adjust themselves so readily to the popular fancy, have suffered the penalty of circumstances over which they had no control. "In time of war," said Prof. Smith, "the popular mind craves excitement, and the reading matter of most people becomes the newspapers and books that excite rather than instruct or elevate." It would be interesting to know whether the public libraries have experienced a falling off in patronage since the war began.

FELIX VANE.

✿ Mainly About People. ✿

IT is still related of the Hon. Joseph Howe, whose name has been for several decades a household word in Nova Scotia, that on one occasion he attempted a little pleasantry at the expense of a rising member of the party opposed to Mr. Howe—the joke afterwards recoiling somewhat against himself. Commenting in the Provincial Assembly on some remarks of this young man, Mr. Howe struck a favorite attitude, his thumbs in the armbolts of his waistcoat, his chest thrown out, and with a smile playing over his features, he began the following anecdote: "Once upon a time a farmer, ploughing in his field, overturned an odd-looking stone, and his curiosity being aroused he picked it up to examine it more closely, when it fell apart and out hopped a fine green frog. Now, the farmer had heard of frogs in many striking situations, he had even read of showers of frogs, but never before had he known one to make its home apparently in the heart of a stone. Stepping back and eyeing it curiously," went on Mr. Howe, applying the sequel to his young opponent, "the farmer broke involuntarily into rhyme and apostrophized his discovery as follows:

Ye're nothing ether great or rare
How the de il did ye get there?

However, the rising young politician (then Dr. Chas. Tupper) proved his right to a seat in the front ranks of the House by defeating the Hon. Joseph Howe himself as member for Cumberland in 1855, greatly, one would suppose, to the astonishment of that gentleman, who had appeared so confident of the young Conservative's insignificance.

JAMES A. HEARNE, actor and playwright, has a very attractive home at Sag Harbor, on the eastern end of Long Island. The place is old-fashioned, and so far from the lines of travel that it is more like a city of the last century than of the present day. It is beloved of artists and literary men, who find in its quiet atmosphere and romantic surroundings a place of rest and often inspiration. Richard Henry Stoddard lives there, and it was the home of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Hearne's home is an ideal vacation home. It is invisible from the road. Here he spends his summer in study and is unknown to most of the natives. He, however, studies the people around him with the greatest care. He utilized these studies in his latest play, Sag Harbor, named after the town.

THE enjoyment and enthusiasm Lady Minto puts into skating is quite contagious, and nothing pleases her more than to master some new and difficult figure. Her latest achievement is the Austrian waltz, which she has just learned, with the assistance of Mr. Geo. Meagher, the champion fancy skater, who is visiting Ottawa at the request of their Excellencies. This figure is new to Canadians. Mr. Meagher, who is certainly an authority, says that Ottawa ladies learn more quickly and improve more rapidly in skating than the ladies of other Canadian cities.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., writing of the humors of the House of Commons, has this to say about the once famous Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," whose wisdom for years illuminated the benches of Nova Scotia. Haliburton was at one time a member of the British Parliament, and one night he made an elaborate attack upon the policy of the Government, and was especially severe on one of its younger members who, he said, had made a speech which contained not argument but caricature, and the House of Commons, he pompously declared, was not a place for the caricaturist. When the time arrived for Gladstone to make his reply, he came, in the course of his speech, to deal very briefly with what Haliburton had said. "Wonders will never cease," he declared,

"and this truth has been brought home once again to me, for here is the author of 'Sam Slick' declaring that the House of Commons is no place for a caricaturist, although he himself has found a place here, and will not, we must all hope, renounce the gift that has brought him fame."

M. BENARD, the distinguished French architect, who won in the world's competition for the plans of the University of California's new buildings, which are to be of a colossal nature, is a brother-in-law of M. Mare Sauvelle, the well-known Montreal journalist. M. Benard has just visited the site of the University at Berkeley, Cal., and is now on his way back to Paris to draft revised plans which will come within the means of the friends of the university. No change will be made in the general arrangement of the grounds, but the buildings will be reduced in size and number. It is expected that ground will be broken for the first of the new buildings before the end of this year. In the competition there were 97 architects concerned besides M. Benard, and the jury was made up of the leading architects of Germany, France and the United States. The winner is 55 years of age.

THE late George Warrington Steevens, war correspondent, who died of enteric fever at Ladysmith, at the early age of but 30 years, was one of the most graphic writers in the younger generation of British journalists. He joined the editorial staff of The Pall Mall Gazette when but 23 years of age, and almost immediately won distinction as a writer. The following extracts from "The Land of the Dollar," a series of descriptive letters of the United States, republished in book form, gives one a good idea of Mr. Steevens' picturesque style:

In his letter dated New York, September 6, 1896, he writes:

On the first morning I got up and went to my eighth storey window. New York was spread out in bright sunshine below. Never have I seen a city more hideous or more splendid. Uncouth, formless, piebald, chaotic, it yet stamps itself upon you as the most magnificent embodiment of Titanic energy and force.

Of Chicago he wrote:

Chicago! Chicago, queen and gossamer of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world! Not if I had a hundred tongues, every one shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, griddled with a twofold zone of parks and slums, where the keen air from the lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat.

IN his new volume on the political history of Great Britain, Dr. Goldwin Smith sets forth some neat sentences concerning divers personages of the past. Edward I., he says, "will continue to reign, even if his special institutions should pass away, as the statesman who achieved a union of authority with national opinion." As for Henry VIII., his character was of "a selfishness as intense as ever had its seat in the heart of a man." George IV., he pronounces, "a worthless sybarite . . . untruthful enough to believe his own untruths." Here is what Dr. Smith says of the problem of England's future in India: "If danger now impends, it is from the impossibility of acclimatizing the ruling race; from the difficulty of holding open the road to India in the face of the maritime powers; from the financial difficulty of administering a poor though gorgeous country on the footing demanded by European opinion; above all, from the growing pressure of multiplying myriads of human sheep, helpless and reckless with their plagues and famines, upon the energies and resources of a paternal Government."

GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD'S company at Majuba Hill was almost annihilated, and the Boers approached to capture the remnant. The first thought the sporrans of Lieut. Macdonald, as he then was, would be a pretty piece of loot; but he received a kick in the stomach, which convinced him that his opponent came from a land where football was not unknown. Another Boer was about to shoot the gallant Highlander; but the first, generously forgiving the kick, struck up his comrade's rifle, saying: "No, he is a brave man—too good to kill."

Points for Investors

THE past week in the financial world has reflected very little the storm and stress of the general war situation. The first reported successes of General Warren appreciated the markets only slightly; consequently, when the news of his abandonment of Spion Kop came there was a very slight reaction. Canadian stocks practically continued on the even tenor of their way. The bank stocks showed, if anything, Montreal and Toronto street rails rose a fraction, as did Richelieu and Ontario, Royal Electric, and Montreal Gas. War Eagle retained its upward tendency. This is as it should be. Canadian securities have, in reality, everything to gain and nothing to lose by the war. The money rates show further tendency to easiness at the world's centres.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA.

Following close upon the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Merchants Bank of Halifax annual statement comes to hand. It is indicative of the country's growth in general, and of the institution in particular. As both banks are chiefly operative in the Maritime Provinces their reports prove that prosperity existed equally in the East with the West during the past year. By the issue of new stock, the Merchants Bank has increased its capital issue to \$1,950,000, while its reserve fund is now \$1,700,000, a splendid approximation. It has earned in net profits \$249,000, a goodly increase over last year. A strong feature of the statement is that only a few thousands of assets are charged to bank premises, whereas these must be worth up in the hundreds of thousands. The bank's liabilities, outside of capital and deposits, are reduced to a very low point, while its assets all seem to be most conservatively stated. The Merchants of Halifax, or the Royal Bank of Canada, as it will in the future be known, has been developing a remarkably good business in Montreal and British Columbia. It will probably open soon an agency in Toronto. The fact that the people of Halifax are willing to pay 180 for this 7 per cent. stock shows how high the bank stands in public opinion where it best known.

THE CANADIAN BANK YEAR.

The past year has been a remarkably good one for Canadian banks all round. Those institutions which have had branches in New York and Chicago have had the greatest six months, ending December 31, 1899, on record. It is but natural that the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce, who do a large business in call loans, would benefit greatly, but the conservative British, which relies more on its sterling exchange business, has shown remarkable growth in its New York operations.

LUMBER'S RESURRECTION.

Lumber, which two or three years ago was despaired of, has seen a resurrection from the dead. Sawmills in Ontario and Quebec that were standing idle and almost given up are now working overtime. The prices for limits have gone up. Three years ago cargoes of lumber were being shipped that

would not pay the carrying charges. Now timber is bringing a good price, and there is going to be a great revival in this rich resource of the country. The snow that has lately come means greater activity for the lumbermen.

THE GREATNESS OF PULP.

Almost as a corollary to my remarks on pulp last week, a Montreal daily came out on Saturday with an interesting article on the great prospects for the pulp industry in the Province of Quebec. It is thought that the pulp supplies of the Eastern States are rapidly reaching exhaustion, and Canada will, undoubtedly, be called upon to contribute a large share of the 1,000,000 tons of pulp which the newspapers of the American Republic annually consume. White spruce is considered the best wood for pulp, and in this tree Quebec is rich. The Quebec Government has shown a wide grasp in passing an Order-in-Council which will preserve the young trees, and which, by a rebate of 40 cents per cord, will encourage the manufacture of pulp in the Province. It is to its great natural resources that Canada will owe its golden age, which appears now to be rapidly approaching along all lines of natural development, and now The New York Evening Post says that diamonds will be found in Labrador, east of James Bay.

THE GROWTH OF TORONTO.

According to the 1900 directory, Toronto's population is 260,000. There has been a gain last year of nearly 17,000. The city's population has trebled in 20 years. In another 20 years it should be at least 750,000, but the Toronto Street Railway franchise will be about expiring.

THE RAILROADS' FORTUNE.

The month of January should show very large gains in the net earnings of the Pacific railroads, from the fact that the Rockies have, until the last few days, been practically bare of snow. C.P.R. has had the greatest January in its career in gross earnings, and, owing to the saving in snow-cleaning expenses, should also have even a greater gain in net earnings.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market to-day has assumed one of those spasmodic bursts of activity which has occasionally enlivened the monotony of the past two months, and, at the moment, looks as if a better state of affairs had been ushered in and an upward movement might be in order.

The main cause of this is the better tone in other markets, and the very happy meeting of the Montreal and London Company, which came of this morning. During the past week all sorts of rumors have been flying about of troubles of various kinds, and the Montreal-London has come in for its full share of depression, but the statement read at the meeting to-day (which will doubtless be shortly made public) places the affairs of the company in a very different position to what rumor had them, and has had a reassuring effect on some of the other securities.

The weak spot seems to be Big Three, which pours out in a steady stream and to-day recorded the lowest price yet reached in that stock. The impression is gaining ground that there is somewhat of a short interest in this, and some of the other stocks; should it be true, and from a speculative point of view it is the best thing that could happen to the market; we shall probably see a sharp reaction on any favorable news in mining circles.

It is evident that business in mining shares is steadily on the increase, which means higher prices, and, with the increasing ore shipments from Rossland, and the agitation in favor of some settlement of the miners' strike, there will surely be, ere long, more confidence in mining investments.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Montreal, January 31.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS

Prepared for "Montreal Life" by Mr. James Hingston, B.A.,
Oxford University, and published weekly.

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Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large, the second shows how persons born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 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 back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10¢ each.

SUNDAY, February 4.—No better day in the month than this for almost all purposes.

A very propitious year. Business will flourish, journeys will prove profitable, friends will be of much service, and love affairs will progress favorably.

Children born to-day will be talented in many directions, and success is foreshadowed for them in whatever they undertake. Some misfortunes are threatened, but they will be brief and slight.

Monday, February 5.—Those looking for employment will find this a good day.

During this year the health will not be as good as usual, and those who have dealings with women will suffer somewhat at their hands. Some complication in business affairs is also foreshadowed.

Boys born to-day are especially adapted for any career in which success is attained through personal courage. Girls born to-day will be very happily with their husbands.

Tuesday, February 6.—Little good luck and many annoyances are foreshadowed for to-day. Employees, more than others, will feel the ill-luck.

Some grave misfortunes are likely to befall those whose birthday this is, among them being illness, quarrels, loss of money and position, and business embarrassment. Even for the luckiest this will be a bad year.

Ill-luck in many directions threatens the children born to-day, and their parents are advised to train them most carefully and to teach them especially the importance of truthfulness.

Wednesday, February 7.—Apparently this will be a quiet, uneventful day.

During this year business will progress as usual, but accidents and illness should be guarded against. In their love affairs young people will prosper exceedingly.

Well conducted, neat, and, on the whole, fortunate, will be to-day's children. Those among them who learn to curb their temper will thrive best.

Thursday, February 8.—Misfortune will come to many to-day. Yet in the business world success is assured to zealous workers.

Little good fortune is foreshadowed during this year, and only by the utmost prudence can financial loss and mental worry be avoided. The temptation to act rashly will be very strong; hence the more need of caution.

Imprudent and too fond of pleasure and undesirable company will be to-day's children. Naturally they will spend money fast, and unless they are careful they will need money sooner or later.

Friday, February 9.—An unfavorable day for courtship and social intercourse. Wrangles should be avoided.

Business will flourish during this year and employees are likely to receive an increase of salary. Women will receive offers of marriage. The chief misfortune foreshadowed is illness in the family circle.

Children born to-day will be intelligent and quick workers, and those among them who have to earn their own living will

easily obtain good salaried positions. Girls born to-day will have many quarrels with their husbands.

Saturday, February 10.—In many respects the most unlucky day in the month. The wise will not bestir themselves while it lasts.

The indications are that this year will be marred by illness or some other grave trouble. Those whose birthday it is should take good care of their own health and that of their families, and should refrain from risking any money.

Children born to-day will meet with many misfortunes during life, and those among them who have not the good luck to be wealthy or to hold salaried positions will frequently find themselves in need of money. Parents will do well to teach all these children the great lesson of thrift.

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.



THE SILK HAT SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

SOME close and industrious observers have reached the conclusion that the high silk hat is not so commonly seen upon the masculine head as it was, say, 10 years ago. They may or may not be right—statistics are wanting.

The silk hat has long been assailed on aesthetic grounds. To the more thoughtful this has seemed unjust. It is ugly, to be sure, but is it more ugly than the other things in which man in his blindness incases his head? The fact is that it is really less ugly than the omnipresent derby. The silk hat has had to bear the penalty of eminence. Where less conspicuous but greater offenders have escaped, it has been forced to endure criticism and abuse. It has never had the full confidence of the public; people have looked upon it as an aristocrat, as, indeed, it is. But this is no reason why it should be charged with not being pretty.

If the silk hat is really passing away it will remove an element of distinction from the urban landscape which cannot well be spared. The cobblestone effect of the crowds of derbies needs the relief afforded by the beaconlike high silk. On one ground only could the extinction of the silk hat be matter for congratulation. This is the ground of expense. Few men can afford to wear it. It is not the cost of the article itself though this is not inconsiderable when we remember its peculiarity of changing its shape twice a year and the impossibility of any man other than a coachman wearing one a week behind the mode—it is not its cost, per se, but the large appropriations constantly needed to live up to it. How many young men have been ruined by weakly yielding to the temptation to buy the first silk hat can never be known. Shoes, suit, necktie, overcoat, everything must be renewed on a higher plane to bear the hat company.

It is estimated that it costs anywhere from \$100 to \$500 a year to live up to an eight-dollar silk hat. A man ought to be required to take out a license before he is allowed to begin wearing silk hats. He should appear before the proper authorities and submit proof of his ability to support the dignity without pilfering from his employer or impoverishing his family. Perhaps he ought to be made to wear a tag conspicuously giving the number of his license. As for an author or a writer of any degree appearing with a silk hat, the thing should not be permitted. He should be arrested on sight. It should be taken as prima facie evidence that he has just robbed a publisher or other defenceless individual.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

The Rajah of Hariana.

A ROMANTIC CHAPTER FROM INDIAN HISTORY—
WONDERFUL STORY OF AN IRISH ADVENTURER
WHO BECAME AN ORIENTAL PRINCE

["Mogul's Pasha," the Irish Turk, who figured in one of the plays provided for Montreals last week, is not such an absurd and impossible creation as might at first be supposed. No race, except the Jewish, has spread itself over the surface of the civilized and uncivilized world to a greater extent than the Irish. In fact, Irishmen are to be found in the most unlikely places, and a prominent magazine not long since had an interesting article showing that Irishmen are occupying positions of power and trust under every government in Europe at the present time. The following romantic episode from Indian history is interesting in this connection—
EDITOR.]

DURING the later half of the eighteenth century India was the happy hunting ground of the European adventurer. It was easy for any dashing soldier of fortune, however humble his origin, however slight his smattering of military knowledge, providing he were acquainted with the rudiments of European discipline and drill, to ingratiate himself with one or other of the numerous independent native sovereigns, and if he played his cards well, he might attain almost unlimited influence and wealth.

The careers of some of these adventurers were singularly romantic, and none more so than that of the remarkable man who is the hero of our present story—George Thomas, sometime of the county Tipperary, and later, Rajah of Hariana.

It was in the year 1781 that George Thomas, then quartermaster on board an English man-of-war, landed in Madras. The son of a small farmer, he had risen from a common sailor to his present position; but rapid as his rise in the service had been—for he was only five-and-twenty—it had by no means kept pace with his ambition. His adventurous, daring spirit had been fired by the accounts he had heard and read of the immense wealth of the Indian princes, and the boundless opportunities for advancement which their rivalries and contentions offered to any man of mettle who had the courage and the brains to carve a way to glory with his sword.

Long before the ship dropped anchor off Madras, George Thomas had resolved to take the earliest opportunity of deserting, and following the career to which his ambition beckoned him. Two days after his arrival there the bold Irishman disappeared, and his shipmates never saw him again.

For five years George Thomas served his apprenticeship as a soldier of fortune among the petty Hindu chiefs of the Carnatic and the Deccan. Having gained some money and a good deal of experience of native manners, customs and character, the ambitious Irishman determined to plunge into the heart of India and seek a wider field for the exercise of his talents. He made straight for Delhi, the capital of the Great Moguls, and the centre of Mohammedan influence and intrigue in India. There he fell in with the extraordinary woman who was so strangely mixed up with his future career—the Begum Somru.

The Begum was at that time an independent sovereign, under the protection of the Court of Delhi. Her history was remarkable and romantic. She was a native of Cashmere, and had come to Delhi as a dancing-girl. Among the many admirers of her beauty was a European adventurer, known as Somru Sahib, who was then high in favor with the Great Mogul. His real name was Walter Reinhard, and he was a native of the Electorate of Treves; but his French comrades had nicknamed him "Sombre," in allusion to his dark complexion and still darker character, and this had been corrupted into Somru in the vernacular. Reinhard was

but a ship's carpenter on a French man-of-war when he first came to India; but by his great natural gifts as soldier and organizer, he had risen to be commander-in-chief of the armies of Meer Cossim, the Nawab of Bengal. When Meer Cossim was deposed by the English, Somru, who had stained his fame as a gallant soldier by the brutal massacre of one hundred and fifty English prisoners at Patna, was compelled to flee for his life, and was hunted from court to court, till he found refuge in Delhi, where his services were gladly accepted. He was granted the province of Sardhana, with the title of Rajah, and an annual revenue of six lakhs of rupees (460,000) for the maintenance of himself and the fine corps of Sepoys which he had raised and disciplined, and which owned no leader but himself.

Fascinated by the beautiful Cashmerian dancing-girl, Somru married her, and she took the title of Begum. She was a woman as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and soon gained complete ascendancy over her husband. For the fierce and reckless mercenary, destitute alike of faith and honour, had one soft spot in his hard nature, and the Begum found it.

On his death in 1778, he bequeathed her all his property and the command of his corps of Sepoys. She proved herself as capable a leader as her husband had been. More than once, mounted on her Persian thoroughbred, she led her men into action under a heavy fire; and their devotion to her was enthusiastic. But outside the ranks of her faithful Sepoys she was more feared than loved. The people of the Deccan believed her to be a witch.

In person she was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiselled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste, and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation sprited, sensible and engaging. But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watched the mutilation with gusto, whilst she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing-girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favourite officer she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the nautch-dances were held; and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done she commanded the rest of the nautch-girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account (denied by some of those who have investigated the story), the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

The Begum Somru was a little over thirty when George Thomas arrived at her court. The gallant Irishman flattered her vanity by his undisguised admiration of her charms, but in reality, she was more struck with him than he with her. His tall, commanding figure, his erect and martial carriage, his bold, handsome features, his plausible Irish tongue, and his fascinating Irish manners took the fancy of the Begum. She gave him a most gracious reception, and offered him a high post in her service. Thomas accepted the offer, and soon proved himself so capable an officer that the Begum made him commander-in-chief of her forces.

It was not long before the Irish adventurer had an opportunity of displaying his generalship. There was a revolution in Delhi. Shah Alum, the ruling prince, was driven from his throne and capital by an upstart named Ghorlana Kadir, who had the impudence to ask the Begum to be his wife

THE RAJAH--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

and share with him the crown of the Great Moguls. The offer was scornfully rejected, and the Begum at once set off to the assistance of her old friend and ally with a force of five battalions of Sepoys, two hundred Europeans, mostly Frenchmen, and forty guns; the whole under the command of George Thomas.

Shah Alum was making his last stand against the usurper, and the fortunes of war were going heavily against him, when the Begum Somru, in her palanquin, at the head of her army arrived upon the field of battle. By his brilliant generalship and the steady valor of his splendidly trained Sepoys, George Thomas turned defeat into victory. The rebels were routed, the usurper was slain, and Shah Alum was securely re-established on his throne. In gratitude for the timely aid of the Begum Somru, Shah Alum, in full durbār, presented her with a magnificent necklace of diamonds, took her by the hand, and, before the assembled notables, addressed her as his beloved daughter. Nor was the valor of her general overlooked. George Thomas received a large present in money, a jewelled sword, and the warmest expressions of admiration and gratitude for his services.

The star of the lucky Irishman was now in the ascendant. He became the Begum's principal adviser, her Grand Vizier, in fact. He married a beautiful slave-girl whom she had adopted as her daughter, and was regarded as her certain successor in the sovereignty of Sardhana.

Then the Begum began to repent of having allowed the handsome Irishman to marry any one but herself. Mad with jealousy, she tried to induce Thomas to get rid of his wife; but he was fond of his beautiful slave-girl, and had no mind to exchange her for the Begum, whose beauty was on the wane, and whose temper was that of a tigress.

At this juncture another remarkable person appeared upon the scene, who was destined to play an important part in the Sardhana drama. The new arrival was a Neapolitan named Levassoo, or Le Vassoult, a handsome, clever adventurer, who rapidly gained an extraordinary influence over the fickle Begum. He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but stern, haughty and domineering. His arrogance disgusted all the officers in the Begum's service; and when she carried her infatuation for the stranger so far as to marry him, most of them prepared to leave her court. Among these was George Thomas.

It was impossible that one small state should hold two such men as the Irishman and the Neapolitan. They were the deadliest rivals. George Thomas felt that his influence in Sardhana was gone. He knew that the Begum and Le Vassoult were plotting his assassination. It was time for him to go; so he went, taking with him his own special regiment of two hundred and fifty picked cavalrymen. A neighbouring Mahratta prince granted him a tract of territory for himself and his men, on condition of having their services if required.

But Thomas knew very well that, if he wished to keep his troopers together, he must give them plunder, and as his late mistress, the Begum, owed him large arrears of pay, he levied contributions on some of her outlying dominions.

Le Vassoult, glad of an excuse to crush his hated rival, took prompt measures to avenge this outrage, and marched against Thomas at the head of the Begum's army. But before the rivals met, dissension and mutiny had done their work amongst the Begum's troops. The jealous and imperious Neapolitan had quarrelled with the only competent commander left in the Begum's service after Thomas' departure. This man, a native of Liege, was an excellent soldier and popular with the troops, but he was a personal friend

of Thomas', and that rendered him obnoxious to Le Vassoult, who insulted and degraded him. The Liegeois, in revenge, fostered the spirit of mutiny already smouldering among the men, and, at a preconcerted signal, the bulk of the Begum's army, instead of marching against their old leader, Thomas, revolted, elected the Liegeois their commander, and announced their intention of deposing the Begum and placing a son of Somru by a previous wife upon the throne.

The Begum was captured when attempting to escape from her palace. Her palanquin was surrounded by rebel soldiers before Le Vassoult, who was on horseback at the head of a few followers, could reach her. He gathered his handful of cavalry together for a charge. Some shots were exchanged, and there would soon have been a bloody melee had not the Begum suddenly diverted attention to herself.

Rising in her palanquin, she drew a poniard, plunged it into her breast, and with a shriek, fell back bleeding. Her horrified attendants screamed "Help! help! she has stabbed herself," and there was a general rush to the palanquin.

Le Vassoult, who, whatever his faults may have been, was passionately fond of his wife, reined in his horse and asked what had happened. He was told that the Begum had stabbed herself, but he did not seem to comprehend the reply. He repeated the question; the answer was the same.

"Stabbed herself!" he muttered; then, without another word, drew a pistol from his holster, placed it to his forehead, fired, and fell dead from his saddle.

The most picturesque version of this somewhat apocryphal story affirms that before the Begum and Le Vassoult left Sardhana they had made a compact that if either were slain, the other would not survive. And the enemies of the Begum declared that she, knowing that her husband's romantic disposition and devoted attention to her would keep him true to his vow, deliberately pretended to commit suicide in order to free herself from the man whom she saw to be the obstacle in the way of regaining the good-will of her subjects. She merely drew the point of the poniard sharply across her neck so as to bring blood, and her clever acting did the rest!

A prisoner in the hands of her mutinous soldiery, with no one to whom she could turn for help or advice, the Begum in her despair bethought herself of the gallant Irishman who had served her so well, and whom she had treated so badly. She contrived to send George Thomas a message, abjectly imploring his forgiveness, and entreating him to come to her assistance, as she was in hourly dread of being poisoned or stabbed. She would gladly pay any price he might choose to ask for his services.

When was an Irish gentleman ever known to refuse the request of a lady in distress? George Thomas chivalrously forgot and forgave all the treachery of his late mistress and hurried to her assistance. His rapid advance terrified the mutineers, who knew well of what stuff their old leader was made. They promptly deserted the usurper they had set up, and rallied again round their lawful sovereign. The Begum Somru was reinstated before her gallant and generous deliverer came in sight of Sardhana. On his arrival she received him in state and overwhelmed him with gratitude. All her arts and fascinations were brought into play to induce the brave Irishman to become once more her Grand Vizier. But George Thomas was proof against all her blandishments. He had had experience of her treacherous nature, and had no mind to trust himself again within the reach of this beautiful, velvet-eyed tigress. She professed to be deeply affected at his departure, but she hated him more fiercely than ever because he had rejected her overtures, and she showed him before long that

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

By this time our Irish adventurer was tired of serving for pay and being liable at any moment to dismissal at the

caprice of an irresponsible ruler. His military fame was great, he had a band of devoted followers who he had trained into splendid soldiers, the great Mahratta chiefs were eager to purchase his alliance—why should he not set up as a Rajah himself? The idea pleased him, and he proceeded to carry it into execution. He had little difficulty in fixing upon a territory to govern. There was one ready to his hand—a sort of No-Man's-Land, which had been seized by one adventurer after another, but never held for any length of time, and for some years had been absolutely without a ruler.

The province on which George Thomas had set his eye was known as Hariana or the Green Country, and was nominally a portion of the dominions of the Great Mogul, who still kept up a shadowy state at Delhi. It extended one hundred and twenty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. Thither George Thomas marched his compact little army, took formal possession of the country, assumed the title of Rajah, and selected the town of Hansi, ninety miles west of Delhi, as his capital.

The new Rajah of Hariana soon showed that he was of a different type from his former rulers, who had been fire-booters pure and simple. He commenced by pulling down and entirely rebuilding the city of Hansi, making it not only a strong fortress, but also a commodious town. He granted liberal concessions to merchants and traders as an inducement to settle there, he established a mint and coined his own money; he procured skilled workmen and artificers from Delhi and elsewhere, and set them to construct an arsenal, where he cast cannon and manufactured muskets, gunpowder and all munitions of war. For he meant to be the Rajah of a strong, independent, flourishing, civilized state.

But this was only a part, and a small part, of his ambition. After he had got his foot firmly planted in his new dominions he intended to make Hariana a starting-point from which to conquer the whole of the Punjab, not for himself, but for Great Britain. He desired, to use his own words, "to have the honor of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock."

Like a true Irishman, George Thomas revelled in hard fighting, and he soon had plenty of it on his hands. His warlike neighbours, the Sikhs, resented the new Rajah's marauding forays into their country, and made reprisals. But they soon found that they had caught a Tartar in this fighting Irishman. Nothing could afford better proof of Thomas' high qualities as a soldier than his victorious campaigns against the Sikhs, that splendid race of warriors, who, forty years later, proved themselves the most formidable foes that England has ever had to fight in India. Yet the Irish Rajah of Hariana, with his little army of five thousand men and thirty-six guns, defeated the Sikhs once and over again, forced them to pay him an indemnity of two million rupees, and could proudly boast that he was "Dictator in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs south of the River Sutlej."

We have little doubt that the Irish Rajah would not only have subdued the Sikhs, but have carried out his great scheme for the conquest of the Punjab had not his attention been distracted from it by the dangers which threatened his own sovereignty.

The brilliant successes of the Rajah of Hariana against the Sikhs had roused the jealousy of a rival adventurer, a French soldier named Perron, who commanded the armies of Sindhia, the great chief of the Mahrattas. Perron hinted to his master that this Irish upstart was becoming far too powerful and ambitious, and that, if not taken in hand at once, he might some day prove a thorn in the side of Sindhia. The treacherous Begum Somru, too, who was burning with revenge on the man who had slighted her charms, though he had saved her life and restored her to her throne,

contrived to instil into the mind of the Mahratta prince suspicions which served to confirm the hints thrown out by Perron. The consequence was that, when the Sikhs prayed Sindhia to assist them against their dreaded foe, the Rajah of Hariana, Sindhia seized the excuse to crush the aspiring foreigner.

But first he tried diplomacy. If Thomas would surrender his sovereignty, and submit to be the vassal of Sindhia, he should be allowed an annual subsidy for the support of himself and his troops.

In the month of September, 1801, Perron and Thomas met at Bahadurgarh to discuss these proposals. The Frenchman's tone offended the Irishman's pride, and he haughtily rejected the conditions offered, though he well knew that his refusal meant war to the knife with Sindhia.

On hearing of Thomas' contemptuous rejection of his terms the Mahratta prince ordered Perron to despatch a force at once to annihilate the troublesome Rajah of Hariana.

The invading army was under the command of a Frenchman, Major Louis Bourguien, a braggart and poltroon, despised by his officers and men. Thomas turned to bay under the walls of his fortress of Georgegarh. He was not greatly outnumbered as yet, for he had six thousand men, with thirty-five guns, against eight thousand men, with thirty-eight guns. After a fierce and obstinate battle, in which Bourguien lost nearly half his force, Thomas remained master of the field. But his loss, too, was severe, upwards of one thousand eight hundred, including his second in command, Captain Hopkins, a brilliant English soldier, whose death was an irreparable misfortune. Had Thomas taken advantage of his victory and pressed Bourguien hard, there can be no doubt that Sindhia's army must have been annihilated, for it was utterly demoralized by the reverse it had sustained, and the foolish Frenchman was quite incapable of restoring order or confidence. But the Irish Rajah seemed suddenly to have lost his head. All his old promptitude of action and fertility of resource appeared to have left him. Not only did he neglect to follow up his victory, but he made no attempt to secure his retreat to Hansi. For fifteen precious days he remained absolutely idle. It is said that the death of his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, had strangely affected him, and that he drank heavily to drown his sorrow. Whatever the cause, his inaction was fatal to him. Within three weeks of the battle of Georgegarh, Sindhia had thrown an army of thirty thousand men and one hundred and ten guns into Hariana, and Thomas was hemmed in at Georgegarh by a ring of foes, amongst the fiercest and foremost of whom were the forces of the Begum Somru.

As the toils closed more and more tightly around him, Thomas recovered his old dauntless spirit. He defended himself with desperate courage against these overwhelming odds, till he saw that the game was up. Then in the pitch darkness of a November night, at the head of three hundred horsemen, he dashed out from Georgegarh, cut his way through the battalions of the enemy, and, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, arrived safely at Hansi.

The garrison of Georgegarh surrendered, but so devoted were they to their Irish chief, that they refused with contempt to serve under Sindhia or anyone else. Several of the native officers rent their clothes and swore that they would rather live as beggars than serve again as soldiers under any chief but their own Rajah.

Bourguien lost no time in advancing upon Hansi. Though his own ignorance and cowardice utterly unfitted him to command an army, he had excellent subordinates on whom he could rely. Among these were half-a-dozen English officers, one of whom, Lieutenant James Skinner, was afterwards celebrated as the founder of "Skinner's Horse," the famous "Yellow Boys."

THE RAJAH--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.

Hansi was closely invested, but with such skill and courage did Thomas defend his last stronghold that the besiegers made very little progress. The city indeed was stormed and taken after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which the assailants lost nearly two thousand men, but the citadel, which commanded the town, was still held by Thomas, and held so stoutly that the Frenchman, despairing of ever taking the place by fair means, had recourse to foul. Flights of arrows were shot over the walls of the fort, with letters attached to them promising the garrison six months' pay and permanent service in the army of Sindhia, if they would deliver up their Rajah and the fortress.

The English officers were indignant with Bourguen for resorting to treachery, and constantly urged him to offer the Irish commander honorable terms. At last, one day, after tiffin when wine had put Bourguen in a good temper, he said, in reply to their reiterated protests: "Well, gentlemen, do as you like. He be one damned Englishman, your own countryman. You know him better than I do."

So Captain Smith, the senior English officer, was sent to offer such terms of capitulation as no man of honor and spirit need be ashamed to accept. The Irishman was at his last gasp. Famine and treachery were slowly but surely undermining the fidelity of his troops. He knew his case to be desperate, and he therefore consented to surrender Hansi and evacuate Hariana on these conditions, that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honors of war, that he himself should go free, with all his private property, and be escorted by a battalion of Sepoys until he was safely within the territories of the English East India Company.

The conditions were granted, the treaty of surrender was signed, and the irrepressible Thomas was entertained that night at a banquet given by Bourguen and his officers. The Frenchman vied with the Irishman in quaffing bumpers, and after a drunken quarrel, during which the mad Tipperary "bhoy" chased the terrified Bourguen round the banquetting tent with a drawn sword, they swore eternal friendship wept in one another's arms, and finally the ex-Rajah of Hariana was escorted back to Hansi at daybreak in a most undignified state of inebriety.

The conditions of surrender were faithfully carried out, and George Thomas turned his back upon his Rajahship of Hariana forever. He had saved out of the wreck of his affairs about £25,000—enough, as he said, to enable him to end his days comfortably as a small squire in Ireland, and he was on his way to Calcutta to take ship for England, when he was seized with fever at Berhampore, and, weakened as he was by his drunken habits, died there on the 22nd of August, 1802, at the age of forty-six.

The son of a Tipperary peasant, with little or no education, had risen to be an independent sovereign, had built cities, commanded armies, conquered vast territories, dictated terms to powerful princes, and proved himself a capable ruler, as well as a brilliant soldier. Surely, then, we are justified in the assertion that among the careers of military adventurers few have been more successful and none more romantic than that of George Thomas, the Irish Rajah of Hariana.

TEETH AND HUMAN HAPPINESS.

DR. E. COLLINS, editor of *The English Dentist*, asserts that the condition of school-children's teeth in England may be looked upon as a "national calamity," giving rise, as it does, to dyspepsia, headache, sleeplessness, irritability, and deformities of the jaws. He refers to the state of the teeth as

a possible factor in the mental state of the child, and strives to impress upon teachers the necessity of having the teeth of children under their care inspected by skilled dentists. He condemns unwarrantable teeth extraction, asserting that "teeth-drawing is not dentistry, and that the supply of artificial dentures should no more be regarded as the chief aim of dentistry than the supplying of wooden legs is looked upon as the ideal of surgery." "We are of opinion," says *The British Medical Journal*, "that it is not alone after the eruption of the teeth that care should be exercised. The future of the teeth as well as the future of the body depends for the most part on the care of the child during the early years of its existence, and it is more important to consider the subject of children's teeth during their development in the gums and before they have erupted than even to check decay when they appear or to scoop out microorganisms from their sockets. This aspect of the hygiene of the teeth has yet to be dealt with."



"COME HASTE TO THE HANGING."

ARIZONIANS THOUGHT THE SHERIFF'S INVITATIONS TOO CHEERFUL, SO HE CHANGED THEM.

THERE is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything—even of hanging a man in Arizona; and the Sheriff of Navajo county has learned what out there is believed to be the right way, after having gone about the business wrong.

Early in December he sent out this invitation on black-edged paper:

Holbrook, Arizona, December 1, 1899.

Mr.

You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one
GEORGE SMILEY, MURDERER.

His soul will be swung into eternity on December 5, 1899, at 2 o'clock
p.m. sharp.

Latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be
employed, and everything possible will be done to make the proceedings
cheerful and the execution a success.

F. J. WATKINS, Sheriff of Navajo County.

In spite of the black-edged paper, social critics of Navajo county, Arizona, commented on the tone of the invitation as being too cheerful. The Sheriff harkened to his mentors, postponed the execution, and sent out this invitation, also on black-edged paper:

Holbrook, Arizona, January 1, 1900.

Mr.

With feelings of profound sorrow and regret I hereby invite you to
attend and witness the private, decent and humane execution of a
human being, name, George Smiley, crime, murder.

The said George Smiley will be executed on January 5, 1899, at 2
o'clock p.m.

You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any
"flippancy" or "unseemly" language or conduct on your part will not
be allowed. Conduct on any one's part bordering on ribaldry, and
tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion, will not be tolerated.

F. J. WATKINS, Sheriff of Navajo County.

The trouble is due to the fact that the Penal Code of Arizona requires the Sheriff to issue invitations to an execution, but does not prescribe the form of those invitations, and that the social code of the State is not explicit on the point. It has been suggested that the Legislature fix the form of the only invitation prescribed officially by the State, and so obviate any further contretemps such as befell the Sheriff of Navajo.

Two Canadian Poets and Their Poems.*

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, OF OTTAWA, AND FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT,
OF QUEBEC

THEIR RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS REVIEWED.



HOSE who have intelligently followed the course of English literature in Canada, during recent years, are aware that in the field of poetry some of the best work accomplished this side the Atlantic has been done by Mr. W. Wilfred Campbell, of Ottawa. Mr. Campbell was long the victim of an unprincipled cabal amongst some of the little word-stringers and phrase-moulders who claim to be literary men. While the efforts of inferior writers were doctored with sugared eulogy, his works were treated with studied indifference in reviews of Canadian poetry, or damned with a few words of penurious praise, manifestly insincere because betraying on their surface a through-and-through ignorance of

Mr. Campbell's ideals and accomplishments. The result was that a few literary dilettanti, whose chief claim to notice lay in the fact that they were mostly related to one another, rose into mushroom prominence. But their mature fruit, like their earlier blossoms, has been of a puny and miserable nature, and not even a conspiracy of praise could avail to keep them before the public. To-day their names are scarcely ever seen in the periodicals, and their countrymen hear less of them than they did half-a-dozen years ago. On the other hand the work of Mr. William Wilfred Campbell has steadily improved, and one can now, with safety, accord to him the foremost position amongst the English poets of Canada.

It is true that even at the present time his native land is slow to recognize his genius; and in the United States his poems are more cordially received than they are by his own compatriots, to whom he should be able to look with confidence for sympathy and support. But this is a tale oft told in the history of Canadian letters. In Mr. Campbell's case, however, it is doubly deplorable, inasmuch as no writer has been truer to Canada in subject-matter, in sentiment, and in general teaching and tendency than he. His first volume, "Lake Lyrics," treated of a characteristic Canadian subject, a subject that has never yet been fully exploited by the novelist or poet—the beauty, majesty and romance of the great inland seas. In many of his later poems he has succeeded in striking with wonderful distinctness that peculiar note of combined devotion to both Imperial and national ideals which is the keynote of Canadian sentiment. For example, in his poem "England," in his last volume, "Beyond the Hills of Dream," (Houghton, Mifflin & Company) there occur these lines:

North and South and East and West,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile
With the green isle under her lee;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world.

*"Beyond the Hills of Dream," by W. Wilfred Campbell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Poems: Old and New," by Frederick George Scott. Toronto: William Briggs.

Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes,
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts,
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

Written before the sending of Canadian troops to South Africa was dreamed of, these lines are a perfect expression of the sentiment that burst forth in the Dominion the moment war was declared. Or take the following from "Victoria":

And we, thy loyal subjects far away,
In these new lands that own thy sceptre's sway,
Betwixt thy Royal Isle and far Cathay—
Across the thunder of the Western foam
O good gray Queen, our hearts go home, go home
To thine and thee!
We are thine own while empires rise and wane,
We are thine own for blessing or for ban,
And, come the shock of thundering war again,
For death or victory!

Not that we hate our brothers to the South,
They are our fellows in the speech of mouth,
They are our wedded kindred, our own blood,
The same world evils we and they withstood,
Our aims are theirs, one common future good—
Not that we hate them, but that there doth lie
Within our hearts a golden fealty
To Britain, Britain, Britain, till the world doth die.

So much by way of showing that Mr. Campbell has a claim upon his countrymen as one who has gathered up the scattered strands of national sentiment and twined them together in a way that is at once beautiful and accurate. This latest volume of Mr. Campbell's comprises a few old poems, slightly amended, and a large number of new ones, covering a very wide range of subjects. The title is taken from the first poem, which might almost be described as a lullaby song, only that it is manifestly addressed not to a child but to someone—real or imaginary—who has experienced the friendships, loves, promises and disappointments of a many-sided life. Perhaps it is an address from the poet to his own soul in an hour clouded with weariness of struggle and change, yet softly lightened with the dawn of a higher hope. One might reasonably fancy so from such verses as the following:

And all the joys we missed, my Love,
And all the hopes we knew,
The dreams of life we dreamed in vain
When youth's red blossoms blew;
And all the hearts that throbbled for us,
In the past so sunny and fair,
We will meet and greet in that golden land
Over the hills of care.

Over the mountains of sleep, my Love,
Over the hills of dream,
Beyond the walls of care and fate,
Where the loves and memories teem,
We come to a land of fancy free
Where hearts forget to weep,
Over the mountains of dream, my Love,
Over the hills of sleep.

One of the most beautiful creations in the book is the poem entitled "Bereavement of the Fields," in memory of Archibald

CANADIAN POETS—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 13.

Lampman, who died February 10, 1899. I know of no verse in any English poet more chaste and musical than these:



MR. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Like some rare Pan of those old Grecian days,
Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,
Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,
His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn
From Nature's lips reverberate night and morn,
And fled from men and all their troubled maze
Standing apart, with sad, incurious gaze.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower
Plucked in the early summer of its prime,
Before it reached the fulness of its dower,
He withers in the morning of our time,
Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,
A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime
Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Though Mr. Campbell's spirit is strong, manly and sincere, though he loves to dwell on "the manifold, passionate music that springs from the heart of man" and is far from being a mere nature poet, some of his best verse is that which deals with the simplest mood and phenomena of the inanimate world. What could be more ethereal, more poetic than the following from "An August Reverie":

The ragged daisy starring all the fields,
The buttercup abrim with pallid gold,
The thistle and burr-flowers hedged with prickly shields
All common weeds the draggled pastures hold,
With shrivelled pods and leaves, are kin to me,
Like-heirs of earth and her maturity.

They speak a silent speech that is their own,
These wise and gentle teachers of the grass;
And when their brief and common days are flown,
A certain beauty from the year doth pass:—
A beauty of whose light no eye can tell
Save that it went; and my heart knew it well.

I may not know each plant as some men know them
As children gather beasts and birds to tame;
But I went mid them as the winds that blow them,
From childhood's hour and loved without a name,
There is more beauty in a field of weeds
Than in all blooms the hothouse garden breeds.

For they are Nature's children; in their faces
I see that sweet obedience to the sky
That marks these dwellers of the wilding places,
Who with the season's being live and die:
Knowing no love but of the wind and sun
Who still are Nature's when their life is done.

It would be impossible to quote even fragments from all the excellent poems to be found in Mr. Campbell's book—"The Vengeance of Saki," "Sebastian Cabot," "The Wayfarer," "Phaethon" and others. Mr. Campbell is certainly losing none of the bloom and freshness of youth; he has kept, notwithstanding disappointment and discouragement, what all artists find it most difficult to keep—a heart "unspotted from the world." He has grown in power and in confidence with the passing of the years, and the present volume shows a marked improvement in many respects over either of his preceding books of miscellaneous verse. Should he live and continue to develop his poetic gift as he has during the past decade, he may, as experience ripens and mellows his nature, produce work of an even higher order, entitling him to a place side by side with such poets as Coleridge and Poe, to each of whom in some respects his genius bears a resemblance.

LIKE Mr. Campbell, the Rev. Frederick George Scott has included in his new volume several already published compositions, as, indeed, the title of his book would indicate. Like Mr. Campbell, too, he has taken the liberty of revising and correcting many of his earlier efforts, "so that," as we are informed in the preface, "they have now assumed their permanent form." It is a question how far a poet can safely go in the revision of his work long after its original publication, when the artistic excitement of its first conception and creation may have smouldered down, and left the writer in the colder atmosphere of self-criticism. Work may be improved or it may be injured by such revision. Tennyson is said to have been a great believer in the polishing process. He revised and reconsidered time and again, and while he may have acquired thereby a greater perfection of form, he left on many pages the marks of over-handling, so that the charge against him of being at times a mere maker of fine phrases is not wholly without reason. Probably, whatever is gained in form by cold-blooded revision is counterbalanced, in the majority of



REV. FREDERICK GEO. SCOTT.

instances, by the marring of that subtle impression of spontaneity, which is one of the chief charms of a truly artistic creation.

A critic has compared Mr. Scott's work with that of Edgar Allan Poe. I fail to catch the likeness. Our countryman's mind and hand are much too simple and direct to produce

work such as Poe's. He has something of Tennyson's grace and felicity of expression, much of Longfellow's simplicity, and not a little of Burns' lyric quality and fervor, but surely few, if any, traces of the mystical, sad melodiousness of Poe.

What could be more like Tennyson's verse than "A Dream of the Prehistoric," commencing:

Naked and shaggy, they herded at eve by the sound of the
 seas,
 When the sky and the ocean were red, as with blood from
 the battles of God,
 And the wind like a monster sped forth, with its feet on the
 rocks and the trees,
 And the sands of the desert blew over the wastes of the
 drought-smitten sod.

Very many of Mr. Scott's shorter pieces—poems of three or four verses—give the impression that he has been an earnest student of the late laureate. Take, for example, "Song's Eternity":

Little bird on dewy wing
 In the dawn of day,
 All the pretty songs you sing
 Pass away.
 For although man's heart is stirred
 By your happy voice,
 You can only sing one word—
 "Rejoice," "Rejoice."
 But the music poets make
 Is a deathless strain,
 For they do from sorrow take
 And from pain.
 Such a sweetness as imparts
 Joy that never dies—
 And their songs live in men's hearts
 Beyond the skies.

Such poems as "Old Letters" remind one strangely of Longfellow's heartfelt lays:

The house was silent, and the light
 Was fading from the western glow;
 I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,
 Some letters written long ago.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,
 The hopes now dead for evermore,
 Came from the lines of faded ink,
 As sweet and earnest as of yore.

Then, with a sudden shout of glee
 The children burst into the room,
 Their little faces were to me
 As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

The world was full of meaning still,
 For love will live though loved ones die;
 I turned upon life's darkened hill
 And gloried in the morning sky.

Readers of Burns will not fail to detect something of his characteristics in Mr. Scott's address "To A Fly in Winter":

Tune up, little friend,
 Tell me winter will end,
 And the springtime is coming:
 When the buds with surprise
 Will rub their young eyes
 And look up to the skies,
 At thy piping and drumming.

Sing me carols of May,
 And of June and the hay,
 With the sweet-smelling clover;
 Of the soft winds that creep
 Round my bed as I sleep,
 When the dawn lights the deep,
 And the long night is over. Etc.

"Samson," "The Unnamed Lake," and others of the more pretentious poems in this volume are already well known to the reading public and have been highly praised. The London Speaker was of opinion that "Samson" was the strongest "American" poem for many years. It is full of tense feeling and strong imagery. Mr. Scott, by the way, is very happy,

and often quite original, in his metaphors. For example, take his description of Samson, as

Strong and buoyant as the air,
 Tall and noble as a tree,
 With the passions of the sea.

It is in his sonnets, perhaps, that the poet has done his best work—the work that is free from the influence of models and most completely reveals his poetic temperament. There are 17 of these gems in his book. The opening inscription

When, in life's house, life's cares are vexing thee,
 Look through these windows on Eternity,

is by no means out of place, for the sonnets are, with scarce an exception, clear and luminous as finest glass. I have space to quote but one—

THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
 Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
 Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
 Upon the floorways of His house on high;
 And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
 The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
 The weary waste, the gulf no sight hath spanned,
 And endless time forever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
 I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
 With chubby arm beneath his golden head,
 What cared I then for all the stars above?
 One little face shut out the boundless deep,
 One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

There is nothing more tender, human, and poetic in Canadian literature than this.

FELIX VANE.

"CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST."

THERE is no title more catching for a work of fiction than some time-honored aphorism, the truth of which has been demonstrated for countless generations. "Chickens Come Home to Roost" is one of our not least known maxims, but the writer is not aware that it has hitherto been taken advantage of by any novelist. Mr. Hilles, in selecting a name for his admirably told story, has most judiciously seized upon it, and certainly a more appropriate one it would be exceedingly difficult to find. The novel combines features which strongly commend themselves to various classes of readers. It might accurately be termed an historical novel, but it is not less a well sustained sporting novel, and, thirdly, it is a novel illustrating some very singular phases of Southern social life; and these diverse subjects are woven into one another with consummate skill and ability. As an historical novel, it gives us some very brilliant depictions of not a few of the principal incidents and most sanguinary battles of the great War of Secession, in which the young hero of the tale is made to play a very brilliant part, until at last he throws himself beside his father's corpse at Chancellorsville. But the author seems to be quite as much at home on the race track as on the battlefield, for his inimitable descriptions of the racing contest in which Dewy Iris plays so splendid a part is told with a vigor and piquancy which brings the scene visibly before the reader. It is, however, to the somewhat unique domestic life of Phineas Strong, the rustic Quaker, and his family, that we look for the working out of the well-conceived plot, and here we are met with surprise after surprise as the story shapes itself to a conclusion. Phoebe's career is, indeed, a thrilling one. With fine impulses, warm-hearted, ingenious, her very naivete of character becomes the means of bringing the dreadful nemesis, which seems to pursue alike the guiltless and the guilty. It is to illustrate this undeniable truth that the novel has apparently been written. The chickens come home to roost with a vengeance, and the hapless daughter was, in a measure, made to answer for her father's sin. The book is magnificently illustrated and well brought out. Its popularity, in the midst of countless rivals for public favor, may be deemed assured. Published at \$1.25 by Wright & Company, Publishers, 1368-70 Broadway, New York City.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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CHAPTER XXV.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It was all I could do, in my sudden fear and astonishment, to repress a cry. But even in that moment the conviction that I must be silent seemed a part of myself—beating with my blood. I recoiled from the bed, and, to save myself from falling, involuntarily threw out my hands and caught at the curtains of the canopy. I had seized the corner of a pillow in my grasp as well, and, as I staggered back in a cloud of dust which rained down upon me from the hangings, I brought with me pillow and pillow-case besides.

Somehow I managed to steady myself, and, I trusted, without having made much noise. My heart sounded in my own ears like the blows of a hammer, but I nerved myself and returned slowly, tremblingly, to the bed. I must know, at all hazards, what it was that had frightened me—what was the thing which I had felt moving there under my hand. I was not a superstitious girl, but I could not help the cold shudder which shook me from head to foot—I could not help the fear of finding some uncleanly thing, not of flesh and blood, grinning horribly up at me from among the tumbled bed-coverings. With the pillow still grasped in my hand, as a possible means of defence against a mysterious adversary, I advanced and peered into the dingy depths of the great curtained bed.

Again something moved, and I could almost have laughed aloud at my own fears, when I discovered that they had been caused by a nest full of young pink mice, cosily ensconced in the folds of the old purple coverlet.

It was a desecration that the thing should be there, on the bed where my father had died, but, even so, I had not quite the requisite courage to remove it. I had a very womanly detestation of mice, and, holding myself aloof, I was replacing the pillow at arm's length, when, in a corner of that end from which I had nearly dragged the embroidered linen case, I discovered a small aperture, from which something beside feathers was protruding.

It was only a bit of white paper; but the seam had evidently been ripped to enclose it, as if a convenient place of concealment for it had been sought, and, inserting a thumb and finger, I drew it out, with a species of awestruck curiosity.

It was, as I have said, only a scrap of paper, folded triangularly, and no more than two or three inches in length and width. A hundred times might the pillow have been taken up without the small hole in the seam at one corner being observed. Or by chance it might have been patent to the first one who changed the linen.

The light, faintly blue-lined surface of the paper was blank, and yet it had the appearance of being a little three-cornered folded note, such as had often been passed to me surreptitiously during study hours by the girls at school.

A curious feeling of dread crept coldly over me, as slowly I opened the crisp folds. Whether I had actually expected to find any writing inside I hardly knew, but I was certainly struck with surprise when I saw that the inner portion of the paper was closely written over in pencil.

It was too dark where I stood to read the faintly-traced

lines, but softly I tip-toed to one of the shrouded windows, and lifting up one end of the heavy curtain, which smelt unpleasantly of dust, I held the paper close to the inch or two of uncovered pane which I had allowed myself.

Again I had to check the exclamation which rose to my lips as I saw, with a shock, that the hand-writing was undoubtedly my father's. For a moment the uneven lines swam before my eyes. Why had he needed to hide away in the seam of the pillow upon which he lay (no doubt during his last illness) a communication addressed to no one, intended for some chance explorer like myself?

"If this paper" (I read) "comes by good fortune into the hands of anyone not under the influence or in the pay of that arch-fiend who calls herself my wife, Lady Mary Raven, let such a person earn the blessing of the dead by granting a last request. If the woman herself, or one among her minions, find these words, torn from me by anguish, I know too well what will be their fate. Let them in such a case serve to inform her that I know what she has done, that I am not now the weak fool she believed me, and would have made me. My eyes have been opened at last, too late. Yet some faint hope bids me write down my wishes as though to meet the eyes of a kindly-disposed stranger.

"Should such a one read them, let him (or her), for the love of God, and the love of money, save my daughter from this fiend, who has found lodgment in the body of a beautiful woman.

"I am being slowly done to death by poison. I have suspected it for long. It is only within the past week that I have been sure, and then my own eyes made me so. My choice since then has been death by starvation or death by poison. I have chosen the latter deliberately, as being, perhaps, the quicker and easier of the two. A pleasant choice truly; but I have been hopeless, and shut within four black walls too long to care for life.

"My one thought now is for my neglected daughter. For years I lived the life of a lotus-eater, dreaming under the sway of the woman-devil. Now that I have roused I am powerless—bedridden for months, dying by inches, knowing that no cry of mine can reach beyond the walls of this horrible house, shut away from all possible help, unable to summon any friend to whom I can give instructions regarding my daughter's future.

"The woman believes that my fortune will come to her; it is what she schemed to bring about for years. It is the reason why she is putting me out of her way. When she finds that I eluded her vigilance on one occasion, and made a new will, which is in the hands of a competent firm of solicitors, my fear is that she will seek to recoup herself through injury to my poor defenceless girl. She is clever enough and wicked enough for anything. When she finds herself thwarted in one way she will turn to another. In some manner, if she is not prevented, she will get Eve into her power—how, I do not know, for I have not, thank Heaven, ever been weak enough to constitute her the girl's guardian.

"Let any kindly-disposed person who may find this take or send it to my solicitors, Cogswell & Elliot, 50A, Savoy-court. It will empower them to have my daughter made at once a ward in Chancery. Would that some inspiration had bidden me have these instructions embraced in my will. But God knows the strange circumstances under which it was made out and signed—the small chance I have for thought or deliberation. For this I have secreted paper and pencil. I pray that I may accomplish that for which I scarcely dare to hope. For the last time I sign myself—"

The fingers which held the strange and terrible document had grown cold and bloodless. A sick trembling seized and shook me from head to foot, and my limbs gave way under me.

I seemed to melt, rather than actually fall, in a small, limp heap upon my knees on the floor. It no longer appeared a matter of importance to me whether I was heard and discovered by Miss Cade or not. Spots of blood danced before my staring eyes.

I found that my lips were mechanically repeating over and over the ominous-sounding title, "Lady Mary—Lady Mary of the Dark House!"

She was a murderess. She had poisoned my father, and she had done according to his prophecy, found, when all too late, by the daughter he had at the last moment tried so fruitlessly to save.

She had got me in her power. I had refused to marry her nephew—perhaps in such a marriage I might have secured immunity, perhaps not. At all events, I had thrown away my last chance. I had tried to escape from her authority. I had chosen my own lover, I had only an hour ago flung down my gauntlet of hatred and defiance at her feet.

She had put in the entering wedge. First of all she had prepared her way, in case of my discarding Valentine Graeme, by inducing all the servants, and, perhaps, everyone in the country who knew of my presence, to believe that I was half-witted or mad. Thus my imprisonment has been made easy. Now she had sent out of the house my only friend and protector, Mrs. Rayne. She would find means, I felt too well convinced, to keep me from seeing or communicating with Donald, try as he might to come to me. Somehow she had made it appear that she had been appointed by my father as my guardian, how, I did not know.

But she was supposed to have the right to control my actions, to keep me under her roof, and if she could satisfactorily prove that she had not instigated her nephew's plot against me, no one would have the authority to remove me from her charge.

How plainly I seemed to see it all now! What a miserable helplessly I was in the web! Here, in this room, my father had perished, knowing himself murdered. Here, in this Dark House, I believed that I, too, was destined to die.

The heavy beating of my heart was physical agony. A cold rain trickled from my forehead over my face. Horrible pictures passed slowly, panorama-like, before my mental vision. The Dark House, hidden far away from the eyes of the world, among its gloomy pines and cedars. The deep, black water of the mere. What might it not hide?

How would it be brought about? Poison, as with my father? A knife—a stab in the dark?

"Oh, I hope not that!" I muttered half-aloud. And I covered my eyes with a shudder as I thought of the keen pain and the blood.

I recalled Mrs. Rayne's mysterious words to me when first we came to the Dark House and discovered the secret passage with the hidden door which led into my room. Something of this sort she had seemed to fear for me, though I had been inclined to scorn and laugh at her terrors and innuendoes then.

It was far different now, and I would have given all the wealth which was destined to me one day (if I should live!) if only I could have had her sympathetic companionship again. "Yet, no," I told myself, "for she would share my danger. It is better that she is gone—better that whatever may happen should happen to me alone."

The climax—the crisis in my affairs had now arrived, I knew. So far I had done nothing but thwart Lady Mary's schemes, and—suddenly I remembered the strange look she had given me when she had mentioned the forming of some plan for my future. Had she been mentally sketching out the manner in which it would be best and safest to dispose of me?

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN MISS CADE TURNS COOK.

Desperately I rose to my feet, straining in fear and bewilderment after some flickering, far-off light of hope for escape. But none could I see; for not another night could I consider myself safe under this roof. Mrs. Rayne had told me long ago that, for a little while, I might surely sleep in peace in my

tower-room. But that was before I had refused Valentine Graeme and defied Lady Mary.

Mrs. Rayne would no longer say so if she knew what I knew, I assured myself.

I had a dim impression that while I had crouched there on the floor, my mind exploring past and future, I had heard the door of Miss Cade's room open and close again, in which case I might take it for granted that at last she had gone out.

In my spasms of terror I had dropped my father's letter on the floor, but now I searched for it and found it, and folding it in the same creases as before, I carefully hid it inside the bosom of my dress. Then moving stealthily to the door of Miss Cade's room I opened it with all caution for an inch or two.

I had not been mistaken. Nobody was there.

I ran lightly across the room and to the door which led into the hall. Though I felt that nowhere in the Dark House was there any security for me, instinctively I was anxious to retreat to my own place, where at least I might count upon a little time to calm myself and think matters over.

My hand was on the knob, and I should have been out in the hall had not the sound of a step caused me to draw back with a throbbing heart. I dared not now even peep out, fearing that someone might be coming to the room in which I stood; but a voice, which followed a knock at Lady Mary's door opposite, so surprised and excited me that I forgot caution.

I was sure that it was Valentine Graeme who had said imperatively: "Let me in—quick!"

Lady Mary had said that she had sent him away, and I had been fool enough to take it for granted that she really had done so. What did it mean for me, I wondered, that he was still in the house? Evidently I was not to be told of his presence—at any rate, not at once.

In my eagerness to make sure that it was he whose almost whispered tones I had recognized, I did open the door and look out, only just in time to see a manly back as he was admitted into Lady Mary's boudoir. Yes, it was Valentine Graeme, there was no doubt of that.

Fortunately he had not turned, and the slight noise my door had made in opening had been drowned by that of the one through which he passed.

Now, if only I could summon courage to listen, as I had meant to do before!

Nervously I bent down my head to the keyhole. I had never done such a thing before in my life. But I felt no scruples of conscience—only a fear of being detected.

"After all," I told myself, "nothing worse can happen if I am found listening. They can but kill me, and I think they mean to do that anyway. If I can catch a few words of what they are saying, it may be of the greatest service to me, for—'forewarned is forearmed.'"

To my intense relief, Miss Cade's voice was the first one which spoke inside. She being there, shut up with Lady Mary and Lady Mary's nephew, no one was likely to pass along the hall at present, and my risk was less.

"Well," she asked, "will he do it?"

"He's coming to-night, without fail," answered Valentine. "But I had a good deal of difficulty in getting him to consent."

"Men of that calibre don't refuse thousand pound bribes," pronounced Lady Mary's deep musical contralto. "It is as well that you made it to-night. That idiot, Donald Howard, seems really to fancy himself infatuated, and though I have not much fear of being able to keep him at a distance, still—one never knows. The best laid schemes will occasionally go wrong, and I do not wish to take any needless risks."

"For instance, a scheme of your own, my clever mother?"

It was Valentine who spoke, and—I could not be mistaken—he had called her "mother." I could not understand it; I could not believe that he had spoken in seriousness. And yet—

LADY MARY—CONTINUED
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he had said it. There had been that word mother. It buzzed in my ears bewilderingly, and for a moment I could hear nothing that came after.

"That is your part, Elizabeth," were the next words I caught, in my stepmother's voice.

Miss Cade's name must then be Elizabeth.

"I can't trust Trout. She must know nothing. I had thought that she was to be depended upon, but the affair of the cat has apparently turned her brain. Who would have thought that she would be so foolish—so blind to her own interests? I think it would be the better plan to send her away at once."

"She knows too much, and she is too vindictive already," croaked Miss Cade.

"Ah, but who would take her word against mine? A discharged servant, old, half-childish. I think she might safely be sent packing."

"Don't forget, mother mine, that in old days the Dark House and its inhabitants had not too good a reputation. I'm not sure that it would be safe to take it for granted that it had been lived down. Trout could raise a gossip if she could do nothing worse. And we don't want gossip just now, particularly if to-night's scheme fails."

"There is no need to talk of failure till it comes, Valentine. Let the future take care of itself—or, rather, let me take care of it. And if we must choose between two evils—keeping the woman Trout and running the risk of having her see or hear too much, or sending her away with some good excuse—I think the latter would be preferable."

"Please yourself," said Valentine Graeme gruffly. "If to-night goes off all right, we can afford to laugh at gossip."

There was the noise of a chair scraping along the floor as though someone had risen; and, terribly anxious as I was to hear more, I dived stay no longer. At all speed I ran down the narrow passage, out into the wide gallery which overlooked the great hall below the stairs, and so up the steps of the tower to my own room.

There were a thousand distracting thoughts in my mind. The dreadful revelation in the letter which lay hidden under my gown in my breast, the strange manner in which Valentine Graeme had addressed Lady Mary, and the sending away of the housekeeper, who had, I believed, been partial to me and my "maid Nichols," were perhaps uppermost among the turmoil.

"If I can only see Mrs. Trout now, while they are still talking over their conspiracy, there may be a hope yet," I thought.

I had scarcely shut myself in my room when the inspiration came to me, and, without waiting for a moment's reflection, I turned the key back again and hurried downstairs. If I could manage to find the housekeeper and have a few moments' conversation with her, without being suspected by the other servants of any desire for secret conspiracy, I should do well.

For once Fortune favored me. In the big central hall, before the empty fireplace, lay coiled the black cat, which had first been the means of giving me and the housekeeper an interest in common.

I took it up in my arms, and began caressing it with trembling hands. "Poor kitty! Poor kitty!" I said, in a voice which sounded unlike my own. The creature watched me with round, yellow eyes of wonder, but did not attempt to escape. More than once before I had picked it up and stroked it, winning its charily-bestowed confidence, and now I was glad that I had done so.

I walked down the passage in the wing which led away from the hall to the housekeeper's room. Then, knocking, I said in a loud voice, which I had hoped might be heard by anyone among the few servants who might be passing near,

"Mrs. Trout, I've brought you your cat. I'm afraid it's not so well, and I thought you might like some more salve for it."

Mrs. Trout put out her withered little face and stared at me; then, peering down the passage, and satisfying herself that no one was in sight, she beckoned me into her room, and carefully closed the door.

"So you're back," she commented. "I think I could guess where he took you—that Valentine Graeme."

"I'm sure you could," I answered hastily, for there was little time to waste in a narration of my strange experiences. "Oh, dear Mrs. Trout, I can't tell you how I thank you for warning Nichols. If it had not been for that—I dare not think what might have happened."

"Ah, you've seen her again? She went to you when she left here, did she?" Trout queried sharply.

"No, I have not seen her. I only wish that I might. But I saw one whom she sent to me—who brought me away in safety at the last moment, when I was in great danger. I haven't time to tell you all that passed, though you deserve to hear for helping me; but there is something else, very serious, that I must speak of before I have to go away from this room, Mrs. Trout. And first I will tell you one thing which belongs with it. It was Sir Donald Howard who saved me; and we care a great deal for each other, and I have promised to be his wife. I should have been on the way to become so now, only I was cheated and separated from him."

"Ah, you would be!" ejaculated the old woman. "Lady Mary Raven would never allow that marriage, you may mark my words, my honorable miss!"

"Why not?" I could not help stopping to ask, curiously.

"Because she is in love with him herself."

After the first gasp of horrified astonishment at Trout's assertion, somehow it did not occur to me to doubt it. I could believe anything of my beautiful, fascinating stepmother now—even that a few short months after the deliberate murder of my father, she could be "in love" with a man almost young enough to be her son—not many years older than he who had proclaimed himself as such.

"O Mrs. Trout!" I cried tremulously, "I know that she will prevent it if she can—for whatever reason. And I am frightened to stay in this dreadful house. You are my only friend here now—if you will be that—since Nichols has been sent away. Don't you think you can help me—to escape from this place?"

Trout shook her head. "I'm afraid I couldn't help you to do that, miss, though I don't say as I shouldn't like to do it. But I'm watched too close; and, for that matter, so are you. It seems an easy enough thing just to walk out of a house and away, but you'd find you couldn't do it. At first it was different. You did get out to the lake one morning, I remember, and a hue-and-cry there was about it, to be sure. But you were new here then; you didn't know anything about the ways of the people or the place, and it wasn't supposed you would have any reason for wanting to get away. But, since then, you know, you wouldn't have been able to go beyond the gates, not if you'd tried ever so. Not a step that you took outside the house but was watched, whether you knew it or not. And everybody here has been warned to look out for you, as, if you were not mad, you was going that way. Only this very day special orders have been given the lodge-keeper and his wife, and at the other entrance the big gate is fastened. Not a place anywhere you could climb over or slip under. I should not try it if I was you. It would only be worse for you when you was brought back."

"But, Trout," I pleaded, "I—I am afraid."

"And so am I afraid for you," she bluntly returned. Somehow I had hoped that she would attempt to soothe my fears, and the fact that she encouraged them instead increased them instantly, tenfold, if that were possible. I crept closer to her, thankful for a friendly presence, and trusting her because I had no one else to trust.

"There's one thing I can tell you," she continued, in a low,

mysterious tone, "Sir Donald Howard has been here to-day. I listened when the ring came at the door, for there ain't many folks comes, as you know. And what do you think it was that sent him away again?"

"I don't know," I breathed in an agony of suspense.

"He was told that Lady Mary had started with you to take you to France. That you and she had but just gone, and that if he caught the next train he might find you in London before you sailed."

"And he believed it?" I ejaculated, almost indignantly.

"Well, you wouldn't wonder, miss, if you'd heard the way the story was told, as though it was dragged out, and the butler was too stupid to keep the secret back. He made as if he had to be pumped, before he'd let it out, and as though he would have told another story, if he'd had the wit. I dessay, miss, Lady Mary had drilled him in it. She's so clever, she thinks of everything. There was never anybody like her in the world."

"Then he's gone—gone—and there's no hope from him!"

"Well, anyhow, miss, he went away from here as though he were in a great hurry to get off. If I'd heard then, what you've told me now, that you were engaged to be married to him, I'm blessed if I wouldn't have stepped out and let him know the whole thing was a lie. But I didn't dream you had so much as thought of each other. I only knew Lady Mary would keep him from having much to do with new and pretty faces if she could, and yours among the rest. But it's too late to bring him back now."

"Too late, indeed!" and the words echoed like a dirge in my own ears.

"I'd do what you ask, if there was any use," Trout went on, "but I know there isn't, and, as I said, it would only make matters worse. But you've been good to me, and especially to my cat, and I wish you well. I don't believe that nonsense about your head not being right. I'm not quite a fool, and I think I can see their little game. Just you be careful what you eat or drink, miss, that's all I can say. As you know, I haven't been here very long, but I've heard stories. And if there's any truth in 'em, there's danger in this house when that Cade woman turns cook. She has a fancy for the kitchen, and she did say something not very long ago about coming down to try her hand at a new dish or two for dinner to-night."

"Oh, if that is what they meant!" I whispered fearfully. "Mrs. Trout, I listened, and heard them talking. They said—something was to happen to-night—someone was to come—I couldn't understand. And Lady Mary told them she thought of making some excuse to send you away."

The old woman stiffened herself up, and seemed to bristle like her own cat when its fur was rubbed in the wrong direction. "Oh, she did, did she?" she repeated sharply. "Well, she can do so if she likes. I'll be glad to go. And things may come of it that won't please my proud lady, that's all."

How far could I trust this woman? I asked myself. Then, deciding that I must run the risk, I went on earnestly: "It may be at once. And if you can go, without making them suspect, for heaven's sake, go, and—"

"Miss Rutland! Miss Rutland!" The harsh voice of Miss Cade broke in upon my petition, frightening me so that I caught hold of the old housekeeper's thin, withered arm.

"Make haste away, miss; she mustn't find you here, for any sake!" cried Mrs. Trout. "Quick—this side door—it will take you round through a little passage and a corridor till you come out at the dining-room."

She held open the door of which she spoke, and I fled through it, only crying warningly: "Remember!"

I had no time for more. I had not been able to complete that all-important sentence—to tell her what it was that I wanted her to do, in case Lady Mary's mandate gave her an excuse to absent herself from the Dark House. I could only hope with an agony of longing that she might know by instinct what I had wished to say—how I had meant to beg

that she would find Sir Donald Howard, if he had not left Cumberland on the wild chase she had suggested, and send him to my aid. Or, if he had gone beyond her reach, that she would communicate with the solicitors spoken of in my poor father's letter, whose address seemed burnt upon my brain in letters of fire.

Like a hunted hare I darted along through the semi-darkness of the little passage out into a widening corridor, and on, blindly, desperately, until, as the housekeeper had said, I found myself in the dining-room.

I trembled to open the door which led into the great hall, but mustering all my courage, I did so, trying to wear a mask of calmness which would not tell the story of the terrible crisis I had passed through.

Miss Cade was just coming out of the library, and on seeing me she eyed me with a suspicious gaze.

"What on earth have you been doing in there?" she questioned impudently. "I've been looking for you all over the house, and thought I might find you in the library, mousing among your beloved books. I knew, at any rate, you couldn't have got far."

"No doubt you knew that," I could not resist saying with unconcealed bitterness. And her glance was even more suspicious than before.

"You are wanted upstairs at once, if you please," she continued with a harsh abruptness which, until recently, she had not dared to use in addressing me. She had disguised her impertinences before with hypocritical smoothness of manner and an oily smile which I particularly detested, but now she seemed to speak out her malicious dislike of me (which I had always read) without fear. The fact that she no longer deemed it necessary to dissimulate appeared to me to tell its own evil tale.

"Lady Mary wishes to see you," she vouchsafed loftily. "She has, I believe, a plan to propose for your consideration."

The eager, cat-like look on her hideous face as she tendered me this information made my heart sink down like lead.

What was this crisis which I was called unprepared to meet?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

DURING a lesson at McGill Medical College the other day one of the students, who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor: "How much is a dose of—" (giving the technical name of croton-oil).

"A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment; but the student a quarter of an hour later realized he had made a mistake, and straight-with said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, sir," responded the professor, looking at his watch; "your patient's been dead 14 minutes!"

THE result of the match between the Ottawa and Victoria hockey clubs, at the Arena last Saturday night, was a surprise to all, as everyone expected to see Victoria win. But they did not, and the victorious seven are to be congratulated on the splendid work done by every man. The best playing on the part of Victoria seemed to be done by fits and starts, and, though at times they seemed to go ahead, they couldn't keep it up. This match was, probably, the fastest that has taken place at the Arena this season. Very little rough play was noticeable. A large turnout is expected at the match on Saturday night between Quebec and the Shamrocks. This rink is certainly a boon to Montrealers, and the efforts of the management to make it the best in America are not in vain, and that it is appreciated is shown by the continued large attendance.



IT is almost certain that that relic of barbarism—the ear-ring—will shortly be generally worn once more. Long pendants are the grand chic, and the rarest and handsomest of gems are seen hanging from shell-like ears. Smart English and French women are constantly seen wearing ear-rings nowadays, and the vogue has already crossed the Atlantic. The other night, in New York, a pair of brilliant Burmah rubies, with pear-shaped pearls beneath, attracted much attention, worn, as they were, with a severely plain white satin gown. By the way, turquoises are said to be regaining their popularity.

PROPOS of jewelry, it is wonderful to what an extent simulated stones are worn nowadays, and how perfect the imitation of the real articles is becoming. A writer in the American metropolis says that ruby and pearl ear-rings may be bought there for about \$40. Of course, they are pastes, but so perfect is the imitation that they require a glass and an expert's trained eye peering through to detect the difference. Here are some of the prices charged for these simulated jewels: Pear-shaped pearls, with a sapphire, ruby, or emerald at the top, \$15 up, turquoise and brilliant ear-rings in the most fashionable design, \$15; pearl circles for the loose hair at the back of the head, \$5 to \$10; black pearl rings, with generous sized pearls, \$20. Three beautiful strings of simulated pearls, fastened with a clasp of one large pearl surrounded with simulated diamonds, may be bought for \$35; the sheen of the pearls is perfect, and they cleverly imitate pearls and diamonds in a necklace worth \$5,000.

IT has often been remarked that if there is some subject of conversation that ought to be avoided at a particular place or time, discussion is almost certain, by some fatality, to turn in that direction. At a recent luncheon, the hostess wore, for the first time, a set of new teeth, and, of course, dental appendages came up every now and again as a topic of conversation. "Teeth," declared a young mother, who was all too occupied with her own nursery difficulties to notice the connection, "are a trouble from the nursery to the grave." A skating accident was mentioned, where a pretty young debutante broke a front tooth, and the advisability of replacing it with a false one was discussed. A new dentist who had effected wonderful improvements in the shape of the jaw was spoken of. In short, the topic cropped up again and again, and there seemed no way of suppressing it. To a very fat person it is almost impossible to avoid talking of individuals similarly afflicted. To a thin man or woman, living skeletons seem the inevitable trend of conversation, and so on. Chief among social sins is to say that which ought not to be said, and leave unsaid that which ought to have been said, and we rarely leave an important function without deploring mistakes or regretting lost opportunities.

IN an article entitled "Through Baby Eyes," which has appeared in *Trained Motherhood*, Frances Esmond asks mothers if it has ever occurred to them to wonder in what light they are regarded by their children. The writer says:

Now and then we see a few pitiful jokes on the imitation of older folks by the children, and they serve to make us think. For instance, I am reminded of one of a mother who said to her little girl, "Why, Mabel, what makes you scream and talk so loud, when your little brother is so quiet at his play?" to which the child made answer, "Oh, mother, he is the grocer boy, and I am you scolding him for bringing the meat so late for dinner."

We do not know how closely we are watched by these little

ones, and thus the necessity arises to watch ourselves, that we lead not these little imitators into paths that are aside from those of quietness and peace.

Even a very young baby seems to know intuitively just the mood of the mother. When she is worried, nervous, irritable, in some unaccountable manner her mood seems to be reflected in the baby to a certain extent. Speak gently to a little one, it is quieted; speak sharply, the little lips quiver, the sweet eyes fill with tears, and the baby heart is hurt.

A woman who was fond of children was visiting a friend who had a particularly nervous and excitable baby. The mother complained that she could not get the baby to take a midday nap, and, as a result, the little one was cross and fretful the whole afternoon. She said she had tried in every way to get the baby to sleep, but always ended in a fret for both the baby and herself. At noon the visitor took the baby and went into a quiet room. At first the little fellow kicked, twisted, cried and fidgeted as usual, but the new nurse gently coaxed, crooning a soft lullaby, until the blue eyes closed and the curly head sank to rest on her shoulder. The mother was amazed.

"How did you do it?" she asked.

"Simply by being quiet," answered her friend.

THE camera has found many devotees, but perhaps it has none more faithful than Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the celebrated cantatrice now touring this continent in grand opera. Professor Wilhelm Stengel, the singer's husband, treats his wife's love of photographs and photography quite as seriously as she does. He said recently to some musicians: "Madame Sembrich has her dearest friends in almost all of their expressions and natural poses. She has Eleanor Duse depicted in more emotions than all of her audiences put together have ever seen her in, and she has equally fine impressions of Brahms, Rubenstein and Delibes." "Don't forget Verdi," spoke up his wife. "As to Verdi," and the Professor's face took on a half-merry, half-puzzled expression, "you know he sends my wife a copy of every new picture of himself he has taken."

A CORRESPONDENT in Paris writes: "The fashion of wearing mittens instead of gloves is becoming very general, and, indeed, now that the fingers are so covered with rings of every sort and description, it is hopeless to think of putting on tight-fitting suede gloves over such excrescences. These mittens are now made in finest silk and lace, and worn even in the daytime, for concerts, afternoon tea, etc. And with the huge muffs in fur, chenille, satin, and even flowers—which are so popular—the little hands so lightly covered can be kept warm up to the moment of entering the well-heated rooms to which we are accustomed in Paris." The Parisians, in adopting mittens, display an amount of practical common sense lacking in many Canadian women, who would be ashamed to wear anything but gloves, in which their hands are horribly tortured by cold.

AUSTRALIAN protectionists have declared in favor of legislation making wages payable to women equal to those paid to men for similar services. The tailoress is to receive the same "log" as the tailor; the female operator at a boot factory is to be paid on the same scale as the male operator; the "lady typewriter" is to be paid the same as the quill-driver who wears a black coat; the "school marm" is to be paid the same as the strong-armed dominie, and, of course, the "lady" who visits the suburban home to "do" the washing is to be paid at the same rate as the Chinese one man factory. Aside from the difficulty of framing such a law so as to be workable, and the inadvisability of attempting to adjust matters of this kind by legislation, it is a question whether men or women would be most protected by legislation equalizing the rates of wages. Of course, the protectionists have the men in view, thinking that by compelling employers to pay high wages to women they will drive the latter out of competition with the sterner sex. This whole question is certainly becoming a grave one and is likely to become more so. Mrs. Denison, president of Sorosis, in a recent address in New York, expressed what is probably the sound view of the problem. She said: "When it is a necessity that a woman should earn her living she should be helped to do it in any way possible to her, but public opinion should deprecate strongly her becoming a wage earner for any reason but necessity." GERALDINE.



I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. God
Almighty made 'em to match the men.

Mrs. POYSE in Adam Bell.

LAST week, perhaps unadvisedly, some few remarks were made apropos of men, or rather those who one day will attain that title. So it is only fair that, in turn, those who are not as yet anxious to forego being classed as girls and to be addressed as women, should receive their share of criticism. Perhaps at no other time does a girl demonstrate more surely the material of which her character is about to be moulded, than when, as a "bud," she steps into the lists of society. I say "about to be moulded," for few debutantes can display more than the premonitory stages of their various attributes, or characteristics good or bad.

Perhaps the gravest fault one notices in young girls, is their attitude towards older people. It takes several different forms, some better, some worse, but all objectionable. Girls are apt to imagine, because they are just launched, because they are being made much of, that nobody else has ever enjoyed quite the same importance, and that they are more in a position to teach than to learn. If they confined this behaviour to the times when they are in the company of girls who are not debutantes, perhaps, but are sufficiently young to remember their own feelings at that period, it would not matter so much. It is when they are thrown with those who, they are wont to affirm, "should have gone in long ago," or with the young married women that they stir up feelings of animosity. Perhaps the trivial ways in which they offend might be more correctly termed irritants, than actual misdemeanors. Some, fearful of being called mannerless, cultivate a manner that is unsuitable. They have been told to be pleasant to everyone, but they totally forget that in some cases they must wait for the pleasantries to be extended to them. A manner that among one's school friends was considered full of dignity, free from self-consciousness, and, in fact, quite the one to put others at their ease, is not to be assumed with very much older people who are under the impression you need encouraging, not they. I have heard numberless girls criticized most severely on this account. And they, poor things, were under the impression they were rather to be envied for their graciousness. I have noticed a girl of 19 or 20 continue to address an elderly lady as "My dear," until the latter could hardly reply, from sheer irritation; while it is quite common to hear her take the initiative and begin pleasantly: "How d'ye do, Mrs. B. And how have you been? Haven't seen you for such a long time!" This does not appear a criminal offence. But how much more her place to wait for Mrs. B. to greet her; to be patronized than be patron.

IT is an error to suppose that when you are young people want and expect you to be old; to meet them on their own ground, to do away with the ancient reverence for superiors, either in age or position. The more deference you pay them, the more contentedly you appear to receive advice or suggestions, even if you never intend to follow the one, or adopt the other, the higher will be your rank in public opinion—that opinion which, no matter who or what we are, we cannot entirely belittle as inconsequent.

Another pity is that very many girls are confident that, as long as they are popular in their own tiny insignificant set,

that is all that is needful. It does not matter to them whether others like or dislike them; approve or disapprove. Consequently they put themselves out in no single instance to win the liking of those beyond their pale. But it does matter! Rest assured of that. General civility and geniality cost the dispenser little, and bring in naught but profit. How much better to be liked by most people, than to win favor from a few. Put yourself out a little. Don't cut the dances you have given to mere boys, because someone better turns up. Learn to adapt yourself to them. They won't always be young, any more than you will. Take the trouble to talk to more than your most intimate friends when you are at entertainments. Don't make acquaintances feel that there are only five or six persons congenial to you in the whole of Montreal. Do not feel qualified, by reason of your social status, to behave in a way you would not hesitate to censure in other people.

YET, how often have we seen women, not only silly girls, make themselves remarkable by doing and saying rude things, evidently because they considered their position sufficiently assured to warrant it. Another thing! Dress handsomely, dress well, but do try to dress in a manner suitable to your age. The time will come, soon enough, when the dressing you now affect will be the only style left for you. Do be athletic to a certain extent, and take the exercise necessary for health and pleasure. But do not fancy it expedient to imitate, when it must be in reality unsuccessful, the manners and customs of men, who are so because they are made so. Up to a certain stage (and age), a hoyden may receive a wavering, uncertain admiration. But it never is an undying one. Above all, be yourself! The genuine article is much more to be desired, be it ever so faulty, than a poor copy. And why waste time in the attempt to be what you are not, when everybody appreciates you far more for what you are without effort.

LAST week, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, Drummond street, entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Among the well-known people joining Strathcona's Horse, is Mr. Ernest Du Domaine, who spent a day or two in town last week, making his adieux. Though a violinist by profession, Mr. Du Domaine was ranching in the Northwest for a number of years, so he will not be unused to roughing it. His first appearance before a Montreal audience was about three years ago when he played at the concert given by M. Pol. Planeon. After that, he was for some time in Ottawa, and last winter took up his residence in Montreal, where he gave lessons and played at a large number of concerts. He is a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, and is thought by most people to have great talent. Thus it seems rather a pity to throw his art to one side for the chances of war.

Among the numerous luncheons last week was a large one given by Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, for Miss Wilder, of Boston.

Miss Dunlop also entertained a number of friends at lunch to meet Miss Grier, of Hamilton, who is visiting Miss Woodhouse, Luke street.

LAST week, Mrs. D. Forbes Angus, Pine avenue, gave a large luncheon. Among the guests were: Mrs. A. D. Durnford, Mrs. G. Cantlie, Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Miss M. Angus, Miss E. Strathy, Miss E. Holland.

Miss Kirkpatrick, of New Jersey, is visiting Mrs. S. P. Stearns, Peel street.

On Friday last, Miss Helen Parker entertained the members of the euchre club to which she belongs, and a few other friends, at the residence of her brother, Mr. E. W. Parker, 112 Crescent street. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. Godfray, Mr. and Mrs. G. Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gordon, Miss Monk, Miss Molson, Miss Wornham, Miss Brainerd, Miss Bond, Miss Cook, Miss Ramsay, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Mr. H. B.

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Simms, Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Desbarats, Mr. Bellhouse, Mr. Christie, Mr. J. Walker, Dr. Martin.

That curling is gradually taking a firm hold upon the interests of Montreal women was strikingly evinced last Wednesday, when the Ladies' Club entertained all the members and their friends at tea at the Montreal rink, on the occasion of the Montreal vs. Quebec match. The two rinks, where play was going on, were lined with enthusiastic spectators, and spectators who knew how to appreciate what they were watching, too; and the large plate-glass windows were completely filled with onlookers, who preferred to take their pleasure and keep warm at the same time; for it was that bitterly cold day sandwiched between two wet ones. Upstairs, the tea-table looked most inviting and spring-like, with its centrepiece of jonquils, its numerous vases of the same flower, and bon-bon and cake dishes of yellow to match. Of course, we could not help being pleased—Montreal won the match; and certainly our team seemed to have very pleasant opponents. During the afternoon a telegram was received by the president, Mrs. Whitehead, which read, "Play up, Montreal," and was signed "Bebe Davidson," showing that the many miles between this popular member and the club did not serve to lessen the interest always felt by her.

IT was most unfortunate that last Friday should have been so very stormy; for otherwise the Symphony Concert would, no doubt, have had a large audience. As it was, a fair number of people weathered the elements, and certainly they were repaid, for the programme was a most pleasing one, and the work of the orchestra excellent throughout. To every lover of music the Unfinished Symphony cannot but appeal, while Rubenstein's *Bal Costume* quickens one's pulses, and makes one feel a pleasurable excitement, so descriptive is it.

LAST week, Mrs. Chase-Casgrain, Durocher street, gave two most enjoyable afternoon euchre parties, to which were invited a large number of well-known people of French and English society. The popularity of these afternoon euchres seems in the ascendant rather than the wane. However, as most men have a cordial dislike to this species of entertainment, at whatever hour it is given, perhaps it is as well that their wives should play in the afternoon, when they are at business.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Mrs. Huntly R. Drummond received a large number of visitors at her pretty house, 127 Bishop street.

What with the Symphony Concert and the very close imitation of a blizzard, it was difficult to attend tea parties on Friday. However, the tea given by Mrs. J. S. Allan, Sherbrooke street, to announce the engagement of her daughter, Miss Beatrix Allan, and the tea for Miss Kirkpatrick, given by Mrs. Stearns, Peel street, were both very successful.

Miss Carruthers, of Chicago, who has been visiting Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mountain street, left this week for home, much to the regret of those who had the pleasure of meeting her.

PERHAPS one of the most appreciated numbers at the Symphony Concert was Schumann's *Traumerei* which the orchestra was obliged to repeat. The plaintive melody is not one to listen to when one is in a melancholy mood. But it has that delightfully subduing, soothing effect that, in good spirits, one enjoys. I always associate it with that novel of undying popularity, if of no marvellous merit, "The First Violin," by Miss Fothergill; for the character that gives the title to the book played it continually.

It brings the horrors of the war nearer home when we hear of the deaths of Canadian men; and much sympathy was

expressed in Montreal on hearing of the death of Lieut. J. W. Osborne, son of Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, of Toronto. Mr. Osborne has a younger son at present taking a science course at McGill, and who is very popular in college circles.

On Monday, Miss Swan, 1080 Sherbrooke street, gave a very jolly little tea party.

Mr. R. B. Howell, whose letter from Modder river was read with much interest, is a grandson of the late Archdeacon Leach, and brother of Dr. H. B. Howell, of this city.

On Saturday, Mrs. R. Wilson Reford, MacGregor street, gave a very pleasant dinner party for a number of young people.

Mrs. F. Wilson Fairman, Elm avenue, gave a large tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Gertrude Drury left this week for Ottawa, where she will spend some weeks. Miss Piers, Dorchester street, has also gone to make a stay of some weeks in the capital.

ASSUREDLY if one is a person of distinction one is allowed a little privacy as to one's manners and customs, one's weaknesses, one's likes or dislikes. That Lord Roberts has a remarkably strong aversion to cats is the subject of a lengthy paragraph. The presence of a cat, it is said, absolutely paralyzes him. One expects to read next that Lord Kitchener cannot overcome a dislike for olives; or that General Buller cannot wear silk gloves!

Mrs. W. W. Watson, Redpath street, entertained a few friends at tea yesterday afternoon.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. R. W. MacDougall gave a small, but most delightful, dance at the Montreal Hunt, for Miss Pansy Rathbun, of Deseronto.

Whether it is the presence of several very charming visitors with various well-known people, that has been the cause of the vast amount of entertaining lately, I know not. But certain it is, that dinners and luncheons and small teas seem to have filled up the days during the last two or three weeks, to an alarming extent. I heard one girl say she had not lunched at home for nearly two weeks, while a married lady chimed in that she had not spent one evening at home during the same length of time.

The women of Westmount are all evidently busily engaged in organizing the best methods for the forming of a Patriotic Fund of their own. Every woman in this suburb is asked to consider herself an associate and do all in her power to support the scheme. The meetings are held in that excellent institution, the public hall in the Park, known as the Victoria Hall.

It is not seemly to boast, but while we may be proud of the way in which Montreal people support public charities, we have even a greater reason to praise their generosity in private ones. Two or three cases have lately come under my notice, and the manner in which those upon whose purses the calls must be alarmingly frequent came forward with assistance, was as gratifying as it was astonishing. It is one thing to head a subscription list with a sum that cannot but excite comment, and quite another to give and give again, where scarcely any but the recipient can know of the kindness.

Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, who goes to Africa in command of the City of London Volunteers, was selected by Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, to succeed Major-General Gascoigne in the command of the Canadian militia. War Office influence sent instead Major-General Hutton. Colonel Mackinnon is a son of the Chief of the Clan and is related to the late Colonel Dawson, of the 47th Regiment and the Grenadiers, Toronto, and to his relatives in Montreal through Sir Dudley Hill's family.

MRS. BULLER, Drummond street, on Tuesday evening gave a very pleasant euchre party for her sister, Miss O'Brien, of New York. An unusually large number of guests were invited, there being 22 tables in all. Very lucky indeed were the people who won prizes, for they were most handsome, those for the ladies being a large cut glass bowl, silver curling tongs

and lamp, and a jewel case; while the men played for a cut glass cigar jar, a silver clothes-brush, and a silver mounted blotter.

Last Friday, Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mark street, gave a very pleasant luncheon for a number of fiends.

Mr. John Law, fourth son of Mr. David Law, "Bellevue House," who has been visiting his parents for some time, returns this week to the Northwest. Ever since his return from an English school, Mr. Law has made his home in the Northwest, and it would be difficult to persuade him that any other life but ranching was worth living. Shortly after his return home, Mr. Law's marriage will take place to Miss Kerr, sister of Mr. H. J. Kerr, of Pincher Creek.

One is apt to class cab-horses with the much derided car-horses of earlier days, inasmuch as one rarely expects them to run away. Yet, last week, Miss Arnton and Miss Eadie realized the futility of judging even animals by their appearances; for, while waiting in a burleau on Dorchester street, they had the unpleasant experience of moving on at a somewhat rapid pace without the driver. The reins were twisted about the shaft, and, in spite of Miss Eadie's efforts, could not be reached. The road was glare ice, and the horse ran violently down Seigneurs street. Fortunately, the occupants of the sleigh jumped out before the runaway was brought up by the stone wall. Otherwise the results might have been fatal. Beyond the shaking, Miss Eadie came off scot-free, but Miss Arnton's wrist was sprained. Both these young ladies have quite won laurels in the hunting field, and, consequently, were rather disgusted at being run away with by a common or garden cab-horse.

Miss Galt, Mountain street, is visiting Mrs. Routledge, "Belle Mere," Georgeville.

Mr. S. H. Lever, New York, has been spending a few days in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. M. H. Gault.

Mr. Frank Napier, of the Bank of Montreal, Peterboro', is spending a short holiday in town, visiting friends.

ON Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lyman, MacTavish street, entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Though the day was bright enough, the wind last Saturday afternoon was sufficient to deter many from driving or walking; and a large number of people hailed, with delight, the prospect of a pleasant hour or two at the Loan Exhibition, where their artistic sensibilities were ministered to by the paintings, and orchestral music, and even their more material wants were supplied, very excellent tea being provided. Late in the afternoon, several members of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club gave a most pleasing programme, including among its numbers a duet on two pianos, a vocal quartette, and vocal and piano solos.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson Macpherson left New York this week for Genoa, with the intention of remaining abroad for the winter.

It is always a dangerous proceeding to spread reports about engagements that have not been announced. Much harm is frequently done, and annoyance always given. Only lately an engagement reported in an evening paper has been most rigorously denied. Still, nothing can prevent people talking, if they wish to do so; and now there are rumors as to the engagement of a prominent Church of England divine, and an elderly lady of considerable wealth, both of this city. So few remarks would at once proclaim the names, that it is wiser, perhaps, to wait until congratulations are openly asked for, before any further comment is made.



ON COTE DES NEIGES ROAD.

"If I'd kiss you, would you scream?"

"Of course; but—but—I've got an awful bad cold."

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE left this week for Cuba, where he will remain for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Molson have gone to California for a short visit.

On Sunday evening, Mr. J. Henry Robinson gave one of his very jolly supper parties for a number of his young friends at his charming little house on University street.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. W. R. Miller, in the loss of his father, Sir William Miller, M.D., who died on Sunday last at his residence, just out of Londonderry. Sir William Miller married a sister of the late Mr. R. Moat, so well known in Montreal. He was an eminent practitioner in Londonderry and was knighted some years ago. Mr. D. C. S. Miller, and Mr. John Miller, at one time resident here, are also sons of the deceased.

WORK on the celestial organ for Christ Church Cathedral in Messrs. Hutchings' factory, at Boston, is almost completed. It will then be placed in the tower of the cathedral, and will be opened on Sunday, February 25. Mr. McKenzie, the donor, is having a souvenir service book lithographed, in connection with the opening Sunday. It will contain about 40 pages and also a number of illustrations. The Messrs. Hutchings have expressed their intention of making this organ the best-voiced instrument ever built in their factory. When Mr. Hutchings was in Montreal he perceived the great natural advantages of the situation in the cathedral tower, and no pains will be spared in utilizing them in the best way possible.

WOMAN'S DEVIIOUS WAYS.

"NOW, what on earth did she mean by telling him she dearly loved rainy days? Surely she didn't want him to think her sentimental?"

"Oh, no! She knows well enough that sentiment is out of date. She wanted him to get the idea that her hair curled naturally."

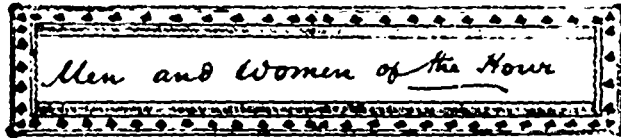
WHERE BULLETS ARE THICKEST.

CORPORAL (to class of recruits)—On the field of battle a good soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest; do you understand that, Magee?

PRIVATE MAGEE—Yis, corporal.

"Well, where would you be found on the battlefield?"

"Well, corporal, I should say in the ammunition waggon."



THE METROPOLITAN OF CANADA.

THE man who presided over the Court of Bishops which recently reinstated the Rev. "Father" Geoghegan, of Hamilton, in full charge of his parish, is one of the oldest active clergymen in Canada. Father Geoghegan, noted as one of the most philanthropic ministers, was last year deprived of his church (St. Peter's, Hamilton, Ont.), by a court of triers of his diocese, on a charge of immorality. He appealed his case to the House of Bishops, and these, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Lewis, Archbishop of Ontario, whose portrait appears here with, decided that the court of triers had convicted Father Geoghegan on insufficient evidence. The House of Bishops ordered a new trial, and, in the meantime, reinstated Father Geoghegan. Thus one of the gravest scandals that has ever occurred in the Church of England, in this country, is put in a fair way of being cleared up.

Archbishop Lewis has come before the public eye of late in connection with another matter, having set apart a day in February for special prayers in the English churches of Ontario for the success of British arms in Africa. The venerable prelate is an Irishman, and some of the very best blood of famous old Cork County flows in his veins. He was born at Garrycloyne Castle, Cork, the country seat of an uncle, 75 years ago next 20th of June. His father was the Rev. John Lewis, curate of Shandon, a town whose musical church bells have been celebrated in prose and verse. Dr. Lewis is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a most brilliant career as a student, winning prizes, gold medals, and many other rewards of industry and capacity. Subsequently his alma mater conferred on him the honorary degrees of LL.D. and D.D., Oxford University likewise honored him with a D.D., while two Canadian universities (Trinity and Bishop's College), have bestowed the title of D.C.L. on the eminent churchman.

When Dr. Lewis, after having filled various positions in the church, both in Ireland and in Canada, was elected first Bishop of Ontario at Kingston in 1861, royal letters patent were forwarded by Her Majesty confirming his election. This was the last occasion on which such letters patent were issued to a Canadian bishop, and may be said to have marked the close of the connection between Church and State in this country. The new bishop was but 35 years of age—the youngest clergyman of episcopal rank in the Church of England.

When the famous Bishop Melley, of Fredericton, died in 1892, Dr. Lewis succeeded him as Metropolitan of Canada, the election taking place in Montreal. Shortly afterwards, the Bishop was raised to the dignity of Archbishop.

He was the original author and promoter of the meeting of the Lambeth Conference of all the bishops of the Anglican communion, including those of the United States, and he also did much to induce the British Association to meet in Montreal in 1884. He has written a great deal for *The Journal of Sacred Literature*, London, England, and *The American Quarterly Church Review*.

His Grace has been twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Attorney-General Sherwood, of Upper Canada, and his second wife was a Miss Leigh, of Manchester.

PREVIOUS ARTICLES: Major-General, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bond, September 29; Mr. W. J. O'Connell and Mr. Louis Herbert, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. E. Hooper, October 20; Lieut. Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Prædial Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Mr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Goslerham, November 24; Sir W. Maslemore and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruce, December 8; Mr. Charles Beausoleil, December 15; Mayor Paton of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtzke, December 29; Sir Wm. R. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. F. Doran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19.



MOST REV. JOHN TRAVERS LEWIS, D.D.

England. This lady, previous to her marriage, founded the British and American Homes for Young Women and Children at Paris, and also built Christ Church at Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

Since the commencement of Dr. Lewis' episcopate, the number of clergy in the Diocese of Ontario has increased over four fold. When he arrived in this country there was only one diocese in Upper Canada. Now there are six.

Mr. John Travers Lewis, Q. C., the well-known Ottawa lawyer, is the eldest son of the Archbishop.

ANSELM.

LIFE IN SLIPPERY PLACES.

THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A WELL-BRED ENGLISH BOY SENT OUT TO ROUGH IT IN CANADA—AS "ASSISTANT ENGINEER" (ALIAS STOKER.)

PAPER No. 3.

IN writing a series of articles, all harping more or less on the same string, it is difficult to make them dovetail into each other without a resume of what has gone before. They are, then, written to caution those who, finding the particular "groove" in life in which they happen to be placed monotonous and irksome, think to mend matters by plunging into an unknown vortex, under the idea that, because they are young and fairly educated, they can turn their hand to anything. I have no doubt some who read them will exclaim, "all bosh; why didn't the young fool go back home?" "Not the sort of man for the country." "Why didn't he hark back on his old tack?" etc. Well, in the case we have represented, the unfortunate victim is entirely irresponsible. Parents and guardians (like the Centurion of old, said "go," and he went. It must also be borne in mind that the authorities aforesaid are apt to assume a critical attitude, when complaints of hardships undergone or demands for assistance reach them. The feminine element appeal in vain against the stern ultimatum, "let him rough it a bit"; "every tub must learn to stand on its own bottom," etc., and if help be forthcoming, it is often relegated to the dead-letter office, and returned to the sender,

while the would-be recipient is "padding the hoof" in search of visible means of subsistence.

Turning back on his old tack, in other words, seeking clerical employment of any sort, he soon finds out of the question. Were you ever under canvas for a couple of weeks at autumn manoeuvres? Then you know what sort of "hard-looking guy" you become, burnt black by exposure to all weathers. Well, put in six months of outdoor manual labor of any sort, and see if you recognize, in the glass, the tanned tatterdemalion who confronts you. No! if his physique has hardened, so have his hands: the circumstances of his flight forbade his being encumbered with "impedimenta" of any description; in spite of his struggles to the contrary, he begins to look "tough"; his wardrobe is almost limited to what he stands up in; he has lost caste, and wonders to what particular ancestor he can lay the onus of his having henceforth either to "beg his bread," or to "seek it out of desolate places." Take a young fellow who finds himself in this position, friendless and almost penniless, in a strange town, with the very name of which he is unfamiliar; what can he do? He fights shy of the emigration office or agent, afraid of being relegated to his farm experiences; and even if he applied there, he would be told he came out "on his own hook" and had no claim for advice or assistance. After hanging around in a disconsolate way for a day or two, his attention is arrested by a poster to this effect: "Wanted at once, 300 laborers to work on the Rook's Nest Junction of the G. P. C. (Grand Prairie Central) Railway, apply to Mr. Blank Cartridge, Station Hotel." Well, he applies and is given a pass to the scene of action, and is mugged of his last \$3 for the same! He is then told to meet the "walking boss" at the depot. Now, I regret to say, that in many such cases the walking boss is a purely mythical personage evolved out of Mr. B. Cartridge's inner consciousness, in the same way as "Mrs. Harris" was out of Mrs. Gamp's. Further inquiries prove Mr. Blank Cartridge to be untrue to his name, as he has managed, somehow, to "go off!"

Or, you have difficulty in recognizing the "boss" in the semi-intoxicated individual who is marshalling what appears to be a section of Coxey's army on the platform; but which you discover afterwards to be a contingent of the gallant 300 of which you form a unit. After what appears to you to be about a week, spent in an atmosphere and amidst surroundings which go far to rival the Black Hole of Calcutta, you and your companions are dumped into a working train which eventually lands you at a series of shacks or shanties (composed for the most part of old cars, where whether you "elect" or not you must be "domiciled." As you enter, you are at once spotted by the foreman, a "one-eyed Calender," with "What the — do the — — mean by sending such chaps as you along? You can't neither handle pick nor shovel and ain't big enough to handle a gang." Having asked for and obtained an explanation of the latter process, you think of confiding to him that you were captain of the football team at Hackitt's grammar school (a remarkably hard gang), but somehow the light of sympathy does not gleam in his one remaining optic, so you wisely refrain. You gather, however, by dint of keeping your ears open, that you have reached a point of the line where a bridge is being built over the St. Griliron river, and the piers for same are in course of construction. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast!" you call to mind the three months you spent in a civil engineer's office, where you passed your time copying the letters, and making a tracing of the Thames Embankment! Did you not hold the ring end of the tape and carry the leveling staff when the diocesan surveyor came down about the new vicarage at home? Eureka! "Assistant engineer," an embryo Brunel! and you go to your bunk in high feather. Your ardor is somewhat damped in the morning when you are gruffly told "you can just hang around and 'do chores' till the engineer happens along." You picture the "engineer" as a replica of the well-dressed portly gentleman, whose natty brougham set him down at the office in great George street at 11 a.m., and are surprised to be interviewed

by a rather black and oily person, with a good-natured face, who "thinks, mehbe you'd do for his mate if you can hustle around a bit." You inquire in what sphere you are to perform this unknown acrobatic feat, and find your duties will be to act as fireman to the stationary engine working the pile driver on the scow, moored in the centre of the river, with the duties of night patrol or watchman thrown in. Well, what's in a name—"Assistant Engineer" even to a stationary engine!

The solitary night vigil looms up in rather questionable shape, but one must "dree one's weird." On the further side of the river, for some two miles, are stretched huge booms enclosing thousands of tamarac logs to be used as piles. As it happens, there is an Indian reservation adjacent, and it has struck the "brave" of the Mohawk, Cree, Huron, Ojibway, or whatever the tribe happens to call itself, that those embryo piles would look well if embodied in short lengths in his own wood-pile—an idea he often proceeds to consummate in the "wee sun" hours ayont the twal! So the river has to be patrolled by the watchman, in a birch-bark canoe, with revolver and dark lantern. It often happens, if the tamaracs become waterlogged, they escape from under the booms, and, sad to relate, "off in the stilly night" the said booms are cut or loosed by the wily redskin, with the nefarious object above mentioned.

In any case, these loose logs must be secured, and it is not easy to drive a staple into a wet tamarac that persists in revolving on its own axis in the middle of a strong current, while kneeling in the darkness at the prow of a light canoe. While you are catching one, others are floating by, necessitating a stern chase. If you succeed in getting half a dozen attached to the canoe, it is no child's play to pull some back a mile to where the scow happens to be moored. Between each round you can sit on the scow, and, wrapped in thought (and a spare blanket), chew the cud of bitter reflection. Well, not always bitter; he must be indeed an insensate clod whose better feelings are not aroused by such surroundings at such an hour—the starry firmament, not only on high, but reflected in the clear depths beneath his feet! And so, between two heavens, shrouded in the mysterious darkness that presages the dawn, you realize your own littleness, and your soul is filled with a "spirit of godly fear," but not with terror. Then the first symptoms of the coming day—a distant line of opalescent light, merging into rosy red, while radiating streamers of reflected glory shoot from earth to heaven (like those which veiled the passing of the Sangreal), beneath whose brightness the stars are piling one by one (heaven's altar-lights eclipsed, now midnight mass is over). "And the sun ariseth" and "man goeth forth to his work and to his labor"—as he will do till he rest from them in the sleep that knows no waking.

Till, from the east, the eternal dawn shall break—

Too high a strain of thought, you say, for such environment? Not so! It is the mysterious law of compensation, reader. Sursum Corda, poor prisoners of hope! nature has taught you that the "day is darkest just before the dawn." * * *

But, by jove! these reveries won't do! There is no kindling wood cut, and you can see the "engineer" focussing the smoke stack with his glass to see if you have fired up! (I wonder if Brunel ever "fired up.") Cease these vain reflections; if you don't fire up there will be no piles driven to-day, and then it's "fired out" you'll be! Au revoir.



NOT ONE-SIDED BY ANY MEANS.

"THE audience was a trifle severe in its comments on the essay your wife read." "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "but the audience hasn't any the best of it. It 'ul feel pretty small and discouraged if it only knew what Henrietta says about the people who criticized her."

THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

A GREEK SLAVE which delighted Montrealers two weeks ago has been playing to good houses again this week at the Academy, after a series of minor triumphs at Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto. Mr. Richard Carle, who played the part of Heliodorus the soothsayer at the first presentation here, has gone to New York to rehearse for a new production, and his place is taken by Mr. Albert Maher, who plays the part successfully.

The vaudeville turn of Dixon, Bowers and Dixon set the audience wild at the Theatre Francais on Monday night, and the continued successes they have scored during the week justify the assertion that there is the best vaudeville turn seen here this season. First-class vaudeville is by no means common, and the Francais is well worth a visit this week if for no other reason than to see this trio in their amusing antics. Melville and Conway sketch artists are also quite entertaining. The play *Trust of Society* is perhaps hardly up to the mark of Francais productions. It is a somewhat tedious society drama in four acts. Messrs. Henderson and McGrane are good in their respective roles, and rather outshine the female portion of the cast. Miss Rees, the new leading lady, was none too sure of her lines, but doubtless, as she becomes more used to her surroundings, she will improve.

CELE

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

EDWIN MAYO comes to the Academy the week of February 12, in his charming play of Pudd'nhead Wilson. A truly American play is Pudd'nhead Wilson. Mark Twain wrote the story, Frank Mayo dramatized it, and Edwin Mayo, an American actor, presents it.

OUR playgoers may confidently look forward to a pure and delightful entertainment at the Academy of Music shortly when Mr. Russ Whynal's brilliant drama *For I or Virginia* will be presented with the author in the star part.

THE Symphony Orchestra will introduce at their next concert, on the afternoon of February 7, the great American tenor, Mr. Wm. H.



WM. H. RIEGER, TENOR.

Rieger, whose triumphs in the past with the Philharmonic Society will be remembered by many. That Mr. Rieger is a great favorite in other places besides Montreal, the following press notices will testify. Mr. Rieger, the king of tenors, has a voice of mellow quality which is self-dominant, and his mezzo voice is of superb loveliness. — *New York World*. Mr. Wm. H. Rieger was the most pleasing of all the soloists. He never sang better. His superb tenor voice was distinctly impressive and had the Reszke tones that thrill one. — *The Journal Albany, N.Y.* Mr. Wm. H. Rieger's singing was excellently artistic. — *The Journal Boston, Mass.*

THE Theatre Francais promises for next week a complete change in its programme, producing, as it will, Girton Donnelly's clever melodrama, *The Woman in Black*. It has never been seen here before, but those who remember Agnes Herndon appearing in it are loud in their praises of the play, as being full of very bright lines, clever situations, climaxes that are in keeping with melodrama—yet the whole piece is smacking of a superior class of work to that which is generally found in melodrama. It was one of the first of the hypnotic subject melodramas, and has been equaled in different forms many times since its original production. The cast is a large one, and it will require the entire forces of the company. At the head of the vaudeville bill comes Julia Ralph, in *An Afternoon at the Matinee*. Miss Ralph's entertainment is on a par with that of Mary Norman, but is said by many to be its

superior. Falardo, the imitator, makes his first appearance in Montreal, and Zimmer, the juggler, is to play a return date.

It is refreshing to note the tendency towards a return to the old standard authors. The mushrooms of a day are being deserted and Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo, and Dumas are being read and appreciated by people who previously revelled in a frivolous, and less substantial and intellectual, diet. The above, from a recent editorial in *The Atlanta Constitution* may be aptly applied to the taste for theatricals at the present time. A new dramatization of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, splendidly acted and admirably staged, has been drawing large and delighted audiences throughout the country. Next week a Dickens play will be seen here with a cast especially selected to realize the wonderful characterizations of the master hand, and with scenery modeled upon the famous drawings of George Catermole and H.K. Brown. Catermole was related by marriage to Dickens, and in many libraries may be seen copies of his original sketches of the "Old Curiosity Shop," submitted by him to the author for his approval, and returned with Dickens' own emendations and corrections. These drawings, while bordering upon caricature, are unquestionably tinged with the spirit of Dickens himself, for he and Catermole often talked over the scenes and characters of the wonderful story.



MISS SANDERS.

AS LITTLE NELL AND THE MARCHIONESS.

There is an odd coincidence in this following of Dickens so closely upon the heels of Thackeray. A very recent biographer of Thackeray hints at a

quarrel between the two great authors; in fact, we may gather from the work that the literary giants of half a century ago did not get on very well together. The Garrick Club was at one time the scene of quite a row, which originated between Thackeray and Edmund Yates, and soon involved Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Samuel Laver, and Palgrave Simpson, and which ended in the expulsion of Yates from the club. Subsequently Thackeray is reported as having said: "You must not think I am quarrelling with Yates. I am hitting the man behind him, who was Charles Dickens."

Returning to Dickens, it may be safely said that any person who has once read and enjoyed a story of his is always a devoted admirer of the famous English novelist. He has a way of getting into the very heart of human nature, and of picturing its foibles and strong points in a manner that frequently reveals to us images of ourselves, in such shape that the interest is enlisted and the sympathies aroused. There is nothing shameful or disgusting in Charles Dickens; he does not ignore the presence of evil in the world, but he gives it its true value, and does not make a point of having you appear picturesque and of calling sin by a new and alluring name. In *Lane's English Literature* we find the following summary of the two great standard novelists, now so prominently before the public. Writing of the literati of England at that time, he says: "In this crowd two men have appeared of superior talent, original and contrasted, popular on the same grounds, ministers to the same cause, moralists in comedy and drama, defenders of natural sentiments against social institutions. One more ardent, more expansive, wholly given up to rapture, an impassioned painter of crude and dazzling pictures, a lyric prose writer, omnipotent in laughter and tears, plunged into fantastic invention, painful sensibility, vehement buffoonery, and by the boldness of his style, the excess of his emotions, the grotesque familiarity of his caricature, he has displayed all the forces and weaknesses of an artist, all the audacities, all the successes, and all the oddities of the imagination. The other, more contained, more informed, and stronger, a lover of moral dissertations, a counsellor of the public, a sort of lay preacher, less bent on defending the poor, more bent on censuring man, has brought to the aid of satire a sustained common sense, a great knowledge of the heart, consummate cleverness, powerful reasoning, a treasure of meditated

hatred, and has persecuted vice with all the weapons of reflection. By this contrast the one completes the other, and we may form an exact idea of English taste by placing the portrait of William Makepeace Thackeray by the side of that of Charles Dickens.

Montreal playgoers may be congratulated upon having dramatizations of these two great authors this season. Thackeray's Vanity Fair, in its dramatized form, was given its initial production here, and now we are to have the Old Curiosity Shop. For Becky Sharp we are to be given the noble, patient, gentle Little Nell, and that little devil, the Marchioness, for Rawdon Crawley, the effervescent, light-hearted, but whole-souled Dick Swiveller, for the Marquis of Steyne, that imp of darkness, Daniel Quilp, for Pitt Crawley, Sampson Brass, and so on, but in the Dickens play the evil is punished and virtue is rewarded. In the coming production at the Academy of Music Miss Mary Sanders, who will essay the dual role of Little Nell and the Marchioness, has been surrounded, by Mr. R. E. Johnston, her manager, with a most excellent company of players, several of whom have acted their respective roles in former representations of the play. Notable among these are Mr. P. Aug. Anderson, whose Quilp has been acknowledged a perfect embodiment of Dickens' wonderful creation, and Mr. Chas. Stanley, whose Sampson Brass will step from the pages of the novel, as it were. Mr. John Jack, who will impersonate Grandfather Trent, has long been recognized as one of the ablest character actors in America. For many years Mr. Jack was a most successful star as Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Max Fugman is

physically, an ideal Dick Swiveller, and his work in the part is a realization of this quaint and eccentric hero. The remaining characters are adequately portrayed.

THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

WILSON Barrett's new play, Man and His Makers, proved too deep and austere for London audiences, and after a run of about 12 nights, it was replaced with a revival of The Sign of the Cross. About 500 performances of this great religious melodrama have previously been given in London, but these seem only to have whetted the public appetite. Mr. Barrett is still supported by Miss Maud Jeffries in the part of Merca.

Victor Herbert's comic opera, The Ameer, which has been affording Mr. Frank Daniels so excellent a medium for his peculiar type of funning, has finished its season at Wallack's theatre, New York.

A theatrical event of much importance lately, was the production of David Belasco's new play, Naughty Anthony, at the Herald Square theatre. Despite the highly suggestive title, the play is not of the Parisian variety of coarseness. The scene is laid at Chautauqua Lake, and the delinquent is a professor of moral philosophy, also a "faddist." The play has been received with favor in other cities. A strong cast has been brought together for its presentation, including Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing, W. J. Le Moine, Mary Barker, Maud Harrison and Olive Redpath.

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The Boston Critics Last Week Said:

"Mary Sanders as Little Nell and the Marchioness is drawing crowded houses at the Tremont."—Boston Post.

"Miss Sanders' success as the Marchioness was quite perfect."—Boston Advertiser.

"Her Little Nell was sweet and natural, strongly pathetic and always appealing."—Boston Post.

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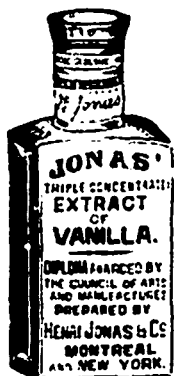
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O! peasant bard of princely fame
Whom Scottish hearts enshrine,
Whose songs a priceless heritage
With cords of love entwine!
Not by the Doon and Nith alone,
The storned fields of Ayr,
Thy witchery of power enthral,
And prompts to do and dare;
Far Florida thy worth doth know,
The mighty woods of Mauc
Have caught, amid primeval gloom,
The glory of thy strain;
In silent watches of the night,
At stirring noon of day,
The peerless Hudson oft hath heard,
Sweet Afton's magic lay!

From east to west, no distance keeps,
On Texan plains afar,
Thy light of song, O! loving heart
Has pierced—a guiding star!
Beneath the Rockies, weird and white
The herder knows thy cheer,
Touched by thy spell the hunter dreams,
And drops a tribute tear!
For lo! the weary years have fled,
The heathy hills of home,
A moment flash in Fancy's beam
Across the Atlantic's foam,
And hushed to hear, the solemn Night
Unbends in starry sheen,
While prairie winds seem fluting low
The charms of Bonnie Jean!

Where erst the libed flag of France
Did guard Saint Lawrence' tide,
Where Ottawa's dark stream doth flow,
Ontario's waters glide;
The melting sweetness of thy line,
The lover's joy endears,
Thy deeper note to Age doth bring,
The precious halm of tears;
In camp and clearing, whereso'er
The toiler's lot is cast,
The clarion-call to honest worth,
A benison has pass'd
Oh! miracle of manhood high,
Oh! pillar'd Hope that turns
Men's longing gaze!—the New World
crowns
The ploughman—Robert Burns!

JOHN MACFARLANE,
Montreal. (JOHN ANTHONY)

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" is about to bring out a new novel, which she calls "The World's Mercy." Miss Marie Corelli also has a novel in preparation for the spring.

SOCIETY NEWS.

FORTUNATE indeed were those people who had the privilege of attending the concert given by the Motet Choir on Tuesday evening, and thus hearing the great baritone Bispham sing; and, as the seating capacity of the Windsor Hall was taxed to the utmost, we may gather that the number of lucky people was large. The part songs by the choir were extremely pretty, and *Bold Turpin*, the immortal *Weller's* song, and *The Three Merry Dwarfs*, were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Reyner and the members seem to work excellently together, and that they did not receive all the applause they might on several occasions, is perhaps due to the fact that everyone was so enthusiastic about Mr. Bispham that they could hardly possess their souls in patience till it should be his turn. His selections were excellent, for one had an opportunity of hearing him in so many different styles. His rendering of the *Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, *Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes*, and another ballad about "Young Richard," in broad North Country dialect, was inimitable, while *The Pretty Creature* was rapturously applauded. I could not imagine anyone else singing it in quite the same charming way. It seems a pity that *Damrosch's* setting of *Danny Deever* should have been chosen. His singing of it left nothing to be desired, but in one poor opinion the music might just as well have been left out, for all the air there is in it. It is nothing like as spirited or as suitable as the other setting, which is full of martial swing. Mr. Bispham evidently understood the insatiable appetite of Montreal audiences as regards encores, for he responded most pleasantly. It is a failing with us, always to demand more than we deserve. If he had been down for 20 songs, we would still have asked for another 10. He is an extremely fine-looking man, and most smart in dress and general appearance—a vast improvement upon long-haired, low-collared and flowing-tied musicians. Among the audience were noticed many well-known people, including Miss Abbott, Mr. J. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Blackwell, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Master Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. L. Marler, Mrs. Meighen, Miss Meighen, Mr. Miles, Miss Miles, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Stephen, Miss Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Brown, Miss Carruthers (Chicago), Mr. A. A. Browning, Mr. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. G. F. Benson, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott, Dr. A. Patton, Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, the Masters Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. C. T. Shaw, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Miss Hill, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Mrs. L. Dresser, and Miss Hampson.

INVITATIONS are out for a small dance to be given at the Art Gallery, on Friday, February 9, by Mr. F. E. Meredith and Mr. J. B. Allan. It is not the first time these two gentlemen have entertained in conjunction. A few years ago, at the Kennels, they gave a most delightful "German." At this dance, the guests are to appear in fancy dress, or *poudre*. It is probable that many who have not fancy dresses ready will go "*poudre*," which, though entailing a considerable amount of trouble the next day, is both a simple and becoming way of making oneself "fancy" to a certain extent.

On Monday evening, Miss Annie Galt gave a small snow-shoeing party. The fresh snow has incited numerous people to entertain in this way during the week.

Mrs. C. Whitehead gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Leroy Dresser is visiting Mrs. G. Herrick Duggan, Guy street.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, Peel street, entertained a number of friends at dinner.

Miss Mabel Armstrong, Peel street, is among the number of Montrealers who have left to enjoy the quietness of Ottawa.

Mrs. H. R. Ives is visiting friends in Brockville.

Mrs. Clerk, Beaver Hall Square, gave a most successful tea on Monday afternoon for Mrs. C. B. Robbin.

On Tuesday, Mrs. G. A. Drummond gave a luncheon for Mrs. Huntly Drummond. Covers were laid for 22 and all, or nearly all, the guests were brides, I hear. This seems hardly credible, for, though weddings certainly have been numerous of late, as those who have given presents are apt to recollect, I had no idea there were half that number in Montreal.

YOU'D DO THE SAME.

AT eight p.m. the gaslight's gleam
Reveals young Cholly Smart,
He's calling on his lady fair—
They sit this far apart.

At 10 o'clock the question's popped,
Their souls are filled with bliss,
If we could peep, we'd see that they
Aresittingeloseelike this.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

SHE had just commenced housekeeping, with the laudable intention of paying ready-money upon all occasions, and she entered a high-class poulterer's shop on St. Catherine street to purchase a spring chicken.

She selected one; and while she was fumbling in her pocket for her purse, the shopman politely inquired:

"Trussed, madam?"

"Oh, dear no!" she indignantly replied; "I wish to pay for it now!"

CYNICAL.

"YES," said the girl who had just received a legacy, "he has asked me to marry him."

"Dear me!" replied her dearest friend. "Is he so much in need of the money as all that?"

SPLENDID NEW CARS.

HANDSOME buffet sleeping cars, equipped with all the latest modern improvements, have been added during the last couple of weeks to the New York Central trains running over the Adirondack division between Montreal and New York, which leave Windsor station twice a day, 8.25 a.m. and 7 p.m. The two latest additions are the cars "Liola" and "Lenah," which have just been turned out from the works of the Wagner Car Company, at Buffalo, N.Y., now amalgamated with and controlled by the Pullman Car Company.

The cars contain 20 double berths and two private rooms, one at each end of the car, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet-rooms, smoking-room and buffet compartment. The length is 70 feet. The interior is something magnificent, the woodwork being all mahogany, plain finished, and is much more easily kept clean than where there is any ornamental woodwork for the dust to lodge in. The seats are beautifully upholstered in olive green, and the ceiling is finished in light green and gold. Both the "Liola" and "Lenah" are illuminated by the Pintsch system. Special attention has been paid to the buffet service and meals a la carte equal to any served at the best hotels in the country can be enjoyed on the trains. The management of the New York Central have spared no expense in order to add to the comfort and convenience of their patrons. The men employed on these cars are all experienced. The buffet man and porter of the "Lenah" have been for several years on the Chicago Limited, running between Chicago and New York. A trip over the New York Central in those cars will be enjoyed by anyone traveling between Montreal and New York.

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