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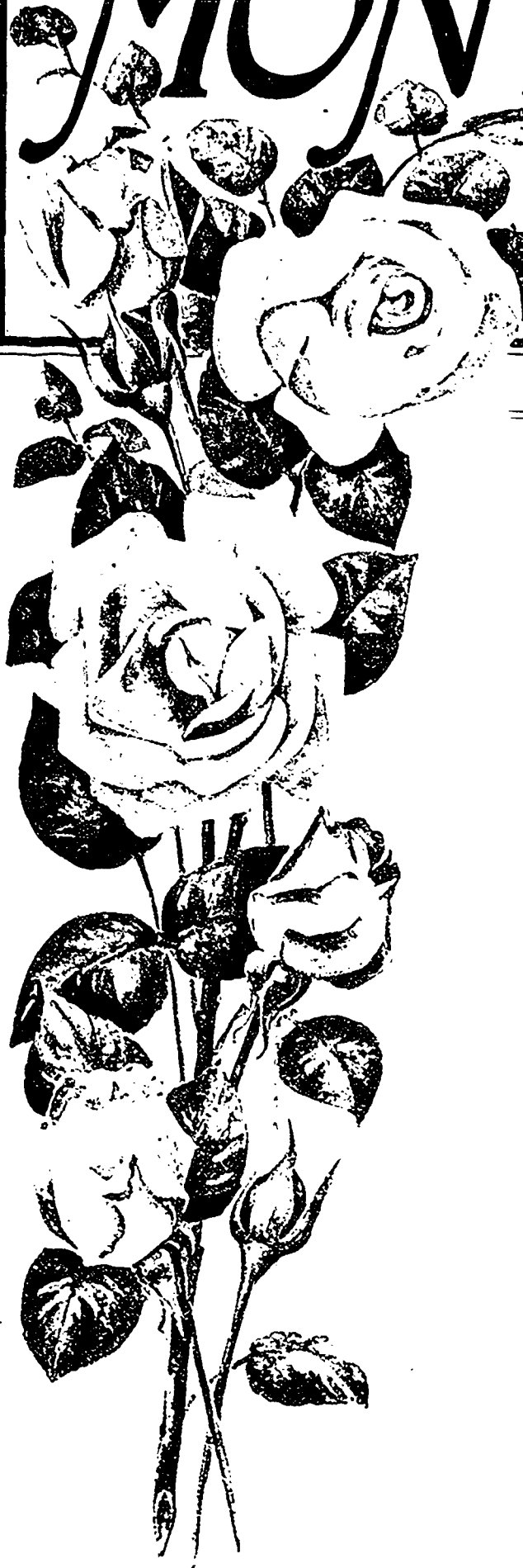
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MONTREAL LIFE

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



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Return Limit Dec. 27.
Going Dates Dec. 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, 1900.
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Special rates of fares apply between all Stations in Canada; stations in Canada to Detroit, Mich., Port Huron, Mich., Suspension Bridge, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y., Black Rock, N.Y., Buffalo, N.Y.; also from stations in Canada to Fort Covington, N.Y., Bombay, N.Y.; Helena, N.Y.; Massena Springs, N.Y.; House's Point, N.Y.; Island Pond, Vt., and from those Stations to Stations in Canada.

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The Shortest Sea Voyage and Quickest and Safest Route is via the Royal Mail Steamer "BRUCE" (Classed A1 at Lloyd's.)

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First Class	\$33.35
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MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL, via Londonderry.

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Ottoman	" 20, " "	" " " "
Dominion	" 23, " "	Dec. 21, 5 p.m.
Cambrian	" 30, " "	" " " "

* This steamer does not carry passengers.

Steamer.	From Liverpool.	From Boston.
New England	Dec. 7.	Dec. 20, 12.30 p.m.

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First Cabin—\$50.00 and upwards, single; according to steamer and accommodation. Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry and Queenstown, \$35.00 single. Return \$66.50. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Glasgow, Queenstown and Belfast, \$22.50 to \$25.50, according to steamer.

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—Only two above zero! A pretty cold morning!

Cook—Shure an' it's quare that such a little thing can make so much difference wid the weather!

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M.A.A.A. OPEN AIR RINK

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"WELL, I think it is true that women are at the bottom of all trouble that comes to this vale of tears," remarked the husband to his wife.

"Oh, now, don't be too hard on the women!"

"Well, it's a fact. Look at the trouble in South Africa now."

"Have the women anything to do with that?"

"Well, I heard a man tell another that the real trouble was on account of Susie Rainy."

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ALL AND EVERY ONE

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

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

Our Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are world renowned.



Christmas Cheer

Can Christmas be a merry one if the house is not brightly, lightly lighted? Hardly. Joy and gladness, light and kindness are synonymous with the spirit of Christmas Day. It is possible to fill your home with a flood of light with no increased expense, on the contrary the gas meter will go slower. There is only one light which will accomplish this, and that is

The Improved

Auer Light.

Three times the light for half the gas.

Lights, shades and drop-lights sent on approval.

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MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1899.

TELEPHONES:
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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE other day I went into a down-town bank with a friend who wanted to draw some money. I stood by the counter while the teller counted out some of the dirtiest and raggedest bills I had ever seen or smelt—bills that a tramp might hesitate to put in his pocket, and that a burglar might be excused for leaving behind. I did not say anything to my companion; it was unnecessary to call his attention to the condition of the currency which was about to be tendered to him; the notes would have riveted the attention of anyone who had not lost all three senses of touch, smell and sight. My friend took the wad from the teller, and, as he counted them over, he laid aside those that were particularly dilapidated and offensive. Then he quietly asked the man behind the wicket to give him clean, whole bills in exchange for these filthy and worn ones. His demand was complied with, not without some grumbling. As we walked out my friend simply remarked, "Our Canadian banks are so mean they would keep a note in circulation if it had been used for gun wadding, provided the denomination was not effaced. Every new note issued costs a cent or two; and, besides, the older a bill gets the greater the chance of its being wholly destroyed—which means a gain to the bank."

IT is a wonder more people who do business with the banks do not refuse to take the repulsive, dog-eared paper that daily travels back and forth from the tellers' cages. Customers would insist on having clean notes from their banks, it would not take long for a great deal of the truly "filthy" lucre we are now forced to handle, in lieu of good coin of the realm, to disappear. There is a serious side to the evil I am alluding to. Without any question disease is often spread by the agency of paper money, the surface of which, when it has lost its hard, glossy finish, forms an admirable camping ground for all sorts of fantastic germs. It is literally as well as figuratively true that money can carry grief and misfortune into hitherto happy lives and homes. We are all anxious to get hold of the accursed stuff, but we do not want dirt and disease thrown in to boot. At the present time there is an outbreak of smallpox in two or three portions of Canada. The outbreak is not at all severe, but I, for one, would not be surprised to learn that, such as it is, the epidemic has been propagated to some extent by the contagion of money from diseased persons. Canada, unlike her neighbor, has not been disturbed by a currency question, but such an agitation would be no affliction if its object were the calling in of all the old, disease-spreading bank notes now circulating through the country.

IN sharp contrast with the pained and anxious air of the men who surrounded the down-town newspaper offices last Saturday, scanning the bulletins that told of British defeat, was the merry, careless demeanor of the noisy crowds on St. Catherine street, later in the evening, when it seemed that the whole city had turned out to do its shopping and pursue its thousand and one paths of obvious pleasure or preoccupation. A great city is ever presenting such contrasts. There are so many things to divert the attention of the dwellers in towns that nothing long occupies their minds to the exclusion of other subjects; and thus it is that city people fall short of the

earnestness and reality that characterize the emotions and thoughts of country people. In the humdrum of rural life, every experience of an unusual nature makes a decided impression. Here, in the city, all experiences are merely parts of "the passing show." Our feelings change so many times a day that by evening we have forgotten all about those of the morning. There is a charm in the rush and variety of city life, but who of us would not joyfully experience, once in a while, the quiet intensity of thought and feeling that so rarely exist apart from solitude and monotony? Is it not true that we go to the country in the summer because we feel the need of rejuvenating our blase hearts, at Nature's fountain of simplicity and calm, as much as for the purpose of resting the grey matter of our brains or increasing the efficiency of our digestion?

THERE has been a strange interchange of big railway men between our country and the United States. Sir William Van Horne, Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, Mr. Chas. M. Hays and several other gentlemen, whose names are closely identified with the success of railway enterprise in the Dominion, came to us from under the folds of the Star-spangled Banner. On the other hand, Canada has given the United States "Jim" Hill, of the Great Northern, who is regarded by some as the greatest genius in railway management in America. Mr. Hill came from Rockwood, Ont., where, as a young fellow, he drove a stage. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hill is meditating a new enterprise, which a United States paper says is now approaching realization, for a world-belted transportation line, rivaling the Canadian Pacific.

THE links in it are to be: Liverpool to New York, 3,053 miles, North Atlantic Steamship Company's present system; New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles, Baltimore & Ohio, in which Mr. Hill is interested already; Chicago to Minneapolis, 450 miles, Wisconsin Central, which he is credited with the intention of buying, Minneapolis to Seattle, 1,812 miles, Great Northern; Seattle to Hong Kong, 6,050 miles, Great Northern Pacific Steamship Company, for which a fleet of 12,000-ton ships is to be built. The whole line would thus be 12,500 miles long, or half-way around the earth, and it would take 31 days to journey by it from Liverpool to Hong Kong. Mr. Hill's scheme looms big, but Mr. Hill is a big man who has the ability to carry large undertakings to a successful issue. However, it must not be forgotten that, so far, the Canadian Pacific has held its own against competition in any direction and from whatever source. In the hands of the present management it will doubtless continue to do so, and the people of Montreal and of the Dominion need have no fear that Canada's great national railway will be cut out of any share of the traffic which it has over and over again proved itself so eminently competent to handle.

TALKING about the effect of the adverse war news, have we not been too prone to disappointment because of the setbacks of a campaign, which, as everyone who stops to consider the situation knows, must be a long and stubborn fight against heavy odds? This is no Spanish-American War, in which we are contending with an enemy made of pasteboard and cheesecloth, and stuffed with sawdust. The Boers are the best fighters in the world after their fashion; they have all the

LOOKING-GLASS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

advantages that ordinarily go with a defensive campaign and to crown all they are meeting our onslaughts in a country that is peculiarly adapted by nature for repelling invasion. Because, in the two months since the war began, we have not been able to do more than get our troops and guns to the front and fight a half dozen engagements with about even results, are we to sit down and weep over our fate? As the editor of *The Canadian Military Gazette* points out, "the Zulu War opened on January 11, 1879, and, although this was a campaign over a comparatively small and restricted area, against a people every whit as brave as the Boers, but in no way as well armed or as formidable, it was June before a decisive action was fought at Ulundi, and the end of August before the war was brought to a conclusion by the submission of Cetewayo. Moreover, at the commencement, the Zulus were able to score at Isandhlwana, inside of 11 days after our ultimatum, in a way beside which the doings of the Boers nearly two months after theirs opened the war appear somewhat indifferent and puerile."

AS to the British losses in the war, these have not been severe considering the size of the armies engaged. Old men have forgotten the horrors of the Crimean, American Civil, and Franco-Prussian Wars, and young men know nothing about them except by hearsay. In the war between the North and the South 600,000 men are said to have lost their lives in action and from disease or wounds, and property to the value of \$8,000,000,000 was destroyed. These are conservative estimates given by that reliable work, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the battle of Fredericksburg, 19,080 men were put out of action, 1,760 being mowed down in a single charge of Gen. Humphreys at the head of 4,000 troops. At the fearful battle of Antietam the Federal army lost 12,469 men in killed and wounded, and the Confederates 13,533 in killed, wounded and prisoners. The Northern soldiers themselves buried 2,700 Southerners after the battle. There has been as bad, and sometimes worse, carnage in almost every modern war between civilized nations.

WE British have so long been accustomed to fighting mere tribesmen, whom one or two defeats could crush, that we now look for easy victories and grow panicky if we do not have it all our own way. The miserable Spanish-American fiasco further imbedded us in the belief that war is an easy game for a great power. If we are going to fight white men, armed like ourselves, we must screw up our courage to long campaigns, severe trials of courage, and occasional disasters. A small, but brave, nation like the Boers, who come of a fighting stock that made the annals of Holland and the Netherlands as glorious as those of any country in Europe, can give the greatest power in the world a hard twist, when, as in the present case, they are fired by intense patriotism and are defending positions of their own choosing. Let us remember that the greatest generals and the best armies may suffer initial defeat, yet in the long run be victorious. "He who wars," says Napier, "walks in a mist through which the keenest eye cannot always discern the right path." "The divine genius," wrote Col. John S. Mosby, a brave Confederate officer, "has never yet appeared in war that could always, at a glance, detect every stratagem and see through every mask"

FELIX VANE.

MONTREAL LIFE extends congratulations to three well-known Canadian papers—*Toronto Saturday Night*, *The Toronto Globe*, and *The Montreal Gazette*—on their handsome Christmas editions. All three were creditable in the highest degree to Canadian journalism and to the skill of Canadian artists and printers. *Saturday Night's* Christmas number was

entirely sold out a few days after its issue. *The Globe*, we understand, had a similar experience; while the holiday number of *The Gazette*, which took the form of an enlargement of the daily edition of last Saturday, sold with the greatest celerity on the streets of Montreal. We may say also that the 5,000 edition of MONTREAL LIFE's Christmas number was completely disposed of within a few hours of its publication.

THE Marquis of Winchester, the premier Marquis of England, who was killed while in action with Lord Methuen's forces at Maegersfontein, was a cousin of Major-General Hutton's wife, Mrs. Hutton being a daughter of Lord Charles Paulet and granddaughter of the thirteenth Marquis of Winchester. The Paulets are one of the oldest and proudest families in England. The founder of the family, the first Sir John Paulet, served under the Duke of Gloucester against France about 1380; Sir John, the fourth in descent, served under Lord Audley in suppressing the Cornish rebellion in 1497; his son, the first marquis, was appointed executor by Henry VIII., and held the office of Lord Treasurer under Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth; the fifth marquis was one of the most determined adherents of Charles I. in the great civil war. The family estate is small, comprising only about 4,800 acres. The dead marquis is succeeded by his brother William, born in 1862, who will be the sixteenth to hold the title.

TO enumerate all the various arrivals and departures of well-known Montrealers at this season of reunions would prove, after a bit, a trifle monotonous. Of a necessity, all those who are not going away are staying at home, and those who are leaving town, will not be here. A repetition of the same intelligence with a different name, of course, each time, is weariness to the flesh, and about as entertaining as a paper from which everything but passenger lists and the contents of hotel registers had been eliminated.

INVITATIONS are out for an "At Home" to be given by Lady Van Horne on Wednesday evening, December 27.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Hugh Graham, Sherbrooke street, gave a delightful luncheon for Mrs. Robert Grant, of Boston. The table looked very lovely with a profusion of yellow roses, and covers were laid for 20, an unusually large number. Among the guests were: Lady Tait, Mrs. E. B. Greenshields, Miss Cook, Mrs. Hugh Allan, Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mrs. Robert Grant, Miss K. Galt, Mrs. Geo. A. Drummond, Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. Willie Hope, Mrs. Fyshe, Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Mrs. L. Sutherland, Mrs. Ernest Stuart, Mrs. S. T. Stearns and Mrs. R. Wilson Reford.

The recent death in Toronto of the wife of Col. Wm. Beers, who was in the Cameronians (the old 26th Regiment) for 32 years, has been deeply regretted by her many friends in Toronto and Montreal. Mrs. Beers was the daughter of the late Sir George Maclean, who distinguished himself in the Crimean War, and who also served in the Kaffir War. Her brother, General Henry Maclean, served in the Ashantee War. Mrs. Beers was with her husband in India, Bermuda, etc. She was a very charming and sympathetic lady. Col. Beers is a cousin of Dr. W. George Beers, of Montreal.

KERRY MILLS has written a new cake-walk, "Impecunious Davis." Mr. Mills occupies a unique position in the musical field, having originated the style of composition known as "the cake-walk march" (or two-step), the first composition of that character ever known being "Rastus on Parade," which was followed by "Whistling Rufus," "At a Georgia Camp Meeting," "Happy Days in Dixie," etc. The advance sale of "Impecunious Davis" has reached the unprecedented number of 265,000 copies.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"GLADYS has awfully small hands, hasn't she?"

"Yes, and it makes her have a big head also."

AN INGENIOUS ANSWER.

AGNES—Did you ever love before?

TOM.—Of course. How else could I be sure enough that you were the best of the bunch to want to marry you?

FIELD'S WIT.

SOMEONE once sent to Eugene Field a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?" Mr. Field, who was the literary editor of a Chicago paper, found the verses so bad that he could not refrain from writing the following reply: "Because you send your verses by mail."

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

THE LITERARY ONE.—Do you admire Fielding and Smollett?

THE POLITICAL ONE.—I don't know anything about Smollett, but I always whoop it up for Fielding. I'm from Halifax, you know.

HUMAN FALLIBILITY.

THE COOK.—I can't stand the missus, sor!

BRIGGS (sarcastically).—That's a pity, Bridget. I might have been more considerate and selected a wife who would have suited you.

THE COOK.—Sure, sor, we all make mistakes sometimes.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

"ISN'T it strange?"

"What?"

"That the farther away one gets from an ancestor the prouder one feels of him!"

THAT SETTLED IT.

JEANETTE.—I don't believe Kitty would care for this lamp.
JOHN.—But think how easily you can change the figures \$1.93 to look like \$4.98!

SHE'D HAVE THE LAST WORD.

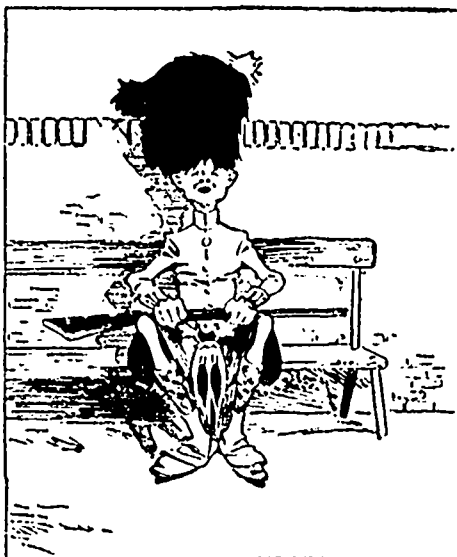
MR. PHINNY (who had just had a slight disagreement with Mrs. Phinny).—I can read you through like a book, Maria.

MRS. PHINNY.—Yes, but thank Heaven, you can't shut me up like one.

AN APT PUPIL.

A PARROT in a certain house was usually kept in the dining-room with the family, but during the winter was removed to the kitchen for greater warmth. When the winter

OH! WHERE AND OH WHERE IS THE HIGHLAND LADDIE GONE?



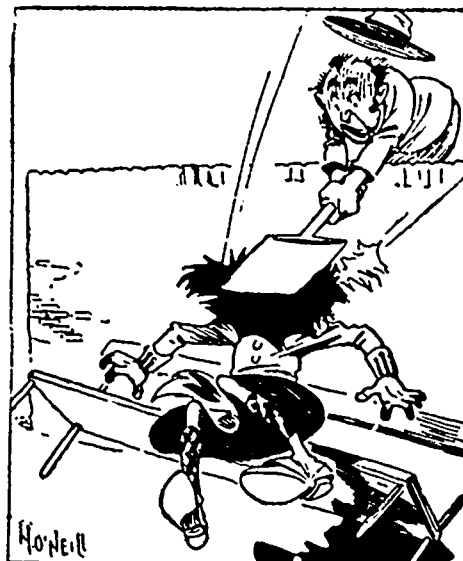
(1). The Highlander sat on a seat gradually dozing off.



(2).—"Oh!" said farmer Wilkes, on the other side of the wall, "there be that tarmation cat wot gobbles up all my young fowl."



(3).—"I'll give it a warmer this time wot it'll never get the better on."



(4).—"Gosh! Ah thistle-beds! There goes the rouse," said the Highlander, as he was thus rudely awakened.

was past it again made its appearance among the family, whom it amused with the new remarks it had picked up in the kitchen. On one occasion, when the bell had been rung for something, the parrot was heard remarking from his cage—"Just listen to that. There, she's at it again!"

GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

"I HEARD ye were, on 'sstrike,'" said Mike to his friend Pat.
"I was that," answered Pat.
"A strike for what, Pat?"
"For shorter hours, Mike!"
"An' did you get them?"
"Sure we did, Mike. It's not working at all I am now!"

A GOOD PLACE TO TRAIN.

"MRS. HASHEM," said the star-boarder, "I have a friend who wants to board with you."
"I can accommodate him, Mr. Smart," said the lady, delightedly. "I suppose you recommended our table?"
"Yes; that's what impressed him most. You see, he's a pugilist, and he wants to increase the length of his reach."



"The Colossus," **A** WORK of fiction that is naturally attracting a good deal of attention at the present moment, when the eyes of all civilization are turned upon Africa and the men who are battling for dominion over the Dark Continent, is "The Colossus, a story of to-day," by Morley Roberts (Harper & Bros.), in which Cecil Rhodes, disguised as Eustace Loder, is the hero. The author pictures "the Colossus" as striving in Cairo to bring about the fulfilment of his plans for a railway between that place and the Cape. With a fine irony he postpones his hero's success in this undertaking until, woman-hater as "the Colossus" is, he is forced to "knuckle down" to a woman in order to realize his dream. Yet the author is, in the long run, faithful to his conception of Rhodes as a man who might bend when it suited his purpose, but who would never break. In the last chapter Miss Gertrude Broughton flees to the Pyramids from the scene of her great triumph over "the Chief." The latter, moved by impulse, soon follows her. But by the time Loder has reached the woman he has forgotten her; he does not see her, he sits upon his horse and gazes toward the south, absorbed in his dreams of the railway for which he has sacrificed his pride. It is a strong conclusion. The whole drift of the book is toward the portrayal of a man who could not be conquered, and though that last ride seems for a moment to him that Gertrude Broughton is to have her reward—the love of the man she has humiliated and helped—she sinks back naturally into the company of those who have been used by "the Chief" and then discarded.

A Triumph of Bookmaking. **S**PEAKING of Mr. Louis Fréchette's new book, "Christmas in French Canada," a sample illustration from which is given on this page. The Canadian Bookseller and Stationer says that it is the most perfectly produced book which Canada has yet turned out and is likely to be an epoch in Canadian book-making. Probably nearly all the readers of LIFE have already seen this beautiful volume, which we reviewed last week. Those who have not can judge of the skill and spirit with which Mr. Frederick S. Coburn has done his part of the work, from the illustration here presented. As a proof of the standard of excellence reached in the typographical and artistic make-up, it is significant that Scribners, of New York, ordered an edition for sale in the United States. As soon as the edition arrived in New York, Messrs. Scribner immediately duplicated their order. It is not out of place to again congratulate the author, the artist, and the publishers (Morang & Company) on the triumph of uniform excellence attained in "Christmas in French Canada."

"More Cargoes," **T**O those who read and chuckled and read again the quaintly humorous sailor yarns which Mr. Jacobs collected into "Many Cargoes," this second volume (Copp, Clark Co.) will need no introduction. Each story in "More Cargoes" is just as delightfully original and just as uproariously funny as those in the preceding volume, and if possible more so. These stories consist mainly in practical jokes played among the crews of the small sailing vessels which ply their trade along the English coast. Every one of them is worth reading, for Mr. Jacobs shows endless ingenuity in turning the tables upon the original joker in the most unexpected way and the shrewd wit of his characters is most amusing.

"Suspense," **T**HERE is a subtle strength about Mr. Merriman's men and women which is very difficult to put into words. The personality of each seems to impress itself upon the reader without his knowing exactly why it does so. I would



"Every Christmas Eve there is always a Nice Dancing Hop."
Illustration by Mr. Coburn in Mr. Fréchette's new book

emphasize that word personality in speaking of them, for it is the personal rather than the intellectual or physical element in them that influences us and makes them so different from the creations of many other authors. They are not paragons of wit and beauty, and yet they are far from commonplace. There is in his heroes and heroines a quiet forcefulness of character which is very pleasing, a certain reserve force, as it were, which gives the reader confidence in them in any emergency. And Mr. Merriman has the art of bringing his readers into very real contact with his people, so that one experiences, after reading this book (Copp, Clark Co.) much the same feeling of invigoration that comes from meeting strong, self-reliant men and women whose very presence affects us.

FASHION'S WISDOM.

WHEN her ideas all desert her, and her muse lies very flat,
She takes a walk, no matter what's the weather.
Inspiration flies right to her, when she dons her new felt hat,
For in its side is thrust an eagle's feather.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

The Adventure of the Policeman with the Giblet Pie.

BY GEORGE DAW.

New first published, in "Montreal Life" Copyrighted 1900, by George Daw

YES, a policeman does have some curious experiences, which perhaps is not to be wondered at, seeing that we're on duty at all times of the day and night, not to mention the queer places we have to visit, and we gets to know the ins and outs of a good many things as mystifies the public.

Only last Christmas time, for instance, I had an adventure as shows how things do happen as seems very wonderful, but are simple enough when you know the facts.

On the first Friday after Christmas I was on night duty, which happened very fortunate for me as during that week — Square was on my beat. At number 97 there lives a crusty old fellow named Professor Rawboy and his invalid wife; I should not have known him perhaps had he not kept a pretty cook named Mary Clipston, a special favorite of mine, who, regularly every evening, when I was on that round, provided something dainty for my supper.

"My dear William," she says, as we were parting at the area steps on this particular night, "I've only got this half of a giblet-pie for you, which came down from dinner yesterday, and I'm afraid missus is beginning to smell a rat, for she threw out some nasty hints lately about people's appetites being very big and such like. Take the dish and you can bring it back with the knife and fork to-morrow."

Well, I took the pie which was neatly wrapped up in brown paper, and told her not to be alarmed as the strong arm of the law would protect her, and wishing my sweet caterer a happy New Year, continued on my way to meet the sergeant.

I do not usually take any supper until after closing time, as the inspectors are generally knocking about pretty freely until then, and we have to keep a pretty sharp eye open.

I daresay, sir, you have often seen a constable standing in front of a pub and looking anxiously up and down the street. If so you may depend on it he's not on the searching for thieves; no, you may safely bet that he's dry, and is only gazing around to see if there's an inspector about before he goes inside to wet his whistle. But to resume my story, it was half-past ten when I turned into — Square again that same evening, and as I approached number 97, who should I see standing at the front door, but old Professor Rawboy himself.

"Hi! policeman," he shouts, "I want to have a word with you."

I leave you to guess how my legs quaked under me as I walked up the front steps of the identical house from which I obtained the giblet pie which was still in my pocket. In a moment the suspicion crossed my mind that Mary had confessed all, and my first impulse was to run, but another scheme occurred to me, and I resolved to face the crisis manfully, and followed him boldly into the drawing-room.

"I want to consult you on a case of thieving—larceny, I think you term it in the police courts," says the professor.

"Indeed, is that all!" I ejaculated, idiotically, for it was such a relief to my feelings when I heard it was nothing personal.

"Quite enough I should think, sir," retorted the professor savagely.

"I beg pardon, sir," I replied, recovering self-possession, you see people do call us in to some singular scenes. Only last month a woman invited me into her home quite unconcerned like and asked me to cut her old man down as had hung him-

self while she'd been out shopping. Such things is rather trying to the nerves, and we're always prepared for the worst."

"I understand," says the professor, "but this is a case of common theft. My wife is confined to her room with rheumatism, which is, in one way, a great comfort to me, being of a quiet, studious nature, whilst it is not without its drawbacks. Cook and the nurse are the only domestics living in the house, and the former has it pretty well all her own way, and consequently I find there is a great deal more food consumed than can reasonably be accounted for."

"That is certainly very strange," I says, shifting about uneasily, for there was a little spaniel dog in the room, which kept sniffing around my coat tails, having evidently got scent of the savory contents."

"Yes," resumed the professor, "either Mary, the cook, eats enough for three men, or else the food gets out of the house; and I've very good reason to believe she does give meat away to a favorite visitor."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, trying to look astonished, "have you seen anyone about?" It was a bold question to ask, but I was determined to brazen it out.

"I have," he replied indignantly, "for many weeks past I've seen a soldier, a big, tall, swaggering trooper walking up and down in front of the house when it was Mary's evening out. Get away Carlo."

The latter remark was addressed to the spaniel who was tugging violently at my uniform, and I had given vent to my feelings by administering a sharp kick, which made him yell. I was not prepared to hear that Mary was flirting with a soldier, and it gave me another shock.

"The best thing I can do is to report to headquarters and they'll investigate the matter," I replied, rising to depart; for what with the dog worrying after the pie and the revelation just made my feelings were that agitated that I hardly knew how to control myself.

"Oh! sit down, policeman, it's Christmas time," he cried heartily, "what'll you have to drink. Be quiet, Carlo; my dog evidently does not respect the force."

Carlo at this juncture got his nose in such close proximity to the pie, that he tore a hole in my coat.

"Perhaps you would like to put a few questions to the cook," said my host as he decanted some whisky into a glass.

"Dear me, no"; I exclaimed hurriedly as he put his hand on the bell, "it's better not to let the culprit know she's suspected which would defeat the ends of justice, and, besides, it would not be etiquette for me to take the case in hand without consulting my superior officers."

"Well, you know best; all I can say is that it's very aggravating, for only yesterday we left half a giblet pie" (I nearly let the glass of whiskey drop out of my hands) "and when I ordered it to be sent up for nurse's supper, Mary coolly informed me that it was gone. That was all the explanation she offered. I leave it to you, policeman, to judge whether a girl of 22 would eat half a giblet pie at one meal. I daresay you have some notion of what a giblet pie is like, at any rate I say it's preposterous. Get down Carlo."

I assented; gulped up the whiskey, and again rose to leave.

"Wait one moment, policeman, I've a list in my study of all the things that girl is supposed to have consumed since last Saturday week; I'll go and fetch it; take a drop more whiskey."

Saying this the professor left the room. The dog had got his nose in my pocket by this time and was tugging at the string which fastened my supper. A happy idea suddenly occurred to me. In a moment I whipped-out the parcel, pulled off the paper and pushed the dish containing the giblets under the settee which was close at hand, inwardly muttering bad things about spaniel dogs and faithless cooks.

The professor was struck dumb with amazement when he re-entered the room, for the dog had pulled the giblets out on the floor and was greedily devouring them.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the host, "if Carlo has not got the very identical giblet pie I was telling you about. How did it get there?"

"I don't know," I says, "but directly you left the room he goes to that sofa and begins eating. He's a rum dog; no wonder he doesn't like the force."

"You're right, policeman, and he's a remarkably clever dog too, but this beats all his former feats."

Then the professor rang for the cook, and Mary came in blushing like a carrot when she saw me sitting there and the master holding the pie dish in his hand.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "where did you leave this pie dish?"

"On the larder shelf, sir," she replied, after looking at me very hard for a moment, but I was thinking of the big trooper and made no sign.

"This is truly a marvelous instance of animal sagacity, and I shall certainly write to the papers about it, seeing that I have the testimony of two independent witnesses to back up my statement. I'm glad too for your sake, Mary, that I've discovered the real thief, for, as I was telling the constable here, I was beginning to suspect you of dishonesty. I'm sorry to have detained you, policeman, but you'd better go down into the kitchen and Mary will give you some supper."

When Mary and I got into the kitchen, I turned around and told her to keep the supper for her soldier, then she flared up in turn and asked for an explanation. I told her what the professor said, and then she laughed and threw her arms around my neck and called me a jealous old darling, which is not quite the proper thing to do when one is on duty, but that's the way with women, they don't bother their heads about uniform; it's the man they're thinking of. Well, we had a nice little supper together after I'd been out to meet the sergeant at his point, and then she explained how she had simply been carrying letters from the nurse to the big trooper, who was her sweetheart.

A few days later I read in the papers an account of the remarkable conduct of a dog belonging to Professor Rawboj, which had carried a giblet pie together with a knife and fork upstairs into the drawing-room and there hid it until the master's back was turned.

This fully confirms what I said at the first, that many things appear strange when you don't know all the facts of the case. Mary says I saved her character by my clever tactics; but it was rather a bad quarter of an hour for me, and I hope before next Christmas we shall be married and that Mary will have the pleasure of making a giblet pie for me in a home of our own.



CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.

BRER RABBIT — "What do you mean to say you've had two dinners?"

BRER BEAR — "Yes, the man had just catch his, you know."

Early French-Canadian Loyalty.

Interesting stories from the Annals of Old Quebec—
Jean Baptiste a True Briton—How Nelson's
Victory was Celebrated in
French Canada.

ARE French-Canadians, as a class, as loyal to the British connection as they once were? There are people in this country who think that they are not. Certainly, at one time, there were no more devoted and zealous subjects of the Crown than the inhabitants of French Canada; and doubtless the mass of French-speaking citizens of the Dominion are still true to Great Britain and her cause, as they were in the days when Te Deums were sung throughout Quebec to celebrate the victories of the Mother Country over Napoleon; when addresses, abounding in expressions of devotion to the Sovereign, were passed at almost every session of the Legislature of Lower Canada; and when the habitants, throwing aside the implements of peace, marched forth to give their blood in repelling invasion by the enemies of His Britannic Majesty. If, at the present time, the French-Canadian in abstract is looked upon with some suspicion by his English-speaking fellow-citizen, we must thank the politicians who make party capital out of misrepresentation; the journalists who, because they are sons of Old France, deem it their duty to be lukewarm or hostile towards all things British; and the French teachers into whose hands the education of French-Canadian youth has, to a large extent, fallen. Nevertheless, everyone who knows Quebec, knows that there are thousands of men, born and bred in this Province, sons of families that came to Canada before it fell into British hands, who are as loyal to the Empire as they would be to the Republic, were they under the tri-color instead of the Union Jack.

OLD TIME LOYALTY.

It is interesting to read of the evidences of loyalty given by the people of French Canada in the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening years of the nineteenth century. Christie, in his "History of Lower Canada" (Vol. I.), records many of these, and further proof is to be found in the collected mandements of the Bishops of Quebec, published by A. Cote et Cie., Quebec, in 1888. Only a very small part of this interesting evidence can be quoted.

On the outbreak of the war between France and England in 1793, the Assembly of Lower Canada sent a message to the Governor, in which it declared that "His Majesty's faithful subjects earnestly pray that his army may be crowned with such signal success over his enemies as shall speedily bring about a peace honorable, safe, and advantageous to His Majesty and the Empire."

In 1791, H. R. H. Prince Edward, commanding the 7th Royal Fusiliers, arrived in Canada with his regiment from Gibraltar. He became most popular with the French-Canadians—was, in fact, idolized by them, and when, after the outbreak of the war above mentioned, he left for the West Indies to take command there as a general officer, the Legislative Council, the Roman Catholic clergy, the citizens of Quebec, those of Montreal, and the burghesses of William Henry, presented him with loyal addresses.

A SLAP AT FRANCE.

In 1797, an address of the Assembly to Governor Prescott referred to "the treacherous attempts of the emissaries of France to disturb our internal tranquility," and the Legislative branch of the Government willingly gave the Executive branch large powers, in order to deal with French agents who sought to stir up trouble in Canada. At the same time voluntary contributions to the British war fund were made by many

private citizens. The Quebec Seminary gave £50, and in the list of contributions (Christie, Vol. I, page 205), as many French as English names appear.

When peace was concluded in 1802, the Bishop of Quebec issued a mandement in which he ordered the *Te Deum* and the *Domine fac Salyum* to be sung in every parish church in honor of the "glorious peace which assures the independence and the prosperity of Great Britain, and which has extended her glory and her possessions in the two hemispheres; peace favorable to this Province in particular, since it cements more and more our union with the Mother Country, and is only a prolongation of the happy days that we have experienced under her empire, at a time when the rest of humanity were sharing the horrors of civil and foreign wars."

Upon the renewal of the war in 1803, there were strong demonstrations of loyalty throughout French Canada, and large numbers of Canadians expressed their willingness to volunteer, if necessary, for service against their former Mother Country. The Bishop of Quebec ordered votive masses, the miserere and prayers for the King throughout the diocese. "The example of a great nation prostrated with its king before the God of battles," said he, "—how can such a sight fail to touch our hearts, and when the Mother Country alone bears all the burdens and all the dangers of the war, can we, undisturbed at our firesides, refuse the aid of our fastings and our prayers?"

The following is one of many ringing expressions of loyalty that might be quoted from the volume of mandements referred to. It is well worth giving in full, and the free translation we present will be read with interest by many to whom the existence of such documents may be surprising:

MANDEMENT.

PRESCRIBING THANKSGIVING AFTER THE VICTORY OF ADMIRAL NELSON.

Pierre Denaut, by the mercy of God and the grace of the Holy See, Bishop of Quebec.

To all pastors, vicars, missionaries, and to all the faithful of this diocese, salutation and blessing in our Lord.

You have learned, our very dear brothers, the interesting news, the undoubted confirmation of which has spread joy in all our hearts. Almighty God, who holds in His hand the destinies of kings and of empires, has but now once again given unequivocal marks of the continued protection that He deigns to accord to the arms of our gracious Sovereign. How ill were we prepared to repel the formidable enemies, against whom we have to maintain this war, so long and bloody! Over how many disasters would we not have had to weep if they had been able, as they pretended, to seize the distant possessions of the Mother Country, ruin her commerce, destroy the source of her wealth, and weaken thereby the means that she brings to bear against their visions of aggrandizement and domination? And to what height would their pride not have mounted, if success had crowned their ambitious designs? But the God of armies, the God of victories, has declared for the justice of our cause. He has harkened to the vows of his people, who besought Him to humiliate that proud nation which desires only war. Psalm 67—"He has scattered the tribes that delight in war." It is He who has presided over the counsels of our leaders, and who has caused to prevail in them that spirit of wisdom, which has disconcerted the undertakings of our enemies; it is He who has inspired our troops with that valor which has rendered them superior both in numbers and in enthusiasm to their adversaries, and who has enabled them to gain a victory amongst the most glorious and the most signal of which history will make mention.

But, in the midst of public acclamations, occasioned by an event so memorable, shall not the voice of religion be heard? Shall the temples alone seem to take no part in the joy of the community? Ah, it is above all in their precincts, our very

dear brothers, that the mercies of the God of armies should be remembered—to whom we owe all these things. It is there that our hearts should express their sentiments in recognition of the Sovereign Master of the Universe, thank Him for the particular attention which He bestows upon the preservation and glory of this realm, and beseech Him to continue to bestow His abundant blessings on the most just of kings, whose every plan has for its object the happiness of his people.

For these reasons, We have ordained, and do ordain by these presents:

First.—That Thursday, the tenth day of January next, shall be set apart as a holy day to thank God for the defeat bestowed upon the Mediterranean fleet of France, on the first and second days of the month of August last, by the naval forces of His Majesty under the command of Rear-Admiral Horatio Nelson, Baron of Bain.

Second.—That there shall be celebrated on the said day, in all the churches of the diocese, a solemn thanksgiving mass, at the close of which the "*Te Deum*" shall be sung with the "*Domine Salvum fac Regem*" and the prayer for the King.

Third.—The altars shall be prepared on that day as for the most grand solemnities, and, on the day preceding, the fete shall be announced by the ringing of the bells.

Fourth.—The pastors must not fail to embrace the opportunity presented by this fete to make their parishioners feel keenly the obligations that they owe to Heaven for having placed them under the rule and protection of His Britannic Majesty, and to exhort them anew to maintain their allegiance with fidelity and thankfulness.

This mandement shall be read in the capitulary gatherings of all the religious communities, and published in the sermon in all parishes the first Sunday or holy day after its receipt.

Given at Longueuil, under our signature, the seal of the diocese and the counter signature of our secretary, the 22nd day of December, 1788.

† P., BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

By Monseigneur Chaboillez, Secretary.



SENT TO WOUNDED OFFICERS.

VERY few amongst the general public know what an amazing quantity of presents of every imaginable kind, whether adapted to an invalid or not, are always received from people he never heard of before by any prominent officer of our forces who happens to be wounded in action.

Distance seems to be no object whatever, for, during the campaign of which the battle of Dargai was a part, some thousands of separate parcels, including a gigantic music-box, were either sent the entire journey, or so far as easy transport went, to the officers and men, not one-tenth of these coming from people the wounded knew even by name. Lord Charles Beresford, lately, in a speech at a club, told of one officer who received nearly a hundred letters from devoted ladies whom he had never heard of before, and offering to go out and nurse him.

The writer, discussing this speech lately amongst a party of officers at Aldershot, heard some most extraordinary stories of this kind, the actual letters of the would-be nurses being shown. Some of them came from London working girls. But more strange than these were the eccentric articles sent anonymously to comfort wounded officers. These included a big doll, and a number of toys and puzzles—from little girls—a "Punch-and-Judy" complete, a set of fret-saw instruments, any amount of gingerbread and cakes, and many most incongruous articles.



ALTHOUGH we naturally picture the sufferings of the battlefield, when the horrors of war are spoken of, there probably never was a war in the world's history that did not entail as much suffering upon women as upon men. "Our thoughts are all with the war now," writes one in London, "and as one goes about one is painfully struck with the look of tension and suffering on the faces of so many of the women one meets. What a load of anxiety they are carrying! What a numb, aching feeling takes hold of the woman whose son or husband, brother or lover, is at 'the front,' when a violent ring at the door-bell proclaims the telegraph boy, or the evening papers send out a sensational placard! 'I dare not go away from London, and yet my heart stands still 20 times a day,' said a widow whose two sons are out; and how many hundreds of women are echoing the words? I am told that, in the case of one young officer who was killed, his mother was prepared for the worst, and had told all her family that she was certain he had fallen, for she had woken up in the night to hear him calling her by his old pet name so clearly that she had got up and reached her door on her way to his room before she realized the bitter truth that he lay far away from her loving care. Afterwards, she heard that, allowing for the difference of time, he must have died exactly when she awoke." Did any of my readers, I wonder, see the pathetic little letter written by a private in the Gloucestershire Regiment to his mother, which she received only a few days before the intimation of his death? "You must not be upset," he wrote, "for remember I am a soldier, and have to do a soldier's duty. I am glad I am going, except for your sake, as our regiment is one of the best. Cheer up, for I mean to do my duty to the Queen and country, and if I am killed remember I died a good soldier's death." What mother, when her first vivid grief has been softened by time, but would be proud of such a boy?

THE bolero reigns supreme—in every form of cloth, fur, satin, glace silk—*n'importe quoi*," writes a friend in Paris. "We see it on the smartest of the smart, and on the little workgirls who crowd out of the ateliers at the luncheon hour in the Rue de la Paix. The fur of the moment is certainly chinchilla, though the foxes, mounted with the heads and paws crossed at the back of the neck, are very popular. The toques are very wide, and trimmed with 'lophophore,' pheasant, and the soft-dyed blue shades of the seagull's plumage."

AN officer at the front, writing to a lady in London, has suggested that woollen Tam o'Shanter caps were among the greatest of small comforts with which friends at home could provide our brave soldiers, to whom sleeping on the veldt must be anything but comfortable. This suggestion appears to the recipient of the letter and her friends so practical that they have decided to make and collect a large number of these to send out as quickly as possible. Perhaps there is a valuable hint here for Canadian women who have "boys" in the war.

ONE of the most common arguments against women entering into responsible positions has been that they were lacking in executive ability, and perhaps the most fitting illustration of the fallacy of this statement may be found in the results accomplished at the Woman's Prison at Sherborn, Massachusetts, by Mrs. Ellen Johnson, whose sudden death, at the residence of the Bishop of Rochester in London, where she was attending the International Council of Women, caused

such universal sorrow. For 15 years Mrs. Johnson had held the position of superintendent of this large reformatory, and as a result of her management the institution, from being annually a large loss to the State, became not only self-supporting, but turned into the State treasury a considerable amount each year. The farm alone yields over \$10,000 worth of produce annually, while the silkworm industry, introduced by Mrs. Johnson, is very profitable, and the fruit and flowers find ready markets. Mrs. Johnson founded these industries primarily for the purpose of giving the women under her charge regular healthful employment, and of making them skilful in some branch of industry. As a result of her efforts in this direction, public morals are being raised to a higher standard through the example of these women, who are going out into the world with regained self-respect, to become esteemed and useful members of their communities.

THE question of the corset is one which is receiving much attention just now from women of fashion, and it is rumored that the human form divine is to be greatly changed, or at least considerably modified, to suit aesthetic as well as hygienic requirements. In addition to many other advantages the new corset has one of pre-eminent value—it is cut straight in front, thus taking the pressure from the digestive organs.

APROPOS of the recent visit of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to England, it may not be generally known that the Kaiserin has always regarded our Mother Country with peculiar affection. When her father died, both she and her sister became the wards of their uncle, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and lived for many months at Cumberland Lodge. The Empress has often been heard to remark that those were amongst the happiest days of her girlhood. The arrangements for her wedding were carried out there, and her trousseau was chiefly made in Windsor.

WINTER tours to Spain are increasing in popularity amongst those who go abroad at that season; and yet, although the country is beautiful and fascinating to a degree, there is, naturally, a little melancholy attached to it, because of the contrast between the traditional glories of the past and the present reality. By what causes this change has been wrought is not a matter for consideration in this column, but that it exists is obvious to every traveler in the country. There is, however, no doubt that a visit to some of the towns, the former glories of which can scarcely be understood by us, leaves even now a remembrance which hardly any other country has power to stir.

MISS FLORENCE B. CLERHEW, in a paper before the Jersey City Women's Club on "The Business Woman in the Home," contended that a business woman makes a better wife and housekeeper than the woman who has had no training, because a woman who has been out in the world to earn a living for herself knows the value of money. She realizes the difficulty of working to please an employer, therefore she makes a more considerate mistress of servants, and her business experience should make her a more systematic housekeeper. She is also a more sympathetic wife, since knowing something of the cares and worries of business life herself she does not think her husband "a mean old thing" because he does not care to talk trifles or go out to a dance after a day of worry and bother at the office. The business woman, Miss Clerhew declared, has learned nothing that unfits her for home life.

GERALDINE.

A READER one day took his little lad out for a walk, but the boy, from some cause or other, got lost, and, meeting a policeman, tearfully asked:

"Please, sir, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause if you have I see that little boy!"

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 twelve months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, and back numbers of *LIFE* when available cost 10c. each.

Sunday, December 24.—Some hours to-day will be disappointing, but hours, bringing with them domestic happiness and good fortune in general, will speedily take their place.

A favorable year this is for financial affairs, and, before it ends, many a one whose birthday it is, will be betrothed and married. Many too will worry on account of sickness in their families and other unexpected troubles in their domestic affairs.

Pleasant and in a measure fortunate will be the lives of children born to-day. Much pecuniary success, however, need not be expected by those who go into business for themselves. They may prosper for a time, but sooner or later disaster will surely overtake them.

Monday, December 25.—Strange to say, on this day, which should be for so many the happiest of the year, some bitter quarrels are foreshadowed and pains should be taken to avoid them. For journeys the day is good.

Sound judgment will be needed in order to steer safely through this year. Otherwise troubles will surely come, the chief dangers threatened being loss of position, business complications and annoying journeys and changes.

Few will be more clever and intelligent than to-day's children, yet, owing to unsteadiness and undue rashness, they are not likely to meet with much worldly success. Too independent they will also be and their erratic conduct will bring them trouble both in business and in domestic affairs.

Tuesday, December 26.—Rather an unsatisfactory day, and waste of money should especially be avoided. For undertaking new enterprises the time is also unpropitious.

Persons with money will be very foolish if they risk any of it this year. For young people the year will be fortunate and many troths will be plighted between now and next December.

Children born to-day will be rather extravagant and somewhat too fond of pleasure. As a consequence, unless they were born wealthy, they will rarely have much money in their pockets. Still, they will enjoy life in their own happy-go-lucky fashion.

Wednesday, December 27.—Those who are looking for employment or who intend to ask favors of any one, should select to-day for those purposes, and young people who are courting should take care to avoid lovers' quarrels.

An excellent year this is for business men and employes, for the outlook is that the former will make plenty of money and that the latter will receive an increase of salary. As regards love affairs and the family circle, the outlook is unfortunate.

Easy will it be for children born to-day to obtain satisfactory situations, and, if they only exercise ordinary prudence, they will quickly win the confidence of their employers. Among the boys there will be no dandies and there is even danger that they, as well as the girls, will be too careless as regards their dress and personal appearance.

Thursday, December 28.—A good day for journeys and for signing contracts and other legal papers. Storekeepers and agents ought also to do a brisk business to-day.

More work than usual may be done during this year, yet the result will be rather disappointing. Unforeseen annoy-

ances and perplexities will be the cause; hence, it will be well for business men not to enter on any new ventures at present.

Fortunate will be the children born to-day, especially those who are employed by others. Quick workers they will be and quite adept in conceiving and carrying out ingenious projects. Their talents will naturally be appreciated and they ought to rise in life.

Friday, December 29.—Young people will find this an auspicious time for their love affairs, and those who are thinking of getting married can hardly select a better day than this for the ceremony. For business and money affairs the day is also good.

Those whose birthday this is will be unusually prosperous as regards money matters, but they should take care not to get entangled in legal or other quarrels. For young people of both sexes it is a good year and they will enjoy themselves much in each other's company.

Parents of children born to-day may well rejoice for they may be confident that their little ones will have a happy life. None will be more kindly and sweet-tempered than these children, and few will have as many friends or will be more fortunate as regards money. Much domestic enjoyment will also be theirs.

Saturday, December 30.—Those who are contemplating journeys or a removal from one residence to another, will find this a favorable day. For any business conducted through correspondence and for writings of any kind the day is also favorable.

Though not absolutely unfavorable, this is not a timely year for new enterprises as there are too many indications of annoying changes and business perplexities and too few indications of positive prosperity. In other respects life will proceed as usual.

Many years will elapse before the children born to-day really settle down in life, for a love of travel is in them and the old homestead will not long satisfy them. This innate restlessness will cause them to do some reckless deeds but their unusual brightness and intelligence will ever stand them in good stead and their lives will doubtless be fairly fortunate.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,
New York.

"Gabriel."

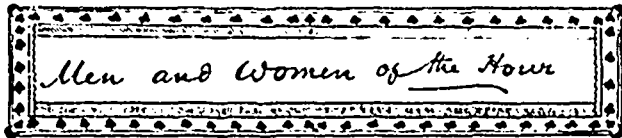
Mr. Hingston is an expert astrologer and will be pleased to answer all letters, which may be sent to him at the above address.

FOR BRITAIN'S SAKE.

THE steel-tipped lines of red advance
Amid a roar of shot and shell;
The Grenadiers lead on before
Into the very depths of hell.
And brave ones drop, and brave ones die,
Stained with their life blood is the brake;
Press on, press on, no faltering now,
You're fighting, lads, for England's sake!
They scale the hill, now red with blood,
And face to face they meet the foe;
And many a long be-whiskered Boer
Goes to that place where all Boers go.
The fight is fought, the day is won,
And thus a glorious name they make,
That all may see, who walk or run,
What has been done for England's sake.
Oh, gallant hearts! who fought and died,
In that far land beyond the sea;
That where so'er a Briton is,
He may have right, he may be free!
Boys from old Ireland, or the Thames,
From Scotland's hills, or Northern lake,
In Africa, you're sleeping now,
Who lived and died for England's sake.

Montreal.

J. HOLLISTER WILSON.



THE MODERN MAYOR OF AN ANTIQUE CITY.

MAYOR PARENT—what Canadian is not familiar with the name? Since the Canadian contingent—that noble band of 1,000 British and French Canadians—left our shores for the battlefields of South Africa, who has not heard of the chief magistrate of the ancient city of Quebec—the man who arranged for our boys such a splendid send-off beneath the historic heights where both French and British have, in times gone by, so amply proved their valor? With the story of Mayor Parent's ably conceived and as ably executed arrangements for the farewell to the Canadian regiment all readers of the daily papers are familiar. So smoothly and perfectly was everything managed that the Earl of Minto, Governor-General,



MAYOR PARENT.

upon leaving Quebec after the embarkation of the troops sent a special letter conveying his thanks and congratulations to the Mayor.

It has been rumored, since then, that His Worship is to be made the recipient of the honor of knighthood, in recognition of his loyal enthusiasm on this memorable occasion in Canadian history. Stranger things have happened, and no one need be surprised if, before a great while, it is no longer the Honorable, but Sir, Simon Napoleon Parent.

Mr. Parent's administration of the affairs of the ancient capital, of which he has been mayor since 1894, has been characterized by honesty and progressiveness. He has done

PREVIOUS ARTICLES. Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bond, September 29; Mr. W. J. Cunge and Mr. Louis Herbetie, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut. Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchesi, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Beausoleil, December 15;

much for the poorer sections of the city. It was characteristic of him that, in building a magnificent private residence for himself, he did not select a site in the most fashionable and aristocratic quarter, but planted his home in a section where the acquisition of such a building could do most to increase the value of surrounding property and to serve as an example in homemaking. Under his administration the beautiful Savarre Park was laid out—a boon to the people of the previously neglected districts of St. Roch's and St. Sauveur. He has built for himself a monument in the construction of the new city hall, which he undertook at what appeared an exceedingly low cost and successfully carried through to completion. The experience of Quebec has been so different from that of other Canadian cities, in which large municipal buildings have been erected, as to call forth comment most complimentary to Mayor Parent.

Born at Beauport, P.Q., the future Mayor was educated under private tuition and at Laval University, where he won the Lorne gold medal and other prizes. He is engaged in the practice of law at Quebec, and has been very successful. He was first elected to the city council in 1890, at the age of 36, and in the same year was elected to the Legislature for St. Sauveur in the Liberal interest. The mayor is very popular in his district, and at the general election of 1897 his majority was 1,385. His popularity, reinforcing the proofs he had given in the Legislature of ability of a high order, led to his being called to the Marchand Administration as Commissioner of Crown Lands, Forests and Fisheries.

In religion a Roman Catholic, and by race and education French, Mayor Parent is second to none in Canada in his loyalty to the institutions and aspirations which find their physical embodiment in the British Empire. Every fellow Canadian who was interested directly or indirectly in the Canadian contingent has a warm spot in his heart for the Mayor of Quebec.

ON DIT.



MORE ABOUT METHUEN.

HERE are a couple of anecdotes of General Lord Methuen, that are being told in London clubs. He was famous in his day for his skill with the gloves, a taste inherited from his father, for the last lord had few equals as a boxer. Paul once put his powers to good use in the defence of a lady whom he championed against an extortionate hansom cabman. The man was very cheeky, and said, looking down from his perch, "You wouldn't be so free if I was down on the pavement in front of you!" "Come down," said Paul, "and we'll soon settle that!" Cabby, nothing loth, accepted the challenge, and soon "put 'em up" before the stalwart young guardsman. After the third or fourth round he had enough, and was sorry he had not asked his proper fare. But he lost nothing in that way, for Paul made him a handsome compensation for the licking he gave him. In one of the earliest, if not the first of the campaigns in which Methuen served in Egypt—he acted as commandant of Lord Wolseley's headquarters (a post which Colonel Pole-Carew at present occupies with Sir Redvers Buller). One of the first duties of the commandant is that of catering for his chief and comrades, whose creature comforts depend largely upon his activity in foraging. Methuen was very proud one day of a discovery he made in Ismailia, the base of the army upon the Red Sea. This was a parcel of effervescing powders—soda, etc.—which he at once secured so as to furnish the headquarters mess with cooling drinks during the blazing heats of the desert campaign. The result was not an entire success, for the powders turned out to have certain medicinal properties which are named after a famous German cavalry general.

Points for Investors

THE financial panic of the last week in New York recalls the days of the Baring failure. It is a well-known fact of history that the stock market is most keenly sensitive to the alarms of war, but it was hardly to be expected that a British reverse would cause the panicky conditions which resulted in New York. It was an indication of the unsound condition of the financial fabric of the United States, owing to its inadequate currency system and resultant money troubles. In the early days of the United States there was still greater unsoundness, producing a reckless and speculative spirit, which has continued with the results of undue inflation at times and extreme depression at others. The seething cauldron of the New York speculation is always an uncertain quantity. Naturally, it affects Canada but only, however, in a sympathetic and reflective fashion. In London, people have the prospect of buying new consols at par, and they are willing to unload their American securities. Ordinarily, the United States would take care of any of these sales, but, coming when they did, the American market, already sorely tried by industrial inflation and financial stringency, was unequal to the task. The highly organized speculativeness of the community became panic struck, and so one witnessed declines of from 4 to 20 points in most securities.

CANADIAN LOSSES IN NEW YORK.

In Canada, there are too many people speculating in New York stocks unguided by the experience which has proved in the past that if Canadians confined themselves to their own securities they would make money. Canadians have always lost in the New York market. They are outsiders, and, in stocks so subject to the manipulations of large operators and to the irritations of unsound conditions, Canadians must always lose. It is estimated that out of Montreal alone there must have gone about \$1,000,000 to cover shorts in the New York market. Naturally, this drain caused the selling of home securities, and, under this exhaustion, with sympathy and reflex added, Canadian stocks, perfectly sound, shared in the depression.

NOW IS THE BUYING TIME.

All the Canadian securities are worth not one cent less than they were a week ago, in spite of the fact that many of them can be purchased \$10 a share less. The upward reaction must soon come, and the investor with nerve and judgment, who has his money ready, will reap a splendid return if he now takes advantage of the market's turn. Prices may fall even lower if Ladysmith or Kimberley were to surrender, or another serious reverse were experienced, but British Generals have had their experience, and, though the war may be long and irritating, the stock markets have seen the worst.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

In many respects the depression was a blessing in disguise. It was the more remarkable because never has the country been in a more prosperous condition, never have times been so excellent. General business is better than ever. The general rounding up, will, however, be beneficial. The more inflated stocks have been reduced to a better level, and that is why Montreal and Toronto street rails suffered the most. The soundest stocks will regain their normal level in the course of a month or two. The mining shares held out remarkably well, considering the number of small holdings and the extent of the speculation in this class of securities.

THE GRAND TRUNK'S PROGRESS.

In referring to the railroad prosperity, I have already spoken of the C.P.R.'s prospects. If this stock were a good investment at 95, it is even better at 92. The road still keeps up its weekly increases, and, with two more weeks in the year, will show gross earnings totalling about \$29,000,000, and a net revenue at least \$1,500,000 better than last year.

I have had little to say of Grand Trunk, because it is so loaded with capital indebtedness that there seemed in the past little hope for the common stockholders. It now looks as if the holders of third preferred might have a long-awaited return, if not this coming year, at all events in 1901. The second preferred at 55 and the third preferred stock between 20 and 25 are both susceptible of making advances. The gross earnings will show an increase of \$2,500,000, while the road is reaching a high state of equipment and the management is thoroughly progressive.

During the past year, the Grand Trunk has had a large mileage of double track, and, with the exception of 46 miles, the entire line from

Montreal to Hamilton is now double tracked. The incomplete gap is between Port Union and Port Hope, where a surveying party is now at work, and, with good weather, it will be closed in the near future. The double-track from Hamilton to Niagara Falls is also provided for and will be built next season.

BANKS SHOULD PROFIT.

In the flurry of the past week bank stocks were held off the market, owing largely to the fact that there is very little of the bank list held on margin. The conditions which now obtain are the very ones which enable banks to make more money, and, on intrinsic merit, bank stocks should have appreciated rather than declined. On Tuesday, 20 shares of Dominion Bank sold on the Toronto Exchange at 265. If any more of this stock can be picked up under 270, it is a great bargain, in view of the proposed increase of capital to which I have already alluded. The Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce, which do considerable business on call loans in New York, were able to profit by the panic, and rushed funds to New York to secure the high rates that were obtainable.

THE COTTON STOCKS.

Last week, I pointed out the improvement in the cotton manufacturing business. Following on my statement, I note that The Canadian Colored Cotton Company, as a result of the advance in the times, has given a 10 per cent. increase in wages to its employees. This action is following the lead of the American cotton mills. In the slump, of course, cotton stocks, both raw and manufactured, suffered greatly, but these conditions are only temporary, and cannot alter the fact that the crop is short, and the demand, especially with the continuance of the war, greater than ever.

STREET RAILS ON A BETTER LEVEL.

During the week, the street railway stocks naturally showed the greatest decline, on account of their inflation. If Montreal Street stock was to remain at 295 and Toronto Rails around 100, these would be prices more in accord with their real value. I can never look upon Toronto Rails in any other light than that of a mining investment. It has a prosperous career of 22 years in front of it, but, after that, no one knows what will become of the present company when the franchise has expired.

MINES WEATHERED THE STORM.

The manner in which the mining shares held up, during the stress was remarkable. The Payne people deserve great credit for the way in which their holders were protected. Evidently the liquidation in this property had reached its limit at the time the dividend was passed, owing to the strike. It is stated that the 1 per cent. per month dividends are to be resumed on January 15. Republic showed weakness prior to the slump, a weakness which is difficult to account for, and is probably best explained by American holders being squeezed in other stocks.

I am still of the opinion that War Eagle at present prices is the cheapest of the mining list, owing to the fact, that its capitalization is one-half of Republic's and two-thirds of Payne's.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIALS SOUND.

The industrial inflation in the United States is a striking lesson for Canada. Thus far, nearly all the reputable Canadian industrial companies floated have been capitalized on a sound basis, and undue watering has been avoided. The experience of the past week in the New York market should be a deterrent to Canadian promoters in the future from too highly capitalizing their offerings to the public. Those industrial companies in Canada which have not been watered up are as good almost as any bank investment. Conspicuous among these are: Canadian General Electric, Bell Telephone Company, and Montreal Cotton.

THE CASE OF FEDERAL STEEL.

How far depression in other industrial stocks may effect a really good stock is shown in the case of Federal Steel. Here is a company whose directors met last week, and, after paying 6 per cent. on \$51,000,000 preferred and 5 per cent. on \$45,000,000 common stock, carried to surplus account \$3,000,000. Around 45 and 50 this company, in spite of injunctions, and receiving, as it does, the lion's share of the ever-growing steel and iron business of the United States, looks inviting to those who like industrials. Like all American stocks, however, it is too highly capitalized, and, in years of depression, is apt to have its dividend legs knocked from under it.

These years of depression are far off, fortunately, unless the silver question should again produce a commotion. In such case Canada will not suffer to the same extent as in the past, and for this country there is clear sailing ahead.

The tightness of money will continue indefinitely in the face of the Bank of England's increase in the rate to 7 per cent. on Wednesday, but, as I have said before, the stringency affects the speculator but benefits the investor.

FAIRFAX.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

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

CHAPTER X.

IN LADY MARY'S DRESSING ROOM.

"Part of the plan?" I echoed, stammering a little. "I don't know what you mean."

He flushed and bit his lip impatiently. "My confounded temper!" I heard him mutter beneath his breath. Then he said aloud: "Oh, I beg your pardon. I really don't know that I meant anything at all, unless that, of course, Lady Mary naturally wants us to get on together. She's good enough to let me call this place my home, and I like being here better than anywhere else when I can get away from work, which isn't too often. And you are to live here, you know, for the next year or two, at all events, so that it wouldn't be very nice for her if we were to be always bickering and quarreling, would it? You'll see the kinder you are to me the better Lady Mary will like you. That's really all I meant, of course."

I began walking on again, hastily, he keeping up with me step for step. And I wondered, as I went, how it was that, though I had known these two men, Valentine Graeme and Sir Donald Howard, but 24 hours, already I felt that one was an old enemy, the other an old friend.

"I have no wish to curry favor with Lady Mary at that or any price," I said, as calmly as I could.

"Oh! come now, I'm not asking you to curry favor. I want you to like me. I don't see why you shouldn't. We'll

probably be thrown a good deal together, and you won't be troubled with much outside society while you're at the Dark House. We're both young, or I'm not so old as you may think; I'm only 25, and we might have some jolly good times if you wouldn't begin by taking offence so easily. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings by calling you Eve. The name just slipped out before I could stop it. And, after all, we're relatives, by your father's marriage, you know. Don't walk quite so fast, please, for I shan't let you go into the house till you feel all right towards me again."

He put his hand on my coat-sleeve, and, though I did not roughly shake it off, I managed unobtrusively to rid myself of it.

"I don't quite know what I've done or said that I oughtn't, but, of course, that doesn't count with a woman—or a girl," he went on. "So say you forgive me."

"Oh, certainly, since you ask it," I responded in that stiff way which goes with a conventional "forgiveness." And at last we walked on quite peaceably side by side.

I did not care to talk, even if I could have thought of anything to say, but Mr. Graeme kept up his part of the conversation, telling me how he had happened to become a solicitor, how much Lady Mary had done for him and meant to do, and so on, though never (I could not help noticing) mentioning my father's name.

"Of course, I'm very young to have got on as well as I have," he volunteered at length; "but I admit that it is all Lady Mary's doing. She can be a wonderfully good friend if she likes. Mind that you make her yours."

He spoke the words lightly enough, yet there was a suggestion of something almost sinister behind them; and I rejoiced that at that moment our enforced tete-a-tete abruptly ended at the door of the Dark House.

It was Miss Cade—more hideous than ever in a grey flannel morning gown—who met us in the great hall, where she stood warming her bony fingers at the newly-lighted fire.

"Well, what a fright you gave us, to be sure!" she ejaculated. "I must send at once to let Lady Mary know you're safely in again."

"I don't see why there was any alarm," I said, "nor even why anyone knew I was out. It is only just time now to be coming from one's bedroom and down to breakfast."

"The housemaid who went to light your fire found that you were gone," she explained. "The country roundabout is so desolate, so lonely, that really it is not safe for a young girl to be out alone."

We three had breakfast together—a doleful meal of half-cooked porridge, skim milk, cold toast, and bitter tea, and then, before being given a chance for a few words with Mrs. Rayne, I was marched off to Lady Mary by Miss Cade.

She was in the midst of her toilet, and looked more wonderful than before in a white cashmere peignoir, with a river of dusky hair flowing on each side of her face, over her shoulders, and down in a shadowy cascade half-way to her knees.

The searching light of day failed to reveal any wrinkles or other ravages of time, as I had rather fearfully fancied that it might.

A dainty little breakfast tray had been put on one side, and a careless glance showed me that Lady Mary had fared more elegantly than we in the dining-room downstairs. But then, of course, she was for the present an invalid.

She held out a gracious and beautiful white hand as a queen might have done, and my mind was at once relieved. Evidently, at least, she was not vexed with me.

"So you took a morning walk?" she remarked, after we had for a few moments talked of indifferent things. "Tell me about it."

I told her how I had woken early, and gone out as a cure for my restlessness. How I had met Sir Donald Howard, and how Mr. Graeme had then appeared. I had threatened him that Lady Mary should know all that he said to me, but,

having ostensibly forgiven him, I was debating in my mind whether it would still be honorable to betray him, when my stepmother interrupted me.

"It was good of Val to go out into the cold and look for you, wasn't it?" she said. "Poor boy, he is hard worked in town, comes here for a little rest, and the only indulgence he allows himself is lying in bed late in the mornings. But he heard Sarah, the maid who attends to your room, explaining to the housekeeper in the hall that you had gone out, and was at once alarmed for you, as we all were. One of the servants (though, alas! we have but few) might have gone out after you, and so I was giving directions, but Val would not hear of it. Man-like, he dreaded the danger of a lonely stroll through strange country for you—thought of your falling into the lake, or having stones tumble down on you from the screees, or feared you might meet with incivility from a tramp. So he himself started out in search of you. I trust you were a little grateful, my child, to the poor anxious fellow?"

This view of the situation was so entirely new and unexpected to me that I knew not what to say. I was very young, very inexperienced, and though I was not often easily to be swayed from one opinion to another, I now began to ask if it could be possible that it was I who had behaved badly to Mr. Graeme. I did not like him a whit the better for Lady Mary's tender eulogy, but of all sins ingratitude ranked blackest in my infantile category, and I hated to think that I had perhaps been discourteous when only kindness had been intended to me.

"I'm afraid I wasn't very nice to him," I truthfully admitted. "I didn't like being fetched home as though I had been a naughty child."

"Ah, I'm sorry you were unkind. I don't know what I should do without Val. He has a quick temper, and is very impulsive, but those are the faults of youth, and there is no finer young man than he alive. Eve, my dear girl, I want you to be nice to my nephew for my sake as well as his—and your own. Will you?"

She laid her lovely hand on mine, and looked into my eyes. I could not resist the fascination of her gaze—her touch, and in an instant I had given my promise.

"You are a good child," she said. "And now there is another thing which may be a little harder for you. I can see by your face that you would rather suffer much than break your word, once given. Are you not your father's daughter, too? Promise me, that never again will you attempt to go outside the gates of the park alone. This part of Cumberland is still very wild and unfrequented. It is necessary that you do as I ask."

"Oh, very well," I answered, slowly, with a face that must have shown my disappointment. I do not know if I had unconsciously thought of other morning walks, in which I might happen to be joined by Sir Donald Howard—my new friend—but the hope might have been in the background of my mind.

"Take all the walks inside the gates you like," she went on. "but when you want to go farther, Miss Cadé or Valentine will accompany you. When he is here, I would recommend him for a companion, as he is a splendid walker and knows the country well. Poor Miss Cadé is not very strong, and is kept in a good deal with me. But, of course, she will be glad to put herself at your service when you may want her."

"Thank you," I said, not too eagerly. And then I ventured to hint of what had lain heavy on my heart—my wish to hear something about my father's last illness and his death.

To my dismay I had scarcely made known my longing for some word of him, when Lady Mary's cream skin changed to an ashy pallor, and she motioned to Miss Cadé, who hurriedly brought her a silver bottle of smelling salts.

"It was all so very painful," she said, after a moment. "I'm afraid I am not equal to talking of it with you as yet. You must ask Valentine. He is most sympathetic, and can tell you as much as ever I can, as he was with us through it all."

"Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to hurt you," I breathed remorsefully, feeling oddly like an outsider—I, who had not seen my father for so long, who had only received short, constrained little letters at irregular intervals during the last year or two. She, of course, had been everything to him I thought. And she had loved him so much that she could not speak of his loss, even to me. Well, perhaps it was natural enough. But it was hard, and I determined that I would rather always remain in ignorance than ask for intelligence from Mr. Valentine Graeme, or even horrible Miss Cadé.

In a few minutes Lady Mary was her statuesque self again.

"There is one thing, Eve, of which I can and will speak to you," she said. "I wonder if you are aware what an extraordinarily rich young woman you will be at the end of your minority? You will have almost £40,000 a year of your own. And do you know you have me to thank that it will be yours? I want you to understand this, as it may remove old prejudices against me. Your father would have left me everything, if I would have let him, with the exception of a couple of thousand pounds a year for you. But I would not hear of it, nor would I accept even that third of my husband's fortune which is considered by the law a wife's just dues. I have absolutely nothing from him, as you can ascertain if you wish to see a copy of your father's will. It could be easily procured. This house is mine, and is the only home I have ever had, as your father sold his Surrey estates, which were connected with some very painful associations of the past in his mind. I have also the small income left me by my father, who was anything but wealthy; therefore you must forgive some crudeness of the menage. I have been obliged to discharge all the servants except those absolutely required to keep the house in order; but I shall try to make you comfortable, and we will all, at any rate, do the best we can."

"Oh, but this is too bad—too dreadful!" I exclaimed. "You so poor, and I left with more money than I shall ever know what to do with! I wish you had let my father have his way. Two thousand a year would have been all I could possibly spend. What can I do to make it different for you?"

"Nothing—at present," she replied, with an emphasis, which she did not explain. "Meanwhile, before you are of age, you are to receive an allowance of £1,500 for the year."

"But I don't want it!" I cried. "I don't know how to spend money. I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"I was going to suggest that you might let me advise you about it," Lady Mary said, "and then, if you find that you have anything to spare over and above your personal expenses, it can be laid out in making the household comfortable for your occupation."

Something in her manner as she finished told me that I was now expected to go and leave her to finish the business of the toilet in peace. I rose, therefore, and was not bidden to stay.

I lost no time in hurrying to my tower room, where I found Mrs. Rayne, who seemed to have been anxiously awaiting my coming.

I knew that she had something particular to say to me by the way she went to the door, peeped cautiously out, then softly closed it, and drew me to the furthest end of the room.

"Were you frightened about me, really, as Miss Cadé said?" I asked, in the low voice I was sure she wished me to use.

"I was at first, a little; but I didn't mention my fears to anyone," she returned. "And it was only at first, for just as I was going from this room to my own I saw Miss Cadé and Mr. Graeme talking together in the gallery not far from the steps where I stood. I waited a minute and I heard him telling Miss Cadé to say to Lady Mary that he had seen you, from his window, walking down the avenue, and meant to follow you. It was he who was the first, beside myself, to know that you had gone out."

"Oh!" I exclaimed in a sort of shocked desperation. "Then it wasn't a housemaid who went and frightened everybody? How somebody has lied!"

"I don't think that anyone was frightened at all except

LADY MARY--CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 17.

myself," said Mrs. Rayne, "and I only for the moment of coming into your room to find out that you were missing. You know I am rather nervous about you, dear. I fancy Mr. Graeme merely went after you because he wanted the pleasure of bringing you back, and having a little walk with you. I wouldn't trust him too much if I were in your place."

"I can't bear him!" I ejaculated, "although I have just promised Lady Mary to be nice to him. Oh, I don't know who has been telling falsehoods, but someone has. It all seems very much mixed up. What a hateful fellow to spy upon me from his window and then run after me. But, I must tell you, I met Sir Donald Howard. He began to talk to me about himself. Oh! I have a great deal to say to you about that—but did you not bring me over here to the window to tell me something in particular first?"

"I did, but it can wait," she said.

And then, beginning with my meeting with Sir Donald, I gave her an account of everything that had happened to me during the morning, even to the unpleasant little episode with Mr. Graeme, and the extraordinary news regarding my father's will, which I had just heard from Lady Mary.

As I went on, Mrs. Rayne's face grew each moment more troubled and perplexed. "I don't like Mr. Graeme's having spoken out to you in a moment of rash frankness like that," she murmured. "'A part of the plan!' Are you sure that was what he said?"

"Sure," I responded. "But then he explained that."

"Oh! yes, he would explain it, of course. And then, as you say, it is certainly very strange about Lord Raven's will. He left his wi—Lady Mary nothing. And she tells you that she would not permit him to do so? I shall ask Sir Donald Howard to help us here."

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

"I mean that I will beg him to find out who Lord Raven's solicitors were, and certain details about the will, if possible, when it was made, and so on. And perhaps he could learn something about this guardianship of Lady Mary's. Oh!"—as she saw protest on my face—"I don't want you to doubt her word. I wish to do nothing underhand. But anyone may go to Somerset House and read a will, I suppose, and it would do no hurt for some friend to know the solicitors who had your father's affairs in their charge. Don't make objections, dear. Do let me help you, if I can."

"Sir Donald is coming here to-day," I said slowly. "But, of course, you will not be able to see him, then."

"Nor will you, Eve dear, unless I am much mistaken." And the peculiar tone of her voice caused me to look up quickly.

"I mean that, from something I have just heard in the house, in all probability you will be kept out of Sir Donald Howard's way. You have told me of your morning, now I have something to tell you about mine."

CHAPTER XI.

BECAUSE OF THE BLACK CAT.

"You did wisely and well, without knowing it, in making a friend of the old housekeeper," began Mrs. Rayne, with apparent irrelevance. "I have been talking to her since break fast, and I gave her the salve which she said you had promised for the lame cat's foot. The way to that crabbed old woman's heart is through kindness to her unfortunate pet. You took that way, unconsciously, and I have been following up your work. The cat has very marked likes and dislikes, it seems, and its mistress considers it much in our favor that it should have received our overtures so well. It allowed me to rub its injured leg with the salve, actually purring all the while; and if it appears to be benefited there will be no limit to Mrs. Trout's gratitude. Already she has shown signs of growing

confidential with me, and has told me several things which have somewhat surprised me."

"What sort of things?" I asked, still a little resentful of her lack of trust in Lady Mary's statements regarding my father's will.

"Oh! little things in themselves, perhaps, and not directly concerning you. And yet they may be found to do so in the end. For instance, did you not suppose that the two old servants, the butler and housekeeper, had been fixtures of the Dark House for years? But, no! After—after your father's death every servant who had lived here before was discharged. But Mrs. Trout and the butler had once, long ago, been in Lord Cardington's employ before Lady Mary married your father. They had been 'pensioned off,' the housekeeper expressed it, and were both really too old for work. The butler is devoted, heart and soul, to Lady Mary, but I fancied from one or two things the housekeeper let drop, that she could see some faults in her mistress. Where they lived, or how, during the period of 'pensioning' I don't yet know, but evidently Mrs. Trout must have been near the place where Mr. Valentine Graeme was brought up, for she spoke of having known him well from his childhood. I had never heard, until I was told, that Mr. Graeme was Lady Mary's nephew, that Lord Cardington had had another daughter, and I tried to find out something of her from Mrs. Trout. But she grew close-mouthed at once. I must wait before asking any such leading questions again."

"I wish," I cried out suddenly, "that you would tell me what and how much you do know about my people, and my step-mother's people, and why you wished so much to come here with me, in spite of the hardships and mortifications to be endured. Isn't it time now, dear Mrs. Rayne, that all mysteries between us should end? If they could, I think I should be able to—to love you so much better."

Her worn, white face reddened as if under a sharp blow. "Please don't think of the things which I cannot and must not tell, as 'mysteries,'" she pleaded with a disarming meekness. "If I only could speak freely to you, my child, ah, you don't know what it would mean to me!"

Long afterwards I remembered these words of hers with a pang.

"Shall I go on with what I was telling you?" she softly suggested.

"Yes," I said, without eagerness, "if you like. If you think that it concerns you or me at all; yet I don't care about Mr. Graeme, much less his relatives."

"But only wait, Eve. I wanted you to know why I hoped that you would not learn to trust or like him—one of the reasons, at least, for there are many. Can you guess how the black cat was lamed?"

"I—don't know," I returned, with a faint shiver, for I had a vague dread of what I might be about to hear.

"Mrs. Trout brought it here with her of course; it is the thing she loves best in the world. And, though she knew Mr. Graeme in old days, she cannot have seen much of him of late, for the beloved cat and he were strangers to each other until they met here in the Dark House. Mr. Graeme doesn't like dogs or cats, it seems, and once or twice kicked poor pussy from the fireplace in the big hall downstairs, where it was coiled up, making itself comfortable. Still, it would come back, and once it scratched his hand. Then he snatched it up and deliberately broke its leg in three places. The housekeeper heard its shrieks of pain, and came running to the rescue just in time to catch Mr. Graeme at his hateful work. What do you think of a man who could so treat a defenceless animal, Eve?"

"I think that he is lower than the brutes—that I should like to see him treated as he treated the cat," I exclaimed, sickening at the thought of the man, and what he had done. Thank Heaven, I told myself, I had never touched his vile hand.

"What, then, would you think of a woman who would

look on and laugh while such an act of cruelty was being done?"

"I would not believe her worthy to be called a woman at all. Oh! Mrs. Rayne—(Nichols, then, if you prefer!) did a woman in this house do such a thing? Did Mrs. Trout tell you so?"

"Don't ask me, Eve," she answered quickly. "I don't want to be tempted to tell you that. Already I fear you think me inclined to be malicious—to make mischief between you and those around you here. And yet, so far, I have merely told you things which it seemed to me necessary for your own protection you should know."

"Did Mrs. Trout tell you what you said? That's all I ask," I repeated. "Ah, silence only gives consent. I know who it was, then. It could be nobody else. It was that hideous, unwomanly creature, Miss Cade."

"No, Eve. It was not Miss Cade. Don't ask me any more, for I will not speak. As for the black cat, doubtless it would have been got rid of, but, I've reason to think there is someone in this house over whom Mrs. Trout has a hold, though of what nature I do not know. Neither can I tell why she stays, where, for her pet's sake, she is certainly unhappy. But I am beginning to suspect why she came here, or, at least, why all the servants who were here in Lord Raven's time were sent away before you could arrive."

"And is that one of the things upon which you will arouse my curiosity, and then—refuse to tell?"

In spite of all my good resolutions, made only that morning, towards the woman who was devoting her life to me I found myself again speaking to her almost harshly.

"No dear, I wish to tell you. It is better you should be told. Those who had been in the house while your father lived might have heard him speaking of you—might have got the idea (which is the true one) that you are a clever as well as a beautiful girl. These new servants had been taught to expect a very different stepdaughter for Lady Mary, or so I judge from Mrs. Trout's hints. They believed that a young woman was coming on whom all must keep an eye lest she should do something extraordinary. Eve, I won't conceal it from you, for in this, at least, I am doing Lady Mary Raven no injustice. The whole household has been led to suppose that at any time you may show forth symptoms of madness. This must be for the purpose of paving the way, in case of some emergency which you and I can't yet foresee."

"Oh, but that would be monstrous—monstrous!" I cried. "Don't try to make me believe it, or I shall be stifled with the air of this house. What am I to do, between you and Lady Mary?" I went on desperately. "You have been kind. You have sacrificed much for me. And I want to love you. My stepmother—oh! I don't know how I feel towards her now, though I did know half an hour ago. I am only sure of one thing. She has fascinated me; I see her image, I feel her influence everywhere. If I believe you, I lose her, for I must acknowledge her to be base. If I keep my respect for her, my wish to believe in her, I cannot—no, I cannot keep you with me any longer. It would be treachery to her—pain to me. Oh, I am miserable here! It is a horrible house!"

"Poor child! Already you have cause to feel that!" sighed Mrs. Rayne. My outburst against her had not roused her anger, but there was a moisture on the disfiguring glasses which hid her eyes. "I will say no more that can possibly offend you," she went on sadly. "Perhaps I have been wrong, but I could not bear to let you walk your slippery path in utter ignorance. After this warning I will let the future speak for itself. Only, for God's sake, dear Eve, don't send me away from you."

Tears were running down the sunken white cheeks now. With a revulsion of feeling I kissed her—then pushed her away from me. I was very wretched. There was but one gleam of brightness in my horizon—the friendship of Sir Donald Howard. As I thought of this, and of him, I remembered that I had not

yet heard from Mrs. Rayne why, in her opinion, I should not often be allowed to see him while at the Dark House. After what had passed, however, I was too proud or shy to question her further, and she did not volunteer the information. Perhaps, I said to myself, that had been one of the points she had meant to make against Lady Mary, and now her lips were sealed upon the subject—for the present, at all events.

The recollection of her words remained with me throughout an aimless morning, and I was devoured with curiosity regarding them, although I would not speak. I determined to remain in the great hall with a book, or some such excuse, near the fire, during the afternoon, so that I could not miss him if he came according to his promise, and thus I should be able at once to test the truth of Mrs. Rayne's singular assertion.

Restless, and burning with dislike of Valentine Graeme (for I found it easy to believe statements against his character, though I shut my ears to those concerning Lady Mary), I reluctantly went down to luncheon.

At the foot of the stairs the very man who had so abominably filled my thoughts came forward to greet me.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, "and wondering why you kept your room all the morning. I could have shown you lots of interesting things. Come, give me your hand, and say that you've forgotten all about our few little sharp words."

Before I could prevent him, he had seized my resisting fingers. But I tore them from him as if his touch had burnt me.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, with uncontrollable disgust, "don't dare to come near me! I promised Lady Mary I would be nice to you, but I can't help it—the thought of you makes me sick!"

"Why—why—what do you mean?" he stammered.

"I mean—because of the black cat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESENT FASHIONS IN LONDON.

A BEAUTIFUL ball dress, just made for a Yorkshire ball, says an English woman writing to a Canadian friend, was of white panne, hand-painted with clusters of pale pink and mauve roses with green foliage. The skirt was cut in many narrow widths, each one separated by a netting of white silk, gradually widening to let in insertions of the finest silk guipure. The deep flounce was of this lovely lace, with irregularly-sized medallions of the panne appliqued, and at the hem was a band of sable. This was made on a pink silk and chiffon foundation, with frills at the foot, showing delicately through the lace. The low bodice had the seams divided by the silk beading and heart-shaped pieces of the guipure let in at either side of the bust. A deep collar of the lace, edged with sable, was slit in points at the back, and was brought to the waist in a mere point, setting in a vest of pleated white chiffon over pink. This was crossed by little black velvet bows, with paste buckles, which appeared again on the guipure sleeves made on pink chiffon. A new idea in opera-cloak hoods is to have a row of little rings with double gold cord to draw the hood together in such a way that it has the look of an Elizabethan ruff fitting closely around the neck. I saw this carried out on a white satin cape veiled in fine silk lace, and finished with black chiffon frills edged with ruches of narrow white gauze ribbon. Scrolls of black velvet were applied on the inside of the fronts to show when the wrap was thrown open. An elderly lady wore at the theatre a superb mantle of richest black satin, lined with white, which came in a pointed train over her dress, and was trimmed with a deep flounce of ruched chiffon, crossed by rows of narrow jet embroidery and separated by bands of stitched panne. The collar was lined with tucked white chiffon, and had a chiffon scarf at the throat. This mantle was held to the figure, and was altogether graceful and imposing.

MALE HELP IN THE HOUSE.



A MONTREALER TRIES IT - BUT IT
TAKES THE FORM OF AN ABLE-
BODIED POLICEMAN.



I READ, the other day, with much interest, the recommendation of LIFE'S society editor to make the experiment of substituting male help in the household for the present procession of servant girls, which passes through our happy homes with all the swiftness of a panorama and the destructiveness of a cyclone. I, myself, have suffered much at the hands of the culinary "living pictures," who pose as dainty handed Phyllises, when being interviewed at the intelligence office, and act like feminine imitators of John L. Sullivan, when installed in the kitchen. Consequently, the suggestion to replace them by a new experiment in the domestic economy filled me with the same sense of joyous relief that a man feels when it is announced that his wife's pet pug has been run over by a trolley car.

With me, to resolve is to act. I at once inserted an advertisement in a daily paper, having a circulation considerably larger than the population, besides several exchanges in the planetary system. And, that evening, an applicant put in an appearance. His outward appearance was not impressive. But he bore a wad of references to show that he had accumulated sufficient of the domestic virtues to stock a departmental store. In fact, he was so good that he resembled an overcharged storage battery, and was liable to explode at any moment and shed more Christian charity than a missionary meeting. He said that he knew this because he had consulted a specialist, who said he had more goodness to the square inch than a high-pressure deacon, and recommended him to either join the Salvation Army or enter some quiet domestic family whose lives he could render so happy that they would not wish for Heaven.

I had about made up my mind to inquire whether he had found any pin-feathers on his shoulders to indicate that his angel wings were sprouting. But I desisted. And, instead, I engaged him on the spot, advanced him a dollar to get his clothes, and sat down to await the opening of the millennium.

It came with unexpected promptitude. On his way back, my angel cook had accumulated a friend. And the two organized themselves into a flying wedge at the front door. The moment it was opened, the pair and the parlor-maid rolled in a ball down the stairs into the basement and brought up in a confused mass under the refrigerator. When the heap had sorted itself out a little, the servant girl recovered sufficient breath to scream, and I climbed up on the balusters and inquired what was the matter, the two replied in chorus that the servant girl had grasped them by the most prominent portions of their frames, and thrown them down two flights of stairs, preparatory to jumping on them. And they wanted to know if there was any law in Canada.

I informed them that there was. And further that I was going to send around to the police station and get a sample of it for them. I thought about six feet four of it, together with a baseball bat and my humble assistance, would probably fill the bill. If not, I would order a larger quantity in the patrol wagon.

Then my angel cook lifted up his voice and carried on like a pirate. He wanted to know what I meant by enticing good and virtuous young men into my house and then inciting a healthy servant girl to jump on the tenderest portions of their anatomy. He insisted that some of his internal organs

had been kicked under the stove, and demanded that they be wiped and returned to him. He said that they could be identified by having his monogram tattooed on them.

At this point the servant girl appeared, with fire in her eye and a bowl of hot starch clutched in her strong right hand. I will draw a veil over the painful conclusion of my experiment, and will simply say that I never knew before that a dab of hot starch would make a man dash up the street at a rate that must have broken every record from 50 yards to 5 miles, shedding tears and profanity at every jump.

I am now undecided whether I shall endeavor to secure an almond-eyed Mongolian and confide my culinary destiny to him, or whether I shall seek out some muscular specimen of what bachelors and poets speak of as the "weaker" sex and return to my old thralldom. At all events, I will never again engage a young man suffering from a rush of righteousness to the head. It is too exciting. I would prefer someone whose character had become somewhat freckled by exposure—some-



THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.
The first black-bored in South Africa.

one whose sense of rectitude has been half-soleed. But, I fear most of these become politicians. And so I shall probably be forced to return to the old procession of feminine tyrants, whose culinary efforts, like African butter, may be divided into three classes—bad, worse, and undescribably horrid.

SINBAD.



MR. LESLIE STUART, the author of the popular song, "The Soldiers of the Queen," which has been on everybody's lips, has just been saying: "The funny thing about the song is that originally I wrote it as a satire; it wasn't at all the patriotic song it has since become. It came out in the Artist's Model, and it fell flat—the public wouldn't stand the satire. No wonder I withdrew and rewrote it. I felt sure I had a good inspiration in the tune, and now I think my belief has proved right. Of course, I was very grateful to Queen Victoria for having a Diamond Jubilee at the right time. That began its popularity, and now I tell myself that it has become the 'Marsellaise' of England." The song, we are told, is selling at an average rate of 12,000 copies a week.



Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not
expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy.
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

PERSONALITIES are never in very good taste at any time. Critical remarks, if made in a general way, are apt to fall wide of the mark. And who tries on a cap which apparently fits, and that becomingly, upon her neighbor? So it is the safer plan to ask the question, though, like those indulged in from the pulpit, it can receive no immediate answer. "Do Montreal women dress well?" In imitation of the privileged preacher, I shall endeavor to reply to my own query, there being no dissenting voice able to prevent me.

"Well dressed" is a term that can bear many interpretations. As some understand it, it means "handsomely" dressed. Others prefer that it signifies "conspicuously" dressed. But those who are the wisest, and contrive by their wisdom to be the smartest, have ever been of the opinion that good dressing and suitable dressing are inseparable. The varied climate we enjoy in Montreal is accountable, to a great extent, for the multiplicity of suits, gowns and coats, which is essential to most of us. But, apart from climatic influence, it seems as though, every year, wardrobes were more frequently replenished and at an ever-increasing expenditure. Gorgeous costumes are turned out by local modistes, or "created" by foreign artists, for every possible occasion; and, where the purchaser finds with difficulty an occasion to suit the gown, with admirable diplomacy, if sometimes execrable taste, she makes the gown suit the occasion. For, not a few entertain the mistaken idea that what might look exceptionally well worn in a smart carriage in a London park will also be correct for trudging along our never over-clean streets, perhaps for the purpose of doing some afternoon shopping.

THERE are few of us who can deny having been witnesses of even those with whom we were acquainted marketing in St. Catherine street clad in a skirt of satin or brocade; while velvet hats with ostrich plumes and half-soled white kid gloves are too often in evidence to excite comment.

Of course, Montreal is a large city. We cannot except the average person with whom we rub shoulders to be up in all that we mentally feel to be good form. Still, the least that those can do who by wealth and education are classed as above the common herd is to set a meritorious example. Taken as a whole, without distinction or difference, and, speaking disinterestedly, I think the amount of money and time and conversation expended upon dress in Montreal is infinitely greater than is necessary. No doubt the expenditure of the three, in regard to the same subject, is equally large in Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, or any other Canadian city. But I cannot speak from any certain knowledge.

If the majority of women are not well turned out, it is certainly from no lack of attention to the process. Our own wardrobes and those of other people occupy a foremost place in most of our discussions; though, it is true, I have yet to meet either man or woman who can in any way approach the young Kidler of No. 5 John street who studied the construction of his own suits as a scholar might the construction of Greek verse.

EGREGIOUSLY bad taste, either as to the idiotic extremes of fashion, or harmonizing of colors, are not formidable characteristics in the costuming of most of our members of

Items for this department should be in the hands of the editor on Tuesday, if possible. No news whatever can be taken after Wednesday at 5 p.m.

society. By the matrons at least, incongruity in dress is seldom evinced. It is rather among the maids that errors in judgment are noticeable. A woman of 60 in a simple white muslin would evoke anything but flattering criticism. Why, therefore, should it be any the less ridiculous to see a girl of 19, dressed in a style eminently suited to her mother?

One gazes at the overdressed little girl with awe-stricken astonishment. But, to be fair, it is the parent or guardian that should be admonished. We are surely all sensible enough to realize that simple frocks are not of necessity either cheap or ugly frocks. So, if to lavish money is the main object, quite as much can be expended in plain, yet pretty garments, as can be frittered away in senseless elaboration. Little children here are both sensibly and prettily dressed, with a few exceptions, and small boys are of late copying their English cousins to great advantage. With the girls who are still at school, or who have finished, and yet are not out, there is still room for improvement. Their new-born ideas as to dress and fashion are allowed far too much scope. They are allowed a freedom in the choice of their wardrobe, unheard of in English homes. And, though severity in dress can be made as conspicuous as over indulgence in the reverse, it is possible to strike a happy medium. To put one's clothes on properly, to wear what is becoming, and to eschew what is not, and finally to consider the suitability of each and every costume, these are the open secrets of all those who consider themselves and are considered irreproachable in the cut of dress.

ON Thursday, last week, Mrs. H. L. Rutherford, 705 Pine avenue, gave a delightful dance for her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton. The house was profusely decorated with flowers, and the billiard-room and music-room were used for dancing, the orchestra being in a tiny room between the two, while in the softly-lighted conservatory a second orchestra of two or three pieces filled in the pauses in the conversation of those sitting out. Cotillions are almost unheard of in Montreal, strange as it may seem, and all the guests were delighted at the innovation of one after supper, which was led by Mrs. Fulton and Mr. Robertson, and Mr. G. W. Stevens and Miss Wickem (New York). Mrs. A. W. P. Buchanan dispensed the pretty favors of flowers, ribbons, scarves, etc.

Mrs. Rutherford wore a very handsome gown of white satin, and Mrs. Fulton looked exceedingly well in a very pretty lace gown, also of white. Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. P. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. M. Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allan, Mrs. Wigmore, Miss Eadie, Mr. H. G. Eadie, Mr. M. Scott, Miss E. Scott, Miss Greenshields, Miss Thibaudeau, Miss Holland, Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr., Miss M. Stephens, the Misses Ward, Mr. F. A. Finley, the Misses Dunlop, Mr. J. H. Dunlop; Mr. J. Try-Davies, Miss Miller, Miss Stearns, Miss Reford, Mr. Brymmer, Mr. Humble, the Misses Bond, Mr. W. L. Bond, Mr. H. H. Sands, Mr. H. Budden, Miss Dobell, Miss Shaughnessy, Miss Gault, Miss Monk, Mr. Cassils, Mr. G. Mackay, Mr. J. Meagher, Mr. H. Marler, Mr. S. Carmichael, Mr. G. W. MacDougall, Mr. H. Redpath, Mr. Holt, Mr. T. Allan.

LAST week, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Ontario avenue, gave a large tea for her sister, Miss Claudia Bate, and, in spite of the very dreadful weather, it was most successful. Mrs. Lewis wore a lovely gown of black, heavily embroidered in jet, and Miss Bate an exquisite gown of grey "voile," with a large alsatian bow of black velvet in her hair. The music provided created no little interest, for the orchestra was composed of two pieces, a mandolin and a guitar, played by two ladies. The numbers rendered were most inspiring, and the tone of the instruments very sweet. The strains were heard with ease through all the rooms. And anyone who has been at a tea knows they must needs be powerful. Mrs. R. W. MacDougall presided at the prettily arranged tea-table, and the Misses Ewan, the Misses Dunlop, Miss Burnett, Miss Marler

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and Miss M. Greenshields assisted her. Among the guests were Mrs. Denne, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. J. Peck, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Mrs. E. Judge, Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Spackman, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Molson, Miss E. Molson, Mrs. F. Scott, the Misses Major, Miss Durnford, Mrs. A. G. Ross, Miss Ludington, Mrs. Gossler, Mrs. F. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. G. Cantlie, Mrs. A. G. Claxton, Mrs. T. C. Kidd, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Mrs. F. Redpath, Mrs. Molson, Miss Edith Molson, Miss Kingston, the Misses Cook, Mrs. Wonham, Miss Wonham.

Last week, Miss Burnett, Ontario avenue, gave a very smart luncheon for a number of friends.

Miss M. Dobell, of Birkenhead, Eng., is visiting Miss L. Graham, Union avenue.

Mrs. Adami and Miss Adami, who spend most of their time at Saranae, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cantlie, Crescent street, during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. R. R. Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal, New York, is spending Christmas with friends in Montreal.

This is a week when town seems suddenly taken possession of by small boys, or, rather, boys of all ages. About the streets, in the rinks, and everywhere swarm representatives of Lennoxville, Port Hope, St. Albans, all with a plentiful supply of superabundant spirits to work off in three short weeks. And we are even gladdened by the sight of one or two smart young cadets, whose uniforms and military dash surround them with a wonderful glamour in the eyes of the younger set. How is it possible for the young man just introduced to his first dress coat, or still in a round jacket, to vie with a superior being in a scarlet coat, and perhaps an officer's sash? And, by the way, why should it be necessary to have a crimson sash with a scarlet tunic, as military regulations so decree? It is quite plain that a woman did not arrange the details of British uniforms, any more than feminine taste would have provided the scarlet and pink combination in some academic robes.

THE opening of the Victoria Rink, which took place last Saturday, was very largely attended. The rink looked excessively pretty with its myriads of red and white electric lights, festooned from end to end, the band of the Victoria Rifles was gladly welcomed back. The ice seemed in very good condition, though the severity of the weather made it a little too hard for the liking of some. A great many people skated, and there was quite a large circle of waltzers, but not all the usual set were on the ice. The mild, rainy weather probably made many overlook the necessity of seeing about the condition of their skates, or getting new ones. Tea was served, as usual, in the directors' room, and in the large tea-room. And the directors' gallery was well filled with lookers-on. Among those who were skating, or there merely as spectators, were: Mr. and Mrs. E. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson, Mr. G. R. Hooper, Miss E. O'Brien, Miss Stearns, Miss Strathy, Mr. R. P. Doucet, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop; Mr. H. Baby, Mr. C. F. Sise, Miss Forget, Mr. J. Meagher, Miss M. Ramsay, Miss A. Cassils, Miss A. Galt, the Misses Ewan, Mr. C. Gaudet, Miss M. Stephens, Miss Bolton, the Messrs. Wotherspoon, Miss E. Scott, Mr. M. Scott, Mr. H. Budden, Mr. P. Griffin, Miss Reford, Mr. Clouston (England), the Misses Clouston, the Misses Gilmour, Miss Drury, Miss Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. D. Morrice, the Misses Bond, Mr. R. O. King, Miss E. Holland, Miss C. Brainerd, Mr. W. Brainerd, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. E. Burke, the Misses Johnson, Mr. F. Budden, Miss Marler, Miss Riddell, and Mr. H. Marler.

Mr. S. A. Finley gave a very pleasant theatre party, followed by a supper, for a number of friends, last week. Another very large theatre party was given last Friday by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. May, Sherbrooke street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Averill, of Champlain, have arrived in Montreal to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Stanley street.

LAST week, among the numerous lunch parties was one given by Lady Van Horne, and another very pleasant one by Mrs. J. K. Ward.

Mr. R. P. Doucet, who has been for some months in Rossland, B.C., has returned to spend Christmas with his relatives.

Last Friday, Mrs. L. Lewis, Ontario avenue, gave a large and very pleasant *cuchre party*.

Among several teas last Friday was a small one given by Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Union avenue.

On Saturday, Miss L. Graham, Union avenue, entertained a number of friends at tea to meet Miss Dobell, of Birkenhead, England, who is visiting her.

The visit of his lordship, the Bishop of Huron, to Montreal for some days this week was a very welcome one to his many friends in Montreal. On Sunday, he preached to very large and interested congregations at the Cathedral in the morning, and St. Stephen's Chapel in the evening, and, no doubt, many of his old parishioners heard him on one or other occasion. The ordination in the Cathedral of his son, Mr. Day Baldwin, was also a matter of much interest to those who remember him as a small boy playing in the rectory grounds, and who now find it hard to realize how many years must have passed since then. Surely no better wish can be expressed than that he may follow closely in his father's footsteps, in good works and eloquence.

SOCIETY this season seems to have been earlier than usual, and from all accounts shows no signs of abating. As a rule, until after the New Year, large entertainments are not given to any great extent. And it is singular, that this, of all years, should be unusually gay; for the display of interest in, and sympathy for, the British soldiers is very great on all sides. No doubt, the presence of our own contingent in Africa brings the whole matter nearer home; and, certainly, in the British Isles there is no thought of entertaining, for there can hardly be a home that, through friends or relatives, is not wrapt in despair, or in the dire anxiety that is almost equal to actual loss. Nero will live to all times as a monster of heartless indifference. Yet, not a few of us, as we read the heart-rending bulletins and newspapers after an evening of dancing or card-playing, feel that in a measure we have been fiddling to a similar accompaniment of greedy flames.

Mr. G. C. Smith, Fort street, who has been ill for some weeks, is now sufficiently better to take short drives.

How harassed and worried everyone has looked this week! How conscious of lengthy shopping lists, and rapidly disappearing bills, and the certain knowledge that Sunday and its closed shops will find them with several necessities forgotten, and the same number of friends, as a result. And withal, though we grumble and rail at the trouble and expense, we most of us quite enjoy the rush, and would be almost annoyed if circumstances prevented us from mingling with the army of bargain-hunters.

Cards have been issued for the wedding of Miss Mabel Lillian Pease, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Orton Pease, to Mr. Eliphalet George Hicks, of Minneapolis. The ceremony is to take place at Erskine Church on New Year's day, at 5:30 o'clock p.m.

TWO very interesting events have taken place during the past week at St. John's School. The first was a matinee recital given by young Rosario, the wonderful boy cellist, assisted by Messrs. Lavigne, Dubois and Goulet, the well-known Haydn trio. The boys of the school, for whose edification the recital was given, together with some 200 lovers of music invited by Canon Word and Mr. Rodgers, were present and enjoyed the rare musical treat. It will certainly be most

interesting to watch Rosario's career. In execution and in feeling he is, even now, a wonderful player, and it is safe to prophesy for him a brilliant future.

The other event was a most successful smoker, given by the newly formed Alumni Association of St. John's School, with its president, Col. F. Henshaw, in the chair. The concert was in the big school, and about 50 "old boys" and their friends turned up to renew old acquaintances and memories and to spend a most pleasant evening. The concert was excellent, and was pronounced quite above the average non-professional one. Messrs. A. R. G. Heward, Sydney Dugan, J. Baile and Bevans Giles, sang good songs; Mr. Ross gave some cozier ditties, and Mr. Thieke recited. The annual Alumni dinner is to take place at the end of February.

Apropos of St. John's School, one hears on all sides of its success, both in numbers and in administration, under the new headmaster, Mr. Rodgers, and his able staff of assistants.

LORD CASSILLIS, son of the Marquis of Ailsa, accompanied by Mr. R. W. Smith, of London, is making a visit of some days to Montreal, where he hopes to enjoy Canadian sports. As a general rule, the very fact that the town is full of strangers, to whom we would like to "show off" the advantages of our climate, seems to cause a disturbance in the elements, and ceaseless downpours and murky skies strip us of our conceit.

Miss Coffin and Miss P. Carriere have left town to spend Christmas in Ottawa with their relatives.

Last week, Sir William and Lady Van Horne gave a very pleasant dinner-party. The guests were Sir William and Lady Hingston, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, Dr. and Mrs. J. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Shaughnessy.

Mrs. Arthur Boyer, Sherbrooke street, will give a large dance on Friday, December 29, in the Ladies' Ordinary at the Windsor, at which her daughter, Miss Boyer, will make her debut.

Another dance will be given by Mrs. F. D. Monk, Sherbrooke street, on January 3, at the Montreal Hunt.

This afternoon, Mrs. H. Montagu Allan is giving a tea.

ON Friday, Mrs. H. A. Allan, Stanley street, gave a large tea for Mrs. Robert Grant, of Boston. Among those invited were: Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. R. Grant, the Misses Galt, Mrs. C. McEachran, Mrs. H. V. Meredith, Miss Rae, Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. Fitzgibbon (Toronto), Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Mrs. Bolton, Miss Angus, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. E. MacDougall, Mrs. F. Stephen, Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, Mrs. H. Graham.

Mrs. Bonham Clay, University street, entertained a number of friends at tea last week. Among the guests were: Mrs. Macintosh, Mrs. Spackman, Mrs. Pangman, Miss M. Pangman, Mrs. G. Macintosh, the Misses Ramsay, Miss Scott, the Misses Dunlop, Mrs. H. Molson, Mrs. J. T. Molson, the Misses Molson, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. Molson, Miss E. Molson, Miss Burnett, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Black, Miss Cassils.

On Monday afternoon, a very quiet wedding took place, when Miss Mabel Lillian Galt, daughter of the late Sir A. T. Galt, G.C.M.G., and Mr. Charles A. McGrath, of Lethbridge, Alberta, were married. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, at the residence of Lady Galt, Mountain street, and only the immediate relatives of the family were present.

IF Montreal children at the end of the holidays are left with a crumb of faith regarding the reality of Santa Claus, they are indeed to be congratulated, though on what I hardly know, unless it be a singular density. At all events, it is not the fault of the tradesmen that the old tradition is not shaken to its foundations, unless the juvenile mind can grasp the idea

of the familiar figure being in several places at once. For every departmental shop has its own Santa Claus. A crowd of excited children are shrieking and laughing over the antics of their patron saint on the roof of a toy shop; and, while they gaze upwards, through their midst parades evidently the same figure, leading his reindeer! While in numberless "grottos," or whatever name dignifies for the moment the various basements, Santa Claus contrives to crack his jokes, make his promises, and receive his letters at one and the same hour. At this rate how can a popular fallacy of even the most ancient standing manage to keep upon its legs?

It seems as though every day brought to light a fresh responsibility for the charitably minded of Montreal. The Doukhobors' immigration to our Northwest was talked of as a highly advantageous scheme for Canada's welfare. But now, it appears, we are in the position of a landlady who takes in boarders and finds that perforce they are her guests. Mrs. Fitzgibbon, of Toronto, has been delivering very interesting addresses on the condition of these unfortunate people, and Mrs. Cox has been working extremely hard, in company with other Montreal ladies, to do some of the many things necessary. Among other hardships, too numerous to mention, I learn that their milk supply is one cow for 500 people! This, indeed, seems a terrible state of things! But, at least, it hardly seems likely that typhoid will be prevalent among them.

MR. WILLIE CORISTINE, son of Mr. James Coristine, University street, who has been at school in England and on the Continent for some years, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Miss Lewis, and Master Lewis, Ontario avenue, left town this week to spend Christmas in Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. Bate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Crawford, "Thornholme," Westmount, will spend Christmas in Toronto, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Annesley.

Many of the McGill men have left or are leaving for their various homes; but a great number remain in town owing to a certain amount of work that even at holiday time cannot be entirely laid on one side. Mr. J. W. Cook, Mr. W. G. Turner, Mr. A. E. Dobell, are among those who left this week for Quebec to spend Christmas at home.

Mr. David Ewan has returned from Compton to spend a short holiday with his mother, Mrs. A. Ewan, 1080 Sherbrooke street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fleming, and little Miss Fleming, will spend the holidays in Ottawa, visiting Sir Sandford Fleming.

In the Christmas number of the Ladies' Realm, an English magazine, there is an illustrated article entitled "Some Lady Amateur Photographers," to which the Countess of Minto contributes a couple of clever bits of camera work—"In Tangier" and "The Water Court of the Alhambra." The writer of the article says that Lady Minto is noted for her extremely careful work, and has done some excellent photographs of her children, and taken numerous pictures of Canadian scenery, of which she has a unique collection, and also a good many snap shots of life in Tangier.

THE programme of the Symphony concert for the afternoon of December 29, is of a very interesting nature. Beginning with the ever-popular "William Tell" overture, it contains the G minor Symphony, by Mozart; the Schumann concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, the piano part of which will be played by Mr. Renaud, a young pianist of great talent, whose success as a soloist has been considerable; and several lighter numbers, including a waltz by Metra. Mrs. W. H. Peniton's beautiful voice will be heard in "Oh, Thou That Tellest," from the Messiah. The audience at the last concert was considerably larger than at the first, and we would not be surprised if the next would be still larger. They certainly deserve it.

Mainly About People.

HOW many Canadians know the first thing about the deed, or rather series of deeds, that won for General Buller the Victoria Cross? The day when Sir Redvers made that coveted reward a certainty for himself saw some of the fiercest fighting in the Zulu War of 1878-1879. The Inhlohane Mountain was the scene of the conflict, and its precipitous eastern side was by no means an ideal battlefield, nor a pleasant place from which to retreat, as the surrounding country was unknown to the English and swarmed with natives. The British had to ascend this mountain in the dim light of early dawn, and the man to lead the way was Buller. Later, in the thick of the fight, he saw a trooper hemmed in by Zulus, and his fate seemed sealed. But Buller, dashing into the midst of the crowd, succeeding in rescuing him, but the poor fellow later died of his wounds. Immediately afterward the horse of Lieut. Everitt, the officer in charge of the rear guard, was killed and the unfortunate officer seemed fated to fall into the hands of the Zulus; but Sir Redvers galloped back just in time to pull him out of reach of the pursuers, and, bidding him run on as fast as he could, Buller, with three remaining soldiers, kept the Zulus at bay until Lieut. Everitt was safe. Then, while Sir Redvers was making good his own retreat, he found a man whose tired horse refused to carry him a step further. Lifting the trooper up behind, he brought him to the front, after which Buller quickly rode back to his former place in the rear. Yet, once more on that memorable day did Sir Redvers save a comrade from death at the risk of his own life. Capt. D'Arcy, having the misfortune to lose his horse during the retreat, was endeavoring to outrun the advancing Zulus, when Buller, giving him a seat on his saddle, soon put a more satisfactory distance between him and his pursuers. For the work of this day Sir Redvers received the Victoria Cross. In view of his own conduct during this affair one can understand the sting implied in Buller's famous query to the officer who reported the Prince Imperial's death: "How is it that you are still alive?"

MR. LOUIS S. COHEN, the newly elected occupant of the Lord Mayor's chair of Liverpool—a position lately held by the Earl of Derby, one of Canada's ex-Governors-General—is the second Hebrew that has held the chief magistracy of that city. He is extremely well proportioned, one of the best looking men in Liverpool, and strikingly like the Prince of Wales. It is only some three years since Mr. Cohen, who is a Conservative, and just over 50, was persuaded to join the city council, but his extraordinary ability and devotion to his public duties soon indicated that his promotion to the most exalted office in the city would not be long delayed. The new Lord Mayor is an enterprising man of business, and a philanthropist in the best sense.

LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL is a sister of the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, incidentally she is a woman of genius, with a will of her own that rises above court etiquette and aristocratic prejudice. Having written a Scotch romantic drama she has been bent upon enacting the part of the hero, although she has had no professional training beyond a little practice in amateur theatricals. There has been talk about a production of the play at Balmoral before the Queen and also before a drawing-room audience, but Lady Archibald has broken away from the restraints imposed by the connection of her family with the Court and by her own high social position. She has offered her manuscript to a Scotch theatrical manager, with the con-

dition that she be allowed to impersonate her hero; and like a woman of spirit she has dictated the acceptance of her work by making an appointment with him and reading the text to him with fire and intensity. The play has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and the great lady has been arrayed as an Elfin Knight in a suit of green and has disported herself in making love to a pretty girl, chasing her around a tree and dancing a Highland reel before a staid and solemn Scotch audience.

LAST year, in Vienna, Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) sat talking with a Scotch barrister named Guthrie. "Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr. Clemens of Mr. Guthrie. "Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company." "You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?" "Yes, I am." "Ah," said Mr. Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker."

LORD ABERDEEN recently unveiled a statue of Mr. Gladstone at Blackburn. The sculptor's name is Mr. Adams-Aeton, and, as an example of the way in which things get twisted about in the newspapers, it may be mentioned that one paper said the heroic statue was by Mr. Adams, actor; another, said a Mr. Adams, of Aeton; and another gave Mr. John Adams. It is an experience many of us have been through.

LORD WOLSELEY, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, is now, in his 66th year, described as still perfectly erect, and though under medium height, he possesses a presence to which age has only added dignity. However, his lordship does not look nearly as old as he is. He is a successful and popular platform speaker, his mode of delivery being almost conversational in its extreme simplicity, but also replete with power and charm.

THAT is a beautiful story, in these early days of a terrible war, of a wounded private holding his wounded captain in his arms all night to protect him as much as possible from the cold and wet. The captain's name was at first reported as Peyton, but was afterwards corrected (oh! these corrections to the families concerned!) to Paton. The private's name, no doubt, will transpire later on. Captain Paton is son of Sir Joseph Noel Paton, the Queen's limner for Scotland, who has more than once declined nomination for presidency of the Royal Scottish Academy. Dunfermline is Sir Noel's native place.



A MUCH DREADED HORSE.

AN amusing paragraph, revealing the existence not long since of what may be regarded as a modern rival of the formidable wooden horse in ancient Troy, is contained in the annual report of Mr. Woodford, the resident Commissioner in the British Solomon Islands, issued by the Colonial Office. During last year, it appears, a horse was imported from Sydney by a trader at Rubiana, for use on his coconut plantation. This was the first horse that had ever been brought to the Solomons. There was some difficulty in landing the animal, and, after spending a day on a platform lashed between two boats, it had to be towed over a coral reef. After the landing was effected, however, it made up for the inconvenience to which it had been subjected. The natives evinced the greatest dread of the (as they thought it) gigantic creature, and could not be induced to go near it, with the consequence that it soon became unmanageable and wandered at will about the bush, a terror to the neighborhood. From some unexplained cause the animal died a month or two after arrival, doubtless to the intense relief of the natives.

WHY ANGLO-SAXON?

Celtic Readers Want to Know Why the Sassenach Should Get so Much Credit.
Also Why Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French-Canadian and Hindu Subjects
Should go Into Transports Over the Proposed Teutonic League.

WILL the editor of LIFE kindly inform me whether Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir George Cartier, and D'Arcy McGee, were Saxons and eligible for membership in the Teutonic League?

PATRICK O'BRIEN.

THE TEUTONIC LEAGUE, about which people are now talking, would be an excellent thing for Germany, which, being almost purely Teutonic, would naturally head the league; not quite so good a thing for the British Empire, which is made up of many other elements besides the Teutonic; and not at all a good thing for Canada, in which Teutons are in a minority. It might be a pleasant thing to extend a Teutonic hand of fellowship to Germany and the United States, but the fellowship would be rather dearly bought at the expense of splitting Canada into two camps. The principle which governs Canada, like the principle which governs the British Empire, is not race domination, but race equality. A curious notion seems to be abroad that every person hailing from the British Islands is a Teuton or a Saxon, and that he ought to throw up his cap over some dream of universal Saxon domination, and I have sometimes been surprised to hear a man whose name clearly indicates Celtic extraction joining in the chorus of praise of the Saxon character, and showing how all the troubles of Spain, France, and other unfortunates, arise from the fact that they are not "Teutonic." It is natural that a man should cherish the traditions of his race, Saxon, Celtic, or whatever they may be. But the word for us all in this country is Canadian, and it sounds much better, in my ears at least, than Teutonic. Canadian suggests not domination, but equality; not division, but union; not jealousy, but mutual confidence; not the past, but the present and the future, in which we are to build up a home for freedom-loving people of all races. Let us give preference to a word in which we can all take an equal pride, not to one which suggests inequality and the formation of a race aristocracy.

DOUGALL McTAVISH.

I HAVE been trying to understand all this talk about a Saxon confederacy, and the superiority of Teutons to other people. Being both Saxon and Celtic, I feel competent to take an impartial, if not a very keen, view. When I hear a Highland Scotchman or a Welshman declaring that the Teutons are the only people, and that others are degenerates, dying races, etc., I begin to think that the Saxon is fortunate in being surrounded by races so modest and self-denying, and find difficulty in understanding the proposed Teutonic or Saxon league of Great Britain, Germany and the United States against the rest of the world. Germany is a Teutonic country. The United States, with its large German population added to those of English and Dutch descent, may be described as a Teutonic country. But the British Empire is not Teutonic, and Canada is not Teutonic. Not one-half of our people are entitled by race to be enrolled in any sort of Saxon league. About 300,000,000 subjects of the Queen are Indians, to whom, I imagine, the notion of a Saxon or Teutonic league will not be specially attractive; and the time will come when it will be impossible to refuse these people self-government, or a fair share in the government of the Empire. The Saxon has many good qualities, but there is a disposition at present to flatter him, and make him believe that he is "the only pebble on the beach," and a disposition also to class as "Saxons"

persons who do not belong to that race at all, or persons who are as much Celt as Saxon. I think we ought also to try to clear our minds of the notion that a person who is born in the British Empire, Germany or the United States is a superior being, with a special mission to govern and improve the rest of the world. When we hear a British subject lauding the German Bismarck at the expense of the Celtic Gladstone, it is about time to call a halt.

LLEWELLYN JACKSON.

[MONTREAL LIFE will be pleased to receive further communications in discussion of this important question of nomenclature. — EDITOR.]



SOME STORIES OF BARONESS MACDONALD.

SOME piquant stories of that most interesting personality, Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, are told.

She was very anxious to be considered a good housekeeper and was quite an amateur cook. Once, when Sir John and she were seated at dinner, she spoke with pride of a larded roast of beef on the table, saying, "that, my dear, I made out of my own head!" Sir John looked at her whimsically and replied, "Did you indeed? What an extraordinary thing! It does not resemble you in the least!"

On another occasion, the old Chieftain and Lady Macdonald were discussing a clever political squib in verse, much quoted at the time, referring to the iniquities of the Grits. "I would like it very much," said Lady Macdonald, "if each line did not end with 'But Sir John didn't care a d—.' I don't understand what it means." "Oh, you are altogether too innocent," said her husband. "That is only a facon parler which everyone understands." "Except myself," amended his wife.

Shortly afterwards, at a large dinner party, Lady Macdonald electrified the guests (whom, indeed, she delighted in shocking) by making use of the expression in question in a very casual and matter-of-fact way. "My dear!" cried the horrified Sir John, "what was that you said?" "Merely a facon parler," was the quick retort. "Everybody understands it, you know!"

Some time after their marriage, the then Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald went to England, and on shipboard the fascination of the young husband's manner made itself, as always, felt by the people he met. The bride, pretending to be aggrieved, always afterwards asserted that she bore his flirtation with a young and pretty girl with heartrending patience which only gave way on one occasion. This was when the maiden, who had designs on Mr. Macdonald's heart, rushed up the companion-way, and—not for the moment recognizing his wife—said, as she thought, to a friend, "Oh, do let me pass, quick! There is that delightful Mr. Macdonald, and I want to get to him before his horrid wife comes along!" F.T.O.

A GOOD TRICK.

A WANDERING sleight-of-hand man was entertaining some loungers with an exhibition of his tricks. After showing a good number of them he said:

"But I have one good trick that I call the quarter trick."

Of course they all wanted to see that, so he instructed a good number of them to give him a silver quarter of a dollar, after having marked it and carefully noted the date. About a dozen of the bystanders did so, and he took them all, shook them up, then showed each man another quarter than the one he had marked, accompanying each quarter with the question:

"Is that yours?"

Each man, of course, said "No," and he strolled away saying:

"Then they must all be mine."

Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

I DO not know how the average reader of this column regards the type of play and of acting that is usually described as "romantic," but, to me, the "romantic" drama is too harrowing. I like to go to the theatre to be amused or elevated. Comedy or realistic tragedy serves one or the other of these purposes, but, the "romantic" drama, in which one thrilling and unexpected climax succeeds another, either bores or depresses. I find, while, in addition, it fails to leave that impression of having been quite natural and true to life, which is the highest effect of art. Nevertheless, there are many who enjoy the romantic drama and in Montreal, this class of entertainment seems to be popular. Paul Kaurar, which Mr. E. R. Spencer and company are giving at the Academy of Music this week, is not a bad play of its kind, and it is ably presented. The story is a thrilling one, founded on an incident of the French Revolution—that most fertile of subjects for the nineteenth century dramatist and novelist. There are some very excellent climaxes and effects in the play, notably Paul Kaurar's dream, in which he sees his wife led to the guillotine, and feels all the horror such a situation could inspire. Mr. John A. Lane's interpretation of the part of the Duc de Beaumont is the cleverest and most natural piece of acting in the whole play, to my notion. Mr. Spencer, as Paul Kaurar, Mr. Joseph E. Milton, as General Delaroche, Mr. George A. Morton, as Carrac, an anarchist, and Miss Pengra, as Diane de Beaumont, are all good, but sometimes they could afford to be a little less emotional without sacrificing the strength of the play. One thing can be said of this drama, which cannot always be said nowadays, and that is, that it contains nothing offensive or suggestive to the slightest degree. On the whole, it is eminently worthy of support, and will be enjoyed by those who like "strong situations and strong acting."

MISS HELEN BYRON has not been doing herself justice at the Theatre Francais of late, as she has chosen a succession of pathetic roles, to which she is certainly not so well suited as to those of a dashing semi-humorous character. But this week she has a part that suits her talents much better than any of those she has lately presented. The other members of the company also give a good account of themselves, Mr. Thos. J. McGrane, who is doing some really clever work, being particularly well cast. The play is *Moths*, a dramatization of Onda's popular novel of that name. There are three good vaudeville members and the Francais ought to have good houses at the end of the week.

At the Thursday matinee at the Academy, every lady in the audience received a pretty hand-painted China pin tray, and every child a toy. At the Saturday matinee there will be a reputation of this attractive feature.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

THE Theatre Francais next week promises a reproduction of the famous old melodrama, *Around the World in Eighty Days*. It is a play that combines many melodrama situations with a large degree of excellent comedy and legitimate dramatic lines. The scenic situations are among the best ever invented or thought of by the playwright, and give ample scope for intelligent stage management. In this respect the Francais has not been behind, and, judging by the fact that for several weeks they have been looking forward to *Around the World in Eighty Days*, it is altogether probable that a splendid performance will be given. The vaudeville feature of the week will be the Deaves, marionettes. These famous little entertainers are also old, but good. A number of other vaudeville features will fill up what promises to be a good all-round entertainment, entirely fit for Christmas week.

THE Sorrows of Satan, a dramatization of one of the most popular of Marie Corelli's novels, is to be given at the Academy of Music during next week, opening with a special matinee Christmas Day. The play was originally presented in the season of 1896-1897 at the Shaftesbury theatre, London, where its success was commensurate with the world-wide fame achieved by the author among readers of mystical fiction. The American production is being made by William A. Brady, whose lavish presentation of many other dramas in the past is an assurance that Miss Corelli's masterpiece will be well cared for in this country. The company will be under the management of Arthur C. Alston, whose dainty Tennessee's Partner has delighted the public for some seasons past. The theme of the play is the Devil's life on earth, and in her treatment of it Miss Corelli was not frightened by the fact that such great masters as Milton and Goethe had also found literary material in the subject. It may be said, at once, that she borrowed nothing from these authors. Her conception of Satan is as original as it is startling and fascinating. Her clever idea is that of making Satan a modern man of the world, who, having been cast out of Heaven because of his hatred for and jealousy of the human beings created by God, can return heavenward step by step only as often as a human soul refuses to succumb to his temptations.

JAMES A. HERNES' *Hearts of Oak* will be the attraction at the Academy, New Year's week. *Hearts of Oak* is described as a domestic drama, dealing with New England life, in which the spirit of self-sacrifice is the dominating theme. The story tells of a rugged New Englander who forms an attachment for a young woman whom he has brought up from childhood, and who in gratitude consents to marry him, although she is in love with another. This other is Terry Dennison's dearest friend, Ruby Darrell, and he too conceals the affection he bears to Chrystal and gives her up to Terry. After their marriage and the birth of a daughter, Terry accidentally discovers the truth of the fact that Ruby and Chrystal were, and still are in love with each other, and in a spirit of remorse for having come between them, he goes on a long voyage to the Arctic regions, leaving instructions that should he not return within a certain time they, Ruby and Chrystal, are to become man and wife. After this time has passed, they are married, and on the very day of their wedding a poor old blind decrepit sailor comes to the village. It proves to be Terry Dennison, who has come home to see his child once more before he dies. On his deathbed he is recognized by Ruby and Chrystal but he does not survive the meeting and expires with his baby girl in his arms. Throughout the play the pathetic interest is sustained, nor is there a lack of comedy, which is plentifully supplied by two quaint Yankee characters, Uncle Davy and Owen Garroway. A splendid production of *Hearts of Oak* is promised with special scenery, capable players and appropriate music.

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ANNA EVA FAY, whose recent performances in Montreal created a profound sensation, will be here again next week. Miss Fay's entertainments here were well patronized and many whose questions were not answered expressed a desire that she should return. She will be at the Windsor Hall during Christmas week, and will give a matinee Christmas afternoon.

MR. EDWARDS, of the Academy of Music, who has been in New York for several days looking engagements for the Academy of Music, arrived home on Wednesday morning. We understand Mr. Edwards secured several good attractions, which will be announced later in this column.

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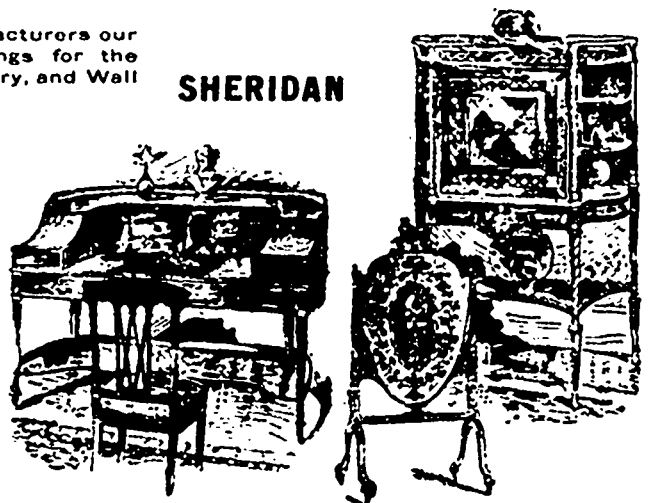
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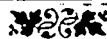
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## CUT GLASS.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS!

Our range of Holiday Goods was never more complete, and to those who want to be sure of the quality of the present they intend to give to their friends, we refer with no little satisfaction to a successful business career in Montreal extending over a quarter of a century. Our business is that of Sterling Silversmiths, while our Cut Glass is bought by experts from the most reputable manufacturers in the world.

Purchasers are assured of honest treatment at our hands. We publish herewith a list of articles, accompanied with price, and, when we tell you that we do all our own manufacturing, you will readily see that no house in Canada can give the same value and undersell us.

### CUT GLASS, STERLING MOUNTS.

Claret Jugs, from \$10 to \$30,

Berry Bowls, from \$15 to \$50.

Cigars Jars, from \$4 to \$15.

### SOLID STERLING SILVER.

Ladies' Hand Mirrors from \$9 up

Puff Boxes from \$1.40 up

Toilet Brushes from \$5 up

Clothes Brushes from \$3 up

Whisks from \$2 up

Shaving Brushes from \$2.75 up

Children's Mugs from \$5 up

Bon Bon Dishes from \$4 up,

IN GREAT VARIETY:

Crumb Trays and Scraper, \$25 in set of two pieces.

Bread Trays, in solid Sterling from \$20 up.

Solid Sterling Salvers from \$20 up.

Entree Dishes and Soup Tureens, in heavy solid Silver, from \$125, according to weight.

### FLATWARE

in a score of different designs in Knives, Forks, Spoons, Fish Knives, Sugar Sifters, Soup Ladles, Oyster Ladles, Cold Meat Forks, Orange Spoons, Cracker Spoons, Bread Forks, Salad Forks, etc., etc., at exceedingly low prices.

STERLING SILVER TEA SETS  
in many designs, from \$100 to \$300.

# Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

SILVERSMITHS

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager.

1794 Notre Dame Street.