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THEORY (paper work)—June 2nd.

PRACTICAL—Between the 10th and 30th June. The exact dates will be duly announced.

Entries close on May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc., can be obtained of the Hon. Local Representatives in each centre, or from Mr. Alfred Back, Central Office, Room 503, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR,

March 30th, 1900. Secretary.

N.B.—The music, specimen theory papers, etc., can be obtained from the local music sellers, or direct from the Central Office, Montreal.

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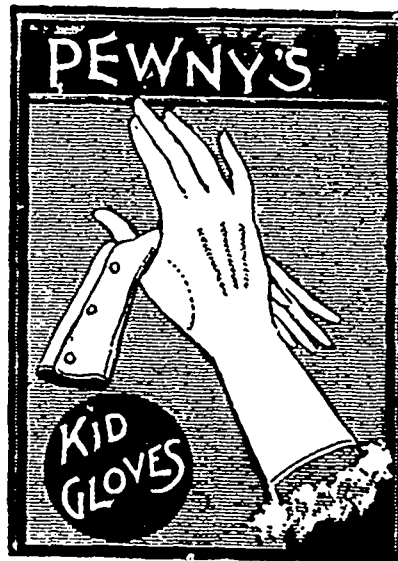
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MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY 18, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

AMERICAN politics are made up of many diverse elements, but honesty is not included in the number. It is the established and unswerving creed of both parties that the end justifies the means (such questions as the tariff and currency are mere matters of detail), and, when it comes to capturing votes, some of the means resorted to are not calculated to elevate the United States in the eyes of the world. During the Presidential campaign, now drawing near, we will be afforded an unusual opportunity of seeing this in its most aggravated form, and we will be more than ordinarily interested, for the reason that the South-African War will come in for considerable attention. One will naturally ask what the South-African War has to do with American affairs, but the answer will not be as readily forthcoming. Nevertheless, it will be used by unscrupulous politicians (and the majority are this) to accomplish certain ends. The Democrats will, without doubt, insert in their tottering platform a plank, or, to be more correct, a prop, expressing sympathy with the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and condemning the (victorious) attitude of Great Britain. The Republicans will do likewise, and the two resolutions will vary only in the wording. It is a matter of sincere regret that such contemptible sentiments should be consolidated in a national form, when one considers that the better classes of Americans are strongly pro-British. The Mother Country has the sympathy of the "quality" in the United States, but in constructing a political platform it is the quantity that tells. The combined Irish and Dutch vote is sufficient to defeat or elect a President, and both parties will bid high for it. The one that does the most tail-twisting will be successful, but if the competition be very keen the prize will be split in two. Under such circumstances neither side will have gained anything but an enemy in the form of a growling lion who knows how to use his teeth.

THE Montreal Street Railway Company is being gradually brought to realize that it cannot, with impunity, continue to run cars to suit itself, regardless of its obligations to the city. During the past several weeks the energetic City Surveyor has instituted numerous actions against the company for defective service on several routes, and in almost every instance it has been condemned by the Recorder to pay a fine. The public will rejoice over this meting out of justice. If it is not possible for us to have a service such as we are entitled to, there is at least some satisfaction in knowing that our wrongs are being avenged. This is worth remembering when standing at a street corner waiting for a car that time does not seem to bring.

WHILE the march of civilization is, if at times slow, ever onward (like Lord Roberts' advance on Pretoria), it is doubtful if the tastes of the human race change to any extent with the changing conditions. We read of the gladiatorial combats of long ago, and in so doing are shocked at the

barbarity of our ancestors. We think of how much more civilized we are at the present time, and, after philosophizing in this strain for several minutes, we pick up the daily paper and are soon engrossed in the details of a prize fight. This form of entertainment, though condemned in many quarters, thrives in the midst of civilization, and this because it appeals to the public taste. While the reports of such an encounter were being posted last Friday evening at the up-town office of The Star, an immense crowd, reaching from one side of the street to the other, stood before the bulletins until after midnight. Men jostled each other in their efforts to read the sanguinary items being recorded for their gratification. The deft artist on the step-ladder could not letter fast enough to satisfy the cravings of the spectators. Experts say that the fight was a good one, and I, fancy it was, if the spilling of much blood counts for anything. When a particularly vicious blow was reported the enthusiasm of the crowd overflowed in cheers, and everyone pictured the combatants covered with gore and pommeling each other unmercifully. The report was keenly relished, and all thumbs were turned down. Thousands of people paid exorbitant prices to see the fight, and the numbers that assembled in front of the newspaper offices throughout the United States and Canada to watch its progress probably totalled more than half a million. This would indicate that civilization has some work to accomplish at home.

IN spite of the successful advance of Lord Roberts in the direction of the Transvaal capital, stocks have steadily sagged for a week or more. Adverse war news would cause a slump, but the brightest despatches fail to cause any improvement in prices. The market is certainly nervous for numberless vague reasons, and the situation was recently aggravated by the action of certain banks in raising the rate of interest on call loans to six per cent. Money was, up to this time, supposed to be fairly easy, and some brokers still assert that there is plenty of it in the bank vaults. If this is the case, the raising of the rate can hardly be excused, particularly as the banks have not even considered paying anything higher to depositors than the usual three per cent. The Canadian banking system is founded upon sound principles, but it can hardly be denied that the banks are vested with rather too extensive privileges.

THE spell of cold weather that ushered in the present month has, at last, succumbed to the wooing of the sun, and the result is that many families are already moving away to their country homes. The lakeside resorts are no less popular than of yore, and from Lachine to St. Annes every available house has been leased, while the boarding-houses, even as far up the Ottawa as Hudson, will be strained to their utmost capacity. The people who wish to get even further away from the toil of the city, and are not obliged to get to business every day, as a rule, favor St. Agathe, and that glorious region promises to be to this Province what the Adirondacks are to New York State. The crystal lakes resting in the shadows of the Laurentians have already proved sufficiently attractive for a number of our leading citizens to have erected cottages on their picturesque shores, while others, less affluent, appear to get along very comfortably at the hotels. St. Agathe is entitled to being boomed—it is one of the beauty spots of Canada.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MONTREAL LIFE has been transferred to, and amalgamated with, The Canadian Magazine. This will be the last issue in its present form. Subscribers who have paid in advance and who are now readers of The Canadian Magazine will have the amounts paid refunded.

The Canadian Magazine is well known, and deserves the support and encouragement of Canadians generally. It is a bright, interesting, up-to-date publication, the only one of its kind in the Dominion.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited, will represent it through their Montreal and London, England, offices.

"BRIGHT WATERS AND HAPPY LANDS."

THE public in general is always on the look-out for some thing new; the charm of novelty can rarely be resisted. While this trait indicates a fickleness in the human mind which, in an abstract sense, may not evoke admiration, the general result tends towards progress and discovery. If we were all satisfied with what we have we would not strive to better ourselves, and the world would come to a standstill, whereas the ever-reaching forward creates the momentum that makes the world revolve. This applies to everything; there are no exceptions to the general rule.

For example: This great country of ours is rich in natural wonders, many of which are celebrated throughout the universe. Men come from afar to see Niagara, the Thousand Islands, and the dark grandeur of the Saguenay. But if Canada had simply rested on these laurels, the magnificence of Muskoka, and other regions hardly less notable, would have escaped appreciative notice.

To keep the public interest strung up to the proper pitch, novelty is necessary, and, as a consequence, the oftener a new resort is heralded, the better it is for all concerned—those who enjoy it and those who profit by it.

Now, a resort may possess all the natural advantages, such as scenery and perfect climatic conditions, but, until it is discovered by some enterprising corporation and boomed, it will certainly blush unseen. Once the discovery is made, the gap dividing obscurity from prominence is quickly bridged.

The newest region to be exploited by the Grand Trunk Railway in handsome pamphlet form is situated a few miles north of Peterborough, and embraces what are known as the Kawartha Lakes. "Kawartha" is, of course, an Indian name, and, translated into English, means "bright waters and happy lands." The name is well applied, and this alone is an indication that the new resort is of no ordinary attractiveness.

The few people who have for some years past enjoyed their summers on the shores of the beautiful lakes will this season find their numbers materially augmented. The newcomers will certainly return another year and bring their friends with them.

The first link in the chain of lakes is Katchewanooka, at the lower extremity of which stands the village of Lakefield. Here the tourist bids farewell to the railway and boards a steamer, which transports him through a region abounding in gentle beauty and glorying in an altitude of 1,000 feet above sea level.

It is estimated that one of the crystal bodies of water, called Stony Lake, contains in an area ten miles long and two miles wide, no less than 800 islands, and the effect is not surpassed by the islands of the St. Lawrence. Those who know Kawartha are confident that it will ere long become as famed as Muskoka.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

"**H**ENRY," she said, and there were what a novelist would call tears in her voice as she spoke, "I don't believe you love me."

He took the cigar from his mouth and looked at her in surprise over the top of his newspaper.

"Maria," he said, "don't be foolish."

"There!" she exclaimed. "There's evidence of the truth of what I said. 'Don't be foolish!' Did you ever speak to me that way before we were married?"

"No, my dear, I did not," he admitted.

"Then," she said, reproachfully, "my slightest wish was law; then you never sat like a dummy, smoking a cigar and reading a paper when I was in the room; then you seemed anxious to please me, and were ever on the watch to do some little favor for me."

"It is true," he admitted.

"You were never lazy then," she went on. "You were full of life and spirits; you were energetic."

"My dear," he interrupted, in that calm, dispassionate tone that makes the average wife want to get a poker or a broom, "did you ever see a boy trying to get an apple or a cherry that was just a little out of his reach?"

"Certainly," she answered; "but—"

"He keeps jumping and jumping until he gets it, doesn't he?"

"Of course."

"But does he continue jumping after he has got it?"

"Certainly not. There's no need of it."

"Well," he said, as he turned to his paper again, "you're my cherry, and I don't see the slightest reason why I should keep on jumping any more than the boy."

She didn't say anything, but she thought and thought, and the more she thought the more undecided did she become as to whether she ought to be angry with him or not.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.

ANATOMICAL experiments have shown that the weight of the body is about equal to the same bulk of sea-water, so that persons falling overboard who cannot swim, if they do not attempt to keep more than their mouth out of water, can sustain themselves for a considerable length of time. Most persons who fall into the water lose their presence of mind, and either draw their hands up or wildly dash them through the air and water. Of course, the instant the weight of the arms is added to the weight of the head above the water the body sinks, and a few repetitions of this ends in "another accidental drowning." The same struggles with the hands and feet under the water would have preserved life. What all persons should impress upon their minds is this: That in case they should fall overboard they must retain control of their senses, the hands and arms must be kept under water, and the feet and hands kept in motion to sustain the head out of water. So long as the mouth and nostrils do not get submerged, there is no danger.

"**I**f you wait any longer we shall miss the train," she said impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say!" he replied, somewhat acrimoniously.

"Ours?" cried she, rapturously. "Oh, George! this is so sudden!" Then she fell upon his neck.

The friends of Mr. W. Stewart Robertson, 289 Peel street, will learn with deep regret of the death of his wife, the only daughter of Dr. W. George Beers.

THE SERVANT GIRL OF THE FUTURE.

Oyez! oyez! To all whom it may concern, know ye: "That the thick mists and fogs of perplexity that have so long enshrouded the weary 'servant girl' problem, are clearing away at last. Already upon the horizon has dawned a broad streak of light, which will doubtless, grow more and more unto the perfect day."—Metaphor

FRANK R. STOCKTON had a glimpse of the good time coming when he introduced into the "Squirrel Inn" a child's nurse who exchanged confidences and played tennis with her mistress, and studied Greek and botany with the Professor while her young charge slept. Now that Boston, Montreal, and other philanthropic and cultured cities have turned the searchlight of reason, experience, and judgment upon what seemed a hopelessly obscure matter, the happiest results may be confidently predicted. The snub-featured, muscular, destructive incompetent will soon be as extinct in the kitchen as the Sairey Gamp; have fortunately become in the sick-chamber. Time was, and not so very long ago, when the only qualification looked for in a nurse was that she be stout and fat and carry a large cotton umbrella, the outward and visible signs of a great motherly heart—a superfluity of adipose tissue being popularly supposed to enclose that kind of heart.

But we have changed all that, and we are going to change all this servant-girl business, too. If it is a grand and noble work to minister to the sick and suffering, is it not just as elevated a profession to so minister intelligently to the requirements of the fearfully-and-wonderfully-constricted physical organism, that much of the sickness and suffering will be prevented? Ave, indeed, is't, and the young woman who is coming forward to assume the guardian-angelship of our digestion and general well-being will be prepared to concoct tempting meringues, souffles, pates, and all sorts of toothsome viands on the most approved hygienic principles—and to pronounce their names as well. Her recipes will read, not so much flour, so much butter and sugar, but such and so much nitrogenous, carbonaceous and phosphoric ingredients, according to which particular part of the complex human machinery—tissues, muscles, or brain—is subjected to the greatest strain for the time being.

What a relief it will when those long columns of curt, "General servant wanted" ads., with their suggestion of bare red elbows and soapy water, disappear from the daily papers! The coming young lady of domestic talents will be inquired after more respectfully, somewhat in this fashion: "Wanted, a young lady holding either a diploma from the Academy of Applied Domestic Science, or a certificate from the Ideal Home-Making Institute, as housewife's assistant in a family of culture and refinement. A graduate of McGill University preferred. Kindly communicate with, etc."

The social call will have lost half its boredom, to you male creatures at all events, when your ring is answered by a golden-haired vision, in the daintiest of afternoon dresses, and with a ravishing little creation of white mousseline de soie and pink ribbon perched coquettishly upon her fluffy locks. Not as a badge of servitude; oh, dear, no! but as a credential of her right and title to occupy the proud position of keeper of a family's health and happiness—also, because it is becoming. The assistant ushers you into the parlor and smilingly discusses the latest war situation and "No. 5 John Street" with you, while the other lady of the house is putting a little fresh powder on her nose and getting ready to come down.

She is Miss De Vere to the children, who bring her chrysanthemums and chocolates and their troublesome French verbs. The children's mother, too, consults her artistic taste about the color scheme for the new parlor decorations, and lets her help dust the rare china and fragile bric-a-brac.

In the evening, when she has cleared away the dinner service, and put the batter to rise for breakfast muffins, and inspected the bedroom ventilators, and shut the cat in the furnace-room, the assistant bathes her hands in tincture of benzoin and rosewater, and plays Chopin's Nocturnes on the

drawing-room piano, or improvises a violin accompaniment while the son and heir tries to sing Bonny Mary of Argyle. Meanwhile, the house-mother, with calm, unruffled brow, leans back contentedly in her easy-chair, and embroiders linen doilies, reflecting gratefully on the onward march of human progress that has produced so invaluable an assistant.

I see I have changed the tense, but never mind—it is only to look a little way forward, perhaps a decade or so, and what is to be will be.

IRIS.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

PREPARED FOR "MONTREAL LIFE" BY GABRIEL, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Three forecasts are made for each day. The first applies to the world at large; the second indicates how persons, who were born on this day in any year, are likely to fare during the coming year; and the third shows how persons, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life.

Sunday, May 20.—A favorable day on which to visit friends.

During this year prosperity is promised in business and love affairs, and some fortunate journeys are also foreshadowed.

Children born to-day will be fortunate in almost all their enterprises.

Monday, May 21.—An untimely day on which to ask favors of superiors.

Business annoyances, trouble through young people and ill-health may be looked for during this year.

To-day's children will be quick-tempered and rash, and are not likely to meet with much good fortune.

Tuesday May 22 —A propitious day for courtship and for business dealings with women.

Domestic happiness, good fortune in love affairs and financial loss through foolish speculation are the principal events foreshadowed during this year.

Honorable and esteemed to-day's children will be, yet, owing to their recklessness in regard to money, their financial prosperity will not be great.

Wednesday, May 23.—An uncertain day.

Young women whose birthday this is will have an opportunity to marry, and all others will find their business increase.

Quick-witted to-day's children will be, and a reasonable measure of prosperity seems assured to them.

Thursday, May 24.—A good day for journeys and on which to look for work.

Ill-health is the only evil threatened during this year.

To-day's children will succeed in life, yet they are likely to come to poverty through extreme extravagance. The girls will marry good but unfortunate men.

Friday, May 25. — Nothing important should be begun to-day.

Financial loss as well as domestic sorrow and ill-health are foreshadowed for this year.

To-day's children will not be fortunate.

Saturday, May 26.—Quarrels and intemperate actions should be avoided to-day.

Danger is threatened during this year through lawsuits and quarrels.

Those among to-day's children who can obtain salaried positions will fare best. The girls will marry unlucky men.

GABRIEL.

Box 431 White Plains,
New York.

"Gabriel's Birthday Guide" reveals your future. Circulars free.

The Aberdeen Association.

ONE OF THE LINKS BETWEEN CANADA EAST AND CANADA WEST—A GLIMPSE AT BOTH ENDS OF THE CHAIN.



TAKE the Notre Dame or Guy street car some fine Monday morning, get down at the Bank of Montreal building, corner of Seigneur and Notre Dame streets, pass round to the side entrance and up a flight of stairs, and you will come upon a scene the significance of which is being felt in lives many hundreds of miles distant, and in homes amidst vastly different surroundings.

The two fair-sized rooms opening into each other at the head of the stairs form a sort of literary dock-yard, where books, papers, magazines, have put in for overhauling and examination before being ordered forth on a new voyage, carrying their treasure of thought and fancy, of wit and wisdom, of knowledge and recreation, to thousands of minds and hearts hungering for the food which only good reading can supply. These are the work-rooms of the Montreal branch of the Aberdeen Association, which has for its object "to collect good and attractive periodicals and other literature, and to distribute it in monthly parcels to settlers who apply for it from outlying parts of Canada," and in these rooms may be seen the methods of the association in active operation. It is all done systematically and in order. The first Monday in each month is devoted to sorting the heterogeneous piles of literature that have been gathered from various sources. A few periodicals are donated directly from the publishers. Sometimes whole boxes of old books and magazines are sent in by those who, realizing the value of good literature to the individual and in the home, are desirous of passing on what they have enjoyed so much to others less fortunately situated in regard to procuring it for themselves. Or, in the early part of the spring-cleaning campaign, the housekeeper, finding herself confronted with the problem of what to do with the year's accumulation of "paper covers," recollects having heard sometime of an organization somewhere in which such things are wanted for something. And so the books and magazines that have had their day, instead of feeding a bonfire in the back yard, find their way to the collecting station at Chapman's bookstore, St. Catherine street, or directly to the association rooms, thence to begin their career over again, doing perhaps more good in their old age than in the days of their bright-lettered youth.

A wonderfully varied and interesting collection it is upon which the sorting committee sets to work each month. Novels of all sorts—sizes and descriptions, from the latest attack of the youngest aspirant after fame to the immortal favorites of Dickens, Eliot and Scott; scientific treatises and fashion papers; sporting notes and farm journals, works on mining and engineering; religious publications of every creed and denomination; reviews, both English and American; Munsey's, Scribner's, Harper's, and the whole family of magazines; school text-books, in all grades from "I see a cat," to Latin grammar; illustrated papers and Christmas cards; grave, elderly tomes and children's literature—though of this last the supply is never anything like equal to the demand.

All are welcome, and age is no obstacle, except in the case

of fashion papers and calendars. The sorting committee have a delightful time browsing in such luxuriant meadows. Their work—for it is work, as everything done in earnest must be—consists in arranging the magazines and periodicals of any year in complete issues, the importance of which will be recognized by everyone who has sometime reached the most thrilling part of a serial, only to find the next few chapters missing. Often a canvas amongst friends or a search through second-hand stores has to be made to supply some missing number. Then the papers, journals, etc., on each particular subject must be gathered together and placed for the time being in the section devoted to that department, in the presses lining the walls of the room—science here, agriculture there, forestry in a third. And, lastly, anything in the least degree reprehensible must be rigidly excluded, for the committee exercises a close winnowing process, and the tares are carefully separated from the wheat.

The next week sees another step in the operations. The working committee takes the material thus prepared to hand and makes it into parcels, neatly encased in wrapping paper, and addressed to their destination. There are 33 girls in this committee, and each girl is responsible for a certain number of parcels to her own "clientele."

The literary tastes of each applicant are consulted and catered to as far as possible. To do this, a blank form is sent to each person applying for literature, in which information is requested as to age, nationality, preference, etc. The answers received are entered in a book of reference and the applicant is placed upon a list of those to whom a supply of literature is sent monthly except during June, July and August. Some of these applications are rather puzzling, though certainly broad enough in their scope. One girl of 17 writes that she has no religion, has six sisters and seven brothers, and prefers Jesse James stories or anything about murders. Needless to say, an effort was made to elevate and correct her perverted taste.

On the third Monday the executive meets and the mailing of the numerous packages is completed. These are carried by arrangement with the Post Office Department free of charge. In March, of this year, 298 parcels were sent from Montreal, averaging 4½ lb. in weight and filling 8½ mail-bags.

Let us in imagination accompany one of these parcels to its destination in some remote district of the great Northwest. It is mail time, the one hour of all the week from which time is reckoned in the scattered cabins dotted miles apart over the prairie. The post-office is general store as well, and every barrel and biscuit box has its occupant waiting in various degrees of anxiety or hopefulness for the postmaster's "huckboard" with its precious freight. At last it comes. The contents of the mail-bag do not take long in the sorting. Three copies of the Winnipeg weeklies are divided to their utmost capacity for division and disseminated amongst the hungry crowd who devour each his portion, eagerly and in silence.

"Nothing for you, Mrs. Baird. Oh, dear! and a whole long week must pass before there is a possibility of that long-expected letter from 'home.' Your quarterly remittance hasn't come this time, young Englishman—what will you do if they've forgotten you? Better sell those fast horses and get down to work for yourself. Here, Johnny Stubbs, is your Aberdeen parcel punctual to a minute! Hurry home with it,

my lad! You know how father and mother and sister Sue are watching for you.

"Hold up the brown paper package as soon as you come in sight. Yes, yes, mother, it has come! Cut the string—don't bother trying to untie it. Oh-h-h! little Benny, what a lovely 'Chatterbox' for you and Milly to admire and exclaim over and make wonderful stories about the pictures all through the long winter days when you can't stir out and don't know what to do with yourselves in the narrow limits inside, poor mites! Oh, and here's a game—we'll find a way to play it—and would you believe it, a box of paints to color your pictures. O-o-o-h! you'll hardly sleep to-night, you children!"

"Johnny, hurry and finish your chores, my son. Sue is going to read 'Stalky and Co.' out loud after supper while mother faces your mittens and puts a patch on father's moccasin. See, poor father is already deep in his 'Advocate'; you'll have to go to the stable without him this time, like a good boy. But you don't mind a little extra work with such a treat in store.

"Your blessings on the Aberdeen Association! You remember how it used to be before you heard of them—how fearfully, dreadfully long were the winter evenings with nothing to do, and nothing to talk about, and nothing to read but two or three old books that you knew by heart, when father smoked and dozed and smoked to kill that formidable enemy, time, and mother sighed great, heavy, lonely sighs as she tried to thread her needle with eyes grown dim from unshed tears and hopeless gazing over the treeless white plains; when Benny and Milly fretted and got scolded and cried and went to sleep; when sister Sue was cross and snappish and unsisterly from sheer longing for a little of the brightness her young girlhood dumbly claimed as its right; when the unutterable silence of the great lone land settled down into the very heart and marrow of the cabin till the ticking of the clock and the cracking of the log walls in the keen frost tortured one's nerves, and it was a relief even to put more wood upon the voracious fire."

Surely it was a heaven-sent thought that entered the mind of that benefactress of Western Canada, the Countess of Aberdeen, and those other ladies at Winnipeg, almost 10 years ago, which led to the formation of the organization known as the Aberdeen Association. There are now 16 branches in Canada, and who can begin to reckon the pleasure and profit their sympathetic hands have extended to those who are dragging out the monotonous, toilsome lives of pioneers in the vast, sparsely-settled territories of our wide Dominion!

In their isolated shacks, miners, ranchers and lumbermen have felt the refining influence. The college graduate and the beloved younger son of the old home are kept in touch with civilization amidst their rude surroundings by their communion with the printed thoughts of their own kind. The young clergyman and his sweet girl-graduate bride, bravely bearing up against privation and loneliness for the work's sake, are heartened and encouraged by the monthly visitor from home and friends. The house-mother, shut in for half the year, finds it easier to keep her reason balanced when she has something to look forward to in the arrival of mental food for herself, and the means of imparting a little knowledge to her brood during the long, cold months when the district school is impossible.

Many letters full of gratitude, full, too, of unconscious pathos, are received by the association. One from "Spring Hill Farm," dated March 30, is eloquent in its patient misery and bad spelling:

DEAR MISS,—It is with pleasur I answer your most kind letter, and, Realey, I doe not now how to thank you enouf for your kindness. It seems so nice to have Books of all kinds in the winter, as they are so long and lonsom on a farm in Manitoba, and the Books you send are so nice, and then ther is lots of neboures who are glad to get them, and we hand them round when we have done with them, and pass many a wearey Hour away. Of Cors, ware they is so maney small Children, there is lots

to be done—sowing and washing—but it is nice to take up a Book with short stories, and a Mother forgets she as been working hard all day. I doe not find the time half so long on a Sunday when we have Books, for fer we have ad no servises in winter, as there are no trades, and we onley get mail once a week, and we had a great deal of snow, up to the hours top and windows all Blocked up and dors all to Dig out.

Another of March 20, from a gentleman—I use the word advisedly—at Pine Lake, Alberta, is more tragedy than comedy, reading between the lines:

MY DEAR MISS REID (Corresponding Secy),—Thanks very much for your kind letter. I find the less one's correspondence the less one becomes inclined to write, and in another year or two I anticipate finding myself more Boer than Briton. * * We have added a camera to our household utensils, and if we have any luck in getting it to go off properly, I shall send you some photographs of our place and live stock, including the children—four boys. We are thinking seriously of adding a storey to the house. I have already added a wing wherever possible, and now there is nothing left but to soar upwards, and it will be rather an expensive job to tackle, I fear, not to mention the fact of doing without a roof for a brief period. * * Out here we suffer from nothing but poverty, hunger and dirt, but, owing to the rarefaction of our atmosphere, neither will kill, although horribly lingering. * * Many thanks for the books. P.S.—Also thanks very much for not alluding to the war.

The work is attracting notice in the Mother Country, especially in Glasgow and Liverpool, where Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), president of the Young Woman's Guild of Sefton Park Church, manifests his interest in an active manner.

To come back home again, there is no branch of the association in a more flourishing condition than the one in Montreal. It has hitherto been one of the very few to supply itself with literature. This shows that it has many warm friends and generous supporters, but as applications are constantly increasing, so also must the donations be increased if the demand is to be fully met.

This branch also carried out the idea of adding to the literary value of their work by instituting a prize essay competition, in which some took part who had probably never before experienced the pleasure of arranging their ideas on paper.

The Montreal branch owes much of its efficiency to the earnestness and zeal of its president, Mrs. Edwin Hanson, and to the hearty cooperation of its other officers and body of willing-workers. Mrs. Gillespie and Lady Hingston are vice-presidents, Miss Reid is corresponding-secretary; Miss Laidlaw, recording-secretary; and Mrs. Oxley, treasurer. Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Richard MacDonald, Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Minden Cole, Mrs. Marling, Mrs. Hayter Reed, Mrs. MacDuff, the Misses David, Miss Gillespie, Miss Scott, Miss Parker, Miss Carruthers, and Miss Burtzell form the executive.

There is, of course, a French branch in Montreal carried on successfully along similar lines. Madame Masson is president and Mme. Provencher secretary, with headquarters in the Chateau de Ramezay. Literature in their own language is also sent to German and Scandinavian settlers whenever possible; nor have the Doukhobors and Indians been forgotten.

In all cases the literature sent is passed on from settler to settler; the parcels, like pebbles thrown into the water, start circle after circle, widening as they leave the centre. When one pauses to think it over—into how many homes those old books and magazines might enter, how many lonely hours they might cheer, how wide-reaching might be their refining influence, one cannot but feel that it is more than worth while to present them as an offering to be distributed to the needy, helpless, and deeply grateful pensioners of the Aberdeen Association. E. BOTTING.

BELLE.—I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

CLARE.—I guess you wouldn't. He has promised he'll never marry again, even if I should die.



NOWADAYS much is said and written in regard to "Home-making." Can't you see that title, or something similar, as the heading of bright articles teeming with no doubt cleverly devised, but useless hints, in almost every magazine you pick up? It is so excellent to cram one's mind with theories. It seems to make up for the lack of practice.

The penny weekly of the poorest description has its page "Snapshots in Cosy Homes." For a home can look very cosy when it is represented by a corner of the drawing-room in which the most presentable furniture has been collected. And it is generally that modern contradiction of its name, the "cosy corner," that is photographed, a pile of cushions, a draped wall and an ornamental shell, with ornaments that don't break easily (I should advise), look extremely well. For one can't sit upon it, in the photograph! So one is credulous about the cosiness. Whose dining-room, also, could not show to advantage if one pointed the camera in such a way as to include the sideboard, which is really good, and the corner of the dinner-wagon, and an old jardiniere in the window? It is not necessary to explain beneath that the room is about 10x12, and that the chairs are cane-bottomed. And who would not have "a sweet and dainty bedroom," where, according to "Home Happenings," a dressing-table, draped in muslin, and an enameled rush chair with chintz petticoats, are the only requisites. As for "In the Hall," the umbrella stand, brought into prominence beside a most ordinary hat-rack, makes a picture the most fastidious "home-maker" can admire. Even "A shady nook in our garden" comes in for its share of attention. For a smoke-begrimed hawthorne bush, with some straggling nasturtiums and a rustic bench, conjures up delightful memories of rural delights when the sympathetic kodak omits to declare the proximity of an inartistic coal shed and the ash-barrels. One good thing is, we need never despair about our domestic belongings while we possess the knowledge that, with an artistic and subtle intimacy with photography, we may see reproduced "peeps" of our most unpretentious little flat that might arouse envious feelings in the breast of the most fortunate beings.

If nothing else, I should think that magazines are, or ought to be, responsible for a wholesale distribution of optimistic views. They write us cheerfully about "How to Live on £12 a Year," or the simplicity of being able to look smart on a dress allowance of \$5 a month, as though they were discussing the spending of millions. And they treat "the girl without an income" far more magnanimously than the heiress. They appear to enjoy the tax upon their overburdened imagination and marvellously ingenious powers which her straightened circumstances necessitate.

If one could choose one's type of home, one must assuredly ask for the one depicted and described in the average magazine. Where delightful dinners are prepared at a minimum cost, where up-to-date gowns are remodelled from antediluvian costumes, where original and extraordinary entertainments are not only given, but appreciated, and where artistic and useful furniture is evolved by unskilled hands from packing boxes.

I meant to talk about homes, not as seen in a magazine, but in Montreal or elsewhere in Canada, and I have not done so. Joking aside, however, it does often strike me that the average "home-maker" might theorize less, and attempt to furnish and look after her house more on the lines of comfort

and common sense, than upon those of cheap cut, and what is reckoned by some as "model housekeeping." There is absolutely no doubt that in this country we do not understand the keeping of our houses, and everything appertaining to them, as do English and Scotch people.

Generalities are invariably taken as personalities. So let me explain that I am far from saying that Montreal is entirely destitute of competent housekeepers or well-run homes. It would be unjust and ridiculous. But though we are not as bad as Americans, who, in the cities at least, appear to all live in hotels, boarding-houses and restaurants, as a whole, there is much needed improvement in our houses.

In our work of furnishing and catering, and in our servants, we might take much useful advice from the inhabitants of the Mother Country.

To begin with, the average householder in Canada goes in far more extensively for "effects" in furnishing than is required for actual comfort.

There is a pretentiousness prevalent, which, if it were not costly, would be distressing enough. How familiar we are with that "parlor," into which we are admitted on 1st and 3rd Wednesdays—appalling in its splendor of multi-colored brocade, grand piano, huge oil paintings, and marvelous bric-a-brac, as expensive as it is bad taste, or even lacking the bad taste, for clever decorators can sometimes be employed. How one misses in these gorgeous, unused rooms the hundred touches essential to comfort—the books, the work, the flowers, that add that nameless undefinable air of home and refinement!

We still laugh over the era of horse-hair furniture, antimacassar, head mats, and wax fruit (though I sometimes doubt that these atrocities even flourished among people of any standing), but is the present day of cheap, so-called "artistic" furnishing any more to be desired? I think not.

In respect to the commissariat department, one might expatiate, and to no small degree on this subject. I note too well the passers-by and their greasy paper bags or gingerly held parcels, not to draw conclusions as to the desserts that grace most of the lunch and mid-day dinner tables, at least in this neighborhood. Tarts, cakes, pies, and huns that, with a little forethought and infinitely smaller expenditure, could be made at home, are purchased from the nearest confectioner. And the irritated housekeeper wonders at the poor digestion and easily ruffled tempers of husband and children. Cooking lessons may help where common sense and experience have not taught. And though a maid-of-all work cannot be a professional cook, her mistress should be able to cook and instruct her in the cooking of a plain but wholesome and appetizing meal. As to servants, is it not an only too apparent fact that, generally speaking, people would rather have a totally insufficient staff and a house far too pretentious for either their needs or position, to a moderate habitation with enough servants to do the work properly and decently and in accordance with the means of the employer. There are a number of people who actually prefer to live in an atmosphere of roughness, a badly kept house and equally ill-served meals, that they may have smart clothes and abundance of them, and a larger amount of money to spend on theatre tickets and various amusements. Discomfort within goes, for little of it results in show without.

Whereas, people on the other side of the Atlantic are content with hats and jackets of three years back, and a no doubt somewhat monotonous existence as we would consider it, but, to balance things, home surroundings that do them credit, and a display of comfort and refinement quite unknown to those of the same status in society in Canada.

It is well to be public-spirited, to try and look at things outside our own immediate needs and ambitions—and those of our relations. But she who cannot and does not establish the comfort of her home upon a firm basis, before she attempts to

lay the foundations of municipal buildings and public monuments, is responsible for much of the evil, that she and her colleagues so magnanimously set out to eradicate. K.

IT was most interesting to hear last week of the presentation of Miss Alice Kay by Lady Kay, to Her Majesty, at the drawing-room at Buckingham Palace.

Miss Kay, who is the second daughter of the late Frederic W. Kay, so well known in Montreal, was one of last year's debutantes. Like her father she is most musical, as, indeed, both her brother and her sister, Mrs. H. Jamieson, are also.

I should think that no time could be more appropriate for the presentation of Canadians. England has been pleased with Canada's sons. And it is quite fitting she should receive a chance of judging of Canada's daughters.

Among the well-known people who sailed by the Parisian were Mrs. Hall and Miss Adele Hall, who have spent some time at the Windsor during the past winter, and also Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McLimont, of Quebec.

BEFORE it again escapes my memory, may I ask why people in speaking, and reporters in the lists of guests, persist in that lamentable error of tacking the husband's profession to his wife's name? One scarcely reads a column of names without having one's sense of the fitness of things disturbed by reading "Mrs. Dr. Jones," "Mrs. Judge Robinson," "Mrs. Professor Smith." I confess the first is the most common. In fact, one need not say "most common." It is the usual order of things. The wife has absolutely no right to the title. Do we say Mrs. "Stockbroker" so and so, or Mrs. "Greengrocer" somebody else? Even in the passenger list was "Mrs. Justice Hall," through whose mistake I know not. But a mistake nevertheless, unless Judge Hall's name happens, by a curious coincidence, to be "Justice," which I doubt.

Miss Kingsmill, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. James Ross, Peel street.

The engagement was announced last week of Miss Doull, daughter of Mr. W. Doull, at present of this city, to Mr. G. F. Greenwood, of Cuba. Miss Doull, who spent some time in Montreal during the early part of the winter, has but recently returned from Cuba with Mr. Doull, and sailed for England by ss. Dominion.

Mrs. D. Lorn Macdougall and Miss Macdougall are visiting Mrs. A. T. Paterson, Sherbrooke street.

Last Friday, a very pleasant tea was given by Mrs. James Ross, Peel street. A large number of guests were present, for all Mrs. Ross' friends are delighted to welcome her home after her long absence. And the many beautiful pictures and curios always make visitors long to stay beyond the prescribed hours for an afternoon tea to enjoy them to the full.

Last week Mrs. R. McD. Paterson, Drummond street, gave a large and most delightful lunch for Miss Kingsmill, who is visiting Mrs. Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson and the Masters Benson, 27 Ontario avenue, returned last week from Atlantic City, where they have spent some weeks. Judging by the number of Montrealers at that popular resort, the visitors, though undoubtedly getting change of air, hardly found a change of society.

IN an English paper I see that "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" is still advertised among books of the month, although it is of about three years' standing. And also that it has been translated into French and German. That is most surprising. For it is really the brilliant, if sometimes a trifle unnatural, conversation that makes the book. And little bits that appeal to the English reader, translated into German, would, I should imagine, make as unprofitable reading as the dreary translations of jokes from *The Fliegende Blätter*, which somehow fail to strike us as irresistibly funny.

It is difficult to realize that the time is again at hand when "Summer Resort" news is seasonable. For three long months

we shall read of arrivals and departures, even though they be for week-ends only, of boat-house "hops" and regattas, though at present the news seems restricted to what houses are opened or are not to be opened, and such interesting details as the whitewashing of Mr. C.'s bathing-house, or the painting of his punt.

SOME "DON'TS" ABOUT GLOVES.

MOST women do not realize the importance of the glove. An ill-fitting or inappropriate glove can mar the effect of an entire costume. It is unfortunate that there should be so much carelessness in connection with that article of dress which has held so revered a place in romantic history. Gloves have been the symbol of power, the gage of defiance and the token of love, and now they have dwindled to a necessary adjunct of dress, which, in the majority of cases, is treated with the same consideration as a poor relation—anything is good enough! But women's carelessness of detail in regard to hand covering is noticed and commented upon to an extent which, if the fair wearers only realized it, would create a revolution in glove wearing.

There are many "do nots" which are applicable to glove wearing:

Do not buy cheap gloves. If your income is limited you might better don neatly mended, correctly cut, good quality gloves than a new pair of poor shape and quality.

Do not wear evening or dress gloves except in the evening or on dressy occasions. It seems to have become a custom to wear a fresh pair of delicate gloves on some important occasion. When they become slightly soiled or have been cleaned they are used for less important times, and a thoroughly soiled glove appears to be "good enough to run out in or to wear shopping." This is thoroughly bad taste, if not bad form. For traveling, walking and shopping, wear a medium heavy glove matching the costume, or a stout English glove of some neutral shade. This will prove more economical than always purchasing dress gloves, which, when once soiled, are hacked out so quickly and look so slovenly.

Do not try to make the hand look small by wearing a tight glove. In selecting a glove be sure the fingers are long enough and that the button or clasp fastens at the juncture of wrist and hand and not on the palm. It is best to purchase from different dealers until gloves perfectly suiting the hand of the wearer are discovered, and then give that dealer all your trade. Promiscuous glove buying is as bad as promiscuous shoe buying.

On the other hand, do not wear gloves too large. The baggy backs, wrinkled fingers and slouchy wrists do not give that refinement of appearance which all women covet.

Do not wear a glove with a button off, or a rip in some seam, thinking it will not be noticed. Such a defect is glaring to strangers and friends. Almost any store will have any gloves which have been bought from them properly mended for a trifling sum, and the gloves look much better than when mended at home.

Do not put a new glove on carelessly. The first wearing moulds the glove to the hand and decides its future appearance. Be careful to get the fingers straight and work them gently on, little by little, each in turn. Then put one finger in the palm and, by pressing outward, adjust the hand part. The thumb follows, and when the seam on the outside of the hand is even and smooth the glove may be buttoned or clasped.

Do not wear kid gloves without sprinkling powder in them if your hands are inclined to perspire.

Do not take a glove off carelessly if you desire it to last well. In taking gloves off turn the wrist over the fingers and draw until the fingers are half uncovered, then the finger ends may be loosened by the tips. This makes it an easy matter to readjust the glove right side out. It is a good plan to breathe in a glove after taking it off. It preserves the softness of the kid by quickly drying any slight moisture.

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Lopronon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lent over, Mrs. D'Aulnay thought it but fair to repay herself for her late seclusion by giving an entertainment to her friends, though boisterous March, with its rough winds and melting snows, had already set in. The late temporary cessation of gaieties seemed to but add a fresh zest to present enjoyment; and perhaps the only heavy heart in Mrs. D'Aulnay's room that night was that of the once light-hearted, happy Antoinette. Yes, there was one other also, the tone of whose spirits was somewhat in unison with her own; and Colonel Evelyn took himself secretly and severely to task more than once for his folly in thus seeking scenes distasteful to him, for the sake of a chance meeting with Antoinette, who, on her side, endeavored so assiduously to avoid him. There was always, however, a vague hope lurking in his heart that the obstacle which she spoke of as insurmountable was not in reality so, and that some fortunate chance might yet set all right between them. For the first part of the evening he respected her evident wish to avoid any intercourse with him; but happening to see her seated alone in one of the pauses of the dance, he approached and accosted her on some general topic. Though he strove to interest and amuse, he had the tact to refrain from anything like an approach to subjects of deeper interest. This was fortunate; for Mrs. D'Aulnay, suddenly finding herself at a loss for something to say, called on him, with her usual thoughtlessness, to tell them "what he had just been whispering to Miss De Mirecourt."

"Most willingly. I was repeating the remark made by His Majesty George the Third to Madame De Lery, when she was lately presented with her husband at the English Court."

"Oh, the beautiful Louise De Brouges," replied Mrs. D'Aulnay, with lively interest. "Well, what did the King say? What did he think of her?"

"He must have found her very beautiful, for he at once said with considerable warmth, alluding, of course, to the recent acquisition of Canada, that 'if all the Canadian ladies resemble her, he had indeed good reason to feel proud of his fair conquest.'"

"The more chance then for the mission of Mr. De Lery and his companions to prove successful," remarked the fair hostess.

"And what is that mission?" questioned one of the company.

"They have been sent to represent our interests, as well as to present the expression of our homage to our new monarch."

"And behold it is His Majesty who pays homage instead, and with reason," exclaimed Sternfield, who had just joined the group.

"Oh, I suppose we shall be surfeited with compliments, now that King George has set the example!" coldly rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, as she turned away, for the irresistible Major was in anything but high favor with her just then.

Sternfield, who had heretofore been amusing as well as behaving himself tolerably well, no sooner saw Antoinette with Colonel Evelyn than his good humor vanished, and he commenced inwardly taxing his brains for some means of separating them. Being engaged for the next dance, he could not ask Antoinette to be his partner, which would have been the surest and speediest method, so he had the inexpressible vexation of seeing them conversing together during the long contra-dance which followed. Turning a deaf ear to his pretty companion's hint that she thought promenading infinitely preferable to dancing, he unceremoniously deposited her, at the conclusion of the dance, on the first vacant seat, and hastened to Antoinette.

"May I request the honor of your hand, Miss De Mirecourt for the next?" he asked with an elaborate politeness which struck Evelyn as savoring more of mockery than respect.

What a vivid crimson dyed that young face, and what a mingled look of pained embarrassment and anxiety stole over it as she timidly replied that she was engaged. In the trouble of the moment she did not think of mentioning the name of the partner to whom her hand was promised, a very plain unattractive person, as it happened; and Sternfield, at once inferring that it was Colonel Evelyn, notwithstanding that the latter rarely, indeed, never danced, cast one stern vindictive look upon her, and turned away. His coming, however, had left its sting; and Evelyn soon saw that his companion's thoughts were now wholly occupied by things foreign to the subject of their conversation, which was the very harmless one of his late journey to Quebec with Mr. De Mirecourt. It was almost a relief when Mrs. D'Aulnay approached them, and, after some jesting remark to Colonel Evelyn, carelessly handed her cousin a small scrap of paper, on which were traced a few words in pencil, saying, "A memorandum of yours, Antoinette."

The latter, the worst hand in the world at dissembling, took the paper, and hurriedly glanced over it. It was from Sternfield, and ran thus:

"You are trying my patience beyond all bounds! Meet me as soon as possible in the little sitting-room upstairs, for I have that to say to you which must be said without delay. At your peril refuse my request. If you do you will regret driving a desperate man too far! Your husband,

ANDLEY STERNFIELD.

The tenor of this missive, as well as his recklessness in appending to it the signature he had done, convinced the unfortunate Antoinette that he was in no mood to be trifled with, and, with trembling fingers, she tore the paper into fragments. Her agitation was so evident that Evelyn could not help speculating on the cause, the more so as he had seen Sternfield give the note in question to Mrs. D'Aulnay to deliver, a mission which she had at first declined, but which his menaces had ultimately forced her into accepting.

"What can be the secret link between that handsome villain and this innocent girl?" he inwardly asked himself again and again. It certainly is not love, for, apart from her explicit denial of the existence of such a sentiment at least on her side, her countenance expresses anything but that feeling when he draws near her. Well, I will watch, that I may render her service if possible, and protect her from his treacherous arts."

Seeing that his companion now evidently wished to be left to herself, he uttered some indifferent remark, and sauntered to the other end of the room. Another dance was beginning, and Antoinette greatly exasperated the gentleman to whom she was engaged by declaring she felt too much fatigued to join it. Taking advantage of the slight confusion consequent upon the dancers assuming their places, she contrived to steal from the room, as she hoped, unobserved. Up the narrow staircase she sped, and entered the sitting-room in which Sternfield was already awaiting her, and which, unlike the rest of the house, was but dimly lighted.

"You have condescended to use haste in coming," he sarcastically exclaimed, as he handed her a chair.

"What do you want with me, Audley?" she asked, placing her hand upon her heart to still its rapid beatings.

"Have I not already warned you," he said, his brow growing darker and sterner as he spoke. "Have I not already warned you, that, though I may patiently put up with your coldness, your indifference, aye! if I read at times your feelings aright, your dislike, I will not stand quietly by and see you, my wedded wife, coquetting and flirting with other men?"

"Ever the same unjust, unfounded accusations. With whom do you say I was flirting now?"

"With that deep, dangerous hypocrite, Colonel Evelyn. Do not attempt to deny it!" he impetuously continued, bringing his hand heavily down on the back of the chair beside him. "I watched you both narrowly. I saw your sweet downcast

looks, your varying color, and his undisguised bold glances of love and admiration. Curse him! Think you I will tamely suffer all this?"

"Why do you accuse and blame me thus?" She strove to look and speak calmly, though her hurried irregular breathing told how deeply she was agitated. "If a gentleman comes up to speak to me, to stand beside my chair, I cannot bid him begone; I must not tell him that I am a wife, and that my thoughts and smiles belong entirely to yourself. I will leave here to-morrow—bury myself in the country, there to remain till you judge fit to come forward and acknowledge yourself my husband. I may, perhaps, have peace there."

"Yes, flirting with your first love, Mr. Louis Beauchesne," was his moody retort.

Antoinette's small hands were clasped still more tightly over her wildly throbbing heart, as she whispered, "Audley, do you think you can continue to torture me thus, without life or reason yielding in the end?"

"No heroics, please," he coldly rejoined. "I am afraid Mrs. D'Aulnay finds you too apt a pupil in the science which she is so eminently qualified to impart."

The girl, too miserable, too heart-struck to reply to his taunt, covered her face with her hands in silent wretchedness.

"Listen to me, my Antoinette," he said with a rapid change of voice and manner. "You find me thus unkind and stern, because you have shown me on your side so little love or sympathy. Say that you forgive all the past; and let me, as a token of our perfect reconciliation—of my earnest intention to show you more gentleness in the future, press for once a husband's kiss on that proud brow, which has, heretofore, so scornfully refused it. Do not say me nay! I again repeat, 'tis wrong to push a desperate man too far!"

Feeling that she dared not, perhaps ought not to refuse him so trifling a concession, she made no reply, and Sternfield, interpreting her silence in his favor, threw his arm around her, and kissed again and again her brow, her silken shining hair. A sound between a startled exclamation, and a half-suppressed groan, suddenly broke the silence; and Antoinette sprang from the treacherous arms that encircled her, in time to behold Colonel Evelyn standing, white as marble, at the door of the apartment. In another moment, he was gone; and, as Antoinette's wild reproachful glance fell on her companion, she saw a triumphant sneer replacing already the tenderness his features had discarded as rapidly as they had assumed.

"Methinks the dainty Colonel Evelyn will be effectually cured of his love-fit by this wholesome lesson," he mockingly exclaimed. "You may flirt with him henceforth, Antoinette, as much as you like."

Slowly the girl confronted her tormentor, and in low, thrilling tones exclaimed, "You have done your worst, Audley Sternfield. Profaning the sacred name of husband, you have been to me only a cruel, heartless tyrant. Prevented by sordid paltry motives of interest from acknowledging our marriage, you would yet wish to degrade me in my own eyes, in those of others. Now, listen to me. Till the day you shall come forward to proclaim me as your wife in the eyes of the world, I shall resolutely avoid all intercourse with you, and laugh your threats and prayers to scorn, for despair has made me reckless. I shall return to the country to-morrow; and, if you follow me there to persecute me further, the doors shall be closed upon you."

"Will you ever dare to say you love me after this?" he impetuously questioned.

"Love you!" she repeated with a short sharp laugh of bitterness. "Yes, as the criminal loves the instrument of his punishment, as the convict loves the other wretch to whom he is chained for life."

"Be silent, girl, or I cannot answer for myself," he said in tones hoarse with suppressed passion.

"Pshaw! Major Sternfield," she replied with calm disdain. "'Tis you who are acting now. A half-hour ago that speech would have made me tremble, would have kept me an humble

suppliant before you; but I tell you that all sentiments of fear, hope, or any feeling save one, are dead now within my breast."

Sternfield glared fiercely at her. Calm, proud, she stood before him—so lovely in her graceful festal robes, so delicate and feminine in her girlish beauty; but there was an iron firmness of expression stamped upon her brow, which he had never yet seen there, telling of resolutions formed, resolutions to be rigidly kept; and, with a wrathful pang, he inwardly acknowledged that his own unhallowed violence had lost him, perhaps, for ever, the love of that matchless young creature.

"So be it, Antoinette; you have willed that strife should exist between us; but remember, that through weal or woe, in poverty or in suffering, in sickness or in health, till death doth part us, you are mine and mine alone."

Despite her calmness, her stoicism, she shuddered as the solemn words fell on her ear, but recovering instantly her late forced composure, she rejoined: "Do not fear, I can never forget that; but I will return to the ball-room now to enjoy myself as much as my present frame of mind will permit me."

Those who had chanced to notice the long absence of Antoinette and Sternfield, and saw them at last stealing back, one after another, inwardly judged it was a very decided case of flirtation; nor was there anything in the outward demeanor of either party to indicate the singular interview through which they had just passed. Antoinette was pale and quiet, but that she had often been of late; whilst Sternfield, as was usual with him, hovered about the fairest faces in the room, whispering words which ever won him the reward of smiles and blushes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What Antoinette suffered during those tedious lagging hours, no words could express. Obligated to speak, to smile, whilst heart and brain were alike throbbing with agony; obliged above all, to hide her feelings from curious or cavilling eyes, there were times when it seemed to her she must drop the mask at once. To Sternfield, trained in deceit, triumphing in the success of his odious plot to degrade her in the eyes of Colonel Evelyn, a plot conceived and executed in the moment his keen eye had detected the latter approaching up the corridor, no great effort of self-command was necessary. Determined to pique and punish his refractory bride, he devoted himself with such assiduity to the young lady who had, on a previous occasion, shared his sleigh, that Mrs. D'Aulnay's indignation was excited to the highest pitch. Glancing around in search of Antoinette, she beheld her seated near a small table pretending to examine some engravings upon it. Resolved to punish Sternfield in kind, she beckoned Colonel Evelyn to her, and, handing him a roll of paper, exclaimed:

"Pray go and show these new plates to Miss De Mirecourt, and examine them at the same time yourself. You will tell me afterwards what you think of them."

Evelyn looked for a moment as if he would have declined the commission; but meeting Mrs. D'Aulnay's dawning look of amazement, he took the engravings, and crossed the room to Antoinette's side. Abruptly, coldly, he said:

"Rather than excite Mrs. D'Aulnay's questions or suspicions, I have brought you these pictures, as she instructed me to do."

"Oh, Colonel Evelyn, what must you think of me?" faltered the unhappy Antoinette.

"I will tell you," he rejoined, in tones of suppressed bitterness. "My first love taught me to hate your sex; you, my second love, have taught me to despise them. She, though false to myself, was true at least to the one who had supplanted me; you, a few weeks ago, called on Heaven to witness you had no love for Audley Sternfield, and yet I saw you lie passive in his arms an hour ago, whilst he pressed his kisses on your lips and brow."

"Spare me! be merciful!" she implored, with white and quivering lips.

"No, Antoinette De Mirecourt, for you have not spared me.

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Sternfield or his like might pardon you, for their love is as easily recalled as it is given, but I cannot. You have done me a woeful wrong, young girl! destroyed the dawning confidence in human truth and goodness, beginning to spring up in my seared heart; dried up the springs of human sympathy there, and doomed back to hardened misanthropy the gloomy remainder of my barren life."

"Oh, forgive me, Colonel Evelyn!" and the speaker felt at the moment that she would willingly have laid down her life, if she could have saved him thereby one solitary suffering, one single pang.

Pitilessly he went on. "As much deeper in proportion as is my love compared to that of most other men, so is my resentment against her who has mocked that love to scorn. Oh, what a wealth of affection have I not lavished on a worthless idol!"

"I have sinned," she rejoined, in a low solemn tone, "and my sin has found me out; but, Colonel Evelyn, guilty in the sense you suppose me to be, I am not. Ten years would I willingly give of the life that spreads out such a dreary blank before me, to have my innocence made clear to you; but if, in this life, that may not be, there is another and a better world, where it shall yet be made plain to you."

Evelyn gazed a moment on those clear truthful eyes, that fair youthful brow, and then hastily averting his gaze, exclaimed:

"Girl, ask of Heaven to withdraw from you that fatal gift of seeming innocence and candor, or you will win others to their destruction as you have won me to mine."

"And you will not spare me one kind or forgiving word?" she asked, clasping her hands together, reckless in the despair of the moment who witnessed her agitation, or what construction might be put upon it.

"No. You have ruined, robbed me, and I cannot forgive you. If I were on my death-bed, on the point of appearing before my Maker, my answer would still be the same. I have loved you too well to show you mercy, but, hush!" he rapidly added, interposing his tall form between her and the other occupants of the room. "Your agitation may be noticed, misunderstood. Heavens! Miss De Murecourt, what a finished, faultless actress you are. One would think now that my approbation or censure was a matter of life and death to you. I would believe it myself, only that I witnessed so memorable a scene in the sitting-room a short time ago. Oh, only for that terrible, damning proof of your worthlessness, nothing could ever have opened my eyes to it. Farewell now, and let us both mutually hope our paths in life may never cross each other again. You will hear that Cecil Evelyn is a greater misanthrope than ever, that he is more selfish and gloomily inaccessible to every social, kindly feeling; but knowing who has helped to make him so, you at least will hold your peace."

He bowed, turned away, and a few moments after left the house.

Sick at heart, Antoinette sat where he had left her, wondering if human breast had ever known such misery as her own, when Sternfield, who had been dancing and flirting in an adjoining room, came up to her. Narrowly he scanned her face, and then said:

"You look ill and sad, Antoinette."

"You cannot expect me to look well or gay."

"Perhaps you are angry with me for having flirted so much with that bright-eyed little Eloise?"

"I never noticed it," was the weary reply.

Sternfield bit his lip! This utter indifference was neither what he had sought or wished for, and he angrily rejoined:

"Doubtless more powerful interests and anxieties engrossed you."

"Ah, I have nothing left to hope or fear now."

"Are you really serious in your intention of returning to the country immediately, or was it merely an idle threat?"

"I go to-morrow."

"Shall I bid you farewell then to-night, or call again for a parting word in the morning?"

"As you wish. I think it would be better to say the parting word to-night."

"You are a loving bride, Antoinette."

"I am what you have made me," was the calm, passionless response.

"Then, since you wish it, good-night," he abruptly, angrily rejoined. "I will not obtrude my unwelcome presence on you again."

He left her; and Antoinette, feeling she had suffered and feigned enough for one evening, quietly passed from the apartment.

How cheerful, how pleasant her own little room looked, with the bright fire, the wax-lights, the soft easy-chair drawn up into her favorite corner, but how heavy was the young heart of her who entered it! Closing the door, she threw herself into the fauteuil, hoping that tears might come to her relief; but that great solace was denied her, and she sat there in dry, tearless misery, recalling every trifling detail, every painful circumstance that could possibly add to the burden of her sorrow. Another hour passed, the last of the guests had taken their departure, and Mrs. D'Aulnay, as was her wont, stepped in to bid her cousin good-night. The latter looked strangely ill, but then she was very calm and quiet, so Mrs. D'Aulnay felt but little alarm.

"Are you sitting up, dear?" she asked. "You should have gone to bed immediately."

"I wished first to tell you, Lucille, that I must return to Valmont to-morrow."

"Return to-morrow, and why? Have you had letters from home?"

"None, but I have decided on returning."

"This is incomprehensible, child! What cause, what reason have you?"

"I am heart-sick, weary, Lucille, and I must have rest, utter repose."

"You are ill, dear child. Aye, I feared so. You have looked wretched for some time past, and two or three remarked it to-night. Ah, I fear my poor cousin, you are very unhappy." And she anxiously scanned the pain-worn young face before her.

"Yes, I am indeed very miserable."

"And I need not ask the cause. I suppose 'tis in great part that miserable Sternfield?"

"I will tell you in a simple sentence. You were present when those solemn words were pronounced: 'Those whom God has joined, let no man put asunder.' Do you understand, cousin Lucille! The woeful past is unchangeable, irrevocable!"

"Alas, do you really regret it so much, then? I suppose you must hate me at the same time; though, indeed, I did it all for the best."

"Ah, no, I neither hate nor upbraid you; but it was an unfortunate hour for me when I entered beneath your pleasant, friendly roof."

"Tell me, what has Audley been saying or doing to bring you to such a hopeless state of mind?"

"'Twould be useless and painful for me to give any further details than those with which you are already acquainted, but I have been sorely tried."

"Oh, as to that, dear child, so are all wives. There is Andre, who will sometimes get into a passion for the merest trifle, perhaps a tardy dinner, at other times, say in his quiet way, the most sarcastic, cutting things you can imagine."

Antoinette smiled—a very bitter, strange smile—as she replied, "If Audley Sternfield never gave me greater cause of sorrow than Mr. D'Aulnay has given yourself, I would not grieve so deeply that our union is irrevocable."

"But to return to your lately formed determination, what will you gain, my poor darling, by returning to the monotony of your country life sooner than you can help? Here, at least, you have some distractions, some amusements."

"Do you include under that title the persecutions Sternfield daily inflicts upon me?"

"But he will persecute you in Valmont as well as here. You remember when you were there before?"

"Yes, but I have grown more callous than I was then, more reckless of consequences, and, for his own sake, he will not try me too much."

"Of course, dear, if you are decided on leaving, there is no more to be said on that point; but do you not think it would be better to brave your father's anger, violent as it may be at first, and acknowledge at once your marriage?"

"That would not suit Major Sternfield," rejoined Antoinette, with a sharp, forced laugh, that made Mrs. D'Aulnay start. "He told me he could not afford the luxury of a dowry-less bride, having previously bound me by a solemn promise not to reveal my marriage till he allowed me, which will probably be on my eighteenth birthday, when I shall enter on the possession of my poor mother's fortune."

"He calculates closely as well as cleverly," was Mrs. D'Aulnay's sarcastic comment; "but, tell me, my poor heart-broken little cousin, would you like me to reveal all to your father, instead of waiting the pleasure of this tardy bridegroom? I care nothing for the promise he fraudulently extracted from myself."

"On no," and Antoinette shuddered. "I begin to look forward to the period when he will claim me, with sickening terror. Let me enjoy my poor father's love, my own personal liberty, as long as he will allow me!"

"Oh, Antoinette, forgive me!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, throwing her arms around her cousin, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears. "How greatly my unfortunate counsels have helped to bring utter misery on your bright young life. What would I not give to undo the mischief I have wrought! Handsome, fascinating demon, how I hate him!"

"Enough, dear Lucille. I am very weary—very ill. Leave me to rest."

With countless tearful protestations and caresses, Mrs. D'Aulnay parted from her, leaving her, not to repose, but to a night of sleepless wretchedness. The following day, notwithstanding her feelings of severe bodily illness, she persisted in her intention of leaving for the country. In passing before the parish church, not the massive, stately edifice which now bears the title, but an old-fashioned, though solid stone structure, situated almost in the centre of the French square, or Place D'Armes, she directed the driver to stop, and alighted for a moment. On leaving, shortly after, the sacred edifice, strengthened and consoled by a few minutes closer communion with her Creator, she stood, leaning against the railings, gazing at the thickly strewn graves around her; and, despite the cheerless aspect of the cemetery, covered, in some parts, by winter's icy mantle, presenting, in others, the muddy sodden appearance with which the melting of the snow usually heralds spring's approach, a wish, nay, rather a prayer, as earnest as heart ever framed, rose up from the depths of her soul, that death's dreamless sleep might be vouchsafed her before the arrival of the dreaded epoch when Sternfield should claim her as his wife.

In turning away, her eyes fell on the tall form of Colonel Evelyn approaching; but he passed her with a cold, though respectful salutation. A little later, she encountered a small party of the gay triflers she had often met in Mrs. D'Aulnay's drawing-rooms, and hats were touched, and bows made, with genuine respect, for Antoinette had ever been a general favorite. After she had passed, however, they wonderingly commented on her altered looks, and gravely marvelled if Canadian beauty was always as evanescent as hers had been.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the joy following Antoinette's arrival in Valmont, no one thought of wondering and questioning about her abrupt and unexpected return, and it was with something like a feeling akin to pleasure that she found herself in the calm atmosphere of her home.

Mrs. Gerard and her charge soon became fast friends and Antoinette confided that she was bearing a heavy cross, but declined to mention the nature of it.

Some few evenings after, Antoinette, while sitting in the moonlight by an open window, was startled by hearing Sternfield's voice, pronouncing her own name. She soon made out his figure among the shrubbery, and at his request went out to meet him. A long conversation ensued, during which Sternfield refused to yet recognize his bride, but was much concerned regarding her fragile looks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Summer had mellowed into autumn, when Antoinette, at the request of her physician, again found herself an inmate of Mrs. D'Aulnay's house, where, of course, Sternfield was a frequent visitor and an ardent and cool lover by turns. Among Antoinette's visitors was Dr. Manby, one of the garrison physicians, who had been sent privately by Colonel Evelyn to

find out, if possible, the exact nature of Antoinette's ailment. He decided that quinine and tonics were not required but a daily dose of heart's ease.

CHAPTER XXX.

Some weeks afterwards, Louis Beauchesne arrived in Montreal, on a visit of some weeks' duration. He was given carte blanche for visiting at Mrs. D'Aulnay's. Louis frequently availed himself of the invitation and was used almost as a member of the family, greatly to the irritation of Sternfield, who became fiercely jealous.

In the meantime, stories were current regarding the heavy gambling losses of Sternfield, who seemed to be indulging in all kinds of excesses.

After much persuasion Antoinette was worried into assisting at a small soiree. Sternfield and Louis were among the guests. The former, owing to heavy gambling losses of the previous night, had anything but an angelic temper, while Louis was the liveliest of the gay assemblage. Antoinette forced herself to enter into the spirit of the company, but the dark, glowering looks of Sternfield, when he was not the recipient of her smiles, made her uneasy. While Antoinette and Louis were conversing Sternfield approached and called Louis a brainless puppy, and demanded her to dance with him. To prevent a scene she acquiesced, and afterwards had a long conversation, during which Sternfield announced his intention of so insulting Louis that a duel must follow, and then Antoinette made her way to her chamber.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. D'Aulnay had just risen on the following morning, when a hastily-written, crumpled note from Louis Beauchesne was handed to her, announcing that he had just fought a duel with Sternfield, who was mortally wounded.

Mrs. D'Aulnay was deeply agitated and hastened at once to her cousin's room and soon acquainted her with the contents of the note.

Antoinette did not faint or go into hysterics, but her cheek turned to an ashy hue and her lips became white. She sprang from her couch, and, without a moment's hesitation, commenced to dress, and announced her intention of going at once to see Sternfield. Nothing could dissuade her from her purpose, and, accompanied by the coachman, she soon reached the officers' quarters.

After a short delay she was admitted to the presence of the dying man, Colonel Evelyn. Dr. Ormsby, the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, and a medical man being present.

Antoinette at once sank on her knees beside Sternfield's couch and addressed him as "Audley, my husband!" to the utter bewilderment of Colonel Evelyn. Sternfield at first reproached Antoinette bitterly, but later on, when Jeanne had arrived, the fiercely roused passions of the dying man were calmed and he passed away peacefully with words of forgiveness for his badly wronged young wife. Antoinette was at once removed home, as one in a stupor, and brain fever ensued.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When the young girl lay battling with death, gossiping tongues were busy, and, despite the opinions of friends and acquaintances that she would enter a convent or retire to Valmont, there to live and die in the strictest seclusion, she was within a year publicly united to Colonel Evelyn, who was a constant visitor at the house during her illness and who was the first outsider to see her after her recovery.

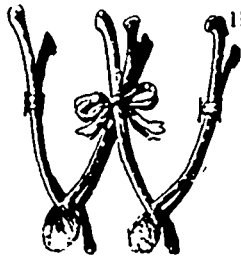
Over Antoinette's future destiny we will not linger. Happiness soon restored to that youthful frame the health which had commenced to give way so rapidly under her early cares and trials. To her devoted, idolizing husband she brought that unclouded domestic felicity he had for so many years of his life despaired of ever knowing, and in assuring his happiness, she assured her own.

Louis Beauchesne, who, through the connivance of friends, was fortunate enough to escape from Canada, notwithstanding the strict search instituted for him, never returned to it. He was kindly received in France, which welcomed at that time with open arms the Canadians who chose to leave their native land for her own sunny soil. After a time he formed new ties and friendships which brought him happiness, though they never obliterated from his memory those of his youth and childhood.

The philosophical Mr. D'Aulnay returned with renewed ardor to his books and folios after the strange period of trouble and bewilderment which had hovered for a time over his household. His fair wife smiled, dressed, and flirted as of old, ever willing to help any of her young lady friends in their love-affairs, but entertaining at the last moment of her career, a prudent horror of secret marriages.

THE END.

WITCHCRAFT.



WHEN one is engaged in the intricacies of theological discussion, the cows may linger as they will over the sweets of the roadside. And the July twilight lingers also, transforming hitherto unseen cloud-bits into spirits floating through ether, the beauty and the joy of them translated for mortal eyes into ineffable, heavenly tints and lights.

Could the thought of God be translated into mortal symbols, might not the light-crowned summits of purple hills seem fit resting places for the feet of a Deity passing through such a world as this—a world enwrapped in July twilight.

It was this question, considered literally rather than symbolically, which engrossed the attention of two small boys, who should have been absorbed, rather, in getting the hotel cows under cover for the night.

The older of them—and even he was yet very young—held to the affirmative with a zeal which lent to his whole ragged little figure an odd air of nervous energy.

"Of course God could walk on top o' those hills. He could reach between any two o' them easy as not, an' if He couldn't, He'd make it so He could—an' so He could, anyway!"

Hieronymus Tubbs waved his stick, as he spoke, toward the hills which rose beyond the meadow levels where he walked. His uplifted face wore the evening light, and his eyes shone with the excitement of debate. He had quite forgotten the cows.

"No, He couldn't, either."

This disputant was even smaller than Hieronymus, but he spoke in a matter-of-fact way which gave his words great weight, and his quiet blue eyes seemed to measure, as though with reference to some actual basis of comparison, the distance between the glowing summits before him. Timothy Parsons was carried away by no flight of fancy from the actual business in hand, and the cow which ventured nearest received an energetic thwack from his stick.

Hieronymus jerked excitedly at the string which, with precarious clutch, held his trousers in place.

"Not those hills! Why, they ain't anything to Him! You take those mountains back of the hotel, and maybe He couldn't—lest He wanted to make them different, or Himself or something. But those hills there He could reach between, just as easy. Look at those two little fellows, now: 't ain't anyway between them at all—not for God."

Timothy regarded them critically, squinting his eyes up to measure with greater exactitude.

"No, I tell you, He couldn't—not even between them two little ones."

The blood flew to Hieronymus's head. He spoke in utter scorn: "I s'pose you think He can't do anything He wants?"

"I s'pose He's made things the way He wants," was the calm rejoinder.

"Well, anyway, you don't know. You ain't ever seen Him."

"Yes, I have too—often."

Hieronymus stared. It was possible, of course—anything is possible. And Timothy had talked all along as if he really knew, somehow. Now his calm assurance was explained. But one must not be too credulous.

"When did you see Him?"

"Oh, lots of times."

"Where did you see Him?"

"He's staying up at the hotel."

Although this statement might seem quite credible to adult

minds, Hieronymus whistled in surprise. For a time he walked on in silence. The majestic conception of Deity stepping from radiant hilltop to radiant hilltop was fading reluctantly from the mind of the boy. His eyes were clouded, and he gazed before him somewhat wistfully. Still, fallen as were his ideals, great interest attached to the gleaming of information.

"How high is He, then, Timothy?"

"Oh,"—Timothy looked about him for some just means of comparison, and finally hit upon a great elm which in solitary grandeur crowned a knoll ahead—"bout as high as that tree."

Hieronymus looked earnestly at the tree, and then back to his hilltops again.

"He couldn't, then," the boy admitted.

The light was gone from the hilltops; it was time the cows were home. But the twilight still lingered, and over the knoll where the elm tree grew appeared the figure of a young girl. She was dressed all in purest white, and her hair was like the deepest shadows which nestled among the hills. Timothy recognized her at once, and nudged Hieronymus.

"That's the witch," he said.

"Who—that? How d' you know?"

"The hotel folks says so."

The girl came nearer, and spying the cows paused doubtfully, gathering up her skirts as though for flight. But when her eyes lighted upon the keepers of the beasts, the fright in them gave way to amusement. If the keepers were so very small the danger could not be so very great, or thus she seemed to argue. So the girl came forward smilingly toward the lads, the sight of whom had partly driven from her mind a certain perplexing problem which she had walked out alone to consider.

She must decide sometime. But how could she decide until—until she knew? Men are so impatient. If he would only wait till she had time to make up her mind! So, knowing he would join her on the piazza and suggest a stroll, the girl had slipped away alone into the twilight, and now wished he would follow and find her. If he wanted to, he could. This was a way they often came together; and when at his side she was not afraid of the cows. She was not walking quite as fast as a runaway should.

Hieronymus, never having seen a witch before, stared hard at the girl. He did not feel afraid. He had never dreamed witches looked like that. In the picture books they were old and scrawny and ugly. He thought he liked witches. Timothy, though he had already readjusted his ideas upon the subject, was scarcely less interested. In truth, he adored the witch, and found reality at once stranger and sweeter than fiction.

"Don't let your cows hurt me, will you, boys?"

"No, ma'am, they won't hurt you."

The boys stood still as she passed, and then looked after her. She made a luminous spot in the great stretch of dusk. Her voice lingered in the still air like the silvery ringing of fairy bells.

Down the path through the fields came another figure, very different from that which had vanished. It was clad in black, and it stooped, as though with weariness.

Timothy nudged Hieronymus again.

"That's the angel," he said. "I heard the witch say she was an angel."

The old woman drew slowly nearer. She was not afraid of the cows. Upon the boys she smiled very gently. And though she was not beautiful nor clad in white, when she smiled they recognized her right to angelic identity. Still, the picture books were sadly astray in this matter of witches and angels. Hieronymus felt a sense as of something lost and something gained. If angels could go with wrinkled faces and clad in black, witches could be very, very beautiful, and could lead captive the fancy of any small boy who chanced to pass one by. For the witch he would do anything. Ah, if one of the cows had but been fierce, that he might have saved her from

it! Perhaps, if he had been in trouble himself, he might have thought of the angel, but, of course, this did not occur to him. And as he stood there, just where the path branched, he would have followed the witch into the luminous west, rather than have gone after the angel as she walked toward the darkening north.

They had not gone far beyond that split in the path before Timothy's powers of identification were again called into play. Across the field came a very tall being, stalking rapidly. He walked with the mien of one who has some end in view other than the pleasure of a lonely evening stroll; and he was looking eagerly about, as though this end were something moveable, which might escape him.

Timothy stood still, and spoke low.

"That's God," said he, and felt called upon to make no explanation. Was he not the tallest of beings? It was sufficient.

Perhaps the deepening twilight lent an almost superhuman loftiness and dignity to the very tall figure approaching, for Hieronymus reflected that it was just about as tall as the great elm tree. And—no, tall as it was, it couldn't walk on the tops of the hills. He gazed steadily, and though the dusk was gathering closer, and though that face was so far above his, its look of eager watchfulness and seeking did not escape him.

"He's going after one of 'em," he whispered to Timothy.

"I guess it's the witch," Timothy whispered back.

And straightway fear came upon the hearts of both. For what destruction might not fall upon a wicked (though beautiful) witch, if thus sought and captured! Within the mind of Hieronymus was born the desire to save her; even though she merited destruction, he would save her! The sound of her silvery voice, the vision of her beautiful face and luminous garments, were with him yet. What though she was wicked and a witch? He loved her!

And of course the angel could suffer no harm.

The tall figure paused before the lads, as though wishing to ask some question, yet hesitating to do so. In the deepening dusk it towered mightily. Hieronymus felt his heart in his mouth, but he dared not risk delay. A valiant lover he, courting instant annihilation for the sake of his lady; for if he were seeking the witch, and found Himself misdirected—

Hieronymus jerked his thumb over his shoulder, pointing down the path the angel had taken. "She went that way," he said, and then he took to his heels. Timothy could mind the cows; he, Hieronymus, must seek to escape the wrath to come. For the figure had followed the angel, and the boy felt sure—quite sure—that it desired to follow the witch!—V. YEAMAN REMNITZ, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

SARAH BARNHARDT'S FIRST ROLE.

NEW STORY TAKEN FROM HER UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has been engaged for some time in preparing memoirs of her life. The following extract from this work, which has not yet been published, appeared the other day in *The Paris Gaulois*:

"The feast of St. Catharine was at hand," writes Madame Bernhardt. "and in the Grand Champs Convent, where I was being educated, the day possessed unusual significance since we had arranged to have a dramatic performance. The subject selected was the Biblical story of Tobias' journey and Sister Theresa had written the play. The girls to whom roles had been assigned were delighted beyond measure.

"My little friend, Louise Bugnet, who was to play the part of an angel, knew very little about her part, and so I said to her: 'Are you foolish? Now, if I were in your place I would not feel in the least nervous.' On the following day, however, she trembled so much at rehearsal that she could not utter a word. We were all in the room, and Mother Apollinara was telling us how we should behave. Monsignor Silbour was to be present at the performance, and she cautioned us not to

forget to applaud at the proper time. Everything would have been delightful if I had not been so angry because I was not one of the performers. All my friends were beaming with pride; Louise alone wept bitterly. 'The child will never be able to play her part,' cried the Mother Superior. 'No, I never will,' sobbed my little friend. Then a great joy filled my heart, and, jumping on a bench, I cried: 'Mother, Mother, may I play instead of her?' All looked at me, and Mother Sophie replied: 'All right, my child, come and repeat the part.'

"I flung back the hair, which was streaming over my shoulders, and I went through the part correctly. I was very proud, and my only fear was that I would not be able to act the part well enough. After rehearsal we went to breakfast, but I was so excited that I could not eat anything. How many times since then have I experienced the same physical anxiety! There was on the table some cream, of which I was very fond, but I did not even taste it. My friends ate and laughed, and Louise Bugnet took my portion of cream, saying: 'Since you are to take my part, it is only fair that I should take your cream.' I was almost on the verge of tears, and it was fortunate that Sister Maria took me away at that moment for the purpose of dressing me. I was conducted into the large reception-room, and there I noticed a mirror, the only one which I had ever seen in the convent, and which belonged to the gardener. A very small mirror it was, with a wooden frame and with a carved bird at the top. The sisters, who were heavily veiled, kept at some distance from it, as though it was a dangerous object. One among them, however, was allowed more liberty than the others, and it was she who dressed us. I received a very long white dress, with large sleeves, and two beautiful white wings.

"Suddenly the convent bells rang, a carriage rolled into the great courtyard and Monsignor Silbour entered. I was very small and could see nothing, but Father Larcher took me in his arms and I saw Monsignor descend from the episcopal carriage, and next I saw our Mother Superior kneel before him and kiss his ring. All the other sisters were awaiting the signal to kneel and receive his blessing. I thought it a fine sight. An hour passed by, but what was said or done during that time I do not know. I was dreaming about my part. A soft hand roused me from my reverie and I hastened forward, thinking that the performance had begun. Unfortunately I forgot that I was wearing a long dress and I fell down. My friends laughed heartily thereat, and when I heard them I became very angry. It is nothing, I cried, as I went into a little room adjoining the stage.

"This was fashioned of a few boards and the only decorations were a wooden bench and a table, on which was the frugal meal of old Tobias. There were 11 of us in the little room and not one of us spoke a word. We could hear our hearts beating. When my turn came I believe that I shrank from facing the audience and a friend pushed me forward, just as my teacher, M. Provost, was obliged to do several years later when I made my first appearance in *Iphigenie* at the *Comedie Francaise*. Nevertheless, I made a good impression; I played my part well, and I even added several sentences to it, since at the close I was so bewildered that I did not know what I was saying. When the performance was over, Monsignor sent for the child who had played the part of the angel. I was triumphant. People say that I was at that time a delicate, interesting and pretty little girl.

"What is your name, my child?" asked Monsignor.

"Sarah," I replied.

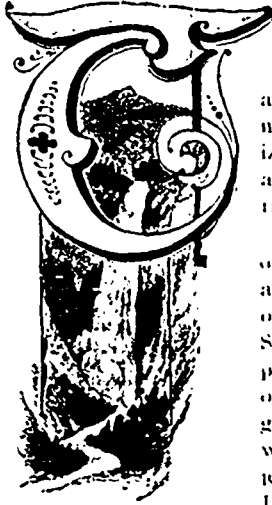
"You must take another name," he said, with a smile.

"Yes," remarked the Mother Superior. "Her father, who intends to have her baptized, desires that she shall be called Henriette."

"Very well, Sarah or Henriette," replied Monsignor. "Here is a medal which you must always wear, and, when I come again you must recite 'Esther's Prayer' for me." Monsignor kissed me, and I promised him that I would learn 'Esther's Prayer.' Alas, it was decreed that I should never recite it in the presence of Monsignor. Some days later as we were all together in the chapel, after mass, the officiating priest informed us that Monsignor had been killed."

Too Many Women.

A NOVEL PLAN TO INCREASE THE NUMBER OF MEN IN THE WORLD.



THE one great reason why so many women to-day are clamoring for what they call their rights and are competing with men in the business world is because in every civilized country the number of marriageable women exceeds that of marriageable men.

These are the conclusions at which one is bound to arrive after reading a remarkable work entitled "Surplus of Male Births and its Biological Significance," which has just been published in Leipsic, and the author of which is Dr. A. Rauber, a distinguished professor of anatomy and a well-known writer on scientific subjects; and according to Edward Von Hartmann, an eminent authority on

philosophical and ethical subjects, who speaks of this book as one of the most notable works of our time, there is another conclusion at which the reader is also bound to arrive—namely, that the only reason why the social evil exists to-day is because there are more women in every civilized country than men and that the only way in which this evil can be eradicated is by increasing the number of marriageable men.

That this should be necessary seems strange at first, since Dr. Rauber tells us that the number of male births exceeds that of female births among civilized nations by at least five per cent. As a rule, then, more boys are born every year than girls.

At the moment of birth, however, the boys' troubles begin. Many are born prematurely and die in a few days, others are sickly and pass away in childhood, and of the remainder not a few are cut off before they reach the age of manhood. In a word, it is harder to raise boys than girls, and, as a result, though the boys outnumber the girls in infancy and childhood, the women outnumber the men when both have arrived at a marriageable age.

The natural consequence, says this scientist, is that women are not prized as much as they should be. In this case the usual law of supply and demand rules, and the reason why so many women to-day have to fight hard for their very existence is because the supply of women is far greater than the demand for them. In an ideal monogamic society there would be one woman for every man, and it is a society like this that Dr. Rauber would have us create. In modern society, on the contrary, there is more than one woman to every man, and the result is that many women cannot get husbands.

Among savage tribes the case is different. The women of such tribes are compelled to work hard and thus, while many of the men may die any year in battle or from other causes, it is equally certain that many of the women will succumb from hard work and other causes, and the ultimate result is that, as a rule, the number of men and women in each tribe will be about equal. On the other hand, while the men in civilized countries are exposed to all manner of perils, the women are not required to overstrain themselves by doing hard physical work, and the consequence is that, when the time for marriage comes, women greatly outnumber the men.

"But what becomes of the women who cannot get husbands?"

"In polygamic communities," replies Dr. Hartman, "they find homes in the harems of potentates; in Catholic countries they go into convents, and in Protestant countries they were wont, up to the beginning of this century, to make their homes with their nearest relatives, for whom they worked, receiving in return board and lodging. This condition of things came to an end, owing to the gradual dissolution of family ties and the growth of factories, established for the purpose of manufacturing many of the things which these women used formerly to make at home. To-day, these surplus women are obliged to earn their living away from home, and, if they are unable or unwilling to do that, they are exposed to poverty and to shame."

"Now, according to Dr. Rauber, there is no valid reason why the present condition of affairs should continue, or, in other words, he expresses himself as being of the opinion that by the use of proper scientific methods the number of men in civilized countries can gradually be made equal to that of women. As the first necessary step in this direction he recommends that the utmost possible care be taken of male infants, and he gives much sound advice to the mothers of such children in regard to their nurture during the perilous months of infancy. In the next place, he points out that the health of boys and young men should be carefully watched, and that every effort should be made to prevent them from working in unhealthy places or at unhealthy occupations. In fine, he says that in order to attain the desired improvement of the race a start must be made at the very beginning—even before the boys are born.

Only in this way, he maintains, can we be assured of an increased number of male births, and then, if due pains are taken to rear the boys under proper sanitary conditions and to safeguard them from harm, there is every reason to believe that within one century the number of young men in civilized countries will become equal to that of young women, and that from that date onward the number of young men will gradually begin to exceed that of young women.

The precise manner in which such an improvement would benefit women he also clearly shows. Their chances of getting husbands would naturally increase as the number of young men increased, though this good fortune would in one way prove a detriment to their sex, since as wives and mothers they would not have entirely as good a chance of long life as they would have had by remaining single, and thus the rate of mortality among women would tend to increase. From another point of view this very tendency would prove beneficial to the race, since it would aid toward equalizing the number of men and women.

Until this golden age, to which Dr. Rauber looks forward, arrives, the problems of the social evil and the employment of women as wage-earners will, according to Dr. Hartmann, remain unsolved. He admits that many earnest minds have been for a good while laboring to arrive at a fitting solution of these problems, but he is clearly of opinion that none of the work yet done in these directions will prove of any permanent value.

Under the present conditions of society, he points out, these evils are inevitable, and they will remain so until "a higher value is set on women," and this cannot take place as long as the supply of women is so much in excess of the demand as it is at present.

In the blissful future, if Dr. Rauber's theory be correct, women will not have to work for their living, since, with few exceptions, all women will become happy wives and mothers, and their time will be fully occupied in attending to their domestic duties. In those days the judges in divorce courts will have little to do, since mercenary marriages will be unfashionable, and men and women will wed only because they love each other with an abiding love. The poorest girls will be able to find suitable husbands, and very glad the men will be to get them as wives. In the business world women will no longer compete with men, and in cities the officers of social purity societies will find it necessary to turn their attention to some other work. In fine, the world will be regenerated when there is once more one man to one woman, and not until then can it be regenerated. Such, at least, is the opinion of Dr. Rauber, and in view of the close attention which he has given to this subject his opinion is decidedly worthy of respect.

Theatres and Entertainments.

MRS. LANGTRY began her engagement in Montreal at Her Majesty's Theatre last night, presenting Sydney Grundy's celebrated comedy, *The Degenerates*. This play is one which deals with the fancies and foibles of a certain section of England's best social set, and the dramatist has not hesitated to show up the selfishness and vanity of its members as it really exists. For two hundred nights this play drew the largest and most fashionable audiences ever known in London. During the American tour houses crowded to their capacity have been the rule and this city will prove no exception. Mrs. Langtry returns with her art broadened and rounded by experience, with her beauty unimpaired, and with a play which is especially fitted for her requirements. That she was accorded a rousing welcome was no surprise. As an extra attraction she recited Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, *The Absent-Minded Beggar*, at the end of the performance, the audience having been requested to wait for two minutes after the curtain fell to enable her to change her gown for the famous khaki dress which was made for her by Worth, and which she wore at the celebrated tea concert in New York, when she raised \$7,000 for the British Army Hospital Fund.

A NUMBER of familiar faces will be seen at the Academy next Monday evening, when the McGrane-Henderson Stock Co. opens its engagement. Besides the managers themselves, there will be Harry Mack, Fred. Webber and Joseph Cleworth, all of the late Theatre Francais Stock Company. The remainder of the new organization have not been seen here before, but they come to Montreal with excellent records. Frances Stevens, the leading lady, was for several seasons connected with the Frohman companies, and at one time was starred in *Jane*. Beatrice Foster was ingenue last season with Milton Royale in his successful tour of *Captain Impudence*. Florence Foster has just closed a two-seasons' engagement in *The Heart of Maryland*. The opening play will be Gillette's wonderfully popular comedy, *Too Much Johnson*, which strange to say, has never heretofore been presented in this city.

ON Tuesday evening last, the Garrick Club gave their third private performance of the season in Her Majesty's Theatre to a select and appreciative audience. The comedy presented was entitled *The Balloon*, and every member of the cast did remarkably well. Those taking part were: Mr. G. E. Mason, Mr. G. C. Foster, Mr. Huntly Gordon, Mr. P. Griffin, Mr. H. A. Springle, Miss Edith Molson, Miss Branchland, Miss Mildred Jeffrey and Miss Stevenson Brown. The entire performance was under the supervision of Mr. R. B. Holland.

LITTLE CHARLEY.—Papa, what is broadmindedness?

HIS DAD.—Agreeing with headstrong people when you know they are wrong.

MR. OLDBOY.—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy.

KENNARD.—Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either.

AUTHORS' TRIUMPHS.

"BY the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name in it."

"All right. There's a bookstore just around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the bookstore the author hailed a clerk, and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

ALGY.—You are not on speaking terms with Miss Timid, then?

SMART.—No. I took her out for a walk and tried to kiss her.

ALGY.—And so she was offended.

SMART.—She said "Leave me alone," so I came away and left her alone. And now she wont speak.—Judgy.

THE APPLES OF SUCCESS.

The gnarled and knotted Tree of Life bears apples of success. Some claim the lowest branches of the richest fruitfulness. Some idly wait for wind-falls, lolling on the grassy ground, But most of us must climb to reach the mellow fruit and sound.

WHEN Cecil Rhodes and Lord Kitchener were at Oxford last commemoration, a certain section of the University, much to their discredit, took active measures to prevent the former from taking his honorary degree, in consequence of his supposed complicity with the Jameson Raid. The night before Degree Day there was a reception held by the Dean of Christchurch, and as the guests were departing, Kitchener was seen to turn to Rhodes as they went downstairs, and heard to say, "Well, good-night, Rhodes; remember, I shall have a sword under my gown if you get into any difficulties to-morrow!"

"I suppose," said the interested visitor to the elderly rustic, who was showing him over the village church—"I suppose you are the verger?"

The old man looked a trifle shocked. "Virgin, sir? Oh no, no, sir; certainly not," he answered. "I'm the sextant, sir, that's what I am."

PIANO BARGAINS

STOCK-TAKING AND CLOSING BOOKS... JUNE 1st.

From now until June 1st we intend to sell the remainder of our stock of new and second-hand pianos and organs at reduced prices, so that we will have to carry as few pianos as possible over into our new year.

We have some **GENUINE** bargains in upright pianos. It will pay you to see them before deciding to purchase elsewhere.

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Military Leaders of the Boers.



ESIDES the Boer generals who have made great fame in the South-African War—Joubert, Cronje and Botha—several others have done remarkable work.

General Schalk-Burger's proper command is on the eastern, or Portuguese and Swaziland frontier of the republic. He was President Kruger's political opponent in the last Presidential election in the Transvaal, and made a stiff fight against the redoubtable "Oom Paul." He was born in Lydenburg, in 1852, and was the grandson of a voortrekker on whose head the British Government once placed a price of £300.

Although a self-taught man, he has the reputation of being a deep thinker, and his oratory has often swayed the Raad. He was a field-cornet in the Boer War of Independence, and is at present a member of the Executive Council. General Burger, belonging like Joubert and Cronje to the older generation, has held important commands and administered them well, and Commandant Dewet, belonging like Botha to the younger generation, has distinguished himself by daring and successful enterprises. General Burger is described by those who know him as a sensible and sturdy officer of a fine Boer type. Commandant Dewet is regarded as second only to Botha among the younger men, and as destined to greater achievements if he lives and has fair opportunity. Some Boers think that the new men who have come to the front among the officers of the republican armies are better fitted for carrying on the war than were the older men. Certainly, with Joubert dead and Cronje a prisoner at St. Helena, Botha and Dewet and their young associates will have full opportunity to show what they can do. Dewet, like Botha, is of a good old Dutch family, and is said to have a genius for war and all the Boer cleverness in the peculiar tactics of their mountain warfare.

General Lucas Meyer was born in 1846, in the Free State, and is the charm of the first Volksraad. He was in the War of Independence, and received a bullet through the shoulder in action. He has been looked on as the leader of the progressive party among the Boers.

There has been a good deal of controversy as to the comparative credit which should be given the Boer officers and those foreigners who held commissions in their armies, for successes jointly achieved. The friends of the foreign officers have claimed a good deal more for them than the friends of the Boers have been willing to concede. English war correspondents and English military critics have, in some cases, leaned strongly in the same direction, claiming that the Boers owed much of their early success to the work of the foreign officers, and especially to those who were engineers and artillerymen. It is certain, as General Joubert himself admitted, that these foreign officers were of great value. Some of them were mere soldiers of fortune, but others were men of fine character as well as courage and skill.

The most distinguished soldier among the foreigners was General Count Georges de Villebois-Mareuil, chief of staff of the Boer army, with the rank of lieutenant-general and commandant of the foreign legion, who died in battle near Boshof, Orange Free State, early in April. He was the most scientific military man on the Boer side, a strategist and tactician of

authority in the French army, from which he retired in 1896 with the rank of colonel—out of pique, it was said, because he had been refused the command of the expedition to Madagascar, and was tired of what he regarded as unjust treatment from his superiors. He was only 48 when he retired, and his prospects were regarded as brilliant. He came of a noble family in Brittany, was graduated at the French military academy of Saint Cyr in 1868, and as a young lieutenant in the Franco-Prussian War won the Legion of Honor Cross and promotion to a captaincy by splendid bravery and a severe wound at the recapture of Blois. He was an active and ambitious young officer, who was fond of suggesting new plans and new ideas to the Ministry of War, and who, in the War Office, did valuable service in Algeria and Madagascar. He wrote extensively and admirably on military subjects, and had a wide reputation among military men.

His two chief ideas as a French officer were to make the French army strong enough to avenge France for her defeat by Germany, and to extend her colonial empire. He had no feeling against the English, but was rather fond of them; he went into the Transvaal service apparently simply for the sake of practising his profession in an honorable cause, and for large rewards in honors and emoluments. However, it is certain, from his last appeal to the French legion, that his sentiments were strongly with the Boers. He said: "There is here in front of the Vaal, a people whom it is desired to rob of its rights, its properties and its liberty in order to satisfy some capitalists by its downfall. The blood that runs in the veins of this people is in part French blood. France, therefore, owes to it some striking manifestation of help. You are the men whom a soldier's temperament, apart from all the great obligations of nationality, has gathered under this people's flag; and may that flag bring with it the best of fortune to us! You are the finished type of a troop that attacks and knows not retreat."

General de Villebois-Mareuil went secretly to the Transvaal, and it was not until after the first successes of the Boer forces that his presence there became known in Europe. Then the French newspapers, and afterwards military critics in both France and England, began to give him credit for all the Boers achieved. They called him "the brains of the Boer army," and said that he furnished General Joubert with both his strategy and his tactics. The whole plan of campaign for the beginning of the war was said to be his. He certainly had a great deal to do with it, and especially with the scientific lines of defensive fortifications which made so much of the Boer success possible. He described this system of defence in a series of communications to French military periodicals, in which he showed how easily the mountains and hills could be made almost impregnable. The Boer Government thanked him officially for his share in the success of the victory at Colenso, which was due largely to his fortifications.

It is a curious fact that the foreign legion has suffered much more, proportionately, than the Boers themselves. Besides losing General Villebois-Mareuil by death, two of the most brilliant and successful of the foreign officers, Major Albrecht and the German Colonel Schiel, were lost by capture, and the percentage of losses among both officers and men has been very much higher among the foreigners than among the natives. Major Albrecht is a remarkably efficient artillery officer, and deserves credit for much of the good work done by the artillery. He organized and trained the artillery forces of the Orange Free State. He, too, is credited by the foreign military critics with successes which the Boers attributed to their generals.

Colonel Blake, the most prominent American in the foreign legion, is John Y. Filmore Blake, who was graduated from West Point in the class of 1880, and served as a lieutenant of cavalry in our army until 1889, when he married an heiress of Grand Rapids, Mich., whom he met at Fort Leavenworth, and resigned to engage in the railroad business in Grand Rapids until he went to South Africa to live. He commands a corps of Irish and American rough-riders, some 500 in number, most of whom have had military experience.—Review of Reviews.

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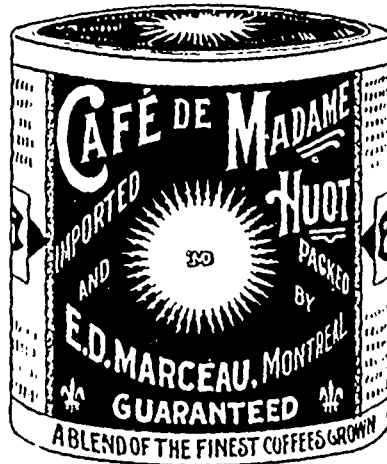
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