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# MONTREAL LIFE.



SHE.—That is the coast of Ireland. Isn't it lovely?  
HE.—I don't see anything.  
SHE.—Oh, neither do I, but the captain says it's the coast of Ireland and everybody has been admiring it for the past half hour!

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Dominion . . . . .	19th. " " " 19th, 2.30 p.m.	" " " " 19th, 2.30 p.m.

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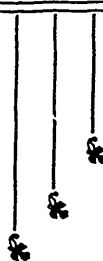
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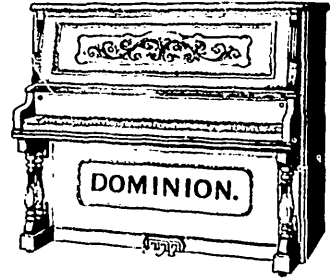
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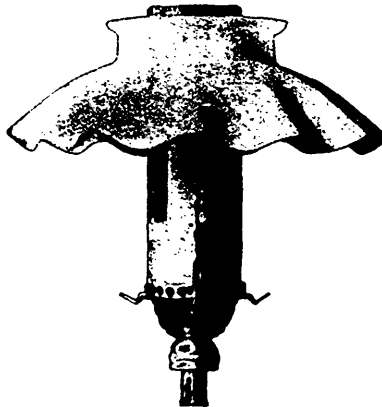
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# MONTREAL LIFE.

Vol. IX. No. 4.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE SPHINX AND THE TRAVELER.

SIR CHARLES.—Now if I only had a hint about the general elections I should have a better idea how long my journey through this awful desert is to last. But alas! the Sphinx will answer nothing.

IN 1925.

FIRST COLLEGE MAN.—How did you make out with your exams?

SECOND COLLEGE MAN.—I took honors in football, rowing, boxing, baseball and golf, but arithmetic and geography threw me down hard!

DURING THE FOOTBALL GAME.

FIRST REPORTER.—Who was that foreigner who fainted in the grand stand when the last mix-up occurred?

SECOND REPORTER.—Oh, a chicken-hearted Spaniard, who had only been used to seeing bull fights!

THE REASON.

THE connoisseurs from Chicago were wandering through the art gallery. Suddenly Mrs. Porkehops came to a standstill in front of a piece of statuary, and, after looking it over, perused the inscription.

"Venus de Milo, eh?" she sniffed; "well, I wonder why the bold hussy didn't wear clothes?"

"How could the poor armless girl dress herself?" asked Mr. Porkehops, who was lost in admiration.

THEY WERE COUSINS.

THE patient who told his doctor that it was impossible he had gastric fever, because they didn't burn gas in his house, was a first cousin of the individual who, after registering at the Windsor, informed the clerk that he wanted two rooms and wanted them "contagious."

WASTED KINDNESS.

KIND MISTRESS.—Notwithstanding that I am dissatisfied I will give you a recommendation before you leave, Bridget, if you wish one.

BRIDGET.—Oh, indade, ma'am, my lavin' here will be all the recommendation I shall require.

SHE DIDN'T SYMPATHIZE, HOWEVER.

"BLANCHE," he exclaimed, "I won \$150 at poker last night!"

"Oh, Jack," she joyfully laughed, throwing her arms around his neck, "I'm so glad! I was looking at the lamb coats to-day, and—"

"But," he interrupted, with the presence of mind peculiar to poker players, "I lost it all and \$50 besides on wheat this morning."

# Montreal Life.

Published by The Metropolitan Company

18-19 BOARD OF TRADE, MONTREAL, AND  
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18-19 Board of Trade . . . Montreal,  
26 Frost Street West . . . Toronto,  
109 Fleet Street, E.C. . . London, Eng.

IN the event of war with the Transvaal, which at the moment of writing seems inevitable, Canadians will have an opportunity to prove their attachment to the Empire in a practical way. The Militia Department has decided, in case of hostilities, to call for volunteers for an eight-company battalion, composed of 29 officers and 981 men, a squadron of cavalry composed of 6 officers and 154 non-commissioned officers and men, and 161 horses, and a battery of field artillery composed of 5 officers, 166 non-commissioned officers and men, 131 horses and 6 guns. We venture to predict that a great many more than the necessary number of officers and men will offer their services, but as there will doubtless be a rigid medical examination, and as the force will be made up from all parts of Canada, by allotting a certain number of officers and men to each military district, in proportion to the number of militia therein, the difficulty of over-supply can be solved. LIFE learns, on unimpeachable authority, that the command of the infantry battalion will be offered to an experienced officer of the British army—probably Col. Ivor Herbert, formerly General Officer Commanding the Canadian militia. The organization of the forces enumerated will afford young Canada a splendid opportunity to work off some of the surplus military enthusiasm that has been accumulating so long, with no vent save the annual camps of instruction and an occasional church parade. Doubtless the Montreal district, in the event of a call being issued, will send its full share of men to the front to do battle for the interests of what is to-day, more than ever before, a united Empire. French-Canadians, no doubt, will be as ready as their English-speaking fellow-citizens to enlist for service, and will thus display that military spirit which is one of the characteristics of their race—but a characteristic, as General Hutton has pointed out, that has become dormant in this country through inattention on the part of those in authority and the lack of a cause to stir it into life.

RAILWAY earnings afford an infallible index of national prosperity. That the net profits of the Canadian Pacific Railway should have increased in the first eight months of this year by \$1,225,000 over the corresponding period of 1898, is good proof, if proof were required, that Canadians are buying and selling more goods and spending more money for railway fares than ever before. The statement is also prima facie evidence that this great corporation continues to be managed with the care and efficiency that have made it successful even in times of depression.

APARTMENT houses, mansions, flats, tenements, or whatever buildings that contain a number of private establishments under a common roof and with a common entrance

may be termed, have generally been considered good safe investments. There are two large ones in Montreal, owned by Mr. Fisher, which are well managed, and yield him a good revenue. Mr. Gault is erecting another, embodying the latest improvements, and he seldom touches anything that is not a dividend payer. In Toronto, plans have just been completed for the first of such buildings, to be situated on St. George street, one of the fashionable streets of the city, and to be owned by a private capitalist. In the West End of London, where living in apartments is much in vogue, these mansions are owned chiefly by limited liability companies, which pay from 7 to 20 per cent. to the shareholders, who also benefit from a steady advance in the stock owing to the increasing value of land.

THE football season opened in earnest on Saturday last, with a practice match between the Britannia's senior team and Westmount. Although the former won by 18 to 0, their playing was disappointing to the critical eye, and they should have run up a bigger score than they did. They are strong on the line, but behind the line are not all that could be desired. However, hard practice this week has doubtless strengthened the weak places, and in the first big game of the season with the Montreals, to-morrow, the Britannias may show to better advantage. The junior game between Montreal and Point St. Charles was a poor performance from the spectator's point of view, owing to the weakness of the latter team, which contains some good material but is poorly drilled.

MR. JAMES SUTHERLAND'S elevation to the cabinet, as a Minister without portfolio, recalls the story that the shrewd and popular whip was slated for a department when the Laurier administration was first organized, but that he stepped aside in favor of Mr. Paterson, now Minister of Customs. Mr. Sutherland not only sacrificed himself at that time in the interests of Mr. Paterson, but when the latter, who had been defeated in the general elections, went into North Grey to find a seat, the whip went with him and directed his campaign, working night and day in one of the fiercest bye-elections that ever took place in the Dominion. Whether the system be right or wrong, this kind of party loyalty as a rule gets its reward in the long run. Ontario is to be congratulated on the strengthening of her representation in the Cabinet, but what about the Quebec members who regarded themselves as the legitimate successors of the late Mr. Geoffrion?

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT, the American author, in a letter from London refers to the recently announced engagement of Miss Aimee Lawrence, a well-known young girl of New York society, to a grandson of the Duke of Argyll and a nephew of the Marquis of Lorne, and says that it makes one think of certain peculiar developments which might have occurred, but did not, from the marriage of the Princess Louise. Her wedding took place nearly 29 years ago, and no children have sprung from it. That the union would be one without issue, nobody supposed. That the old Duke of Argyll would live on to his present age of almost 80, was held improbable. Both events, however, have happened. But provided children had been born to Lord Lorne, their positions (all except that of an eldest son) would have proved rather drolly anomalous. An eldest son would probably have received the courtesy title of Earl Campbell, but all other children, though belonging to the Royal family, would have had to content themselves with plain "Mr." and "Miss." They could not take the titles accorded to children of a marquis, for their father would be (as he now is) a simple commoner before the law, and hence his offspring would have been the same. It is all very well to say that the Queen "might have done something for them," but it is hard to see what she could have done for them, without creating a most invidious precedent.

## Life in a Looking-Glass

WITHIN the last two or three years so many marine disasters have happened—even the staunchest ships and the most experienced captains being involved—that people no longer look upon the trip across the Atlantic as a little jaunt practically devoid of danger. For a long number of years few mishaps occurred, and immense improvements were at the same time being made in the class of vessels employed in the passenger trade. The public consequently came to regard ocean-travelling under modern conditions as almost absolutely safe. But the fearful accidents at sea, that have been following so rapidly one upon another for many months back, are reminding us once more that, notwithstanding his ingenuity, man is but a puny creature when he comes to deal with the larger forces of Nature.

ALTHOUGH there is to-day undoubtedly a more widespread distrust of navigation as a practically infallible science than existed a few years ago, passenger-traffic on the Atlantic does not seem to have been adversely affected. On the contrary, it has expanded marvelously, and is said to be greater this year than at any former time. People read about collisions, and the breaking of shafts, and the destruction of mighty ships on rock-bound coasts, and straightway get their trunks ready for the voyage of business or pleasure, as if nothing of the same kind ever would or could happen again. It is one of the useful delusions of life that each individual fancies he bears a charmed existence, and has a lurking faith that the accident, the disease, the financial ruin, yes, even the death, that has overtaken his neighbor, he will somehow escape. I say a useful delusion, because if every mishap we see or read about had its full logical effect upon us, there is not one but would hesitate to enter a railway train, a ship, a street car, or even his private carriage, or to walk in a crowded thoroughfare, or to do any of a thousand and one common things which must be done, but in which people sometimes meet their death.

AND, as regards traveling by sea, notwithstanding the disasters that have so shaken public confidence in the safety of trans-Atlantic voyaging, a man is still probably quite as secure in an average ship as he would be following his ordinary occupation on dry land. The chances of injury or death from accident are as great, every moment of the day, for the average individual in a crowded city, as for the traveler thousands of miles from land on a craft that, comparatively speaking, is but a dust speck on the bosom of the ocean. I remember having seen a statement that more people are killed by accident every year, while walking in the streets of United States cities, than are killed by lightning in the whole Union during the same period. Yet, people fancy there is special danger of death during a thunderstorm and practically no danger in walking to or from their business.

DR. C. W. COLBY, in his speech at the dinner of the St. James' Literary Society the other night, characterized the addresses of Edmund Burke as models for the young speaker of to-day and spoke of the desirability of a polished literary style in all public speaking. I do not suppose Dr. Colby meant that Burke's style would be the best for use before an average audience at the present time. Doubtless what he did mean is that the young speaker cannot adopt a better method of purifying and elevating his own style than the reading and study of Burke. That we have very few first-class speakers in Canada goes without saying. The present House of Commons does not compare in debating ability with the House as it was eight or ten years ago. Sir John Thompson, Edward Blake, Sir

Adolphe Chapleau, and Dr. Colby's father, the late member for Stanstead, were all speakers of rare polish and marked ability in debate. A loose style has been creeping in—not only at Ottawa, but on the public platform. Speakers mistake a slangy fluency for eloquence, and the public tolerates the error. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is one of the best models we have in the art of graceful and dignified speech. Probably the very best model is one who has seldom been heard in Quebec—the Hon. G. W. Ross, Ontario's Minister of Education. Mr. Ross, both in manner and matter, is always effective. Inexperienced speakers as a rule pay too much attention to matter and too little to manner. Thought is the most important ingredient of a good speech, but it is not everything. The most unsatisfactory dinner is the one in which good materials have been spoiled by faulty cooking or slovenly service.

ADMIRAL DEWEY kept his head at Manila, but if he does not lose it after all the flattery and fuss of which he is being made the centre he will have proved his title to be regarded as a great man, in the most convincing manner. If he is really the simple, unaffected seaman he has been painted, the New York reception must have been a more trying ordeal to him than sailing into Manila Bay in the darkness; but should he be either a wily self-seeker, or a weak man whom sycophancy can allure from his proper path, we shall yet see him out for the Presidency, notwithstanding any disclaimers to date.

THE chief value of any athletic game, properly conducted as an amateur sport, is not in the physical development obtained from its practice (though physical development counts for much), but in the code of morals that it unconsciously inculcates and in the qualities of character that it brings to the fore. Football, in which so many Montrealers are interested—and not only Montrealers but citizens of almost every town of importance in both Ontario and Quebec—is a game that professionalism has touched as yet but lightly, if at all. Professionalism has ruined every sport in which it has gained a foothold. The value of such games as football, hockey and cricket is in the fact that they are played by amateurs and are characterized by the honor and uprightness that gentlemen bring to their recreations as well as to their business. The true sportsman wants to see the best man or the best team win, even though it means his own discomfiture; but professionalism wants to win at any cost: wherefore professionalism and true sportsmanship cannot and will not go together, any more than oil and water will mingle. Amateur sport cultivates generosity, the spirit of give and take. It seeks its own but seeks it by fair means. It abhors everything that is underhand, and does not shun honest defeat. It would rather any day suffer defeat than purchase victory. It is courageous, because honest. These are the virtues of amateur sport and of the amateur sportsman.

Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail or if you rise  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

It is some such inscription as this that the true sportsman, whatsoever the game may be, keeps before him as his motto. Perhaps Oliver Wendell Holmes has given the thought its neatest turn: "To brag little, to show well; to crow gently if in luck; to pay up, to own up, and to shut up if beaten; these," says he, "are the virtues of a sporting man."

ALTHOUGH the greatest good feeling prevails between Sir Thomas Lipton and the owners of the Columbia and other members of the New York Yacht Club, Sir Thomas has not entertained or suffered himself to be entertained, except in the most modest and informal way. The owner of the challenging yacht explains this by saying that he must look after his boat every day and all day long so that she may be ready when the time comes, "to lift that cup." He has, therefore, given up all thought of either business or pleasure till after the races. His decision seems to be a wise one. When he has either won or lost the cup, there will doubtless be an outburst of hospitality on both sides, in which disappointment and elation (for there are bound to be both) will be fittingly tempered.

FELIX VANE.





"The Phantom Future."

A PLEASING new book is "The Phantom Future," by H. S. Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," etc., the Canadian copyright edition of which has just been issued; a pleasing book, although by the author's own acknowledgment, a youthful effort. Strangely enough, the preface asserts that this novel is regarded by its writer as so immature that it has, at some trouble and expense, been withdrawn from circulation in England; but owing to existing copyright law, the author finds himself practically forced to issue an American edition of this and other early works, in order to protect himself from the unauthorized enterprise of certain publishers. "He does this in full consciousness," we are assured, "of a hundred defects which the most careful revision cannot eliminate."

Notwithstanding any such defects, the average reader will find "The Phantom Future," a charming and touching story, full of both the sweetness and the pathos of life. It gives a picture of Bohemian life in London, that reminds one in many respects of Du Maurier's pictures of similar life in Paris drawn with such delicacy and grace in "Trilby." Mr. Merriman writes with great simplicity and ease. His sentences are short, well-turned and readable, and his figures are often striking and novel. The philosophy of life presented in "The Phantom Future," if it can be truly said to present any such philosophy, is certainly not new or deep. But the book makes an impression, not by any means for evil, on the mind. One rises after reading it with a stronger determination to serve others and so to find the only thing in life that is not indeed a phantom.

Louis Frechette's New Book.

DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE is just now at work upon a book of Christmas stories (in English) dealing with French-Canadian life and character. The volume is to be brought out by a Toronto publishing house this fall. I have seen the design for the cover, and it is to be both dainty and appropriate. The colors are delicate; the scroll work and lettering are graceful, and in the lower right-hand corner a typical village church, with red-lit windows in the midst of a snow-cov-red landscape, gives a characteristic finish to the artist's conception. The illustrations are by Mr. Coburn, formerly of Montreal, now of Antwerp. This is Dr. Frechette's first book in English, and will doubtless be received with favor by the Canadian public. I am told the stories are delightfully written, the author displaying an unsuspected facility of expression and purity of diction that many an English-speaking author might well envy.

Parkman's Works.

THE new Library edition of Francis Parkman's works is cordially welcome by The London Spectator in an article naming him as one of the classic historians of the world. "Francis Parkman," it declares, "need not fear the most august society, he has the true genius of history in him—the genius which knows how to wed accuracy with romance. . . . He rises highest with the highest occasion, and 'Montezum and Wolfe' is undoubtedly his masterpiece. An historian has seldom had a better subject, and Parkman has made the best of it. . . . The style of Francis Parkman is in no special sense American. He does not betray the land of his birth in a single sentence. His works belong to the great tradition of English literature as closely as do the works of Poe and Hawthorne. The English which he writes is correct, even classical. He has an admirable sense of light and shade, and he knows how to subdue his style that presently he may highlight his tone, if it be necessary."

## LOVERS OF LITERATURE DINE TOGETHER.



LAST January a number of gentlemen connected with the Church of St. James the Apostle organized a literary society. The club, though small in membership, had a successful winter's work, and those who had been active spirits in its organization felt greatly encouraged. The second session was inaugurated on Thursday evening, September 28, at the Windsor Hotel, by a dinner to which about 40 gentlemen sat down. Rev. Canon Ellegood, the venerable rector of the church, presided, with Rev. C. G. Ro'lit, curate, in the vice-chair. After dinner a well-prepared toast list was disposed of, some excellent speeches being made and a number of capital musical selections given. Perhaps the speech of the evening was that of Dr. Colby, professor of history at McGill University, who was present as the representative of the University Literary Society, and who gave a model after-dinner oration, in which the grave and the gay were charmingly blended, in a manner indicating both a ready wit and solid culture.

The syllabus of the club for the current session shows that such questions as land nationalization, party government, the bi-cameral system, and a number of purely literary topics are to be dealt with. Although connected with the church of St. James the Apostle, the society's constitution is broad enough to admit to membership eligible gentlemen who are not members of the Church of England, the only restriction in this respect being a provision that a majority of members of the executive committee shall be members of the congregation of St. James. Such clubs can be made most delightful and helpful to all within their ranks, and if the opening dinner of the St. James' Literary Society was any index to the character of the work to be done this session, the society will be a force making constantly for the intellectual refinement of those who compose its membership.

## ANECDOTE OF GLADSTONE.

INSPECTOR CONQUEST, of Scotland Yard, whose impending retirement has been announced, tells many entertaining anecdotes of his relations with Mr. Gladstone, whom he was specially told off to "shadow" during the troublous times of 1881. The Premier, who, as is well known, chafed under the vigilant supervision to which he was subjected, was fertile in expedients to get rid of the detective. Upon one occasion he attempted a particularly ingenious ruse. Entering a club, of which he was a member, he persuaded a friend of about his own build to walk out wearing his unmistakable hat and overcoat, and carrying his umbrella. Mr. Gladstone hoped, of course, that his unwelcome attendant might be misled in the dusk of an autumn evening, and thus allow an opportunity to escape.

The astute detective saw the familiar garments leaving the club, but was not deceived as to the identity of their wearer. Gait is one of the most difficult things in the world to imitate, and Mr. Gladstone's was intensely characteristic. Inspector Conquest simply walked up to the wearer of borrowed plumes, administered his most professional tap on the shoulder and said: "I believe, sir, you have just left that club with another gentleman's property in your possession!" Mr. Gladstone never attempted to elude his "shadow" after that.

The man with the hoe is certainly getting enough digs.

"To be a true gentleman a fellow must be born so."  
"That's a fact. I liked the very first olive I ever tasted."



"As a man is known by his company, so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself."—SWIFT.

THE use of slang is so prevalent at the present time, that Dean Swift, did he adhere to his outspoken conviction, would perhaps receive a wrong impression of our friends, as judged by their conversation, for catchwords and slang expressions are not confined to schoolboys and the uneducated. They flow freely from the lips of men of all classes, and women, too, which is to be the more regretted. As Anthony Hope says of one of his characters, that he did his best (fortunately unsuccessfully), to be taken for his groom in both language and appearance, so, evidently, a large number of people prefer to appear both illiterate and illbred, by cultivating the modes of expression ostensibly created in the far-famed and possibly maligned "Bozery," or at least by people whose ideas and grammar are as faulty as their manners.

Undoubtedly, some vulgarisms are wonderfully expressive, and need not be debarred. The pedantic creature, who, with raised eyebrows, feigns absolute ignorance of the meaning of some word, possibly not considered in the dictionary, but popular on account of its peculiar fitness, is eminently more irritating than improving. But the use of slang among women should not be tolerated under any circumstances. Yet, as we know, it is a common practice, and there are girls who should know better who would as soon be behind the times in the way of expressing themselves as they would wear a jacket or hat of a past season's fashion. And, in listening to their chatter, one is inclined to wonder by whom they have been brought up, or with what sorts and conditions of people have they associated; while it is not improbable they have had every advantage of education and surroundings, and this is merely an affectation, as stupid and in as bad taste as affectation in any form must needs be.

EVEN among college men, though more excusable, it becomes very tiresome. Most of their slang is the product of their Alma Mater, and is possibly, to them, fraught with numerous pleasant and amusing recollections. But for outsiders it carries no interest or import, and the graduate who persists in interlarding his speech with college slang is apt to impress his listeners with the idea that, as far as cultivation goes, he is somewhat lacking.

A freedom from slang does not necessitate, as an alternative, stilted or pompous sentences. To express ourselves naturally by the use of simple words is far more easily recognized as the result of refinement than the habitual use of long and carefully picked phrases. And it is here that many make a fatal mistake. "Like all persons to whom refinement is an acquired taste, . . . they were shocked at simplicity, and regarded as vulgar what was merely natural," is Miss Thorneycroft Fowler's trite summing up of this shortcoming, and it could not be better illustrated. Still, perhaps, it shows a desire for improvement rather than retrogression, and as such is meritorious. No undue stand is taken by affirming unhesitatingly that no lady, or, let us say, gentlewoman, would stoop to introduce into her conversation even the mildest of oaths, or what is described as "bad language." And when slang in its worst forms is voted as heinous an offence, society may be complimented, and that sincerely, upon a step very perceptibly in the right direction.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Victoria McCallum, youngest daughter of Dr. McCallum, to Mr. Del. Shepherd, of the Molsons Bank, and youngest son of the late Mr. R. W. Shepherd.

Miss Grace Smith, who has spent the summer in Montreal, visiting her father, Mr. Oliver Smith, Sherbrooke street, left this week for her home in Devonshire.

MRS. N. T. RIELLE left last week by ss. Arawa, for England, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. Algernon Reid-Taylor is also among the departures for England this week.

THE marriage of Miss Naomi Molson, second daughter of Mr. J. T. Molson, to Mr. Claude B. Robbin, of the Bank of Montreal, in Chicago, has been arranged to take place in the first week of November.

MR. R. SINCLAIR, son of Mr. Sinclair, of the Elder-Dempster Line, left last week for England to continue his course at Cambridge.

From all accounts, the dance given at Government House, Toronto, by Miss Mowat, last week, must have been a great success. Though some are of an opposite opinion, the generality of people will agree that nothing is pleasanter than a private dance, when the necessary adjuncts of space, a good floor and good music are obtainable. Public balls may be all very well, but they are not to be compared to a well-ordered, well-arranged entertainment in the house of a friend, where everyone knows everyone else.

IT WAS indeed unfortunate that the weather should have been so very unsettled and dreary during the week of the Woodbine race meeting in Toronto. After all, no matter how man proposes, it goes for nothing when the weather disposes.

AMONG the well known Englishmen at the Place Viger last week were Mr. E. F. G. Hatch, M. P., and Lord Henry Somerset.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, whom Canadians are proud to own as a fellow-countryman, was in town last week on his way to the United States.

MR. AND MRS. WANKLYN and family have returned to town from their summer house at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Master Archibald Ramsay, accompanied by his brother, Master Robert Ramsay, left this week for England, where they will remain at school.

Mrs. Henry Joseph has returned from Kingston, where she was visiting Dr. and Mrs. Walkem.

MISS HOLBROOKE, Boston, Mass., is visiting Miss Archibald, Durocher street.

Mrs. Harry Abbott left last week for England, where she will join her mother, Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, and spend the winter abroad.

Mrs. Newman, Brooklyn, spent last week in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. N. W. Trenholme, "Rosemount," Westmount.

ASA building alone, the Royal Victoria College is an addition to Montreal of which the citizens are justly proud, but the acquisition of such a warden as Miss Onkeley promises to be is not less a subject of congratulation. Throughout, this talented lady's career seems to have been one of wonderful success, and there is no reason to assume that her efforts here will not meet with reward.

From what we hear, the appointment of Miss Liechtenstein is a singularly happy one, also. There are enough music-lovers in Montreal to insure against the decline of that art, but, at the same time, the introduction of so well-qualified an

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

enthusiast cannot but be alike pleasant to those who make music a profession and those who follow it merely as a pastime.

**D**R. H. B. HOWELL, who has made St. Albans, Vt., his home during the past year, is visiting friends in Montreal for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boyer and the Misses Boyer have returned to town, after spending the summer at Como.

Lieut.-Col. F. Minden Cole and Mrs. Cole have returned from a pleasant trip to England.

**M**R. AND MRS. W. A. FLEMING, Fort street, have returned from Halifax where, for some weeks, they have been the guests of Sir Sanford Fleming.

**I**N spite of the dreary prospect of the previous evening, last Saturday dawned bright and clear, if somewhat cool, thereby filling with joy the hearts of a large number of people who had been bidden to the Hunt breakfast given by the Master, Mr. G. R. Hooper, and Mrs. Hooper, at the "Forest and Stream." A special train conveyed all the guests to the Bel Air station, and it was a very gay and representative throng that wended its way to the beautiful grounds of the club. Mr. and Mrs. Hooper received, and shortly after the prettily arranged tables were surrounded and a most excellent repast enjoyed, the keen air lending a zest to appetites that had not so long before been appeased. After the start of the many pink-coated riders in quest of luckless reynard, the time passed all too quickly until the hour for leaving arrived. Then it was discovered that owing to some misunderstanding the home-ward-bound contingent had been left behind. Nothing loth, everyone returned to the blazing fires and cheery rooms they had just left, to laugh and talk atreash, and it must be confessed, to again enjoy hospitality of a more material kind. Finally, a later train from Dorval brought the jolly party back to town, all well pleased with the unexpected prolonging of a pleasant outing. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Montagu Allan, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mrs. and Miss Holland, Mr. Arthur Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Miss Peterson; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sise, Mr. W. R. Miller, Miss N. Miller; Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr.; Miss Graham, Miss Campbell, Mr. Angus W. Hooper, Mr. Hugh Allan, Miss Piers, Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Young, the Misses Ewan, Mr. D. Ewan; Miss E. O'Brien, Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyer, Miss Boyer; Mr. and Mrs. W. Dobell, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mrs. H. MacCulloch, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. MacDongall, Mrs. Greenshields, Miss Greenshields; the Misses Mitchell, the Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus; Mr. Spackman, Mr. J. F. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Miss Grant; Miss Blackwell, Miss Edythe Gault, Miss B. Allan, Mr. R. Allan; Mr. Colin Campbell, Miss Meighen, Mr. F. S. Meighen, and Mr. Galarrueau.

**O**N Friday, Mrs. R. W. McDougall, University street, entertained a number of friends at luncheon to meet Mrs. James Averill, Champlain.

Mr. Ernest Cochrane, of Hillhurst, is recovering as rapidly as can be expected after an operation for appendicitis which he underwent last week at the General Hospital.

Mrs. Guy Ross and her little son have returned from a visit of some weeks at Ste. Agathe.

**O**N SATURDAY, a very pleasant tea was given by Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, Bishop street. Not the least pleasant feature of the entertainment was the lecture given by Miss Holmstrom on the Swedish method of physical culture, which the lecturer ably illustrated by many graceful movements. In regard to both health and appearance, the results

of these exercises are said to be of unusual benefit. All present thoroughly enjoyed the combination of pleasure and instruction. Among those invited were: The Misses Galt, Mrs. Fayette Brown, Miss L. Molson, Miss Kingston, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mrs. R. B. Macdonnell, Mrs. Logan, Miss Oakeley, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. H. Magor, Miss Cundill, Mme. Cornu, Miss Anneslev, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. Miller, Miss Williams, and others.

**A**N English paper is responsible for the news that button-holes of artificial flowers, more especially carnations, are being worn by men. They are wonderfully perfect and are scented very naturally. One hesitates to believe such an absurdity, but if it be true, surely it is a fashion followed only by the same class of men who would wear unblushingly made-up ties, or affect a hat on one side, counterbalanced by a tooth-pick.

**I**T is of interest to many, to hear that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is bringing out a new novel, entitled "Eleanor," which will first appear in Harper's. Everyone will be anxious to learn what problem is to be unraveled, or what the underlying purpose of the new tale is, for Mrs. Ward invariably grapples, and that successfully, with questions which few women are capable of handling.

**M**R. NORMAN BARCLAY has left town on a visit of some weeks to Worcester, Mass. It is unfortunate that just at the beginning of the football season he should be called away, but business must occasionally be put before sport, no matter what the consequences.

**C**OMPETITIONS are the order of the day at the Dixie links, at present, in connection with the ladies' club. Active and non-active members have seized the opportunities the few pleasant days have afforded of inspecting the new club house, and, last Thursday, seating capacity—indeed, almost standing room—was taxed to the uttermost in the pretty club-room. The winner of the competition on that occasion was Miss Flo Green, who made an excellent score. At present, the membership list is closed, and there are a goodly number of would-be golfers on the waiting list, which proves that as yet golf is not on the wane.

**O**RIGINALITY in book titles is no doubt necessary, and that it is sought after, is demonstrated by Mr. Harry Vogel, whose book, on the eve of publication, is named "My dear Sir." "How do you do," "Don't mention it," or "Yours sincerely," strike one as singularly new and up-to-date, and the fact that they would suit any imaginable plot is also greatly in their favor.

**O**N Monday Mrs. Turnbull gave a very delightful luncheon at the Golf Club for Mr. and Mrs. J. Averill.

Dr. Gregor, of McGill University, and Mrs. Gregor have returned to town and taken possession of their new house on St. Matthew street.

**M**ISS M. RODDICK has returned from Knowlton, where she has been visiting Mrs. J. S. Kennedy.

Mrs. Hall and Miss Adele Hall, of Sherbrooke, arrived from England by the Bavarian. Miss Hall has ever been a very popular visitor in Montreal, when, from time to time, she stays with friends here.

**M**R. BAUMGARTEN and the Misses Baumgarten, and Mrs. E. Major, with her little daughter, have returned to town from Ste. Agathe.

Capt. Bonham Clay, Mrs. Clay and the Misses Clay are also among the number who find the bracing air of the Laurentians perhaps a little too bracing in this somewhat unseasonable weather.

**M**R. AND MRS. ARTHUR E. DRUMMOND have returned to town from Beaconsfield, where they have spent the summer at the Hon. G. A. Drummond's pretty country house.

Miss Beatrice MacDougall, daughter of Mr. R. W. MacDougall, has returned home after spending some time abroad, and will make her debut this winter.

Miss Meeker, Baltimore, is visiting Mrs. E. Goff Penny, Peel street.

**A**N EVENT of great and widespread interest this week was the marriage, on Wednesday afternoon, at St. Paul's Church, of Miss Mabel Burnett, eldest daughter of the late James Burnett, Esq., to Mr. James B. Pangman, of the firm of Burnett & Co., stockbrokers. The church was very beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, and the musical portion of the service all that could be desired. The Rev. James Barclay, D.D., performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. J. F. Burnett, wore a most exquisite gown of heavy white satin, the skirt perfectly plain with the exception of some few bunches of orange blossoms and tulle, the bodice draped, and trimmed with very handsome point de Venise lace. With her graceful figure and well-set head, it was the universal opinion that a sweeter bride had never been seen. The bridesmaids were: Miss Polly Burnett and Miss Bettie Burnett, sisters of the bride; Miss Eleanor Ewan and Miss Caro Brainerd. They wore extremely smart frocks of white chiffon, innocent of any touch of color, except a large American Beauty rose on the corsage. Their hats were of black velvet, after Marie Antoinette, and were most effective with their narrow strings tied in tiny bows under the chin. They carried huge bouquets of American Beauties. The best man was Mr. Angus W. Hooper, cousin of the groom, and the ushers were: Mr. Philip Burnett, Mr. David Ewan, Mr. W. L. Bond, Mr. C. M. C. Hughes, Mr. E. de B. Strathy, Mr. W. Robertson. After the service, Mrs. Burnett held a reception at her beautiful residence, Ontario avenue, which is so eminently adapted to entertaining. The assembly was a large and representative one, though the invitations had been restricted to relatives and intimate friends. The bride's going-away dress consisted of a boxcloth coat and smart brown and white check skirt, with blouse of nut-brown silk and stock of turquoise-blue velvet and lace. Her hat was of brown velvet, with large pheasants' wings. Mr. and Mrs. Pangman left for New York, Washington and other American cities. After some weeks' absence, they will take possession of their new home on Union avenue.

**M**RS. DWYER, New York, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Hays, Drummond street.

Mrs. W. H. Kerr and Miss Kerr spent a few days in town this week, on their way from Murray Bay to Toronto.

**M**RS. G. F. BENSON, who has been confined to the house for some weeks, has sufficiently recovered from her illness to be out driving once more.

Miss Lorraine Percy, daughter of Mr. C. Percy, "Weredale," left this week to continue her studies in Paris.

**M**R. AND MRS. C. E. ARCHIBALD, of Granby, have taken a town house, 27 Seymour avenue, for the winter. Mrs. Archibald will be at home to her friends on the first three Fridays in each month.

**L**ETTERS PATENT have been issued by the Provincial Government of Quebec to a number of gentlemen seeking incorporation as the Mount Royal Club. The capital stock is to be \$100,000, in \$100 shares, and the charter members are: The Right Hon. Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal, Senator Drummond, Senator Forget, Dr. Craik, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. H. Montague Allan, Mr. H. A. Allan, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Mr. John Try-Davies, Mr. C. M.

Hays, Mr. Geo. Robertson Hooper, Mr. H. V. Meredith, Mr. H. St. C. Macdougall, Mr. W. M. Macpherson, Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, Mr. Hugh Patton, Mr. James Ross, and Mr. Henry Sükeman.

**WHY HE WAS SILENT.**

**A** PHYSICIAN describes a remarkable case of a patient's confidence in his medical adviser: "While I was a student in the medical college, I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed, and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterward, on removing this pin, I found it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice, instead of through the cloth.

"'Why, Pat,' said I, 'didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?'

"'To be sure I did,' replied Pat. 'But I thought you knowed your business, so I hilt me tongue.'"

**THE BRITANNIA'S PRESIDENT AND COACH.**

**M**R. THOMAS M. BROWN, although a prominent figure in rugby football circles in Montreal, has been identified with the game for but five years. He first joined the Britannias in 1894 and played for three years on the wing line of this club's senior team. He continued to play under Britannia's colors during the past two years, when they were in the intermediate series, and, although he has given up his position on the field this year, his action in so doing is not due to any falling off in his admiration for the qualities of football as an athletic game, for Mr. Brown is one of those who firmly believes that the advantages of rugby far outweigh its dangers. In 1897 he was elected president of the Britannias and has continued to occupy that position ever since.



MR. THOMAS M. BROWN.



MR. WALLY HAGAR.

**A** REPUTATION as a first-class coach is not the easiest thing in the world for a football man to acquire, implying, as it does, thorough knowledge of the game, together with the qualities of decision and command. Such a reputation has Mr. Wally Hagar, who for the past 15 years has played Rugby and played it well. Mr. Hagar commenced his career with the Britannias, remaining with them three years. He then joined the Montreals, and was a famous half-back on their team until this year, when he went back to his first love as coach. Mr. Hagar was captain of the Montreals in 1895. He is enthusiastic in his devotion to Rugby, and says it is a game which makes for many qualities as well as physical development.

## Our 5-Minute Story

### THE KEEPER OF THE BISHOP.

FOR a fortnight out of every six weeks the little white-faced man walked the Garrison on St. Mary's Island in a broad-cloth frock coat, a low waistcoat and a black ribbon of a tie fastened in a bow; and it gave him great pleasure to be mistaken for a commercial traveler. But during the other four weeks he was head-keeper of the lighthouse on the Bishop's Rock, with thirty years of exemplary service to his credit. By what circumstances he had been brought to enlist under the Trinity flag I never knew. But now, at the age of forty-eight, he was entirely occupied with a great horror of the sea and its hunger for the bodies of men; the frock coat which he wore during his spells on shore was a protest against the sea; and he hated not only the sea but all things that were in the sea, especially rock lighthouses, and of all rock lighthouses especially the Bishop.

"The Atlantic's as smooth as a ballroom floor," said he. It was a clear, still day, and we were sitting among the gorse on the top of the Garrison, looking down the sea toward the west. Five miles from the Skillies the thin column of the Bishop showed like a cord strung taut in the sky. "But out there all round the lighthouse there are eddies twisting and twisting without any noise, and extraordinarily quick, and every other second, now here, now there, you'll notice the sea dimple, and you'll hear a sound like a man hicoughing, and, all at once, there's a wicked black whirlpool. The tide runs seven miles an hour past the Bishop. But in another year I have done with her." John Garstin nodded across from St. Mary's to that grey finger-post of the Atlantic. "One more winter. Well, very likely during this one more winter the Bishop will go—on some night when a storm blows from west or west-nor'-west and the Irish coast takes none of its strength."

He was only uttering the current belief of the islands. The first Bishop lighthouse had been swept away before its building was finished, and though the second stood, a fog bell, weighing no less than a ton, and fixed ninety feet above the water, had been lifted from its fittings by a single wave, and tossed like a tennis ball into the sea. I asked Garstin whether he had been stationed on the rock at the time.

"People talk of lightships plunging and tugging at their cables," he returned. "Well, I've tried lightships, and what I say is, ships are built to plunge and tug at their cables. That's their business. But it isn't the business of one hundred and twenty upright feet of granite to quiver and tremble like a steel spring. No, I wasn't on the Bishop when the bell went. But I was there when a wave climbed up from the base of the rock and smashed in the glass wall of the lantern, and put the light out. That was last spring, at four o'clock in the morning. The day was breaking very cold and wild, and one could just see the waves below, a lashing tumble of grey and white water as far as the eye could stretch. I was in the lantern, reading 'It's Never Too Late to Mend.' I had come to where the chaplain knocks down the warden, and I was thinking how I'd like to have a go at that warden myself, when all the guns in the world went off together in my ears. And there was I dripping wet, and fairly sliced with splinters of glass, and the wind blowing salt in my face, and the lamp out, and a bitter grey light of morning, as though there never, never had been any sun, and all the dead men in the sea shouting out for me one hundred feet below," and Garstin shivered, and rose to his feet. "Well, I have only one more winter of it."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then I get the North Foreland, and the trippers come out from Margate, and I live on shore with my wife and—by the

way, I wanted to speak to you about my boy. He's getting up in years. What shall I make of him? A linendraper, eh? In the Midlands, what? Or something in a free library, handing out Charles Reade's books? He's at home now. Come and see him!"

In Garstin's quarters, within the coastguard inclosure, I was introduced to his wife and the lad, Leopold. "What shall we call him?" Mrs. Garstin had asked some fifteen years before. "I don't know any seafaring man of the name of Leopold," Garstin had replied, after a moment of reflection. So Leopold he was named.

Mrs. Garstin was a buxom, unimaginative woman, but she shared to the full her husband's horror of the sea. She told me of nights when she lay alone listening to the moan of the wind over the id, and seeing the column of the Bishop rock upon its base, and of mornings when she climbed from the sheltered barracks up the gorse, with her heart tugging in her breast, certain, certain that this morning, at last, there would be no Bishop lighthouse visible from the top of the Garrison.

"It seems a sort of insult to the works of God," said she, in a hushed voice. "It seems as if it stood up there in God's face and cried, 'You can't hurt me!'"

"Yes, most presumptuous and provoking," said Garstin. And so they fell to talking of the boy, who, at all events, should fulfil his destiny very far inland from the sea. Mrs. Garstin leaned to the linen drapery; Garstin inclined to the free library.

"Well, I will come down to the North Foreland," said I, "and you shall tell me which way it is."

"Yes, if"—said Garstin, and stopped.

"Yes, if"—repeated his wife, with a nod of the head.

"Oh! it won't go this winter," said I.

And it didn't. But, on the other hand, Garstin did not go to the North Foreland, nor for two years did I hear any more of him. But two years later I returned to St. Mary's, and walked across the neck of the island to the little graveyard by the sea. A new tablet upon the outer wall of the church caught and held my eye. I read the inscription, and remained incredulous. For the Bishop still stood. But the letters were there engraved upon the plate, and as I read them again the futility of Garstin's fears was enforced upon me with a singular pathos.

For the Bishop still stood, and Garstin had died on the Christmas Eve of that last year which he was to spend upon rock lighthouses. Of how he died the tablet gave a hint, but no more than a hint. There were four words inscribed underneath his name:

"And he was not."

I walked back to Hugh Town, wondering at the tragedy which those four words half hid and half revealed, and remembering that the tide runs seven miles an hour past the Bishop, with many eddies and whirlpools. Almost unconsciously I went up the hill above Hugh Town, and came to the signal station on the top of the Garrison. And so occupied was I with my recollections of Garstin that it did not strike me as strange that I should find Mrs. Garstin standing now where he had stood, and looking out to the Bishop as he was used to look.

"I had not heard," I said to her.

"No?" she returned simply, and again turned her eyes seaward. It was late on a midsummer afternoon. The sun hung a foot or so above the water, a huge ball of dull red fire and from St. Mary's out to the horizon's rim the sea stretched a rippling lagoon of the color of claret. Over the whole expanse there was but one boat visible, a lugger, between Samson, and St. Agnes, beating homeward against a light wind.

"It was a storm, I suppose," said I. "A storm out of the west?"

"No. There was no wind, but—there was a haze, and it was growing dark." Mrs. Garstin spoke in a peculiar tone of



A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

"Say, Jim, w'ot's der matter wid de billy-goat?"

"He's bin an' swollered a music-box, an' I kin hear it a-playin' 'Dere's a Hot Time' in his stommick."

resignation, with a yearning glance, toward the Bishop as I thought, toward the lugger as I know. But even then I was sure that those last words, "There was a haze, and it was growing dark," concealed the heart of her distress. She explained the inscription upon the tablet, while the lugger tacked toward St. Mary's, and while I gradually began to wonder what still kept her on the island.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of that Christmas eve the lighthouse on St. Agnes Island showed its lamps; five minutes later the red beams struck out from Round Island to the north; but to the west on the Bishop all was dark. The haze thickened, and night came on; still there was no flash from the Bishop, and the islands wondered. Half an hour passed; there was still darkness in the west, and the islands became alarmed. The Trinity Brethren subsidize a St. Agnes lugger to serve the Bishop, and this boat was got ready. At a quarter to five suddenly the Bishop light shot through the gloom, but immediately afterward a shutter was interposed quickly some half a dozen times. It was the signal of distress, and the lugger worked out to the Bishop with the tide. Of the three keepers there were now only two.

It appeared from their account that Garstin took the middle day watch, that they themselves were asleep and that Garstin should have roused them to light the lamps at a quarter to four. They awoke of their own accord in the dark, and at once believed they had slept into the night. The clock showed them it was half-past four. They mounted to the lantern room, and nowhere was there any sign of Garstin. They lit the lamps. The first thing they saw was the log. It was open, and the last entry was written in Garstin's hand and was timed 3.40 p.m. It mentioned a ketch reaching northward. The two men descended the winding stairs, and the cold air breathed upon their faces. The brass door at the foot of the stairs stood open. From that door thirty feet of gun metal rungs let into the outside of the lighthouse lead down to the setoff, which is a granite rim less than a yard wide and unprotected by any rail. They shouted downward from the doorway and received no answer. They descended to the setoff, and again no Garstin, not even his cap. He was not.

Garstin had entered up the log, had climbed down to the setoff for five minutes of fresh air, and somehow had slipped, though the wind was light and the sea whispering. But that whispering sea ran seven miles an hour past the Bishop.

This was Mrs. Garstin's story, and it left me still wondering why she lived on at St. Mary's. I asked after her son.

"How is Leopold? What is he—a linendraper?"

She shaded her eyes with her hand and said:

"That's the St. Agnes's lugger from the Bishop, and if we go down to the pier now we shall meet it."

We walked down to the pier. The first person to step on shore was Leopold, with the Trinity House buttons on his pilot coat.

"He's the third hand on the Bishop now," said Mrs. Garstin. "You are surprised?" She sent Leopold into Hugh Town upon an errand, and as we walked back up the hill she said: "Did you notice a grave underneath John's tablet?"

"No," said I.

"I told you there was a mention in the log of a ketch."

"Yes."

"The ketch went ashore on the Crebinacks at 4.30 o'clock on that Christmas eve. One man jumped for the rocks when the ketch struck and was drowned. The rest were brought off by the lugger. But one man was drowned."

"He drowned because he jumped," said I.

"He drowned because my man hadn't lit the Bishop light," said she, brushing my sophistry aside. "So I gave my boy in his place."

And now I knew why those words—"There was a haze, and it was growing dark"—held the heart of her distress.

"And if the Bishop goes next winter," she continued, "why, it will just be a life for a life", and she choked down a sob as a young voice hailed us from behind.

But the Bishop still stands in the Atlantic, and Leopold, now the second hand, explains to the Margate-trippers the wonders of the North Foreland lights.—London Telegraph.

#### FOREBODING.

IF love could pass as die away

The summer winds at ebb of day

That through the amber silence stray,

Sweet heralds of repose,

Whispering in the ear of Night

The memory of the Morning's light,

The fragrance of its rose,

Then we might love and never dead

The awful void when love is dead.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## Plays & Players

### AT THE CITY THEATRES.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the difficulties created by the wreck of the Scotsman, a very striking performance of Wilson Barrett's famous Sign of the Cross is being given at the Academy of Music this week. The company contains great deal of genuine talent, and the mountings of the play are excellent. At the first production on Monday night, there were repeated calls before the curtain, and unmistakable evidence was given that the dramatic situations and strong acting took a deep hold on the imagination and feelings of all present. The play is worth seeing even a second time, and no one should miss this opportunity of witnessing the most talked-of drama of recent years.

**N**OT hitherto this season have Montreal's music lovers had such a treat as that provided at Her Majesty's this week. Miss Alice Nielsen, in Victor Herbert's Singing Girl, took a large and critical house by storm on Monday evening, and well did she and her company, as well as the composition they interpreted, merit the generous applause that came from every part of the theatre. If Cyrano de Bergerac was but a partial success, The Singing Girl more than compensates for it, and everyone who has had to do with the latter, from its first conception onward, may justly congratulate himself or herself on the result. The stage manager, Mr. Julian Mitchell, has risen to the occasion and produced something that, from an artistic point of view, is beautiful and graceful throughout. Prettier ballets were never evolved than those which have delighted the patrons of Her Majesty's this week. As for the music, Mr. Herbert has given us something which, while decidedly superior to the average opera comique score from a musician's standpoint, is, at the same time, simple, sweet, charmingly melodious. The Legend of the Danube, we may be sure, has a long life before it, for it is tuneful and has positive musical merit. It created the utmost enthusiasm.

Miss Nielsen is singing better, if anything, than at any previous time. She is popular with her audiences, and has free scope in The Singing Girl for her winning manner, as well as for her vocal talents. She is ably supported by Eugene Cowles, Ritchie Ling, Joseph W. Herbert, Joseph Lawthorn, John C. Slavin, Miss Lucille Saunders, Miss Jennie Hawley, Miss Ursula Gurnett, and the minor members of her company. The opera is not strong in humor, but more than repays for its lack in this respect by the beauty of its music, and the grace and charm of its general conception and setting.

**P**INEROS The Amazon is receiving an adequate production at the Francais and makes, on the whole, a capital entertainment. The question of physical culture among women is treated in a farcically satirical manner, but no particular conclusion is hinted at. In their several parts the Francais company give a performance against which no criticism can be urged. The whole play is well done, and, as a mirth-provoker, nothing better has been seen here this season. The vaudeville performance this week is scarcely up to the average of such performances at the Francais.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

**T**HE attraction at the Academy of Music for the week commencing September 16 will be The Devil's Auction. Manager Yale is introducing many novelties, special acts, etc., in this long-lived spectacle which has been so popular in the past. Among the many acquisitions will be the brothers Deltorelli, the brothers Lorella, James A. Kiernan, Victoria Walters, and others, who will introduce a number of novel features, which, with beautiful scenery, good ballet dancing, etc., ought to make a very pleasing performance.

**J**OHAN PHILIP SOUSA'S latest and most brilliant comic opera, The Bride Elect, will have its initial hearing in Montreal at the Academy next Monday night. Sousa has now unequalled eminence as a writer of stirring and popular music. In The Bride Elect, he has written the book as well as the music and appears to have found equal success as librettist and composer. The Bride Elect was for several weeks the chief musical production of last season in Boston, and it afterwards finished a particularly successful six weeks' engagement in

Philadelphia. The scene is laid on the beautiful Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, which gives abundant opportunity for picturesque effect to the scenic artist. Mr. Sousa has imagined on this island, two small kingdoms, and the story tells of the intrigues, passions, and martial struggles of the two petty potentates. The opera will be magnificently mounted.

**A**N exceedingly pretty English story is told in Robert Drouet's comedy drama A Woman's Power, which is to be presented at the Theatre Francais next week for the first time in Montreal. Mr. Drouet has written a number of charming plays, including Doris, which made such a distinct hit at the Theatre Francais a few seasons ago. A Woman's Power deals with a roving artist's life. The artist arriving at a little country village is seen by a lady of society, who, out of pique, and not because she loves him, marries him. After years of many trials and tribulations she finds that she loves him and of course all ends happily. There are, however, a number of intensely interesting situations, and Mr. Drouet has not forgotten that theatrical audiences are fond of humor. The part of the artist will be played by Mr. Lucius Henderson, and the lady who weds him will be in the hands of Miss Helen Byron. There is a large vaudeville bill already engaged for the week, including Bernice, the famous swimmer, who appeared at the Toronto Fair, Stanley and Wilson, singing sketch team, and Higgins and Leslie, who are said by the newspapers of New York to be humorists of the first-class.

### THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

**B**ECKY SHARP has been the subject of much difference of opinion amongst the theatrical critics of New York. Vogue says, however, that even those most disposed to severity admit that the play is destined to have a long lease of life. "It may not suggest Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' in the least, in fact it may rival the classic, but it cannot be gainsaid that the story, the setting and the costumes are such as to captivate the average theatre-goer."

Another attempt to dramatize Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities' has been made. The play is presented at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, with Mr. Henry Miller in the star role of Sydney Carton.

The most successful of the new plays in New York is said to be The Tyranny of Tears, played by Mr. John Drew. It is a picture of present-day life, and the dialogue is said to be exceptionally clever and vivacious.

A stronger denunciation of the present condition of the theatrical profession in America than the following, from The New York Dramatic Mirror, could not well be conceived: "No one that says that the stage in this country at this time needs a censorship of the right sort, maligns the stage. The stage itself is in hands that would paralyze its higher and more healthful operations, and devote it to the baser uses that correspond to the lower impulses and overmastering greed of its enslavers. It is not in a normal condition, because its sources have been and are being polluted by controlling interests that make ostentation, sensation and vulgarity primary, and all that concerns true art secondary."

In conversation, John Philip Sousa impresses one very much as does his music. He inspires one and gives one fresh interest in the world and in life. As he talks his originality becomes dominant. You know he is ambitious, so that doesn't impress you, but with all the promise the future holds for him, Sousa is not a man of conceit. A friend said to him the other day: "But success is an old story to you." Quick as a flash he replied: "Success is never an old story. When a man is sure of himself, when he regards himself as infallible, then he is beginning to decline." The Bride Elect, he confesses, caused him more worry and anxiety than any opera he has ever produced. "I was responsible for both the words and the music," he said. "I had a new and original proposition to make to the public. How would it be received? Already my music has pleased, but how about my book, my songs, my satire. It is subtle. Its humor is more like the lance than the battle-axe. You see, I have no man knock another on the head with a club, or throw him through the window, in order to make a point. I think the day of horse-play in opera is over. At any rate it is nearing its end. America has been a great commercial country. We have been a busy nation, but, in my opinion, the art centre of the world is to be America. The American people have a keen appreciation of art, and America is turning out good artists, writers and musicians." The Bride Elect has not been thought out in a day. The composer has had it in his mind for a long time, and scraps of it have been committed to paper from time to time. For instance, that most original of topical songs, "The Musical Goat," was suggested before El Capitan was a reality. In Washington, one day, Sousa was in a phonograph shop, when a goat passed. Sousa fancied he sniffed at the thought as he went by, and the thought flashed across his

mind, "Could it be the wax cylinders which attracted him?" He waited until now, though, before writing the song. It came very near being written for El Capitan; but "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar" was sent instead. And after all he has done, and all he is doing, and after a confession that he owes himself three years' sleep, Sousa tells us he has an idea for a story that he will write presently for a magazine.

**THE CAUSE OF FAILURE.**

**R**OBERT C. OGDEN, upon whose able shoulders rests the executive responsibility of John Wanamaker's great New York establishment, is of opinion, based on forty-odd years' experience in the employment of young men, that all the causes contributive to failure in a business career are embraced in a single comprehensive negative quality: lack of thoroughness—that paucity of intellect which begets the perfunctory performance of duty and deprives the hand of dominating skill. Perhaps no man in the dry goods trade is better qualified to speak convincingly on the subject of why men fail than Mr. Ogden, and this is what he says about that important question:

"Failure to achieve success in business, the falling short of great desires and high aims on the part of young men, is traceable to one primal cause—the absence of thoroughness. In the race for supremacy in all commercial undertakings, nine out of every ten men either fail absolutely or become nonentities, not because they lack ambition, not because the proper opportunities for advancement have not come to them, not because they have not received the best educational advantages or are handicapped by poor health, but because they have never been at the pains to master completely the thing that has been given them to do. The world is overcrowded with men, young and old, who remain stationary, filling minor positions and drawing meagre salaries, simply because they have never thought it worth while to achieve mastery in the pursuits they have chosen to follow. Mostly, this is so because the average young man fears hard work, and would rather drift with the tide of circumstances than pull against it.

"Everywhere I see mentally near-sighted young men discontented because of their small incomes, and chafing under the burden of their humdrum duties, wondering all the while why others are advanced and they are left behind, but never for an instant opening their eyes to the real fact that they have taken hold of their business with but half a heart and no mind except for what is just beyond the hour's need.

"There is one man in my employ to-day who began his business career at the same time I launched out from school (and that, as one may read in my whitening hair, was many years ago) who has not stepped forward one inch on the road to success. This man has a fine brain, and keeps abreast of current events. He is sober, honest and courteous, but he has never earned a higher salary than fifteen dollars a week, and all because he is a Jack of all trades and master of none. He is shifted about from one department to another in a vain endeavor to find the one in which he will prove himself of

greatest value. He has lived the life of a mere automaton and does things mechanically. Other men of one-third his number of years can tell him more about his own business in half an hour than he would care to listen to. An old man, he is still dissatisfied with his lot, but will not remedy it by acquiring a thorough knowledge of some one branch of the dry goods trade. It is pitiful, but not inexplicable. To the young man who would rise in the world I have but one word of caution—be thorough, if you do not want to be numbered among the world's failures."

**EXTEND THE PRINCIPLE.**

**W**RITING of the automobile wave which is spreading over the world, Hayden Carruth, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, voices some original thoughts. Instead of deploring the passing away of the horse, says he, let us pray further to be emancipated from the tyranny of the crude domestic animal. We have made great progress; the ox is gone; the cow, it is said, is becoming extinct—the creak of the substituted pump is heard in the workshop of every humorist in the land; the hen, judging from the condition of her best-known product as it manifests itself in our markets, has been banished to a clime many, many miles distant; there remains the dog alone to drag us down.

Let us have an automobillian dog—a dog made of iron and things, compact and nickel-plated to guard against rust, and operated by a small naphtha engine; with two barks, one the deep, musical bay of the poet to welcome his homecoming master, and another, harsh and raucous as the roar of a seven-headed dragon, for the tramp. The new dog shall also have a bite to go with his bark. Then, with a touch of wag for his tail, adjustable—horizontal for ordinary use, and perpendicular when his master lives in a small flat—he shall stand a worthy crown to this wonderful century of invention and progress.

It seems as if organized society could spare the horse. If all the tales told of the horse by the writers of children's stories would permit themselves to be believed, no doubt it would be hard to make out a case against him, ranging as they do from his opening the barn door with his teeth, to his breaking into a telegraph office and sending a despatch with his prehensile nose, but such is not the case.

It is to be hoped, by the way, that however sweeping the invasion of automobiles may become, a few horses may at least be retained for literary purposes; it will be exceedingly difficult to lend verisimilitude to the scene of an electric brougham standing over its disabled master, neighing loudly for assistance, or of a gasoline road-wagon snorting off to the nearest justice of the peace because its driver is in controversy with a footpad.

**OVERHEARD IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.**

"SHE filled my soul with discord," sighed the guitar.

"She played me false," snarled the mandolin.

From which it will be seen that even the lower orders of things share the general opinion regarding a coquette.

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**WEEK OF OCT. 9th.**

ROBERT DROUET'S BEAUTIFUL PLAY

**"A Woman's Power"**

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**FROOF POSITIVE.**

"THAT young couple must be engaged."

"Do they bill and coo?"

"No, but he smokes a pipe now when they walk together in the evening."

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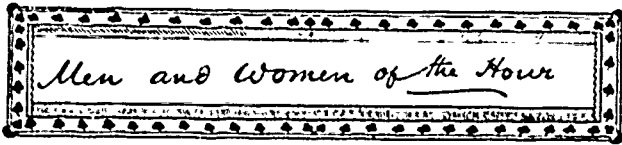
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#### A DEFENDER OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE portrait on this page is a good likeness of the gentleman who gave \$25,000 to establish a sanatorium for consumptives in Muskoka, Mr. W. J. Gage, of Toronto. It is four or five years since Mr. Gage first began to think seriously of this project. In traveling about the country, and in his own warehouse, he had observed the suffering and distress caused by tuberculosis. He saw the need of combating the great white plague in a scientific manner if its ravages upon humanity were to be held in check. He read much upon the subject, he consulted many eminent physicians, he devoted his thought to the means that might be employed. The result is a commodious hospital at Gravenhurst, planned and equipped in accordance with the latest scientific knowledge of the nature and proper treatment of consumption. Mr. Gage's generous gift was supplemented by the late H. A. Massey, and, although the sanatorium is not able to do all the work that might be done towards reducing the misery caused by consumption, it is doing a most useful work, and has saved many lives. The chief need at the present time is a fund for poor patients who are unable to take treatment at all, or who have to leave the institution before they are restored to complete health.

Mr. Gage is one of "the native-born," his birthplace being near Brampton, Ont. His first occupation was school teaching, but in 1873 he became connected with the publishing business as bookkeeper for Adam Miller & Co., of Toronto. Ere long he was admitted as a partner, and, on the death of Mr. Miller, he continued to carry on the business. He is now head of the large publishing house known as The W. J. Gage Company, Limited. As a business man Mr. Gage has been most successful. He is a member of the Methodist Church, and takes an active part in the work of the denomination. The most recent evidence of his keen interest in all matters affecting the health, and hence the happiness, of the multitude, was his offer to erect free baths in the city of Toronto under certain conditions.

#### THE UNCLE OF ALL FRENCH-CANADIANS.

MR. LEWIS HERBETTE.

A MAN of whom English-speaking Canadians know comparatively little, but whom French-Canadians are at present honoring very highly, is Mr. Francois-Louis Herbetie, a distinguished French statesman and author. Mr. Herbetie is making his first visit to America. In the New England States, where he has lately been, he was received with great acclaim by the French-speaking population wherever he went. Banquets were tendered him at Fall River, Woonsocket, Boston, Lowell, Manchester, and other places. In Montreal the reception accorded him has been no less enthusiastic.

The explanation of all this is that for a great number of years Mr. Herbetie has constituted himself the guide, protector and friend of French-Canadians visiting France or sojourning in Paris. He is called "the uncle of all French-Canadians." His mansion in the rue Fortuny and his country-house at Pornic have their doors wide open to visitors from America. He seeks them out, anticipates their wants and desires, and

pays them a thousand gracious attentions. Every Wednesday his table is surrounded with celebrities in the field of politics, art, science and literature, and to be a French-Canadian is a sufficient passport for admission to the charmed circle. As an entertainer, Mr. Herbetie is, indeed, without a peer, either in lavishness, or in cordiality. Those who have visited him say that he has the rare power of making the most diffident guest feel at home. But he aims to be the friend of Canadians in particular.

His visit to America is partly for pleasure and recreation, but he has also been commissioned by his Government to report upon the intellectual and industrial condition of the French people on this continent; the development of art and literature amongst them; in fine, to give his impressions of the life of Frenchmen and their families wherever they are gathered together in communities upon the soil of the North American continent. What use may be made of such a report it would be hard to anticipate. But that Mr. Herbetie will prove, in this instance, as hitherto, a keen, intelligent observer goes without saying.

He is a native of Paris, and will be 56 years old on



MR. W. J. GAGE.

November 26 next. His brother, Jules Gabriel Herbetie, is a distinguished French diplomat, and occupied the trying post of ambassador at Berlin at a time when the utmost tact and skill was necessary in the communications of the two Governments. After 10 years' service at the German court, Mr. Jules Herbetie pressed his resignation of the post two years ago, on the ground that he had lived long enough away from his beloved France. The French Government reluctantly released him, and he has since lived in retirement in Paris.

Mr. Louis Herbetie also is a statesman of great experience. From 1876 to 1882, he saw service as prefect of a number of the most important Departments in France. In the last-mentioned year, he was appointed director of penitentiary administration, under the Minister of the Interior, and distinguished himself by his activity until ill-health overtook him, in 1891. He is a *Conseiller d'Etat*, has written extensively and is an accomplished orator.

### A CURIOUS UNIVERSITY CUSTOM.

OF ALL the curious customs of university students, from the duels of Germany to the cane rushes of the United States, there is none more marvelous than the annual election "scrap," as it is called, at Toronto University. Many distinguished people have sacrificed their rest for the express purpose of witnessing this unique struggle—including statesmen, authors, actors, and journalists, who have happened to be in Toronto on the night of "the scrap," and all are agreed that it is without parallel in the universities of the world. A glance at the accompanying illustration will convince the reader that the custom is an odd one.

Toronto students rather pride themselves on their turbulence. Almost every Hallowe'en they have a bout with their natural enemies, the police. But it is in March that the annual elections of the University Literary Society take place. For many years the students have been divided into two parties. To define the basis of division would be a hard task, but the division exists, and year after year, under changing party names, and with varying war-cries, the hostile camps fight it out in deadly combat. Student parties had their origin in the old days, when a large percentage of the students of Toronto University lived in residence. These were "the elect," the representatives of wealth and social influence; all other students were regarded as outside the sacred pale. And so two factions sprang up—the "inside" and the "outside" parties, they were called. Although the conditions of those days have changed entirely, the two parties have been perpetuated. Their names have been changed a dozen times, but some of the original characteristics of each still remain.

Before the annual election each party organizes what is facetiously called a "moral suasion" committee. All the biggest and strongest men in the party are placed on this committee. It is their duty, if possible, to take and keep possession of the door of the polling booth on election night, and to permit only friendly voters to enter. As there are always two such committees, the result is a fight for possession of the door. The struggle is good-natured, but it is terrific. Clothes

are ruthlessly torn to shreds, and the men then anoint themselves with vaseline to prevent their opponents from getting a good grip on arms and shoulders. As a rule, the struggle is kept up from 8 o'clock p.m., the hour of opening the poll, until after midnight, and sometimes it has raged all night. No one gets angry, although everyone is very much in earnest.

Needless to say, the result of the election depends largely on the comparative efficiency of the contending "moral suasion" committees. The accompanying photograph shows the combatants after the battle.

### THOS. EDISON'S TICKER.

WHEN gold was sold as merchandise in Wall Street, New York, during the Civil War and immediately following it, the transmission of quotations to the offices of bankers and brokers was an important part of the business of the telegraph companies, and attempts had been made to send out these quotations by means of instruments. Edison's first practical work displaying his inventive genius was shown in his construction, soon after his arrival in New York, of a "ticker" which was the pioneer of the present stock indicator. When

the model machine was completed Mr. Edison offered to sell it to a syndicate of Wall Street men, and had nerved himself to ask \$5,000 for the right to use it. When, however, he was asked what he would take for the instrument his courage failed him and he said, instead, "What will you offer?" After consultation he was asked if he would accept \$40,000, and the amazed inventor stammered that the sum "would do."

While the necessary contracts were being drawn Mr. Edison became suspicious that something must be wrong, so that when the cheque was put in his hands he determined to cash it at once. Upon his reaching the bank the paying teller examined the cheque closely, and then said something to Mr. Edison which, owing to his deafness, he did not hear. The teller repeated his remark, and, as Mr. Edison still did not understand him, handed back his cheque. Mr. Edison was at last convinced that he had made a bad bargain, the Wall Street men having his signed contract and he only a worthless piece of paper. He says now that if any one had offered him a small sum of money for the cheque he would promptly have sold it.

On his returning to the office of the syndicate it was



explained to him that the teller had probably been insisting that he must be identified, and a clerk from the office was sent with him for that purpose. After he had been identified the paying teller asked him how much of the amount he wished in cash. Mr. Edison says that, as the money had been refused him once, he did not propose to take any further chances, so he replied, "I want it all." The teller then handed him a large number of packages of bills, and Mr. Edison filled first the inside pockets of his coat, then those on the outside, next the inside pockets of his overcoat, and then the outside pockets of the overcoat. Lastly, he wrapped the remaining parcels in a newspaper and carried the lot home.

This was his first real start as a successful inventor.

### QUATRAIN.

IN a dumb world, we mortals, deaf and blind,  
Grope through the mystery in hope to find  
An Immortality, and, scorning life,  
Waste it to leave an empty name behind.

—ALBERT PHELPS.



THE traveling gown of the bride who is married in the fall need not necessitate a large outlay of money to be stylish and quite up-to-date. It may be made of cloth, either Venetian or broadcloth, the jacket warmly interlined. With this suit may be worn different shirt-waists, alternating a colored one with one of black silk. These waists should be carefully fitted over a percale lining. If a more expensive costume is desired velvet may be combined with it, or it may be handsomely trimmed with fur.

SOME of the new lamp shades are wonderfully pretty and attractive. One in particular is very different from any of the old styles. It was what they call the "Empire" style, only, instead of being made out of stamped paper, it was made of a pretty furniture cretonne. Where the flowers were in the pattern they are cut away, leaving only the vines and leaves. In their places are applied on the spaces fine painted flowers of mousseline de soie, which, of course, are transparent. Some of the flowers are spangled or dotted with crystal beads to look like dewdrops. Behind the transparent flowers are pasted small pieces of sheer pink tissue paper, so as to cast a rosy hue. Of course, this idea can be carried out with flowers of any other color, as yellow, or violet, or red, or blue. The effect is that of painted china. This all sounds most complicated and difficult, but once started you have no idea how easy it is to make one.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S wife died more than twenty years ago. Very old friends in Washington of the Admiral say that he has never been quite the same man since her death. He rarely speaks of her except in intimate conversation with those who knew her. Once, however, at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, he overheard a couple of young ensigns, both recently married, grumbling loudly because they had just been ordered to start on three-year cruises.

"What's the use of a chap's getting married when he's 10,000 knots or so away from his wife one-half of the time?" growled one of the young officers.

"That's so!" replied the other. "This thing of being compelled to get acquainted with one's wife all over again at the wind-up of a cruise must be a peculiar experience."

"No, it is not," said Dewey quietly from his chair in the corner; "it is one of the most delightful of experiences. You lads should not talk that way. A three-year separation is short compared with one that is lifelong."

Then Dewey spread out his paper so as to conceal his features, and the two young officers looked thoughtful.

THE only "killing" form of sport indulged in by the ladies of the royal family is fishing, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, being all enthusiastic fisherwomen. When she was mistress of Government House the Princess Louise showed great fondness for this sport, and on one occasion she despatched three of her finest fish, of course securely packed in ice, to the Queen at Balmoral. The Princess of Wales and

her daughters go out almost every day when staying with the Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, and some two years ago the Duchess landed the largest number of fish ever taken in one day on the Dee by a fisherwoman.

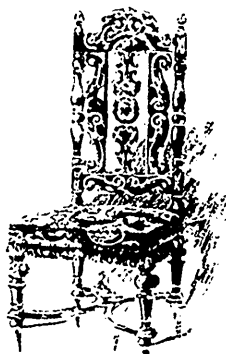
ON her arrival at majority last week Miss Mary Crocker, the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Frederick Crocker, of San Francisco, received as her share of her father's estate \$4,000,000 in stocks and bonds. This large sum is hers absolutely in her own right, which makes her the richest heiress in California and one of the wealthiest in America, as few girls of 18 are trusted with full power over big fortunes.

THE "progressive women" in England are still discussing Lady Warwick's announcement that she has not merely been converted from Toryism to Liberalism, but has embraced the Socialistic faith. "I never attend political gatherings," she is reported as saying. "I connect myself with no party, because it would do harm to other matters in which I am interested. I may have been very largely responsible for my husband's return as Conservative member of Parliament for Colchester in 1888, but I was young then. For the last ten years, during which I have taken deep interest in educational and social matters, I have been brought more into contact with the people. I have become a Liberal, nay, more than that, I may now tell you that I am a Socialist." Lady Warwick has long been interested in the bread-winning women of England. She has founded a school of needlework, a nurses' training school and other notable institutions, and has been a friend as well as a patron of all self-supporting women. She is constantly making improvements in the college and hostel she has established at Reading, for training the daughters of professional men in the lighter pursuits of agriculture, such as poultry-raising, beekeeping, dairying, horticulture and fruit and vegetable gardening.

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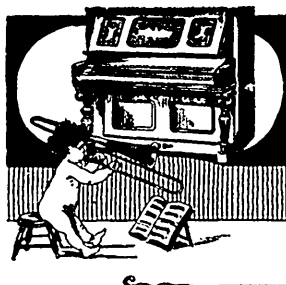
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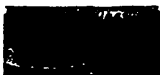
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