

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
										✓	

MONTREAL LIFE

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



A SUFFERER.

MRS. GOODWILL—Here, my poor famished man, here is a nice meat sandwich and a piece of pie.

LAZY FRITTERS—Madam, haven't you got it in capsule form, I am actually too tired to chew it.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CHANGES IN TRAIN SERVICE.
In Effect May 7th, 1900.

LEAVE WINDSOR ST. STATION FOR
Caledonia Springs 10 a.m., 4:05 p.m., 6:15 p.m.
Pointe Fortune (a) 5:15 p.m., (b) 1:30 p.m.
Ottawa 9:45 a.m., 10 a.m., 4:05 p.m., 6:45 p.m.
Hudson Heights 10 a.m., (a) 12:30 p.m., 1:05 p.m., (b) 5:15 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

Commencing May 26th Saturday afternoon train to Sherbrooke and Knowlton, leaving Montreal 2 p.m., returning leaving Sherbrooke 8 a.m. and arriving Montreal 9:30 a.m. via Foster and Sutton Junction.

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR STATION.
In Effect May 12th, 1900.

Sto. Agathe and Labelle (b) 1:30 p.m. (This train will not stop between Montreal and Shaw bridge except at Mile End.)

St. Jerome and Intermediate stations (d) 1:15 p.m. (a) Except Saturdays and Sundays, (c) Saturdays only, *Daily. Other trains week days only. Further particulars later.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office:
129 ST. JAMES STREET, Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE

... BETWEEN ...

MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

Lv. Montreal	7:30 a.m.	Ar. Ottawa	11:20 a.m.
" "	9:30 a.m.	" "	12:10 p.m.
" "	1:05 p.m.	" "	6:35 p.m.
" "	5:50 p.m.	" "	9:15 p.m.
" Ottawa	7:10 a.m.	" Montreal	9:50 a.m.
" "	8:15 a.m.	" "	11:15 a.m.
" "	1:20 p.m.	" "	6:50 p.m.
" "	6:35 p.m.	" "	9:45 p.m.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS.
TORONTO AND WEST.

Lv. Montreal	Daily 9:00 a.m.	Daily 8:00 p.m.	Ex. Sun. *10:25 p.m.
Ar. Toronto	5:20 p.m.	8:50 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Ar. Hamilton	6:55 p.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Ar. Niagara Falls	8:40 p.m.	10:10 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
Ar. Buffalo	10:00 p.m.	12:00 noon.	12:00 noon
Ar. London	9:50 p.m.	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit	6:15 a.m.	1:10 p.m.	1:10 p.m.
Ar. Chicago	2:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	8:45 p.m.

* On Sundays leaves Montreal 8:00 p.m.

City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

Two Fast Trains Daily to Portland, Ore.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves 6:30 p.m., equipped with Pullman sleeping cars, tourist cars, free reclining chair cars, buffet library cars. All meals in dining cars. "Pacific Express" leaves 10:30 p.m., with similar equipment. No change of cars. Fastest time. Unequaled service. The best of everything. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western R'y, or address J. E. Brittain, 268 Washington street, Boston, Mass., or B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

LOWEST RATES AND
Best Accommodation
...TO...

EUROPE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
City Ticket Office,
129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.
W. F. EGG, Agent.
Telephone Main 3732.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

IF GOING
To NEW YORK

Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati or St. Louis

—Try the—

NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Trains leave Windsor Station, Montreal

Daily at 7 00 p.m. | Daily except Sunday at 8 25 a.m.
Pullman Buffet | Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars
Sleeping Cars | to Utica and thence to NEW YORK on EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

Time Tables, Tickets and Parlor or Sleeping Car reservations at Windsor Hotel, Windsor Station, or 129 St. James Street.

GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, NEW YORK.
H. D. CARTER, General Agent, MONTREAL, N.Y.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to commemorate Lord Strathcona's magnificent gift to the Empire by placing a bust in marble of His Lordship in the library of the Dominion Parliament and a replica in McGill University, Montreal.

YOUNG LADIES

75 Complete Stories sent on receipt of 200 cancelled stamps and unused 2c. stamp.

J. T. HANDFORD,

29 E. 13th St., Paterson, N.J.

CITY

FORMERLY THE
Dominion Steam
Carpet Beating Co.

Bell Telephone
Main 798.

11 Hermine St.,
MONTREAL.

RELIABLE, PUNCTUAL, CLEAN.

The cyclists' complaint—That tired feeling.

The favorite song of the gambler—
"Oh! pair o'dice, oh pair o'dice!"

The man whose overtures the chorus girls cannot withstand is the composer.

"Where there's a will there's a weigh," said the fraudulent grocer as he stuck a lump of lard under the scale.

Clear
Brilliant
Complexions.

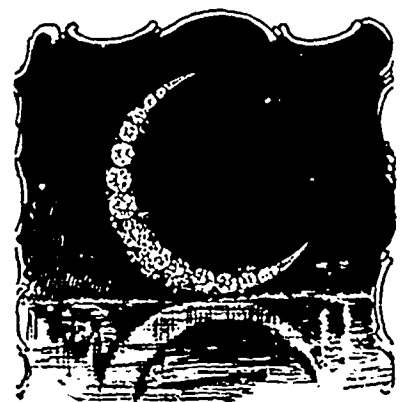
The harm done to the skin by impure Soap cannot be measured in words. You can easily prove this by stepping around the corner to your grocer or to your

druggist and asking for the soap that gives suppleness, softness, sweetness and delicacy to the skin and firmness to the flesh, yielding a clear, brilliant complexion—"Oriole Soap." Every cake put up in a handsome hinged toilet box.

**Oriole
Soap.**

**JEWELRY
WISDOM**

It certainly is far from wise to buy jewelry wherever you see jewelry for sale. The imitation looks just like the genuine at first. The wise way is to come right to us. Then you'll know precisely what you're buying. Aside from this, we are always glad to show you our stock whether you buy or not.



**R. A. DICKSON & CO.,
JEWELLERS,**

2261 St. Catherine Street.

MUSICAL CARDS.

THE MONTREAL
CONSERVATORY

OF MUSIC.

938 & 940 Dorchester St., near Mountain
Development in all Branches of Music. Terms Strictly
as in European Conservatories. Consultation hour
4 to 5 daily. For prospectus, apply to
MIR. C. E. SEIFERT, Director

Bertha Belasco-Burland,
PIANOFORTE TUITION.

Pupil of Dr. Jodlitzka, Klindworth-Scharwenka
Conservatory, Berlin.

Lessons given at Dominion College of Music or
at pupil's residence.

For terms, etc., apply

J. W. SHAW & CO., 2274 St. Catherine St.

ELOCUTION

MR. STEPHEN'S

personal services in Class and Private Lessons

Montreal School of Elocution,

2426 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Buy your piano at

W. H. Leach's
Piano Parlors,

2440 St. Catherine St. (Near Drummond)
and Save Money. Pianos Exchanged,
Tuned and Repaired. Telephone, Up 998.



J. J. Levert

Teacher of

**Banjo, Guitar
and Mandolin,**

2232 St. Catherine St.,
Opposite Queen's Block,

.....Montreal

Hours of arrangements for tuition:
From 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

MISS L. CRULY

**DRESS AND MANTLE
MAKER**

18½ Cathcart Street. MONTREAL

...ASK FOR...

**"Y and S"
LICORICE**

PUT UP IN 5c. PACKAGES.

IT LEADS. OTHERS FOLLOW.

It will strengthen and tone up the vocal
cords and give a clear ringing voice. . . .

YOUNG & SMYLYE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



**The
Associated
Board**

OF THE

Royal Academy of Music

AND

Royal College of Music.

President for Canada :

H. E. The Governor General, The Rt
Hon. The EARL OF MINTO.

Hon. General Representative for Canada :

Lt.-Col. J. BAYNE MACLEAN,
Montreal.

EXAMINATIONS

will be held as follows:

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.

FINANCIAL CARDS.

Robert Meredith & Co.

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange.
Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission.

51 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Cable address, "Mining."

McCUAIG, RYKERT & Co.

STOCKBROKERS

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
A special department for Canadian Mines.

Telephone, LONDON AND LANCASHIRE
Main 923. CHAMBERS, St. James St.

HON. A. W. ATWATER, Q.C. CHARLES A. DUCLOS

ATWATER & DUCLOS,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

151 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

GEORGE DURNFORD,
Chartered Accountant

Room 76, Canada Life Building, 189 St. James St.

MONTREAL.

R-I-P-A-N-S. 10 for 5 cents, at druggists,
grocers, restaurants, saloons, news-stands, general
stores, and barber shops. They banish pain,
induce sleep, prolong life. One gives relief.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that
R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They
banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief.
Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package, and
accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents,
or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any
drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testi-
monials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents,
forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10
Spruce St., New York.

THE SMARTEST GLOVES FOR

**SMARTLY DRESSED
LADIES**

ARE



EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

Up-to-date Wall Papers

The largest assortment of choice goods in this line to be found in Canada For sale by

John Murphy

Painter and
Decorator

2236 St. Catherine St., - Montreal.

Bell Tel. Up 2152.

Designs and Estimates
Furnished.

JONES & HENRY

Decorative Painters

5 McGill College Ave. - MONTREAL

Wall Papers Rollef Ornaments.
Stained, Bevelled and Plate Glass.

THE DRINK AND DRUG HABITS.

Permanently cured by the "Dixon Cure" when taken as directed, or money refunded. No other drink cure can do that. Full particulars sent sealed by the "Dixon Cure Co." or the Manager, J. B. LALIME, 572 St. Denis St., MONTREAL.

H. HAMMOND . . .

Practical Carpet Layer,
Upholsterer, Etc.,

222 and 222a St. Urbain St., Montreal.

Carpets cut, made and laid. Also carefully lifted, beaten and re-laid. Oilcloths laid and repaired. Upholstering done. . . addresses made and renovated. Pew Cushions and boxes made and recovered, etc.

Carpet Linings, Spring Rollers, Stair Pads, Studs, etc., Supplied.

H. Hammond having a thorough and practical knowledge of Carpet Laying, etc., by its various branches, feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

BELL TELEPHONE EAST 467

WE CLIP

15 000 Newspapers
and Periodicals
every week.



Thinkers
Students
Writers
Public Men
Business Men

and ANYONE wishing to collect clippings on any subject—business pointers, material for lectures, sermons or debates—should become subscribers. 100 cuttings, \$5; 1,000 cuttings, \$10. Special rates on annual orders.

Canadian Press Clipping Bureau

505 Board of Trade, MONTREAL
26 Front St. West, TORONTO
109 Fleet St., E.C., LONDON, ENG.

FOR SALE.

A NEW MARLIN RIFLE.

Never been used. Just the Rifle for practice.
Price \$30. Will take \$20.

19 Board of Trade, Montreal.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

W OIL AND WATER COLORS

The leading colors FOR ARTISTS
throughout the world.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. Ramsay & Son, - Montreal.

AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Everyone
Having False Teeth
Should Use

COVERNTON'S

FRAGRANT

Carbolic Tooth Wash

As it cleanses and hardens the gums, disinfects the plate, thereby keeping the breath sweet. Highly recommended by the leading dentists of the city. Be sure and get that prepared by

C. J. Covernton & Co.

Cor. Bleury and Dorchester Sts.
For Sale by all Druggists.

R. W. FOWLER,

2639 St. Catherine
Street.

Cor. Buckingham Ave.

Ladies will consult their interests by calling before purchasing elsewhere. A complete and choice line of *Ladies' Spring and Summer Apparel.*

R. W. FOWLER,

Cor. Buckingham Ave.
Telephone Up 1011.

2639 St. Catherine St.

Look about and see
what is needed in
the way of . . .

Interior Decorations

Estimates cheerfully furnished for

FINE CABINET WORK
UPHOLSTERING
HOUSE PAINTING
FLAX TAPESTRIES

GLAZING AND GILDING
FRENCH, ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN
PAPERS.

W. P. SCOTT

2422 St. Catherine St.

MONTREAL

Telephone, Up 1274.

WE ARE RE-COVERING

furniture of all descriptions at very reasonable prices. You select your own covering from our large stock of coverings, and we tell you exactly what it will cost you.

All work is done in our own Factory under our personal supervision—that is why we can thoroughly guarantee it.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,

652 CRAIG STREET.

2442 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY 11, 1900.

TELEPHONES:
Montreal . . . Main 1255
Toronto 2148

LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE question of forming a tourists' association has again been mooted this year, but whether it will take on a more material form than it has done in the past remains to be seen. Many people are of the opinion that the city would be so greatly benefitted by the influx of tourists that energetic steps should be immediately taken to attract them hither. Others again—and there always are such—pompously contend that Montreal should be above indulging in such a practice. Certainly, Montreal has for some years been "above" doing anything of the kind, but that is no valid reason why it should continue in its lethargic state. False dignity should not override common sense. The greatest cities in the world are not above engaging in any enterprise that will draw visitors within their gates, and I cannot see why Montreal should not do likewise. Success in this regard would mean a vast increase in the amount of money in circulation, and the city at large could not but benefit thereby to a great extent. Paris is, at the present time, unblushingly taking all the tourist money it can get hold of. Chicago was in no wise more proud some seven years ago, while none of us have forgotten the days when ice palaces were reared in our midst for a more than artistic object. The winter carnival is not in fashion now, but if Montreal were made attractive in the summer months, and the outside world knew it to be so, a great deal more tourist travel would be diverted northward from the resorts across the border.

IT would be useless, however, to attempt to do anything in this direction unless the city is put in a more healthy and more presentable condition. One glance at our streets would be enough to send a pleasure-seeking tourist flying homeward, fearful lest he had contracted some disease. We natives are, to a certain extent, hardened to the existing conditions, and, though typhoid fever and diphtheria are rampant in our midst, we give the danger little thought. We protest, on periodical occasions, but, as a general rule, we inhale the germ-charged atmosphere uncomplainingly. But we cannot expect others to be so "easy," nor should we wish them to be. To bring tourists here, while the city remains uncleaned, would be the height of folly: they would never return, and, of course, they would warn their friends. A reputation thus earned would stick to Montreal longer than its dirt. Let us have a thorough cleaning, just for once, to see what it is like. When that is done (echo answers when?), we would be in a far better condition to look out for tourist travel, to say nothing of being more justified in doing so. At present, we are beneath it, not above it, as some seem to think.

WHILE Montreal possesses many natural advantages of a nature to attract tourists, it is sadly deficient in good hotel accommodation, while high-class cafes are practically unknown in our midst. True, there are certain restaurants where very good 25c. meals are to be had, but one will look in vain for any place corresponding to McConkey's or Webb's. It will thus be seen that there is room for improvement in this city, so much room, in fact, that one might be excused for thinking it a vacant lot.

MR. BOURASSA, M.P., still declines to satisfy Parliament as to the nature of his expenses incurred while acting in the capacity of secretary on the Joint High Commission. He claims that he is not responsible to the Dominion Government, and refuses to produce the book in which he kept the accounts.

And so the matter stands at this time of writing. Mr. Bourassa is not without some of the nerve for which Mr. Tarte is noted, and, if he can apply it to such advantage as his superior officer and model has always done, he certainly has a successful future before him. But nerve, though a dashing quality in politics, as it is in any other line of business, must be backed by sterner stuff, in order to improve upon, or even retain an advantage gained, and this is where Mr. Bourassa is lacking. He is rather a lightweight, when all is said and done, but just the sort of man to serve the purpose of the Government. His mental contortions and effervescent volubility doubtless have the effect of entertaining certain sections of the electorate who might, if left to themselves, become obstreperous. When they tire of the inspired performances, Mr. Bourassa will, like a vaudeville artist, be obliged to make a lightning change. It is not beyond the limits of possibility that he may next appear in khaki. Who can say?

IF Admiral Dewey persists in his determination to run for President he will have the best wishes of practically all the people of Great Britain and Canada. Good wishes, however, are not counted in with the votes, and it is not unlikely that the gallant Admiral may lose some of the latter through being the recipient of the former. It is not always profitable for a man to be popular beyond the borders of his own country—certainly a candidate for the Presidential chair of the United States cannot afford to be so hampered.

GENERAL HUTTON has demonstrated the fact that he is more of a soldier than a politician. According to Lord Roberts' despatch, dated May 5, "General Hutton turned the enemy's right, and, in a very dashing manner, pushed across the river under heavy shell and musketry fire." Such mention is something to be proud of, and yet the resignation of the gallant General from the command of the Canadian forces was accepted with pleasure by the Dominion Government, and particularly the Minister of Militia, who declared that General Hutton would not do as he was told. This is not to be wondered at. General Hutton would not be the man he is if he had meekly acquiesced with the political distilled orders that emanated from the Militia Department. Being a soldier, and a fearless one, he unhesitatingly opposed what he considered wrong, and, by doing so, aroused the ire of the gentleman at present presiding over the destinies of our forces. Most opportunely for himself, though not for Canada, General Hutton was, at this critical juncture, appointed to an important command in South Africa, since when we have heard nothing of his refusing to obey the orders of his superior officers. But then, the superior officers are soldiers who are not influenced by political motives. The same can hardly be said of Dr. Borden and his associates.

MONTREAL had its first horse show last week, and, to the surprise of some, and the gratification of everybody, it proved to be a distinct success. This justifies the belief that the show will hereafter be an annual affair, and there is no reason why it should not, in the course of a short time, be the best thing of the kind in Canada—this with all due respect to Toronto, which, at present, leads us in all matters pertaining to horses. Certain members of the Montreal Hunt were largely responsible for the success of the horse show, and are deserving of the thanks of the general public—a doubtful quantity, rarely bestowed upon the proper persons.

LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

A NEW park ranger has been appointed, and it is not Captain Chambers. It was the general opinion that this gentleman would be the successful candidate, but, at the City Hall, there are wheels within wheels, and a dark horse—Mr. W. J. Henderson—ridden by Ald. Ekers, was an easy winner. It was not a national affair, both candidates being English-speaking, and, of the 14 votes cast for Captain Chambers, more than half were from French-Canadian aldermen. The "Reform" element of the council was, for some reason not specified, opposed to his candidature. Ames, Hart and Smith all recorded "nays" when the first vote was taken, though I will wager that a vast majority of their constituents were in favor of Captain Chambers. Who is Mr. Henderson? Nobody seems to know, save that he was put up by Ald. Ekers, and, as the scheme had been cut and dried, the reform clique elected him. If Mr. Henderson has not the necessary ability to fill the position, he certainly has the pull, which is, of course, the main thing. The composition of the city council is by no means the double-distilled excellence that the public was led to believe it to be at the time of the election, and I very much question if it will prove to be superior to the old crowd we all abused so much. It would be in order if Ald. Ames explained his reasons for wishing Ald. Martineau placed at the head of the roads committee. This is more important than his opposing Captain Chambers for the position of park ranger.

THE NEED OF A NEW JOKE.

THE wilderness is full of prophets, each crying out his conviction as to the most pressing demand of the hour. We are told that we need a new faith, a new social system, a new political machinery at home, a new national policy abroad, a new literature of our own, and a reform in dress. In spite of the length of the list, one fundamental lack has not been mentioned. No one has pointed out our need of a new joke.

We are weary of the old ones. It is sad to find again in fresh print the worn pleasantries about the master of the house who comes home late and is unable to fit his latchkey; about the new woman and the new man; about the countryman with his antiquated carpetbag in the perils of the town; about the nose of the Jewish clothes dealer; about woman's fear of a mouse; about the poor restaurant; about the tramp and the pie; about the quarrels of husband and wife; about the Irishman and politics; about the negro and the henroost; about seasickness; about kissing; about Queen Victoria; and about the mother-in-law. We and our fathers before us have laughed patiently at them all. There is ancient authority for saying that there is a time to weep as well as a time to laugh, and perhaps nothing more imperatively calls for tears than this constant dropping of old jokes, inquisition-wise, upon the mind.

Weariness of the old humor is not the only reason for our demand for the new. Deeper than the sin of repetition is the sin of not showing profound insight into the incongruities of things. On the part of nation and of individual the depth of humorous insight measures the depth of appreciation of life. The witticisms of the fool in Lear and of the grave-diggers in Hamlet show not only Shakespeare's sense of the comic, but also Shakespeare's keenest sense of the tragic. Moliere's trenchant wit amounts to a philosophy in its criticism of false ideals. Perhaps nothing more fatally betrays the eclecticism of our American character than an examination of our famous American humor. Any list of our most popular jokes will prove to be a series of chance shots, betraying neither conviction nor steadfast perception, only a momentary sense of the superficial incongruities of life.

There are, of course, exceptions. Certain touches of satire in our comic papers suggest an underlying thought that we could not spare. We would keep the wistful pictures of the little street Arabs, and all glimpses into the heart of poverty

that mean a stirring of our national conscience. It is well for laughter to be touched with tears. We would keep the satire on foreign fads and fashions, such as the worship of foreign adventurers, religious or secular, and the marriage that means the cry of American money for European titles. We would keep all shrewd comments on our besetting national sins, from the working of machine politics to the details of our late war in the interests of humanity. Many are the manifestations of our folly, and "the chastening stripes should cleanse them all."

In fact, it is for further work of this kind that we plead, for deeper manifestation of a central common sense, for humor with a larger consciousness in it. Possibly, we need not so much a new joke as a new joker. It is no accident that great periods in bygone days boast great humorists, men of deep laughter who helped set straight the world—Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Moliere. Listening to them, we are aware of a sense of incongruity that has permanent value, full of intellectual keenness or of sympathy, and we know that there is demanded of us, not the random laughter of fools, but the collected laughter of the sane. No country ever offered a richer opportunity for a satirist than America offers now. Where shall we find him?

"When the true jester comes, how shall we know him?" By the keenness of his vision, and the power of his thinking, and the quiver of his lips when he smiles.—Atlantic Monthly.

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

THERE probably never existed a man of keener intelligence or greater brain-power than the first Napoleon, yet Mlle. de Courtot, who was Josephine's friend, tells us that he might have divorced his wife before he mounted the throne, but for his belief in the prophecy which foretold that she should be greater than a queen. That, as the Creole flirt frequently told him, could only be realized through his elevation, and, therefore, if he put her away he would never be crowned as Emperor. And Mlle. de Courtot tells another story strangely characteristic of its hero. Mlle. de Courtot had sought an interview with the First Consul in order to have her estates, which had been confiscated during the Revolution, restored to her; had been received with great rudeness, and had vainly recalled to the First Consul's memory a scene at Brienne in which he, as a young cadet, had rescued her, a young child, from a furious bull. She, however, tried again to awaken kindly recollections in his mind, and reminded him how once she had placed on his head, while he was contending for some prize in the Lycee, a wreath of laurel leaves:

"I had got so far in my story when I was suddenly interrupted by a strange sound—half sigh, half exclamation of joy—and the next moment the consul had sprung forward and clasped both my hands in his. Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes and trembled in his voice when he spoke. 'So you were that sweet kind girl, mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me, I promise you beforehand to grant it—no matter what it is. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back—I am more than overjoyed to have it in my power to serve you!' You may imagine, my Annaliebe, how startled and amazed I was at this sudden outburst, this rapture of kindness, from the man who, but a moment before, had shown himself so stern and unapproachable! I had no answer ready, all I could do was to falter without reflection, 'Oh, sire, what have I done to deserve this gratitude?' 'What, this too?' broke in Bonaparte in a tone of measureless excitement. 'The royal title—for the first time—from your lips, my dear, infallible little prophetic!—And once more your words will come true,' he continued, with the strange, far-away look of a seer. 'Yes, I shall one day wear the crown and clasp the royal mantle round my shoulders—now I know it for certain. You set that laurel wreath on my young head in the far-off days at Brienne—the laurel crown that was to be followed by so many others. You whispered to me then—'May it bring you good luck!' and truly it did, as you very well know.—I am a fatalist, mademoiselle, and since you have foretold it me, I feel the crown of France upon my brow, I see the sceptre of the great realm already in my hand! How can I ever thank you enough?'"

SOME NOTES FROM THE RHINE VALLEY.



PECTACULARLY the Rhine is a disappointment. A broad and turbid stream, surging slowly along in a fertile plain, with the horizon line utterly unrelieved, or, even in the famous gorge, with the height of the surrounding hills discounted by the great width of the river—is not the equal in the qualities of mysticism and romance of a rushing mountain torrent, such as is common in Scotland or in Wales. But it possesses more of grandeur and of majesty, qualities which are not perceptible at first, but which gradually reveal themselves and eventually overwhelm.

The architecture, too, is disappointing, and more permanently so. Everyone has heard of the Rhenish castles, and everyone in consequence expects to find much beautiful Gothic building of the sterner sort. The remains of the castles are there, sure enough, in heaps of crumbling ruins on every point of vantage along the gorge, picturesque in their decay, but so utterly decayed that there is nothing architectural left. It might be possible, with great pains, to reconstruct the plans of some, but of their details and ornamental features nothing tangible is to be found—for one cannot sketch and measure mouldings and enrichments from rumors and vague legend.

In the riverside towns, however, architectural and archaeological interests are alike awakened. Each one has a history, and though the history of one is very much the history of all, yet the evidences vary in each case. Upon two occasions at least the Rhine has formed the principal route along which civilization has marched northwards from Italy. Almost all the towns were founded by Drusus as carefully selected military posts along the great waterway which formed the line of communication for the Roman legions, and evidences of Roman occupation are tolerably frequent, though naturally ruinous, from the heaps of stones which were once the supporting piers of the Aqueduct at Mainz (Mayence), to the archways at Bofford and Andernach. Then, again, in the early days of the Romanesque, there was activity along the Rhine, and towns were revived and buildings erected, based upon those of that period in Italy, but with a strong local individuality, caused by the comparatively small size of the available building stone, and by the high-pitched roof which the climate necessitated; and it is quite doubtful whether the lofty towers and spires of the churches which were built at that time were not demanded for the sake of the towns beneath to serve as watch towers in troublous times. These churches are numerous, and most of them are large out of all proportion, as we should think, to the population which they had to serve; yet even now, on Sundays frequently, and on high festivals always, they are crowded to overflowing. Most of them have suffered grievously of late at the hands of the restorer, and the German restorer is worse than any other, in the hard, scientific, and mechanical way in which he goes to work; but yet if the detail has been rendered precise and hard, the old general outline remains, with the lofty nave arcade of semi-circular work, the apsis east and west (and sometimes north and south as well), the doors in the aisle walls as a rule, and almost always minor features, the flat buttresses and the external arcading at triforium level, and often under the eaves as well, at least around the apsis, if not around the whole church. The detail, even in its restored state, has its interest—for the restorers have faithfully striven to copy the old work scientifically, if they have failed to render its original spirit and "go"—with constant evidence of Byzantine influence in the form of the common acanthus leaves, sharply pointed, and with clumsy lions both among them in the capitals and also introduced occasionally at bases. An example of this is seen in the well-known door of Mainz Cathedral.

During the succeeding centuries the little Rhenish towns seem to have flourished well, though subject to constant attacks from neighboring towns, and from the castles. They were trading centres, the traffic between the sea and mid-Europe passing by them, almost to the exclusion of any other route. As a result of these circumstances, they were strongly fortified against attacks, both from land and river, but particularly from the water side; and in most cases the walls still remain, if not complete, at least in a sufficiently perfect state for reconstruction to be easy to the imagination. Upon the land side are irregular walls provided with bastions and towers at the corners, so that all could be protected by archers stationed at these points; with, of course, the deep moat outside, which could be flooded at will from the Rhine. On the river side there would be the wall without the moat, with strongly guarded gates opening down to the water; similar to gates guarding the entrances to the one main road which usually passed through the town from end to end. A picturesque and almost universal feature was the high watch tower, placed in such a position as to command a view of long reaches of the river. The walls of the towers were generally tapered with the upper projecting portions carried by slight corbel tables; the heavy machicobations being confined usually to the main wall and just that portion of the towers which overhung the gateways. Of the remains of all this work it is very difficult to decide the date, even though they are considerable in extent; for military architecture seems to have varied little during the middle ages. There is, as a rule, neither tracery nor moulding to assist the judgment, and even the form of the door or window is little indication of the age of the masonry in which it is inserted, for, harassed as these towns were, attacked and taken time after time, such details necessarily were destroyed again and again, only to be rebuilt as soon as peace prevailed once more. Built originally probably for defensive purposes alone, with little thought of picturesqueness, they now, at any rate, impart great charm to the little towns which no longer need them for protection; whose prosperity is passed, and whose trade is confined to the little that is done by the sailing barges, the greater proportion of the traffic which still passes down the Rhine Valley hurrying past by steamboat or by railway, from great city to great city, ignoring the little towns.—G. A. T. Middleton, A.R., I.B.A., in *The Architectural Record*.

WELLERISMS.

"IT'S 'neck or nothing,'" as the waiter said when the joint of mutton was nearly off.

"Wilful waist makes woeful want," as the adipose young lady remarked when she tried on her new corsets.

"Second trials often succeed," as the solicitor said when he advised an appeal.

"Put your best foot foremost," as the soldier said to his one-legged comrade.

"Never say dye," as the elderly beau whispered to the fascinating widow.

"Time to be up and doing," as the city company promoter remarked as he sprang from his couch.

"Early to bed and early to rise," as the man observed who retired to rest at four a.m. and got up at seven.

"Beggars must not be choosers," as the tramp said when he sneaked three umbrellas and a couple of overcoats out of the hall.

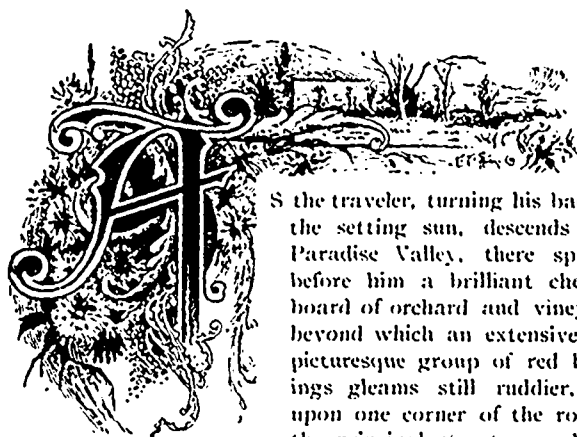
"You see my point," as the soldier said to the Boer as he prodded him with his bayonet.

"You shall have a hand in this," as the detective observed when he handcuffed his prisoner.

"Silence is golden," as the cabman remarked when his fare handed him a sovereign in mistake for a shilling.

"You've got plenty of time," as the gaoler said to the prisoner who had been sentenced to 20 months' hard labor.—Judy.

One Chance in a Million.



As the traveler, turning his back to the setting sun, descends into Paradise Valley, there spreads before him a brilliant checker-board of orchard and vineyard, beyond which an extensive and picturesque group of red buildings gleams still ruddier, and upon one corner of the roof of the principal structure a house

of glass glistens like a huge jewel in the sunset glow. Approaching nearer, the buildings are seen to be surrounded by parks and gardens, where men and women are amusing themselves with golf and baseball, croquet and tennis, under the watchful eyes of discreet attendants

Here is the home of many a human wreck, cast upon the shores of mental oblivion in the strenuous struggle of life—the man who, during the gold fever of '49, found fortune to lose all else, he who sacrificed everything and gained nothing, and hundreds of others, men and women, who have proved unequal to the strain on nerve and brain imposed by the stress of an unkindly Fate.

Walking apart from these groups may be seen a white-haired man of melancholy mien, who pauses occasionally and makes a peculiar motion with his hands, as if in the act of cutting with an imaginary pocket-knife. This man is the sole occupant of the glass room on the roof, which is always brilliantly lighted, blazing even at night with electric lamps. At intervals of a few months, he is visited by two ladies, who seem extremely solicitous for his welfare, and twice a year a noted alienist from Paris comes to study this interesting case. Here is the story of this peculiar patient:

Anyone with a sweet tooth and a good memory will recall the curious little pear-shaped sweetmeats which were so popular 18 years ago and then suddenly dropped out of sight. Everyone bought and talked of the new candy, which was small, apple-green and translucent, with a curious red streak in the core. It was not only very delicious to the taste, but produced a strange effect of mental and physical stimulation, of buoyancy—almost of intoxication. Totally different from the action of any known drug, however, and especially from alcohol, it had absolutely no deleterious reaction, but on the contrary seemed to exercise a tonic influence upon the nervous system. Lovedrops, as they were called, were carried in schoolchildren's satchels, sold on trains, taken as a "pick-me-up" by men, ordered by society ladies for their "functions" and consumed by shopgirls by the ton.

The enormous profits from their sales were not divided among shareholders, but all went to one man, Walter H. Torretton, the inventor and manufacturer, who, starting in a small way, had constantly increased his business and incidentally the fame of the Lake city where he lived. There he bought the handsomest estate on Park Avenue and built extensive conservatories, giving much personal attention to a unique species of lily, which had never before been seen, called by him the multi-bloom.

As the fame of Torretton's confectionery spread, other manufacturers put imitations on the market, but without

success. Though their candy looked much the same, it wholly lacked the peculiar qualities of the genuine lovedrops, in which analysis had failed to reveal anything more than sugar, a little fruit flavoring and the merest trace of some quite unknown but very volatile essence, which appeared to be located in the red central stripe.

Torretton received large offers for the use of his secret formula, but these he promptly declined, and went on enlarging his business. Then his competitors began a systematic endeavor to steal what they could not buy. Information was lodged with the internal revenue officers that the candy contained alcohol, but this was disproved by the Government analysis, which, however, utterly failed to show the nature of the characteristic ingredient. Torretton often found spy-glasses and cameras leveled upon his laboratory windows from buildings across the way. Repeated attempts were made to bribe his workmen, but they only served to bring out the fact that no one knew the secret but Torretton himself. Then complaint was brought against him for violating the fire regulations, and among the inspectors who came when an investigation was ordered he recognized a chemist from Chicago. But even this spy, after gaining access to the citadel, and peering and sniffing about the premises, could find no clue but a strange aroma which he could not identify. Some express packages which arrived at the factory were traced back to Amsterdam, where, after a tedious search, it was found that they had been originally shipped across the ocean by Torretton himself, merely as a blind. When it seemed as if persecution and inquisition could go no further, the inventor, one evening on leaving the factory, discovered a small balloon anchored over his laboratory skylight!

Not long after this, a real estate firm, acting, it was surmised, for a foreign syndicate, bought a vacant tract of land on the outskirts, commonly known as Sumach Park. On the high ground in the centre a large brick building was erected and enclosed by a high brick wall like those which give privacy to many English estates. The building itself was surmounted by a glass structure, somewhat like the lantern of a lighthouse, and was the cause of much curiosity. This curiosity was partially gratified eventually, and the story of a foreign syndicate shattered by the following notice, which appeared one evening in all the papers:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD will be paid by the undersigned to the person who first brings news to his residence on Park Avenue that the electric light has gone out in the cupola of the new Torretton Confectionery Works, in Sumach Park.
WALTER H. TORRETON.

As soon as the papers were on the street, men went out of their way to get a look at the new light. There it was, sure enough, and as the darkness gathered it displayed a beautiful green pear, with a red streak in the centre, a gleaming reproduction of the famous candy. It was pronounced a great advertisement, but one scarcely necessary in a locality where the confection itself was already in the mouth of everybody. However, the reward offered was tempting, and not only did every policeman and fireman immediately become a night watchman for the Torretton works, but every man and boy as well who could invent any pretext for being out.

But, while thus, in one sense, subjected to closer espionage than ever, Torretton's factory was no longer troubled by the spies of his rivals, and his business increased even beyond his expectations. Still he labored regularly as ever, and lived with his wife and niece just as quietly, his only extravagance being frequent additions to his greenhouses.

The light in the cupola burned steadily, and the tempting reward seemed destined to remain unclaimed, until one evening more than two years after the completion of the building, when a newsboy lingering late in the endeavor to dispose of an overstock of "extrys" suddenly saw a blurred halo surround-

ing the green and red beacon. It trembled, grew pale and—

The light went out!

Dropping his papers, the boy took the shortest route to Park Avenue, but soon found he was not alone in the race for the Torretton residence, as he passed men and boys and even women, all silently striving for the promised reward. A watchful and active fireman was the first to arrive in the presence of Mrs. Torretton to claim it, and she, with her niece, who acted as confidential secretary to her uncle at the factory, were in a carriage swinging out of the grounds when the great body of panting messengers arrived.

During the anxious drive to Sumach Park, the girl explained that, rather earlier than usual, her uncle told her he was going to the city and would not return to the works. When she started for home she had noticed that the door to a small inner laboratory vault, in which Mr. Torretton kept his most important chemicals and papers, was open. She had closed and locked it. What connection this incident might have with the extinguishing of the light she could not imagine, yet she felt that something was wrong, as any attempt to enter the building by night would put out the beacon and give an alarm.

Followed by Mrs. Torretton and a policeman from the crowd assembled about the factory, the niece led the way through the building. Although this was four storeys high, all the stairways and elevators stopped at the third floor. The private laboratories on the top floor were never entered by anyone but Torretton and his niece who went there daily, drawing themselves up by an ingenious contrivance like a dumb-waiter built into the wall and concealed behind a panel in the private secretary's office. To this she now went, and under her direction the others ascended one at a time to the floor above. The laboratory was in darkness, and the electric light would not work. But, as they approached the door of the vault by lantern light, strange noises were heard. Tremblingly the girl worked the combination and released the heavy door. Torretton was there and alive, and without speaking he stumbled blindly toward the light, and then fell unconscious.

Before closing the vault again, the niece looked wonderingly in. Burned matches and paper ashes attracted her attention. They lay on the floor, beneath the electric light bracket. On a shelf lay a note hastily scrawled on a lovedrop wrapper:

Locked in—suffocating. Secret shall die with me. Have burned the formula. Wife has enough—she shall not be persecuted as I have been. Good-bye.

Beneath this was written:

A thought has come to me that may save my life: I shall try to give the alarm by cutting the electric wires and putting out the cupola light.

He had indeed given the alarm in time to save his life, but his mind was a complete blank. The Torretton lovedrops disappeared from the market, and the light in the cupola of the deserted works has never been relighted. Finally, even the family residence was given to the city for a hospital, but it was not until after the extensive greenhouses had been dismantled and their treasures scattered that it was suggested that they might have held the secret of the famous sweetmeat. That secret, with its possibilities, lies hopelessly buried in the darkened brain of Walter Torretton.

And it is darkness alone that disturbs him now. It was observed from the beginning of the attempts to treat his remarkable case that he displayed the utmost repugnance to darkness, and grew nervous, uneasy and wild as twilight came on. He is happy only in a glare of light, and it was upon the advice of an eminent Parisian specialist that he was finally removed to the beautiful California valley, where he lives, day and night, in a flood of radiance. His mind slipped a cog, the specialist says, which may slip back again, just as a train that has jumped the track may jump back—but it is one chance in a million.

HAROLD KINSABBY, in *The Black Cat*.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

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

Sunday, May 13.—A timely day on which to visit friends.

Legal documents or other writings may cause trouble during this year, but otherwise business will prosper.

Good-hearted and clever to-day's children will be, but they will also be untruthful, fickle, and often blind to their own interests.

Monday, May 14.—Rather favorable for business.

Employes may expect some trouble during this year, and all may look for annoyances in their business and domestic affairs.

Children born to-day will find it difficult to obtain suitable positions in life.

Tuesday, May 15.—An excellent day for business generally.

This will be a successful year, especially as regards money matters.

To-day's children will be prudent and steady, and much success is promised to them.

Wednesday, May 16.—A doubtful day.

Serious business complications are threatened during this year, and quarrels and hasty changes should be avoided.

There will be much of the gypsy in to-day's children, and this innate lack of steadiness will be an obstacle to good fortune.

Thursday, May 17.—Rather favorable for journeys.

Business disappointments, illness and family troubles are foreshadowed during this year.

To-day's children will be very extravagant, and the outlook is that they will often be in need of money.

Friday, May 18.—Success seems promised to those seeking employment.

Business annoyances, as well as worry through family troubles, are foreshadowed during this year.

Children born to-day will be clever and fairly successful, but misfortune will come to many through women.

Saturday, May 19.—Rather an uncertain day.

Business may prosper during this year, but not unless lawsuits and all speculations are carefully avoided.

As employes, children born to-day will fare best.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,

Address: White Plains,
New York.

"Gabriel."

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

CANADA'S CHARMS.

CANADA'S charms are not too well known. The grandeur of her lake and mountain scenery, the beauty of her rivers and forests and the charms of her summer climate are all well illustrated and described in the "tourist number" (May) just issued by The Canadian Magazine. The colored cover is quite typical and the hundred illustrations which brighten its pages give a comprehensive view of what Canadians are apt to prize too lightly. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a typical scene in the Rockies and indicates very graphically the splendid scenes which there delight the eye and mind of the traveler. Then there are reproductions of scenes in British Columbia, in the famous 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay Archipelago, of Muskoka, Niagara, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the St. John river and the cliffs and sand-dunes of Prince Edward Island, with articles describing each district.



THOUGH perfectly aware that at an earlier part of the year the same subject was treated in these columns, in a more general way it is true, yet, at times, one idea remains uppermost in one's mind so persistently that it refuses to be suppressed. And, after all, when is gossip not considered seasonable?

Even though one remembers the advice, "Least said, soonest mended," it can do no harm to comment once more.

One might, from most egregious ignorance, be led to suppose that Montreal, by reason of its size and large population, would be singularly free from this blight of civilization. Apparently, however, it flourishes best where its limits are the least confined. The fact that Montreal society is divided into so many sets within sets, cliques within cliques, helps, more than hinders, its growth. For, not only is each small circle able to discuss the doings and sayings of those who form it, but, besides that, most palatable food is supplied by the doings and sayings of all the other numerous circles.

Hardly a day passes but some irreparable injury is done by the inability of most people to fix their attention upon what lawfully concerns them, and allow their friends to do the same. If even half the people we know, with the usual insatiable appetite for gossip, would be content with listening, matters would be improved. But, lovers of gossip are invariably most generous. They have an unquenchable desire for doing as they would be done by. And it is this generosity of purpose that forms the little snowball of, it maybe, unintentional mischief, on the hill-top, into the overwhelming avalanche that is the undoing of a community. At the present day, gossip has, I should imagine, reached its highest state of perfection, and the manufacturing, the aiding and abetting of it, has been reduced to a science. Nor has it reached that point only about the five o'clock tea-table, at the morning sewing club, or the afternoon euchre. In the bank, at the club, and at the lunch table, it is cared for and encouraged quite as much. Women may, though I am not prepared to say so decidedly, have learnt the art of gossip first, but, if so, they have found in men apt and willing pupils. Think for a moment of an engagement in Montreal. Who knows all about it first? The two chiefly concerned, or society in general? What a superfluous question! Why, long before either the man or the girl have even given the idea a thought, or more than a passing one, the whole thing has been settled by interested onlookers. They have decided upon some exceptionally inadequate grounds, such as a ride, or a drive, or a short stroll, that there must be something in it. The next thing to be done is to be sure that it would be a suitable match, as regards money, position, and other minor details. Then, if from every point of view it appears satisfactory, a few kind acquaintances spread the report, and it is announced and contradicted and announced again, until the two unfortunates, who had entertained the misguided idea that such an announcement awaited their own pleasure, make the news over to the public, who already regard it as rather "stale."

As for the people who, for some good reason, have to be content with an understanding, rather than an orthodox engagement, their plight is too pitiable to dwell upon, for they are wilfully depriving Montreal of knowledge that it considers its due. So, daily is one or the other congratulated or questioned, and hourly are they both discussed for their inconsiderate behavior.

Listen to a group of people of a certain calibre of mind

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

having a pleasant half hour's chat. You will learn more of the rating of nine-tenths of your acquaintances than you would if you studied "Bradstreet" for the same time. You will know the ins and outs of all the establishments of the same. You will, no doubt, learn with interest the tales of their servants and children, their management and mismanagement, their housekeeping, their tailors' and milliners' bills, and whether their credit is good or the reverse. Then, if you leave that entertaining company, where conversation will, doubtless, turn upon you, and still foster the belief that gossip is harmless, you are a lamentably indiscriminating person.

Perhaps there is nothing more distasteful to a person who is not fond of gossip than to be forced to take part in such conversation. And it is very difficult to decide what course to take. One does not wish to adopt a high moral tone, and snub unmercifully these chatterers. One cannot sweep majestically from the room as would the heroine of a "Pansy" book. And yet one does not wish to either countenance or listen to what is always foolish and vulgar, if it is not absolutely malicious.

So there one sits and listens, while the most harmless looking of the group paints in far from pleasing colors most likely a mutual friend. It may be an engagement has been broken off. Consequently, every construction but a charitable one is put upon it, and everyone is prepared to vouch for the truth of statements not one of them could truthfully prove. For prevarication, to put it mildly, is the strongest trait of the practiced gossip-monger. Or, someone has married a wife with money—the money being or not being the primary cause of the match. Do his best friend's give him the benefit of the doubt? Certainly not. He cannot buy a necktie but one hears a laughing comment that it's rather nice to have a wife with money. Time was when his wardrobe was not so extensive. He cannot drive home in a cab but 20 people notice it, and nudge each other, as they remember the electric car used to be quite convenient enough.

And so it goes merrily on. Much, much more might be said on the subject. In fact, it would be difficult to say too much, or to say it too strongly, or even make it too personal.

For the misery, the annoyance, the unhappiness, caused by the gossip of either sex, is incalculable. It is the root of all evil, in clubs, in churches, in society, in whole communities, or private families.

Perhaps the best and most efficacious mode of bringing home to this class of people the enormity of their fault would be to provide, from Government or municipal funds, each of the most notorious with that excellent, and not one whit exaggerated, tale of Eliza Lyall's, "The Autobiography of a Slander," in which, from the malicious whisper of one foolish person, an innocent Russian visitor in England was finally branded as a Nihilist, and ended his days in Siberia. K.

IT is most pleasing to see the way in which Montreal people have come forward to offer aid to the victims of the Ottawa fire. Donations of money, and in kind, seem pouring in from all quarters. And, indeed, no amount of self-sacrifice or trouble could be sufficient to expend in alleviating such heartrending suffering.

The weddings arranged for June seem to be increasing daily. And one of much interest to Montreal people is that of Miss Georgie Crombie, daughter of Mrs. H. C. Hammond, of Toronto, and niece of Mr. A. M. Crombie, of this city, to Mr. Mortimer Bogart, brother of Mr. Clarence Bogart, also of Montreal. Miss Crombie has been a frequent and most popular visitor to Montreal, and has made further acquaintance with Montreal people at Cacouna, where she invariably spends the summer.

TALKING of Cacouna, it promises to revive its old-time popularity this year. Not that it has ever lost favor in the eyes of its old habitués, but its lack of attractions for the ordinary transient visitor, the absence of a pier of its own, the

difficulties surrounding any attempt at boating, have not, perhaps, in these days, when man wants a great deal here below, "not" but little, rendered it worthy of its clamor, perhaps known best in the United States, to being "the Canadian Saratoga."

However, now with several well-known and wealthy *Montrealers* erecting large houses there, the plans for a convenient wharf, the presence of a golf links, and numerous other improvements, dear old Cacouna bids fair to become a most attractive watering place. Let us hope that, in spite of all this, it will not lose the charm it has hitherto possessed—its primitiveness and the simplicity of life has always made possible.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES CORISTINE, the Misses Coristine and Master Charles Coristine left this week for England, where they will spend some months.

The visit of Mrs. Ernest Nash to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sise, Sherbrooke street, is a source of much pleasure to her very large circle of old friends in Montreal. Since her marriage, I think, Mrs. Nash has not visited here at all, though her friends have stayed with her in Newfoundland.

Lady Galt, Mountain street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Grant, in Boston. Most people in Montreal, even those who have not a personal acquaintance with Mr. Grant, know him well as the author of so many delightful novels, and contributions to American magazines.

A very great number of *Montrealers* seem to intend making England or the Continent the scene of their summer holiday. But, as I have said before, there is ample time to chronicle their departures when they are on the eve of leaving.

Mrs. W. Geo. C. Lanskill, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Blanche M. Cliffe, of Leadville, Col., will sail on the ss. Dominion on Saturday on a visit to friends in England.

MISS CLAUDIA BATE arrived in Montreal last week from New York to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Ontario avenue, before returning to Ottawa.

Miss Constance MacNider, Sherbrooke street, is visiting Miss Hendrie in Hamilton.

Mrs. Frank Mills, of Hamilton, has been spending some weeks in Montreal, visiting Mrs. T. Ridler Davies, Dorchester street.

Miss Marjorie Macpherson, daughter of Mr. Duncan Macpherson, Bishop street, who is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, is progressing very favorably.

Miss May Thistle, of Ottawa, has been spending a few days in town.

It was with very sincere regret that the sad news was received of the death of Mr. Harry Cotton, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Cotton, of Ottawa, so well known in military circles throughout Canada. Mr. Cotton a comparatively short time ago held a post in the Bank of Montreal in this city and made numerous friends, many of whom remember him when, as a little boy, he used to visit here. I believe a younger brother is at the front too.

THAT Mrs. George A. Drummond certainly possesses the gift of eloquence is a fact well-known to all people of intelligence in Montreal. And never did she more ably demonstrate it than last Friday in her address to the Local Council of Women. Mr. Drummond has ever been foremost in all the work and schemes of this organization, and, indeed, at one time quite impaired her health by the strain of most arduous duties and the keenest interest. As a speaker, it that is the correct term to use, in one humble opinion she easily eclipses her co-workers. Whatever Mrs. Drummond says bears upon the subject in the most poignant way and is always expressed in the purest English. She possesses the happy faculty, of which most women are innocent, women with missions for choice, of being able to look into things from more points of view than her own. And, above all, you will never find Mrs.

Drummond giving addresses relative of a subject with which she is not fully conversant—not an ordinary virtue. I have not attended many meetings of the National Council, but I have a vivid recollection of the convention, or whatever the general meeting was called, some few years ago, when even the founder of the excellent organization was brought to book, or at least had to correct herself at a hint from some masculine seat-holder on the platform for an agility for jumping to conclusions. Women are prone to speak first and learn afterwards.

NOW that the heartfelt wish of the Audubon Society has been converted into law, it is high time that Canada should follow suit. The indiscriminate wearing of whole birds on their plumage in part, is, when one thinks of it, a barbaric custom, and, when carried to an excess, as it is by the vulgar and those lacking in good taste, far from a beautifying one. Still, we shall no doubt bedeck ourselves until the opportunity is forcibly denied us.

Miss Marguerite Macpherson, Stanley street, returned from New York last week, after spending some weeks with Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Staten Island.

Last week was undoubtedly a gay one, in the way of dinners and suppers, as introductions and finales to the horse show—an entertainment equally enjoyed by old and young—and, as things have been rather slow of late, a little gaiety has cheered up Montreal.

Out at the Hon. George A. Drummond's links, at Beaconsfield, play has been resumed with great vigor, every week Mr. Drummond entertaining quite a party of enthusiastic golfers. For everyone is delighted nowadays at the chance of a day in the country.

Lady Dawson leaves early in June for Little Metis. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. B. J. Harrington.

Mr. Gordon Osler, of Toronto, who has for some days been the guest of Mrs. W. Ramsay, has returned home.

Mrs. Alexander Allan, of Brockville, was here last week and attended the horse show.

Mrs. Waddell and her daughter, Mrs. McTier, returned recently from a trip to Atlantic City.

MINING SHARES.

THERE is not much of interest in the market just now, although there has been a fair amount of trading during the past week. Prices are irregular and, in the main, a shade lower.

The most active stock has been Deer Trail, which, in spite of some heavy sales, is still steady. The whole proposition is somewhat of a mystery. The bears assert that big holders are getting out, but the certificates are very scarce for delivery, and, in one instance, a short got caught.

In a letter I received lately from the organizer of the Consolidation, he says: "I have just returned from the Deer Trail properties, and find the Bonanza and the properties of the Deer Trail and Cedar Canyon looking very well indeed. Some \$18,000 worth of ore is in transit, and the smelter returns should be received not later than May 15. In reference to the circular deferring the dividend, we did send out such a circular, and I supposed that it was generally understood that our dividends would be hereafter paid quarterly."

Decca is weak on the rumor that the company cannot raise funds and will likely have to close down.

The annual meeting of the Payne Company was held yesterday, and was the most satisfactory one of a mining company that I have ever attended. The chairman answered all questions without reserve, made no rash statement of possible discoveries, but a simple explanation of facts.

The value of the company's ore averages \$12 a ton at the smelter, and the capacity of the output is about 1,000 tons a month. Affairs are going on smoothly at the mine and it is expected that a quarterly dividend will be paid in July.

The strong feature of the company's position is that it has a reserve fund of about \$100,000 to be used for development and the purchase of other properties only, the present board being unanimous on that policy. The consequence is that the Payne entirely fulfills its reputation of being one of the best of the developed mines in British Columbia, with probably the best management at the head office as well as at the mine.

The stagnation of the market is, no doubt, due almost entirely to local causes, the money market and the depression in many other securities.

May 9, 1900.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Loprohon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Antoinette found the two following days singularly quiet, after the terrible agitation she had recently undergone. Mr. Cazeau, the gentleman visitor already alluded to, was a quiet, amiable man, with that gentle suavity of manner and cheerful, well-bred gaiety which characterized so generally the Canadian gentlemen of the time. He was a sincere patriot, too, grieving deeply over his country's dark days, and Antoinette found a salutary distraction to her own sad thoughts in listening to him; the more so that his regrets and reveries were unmingled with the fierce, merciless denunciations of their conquerors, with which her own father ever alluded to their national troubles.

"Well, Miss Antoinette," exclaimed Mr. Cazeau, as the quiet little party separated the third evening of his stay, after a long, pleasant conversation, "when I see Mr. De Mirecourt, which I soon will, I must let him know how much report has misrepresented you, as well as Mrs. D'Aulnay. I was told you were always surrounded by a bevy of redcoats, plunged into the gayest fashionable dissipation, and totally inaccessible to common mortals like ourselves. Now, I have been three whole days here, and I have seen you both constantly occupied with your needles or books, and asking no other amusement than the talk of a tiresome, old-fashioned man like myself."

"You forget that it is passion-week," interrupted Mr. D'Aulnay, with a very expressive shake of his head; "and these fair ladies, though passably fond of this world, have not given up all hopes of ultimately attaining to a better. Pay us a visit when Lent is over, and then tell me what you think. For my part, I could find it in my heart to wish that it were Lent all the year round. I would willingly endure the fasting and penance for the sake of the peace and quiet."

"Indeed, I do not believe him, Mrs. D'Aulnay," laughed the guest, in answer to a playful, though somewhat earnest protest on the part of his grateful hostess against Mr. D'Aulnay's last words. "I can only speak of what I have seen; and I can honestly tell my old friend that I have been charmed by the quiet domestic life you lead here, and that Miss Antoinette is all that he could wish her, only a trifle too pale."

"Do not say anything about that, dear Mr. Cazeau," pleaded Mrs. D'Aulnay, "for fear Uncle De Mirecourt should recall her to the country, out of anxiety for her health or complexion, a step which would certainly improve neither."

Mr. Cazeau's visit was so far productive of good, that Antoinette received a few days after a very kind letter from her father, saying that as she was leading such a quiet domestic life in town she might extend her visit two or three weeks longer if she wished. He added, moreover, that he was going to Quebec on business matters, and would probably call himself on his return, to bring her home.

"Do you not find it very singular that Sternfield should be so long without coming to see us?" questioned Mrs. D'Aulnay, one afternoon, of her young cousin. "'Tis more than a week since his last visit; in fact, he has not been here since the day that heros de roman, Colonel Evelyn, called."

Antoinette merely sighed, whilst Mrs. D'Aulnay resumed, with a yawn, which for the moment completely disfigured her pretty mouth. "He surely will come to-day. I hope so, for I feel in a most dreary discontented humor, and would like to see him, if only to have a quarrel. Pshaw! I am tired of this stupid work," and, impatiently throwing down her embroidery, she walked to the window. Her remarks on the passers by were anything but complimentary to the individuals in question, when suddenly she started, and, with a deepening color, abruptly exclaimed:

"As I live, there is Sternfield driving past with that pretty Eloise Aubertin, with whom he flirted so desparately at my last soiree. Is it not infamous?"

Antoinette's only reply was another sigh.

"How can you bear it?" questioned Mrs. D'Aulnay, indignantly. "A week without coming near you, and then to dare drive past our very windows with a young and pretty girl at his side. If you do not punish him well for it, you are utterly destitute of common spirit."

"What am I to do?" dejectedly asked her companion, thus energetically appealed to.

"What are you to do! Why retaliate in kind. Drive, walk out to-morrow, flirt with any handsome agreeable man. That will soon bring this refractory bridegroom of yours to his senses."

"Never, Lucille, never! I have erred and sinned enough. With heaven's help I shall go no farther."

"Then, the next time that he comes to see you, fly at him in a passion. Tell him that he is a tyrant—a heartless wretch."

"Scarcely the way to insure his speedy returning," was the sad reply.

"Well, if you do not resent it in some manner or other, I frankly tell you that you have neither proper pride nor spirit."

"Lucille, nothing remains for me now but patience and gentleness."

"Antoinette De Mirecourt," exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, with startling abruptness, "you do not love this man. If you did, your very blood would boil in your veins with indignation at his conduct."

There was no answer to this sally, and Mrs. D'Aulnay rapidly went on. "Good heavens! this state of things is terrible—unnatural. Do you call this a love-match?"

"'Tis a match of your own making," bitterly retorted the poor bride.

"Yes, I acknowledge it," returned Mrs. D'Aulnay, slightly disconcerted by this unsparing home-thrust. "But who could have dreamed things would have turned out as they have done? Who could have dreamed that such a handsome, fascinating, chivalrous man as Audley Sternfield would have turned out such a wretch?"

"I have already told you, Lucille, that I do not wish to hear such epithets applied to him."

"Nonsense!" and Mrs. D'Aulnay tossed her graceful head indignantly: "I will give him his due once, at least, if you oblige me ever afterwards to hold my peace. Husband, indeed! He is certainly a singular illustration of the word. I tell you what, my poor little cousin, I see plainly you do not love him; and I do not think he loves you, or he acts as if he did not, which comes to the same thing. No alternative remains for you but a divorce."

"A divorce?" echoed Antoinette; "since when has our church granted divorces? The most she has ever done is in cases of extreme urgent necessity to give permission to the parties to separate. But if they were living at the opposite ends of the earth, they would still be husband and wife. Ah! the chain I so madly forged for myself, however galling it may prove, I must wear to the end."

"But your case is an extraordinary one, poor child. We might appeal through our Bishop to the Pope."

"Of what use, when he holds not the power? Who or what am I, that I should expect an impossibility? What excuse for me is it that the senseless ill-judged passion which led me to infringe the sacred rules of feminine delicacy, the holy dictates of filial duty, has passed away as quickly as it rose. 'Tis but just that I should expiate my folly."

"But, if Sternfield, on his side, wearying of the marriage, as you have done, should seek a divorce, obtain one, and then marry again—a thing of sufficiently frequent occurrence, and permitted by his faith—what then?"

"My chains would remain as firmly rivetted as ever, and in the eyes of God I would still be his wife, not only unable to

contract any other union, but obliged to be as faithful in thought and deed to him, as if he were the tenderest of husbands."

"Good God! 'tis terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay with a shudder. "Are you certain, Antoinette, that you are not in error?"

"Alas, I have studied the subject too well to be mistaken."

"But your marriage was secret—the only witness, myself—no banns published, and you a minor."

"Alas, alas! all that helped to render it sinful, ill-judged, but it did not render it less binding."

"Oh, Antoinette, how little I anticipated so sorrowful a conclusion to a romance that opened so brightly. You are right in the stand you have taken, however, even though it may cause strife and unkindness to arise between you and Audley. A daughter of the De Mirecourt is not to be at the beck of any husband who is afraid or ashamed to publicly acknowledge her."

CHAPTER XXV.

"There is someone up-stairs whom you will be very glad to see, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Jeanne, as Mrs. D'Aulnay and Antoinette entered the house on their return from an afternoon drive. "Mr. De Mirecourt has just arrived."

"Now, remember, Antoinette," said Mrs. D'Aulnay in a warning voice, as her companion was hastening upstairs, "you must endeavor to obtain permission to extend your stay in town. Should you return to Valmont with your father, Sternfield will worry us both to death, and end by bringing about some grand esclandre in your peaceful village."

Mr. De Mirecourt, who was in excellent spirits, received his daughter most affectionately, and dismissed the question of her delicate looks by a half-dry, half-laughing remark that it was fortunate she had her husband Louis ready chosen and secured, otherwise her fading beauty might render it somewhat difficult to procure an eligible one.

Mr. D'Aulnay hastened to divert the conversation from Antoinette's personal appearance, a topic he well knew was disagreeable to her, by exclaiming: "But do tell us, De Mirecourt, how does Quebec look now?"

"How does it look?" repeated Mr. De Mirecourt, his expression instantly becoming grave: "just as a city that has been besieged and bombarded twice might be expected to look—all ruins and ashes. The environs, too, in which three sanguinary battles have been fought, the whole district itself, occupied for two years by contending hosts, all bear melancholy traces of our country's struggles and fall."

"Did you see any of our old friends?" questioned Mrs. D'Aulnay.

"No, they all left the city after the capitulation of Montreal, and are now endeavoring, like many others, to occupy their time and repair their ruined fortunes by devoting themselves to their farms and lands. It will take a long time ere Quebec can rise Phoenix-like from her ashes."

"Did you meet anyone you knew going down?"

"No. I had but one fellow-traveler, an Englishman, as I at once detected by his accent, though he addressed the driver in excellent French."

"And what did you talk about, uncle?" questioned Mrs. D'Aulnay, becoming suddenly interested.

"The conversation would have been a very brief one, as far as I was concerned, fair lady, for I have no fancy for intercourse with our new masters, had it not been for an accidental circumstance, or, to be just, an act of courtesy on his part. Shortly after we started, a heavy snowstorm set in, accompanied by a sharp, fitful wind, which, notwithstanding my thick bearskin coat, and woollen mufflers, so warmly knitted by my little Antoinette, soon searched me through and through. My chattering teeth plainly betrayed this to my companion, who instantly with a kindness the more remarkable that I had previously repulsed most ungraciously his one attempt at conversation, unfolded the large cloak laid across

his knee (he had another one on him), and insisted on my wearing it. After this, conversation flowed freely, and I soon found that my fellow-traveler was not only a person of high intellect, but also a just and liberal man, totally free from the prejudices that rule so many of his caste and race. We discussed the present state of the country with an openness certainly indiscreet on my part; but though I sometimes lost my temper, he never lost his, maintaining his point when he differed from me, with a manly courtesy which did him honor. On many subjects he thought with me, and, I could see plainly, had as great a horror of anything like oppression as myself. I had a practical proof of this at an inn where we stopped to change horses and procure refreshments. The man, Thibault, who formerly kept the place in question, embarked for France last year, with many more illustrious than himself, and his successor is a person of the name of Barnwell—one of the newly-arrived colonists who have come to lord it over ourselves and fallen fortunes. Just as we were resuming our seats, after partaking of some slight refreshments, our attention was aroused by the voice of our host, raised in loud angry tones. We looked round and saw him forcing back by the bridle the horse of a poor habitant, whom necessity had compelled to stop for some little refreshment at his hospitable establishment. Poor Jean-Baptiste energetically protested, in his own tongue, that he had already paid twice the value of what he had received; whilst his adversary, with oaths and opprobrious epithets, insisted he should hand over the full price he asked, which was most extortionate. Emboldened by the countryman's evident terror, and the tacit encouragement or indifference of the lookers-on, Barnwell tightened his grasp on the bridle of the horse, and commenced at the same time lashing the poor animal about the head in the most merciless manner, threatening to do the same to the owner if he did not at once satisfy his claim. In a second my fellow-traveler had leaped to the ground, wreathed his powerful hand in mine host's coat collar, and, with the whip he had just snatched from his grasp, administered him two or three sharp cuts. 'Your name!' gasped the fellow; 'your name, till I have you brought up before a magistrate at once!' 'Colonel Evelyn, of His Majesty's—th regiment,' he disdainfully replied, hurling from him the man, now thoroughly cowed and humbled."

"Colonel Evelyn?" breathlessly repeated Mrs. D'Aulnay: 'dear uncle, we know him well.'

"'Tis to be hoped you do; as you are acquainted with so many objectionable people of his cloth, it would be too bad not to know one who does it so much honor. Upon my word, my little Antoinette, I could have forgiven you if you had succeeded in winning this gallant Englishman's homage."

Poor Antoinette! She had but just received another illustration of the value of the heart which she had indeed won, but which was beyond her reach forever.

"And how did you find the roads?" questioned Mr. D'Aulnay.

"'Tis time for some of you to ask me that. My journey was as severe a one as I have ever yet made, though I have traveled many a mile on snow and ice."

"How is that? Tell us all about it!" exclaimed his listeners.

"Well, as I have just said, shortly after we started, it commenced snowing fast and heavily; and as it had snowed the whole night before, you may safely conclude the roads were anything but light or pleasant. Down it came in myriads of large soft flakes, darkening the air; and whilst my companion and myself were discussing Canada, its misfortunes and destiny, the snow was as effectually changing the appearance of everything as if sorcery had been at work. Fences, low stone walls disappeared entirely, and fruit-trees looked like mere shrubs. Fortunately for us, neither man nor animal was abroad, for no sight could have been more unwelcome just then than that of an approaching sleigh, which, by obliging us to yield half the track, would have probably sent us all floundering down into the depths of untrodden snow on either

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 13

side of the narrow road. Had we been wise, we would have remained at Thibault's inn, but I was anxious to press on, and so was my companion: after a minute's halt accordingly we resumed our journey. The cold soon became intensely severe. It ceased snowing, but the brilliant sunshine that had succeeded was perfectly powerless, imparting neither heat nor comfort. The wind used to catch the newly fallen particles of snow, now hard and glittering as diamonds, and whirl them back in our faces, blinding and suffocating us. Meanwhile we advanced at a true funereal pace. Large snowdrifts often lay right across our path, and we had to alight and take turns with the couple of wooden snowshovels with which our driver's sleigh (probably with a view to such emergencies) was provided."

"And how did Colonel Evelyn act, uncle?"

"Just as a true man and soldier should. He neither grumbled nor wondered, but worked; and when the shovels came into requisition, handled his with as much skill and dexterity as one of your rosewater heroes, fair niece, would twist his ivory-handled cane."

"But, dear papa, you must have suffered dreadfully," exclaimed Antoinette.

"Yes, my little girl, I did. Every fibre and vein in my face ached and smarted, and my respiration became short and actually painful. And the roads—oh, how those poor exhausted horses of our labored and floundered through the snow-wreaths, now plunging wildly forward, then bringing suddenly up. When we arrived at the little inn at which we were to pass the night, I was utterly, thoroughly done up."

"And your fellow-traveler?" Mrs. D'Aulnay asked.

"All I have to say is, that he has an iron strength of constitution, and, unused as he is to our climate, he seemed to bear its rigor better than even old Dussault, who has driven the stage for so many winters through all sorts of weather. He is most unselfish, too, and showed as much wish to assist and relieve me as if I had some lawful claim upon him. But enough of this long story. Neither Colonel Evelyn nor myself will forget our winter journey for a long time to come."

Comments and suppositions followed on this narrative, and at a late hour the party separated for the night, in mutual good humor.

Mr. De Mirecourt, yielding to the united solicitations poured in upon him, consented to remain a few days, instead of starting the following morning with Antoinette, as he had intended. His stay proved very agreeable; and in witnessing the quiet regular lives the ladies of the household led, and partaking of their harmless amusements, he began to think matters must have been greatly misrepresented, and that there could be no great amount of harm in yielding to Mrs. D'Aulnay's petition, and leaving Antoinette with her till the return of spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIXED EMOTIONS.

TO illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, anyway." Then, as he looked cautiously around, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh—it's the grand navy we've got."

The Eternal Masculine.



THEODORE BLINKS sat swinging his legs from the cornice of the new house—or, rather, from what was destined to be the cornice of the new house. At present, it consisted of but a few boards lightly nailed together, and projecting beyond the framework of the second floor. His position, to an impartial observer, must have seemed somewhat precarious.

The sun was gone, and a solemn moon was slowly rising in the sky, peeping between the rafters and boards of this skeleton dwelling, and finally casting its glance, with grave disapproval, full upon the boy. He felt the moon's disapproval, and promptly became more reckless. Besides, two figures in petticoats stood below, and the awed admiration he felt sure their faces expressed urged him on.

"I bet I can get up on the ridgepole!" he called down to these two little beings, whose feet were on terra firma, but whose hearts were in their mouths. For they both loved the brave boy who essayed such valiant deeds.

"Oh, please don't!" pleaded Lucy, clasping her hands. Her head was thrown so far back that her pigtailed reached her waist; her round blue eyes were raised beseechingly.

But Marcia danced about in an ecstasy of terror and pride and delight. "Yes! Yes! Do!" she cried.

The boy regarded them both for a moment with lordly benignity, though the expression of his face was not revealed to the maidens below. Then, swinging around, he balanced himself delicately on the crosspiece, made his way from beam to rafter, and began the ticklish ascent.

The figures in petticoats stood motionless, tense, the light head and the dark both thrown back now, the blue eyes and the brown both uplifted to that manly form silhouetted in black against the moonlit sky; crawling up the thin ribs of the skeleton house, squirming against them, clinging to them, evading by scarce a foothold those inky interludes of nothingness which waited to swallow him.

The moon also was looking at him; its gaze was fixed in sinister meaning; its light danced uncertainly from rafter to rafter, slipping from the edge of the substance to the edge of the void and uniting the two, as though to deceive the boy.

Infinite terror, unbearable suspense, clutched at the hearts of the maidens below—clutched them so that they could not stir, even to heat.

Suddenly the clutch relaxed, and with a great bound the two hearts, all swollen with pride and delight, leaped up right into the throats of the girls, strangling them until they gasped for breath.

"He's up," breathed Lucy.

"I knew he could! I knew he could!" Marcia shouted, dancing again.

But the boy did not rest long at the end of the ridgepole, nor did he deign to swing himself, riding it safely as one might a barebacked horse, along its length. He rose upright, and, balancing himself with outstretched arms, his figure swaying a little from side to side, began to walk to the roof-tree at its centre.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" Lucy murmured. She fell to praying for the boy; inarticulately, and with a passionate earnestness which may have atoned for her utter lack of faith. For to the Deity she said: "Please don't let him fall! Oh,

please don't let him fall!" And to herself she said: "I know he will fall! Oh, I know he will fall!"

Marcia neither murmured nor prayed. An image of stone she stood, with lips set hard and eyes unswerving from the boy; and as she looked, a tiny flame of ambition came creeping, creeping into her mind. It dropped little sparks through every vein of her body, and grew until it was a great fire, setting her brain ablaze, and lighting her thoughts into lurid boldness.

To think and to do was all one with Marcia. And Lucy did not miss her. That small person was still alternately praying and impiously declaring her unbelief in prayer, still alternately screwing her eyes up tight and opening them wide; still enduring that renewed clutch on her heart which would not let her breathe.

Marcia had reached the second floor. Oh, the terror of the slipping light and the black, black darkness! the awful eye of the moon transfixing her; the whitish shine of the skeleton beams inviting her, luring her—to destruction!

But stronger than fear of all these horrors was the power which invited and lured her to the ridgepole—to the middle of the ridgepole, where the boy sat, lordly and safe, swinging his legs, and wondering why only one figure regarded him from below. Not that he cared—not he!

For against the lurid background made by her flaming mind Marcia saw herself sitting beside him; his equal in courage and achievement, his comrade in danger and exaltation; above all, the blessed recipient of his praise. This vision enticed her on, stayed her slipping foot, nerved her palsied hand, steadied her swimming senses. And at last Lucy saw a figure in petticoats lying along the ribs of the roof, slowly wriggling upwards, sitting across the end of the ridgepole! Ah, the bitter self-abasement of Lucy! She could never, never, do that—never! And the boy would despise her; she must live on to see the exaltation of Marcia. Even if Marcia got killed, she would have died for him. And toward so happy an end as this Lucy's thought fluttered fearfully. If she only could—but she knew she couldn't.

Marcia, on the end of the ridgepole, felt she had reached her limit. She could get no nearer to the boy than that; even sitting across the pole, she dared not wriggle herself over to his side; she knew she would fall. But surely she had done enough to win the boy's lasting admiration.

Theodore, in order to demonstrate his complete indifference to the invisible incense of praise and adoration rising from below, had turned himself about, and so sat with his back to Marcia. How surprised he would be when she called to him!—very gently, of course, lest, being startled, he should fall.

He would scarcely be able to believe it; then he would be filled with a tender admiration; then he would help her down, so carefully and so gently. With him to guide her she would feel quite safe. But she was really sorry for Lucy. Poor Lucy! She had no spirit, though, and couldn't expect to be the boy's companion in high exploit.

"Teddy!"

Her voice was very low, but it frightened her. The boy did not hear it.

"Teddy,—oh, Teddy!"

"Hello! Where are you? Hiding down there in the house?"

He knew it was Marcia's voice. He wouldn't be surprised if she was up to some mischief. He tightened his legs about the pole and peered down into the cavernous inside of the house. If she threw a chip to him, he would catch it; if she shouted "Boo!" he wouldn't budge.

"No, Teddy. I'm up here—at the end of the ridgepole." She, too, tightened her hold. That tremor of delight at the thought of his seeing her there, threatened to shake her off.

"Aw! come off!" Theodore Blinks swung himself around cautiously; and then he beheld Marcia—yes, a figure in petticoats, straddling the ridgepole!

That was a sight for masculine eyes. But wrath must be kept down for the moment by caution. The figure in petti-

coats, unduly startled, might descend too precipitously from its wholly unsuitable altitude. When he got her down, he'd show her!

The boy stared hard a moment without speaking. Then he said, "Sit still and hold on tight till I come."

Perhaps the voice froze her; perhaps the sinking weight of her heart held her. She sat very still.

Theodore did not walk on the pole toward her; he worked himself along quietly, and did not speak again until he could lay his hand on her arm. Then he said: "Now, I'll try to get you down. Do just as I tell you, and don't stir unless I say so."

Although still so high in body, Marcia's spirits were lying low. She had no thought but obedience, no hope but safety. The cold authority of the boy's voice steadied her nerves, but it paralyzed her hopes. They fell down like shot birds.

Slowly, very slowly, the two descended. Lucy would have liked to run away; she felt as though she could not bear it. Yet she was riveted to her post of observation; fear and suspense and curiosity held her fast. But she was going away—somewhere. She would tell them she was glad they were safe, and then they would never see her again. Her fate was so pitiful that tears filled her eyes at thought of it.

Suddenly Lucy screamed; then stood rigid in strained listening. To that crash of something falling through the house had succeeded a terrible silence. She hardly dared lift her eyes again to where the figures had been. She did lift them, though, and the figures were still there.

"Hold fast, it's only a plank falling." But Marcia herself had come very near falling. It was lucky the boy's nerves were steady, and his hand was strong.

On they came, nearer and nearer the earth, nearer and nearer Lucy. Proud little words of greeting walked in and out of her head. None were sufficiently distant, and yet indifferent enough. They should not know that she cared; perhaps they would miss her a little when she was gone.

"There! and it's lucky for you you ain't smashed to pieces!"

Marcia's feet were on the ground, but she trembled so she could hardly keep them there; and the boy was wrestling with an almost irresistible impulse to shake this intolerable creature by the arm he still grasped—shake her hard and long, until his outraged feelings were jostled out of him, and her abominable pride and impudence were jostled out of her.

However, he released her arm with a jerk, and, stepping back a pace, burst out scornfully: "I s'pose you think you're awful smart; but you couldn't walk on the ridgepole, anyway, and you couldn't 'a' got to me if you'd 'a' died for it. You ain't anything but a girl, anyway, and girls haven't got any business trying to do things boys do. Now, you go home to your ma, and ask her to keep you there!"

Lucy could scarcely believe her ears. With wide eyes she watched the retreating figure of Marcia—Marcia, whom she had thought exalted above all girlkind, now fallen lower than any. To the outraged lord before her she dared not speak, but waited meekly, with eyes downcast. And she felt unspeakably thankful that she had been afraid.

Theodore Blinks also watched Marcia's retreating figure.

"There, she's gone, an' good riddance! That kind of girl ain't no good. Come along, Lucy."

Happy Lucy, slipping her hand into his, trotted at his side until they reached her gate. There the boy said good-night, turned away, and then turned back again.

"Say, Lucy, didn't I look pretty high, up there?"

Lucy shivered. "Yes, awful high."

"Did you think I was going to fall?"

"I was awful afraid."

The boy laughed scornfully. "Aw! that ain't nothing." He hesitated a moment. "I s'pose you wouldn't have durst, would you?"

"Oh my, no!"

Theodore stood reflectively on one foot, kicking against the gate with the other.

"Want ter go herryin' to-morrer?"

"Yes, Teddy."

"All right," and with a "Whoop!" he sped down the road.

Ceremonial Cakes.

By Francis J. Ziegler.



HERE is a deal more than cooked dough in some cakes. A loaf of peculiar form may be a baked memorial of ancient customs; sentimental associations sugar many a crust (what maid has not dreamed romances over a slice of bride-cake?), and a pasty may be stuffed with remembrances of the long-ago as well as filled with its

material contents. Even at this matter-of-fact period, the prosaic end of an unromantic century, ceremonial cakes—that is, cakes intimately associated with definite festivals, secular or religious—are no great rarity. One can find them without the quest leading to obscure quarters of the globe, for they are common to Orient and Occident and quite as familiar to the English rustic as to the peasant of the Latin races. Just how well-known are they to our transatlantic cousins, may be judged from the fact that during the International Folk-lore Congress held at London in 1891 the delegates regaled themselves with a lunch of ceremonial cakes, of the 32 varieties of which collected by the managers 28 were native to the British Isles.

Usually the relationship of such cakes to former religious rites is quite evident to those who take any interest in such matters, but, so venerable is their ancestry, the prototypes of most of them must be looked for in that misty time known as "the dawn of history"—a dawn of exceeding greyness, working in which even the critical eyes of archeologists are troubled with dimness of mental vision, a sort of intellectual myopia for which there is no apparent remedy. In groping round in this fog we manage to stumble over the fact that a ceremonial use of cakes was known to primitive man, for we find them included in the offerings of food and drink interred with the dead tomb-builders of the Stone Age.

The anthropomorphic idea of deity carries with it the logical conclusion that the gods enjoy human food, and, consequently, cakes were used as sacrificial gifts by many nations of antiquity, just as they figured at the religious feasts of our Teutonic ancestors to which the chiefs of the Northern pantheon were bidden as guests of honor. Human sacrifices were the occasional, but not invariable, accompaniment of such offerings. Peaceful pagans came to dedicate the fruits of their ovens to their deities instead of immolating living victims, and frequently a growing gentleness of manners was marked by the exchange for such homely oblations of the horrors of bloody altars. Thus, the little dough images in the religious ceremonies of Tibetan Buddhism are evidently the modern substitutes for actual objects of sacrifice used in more savage times. Only about an inch in height, they are cut with a mold into many fantastic shapes, some having animal forms, some being anthropomorphic figures with heads of beasts, others again representing various cuts of meat.

Another style of dough image is known to the lamas, which, although it can hardly be called a cake, is worth mentioning in this connection as a striking illustration of the use of an effigy in place of a living victim. This is the dough puppet which plays a prominent part in the devil-dance of the Tibetan New Year's festivities. It is fashioned in the most elaborate manner to represent the person of a lad, models of the most important internal organs being included in its composition and the heart filled with a roseate fluid representing blood. At times there is a horrible addition, actual flesh from the body of a dead criminal being incorporated in the figure. After it

has served as the offering of a burlesque sacrifice, plainly a survival from a cannibalistic age, pieces of the image are thrown to the spectators, who scramble for the morsels, which they eat, or preserve as talismans against wounds, diseases, or other misfortunes.

All this reminds one of a rite practised in ancient Mexico and known to the Aztecs as "Teoqualo," or "the Eating of the God." The victim of this eucharistic ceremony was a dough figure of Huitzilopochtli, made from all the varieties of the seed and grain of the country and moistened with the blood of children and virgins, bits of which were given to the worshipers by way of communion.

In parenthesis, I may remark that the Christian eucharist has its equivalent in many a heathen religion, but this is a phase of my subject upon which I do not purpose dwelling.

Cakes figured in the religious observances of the nations of classic antiquity. Roman milkmaids offered cakes of millet to the goddess of shepherds during the rustic festivities of the Palilia; and during the Liberalia, celebrated March 17, the ivy-garlanded priests and priestesses of Dionysos went through the Eternal City carrying with them wine, honey, sweetmeats and cakes, as well as a portable altar upon which rested a sacred frying-pan for burnt-offerings. A bun, either stamped with the horns of the sacred ox or crescent-shaped, was sacred to Astarte, and Athenæus mentions a kind of cheese-cake dedicated to Diana, which had figures of lighted torches about its circumference, and was offered at cross-roads.

Nor had the heathen bakers a monopoly of such dishes. The ovens of Israel were acquainted with ceremonial cakes. The showbread, 12 loaves in a double file, was placed regularly upon the temple table; while loaves without leaven, tempered with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, are the oblations prescribed by the book of Leviticus for peace-offerings. Then there is the thin unleavened "matsath," the Jew bread as we call it sometimes, an orthodox baking eaten to this day at the feast of the Passover. During the Middle Ages, a fritter, shaped like a ladder with seven rungs, was eaten at Pentecost as an emblem of the "seven heavens which God rent at the giving of the law," and in Germany cakes known as "pasdida" were made especially for consumption on the Sabbath. But it must have been to some such forbidden food as the horned bun just mentioned that the renegade Jewish women of Patmos referred when they answered Jeremiah's rebuke of their idolatrous reverence for the Queen of Heaven by the retort: "Did we make cakes to worship her, to pour out drink-offerings to her without our husbands?"

In Italy—that land where the past and the present clasp hands over the intervening centuries and where many a rite of ancient heathendom lingers under the thin disguise of modern garb—one finds no end of ceremonial cakes of distinguished lineage. During Lent, the Romans religiously eat a bun known as "maritozze," which is filled with the kernels of an edible pine-cone, and there are numerous bakings peculiar to various festivals of the saints. San Guiseppe seems to have rather more than his share of this kind of reverence, but then this important personage in the Christian calendar appears to have fallen heir to many of the honors formerly paid to the God of Wine during the Liberalia. The feast of this saint is celebrated on March 19—two days later than the vintage festival of pagan times—and is observed with much ceremony throughout the Italian provinces. Ivy-crowned priests no longer escort the sacred frying-pan through the thoroughfares of the City of the Seven Hills, but the frittelle di San Guiseppe sizzle in huge caldrons of oil on the street corners and are lauded in doggerel verses painted above the principal booths in which they are dispensed. In Chusa Scalfani, Sicily, the cakes baked on this occasion are most elaborate in form; saints, animals and droll puppets being modeled out of the dough.

Then there is the pane di morte, baked in the form of the cross and eaten upon the feast of All Souls (November 2), the occhialino, or little eye, an accompaniment of the feast of

Santa Lucia (December 13), the protectress of the vision; the minuzza, which looks like a breast and is dedicated to Santa Agata, invoked by those troubled with diseases of that organ; and a roll representing a trachea, sacred to San Brasi, a holy personage whose aid is sought by those suffering with sore throats. Still another roll of peculiar form, dedicated to San Nicola, is credited with the power to protect the household from fire. In Perugia, they make Christmas cakes in the form of human femurs, consisting of a shell of sugar filled with a soft white mass representing marrow. What association a legbone has with Yuletide, I am unable to surmise.

The use of cakes as votive offerings is known to modern Italy, and there is the nuptial loaf which the husband breaks over the head of his newly-made spouse, just as his ancestor did in the marriage ceremony before the priest of Jupiter. By the way, our own wedding-cake is but the glorified descendant of the old marriage-loaf, and a parallel of the bread-breaking custom is found to-day in widely distant countries.

The ancient Germans made ceremonial cakes, which were given the forms of Teutonic gods or of sacred animals. The boar, consecrated to Fro, was a common figure, and who knows but that the gingerbread horse of our youthful delight had as its prototype a representation of Wodan's charger or that our old friend the gingerbread man was not originally known as Balder?

The cock, too, was sacrificed by Teutons as well as Latins, and chanticleer is frequently modeled in gingerbread by modern bakers.

Prominent among English ceremonial cakes stands the hot cross-bun, a venerable delicacy that has a strong hold upon the hearts of the common people. Recently, an attempt was made by some iconoclastic London bakers to suppress this concomitant of Good Friday, which, they averred, was an indigestible morsel that menaced the sturdy stomachs of the denizens of the Land of Cockaigne. Alas, for the hot cross-bun! Once a much-prized remedy for spiritual as well as bodily ills, yearly it stocked the cupboard of housewives firm in the belief that it would never grow moldy, but remain in pristine loveliness, a protection against fire, a defence from the fascinations of witches and a sovereign cure for diarrhoea. Yet, the time has come when it can be pronounced "a grave public danger!"

Although no longer revered, as in ancient days, nor fashionable, as it was a century ago, when the London beau monde and even royalty itself patronized the Chelsea bun-house, the hot cross-bun is in no danger of extinction. The people like it, and its ancestry inspires the respect of the learned. Its very name has been taken by some as a patent of ancient lineage betraying its descent from the boun of antiquity, a cake fit for the gods, as it was used as a sacrificial offering in classic times.

Anciently, cakes other than hot cross-buns were associated intimately with the Lenten season in Merrie England. There was the Shrove Tuesday pancake, for example, an usher to the penitential days, and the tansy-cake for which ecclesiastics and laics played ball at Eastertide. The simnel, too, a tasty compound resembling a very rich plum-cake, enjoyed high favor in the olden days. This it was that sons and daughters who had wandered from the parental roof carried to their mothers and sires as a mid-Lenten offering—an affectionate custom which has been crowded out by the busy life of the nineteenth century.

But some of the old sentimental usages still linger.

Thus, every year cakes known as Biddenden Maids are distributed on Easter Sunday, by the churchwardens of the parish which gives them their name, in memory of two maiden sisters named Chulkhurst, who died in the twelfth century leaving 20 acres of land to be administered for the benefit of the poor. Tradition has it that these sisters were joined like the Siamese twins, but the history has been declared apocryphal. The cakes to-day are stamped with the representation of these two good ladies, depicted according to the popular story, but it is only since 1763 that they have been marked thus, and the legend may be nothing more than pure fiction, notwithstanding it is given with circumstantial details on a

circular presented to those upon whom the Biddenden churchwardens bestow the cooked memorials.

In civilized America, ceremonial cakes—if we except that lordly one which figures so prominently at weddings, and the wonderful structures that weight the banquet-table—are very little known, what few we have being exotics imported with our foreign population.

Yet, in the pre-Columbian times they existed on this continent, and our red men still use them in connection with certain religious rites.

The ancient Mexicans—in addition to the eucharistic cake I have described—had little bread figures of butterflies which they were wont to offer to the shades of those women who died in childbirth, and to whom shrines were erected at the cross-roads.

As for the maizecake, or tortilla, of the Aztecs, it, and the implements with which it was prepared, were considered blessed with oracular powers. If the tortilla doubled over when thrown upon the clay pan to bake, the Mexican housewife prepared to receive a visitor, unless, indeed, her husband happened to be absent, when she considered it a sign that he was bound homeward and said that "he had kicked the tortilla." The breaking of the metlatl, or grinding-stone upon which the maize was prepared, was believed a premonition of coming death, and when the man of the family went forth to play the national game of ball, he placed the metlatl and baking-pan upside down on the floor and hung the metlatl, or pestle, up in the corner to bring him luck. For some reason or other, this stone pestle was thought friendly to the race of rats; whenever a household attempt was made to exterminate these rodents it was put out of doors that it might not give them warning.

The wedding-cake, common to all civilized lands, has as much care taken in its construction as if it were intended to stand a lasting memorial of marital felicity, instead of being the perishable creation of a nuptial day.

Usually pyramidal, as becomes the central piece upon a festive board, this cake assumes as many shapes as Proteus; varying its outlines to suit the individual occasion, the skill of its maker and the taste of the pair for whom it is intended.

It is hardly necessary to say that tastes differ widely in this respect: what Sal and her steady describe as "real elegant" may not seem beautiful to those who move in a different circle and whose esthetic canons are not the same. But what is one's admiration may prove the other's merriment, and so things are balanced.

There is, one must have noticed, a deal of sugary sentimentality in some of the ornaments for wedding-cakes one sees in German bakeshops. Surely you have noted them—that loving pair of little starch figures standing as if just plighting their marriage vows beneath a bunch of orange blossoms that overshadows them like a palm-tree; he, with a mass of curly hair, reminding one of that delectable compound known as yellow-jack, and a charming pink complexion; she, with a heightened vermilion blush, a rosebud mouth, and a practicable veil made of silver netting.

Sometimes we see a like pair embarking on the voyage of life in a catboat freighted with orange blossoms, or the wedding-cake may be surmounted with a droopsical-looking Cupid, or an anemic Hymen dressed like a ballet-dancer of half a century ago, but the standing figure of bride and groom appears to be the favorite.

One of the forms of wedding-cake most favored by German-Americans is the cornucopia. As a general thing the decorative lines are drawn with red jelly, and the cake is ornamented with silver balls as well as artificial flowers and icing.

In the hands of a really expert confectioner the wedding-cake becomes a veritable work of art, an ornate structure into which it would seem vandalism to stick a knife.

The design for Queen Victoria's bridal-cake, however, was lacking in artistic quality, though one cannot accuse it of needing more elaboration. It resembled somewhat a terraced garden, each terrace adorned with prim little vases of artificial flowers, with a larger urn upon the top flanked by four flags embroidered with the royal coat of arms.

The wedding-cake of the Prince and the Princess of Wales was much better designed. Its general form suggested a crown; its pinnacle bore the ostrich feathers, while the lion and the unicorn, horns of plenty and artificial flowers, mingled in decorative confusion to form a highly pleasing whole.

Of an entirely different type was the wedding-cake of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, a shrine-like structure, classic in its architecture, the apex of which served as a pedestal for a statuette of Hebe, while the interior sheltered an elaborate fountain with a flock of dainty attendant doves perched about its brim. — Francis J. Ziegler, in *The Cosmopolitan*.

The Subaltern's "Living Wage."

JUST as the employment of colonial troops in South Africa has raised the question of the private's pay, so does the offer of commissions to the colonies bring into prominence the subject of officers' expenses. There must be numbers of young men in the colonies who would make excellent officers, who by nature and by training are just the kind of men we want, but who are under the necessity of earning their living, and who do not care to enter a profession in which the lack of private means would make their position uncomfortable, to say the least of it. In this country the same reason has kept many men out of the army who would have done credit to the service. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University the other day, when he invited applications for commissions, gave notice that candidates would have to show that they possessed means enough to enable them to hold commissions. Add to this the letter from the headmaster of Harrow declaring that "the army is the profession of rich men," and the plain man feels that there is clearly something wrong.

Everyone who knows much about the conditions of the services has seen for a long time past that it has been gradually becoming more and more difficult for the moderately well-off to put their sons either into the navy or into the army. Not only must the father who wishes his boy to serve the Queen be ready to pay very heavily for special education; he must also make up his mind to the necessity of giving the young man a substantial allowance for many years after he has received his commission. There have been men who have lived on their pay as subalterns, but in very few cases has such an experience done them any good. Here and there a strong, self-reliant character may find itself braced by it. Upon most men the ordeal—for it is an ordeal—has an embittering effect, and they go through life soured by the feeling that they have not had as fair a chance as their fellows. Parents know this, and they are naturally unwilling to send their sons into the army unless they can afford to allow a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred a year, according to the branch of the service they choose. What is the result? In very many cases the sons of soldiers, brought up in the best traditions of the army, taught from their infancy to look forward to serving their country, have to give up their dearest hope. Perhaps they enter some colonial force—the Cape Mounted Rifles is full of retired officers' sons. Possibly they enlist. In the ranks of one regiment a little while ago there were no less than seven sons of general officers. So it is with the sons of country gentlemen. Country-bred, good riders, good shots, good fellows, they find the army closed against them because their fathers are not rich men.

The plain man, just awakened to these facts, with which some of us have been long familiar, proceeds to ask himself what is to be done. This is the usual procedure. The nation suddenly becomes aware of a grievance, to which it has closed its eyes for many years. There is at once a cry for some immediate, some drastic reform. Then, having kept up this cry for a little while, and become rather tired of it, the nation feels that it has done its duty, and takes up some new question. But, even if the nation persevered, a drastic reform is hardly possible. The reforms that are really useful come about gradually. Acts of Parliament can do very little. Slow changes of opinion do a great deal. In fact, the only Acts of Parliament which have a lasting effect are those which set the seal upon some reform already approved by the public mind. To determine in a great hurry that officers should be paid twice as much as they are now, would be energetic, but unnecessary. To issue a code of sumptuary regulations in order to

keep down officers' expenditure, as some well-meaning but foolish people urge us to do, would be more ill-advised still.

What we must do is to face the situation steadily, and look at every side of it before anything is altered. It is clear that, unless the army is to be a career for the rich only, subalterns must somehow or other be able to live on their pay. In the first place, their tailors' bills might be diminished. A serviceable uniform for ordinary wear, with one rather more striking for parade, should not cost a great deal. This rests largely with the War Office. Here is an instance in point. An Army Order just issued decrees that the officers of the Royal Reserve regiments shall provide themselves with expensive kits for their one year's service, just as if they were reentering the army for the rest of their lives. The necessity will weigh heavily upon many a man in the Reserve of Officers, and might easily have been avoided. Some simple serge uniform would quite well have met the needs of the case. Next, the expenses of mess need not be so large. In the navy, the mess subscription is limited by Queen's Regulations, and the officers' wine bills by a very sensible custom of the service. The sister service might take the hint. As to the expensive amusements in which many regiments expect officers to indulge, these must be regulated by the discretion of commanding officers. Garrison life is monotonous, and there must be amusements. But there is no reason why they should be so costly as hunting and polo are, nor is it reasonable that men should be obliged to join in sports for which they have neither the means, nor, perhaps, the inclination.

Such suggestions are sure to be met in some quarters with scorn and dislike. But we have to consider the good of the army, as well as the inclinations of those who find life in it merely a pleasant way of passing their time. No sensible person can doubt that the headmaster of Harrow is right when he says that "no harm, but much good, would be done by enforcing upon young officers habits of simplicity and thrift."—The Navy and Army Illustrated.

MORE RESPECTFUL.

AMONG the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British Consul at Trieste.

He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment, and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for a leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him.

When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house his host said: "I'm so glad you could come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon"—the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The novelist much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape Lord Clarendon was announced, and almost at once espied him.

"Ah, Mr. Lever," he said, blandly, "I didn't know you were in England—in fact, I was not even aware that you had asked for leave from Trieste."

"No-o, my Lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that: "no, my Lord: I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship to come and ask for it in person!"

CHARACTER IN A WOMAN'S WALK.

AN observing man insists that he can tell a woman's character by her manner of walking and the kind of shoes she wears. He says that the listless wily of lifting one's feet indicates laziness or ill-health. A heavy, flat-footed step means a good housekeeper, but an aggressive nature. A dragging, shuffling step denotes indolence of mind and body. He observes, further, that the woman who likes mannish shoes is not dainty of feminine and that the ideal woman wears well-fitting shoes in the street, and dainty slippers in the house.

Theatres and Entertainments.

ON Wednesday evening, a fashionable audience gathered at Her Majesty's Theatre to witness the presentation of tableaux from Gibson's celebrated pictures. The receipts, which must have been very large, were in aid of the Day Nursery. The tableaux consisted of No. 1, The gentlemen leave the ladies to their tobacco and wine; No. 2, Not so good for the unattractive men; No. 3, Receipt for kisses. No. 4, Their presence of mind; No. 5, Puzzle—Find the man who is paying for the dinner. No. 6, Is bicycling bad for the heart? No. 7, One difficulty of the game. No. 8, Golf is not the only game on earth. No. 9, A good game for two; No. 10, A day at golf. No. 11, The day of the races. No. 12, He is much gratified at the attention shown him while in London. No. 13, Assisted by his daughters, Mr. Pipp enters into the spirit of the Paris carnival; No. 14, Just before leaving England Mr. Pipp is consulted regarding the happiness of his daughters. No. 15, Once more in England, at the Court of St. James he meets his old friend, Viola, Lady Fitz-Maurice; No. 16, A celebration on the occasion of Mr. Pipp's birthday, a ball is given at Carowy Castle.

The entire performance was a distinct success, and reflects great credit on the energetic promoters—Mrs. Caverhill and Mrs. T. Bond—and on the ladies and gentlemen who took part.

THE celebrated comedy success, The White Horse Tavern, is at Her Majesty's Theatre the latter half of the present week. Its great success in New York should insure it receiving a warm reception in this city. Then, again, a good comedy is not often to be seen at our local theatres.

THE world-famed Brownies, under the direction of Mr. Palmer Cox himself, are booked for to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening at the Windsor Hall. This should mean a great turning out of the rising generations.

IT is unfortunate that Mr. Daniel Sully did not hit upon something better than The Parish Priest as a medium through which to renew his acquaintance with Montreal theatre-goers. At the Academy this week the audiences are greatly pleased with Mr. Sully and his really excellent company, but they are correspondingly disappointed with the quality of the play. The Parish Priest is of the same calibre as The Old Homestead and Way Down East, but not nearly so good. It abounds in pathos and humor, but the pathos is of a nature that cannot be said to touch the heart gently, while the humor is decidedly mediocre.

WE are not to have The Belle of New York this season after all. The management of the Academy had arranged for a superb production of this opera next week, but the engagement has been postponed till early next season, owing to the sickness of three principal members of the company. While theatre-goers will regret not being able to see the "Belle" next week, she will, no doubt, be quite as attractive

when she visits us next autumn. The regular season of the Academy closes this week, but the supplementary season will be inaugurated on May 21, with the McGrane and Henderson Stock Company.

AMERICA NOT NAMED AFTER VESPUCCI.

THAT America derives its name from Amerigo Vespucci, has long been regarded as a certainty. Now, however, a historian comes forward and assures us that this is not the case. This historian is Ricardo Palma, director of the National Library, of Lima, Peru. In a book which has just been published, he insists that America was not named after Amerigo Vespucci, but that, on the contrary, Amerigo Vespucci was named after America.

Senor Palma, who has studied this subject for years, maintains that Vespucci's first name was Alberico. "The name 'America,'" he says, "is derived from a place in Nicaragua, being the name of a hill in the province of Chanvoles. Furthermore, the penultimate syllable 'ie' is very often found in the words used by the Indians of South America, and by the natives of the Antilles. The syllable itself signifies something large and lofty, and is found in the names of non-volcanic mountains."

He further points out that Columbus did not use the word "America" in his letters when he referred to the events of his first voyage. "It is more than probable," he continues, "that he learned through one of his attendants of the discovery of gold by some natives in a place called America. In this way it is likely that the name gradually became known throughout Europe. At that time the only geographical account of the western hemisphere was the one by Alberico Vespucci, which was published in Latin in 1505, and in German in 1508. Geographers presumably came to the conclusion that Alberico had given the name America not merely to a single hill or mountain, but to the entire country.

"When the first map of the continent, bearing the title 'Province of America,' was published in Barcelona in 1522, Columbus and his companions were long dead, and there was no one to protest against the misuse of the name. Further-

more, there was no one in all Europe who bore the name Amerigo, and, as Vespucci's name was Alberico, geographers and historians would surely have given the new continent this name if they had desired to honor him in this fashion.

"Newly discovered countries were only named after sovereigns, as we see in the case of Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland and the Philippines, and when explorers did give names to countries they selected those of their own families, as we see in the case of Vancouver and Magellan. The origin of such places as Columbia, Columbus and Colon can also be clearly traced."

THE QUEEN'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

A GREAT deal of the Queen's sound judgment is due to a moderating sense of humor. I shall never forget (writes a London correspondent) the first time I saw the ruler of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The royal train had been delayed on a bridge which spans a main thoroughfare at Portsmouth. A crowd had gathered, and was being surveyed with considerable interest by a little lady in black, from a saloon carriage window. It is said that Her Majesty has considerable magnetism; she certainly attracted the sympathy of a fat smudgy-faced infant who was being held up by a tall, brawny bluejacket. Stretching out its little arms towards its Sovereign, the babe cried: "Ma—ma!" The crowd laughed, but Her Majesty was convulsed.

The late Prince Albert was lacking in this sense of the humorous. Indeed, in this respect the Queen was so far the superior of her husband that it was not uncommon to see him remain unmoved and somewhat austere whilst his august partner thoroughly enjoyed the joke. Dr. Blomfield, the famous Bishop of London, was a considerable wit. On one occasion, when staying at the Royal Palace, he kept the Queen in constant laughter the whole evening. This the Prince Consort by no means appreciated, and I believe it is a fact that the Bishop received a hint from one of the Prince's equerries not to tell Her Majesty any more of "those" stories.



SOFT, DELICATE SKIN

A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms of matchless whiteness are insured to those ladies who use

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

the most curative, healing and refreshing milk ever used. It preserves the skin from all trying changes of weather, removes freckles, tan, sunburn, redness and roughness; soothes and heals irritation, cutaneous eruptions more effectually than any other preparation, and imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion unobtainable by any other means. Warranted harmless. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLAND AND SONS, Hatton Garden, London, England; Wholesale Agents, LYMAN BROS. & CO., Toronto and Montreal.

ENTERTAINMENT

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

WHAT THE AVERAGE MAN PUTS UP WITH WHEN HE SHAKES THE DUST OF THE CITY FROM HIS FEET.

THIS is the time of year when the inexperienced citizen resolves to give his loved ones a fresh lease of life, by abandoning the murky, dusty city, with its clanging trolley cars and gritty asphalt, and taking a residence, for the summer at all events, in one of the delightful suburban resorts that nestle in the wooded shores of our picturesque lakeside. In order to give his doctor a chance, he usually selects a nice damp locality upon the river bank, where the mighty St. Lawrence murmurs and wimples among the rushes, and where the family, when not being extricated from its mighty bosom and dried at the kitchen stove, can gaze upon the majestic stream bearing on its broad expanse the commerce of a continent, to say nothing of the sewage of the adjacent counties. The house is usually placed at the extreme end of a long clayey road, tastefully relieved with sharp-pointed rocks, and it is usually a foot deep in dust in dry weather, and contains sufficient mud when it rains to smother the baby.

Of course, the villa is decorated with an Indian name as long as the distance from the railway station. Equally, of course, it is constructed of half-inch deal, and resembles a packing-case with a pepper castor at each corner. These things go without saying. There is usually a piazza glued on to the front which falls off in wet weather, and the back porch is apparently affixed to the main building with carpet-tacks. In sanitary conveniences, it is on a level with an Indian tepee; and on chilly days it can boast of more drafts than the Clearing House. But, according to the owner, it is the ideal suburban residence. And, as the rent is usually a little less than that of Buckingham Palace, it is represented as being a most miraculous bargain to the fortunate lessee.

At first it certainly seems to have its drawbacks. The family are not accustomed to sleeping in rooms where they have their choice between doubling up like a jack-knife or projecting their feet into the Canadian scenery. The baby gets lost under the piazza about three times a day, and is only discovered when his mother has gone into hysterics, and they have started to drag the river. The elder children forget that they must not lean too heavily against the walls for fear they fall through into the road and obstruct the traffic. And the servant girl gives notice the first time she and the back steps collapse together. But all this is more than compensated for by the insight the family obtain into the entomological and reptilian resources of this great and growing country. Hardly has the eldest daughter sat for five minutes in the dewy gloaming, when the crescent moon peeps shyly from behind her silver mantle, and the stars twinkle in the rippling river that sings its soft lullaby to the listening waterlilies, before enough variegated insects have crawled up her dainty bottines and fallen down the back of her pretty neck to send her into the house and hysterics simultaneously. And when the family disrobe at night they shed a shower of Nature's wonders that would satisfy the demands of a gold cure establishment.

But, when the bright summer mornings come, when the golden sun filters in through the green blinds and lights up the spot where the baby has shoved his head through the wall, and the drowsy hum of insects fills the clear, pure air, the suburban residence is a poem. The river sparkles in the sunlight like a jewelled necklace. The trill of the birds mingles with the thumps of the servant girl pounding the beefsteak into subjection. The cows stand knee deep in the long grass and swat the flies off their glossy backs with an accuracy that causes the average man to inquire why he alone was born without a tail. At that moment, one does not object to finding large cool green frogs in the milk, or picking caterpillars off the butter. All we want is to lie out on the grass and let the mosquitos reduce our weight on the instalment plan.

But, when the brightness and crispness of the early morning is gone, and the pitiless sun starts in to give the population a

"toast," the average man's desire to commune with nature shrinks to the dimensions of a hotel steak. By the time he has picked the ants out of the gravy, and extracted the funny things with whiskers that take unexpected baths in his coffee, he begins to say things that imperil his chances of ever visiting the New Jerusalem. Before he starts on his long dusty tramp to the station, his wife is in tears and the servant girl is packing up her trunk. But, on the road, he meets his fellow-sufferers, and their interchange of mutual sympathy takes all the bitterness out of him; until, when he gets on the train—after making the last 100 yards to the depot in 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, with his eyes bulging out like the pegs on a hat stand—there is no more fight in him than there is in a Filipino general. He revels in the thoughts of the smooth asphalt, the electric fans, the cooling beverages with only one straw in them, and the civilized surroundings of a big city. And he hums a tune as he steps off the train and buys the morning paper with an account of the assignment of his principal customer in a prominent position on the local page. What does he care? For 10 long hours he can enjoy the privileges of a metropolitan citizen, and figure up his chances of compromising with his creditors. He knows that when it is time for him to return to the bosom of his fly-bitten and freckled family the thunder-storm that is out to make a record will concentrate its supreme effort when he is just half a mile away from home, and that he will make the last 100 yards on his nose, guided solely by the yells of his offspring. He knows he will put in the balance of the night placing the family tinware where it will do most good in catching the rain that soaks through the roof, and finally retire to roost under an umbrella. But for 10 hours he can be a consistent Christian, and, like a wise man, he makes the most of the temporary respite.

SINBAD.

ENGLAND.

WHO would trust England, let him lift his eyes
To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
Her hieroglyph of Duty, written where
The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
On Gordon's statted sleep, how praise and prayer
Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
To con that kindred rune of Sacrifice.

O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
But rough oak, plunging on o'er perilous jars
Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

JAY LINCOLN, in Atlantic Monthly.

HOW THE TIPSY ARE TREATED.

IN Norway and Sweden dipsomaniacs are punished, and often permanently cured at the same time. If the man be an old offender he is sent off to gaol, and for a fortnight or so has nothing to eat and drink but bread and wine. When the treatment is finished the "patient" hates liquor like poison, and cannot be induced to take any for months, while in many cases he becomes a teetotaler.

In New Zealand, the habitual drunkard's lot is not a happy one. If witnesses prove in the police court that a man is given over much to drink, and that he thereby causes other people to suffer, the magistrate makes an order prohibiting publicans from serving him with liquor or assisting him to obtain it. Infraction of the law is followed by severe penalties, and the general result is that the number of orders made is steadily decreasing. It may be added that while the inebriate is under detention his photograph is taken for the purpose of enabling license-holders to recognize him.

DENTISTS.

DR. W. GEORGE BEERS,
DENTIST

Has removed to 107 Metcalfe St., opposite High School, TELEPHONE UP 1110.

Dr. Arthur Hope Beers, Surgeon Dentist, will remain at 213 Ash Avenue, Point St. Charles.

A. FRANK IBBOTSON,
L.D.S.

--- SURGEON DENTIST ---

169 Peel Street,
Cor. St. Catherine Street.
Telephone "Uptown" 1117. Montreal.

W. J. G. BOULTENHOUSE
DENTIST

2420 ST. CATHERINE ST

J. A. BAZIN, D.D.S.

Dentist and Oral Surgeon

2248 St. Catherine St.
Phone Up 2451. MONTREAL.

GEORGE H. KENT,
Surgeon Dentist,

2334 St. Catherine St.,

Tel. Up 1350. MONTREAL.

WANT DR. OSLER.

A NUMBER of prominent medical men and journals in Great Britain, including The British Medical Journal, strongly favor the appointment of Dr. Wm. Osler, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to the chair of physics and applied medicine in Edinburgh University, rendered vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, one of Her Majesty's physicians, and a very eminent scientist. Nature, discussing the proposal, says the appointment would "doubtless be considered by our Canadian fellow-subjects as a graceful recognition that we are one people, bound together in science, as in politics, by common interests, and that we are prepared to welcome the best man, from whichever side of the water he hail."

BARGAINS!

Special Sale of

Ladies' Ready-Made Suits

25 Per Cent. Below Regular Price.

W. S. DAVIES

2671 St. Catherine Street. 2 Doors West of St. Mathew Street.

PRIESTLEY'S
COVERT
SUITINGS

ARE

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Cycling Costumes.

THE MOST DURABLE.

THE MOST SERVICEABLE.

LLOYD & RICHARDSON

Sanitary Plumbers
and Heating

796 Dorchester St. MONTREAL.

APIOL & STEEL
PILLS
for Ladies.

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pill Cochila,
Pennyroyal, etc.
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from
EVANS & SONS, Limited, MONTREAL,
or Martin,

Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton.

JOS. BENNETT

FLORIST

Choice Cut Flowers and Plants.

136 Peel St., Montreal. Greenhouses: Lachine.

Telephone up 1451.

Richelieu

THE
PRINCE OF
TABLE
WATERS.

PURE. SPARKLING. REFRESHING.

For sale at the Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, and all first-class Grocers.

J. A. HARTE, Wholesale Agent.

1750 Notre Dame Street. Montreal.
Telephone 1190.

W. SCOTT & SONS

1739 NOTRE DAME STREET.

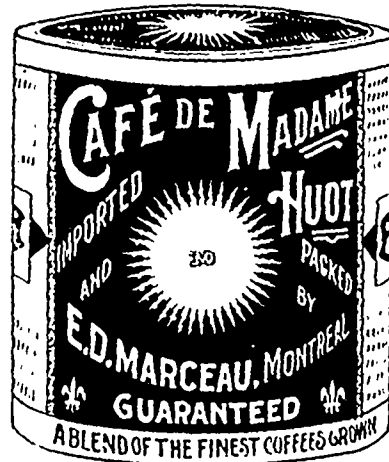
Pottery, TIFFANY FAVRILE GLASS, Eastern Rugs, and Pictures of all kinds, from an Engraving at a low price to an important Oil Painting. All suitable

For Wedding Presents

INSPECTION INVITED.

HE PUZZLED THE CHEF.

JACQUES, the maitre d' hotel of the Carlton Hotel, one day in discussion with the chef, was assured by the latter that he could smell and taste any dish and indicate precisely of what it was composed. Jacques declared he could get up a dish and so spice and disguise it that the chef could not name the principal ingredient. A wager ensued. When the chef was taking a half-holiday, Jacques put his wits to work and concocted a ragout. When the chef returned the stewpan was placed before him for critical examination. He tasted it, smacked his lips, cocked his eye, tasted again, smelt it—another taste. Alas! it was redolent of rich odors, the sauce was so artistically blended, the meat was so soft, so tender. What could it be—a wondrously prepared tripe? No! Calf's head in a new form? No! A new brand of macaroni? A thousand times no! The chef, in despair, at last reluctantly gave up guessing. Then Jacques owned up. It was a pair of old white kid gloves cut into strips and stewed in a sauce that artfully seasoned them out of all human recognition. The great chef paid up and acknowledged that for once he was beaten. Jacques spent the wager right nobly. He invited the whole kitchen—marmitons and dish-washers included—to partake of a case of Moet and Chandon (1893) when the work of the day was done, and threw in a box of prime cigars that the convives might blow a cloud on their way home.



This Coffee, which is prepared after a recipe obtained from Madame Huot, proprietress of a renowned family hotel in Paris, has been awarded, in that city, 3 medals and several first prizes, for its excellence. In it is combined the most delicious aroma, with the necessary strength to make the cup of Coffee most appreciated by the Parisian connoisseur.

THIS BLEND CONTAINS NOTHING BUT PURE COFFEES



HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED

The only article which really possesses nutritious virtues, and closely resembles the oil in the skin which nature provides for nourishing it and stimulating its growth, is

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and brittle; it prevents baldness, eradicates scurf, is the best dressing for ladies' hair, and for children it is invaluable. For fair or grey hair you should always use Golden Macassar Oil, which does not darken the hair or thin. Sold by Stores and Chemists and A. ROWLAND & SONS, Hutton Garden, London. Wholesale Agents, Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto and Montreal.

PATENT REPELLUS

Waterproof Coats...

With the

NEW RAGLAN SLEEVES

Soft as a kid glove. Can be worn as a Spring and Fall Overcoat.

To be had only from

F. WALLACE & CO.

ENGLISH TAILORS

2282 St. Catherine Street

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

200,000 SOLD.

**TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD**

— BY —
MARY JOHNSTON.
AUTHOR OF
PRISONERS OF HOPE

TO
HAVE
AND
TO
HOLD

Crown 8vo., Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, 75c.

MONTREAL.
The MONTREAL NEWS COMPANY, Limited.
TORONTO:
GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, Limited.

It's a strong Statement

but a straight fact, when we say that the greatest help to the live grocer and general storekeeper in Canada is

"The Canadian Grocer."

You cannot read it without getting some valuable information. Spend a cent for a post card and send for a sample copy and be convinced.

The MacLean Pub. Co., Limited
TORONTO. MONTREAL.

MATRIMONIAL.

"Troubles never come singly," sighed the man, when he heard his wife had presented him with twins.

VALET.—I must leave you, sir.

MASTER.—Why?

VALET.—It's your temper, sir.

MASTER.—Tut, tut! I know I am hasty, but my anger is no sooner on than it's off.

VALET.—I know; but it's no sooner off than it is on.

Squeegee Albums

For . . . **Photographs.**
Unmounted

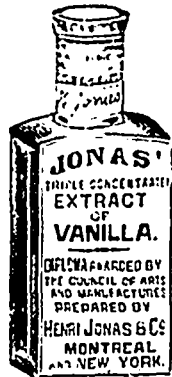
Made of special paper, which will not discolor or injure photographs. Various sizes.

MORTON, PHILLIPS & Co.,

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,
1755 and 1757 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

PERFECT CONFIDENCE

The cook and housewife should have perfect confidence in the flavoring extracts she uses for her cooking in order that results be satisfactory.



JONAS' FLAVORING EXTRACTS

are used by the best cooks in Canada, because they are the purest, richest and strongest. Once used, you will buy no other. They have stood the test for thirty years.



Head Office and Factory:

HENRI JONAS & CO.

389, 391 and 393
St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL

John Murphy & Co.'s

Advertisement.

THE
"JENNESS MILLER"

SHOES



ARE UNEQUALLED FOR . . .

Comfort, Elegance,
Style and Durability.

We are the Agents.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2343 St. Catherine St., Cor. of Metcalfe St.

TERMS CASH

Telephone Up 933

MONTREAL

Colonial House

PHILLIPS SQUARE.

THREE NEW DEPARTMENTS

MEN'S, BOYS' and YOUTHS'

Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

All the Latest Styles, in Black, Tan and Patent Leathers.

WALL PAPERS. In the latest designs for the present season.

The assortment is large and consists only of the newest designs and colorings, specially selected for a high-class trade. For Bedrooms and Sitting-rooms there are Pretty and Artistic Floral Designs, both Embossed and Brocaded; also Chintz and Satin Stripes, prices ranging from 8c., 10c., 15c., 20c. and upwards per roll.

For Dining-rooms, Halls and Libraries there are printed Burlaps and Canvas Effects, Tapestry, Morris, Turkish, Colonial, Heraldic, Empire and Conventional Designs, in a wide range of prices, from 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c. up per roll

We only give a few quotations, but Invite Inspection of this new and attractive stock. Also DECORATING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

PICTURE FRAMING.

LATEST DESIGNS. NEW FINISHES.

As all frames are made on the premises, quality of workmanship and careful handling of valuable pictures is guaranteed. All work supervised by an experienced framer. Call and see these goods and get our quotations.

We have also added an excellent line of

OFFICE FURNITURE ROLL TOP DESKS.

4 feet long, solid oak. \$17.00, less 5 p.c. cash, \$16.15 net, and others up to \$180.00. Some nice patterns in Solid Mahogany and Birch Mahoganyized.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

Henry Morgan & Co.

COLONIAL HOUSE.

Phillips Square.