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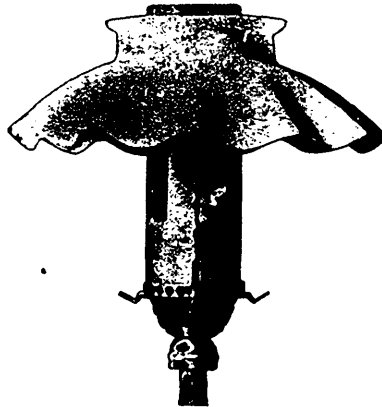
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Vol. 1X. No. 3.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1899.

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NEPHEW—Wouldn't you like to have one of these vehicles down on the farm, uncle?
 UNCLE—Not at all, nevy; I'd have to go to church every Sunday morning, 'cause I couldn't tell Maria th' horses was sick, b'gosh!

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

IF automobiles come into universal use there will be no more "eloping with the coachman." It will then be called "clandestinely marrying the family electrician."

WON BY DIPLOMACY.

SHE (in ball room).—Do you see that girl over there, Mr. Smart?

MR. SMART.—Pardon me, but I cannot see farther than you.
 (N.B.—Another engagement has been announced.)

THE OLD RULE IN NEW FORM.

A RIGHTEOUS man gets life eternal.
 A sinful one, the life infernal.

HIS NAME WAS NOT JOB.

A BUSINESS house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:

"Man, a' ye bliu'! I've been nodd'n' me heid aff for t' last hauf'oor!"

A TRUISM DISPROVED.

FIRST ONTARIO ELECTOR.—Do you think it's true that every man has his price?

SECOND O. E.—No, hanged if I do. My price has been a Government job every election for ten years back, and I haven't it yet.

FORCED TO DISSIPATE.

"I'M surprised to see Plunkett in public so much of late. Until quite recently he was a noted stay-at-home."

"Yes, but you forget this is house-cleaning time."

HAD A CRITICAL EAR.

"WHAT music is it that the young lady next door keeps playing?"

"Oh, she's only practising 'First Steps on the Piano.'"

"Hm. I was certain she played with her feet."

JANE.

THE yellowing leaves remind us now
 That summer's on the wane.
 Full well I know this means once more
 Big modiste's bills for Jane.

But when Jane trips along, arrayed
 In the best my gold can buy,
 The bloom upon her fair young cheek,
 The sunlight in her eye—

I do not grudge the price I've paid,
 Nor of my fate complain,
 But all my soul leaps up in love
 For dainty, well-dressed Jane.

A MERE DELUSION.

"I SUPPOSE you are not troubled with questions of municipal ownership and the like," said the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"Yes," answered Derringer Dan, with a glance of suspicion, "sometimes we do. Once in a while some tenderfoot comes along and thinks he owns the town, but he gets over it in a minute or two."

OUR DEMORALIZING SIDEWALKS.

THOUGH he'd had but two rounds of porter,
 He thought they had knocked him out,
 But the cause of his gait unsteady
 Was the sidewalk and not the stout.

Now this is a burning evil,
 And our temperance friends have no spunk,
 Or they'd start a crusade against sidewalks
 That make a fellow feel drunk.

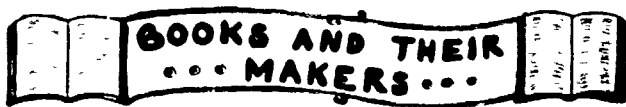
THE TEMPER OF TIMMINS.

"TIMMINS seems like a very mild little fellow!"

"Mild! I guess not. He's a perfect terror whenever his wife gives him a chance."

"How is it that I never noticed it?"

"Because he never gets the chance."



"No. 5, John Street." IN England, this novel, of which Mr. Richard Whiteing is the author, is being much talked of, and the fame of the book is now spreading rapidly on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Justin McCarthy, writing of "No. 5, John Street," says: "The grim, dark life of the very poor in the heart of a great city has never before, I venture to say, been pictured with such terrible reality as it is painted in Mr. Whiteing's pages, and yet the truth is brought out with genuinely artistic hand, and its full effect is produced without any touch of the loathsomeness which would have to be encountered if the task were to be executed by a writer like M. Zola."

Mr. Whiteing goes further: he shows that "John Street"—which typifies the human undertow—suffers because it is simply Bond street in all but the luck. The strange thing is that not one of the sufferers has chanced on the secret of the cure—serve yourself through serving others, and never put the cart before the horse.

At No. 5, John Street, the squalor, the misery, the crime of poverty, hold perpetual carnival. Want, material and spiritual; toil, excessive and health destroying, touch the lives of all, the conditions of daily bread-getting being appalling beyond compare. A concrete instance is what workers in a rubber factory have to undergo. It is thus set forth:

"While waiting for our first excursion, I examine the rubber factory with sharpened senses, and especially with clearer eyes. After taking so many persons around the establishment to explain the processes, I now, so to speak, take myself around to explain the effects. I see the hundreds of hands more warily as they pass the gate, and I find that all but the quite fresh-caught bear traces of this terrible toil. Theirs is an industry which every stage of every operation costs a fraction of a life. They have all sorts of 'funny complaints.' Their eyes smart and water as they toil in the penetrating fumes, and they weep with the mechanical facility of experienced crocodiles. They see double at times, and the vast barn-like room swims around them as though its pots, brushes, garments, stuffs and furnace fires of gas-jet were all but so much ruin in a whirlpool. Sometimes, as I lean in answer to inquiries, they 'ketch it in the lungs.' They invariably, as we have seen, 'ketch it in the knob,' in the form of bilious headache. The moral-effects are even more distressing. They lose their temper for nothing, and will find scope and verge enough for quarrel on a pin's point. Some have been known to go 'right off their chump,' and to be exceedingly rude to the overseers.

"The law is supposed to have an eye on us. 'Old antic! it would be truer to say that we have an eye on him. His inspectors show no offensive disposition to intrude. His magistrates are exceedingly considerate, and when they are not, we threaten them with the stoppage of an important industry. It is our business to send in periodical returns of our killed and wounded. The other side make it theirs to accept our figures without question. 'Live and let live' is the motto as between us and our administrative masters, if not exactly between us and our white slaves. And, Lord! Lord! how can we lie for the good of trade!

"Our factory, in truth, is a great spoiler of humanity, and especially of the weaker vessel. It seems to have the same destructive appetite for the latter as some monsters of fable. Their youth and freshness is but raw material; we turn them out as hags in no time—the manufactured article.

"Ah, the pity of things marred—blossoms trampled by the hoofs of swine, girlhood cheated of its day! Some of them, like Nance, bear it in silence, feeling that it is the price of 'keeping

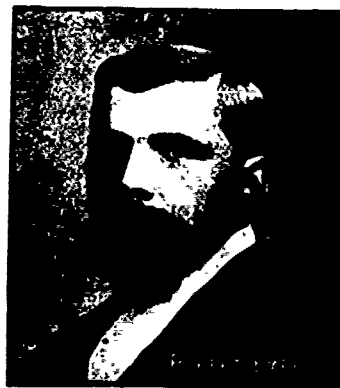
respectable.' Some snatch their beauty, so to speak, out of the fire, and hurry with it to market for what it may still fetch as damaged ware. Others cooperate with the spoiler in his rage for results, and make for the dramshop, as though they cannot keep their nails from their own flesh. What do I not see, what do I not hear, when once conscience is roused from its torpor of use and wont!"

"The Strong Arm."

MR. ROBERT BARR'S writings are always received with favor by the Canadian public. Ever since he wrote for The Detroit Free Press, his clever stories and sketches have been freely circulated in this country, which was his home until he was about 25 years of age, and which furnished him not only with his education and his wife, but with the inspiration for much of his brightest work. In "The Strong Arm," a collection of delightful short stories recently issued in book form by Mr. Barr, there is, however, nothing that smacks of "America up-to-date." Nearly all the yarns are of mediæval Germany, the first six being strung together as chapters of a somewhat loosely connected romance having to do with the same characters and train of events. The other ten stories are independent of one another, and deal with a variety of subjects.

Those whose literary taste carries them to the short story rather than to the novel as a fountain of pleasure are certain to be charmed by "The Strong Arm." Mr. Barr has given us in this book some strikingly original plots—if one may be permitted to speak of a plot in connection with any less pretentious form of story than the novel. The stories are well told, and, like all Mr. Barr's writings, possess a delightful flavor of humor. In the German stories there is an ingredient of history, but it is charmingly disguised, and one does not realize that a fairly correct and comprehensive view of the state of Central Europe in the Middle Ages is being unfolded as one reads from story to story.

"The Warrior Maid of San Carlos," which gives a most delightful glimpse of Admiral Nelson as a young officer, and "The Hour-Glass," which is a military tale of the time of the great Duke of Marlborough, are two of the best yarns in the book, and as examples of the perfect type of short story are interesting to the student of literature as well as to the general reader.



BERESFORD'S CHOICE.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD as a boy was the despair of both his parents and teachers. On his thirteenth birthday his father gave him his choice whether he would enter the army or the navy, or take up orders.

"Well," he concluded, "what is it to be, my lad?"

"The navy, my lord."

"And why the navy, boy?"

"'Cause I'd like to be an admiral—like Nelson."

"Pshaw—like Nelson! Why Nelson?"

"'Cause I want to."

"But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral, Charlie?"

"'Cause I mean to," was the blunt reply.

He had his wish and entered the navy.

Never cast your pearls before people who like turquoises better.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW.

HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP BOND.

SHOULD he be spared, the venerable Bishop Bond will, on June 21 next, celebrate the 60th anniversary of his entrance upon the ministerial work of the Church of England. 'Tis but a couple of weeks since His Lordship entered upon



his 85th year. His wonderful vigor, both physical and mental, is a matter not only for congratulation but for marvel as well, since his long life has been filled with strenuous effort in behalf of the Church, and he has never been known to spare himself where the interests of the cause so dear to him were at stake.

Dr. Bond, however, was born in a part of England that is noted for the strength and endurance of its people. Cornwall and Devon have turned out many men of large mold—men who have sustained the burden of life long and valiantly. It was to the first named of these counties that the Bishop's forebears belonged. After attending school in Truro and London the future prelate crossed the Atlantic and settled in Newfoundland, where he followed secular pursuits for a time. But his natural bent was towards things spiritual, and he proceeded to Quebec, to study theology, and was admitted to the priesthood by the late Bishop Mountain.

In the course of his long career, Bishop Bond has been through almost every kind of experience that church work in a new country affords. For two years he was a traveling missionary and a founder of Protestant schools. His first incumbency was that of Lachine, where he remained for six years. He was then called to St. George's, Montreal, as assistant to the late Dr. Leach, and for 30 years, without interruption, was connected with that parish—being rector from 1860 till his elevation to the Episcopate. Thirty-eight years after his ordination he was elected Bishop of Montreal, after having passed through the offices of Rural Dean of Hochelaga, Canon, Archdeacon of Hochelaga, and Dean of Montreal. After his election he withdrew his claim to the

primacy of Canada, which had previously gone with the Bishopric of Montreal, and the late Dr. Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, as the earliest occupant of the episcopal bench, became metropolitan.

An interesting chapter of Bishop Bond's life is that having to do with his chaplaincy of the Prince of Wales' regiment. He went to the front with his corps during the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870. The Bishop has always been a man amongst men, and his sturdy masculinity, combined with his deep spirituality, has given him a power and influence which all clergymen do not possess. He was one of the originators of the Citizen's League in 1888, and has lent his support to every movement for honest government, both politically and in municipal matters. The story of prayers having been offered for him in all the churches of Montreal, including Roman Catholic places of worship, when he was dangerously ill in 1893, is well known, and speaks eloquently of the great respect which his character and career have won.

Dr. Bond has identified himself prominently with education and public charities. Many important offices in connection with the colleges and philanthropic institutions of the Province of Quebec have been ably filled by him from time to time. In 1854, in testimony of his worth, Bishop's College, Lennoxville, conferred on him the honorary degree of M.A., and in 1870 McGill University honored him with that of LL.D.

The Bishop's ability as a preacher is too well known to demand comment. His commanding presence and benevolent face may be said, without exaggeration, to be a not unimportant part of the moral and intellectual environment of those who are brought into frequent contact with him.

TWO WELL-KNOWN FOOTBALL MEN.

MR. JOHN F. SAVAGE is a young man to hold the honorable position of president of the Canadian Rugby Football Union. He has been identified with the Montreal club, however, for the past ten years, and has served on all three of its teams. He captained the victorious team of 1895 and had also command the two following years. While Mr. Savage says he is out of the game, he is acting this fall as manager and chief coach for the Montreal club. As a coach he has few superiors.

Mr. A. G. Brooke Claxton has devoted much of his spare time to Rugby football ever since 1882. In the eighties and early nineties he played on both the McGill and Montreal



MR. JOHN F. SAVAGE.

MR. A. G. B. CLAXTON.

teams. He was president of the Montreal Football Club in 1898-1899, and for the past two years has been president of the Quebec Rugby Union.



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THOSE who witnessed the performances of the men from the warships and a number of local militiamen at the Victoria Rink last week were not generally aware that the programme narrowly escaped being a fizzle, owing to the disinclination of the military contingent to be forced into a show in the arranging of which they had not been consulted. A representative of the charity for which the performances were given went to Quebec, it seems, and invited the naval officers to assist the militiamen of Montreal in giving an entertainment for a benevolent purpose. The naval authorities kindly granted the request, and the gentleman who had extended the invitation then came back to Montreal and coolly informed the militia officers that he would require so many men from each corps. This was the first these officers had heard of the proposed tournament, and, naturally, they were incensed at having been treated with such scant courtesy. They would not have acted at all only that the naval people begged them to do so, in order that they should not be left in the lurch. So, finally, the difficulty was patched up, and a number of representatives of the militia corps joined hands with the sailors, but not with a great deal of zeal and good grace.

NOR did this end the trouble. The managers of the entertainment wanted to have the Police Band, because they could have had it for nothing, but the militia officers would not hear of this, and the band of the Royal Scots was engaged. The managers, however, failed to pay the musicians for their services. Nor did they give the men taking part in the drill any share of the proceeds. There would not even have been any prizes had the officers not taken up a subscription among themselves and their friends. The incident, which is an unpleasant one and means that there was a serious deficiency of tact and sense of propriety on someone's part, has created a great deal of talk in militia circles.

THE HON. MR. TARTE ought to be, and no doubt is, a proud man after the reception accorded him as he entered the port of Montreal, the other day, on his return from Europe. One might easily have imagined, looking at the display of hunting about the harbor and listening to the screeching and roaring of steam whistles as the Minister's tug came up the river, that Admiral Dewey had missed his way, and New York was being forestalled in the matter of welcom-

ing the hero of Manila. If the demonstration was enthusiastic, it was also informal—which the Dewey reception will not be. Mr. Tarte's health is in a much more satisfactory state than it has been for a long time, thanks to the skill of French surgeons, and of this even his political foes will doubtless be glad, for only the meanest mind will wish physical infirmity to another. It is understood that several political problems have been awaiting Mr. Tarte's return for solution—not only problems connected with the Department of Public Works but questions concerning the general policy and tactics of the Liberal party. Mr. Tarte is undoubtedly the master of the Administration in a much wider sense than is generally supposed.

MAJOR GIROUARD was severely criticized the other day by an English paper for having ordered supplies for the Egyptian railway system in the United States. It is to be presumed that in this the major was merely carrying out the decision of superior authorities. And now another sensation, scarcely less lively than that which followed the award of the Athara bridge contract and the introduction of Yankee locomotives into England, has been created by the decision of the proper authorities in Glasgow to buy stationary engines in the United States for an electric light plant. It is an old saying that every man is a protectionist as far as his own interests are concerned and the outcry in free trade Britain against the invasion of American machinery seems to bear it out.

AN American authority on field sports points out that a change for the better has set in in the system of play on the football field. The most noticeable feature last year, he says, was the increase in kicking and open play on the part of the large college teams—especially Harvard. President James, of the Montreal Rugby Football Club, assures me that a similar tendency is observable in Canada. We are going back, he asserts, to the game developed by the famous Osgoode Hall champions of '91 and '92. A rule has been adopted this year by the Canadian Rugby Union forbidding massed plays under certain penalties. This rule, if firmly and intelligently applied by referees, will have a tendency to make the winning of matches by "nothing but beef" an impossibility, while passing the ball among the forwards will again become a feature of the game, making it not only more scientific, but more interesting to spectators. "The enforcing of the new rule, however," added Mr. James, "and its effect on the game, will unfortunately be altogether in the hands of the referees, and a number of these in the past—both east and west—have been notoriously incompetent.

NEWS comes that in Ontario the belief exists that the teams to be placed in the field this season by the Quebec Rugby Union are of a very weak class. The Westerners are sadly mistaken if they think the Quebec teams are playing to lose. It is not too much to say that every team in the senior series of this Province is looking forward to booking the championship.

THE present is a good time to let shares alone. It is better to leave money in the bank at three or four per cent. than to invest it in securities of any kind. It is safer to wait. It is true, prices are lower, but there is a possibility of a further decline. Britain's differences with the Transvaal may be settled amicably in a few days and prices may improve, but there are other factors in the situation which make the immediate future uncertain. The latest industrial floatation, The Carter-Crume Co., which offered a block of preferred shares to the public, was oversubscribed. They were not, however, taken up with the enthusiasm that the shares of the other concerns in which this same Toronto crowd is interested were subscribed for.

Life in a Looking-Glass

EVERY time a Canadian institution—be it a college, a church or a railway—goes abroad for an administrative head, someone jumps up and says that the system is all wrong, that as a people we are without faith in ourselves, and that a Canadian should have had the job. I think that in the majority of these cases it is the narrow nativist who is all wrong. Certainly Canadians should be given the preference in their own country—other things being equal—but where the very highest grade of ability and special training is required, and is not to be found in this country, then the only sane and reasonable course is to go and get it where it is to be found. Protection may be the right thing with reference to shoe polish and shirt buttons, but brains and culture demand the broadest reciprocity. The attitude of people who run after strange gods simply because they are strange, and who fall head over ears in love with a thing as soon as they learn it is foreign, is an absurd attitude, but equally absurd is that of the man or the organization who would have our schools, our pulpits, our great business offices, and even our Militia Department and our Governor-General's residence, occupied only by Canadians—even at the cost of efficiency and the eternal fitness of things.

TAKE the case of Miss Oakeley, the warden of the Royal Victoria College for Women. There were a few Canadian applicants for this position—doubtless women of good scholarship and culture. But the donor and the university authorities were agreed in desiring to have at the head of the college a woman possessing not only eminent educational attainments and force of character, but also those more subtle qualities extracted from a life-long environment of the purest refinement and intellectuality. They wanted a woman who, from the first, would create about her an atmosphere of "sweetness and light." Naturally, they sought for such a person in Britain, and in Miss Oakeley they believe they have found the very combination of graces and attainments they are looking for. Her course at Oxford University—the great culture centre of the Empire—was brilliant; and, as the daughter of a gentleman prominently identified with the educational system of England, she has had, from childhood, such associations as ought to fit her thoroughly for her present position. It would be difficult for the nativists to show that in Canada a lady combining all of Miss Oakeley's qualifications could have been found.

THE Ponton trial is a thing of the past and people are anxious to let it follow the Dreyfus case into the realm of shelved subjects. But there is one lesson worth emphasizing. An apparently well grounded judgment has been firmly formed by the general public as a result of this case that bank-clerks, as a class, are miserably underpaid, considering their responsibilities and the demands made of them by their employers in the matter of keeping up appearances socially. Men who have special opportunities to step aside from the path of strict honesty should not also be hedged round with special temptations to do so. The banks insist that their employes dress well and move in good society, hence they ought to keep these requirements in view in fixing the scale of salaries.

SPEAKING of the Royal Victoria College, Principal Peterson told me the other day that while it was not intended for the poor, provision would be made, by competitive examinations of some sort, for assisting girls who show themselves to be unmistakably fitted for the benefits of the higher education. The Principal thinks the competitive system much preferable to that of patronage or nomination, which obtains in some

colleges in the awarding of aid to students. There is no doubt that many a so-called "educated" man or woman would be a happier and more useful member of society following the plough or doing the family cooking. The curse of patronage is that often it does not distinguish the fit from the unfit, and so lets the wise run to waste while it fumbles at the bangle with a plug of the wrong shape. Competition affords a safeguard against the promotion of incompetency. In regard to the estimated average cost of educating a girl at the Royal Victoria, the Principal of McGill believes that it will not be found excessive in comparison with the cost at other colleges affording similar accommodation, equipment and courses of study.

IF the officers and men of the warships were ill-bred enough to express their candid opinion about the entertainment they received while in Montreal, it would probably be far from flattering. Some private entertaining was done, and this, doubtless, was of a very cordial and enjoyable nature. But the city as a corporation received the representatives of British sea-power with about as much enthusiasm as an iceberg would call forth, should one come sailing up the St. Lawrence. The fire brigade, that reliable stand-by on which we always fall back in cases of the kind, was dragged out as usual and exhibited on Place d'Armes. The Mayor and City Council also entertained the officers of the fleet at a luncheon on the mountain. As the day on which this somewhat unseasonable function took place was miserably cold and dreary, the officers who were good enough to attend will probably not soon forget Montreal. The fire brigade exhibition and the mountain-top luncheon were about the sum of our public hospitality to the British sailors. Taken all in all, I believe the guests in this instance did more entertaining than the hosts. As a rule we are not unattentive hosts, but this time things seemed to go by default. The city of Montreal, for its own reputation, if for no other reason, should entertain distinguished visitors, especially when they are also representatives of Her Majesty, a little more lavishly than it did last week.

ANY person who constantly meets and talks with a large number of people must often be amazed at the flippancy with which individuals pass judgment on their fellows. I constantly hear men and women disposed of with a sneer, a laugh, or an uncharitable sentence. It has been truthfully said that most of the judgments of men and women which are uttered in conversation are worthless as estimates of character; their only value lies in the light which they throw upon the temper and point of view of the would-be judges. A wise man knows that he does not understand his own character, much less that of his fellow. He therefore hesitates before passing a harsh judgment which may affix itself to the individual under discussion and permanently wrong him. A wise man tempers both his thoughts and his words about other people. He knows that human motives are complicated; that what may appear to be a bad act may have much of the inevitable and forgivable in it, did he but know all the circumstances. He remembers, also, that every time he passes judgment on a fellow-being he reveals to the hearer something of his own character. Hence he is careful lest he open to view the blacker side of his own nature.

FELIX VANE.

A POPPY.

FLAUNTING her cloak of flaming red,
She stands beside the way,
The scarlet woman of the fields,
For whom the daisies pray.
Ye bees and butterflies, beware
Her silk so gay and thin!
For in her fickle heart she hides
The deadly sleep of sin.

—Edwin H. Keen, in *The Arena*.

THE NEW

Knabe Pianos

**GRANDS AND
UPRIGHTS**

Are the realized ideals of perfection
in Piano manufacturing.

Willis & Co.

**Knabe Pianos are Imitated
But Never Equalled.**

For over sixty years the Knabe Piano has been
in the front rank of the great piano manufacturers of the
world. To-day it stands at the head—first in name and
reputation as the standard piano of America.

Also large and select stock of

**Dominion, Newcombe, Bell, etc., Pianos,
and Dominion and Bell Organs.**

SOLE AGENTS

Warerooms:
1824 Notre Dame Street
Near McGill Street

Montreal.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW

AT a dinner-party one of the guests, an
enthusiastic golfer, started off with
the whitebait to enumerate to his part-
ner the details of a match that he had
been playing that day. It was not until
the dessert was brought on that he sud-
denly bethought himself that he had been
doing all the talking; indeed, the young
lady had not said a single word during
the progress of the meal. It was pos-
sible that she was not interested in the
subject—credible, but still possible.

"I am afraid I have been boring you
with our talk of the link," he said, in half
apology.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the pretty
maiden's polite response. "Only what
is golf?"

A LIVINGSTON MEMORIAL

THE spot where Dr. Livingston died in
Africa was marked at the time by a
rude inscription on a great tree which
stood near, and under which the great
missionary's heart was buried. The
tree has been falling to decay, and an
English official of Northern Rhodesia has
lately, at the request of the Royal Geo-
graphical Society, cut out the section
bearing the inscription, and has sent it
to England. The spot will probably
have a more permanent memorial.

HE WASN'T IN IT

FEATHERSTONE — Come, Bobbie
(handing him a quarter), how many
felloes have called on your sister this
week?

Bonnie—Let's see—five

"That doesn't include me, does it?"

"Oh, no. Sister says you don't
count."

1537 to 1541 St. Catherine St.
Montreal

Chas. Desjardins & Co.

The Largest

—Fur House

in the World

solicits the honor of a visit to view their immense selection
of

FINE FURS

Old Furs repaired, re-dyed, and re-modelled into the newest
styles.

Furs to be repaired, if sent in early, will receive special
attention.

Our Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are world-renowned.

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1537 to 1541 St. Catherine St.

Montreal

DRAMATIC LIFE.

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

MR. I. B. SPARROW, lessee of the Queen's Theatre, has decided that although the city building inspector has withdrawn his prohibition order, it would not be wise to reopen the house at the present time, in view of the condition of the adjoining property.

A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE, presented by the author, Mr. Howard Hall and company, has been favorably received at the Academy this week and at the first performance, on Monday night, Mr. Hall was called before the curtain at the end of the third act, in a manner evincing warm admiration for his work. The composition is not above criticism but its defects are those common to the melodrama, exaggeration and improbability. In the hands of Mr. Hall and his fairly capable company, its presentation is by no means weak, although at times the acting shows a tendency to drag. A good many of the details of the costumes and stage-setting could be improved. For instance, neither Gilbert de Montville nor Eugene de Vere wear spurs. This is a little thing, to be sure, but attention to such details does much to strengthen the realism of a stage performance. There will be a matinee Saturday afternoon.

THE TEXAN, Tyrone Power's clever play, is the bill at the Theatre Francais this week, and draws well. Miss Buckingham in the role of Mrs. Gordon Tyrrell gives a pleasing performance and has been enthusiastically received by the patrons of the p.v. Mr. Henderson, as the Texan, shows considerable ability in a part by no means easy. There is, as usual, an interesting vaudeville performance. The Francais is well worth visiting this week.

MR. VICTOR HERBERT.

THE composition of four operas in a single summer is a feat, it is believed, that few, if any, musicians, excepting Mr. Victor Herbert, have accomplished. LIFE is enabled this week to present an excellent portrait of this popular composer, one of whose new operas, Cyrano de Bergerac, was lately produced in Montreal by Mr. Francis Wilson's company, and another, The Singing Girl is to be given next week by Miss Alice Nielsen.

Mr. Herbert was born in Dublin forty years ago last February, and is a grandson of Samuel Lover, the famous Irish novelist. When seven years old he was sent to Germany to begin his musical education, and from that time he has continuously and assiduously devoted his energies to the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of his art. His first position of prominence was that of principal violoncello player in the Court Orchestra at Stuttgart, and he was heard in many important concerts throughout Europe before accepting in 1899, an engagement as solo violoncellist in the Metropolitan Orchestra in New York. During the twelve years of his residence in the United States, Mr. Herbert has been prominently connected with the best orchestral organizations, and as soloist and conductor has become favorably known in the principal cities. For a number of years he was principal violoncello player in the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and more recently held a similar position in Anton Seidl's Orchestra, where he was also associate conductor. In 1893, Mr. Herbert was unanimously elected bandmaster of the 22nd Regiment National Guards, State of New York, to succeed the late lamented P. S. Gilmore, and in 1908 he was appointed conductor of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, a position he now holds. Mr. Herbert has demonstrated his ability as a conductor of classical music, and has also won distinction as a composer, the list of his works including several compositions for orchestra, songs, and a concerto for violoncello and orchestra. Among his more ambitious works is an oratorio, The Captive, which was written for and performed at the Worcester, Mass., festival. In the department of comic opera, Mr. Herbert has written Prince Ananias, The Wizard of the Nile, the Serenade, The Idol's Eye, The Fortune Teller, and during the past summer alone put forth The Ameer, Cyrano de Bergerac, The Singing Girl, and a new opera for the Bostonians. A suite for orchestra in four movements, by Mr. Herbert, will be rendered for the first time by the Pittsburgh Orchestra the coming season.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

JOHAN PHILIP SOUSA'S latest work, The Bride Elect, will be presented for the first time in this city at the Academy of Music, for one week, commencing Monday, October 9, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Bride Elect was not written under contract but at odd moments during a long period of years. Mr. Sousa claims that it is the very best that has ever come from his pen. The music is said to be of a higher order than that of El Capitan.

THEATRE W. E. PHILLIPS, Lessee and Mgr.
FRANCAIS.

WEEK OF OCT. 2.

PIÑERO'S FARICAL ROMANCE

"The Amazons"

And an entertaining vaudeville bill.

Prices as usual.

Phone East 216 for seats.



VICTOR HERBERT.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, whose portrait appears on the first page, is to be at Her Majesty's next week in Victor Herbert's Singing Girl. Miss Nielsen is said to have strong support in an unusually pretty opera.

THE AMAZONS, which the Francais is to present next week, is a decidedly new style of entertainment for Montreal. It was written by Pnerio, and is styled by him a farcical romance. The Amazons stands, in order of composition, immediately between The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, both of them among the most successful plays of recent years. In The Amazons he attempts no criticism of life, he seeks to solve no problem of morality, sociology or psychology; he merely permits himself to introduce a "mannish woman" idea in the lightest, gentlest spirit of satire, and in the most whimsical mood.

(Continued on page 15.)

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Academy of Music

Week of MONDAY, OCTOBER 2nd.

Matinees: WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

Wilson Barrett's Remarkable Spectacular Drama

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Presented by the Original Company from the Lyric Theatre, London.

Week of OCTOBER 9th.

Matinees: WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

First time here of Sousa's Latest and Best Comic Opera

THE BRIDE ELECT

Sets now on sale at Box Office.

PRICES: 25, 50, 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.50

Her Majesty's Theatre

WEEK MONDAY, OCTOBER 2ND.

SATURDAY MATINEE ONLY.

The Most Important Musical Engagement of the Year.

Frank L. Perley, will present the ALICE NIELSEN OPERA CO in the

SINGING GIRL

Eugene Cowles, Joseph Herbert, Joseph Hawthorn, Ritchie King, John C. Slavin, E. F. Metcalfe, Louis Kelso, Lucille Saunders, Jennie Hawley, Ursula Burnett and Alice Nielsen with chorus and ensemble of over 100 people.

Score by Victor Herbert. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Libretto by Stanislaus Stange. Grand Orchestra under the leadership of Paul Steinhorff.

40c Seats for this important engagement on sale at Star Library Club, 111 St. James St., and Star Branch Office, Peel St. **PRICES, 25c to \$1.50**

Mr. and Mrs. FRANK MURPHY, Proprietors and Managers.

THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

THE sporting event par excellence of the year will of course be the race for the America's cup. Yachting, although a pastime in which none but the wealthiest can take an active part, never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of English-speaking people. It seems to appeal to their instincts as no land sport can do, and the fact that the race for the America's cup is an international contest—a contest for supremacy between the two great branches of the race that have for centuries been the "sea-dogs" of the world—gives a dramatic importance to the impending event which no other similar competition possesses.

The widespread interest taken by people of all classes in the international yacht race is indicated by a little incident related by a New York paper. A drummer was on his way to see the Columbia at New Rochelle, and stated that he had no special interest in the contest, but that he was going to see the sloop and take some pictures of her for purely business purposes; because, when he visited his customers out West, everybody wanted to talk about the yacht race, and if he could say he had seen the new Columbia and show some pictures of her, taken by himself, it would sell a lot of goods. The people of the great inland States, who have never smelt salt water, enthuse as much over international yacht racing as those of New York and Boston. And it is the same in Canada. Everybody, whether in the Maritime Provinces or on the waterless prairies, is deeply interested in the forthcoming match, and should the Shamrock carry back the cup to the Old Country we Canadians will feel that we each have a right to share personally in the rejoicing. Yet, few Canadians could

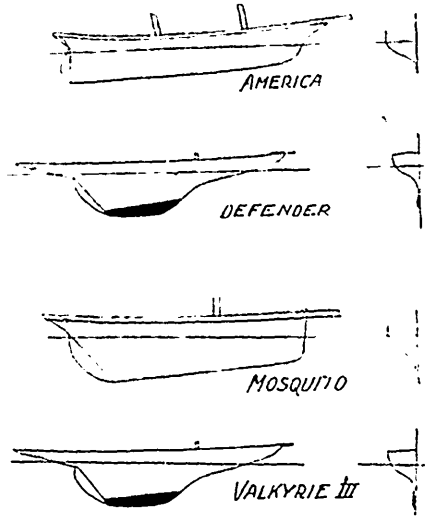


tell, off-hand, just what the America's cup is—how it came into existence. About 1850, the commodore of the New York Yacht Club, John C. Stephens, who had watched with interest the progress of a young ship carpenter's apprentice named George Steers, conceived the idea of having Steers build him a schooner yacht, to sail to England and compete in the races at Cowes. Steers built the schooner America, 94 feet long on deck and 88 feet long on the water-line. She was modeled on the New York harbor pilot boats, carrying no foremast nor jibboom. No formal challenge was sent, but the America sailed for Havre and arrived there early in August, 1851. She rapidly fitted up for the race and then proceeded to Cowes. The visitor

arrived on a dark night and the first light of dawn revealed to the wondering eyes of the Englishmen a craft about as different from an English yacht as could be imagined, with her great beam and shallow hull, while the typical English cutter of the period was of the "plank-on-end" variety. In the race round the Isle of Wight for a cup offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron, the America beat eighteen British competitors, her time being eleven minutes better than that of the best over the line. The cup thus won on August 22, 1851, remained in the hands of the owners of the yacht till 1857 when it was handed over to the New York Yacht Club, as a trophy for races with challenging yachts from any foreign country of not less than thirty nor more than three hundred tons. Eight contests have since taken place, and in two of these Canadian yachts were the challengers—the Countess of Duferin and the *Malanda*.

The present challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton, is a millionaire merchant with immense interests in Great Britain, Ceylon and

the United States. His full name is Thomas Johnstone Lipton. He was born in Glasgow, of Irish parents, and his career has led him prosperously on through the paths of business. To the British public he is best known as a tea merchant; his name is literally a household word throughout Great Britain.



He owns extensive tea estates in Ceylon. He is president of the Thomas J. Lipton Company, packers, of Chicago, and he owns the Lipton Refrigerator Car Lines of the same city. He received his title last year.

Until 1897 he had never been connected with the sport of yachting. He knew how to sail a small craft in a crude fashion, but of yacht-racing he was entirely ignorant. In 1898 he joined the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, his first affiliation to any yachting organization. His avowed purpose in this was to challenge for the America's cup. In this object he was aided by the Prince of Wales, who deplored the ill-feeling following the race of 1894, and was anxious to see another contest for the cup. In the search for a designer Sir Thomas had the choice of two naval architects of celebrity—George W. Watson, of Glasgow, and William Fife, jr., of Fairlie, in Ayrshire. Now, Watson was burdened with the harassing handicap of three previous defeats in races for the America's cup—the *Thistle*, *Valkyrie II*, and *Valkyrie III*. Sir Thomas, being a believer in good luck, chose Fife in preference to his rival. The *Shamrock* was built on the Thames.

The designer of the *Columbia* is "Nat" Herreshoff, who also built the *Vigilant* and the *Defender*. Fourteen years ago when Mr. Herreshoff figured on a yacht to beat the *Genesta* at \$30,000, his price was considered exorbitant, but it has been stated that the Iselin-Morgan syndicate, owners of the *Columbia*, will expend fully \$250,000 in defending the trophy this year; and if the cost keeps on mounting up in the future as it has of late years even the wealthiest citizens may well hesitate to involve themselves in a contest.

Both the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia* are racing machines pure and simple, everything being sacrificed to the requirements of speed. The Americans are fond of saying that the English have been forced to adopt their lines, but the accompanying figures showing the models: first of the America, as compared with the *Defender* and, second, of the *Mosquito* (1848), as compared with the *Valkyrie III*, show that almost as great a revolution has taken place in the American type as in the British.

The triumph of virtue is not in resisting temptation, but in not having temptation.



"There are only two rules for good manners. One is, always think of others; the other is, never think of yourself."
— DR. JOWETT.

AT A GLANCE one naturally recognizes the fact that the second rule is the outcome of the first: that the practice of either fulfils the purpose of the other. And possibly the whole sentence might have been summed up in the terse remark, "be unselfish."

The manners of any community, whether taken collectively or individually, are seldom in such a state of perfection as to render improvement unnecessary. Much as we wish to be loyal to people in general, our friends, members of our family, or ourselves, it must be confessed that the old-fashioned term "good manners" is inefficiently demonstrated by the greater part of us.

VERY little introspection shows us that, to quote somewhat incorrectly, "the very head and front of the offending" is selfishness, sometimes in a gross, often in a slight, form. What other quality than selfishness is it that transforms the mildest looking man or woman into the pushing, shoving, discourteous person who works his or her way to the front at any public spectacle, regardless of other bystanders? Ordinarily, perhaps, they are gentle and considerate enough.

What is it but the inherent desire to consider their own ease, that makes some men in our street cars defiantly keep their seats, while women stand? Doubtless, in their own drawing-room or in that of a friend, they would not remain seated if it necessitated the standing of their wife or friend's wife. And, in turn, how does it happen, when a woman is treated with courtesy and proffered the seat that is unmistakably her privilege rather than her right, that she avails herself of it without any graciousness of word or expression? From no other reason than that she is accustomed to placing herself first, and expects others to understand it.

IT IS frequently reiterated that good manners flourished in the past, but have so declined that in the present they are entirely forgotten. From all time it has been the custom of the passing generation to deplore the habits of the coming. In old times courtly bows and gracefully turned speeches were encouraged, and acquired as easily as wigs and patches and silken hose were donned. Yet, it may reasonably be imagined that frequently superficial charm was cast aside, and human nature showed up in no more pleasing light than at the present day. For selfishness is not only of 19th century promulgation, although it is not declining from want of cultivation.

Tact, and a total disregard of self, are two untailing factors in the making of refined men and women. Essential as education and refinement of surroundings are, they are but parts of a whole. They will not, of themselves, mold a character that is innocent of the finer qualities. Tact is the outcome of a sensitive and unselfish disposition, and has no class distinction; and where tact is, there will good manners never be lacking. Speaking of a friend, someone was heard to say, "Oh! Mrs. B— is charming, but I think she has almost too much tact." As if it were possible! What he meant to express was that the woman in question had too much manner, and that, at best, superficial. The word "tact" was simply misapplied. That never-failing insight into the feelings and unexpressed desires of others, which smooths the path for the ill-at-ease, represses the gauche though they be unconscious of it, or brings into the charmed circle of intimates the stranger, that is Tact. Could

we afford to part with an iota of it that has been vouchsafed to us? It must not be imagined that manners, as here set forth, are meant to be confounded with a certain polish, a modulation of voice and perfection of accent, or the little tricks and mannerisms that point out to us, as easily as the compass points the north, to exactly what state of society a man or a woman has been called. Far from it! Looking at things from Dr. Jowett's point of view, good manners are as possible and as probable with the masses as the classes. And, indeed, the main lesson to be learned is this: Let the latter have a care that, as a very consequence of their more manifold opportunities of self-indulgence, the former may not be said, as regards the expression of tactful sympathy or unselfishness of demeanor, to eclipse them.

ON Tuesday, September 19, at St. Andrew's Church, LaSalle, the wedding took place of Miss Winifred Dawes, third daughter of James P. Dawes, Esq., "Maplewood," to Mr. George Carrington Smith. The bride looked exceptionally well in an exquisite gown of white Duchesse satin, with beautiful veil, and was attended by her sisters, Miss Constance and Miss Nora Dawes, who wore very smart frocks of liberty satin, veiled in embroidered chiffon, and picture hats of black velvet. Mr. Charles Carrington Smith attended the groom as best man. The little church was most beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the Rev. Mr. Ross performed the ceremony. Owing to the family of Mrs. Smith being in mourning, none but relatives and a few very intimate friends were present at the church and afterwards at the reception held at the residence of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by the evening train for New York, where they will spend some weeks.

ON the same day at the Anglican Cathedral, Quebec, Miss Eileen White, second daughter of the late Alfred White, Esq., was married to Mr. Charles H. Mackintosh, son of Ex-Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh, of the Northwest Territories. The Cathedral was exquisitely decorated for the occasion, and the service was fully choral, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dean Williams, assisted by the Rev. Lennox Smith. The bridesmaids were Miss Gladys and Miss Dorothy White, sisters of the bride, Miss Miller, Waterbury, Conn., Miss Edythe White, Miss Campbell, Miss Hazel and Miss Doris Allan, cousins of the bride. Mr. Graham Drinkwater attended the groom. A reception was held by Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Wilson at the citadel, after which Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh left for Montreal and the West.

THE young Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has recently been presented by the Society of Dutch Journalism with a somewhat unique present. It consists of all the articles written last year in reference to her majesty's coronation. They have all been printed on ivory and are bound in five different volumes, the first containing French articles, the second English, the third German and Austrian, the fourth Belgian, Swiss, Italian, and the fifth Russian and Portuguese. Though no doubt interesting as a souvenir of such an important day, it must be remarkably tiresome work to wade through so many diverse expressions on the same subject.

MRS. GILLESPIE and Miss Margaret Gillespie left last week for Halifax where they will spend some weeks.

THE large grey felt hats of the shape known as "Rough Rider," with their fierce quill or curling feather seem to have swooped down upon Montreal like birds of prey—like birds, inasmuch as they settle without much apparent discrimination. Ostensibly a headgear for the girl or woman possessed of a slight figure and well set head, that is to say, if looks are being considered, they are worn by every possible type of face and figure. It is really surprising how few people

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

seem to realize what is most becoming to them. Fads of one kind or another one has continually to be prepared for, but this fashion in hats is more conspicuous than the beaded watch-chains, and dangling purses or huge buckets that have been offending the eye of those with less gaudy tastes.

MR. H. GORDON MACKENZIE, son of Mr. Hector Mac Kenzie, left last week for Paris, where he intends studying art for a year or so. Up to the present time Mr. MacKenzie has been a pupil at the Art Gallery in Montreal, and his work there was of considerable promise.

MR. GEORGE GILLESPIE gave a very jolly supper party last week after the Naval Tournament, for a number of friends, among whom were some of the officers of the Talbot and Pearl.

Mr. Allan, Boston, Mass., spent some days in Montreal last week, the guest of Mrs. Ewan, Sherbrooke street.

Miss Frankie Watt, Stanley street, leaves very shortly for Brooklyn, N.Y., where she will spend the winter.

THE bare idea of an attempt at dramatizing "The Gadfly" is so astonishing that it hardly comes as a surprise to hear that the effort has met with little success. As a critic, *The Evening Post* seldom, if ever, errs on the side of leniency, and in regard to "The Gadfly" it allows no quarter. Still, if scathing, it can always be depended upon, and the admirers of the powerful though unpleasant book are not likely to hasten to Wallack's Theatre after reading the criticism. "Every act is heavy with dullness and crammed with absurdity," is hardly a recommendation, and that two of the leading people "did as well as could be expected of them in the distressful circumstances" is the least severe denunciation of the actors and actresses. One is pleased to hear that Mrs. Voinich, the author, is innocent of any share in the dramatization. It seems to be difficult for the generality of people to understand that a clever book will not of necessity make a successful play.

ON Thursday, September 7, the annual gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society took place at Balmoral, the Queen having for the fourth time honored the society by a command that the gathering should take place within sight of her Highland home. The proceedings this year were of exceptional interest, both from the fact that Her Majesty graced them with her presence and also that the attendance was the largest in the history of the society. All arrangements regarding the procession, games, reception of visitors and the ball in the evening, which closed the happy celebration, were admirably carried out. According to the Scotch papers, one of the visitors at the gathering was Mr. Donald McMaster, Q.C. of Montreal.

MR. STIKEMAN, the Misses Stikeman and Mr. H. Stikeman, Dorechester street, have returned to town from their country house at Ste. Rose.

A very pleasant dinner party was given last week by Lady Hickson, in honor of Mr. J. D. Angus.

Mr. B. M. Humble, who has spent the summer in England, arrived this week by the ss. Arrawa.

ON SATURDAY last the marriage took place of Miss Gilmour, daughter of the late J. V. Gilmour, to Mr. George Low, son of Captain Low. Little Miss Meeker, niece of the bride, was the only bridesmaid, and Mr. D. C. S. Miller was best man. The Rev. Osborne Troop performed the ceremony. Owing to a

very recent bereavement in the family, only the nearest relations were present.

MR. WILLIAM MOAT, son of the late Robert Moat, so well known in Montreal in past years, left last week for England, after a brief visit to Canada and the United States.

TOMORROW the M.F.H., Mr. G. R. Hooper, will entertain the members of the Montreal Hunt and their friends at breakfast at the Forest and Stream Club. As both the house and grounds are ideal for entertaining, a pleasant morning is insured—provided, of course, that the weather is all it ought to be.

MISS ESTHER DURNFORD, daughter of Mr. George Durnford, will be very much missed this winter in Montreal, as she has gone to Toronto to take a two-year's course in nursing at the Children's Hospital.

MONTREAL is decidedly behind the times as far as motor carriages are concerned. Possibly the shocking condition of the streets has something to do with it. Montreal horses ought to feel highly complimented that as yet they hold precedence, while, in England, automobiles are providing fresh paragraphs for fashion columns, inasmuch as the correct dress to be worn in such conveyances is seriously discussed. Silk dustcloaks seem to be the most approved apparel, and a trimmed hat may be worn, but a toque is undoubtedly more the thing. How gravely we take our pleasures now-a-days! Every insignificant and harmless pastime has its recognized and particular costume. It seems possible to do nothing spontaneously. Piano playing seems to be about the only amusement left that can be enjoyed in ordinary dress. And, no doubt, some enterprising lady will soon rectify that.

MRS. LABATT, Sherbrooke street, left town last week on a short visit to New York.

Miss Bond, Bishopscourt, has returned from Quebec, where she was visiting for a few days.

Miss Margaret Burrell, who has been visiting Miss Duff, Sherbrooke street, returned this week to her home in Chicago.

Mr. Dobell, Miss Dobell and Mr. C. Dobell, have again opened their town house after a summer spent at Dixie.

MRS. NEWNHAM, wife of the Bishop of Moosonee, and her little daughters, will spend the coming winter in Montreal, while Bishop Newnham is in England. After several years spent in the desolate North, they will doubtless find city life a pleasant change.

Miss Dunlop, Sherbrooke street, left this week on a visit to Ottawa, where she will be the guest of Miss Thistle.

AN event of great interest last week in Toronto was the marriage on Wednesday, September 19, at St. Simon's Church, of Mr. George A. Peters and Miss Constance Meredith, daughter of Sir William Meredith. The service was conducted by the Rev. Street Macklem, and was fully choral—not the least beautiful feature of it being the singing of the bridal hymn by the entire choir, which preceded the wedding party up the aisle. Miss Labatt, of London, was the maid of honor, and Miss Constance and Miss Marguerite Ramsay, nieces of the bride, made very sweet little bridesmaids. Mr. Edward Greig was best man, and Mr. Jack Meredith, Mr. P. Manning, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Jack Moss and Mr. Archibald, of London, were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held by Sir William and Lady Meredith at their house in Rosedale.

ANOTHER fashionable wedding of last week was that of Mr. Gerald FitzGibbon, son of the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and Miss Ethel White, niece of Mr. J. K. White, of "Rathmally." The ceremony took place at St. James's Cath-

duc' his Lordship the Bishop of Niagara officiating, assisted by the Rev. G. C. Wallis. The bridesmaids were Miss Marion Wilkie, Miss FitzGibbon, and Miss Muriel Campbell, who were preceded by four little girls, the Misses Nadine and Evelyn Kerr, Miss V. Cronyn and Miss F. Kerr. Mr. Tyndall Johns, of Belfast, was best man, and Mr. W. A. Kerr, Mr. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. W. Cronyn, and Master Stanley Kerr, were ushers. Afterwards a reception was held at "Rathmally," where the guests, who included only relatives and intimate friends, had to mingle their congratulations with farewells; for, after a short visit at Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. FitzGibbon sailed for England, where their future home is to be. Mrs. FitzGibbon will be very much missed by a large circle of friends in Toronto, where she was extremely popular. As a golfer, she had won quite a widespread reputation, and will be a great loss to the club.

MR. AND MRS. ALEX. PATERSON and family have taken possession of their delightful house on Simpson street, which has just recently reached completion.

Miss Muriel Greenshields has returned from Quebec, where she was visiting Mrs. Andrew Thompson, en route from Caouana.

Mrs. W. O. Oswald and Miss Jean Oswald, who have been visiting Mrs. Greenshields, "Auvergue," are once more established in their own house, Drummond street.

MR. J. A. CANTLIE, and Mr. Frank Cantlie have returned to town after a long visit at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvie, and the Messrs. Ogilvie have returned to town from "Rapid Farm" where, as usual, they have spent the summer.

The Rev. Henry Kittson, and the Misses Kittson are once more established in town, after a pleasant summer at their delightful country house at Berthier.

ON Saturday last a pleasant day was spent at Dixie by a large number of golfing enthusiasts, who went out to witness the match between the R. M. Golf Club and the Quebec Club. It must be confessed that, as most of the spectators were Montreal people, the fact that the home team won by eleven holes hardly proved a damper to their pleasure. Strict politeness would seem to advocate a more tender treatment of visitors, but the Montreal and Quebec teams are alike, in that they invariably win on their own links.

MR. AND MRS. L. O. ARMSTRONG and the Misses Armstrong are once more settled in their town residence, after spending some months at Dorval.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartland B. Macdougall, upon their return from their pretty country house at Cartierville, will take possession of the house on MacKay street occupied at one time by the late Major Evans.

The many friends of Mrs. Jackson Rae, Peel street, will regret to learn that she is still confined to the house, as a result of her recent illness.

Dr. Harold Wolferstan Thomas is among those who will spend the winter abroad, having decided to make Germany the scene of his studies for an indefinite time.

LADY MINTO was in Montreal on Monday to attend a meeting of a distinctly private nature in connection with the local branch of The National Council of Women. A few of the most prominent members and office-bearers were present, and the discussion was acent the particular aims and objects of the organization, into which points Her Excellency wished to have a clearer insight. Evidently Lady Minto has every intention of interesting herself in and furthering the work so ably carried on by Lady Aberdeen. The Countess will attend the international yacht races at New York, previous to taking her departure for England for a short visit.

MR. JAMES AVERILL, Champlain, is at present visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mills, Stanley street.

Mr. H. S. Macdougall and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Apple-gath are among those who have but recently closed up their summer houses at Dorval, and settled in town for the winter.

ONE CAN easily imagine how the New York papers have revelled this week in the marriage of the Prince Cantauzene and Miss Julia Grant. Although it is doubtless a most interesting event to a large number of people in both Russia and America, still, it is not as noteworthy as the downfall of an empire, the coronation of a monarch, the election of a president, or a declaration of war. Yet, it is safe to affirm that in many a yellow journal it will receive as much attention. There will be as many scare-heads, as many paragraphs and more illustrations, and the great reading public, for whose delectation it has all been prepared, will gloat over the inane details, the exaggerated descriptive language, and the impertinent personalities.

MR. C. B. ESDAILE has returned from a brief visit to Toronto, where she was visiting her cousin, Miss Crombie.

Mrs. R. W. Tyre and the Misses Tyre have returned from Carillon, where they have spent the summer months.

AT PRESENT, with the exception of weddings, there seems to be a dearth of anything in the way of gaiety. After a summer of comparative idleness, everyone is too much occupied to think of entertaining. Housecleaning, however disagreeable, is a ceremony that cannot be dispensed with. Summer apparel must be discarded, and, as a result, frequent visits to dress-maker and tailor must be made, while there are a hundred and one small duties which claim attention and time. As yet, little visiting is being done, except between intimates, and, though there is not a complete absence of little teaparties or small dinners, they are not large or frequent enough to hint of the season's beginning. No; for a little while society in general will have to content itself with long drives, country walks, plenty of golf and football, and informal gatherings. And who can have aught to say against such a pleasant programme?

DR. RANKIN DAWSON, who arrived from England a short time ago, is visiting Sir William and Lady Dawson.

NO RIGHT TO HIS OWN SPEECHES.

IN many ways English law is a good deal like comic opera. W. S. Gilbert discovered that long ago. The decision in the case between The London Times and John Lane, the English publisher, offers the latest illustration. John Lane wanted to bring out a collection of Lord Rosebery's addresses and speeches. Lord Rosebery referred him to the files of the newspapers. The Times reports were the most serviceable. But when the book appeared, the legal representative of The Times remarked: "You have no right to use these speeches. As they appeared in our paper, which is copyrighted, they belong to us." And the courts backed him up, and declared in effect that Lord Rosebery had no right to his own speeches. It is only a technical matter, to be sure, and it has given John Lane an extensive and gratuitous advertisement; but it establishes a bothersome point. In the end it will hurt the newspapers more than the speechmakers. Statesmen and other orators, with an eye on the reading public, will be chary of letting their utterances get in the papers. To meet the difficulty, the English copyright law will probably be changed, giving the papers ownership of their reports for a brief time only. Meanwhile, John Lane goes on publishing the book in this country.

Our 5-Minute Story

HOW THE McNAB WON HIS WAGER.

JENNIE McTAVISH had bushels of beaux, for she was young, pretty, witty, and an heiress; and, of course, she kept them all in the proper condition of misery and uncertainty, as became a young lady of her pretensions. Pretty girls are much the same the world over, and particularly is this the case in the Highlands—and in all other places.

Angus McTavish was considered the most fortunate man in the little Scottish fishing village. By unremitting industry in catching and curing salmon, he had amassed wealth to the stupendous amount of some £2,000. But not only had kind heaven vouchsafed him great riches, for it had also sent him a much greater treasure in this same eighteen-year-old Jennie, who was about the prettiest girl any of my young lady readers ever saw, except in the glass.

The matter of his daughter's beaux, however, had never given him the slightest concern, for he had not yet thought of considering her otherwise than as a mere child. For years he had been accustomed to see the prints of Jennie's little bare feet in the moist sand, which bordered the river and the Firth of Dornoch at low tide, as he returned from superintending his fishing arrangements, for, be it known, she had unusually small feet, as all heroines are said to have, and, furthermore, she continued to go barefoot, and bareheaded, too, even up to the age of eighteen, as is the custom of young ladies of her station, in that sensible region. But at length it occurred to him that another footprint had latterly accompanied those of his daughter with wonderful constancy; and that, at their point of separation, the great number of little footprints and big footprints, and the numerous turnings and twistings thereof, gave evidence of somewhat reluctant partings. So, to satisfy his curiosity, he followed the large tracks, which led him to the most unwelcome place in all Scotland, the door of Rory McNab's little cottage.

of all the Highland clans,
McNab is the most ferocious,
Except the Macintyres,
McCraws and Macintoshes

This McNab's ferocity, however, was not of the sort to render him an object of terror, indeed, so far was this from being the case, that no young fellow in those parts was a more welcome guest at any merry-making. A better-looking or more jovial-hearted youth, a better singer or more light-footed dancer, was not to be found in the Highlands. In short, wherever pleasure, danger or excitement was to be found, there was sure to be Rory, while wherever money was to be slowly and laboriously, though surely, made, he took the best of fine care that you should look for him in vain.

"Jennie," said her father, sternly, on his return, "whom have you been prancing about on the beach with this afternoon?"

Jennie really could scarcely recollect, there were quite a number of young people on the sands.

"Don't try to put me off in that way, you undutiful, ungrateful child. What man came home with you this afternoon, and has been coming home with you this nobody knows how long?"

Jennie gazed attentively at her toes, wriggled her shoulders petulantly, and, taking a corner of her apron between one thumb and finger, slowly drew the bottom seam between the other thumb and finger, till the opposite corner was reached, when the motion was reversed. This explicit answer not being entirely satisfactory to her father, he indignantly proceeded:

"It's that miserable, good-for-nothing Rory McNab you've

been taking on with, you hussy; and you thought to hide you're scandalous actions from me, did you, you jade?"

The "jade" had been expecting this name to come out; but, as she was a young lady who had a pretty resolute will of her own, she firmly resolved that neither by word or action would she betray the slightest interest in it; in pursuance of which resolve she forthwith started suddenly and turned as red as a beet, which made it clear enough to the meanest capacity that she didn't care a fig for the young gentleman.

"Yes, misguided girl, it's that wretched vagabond, Rory McNab. Lucky it is for you that I discovered it as I have. Now, mind what I say; never in your life do you pass another word with that scape-gallows poacher, or I'll have you shut up where you'll be glad to obey; and, as for him, I'll,—I'll,—yes, I'll contrive to have him taken by the press-gang, if it costs me £1,000."

Jennie let her apron drop, and clutched her handkerchief. She didn't see how her father could be so prejudiced against poor Rory, who was "such a clever fellow and such a kind fellow, and—and such a handsome fellow—and—and such a dear, good fellow—and—and—hoo—hoo, hoo—oo!"

Mr. Angus McTavish, master mariner, was thunderstruck. Several times he opened his mouth to give vent to his outraged feelings, but he could find no words sufficiently staggering to express anything like what he felt; so, like a sensible man, he gave it up, for the time, as a bad job, and started in search of Rory.

"You think to marry my daughter!" he continued, after having fairly run himself out of wind in calling Rory everything but a good fellow—and only escaping a sound drubbing for the all-sufficient reason that he was Jennie's father; "you, who can't raise a £5 note to save your life! A fine support you'd be for a family! When I give my consent to Jennie's marriage, it will be to some honest, industrious young man like Donald Gunn, or Evan McKay, or—"

"Evan McKay be hanged!" bellowed Rory. "If the contemptible little shrimp dares so much as to cast his squint eyes at Jennie, I'll twitch the legs off him as I would from a lobster."

"If he is a shrimp and cock-eyed, he's an honest man, who 'tends to his business, and is able to put £200 of his own honest earnings into the new schooner I'm about to build."

"Look here, McTavish," said Rory, evidently impressed by the last remark, "suppose now that I should be able to come down with £200 of my own honest earnings before your schooner is launched—how would that be, eh?"

"Your earnings?" sneered the old man; "because you have never earned money, you think it is to be picked up like tiny pebbles, do you? When you've earned £200 come to me, and perhaps I'll talk with you."

"It's a bargain," said Rory, vigorously shaking him by the hand, whether he would or not, "it's a bargain; and you'll have to stick to it, too, or I'll carry Jennie off from under your very nose. It's pretty well known about here that McNab don't back down from what he has once said."

This arrangement was thoroughly satisfactory to all concerned. The father was delighted, for he saw how utterly impossible it would prove for his would-be son-in-law to comply with such terms. Rory was overjoyed, for nothing whatever seems impossible to a young man under such conditions; and, as for Jennie—why! she simply knew that Rory could do anything.

But when Rory settled down to business, he soon found that none of the ordinary slow-coach ways of making money would do for him. He studied and planned, fretted and fumed, and almost lived up to the family name for ferocity; but it was all of no use until Jennie made a remark which set him to thinking in a new direction. Next morning, at earliest dawn, and so for days thereafter, his boat was seen steering broad out into the German Ocean, far beyond the utmost fishing grounds; and great was the wonder and speculation as to the object of these foreign voyages. After several weeks of these mysterious daily cruises, Rory all at once reappeared in his



EXPERT TESTIMONY.

MRS. YOU NOWIFE (admiringly) — It's perfectly wonderful, dear, how you think of so many new jokes.

MR. YOU NOWIFE — Oh, I just jot down all the funny things my friends say.

MRS. YOU NOWIFE — And use them afterward?

MR. YOU NOWIFE — No indeed, that's just the secret of my success. I avoid using them.

usual haunts; and, to the surprise of all, he offered for sale as many sealskins as would have served to furnish winter clothing for a regiment of Icelanders, and a revenue officer, who had occasion to search his establishment for the products of illicit distillation, was almost petrified to find that the young Highlander's barrels were overflowing with oil. Nobody could say that he had seen Rory out shooting seals; but, however he might have come by them, the fact remained that he had secured a far greater number than all the other men in the district together. But Rory kept his own counsel pretty well; although, from the knowing twinkle in Jennie's eye when she would frequently importune her father for information as to when that schooner was to be launched, it was evident that she was pretty well posted.

As for her father, he had treated his prospective son-in-law with constantly increasing respect from the day on which the latter had applied to him, accidentally, of course, for small bills for a fifty-pound note, to make change in a sale of merchandise. After awhile the seals became materially scarcer on that part of the coast, much to the satisfaction of the salmon fishers, who would rather any time see a school of sharks than a pack of seals among their nets.

"The Old Scratch is surely in the beasts," said a fisherman to his companions, as they were returning homeward, exceedingly incensed at the injury which they had just discovered to have been inflicted upon their nets by the seals. "I tell you what it is, you might have driven a bullock through the hole that was in my seine, and it's not my belief that it was done by any ordinary seal, for I have seen something going about lately that is not altogether cunny."

"You may well say that," chimed in another, in a very mysterious undertone, "for no longer ago than last Saturday,

I saw, down on the skerries below there, a thing that was not like anything ever seen about here before, though it was something like a seal. What do you think it was doing? May I never taste victuals more, if it was 'at smoking a pipe!"

"I don't doubt it a bit, after what I've seen," said another. "I tell you what, boys, I'd a precious sight sooner run than face the beast that has been leaving its marks on the sand for two or three weeks; for I looked at them as I went by, and saw the prints of toe-nails, as plainly as I see any of you. But what, for heaven's sake, is that?"

"Pooh, you frightened fool!" exclaimed another, who had not been the least startled of the crew at first, "it's only a few seals on a mud-bank. But I'll make them get out in short order"; and, raising his voice, he tried the power of his lungs to the utmost.

Down rushed the seals precipitately to the water, as is their wont—all save one of giant size, which had been sidling around among the others. This one, to the consternation and terror of the fishermen, reared himself bolt upright upon his tail, shook his clenched flipper at the boat, and yelled in a terrific voice:

"May Satan fly away with you, you blundering, bothering chuekle-heads! If I catch you disturbing my game again, hang me if I don't send such a dose of small shot after you as will teach you to mind your own business in the future!"

But the fishermen were by this time a long way down the firth, making the boat spin through the water in the sheer ecstasy of panic.

After this encounter, notwithstanding the solemn asseverations of the fishermen, who declared themselves ready to testify, before a kirk sessions, that a seal had spoken to them, various opinions were expressed regarding the power of capture possessed by Rory, one party maintaining that he had made a compact with a demon in the form of a seal, while others merely winked, and looked knowing. All the particulars came out, however, on the night of the wedding, when Rory led off the dance in the character of a seal in full costume, with Jennie's arm tucked under his starboard foreflipper.

F. W. SAUNDERS.

of romance. As usual, the Francats will go in for some good vaudeville, and among the turns which Manager Phillips announced at present are Weeks, a famous colored hamoist, who is to make his first appearance here, and the Gaspard Brothers, who do a new act in axe juggling.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. Wilson Barrett's powerful and impressive drama of Rome in the days of Nero, will be the attraction at the Academy of Music for the week beginning Monday next, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The play made a decidedly favorable impression when it was seen at this theatre two seasons ago, and was witnessed by hundreds of people who do not



GERTRUDE BOSWELL.
As Stephanus in *The Sign of the Cross.*

as a rule attend theatrical performances. Charles Dalton and practically the same company of players seen here two seasons ago will present the piece.

THE story of how Alice Nielsen first won her opportunity to emerge from the ranks of comparative mediocrity makes an interesting little tale, which we can now tell for the first time. Frank I. Perley, the manager of the Bostonians, was about ten days in advance of his organization in the city of San Francisco. While walking along the street one night, he ran into Victor Herbert, who was out to the Golden Gate on a flying business trip. They were close friends, and decided to take in some performance to while away the evening. This decision made, they went to dinner together and, over cigars and coffee conversation turned on the fact that there was no prima donna before the American public who possessed in addition to the requisite vocal ability the potent charm of youth, grace and beauty. It was agreed, of course, that there was a tremendous field for such an attraction, and their cigars having burned out they arose from the table with no further thought of the subject. The friends were soon seated at a cozy box at the Tivoli the orchestra commenced and the curtain rose on the first act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. At the end of the first act the stage manager came from behind the curtain and announced that the prima donna of the company was ill and could not sing. The role of Lucia would have to be sung by an understudy for whom he craved leniency. It was a night of extraordinary triumph for that poor little understudy, who happened to be none other than Miss Alice Nielsen. She sang the "mad scene," according to one who was present, in a manner which was fairly electrifying. At the conclusion of this great bravura scene, the manager and the composer turned to one another almost simultaneously with the same unprejudiced remark. "There's the very girl who could realize the position we were speaking of." Perley threatened to engage her on the spot and prophesied to Herbert that he would one day star her. Herbert replied, "Well, Frank, if you do, I will write her an opera." It has all come true.



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OF AND FOR WOMEN.

THE old lady who offered Mr. Ballou £25,000 if he would not play golf on Sunday, should not be laughed at. She stands for a type of Christian that is rapidly passing away; she has the spirit that makes martyrs. But her views of morality must be a trifle twisted if she thinks that people can be bribed into virtue.

THE many admirers of John Strange Winter on this side of the Atlantic will be pleased to learn that she draws an income of not far from \$10,000 a year from her works, and lives in a villa which she recently built near Dieppe. The authoress is known in private life as Mrs. Arthur Stannard. Her husband, who is a son of one of England's greatest engineers, acts as her amanuensis and business agent. Mrs. Stannard is about forty years old, and before her marriage, about fifteen years ago, lived with her father in York, where he is one of the minor canons in the Cathedral. As York is also a garrison town, she gathered the material for "Boote's Baby," which made her name, practically in her own home. The Stannards seem to be partial to literature. Arthur's sister is the widow of the famous George Augustus Sala.

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE, the writer of children's stories, was for years one of the cleverest writers on the Chicago press. She was not only a writer of fiction, but of editorials and of special news articles as well. Some of her work in the Chicago Sunday newspapers ten years ago is still traveling around the country in the newspapers, generally uncredited, sometimes partially disguised by local adaptation, but always readable. It is reported that Mrs. Peattie is now at work on a comedy for a prominent Western manager.

THE Society of American Women in London has reached a membership of 200, and is rapidly becoming the recognized centre of interest to the American colony. "Little America" and "Little Sorosis" are two nicknames often heard applied to the society. Its regular meetings at the Hotel Cecil take the form of a social luncheon the first Monday of every month, to which distinguished guests from the literary, artistic and philanthropic world are invited. In this respect it follows the New York Sorosis custom, and the speeches, clever, witty and pointed, as well as the elegant toilets worn, help to preserve the Sorosis atmosphere. All of the best-known American women in London are members of the society.

A CONFERENCE of leaders in domestic science was held at Lake Placid, N.Y., last week, the object being to set the aims and methods of the movement more clearly before the public. Amongst those who led the discussions were Professor Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Miss Anna Barrows and Dr. Mary E. Green, president of the National Household Economic Association, Miss Marion Talbot, of the University of Chicago, and Professor Helen Kimme, of Teachers' College, Columbia University.

"THAT woman is most decidedly clubbable is now beyond question in so far as the Anglo-Saxon woman is concerned," says a woman who knows whereof she speaks. "The rapid and successful development of the woman's club movement during the last thirty years gives proof of that beyond question. While thus far England and America, with England's colonies, lead the van by long odds, Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland are following their example and making a good showing. Two women's clubs have just been successfully established in Paris, while Finland, South

Wales, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Austria, Norway and the Argentine Republic have also a good standing. Even Turkey—usually the last in every game where progress has any part to play—has (thanks to the heaven furnished by the brainy American women who form the faculty of the Girls' American College at Constantinople) joined the onward, upward march of the women who 'want to know things.'"

AT the END of a BOOK

By BLISS CARMAN



WHEN that old Vendor, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past,

Be not abashed at your small worth;
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the Northern spring;

Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain:

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm-treed interval,
And gravelly floors where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through old gray barns
With earliest music ever made

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vendor, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.



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Certificate.

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GENTLEMEN:—

The sample of VIN SAINT LEHON submitted to me for analysis gives the following results:—

Quantitative Analysis.

Alcohol	14 per cent. by volume.
Total Extract 0-100° Centigrade	166.55 grams per litre.
Ash	2.70 " "
Glycerine	11.4 " "
Tannin and Natural Coloring Matters	2.4 " "
Total Acidity expressed as Tartaric Acid	5.77 " "

Examination for Preservatives and Adulterants.

Salicylic Acid	none
Lead Salts	" "
Artificial Coloring Matters	" "

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