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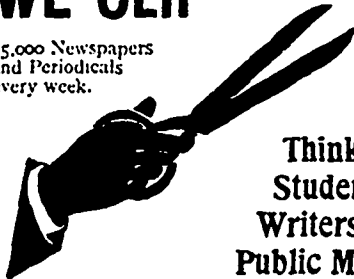
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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE unwillingness of the average man to serve on a jury in any case of importance is most natural and very easily understood, but it indicates a callousness of the conscience about the duties of citizenship, for all that. Busy men—men whose hours, or even minutes, are worth dollars and cents—do not feel like throwing away so much time as the hearing of a great trial demands. There is no doubt that in many cases both lawyers and judges are to blame for not pushing business along as rapidly as the interests of jurymen and witnesses deserve. Frequently, a great deal of useless heating about the bush and mere verbiage takes up the time of all concerned, when the matter at issue could be disposed of with despatch, if the contending advocates would but take a reasonable view of matters, and not imagine that the whole world was hanging breathless on their little struggle. The oratorical lawyer is an impediment too frequently met with in our courts, and those judges who sleepily allow the lawyers to “run the court” are a weariness to the flesh of all who are forced to pay their vows in the temple of the blindfolded goddess.

BUT there is another reason, more potent than this, why men hesitate to be sworn as jurymen when a heavy case is to be tried. And that is the fear of making enemies. For this reason, respectable citizens, who are by no means habitual prevaricators, will stand up and declare that they are prejudiced in favor of a prisoner or against him so strongly as to be unable to give an impartial verdict according to the evidence. At the same time, the chances are that they are not prejudiced one way or the other, that in fact they have paid very little attention to the case, and that while they may have a slight preconception of some kind it is by no means strong enough to prevent them from coming to an honest and candid conclusion, when all the evidence shall have been unfolded before them. It is surely a humiliating position for an intelligent man to place himself in—to declare that, without having heard a word of the evidence, his mind is so warped and his eyes are so blinded, he is certain to be unable to render a just verdict. Supposing a judge were to follow such a course and refuse to try a case simply because his mind, at the beginning, was not an absolute blank with regard to its actual or possible merits. Very few judges approach a heavy case without having heard a good deal about the circumstances leading up to it, but a judge, according to his unmistakable duty, divests himself of his previous knowledge. Unquestionably, it is possible for an educated man to do this, even though he may not have had the training of a judge. There is such a thing as the judicial attitude, and all that is required of a jurymen, as of a judge, is to approach the matter under consideration in this attitude. It would be absurd to demand that a man shall have no knowledge of the case; and, having knowledge, however slight, the average man has some sort of opinion. This opinion, however, may and should be only tentative until all the evidence is in.

THE same disinclination to perform a duty to the community that causes men to evade the jury box is responsible for much of the misgovernment that disgraces the so-called civilized nations, both in state and municipal affairs. People, as a rule, will not get out of their drawing-rooms as they should, and take hold of public problems, unless there is either money or glory to be gained in doing so. It is easy to understand the

spirit of apathy—the feeling of aversion—that fills men in relation to the burdens of the community, for we have all felt it. We have all experienced the force of mere inertia. It is unfortunate, but there is no use in finding fault with human nature. We cannot expect much improvement in the condition of the world, indeed, until a more altruistic type of human character shall have been evolved.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I had a few words to say about the abuse of the franking privilege by both Conservatives and Liberals. It appears that the robbing of the Dominion treasury, for purely partisan ends, is being carried even further than anyone supposed possible. If it is true that Mr. Taylor has been franking large numbers of *The Montreal Star*, he is getting back at the Government in a very smart way, and at the same time incidentally proving to the people that politicians generally are unscrupulous persons. Mr. Taylor's trick is clever, and the proposition is one that should cause the proprietor of *The Star* to shake hands with himself several times a day, for it is not every publisher who has such a means placed at his disposal of increasing his circulation at the public expense. But, after all, the motive behind all such tricks is petty and low. Each party is actuated by a desire to play sharp with the other, regardless of public interests. In private life, the man who gets a reputation for sharp practices must pay the penalty in the disfavor of his fellow-men; but, in politics, he who can take advantage of others, and still remain within the letter of the law, is regarded as an astute public man, and gets a good deal of credit for the deviousness of his course from both friends and foes. As for the abuse under discussion, it is idle for either party to besmirch the other. They are both tarred from the same stick. The argument that the mailing of campaign literature, postage free, is legal and right while Parliament is in session, but illegal and wrong during prorogation, is a poor, flimsy quibble at best. It may have some foundation in the wording of the statute, but everyone knows that the franking privilege was intended merely to cover the transmission of State papers and to facilitate communication between Members of Parliament and their constituents concerning public business. If the politicians cannot use the privilege without abusing it, it should be taken out of their hands altogether.

EVERY race in the world prides itself on its fighting qualities. There is no nation that has not, in its own eyes, descended from heroic stock. The splendid bravery of the Irish soldiers in South Africa and its touching recognition by “the head of all our race,” as well as by the component parts of the Empire, recall the thousand historic occasions upon which the sons of the little green isle have proved their title in the heritage of courage, to which all peoples lay claim. Henceforth, St. Patrick's day is likely to be pretty generally recognized by all nationalities throughout the Empire. And why not? No one begrudges the brave and generous Irish race its well-earned glory. But if the Queen permits her Irish soldiers to wear the shamrock on the anniversary of their patron saint, in commemoration of their deeds in South Africa, why should she not also order the wearing of the heather on St. Andrew's day, the maple leaf on the first of July, and so on? The Highland Brigade has displayed as great gallantry and has suffered as severely as any part of the army in this war. The Canadians have certainly proved their courage and rendered eminent service—losing heavily in proportion to their

LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

numbers. The Australians, also, particularly those of New South Wales, have come to the front in grand style, and many of the English regiments have faced almost impregnable positions without turning a hair. In fact, all the troops have acted most admirably—in the words of General Buller, "they are splendid." I am aware that an honor, if made general, ceases to be an honor. But it seems to me that, henceforward, the wearing of local emblems, which has been contrary to the Queen's regulations, should be recognized and encouraged on particular days, throughout all the fighting forces of the British Empire, as a measure tending not towards disunion, but towards a proper spirit of emulation and local pride.

IN an article on the "Development of the Dominion," by Mr. Waldon Fawcett, in the last number of Harper's Weekly, there is a covert and unmerited sneer at Canada. After pointing out that a New Yorker is at the head of the syndicate erecting the largest of the Cape Breton steel plants; that almost all the machinery installed there will come from the United States; that during the past year Americans have largely increased their holdings in Canadian lumber lands, and that, finally, a Buffalo syndicate has secured a foothold in the Canadian grain trade, the writer goes on to speak of the development of Canada's natural resources as if it were dependent upon American money and American brains. It is a short step to the inference that Canadians are pitifully lacking in both of these desirable things, possessed in such bountiful measure by their neighbors. This may be the case, but the history of the past couple of decades would not so indicate. I am not going to discuss the question of the relative wealth and enterprise of the two peoples, but, as a Canadian, I protest against the innuendo that my fellow countrymen are lacking in that inventiveness, initiative, staying power and balance summed up in the one word, "brains." Canada has produced her share, and more than her share, of brainy men. They are to be found in all parts of the world—for the trouble is that Canadians, as a rule, are not sleepy stay-at-homes. Indeed, it would have been a good deal better for Canada (and, perchance, somewhat worse for a few other countries) had the sons of the Dominion been less willing and able to take care of themselves amongst strangers.

CANADA has given to the United States such men as President Schurman, of Cornell—who, by the way, cracked the Philippine nut for Uncle Samuel—Senator McMillan, of Michigan; "Jim" Hill, of the Northern Pacific Railway, and many others high up on the rungs in literature, education, finance and industrial organization. The inventor of the Lee-Metford and Lee-Enfield rifles is a Canadian. Col. Girouard, the young fellow who, by his genius as a railway constructor and administrator, made Kitchener's brilliant campaign in the Soudan possible, and is now making Roberts' campaign against the Transvaal possible, by the same means, is a Canadian. The late Grant Allen—distinguished alike in literature and science—was a Canadian. One could go on multiplying names for an hour. In proportion to its population or its age, Canada has turned out, perhaps, as many brilliant men as any country in the world. Of course, it is a well-known fact that the people of the United States consider they have just about all the intelligence the Creator allotted to mortals. If mentality were measured by mouth, we might be prepared to admit the claim. But as it is not—backward though we Canadians are in self-confidence and self-praise—we must dispute the assertion that our country is compelled to look southward for its supply of grey matter. We have many brilliant and successful Americans in Canada. We are glad to have them, and shall be pleased to have more of the same stamp. They know too much, however, to suppose that they have a cinch on all the brains in the Dominion, and if those they have left at home are deluded by such an idea, it is on a par with the notion that Dewey is the greatest admiral the world has produced.

FELIX VANE.

IN THE EVENT OF SECESSION.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT CANADIANS DISCUSSING
LAST WEEK'S ARTICLE.

OUR article of last week, discussing what would be likely to happen in the event of an attempt to break up Confederation, written by a well-known French-Canadian Member of Parliament, was the subject of widespread discussion and of considerable newspaper comment. The editor of LIFE has received, amongst others, the following communications from two eminent Canadians:

FROM NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., M.P.—The article "In the Event of Secession" seems to me to be unexceptionable, save from this point of view. The idea of the secession of any of the Provinces is a wild absurdity, and, in the case of Quebec is not less but more absurd than in that of her sister Provinces. In my opinion the secession of any of the Provinces is outside the pale of the practical.

The practical part of the excellent article before me is the last paragraph. A solid Quebec would be a calamity, and in no part of the Confederation would the calamity be so closely and keenly felt as in Quebec. The writer, I think, is at fault in a comparison between a possibly solid Quebec and the solid South of ante-bellum days. The solidity of the South gave it power, and power which enabled it to preserve its special institution beyond the natural period; the solidifying of Quebec would make it weak; its weakness would make it fretful; and in regard to purely Provincial questions would lead to new movements and new agitations. A solid Quebec would mean at an early day Quebec reduced, to insignificance in the Confederation.

As long as the people of Quebec think on political questions on their merits Quebec must remain a power; the moment her people cease so to think and guide their actions by chauvinism of race she will be on the road to impotence and her political action will lose rational significance. One of the results of such a position would be revolutionary movements within the domain of Provincial action, and we should see men rising up ventilating projects of socialism. Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church would furnish an example firing to the imagination of an ambitious politician, or he might go for his model to the French Revolution. Whatever brings our French-Canadian fellow-citizens more closely in touch with the slower blooded English-speaking races helps them in working and living under British constitutional government.

The greatest enemy of French-Canadians is the man, whether Conservative or Liberal, who tries to build, on the base foundation of prejudice and passion, a solid Quebec.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Ottawa, March 15, 1900.

FROM SIR JOHN BOURINOT, CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—I see no reason whatever in the existing political, social, or economic conditions of the Dominion, or of any section in particular, for discussing, or even suggesting, the possibility of a secession of a Province, or the breaking up of the Confederation. On the contrary, these conditions point not to the establishment of an impossible Nation Canadienne, like that rashly imagined by the brilliant and unsafe Papineau, but rather to the strengthening of the bonds that unite the different members of the federal union. The union of French and English-Canadians on the battlefields of South Africa must have a more potent influence for the national advantage than the ebullitions of indiscreet speakers or irresponsible journalists. I see before me, in the years to come, a United Canada and a United Empire.

JNO. GEO. BOURINOT.

Ottawa, March 14, 1900.

Points for Investors

IN the Canadian financial situation there has been no movement of moment during the past week. The stock market has been on the dull side. The success of the English War Loan and the acceptance of the Canadian subscriptions therefor, will have the effect of taking more money out of Canada, and will not ease the stringency which has been repressing stock speculations and new ventures.

RUMORS OF RATE TROUBLES

Rumors of rate wars and labor troubles have caused railway stocks to be a little weak, but they are only rumors, while, on the other hand, a material advance in freight and passenger rates under new arrangements should strengthen the two Canadian railway stocks.

THE THIRD AVENUE WARNING.

In New York the event of the week was the absorption of the Third Avenue Railway by the Metropolitan Railway. The stock jumped up very quickly, but the shareholders of this unfortunate company are still badly out of pocket. The transaction will not get rid of \$20,000,000 of unsecured Third Avenue debt, which when funded, will add at least \$8,000,000 to the annual charges of the company. There is also a necessity for a further outlay on the property, and the following facts will be of interest to the many who are holding Canadian street railway stock at high prices:

Making the utmost allowance, there will remain a sum of at least \$5,000,000, which must be raised either by assessing the stock or by further increasing the funded debt. Should the latter plan be followed, the total fixed charges will amount to fully \$1,250,000, which nearly equals the \$1,387,000 net income of the company in the year ending last October. This does not take into account, moreover, the liabilities of the branch lines, which in the receiver's report were figured at \$25,000,000 more than the assets. The conclusion, which, under such circumstances, might naturally be reached, is that the future advantages of saving in operating expense and increase of business, which are to be expected from consolidation with Metropolitan, are overshadowed by the more certain fact that the Third Avenue can barely at present earn its fixed charges. At least, the investor would think twice before putting his money in such a stock around par.

These words of warning may be taken to heart by those who have bought Canadian street railways at inflated prices.

MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY STOCK.

The new issue of \$1,000,000 worth of Montreal Street Railway Stock is a great plum for the present shareholders. The company will, doubtless, be able to pay the additional \$100,000 required for dividends without impairing its present surplus, and the new rolling stock will doubtless bring in largely increased revenues, though net earnings cannot be increased in the same proportion as heretofore.

MONTREALERS IN TORONTO STOCKS.

I have had another letter from a Toronto citizen, heartily concurring in my remarks about Toronto rails. He very forcibly points out that it is in Montreal that all the big booming in Toronto Railway, War Eagle, and Centre Star Stocks was done, and that it was the unwise Montreal buying that inflated these three stocks to undue values. He adds that in future Montreal speculators and investors would do well to follow the lead of those who are in closer touch with local conditions when dealing with Toronto stocks.

WAR EAGLE AND CENTRE STAR.

The rumors of amalgamation of the Centre Star and War Eagle properties are now being revived. Both stocks are now held at about the same price, and the present would seem a favorable opportunity for such a transaction. Nothing definite, however, is likely to be done during the absence of Mr. George Gooderham in Europe. It is to be hoped by the shareholders that they will soon hear of both mines resuming operations. Republic has continued to show strength, and the knowing ones say that it is the best mining property on the Canadian market. Virtue would appear to be held unwarrantably high.

ENGLISH CAPITAL FOR CANADA.

The part that Canada has played in the recent events which have stirred and welded the Empire will draw the attention of the English investor to Canada in greater measure than in the past. Both our B. C. and New Ontario mines have been long waiting for English capital which has never come in any quantity. After the close of the war one may expect to see English capital unlock itself in large quantity. There is bound to be a period of great outlay and Canada should share largely in

the general distribution. This is one comfort that the hard hit Canadian public possess in regard to their mining ventures.

CANADIAN MINING MISSES.

And in this direction the Canadian public have so far been badly neglected. Even the gold bottomed properties have been great disappointments. The shareholders in the original War Eagle and Le Roi mines were sold out at a loss to those who had bought except in the early days. Hundreds of thousands were sunk in the prospects that were floated during the Rossland boom. In the last few months the labor troubles have been a source of much loss and disappointment, and the depreciation of War Eagle and Centre Star came as a final coup de grace.

A VALUABLE ISSUE.

The Canadian General Electric Company, of Toronto, in its circular notifying the shareholders of the new issue of \$300,000, implies that the dividend rate on common stock will be 10 per cent for the future. This stock at 177, with the rights to the new issue at 125 is ridiculously low, and is the best thing on the stock exchanges to-day.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES.

THE market continues fairly active and prices have been firm throughout the week. Republic was rushed up to 116 on the report that a large short interest had been discovered, but the persistent selling of large blocks of stock by western shareholders has forced the price back again. Payne is strong on small transactions. Some of the holders of War Eagle have been changing their stock for Centre Star, which caused a decline in the former, and a consequent advance in the latter. Deer Trail is becoming active, and sold freely at 12, but reacted to-day to 11 on offerings of stock from Toronto.

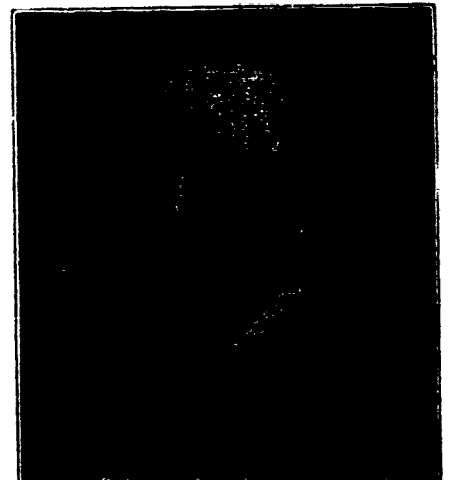
The sensation of the week has been the decline in what are called the Granby stocks. Old Ironsides dropped to 70 and Knob Hill to 50, while Majestic was offered down to 15 without finding any buyers. There is no particular reason for the decline, except that these stocks have been held up at high prices on very limited business, and when any blocks are pressed for sale there is no one to take them. The syndicate controlling these properties is apparently too avaricious, judging from the report published in a morning journal, and even would not accept nearly double what the Centre Star sold for for two of their properties. Had they been willing to let the public have a small share of their properties and have made their stocks popular on the market, a sale of 10,000 shares would not have broken the price nearly 40 per cent., and the public has been so saturated with stories of big sums offered for properties, all over the Dominion, that have never materialized, that it is doubtful if this last one will restore confidence in the stocks.

Some of the financial writers are advising caution in buying the high-priced stocks, and it appears sound. After all, the demand finally resolves itself down to the question of investment, and until the returns are larger, it is only temporary speculation that will carry prices higher. Everything points to a good market this summer, but the greatest advances will be in some of the low-priced stocks.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Montreal, March 21.

MR. BERTRAM, M.P. for Centre Toronto, who died on Tuesday evening, was in many respects one of the most remarkable men in Canadian politics. Though he had sat in Parliament only since November, 1897, he had long been a power in the Liberal party, owing to the fact that he was one of the representative manufacturers who adhered to that side of politics, and also to the fact that he had a great deal of natural force and ability. He is said to have exerted a strong influence on the recent trade policy of his party, having



THE LATE GEO. H. BERTRAM, M.P.

insisted that the new tariff should be such as to take protection out of politics as an issue. A Scotchman by birth, he came to Canada at the age of 18. He amassed large wealth in the manufacture of machinery and in shipbuilding. In religious faith, Mr. Bertram was a Unitarian.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"The Life of D. L. Moody." HUNDREDS of thousands of people throughout the English speaking world have come under the spell of the late D. L. Moody, and a life of this remarkable evangelist is likely to prove popular at the present time, when his death is still fresh in the minds of the people. For, materialistic as the age unquestionably is, it is also, on the other hand, an age of religious organization and of much grappling with spiritual problems. Even an irreligious man may be eager to learn the sources of the wonderful power of so remarkable an exponent of Christianity as Mr. Moody. Such a life of the great preacher has just been issued from the presses of the Poole Publishing



Company, Toronto. The work is by the Rev. J. N. Hallock, D.D., and others. Though concise (144 pages), it is well written and covers the ground. There is not a dull page in the book. Mr. Moody certainly had a marvellous career, and one who commences to read about it is not likely to be satisfied till he has exhausted the sources of information at his command. There is no question that biography is

one of the most entertaining and inspiring forms of literature. The career of one who, without culture, was able to mould thousands upon thousand of men to his way of thinking and doing, could scarcely fail to be of absorbing interest when handled in the sprightly and vivacious style of Dr. Hallock's work.

The early life and training of Mr. Moody, his association with Mr. Sankey, the later stages of his career and his death are all recounted in a pleasing manner. The last 50 pages of the book are devoted to an "appreciation" by the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, followed by a large number of the deceased preacher's gems of thought, and a collection of stories and anecdotes. There are 33 illustrations.

Some of the anecdotes are strongly indicative of the man's character. Here is one: When Mr. Moody was asked to conduct his first mission in London, in 1874, he met a committee of ministers to explain his methods. A minister asked Mr. Moody for his creed. He replied that his creed was already in print. A number of the clergymen seized pencil and paper, asking where it could be found. "In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," said Mr. Moody.

At one of the meetings during Mr. Moody's services in Kansas City, hymn sheets were distributed by the ushers just

previous to his address. He was feeling very tired, and speaking was a great exertion, so, fearing the noise that would result should the audience rustle them, he resolved to get rid of them. He called out, "Will everybody who has a hymn sheet hold it up?" The sheets were held up all over the hall. Mr. Moody shouted, "Now shake them!" Twelve thousand flimsy sheets of paper were shaken vigorously. They made an indescribable sound. There is nothing, to compare it with. One can only say it was a vast rustle. "That will do," called Mr. Moody at the top of his voice. The sound ceased. "All right," said Mr. Moody. "Now sit on those hymn sheets!" The audience sat on them. Having taken this precaution against interruption, Mr. Moody began his sermon.

The evangelist was gifted with an exceedingly alert and resourceful mind, and an aptness for repartee which stood him in good stead on many occasions. When Mr. Moody first met Mr. Gladstone, the great statesman, after a moment's survey of the sturdy form of the preacher, said: "I wish, Mr. Moody, that I had your shoulders." Quick as a flash Mr. Moody responded, "And I wish I had your head."

Anthony Hope's
New Book.

"CAPTAIN DIEPPE." Anthony Hope's new fantastic romance, is a clever book, without question. The narrative, though brief, abounds in deftly contrived incidents. Captain Dieppe is an adventurer. He is a gentleman to boot. He drops as from the clouds into a situation that would be very serious if it did not happen also to be funny. The gallant Captain falls in love just when the proprieties are against his doing any such thing, but all the time the god from the machine is keeping an eye on the tangle, and at the right moment steps in to make everybody happy. Some deceit is practised by personages whom we would like to have more fastidious on the point of honor. But no harm is done, nobody is really the worse for the commission of a few indiscretions, for the suppression of a few embarrassing secrets. In fact, Anthony Hope seems to have let himself go in this short romance. He is joyously extravagant. He sets out to be amusing, and he succeeds. The book is a trifle, but a very clever one.

Kipling's
Latest.

THE scene of Mr. Kipling's new, long novel, by the way, is Burma. It must be confessed that people are not looking forward to the production of his tale with the eagerness that would have been felt a couple of years ago. There is a potent truth in this paragraph from the current Bookman: "We feel very confident in saying that we would not exchange 'The Man Who Would Be King' or 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' for everything that he may in future write. Mr. Kipling may go on as he has been doing, turning out and selling for good round sums meaningless fiction and insincere verse until he is accepted as the impotent mediocrity which his recent work would seem to stamp him. This is his probable course, and the result is inevitable. There is another course. He is still a young man—not yet 35. He has won for himself a comfortable fortune; his books should bring him annually handsome royalties for many years to come. Why should he not lay aside his pen for five or ten years, write not a line and get away entirely from the idea of 'copy'? Then, at the end of this time, did he feel impelled to turn anew to the task of writing books, we might see a Kipling of 40 or 45 in some degree worthy of the Kipling of three or four and twenty."

Professor Roberts
Also.

MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS has written a new novel which he calls "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." It is a story of life in the Northern forests, and some of the characters are wild beasts. One of them is old Kloof, the bear, who is a lovable fellow, partaking in the attractive traits of other book bears lately introduced to the world of readers. The novel is to appear in complete form in the April Lippincott.

P. V. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"BALDOON." A Canadian novel. By the Rev. Le Roy Hooker, author of "Enoch, the Philistine." Toronto, Poole Publishing Co.

"THE MISTAKES OF MOSES AND OTHER SERMONS." By the Rev. Wm. Patterson, pastor of Cooke's Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Poole Publishing Co.

"THE PREPARATION OF RYERSON EMBURY." By Albert W. Carman. Toronto, The Publishers' Syndicate.

A West African Story.

By the author of "Rising of the Brass Men."

BEHIND the coast-line of West Africa, from the Gambia to the Congo, lies a wild country of dense forest and dismal swamp intersected here and there by sluggish rivers and shallow lagoons. Although the Portuguese, Dutch and English have traded along the coast for more than four hundred years, civilization has but lightly touched the savage inhabitants of the interior, and "battle, murder and sudden death," the "Ju Ju" or fetish worship, with its horrible rites of human sacrifice, and in many places cannibalism, are prevalent.

In British dominions a few District Commissioners and other officers in charge of small detachments of Haussas, who are Mohammedan black troops, maintain, or struggle to maintain, some kind of order along the frontier, among many thousands of savages.

Now it happened that one morning in April, Captain Wayne, in command of a dozen Haussas, sat out on the verandah of his house, which was situated near the headwaters of a muddy river on the frontier of the Gold Coast and the Shantee country, and looked across the misty landscape that lay before him. By and by as the sun rose the mist gathered itself together into heavy wreaths and rolled away to seek a hiding-place till nightfall among the swamps leaving open to view mile after mile of dense forest that stretched away to the blue line of distant mountains on the northern horizon, while near at hand three winding rivers and a wide lagoon lay glittering in the early sunshine.

The captain lay wearily back in his chair, haggard and yellow-faced from constant attacks of the malaria fever, the scourge of the land, and oppressed by the intense loneliness, for he had seen no white man for more than a year. Instead of the slight coolness that might have been hoped for in the morning breeze, the air was hot and heavy with the smell of vegetation rotting in the swamps and the river mud.

At this moment Akoo, sergeant of Haussas, came up the stairway leading to the verandah, and saluting the officer, said: "Kush man come in, sah, bring little word, say Kasro people chop two men, make Ju Ju."

"Hang the Kasro people," said the captain aside. "I must stop the Ju Ju sacrifice, and yet if there's any bloodshed, it will mean the sending up of an expedition and unending trouble. Akoo, get ten men ready, rifles and twenty rounds of ammunition."

The sergeant saluted as he went away, and shortly afterwards a bugle-call rang out, and Captain Wayne, weak and trembling from fever, marched into the forest at the head of his men. Tall, splendidly developed negroes from the far north, staunch Mussulmans, lighter in color and in every way superior to the coast tribes, the Haussas will follow their white officers with a courage and devotion equal to that of any of Her Majesty's troops.

Meantime, in the Shantee town of Kasro, a great Ju Ju feast was being held at which the chief administered justice and various rites were performed by the fetish men to propitiate their gods. The mud-built, palm-thatched huts lay in rows beneath the shade of feathery palm trees around a great open square. In the centre of this, beneath the shade of a huge tree consecrated to the Ju Ju or fetish gods, sat chief Kasro, attired in a cast-off steamboat officer's uniform, and a dragoon's brass helmet. Over his head stretch-

ed the spreading arms of the tree from which hung long strings of charms, human skulls, bones, sharks' teeth, leopards' claws and similar odds and ends, the symbol of the fetish authority, for over native warfare, trade and justice, or rather injustice, the Ju Ju man reigns supreme. Round the king stood rows of native warriors, naked with the exception of a narrow strip of cloth around the loins, while the whole of the square was filled by an excited crowd of men and women, equally scantily attired, singing and dancing in groups round a crouching musician tapping the native skin drum, firing their long flintlock guns in the air, or reeling about hopelessly intoxicated with palm wine. Two stalwart slaves held a large umbrella, the symbol of authority, over the chief's head, while on either side stood a Ju Ju man to act as counsellor, as the chief dismissed one after another the trembling prisoners who awaited his sentence. Lying on the ground bound hand and foot with palm fibre were two men evidently of a different tribe, entirely naked, their black skins shining as the perspiration beads rose upon them, for they were purposely placed in the fierce glare of the sun, and smudged the stripes of white clay with which they were daubed.

When the last criminal was led trembling away, the two Ju Ju priests advanced towards a fire of scented wood, round which lay a number of brass vessels; and as the chief raised his hand a bloodthirsty roar broke from the excited crowd, while the guards dragged forward the white-painted victims, and loosening their hands, placed one on either side of the fire. A huge naked negro with a necklace of bones now advanced, a heavy straight sword in his hand, while the priests threw armfuls of an aromatic wood on the fire, so that the whole square was filled with the odor. The executioner stepped forward and swung his sword round his head, while a fresh howl like that of a pack of hungry wolves burst from the crowd, when the chief rose to his feet and ordered him to desist.

Towards the outside of the square the crowd were shouting, pushing and struggling, and a few moments later fell away left and right, while down the clear passage came Captain Wayne at the head of ten Haussas with fixed bayonets. His khaki uniform was torn and plastered with mud, and the captain between weakness and fever could scarcely stand erect. But keeping himself in hand by a desperate effort he walked up to the two shivering wretches and laid his hand on the shoulder of the nearest; then turning to the chief, he said in his own tongue: "I demand these men, in the name of the White Queen."

There was a roar of fury from the crowd, while the chief, waving his hand for silence, said: "I wish you no harm, go in peace, for I desire no war with the White Queen; but it is not good to meddle with the gods of the Shantee. Wherefore go while you are safe, before my people tear you limb from limb."

"Though we are but one white man and ten Haussas, yet for every one of us who die, we will kill ten of your people. Also the arm of the Queen is long, and afterwards the troops will come and burn your town and stamp it flat."

As he spoke the captain fixed his eyes on the chief's face and the latter lowered his head and moved uneasily, then he whispered for a little with his Ju Ju priests. At length he lifted his hand and said: "Your words are good; take the men and go in peace."

At the head of his troopers the captain turned and faced the angry crowd, the prisoners, now unbound, standing between two files of Haussas. In front and on every side surged a furious mob shouting and shaking their barbed spears and flintlock guns.

"Fix bayonets, Haussas—march!" called the captain, as he drew his revolver, and the angry negroes fell away on either side before the line of glistening steel and calm unmoved man. So they passed slowly and deliberately

WEST AFRICAN STORY — CONTINUED — FROM PAGE 9

through the village, while the natives howled and shook their spears and guns, none daring to strike the first blow.

The captain's heart thumped, and his breath came in quick gasps through his parched mouth and throat, for he knew that the slightest accident would provoke a bloody encounter, in which every man of the little party would be wiped out, after which the colony would have to undertake a little expedition in punishment that would cost much money and blood. However, coolness and courage won the day, and they reached the last hut scathless. Here the crowd swept upon them with a rush, but stopped when the bright steel held by the unmoved Haussas lay within an inch of their naked breasts, and one savage, stooping under the line of the bayonets, drove a light spear into the captain's leg. Instantly the latter raised his revolver and moved his arm until the head of the foresight rested on the centre of the black forehead. Another instant and a fierce fight and the subsequent annihilation of the party would have followed, but the self-control of the officer was equal to the occasion. He lowered the revolver, and stooping down, broke off the haft of the slender spear; then he called out: "I will come again with more soldiers for that man; Haussas—advance."

The troopers took a step forward, and as the bayonets pricked their flesh, the crowd opened up on either side and the little band marched out of the village.

With clenched teeth the captain held his place until they were out of sight among the trees, then the reaction from the strain set in, and weak and broken down with fever and the pain of his wound, he pitched forward head foremost into a clump of the fragrant African lilies. How he regained the station he never knew, but the faithful Haussas, who would follow an officer they admire down into Hades if he bade them, after much difficulty at last carried him into his room, where he lay for many hours in a troubled sleep.

Awakening, he found himself burning with fever, in a room which had the temperature of an oven, while through the open window little draughts of air like the breath of a furnace played in and out.

Calling Sergeant Akoo, who had faithfully watched every moment while he slept, to raise him, he passed his hand down his wounded thigh till his fingers touched the iron head of the spear. Now, there are many kinds of West African spears: a few carry a merciful leaf-shaped head, but many have points covered with cruel barbs and hooks, so that once in the flesh it is impossible to pluck them out. The one that lay cankered in the captain's leg was of a curiously devilish kind, fashioned like a double corkscrew, and driven in with a twist, could not be drawn out.

"Akoo," said the captain, "bring in two privates to hold my hands—and my big hunting-knife."

When they came, he neither groaned nor lost consciousness till the ghastly operation was over, then his head dropped forward and he swooned away, while his trusty followers stopped the flow of blood. "By the beard of the prophet," said Sergeant Akoo, in the vernacular, "but that is a man."

Next morning the captain sent a trooper a hundred miles through the forest to ask that a relief might be sent, then he lay day after day in a canvas chair on the verandah, alternately shivering and burning with fever, and unable to move on account of his injured leg, which obstinately refused to heal. One weary week succeeded another, while the captain watched the white mists roll away at dawn, and the sun rise and shine all day with a pitiless heat out of a cloudless sky. The same panorama of solemn forest and glistening river stretched itself before his weary eyes, until his heart was as sick as his fevered body, and he feared his brain would give away. Meanwhile, Sergeant

Akoo, who could neither read nor write, patrolled the country, and ruled as supreme monarch many thousands of natives, but the messenger never returned. Then one day a bushman came in by night with a letter from the nearest government station to say that a wounded Haussa with a handful of east-iron potleg shot into his body had one day dragged himself to the compound, and after holding out a letter, turned over and died; faithful unto death, for this is the nature of the Mohammedan soldier. The message had been forwarded to headquarters, and the reply now reached the captain.

Calling a trooper to move his pillows and raise him, he broke the seal and read that no relief could be sent for some time, as there was no officer available, but that he had full authority to abandon the post for the time being, if his health necessitated such a course.

Now the captain was a simple man, not given to any heroics, but he had lived so long away from white men, that he had no thought left but the well-being of his district, so he said, for these dwellers in lonely wilds soon learn to think aloud: "It is a temptation. If I stay here I shall go out before the rains, and if I go there will be war, gorgeous war, between two or three of the chiefs, and the Government will send up an expedition and the district will be broken up for ever. No—I must stay and keep them in order—and face the fever and mortification. The event is with Allah, as Akoo says."

He despatched another messenger, begging that an officer from a peaceable district should be sent, as the post could not be left. Then the weary waiting commenced again, and the dreary stilling days had to be faced somehow, with heat and fever, constant suffering from the wound and the dreadful loneliness. Still the captain held on, giving the sergeant fresh orders every morning, and listening to his reports of the day's work in the evening, while he daily grew thinner and more haggard: a miserable handful of bones and feeble flickering life, doing his small share in upholding the supremacy of our great Empire.

But no reply arrived from headquarters, and at length Sergeant Akoo paused one morning before he called out his men and said: "No book (letter) come, sah, bush man chop Haussa and 'teal him letter, but captain send more book and all Haussa fit to go."

"No," said the captain, "I can't have my men cut off one by one, neither can I purchase relief with the death of my troopers. Did not King David say something of the kind about the water from the well of Bethlehem, which is beside the gate—the price of brave men's blood?"

Then he worried and tried experiments to see if his brain was losing its power, while the black sergeant and his troopers represented Her Majesty's Government and maintained the Queen's peace on the frontier.

By-and-bye the rains came, and the captain's couch had to be moved inside, for the whole air was filled with the falling water, the rivers overflowed and every swamp was turned into a lake, while the house was filled with a steam that reeked of fever and dysentery. So the commissioner lay through the weary weeks listening to the constant roar of water on the roof and the murmur of the flooded river, growing weaker and weaker, yet fighting a grim fight against despair and insanity.

At last the long-expected relief arrived, and the incoming officer found a ghastly, fever-worn skeleton that gazed at him with glittering eyes and whispered in a hoarse voice, "Thank God—I've kept the station," then collapsed and lay speechless and silent, a wreck of what had once been a man.

Next morning, under command of Sergeant Akoo, eight bearers left the station carrying Captain Wayne in a hammock, and for fourteen days they stumbled along, through great forests of cottonwood and mahogany trees, wading among dismal swamps, paddling across broad lagoons and

down solitary river reaches. Now they journeyed all day by canoe through strange tunnel-like waterways, among the mangrove trees, then by dry land through patches of plumed swamp grass that met above their heads, or through forest glades where the ground lay carpeted by the fragrant African lily.

But the gaunt figure in the hammock saw none of these things, and the glistening eyes only opened when Sergeant Akoo raised the sufferer's head and poured a few spoonfuls of food or drops of brandy down his throat.

Sixteen days after the captain left the station three men sat in the long bare room of a trader's house, built on high piles, looking out over the Sea of Axim.

The windows were wide open, and through them you could see, beneath the arches of the palm trees, the boundless stretch of the Atlantic, and a long yellow beach where the great blue rollers broke in sheets of snowy foam, while the roar of the surf and the smell of flowers, burning wood, rotting leaves and mud, which in the breath of the Dark Continent, came in with every passing puff of hot air.

Lying on a canvas couch under the window was the wasted figure of Captain Wayne, who opened his eyes as the doctor leaned over him and smiled as he murmured: "You are very kind—yes, I'm better already—and I'm going home to-morrow—don't forget to signal for the steamer to call."

"Then lie down and keep quiet," said the doctor. "We'll signal for the steamer." Here he leaned over and called out to the krooboy: "Hoist the 'teamer flag, Frypan, and fire gun when 'teamer 'live," then withdrew to a corner, and the three men talked in whispers.

"Has he any chance, doctor?" said the trader.

"He cannot live till they reach Sa Leone, and may die before the steamer arrives here. Think of what the man has gone through: enough to kill ten like me."

Here they laughed softly, for the doctor had for years waged a grim fight with fever and dysentery, cholera and guinea-worms, to say nothing of pot-shots from Shantees on the frontier.

"Poor fellow," said the trader, "he did his best. Tom, it's Sunday afternoon: see if you can get a tune out of the piano if it's not rusted to bits and the krooboy's hasn't stolen the wire."

The third person rose, and sitting down to the broken-down instrument struck a few low chords, then after various snatches of topical songs which had reached the coast, began slowly an old-fashioned tune to the Magnificat. The doctor and his companion at first laughed: church music was new on the coast, but as the player, gaining confidence in the instrument, drew out the solemn music, the smile died away and they took off their hats. Chord after chord the sweet old tune rang out, while the thoughts of the listeners passed over leagues of ocean, and they saw again the sweet English meadows or purple Scottish moor, with its glory of gorse and heather.

The deep thunder of the surf seemed not a disturbing element but a fitting accompaniment, and as the crimson light of the setting sun shone upon his face, the sick man beckoned the faithful sergeant to raise him on his couch. So he lay gazing westward, with the light bringing a ruddy glow to the ghastly cheeks, listening, while a tear trickled slowly out of the sunken eyes.

Was he thinking of the distant country he had served so faithfully and loved so well? No one ever knew, for as the last chord of the "Amen" died away, the tired head dropped forward and turned to the wall and so passed away to where beyond these voices there is peace.

Then a deep silence fell upon the room, and Sergeant Akoo bent down and drew the sheet over the pallid face, saying as he did so, "Allah Akbar—God is great—but, by the beard of the prophet, these English be men." Two days later, when the R.M.S. Benguela passed, there was no signal flying for her to stop, and only a low mound and a rough wooden cross showed that another of the brave spirits who daily lay down their lives in lonely forest and fever-haunted swamp had gone to its own place.

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, March 25.—A joyous day—especially for young people of either sex.

Success in business and money matters and good fortune to the young in their love affairs are promised during this year. Illness, however, should be guarded against.

Fortunate and respected will be the children born to-day, but the girls need not expect much happiness in marriage.

Monday, March 26.—A good day for business and for asking favors of persons in authority.

An excellent year this will be in many respects, and there is little doubt that many employes will receive an increase of salary.

To-day's children will be unusually bright and clever, and much prosperity in life is foreshadowed for them.

Tuesday, March 27.—This is a doubtful day, and those will enjoy it most who keep as quiet as possible.

Business and domestic troubles are threatened during this year, as well as ill luck in love affairs.

A love of pleasure and an aversion for steady work will be a marked characteristic of to-day's children.

Wednesday, March 28.—A favorable day for business generally.

Financial loss through speculation or through hazardous business ventures is threatened during this year, and sorrow will also come to many young people.

Extravagant and generous will be the children born to-day, and as a result they will rarely be able to accumulate money.

Thursday, March 29.—A seasonable day for courtship, marriages and for those who desire to obtain favors from others.

Except for young people, who are likely to fall in love, this will be an unfortunate year, the principal dangers foreshadowed being lawsuits and quarrels.

Children born to-day will be stubborn, reckless, impetuous, fond of traveling and seldom fortunate.

Friday, March 30.—An unlucky day.

Ill health and unseemly quarrels are threatened during this year. As regards business, however, the outlook is favorable.

Very clever and successful will to-day's children be, but their tastes will be extravagant and they will never be able to save money. Girls will be fortunate in marriage.

Saturday, March 31.—A good day for journeys and for asking favors of superiors.

Business men who refrain from speculating and from making ill-advised loans will find this an active year. To young people good fortune in love affairs is promised.

Children born to-day will be generous, kind-hearted, fond of roving about and generally fortunate. Girls will obtain excellent husbands.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,
Room 35, 1368 Broadway,
New York. "Gabriel."

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

Sir William McCormac, the chief consulting surgeon to the British forces in South Africa, receives a salary of £5,000 a year. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, who volunteered to go as registrar to the Langman field hospital, receives no pay.

Mainly About People.

LADY VICTORIA GREY, who has returned to England after a visit of three months at Government House, Ottawa, is a niece of Her Excellency Lady Minto. She is the eldest daughter of Earl Grey. Her mother was a daughter of Robert Stayner Hollford, M.P. Her grandfather, the late Lieut.-General the Honorable Sir Charles Grey, who was the father of Lady Minto, was private secretary to the Prince Consort, and afterwards to the Queen. The Queen, who never forgets a faithful friend or servant, has always taken a great interest in the descendants of General Grey, and, with the Prince of Wales, has stood sponsor to several of them. Lady Victoria Grey is one of Her Majesty's god-children. She is tall and graceful, with an expression of great sweetness, and has a manner of dignified repose. Add to these an English complexion of pink and white, and Lady Victoria Grey is an extremely fair picture of young girlhood. Her kindness and amiability have won her many friends since she has been in Canada—as well as her interest in and enjoyment of everything Canadian.

HOW much this latter is felt is told in an extract from a letter sent to a lady in Ottawa a few days before leaving: "I have enjoyed my stay in Canada and much regret that I am leaving to-morrow. The winter sports were all quite new, and I most thoroughly enjoyed both the skating and skiing. The hospitality of Canada is proverbial, and I can only say that it has more than come up to my expectations. I hope to spend Easter in Northumberland, before going to London for the season. Howick is situated on the seacoast, and is six miles from the nearest town, so that, unless the house is filled with guests, we lead a very quiet life. Much of my time is spent in riding, as it is my favorite amusement. I think that of all the Canadian sports I like skiing the best, though I have worked very hard at my skating, and I hope my English friends will see a marked improvement in that direction. I fear that I shall find an English winter somewhat dull and uneventful, after my delightful experience in Canada. I have only been here three months, and wish so much that circumstances would allow of my remaining through the spring and summer, but fate has ordained otherwise."

EVERY one knows that, as a class, the actors are a most kind-hearted folk. One of the latest incidents of this kind occurred during Miss Terry's recent engagement in Washington. Like all other visitors who go to the American capital, Miss Terry was taken to see the Congressional Library. While going through it she was shown into the Pavilion of the Blind. She was greatly interested at once, she went through the beautiful room, examining carefully the books which are printed in the raised characters, the typewriters which are made to write in the same manner, and the cards and games, and all the time questioning Miss Gillin as to what had been done and was doing for the blind. Miss Gillin, who has been the efficient superintendent of the department ever since it was established, explained in detail the plan of the department, and told her of the readings that are given there five afternoons each week, and at which some of the most distinguished people in Washington, resident and visiting, come to read to the blind; of the musicales which are given in the pavilion every Wednesday, and of the generosity of the street-car lines in providing free tickets.

"And I am in hopes," added Miss Gillin in conclusion, "that in time we may secure free sittings for them in the theatres, as is done for them now on the continent, where they can hear and enjoy the standard plays."



LADY VICTORIA GREY AS "LIBERTY."

"But would they enjoy it?" asked Miss Terry, "when they could not see the acting?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Miss Gillin. "Perhaps you do not know it, but the loss of sight of the eyes is largely made up to those who are thus afflicted in the marvelous sight of the mind. Their imaginative powers are wonderful, and their keen minds picture all that they hear so vividly that I sometimes think they realize more fully what is going on about them than they would if they saw it with natural eyes."

"Well, then," said Miss Terry, "let us, you and I, inaugurate in this country the custom of sending the blind to the theatres. I will send you the tickets for as many as you think would care to go to hear me in *The Amber Heart*, Saturday afternoon, and then you can bring them."

ON the next Friday the tickets were sent, according to the promise, and a happier party was never seen than were the 20 blind persons Miss Gillin took with her to the theatre the following day. Excellent seats had been reserved for them, and all during the play they listened with rapt attention. So acute were their ears that several times during the afternoon when Miss Terry turned her face toward them in speaking they would whisper excitedly to one another, "See! She is looking at us; she is saying that just to us!" When the play was over, at her invitation they gathered in one of the boxes and she came down to meet them. She sat down amongst them while each one lightly passed their skilful fingers over her face and called her their "Beautiful, beautiful Ellaline," and

poured out their gratitude to her for what they declared was the happiest afternoon of their lives.

She was very much touched by the incident, and as she left them she assured them that they had been an inspiration to her and that she should never forget them. That she did not forget them was evident. She went from Washington to Baltimore, and two of the blind girls wrote her a letter, further expressing the gratitude which they felt to her. In a few days the following answer came to them in her own handwriting:

My Dears,—I am so much gratified to hear that you liked The Amber Heart. Next time you must hear Sir Henry

Miss Giffin did come to me here—and we had a lovely time together. Remember me to her affectionately—and also to Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Washington Coleman. With love to you, all

Yours, always the same

ELLEN FERRY.

Below it she had written in point her name, which she underscored twice and added an exclamatory "There!"

THIS department of LIFE contained a reference a couple of weeks ago to Frederick M. Burnham, the famous American scout who left his mining claims in the Klondike to join Lord Roberts' staff. One who has met the man, writes: "The first thing you notice on meeting Burnham is that his eyes are always on the move. After one seemingly cursory glance at you he knows everything you have on, your weight, the color of your hair, and whether you have any teeth missing or not. Nor does he ever forget a face. While talking to you his eyes, although he is a most attentive listener and brilliant conversationalist, are continually darting from object to object. So thoroughly has he learnt the art of scouting that he can find his way through an unknown wild country without making mistakes after having only once ridden through it during a dark night. He can pass quickly along a street of seven or eight shops of different kinds and tell you at the end the objects in all the windows, or sketch their positions for you. Yet he is a rather quiet-looking man, aged only 37, and there is nothing about his appearance suggestive of Buffalo Bill."

THE Hon. George E. Foster, whom everyone admits to be one of the cleverest debaters in Canada, was at one time a very poor speaker, one of the veriest tyros in the art of oral expression. It was as a student at the University of New Brunswick that young Foster—an awkward, ungainly youth—began his career as a speaker in weekly temperance meetings at surrounding towns. At that time he could not express the simplest thought gracefully. But he kept at it, and perseverance won the day. No one now would think of disputing his force and facility as a debater. On revisiting the University of New Brunswick a few years ago he described the failure of his first attempts and went on to say that any ability he possessed as a public speaker was traceable to the practice he received in addressing temperance meetings as a young man.

MRS. FOSTER, wife of the ex-Minister of Finance, has not suffered the shades of opposition to affect her social life. During the session she gives many luncheons and dinner parties, shining particularly as a hostess. She is intensely interested, naturally, in her brilliant husband's political career, and is herself a very clever woman. One thinks of the adjectives "brisk," "energetic," and "business-like" when one sees her, especially at any meeting over which she presides. She gives one the impression, too, of a woman with decided opinions, and with some impatience of conflicting ones. She is the president of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society, and one excellently fitted for the post. In the Morning Music Club she is also much interested, as well as in the Victorian Order of

Nurses, and, indeed, all charitable societies. She has always been an ardent temperance worker, and at one time had a column of W.C.T.U. matter in a Toronto paper, as well as editing *The Woman's World* in Ottawa. She has strong leanings towards Christian Science.

LORD ROBERTS was seen shortly before the Diamond Jubilee celebrations riding on a very tall horse in London. The Field-Marshal was in mufti. At a busy crossing he found himself the foremost item of a huge mass of traffic, held up by a stalwart policeman's extended arm to allow the cross traffic a chance. "Bobs" drew rein, and looked puzzled a moment. Then, realizing that an enforced halt in a crowded thoroughfare would be embarrassing to himself as well as to his steed, he leaned down and whispered two words to the constable. The effect was magical. The policeman stood aside and saluted. "Bobs" acknowledged the salute, and got across the road in front of the cross traffic. The constable's potent arm went up again, and the life of the great city rolled on.

FRANK T. BULLEN, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and other sea tales, is very proud of the struggles he went through to round out his life as an author. To an American politician, who was one of a number of clubmen to meet him, Mr. Bullen expressed himself as being partial to all self-made men. "I was an office boy once," said the American with some pride, "and to this day I have a sneaking fondness for every office boy I meet or hire." "I was a street gamin for a while in London," spoke up Mr. Bullen, "and I always study that type of humanity when I have the chance. It happened after I had been sent home from Havana, the vessel I had shipped on having been wrecked. I tried to get a job and failed, and so I had to work my way from Liverpool to London on almost nothing. When I got to London I scraped along on a few pennies which boys get for opening carriage doors and doing other services to pedestrians and the rich who drive to the theatres and the shops. I got down finally to my last penny, and one day I took a handful of periwinkles from an old fishman in the fish market. I had been running errands and doing things for him for some time and he hadn't appreciated them, and I didn't think it was wrong to take some of his fish. I ran as fast as I could with my booty, and after I was safely hidden behind a big hogshead I unclasped my hand and opened my mouth preparatory to making a good meal. To my disgust the things were alive. The next day I was hungrier, but more determined to live without eating periwinkles."

HON. MR. TARTE, while in Ottawa, lives in very simple style, in an unpretentious house on Metcalfe street, the rent of which cannot be very high. An elderly aunt stays with him occasionally, and he has a good housekeeper. Nevertheless, he loves to do his own marketing. That is not to say that he goes to market after the manner of the thriftiest of housewives, but he does all the shopping for his little menage in groceries, on Sparks street. He is very fond of entertaining his political friends at dinner in the Senate, and the caterer there thinks there is no one just like the Honorable Israel. "He comes to me, looks over the menu I submit, decides at once on what he wants, waves his hands expressively, and 'Voilà!'" His guests are always well served. His daughters occasionally visit Ottawa. Last year they were there quite frequently, but Mme. Tarte seldom goes, and her husband lives en garçon, as indicated, but in no wise neglected.

Hix.—An acquaintance of mine patented an appliance to enable a girl to play two pianos at one time.

Dix.—Did he make anything out of it?

Hix.—Well, he made a move out of the town. His neighbors threatened to mob him.

People We Hear About.

NEW DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

THE Bank of Montreal, as all Canadians are proud to know, is one of the most powerful financial organizations in the world. To be a director of the Bank of Montreal is one of the highest certificates of standing in the business community. Changes in the directorate do not occur so frequently as to be passed over in the manner of ordinary occurrences. The election of two new directors within the past three months not only draws public attention to the gentlemen thus honored but is a reminder that the grim reaper has been busy amongst those of high station, and has cut off with others such well-known men as Messrs. Hugh McLennan and W. W. Ogilvie



MR. JAMES ROSS.

The successors of these sturdy promoters of industry on the board of directors of the great bank which has been so intimately associated with the progress of Montreal and, indeed, of Canada, are Messrs. James Ross and Robt. G. Reid respectively.

Mr. Ross has been prominent for many years in the history of the railway development of this country. Of late years he has devoted particular attention to the development of the

electric railway systems of the chief cities of Canada. He was associated with Mr. William Mackenzie in the purchase of the franchise of the Toronto Street Railway from the corporation of that city in 1892, and superintended the work of changing the system from horse power to electric power. In the same year, he performed a similar service for Montreal, and later for Winnipeg and St. John. Reaching out to foreign countries, he and Mr. Mackenzie have been concerned in similar enterprises in Birmingham (England), Jamaica, and Cuba.

The Credit Valley Railway, the Ontario and Quebec, the C. P. R. west of Winnipeg, a large portion of the same line east of Montreal, besides the Regina and Long Lake road and the Calgary and Edmonton line, are monuments to his earlier enterprise as a contractor, engineer and financier. At the same time he had an option to construct railways in Argentine and Chili, amounting in all to over \$20,000,000. He was also interested in important contracts in Chicago and elsewhere.

Outside of railway interests he has been associated with many of the most successful industrial enterprises in Canada. He was one of the promoters of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, 1887; chief promoter of the Columbia River Milling Company, 1889, and chief promoter of the Canada Land and Investment Company, 1891.

As all who know him are aware, Mr. Ross is a Scotchman. He was born in Cromarty, and came to America in his twenties. From the first he was associated with railway enterprise in this hemisphere, and his rise was constant and rapid. He took up his permanent residence in Montreal 12 years ago.

Mr. Ross is a man of liberal education and of true culture. He has time for many duties outside of his business interests, and, amongst other positions, has filled the commodoreship of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, a trusteeship of the University of Bishop's College, and governorships of the Royal Victoria Hospital and McGill University.

He is passionately fond of flowers and their cultivation, and of late years has taken an active interest in yachting. He owned the *Glencairn*, which won the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Cup for half-raters in United States waters, 1896.

A very different type of man is Mr. Robt. G. Reid, the far-famed "king of Newfoundland." Like Mr. Ross, however, he made much of his great fortune as a railway promoter and contractor, and like Mr. Ross he is a Scotchman. Many Newfoundlanders speak rancorously of this marvelous man as "Czar Reid" and rail at the legislation which gave him the railway, costing the country something like \$10,000,000, the colony's telegraph system, the steamboat service privileges, the country's dry dock at St. John's, with most valuable dock privilege, street railway franchise, and land grants to the extent of about 5,000,000 acres. However, there is a large and growing class who, while admitting that the "Czar" drove a hard bargain with the Government, believe that eventually the personal enterprise of this one man, directed by self-interest, will do more for the island than any amount of public clamor associated with the proverbial apathy and wastefulness of Governments.

Many stories are told illustrating the kindly disposition of the "Czar," and one that has already been related in the columns of LIFE may be repeated here without loss of interest.

He strolled into his car-shops one day. A car-cleaner was washing up one of the beautiful coaches. The cleaner saw a stoop-shouldered man place his back against the car and rest contentedly. The sight raised his ire. With full-flavored vocabulary he gave expression to his wrath and drove the man away, calling him a misguided goat for putting his dirty old back against the beautiful car. That man was R. G. Reid, the proprietor of the railway. But no ill came to the cleaner, neither any remonstrance. His silent manner of doing good is proverbial. His son, Mr. W. D. Reid, inherits this habit also.

PRECEDING ARTICLES—Major Girouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bourke, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbette, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. E. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut. Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Gen. Gooderham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Huron, December 8; Mr. Christophorus Benvenuto, December 15; Mayor Dabout of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtelle, December 29; Sir Wm. R. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. E. Duran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M. P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19; Archbishop Lewis, February 2; Hon. Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, February 9; Hon. Senator Geo. T. Fulford, February 16; Wm. Gibson, M. P., February 23; Mr. Hector Mackenzie, March 2; Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q. C., March 9; Sir Wm. Hueston, March 16.

Once he stopped the greater part of a blast of rock with his face. This slightly marred the contour of his features, but there is a story attached to that blast which would make the ugliest man beautiful in the eyes of the world. One of the men had been killed, and when young Reid, who had been stunned for a few minutes, recovered consciousness, his first thought was for the feelings of the dead man's widow. "Break it to her gently, boys," he said. "Tell her first that he is sick, and I'll try to tell her the truth later." Then he insisted on their first looking after another man who had been hurt. "Don't bother about me," he said.

Robert Gillespie Reid spent his young manhood in the Old Country, but in 1867 went to Australia, where he engaged in gold mining and public works. Coming to America in 1871, he had charge of the construction of the International bridge across the Niagara near Buffalo. This was the commencement for him of a period of great activity as a bridge builder. All over the North-American continent, from California to Pennsylvania, and from the north shore of Lake Superior to the Mexican boundary, are railway bridges, great and small, constructed under the supervision of the king of Newfoundland. Amongst these, some of the most noted structures are the international bridge between Texas and Mexico, over the Rio Grande; the Soo bridge, across the Sault Ste. Marie river, separating Algoma from Michigan, and the Lachine bridge of the C. P. R. His association with railway and other enterprises in Newfoundland dates from 1890.

Mr. Reid was admitted an associate of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers 1887, is a fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute and a governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Both he and Mr. Ross are Presbyterians, and members of the St. James Club.

NORWEGIAN SKI RUNNING.

DR. FRITHJOF NANSEN, writing on the subject of skiing in Land and Water, says:

"I remember an incident which happened to an acquaintance of mine in America many years ago. He was an engineer, and was surveying for a railway far west in the prairies. The

winter had set in, and deep snow had covered the fields. Being a skillful ski runner, he made himself a pair of ski. The same day he had been out trying these for the first time a group of Indians came upon a track, consisting of two parallel grooves or furrows in the snow, and, having never seen a similar track before, they followed it up to make out what kind of an animal it might originate from. They followed the track straight to the door of the Norwegian's cottage, where they saw two strips of wood leaning against the wall. They measured the track and they measured these wooden things, and they found that they were of exactly the same breadth.

"And now followed a very close investigation of these

marvelous creatures, which were carefully measured on all sides. When the Norwegian, as by chance, came out of his cottage door the natives darted away from the ski and looked at something else, pretending not even to have noticed them. The Norwegian showed them, however, the ski and how they were used. They wished now to try them, but, using them as they were accustomed to do their snowshoes they made slow progress, and found them poor and slippery. The Norwegian then put them on and proposed to race with the Indians, and they were quite willing. But the surprise of these swift Indians, on their light snowshoes, was great when they discovered that they were only able to keep pace with him for a few hundred yards, and then rapidly dropped behind, even though they were racing over their well-known prairies. Afterward the Norwegian helped them to make ski, and some of the Indians



MR. R. G. REID.

learned to use them tolerably well, although men who are not trained to use ski from early boyhood very seldom become skillful ski runners.

"The motion employed in skiing has no resemblance to that employed in skating. While they are moved, the ski are always kept strictly parallel, and as close together as possible, and should not be lifted from the ground—like Canadian snowshoes. On flat ground they should certainly be kept gliding over the surface of the snow, while being driven forward by alternate strokes from the hips and thighs, and the body is thrown forward in each stride. The length of the stride may be increased by propulsion of the staff which the ski runner carries in his hand."

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Leprohon.

CHAPTER IX.

Some time after, Colonel Evelyn entered the cottage alone, and, as his clouded gaze fell on the group before him, he involuntarily smiled. The little one on Antoinette's lap nestled closely to her breast on seeing the tall stranger enter, and clung there as natural as if his little curly pate had always been accustomed to lie next a silken bodice and press jeweled ornaments. Very lovely Antoinette appeared at the moment; and the gentle play of her features, as she kindly looked from one little auditor to another, invested her with a charm which her beauty had never, perhaps, possessed in salon or ball-room.

On seeing Evelyn, she eagerly inquired about the horses.

"Our host is attending to them," he carelessly replied, "and will join us in a few moments. But tell me, are you really none the worse in any manner for our adventure? Do you not feel any pain or ache?"

"No—yes—there is something like a dull pain here," and baring her rounded beautifully-shaped arm to the elbow, she disclosed a large discolored bruise upon its soft surface. Colonel Evelyn's countenance betrayed considerable emotion as he looked down on that frail arm, so indicative of almost childish helplessness, and remembered the undaunted courage the brave young owner had exhibited throughout the whole of that trying ordeal.

"Yes," he said, "I must indeed beg your forgiveness for my rough handling; for you must have received that bruise when I threw you from the sleigh. It would have been as easy for me to have sprang out with you in my arms, but I dreaded in doing so my feet should become entangled in the shawls and skins filling the sleigh and thus entail our mutual destruction. Can I do anything for you now? Let me bathe it in cold water."

"Oh, no; 'tis a mere trifle, which Jeanne will attend to when I get home," she smilingly rejoined, but coloring as she hastily drew down her sleeve.

A momentary pause ensued, and then Colonel Evelyn, who had been earnestly regarding her, exclaimed:

"Do you know that you have behaved throughout like a perfect heroine? Not a start, not even a single exclamation of fear; and yet I am certain, from the expression of your countenance, that you were greatly alarmed."

Antoinette hesitated a moment, and then an irrepressible smile broke into countless dimples around her pretty mouth as she shyly rejoined:

"They say one great fear almost neutralizes another; and, terrified as I was by the mad career of our steeds, I was almost equally afraid of yourself."

"How, of me?" he wonderingly exclaimed.

"Yes. In the first place, I was in your sleigh merely on sufferance: I had been, as it were, forced on you, undesired and unsolicited, and consequently felt doubly bound to behave well. No, do not interrupt me," she playfully said, as Evelyn essayed a few dissenting words, remembering at the same time with something like remorse, the harsh judgment he had inwardly passed on her previous to their setting out. "Then, secondly," but here the speaker paused in some slight embarrassment.

"And what, secondly?" questioned her companion, considerably amused.

"Well, I have been told that you were an inveterate woman-hater, and consequently presumed that you would show but little indulgence to a woman's fears or fancies."

A look of mental pain instantly chased the smile from Evelyn's face, and almost involuntarily he rejoined: "The

unenviable character you give me, has been won and borne by many merely because they have practised a prudence taught them by past experience."

The words were uttered in a low, constrained tone, and the speaker immediately walked to the little window as if to terminate the subject.

Suddenly, two loud reports of a gun, fired in quick succession, startled Antoinette, whose nervous system, notwithstanding her apparent calmness, had been considerably shaken by the late adventure, and an exclamation of terror escaped her lips. Evelyn winced as the shots rang through the air; but instantly recovering himself, he turned to his companion, kindly exclaiming:

"Do not be alarmed; 'tis our host, who is performing an act of merey, and putting my poor maimed horses out of their pain."

"What! both killed!" and the girl involuntarily clasped her hands.

"Yes, I examined them well, and seeing that prolonged life would only be prolonged agony to them, I sent our kind assistant to borrow a gun at some neighboring cottage, and left to him the painful task of releasing them. I was too cowardly to wait myself for the accomplishment of the sacrifice."

After a moment's pause, Antoinette exclaimed in a low agitated voice:

"I need not say how deeply sorry I am, Colonel Evelyn, for you, as well as for the indirect share I may have had in this unfortunate event; nor how grieved I am that thought or remembrance of myself should be connected in your memory with the most unpleasant circumstance that will probably mark your sojourn in Canada."

"Do not say that, Miss De Mirecourt," he hurriedly replied. "Rather felicitate me on the fortunate chance which ordained that you should have been my companion instead of Madame D'Aulnay or some other timid woman, whose weak fears would have infallibly destroyed two lives more precious than that of a couple of carriage horses. But one woman out of many could have displayed the self-command you did to-day, and which tended more to our mutual preservation than any skill or horsemanship of mine. But here comes our humble friend with the wreck of our late equipage."

Antoinette approached the window and saw their host, aided by a couple of men whom he had called to his assistance, bringing forward a handsomely carved dashboard, and the rich tiger-skin robes. These latter, being thoroughly saturated by their late immersion, were instantly spread to dry on the low stone wall surrounding the garden of the cottage. Through their united efforts they then succeeded in dragging up the body of the sleigh from the foot of the bank, and placing it beside the rest of the debris. Whilst the men were standing round the latter, and passing some sage remarks upon the accident, the loud tingling of numerous sleigh bells became audible, and the driving party soon came dashing up. Suddenly, Major Sternfield, who was driving Madame D'Aulnay, caught sight of the broken sleigh lying by the road-side, and, recognizing the rich sleigh-robes, he reined up his horse with a precipitate violence which elicited a loud scream from his companion, and sprang to the ground. Hurriedly beckoning to the men, he addressed some rapid inquiries to them, the answers to which seemed in some degree to reassure both himself and Mrs. D'Aulnay, who, at first hint of accident, seemed dreadfully alarmed. Sternfield helped her to alight, and they entered the cottage, soon followed by the remainder of the party, who were all equally curious and excited.

Expressions of sympathy with Miss De Mirecourt's late fright and congratulations on her escape, were, of course, the order of the day; but most of the gentlemen were equally sincere in their condolences with Colonel Evelyn on the loss of his fine bays, to which professions of regret the latter listened with more impatience than gratitude. A consultation regard-

ing the return of the actors in the late adventure was then held, and it was decided that Mrs. D'Aulnay's servant should yield his place behind to Major Sternfield, who should in turn give up his seat beside Mrs. D'Aulnay to Antoinette. Colonel Evelyn, instinctively avoiding any of the sleighs containing members of the fairer portion of humanity, found part of a seat in a narrow cutter already nearly filled by the portly Dr. Manby and a brother officer, but he contrived to cling on to it till they reached Lachine.

Here the party halted for rest and refreshment at the inn of the place, which was a very indifferent one; but, through Sternfield's foresight, a large hamper containing choice wines and other refreshments had been placed in one of the sleighs, and was heartily welcomed when produced.

The early sunset of December was illuminating the front of Mrs. D'Aulnay's mansion when the party stopped before it. Friendly farewells were smilingly interchanged, and then the members of the party sought their respective homes. Colonel Evelyn kindly shook hands with Antoinette, earnestly reiterating his hope that the morrow would find her completely recovered from the effects of her late alarm; but Major Sternfield, less easily satisfied, implored Mrs. D'Aulnay to grant him permission to enter with them, or at least return that evening. This the lady smilingly but positively negatived, declaring that Miss De Mirecourt's pale cheek plainly betrayed she wanted immediate and complete repose.

That evening, Mrs. D'Aulnay passed with Antoinette in the latter's apartment, and, after some questioning and cross-questioning regarding the day's mis-adventure, she inquired if there would be any indiscretion in asking to see the letters her cousin had lately received from home. Somewhat reluctantly the latter put them in her hand, but the elder lady caressingly exclaimed as she wound her arm around the young girl's neck, "You must have no secrets from me, my little Antoinette! You have neither mother nor sister to confide in; choose me then as your friend and counsellor."

Mr. De Mirecourt's letter she read slowly over, and then refolded without further comment; but, after a rapid glance at the contents of Mrs. Gerard's epistle, she crushed it up in her hand, and opening the stove door threw it in.

The act had taken Antoinette so completely by surprise that the paper was in ashes before she had fully comprehended her companion's intention; but, recovering from her indignant amazement, she exclaimed, whilst her cheek flushed crimson:

"Why did you do that, Madame D'Aulnay?"

"Simply because I will not have my darling little cousin made miserable by dwelling over and pondering on the prosy letters of any narrow-minded, straight-laced old woman. Why, that absurd epistle caused you a headache and crying fit yesterday; and, think you, I will run the risk of a repetition of the same thing to-day, especially whilst you are in such a nervous, exhausted state?"

"You did very wrong, Lucille," replied the girl, reproachfully; "but I will say no more on the subject, as I doubt not you intended well."

"Many thanks, little one, for your prompt forgiveness; and, in return for it, I will impart to you a secret which I have just discovered. Why do you not ask what it is? Well, I will reveal it without any pressing. It is the pleasant fact that you have made a complete conquest of the handsomest and most fascinating man in the circle of our acquaintance. Audley Sternfield is deeply in love with you."

A rosy flush instantly overspread Antoinette's face, whilst Mrs. D'Aulnay archly added:

"And to follow up my discoveries, I do not think he loves in vain."

Eagerly the young girl strove to refute the charge, but her blushes and confusion increased, till at length she desisted and listened in silence to her companion's raillery. When the latter finally paused, she gravely resumed:

"Lucille, I am sincere in saying I do not think I love him. I admire him very much, prefer his society to that of most other men"—

"Why, you delightfully innocent little creature, what is all this but love? I did not feel the half of it for Mr. D'Aulnay when I married him. Seriously, you are very fortunate, and will be an object of envy to all the young girls of our acquaintance. Independent of his matchless personal gifts and accomplishments, he belongs to an excellent family, and, despite his comparative youth, his military rank is high. Why, before you are six years married to him, you will probably be a colonel's wife."

"Married to him, Lucille! how can you talk so thoughtlessly? Have you not just read my father's letter?"

"What of it, child? Who ever heard of fathers in real or fictitious life—on the stage or off it—doing what they ought to do, or acting in a kind and reasonable manner? They are always either striving to force their daughters into marriages which would insure their misery, or seeking to prevent their contracting those which would procure their happiness. A girl must have spirit, and allow no authority to come between herself and the man she loves, especially if he be a passable match in a worldly point of view."

The practical suggestion contained in the latter part of Mrs. D'Aulnay's speech seemed somewhat inconsistent with the previous romantic tenor of her eloquence; but Antoinette, without noticing the discrepancy, quickly rejoined:

"You should not speak thus, Lucille. I do not know what some fathers may be, but I know that mine has always been kind and indulgent—has always acted in a manner calculated to insure my deepest love and respect."

"All very well, child, whilst you have submitted, as heretofore, to his will in everything; but wait till you venture to oppose or differ from him on any material point. Believe me, dearest, I know more of life than you can possibly do; and you will yet acknowledge the correctness of my opinion."

Alas, what a dangerous guide and companion had fallen to Antoinette's lot! How little chance had her simple childish reasoning against the refined sophistries of this accomplished woman of the world!

CHAPTER X.

The following morning Colonel Evelyn called to inquire how Miss De Mirecourt was, but he did not ask to see her, merely leaving his card.

"Well, that is more than I would have expected from such a semi-barbarian, especially after the loss of his splendid horses," was Mrs. D'Aulnay's qualified encomium.

In the afternoon the ladies went down to the drawing-room, and soon after Major Sternfield entered. There was an indescribable gentleness in his manner, which made Antoinette imagine she had never yet seen him appear to such advantage; and she began to think Mrs. D'Aulnay must be right, and that she really did love him. Contrary to her usual wont, the hostess left the room on some trifling pretext, after a half-hour's conversation, and Antoinette, with a feeling of unusual nervousness, caused probably by a recollection of the secret her cousin had imparted to her the day previous, found herself alone with Audley Sternfield.

The latter was not one to lose an opportunity he had eagerly sought and desired, and, after alluding in eloquent words, rendered still more persuasive by the musical tones in which they were uttered, to the agitation and alarm her late accident had caused him, he poured forth protestations of love and devotion into the ear of his blushing listener. 'Tis not to be wondered at that such terms of impassioned devotion, whispered for the first time to a young romantic girl, should be fraught with dangerous power; and when we remember that the speaker was one endowed with the rarest personal gifts, we will cease to wonder if Antoinette sat confused and silent, feeling that she did, she must reciprocate in some measure the ardent love lavished on herself. Still the answer,

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 17

the little monosyllabic "yes" that Sternfield so earnestly implored, came not; and feeling that moments to him of golden worth were rapidly passing, he suddenly knelt beside her, and taking her hand in his, renewed his petition with more impassioned fervor than before.

At that moment the sound of a door closing at the end of the passage fell on Antoinette's ear, and she hurriedly exclaimed "Rise, for heaven's sake, Major Sternfield, rise! I hear some one coming."

"What of that, Antoinette? Here will I remain till I receive some hope—some word of encouragement—till you whisper me, yes."

"Yes, then yes," was the girl's quick, almost indistinct, reply. "Rise at once."

"Thanks, my own," murmured he, raising the hand he still held to his lips, and rapidly passing on one of the slight fingers a splendid opal ring, the seal of their mutual betrothal.

Here Mrs. D'Aulnay entered, and a slight but well-pleased smile flitted across her face as her glance passed from Sternfield's handsome features, glowing with happy triumph, to the embarrassed, averted countenance of her cousin. The gentleman did not greatly prolong his stay, for his quick tact told him that his absence just then would prove a great relief to his shy betrothed; but as he took leave of Mrs. D'Aulnay, where she stood a little apart, looking from a window, he whispered:

"How can I ever thank you sufficiently, my true and generous friend! My suit has been favorably received."

A kindly smile was his answer, and then, as the door closed upon him, Mrs. D'Aulnay approached and threw herself on a sofa beside her companion. The latter, however, seemed in no mood for conversation; and unwilling to compel her confidence, the lady touched lightly on indifferent topics, passing, apparently without design, a warm eulogium on Sternfield, which almost set at rest sundry uneasy doubts and reflections which even then were agitating Antoinette's mind. That night, however, when the young girl, according to her wont, bade an affectionate good night to her hostess, the latter took her hand, and, glancing significantly at the brilliant ring that sparkled there, imprinted a kiss on her fair young cheek, whispering at the same time words of earnest joyful congratulation, to which Antoinette replied only by blushes and a slight pressure from her tiny fingers.

A day or two after, Jeanne entered the drawing-room to announce a visitor for Mademoiselle Antoinette, and her smiling, satisfied look presented a marked contrast to the grim disapproval with which she ever heralded the approach of any of King George's gallant officers, for whom she entertained, individually and collectively, a profound antipathy.

"Who is it, Jeanne?"

"A young gentleman, Mademoiselle. One much nicer than any we have seen about here for some time past."

Mrs. D'Aulnay quietly smiled at this unceremonious speech, but uttered no remark, whilst the privileged Jeanne continued, "I am sure Mademoiselle will be pleased to see Mr. Beauchesne."

"Louis Beauchesne!" quickly repeated the lady of the house. "Oh, he brings you letters or special messages from home, Antoinette, so I will go to the library for a little while, as I wish to speak to Mr. D'Aulnay, but I will return soon. Jeanne, show this favored young gentleman up at once."

Shortly after, a young man of five-and-twenty, with a clear ringing voice and open handsome countenance, entered the apartment, and accosted Antoinette with a degree of familiarity which betokened that great intimacy, if not friendship, existed between the two parties. The first few moments of friendly questioning over, it suddenly struck the young girl that there was an unusual degree of constraint about her companion's manner; and she was on the point of frankly asking the cause, when the latter drew a letter from his breast-pocket and handed

it to her, exclaiming, in a somewhat embarrassed voice, "From your father, Antoinette"; after which brief piece of information, he rose and walked towards a window.

Antoinette's quick glance rapidly scanned the contents of the epistle; and astonishment, perplexity, and annoyance successively passed over her countenance as she read on.

At length she sharply exclaimed, "Are you acquainted with the contents of this letter, Louis?"

"I might hazard a guess at its purport," Beauchesne hesitatingly rejoined, "though your father did not show it to me."

"No prevarication," was the quick reply. "You know as well as myself, that my father informs me here in the most sudden and unexpected manner, that he has chosen you as my future husband, and that I am to receive you as such."

Beauchesne's dark cheek slightly flushed, but he made no reply, whilst his companion petulantly resumed: "Why do you not speak? Surely you agree with me that the whole thing is most absurd and unreasonable?"

"Pardon me, Antoinette," and the young man's tone plainly betrayed both mortification and wounded feeling. "Pardon me, but I really see nothing so very ridiculous in the proposition. Moving in the same circle—belonging to the same race and creed—intimate together from earliest childhood—"

"Yes, there it is," she hastily interrupted. "The friendly familiarity in which we have grown up together has taught us to love each other dearly, but only as brother and sister."

"Again, pardon me," and this time an almost imperceptible smile curved the corners of his handsome mouth. "On that point, at least, I am fully competent to judge, and can assure you that my love is something more than brotherly in its fervor and warmth."

"How provoking you are, Louis! you speak in that strain merely to annoy me."

"Antoinette, be petulant—unkind if you will, but do not be unjust," he replied, approaching close to her chair, and fixing his earnest gaze upon her face. "I do love you, and my affection is not the less sincere that it is unaccompanied by any of those frenzied outbursts of passion which all lovers in romances or melodramas are bound to indulge in."

Poor Louis! At that moment the perverse Antoinette was mentally contrasting, and greatly to his disadvantage, this really rational, truthful declaration of affection with the late impassioned words and looks of Audley Sternfield. Perhaps something of what was passing in her mind betrayed itself in her countenance, for Beauchesne continued with a slight touch of bitterness:

"But, I forget, you may perhaps have been listening of late to the love vows of those who are proficient in the art in which I am only a novice. What chance of success has my simple, unstudied speech against the polished eloquence of those gallant gentlemen of the sword, who have perhaps made love in a dozen different climes to as many different women? You forget, Antoinette, I labor under the singular disadvantage of your being the first idol my heart has worshipped—your ear the first into which I would pour promises or vows of love."

The truth of some of the allusions contained in Louis's last speech dyed the young girl's cheek with tell-tale blushes, and she was too much confused to venture on a reply. Beauchesne partly read the truth in her embarrassment; and he quickly resumed, in tones in which regret had replaced the bitterness which had marked his previous words:

"Surely it is not really so, Antoinette? Surely you have not given so quickly to a stranger the love you refuse to the tried friend of childhood?"

"It matters not how that may be, Louis dear," she replied, deeply touched by the appealing gentleness of his last words; but do not be angry with me if I frankly and truly declare I never can return your love."

"So be it," he calmly rejoined, but his lip slightly quivered as he spoke. "'Tis better we should understand each other at

once. May the one you have chosen prove one-half as true and faithful as I would have done."

A pause followed, which was broken by Antoinette exclaiming in a troubled voice, "I fear papa will be very angry with me. Did he seem exceedingly anxious for our marriage?"

"So anxious that he never even counted on the possibility of my failure."

"I suppose, then, that whenever he learns the real state of things, he will hasten here in great anger, and terrify me to death"; and her eyes filled with tears at the prospect her fancy had thus conjured up.

The kind-hearted Beauchesne, touched, notwithstanding his late grievous disappointment, by the childish fears of his companion, encouragingly replied that he felt assured Mr. De Mirecourt was too just and indulgent to blame his daughter for refusing her hand where she could not give her heart."

"Ah! I do not know that. Papa is kind, but he does not like opposition of any sort. Louis, dear, if you would only be generous enough to help me!" and she looked up eagerly in his face.

"How?" he briefly questioned.

"When you return, tell papa, what of course you ought and do secretly feel, that as my affections are not yours, you will no longer seek my hand."

"Most assuredly, Antoinette De Mirecourt," he rejoined, irritation and amusement struggling for the mastery in his breast, "I will do no such thing; be thankful that I do not tell him I am willing to wait for you, even seven years long, as Jacob waited for his bride."

"Well, then, tell me Louis, that you forgive me for what has just passed between us. Promise me that we shall remain as fast friends as we have hitherto been!"

There was no resisting that entreating look, that pleading, coaxing tone; and the young man frankly grasping her hand, rejoined: "I promise willingly. Yes, as we cannot be lovers, we shall at least remain friends. But I must leave you now. I have imperative business to attend to."

"You must not go without seeing Madame D'Aulnay. She would be quite angry with you."

"Frankly, I would rather forego that pleasure to-day. Lucille is no great favorite of mine."

"Nonsense! she expects you to remain here, and will be vexed with me if I allow you to leave without her seeing you. Wait but one moment; I will bring her immediately," and Antoinette hastened from the room.

During her absence, another visitor, Major Sternfield, was shown into the drawing-room. On his entrance, young Beauchesne, with his usual frank courtesy, bowed, preparatory to exchanging some commonplace remarks with the newcomer; but the latter, falling back on the sublime dandyism which he had the tact to keep in abeyance when in the society of Mrs. D'Aulnay or her cousin, or of his own intimate friends, inquiringly stared at this unknown candidate for the honor of his acquaintance; and then sinking back into the deep easy-chair which Antoinette had just vacated, and on the arm of which her perfumed handkerchief still lay, industriously commenced dusting his well-fitting boot with his tiny, agate-headed cane.

Beauchesne, humorously determined to show the Exclusive that supercilious impertinence was not the special prerogative of any class or profession, lounged across the room to the mantle-mirror, and commenced pulling up his collar and running his hand through his thick raven curls with a self-concentrated solicitude, an utter forgetfulness of time and place, which successfully rivalled in impertinence even Sternfield's superrefined dandyism. On the entrance of the ladies, Louis, exercising the prerogative of intimate acquaintance, turned languidly towards them, listlessly hoping they were well, and then sank on a couch with a wearied nonchalance which was

a tolerably faithful reproduction of the manner in which Major Sternfield had just performed the same action.

The latter, seeing at once that this daring provincial was actually turning him into ridicule, darted a covert flashing glance upon him, and Mrs. D'Aulnay, comprehending the position of affairs, quickly exclaimed:

"Oa! come here, Louis, I want to ask you a question about Uncle De Mirecourt."

She retreated into the hall as if to ask or impart something of a confidential nature, and when the somewhat unwilling Louis had joined her, she caught his arm and playfully shaking him, inquired in a whisper: "What sort of an impression did he intend giving her guest of Canadian politeness?"

"As good as that which he has given me of foreign breeding," was the cool reply. "But tell me, Lucille, in heaven's name, is yonder handsome coxcomb the chosen lover of Antoinette?"

"He is certainly a great admirer of hers, and I believe a somewhat favored one," was the hesitating reply; "but, Louis, you must not talk of, or treat Major Sternfield so contemptuously; he is a man of rare gifts, and—"

"There, there, Lucille, that will do," and he strove impatiently to shake off the little hand that still rested on his arm. "God help her, poor child! she will learn soon that what she takes for pure gold is but dross. No, I cannot stay to-day. Do not urge me further. Say farewell to Antoinette for me. Au revoir," and breaking from the hand that still sought to detain him, he hurriedly left the house.

Mrs. D'Aulnay mused a moment, and then murmuring, "Certainly a disappointed suitor!" slowly turned back into the drawing-room, thinking what a terrible sacrifice it would be to give Antoinette to such a lover.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

THE question of anonymity or the use of signatures in journalism is raised once more, this time in the very last quarter in the world in which one would look for such an occurrence, in the columns of *Punch*. The famous journal has begun the new year with new methods. A short story by a popular author is to be printed in every number—Conan Doyle providing the first one—and to practically everything in the paper the initials of the author are affixed. As the full names are familiar to most other journalists in the United Kingdom, it will not be long before everybody will be in possession of the facts. The experiment is of special interest in this case, because the sense of responsibility felt by a writer of serious prose or verse, when his name is given freely to the public, must be intensified a thousandfold when a point of humor is at issue. A man may survive a bad poem. We all know what ignominy is poured upon the author of a bad joke. Of course, the fun-makers of *Punch* only expect that the printing of their initials will spur them to keener and more successful efforts. But suppose some hitherto popular and seemingly blameless gentlemen become known as the fathers of particularly atrocious puns, of ineffably inane doggerel. Will they not be "marked men" in the most baleful sense of that term? Will not Fleet Street get to know more haggard wights than poverty or failure has ever enabled it to know before? One can see them in the mind's eye, pale, furtive mortals, hurrying on with a hunted look stamped on their once bland features, avoided of all men.

MONTREAL LIFE next week will contain an illustrated article on that most interesting school, "The MacKay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and the Blind." Also a sketch of James P. Lee, the famous inventor of rifles, who is a Canadian. Besides many other interesting special features.

Good Enough For Him.

Sinbad Discusses Some of the Charms of Montreal--Prefers the Bars of this Town to Anything the Seaside Resorts can Produce.

WE are now rapidly approaching that season of the year when the fool and his flannels are soon parted. The millinery openings have already filled the hearts of mankind with apprehension. The iceman is assuming a loftier port. The coal-baron is fading into insignificance. And all over this great commercial metropolis, select detachments of inquisitive women are marching in endless processions into the privacy of our homes, under theegis of the "To Let" sign, and carrying around accounts of our domestic economy that are calculated to ruin our credit at the grocers'.

In fact, spring, gentle spring, when every second word is punctuated with a snuffle, is upon us. And as spring in these northern climes gives place to summer as rapidly as the average citizen does to a charge of cavalry, we shall hardly have time to shed our coonskin overcoats before we shall be clamoring for a palm-leaf fan, and a pink silk undershirt. Hence the question of whither we shall go during the torrid months, when a man can iron his shirt with his shadow, has already become a burning question. The railway up-town offices and the hotel corridors are full of photographs of summer resorts, and huge hotels, constructed of half-inch planking with piazzas glued on to the front, have half-column "ads." inserted in the daily press.

Now, it is just here that I would like to venture a few words in praise of this identical city of Montreal as a summer resort. Thanks to the ticket agents, the editors of the ten-cent magazines, and the manufacturers of face powders and freckle lotions, the joys and glories of our seaside resorts have been illustrated with pen and camera until we can almost hear the roar of the mighty ocean as it dashes its foaming billows upon the sounding reef, and breaks into a swirl of frothy spume that sparkles like diamonds in the sunlight, ere it runs up in tinkling wavelets to kiss the tawny sands. Poets sing of the moaning bar, and doctors dilate on the bracing breezes that come purring out of the rosy dawn, and fill our jaded lungs with seaweed, sand, and other revivifying influences. But who has sung of the bars in this city, where foaming liquids gush forth from 1,000 glittering faucets, to allay that tired feeling which so often overcomes the weary worker in a mighty city? Who has warbled of the soft susurrus of the electric fan, or told of the mechanical cyclone it can create even in an atmosphere so full of tobacco smoke that it could be sawed off in blocks, and used for making cigarettes? It may be delightful to stroll on a moonlit beach when the stars are mirrored in the shimmering sea, and the artistic soul can be cheered with the sight of huge slobbery jelly fish and soothed with the odor of decaying clams. But does that compare with a ride on the trolley cars with a chemical blonde? Or a seat on Dominion Square, where the genial Sir John looks down in his bronze tights on the lovers who indulge in sweet dalliance beneath the cool glare of the electric light? Do ice-cream and Platonic affection count for nothing?

I do not speak of the financial side of the question. We all know that it costs money to be freckled and bitten by mosquitos and other entomological curiosities, or it would not be fashionable to undergo it. I know what they charge in the summer hotels where they put you to sleep in little mouldy closets, on a bed two sizes too small with a nice large lump in the mattress which catches you just in the small of the back. I know the meals flavored with seaweed and peppered with sand, the gritty cake, and the hard-hearted doughnuts, the pallid gingerbread, and the beefsteak that we could not puncture with a nailing machine. I know what it means to take

turns in holding on to the baby, for fear the insect curiosities should carry it off bodily. And I know the size of the cavity the bill makes in our balance at the bank. Yet people deliberately ignore the claims of Montreal as a summer resort, and voluntarily rush to places where they are treated like intruders and fed like tramps, and where the hotel attendants are mere slot machines for the reception of tips.

On the yellow sands, the circling wavelets may kiss the dimpled shore. And in the darkened caves one may hear the ocean's rhythmic laughter. But in Montreal we can do our own kissing. And it tastes a good deal better than listening to it being done by proxy. And if the ocean's laughter is any sweeter than that of a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist, when she has just swallowed an oyster the size of a football, it takes a poet to discover it. In what way then has the ocean's brim any advantages over this city? Those who wish it may stroll on moonlit sands or wander in bosky dells, where drainage is unknown and sanitary appliances are a dream of the visionary. The asphalt is good enough for me. And the busy streets, brilliant with light and gay with pretty women in charming toilettes, are far more attractive to the average man than any seashore prospect. When the moon lifts her silver face from behind the mountain I am quite content to sit and listen to the clanging of the trolley gongs and the yells of the baby without yearning for the hum of the mosquito or the strains of a hotel band. If I need excitement or exercise, I can rush out on the street and dodge the bicyclists, who resemble the cheap actor in the fact that they do a good deal of traveling on their faces. If I need repose, I can seek a quiet armchair in some store whose proprietor does not advertise. I am within a 5c. ride of everywhere. And I can enjoy the advantages of metropolitan cooking with the assorted odors of a great city to assist digestion. What more has man to yearn for?

SINBAD.

A COINCIDENCE.

"THE strangest thing that ever happened to me," said the old operator, who was in a reminiscent mood, "occurred a good many years ago, when I was a young man holding down a night office in a little town in the West. I was half asleep one night when I was called to the key to receive a rush message. I took it off the wire without realizing what it meant, as a man will do at times when half asleep. But when I glanced at what I had put down I saw that it read, 'If you wish to see your brother alive you will have to come immediately.' The message came from San Francisco, and was addressed to an old man who lived across the street from the station, so I put on my hat and went over and delivered it, seeing that it was important that he should have it at once.

"The old man caught the train that left at midnight, and while he was buying his ticket he told me that the message referred to his brother who had left home 20 years before, and from whom he had heard nothing during all that time.

"The next night a party called and asked if there were any messages for him, giving the same name as the old man who had left the night before. He must have noticed that I looked at him rather blankly, for he went on to explain that he had a brother in California who was sick, and that he was anxious to hear from him.

"Well, it turned out that the message that I had received the night before was intended for him. He was a stranger in the town, and chanced to bear the same name as the old man whom I had sent on a wild goose chase across the continent. Fortunately for me, I was transferred to another town before the old man got back. That is all there is to the story, except that it is true."

The men who fought at Chateauguay or Queenston Heights are all dead, but those who were the first to advocate the sending of Canadian troops to South Africa will last well through the coming century.



"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Pope.

IT is a poor spirit that always looks at society and those who compose it through the spectacles of the pessimist. The plaint of one individual, though it may be heard by a few, is not listened to or heeded by the many. Yet, it is doubtful whether optimism is always the safest course to pursue, if carried to excess. And, if Montrealers as a whole (to make the topic local), can afford to rest and with self-satisfied complacency gaze upon those who, though scarcely now out of their infancy, will assume the positions they themselves occupy some day, it seems as though such content were not to be desired.

It is little use to proclaim that children here are no worse than in Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, a dozen other places. I am confident they are not, myself. But comparisons do not eradicate what evil there is; and as long as an evil is positive, it is none the less to be commented upon, because it is not superlative. There may be, there are, well brought up children in this city, but where a subject is being generally discussed the innocent suffer because the guilty must be condemned. Canadian children are not, perhaps, as hopeless as the ordinary American child, though I often think that the bad name of the latter is sometimes similar to that applied to the dog, having a fatal habit of sticking, but as each year goes past there is more likelihood of retrogression than progression. By right, the children of Canada are British subjects, but if more care is not taken in their upbringing they will not be on a par with those of their generation brought up in the Mother Country.

TO begin with, hard though it may sound, children here are far too much considered. Their opinions are consulted, their tastes pampered, their ideas heeded almost before they deserve that name. And above all, they associate far too much with the older members of the family. One hears English parents designated as heartless, because, those of position, that is to say, see so little of, and spend so little time with, their children. Every method is wrong that is carried to extremes, but if they err on one side, we do, likewise, on the other. Children in this country are, most of them, not only their own masters, but masters of the household. They exact without fear of interference. They criticize without calling forth any rebuke. They act as they think best. And when their actions are such as to upset the family generally, I have seen many a mother restrain herself, because "it's no good having a fuss." Over boys, there seems little or no supervision. Their clothes are bought and they are sent to school. There the obligation evidently ceases. Distress is evident upon the faces of the parents, when the manners, the grammar, the general bearing of the son and heir, are such as would bring discredit on the coachman's son. But they do not seem to realize that association with every Dick, Tom and Harry that plays in the same street, is not productive of the best results, and that discipline and education confined only to school hours will never make a gentleman or a man.

Anyone who has the ideas of a snob inculcated into him as a boy will never amount to much. At the same time it is never amiss for him to understand that roughness and boorishness do not constitute manliness, and that the address

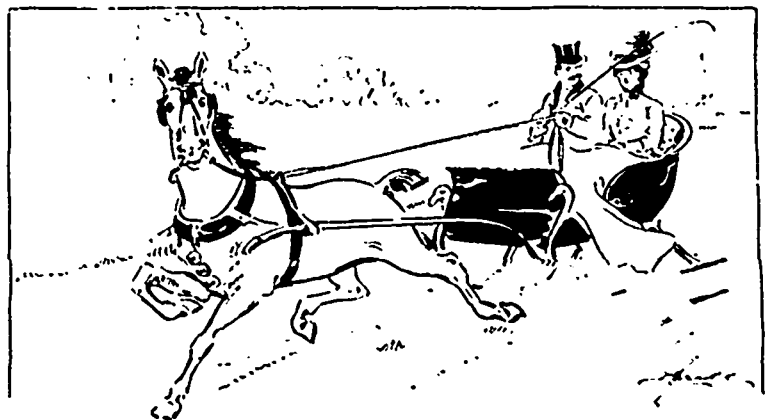
and appearance of a street gamin are not fitting for the position in which other powers than his own have placed him. Nothing is more undesirable than a prig; at the same time, a boy with the quiet, unobtrusive, yet excellent manners one notices in English schoolboys, is as delightful, I might almost add, as he is unusual.

PERHAPS in no other city more than this does one see so many pretty children. Babies, little girls and boys, with more than their share of good looks are in any number. And it need not be laid to their charge that when they open their lips the illusion is in so many instances spoiled. One admires their smart clothes, perhaps their neat nurses, but one is horrified at their accents. Yet, in these days, when children of well-to-do, nay, wealthy people, are sent at the age of three and four to kindergartens where they mix with representatives of every grade of society, and several nationalities, what else can we expect? It is no doubt very delightful to take a share, so to speak, in a public nursery and have one's responsibilities lightened for the morning, at least, but is the outcome wholly satisfactory? Should we be surprised if the little girls, in spite of a certain amount of refinement at home, learn to talk about dress, use common expressions, and generally acquit themselves like the inmates of the tenements? I think not.

English children may be too much with their nurse-maids and governesses. They may have shy, diffident manners, they may appear stupid in the presence of their elders. But I wish people thought less about their houses and the prevailing fashions, and, in consequence, more about the companions and the doings of their children, and acknowledged the necessity of these overseers of their work and play. It is no unusual sight here to see little girls of eight and nine strolling unconcernedly about Sherbrooke or St. Catherine streets as late as six o'clock—in summer, of course, much later—totally unattended, behaving in any way they think best; and these, not poor children, but those whose homes are in the most fashionable parts of the city. You see them skating at the rink quite alone, going home in the dark when they have had enough. And you cannot help noticing those of a more advanced age (but still nothing but schoolgirls), skating round and round, and being seen home, giggling and conscious, by boys of the same age. For one little girl that is there with a nurse or someone in charge of her, there are 15 without, and their general behavior is indicative of the fact.

IT is little wonder that by the time these girls are 16 or 17, it is absolutely necessary that they should be sent off to boarding-school. Though how anyone expects to undo in two years the mischief of five or six, it is difficult to understand.

Undue liberty and laxity of discipline never improved the finest nature bestowed upon any living creature. Can it be



SMART.

"Where does this road go to?"

"It doesn't go anywhere. We keep it right here to drive on."

SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

expected to have a salutary effect on the untrained nature of a child? When we attain to the understanding of men and women we are not freer from duty's trammels. They press more heavily. Yet, that is not in itself a reason for allowing children to come off scot-free because of what is in store for them. The raw recruit finds drill more irksome than he who has borne arms for years.

And to lay upon a child the lighter responsibilities is to fit him to bear more easily the heavier ones that needs must be carried.

No one is his own master. Why then allow children to foster an idea that sooner or later is to be wrested from them? Canada is a country of which to be proud. Then let the present generation look to it that they who are growing up to fill their places may be worthy inhabitants.

K.

DR. J. M. ELDER, of Westmount, is spending a short holiday in Atlantic City, in order to recuperate after a somewhat serious attack of la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor have left town on a visit to Halifax.

Last week, a very pleasant dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyman, MacTavish street. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Reford, jr., Mr. and Miss Bond, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop, Mr. Griffin.

Mrs. Britton, Kingston, is spending a short visit in Montreal, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Phillip Gilbert, Fort street.

Mr. Hume Cronyn, of Toronto, has been spending some days in town visiting Mr. Fayette Browne, Mountain street.

Miss Lilian Smith, who has been visiting Miss Muriel Gilmour, Quebec, has returned to town.

IN spite of the sweeping condemnation bestowed by the average person upon the chain-letter system, it is most assuredly a marvelous way for acquiring funds. That it is so, has been most ably demonstrated by the splendid amount collected by Miss Gould, daughter of Mr. Joseph Gould. In spite of several strenuous efforts on her part to break the chain, having considered the amount sufficiently large, letters still continue to pour in, each with their enclosure of 10 cents. And already the Patriotic Fund has acknowledged \$4,000. Miss Gould's daily mail is of necessity extraordinarily large. She frequently receives 100 letters, and her various friends are occasionally asked over to the Sherbrooke to assist her in opening the multitude of envelopes.

Another scheme on this snowball plan of gathering as it rolls, is that known as the calendar system. So many people call themselves years, and undertake to collect twelve months, who each subscribe a certain amount, and in turn find either 30 days or four weeks, I don't know which (that sounds like a sentence), and the days find hours, the hours, minutes, the lowest subscription being the five cents given by each of the 60 seconds. I wonder whether it is easier to find 60 minutes at 10 cents each, or 12 months at a dollar?

ON Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Temple, who is spending the winter at the Windsor, gave a very pleasant euchre party. Among those invited were: Mrs. Shaughnessy, Mrs. Wheeler, the Misses Wheeler, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Cooke, Mrs. E. B. Green-shields, Mrs. C. Macdougall, Mrs. Forget, Miss Macdougall, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Baumgarten, and Mrs. H. B. Yates.

The opening of the Spring Exhibition of Paintings, at the Art Gallery, is always an event of interest as each year it comes around. On Friday last the attendance was not nearly as large as usual, but this was owing, most probably, to the fact that nearly everyone was at the performance of Ours at Her Majesty's. Though far from being an art critic, it seemed

to me that the number of pictures, which were pleasing at least, whether they were of great merit or not, was very large. Though the Loan Exhibition may be infinitely more important in cultivating one's taste for true art, it must be confessed the work of living, breathing, and for the most part, visibly improving, artists, awakens in most a livelier interest.

Among the pictures of special note are those of M. Alphonse Jongers, M. Suzor Cote, Robert Harris, Maurice Cullen, Homer Watson, and W. Brymner, all well known to Montrealers.

A few of those who were present at the opening were: The Misses Angus, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Mr. N. Rielle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lafleur, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Miss Grace Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Turnbull, Miss Porteous, the Misses Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hope, Miss Abbott, Mr. J. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sutherland, Dr. A. A. Browne, Mrs. Browne, Professor Bovey, Mrs. Bovey, Professor Walton, Mrs. Walton, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Brymner, Mr. and Mrs. Denne, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Meredith.

Miss Gertrude Drury, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Porteous, 1160 Dorchester street, left this week for Kingston on a visit of some weeks.

Miss Alice Hamilton, Peel street, gave a very pleasant dinner for her brother, Capt. E. C. Hamilton, and Mrs. Hamilton.

To-night, Mrs. Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street, is giving a euchre party for Miss Gair, of Brooklyn, who is visiting her.

MISS CHURCH, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. R. Lindsay, 286 Stanley street.

Miss Meredith, of Toronto, is visiting her brother, Mr. H. V. Meredith, Pine avenue.

Last Friday, Dr. Shepherd and Miss Shepherd entertained a number of friends at a very pleasant little dinner and theatre party afterwards.

Dr. Brainerd, Drummond street, has left on a short visit to England.

If Montrealers were remiss in seeing off the first contingent, they certainly cannot be reproached for non-appearance at the station when the Strathcona Horse left. Major Jarvis, who was a little late in reaching the Bonaventure, actually was unable to force his way through the dense throng, to the train. It seemed as though he must be left behind, but a brilliant idea struck him, and jumping into a sleigh he drove with all haste to Point St. Charles and there joined his men.

From all accounts, those who made up the Strathcona Horse seemed to have been endowed with much the same proclivity as "Loo-tenant" Hobson—with the only difference that they demanded favors before they had won them, and, to give Hobson his due, the idea was not originated by him, though he was quick to carry it out when once suggested by that famous and enthusiastic young woman.

Mr. Harold Eadie, Drummond street, has been most seriously ill with pneumonia. Mr. Eadie has several times had a similar attack, and it is pleasant to hear that he is rapidly recovering.

Mr. Ernest DuDomaine, as was previously announced, did not join the Strathcona Horse. He is still in Ottawa, having decided, no doubt, that a profession, and especially a musical one, is not a thing to be lightly cast away or taken up, as the fancy moves one.

THE performance of Ours, that very clever military comedy, by the Garrick Club, on Friday last, was tremendously successful. Her Majesty's was extremely well filled, and, as was anticipated, the audience was a most fashionable one; for many were delighted at the opportunity of doing a little entertaining in a quiet way, with the excuse of a charitable object to palliate the offence of undue frivolity in Lent. The curtain-raiser, The Nettle, was very amusing, Miss Stevenson Brown acquitting herself admirably. In Ours, the cast was very good

on the whole, distinctly the cleverest bit of acting being done by Mr. Huntly Gordon, who, though possibly the youngest member of the club, gives promise of no little histrionic ability, to make use of a somewhat pompous term. Mr. Ryde, of Lachine, a recent addition to the ranks, was very good, and Mrs. Cecil Gordon was excellent, as indeed she always is, for, besides being clever in her impersonations, she has studied elocution, and the trouble, as a rule, with amateurs is their deficiency in this particular. Without wishing to be unkind, one cannot help noting that there are one or two members of the club who would do well to forget themselves and their positions in everyday life, and merge themselves into their parts; for, when we see our friends upon the stage, we are not able to think about the qualities or charms that endear them to us on ordinary occasions, but are apt to judge them on their instant merits. The band of the Prince of Wales' Fusiliers contributed the music, by the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. Cooke.

IN reading in *The Star* the article on "Colonial Women of Title," no doubt many Montrealers were pleased to note that four, at least, of the titled ladies belonged originally to this city. These are: Lady Glen-coats, daughter of the late Alexander Walker, and sister of Mr. Jack Walker, who is very well known; Lady de Blaquiére, who was Miss Desbarats, and one of the belles of Montreal, both before and after she married Lord de Blaquiére, who at that time was in the bank here, and had, I think, little expectation of succeeding to the title. Again, Lady Middleton, wife of the late General Sir Frederick Middleton, comes of an exceedingly well-known Montreal family, being a sister of Mr. Theodore Doucet, Q.C., and of Mrs. Gillespie Muir. The fourth is Lady Houston-Boswell, daughter of the late Sir Hugh Allan, and sister of Mr. H. Montagu Allan, "Raven's Crag." Altogether, Canada boasts a number of those whose names appear in the article. But, I think Montreal has quite her share when to four it has been a home.

THE idea of a Children's Patriotic Fund is one that sheds much credit upon the originators, and it is really wonderful how quickly the scheme has been taken up.

That our Quebec clergymen are imbued with a plentiful allowance of patriotic fire and spirit was ably demonstrated last week by the two poems which appeared, one in *The Star*, the other in *The Gazette*, prompted by the departure of the Strathcona Horse. The Rev. F. G. Scott, of St. Matthew's, Quebec, is now quite widely known as a poet, and his poem was quite up to his usual work. "Sons of the West," by the Rev. Henry Kittson, of the Church of the Advent, Westmount, is extremely pretty, and full of stir and swing.

Miss Ethel Bate, Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Kinghorn.

Latest accounts of Miss Aimee Kingston tell of her trip out to Australia with her brother, Mr. Charles B. Kingston. For some time, at least, they will make their home there, a most delightful experience, I should imagine.

Dr. W. H. Drummond went to Halifax this week to give "An Evening with the Habitant," the proceeds of the entertainment to be devoted to the Indian Famine Fund.

Professor Goldwin Smith expects to return from Europe to his home in Toronto early in April.

MRS. J. PANGMAN, Mansfield street, has left on a visit to Toronto, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Buchanan, St. George street.

Mrs. Alfred Murray, Mount Pleasant avenue, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Capon, Toronto. Mrs. Capon has but lately returned from the Southern States, where she spent some months for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Alex. Sinclair, Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Sinclair, who have spent the winter in Montreal, in Mr. William MacLennan's house, Dorchester street, left this week, by the *Oceanic*, for England. Thence they will probably proceed to the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Muir are also among the departures for England this week.

On Tuesday, Mrs. D. Morrice, jr., entertained a number of friends at luncheon at the Kennels.

The concert given this evening by Henri Marteau and the Symphony Orchestra promises, from the programme, to be a most enjoyable one. The orchestra will, no doubt, be heard to great advantage in Beethoven's Second Symphony and Rubinstein's *Bal Costume*, and the numbers chosen by Mr. Marteau are all such as to delight the audience. Mrs. Ives will be the accompanist on this occasion.

MRS. SNIDER has returned from Halifax, and is visiting Mrs. McEachran, University street.

Mrs. E. Goff Penny, Peel street, and her guest, Miss Marling, of Toronto, left last week for Lakewood, N.J., where they will spend a short holiday.

According to *The London Times* of a recent date, the Prince of Wales, upon visiting the hospital for wounded soldiers at Netley, singled out the Canadians among the wounded, and told them how proud the Empire was of them and of their brave compatriots who had come forward so loyally and spontaneously to make common cause with the Mother Country.

Mr. "Ned" Grant returned this week to Ottawa, after spending a short visit in town.

Miss Yates, of Kingston, who has been staying with Mrs. Hayter Reed, left this week for Ottawa.

Miss Van Horne, sister of Sir William Van Horne, has returned from a short visit to Chicago.

THE Misses Simms, 246 University street, have issued invitations for a tea on Monday afternoon, March 26.

One is always pleased to have one's private ideas substantiated by those whose knowledge lends their opinion weight. And I see that English doctors cannot speak too strongly against the wretched little go-carts and wheeled chairs that have been so much the fashion in lieu of comfortable perambulators. Until a child is well over two years, they contend such an upright position as these chairs necessitate is most injurious. I fancy people have an idea that while to push a perambulator is *infra dig*, to propel a go-cart or basket chair on wheels merely has the appearance of being nursemaid for pleasure not necessity; while even the father of the family does not evidently object to bumping his child over the pavements, as long as it is in an upright position in a chair. I have an absurd prejudice, I confess, against seeing men, provided their position and means do not warrant it, playing nursemaid. It is hard to decide which is the worse, to see a man walking beside his wife as she pushes or pulls the baby's vehicle, or doing it herself. And wrong as it may be, I entertain a sympathetic regret for the husband and wife who cannot, on Sunday or Saturday afternoon, manage to go out for a walk without the accompaniment of children in arms, or in perambulating chairs. There ought to be a creche, not for poor people's children but for those, who, though possessing many material blessings, cannot afford a thoroughly competent nurse.

THE days of the rink are becoming numbered. Soon a disconsolate throng will be seen promenading round and round the dreary precincts, even at their best when there is a glorious spring sun outside, watching a few brave spirits who contend that bathing and skating may be happily combined. And when the doors are finally closed what a multitude of "the unemployed" will be thrown upon their own resources! For golf does not begin at once, ski-ing and snowshoeing will depart with the skating, and walking in spring time in Montreal streets is not a pastime desired or deserved by the greater part of us; though for that portion of the population who can don knickerbockers and leggings, and rubber boots, possibly floods have no terrors.

Women of the Civil Service.

The Introduction of Female Clerks—How It Was Opposed—Their Number, Where They Work and What They Do—Effect of the Typewriter Making and Destroying Money—Some Women Clerks Get as High as \$1,000 a Year.

UNTIL, about 24 years ago no women had been allowed to share the labors of the men "in the Government." Now, by estimate, there are over 200, and 55 in the one Department of the Post Office. Most people, even in Ottawa, have but a vague idea of the work done by these women, who, from 9.30 a.m. till 4 p.m., or, in some cases, 5 o'clock, are employed, in one way or another, in the buildings. Just how and why the idea entered the mind of the benevolent Deputy Minister of Finance, then Mr. Langton (whose name is ever coupled with thoughts of his kindly deeds and courtesy towards those employed), none can venture to say at this late day, but to him is due the credit (?) of introducing women into the Dominion civil service. (I put the question mark in for the benefit of some sceptical man, who believes, as the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie thought, that it is not woman's "sphere"—that poor and much-abused word.) Mr. Langton, at any rate, made a quiet little visit to Washington, and when he heard all the nice things said of the work of the women employed in the United States civil service—of their faithfulness, quickness, regularity and general trustworthiness—he put the matter in the pipe he was always smoking. And then, like the tailor with the cow, immortalized by Mother Goose, "he bade the Premier consider." The latter "considered very well," after the manner of Premiers, and it was still under his most serious consideration when he went away, without having given any orders about the momentous question.

Mr. Langton, however, probably thought silence gave consent, and he proceeded to engage four ladies, who came and worked daily in the buildings. But on all sides, sad to relate, rose murmurs, which eventually came to Mr. Mackenzie's ears, and when he came back the ladies were summarily dealt with and told that their services were not required. But in the end, woman, as championed by Mr. Langton, triumphed, and the four were re-engaged, together with very many others. A room was set apart for them, and those in authority were besieged as no later Ministers have ever been (no matter how great they believe their burdens to be) by women with friends, and that mysterious quality known as "influence." The utmost secrecy was enjoined upon those employed, as to the number of women in each department. But still the crowd of applicants unaccountably grew, and, at length, a very unsatisfactory arrangement was made, whereby one half worked for a month, giving place then to another contingent for a like period. It was a dog-in-the-manger policy, and no one had much out of it, so, at last, this unsatisfactory compromise was done away with.

But it was a time of storm and stress, and though in the end the usefulness and desirability of women in the service was demonstrated, it is to be feared that by his colleagues at that time Mr. Langton's name was not revered as it ought to have been.

To come down to the present time. The Interior Department employs a large number of women clerks, some 20 in all, and as the work increases, so does the ratio of women to men rise in favor of the former. That is apparently a good argument for the efficiency of women in the service. Indeed, as one high in authority told the writer, he found them in many ways preferable to male clerks. Women are almost invariably to be

found at their posts and are most conscientious and trustworthy.

Of course, it sometimes happens that a woman—being a woman—fails to see why the claims of home duties or home occurrences, needing urgently her presence, should not be regarded. The office, she thinks, is all very well, but it is by no means everything, and she is disposed to pout, so it is averred, if she cannot get what she wants instanter. From a man's point of view she does not always "listen to reason," or realize that "business is business." (The latter, by the way, is a deficiency seldom laid at the door of any man engaged in the political service of his country.)

There is another feature of the conduct of women in the civil service, which is often encountered also in law and other offices. They do not realize that many social amenities and courtesies must be dispensed with, and fail to understand that the chivalry and "manner" which they have a right to expect in their drawing-room must be exchanged for the perhaps curt tone of the busy official who—although not in the least wanting in real respect—has no time for weighing his words so as not to wound the possibly sensitive feelings of the women under him.

Although so highly thought of in the Interior and other Departments, there are very many of the officials who do not approve of the employment of women in the service. This is notably the case in the Public Works branch, where only three ladies are employed.

NO matter how brilliant and versatile a girl has proved herself, she can never, never be chief clerk, or Deputy Minister. If she be without this privilege, however, there is the one comfort that at least her salary is good—that is, if she entered the service long ago. Some of the women in the Interior get \$1,000, and others from \$700 to \$900. But these halcyon days for women departed with the late lamented Conservative Government, and now a copyist goes in at \$400, and can look for an increase to \$600 only. It was said, and truly enough, that a typewriter in a lawyer's office could not command anything like the salary formerly given, so the statutory increases were done away with, and the position of women in the civil service came down a peg or two. Still, on the whole, it is by no means to be despised—the hours are short and the work not too hard, the difference in wear and tear of the spirit resting entirely in the hands of the high personage who assigns you your Department, and sets such and such men to rule over you. But, in other places besides the civil service, that little detail of the "head," or the "chief," or the men you have to deal with, makes all the difference in the world to a woman.

There are several exceedingly clever and capable women who do the work and leave to men the glory and apparent responsibility; they have the executive ability, the despatch and business-like methods of any man, but these are qualities that cannot well be openly recognized.

I do not suppose that the fair civil servants themselves are ambitious for chief-clerkships; they would not like the responsibility; they have not had the special training required, and, altogether, as matters are, everything is no doubt arranged for the best, and only a woman's rights agitator

would wish it otherwise. My point is that they could do the work if they tried, which everyone knows already, and everyone knows also that they would only get half what a man would for so doing.

THE introduction of the typewriter made a world of difference in the amount of work done in the Departments. For a long time it was not supposed that a woman's intellect could master shorthand, but now in the Interior Department twelve ladies are employed as stenographers and typewriters, while, if the little clicking machine were done away with, a staff of 15 more clerks would have to be appointed.

The typewriter made its appearance in the buildings within the last ten years, and soon all were practising on it and learning Pitman's shorthand. That is what all are doing now, with a few exceptions. One lady, who has lived in Germany, acts as translator of German correspondence, while three others are engaged in the delicate operation of engrossing land patents. This, too, for a while was deemed a man's sole prerogative, but it has been found that the clear and beautiful penmanship of these three women was quite equal to the task.

The Department of Indian Affairs—in which 14 women are employed, with four in the Dominion Lands Inside Service—is practically a branch of the Interior Department. In the record office three women are employed in keeping the records and in indexing. This means reading over all letters, incoming and outgoing, precis-writing and indexing under the several heads. The correspondence, of course, relates entirely to the subject of Indians and their affairs. In the "Lands" branch the clerks write letters from notes dealing with land and timber reserves; while those who have charge of the correspondence relating to Indian schools see to the payment of teachers' salaries, etc. Above these rooms, past the offices of the Auditor-General's Department (where seven women are hard at work), one finds, after going through endless corridors, bare and ghostly, the accountant's room. This is a very large one, and here several women devote their time to routine work. The eastern block is not nearly so well fitted up for offices as the western; few women work together, being rather scattered in twos and threes over various rooms. There is exceedingly little social intercourse between the female clerks—the congenial ones keep to themselves, and the boundaries of cliques and sets are seldom enlarged. Many do not know women whom they often see, even by name. Among so many clerks there is, of course, a great difference in social status, some being reduced in circumstances who formerly went out much in society, while others have risen greatly in the world from their original station in life.

APPARENTLY almost forgotten by the Government, as well as the world, is the library of the Geological Museum. Of course, it would naturally only be known to men who delve deep into the mysteries of science. Twelve thousand volumes fill the two cosy rooms—learned treatises on geology and kindred studies. There, surrounded on all sides by mountains of manuscripts and pamphlets, can be found the assistant librarian. She spends the greater part of her time indexing and cataloguing the new volumes constantly being added to her collection. She finds her knowledge of French, Latin and German very useful to her, but she lacks many of the aids granted to those in the Dominion Library, though it is plain that she keeps herself well abreast of the times. Three other women are employed in indexing, typewriting, etc.

At some future day, when we have girl graduates in mining and metallurgy, this little library will be invaded by women, reading as eagerly those abstruse volumes as you or I would a novel. But the pages will be worm-eaten long before the female book-worm comes to destroy the sleepy quiet of this odd little retreat, where the assistant librarian holds sway.

IN the Finance Department at the present time there are 13 women. The monotony of the work done by them is past belief—shorthand and typewriting are mildly exciting compared to sitting for hours at a time signing one's own name to sheet after sheet of paper, each bearing four bills, made lawful money of the Dominion by the signature of each clerk. Some names are very much easier than others to write, so do not attempt to enter that Department unless your name is not only short and sweet, but easily dashed off. The quickness of some of the clerks is simply marvelous, as their fingers fly over the sheets.

The only variation to this deadly monotony in the office is an occupation, which, though disagreeable in one way, is hailed with joy by the staff of clerks. This is the sorting of the old bills called in by the Government. From the banks they come to the Receiver-General's office, afterwards being sent to the Finance Department. The six or seven bundles of 1,000 notes each, are then distributed among the various clerks, and perhaps for a month at a time all of the staff are busy counting the soiled and tattered bills. The months of August and September are busy ones for signing, as money is needed for the grain trade and shipping, so the old notes accumulate until the next month, when they emerge from the darkness of the vault and are made ready for their fiery death. They are by no means pleasant things to handle—some of them, ill-smelling and blood-stained, defaced and mutilated, the once crisp and clean bill is usually a sorry spectacle when it is returned to the hands that first sent it forth. Sometimes, indeed, it comes back in a surprisingly short time after issue. Though the life of a note is usually from three to four years, the banks go by their own sweet will in the matter. As mentioned not long ago editorially in LIFE, a bill is often made to do duty much too long, until with dirt and ill-usage it is quite unrecognizable, and is, moreover, a menace to public health.

IF a child has playfully clipped into several pieces its mother's dollar bill, it need not be punished too severely, for there is still some redress. She can, with a little difficulty, and by application to the Department, have what appeared to be lost money restored to her. A quick-witted Irishman was he whose cow behaved in the following reprehensible manner. He had just been paid for something he had sold, quite a large sum of money, and put the notes in his pocket, where his cow, browsing gently after her wont, found them—and swallowed them. He killed the poor beast on the spot and the bills were redeemed by the Department, or so the story goes.

When the old bills are counted for the last time, the melancholy remains are borne in what is known as the "funeral procession" to the furnace below, where the money that has been hardy earned, lightly parted with, schemed and lied and fought for, goes up in smoke. There is a very fine grating over this crematory, to prevent the least bit of flaky paper rising. In Washington, the worn out bills are put in a macerator and crushed to a pulp, out of which various effects of vertu are made, sold, and carried away as souvenirs—hats and cats, statues and busts, all "made of money."

I think if I were a clerk in the Finance Department I should be pulled up with pride to think that my signature was of so much value, even if written with wearied and cramped fingers. A millionaire would not be one bit better, for the time being, in my estimation. With writers for the press the trouble is always that one's signature, no matter how much it is worth, can never be signed to blank paper if one wants to become rich. How delightfully easy, on the other hand, to make money by a few simple strokes of the pen, and how much pleasanter the feeling of power!

H. A. MITTON.

Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, now 72 years old, is acting in St. Petersburg, his first appearance there for 20 years. He is said to have created great enthusiasm.

THEATRES
AND ENTERTAINMENTS

ZAZA got a hard name from daily papers that had little or nothing to say in condemnation of the gross immorality of *The Rounders* and other equally reprehensible productions. The course of the Montreal dramatic critics is more whimsical than the debates of Parliament, and less regular than a rail fence built by a blind man. After reading the notices of this week's play at the Academy in Tuesday's papers, I went to the theatre expecting to see and hear something shocking. I was agreeably surprised. Zaza, it is true, lays bare a stratum of society which is neither beautiful nor, as far as mankind may judge, valuable to the world. But it does not treat of its painful and ugly subject with that levity which marks the truly immoral play. *The Rounders*, for instance, was filled with suggestive jokes, both spoken and acted. To be plain, it not only teemed with filth but failed to redeem itself by pointing the least moral or becoming serious for a single moment. Zaza, on the other hand, partakes almost of the nature of a tragedy. Though the principals do not end up by drinking poison or smothering one another with pillows, which are the marks of the conventional tragedy, the evolution of character round which the whole play centres is deeply tragic. Moreover, a good moral lesson is strongly and obviously put forward. For these reasons, I, for one, should not call Zaza an immoral play. For the same reasons, I could never agree with those who denounced "The Story of An African Farm" and "Tribby" as immoral novels. In a word, the immorality of a literary production depends on treatment rather than on subject. The strongest indictment of Zaza is not that it is immoral, but simply that it is unbeautiful.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him." This old saying gets a new exemplification in the reception given to Zaza. All the papers said the play was immoral, and therefore a lot of young men went to it with eyes and ears open for the lasciviousness they had been told to expect. Words and deeds that have no double meaning can be twisted and misconstrued into highly improper things, if people are determined to see everything through smutty spectacles. The night I was at The Academy, there was much mere vulgarity and coarseness in the remarks, laughter and un concealed "expectancy" of the gallery than in anything that took place on the stage, and this because the public, after what the newspapers had said, went with their minds made up to find a certain quality and purpose in the play.

WITHOUT devoting any space to a criticism of the company—which is only of average merit—I would say that Miss Howard, as Zaza, portrays the unschooled waywardness of the concert-hall singer, who had simply grown up wild, with admirable force. It is doubtful if there is any actress who can speak so fast and vehemently, and can work herself into a more life-like paroxysm of rage, than Miss Howard. The other members of the company who show particular aptitude are Mr

Connor, as Bernard Dufrene; Mr. Morrison, as Cascart; and, with considerable qualification, Misses Du Roy and Phillips, as Zaza's aunt and Nathalie respectively.

WITH the McGrane-Henderson benefit, at Her Majesty's, the Theatre Francais Stock Company finally passed from view for this season, but it is hoped not for good. There is room in Montreal for a stock work, and from the success that Manager Phillips was meeting with, when the unfortunate fire took place, it may be inferred that he had at last got the right people together. Miss Maxwell and Messrs. Henderson and McGrane will be welcomed back to Montreal next year, should the theatre be rebuilt and the company reorganized.

THE Zingari Club's annual concert was, as usual, a success. The audience was large and appreciative—many fashionable people being present. Although the club has a high reputation to maintain, this year's concert was fully up to the expectations of those who had heard preceding ones—which is saying a good deal. The numbers were good, almost without exception. The following was the programme in full: Instrumental—Maud's Galop, the Zingari Banjo Club; vocal—A Legend of the Rhine, the Zingari Male Quartet; soprano solo—Spring Tide, Miss Mabel Langstaff; instrumental—Mazzoni Waltzes, the Zingari Mandolin Club; tenor solo—The King's Musketeer, Mr. I. Leslie Tedford; comic song—My Family Troubles, Mr. Fred S. Hickey; instrumental—Nancy's Cake Walk, the Zingari Banjo Club; baritone solo—The Outpost's Vigil, Mr. Sidney Dugan; contralto solo—Call Me Back, Miss Florence Wishart; banjo solo, (a) Sounds from Church, (b) march With the Colors, Mr. Meredith Heward; vocal—Comrades in Arms, the Zingari Glee Club; duet—Nocturne, Miss Langstaff and Miss Wishart; dialect solo—Little Cotton Dolly, Dr. H. J. S. Nichol, accompanied by Zingari Banjo, Mandolin and Glee Clubs; accompanist, Mr. J. Perival Hlesley.

OURS, at Her Majesty's, by the Garrick Club, drew well and made a very handsome sum for the Montreal General Hospital. A fair and appreciative critique appears with our society news this week, so I refrain from comment upon the play and content myself with giving the cast in full:

- Prince Petrovsky Mr. H. A. Springle
- Sir Alexander Shendryn, Bart. Mr. Cecil T. Gordon
- Angus McAllister Mr. S. A. Finley
- Hugh Chalcoet Mr. W. O. Ryde
- Captain Lamprey Mr. George Mason
- Sergeant Jones Mr. Huntly Gordon
- Hough Mr. Dudley Oliver
- Lady Shendryn Miss Elsie Campbell
- Blanche Hays Miss Wolferstan Thomas
- Mary Netley Mrs. Cecil T. Gordon

JEFFERSON DE ANGLIS and company return to Montreal next week in their popular success, *The Jolly Musketeer*. This is one of the best comic operas that has visited here this season, and it will doubtless be welcomed back with the same eclat as characterized its reception in September.

IT is with great regret that the Academy of Music management announce that, owing to Miss Arthur's serious illness, it has now been positively decided that she will not appear here next week. In consequence of this the Academy of Music must perforce remain closed, Miss Julia Arthur's engagement was looked forward to, as one of the biggest of the season. The Academy management felt that in securing Miss Arthur, they had accomplished a great thing, as Montreal theatre-goers have been anxious to see her, for a long time past, and even until Wednesday morning there was a lingering hope, that she would sufficiently recover, so as to enable her to reach Montreal, but a telegram received at the Academy settled all doubts, and crushed out all hopes. Everybody deeply sympathizes with Miss Arthur in her illness.

THE next attraction offered by the Academy of Music is *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp*, under Klaw & Erlanger's management, with the prime favorites, Elna Wallace Hopper and Jerome Sykes, in the principal roles. They will be here for week of April 2nd, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The sale of seats will open Thursday, March 29, at the Academy box office.

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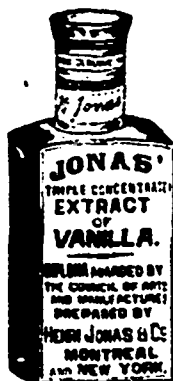
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SOCIETY NEWS.

An engagement which has created more than a little interest is that of Miss Christina Hendrie, second daughter of Mr. William Hendrie, of Hamilton, to Mr. Herbert Eckford, of High River, Alberta, a nephew of Lady Somerset. Miss Hendrie is very well known and exceedingly popular in Montreal, where she often visits. Both she and her sister are noted as excellent whips and very straight riders in the hunting field. Their father is the owner of numerous racehorses, and their brothers are most successful, as a rule, as gentlemen jockeys, when they ride their own or friends' horses. The Misses Hendrie are generally to be seen at all the race meetings.

Another engagement is that of Captain E. de Lotbiniere Panet, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Panet, of Quebec, to Miss Monica Dunn, who is a sister of Mrs. Harry Oswald, of Montreal.

On Wednesday afternoon, Miss Ella Molson, St. Matthew street, gave a very pleasant little tea.

To-day, Mrs. Gus. May, Sherbrooke street, is giving a large luncheon in honor of Miss Gair, of New York.

On Monday afternoon, a delightful children's party was given by Mrs. A. A. Allan, Stanley street, the occasion being the birthday of Miss Doris Allan. These parties, which begin and end at a reasonable time—how very much more sensible they are! All the little guests enjoy themselves quite as much, and the next day is not spoiled by over-fatigue, and, in consequence, irritability, the outcome of late hours. Among Miss Doris Allan's guests were: Miss Madge Law, the Misses Baumgarten, Miss Enid Campbell, Miss Beatrice MacDougall, Miss Beryl Hamilton, Miss Gracie Lewis, Miss Gwyneth Wanklyn, Master Fred, Wanklyn, Master Andrew Wanklyn, Master Moray Greenshields, Miss Geraldine Paterson, Master Guy Drummond, Master Gregor Barclay, Master Maurice Peterson, Master Willie Peterson, Master Herbert Holt, and Master Andrew Holt.

Miss Viola Kerry, Durocher street, has left town on a visit of some weeks to Miss Wand's popular pension at Ste. Agathe des Monts.

This afternoon, Mrs. G. Herrick Duggan, Metcalfe street, will entertain a number of friends at tea.

Lady Daines, who has been visiting Mrs. McLea Wallbank, Peel street, has returned to Ottawa.

On Monday evening, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Peel street, entertained a number of friends at dinner, to meet Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hamilton, of England.

It is extraordinary how little observation some people possess. There are still questions appearing in the papers as to whether Winston Churchill, of "Richard Carvel" fame, and Winston Churchill, the war correspondent, are one and the same, when every magazine almost and every paper has spent its time, throughout the autumn and winter, in pointing out the similarity of the name, and the difference between the two men.

A FEW OF THE VERY LATEST CRAZES.

WAR has, for a time, put football, racing, even rowing, out of court. But other nations, though keeping an eye on the struggle in the South, find time for various strange freaks of fashion in amusement, in ornament, in food. German society, for instance, is struggling with the mysteries of the koermagyar, a sort of minuet, which is almost as difficult to dance as its name is to pronounce. Needless to say, it is the versatile Kaiser to whom it owes its forced popularity. It comes from Hungary, and its teacher at the Prussian Court is Professor Louis Pattate.

Racing ever after something new, France is divided between several new fashions. The Christiani mascot is the very latest. This is a new charm for the watch-chain—a tiny gold top-hat, with the top bashed in. It is, of course, a memento of the pointless and cowardly attack made some months ago on the French President on the Autenil racecourse. It is worn by any and all who still have sympathy with the Royalist faction. Paris itself has gone cracked on the subject of dogs' clothes. Regular liveries for all the dogs in a household are made. The waterproof for rainy days, the mantle for cold weather, and boots for damp streets are articles the French society dog has long been familiar with. Gold bracelets and tie-pins for the poor beasts are the latest form of this cruel absurdity. Then, the mistresses of these tortured pets must no longer slip their scented notes into envelopes. Paris society has reverted to the old fashion of folding up the sheet of paper and closing it with sealingwax or wafers.

The husbands of these same dames have discovered that the only thing to begin dinner with is a plate of green oysters. These come from Marennes. A stranger would be apt to shun such queer-looking shellfish. Horrible suspicions of copper, or other metallic poisoning, would float before him. They are, however, perfectly harmless, and owe their color to no mineral pigment.

You can't go to a smart reception in St. Petersburg to-day without a black rose in your buttonhole. As may be imagined, this, the latest in freak-flowers, is not inexpensive. It is said to be really jet black in hue, and is the product of 10 years' toil on the part of a florist named Fetisoff.

In Austria—at least that part of it which composes smart society in Vienna—there is no surer passport to fame than the possession of a good specimen of an ancient Parisian talisman. These curious and beautiful pieces of jewelry are usually turquoises of a large size, engraved with mystic signs or mottoes in the Persian language. They are worn inlaid with gold, and set with rubies, pearls, or emeralds, and fetch enormous prices.

Perhaps the quaintest fashion that 1900 will see is a revival of one popular 30 years ago—no less than our old friend the paper collar. In 1868, American factories turned out, chiefly for home consumption, 425,000,000 paper collars. Then celluloid came in and killed the industry. But celluloid, as linen grew cheaper, became unpopular. A few months ago a novel paper collar came upon the market. It is a most perfect imitation of linen, and is treated with a waterproof preparation, which makes it equal in wear to the celluloid article.

This is a good cut of the M. A. A. A. Curling Trophy, won by the Heather Club and presented at their dinner on Tuesday night. The shield is leather, 24 inches high, and 22 inches wide. The garter, brooms, stone, wheel and wings are of sterling silver, oxidized. The small shield is of sterling silver, gilded, crossed by an enameled bar of red and blue—the M.A.A.A. colors.



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DENTIST—\$1 with gas—50c. without.

MR. HAVRIX.—Say, young feller, don't yew try none o' yer bunco games on me. Mebby I dew look kind o' green, but I reckon I ain't goin' ter give up 50 cents extra for gas when it's broad daylight.

To kiss a miss is not amiss,
And yet it seems to me
To miss a kiss is quite amiss—
Yes, said as sad can be!

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In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

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DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE, 1897.

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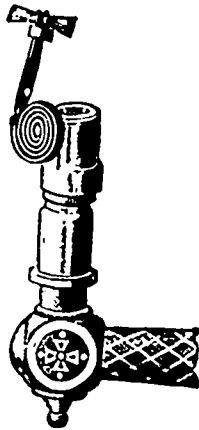
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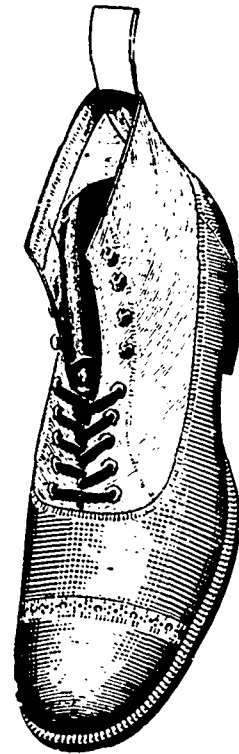
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