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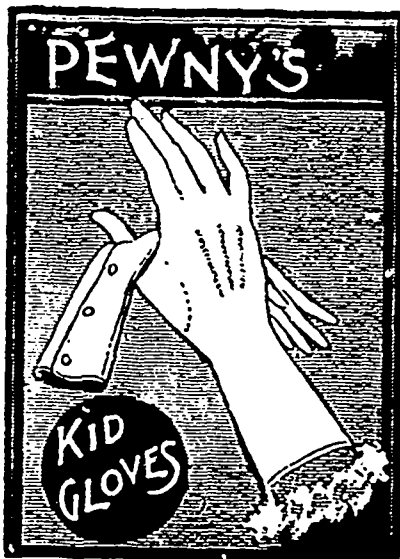
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1900.

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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is easy to attach too much importance to articles, such as that of *La Semaine Religieuse*, which occasioned so much discussion last week. From early times men have shown a certain superstitious reverence for the truth (or untruth) that somebody has set down in writing; and the statement, "It is written," was for centuries conclusive and barred argument. To-day, this awe of "the word" survives in the importance we attach to the something someone has said in some paper or other. "It is written" has given place to "I saw it in the newspaper," or "The Daily Dogtrot says so-and-so." Why should we ascribe such potency to individual opinion and statement, simply because it is set down with a little cheap printers' ink, on a piece of flimsy paper which to-morrow may be used to wrap bread in? After all, every printed argument or opinion is evolved, in the first instance, from the brain of some individual man, like you or me, who may represent somebody or nobody, and who may or may not be specially qualified to offer an opinion. And although the words of this person—this single molecule in the mass—may mould the sentiments of those who read them or be a fairly accurate expression of sentiments already widespread, we should never forget that newspapers are not created in any Divine, mysterious way, but made, word by word, and line upon line, by fallible, mortal individuals, whose opinions are worth no more than their personal equations.

IF this is true of the greatest and wisest journals, it is equally true of an obscure weekly such as *La Semaine Religieuse*. I have, before now, pointed out that the French-Canadian press does not necessarily speak for the whole French-Canadian people. The French-Canadian press is largely written by foreigners, and it seems the article in *La Semaine Religieuse* was from the pen of a man who is not a Canadian and knows little of Canadian affairs. Even experienced journalists, who have been familiar from childhood with local conditions and daily mix with men of the world, fail at times to "feel the atmosphere" correctly. So it is rather ridiculous that the vaporings of a foreign religious recluse, when he affects to speak for nearly one-half of the Canadian people, should create such a furore. The fact that the article has drawn fire from the leading citizens and papers of the Province, French as well as English, is the best proof that *La Semaine Religieuse* represents nobody outside of a small clerical clique at most.

MUCH more significant, to my mind, than the article itself, is the tone of the disclaimers of some of the clerics who have spoken. I confess I was disappointed at their half-heartedness. The writer of such seditious rot should have been either rebuked with the silence of contempt, or denounced in terms that would leave no doubt as to the opinions of those who spoke. The Catholic clergy of this Province, if they have the interests of their people at heart, cannot afford to let a shadow of suspicion rest upon their loyalty to the Government that has given them the fullest liberties they could ask for. Loyalty should mean something more than passive submission to, and acquiescence in, British suzerainty; something more than the mere discharge of a debt. It should mean love and

devotion, and if Canadian citizens are not for the flag—with all the enthusiasm and fervor of their hearts—they are against it.

FORTUNATELY, or unfortunately, the clergy of Quebec have a record to live up to in this matter—a record made by their predecessors in sacred office; and should the declarations of the present generation of priests, on questions of Imperial unity, be halting and equivocal, compared with those of the past, a painful inference is certain to be drawn. There should not be any necessity for this constant discussion of French-Canadian loyalty, but, in view of the fanatical outbursts of half a dozen firebrands, and the mildness of the rebukes administered by those in high places, the intelligent French-Canadian can scarcely marvel that it is an easy task for the politicians to misrepresent his race to the people of English Canada, who have not the advantage of neighborly intercourse with Jean Baptiste.

I SPEAK on this question not as one who has ever impugned French-Canadian loyalty, but, on the contrary, as one who finds much to agree with in the attitude of those who say that, if the several parts of the Empire are to fight as one, they must all have a chance to speak before being committed to war. This is surely reasonable, and, after all the excitement of the moment is over, it will be recognized as such. If the colonies really desire a measure of Imperial federation, they will have a golden opportunity to get something in that line as soon as the Empire is at peace once more. How matters can be adjusted, it is difficult to say; but they must be adjusted. Passionately devoted to Great Britain, the colonies cannot allow her statesmen and public forever to frame a foreign policy for which the whole Empire is held responsible, with all its treasure and blood.

THERE is a story to the effect that the Colonial Office practically demanded troops of the colonies, and it has been hinted that the Government at Ottawa was left no choice between acceding and facing a disagreement with the Imperial representative, that would have precipitated an immediate election, and thus have placed the Liberal party at the mercy of their opponents. This may be a fairy story, but when the correspondence is brought down all the facts will be known. If pressure was used in the smallest degree, if the slightest threat was made, the people and Parliament of Canada must, in justice to themselves, seriously consider where they stand. But, whether the story is true or untrue, there is bound to be a general stock-taking after this war; and I fancy both parties and all citizens will then recognize the wisdom of some public men who have lately been abused, because they dared to say Canada should demand a voice in the foreign affairs of the Empire, as the quid pro quo for colonial assistance in time of war.

THOUGH not a philanthropist in the generally accepted sense of that term, the late W. W. Ogilvie was, with all his wealth, more respected and beloved by his associates, and by the community at large, than some men who have given away hundreds of thousands at a stroke. His cutting off, swift and unexpected as the stroke of a scythe, causes one to

LOOKING-GLASS--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

reflect that Death is indeed a reaper, whose blade is keen and indiscriminating in severing the earthly ties of rich and poor alike. Opulence and penury are conditions bounded by the span of a few years, and howsoever we struggle and strive for money and power, these can minister to our ambitions and passions for the brief space that is allotted to us upon earth, and no longer. No rich man's millions can convert his lease of life into a freehold. The end comes suddenly or with laggard steps, but it comes; and all the wealth of Montreal cannot bribe Destiny to spare such a useful or capable man as Mr. Ogilvie or to relieve the world of those who are morally, physically and financially a dead weight. Yet, most of us go on toiling and hoarding as madly as if we must provide for the needs of Eternity. Occasionally we are recalled to our senses by some event which shows how complacently death puts a period to the activities of even the most strenuous and valiant.

It is becoming a question whether all the popular sports that once gave the Canadian public such keen delight are to be dominated by the ethics and rules of the prize ring. Lacrosse and baseball long ago lost much of their popularity because of the rowdyism of players and spectators. Football, if we may judge by some of last fall's matches, is fast going downhill towards the same limbo, and now hockey, the most popular and characteristic sport we have ever had in Canada, seems about to join the list of disgraced games, in which fouls and free fights normally take up more time than legitimate playing. The match between Montreal and the Shamrocks, at the Arena last Saturday night, was full of exhibitions of unfairness, unsportsmanlike conduct, and positive roughness. During the game foul play was constantly going on, and, although the referee was lenient, six players were sent to the fence; while, two minutes before full time, it looked as if all on the ice would be involved in a free fight. If this sort of thing is allowed to go further, the only rules that will be applicable to the game will be those known as Queensbury. If football and hockey matches are to be fights, let us not deceive ourselves longer by calling them genteel names. Let us invite our lady friends to go to "the fight at the M.A.A.A grounds this afternoon," or "at the Arena to-night"—not the football or hockey match, as the case may be. The enthusiasm of sympathizers in the crowd is often somewhat to blame for roughness on the field or ice; yet, after all, this does not excuse the players themselves. Gentlemen and sportsmen always keep their temper and "play fair," even under trying circumstances. The public—at all events the mass of the public—pay to see hockey, not an exhibition of childishness and bad blood.

DOWN in Texas they are going to "hold a hanging" shortly, at which an admittance fee of 25c. will be charged—the proceeds to go to the widow of the condemned man. This is hardly a subject to jest about over the tea cups. But it strikes me that the people of Texas must have, not only a finer sense of humor, but a much stronger genius for the practical, than those of more northern latitudes. In Canada and in many of the States it has come to be the custom to lay so many bouquets and bon-bons and so much time and sympathy at the shrine of the man in the cell that nothing is left for the wronged ones outside. The Texans do it differently. They are anxious to see their misguided fellow citizen through his little trouble, like good neighbors, but they do not forget those who are at least equally deserving of help and sympathy.

FELIX VANI.

Last evening, Mr. H. H. Sands, Stanley street, entertained a large number of friends at dinner, and a theatre party afterwards at The Greek Slave.

MRS. H. MONTAGU ALLAN, "Ravensrag," gave a very pleasant little luncheon on Tuesday for Miss Wilder, of Brookline, Mass. The guests were: Mrs. W. R. Miller, Mrs. R. Wilson Belord, Miss Miller, Miss Ewan, Miss Wilder.

This afternoon, Mrs. Chisolm, Mountain street, is giving a large tea.

Last night, Thursday, Mrs. Ellis, Sherbrooke street, gave a large dance. Unfortunately, it took place too late in the week for MONTREAL LIFE to procure any details of this, no doubt, very successful entertainment.

THE patrons of the Symphony Concerts will be interested to learn that among the coming attractions will be Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, of New York, tenor, and Mr. Henri Marteau, the great French violinist.

On Tuesday, Mr. W. R. Miller, Stanley street, gave a most delightful dinner for a number of hunting men. The table was extremely pretty, with its centrepiece of scarlet pansies, for perhaps nothing is more effective than these flowers together with the snowy napery and silver. The menu and dinner cards bore cleverly executed sketches from hunting scenes, and appropriate quotations. The guests were: The M. F. H., Mr. G. R. Hooper; Dr. C. McEachran, Mr. G. Gillespie, Mr. A. Hamilton, Mr. G. Farmer, Mr. F. Meredith, Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. H. M. Allan, Mr. H. B. Macdougall.

Miss Maud Sewell, of Quebec, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street.

Mrs. A. Baumgarten, McTavish street, will entertain a number of friends at tea this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Drummond have returned from their wedding trip and taken possession of their house, 127 Bishop street. Mrs. Drummond will receive on January 29, 30 and 31, as previously announced.

With the fresh snowfall, the enthusiasm for snow-shoeing has revived, and several parties were given this week. Providing it is not too cold, there is hardly a pleasanter way of spending the evening, than to take a long tramp, and return to a jolly little supper.

TO begin with, the very idea of a dance at the Place Viger was one to excite interest among most people; for Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy are the first, I think, among the English speaking residents of Montreal, to give any entertainment at this hotel. And probably there has not been, nor will be given, a more successful dance than was that given in honor of Miss Shaughnessy, on Tuesday last. The invitations issued numbered between three and four hundred, and though most of the guests were young people, some 20 or 30 married people were also present.

Mrs. Shaughnessy wore a very handsome gown of that black chiffon which, from its exquisite lustre, bears the name of "Claire de la Lune." Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a large bouquet of violets. Miss Shaughnessy wore an extremely pretty frock of white chantilly lace, and carried a bouquet of roses. Miss Helen Young, of Milwaukee, was in a charming gown of black tulle, with touches of turquoise blue, a costume which was most striking, setting off, as it did, her fair hair and splendid carriage.

Dancing was in the large dining-room, where Ratto's orchestra played a capital programme of popular numbers, and responded most heartily to the many encores. But, apropos of that, when will Montreal people learn the unutterably bad taste of encoring dances? They still pursue this execrable custom, whether ignorantly or willfully I know not. The long corridor outside the ball-room was lighted with many electric lights, and the numerous sitting-rooms and drawing-rooms were filled with tiny tables, and supper was served there. This multiplicity of supper-rooms seems an admirable idea. Altogether the arrangements were perfect, and there seemed to be a presence among all of that indescribable "snap" which is so essential to a successful ball.

Points for Investors

It is interesting on the threshold of 1900 to observe if the remarkable uplift which occurred in 1899 is to continue in similar proportions during the current year. Everything points to such being the case. In the United States there was some doubt expressed as to whether railroad earnings, for example, would show the same remarkable increases as during the last twelve months. In Canada there seems to be no doubt on this point. Judging from the returns of the first week in the new year. The C. P. R. on January 7th showed the encouraging increase of \$54,000, or \$13,000 more of an increment than in the corresponding week of last year. For the second week of January there was even a greater advance in proportion, as the gross increase in the second week of 1899 was only \$12,000. The Grand Trunk exhibited on January 2nd a gain of \$26,744. The gains in net earnings are likely to be much larger, since, during the past year, both the principal Canadian roads have added much to equipment and rolling stock, and it is not likely that there need be the same outlays made on the physical condition of the roads. These indications are evidenced in the growing firmness of both C. P. R.'s and Grand Trunks in the London markets, and the consensus of opinion that C. P. R. will undoubtedly increase its dividend on the common stock. In fact, some operators are surmising a six per cent. announcement, but I consider an advance of two per cent. would be hardly in line with conservative policy. The bears point to the fact that even when C. P. R. stock was guaranteed at five per cent. by the Canadian Government it never went much over par, but those were in the problematical days of the road, ere it had demonstrated its enormous earning powers.

TRACTION EARNINGS RISING.

The street railways are showing a similar bright prospect for the new year, and Toronto Railway made a great record for the week ending on Sunday last, showing a gain of \$2,705. Even better than Montreal's increment which was \$3,324, both being far in advance of the gains for the similar period last year. Toronto Railway also in the first week showed up much better than Montreal, the latter showing only a gain of \$1,900, as compared with Toronto's \$3,700. Twin City Rapid Transit has also opened the year well, with very large gains, and this stock is the most interesting of all the tractions listed on the Canadian 'Changes.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Railway Company on Wednesday the report showed the gains I have previously indicated in these columns for the year 1899.

IRON, STEEL AND COAL.

There is no reason also why in industrial development Canada should not make greater strides during the coming twelve months. It is possible that the iron and steel companies in the United States witnessed a "boom" year, the remarkable record of which cannot be duplicated, but in Canada these industries are only in their infancy and we may look for great things from Nova Scotia and the seaboard where the Dominion Steel Company, the Dominion Coal Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company are making preparations for larger developments. In British Columbia the Crow's Nest coal mines, of which thus far only the cover has been lifted, should begin to show their mettle. The cotton companies should have a good year, and this class of stock is worthy of every attention. Owing to the growth of business the Dominion Cotton Company has decided to issue \$1,000,000 of preference stock to meet the growing demands of the business.

THE ELECTRIC OUTLOOK.

I have had frequent occasion to refer to the electric companies, because on the Montreal Stock Exchange Royal Electric has been a prominent feature, while on the Toronto 'Change Canadian General Electric has been an active factor. The leading electrical companies report that in 1899 their business exceeded that of 1898 by 75 per cent. More than half the output of these companies was applied to the extension and improvement of existing lighting and power plants. This replacement of old-type equipment is likely to continue during the coming year. In equal force, while there will probably be more street railway extension in 1900. The boom in electric railways which started about eight

years ago speedily spent its force and many towns, such as Cornwall, found themselves inconvenienced with a street railway when soon, however, became a great burden to the stockholders. The reaction has spent itself, and there are likely to be many new electric railways projected in 1900. The great mining development in British Columbia will also swell the electric manufacturing companies' receipts. Further, electricity has the future which a great power only in its infancy possesses. There will be many new uses for electricity yet to obtain, all of which will insure to the benefit of the electric manufacturing companies. Though Royal Electric has had a great rise in its quotations still around 185 it is a worthy investment, but Canadian General Electric at 170 is the cheapest stock on the market.

THE NOVA SCOTIA BANK.

The first of the banks to make a report for the year 1899 is the Nova Scotia, with an especially strong statement. Of all the Canadian banks the Nova Scotia looks as if it will exhibit the largest profits in proportion to its capital, exceeding the Bank of Montreal. It is possible Dominion's statement this year will be even better, but \$301,000 net profits on a capital of \$1,760,000, is a splendid showing. The Nova Scotia has also the distinction of being the only institution whose reserve is larger than its capital, the rest being \$2,162,570. Dominion Bank's rest is equal to its capital, viz., \$1,500,000. Nova Scotia at 220 is an excellent investment.

CENTRE STAR'S DIVIDEND.

The Centre Star mine has fulfilled the promises of its flotation and declared its first dividend of one per cent. per month, beginning with January. The War Eagle mine has begun the year well with good shipments, and Mr. Gooderham's promised increase in the dividend rate should materialize shortly.

The decline in War Eagle to 243 in the sale of a small lot on the Toronto 'Change last Tuesday was due, doubtless, to a forced sale in a period of dullness and a bear movement to secure the stock cheaply in advance of the increased dividend.

British victories in South Africa ought soon to relieve the general dullness in stocks.

FAIRFAX.

MINING SHARES

The tone of the market has improved considerably during the past week, and quotations are firmer for the lower-priced stocks. Among the higher-priced ones the only material change has been a decline in War Eagle, on the unfounded rumor that a strike of the employes was imminent. Virtue continues steady, and is in some favor on the rumor of a dividend in the near future. The transactions in Big Three have been fairly large, and it looks as if the stock is being quietly picked up. The selling was mostly for the West, and for what looked like short account, as the bears are predicting it will sell at 5 in a short while. Calif. rain is steady, and there are several buyers at 11½. A block of 5,000 shares was offered at 12, and that is all the stock in sight at present. There has been some demand for Monte Cristo in Toronto, and it would appear as if some of the holders of stock around 30 are averaging. There is not much for sale, and a fair-sized order would clean up this market. There has been no trading in Iron-Sides and Knob Hill, and it looks as if there were some supporting orders. Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate is strong, on the prospect of a strong board of directors being elected at the forthcoming annual meeting. The little flurry in Golden Star has petered out, and so has the attempt to boom Slooan Sovereign. In the present condition of affairs it does not look as if the shareholders are inclined to take the block of stock offered them by the Montreal-London Company. There is more interest centred in Deer Trail than in any other stock on the market, and since the result of the meeting on January 15 has been made known, the price has improved. The terms of the new deal are as follows: A new corporation is to be formed under a West Virginia charter, with a capital of 3,000,000 shares. Deer Trail stockholders are to get a share and a-quarter in the new company, and Bonanza shareholders, share for share, leaving \$750,000 in the treasury. This does not appear to improve the condition of affairs. The capabilities of the Bonanza are still problematical, and it looks as if the Deer Trail would, for the present, have to provide a dividend for the increased capitalization. According to the newspapers, the head office is to be in Toronto, where the deal has apparently been engineered. It is quite likely that a boom will be inaugurated in the stock, and, judging from former experience, it would be well for those who are not on the inside to take their profit and get out. A report has come in of a strike of considerable importance in the North Star. The stock since it has been listed has been dead as far as transactions are concerned, but now a little boom is inaugurated, and some purchases have been made as high as 107. The market certainly looks as if it had grounded on bottom. Business is improving in a conservative way, and will, as far as one can foresee, steadily increase from this out.

Montreal, January 18.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

NOTES.

Oswald Bros. send MONTREAL LIFE a useful reference booklet for investors. One table shows the highest and lowest of leading stocks, and the interest they yield at present prices. Another shows at a glance the rate of income on stocks purchased at various prices.

The Literary Women of Montreal.

TALENTED WRITERS WHO CALL THE METROPOLIS HOME.—THEIR WORK, AND ITS CHARACTER.—GLIMPSES OF THEIR PRIVATE LIFE.—AN ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

By Miss E. Botting.

THE term literary is used in this connection, not in its broader sense to signify all who have literary tastes, for they are legion, but in its more confined signification, to include those who, whether in greater or less degree, have used their pens in the production of Canadian literature. Of the place which the women of Montreal hold among Canadian writers,



MISS LILY DOUGALL.

their work shall speak for itself. To Miss Lily Dougall is generally conceded the first place, not only in the ranks of Montreal writers in particular, but of Canadian authors in general, who are happy to claim as one of their number a lady whose books are so widely read and appreciated in both England and

America. Miss Dougall was born and brought up in "Ivy Cottage," at the head of Drummond street. After some four or five years' residence in New York, she has spent most of her time in England, where she especially prefers to live in Oxford, not so much on account of its classical associations as because many of her friends reside there. Of recent years, Miss Dougall has spent the winter in Montreal, and the arrangement of the literary evenings at her pleasant home, on Elm avenue, is now one of her greatest pleasures. The first of her books, "Beggars All," appeared in 1891, and at once attained great popularity. The work done since has not been so generally popular, but has been valued by the most critical class of readers. As a writer in Literature says: "Miss Dougall in her 'What Necessity Knows,' has gone the furthest of any writer towards achieving a great Canadian novel." Several of her books have been translated into German—one appearing in The Hamburg Nachrichten (Bismarck's journal)—and one also into Italian. For the encouragement of authors who are prone to consider the publisher as a sort of speculator, with an eye single to his own advantage, it may be stated that Miss Dougall has invariably found the publishers, both in England and America, to be not only just, but generous.

In an article of this kind, any description of her books, individually, is impossible. To put it briefly, the originality of their conception, the insight into human character and motive, the gleams of quick-flashing humor, the lovely bits of scenic word-painting, the poetical touches—"the leaves of the line had not been long enough out of the curl-paper buds to have quite lost their crimp"—the easy, natural flow of language,

the honest way of attacking problems, all combine to render her stories charming, as well as powerful, the kind of book one rises to put down, and stands to finish that chapter—and the next.

Miss Dougall is a conscientious worker, revising all her writing at least three times. The local coloring is painted in on the spot, except in the story "A Madonna of To-day." "It has always been a matter of amusement to me," said Miss Dougall, with one of her sunny smiles, "that the critics have always considered the descriptions in 'The Madonna' more true to nature than in any of the others, whereas it was written in England while the scene is laid in the Rocky Mountains, which I never saw and never expect to see."

In collecting material for her latest, and perhaps strongest, story, "The Mormon Prophet," Miss Dougall met with a rather unique experience. It was her wish to visit Kirtland, Ohio, the home of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. But, application to the Governor of that State and of the adjoining, the inspector of prisons and every other public official, revealed the astonishing fact that not one of them had any information to give concerning Kirtland or any resident thereof. After that it was not surprising to find that these "one wife" Mormons were exceedingly moral, even to the extent of excommunicating the man who does not pay his debts.

Miss Dougall and her friend finally procured comfortable lodgings in a Mormon farm-house, where she lived their life, read their books, accompanied them to church, and studied them thoroughly, while her hosts, though evidently consumed with curiosity, had too much native refinement to inquire what it was all about.

A book that during the year, since its publication, has attracted a great

deal of attention by virtue of its merit is "Diane of Ville Marie," by Miss Blanche Lucille Macdonell. On her father's side, Miss Macdonell comes of U. E. Loyalist stock, her mother being a French-Canadian, from whom she inherited her love of literature, especially history and old romans Francais.



MADAME DANDURAND.

Miss Macdonell's first venture in publication was made at the age of 16, and was a good deal like that of Miss Alcott's "Joe." Without consulting anyone, or asking for paper, which might have aroused suspicion, she wrote out her story on the leaves of a copybook, ruled in leadpencil, and sent it to Frank Leslie's Monthly. Great was the astonishment of her

family when, in due time, a cheque came to hand for \$8, while visions of future wealth and glory filled the mind of the youthful authoress.

Since that auspicious event, Miss Macdonell has contributed more or less regularly to Harper's Bazaar, Popular Science Monthly, London Christian World, The Sketch, and other American and English magazines, some 20 in all, an extensive literary output.

Her reputation as a novelist is assured by "Diane of Ville Marie," her work being, as one critic puts it, "full-blooded, and instinct with Canadian life and thought." It is an historical romance of the early days of Montreal, and is intensely interesting from the first page to the last. Miss Macdonell, who reads French "at sight," has been indefatigable in research amongst the oldest French histories and records, and the result is a very vivid and accurate presentation of those troublous times, told in language both powerful and picturesque. "Ville Marie wore an aspect half military, half monastic. At sunrise and sunset a squad of soldiers paraded in front of the citadel, at night, patrols marched through the streets; church bells, deep and sweet-mouthed, rang out the Angelus, morning, noon and night."

Miss Macdonell arranges all her work when going about. She is a close observer, with an author's ability to extract information from every source, however unlikely upon the surface. "Did you ever see the 'loup-galoup,' or were-wolf?" was once asked of an old habitant woman. "No, madame; but I have seen the foxes, plente foxes," was the naive answer.

Miss Macdonell, who ascribes her success chiefly to her mother's early training and later encouragement, is preparing another historical work for the press, and the success of "Diane" should bespeak for her coming book a warm welcome.

Another book published within the past year, and dealing with the early history of Eastern Canada, is Mrs. Mary Wilson Alloway's "Famous Firesides of French Canada." Mrs. Alloway, who had already contributed much to the magazines, both in prose and poetry, wrote her book for the best of all reasons which an author can have—because she couldn't help it.

Even as a child she took a deep interest in what was quaint and old and historical about the city. Accompanied by a sister, an ardent admirer of her early literary efforts, she used

But, though so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of localities important under the old French regime, it was not till, as often happens, distance had lent further enchantment to the view, that Mrs. Alloway took up her pen on her return from an extended tour in Minneapolis and Winnipeg to put upon paper her visions of the past glories of the old French firesides.

The lines quoted in the opening chapter give the best idea of the scope and characteristics of the work:

O fair young land of La Nouvelle France,
With thy halo of olden-time romance,
Back like a half-forgotten dream
Come the by-gone days of the old regime.

The book has already in its short life received glowing press notices throughout the Dominion. A copy has also been solicited by the Colonial Library in London. Mrs. Alloway is at present engaged on a work for children, a form of literature for which she undoubtedly possesses the qualifications for success.

Juvenile literature is not, as many suppose, the easiest branch in which to excel, but rather the reverse. It bears the same relation to work for grown-up readers that the kindergarten bears to the high school or academy, and requires as much special aptitude in the one who would undertake it.

This peculiar fitness to write for childish readers has been demonstrated in a marked degree by Miss Margaret Ridley Charlton, youngest daughter of the late John Charlton, who was a descendant of the celebrated Bishop Ridley, of Williamswyke Castle, Northumberland. From tales of this north country, with its wilderness of moors and lonely woods, a land of ghosts and fairies, Miss Charlton's mind early received a strong tone of folk-lore.

In cooperation with her friend, the late Miss C. A. Fraser, the "Wonder Web of Stories" was published in 1892. Four years later Miss Charlton brought out "With Printless Foot," of which The Boston Transcript said it bore a family resemblance to the famous Brownie series.

Both stories and illustrations are of a kind not only to delight, but also to enrich and improve the childish mind. The lively but refined imagination is kept from soaring too far away by humorous little touches of nature, while many simple scientific facts are introduced incidentally. Pretty and tender little ideas are frequently presented.

"A song never dies. Some songs are floating in the wind, some have gone to the mountains and got situations as echoes, some of the prettiest hide in sea-shells, but all the noblest are soaring far above us. To rest in a human heart is better than to hum a sweet ditty in the fairest shell."

Miss Charlton, who is connected with the McGill Medical Library, has written several good short stories for periodicals. Her latest work is an historical romance for boys, entitled,



MRS. HUNT
and her German nephew, Baron Arthur Von Friesen. (From an old photograph.)



MRS. ALLOWAY.

to wander through the old Chateau and about the dim old aisles of the Church of Our Lady of Bonsecours, to stand gazing in awe upon the walled cloisters of convent or monastery, and to make pilgrimages to the tower of Notre Dame, asking unlimited questions of the priests or whoever else appeared able to furnish information on topics of such never-failing interest.

LITERARY WOMEN--CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 9.

"In the Days of Sir Walter Raleigh," which is now in the press of a well-known publishing house, and will soon be before the public.

Madame Dandurand is the second daughter of the Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of Quebec. Since her marriage, in 1886, she has resided in Montreal, where she has been prominent in literary, as well as social circles.

Madame Dandurand for some years edited *The Femina Revu*, and still writes articles occasionally for newspapers. Some of these on social questions have been reproduced in English in Ontario papers. She has also lectured in English before the Woman's Council. Last session, an article from Madame Dandurand's pen on teachers and their salaries in relation to efficient work was quoted at length by a member of the Provincial Legislature.

Madame Dandurand is writing a series of articles on home and social life amongst French-Canadian families for the Paris handbook. She will also send a well-illustrated book from the "L'œuvre des livres gratuits" association, in order to make the work known in France.

Madame Dandurand's published work includes "Les Contes de Noel," a collection of Christmas stories, and three comedies, "Ranome," "La Carte Postale," and "Ce que Pensent Les Fleurs," the latter for children. She is also about to publish a book on "Our Shortcomings."

Another clever French Canadian writer, well-known to readers through out the Province, is Miss Robertine Barry, the "Francoise" of *La Patrie*. Her father, though born in Ireland, was of French extraction, her mother being a French Canadian. Miss Barry was born in Escuminis, below Tadoussac.

She was educated at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, and her school essays and compositions gave a promise that has since been fulfilled.

She has been on the staff of *La Patrie* for about seven years, and her Saturday "Coin de Fanchette," and Monday "Chronique," are read with pleasure, not only by French, but by many English readers as well.

"Francoise" has been to *La Patrie* much what "Kit" has been to *The Mail and Empire*. In vivacity, versatility, and general trend, the writings of these two clever journalists bear some resemblance. In addition to her contributions to journalism—of which "Francoise" aptly remarks: "It is a hard-working life, but we like it, we newspaper women"—she has published a charming little book called "Les Fleurs Champêtres." It is a collection of storiottes on the customs and habits of farmer folk in Lower Canada, and in it "Francoise" has touched vrayment the key-note of genuineness. In a piquant description of a village wedding, we are told, "Le

jeune couple a pris place a un des bouts de la table, le suivant et la suivante a leur cote. Les autres s'asseyaient indifferemment, chaque cavalier s'occupant de remplir l'assiette de sa compagne avant de se servir lui-meme. Les couteaux et les fourchettes font leur devoir, et les coups de dents n'empêchent pas les coups de langue." "Francoise" is one of the many journalists who will visit the Paris Exposition next summer.

Miss Fanny Gwilt, who resides on Tupper street, comes of an old Welsh family, being the grand-daughter of Joseph Gwilt, an authority on architecture. From both sides of the house Miss Gwilt inherited decided literary tastes and ability.

At the age of 16 she published "Constance, a Lay of the Olden Time," in seven cantos. One seems to detect in it the youthful writer's admiration for Scott's "lays." The theme is very tender and touching, and is treated with much strength and careful adaptability of language.

Miss Gwilt's novel, "Want-d—a Housekeeper," is still asked

for at the bookstores, although it is some years since it was published. A short story, "The Christmas Babies," gained a prize of \$50 offered by a Montreal gentleman for the best Christmas story, the judges being eminent literary critics. Miss Gwilt also gained a prize offered by *The Witness*, for the best poem on Ireland.

She has contributed frequently to both English and American magazines, and is at present negotiating for a volume to be brought out by a New York publishing company. Her work is marked by a brightness and natural tone that makes it very enjoyable.

Mrs. Hunt's little book, which bears the modest title "Studies for Poems," was published originally for private circulation in 1877. The "Studies" are really poems of considerable merit. There are none of the forced similes so prevalent in a first book of poetry, nor are there rhymes coined merely for the jingle. Many of them show true poetic insight; they cover a wide range of subjects suggested by notable things observed in the author's extensive travels: "The Hunger Tower of Bohemia," "In Milan Cathedral," "Church Bells in Venice," and many others—some 40 in all. One on "The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours" has been translated into French.

What tales the stones could tell—of power
Of promise and decay—
The glorious visions of an hour
That rise and pass away—
All round thee altered, landmarks flown,
The ways, the looks of yore—
But the man's nature thou hast known,
That changes nevermore.

Mrs. Hunt is an able linguist, and is especially fond of German literature. She has another volume in contemplation, which will be published before many months.

Mrs. Hunt is a daughter of the late Judge Gale, and was married in 1878 to Dr. Sterry Hunt, the celebrated geologist and scientist, who, for several years, was a lecturer in McGill



MISS ROBERTINE BARRY.
"Francoise"

University. She was born and brought up in Montreal, but has crossed the ocean some 20 times, and has traveled much in Europe.

Those who go down to the sea in ships not only behold the wonders of the deep, but often have the opportunity of beholding many celebrities, also wonderful in their way. In 1877, in Boston, Mrs. Hunt—then Miss Anna Gale—met the poet Longfellow, conversed with Wendell Phillips, saw Charles Kingsley, and Emerson shortly before his death, and spent some time in the company of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whom she says, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn.



MISS FANNY GWILT.

Her impressions of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett were not so happy, but Helen Hunt Jackson she remembers as "sunshine, grace and tenderness personified." The photograph shows Mrs. Hunt with her German nephew, Baron Arthur Von Friesen, the son of her youngest sister.

Mrs. Murray, the wife of Professor Clark Murray, of the McGill faculty, is a lady of such manifold activities that it would be useless to attempt to record them all. She is Scottish by birth, but makes an excellent Canadian. She has a warm heart for Scotch immigrants, but her sympathies are broad and unbiased. She has done much for the promotion of charitable work on a systematic basis, her philanthropic schemes are carried out quietly, but effectively.

Mrs. Murray has it in hand to issue a women's club edition of the Charles Dudley Warner library. She is also convener of the educational committee to prepare a series for the Paris Exposition Canadian Hand-book. In fact, on the ample desk in her study there are always some half-dozen pots boiling at once.

In the first place of all, she puts home and the duties of a wife and mother. The college, with its interests, comes next, and music is almost as essential as air. But literature occupies no small place withal. Mrs. Murray has written considerably for Cassell's, Blackwood's, and several other magazines, and was, for many years, Montreal, Ottawa and Washington correspondent for Toronto-Week.

Mrs. Murray has traveled in the United States and Europe, meeting many noted literary people, amongst others the much-talked-of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling was fishing in the Bay of Chaleurs when she first met him. He discoursed brilliantly for a time on various Canadian topics. He was successful in his salmon-fishing, and secured a fine large specimen to take home to Mrs. Kipling, which was fortunate, seeing that, as he said, "he had come more than a thousand miles to get it."

Her impressions of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett were not so happy, but Helen Hunt Jackson she remembers as "sunshine, grace and tenderness personified."

The photograph shows Mrs. Hunt with her German nephew, Baron Arthur Von Friesen, the son of her youngest sister.

Mrs. Murray, the wife of Professor Clark Murray, of the McGill



MRS. CLARKE MURRAY.

with the aim of lifting the Irish immigrants to a higher intellectual and social plane. All her books have some special object in view, suggested by some particular question mooted at the time. They are not of a controversial nature.

In all, Mrs. Sadlier is the author of some 60 works, original and translated. In 1895, she was presented with the "Lactare Medal" by the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Indiana, in recognition of distinguished services rendered to the American Catholic public. For some years she was the editor of The New York Tablet, one of her associates being Thomas D'Arcy McGeer, whose poems, with introduction and biographical sketch, she issued in 1886. Although in her 80th year, this remarkable lady still writes an occasional short story.

Miss Anna T. Sadlier, who is her mother's companion, has also published some volumes of biography, several short stories, and a book, "The Story of Master Gerard," a tale of the early history of New York. She is a regular writer of children's stories, and has published several translations from the French and German.

Mrs. L. Leach, a sister of Miss Gwilt, has done much really good work. For many years she contributed sketches to The Witness on Canadian history, and also to United States journals—not however, over her own name. She now writes on the regular staff of an American church paper. Her husband was Archdeacon Leach, of Montreal, Dean of the Faculty of McGill.

No writer in her line is better known to Montreal readers than is Mrs. Atkinson (Madge Merton). Her page in The Herald is eagerly looked for every week, its hearty interest in current topics, and its genuinely sympathetic tone and liberal ideas making it a welcome companion each Saturday afternoon.

In the days when Dorchester street was paved with two parallel planks from Guy street to Beaver Hall Hill, and when Saybrook Hall School stood where the Y.W.C.A. building now stands, Miss Jenny E. Haight assisted her sister, Mrs. Lay, in the management of the school, and gave to the journals of that day many poems, which were highly spoken of for their intensely earnest spirit, and voicing of the great social questions of the time.

What do we live for?
We live not to rust out,
Slothfully standing aloof from the strife,
A thousand times better,
More noble, to wear out
Battered and harmed in the hot forge of life.

Old-fashioned snowstorms in Montreal were evidently much the same as the more modern downfalls.

Snow—snow—fast-falling snow!
Snow on the house-top—snow in the street—
Snow overhead, and snow under feet—
Snow in the country, snow in the town,
Silently, silently sinking down;
Ever so here, ever so here, fast-falling snow,
Dazzling the eyes with its crystalline glow.



MRS. SADLIER.

LITERARY WOMEN—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.

Miss Haight still resides in Montreal, but has not written anything for many years.

A beautifully-illustrated little booklet of Canadian rhymes, from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Rollitt Burns, has been on the market for only a few weeks. Some of the verses have been recited in Toronto schools at their closing entertainments. Mrs. Burns writes puzzle-work and poems for Youth's Companion and Saint Nicholas, also articles for The Churchman, Housekeeper and children's magazines.



MISS ANNA T. SADLIER.

A booklet on "Cycling for Old and Young" was brought out not long ago by Miss O'Keefe, an Australian lady now residing in Montreal.

There are several young ladies in the city who have contributed to the better class of magazines articles of considerable merit. Among these

are Miss Saxe and her sister, Miss Mary Saxe, Miss Helen Fairburn, and Miss Gertrude Cundill, all of whom have given evidence of literary ability. In these days, when of making many books there is no end, and of making periodicals ditto, it requires more than average excellence to find a place in a good magazine as those who have accumulated a small sheaf of rejection slips can testify. A certain well-known journal received, during a single year, more than 2,000 manuscripts, of which not more than one per cent. was retained. Other magazines could tell a similar story, which goes to show that those who are accepted as contributors to their pages have a claim to be considered literary workers.

WOMEN GROOMS IN ENGLAND.

ENGLISH women who ride have lately adopted an innovation in having female grooms—paid grooms. Discussing the change, Mrs. Beach, a well-known New York equestrienne, said:

"I should certainly draw the line at women grooms, nor do I see how one would go about doing such a thing in this country. Any woman who understands horsemanship sufficiently well to accompany a lady when she goes out for her daily canter, usually has a certain amount of education and culture, and she is not going to be placed in the same rank and file as an ordinary groom; a woman who does not possess a certain amount of breeding would not be an agreeable person to accompany one on a ride. There is another very good reason why women grooms will not become popular, because a man is much more useful in case of accident. If a woman needs assistance, a man can, if necessary, dismount instantly and go to her assistance. Then men are popularly supposed, and it is probably a fact, to have greater presence of mind, and not to lose possession of all their wits if a horse cuts up any uncom-

fortable capers. Women do think quickly, to be sure, but often in the presence of danger they are utterly helpless."

Mr. E. C. Von Gillman, a riding teacher at the Central Park Riding Academy, is quoted as saying: "In New York there are women riding teachers who accompany their pupils as instructors, but not in the sense of grooms. Men do not take a groom along as a friend, but as a servant. Women will continue to use them in the same capacity. Should riding academies here attempt to furnish female grooms there are many women who might not care to ride side by side with them and meet them on terms of social equality. Women are not so anxious to talk that they cannot go for a canter without a lady groom with whom they can carry on a conversation."

It seems that instead of following at the regulated distance, like the male attendant, the women grooms ride alongside, thus being more of a companion than a servant, which is supposed to add to the enjoyment of the constitutional. Fashionable English women are said to

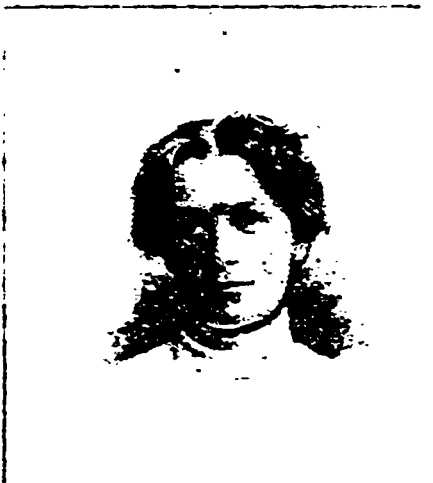


MRS. LEACH.

view the innovation with favor. They declare that it was lonely to ride with a groom lagging at a respectful distance. "Her usefulness is a secondary consideration" it has been said, and this alone, to some minds, would place a ban upon the female paid groom.

IN the Christmas number of The Captain, there is a Boer's account of Majuba which throws some new light on the British disaster, and settles once and for all the question whether or not Colley committed suicide when he saw the terrible result of the tactical blunder he had committed. When the surrender took place, General Smit ordered his men to cease fire, telling them that the battle was over, and that no more blows were to be struck; and then, the narrative proceeds:

"As Smit was advancing to the English commander to receive his sword, I saw a young Boer raise his rifle and take deliberate aim at a distance of about eight yards. Before the act of submission was completed, Sir George Colley fell dead. He had been wounded, I believe, in three places, before the fatal shot was fired, and had lost a deal of blood. Whether his death was a merciful deliverance for him is a matter of opinion, but the fact remains that he was murdered. His assassin was a youth of seventeen. He escaped the immediate punishment of his crime, but he got his deserts. Little more than two years after he was killed by a Ka... up country."



MRS. JOS. ATKINSON.
"71st St. N. E. N. Y."

The narrator of the story gives the British every credit for bravery and good shooting, but says the imbecility of the whole manœuvre dumbfounded the Boers. "It was not a battle, but pigeon shooting."

The only orthodox man is he who believes what he professes.

Life in "Slippery Places."

HOW A WELL-BRED ENGLISH BOY FARES ON A CANADIAN FARM, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH THE EXPERIENCE.

PAPER No. 1.

"LET them seek it (their bread) also out of slippery places," wrote the royal Psalmist, in one of those poetic "damatory clauses" he was wont to occasionally indulge in.

Certain it is that, whether through the sins of their fathers or their own shortcomings, it falls to the lot of too many, in these days of keen competition, to have, if not "to beg their bread," at least to "seek it out of slippery places." Having at times thought the experience of such would prove interesting reading to those "clad in purple and fine linen, who fare sumptuously every day" (from which fortunate strata of society the readers of MONTREAL LIFE are probably drawn), I have jotted down a few reminiscences for their edification, as well as a warning to those who are too prone to loose from the safe moorings of home in search of the adventurous, in the words of Horace: "Nosee omne hanc est salus adolescentulis."

"What shall we do with our boys?" Such is usually the heading of an advertisement in the London dailies (yes, and in the clerical weeklies!) in which the "orange groves of Florida," the "ranches of Colorado," the "farms of Ontario," or Western Canada, are set forth as a speedy solution of the problem, generally in these terms: "A gentleman (always a gentleman, mind you!) being about to return to his "orange grove," "ranch," "farm," or what not, is desirous of being accompanied by a pupil to this earthly paradise, always provided, "a small premium is deposited in the hands of his London agents, Messrs. Rook & Co., Amen Court, E. C."

Well, let us suppose the bait swallowed, the "small premium" (with difficulty) paid, the young sprig of middle class respectability, duly wept over, endowed with an outfit and pocket-money, his passage paid, fairly on the way to the scene of his future labors (let us say "farm" labors). I mention pocket-money, because the kind of advertisement alluded to generally, states that "a salary is paid from commencement," and parents are informed that once on the scene of action their happy offspring "will be self-supporting." Here let me explode, once and for all, the popular notion that because a man was born a gentleman he can, therefore, perform any work as well as, or better than, those trained from their cradle in that sphere of life. This is all very well in theory, but will not work practically. A young fellow who has done nothing but clerical work since leaving school, even though an athlete, will find to his chagrin—however willing he may be—that he is useless on a farm, or in a lumber camp—to which latter he will likely betake himself in sheer disgust of the former. As I have something to say of life in both these spheres of "slipperiness," I beg those who are so anxious to exchange "the monotony of quill driving for the free bounteous life of the prairie, etc.," to note that the roseate view taken by pseudo-philanthropists, through the medium of the plate-glass windows of a parlor car (when traveling at anyone's expense but their own), is not a safe criterion; and that the "ills they endure" are trifles light as air in comparison with those "they know not of." "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen," so much so that I can perfectly enter into David's feelings when he said "his heart was hot within him, and at the last he spake with his tongue!" But, gentle reader, you will surmise what has this moralizing to do with "slippery places"; the writer must be a broken down parson! No, G. R., these are not church censures, but the laudable endeavor of one whom God's great mill has "ground exceeding small" to prevent others sharing a similar fate.

So, "revenons à nos moutons," in the shape of the quondam scion (let us say) of an English country parsonage, now the drudge of a Canadian farm. For so it is, and it does not take the unfortunate victim long to realize that it is so. The "gentleman," having "returned to his farm," generally proceeds to demonstrate, in the most unequivocal way, that he has no claim whatever to the title, and the "pupil" frequently too speedily degenerates into the bond slave of the "hired man." From morn till dewy eve his thralldom is apparent. Daylight sees him at work cleaning out the stable, and feeding and watering its inmates; he follows the plough (if he is lucky capable of doing so) all day in spring and fall, or "hoes his row" in the turnip field till dusk, like a common laborer, only without the experience of the latter, to whom these duties come as a matter of course, then ensues the feeding of the pigs, calves, and (if he is lucky enough to find them!) the milking of the cows, and when the whole of the household "chores" are done, he is free to lurch up a rig "for the boss," who is visiting neighbors five miles off, and whose return he must await, by the light of a solitary stable lantern, ere he dare seek his well-earned repose. This is the daily course of things. In haying, harvest or threshing time, his work is increased ten fold, though the ordinary routine he in no way relaxed. Should he have "gall" enough to raise the question of "pay," he is promptly told that he will "never make salt to his porridge," and "is not worth his board."

Friendless and alone, often ignorant of the district, county, or even Province, in which he is immured, he has no one to appeal to; too proud to appeal to friends at home for assistance (even if such could be rendered), he must, perforce, either submit or run away, so tries to "adapt himself to his surroundings," only to find this also a fond delusion. Having been brought up under refining influences, his very carriage and demeanor, even the way he puts on his clothes and washes himself (especially the latter) "gives him away" and proclaim him of a different type to the insensate boors by whom he is surrounded, rendering him a target for the "saubs" of the "family" and the coarse jeers of the "hired man and girl," who, however assiduously they may "keep company," take care to afford him none! Is it to be wondered at that, having awoke to the fact that he is in a tight (if not "slippery") place, and finding himself deteriorating in mind and body through his mean and sordid environment, he decides to make a break for liberty. Whether by so doing he has simply exchanged the "frying pan" for "the fire," a second article on this subject will show.

ONE OF THE BOYS.



FRIENDSHIP.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man his friend." —Proverbs xxvii. 17.

THREE favored ones! whose chance it be to dwell
Midst sacred Friendship's bowers, the livelong day,
For whom, at eve, the solemn curfew knell
Robs not the hearthstone of Love's holy ray.

Go, gather whilst the virgin bloom remain,
The flow'rets of young Love's unfading Spring,
Nor leave them till the withering Autumn stain
Or Winter's sad embrace around them cling.

Breathe on the dying embers ere too late,
To rouse, whilst slumb'ring yet the votive fire,
Tend thou Love's flickering lamp, in patience wait—
T'will guide thy faltering feet, till night expire.

P. B. W.

Montreal.

THE MUCH-ABUSED TROLLEY.

SINBAD RUSHES TO ITS DEFENCE AND POINTS OUT THE REDEEMING FEATURES OF ITS CHARACTER.

THE aspect of a transportation service which enters into our daily domestic routine so thoroughly as that of the street cars naturally presents as many facets as a dollar diamond. For, to us, the street car company lives in the same continuous glare of publicity that falls to the lot of a gold fish in a globe, and its advantages and drawbacks are never absent from the thoughts of the average suburban resident, since the length of time he may have to wait for rapid transportation to his dinner is as uncertain as the result of a supper off canned salmon. Consequently, he discusses it morning, noon and night, and thus gives his vocal chords healthy exercise, and extends his vocabulary of condemnatory adjectives to colossal proportions.

But it will be noticeable that he discusses it always in its relation to speed and comfort. When he is called upon to dislocate his vertebra in the effort to get off the track in time to avoid the necessity of putting on his angel plumage with unexpected velocity, he is apt to forget that the company has thoughtfully placed a fender in front to pound him into insensibility before the car runs over him for keeps. Otherwise he would not refer to the company in general, and the motorman in particular, in language which cuts large livid streaks in the Canadian climate. When he ploughs after a retiring car through the deep snow, amid the jeers of the onlookers, the thoughts that surge and sizzle through his massive brain may be hot enough to scorch the roots off his remaining hair. But all this deals with only one side of the question, one of the minor phases of a great monopoly. And in regarding the street car service from the standpoint of transportation only, we unconsciously ignore the advantages that accrue from what is called the "deadly" trolley, probably because of the number of dead-heads who travel by it.

Take, for instance, the great work they are accomplishing as traveling sanitariums. Take a man with a torpid liver for instance. A man whose liver has been hit with a sand-bag in 1885, and has since lain as dormant as the Manitoba schoolquestion. Let him climb on one of our cross-town cars and slide five cents into the conductor's coffee-pot. Does that liver remain torpid? I think not. In less than 10 seconds that liver has lost all ideas of somnolency and is bending all its energies to keep from bouncing out into a cold and unfeeling world through the top of his skull. Any loose bacteria about its owner's system are holding on with their teeth and toe-nails and wondering whether their proud possessor is being blown up in a dynamite factory or merely going through a threshing machine. Finally the car stops with a jerk that piles all the internal organs he owns in one heap just under his left hand vest pocket, and the battered

microbes have a chance to sort themselves out and say their prayers. Is that liver torpid then? Not much. It will be some hours before it can relapse into somnolency, or figure as a rival to Anna Eva Fay.

Then, take the trolley car as a cheap and inexpensive Turkish bath. In this character its merits have never been properly recognized. But let any thinking man get into a car on a wet night when there is a nice soaking thaw going on, the stove is burning full blast, and every ventilator is closed, and he will find that there are few patent vapor baths that can compete with the humble trolley car. By the time a few wet umbrellas have been stood against his legs and a man with a dripping mackintosh has cuddled him affectionately, there will be no difficulty in realizing that, with the assistance of the stove, and the wet furs that surround him, he can soon enjoy the climate of a Russian steam-bath. And, as to the massage? Why it is out of sight! The passengers do it with their elbows, and do it so thoroughly that every muscle aches, the same as if the victim had collided with a carpet-beating machine. Then, for the "cool-off," he can have that every time the door is opened.

So much for the physical benefits conferred on us by the trolley system. Now let us turn to its moral objective and look upon the street car in its capacity as a popular educator. Look how small it can make you feel! You may be standing on the corner, thinking of the time your best girl patted you with a chocolate caramel, when you tried to encircle her dainty waist with your strong right arm. You feel 10 feet high and a mile wide as you signal that car to stop. Does it stop? No. It flashes by, with a stony-faced motorman glaring straight ahead of him, as if the roadway were a pathless waste, and in 10 seconds you feel as small as the profits of a clothing store before Mother Eve developed a taste for apples.

It is no use getting mad, any more than it is trying to



"NIGHT-MULE" OF A MEMBER OF THE 2nd CONTINGENT.

(Who dreams he has a mule instead of a horse.)

And spake the Mule thus: "Fear not, old chap. I'll not stampede this time, not a bit of it. I'm in for a V.C."

ch a guinea-pig's tail in a lemon-squeezer. All you can do is to make a few scriptural remarks, and then figure out how it is that, with a three-minute service, it is 27 minutes before the next car comes along. Then you can gather yourself together and make a wild spring for the rail. Perhaps you land on the platform. And perhaps you are towed behind for a block, with your eyes sticking out like the pegs on a hat-stand, and your legs streaming out behind like the ribbons on an electric fan, until the motorman stops with a jerk and you are propelled into the interior of the car with the velocity of a dynamite gun. But it is no use arguing with the conductor. You might just as well argue with the wife of your bosom, except that the conductor will not enforce his views on you with the rolling-pin. You feel that your presence or absence on the car is about as important to the company as that of a lineman to a wireless telegraphic concern. And thus the virtues of modesty and humility are inculcated by a series of continuous object-lessons, and barrels upon barrels of profanity, which we might otherwise use in lacerating the feelings of our fellowmen, are expended instead upon a soul-less corporation. In its moral benefits to the public, the trolley car system stands unequalled. It teaches us patience, resignation, reckless courage, and blind submission to fate. In addition, it is eradicating the surplus canine population of this great city, and elevating the practice of blasphemy into a fine art. SIXTH.

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, January 21.—A desirable Sabbath in many ways. Friends will rejoice much in each other's company, the needy will receive substantial help from charitable persons, and church collections will be larger than usual.

The main affliction foreshadowed for this year is some family trouble, perhaps illness. In other respects the prospect is encouraging. Business will prosper, and the salaries of many employes will be increased.

Much good fortune awaits the children born to-day, and that they will rise in life is certain. Let them, however, guard their money carefully, as otherwise they may come to ruin.

Monday, January 22.—A disagreeable day, on the whole, though not absolutely unfortunate. Many will worry over trifles, and few will be in good humor.

Those whose birthday this is should refrain from risking any money during the year, and should not let themselves become entangled in any business or legal complications. In the family circle some illness may be expected.

Quick-witted will be the children born to-day, but the truth they will not always speak, and their duplicity will be a bar to good fortune. Girls, born now, may expect happiness in married life.

Tuesday, January 23.—This is a good day for business transactions, but an unfavorable day on which to ask favors of persons in authority.

Persons working for others should be peculiarly circumspect in their conduct during this year as, if not, they will probably lose their positions. Care, too, should be taken to avoid law-suits and disputes of any kind.

Rash and impetuous will be the children born to-day, and many obstacles will they meet with during life. In sagacity they will be lacking, and their greatest troubles will be the direct result of their own blunders.

Wednesday, January 24.—There is little promise of good or evil in any direction to-day.

Business will flourish during this year, and in the family circle there will be much happiness. Maidens, too, will receive many compliments from young men. Those who are financially prosperous are cautioned not to be too extravagant with their money.

Prosperous will be the career of children born to-day. Many friends they will have and their conduct will ever be upright. Girls born now are certain to marry well.

Thursday, January 25.—Legal papers may fittingly be signed to-day. Good fortune is also likely to attend travelers and those seeking employment.

A very fortunate year. Women will receive excellent proposals of marriage, and all engaged in business will meet with success. Many, too, will receive valuable assistance from powerful friends.

Exceptionally clever and quick workers will be the children born to-day, and a rapid rise in life is foreshadowed for them. For girls it is an excellent birthday, as they are practically certain to obtain good husbands.

Friday, January 26.—Business will flourish to-day, and many speculators will make money.

This is an uncertain year. Fortunate it will be in some respects, but this good fortune will be preceded or followed by bitter disappointment. Some journeys or other changes are clearly foreshadowed as well as anxiety on account of domestic affairs.

Children born to-day will travel much, and good fortune is likely to attend them in all their undertakings. Few will be more ingenious and clever than they, and hardly any will meet with greater success.

Saturday, January 27.—Hardly any good or ill-luck is foreshadowed for to-day.

Business will go on as usual during this year, and persons blessed with good tempers will not meet with misfortune. The quick-tempered, however, will have many an anxious hour owing to foolish quarrels.

Uneventful in most respects will be the lives of children born to-day. Great joys or sorrows will not be theirs, and little will occur to mar the placid routine of their daily existence.

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.

WHAT A UNIT IS.

WE hear a good deal about "units" of the South-African army, and it is not always easy to know what it means.

When an army—that is, several army corps—is fighting, the unit means an army corps.

When an army corps is fighting, the unit is the division, or one-third of the corps.

When a division is fighting, the unit means a brigade, or one-half of the division.

When a brigade is fighting, the unit means a battalion, or one-fourth of the brigade.

Usually, however, a unit is used to mean one of the following:

A battalion of infantry—1,000 men.

A squadron of cavalry—160 men.

A battery of artillery—6 guns.

A company of mounted infantry—116 men.

A company of Royal Engineers, of the Army Service Corps, and of other accessory troops.

Mr. J. Bert Sutherland has returned to the city after visiting friends at Coaticook, Scotstown, Gould, Lennoxville and Sherbrooke.

LADY MARY

By
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Author of "The Barnstormers," "A Woman in Grey," "A Man from the Dark," "The Secret of the Pearls," etc

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CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE ELOPEMENT.

I was frightened at first at so bold an idea as running away—frightened at the idea of so hasty a marriage. I had scarcely yet had time to realize the happiness of love, the strangeness of being "engaged," and now to have marriage suddenly added to the sum of my experiences seemed almost more than I could believe in or consent to.

But Donald proceeded to plead and to explain. In the first place, I would not be of age for nearly a year. Lady Mary would have the power to refuse her consent to my marriage until my twenty-first birthday if she chose, and in all probability she would so choose. Again, matters could not go on as they were. Donald could not keep me from my guardian when she claimed me, and claim me she surely would. Then, who could tell what might happen in a year? It might almost as well be eternity, Donald asserted, if we were to be kept apart.

But, on the other hand, if I would run away with him and be married at once, all would yet be well. We would go to Scotland and be married there, then away to France, Italy, anywhere I liked out of reach of those who might, married though I should be, endeavor to dispute the legality of the ceremony on the ground that I had been a minor. "Will you do it—will you trust me enough, my darling?" he said over and over again.

My hands were tightly held in his, and his eyes looked down into mine. And I thought of the dreadful ordeal I had passed through, and from which he had saved me, until I could no longer refuse. "I will do whatever you wish, whatever you think best," I said. "Anything rather than go back—anything rather than be separated from you." And so it was settled, with only the time of starting and the details to arrange.

The sooner we could get away the better, Donald thought. Valentine Graeme, if he had had Lady Mary's sympathy in the attempt he had made at abduction, would lose no time in informing her of the failure of his plans. Or, if she had been in ignorance, she would be anxious about me, and in any case a search would be instituted, while in a town like Keswick, where Sir Donald Howard was so well known, it could not be long before I should be found and taken away. Probably by the next afternoon, at latest, Donald said, we might expect that Lady Mary would have got upon our track, and be coming in person to demand that Mrs. Ruggles (the motherly woman who was harboring me) should give me up. The thing to do under the circumstances, therefore, was to be away from Keswick by the earliest practicable hour in the morning, en route for Scotland, and beyond my stepmother's reach.

"If she were a different woman, if your lines lay in pleasanter places," Donald said, "I would be the last man in the world to counsel you to such a course as this. But circumstances alter cases—even right and wrong—and, as it is, I feel—I know that, without any regard for my own selfish desires, I am advising you to do what is best."

Mrs. Ruggles was called in, and informed of the plan, which greatly fluttered her kindly and romantic heart. Nothing so

wonderful, so like a beautiful novel, she asserted, had ever happened within her experience before, and she was with us heart and soul. Time-tables were brought and consulted, and at last everything was arranged.

Considering my great fatigue, the earliest train of all—five o'clock—was voted by Donald out of the question. I must have a night's rest, or I should be ill; and there were ten chances to one against Lady Mary's learning my whereabouts so soon as the morning. But we could get out of Keswick in a local train at half-past nine, which would take us a certain distance on our journey, and put me a little further out of harm's way. Then, later in the day, we could join the Scotch express at Carlisle. It sounded simple enough, and I hardly realized, as Donald talked with outward calmness of this expedient and that, that the dawn of a new morning would herald my wedding-day—I, Sir Donald Howard's wife, safe and happy forever! It seemed too strange, too glorious, to be true.

But it was late, and I was trembling in every limb and every nerve with weariness and excitement, after the series of shocks I had sustained.

When the details had been settled Donald rose to go. Mrs. Ruggles had already tactfully excused herself and we were alone together.

"After to-night," Donald whispered, holding me tightly in his arms, "please God, we shall never be separated again."

Over and over again we said "good-bye," only to repeat it once more, and then at last Donald left me. I let him go, standing still, as I was, and then, as I heard him in the little hall, I ran impulsively out to him and looked after him as he passed out of the door, tears born of a vague, sweet sorrow stinging in my eyes.

And so he was gone. "But I shall see him again to-morrow," I said to myself reassuringly, "and after that—always."

But there was a weight upon my heart as Mrs. Ruggles showed me up to a neat, plain little bedroom, and bustled comfortably about, seeing to my welfare, and laying out various articles of her own property for my use. "I sleep in the next room, my dear," she said: "and if you are nervous or frightened in the night you must tap on the wall and I shall wake in a minute and come in to you. But don't be afraid. You may rest safely here. Nothing can harm or disturb you in this house."

I believed her, and for a few moments after she had gone I felt deliciously happy and at peace. But when I had put out the light and lay in bed staring into the fire, which had been kindled for my comfort, the sensation of heaviness and anxiety came back again.

I could not sleep, for every time that drowsiness seized me I started awake with a wild beating of the heart, finding it hard to forbear crying out. And it was better to lie quietly awake, thinking and planning for the future, than to let myself endure the frightful visions which came to me the instant I closed my eyes.

Donald was to stop at an inn—Keswick's most obscure, that his movements might be the more free from observation—and at half-past eight he was to come to the villa for the purpose of breakfasting with me before our start.

It seemed to me that it would be all I could do to live through the hours which must pass before I could see him again, for I did not, after all that had happened, feel safe in his absence.

Somehow they wore through. I could hear a little clock with a metallic note striking loudly and insistently in some room downstairs, and each time its voice was lifted I was thankful and looked upon it as a friend.

I slept a little towards the last, perhaps; but at seven, as I had requested, Mrs. Ruggles came in to wake me, with a crisp bit of toast and a cup of fragrant tea.

All was well, then, I told myself, as her motherly smile beamed expansively upon me. In an hour and a half Donald would be with me, and before night fell again I would be his

wife. It was actually real, not a dream, as I was inclined to believe it on first starting out of my fitful, troubled sleep.

After the tea and a cold bath I felt wonderfully refreshed, and thrilling with the joy and wonder of life again. I brushed my long hair and dressed slowly, rather than have too long a time to wait for Donald afterwards in suspense and idleness. But, to my surprise, the clock below had scarcely struck eight when a carriage drove up to the door.

I looked eagerly out of the window, peeping through the curtains (as my room was in the front of the house), and fastening my frock with fingers which trembled and tingled as though shocks of electricity were going through me.

I expected to see Donald get out, but instead the coachman got down off his box and rang the bell with a violent, disturbing peal, which jangled for some moments, echoing through the little house.

I could see that he held something in his hand which looked like a letter, and, after listening with my very heart in my ears to the parley in which Mrs. Ruggles' voice was prominent, I heard her come creaking up the stairs. I was at the door before she could reach it to knock.

"What is it?" I asked breathlessly. "Is anything the matter?"

"Not that I know of," returned the good little woman, puffing at every word. "Here is a letter for you."

I opened it impatiently, tearing the envelope across, and turning at once to the signature, for I did not know the writing, and had never as yet happened to see Donald's. But there was his signature; and having satisfied myself so far I went back to the beginning.

The note began rather abruptly, without any of the endearments I had instinctively expected to find in my first letter from my lover:

"I have just learnt that the train leaves a little earlier than I thought, and thus some of my arrangements are upset. There is no time to waste, and I must stay till the last moment and settle things here. I am sorry to have to ask you to come to me instead, but I am afraid it can't be helped, and hope you will not mind. I have not sent my own carriage for you, as it is so well known in the streets of Keswick; it might attract undesirable attention. But this man is trustworthy, and will bring you to meet me at the station. Please do not delay, but make yourself ready to come at once.—Yours, D.H."

This epistle, regarded as a first love-letter, was somewhat disappointing; but I knew that it must have been written in haste, and perhaps under stress of anxiety. Besides, it had had to be entrusted to a cabman for transmission, which fact alone would easily account for the lack of the "my darling," and "your lover always," which I missed.

I was so excited and alarmed that I would not stop for breakfast as Mrs. Ruggles urged me to do. No doubt, I said, Sir Donald had discovered that a new time-table had been made out since the one we had studied last night. He had forgotten, in his haste, to mention at what time the train really did leave, and it might be that we should only just be able to reach it.

Alarmed at this thought, I got into my wraps with all haste, thrust the note into the bosom of my gown, and, after a hurried but grateful leave-taking, I ran down the steps of the little porch and was shut up in the musty-smelling fly.

Each moment spent on the road seemed an age. I tortured myself with the thought of missing the train, and perhaps being found and borne away by Lady Mary before we should have another chance of escape.

It was now some months since I had first come to Cumberland, and never until yesterday had I left the Dark House and the confines of the park.

I had never had what is called a good "hump of locality," and, having arrived in the evening, after that journey with Miss Cade and Mr. Graeme, I had all the more readily and completely forgotten the road from Keswick to the railway station.

We went on and on endlessly, as it began to appear to my restlessness, and after a time all houses and buildings of every kind were left behind.

I wondered a little uneasily at this, asking myself and vainly trying to ransack my memory as to how it had been last time, whether we were now really going the right way.

At length, moving impatiently from side to side of the carriage, looking wistfully from the windows, sighing, and even talking to myself aloud in my miserable suspense, it commenced to dawn upon me that all was not as it should be.

Donald had said the evening before, I now remembered, that 20 minutes would be plenty of time to allow from Mrs. Ruggles's house to the train, whereas I was sure that I had now been driving for a much longer time. I bitterly regretted the absence of my watch, and began to lose all calmness and presence of mind.

Surely nothing could be wrong, I told myself. This cabman must know the way to the station. He had had his directions. He could make no mistake. It was only my nervousness which made me think the time seemed over long, or the way different from that which I had been over before. We should reach the station in a moment or two now. I would be patient for five minutes, and then I would speak to the driver, if only to reassure myself, and be comfortable in my mind for the rest of the way. I tried to count the time, with 60 counts for each minute that I had allowed, and then when, according to this calculation, they had passed, I thrust my head through the window and demanded whether the driver was really taking me to the station by the shortest route.

"Oh, yes, miss," he returned calmly. "It'll be all right; we've got plenty of time."

"When does the train go?" I queried anxiously.

"Well, I don't rightly know that. But there's time enough."

"How can you tell that if you don't know the time for the train?" I asked irritably. But as I waited for my answer, my head still thrust far out through the open window, I was thrown forward with the jerk of a sudden stopping.

A carriage was coming rapidly towards us. I gave it a glance, and with a quick leaping of the heart I fancied that there was something painfully familiar about its appearance.

Yes, surely I could not be mistaken! It was the dilapidated old vehicle, and the dilapidated coachman belonging to Sombermere Court—the same which had met us at the station long ago and taken us to the Dark House.

I quivered from head to foot with apprehension. What if Lady Mary or Miss Cade or Valentine Graeme should be inside, engaged in prosecuting a search for me? What if I should be seen and captured when I had no Donald to protect me?

The thought was too horrible. I withdrew my head so suddenly as to strike it against the window frame violently enough to make me see a shower of stars, and crouched down in the bottom of the conveyance as low as I was able, hoping that the two carriages would pass each other without my being observed.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK TO PRISON.

"Why had my own fly stopped?" I asked myself, with agonizing doubt and fear. "What could it be save an order to do so from the occupant of the approaching carriage?"

As I so questioned, the familiar vehicle was drawn up in the road close to the one in which I crouched (trembling with apprehension), and the voice which spoke across, calling my name, quenched the last spark of hope within my breast.

"My dear Eve, how thankful I am to have found you. Have no fear, it is I—come out to look for you."

It was Lady Mary herself!

I felt a desperate impulse to open the door and, jumping out on the other side, run away as fast as I could go, towards

LADY MARY--CONTINUED
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Keswick. But an instant's reflection told me how futile this would be, how easily I should be overtaken and recaptured. It would be a loss of dignity, with nothing to be gained.

Miserably I rose from my knees, where I had been crouching in the bottom of the fly, and showed myself at the window.

"Poor Eve! Poor child! I fear you have had a terrifying experience," said Lady Mary, in her most soothing contralto tones. "I have heard much, if not everything, and I need hardly tell you how I have reprimanded Valentine, actually forbidding him my house while you shall be with me. Could I do more? But come into my carriage, and let us have some mutual confidences. I will dismiss your fly, for no doubt you were driving home."

I stared at her through the frame of my open window in bewilderment. Instinct, common sense, had told me, as I recognized her voice, that it was she who had played this trick upon me—she who had, in some wonderful, unknown way, discovered Sir Donald Howard's project of elopement, and taken this method of defeating it—finding me a simple tool in her clever hands. And yet, here she was, pretending, at least, to be ignorant of it all, apparently fancying that, after escaping from Valentine Graeme, I was dutifully coming home again.

Her face looked frank and sympathetic, and beautiful in her widow's weeds, the great billows of crape veil thrown back from it. I did not know how to understand her, what to say to her; but one strong desire in my mind was that of escaping from her, and returning to the lover who, by this time, was searching for me I was sure.

I determined that I would steadily refuse to return with her to the Dark House. I would not, now that the light of love and liberty had shone into my life, meekly consent of my own will to go back to the gloomy prison.

"I was not driving home, Lady Mary," I said, with a boldness rather feigned than real. "I do not wish to go back with you, for I consider that I have been treated with great cruelty while I was in your care. I was going to the station to—
to meet Sir Donald Howard, whose wife I have promised to be."

A crimson flush mounted slowly to her usually marble face, and one strange flash (as of sudden lightning in the quiet darkness of night) shot from her dusky eyes. In a second more they had been veiled by the placid arch of the long ivory lids, and I could not have said with assurance whether that elusive gleam had been one of bitterest enmity or not.

At all events, it did not seem to me that her emotion had betokened mere astonishment. Rather might it have been the confirmation of a fear.

"We must talk of this together," she answered calmly. "It is really a surprise to me, and is certainly sudden. Of course, you must be aware that no such arrangement can be entered into without my consent, but it may be that, after discussion, consent will be given. At all events, your only course, Eve, is to do as I have already requested, and come into the carriage with me. We cannot any longer sit talking across the road to each other for the benefit of ears unconcerned—that would only be ridiculous. Don't force me to make my request a command."

"I cannot—I cannot go with you, Lady Mary," I cried, half-protesting, half-pleading, for her personality awed me. "It would not be fair to—to others."

"If you mean to Sir Donald Howard, we have been friends for more years than you have known him days," she returned. "I assure you that he would trust me, even with his fiancée."

I thought I saw a sneer drawing down the corners of her scarlet lips, and it angered me.

"But he doesn't trust you!" I ejaculated. And then I would have given much if the perilous words had been left unsaid. I feared that in an instant I had undermined all

Donald's possible influence with her, which necessity might render of inestimable value. But it was too late for regrets.

Again that deep flush had incarnadined the pallor of her face, and this time there was no concealment of her anger.

"Obey me at once, or you shall regret it," she murmured almost in a whisper. Yet each clearly enunciated syllable seemed to cut like steel.

I was desperate. She hated me, and I knew it without doubt at last. I lunged myself to the other side of the fly, and opening the window, imperatively demanded that the driver should go on—that he should take me back to the house from which he had brought me. I was already too late, I realized with a sinking heart, to go by the train as Donald and I had planned; but he would find me again at Mrs. Ruggles's, and I might hope for protection there.

To my dismay the man paid no attention to me whatever, but sat still, as if he had not heard.

"Quick!" I cried once more. "Don't you hear? You shall have twice, three times your fare if you get me back to the place in half an hour."

Still he did not move, save to stir somewhat uneasily in his seat and to look, or I fancied it, with a questioning glance down at Lady Mary. This confirmed me in the opinion that it was through her agency I had been deceived.

"Do not disgrace yourself, Eve," my stepmother commanded. "Do you not understand that my face is too well known in this country for my express wishes lightly to be disregarded, even by the man you offer to bribe for doing so? You do not know Cumberland very well as yet."

"I believe it is because you have bribed him, as you call it, in the first place, not because he knows who you are, and is afraid to offend," I said, recklessly.

She did not answer me, but, turning to her own coachman, said: "Eccles, I am sorry to say it is necessary to use force with Miss Rutland, since she will not display the common sense I had expected of her. Get down, and put her into the carriage with me."

"Very good, my lady," responded Eccles, beginning to descend with an alacrity that showed he was not displeased by the order. Still my cabman did not move, and I knew that I had lost the game.

"Do not trouble your man, Lady Mary," I said, almost grinding my teeth in the miserable sense of being hopelessly thwarted, "I will come to you without that."

"I am glad," she returned, with her old, icy calmness, opening the carriage door. I stepped from mine to hers, and sat down in the furthest corner, with what dignity I could command. Tears smarted behind my eyelids, but I would have died rather than let them fall.

Scarcely had the door been smartly closed after me, by Lady Mary's own exquisitely-modelled hand, when my fly departed, rattling down the road along which we had come.

The man had not asked me for his fare, but doubtless he had been well paid for his work before he started.

"Home, Eccles," said Lady Mary. The carriage turned, there was the sound of a whip cracking in the air, and I was on my way back to prison once again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHELVING OF OLD PEOPLE.

"I DO not believe," says Margaret E. Sangster, "that old people should consent to be effaced simply because the riotous advance of youth around them is pushing them to the rear. Love does its mistaken best to efface them, it is true, giving them the easy-chair and the sheltered corner, and saving them from all exertion, and insisting that they are to be waited upon, and their work taken out of their hands. Maturity has no right to let itself be laid upon the shelf too soon. There is one glory of the rosebud, and another glory of the rose; one beauty of the growing grain, and another beauty of the ripened sheaf."

POLITICS FROM THE INSIDE.

BEING CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATIONS OVERHEARD NOT FROM CHOICE BUT OF NECESSITY.

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello, central! Give me Wallace's flour and feed store at Woodbridge. * * * Hello, Clarke, 'sthat you? Your uncle Charlie's speaking. I suppose you have seen the article in *La Semaine Religieuse*?"

"Yes, you bet, Sir Charles. Catch me asleep when anything like that displays itself on the political horizon. I read it in 'Never Say Die' L.O.L., No. 36483, last night, and I tell you what, the boys went wild. I intend to repeat the dose at 'Long Ladder' lodge to-night, and at 'Short Rope' lodge to-morrow night. It's making a great impression, Sir Charles, and should help us considerable in redeeming Ontario."

"That's well, Clarke my boy. I'm glad to see you're so wide awake. Some day you'll be as good a man as your uncle Charlie, if you only study the dictionary, cultivate your imagination, practice speaking for 15 hours at a stretch to the bare walls of your bedroom, and never kick over the traces. Remember, the last point is essential. I never saw any man who kicked over the traces come to a good end. The Tupper's never do it. Young Charlie, as you are aware, tried it once, 'in a moment of weakness,' as poor Foster would say; but his Tupper common sense soon got the upper hand again, and, as you know, 'the cat came back.' Yes, Clarke, it's bad policy to kick over the traces or buck against your elders and betters. Always remember that. Why, look at some of the men who have tried it! There is Joe Martin; see how many good jobs he has lost, that he might have been holding down to-day if he'd only had sense enough to keep his heels under the whiffle-trees. And there is Sir Richard Cartwright, who tried to cut up in Old Sir John A.'s team. Did he become Minister of Finance, even when the Grits got on the mule-path? No, he was shelved for Fielding—a mere stripling, I tell you, a mere stripling; and now, Sir Richard is but a ghost—a poor mumbler, grinning ghost. No, Clarke, take my advice and never kick over the traces—at any rate when your uncle Charlie's handling the ribbons. Of course, it was all right to cut up the devil when poor old Bowell was trying to drive the band-wagon. It was eminently proper then, and our friends were well advised, not only in their own but in my interests, in doing so. But, to return to the subject, Clarke my boy, I think we have Sir Wilfrid in a pretty tight corner."

"I think so, Sir Charles, myself."

"Yes, Clarke my boy, most unequivocally yes! Down in Quebec we're making it hot for him because he's going to send poor Johnnie Pea-Soup to bleach his bones on the battlefields of perfidious Albion. Such treachery to the sympathies and prejudices of his compatriots and friends is perfectly—well, excuse me, I cannot find Parliamentary language to describe it. Oh, I tell you, we are working up a fine feeling against the Government down there! But, up in Ontario, how different! I expect you, Clarke my boy, to use that article of *La Semaine Religieuse* as absolutely irrefutable proof that the whole French-Canadian race is disloyal to the heart, and that it is nothing short of treason for the people of Canada to permit Laurier and Tarte or any other members of the detested race to occupy positions under the Crown. Of course, this is all for the farmers and the lodges. Do you understand, Clarke? These are your marching orders."

"Well, I can't say I like them altogether, Sir Charles; but, I suppose, as you say, it's bad policy to kick over the traces. I don't like this pandering to Quebec. Let that Province slide, and attack the Government, front and rear, throughout the rest of Canada. Such would be my course."

"Tut, tut, boy! Listen to your uncle Charlie. It's all perfectly right, perfectly right. What is a Government if it isn't a body of men representative of the majority of voters? But, if a Government is representative of the majority, therefore, an Opposition, in order to bloom into a Government, must

obtain a majority. But, since it's impossible to get two men on adjoining farms, to say nothing of the people in the adjoining Provinces, to agree on more than five out of one hundred propositions, therefore it's necessary to put forward certain propositions in one locality and their direct opposite in a neighboring locality. And, whatever is necessary, is right. *Quad erat demonstrandum*. Could anything be clearer. Bye-bye, Clarke my boy, now I must rink up Bergeron."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM'S CLEVER EXTRAVAGANZA PRODUCED LAST WEEK—A BRILLIANT PRODUCTION THAT WAS ONLY MARRED BY THE NEWS OF LORD AVA'S DEATH—THE DECEASED'S KINDNESS AND TENDERNESS.

NEVER since Lord Dufferin's day, when theatricals at Rideau Hall were inaugurated, has anything been given equal to the recent production of *The Princess and the Pauper*, at the Theatre Royal, Government House. For never until last year was Captain Graham there to compose an extravaganza, with many of the roles taken by the sweetest, brightest and fairest of children, and these the children of our own Governor-General. Seated in the gold and white ball-room, the audience was kept in constant smiles and laughter by the witticisms of the clever writer and his own versatile acting. Mr. Guise, A. D. C., who is so very tall, made a matchless King Arthur, with portly figure, and one shapely but long leg, encased in a yellow silk tight, while the other one, looking much smaller, was a real "black leg." Mrs. Hutton, in ermine trimmed gown, silver crown, and a plentitude of diamonds, was the beautiful Queen Eleanor, who never for one instant forgot to be natural. Charming Prince Romeo, in white satin breeches, jewelled blue-velvet coat, sword and plumed hat carried most gracefully, was Lady Eileen Elliot, who wooed the lovely Princess Ursula (Lady Ruby Elliot), and this noble pair looked as if they must have stepped out from the pages of some entrancing fairy tale. These two beautiful sisters, as together they danced the stately minuet, formed a tableau long to be remembered. The younger children, Lord Melgund, Lady Violet, and the son and daughter of Major and Mrs. Drummond, all with sparkling eyes and an unconsciousness that they were acting, were perfectly charming. But the little four-year-old, the vice-regal baby, Hon. Esmond Elliot, in his uniform of scarlet and gold, as commander of the "Fusty Wusties," was "sweet," "cute," "such a darling," etc. It was just splendid to see this tiny boy, with grave face and martial air, and a stride as long as his little legs, put the redcoats through their movements. This Drum-Major Bullbobs is a true child of the soldier, Lord Minto. The skirt dances by Lady Vera Grey and Lady Ruby Elliot were very good, indeed. Miss Lola Powell, Miss Muriel Burrowes, and Miss Gwen Grant were ladies-in-waiting, who added much to the musical part of the play. Little Gwen Grant was especially pleasing in her songs. Mr. Mann, A. D. C., was very amusing as the Duke of Karaboo. At 11 o'clock each night their Excellencies, who make such delightful entertainers, led the way to the racquet court, where long tables, seating 250, were laid—a thoughtfulness much appreciated by the guests, who, at former large functions at Rideau Hall, have stood and struggled, and climbed and scrambled, to get anything to eat, thereby bringing upon Ottawaians the slur of greediness.

A shadow of sadness was visible the last night of the theatricals, and faces grew grave as the name of "poor Lord Ava" was mentioned. Even among the servants at Government House this was noticeable, for those of the permanent staff had known him well. "Did you know him?" asked one of the new maids of Orderly-Sergeant Codd. "Ah, well I did, and a kinder hearted young man never passed in and out these doors, always ready with a pleasant word for everyone. Why, when he left the last time he handed me \$10, and said: 'Here, divide this among you.'" When Lady Aberdeen held a skating party for children during the time of his last visit to Ottawa, he devoted his afternoon to the little ones, taking them down the slide on his toboggan and especially seeking out the shy children, or the ones who had not had a turn, and now the children of Ottawa, even as all the world, say "poor Lord Ava!"

E.W.



SPHINX-LIKE KITCHENER.

HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH "BOBS," AND THE LATTER'S LOVE FOR HIM.—A VERY UNLIKE PAIR.—SOME NEW STORIES OF THE TWO GENERALS.

THE eyes of the whole world are now turned upon Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. These two men have a greater weight of responsibility on their shoulders than any others, perhaps, in the British Empire. It is interesting to know that when the Sirdar took his seat as a peer, Lord Roberts acted as his sponsor. Physically, there is a strong difference between the two men. Roberts, proverbially small, grey, animated, eager; and Kitchener, tall, muscular, dark with the Soudan sun, and as coldly unmoved by novelty or excitement as if he had lived all his days among ice. Possibly, on the principle of those who are unlike making good friends, we have here a pledge of the two soldiers working well together. By-the-way, they have been together already in one fierce struggle. On the night that Kitchener fled to a hansom from his too enthusiastic admirers at Victoria station, London, Lord Roberts, who had come to welcome him, was among those who were knocked down by the crowd in the wild rush across the platform.

That much learning is not amiss, even in a soldier, is proved by the fact—not generally known—that both Kitchener and Wingate owed their employment in Egypt to the fact that they were thoroughly familiar with Arabic. The hero of Omdurman is master both of the classic Arabic and of the vernacular of the present day. In Egypt, he used to tell every newcomer to try to pick up, first of all, the current talk of the people. "You will get along very well," he would say, "if you only try a bit. The Arab is a good fellow. At first he will, perhaps, think you are speaking English, but presently he will catch something like one of his own words, and then he will find you are trying to talk Arabic, and he will help you out."

Kitchener is a good linguist, and Arabic is not the only foreign tongue which he is master. His earliest writings are essays in which questions of language play the chief part—notes on the connection between Hebrew Scripture names and the modern names of places in Syria—essays published in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology" more than 20 years ago, and signed "Herbert Kitchener, Lieut., R.E." One wonders if he will now get to work to pick up a working knowledge of Cape Dutch and Kaffir.

He is 50 years old, and comes of military stock, being the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. H. Kitchener, and his career has been wholly military. He was educated for his calling at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and since entering the Royal Engineers, 29 years ago, has never been out of harness. His first service was with the Palestine survey, and his second with the Cyprus survey, after which he commanded the Egyptian cavalry for two years, and served in the first Soudan campaign, which ended in 1885. At the close of that campaign he was appointed Governor of Suakim, and after two years in that position became Adjutant-General and



LORD KITCHENER.

Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and in that capacity planned and executed the brilliant campaign ending with the capture of Khartoum. As a reward for that service, he was created Baron Kitchener of Khartoum. It was said at the time that every movement had been planned in advance with the precision of a railway time-table, and so complete had the preparations been for every possible contingency, that the whole undertaking was carried out absolutely according to schedule.

Lord Kitchener is a bachelor, and should he be killed in South Africa, his title will pass to his brother, Brevet Colonel Frederick W. Kitchener, who is eight years the baron's junior. This brother, although overshadowed by the Sirdar's fame, is himself a soldier of no little distinction, having served in the Afghan War, gaining mention in the despatches, besides a medal and two clasps, and in the Dongola and Khartoum expeditions, in which he was again mentioned in despatches, and was decorated with the Khedive's medal with two clasps.

Roberts and Kitchener were already pretty intimate before appointed to their present copartnership undertaking. Their journey together to the Cape has, doubtless, served to knit closer the bonds of mutual admiration. Kitchener has always entertained a profound veneration for "Bobs," while "Bobs" expressed himself about Kitchener's doings in Egypt in terms of the highest praise. It is recalled that during the debate in the House of Commons on the proposed grant to Lord Kitchener, the Sirdar, as he sat listening in the gallery, had Lord Roberts beside him. The two exchanged an occasional remark, but Lord Roberts seemed much more interested in the debate than his friend, whom it more nearly concerned. The Sirdar looked on impassively, the old Field-Marshal became more than once a little excited.

It is generally believed that on Lord Kitchener the main work and responsibility of the South-African campaign will devolve, and that the reason he was not openly appointed to command is that such a course on the part of the War Office would have been construed as an affront by generals already in South Africa who are his superiors in precedence if his inferiors in skill and reputation.

SANDERS.

PRECEDING ARTICLES. Major General, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Lond, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Burdette, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. E. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut. Col. Geo. T. Denton, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchesi, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Beausoleil, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtelle, December 29; Sir Wm. H. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. E. Doran and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12.



SOMEbody confidently asserted the other day that our Canadian women, in general, lacked the activity, mentally and physically, that characterizes both the English and Americans. This seems a grave charge, and rather worthy of consideration. Certainly, the nervous energy to be found in the average American is not in superabundance amongst us. But are we any the worse, because of that? Perhaps we have neither the desire, nor, for the matter of that, the opportunity of dipping into the thousand and one questions of the day, relative of philanthropy, politics, science, literature, or the lost arts, into which our Yankee cousins plunge with reckless abandon, and emerge with, it must be confessed, a certain amount cleaving to them, as the dust sticks to the sparrow as he bathes by the roadside. Of late, American women have acquired a habit of endeavoring to reach the why and wherefore of every existing fact or fancy. They are spending their time in reducing everything to a system, be it nothing more important than the way in which infants should be trained to utter their first words and sentences. They have "theories" regarding every phase of living and being. They bring up their children by "theory," they manage their houses by "theory," in fact, their every action they look at primarily in a theoretical light. Yes, unmistakably, they leave few sods unturned. But, at the same time, it strikes one that they are so occupied in turning over fresh ground that they leave little time for doing anything with the earth that is drying and hardening behind them.

I know a woman who has spent her life, or the latter years of it, in preparing herself for so many vocations, that she fearlessly speaks with authority (?) on any one of them. She makes the ordinary listener feel that she can make but a sorry show with her one talent. But in the sceptical she evolves an inclination to force all her theories into practice, to sift her knowledge to the very bottom, to do a little stock-taking in her overcharged brain, with the result that in no single particular would she be found without flaw.

Our minds now revert to English women. With them to turn a sod, means, as a general rule, to make a cavern. They choose a spade, they select a spot in which to dig, and all their energy is brought to bear upon the enlarging of that one hole. They struggle and pant in the quicksands of society, they pick methodically at the sub-strata of arts or sciences, or they upheave generously the somewhat heavy soil of philanthropy. But no attempt is made to divide their labors and attentions. As a dog clings to a bone, so tenaciously do they adhere to what they have once decided is their avocation. Thus, what they do know, they know thoroughly.

Yet, this thorough knowledge is not unfrequently the generator of the woman with one idea, the traveler of one narrow path. Hence, "shrieking sisterhoods," rabid temperance leagues, armies of blue-stockings, or ardent church-workers, till we come to the legions of pleasure-seekers only; each and all following their particular bent, and forsaking all else.

IT would seem as though this were leading up to the glorification of ourselves. Being neither English nor American, the inference about to be drawn is that we are an improvement upon either. But that cannot exactly be said. We certainly are normal—if that can be considered a compliment. We lack the feverish enterprise, the restless activity of the Americans,

but can we be said to possess the thoroughness of the English? Would we not benefit by a judicious intermixture of the two. Perhaps, through the fear of cultivating ambition in too large measure, we possess our souls in too much patience. It may be in our unwillingness to ride our hobbies to death we do not give them rein enough. While there are certainly a number in our midst who strike out in as yet unbeaten paths, how very many of us are content to let our higher capabilities gradually weaken for want of proper training! How slow we are to encourage originality of thought or action! How happy in merely going through life at an even pace and on an even road, leaving unexplored the depths above or beneath us!

Montreal is not a village. Yet, could the minds of many of us be of smaller growth if we lived in a hamlet on a mountain top? Considering its population, how many thoroughly cultivated, infinitely refined women could we offer as representatives? We are not devoid of readers, thinkers or workers, but in what proportion are those with whom a conversation means "a liberal education"? Some of us are accomplished. But in a group of those so-called, either women or girls, call upon someone to sing or play, question them as to their fluency in languages, their knowledge of literature outside the novels of the day or their gleanings from *The Bookman*, and form their opinion then as to their right to the qualifying term "accomplished."

And then rest assured that it is not dullness of brain or absence of opportunity that is their stumbling block; merely a happy, or unhappy, consciousness, that they will do very well as they are; that there seems no immediate necessity for bestirring mind or body, and that as their predecessors have been, so will they continue. Able as we are to draw unreservedly from the accumulated and best characteristics of English, Scotch and Irish, with a vastly different nation as our nearest neighbors, to take example from or imitate, we Canadians, we Montrealers, might become, in most respects, "a peculiar people" instead of drifting into the dead level of mediocrity, and laying ourselves open to unfavorable comparisons when criticized in company with the women of Great Britain or the United States.

TO-NIGHT, a skating party is being given at the Victoria Rink by a number of well-known ladies. This plan of several people with mutual friends entertaining in conjunction is a very admirable one and has been adopted several times with great success. The only trouble which ever arises is the loss many of the recipients of invitations are at to know how to word their reply. Several have thought and continue to think it necessary to enumerate all the names appearing on the card—a proceeding which must entail a large amount of time and an equally enormous sheet of paper. Perhaps this is a labor of love or politeness that is peremptory. But I hardly think so.

The hostesses this evening are: Miss M. Bond, Miss Burke, Miss M. Campbell, Miss E. Cassils, Miss M. Cassils, Miss M. Clay, Miss M. Coristine, Miss C. Gilmour, Miss L. Graham, Miss Greenshields, Miss Holland, Miss Meighen, Miss M. Molson, Miss Pangman, Miss Peterson, Miss Reford, Miss Riddell, Miss Roy, Miss E. Stephen, Miss F. Stephen, Miss M. Stephens, Miss M. Ward; while the chaperones are Mrs. Edgar MacDougall, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mrs. Yates.

MISS HELEN YOUNG, of Milwaukee, is visiting Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Dorchester street. Miss Young is a niece of the late Mr. J. M. M. Young, so well-known in Montreal, and used, at one time, live here. Her visits are looked forward to with much pleasure by a number of old friends.

Last week, a number of Montreal's young, very young, bachelors gave a dinner and dance at the Forest and Stream, under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar MacDougall. All present enjoyed themselves most hugely, but to the older members of society it cannot but come as a shock that these

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

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

youthful entertainers should already be of an age when clubs, not their own homes, are the scene of their entertainment. How time flies!

How pleasant it is to hear of anyone with the fund of originality, energy, and, above all, humor, that Captain Harry Graham, A. D. C., seems to possess. Judging from accounts "The Princess and the Pauper" must be most amusing, and it needs a clever person to write clever nonsense. Exactly that type of man is regrettably absent, or, at any rate, scarce among Canadians. In Montreal, anything out of the ordinary run is persistently snubbed. We prefer to maintain the stolid sameness of deportment, lest we should be accused of anything approaching eccentricity.

News was received last week that Mr. Clifford Woodhouse, who went to South Africa as electrical engineer on the "Sardinian," has joined the British forces. Canadians are very popular just now, and, apart from that, Mr. Woodhouse is quite qualified for the profession, being a good shot and a straight rider. He has only lived in Montreal for the past 18 months, having studied in Scotland and traveled abroad, though, as a very small boy, his home was here. It will be remembered he was "back" (and by the way, played a very excellent game) for the Montreal Football Club, always eschewing the unwieldy knee-pads, nose-guards, and padded knickerbockers so despised by British footballers.

Last week Mr. Fred Meredith gave a very pleasant dinner at the Forest and Stream. In spite of the severe snow-storm the whole party drove back into town, and the experience was not the least pleasant feature of the entertainment. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Miss Wilder, Miss M. Howard, Miss Miller, Mr. Humble and Mr. J. B. Allan.

LAST week, Mrs. E. H. King, Dorchester street, gave a small musical evening for Miss Napier, who is visiting her. Among those who contributed to the programme were Miss Abbott, Miss Adele Sise, Miss Parker and Miss Macdougall. Such informal gatherings are always greatly enjoyed, and it seems a pity that more are not given.

Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr., returned this week from a visit to New York.

The news of Lord Ava's death was heard with keen regret by all in Montreal who had the pleasure of knowing him, and, as a result of his frequent visits here, the number of such is not small. Last winter, it will be remembered, he spent some time here as the guest of Dr. H. B. Yates, and during that visit he was quite an habitue of the Ladies' Curling Club, at the Montreal Rink, where he played many an end. He presented several prizes to be competed for, and one very handsome silver trophy was won by Miss Belle Oswald.

Mr. Cecil B. Clay, son of Captain Bonham Clay, University street, has returned from Costa Rica, where he has been pursuing his profession of civil engineer for the past year. Mr. Clay seems to prefer tropical climates, having been previously stationed in Ceylon for quite a number of years.

MR. AND MRS. J. P. DAWES, "Maplewood," Lachine, accompanied by Miss Dawes and Miss N. Dawes, left this week to spend some months in traveling on the continent. The early spring is certainly a time to be spent out of Montreal by all who can conveniently do so. For, though overhead there is little to complain of, unless it be snowslides from neglected roofs, under foot it is miserable beyond description. People are fond of reiterating that Montreal women walk badly. Is it any wonder that we cannot cultivate a free, springing step, when we are alternately creeping gingerly over glare ice, or ploughing through snowdrifts?

Lennoxville certainly has every reason to be proud of many of her old boys. It is really surprising to note the list of her

graduates who have passed through the R.M.C. and are in the British army, no small number having already distinguished themselves. Perhaps, one of the best known in Montreal is Captain H. Carington Smith, whose latest appointment is on the staff of Lord Roberts. Out on leave this past summer, he spent some days here with his brothers, Mr. C. C. Smith and Mr. G. C. Smith, and was eagerly welcomed once again at Cacoua, where, on all his visits, he has ever been the leading spirit of anything appertaining to fun. It is said that on his arrival there, this major of the Egyptian army, specially recommended for bravery at Omdurman, and decorated by the Khedive, was accosted by a small cadet, who, shaking him warmly by the hand, said: "How d'ye do, Captain Smith. Now we meet on equal ground. Both on Her Majesty's service, you know!"

Another, well-known to Montrealers, is Lieutenant Harold Campbell, brother of Mrs. George Cantlie. He has lately accepted the position of professor of engineering at a technical college at Rhorkee, in India; while Lieutenant Cecil H. Dean, R. A., grand-nephew of His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, has many connections in this city. As yet, I think, unlike the others, he has not seen active service, coming of such a family augurs well for the likelihood of his making his mark.

AMONG those who volunteered for the last Canadian contingent was Mr. George Sweeny, familiarly known as "Bob," the second son of Colonel Sweeny, Westmount. Mr. Sweeny has for some years been practising law in Toronto, where he is extremely popular, and his suddenly evinced idea of following the fortunes of war was a great surprise to his relatives and friends alike. Already Colonel Sweeny has a son serving the Queen in India, Lieut. Roger Sweeny, a graduate of R. M. C. But the volunteer is likely to see active service first.

Montreal theatregoers were all sorry to hear of the death of Felix Morris, that actor who has been in the past a most welcome and frequent visitor to this city, and who was the life of Rosina Vokes' company. His last appearance was but a few years ago, when he was "starring" with a company of his own. Perhaps a role that everyone remembers best is that of the old Scotch butler in "A Pantomime Rehearsal." In this character he was simply inimitable. Somebody insists that at the time the Guards were here, Felix Morris was a popular actor. If so, he must have been very young, for he died at the age of 53 only. Like the late Miss Rosina Vokes, he had a number of personal friends here, who were always highly delighted to give little entertainments when they could make sure of such drawing cards.

MISS FRANCES WATT, youngest daughter of Mr. D. A. P. Watt, Stanley street, left this week for Brooklyn, N. Y., where she intends taking a somewhat extensive course in cookery.

On Tuesday evening, January 23, the second of Miss Abbott's recitals will be held at the Art Gallery. This time the soloists will be Mr. Sol. Marcossou, violinist, and Miss Grace Preston, contralto. Nothing could have exceeded the success of the first recital, either as to the programme or the very large audience, and it is confidently expected this one will fall short in neither respect.

A great many people were grievously disappointed at the postponement of last Friday's Symphony Concert. And much regret was felt that the cause should be the illness of the indefatigable conductor, Professor Goulet. However, a pleasure still in store is perhaps better than one already experienced, and the very mention of the Unfinished Symphony is quite enough to insure enjoyment for a large number of music-lovers.

I wonder why the chief essential of cartoons here seems to be vulgarity? A clever artist, I should imagine, might find it quite possible to caricature his victim so as to evoke amusement unminged with disgust. Nothing could be cleverer or more pointed than the cartoons and caricatures in Punch.

Yet, they are devoid of vulgarity. Were I a politician, a mayor, an alderman, or public man of any kind, I hope I should be able to submit gracefully to seeing myself unflatteringly portrayed. But certainly I could entertain nothing but murderous feelings for an artist who abused his talent by introducing into spirited drawing features that render the whole infinitely more suitable to be coupled with some coarse joke in a third-rate comic paper. Why is it impossible to be "funny without being vulgar," as Chevalier sings?

Mrs. A. Buller, 1018 Sherbrooke street, left this week for New York where she will spend some weeks.

ON Monday afternoon, Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mountain street, gave a very pleasant tea for her guest, Miss Carruthers, of Chicago. The house, which is built in imitation of the old colonial style, has the same idea ably carried out in its furnishing, and its low-ceilinged rooms, its quaint mirrors, and many pretty bits of old-fashioned furniture give one the feeling of having been accorded a peep into the ways of earlier days. The dining-room is especially delightful, with its high wainscoting of polished wood, its high mantel, and dark-framed pictures. The polished table was lighted by candles, with scarlet shades, while scarlet carnations and scarlet silk made a very effective centrepiece. The entire lighting of the room was by means of candles, which are a pleasant change from the dazzling electric light to which we are accustomed.

Mrs. R. W. MacDougall poured out tea, and Miss E. Scott, Miss Mills, Miss A. Ewan, Miss Edith Hart and Miss B. MacDougall assisted in the tea-room. All wore exquisite bunches of Parma violets on their pretty gowns. Really, nothing could be more becoming than these light afternoon dresses worn by so many. They make the ordinary blouse and dark skirt look very "undress uniform." Tea was also to be found in the cosy little library upstairs, though, with their usual perversity, everyone seemed to prefer crowding into the dining-room.

Mrs. Brown wore a very handsome gown, made a la princesse, of grey moire velours, edged with fur.

Miss Carruthers, who received with her, wore a very becoming blouse of cream lace over pink, and skirt of light silk.

Grey in various shades seems to be most popular for these afternoon gowns. For I noticed at least ten girls in voile or cashmere of this color, though the vastly different styles of making rendered them very dissimilar.

TO-NIGHT, the second dinner and sing-song will be given at the Montreal Hunt. Judging from the success of the last, a very pleasant evening is expected by the members.

Miss Richards, of Winnipeg, is visiting Mrs. Henry Joseph, Mountain street.

Miss Pansy Rathbun, of Deseronto, has arrived in town on a visit of some weeks to Miss B. MacDougall, University street.

There are few who do not remember Mr. T. Langral Harris, the miniature painter (by that I don't mean diminutive, as it might appear), who was received so warmly into our midst last winter, and left us so suddenly, apparently without time to make his adieux. The latest intelligence regarding his doings is in the form of his portrait in a London art journal, with a glowing description of his youthful talents, and an enumeration of the celebrities he has been immortalizing.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, Mrs. C. B. Robbin received at the residence of her mother, Mrs. J. T. Molson, University street. Her sister, Miss Mabel Molson, Miss Hampson, and Miss Caro Brainerd assisted her in receiving the large number of visitors.

Another large tea on Monday afternoon was that given by Mrs. Learmont, Sherbrooke street. Mrs. L. O. Armstrong also entertained a number of friends on the same afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Lindsay, of Winnipeg.

On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Fayette Brown gave a

very pleasant dinner at St. James' Club, for their guest, Miss Carruthers.

THE Motet Choir concert, on January 30, promises to be one of the best attractions of the season. The great Bispham's reputation is becoming more widely known, which, no doubt, accounts for the very large list of subscribers. Among those subscribing are the names of Miss Abbott, Mrs. C. T. Shaw, Mrs. Meighen, Mr. K. W. Blackwell, Mr. L. Marler, Mr. A. A. Ayer, Mr. McKergow, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Henry Miles, Mr. S. O. Shorey, Mr. J. A. Bell, Mr. W. J. Morrice, Mr. R. Wilson-Smith, Miss Hollinshead, Mr. J. C. Landry, Mr. R. R. Stevenson, Mr. W. McMaster, Mr. E. A. Gerth, Mr. P. W. McLagan, Mrs. Hobson, Mr. E. J. Coyle, Mr. Chas. Gurd, Mr. B. W. Grigg, Mr. A. D. McGillis, Mr. W. W. Craig, Mr. N. Gravel, Mr. L. T. Leet, Mr. D. Williamson, Mr. Henry Ward, Mr. Wm. Nivin, Mr. G. J. Crowdy, Mr. H. G. McSorley, Mr. J. M. Fenlon, Mr. T. Shields, Mr. F. Fowler, Mr. Jas. Baillie, Mr. J. J. Chisholm, Mr. A. McKay, Mr. R. Ware, Mr. L. R. Baridon, Mr. A. R. Oughtred, Mr. D. K. McLaren, Dr. Arthur Patton, Mr. G. Pitt, Mr. Jno. Pitt, Mr. Pitcher, Messrs. Karn & Co., Messrs. Mason & Risch, R. E. Layton & Bro., and many others. The plan is now open to the general public at Shaw's.

THE FLIGHTS OF JAIL BIRDS.

SOME of the most famous books in the world have been written in prison. Perhaps the most famous of all is the "Consolation of Philosophy," written by Boethius, in the year 524, during his imprisonment at Pavia by order of Theodoric, the Ostrogothic king of Italy. While this was being written, sentence of death was hanging over the head of the author.

Some of the best-known English books and poems have been written during the imprisonment of their authors. To begin with, there is the poem called "The King's Book," written in 1423, by King James I. of Scotland, while in prison at Windsor Castle. James had been a captive nearly 18 years, when one morning, chancing to look from his prison into the castle garden at Windsor, he saw Lady Jane Beaufort, niece of Henry IV. He at once became enamored of her and celebrated his love for her in the long poem, "The King's Quair." In the following year he was liberated, was married to Lady Jane, and was crowned king of Scotland.

Passing over some of the minor poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, written during his imprisonment at Windsor in the latter part of 1537, we come to a much better known book, which was written in the Tower of London. This is the "History of the World" (from the Creation to 150 B.C.), by Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh was a prisoner in the Tower from 1603 till 1614, and his "History" was written during the years 1607-1614.

Everybody knows the lines—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage—

though everybody perhaps does not know that these are from a poem called "To Althea, from Prison," which was written in the Gatehouse Prison, at Westminster, in 1642, by Richard Lovelace. Daniel Defoe similarly wrote some of his most stirring tales while in prison.

Less than 20 years after this, Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail from 1660 till 1672. During this 12 years he wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," as well as his less known "Grace Abounding" and the "Holy City."

THE first church in Los Angeles, Cal., to pass a prohibitory law against women wearing hats during services, is the Church of the Unity. In large type in a conspicuous place on the weekly calendar, are the words "Ladies will please remove their hats."

* Mainly About People. *

WITH the exception, perhaps, of one or two, the daughters of the present Cabinet Ministers exert little influence over Ottawa society in the sense of leading it. Several of them prefer to live quietly, but any expressed intention on the part of the above mentioned of teaching Ottawa people how to entertain or dress would be in a manner resented by those familiar with the customs and usages of "the best" society of the capital. Of course, the daughters of Cabinet Ministers go, and are seen, everywhere, but they are neither the belles nor the most fashionably dressed of a brilliant assembly as a rule.

OF the 16 predecessors of the Prince of Wales in his title only five have attained the age of 50, namely, Henry VIII., Charles II., George II., George III., and George IV. Five died before the age of 20, and five died by violence—Edward I., Richard II., Edward, son of Henry VI., Edward V., and Charles I.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM, A.D.C., whose book of nonsense rhymes has been so favorably reviewed, is also an adept in the gentle art of talking nonsense, or, in the slang of the day, giving a "patter" before a select audience. At a drawing-room concert given at the residence of Mrs. Gwynne, Ottawa, not long since, he greatly entertained the audience by his absurdities, talking in the same way that Jerome K. Jerome writes when he wishes to be humorously inane and ridiculously idiotic. It shows Captain Graham's cleverness when it is said that he was quite successful in the effort.

IN describing Rudyard Kipling's recent effort at speech-making, The London Academy says: "When he showed face in the school-room—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbors cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. He had evidently learned his little speech by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The big Englishers will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting."

OVERLOOKING the lawn at Rideau Hall are three rooms en suite. These are the drawing-room and the private rooms, usually used as a study and boudoir by the reigning Excellencies. The furniture of these rooms always remains the same, but each occupant gives them an impress of individual tastes and habits. Across one door in the drawing-room is a branch of a fruit-laden crabapple tree, interlaced through the gilded panels. This was painted and left as a souvenir by H. R. H. the Princess Louise. The fine taste of Her Excellency Lady Minto is beginning to show in touches here and there. During her recent visit to England, her boudoir was freshly tinted and painted in artistic greens. In connection with this, an incident that filled a visitor with dismay and chagrin occurred. A lady of Ottawa went, by appointment, to see Her Excellency. After a few moments in the drawing-room, Lady Minto said: "I want to show you my room; it was done over when I was in England. Doesn't it look well? And it was really quite inexpensive." Her Excellency stepped forward; so did the visitor, forgetful of the long-trained house dress. There was a sound of dragging cloth and thread, and then a sudden stop. The unfortunate visitor felt dampened for the rest of the interview.

though Lady Minto smilingly accepted apologies, and showed an extreme amount of kindness and interest afterwards. This is the charm possessed by Lady Minto, making her loved by all who know her. She is always anxious to show consideration to the feelings of others, and to take an interest in their comfort or convenience. But, the impossibility of pleasing everyone was brought out by this remark, made by an Ottawa tradesman: "Well, I don't think it is the thing for a lady in her position to go into the kitchen, and know all about what goes on there. Why, she's as good a judge of groceries and fruit and their prices as I am!"

SINCE her last visit to America, Miss Ellen Terry seems to have grown younger and sprightlier. A short time before sailing she made a run from London to Coventry, where she was born. She had been told that the public-spirited citizens of that ancient city, immortalized by Lady Godiva, had erected a mural tablet in honor of herself.

"I strolled up Market street," she said, "from the station to No. 5, and there, on the wall, saw a marble slab, and on it the date of my birth and my name. Of course I was delighted, and looked proudly around upon the other houses. Suddenly, I noticed a similar slab upon another house on the opposite side of the street. To my amazement I found it was identically the same as the first. I told it to the company when I returned, and one of them said: 'You are like Benjamin Franklin, Miss Terry, if we are to believe Mark Twain's account of him. According to Twain, Franklin was twins, having been born in two places at the same time.'"

Miss Terry has aroused interest in educational circles both here and abroad, and especially among organizations devoted to child study. It came about through her making public her plans for her granddaughter, a beautiful little girl of four, named Rose Marie Ellen Craig.

"An obstacle to progress is self-consciousness," she said to a friend; "it develops in childhood, and unless treated properly is apt to influence a person's entire life. I propose to have my little grandchild go on the stage when she is seven years old, and to stay there until she is as much at home before a large audience as in her own nursery. Of course, she has stage talent, which is an additional reason for this kind of training. By doing this she will never be troubled by self-consciousness. She will not realize that she is all hands, arms and legs, as most people do when they go upon a platform or even walk across a drawing-room. Another point is developing the dramatic instinct which exists in all healthy children. I tell little Rose a story, and then she tells it and acts it to me in return. Sometimes she finds points which I have not noticed and treats them in a way that is simply surprising. Little folks are quick to appreciate fun, and will make humor out of the most solemn passages. In acting *Bo Peep*, Rose can make it as serious as a tragedy or as ridiculous as a farce, and when it comes to the *Three Blind Mice*, she converts the nonsensical jingle into a melodrama worthy of *Drury Lane* in its palmyest days."



MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

MY lady's slipper had its power
When love was young and life was sweet;
I worshipped in each wooing hour
The glancing of her tiny feet.

That dainty slipper now—how sad!—
Deep awe inspires, for, lack-a-day,
When her small son is rude and bad
She smites him in the good old way.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

“Tramping With Tramps,” by Josiah Flynt. ONE finds it hard to believe that, in the United States and Canada, there are at least 60,000 persons dead to the ordinary incentives to industry, and strangers to the passion for property. But, if we are to believe “Mr. Flynt,” as he calls himself, this is the case. And that gentleman claims to have spent months at a time with tramps in Europe and America, living as one of them, for the purpose of studying the habits and characteristics of this little-known class. Prof. Andrew D. White, the well-known scholar and diplomat, has written a prefatory note to Mr. Flynt’s volume. (The Century Company.)

It appears that the tramp nuisance in America first reached such proportions as to attract attention after the Civil War, when the armies disgorged upon the country hordes of men who had lost the desire for a settled life, who knew nothing, perhaps, of any useful trade, and who, worse than all, had been bereft of friends and property in the war.

Mr. Flynt says that vagrants are largely recruited nowadays from discouraged criminals—by that the author means lawbreakers who have been caught and undergone punishment for their misdoings. Incarceration a few times has made them realize that the chance of good times in criminal life is an extremely precarious possibility, and they take to the road as a safer method of preying upon the community. According to Mr. Flynt, the railroads are in a large measure responsible for the growth of the tramp problem. The policy pursued by the railway authorities has been one of acquiescence in the free carriage of the tramp from one part of the country to the other. Sometimes he rides in freight cars, sometimes on ear trucks, sometimes on top, sometimes on the humpers. It is, to-day, the boast of the hobos that they can travel in every State of the Union for a mill a mile, while in a number of States they pay nothing at all.

“In the first place, the railroads spread the tramp nuisance over a much greater stretch of territory than would be the case if the tramps were limited to the turnpikes. There are districts in the United States which are so difficult to reach by the highroad, on account of unprofitable intermediate territory, that the hobo would never attempt to go near them if it were not easy for him to get over the disagreeable parts of the journey in a box-car. Take the trip from Denver to San Francisco, for instance. There is not a vagabond in the country who would undertake to walk across the American Desert merely to reach ‘Frisko, and if walking were the only way to get to that city it would be left largely to ‘coast beggars.’ As matters now stand, however, you may see a beggar one day in Fifth avenue in New York City, and a fortnight later he will accost you in Market street in San Francisco. Many tramps can travel as rapidly as the man who pays his way, and I have known those who could even ‘hold down’ the Chicago Limited from Jersey City to Chicago without a break.

“The railroads also help to keep the tramp element in our large cities. It very seldom settles in the country, and not for any length of time in provincial towns. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Buffalo, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other like places are its main strongholds. The more the criminal element of a country fastens itself upon its cities, the harder it is to break up, and in the United States this is what is taking place. Chicago, for instance, is as much a centre in the criminal as in the business world, and almost every freight train entering it brings a contribution to its criminal population.

“Another striking fact is that out-of-works who beat their way on freight trains very easily degenerate into professional vagabonds. I have traveled with men who, in six months’ time, had become voluntary vagrants merely because their first stolen rides, while in search of work, had demonstrated to them how easy it is to manage without working and paying their way.

“There is one more fact which cannot be overlooked—the temptation which the railroads have for a romantic and adventuresome boy. A child possessed of wanderlust generally wanders for awhile, anyhow, but the chance he now has to jump on a freight train and ‘get into the world quick,’ as I have heard lads of this temperament remark, has a great deal to do in tempting him to run away from home. Hoboland is overrun with youngsters who have got there on the railroads, and very few of them ever wander back to their parents. Once started ‘railroading,’ they go on and on, and its attractions seem to increase as the years go by. Walking has no such charms for them, and if it were their only method of seeing the world, the majority of those who now keep on seeing it, until death ends their roaming, would grow tired. The railroad, however, makes it possible for them to keep shifting the scenes they enjoy, and, in time, change and variety become so essential that they are unable to settle down anywhere. They are victims of what tramps call the ‘railroad fever,’ a malady for which a remedy has yet to be prescribed.”

Lady Edgar at Work.

LADY EDGAR, living as she does in seclusion and solitude, is employing the hours which might otherwise hang so heavily, in writing two books. One, it is said, deals with the life of an

ancestress of the late Sir James Edgar, who was one of the attendants of Mary Stuart. It will be remembered that this is not Lady Edgar’s first literary effort of importance. “Ten years of Upper Canada” was recommended by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Aberdeen, when the latter was preparing to

leave for Canada, as the former said it gave apparently such a good account of early life in the country over which the prospective Governor-General was to rule.

Mr. Biggar’s War Book.

THE fifth edition of Mr. E. B. Biggar’s “Boer War, its Causes, and its Interest to Canadians,” is now in press. The entire profits of this edition will be devoted to the relief of needy women and children who are dependent on our soldiers now in South Africa. The price of the book will remain as before, 10 cents per copy, but those who wish to contribute an additional mite towards this fund may forward 15 cents or more, as they feel disposed. To those who wish to purchase copies to send to friends, the book will be supplied at the rate of 12 for \$1.00. Address: Biggar, Samuel & Co., publishers, Toronto or Montreal.

P. V. N.

THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE much-heralded comic opera, *A Greek Slave*, has been drawing large crowds to the Academy of Music this week. There have been better comic operas seen in Montreal this season, and there have been worse. The production is well staged, both scenery and costumes being exceedingly rich and beautiful. Not much can be said for the music, it is neither very good nor decidedly without merit, but, on the whole, it is pleasing. Miss Dorothy Morton, as Mana, sings with her accustomed ease, and delights all listeners. Mr. Richard Carle, in the role of Heliodorus, a fake soothsayer, is one of the funniest comedians imaginable, while Miss Minnie Ashley, as Iris, a slave, is quite the daintiest and prettiest actress and best dancer seen here this season. Mr. Herbert Sparring, as Marcus Pomponius, prefect of Rome, is very quietly but delightfully amusing. These four, indeed, are the stars of the performance. Mr. Hugh Chivers as Diomed, alias Eros, god of love, though possessed of a good voice and a magnificent physique, befitting the part, is without ability as an actor. There is a host of slaves, Greek girls, fan bearers, actors, etc. and when they are all on the stage together the scene is a brilliant one.

At the Francais, the well-known drama *Carmen* is satisfactorily presented. Manager Phillips has taken special pains to have the play well mounted, and special scenic effects have been provided. Miss Eugenie Hayden, the new acquisition of the stock company, who made her debut before a Montreal audience in a minor part in *Delmonico's* at Six last week, strengthened the impression that she will prove a popular favorite. The old members of the company take their respective roles in *Carmen* with success. Some good vaudeville numbers are presented, and the whole performance is well worth going to see. C.F.110

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

WHEN Bronson Howard was numbered among the minor lights of the theatrical profession, he gave it out to the press that his next writing would be among the most famous of latter-day domestic plays, and so it has proved in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, which had a run in New York which was unprecedented, and when it was given at the Theatre Francais some seasons ago it was received with particular favor. It has been again selected for production next week, and will serve admirably to introduce the Francais' new leading lady, Miss Stella Rees. Miss Rees is known principally by her clever work in leading roles in the plays produced by Frederick Ward. She appeared in Montreal in the *Polar Star* not many years ago, and at that time was spoken of by the press of this city as an exceedingly clever actress. She comes to the Francais with the highest recommendations, and her work as *Constance Winthrop* will be eagerly looked forward to. The Francais has a vaudeville bill of considerable excellence, having at its head Bumm, Bumm, Burr, the clown musical people.

THE *ROUNDERS*, the latest New York Casino success, will be the attraction at the Academy of Music, Monday, January 22, for one week and Saturday matinee only. The success which greeted *The Telephone Girl* has been duplicated by this latest Casino concert, which is said to be the best play produced at the famous New York playhouse for some time. It is an adaptation from the French musical farce, *Les Festards*, written by Mars and Hennesquin and adapted with original lyrics by Harry B. Smith, the musical score by Ludwig Englander. The well-known comedian, Thos. Q. Sealbrooke, is at the head of the company, which is the original one seen in New York for over five months with this play. The story is that of an American girl married to a wicked French marquis, who behaves as such aristocrats often do, especially on the stage. She fails to fall into his ways and, instead of becoming "Parisianized," she sits around and mopes and thinks that it is all very unfortunate. The straight-faced ideas and habits of his wife make the marquis behave worse than ever. The wife eventually gets a little worldly wisdom and resolves to do a little flirting herself, not for flirtation's sake but merely as a medicinal dose for her husband. She strikes up an attachment for Maginnis Pasha (an Irish Turk, and incidentally the "funny" man of the play), and flirts with him outrageously to the amazement of her friends. An amusing series of complications arise in consequence, in which the various characters become almost hopelessly entangled, and it

requires three acts and four scenes of fun and music to straighten matters out and teach the husband the much-needed lesson. Mr. Sealbrooke is so well known that he needs no introduction. He is one of the best of our comedians and has been a "star" for several years. A number of others, whose names are well known to those who keep track of the London and New York productions, are with this company. Among them Christie McDonald, last season prima donna with the Francis Wilson Opera Company, Harry Davenport and Phyllis Rankin, who were in the London production of *The Belle of New York* at the Shaftesbury theatre for nearly a year, Marie George, D. L. Don, Edward Tyler, Fred Urban and Sarah McVicker who were the original successes with the Belle company in New York. These, and the chorus of 70, with all the original stage settings used in the New York run of the piece, make up the organization. During this engagement the curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, sharp, and at 2 for the matinee.

ASIDE from Henry Irving, there is no other actor living who would look the character of Frederick The Great as accurately as Lewis Morrison, who is this season en tour with a most elaborate presentation of this latest comedy spectacular production, which is announced as one of the early attractions at the Academy.

THE *PARISH PRIEST*, the play Daniel Sully will present for the first time in Montreal, week of January 29, is said to be one of the most marvelous plays of the century. In the character of Father Whalen, Mr. Sully has the greatest role of his career. The play tells a story of everyday life, in which a man sacrifices friends and happiness because ambition takes possession of his nature. The play is bubbling over with bright, clean comedy and the dramatic situations are intensely interesting. Special scenery is carried for the entire production. Mr. Sully's supporting cast is a very strong one, and includes such artists as Nellie Yale Nelson, Marion Shirley, Mildred Lawrence, True S. James, Jos. L. Tracey, Fred Eckhart, Geo. D. Davis, Christie Miller and others.

MISS EUGENIE HAYDEN, the new ingenue of the Theatre Francais company, has made a great many social friends during her short stay in this city. Miss Hayden's chief charm lies in the fact that she has an exceedingly pleasant personality, which at once makes friends over the footlights, as well as in everyday life. In the parts which she has



MISS EUGENIE HAYDEN.

had to play in this city so far, her best work has been done as Mercedes in *Carmen*. The role is not a big one, it is true, but the various interpretations of it which have been given in Montreal have not, by any means, overshadowed that adopted and presented by Miss Hayden. She is a Kentucky girl, and, previous to adopting the stage as a profession, she was a light among the amateurs. She has been a reader of theatrical works all her life, and is a conversationalist of much ability on matters literary and dramatic.

ONE of the most important dramatic events of the present season at Her Majesty's theatre, will be the engagement for the week of January 22, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, of the greatest dramatic success that the New York stage has seen in many years. The Great Ruby, which ran for 25 weeks at Daly's theatre during the past season. At the death of Mr. Daly the production passed into the hands of Jacob Latt, who will present the play in some of the more important cities of the country the present season. Mr. Daly brought over to this country the production in its entirety from the Drury Lane theatre, London, and it is this production which Jacob Latt is presenting. The Great Ruby is said to be one of the most interesting melodramas that has ever been produced in this country. It is certainly a magnificent production, there being five acts in the play and twelve scenes. Each of these scenes are given a separate and elaborate setting, and the properties which are used include some of the heaviest and most original that have been used in a stage production in many a long day. In the second act of the play there is driven on the stage an English coach, drawn by four horses, the heroine of the play makes her entrance in a neat brougham, being driven to the store of her husband, one of the great London jewelers, and, in the fourth act, a large war balloon is utilized to secure one of the most striking effects possible. It is a genuine balloon and was made by one of the best English firms of balloon makers. The story of the play is most interesting, and reads like one of the best pieces of detective fiction. A jewel, the great ruby, has been stolen from the store of Sir John Garnett by a skilful gang of diamond thieves. It is valued at the enormous sum of £50,000. The best detectives are put on the case, but, in the duel of wits which ensues, they are completely baffled and not until the very last the gem is returned to its lawful custodian, having passed through many hands and caused on end of complications. The company is reported to be one of the largest and strongest organizations that has ever left New York. The manager has retained many members of the Daly organization, and the new people are said to be the very best it was possible to obtain. It requires seven of the largest baggage cars to move the production in addition to two Pullman sleeping cars and a coach.



KATHERINE CLINTON.

THE next Symphony Concert will take place on January 26. The programme will be the one intended for the previous concert, which was not given on account of the illness of Professor Goulet. Containing, as it does, the Unfinished Symphony by Schubert, the Rubinstein suite, Bal Costume, Schumann's Traumerei, and several other numbers of interest, it could hardly be improved upon. As Professor Goulet wishes to do all possible justice to the rendering of the Bal Costume, he has decided to engage several extra musicians for this number.

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THE "At Home" given by Mrs. J. A. Harte, on January 13, in honor of her niece, Miss Craig, of Thortaby, England, and Miss Perrin, of London, Ont., was a decided success. The hostess was ably assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, Miss Harte, and Mrs. Charlie Iles, while the Misses Ross, Edgar, Pelton, Cowen, McBain and Iles, and Messrs. Austin, Boyd, Ives, Barry, Iles, McGill, Clay, Howard and Dr. J. Munroe saw that they were well taken care of in the diningroom, which was beautifully decorated with red and white—knots of McGill ribbon being worn by the young ladies of the house. During the evening dancing was enjoyed by the young people who had so ably assisted their hostess during the afternoon.

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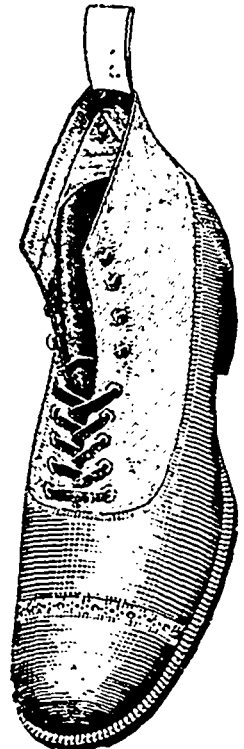
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