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MONTREAL LIFE



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



MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN,
the Canadian Novelist and Litterateur.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.



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

LEAVE WINDSOR ST. STATION FOR
Caledonia Springs 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 6.15 p.m.
Pointe Fortino (a) 5.15 p.m., (b) 1.30 p.m.
Ottawa 9.45 a.m., 10 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 9.45 p.m.
Hudson Heights 9 a.m., (a) 12.30 p.m., 4.05 p.m., (b) 3.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m.

Commencing **May 26th** - Saturday afternoon train to Sherbrooke and Knowlton, leaving Montreal 2 p.m., returning leaving Sherbrooke 8 a.m. and arriving Montreal 9.50 a.m. via Foster and Sutton Junction.

LEAVE PLACE VIGIER STATION
In Effect May 12th, 1900

Ste. Agathe and Labelle (a) 1.50 p.m. This train will not stop between Montreal and Shaw bridge except at Mile End.

St. Jerome and Intermediate stations (a) 1.15 p.m. (b) Except Saturdays and Sundays. (c) Saturdays only. *Daily. †Other weekdays only.
Further particulars later.

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" "	19.40 a.m.	" "	12.10 p.m.
" "	14.05 p.m.	" "	16.35 p.m.
" "	15.50 p.m.	" "	19.15 p.m.
" Ottawa	16.10 a.m.	" Montreal	9.50 a.m.
" "	18.45 a.m.	" "	11.15 a.m.
" "	14.20 p.m.	" "	6.50 p.m.
" "	6.35 p.m.	" "	9.45 p.m.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS.
TORONTO AND WEST.

Lv. Montreal	Daily 9.00 a.m.	Daily 8.00 p.m.	Ex. Sun. 10.25 p.m.
Ar. Toronto	5.20 p.m.	6.50 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
Ar. Hamilton	6.55 p.m.	8.15 a.m.	8.50 a.m.
Ar. Niagara Falls	8.40 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.10 a.m.
Ar. Buffalo	10.00 p.m.	12.00 noon.	12.00 noon
Ar. London	9.50 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit	6.45 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	1.10 p.m.
Ar. Chicago	2.30 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	8.45 p.m.

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THE dress rehearsal of the Passion Play at Oberammergau is to take place on May 20. The dates of performances are fixed for May 24, and 27; June 4, 10, 16, 17, 24 and 29; July 1, 8, 15, 18, 22 and 29; August 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 25 and 26; and September 2, 8, 9, 16, 23 and 30. In the event of a greater number of visitors arriving than can be seated on the day of performance, the play will be repeated in precisely the same manner on the following day. The play is to commence each day at 8 a.m. and last until 5.30 p.m., with an interval of an hour and a half for refreshment. In order to protect the audience from the inclemency of the weather the community of Oberammergau has (at a cost of £10,000) had a hall built to hold 4,000 people comfortably. While the audience is completely under shelter, the stage and proscenium remain as before, quite open, and valley, mountains and sky still form the background to the solemn drama. A Wohnungs Bureau has been formed by the Passion Play Committee to look after lodging accommodation for visitors.

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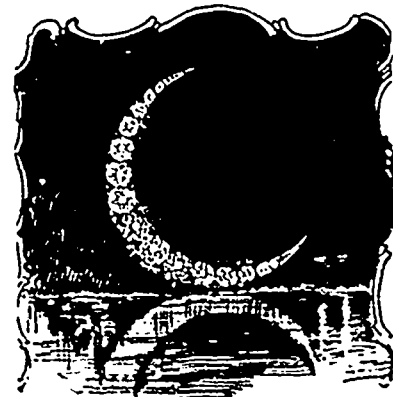
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MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY 4, 1900.

TELEPHONES:
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LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is becoming every day more apparent that the people of Canada are deeply imbued with the spirit of charity, and when the spirit moves them, as it frequently does, they proceed to accomplish the work in hand without any undue formality or waste of time: ostentation is not given a thought. One could not but be struck with the promptitude with which assistance was rendered the thousands of men, women and children cast upon the charity of the country as a result of the Hull-Ottawa conflagration. While the flames were still raging the Bank of Montreal, with characteristic generosity, forwarded \$10,000 for the relief of the homeless multitude. The example thus set up by the Dominion's leading financial institution was followed with magnificent avidity. Money, provisions and clothing poured in from all sides. The action was spontaneous and general. From the merchant prince to the small-salaried clerk came contributions varying in magnitude according to the circumstances of the donors. And none gave grudgingly. The above is but one proof that our people are well fitted to remedy the most serious disasters, and that they are ever ready to do so. A country that is protected by such a far-reaching insurance policy should be attractive to a higher class of emigrants than Mr. Sifton offers bonuses to—Galicians and Doukhobors.

AN American geography is authority for the statement that ice and lumber are the chief products of Canada. Considering the frozen impression of the country that exists among our consins to the South, the associating of lumber with ice is an indication that this industry is more identified with the country than any other. Unlike the ice, its importance will not melt upon close examination. The Hull fire has, however, brought forcibly before the attention of the public that the populated section of a city is not the place to pile lumber in large quantities. It may not be convenient for the merchants to change their methods in this regard, but there is more than convenience at stake. One such fire as occurred last week makes a gaping hole in many years' profits. If, however, the lumber king does not care to consider his own safety he should be made consider his surroundings.

IF Imperial Federation is not feasible (and according to Mr. Chamberlain it is not), a reciprocity of brotherly love is being none the less surely established between Great Britain and the colonies. A bond so forged is far more durable than anything of a commercial nature—the metal is of a higher grade. Inhabitants of the Mother Country were formerly wont to underestimate the quality of the colonials, but the South-African war caused the scales to fall from their eyes. The people of Canada and Australasia forced the recognition they were entitled to, and perhaps a trifle more to make up for back interest. And there is something substantial in this appreciation. The Hull fire sufferers will be among the first beneficiaries thereby and in every way are they deserving.

THE great "reform" city council has started in work with a vengeance. Last week it finally disposed of the services of Mr. Laforest and Mr. McGibbon, and it is the general opinion about town that other heads are soon to fall. The entire proceedings do not reflect any particular credit upon our newly-elected aldermen. Certainly it was desirable in the

interests of the city that Mr. Laforest should go, but it would have been more judicial had the charges laid against him been thoroughly investigated before such a step was taken. There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything and the council unhesitatingly adopted the latter, not through ignorance but rather to satisfy the clamorous demands of certain daily papers. The aldermen of Montreal, needless to say, like to stand in well with the press.

HAD the council, however, simply confined itself to dismissing Mr. Laforest there would not be very serious cause for complaint, but that it should at the same sitting have removed Park Ranger McGibbon from the position which he filled for so many years smacks of contemptible compromise. Mr. Laforest and Mr. McGibbon had nothing whatever to do with each other, and yet it was deemed necessary to dismiss both or neither. The charges preferred against the ex-superintendent of the Water Department were of a serious nature, but Mr. McGibbon's chief offence was feeding a horse on corporation oats. As children, we were all taught that it is as sinful to steal a pin as a hundred or more dollars, and, while the average individual is apt to regard this precept askance some time prior to reaching mental maturity, the city council has thought fit to judge Mr. McGibbon according to this severe code. It may be just in the strict sense of the word, but it is certainly not customary. The discriminative powers of the aldermen would not seem to be of the keenest, nor do they attempt to make the punishment fit the crime.

AS a matter of fact, Mr. McGibbon's dismissal hinged entirely upon Mr. Laforest's. It was absolutely necessary to dispense with the latter gentleman's services, but the French-Canadian members of the council demanded a quid pro quo in the shape of an English-speaking miscreant. The park ranger was the only available scapegoat and he was accepted pro tem in lieu of bigger game. This compromise may have been understood rather than spoken, but it was nevertheless perfectly clear in the thick heads of the aldermen. Such is the nature of the great "reform" administration.

AND now La Patrie demands the heads of Mr. St. George and Mr. Robb. La Patrie is nothing, if not nationalistic, for the two above-named gentlemen both occupy leading civic positions, and are they not English-speaking? This grievance is added to by the city surveyor possessing such a name as St. George. Aside from the nationality of Messrs. St. George and Robb it is not yet at all clear to the public what they have done to merit dismissal. The former's trial is to come off first in the form of a general investigation of all acts past, present and to come, and it is possible that some such heinous charge will be proven as the writing of private letters on corporation paper, or the wearing of a Lord Robert's button. This latter offence would be unpardonable, and I fear that La Patrie is following up something on these lines. If the English-speaking members of the council prove as gullible as they did in the McGibbon inquiry, Mr. St. George will stand a poor chance of getting fair play.

BUT, while our aldermen are busy scouring the city hall they lose sight of the fact that the streets require some attention. The thoroughfares of Montreal have never been noted for their cleanliness, but this spring the accumulation of filth that

LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS (Continued)

succeeded the "beautiful" has surpassed all records. This is not strange, considering that it has been accumulating for many years undisturbed. To the casual observer the limit seems to have been reached, though there is no telling what the city's capacity for dirt may be. Unfortunately, we may have an opportunity of finding out, as it is hardly likely that any steps will be taken at present towards a cleaning up. One alderman has suggested that \$25,000 be taken from the reserve fund for the purpose, but the money will not be voted and the men, women and children of this beautiful city will continue to inhale decayed odors of the past and germs of every conceivable species. I had intended saying something about the condition of the lanes, but I have since concluded that it would be in better taste not to dwell upon such an unsavory topic.

THE ancient adage that runs, "All things come to those who wait" may be applied with thorough appropriateness to the veterans of Fenian Raid fame, who, after a lapse of 30 years, were presented with the medals won by them. This is an unusual length of time to have to wait, and while the pleasure of the recipients was, perhaps, enhanced thereby, many of the brave fellows who helped to repel the invaders on the two occasions when they set foot in Canada have gone to their rest undecorated. Aside from this feature, the presentation of the medals at this time, when other sons of Canada are winning distinction on the battlefields of South Africa, was most opportune. It may, furthermore, have a salutary effect upon the present day Fenians who are apt to dream of marching triumphantly through the Dominion. They will probably cease dreaming and awake to the true state of affairs. It may not have struck these tail-twisting fire-eaters as strange that if they cannot rescue (?) their dear native country from the grip of the oppressor they are hardly capable of conquering another. The majority of them, however, are inclined to act first and be sorry afterwards.

THE Canadians have again distinguished themselves in driving the Boers from a strongly fortified kopje, and the British press is ringing with their praises. Col Otter covered himself with glory and wounds in leading the attack, and while we would all have wished that he might have escaped the latter it is a consolation to know that they are not of a serious nature. Our boys have proved their value in fighting, marching, and, in fact, in all branches of warfare. No work has been too hard for them to accomplish, and for all practical purposes they are equal to many of the crack regiments—some of us may be excused for thinking them a shade better. In entrusting them with important duties, Lord Roberts has not been actuated by politic motives. He is quick to distinguish good soldiers and to make use of them.

WHILE the Grand Trunk has lost a good man in Mr. George B. Reeve, it is gratifying to know that there were others at hand capable of filling the retired traffic manager's shoes. So great has the System's traffic become that the management deemed it advisable to divide this department into two, with Mr. W. E. Davis as passenger traffic manager and Mr. Loud in charge of the freight end. Mr. Davis was one of the men brought by Mr. Hays when he (Mr. Hays) was installed as general manager in place of Mr. Sergeant. In his capacity as general passenger agent, Mr. Davis came more in contact with the general public than did any of the other officials, and the public was not slow in estimating his worth. He is a typical American railway man, astute, far-seeing but always approachable—a man who will unravel a business problem at short notice and have his points close at hand; a man who will listen attentively to a question put to him, and give an answer without delay. He never dilly-dallies. His remarks are terse, lucid and to the point. Mr. Davis is still a young

man and his prospects are not excelled by those of any railway official in the country. Mr. George T. Bell, who succeeds him as general passenger agent, has been associated with the G.T.R. for a great number of years, and his many friends will rejoice in his well-earned promotion.

THE late Duke of Argyle (a correspondent informs me) paid a visit to Canada 20 years ago; indeed, doubtless, by reports about the country given to him by his son, the Governor-General. He came down the St. Lawrence on one of the Richelieu steamers, and remained here for a day or two. He stayed at the Windsor, and was greatly impressed by the appearance of the rotunda at night, with its lofty dome and the groups of animated people who gather after dinner to hold debate

—on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

as well as on several other subjects. The Duke recorded his impressions of Canada in an English magazine—Fraser's, I think. A story is told of his visit here. A luncheon was given in his honor by the late Dr. Geo. W. Campbell, the distinguished physician, at his residence on Sherbrooke street. Among the guests was the Rev. Gavin Lang, the minister of St. Andrew's Church. Mr. Lang, like his host, was a doughty champion of the Established Church of Scotland, and had years before been successful in preventing that congregation from entering the Presbyterian Union in Canada, and thus severing official connection with the Church at home. As the Duke was an elder in the "Auld Kirk," the conversation naturally turned on that subject. His Grace was surprised at any opposition to a union of forces. "Why, in Scotland," he said, "we would only be too happy to welcome a union of the three branches of the Church." But Mr. Lang, to his credit be it said, would not yield even to a Duke, and firmly maintained his ground. By the way, adds my correspondent, Mr. Lang is still minister of the Parish Church in Inverness. His son, Gordon, who is remembered here, is a doctor, practising his profession in Inverness, and is married to a wealthy lady in the picturesque capital of the North.

IT is satisfactory to hear that McGill is to have a chair in political economy at last. The course now given, good as it is, should long ago have been amplified. It should include some attention to the constitutional and economic history of Canada. These are practical and useful subjects which cannot safely be ignored in a national University of the rank and standing of ours. The appointment of a lecturer or professor will require the most careful consideration. A man of theory and text books would be almost useless. Surely we can afford to have the theory and the practice of trade principles expounded together. I know that free trade between nations is sound, but when nations wont practice it, what are you going to do? The peculiar and exceptional position of Canada, next door to the most highly protected country in the world, and studiously excluded from that country's markets, should be driven home to all our students in economics. Any other policy is simply to turn out young prigs, divorced by their scholastic training from understanding the actual conditions under which we live. And what we want in our politics, almost as much as common honesty, is an annual body of recruits for the public service, with an equipment of practical ideas that can be applied to our political conditions.

CONSERVATIVE politicians assure me most positively that they will carry the next general elections. This may be true, and, until the campaign actually begins, it is difficult to offer an opinion one way or the other. But Sir Charles Tupper should let it be known that his choice of Cabinet material, in the event of a victory, is not to be limited to the men now in the House. Assurances should be given that Mr. Hugh John Macdonald from Manitoba, Mr. Whitney from Ontario, and men of that stamp will be available; in fact, a new slate, if possible. Many electors turn with shrinking from a repetition of the old state of things under the old men—a leader dead, and his late colleagues snapping at one another like a band of wolves, ready to rend the party sooner than sacrifice personal ambitions.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

THE COIFFURE OF 1900.—Spring fashions, like spring flowers (writes a "Society Butterfly"), seem this year inclined to be late. But women who go to the best dressmakers, employ the cleverest hairdressers, and are generally "in the swim," always get hold of new notions and fresh fads and fancies. The coiffure of 1900 is on an entirely different plan. The hair is still worn on the top of the head for evening, but what one may call the "poise" is altered. All the weight of hair is brought to the front, and almost rests on the forehead. The knot or twist we know so well is no longer on the centre of the head, but is brought towards the forehead. Fringes are no more; the hair is rolled back from the face—not tightly, but in a full, puffed roll, and the twist rests, as it were, upon it. The whole coiffure is elaborately waved with irons, and tiny, light locks are arranged on the now uncovered forehead. It is new, it is smart, it is chic; but the outline and the shape show a sad want of artistic sense.

FOR THE HEAD.—Diamonds hold pride of place as ornaments for the hair, but quite the latest idea is a twist of white tulle in the hair. In fact, white tulle is much to the fore. It is the newest thing to tie around the neck, and has ousted velvet, ribbon, and even the too universal pearl and diamond dog-collar. The tulle is simply folded and tied with full, short bows, and ends of equal length. A string of pearls is often worn beneath it. Black hats promise to be in favor this coming summer: big, black, picture hats, not of straw, but of tulle, pleated silk, or a material called crin. They are trimmed with black tulle and black ostrich feathers, and sometimes lined with white, or a color. Toques, very broad and rather flat, will be worn. Feather boas are still in fashion, but the net or chiffon ruffles, with narrow black velvet or chenille, will be preferred.

CREPE DE CHINE AND COLORS.—As to materials, it appears that we shall all be clothed in crepe de chine. The smart dressmakers are making drawing-room and evening gowns of this soft artistic stuff: indeed, many afternoon frocks of the same are even now on the stocks. And colors are to be of the palest. Pale grey, pastel shades of mauve, blue, and dim yellow will be worn. We must banish the word economy from our dictionaries! For those who like a striking effect, black and white will as usual be favored.

CORSETS ET JUPONS.—Every Frenchwoman considers it a point of honor to be bien corsetee et bien juponne. The corset of the moment is of silk, soft-boned and straight fronted, and made to lace at the sides and not at the back. The petticoat of to-day is also soft—of Liberty silk, innocent of pleats, with only a few small gathers, where it is drawn at the waist. Heavy satin, or moire, is no longer approved for petticoats.

TRINKETS.—Earrings continue to hold their own. They certainly furnish a face, and, better still, they are favored by Royalty, the Duchess of York always wearing them. Miss Violet Vanbrugh sets the fashion of Creole, or gipsy earrings, as they are sometimes called. They are hideous, and I am glad to see they do not seem to gain ground. Styles and designs in jewelry change so rapidly, that many women have recourse to the perfect imitations now so plentiful, at any rate, for such accessories as waist clasps, shoe buckles, muff chains, and chatelaines. Speaking of trinkets reminds me that the gold chain purses still hold their own. But they are larger and squarer, and are fast evolving into gold bags. They are costly affairs, from £30 upwards. The parasol of the period is of the old dome shape; some pretty ones on show in a smart shop were made of white silk, flowered in the pompadour style, and trimmed with black lace. Parasol handles are a study, and have risen to the realms of the jeweler's shop. They are of tortoise shell, or Dresden china, gold mounted, and set with jewels.

THE PERFECT PRIG.

I CAN find no excuse
For a word such as "deuce."
In tennis I kick up a racket.
I should never allow
A potato, I vow,
At dinner unless in its jacket.
If you laid your thoughts bare,
I should faint, I declare,
Such conduct would really seem shady;
And I think it is wise
To close both of my eyes
When I am a-dressing a lady.

The legs of a table,
Whenever I'm able,
I drape in an elegant manner;
And by means of a tack
Nail a cloth to the back
Of what's called an upright pianner.
Then the arms of a chair
I should cover with care,
For my veins are so firmly impressed;
I gave the cook warning
For serving one morning
A duck I thought not properly dressed.
Folks may call me Prig,
But I don't care a fig;
It doesn't upset my enjoyment.
For I pry and I peer,
And I chuckle to hear
Of ballet girls out of employment.

THE LYRE.

A LEGEND OF THE BLOODROOT.

I HEARD a song in the timberland;
It rang in the early morn.
Of a life and a love and a home at hand
It sang in the gladness of morning.
And softly she answered the voice of her love,
When the dew was ablaze in the morning,
Till the noise of a gunner was heard in their grove,
And the wail of her anguish was borne to her love,
Where he sang in the light of the morning.
Oh! fly where she fell in the moosewood brake,
For sore is she wounded and dazing,
And bide by her side for your passion's sake;
Now darkly the bright eyes are glazing.
Oh! bury her deep in the life-giving Earth,
For the gloom of the night is nearing,
And plead to the Mother of life and birth,
With the song of your sorrowful searing.
Hid was she in the fallen leaves,
And brighter their brown was growing,
Where, dashed from her gentle bruised breast,
The stream of her life was flowing.
And long in the noonday twilight place,
In the darkness and sadness intoning,
The Singer was heard in his plaintive grace,
In the song of his sorrow and moaning,
And burst was the breast of the Mother of life,
At the grave by the timberland awning;
And there came, not the lost, but the memory forth
And the east was all streaked with the dawning.

This simple white token sent back to the day,
Could the Mother be deaf to his pleading?
And Bloodroot our children all call it, they say,
And wonder, when bruised, at its bleeding.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON, in Outing.

MARIANA AND THE MOATED GRANGE.

WE have, all of us, heard of the woes of Mariana in the moated grange. And most of us have sympathized with the deserted young woman who became "awearry, weary" waiting for the lover who never returned. But, have we ever inquired into the reasons why that recalcitrant youth declined to come back to that moated grange? Have we ever figured upon the consequences involved, and the dangers incurred, by the incautious pedestrian visiting a young lady in a moated grange, four, or perhaps five blocks away from a trolley line, in a locality where the drainage was obviously defective, and at a time of night when the absence of the electric lights rendered the task of successfully visiting the fair Mariana, without first going into the moat, as hopeless as a defeated candidate on the day after election? Possibly not. Hence, it may throw some light upon the woes of the poetic Mariana if I narrate the misfortunes of her modern prototype whom circumstances have compelled to live in the nineteenth century equivalent of a moated grange.

The modern Mariana resides in a chaste suburban villa, on the banks of the pellucid canal, and so nearly surrounded by that placid if unromantic stream as to materially impede her prospects of entering the matrimonial fold. In fact, she is still undetached from the parental stem in consequence, and her surroundings have caused her to adhere so firmly to that useful appendage that her father is of the opinion that nothing short of a dynamite explosion would suffice to blast her loose. Yet, it is not her fault. She says so herself. And in this she is corroborated by every marriageable man upon whom she has caromed with the budding glow of maidenly affection mantling in her cheek. She has done her best. But residence in a moated grange has been as much too much for her as it was for Tennyson's Mariana, and, although, unlike her poetic prototype, she has never wished that she were dead, she has grown so weary waiting for the husband that never comes that it is dangerous for a bachelor to pass the door without an accident policy.

Like most moated granges, the one in question stands away back from the haunts of man. Hence, the prospective lover had three serious dangers to encounter. There was, of course, the moat. And we learn that in the days when she was young and lovely—which is a period so remote that the family bible is kept in the basement of the refrigerator—the first announcement of a male visitor was liable to be a sudden splash in the canal followed by a series of inarticulate yelps. And the youth usually appeared afterwards like a male naiad, drenched with water and plastered with mud, and with queer drowned animals in all his pockets. Naturally, he had to be tastefully draped in a blanket, while his clothes were dried at the stove. And, man-like, instead of whispering the soft sweet words of love in her shell-like ear, he usually indulged in sarcastic remarks on the extent of intellect possessed by persons who live in moated granges, and finally went off—never to return—in a shrunken suit of clothes smelling strongly of damp sewage.

This was drawback number one. Drawback number two was the romantic bridle-path through an extensive market garden which led to the terrestrial side of the moated grange. Eligible young men who stepped off this path in the gloaming, before the moon had reared her silver crescent in the velvet sky, and the soft hum of insects mingled with the tender trills of the Canadian nightingale, instantly plunged into three feet of soft alluvial clay. If they were lucky they fell forward, and plunged both arms in the sticky soil up to the elbows. If fate was against them they came down full length, with the soft adhesive thud of a fat boy down an elevator shaft. And then the voice of one crying in the wilderness, in an entirely novel and up-to-date vocabulary, would uplift itself in no uncertain tones, and the sufferer would turn up at the house looking like a ton of fertilizer and demand to be scraped, and scraped hard, in a voice as corrugated as the roof of a freight shed. When

sufficient soil had been removed to permit of his being recognized by the dog he would indulge in remarks upon the mental horizons of people who lived in moated granges until the young lady was taken up-stairs in a flood of tears, and the clay bespattered suitor led to the verge of civilization by the hired man and allowed to swear himself away into the soft summer night.

Both of these drawbacks militated against the ideal Mariana just as they did against the everyday one. But the nineteenth century lady of the moated grange was hampered with a third. It was her father. He was not strictly beautiful; but he had a loving heart. And, among other objects of affection, he loved to look upon the wine when it is red. Besides, he possessed a flow of language which he had accumulated by patient study on the canal. At evening, when the fleecy clouds sailed slowly over the darkening turquoise of the sky to pack themselves in golden banks where the sun lay dying in a flood of burnished light, he would seat himself by the banks of that odoriferous stream and pass comments upon the personal appearance of the barge crews, which drew from them columns of injurious expressions, accompanied with samples of their cargoes. Thus he kept his vocabulary always up-to-date; until his enemies dodged behind gates, rather than meet him, and passers-by would linger to listen to his remarks upon the petty annoyances that stud this life and call from them some of the novel phrases that struck them as unusually quaint and forcible. Thus he became a species of profane Gamaliel at whose feet the surrounding population learned their repartee. In addition to this, he was wont to announce his arrival at his home by hurling his boots into the parlor. And thus the timid youth, whose thoughts were about evenly divided between the fair young girl at his side and the various entomological curiosities who were striving to cultivate closer acquaintance with him, was apt to have suddenly raised upon his cranium a couple of bumps, which, had they occurred in nature, would have rendered a phrenologist wild with delight.

Can it be wondered at then, that, after awhile, male visitors ceased to drop into the moated grange? Or, that the boat-hook hung unused on the outer wall, and the maiden began to wish that she could substitute a "puller-in" for the "puller-out"? Or can we wonder that the fair-bud is condemned to cling as firmly to the parental stem as a tramp to a free-lunch counter? No! We can see now why the Mariana of the poem was "awearry, weary." The clear penetrating light of fact has dispelled the mists of poetic fancy, and shown us why Mariana was as flaccid as a toy balloon that has caromed on a trolley car. It was the moat that drove her lover away. Had she lived in a suburban flat—even if it were so small that they had to feed the baby on condensed milk—with the hard dry asphalt in front, and the neighbor's washing poking in at the back window, Tennyson would never have needed to have written his poem. The trolley cars would have landed at her feet a series of eligible young men with their hearts full of love and their coat-tails full of maple sugar. She could have sat out on the front steps, an up-to-date angel in a pink shirt waist. And, instead of wishing herself dead, she could have made her neighbors wish it for her. SINBAD.

THE MANAGER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"THIS," said the critic who had been hired by the great theatrical manager to read plays offered for his consideration, "is the worst I have ever seen," and with that he contemptuously tossed the bundle of manuscript aside.

"Great David Garrick!" exclaimed the manager, "if that is the case why do you throw it away? The worst yet is what we want. Gather it up again and let"—

"Oh," the reader interrupted, "I don't mean that kind of worst. It's decent enough!"

With a sigh the great manager returned to his correspondence.

* Mainly About People. *

THE action of His Excellency Lord Minto in not attending the opening of the Toronto Horse Show, after a box had been taken and all arrangements made, out of deference to the feelings of the fire sufferers of Ottawa, will place him a notch higher in the estimation of Canadians, or, in fact, all the world. Those who have watched carefully the Viceroy's first year in Canada were not surprised at his action, which was prompted by the most sympathetic motives.

COLONEL FOSTER, Quartermaster-General is the handsomest man on the Headquarters Staff. Though tall and erect as a soldier, his scholarly cast of features is more like what we are in the habit of associating with the face of the poet. And, if he can be said to have any one favorite taste, it is his love of books and reading. Those who are associated with him intimately find his actions governed by high principles and great moral courage. He belongs to the Royal Engineers. Colonel Foster is unmarried, but during many months in the year his pretty home has a graceful and charming head in the person of his niece, Miss Violet Foster, of England. During her first visit to Canada, her many lovable qualities endeared her to many in Ottawa who were sincerely pleased to welcome her back again last winter. She has the aristocratic expression and bearing of her uncle, and, like him, her tastes are intellectual. Miss Foster can claim one accomplishment that is not general among young ladies, and that is cooking. At a poster show given a year ago in Ottawa, for charitable purposes, she easily won a prize offered for the best homemade cake. Miss Foster is a tactful and easy conversationalist and is consequently a delightful hostess.

HERE is a story told of Labouchere. He was spoken to by a newly-elected country Member of the House, who had been hearing the M.P.'s uncle (Lord Taunton) in the Lords, and was under the impression that he was Labby's father. On meeting Labby in the lobby, he said, "I have just been listening to your able father." "Indeed! Where?" "In the House of Lords." "I am so glad to hear you say so," said Labby. "My father died 18 years ago, and we have always been anxious to know where he had gone."

NO one was more admired at both recent drawing-rooms than Madame Dominguez, the handsome wife of the Secretary of the Argentine Legation. Since her marriage, Madame Dominguez has figured in every list of beautiful women. She is an American, but has lived mostly in Europe. Her mother was a very charming woman, who was known as the Marchesa Murphy—a Papal title conferred by Leo. XIII. She came to London some years ago, but suffered so severely from the journey across that she felt unable to face the return trip, and threw in her lot with the people of the old world.

A LITTLE story of Mr. Balfour: The late Lord Lothian, when he succeeded Mr. Balfour at the Scotch office, was astonished to find a bill sent into the Department for the supply of breakfast crockery. It turned out that Mr. Balfour, who is not an early riser, came down at the latest possible hour to his office and had breakfast served to him there, as he transacted business and interviewed visitors.

AMONG the many wives who have chosen to accompany their husbands to the front in the present campaign is Mrs. Frederic Villiers, the wife of the famous war-artist-correspondent. This lady was in Australia with her husband—who was then touring the island continent with his lecture

"Khartoum at Last!"—when war was declared in South Africa. They left Sydney with a contingent of N.S.W. mounted rifles and infantry, and when they landed at Port Elizabeth, Villiers immediately went on to Modder River to join Methuen. He was subsequently present at the battle of Magersfontein, and he also accompanied Colonel Pilcher and the Canadians on their famous march to Sunnyside.

AT the age of 81, the Queen is still one of the most industrious women in the world. Few, I think, could credit how much work, in truth, devolves upon her. It has been estimated that, roughly speaking, she signs about 50,000 documents from every 1st of January to the last day of December. Her memory is truly marvelous, not only for dates and faces, as we are so frequently taught to know, but she will settle some delicate point in a political discussion on past history, which even her Ministers fail to do. Her memory of the details of State ceremonial is truly astonishing; whilst her knowledge even of distant relationships in the families of our aristocracy, and her memory for the idiosyncrasies of those artists and litterateurs who have once been presented to her, surprise everybody who is brought in contact with her.

THE pretty young wif. of the Hon. Robert Beresford, who is with General Roberts at the front, sailed the other day for South Africa to join her husband. A great deal has been said about her leaving for the Cape "to nurse the sick soldiers," but this is not the case. Mrs. Beresford is not strong enough for one thing, neither has she been trained (as one report states) for the arduous duties of a nurse. She is simply going out to join her husband, and is accompanied by her younger sister, Miss Anne O'Sullivan. She is Irish, as may be assumed, and is full of vivacity and quick native wit. With a rosebud face, surrounded by most beautiful wavy golden hair, she has a willowy grace of her own, and dresses perfectly. She is an admirable hostess, and a fearless skater and sportswoman. Two other sisters are being educated at a convent near Paris.

"BOB" Beresford is a most popular London figure. He belongs to the Gun Club, and is a crack shot and silver cup winner. Hurlingham claims him also, and he is one of the finest ice hockey players in England. Quite as conspicuous for pluck as is his relative, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Beresford equipped himself for the front, and was among the first to volunteer. He is a brother of the present Lord Decies—who is yet unmarried—and of Mr. John Graham Beresford, who achieved such distinction during the Matabele War. He is just 32.

THE BACHELOR IN THE WOOD.

BEAUTY I trod, who trod in bridal woods
A midnight galaxy of violets,
A milky way of flushed spring beauties, starred
With pleiads of all-golden addertongue—
How could that blossomed fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's ankle in the wood?

Passion I breathed, who found all air a harp
To passionate brown thrushes shaken and thrilled,
The pauses in that magic minstrelsy
Filled with a music's echo of cardinals—
How could that warbled fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's lips within the wood?

But love, but love, how shall I find it here,
O April, Aphrodite, here alone?
Those send the bees to find their sister flowers,
These sing unto their mates; but love, my love?
Is it where the hawk hangs on the moving cloud,
The height of a woman's heart above the wood?

JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR, in the April Atlantic.



I come, I come, ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song,
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass
By the green leaves opening as I pass

—MRS. HEMANS.

AND for us poor dwellers in the dusty city how gladly should we hail this refreshing message. We who know that spring has indeed come, for do we not see the water-carts occasionally, and get a mild reprieve from the clouds of dust, through which we daily walk, enduring, because apparently there is nothing else to be done? Generally speaking when we see the water-carts we know that a merciful shower of rain is approaching, but we are grateful for a premonitory sprinkle—And then the bicycles! We may trace spring's path in their dusty trail. No surer reminder that the winter of the bicyclist's discontent is over and the summer of the pedestrian's discontent approaching, for it is too much to expect of anyone who does not bicycle to rejoice with those who do, or to enjoy the spectacle of this vast procession of hot, tired, dust-laden mortals who whirl past us, covering us with the penetrating grey powder, and depressing us for the moment by the inevitable conclusion that "beauty" has departed from the earth, and even the appreciation of it. However, it is futile to discourse against bicycling to those who enjoy it, or to argue with them how much more agreeable a walk over some of our lovely mountain paths would be in this inviting spring weather. In no city in Canada are there better opportunities granted the lovers of Nature than in Montreal. "I come o'er the 'mountain' with light and song." Yes, over our beautiful mountain with its woods of maple and silver birch, its summits clad with pine and spruce, its hollows, and dales, and dells, sheltering the violets and trilliums, its winding roads, with here a distant glimpse of the mighty St. Lawrence, and there, far away, the grand old Laurentian hills. Who can spring up and down the green slopes on a bicycle? And yet, how few apparently take advantage of our beautiful park and mountain. How many know the lovely views to be had from almost any point of vantage on what we call "the little mountain?" Surely it should be a delight to anyone to get away from the noise of the trolley cars, the heat, the glare and general discomfort of town to the cool refreshing breezes and soft turf and golden sunsets of the country. And we can really find ourselves in the country within half an hour's walk from the centre of busy Montreal, feel ourselves miles away and as much in sympathy with Nature in spring as if we had never known the city's grinding claim upon us.

IN last week's Black and White there is a most excellent little photograph of Capt. H. Carrington Smith, of "Roberts' Horse," who was wounded at Koorn Spruit. Capt. Smith is so well known and so popular on this side of the Atlantic that it will be picked out with interest by the casual reader of the magazine. I am glad to hear that his wound has proved slight, as he is already discharged from hospital.

Golf has become possible once more. Though there was a time when it seemed as though the snow which covered the links would keep them an "invisible green" (to borrow from a

riddle) till the end of the summer. Short skirts and high boots have been again pressed into service, and, as the trains fly past Dixie, the eye of the passenger is gladdened by the sight of numberless red coats. And conversation is surely and not slowly being bereft of allusions to curling or skating, or the music at the last dance, or who wore what, and teems with "bunkers" and "kleeks" and "stymie", and "driving irons," and "one off two" and gay comparisons of scores, and lively wrangles over the same. In fact, golf has begun again.

I believe Miss Linton, of the Ladies' Royal Montreal Golf Club, has been distinguishing herself in Lakewood, N.Y., where she came off with flying colors at the large tournament there, capturing a very beautiful cup. Hurrah for Montreal!

Mr. Jim Angus and Miss Towne are other Montrealers who won prizes in another tournament at the same place.

Mrs. Hogan, of New York, is visiting Miss Bond, Bishops-court, for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs. W. R. Miller, 308 Stanley street, returned last week from England by the Germanic, having been visiting Mr Miller's relations in Ireland for some weeks.

Last Friday, Mrs James Bell entertained a number of friends at tea at the Montreal Hunt to meet Mrs. Hogan, of New York.

Miss Robertson, Cathcart street, returned last week from New York, where she was visiting Mrs. John Gault, Fifth avenue.

MRS. HERBERT MOLSON, who has been visiting friends in Quebec, returned home this week.

Miss L. Evans was among the passengers on the Vancouver.

Mrs Jeffrey Burland is visiting Mrs. Borden at Ottawa.

Mrs. J. R. Meeker is among the many Montrealers who have been visiting Lakewood recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McShane are spending a few days in New York.

Mr. Stewart Wotherspoon has returned to the city, after passing the winter in Europe.

Those who went to Toronto to attend the Horse Show have returned home. Among the number are: Mr. and Mrs. Wanklyn, Mr. C. S. Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. H. Vincent Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hooper, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. David Macpherson, and Miss Gillespie.

Miss Kerr, of Kingston-on-the-Hudson, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jas. Ross, Peel street.

The local horse show at the Arena rink promises to be the event of the week. A report of it will be published in our next issue.

MR. FRANK BOND and Mr Frank Caverhill, who have undertaken to get up the Gibson Pictures in aid of the Day Nursery (Creche), 174 Mountain street, are meeting with great success. The Day Nursery is an institution which is growing more and more in the estimation of the public, but only those who work on the committee and have its interests at heart can fully appreciate the great want the institution is filling. The Day Nursery is pr verbal for the success of its various entertainments, and the management are determined that the programme to be presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, on May 9, shall equal, if not eclipse, past efforts. The Gibson Pictures have only been shown once before to a Montreal audience, so that they are still somewhat of a novelty. The ladies and gentlemen taking part had their first meeting on Monday last, April 30, when each one had his or her allotted place arranged for in the 17 tableaux to be produced under the direction of Mr. Holland, manager of the Garrick Club. The musical programme promises to be exceptionally good, with the names of Miss Warrington, Miss Waite, Dr. Nichol, and Mr.

Burke. The Zingari Club have kindly given their services, and a full orchestra under Zimmerman, has been secured. There are still a number of good seats to be had at the uptown branch of The Star office. The entertainment is under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

PEOPLE are already beginning to leave town for their country residences. Among the early birds are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shearwood, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Herrick Duggan. Both families are established at Dorval.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ernest Gault are back in town from a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the Bishop of Huron, returned on Tuesday to her home in London, Ont. Her son, the Rev. Day Baldwin, has quite recovered from his recent severe illness and is staying at the house of his late grandfather, "Casa del monte."

Mrs. W. F. Torrance has returned from New York, where she spent the past month.

Mrs. Donald Macmaster and family reached home last week from Atlantic City.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

A GENTLEMAN who delights in calculation has made some very interesting computations in reference to the great play, "Ben-Hur." There are, he says, 18,500 words in the manuscript, read by 17 principals in one hour and fifty-eight minutes. When "Ben-Hur" closes its present run at the Broadway Theatre, New York, May 12, these actors, in 194 performances, will have spoken 3,589,000 words, occupying 381 hours and 32 minutes. The chorus of 180 voices sings 24 minutes each performance, and will have sung at the close of the season, 77 hours and 36 minutes. There are 17 scenes in the play. The canvas in these scenes would cover an area of 102,740 square feet. The entire scenery and properties, exclusive of the chariot race apparatus, weigh 42,509 pounds, or 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ tons. Thirty men set and clear the stage of this equipment—or handle it twice—in 34 minutes, the combined waits between acts at each performance. In the 194 performances these 30 men will have handled 4,122 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons twice, or 8,245 tons, in 109 hours and 56 minutes. In the chariot race scene eight horses are used. In the 194 performances they will have run 2,048,640 feet, or 388 miles. When one takes up figures in connection with "Ben-Hur" he is likely to become lost in the maze of their magnitude.

The annual entertainment by the pupils of the High School will take place this (Friday) evening at eight o'clock in the Assembly Hall. The proceeds are in aid of library and school decoration. A first-class programme is promised.

Comic opera draws well in Montreal as a rule, and Frank Daniels in *The Ameer* is playing to fair houses at Her Majesty's this week. *The Ameer* is on the same lines as numerous other productions labelled comic opera, not as good as some, and better than others. In no respect is it equal to *The Princess Chic*, though the librettos of both operas owe their existence to the same individual. There is something lacking in *The Ameer*—the wit is not as keen as it might be and, though certain parts of the music are pretty, it is, on the whole, mediocre. The company, however, makes up for what the opera lacks. Frank Daniels is notoriously funny and, while *The Ameer* does not afford him as many opportunities as some things we have seen him in, he succeeds in keeping the audience in a laughable frame of mind. He is well supported, and the opera is staged with a magnificence not often seen outside of New York.

FRACTIONAL.

"Where the wife is the better half, what is the husband?"
"Perhaps he is what is meant by the submerged tenth!"

MINING SHARES.

THE market is a good deal firmer, and, while the volume of business has not been particularly greater, the trend of prices is towards a higher level, and any little buying movement would soon start a material advance. This was evident to-day in Payne, which, on a published rumor of a dividend in the near future, advanced from 119 to 126 on a sale of only 500 shares. War Eagle and Centre Star hold their own with very little trading. The latter has for some time past been quietly picked up by, it is said, people who are well posted on the proposition, and I cannot help reiterating my opinion that, of the high-priced stocks, these are the two best buys in the market.

There is some little inquiry for Big Three on the rumor that a new deal is on hand, and the stock seems to be a good gamble at the present price, as there are undoubtedly some shorts in the market. Montreal-London has had quite an advance and I shall not be surprised to see it sell very much higher. It has for some time past been a favorite of mine, and the recent reports from the Dufferin warrant all that I have said about it.

The feature of the week has been Deer Trail. After being offered freely in 10,000 share lots under 8, it has suddenly jumped to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ on comparatively small transactions. It has transpired that there is a considerable short interest, and the stock was offered down persistently by bears who have been called to account, and the stock was bought in under the rule to-day at 11.

The Granby stocks are still heavy and show a decline, but I am informed that there is every prospect of the smelter starting up by June 1, and that the showing of the Old Ironsides is better than anything yet taken out of the properties. The trouble with these propositions seems to be that they have given so much gratuitous information which has not materialized, that the public are tired of reading and are awaiting results. The B. C. Company, which realized a little under \$10 for their first shipment to the Trail smelter, have just got returns of \$12 per ton for their second lot, and, if the leading propositions in the Boundary country can turn out ore of equal value, there will be a boom in that country this summer as good as British Columbia has yet seen.

May 2, 1900.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

FOR BRIDES-ELECT.

THE bride of to-day is being made the recipient of many social honors. All her girl friends pay her tribute by these pretty entertainments, and the popular maid must be ready for her wedding several weeks before the event transpires, for at each of the functions she is supposed to wear one of her trousseau gowns. Most of these affairs are luncheons or breakfasts, each with a special feature. A "linen shower," for instance, consists of each guest bringing a piece of linen, a doily, centerpiece, or bureau scarf, whatever one chooses, and as the party leaves the table the pieces are thrown at the bride-to-be.

For a "book shower" each guest brings a book appropriately inscribed to her friend, with a sentiment which the giver fancies. Of course, each hostess can use her own ideas in planning her entertainments, and in her invitations puts in one corner what each guest is to bring for the honored one. "Teaspoons," "cups and saucers," "plates" and "sofa pillows" are all acceptable. These contributions go toward furnishing the bride's new home with memories of her girlhood days and friends. The "rose shower" should be left for the last affair before the wedding, and as the bride departs an immense bag filled with rose petals is burst over her head, and each maid throws a handful of the fragrant blossoms, signifying the hope that her future may be rose strewn. The bag is made of tissue paper, and the girls will all have been saving their rose petals for weeks for this occasion.

Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Lopphon.

CHAPTER XXII.

A week passed over quietly enough. Sternfield, who had somewhat recovered his good temper, and who had received besides some very severe lectures from Mrs. D'Aulnay, behaved himself better. Colonel Evelyn had sent the ladies some interesting books, but he had not called to see them. One unpleasant, slecty afternoon, however, when they had settled themselves down to their work, certain that no visitors would disturb them, Jeanne brought up his card.

"What is coming over the man?" exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay. "He is surely in love with you, Antoinette. Is it not too bad that—" she suddenly stopped and bit her lip, but her cousin's rising color told her that she had easily completed the sentence, with its unexpressed regrets over her union with Sternfield. Alas! did not her own heart, not once, but daily, hourly now, waste itself in similar unavailing regrets.

Colonel Evelyn entered with a friendly kindness of manner, very different to his usual unbending reserve; and as Mrs. D'Aulnay watched the earnest gentle glance he bent on her young cousin, the genial smile with which he listened to her expression of thanks for the books he had sent, she was conscious of a secret wish, that the "irresistible Sternfield," as she had once delighted in calling him, was in the most distant penal settlement of his Sovereign's dominions. With her unfixed principles, her lax ideas of right and wrong, it did not strike Mrs. D'Aulnay that there was any harm in permitting Colonel Evelyn to increase his evident admiration for Antoinette by intercourse with her. On the contrary, to a mind stored, like hers, with novels, love-tales of the most reprehensible folly, there was something inexpressibly touching in this dawning of "an amour malheureux."

Fortunately, however, Antoinette's moral perceptions were of a keener character, and as Colonel Evelyn grew more attentive, addressing his conversation more exclusively to herself, her restlessness, and occasionally appealing glances towards her cousin, plainly told the latter that she wished her to come to her aid, by giving a more general tone to the conversation. Madame D'Aulnay, however, doing as she would have wished others to have done by her, and unwilling to stop so charming a little bit of romance in its very beginning, affected to be exceedingly engrossed by her tapestry-frame. Ere long, Jeanne came in with a message from Mr. D'Aulnay, whom his wife at once sought in the library. She shortly reappeared at the drawing-room door, ready dressed for the street, and informed her astonished auditors that "she was going out with Mr. D'Aulnay for a half-hour on business," an assertion which was really true. Antoinette's perturbation on this announcement became extreme, and Colonel Evelyn put his own interpretation, a flattering one to himself, truly, on her deepening color and nervous embarrassment. Involuntarily he drew his chair closer to hers, and his voice assumed a lower, kinder tone, which tended in no manner, however, to put his young companion at her ease. They were thus seated together, when, chancing to look up, they perceived Major Sternfield standing in the half-open doorway, steadfastly regarding them. Antoinette gave an irresistible start of terror, which did not escape Evelyn's quick glance; but endeavoring to recover herself, she rose, and, in a somewhat faltering tone, welcomed Sternfield, and asked him to come in.

"No, I fear I might be de trop," he slowly rejoined, in accents of bitter irony. "It would be unpardonable on my part to disturb so engrossing a tete-a-tete." Colonel Evelyn's brow grew dark as the speaker's, and he fixed a stern, questioning glance upon him.

"Surely, Colonel Evelyn, you are not going to order me under arrest for my unwitting interruption," queried Sternfield, in the same mocking tones.

The Colonel hastily rose to his feet, but before he could speak, Antoinette gasped forth in tones of passionate entreaty, "Audley, for mercy's sake, hush!"

An actual storm of passion seemed to shake the young man's frame, but he evidently wrestled with himself to repress it. "Antoinette!" he at length said, in a voice hoarse from concentrated anger, "you shall account to me for this", and then, as if afraid to trust himself longer, he turned abruptly away, and, a moment after, they heard the hall door heavily clang to. Antoinette, white as death, and trembling in every limb, sank back in her chair, whilst her companion sternly exclaimed, "'Tis he, rather, who shall be called to a strict account."

"Just what I feared," she whispered, growing, if possible, whiter than before. "Oh, Colonel Evelyn, you will both meet in deadly conflict, I, the unhappy, unworthy cause, and one or both may fall."

"There is no fear of that, Miss De Mirecourt, if I choose to let the matter rest. Major Sternfield will scarcely challenge his commanding officer without some more tangible cause of provocation than I have given him."

"Ah, you cannot reassure me! I know that men of your profession generally hold the cruel code that the slightest insult or offence should be washed out in blood. Oh, Colonel Evelyn," and she clasped his arm with her trembling hands, whilst her soft, speaking eyes sought his in earnest entreaty, "promise me that you will take no further notice of this unfortunate affair—that you will not seek to exact from Major Sternfield an apology he may refuse to give?"

It was a new sensation to Evelyn to have that gentle, beautiful girl thus cling to him in prayerful entreaty, and he inwardly rejoiced his heart was not yet so utterly insensible as to be able to resist its influence.

"For whose sake do you thus pray so earnestly," he smilingly questioned, laying his own powerful, sun-browned hand on the little fingers that lay like snowflakes on his arm. "Is it for mine or Major Sternfield's?"

"For both," she rejoined, hurriedly, confusedly.

"Listen to me, Miss De Mirecourt, I will give the promise you exact of me—bind myself thus hand and foot, if, in return, you will frankly answer me one question, and pardon, at the same time, my indiscretion in asking it?"

"Speak," was the low-toned reply.

"Tell me, then, do you love Audley Sternfield?"

How that question flooded her heart with pain. She was asked did she love him, her husband, her future partner through the joys and sorrows of earth, and she could not, anxiously as she sought to deceive herself, say "yes."

"Alas! I do not!" she rejoined, with a look and tone of indescribable anguish.

"Another question, Antoinette," whispered her companion, overlooking, in the delight which that earnest denial afforded him, the peculiarity of her manner, "another question," and he bent towards her till his thick brown locks almost mingled with her own shining tresses. "Do you think you could ever learn to love me?"

The tide of vivid burning scarlet that flashed over cheek, neck, and brow, she suddenly averted eyes, as if the girl feared he might read in their depths the secret feelings of her heart, rendered him careless of her startled, impetuous exclamation: "Do not ask me so idle, so wild a question, Colonel Evelyn!"

"Antoinette," he whispered, clasping her suddenly to his breast. "You do love me. It is useless to deny it. Oh, to think that such a treasure of happiness is vouchsafed to bless my long-desolate heart, my barren, cheerless life!"

Ah! in that moment she felt that death would have been welcome, aye, pleasant. There was no chance of further self-deception now. She loved with womanly love, not girlish fancy, the true-hearted man beside her, but she must leave for ever the support of those kindly arms that would have shielded her so carefully from life's trials and cares; she must reject that priceless devotion, and follow out alone her own dreary

destiny, linked as it was for ever with that of the dreaded, heartless Sternfeld. The regrets that crowded upon her were overwhelming in their despairing intensity, and, with a countenance, furrowed at the moment with mental anguish, she slowly raised herself from Evelyn's embrace. "Words cannot thank you," she whispered, "for so great a proof of preference from one like you, to aught so unworthy as myself."

"But, I do not ask thanks, my Antoinette," he interrupted, troubled by her strange demeanor. "One little word of affection would be far more welcome."

"And that word can never be said. The love you deign to ask for, can never be yours."

"This is girlish trifling," he earnestly though gently rejoined. "I know you love me, Antoinette. I have read it unmistakably in your look, manner, and voice."

"So much the worse for us both, then," she solemnly rejoined. "I tell you, Colonel Evelyn, I can never be yours—must never listen to word of love from you again."

Terribly perplexed as well as grieved, he stood in silent trouble, regarding her; then it suddenly flashed upon him that she might have entered into some thoughtless engagement with Major Sternfeld, such as young girls often form as easily as they break, and that she regarded the engagement in question as an insurmountable obstacle to any other union, even though the fancy which first induced her to make it had completely passed away.

"Sit down, Antoinette," he said. "We will talk quietly over the matter," and gently pressing her into a chair he took her hand in his. She immediately withdrew it, but remained seated where he had placed her.

"You owe me a fair and patient hearing," he continued, and it will be better for us both that we should understand each other at once. I, who for long years past, aye, ever since that first bitter trial of my life which I have already recounted to you, have avoided woman, shunned alike her love or sympathy, have suffered unconsciously to myself your image to creep into my heart and become very dear to me. Had your own sweet guilelessness of character not betrayed that my affection was in some slight degree reciprocated, notwithstanding the disparity of age, and the gloomy unattractiveness of my nature, I would have hidden it deep in my own breast, and none would ever have suspected its existence. Destiny has decreed otherwise; and it rests with you now to decide, whether this new-born love is to prove to me a blessing or a curse; it rests with you to decide whether the remaining half of my life is to prove as desolate as the first has done." She had covered her face with her hands and was sobbing bitterly, but he went on. "Antoinette, you are in the dawning of life, I at its meridian. Oh, you know how cruelly this heart of mine has been tried before—spare it now! Make of it no young girl's toy to be cast aside after it had been won, for some childish trifle, some exaggerated sentiment. Speak to me, tell me that my future life will be gladdened by your love!"

"Would to God that we had never met!" she passionately exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Was it not enough that I was wretched, without bringing misery on others? Oh, Colonel Evelyn, I could kneel at your feet to crave forgiveness for the pain I have given, may give you, but alas! I must again say I never can be yours."

Keen and terrible was the suffering her words inflicted on her hearer, and he abruptly turned from her to hide the emotion every line of his countenance betrayed, but soon he returned to her side to make a last despairing appeal.

"Antoinette, you are sacrificing us both to some overstrained principle," he vehemently exclaimed. "You are trampling on my heart as well as your own, for some insufficient cause. You shake your head in dissent. Let me know then this obstacle that lies like a gulf between us. Give me the poor satisfaction, one accorded to the greatest criminal, that of knowing why I am condemned?"

"Alas! my lips are sealed by a solemn promise, by an oath, to never reveal it."

"Poor, innocent child! Someone has been practising on your youth and ignorance of life to wind you into toils which may yet bring misery, if not worse, on your head. Break from them, Antoinette, turn from the false friends who would thus mislead you, and my arms will be your shelter, your home."

"Colonel Evelyn, you will drive me wild," she exclaimed, in a voice sharp with anguish. "Waste not your love or regrets on a wretched, guilty creature like myself."

"Guilty, wretched," he repeated with a violent start, whilst his face flushed. "These are wild words, Antoinette."

"Yes, but they are true ones. False to the holiest principles of my youth, false to ties which even the most hardened respect, what other epithets do I deserve?"

Earnestly, searchingly Evelyn gazed into her face, as if he would have looked into the depths of her soul, and then, in an accent of indescribable tenderness, he said, "Poor wayward child, your looks belie your words; but it is time that this painful interview should come to an end. You have no gleam of hope to give me?"

"None, none," she reiterated. "I have only to say that my future lot will be far more miserable and cheerless than your own."

He looked at her a moment in silence, and what volumes of meaning, of emotion were in that glance! No disappointed suitor's pride, no irritation, lurked there, but oh, such yearning love, such unbounded compassion for that fragile young creature on whom the hoarded affection of the best part of a lifetime had been lavished. "Antoinette, farewell," he at length said, and his tones trembled despite every effort. "Remember, in your hour of sorrow or trial, that you have a friend whom nothing can alienate."

Her hour of trial! Yes, it had come! Bitter, scathing trial, and he had in great part brought it about—infused into the chalice of her misery a bitterness which almost overtasked her failing strength to bear, and which left its traces so legibly stamped on her brow, that tender compassion for her almost predominated over his own wearing, hopeless disappointment. Silently he withdrew from the room, and she, stunned, almost bewildered, laid down her aching head on the arm of the couch, wishing that she might as easily lay down the burden of life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the lapse of time she took no note; and when the well-known voice of Sternfeld suddenly pronounced her name, she slowly raised her head and looked at him in silence. He drew a chair towards her and sat down, saying, in a low stern tone, "I have come to ask why I found my wife closeted, an hour ago, with Colonel Evelyn?"

The expression of heavy languor shadowing the girl's beautiful face remained unchanged, and, in tones strangely unlike her usual clear, sweet accents, she rejoined, "I was not closeted with Colonel Evelyn. I received him as I would have received any other gentleman, in the public drawing-room with open doors."

"Where, pray, was your model chaperon meanwhile, the wise and prudent Mrs. D'Aulnay?"

"Gone out with her husband. I am not surely to be rendered responsible for that."

"No. I will only ask to hear the subject of the long conversation you held with this same gentleman visitor." "That I cannot reveal to you, Audley. The secrets of others are not at my disposal."

"Is this your idea of wifely duty?"

No reply, save a moody silence.

"Answer me," he continued in tones of rising anger. "Is this ring," he caught up the small hand on which it glittered, "and the union of which it is a sacred symbol, a mere mockery?"

In his deep-restrained passion, he pressed, perhaps unconsciously, the small hand he had taken, till a line half livid, half scarlet, formed around the golden circle.

"Press on," she murmured, giving no token, beyond a

ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 13

bitter smile, of the physical suffering that strong clasp caused her. "Why should not the outward symbol of our ill-starred union torture and crush the body as deeply as its reality does the soul?"

"You are complimentary," he rejoined, loosing his hold of the hand he had clasped, not in love but in anger, and tossing it from him.

"It seems to me that the union whose sorrows you are so eloquent over does not weigh so heavily on you. It has neither taught you affection or duty to him you call husband, nor has it prevented you listening to the secrets or love vows of other men."

"But, whose is the fault, Audley?" she suddenly retorted with passionate earnestness. "Why have you placed, and why do you keep me in so cruel, so exceptional a position? I tell you I cannot bear this longer. I will acknowledge everything to my father."

"And break your solemn promise, your vow?" he interrupted. "No, Antoinette, you will not, you dare not do it. That promise made upon the cross received from your dying mother, is as binding as our marriage vow itself."

"But why this continued secrecy and mystery? Oh, Audley, it is bad for us both. Do away with it. Acknowledge me before God and man for your wife, whilst a chance of happiness yet remains to us—whilst our hearts are not yet entirely estranged from each other!"

"Impossible child, utterly impossible."

"And why so?"

"Because," and his handsome lip curved with a movement of mingled sarcasm and irritation—"because I am not rich enough to afford the luxury of a dowress bride."

"A dowress bride!" she slowly, wonderingly repeated.

"Yes. Do you not know that if we were so intimated as to confess our rash act to your father, the consequence would be your immediate disinheritance, and we would have nothing to live on but love, which would prove a most inadequate means of support. You may perhaps say that in three months, in six months your father's resentment will be just as much to be dreaded as it is now. Perhaps not. Time brings many changes in its course, and, before that period, other influences may be brought to bear on his prejudices which will soften if not remove them. At the worst, Antoinette, you know that at the age of 18, nothing can prevent you coming into the enjoyment of your mother's small fortune, according to her dying wishes, which happily for us were legally expressed and recorded. Till then—'tis only a comparatively short time to wait—we may probably be obliged to keep our secret."

There was a long pause. New thoughts and tears were busy at work in Antoinette's aching brain, and for the first time the bitterly humiliating conjecture presented itself, that Sternfield had married her, not from any romantic feeling of attachment, but from cold calculation, from motives of interest.

Still, with wonderful calmness she questioned, "Were you as well acquainted with my position when you married me, Audley, as you are now?"

"Of course, you simple child. Do you think that I, with an income which barely suffices to keep me in the necessaries of my rank—my gloves alone cost a dollar per day"—(Major Sternfield forgot to state what his gambling propensities cost)—"would have ventured on marriage, without previously ascertaining whether my wife possessed some golden charms as well as other more irresistible ones?"

"Thank you; I feel grateful for your candor. Now, I need not visit with such severe condemnation, nor expiate with such bitter remorse, my own waning love, my growing indifference, towards yourself."

"Whether your love wanes or grows, Antoinette," he care-

lessly said, "it does not matter so much, for you can never forget that you are my wife."

"There is no danger that the captive will forget the galling chain he is compelled to wear," was her bitter reply.

"A chain you assumed of your own free will, lady mine, but, a truce to heroics! I have a horror of them in private life. I have only to say before terminating this interview, which I fear we have already prolonged too far for our mutual comfort; that there are some things I will bear with—others I will not. With your indifference or waning love as you call it, I can put up philosophically enough; but beware of rousing my jealousy by flirting with other men. Farewell. What, you will not let me take a parting kiss! Well, I will be patient; your mood may be more amiable at our next meeting."

Jeanne, who chanced to be in the hall at the moment, and let the gay handsome major out, saw no tokens of disturbance on his smiling features; but she wondered much when she went upstairs shortly after to Antoinette's room, with a message from Mrs. D'Aulnay, who had just returned, at the ghastly paleness of the young girl's face.

"Tell Mrs. D'Aulnay, Jeanne, that I feel too ill to go down stairs this evening."

"Poor Mademoiselle Antoinette, you do indeed look very bad," said the kind-hearted woman in an anxious tone. "I will bring you up a cup of tea now, and some warm tisane later, which will make you sleep soundly all night."

"I fear that is more than your tisane can accomplish, Jeanne."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, you are mistaken; it is a most wonderful cure, especially in youth, for, thank God! dear young lady, at your age, you can have no thoughts able to drive sleep from your pillow."

Antoinette shivered as if a cold wind had suddenly struck her, but she forced herself to smile kindly on the woman as she dismissed her.

"My age!" she repeated. "Yes, young in years but old in sorrow," and she pressed her hands tightly on her burning, throbbing brow.

Jeanne soon brought up a daintily-prepared repast, with a message from Mrs. D'Aulnay, excusing herself for a couple of hours, as she was engaged with a friend of Mr. D'Aulnay's, who had just arrived from the country.

The time passed heavily on, and Antoinette still sat motionless, her changing cheek alone giving token of the storm of agitated thoughts and feelings that worked within. Who could describe or analyze their intense bitterness? The full, complete knowledge of Sternfield's unworthiness, and the certainty which brought so cruel a pang to her woman's heart, that she had been sought and won (her cheek burned as she recalled how lightly and how easily) from a paltry motive of worldly interest. Then came the thought of the deceit she had practised on a kind, indulgent father—of her own sad falling off from truth and goodness. But keener, bitterer pang, perhaps, than all else, was the agonizing remembrance of the priceless treasure she had lost in Colonel Evelyn's love. That brave, true heart, with its wealth of noble, generous affections; that clear, powerful intellect, and honorable nature, which might have belonged to her, and her alone, and which, alas! were forever beyond her grasp. How contemptible appeared now the girlish feeling of admiration for Major Sternfield's handsome face and fascinating manners, which, combined with the flattered gratification of her own vanity, she had once dignified with the name of love.

It was a fearful consciousness to a wife, to a woman, weak, erring as she was, surrounded by temptation, and with nothing to save her from harm but the dim spark of religious faith that still burned in her breast. She thought of Mrs. D'Aulnay, the unprincipled, ill-judging friend, whose counsels had ever led her astray; of Sternfield, her husband, who acted as if he wished to drive her to destruction; and then of her own miserable weakness, her lukewarm devotion, her undisciplined heart. From the very depths of her nature suddenly

went up in the illness of her room, an audible cry to Him Whose ear is ever open to the accents of humble penitence. "Oh, my God, none but Thou can save me!"

On her knees she repeated it, and in broken accents prayed not in empty form as she had done for so long a time past, but in passionate appeal, that she and Cecil Evelyn might meet no more; that his love for her might pass away, and that God would give her strength and grace to preserve unsullied till death, even by one rebellious thought, the fidelity she had vowed to Audley Sternfield. In the luxury of that moment's free blessed communion with the Heavenly Father, she had, for a time, almost forgotten, she found strength to also ask for a wifely spirit of submission which would enable her to patiently bear all the bitter trials Sternfield's unkindness might yet inflict upon her. She was still engaged in prayer when the door softly opened, and Mrs. D'Aulnay entered.

"How are you, my poor darling. I had hoped you were asleep," she kindly exclaimed, as the girl rose from her knees. "Why are you not in bed?"

"I must take Jeanne's infallible tisane first," was the reply, uttered with a smile that was inexpressibly sad.

Mrs. D'Aulnay, who was really very fond of her young cousin, watched her countenance narrowly a moment, and then whispered, as she threw her arm around her neck, and drew her gently towards her, "Alas! it cannot cure heart-ache. 'Tis that wretch of a Sternfield who renders you so miserable. I am really beginning to hate him. And the thought that you are tied to him for life sets me wild; now especially, that I have a secret conviction that that delightful misanthropic Evelyn loves you."

"Listen to me, Lucille," suddenly exclaimed the young girl, confronting her with a calm dignity, which awed for a moment the frivolous woman before her. "You have led me, by your counsels and solicitations, into a terrible step which will entail on me life-long wretchedness. I say not this to reproach you, for, alas! I am far more guilty than yourself; but to tell you that having wrought me such misery, you should stop now and not seek to plunge me still lower into sin and sorrow. Mention Colonel Evelyn's name to me no more, and, above all, never tell me, a wife, again, that he, or any other man, loves me. When you speak of Sternfield, too, if you cannot do so in terms of friendship, at least employ those of courtesy, for he is my husband. Oh, Lucille, if you cannot lighten my heavy cross, at least do not seek to make it more galling!"

"Antoinette, you are an angel!" enthusiastically exclaimed Mrs. D'Aulnay, touched by what she chose to regard as the lofty heroism of her companion. For everyday virtues she had no respect whatever—in fact, as she often said herself, she had scarcely patience with them, but anything out of the ordinary routine of life, heroic or uncommon, filled her with admiration. "Yes, my child, your wishes, sublime in their self-sacrificing heroism, shall be law to me. And, after all," she pensively added, "'tis perhaps better that Sternfield should try you as remorselessly as he does. You know a modern French writer has said that in wedded life, next to love, hatred is best; that anything is better than the terribly monotonous, hum-drum indifference with which so many married couples regard each other, and under the influence of which life becomes like a dull, stagnant pool, without wave or breeze ever breaking the surface. Better the wild dash of the tempest, the sweep of the hurricane—"

"What, even though it scatter ruin and desolation around?" interrupted the poor young bride, won into something like a smile, despite her misery, by this new and extraordinary view of conjugal life, "No, no," she added more earnestly. "If I cannot have sunshine, let me at least have peace. I have not courage enough to cope with the storm or the tempest."

"Then, dear Antoinette, forgive my saying that you have not all the necessary qualifications for a genuine heroine. But here comes Jeanne with the tisane, which has led to so singular a dialogue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLEA FOR THE YOUNG MARRIED.

"HERE we are in a great literary centre, and I should like to send you a little of the peaceful atmosphere which surrounds the Capitol," writes a friend from Washington.

"Business here seems only an after-thought, and shopping for shopping's sake is unknown. It takes its proper place and is not considered a recreation, but merely a necessity to supply the wants of the people.

"The whole atmosphere seems learned, and libraries and historical subjects are given their due."

Could we not have a little more "learnedness" and a little less "dress" in our atmosphere here? If we are literary we read the latest book, but where have we a chance to discuss it? Not at a 5 o'clock tea!

What other function of a social nature does Montreal give her people?

Shrieking around a card table, when invited out to spend an evening, over a game of euche does not appeal to one after the age of 30—some, in fact, have tired of it earlier in life. Noise is frequently the criterion by which an evening's success is judged.

A young matron, occupied with home affairs for a certain portion of each day, turns from them with the hope of being refreshed and improved, in some small way, by contact with the outer world. On her calling list are the names of at least 200 people, and she may easily find five or six of them at home each afternoon. And yet, how much better is she mentally for paying a round of visits? She wants to be taken out of herself, to hear some good talk, but she cannot accomplish it this way, and, on meeting her husband at dinner, there is only a lot of nothings to tell him, so trivial and petty that she must feel ashamed, or sit mute!

As for social functions that might be enjoyed together, such things do not exist. Musical evenings are few and far between, and, when given, usually take the form of that barbaric institution known as a "crush"—sans air, sans comfort, sans conversation, sans everything, in fact, but people treading upon each other's best garments.

If the kind-hearted rich would only put their heads together and plan some interesting evenings for the young married! A wife hates to see her husband getting rusty in the "petit sons" which mark the gentleman, but every evening in an armchair tends that way; and a husband would like to see some of his friends, accompanied by his wife, outside the office or home. To start entertaining upon their own account is not always possible or wise, for the young married, generally speaking, must consider the expense of such a proceeding. Already, there are more teas than the week can well hold, and every mail brings a fresh supply, so the wife will meet her friends repeatedly without, however, exchanging an intelligible sentence with the majority of them, while her husband meets them not at all. He, in turn, by leaving her to a solitary evening, may happen upon a coterie of friends at his club where discussions congenial, convivial, wise, or otherwise, as the case may be, are taking place.

But, together, there are no functions to meet the wants of the young married, and yet they are simple enough, and ought not to be beyond their reach! A few evenings during each month where they could enjoy, at the homes of the kind-hearted rich, a little good music, bright connected conversation, or even serious debating upon a given subject, would be a boon—provided there was space for untrammelled movement. And the refreshments, which are so frequently poured down the dress at an afternoon "crush," might be partaken of in comfort.

A HISTORY of the discoveries and explorations of Etienne Brule, Parkman's "dauntless woodsman, pioneer of pioneers," has been prepared by Consul Willshire Butterfield, and will soon be published by the Helman-Taylor Company. Brule was the first white man to journey through the regions bordering on the Great Lakes, and he was killed—and, it is said, eaten—by the savages.

TOO LATE.

*"If Success and Happiness were held out to you,
which would you choose?"*

THE vast theatre shook to its very foundations with the intensity of the applause, and when at length the singer, worn out with the frequent encores he had been called upon to give, had bowed himself out beyond the wings of the stage, cries of "Author, Author!" arose on every side. They grew in volume and enthusiasm until the smiling, pompous, overdressed stage manager, who seemed almost crazed with satisfaction and delight, led in, from one of the painted avenues, a nervous, trembling, delicate youth, who, though high-bred and gentlemanly in his bearing, presented an appearance that was both pitiful and strange. His clothes hung in rags upon his emaciated frame, and his aristocratic face, which was thin and colorless, bore the unmistakable stamp of hunger and privation.

At the sight of the trembling youth the enthusiasm became redoubled, and for some moments seethed on unchecked, until by degrees it rippled slowly away, and silence held absolute sway in the huge auditorium. It was first-night of a popular military drama in the Criterion Theatre, London, and, during the intermission, Signor Carvi, the celebrated Italian tenor, was billed to render "an entirely new and patriotic war song, dedicated to Her Majesty's volunteers, who, at that time, were fighting their country's battles on the far-off South-African fields."

On the bills no mention had been made of the composer, and probably no one knew, or even cared, who he was, whence he came, or whether he went—it least that was before they had heard the song. Now, all was different, and the soft falling cadence of the swelling music, and simple pathetic tenderness of the words, had transformed all this lethargy of feeling, and entered into the very souls of the immense audience who were gathered there within the house. Some who had brothers and sweethearts gone out there to the war sobbed silently, while others whose interests were not so near and dear to heart applauded wildly, and clamored enthusiastically for the "Author's speech." All were touched by it, though in different ways. The young man stood close up to the footlights, shifting nervously from one leg to the other, and three times essayed to speak before the faltering words would come to his trembling lips, but at last he pulled himself together, and slowly addressed the waiting crowd:

"My friends," he said (his voice was soft and cultivated), "for surely I am privileged to call you friends after the enthusiastic welcome you have given my song—I thank you, your appreciation almost overwhelms me, but gives me courage—so often sadly wanting in me. I am afraid—to say that were I where I would most wish to be at this time, that had I the health and strength that were mine five years ago, before poverty and disease overtook me (here he glanced down at his tattered attire), I would not be standing here to night, but away out yonder (waving his hand) with the troops, where the fight is thickest and fiercest, there with my fellow comrades, there in the front rank fighting for my Queen and country would I be found." After the first burst of applause which greeted these words had passed away, he spoke again, flushing the while with a deep burning blush. "Just a word more," he went on. "It would be fruitless for me to apologize for my present appearance: I had not expected to appear before you, or dreamed of this success, and even had I done so I could not have come before you otherwise than I am at present. Poverty is cruel and no respecter of appearances or wardrobes. Again, I thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, I thank you."

Five minutes later, with the din of applause still ringing loudly in his ears, and the warm clasp of the manager's hand still tingling in his own, he burst out of the stage door, and hurriedly took his way along the crowded streets. He was overpowered with joy and surprise; he was dazed and stunned. What was it the manager had said? "My boy, I congratulate you, your fortune is made, and within a week's time your bank account shall be full to overflowing; your song is assured and success certain." Surely it could not be true. Surely he must be dreaming. But no; here he was in the busy Strand, and the voices of the newsboys and the buzz of traffic sang in his ears. A burly "cop" grabbing him by the arm brought him to a quick-stop. "Now then, young 'un, 'ho be yer a-runnin' inter, I'd like ter know; the fast thing yer knows on I'll 'ave yer run in fer a week." He jerked himself smartly away, and sped quickly across the street, adroitly dodging busses and hansoms on the way. Suddenly it dawned upon him that there was something hard in the palm of his hand which, in the excitement, he had failed to notice before. He drew close to a lighted window, and held it up in the glare to look at it. It was a bright shining gold "sov.", put there by the joyful manager when he bade the lad "good-night" at the door. What fortune! A real gold sovereign, such as he had never possessed in his whole long life before. Now Nell would have lots to eat, and clothes to wear, and doctors and medicine, and everything she so badly needed to bring her back to health and strength again. He smiled gladly as he thought of his little invalid sister in their attic room down by the river embankment. She had always been his sweetheart, and care and joy, and had she not that very evening predicted him success and prosperity when he bade her adieu and left her to hurry to the theatre

Oh, joy! Now all would be well. Indeed, she was very ill, but everything would come right now, and success—which the manager had assured him meant money, would bring the doctor, and medicines, and fruits and wines, and perhaps even a trip to the far-off South where the fogs never came, and the sun always shone and the air was always warm, and fresh and balmy, and the poor lad, who had never experienced such weather in the whole of his miserable life, hugged himself in delight at the very picture that rose before him. Laughing joyously, his attention was caught by the bright lights of a fruit store, and entering he purchased the largest and most luscious bunch of purple hot-house grapes he could find. Carrying them carefully in a stiff paper bag, he disappeared down a side street, and made for home as fast as he could. Home to him was a wretched attic garret, close under the sloping roof of a crowded, evil-smelling tenement, the window stuffed with paper and rags, and the furniture—a trundle bed with a straw mattress and a broken three-legged stool—in a most delapidated condition, but such as it was, it was his home, and love, and peace and affection dwelt within. He dashed up the rickety stairs at a bound, shaking the unstable floors at every step, and bringing down a shower of curses upon his head from the numerous inmates that crowded the different apartments.

At the door of the garret he paused, and swinging back the piece of foul smelling sacking that did duty for a curtain peered within, but all was darkness, and he could see nothing. "Nell," he called softly, "it is I; it is Nat; and oh, I have got such good fortune to tell you! You were right, little one, you were right, and it went like wild-fire, and"—he stopped, for no childish whisper came softly back to him out of the gloom within, no small weak voice joyfully welcomed his return as was her never-failing custom. "She must be asleep," he thought, as he struck a match and applied it to a short tallow dip that he had hidden away in a well-known corner. He crossed to the bed and threw the light gleams on the delicate worn face, that, framed in long, soft, yellow curls, lay so gently on the rude pillow. Soon she'd be in better, warmer rooms than these, he thought, as he bent and kissed her—but Heavens! what was this? Her lips are cold, and still, and dead. Oh, it could not be, it could not be! and he bent still further over and listened intently at her heart. Alas, it was too true! It was still and motionless, and she was dead and gone forever, and when the terrible truth finally forced itself upon his overwrought brain, he slipped onto the floor by her side and sobbed piteously. What was his success to him now? What was money, and success, and honor, now that happiness was gone? It had all come just too late. He bowed his head, and an angel whispered softly to him, "So does God often give success with one hand at the same time that He takes away happiness with the other."

THE CANUCK.

Good Housekeeping.

WHEN John Locke said, "Apart from religion, the end of man is to secure a plenty of the good things of this world, with life, health, and peace to enjoy them," he might also have said, "and it is the end of woman to prepare these good things, which, if well done, will add comfort and happiness to the list." There are several ways of looking at the problem of the household, and the opinion of what constitutes good housekeeping depends entirely upon the point of view of its inmates. We must ask what the human family requires to insure it this well-being, so much to be desired. Is it not, first, health, then peace, and all the necessary conditions to make these two fit into a harmonious environment? And these requisites, it must be admitted, are the most uninviting, material necessities which constitute the function of daily living. Therefore, how can we soar into the attractive regions of the higher intellectual life without this solid foundation of all that goes to make health and comfort—pure and wholesome surroundings, nourishing and appetizing food, perfect sanitary conditions, cleanliness, order, system, and a harmonious correlation of sunshine, color, and atmosphere?

The modern acceptation of the term "good housekeeping" is not what it was a few decades ago, when every house mother was considered shiftless if she did not spend her entire time making the clothing, cooking the food, cleaning and scouring, and, in periods of frenzy for order and neatness, routing the entire family out into some more congenial, if less wholesome quarters, in her eager desire to be called a "good housekeeper." Now we have changed all of this, and the good housekeeper of to-day has learned when and where and how to keep the machinery of the home in constant working order, and she has also learned, or is learning—perhaps we have not quite got there yet—to keep the wheels out of sight. After our housekeeper of to-day, or to-morrow, maybe, has finished her course of household economics at the school or the college, she will put this scientific knowledge into use as the maker and saver of all of those good things in life—health, peace, comfort and happiness.

It is well for our eager young home-makers to remember, however, that the last of these things is the greatest of all; that she must, if need be, let all things else go, and retain her hold upon happiness. We fear that it is not thoroughly understood among women that this home-making may be likened unto matrimony, inasmuch as "it should not be entered into unadvisedly or lightly," but with due preparation for a most serious undertaking. Therefore, let us define good housekeeping, or rather good home-making (for the housekeeper is not always the home-maker), as not only the application of various sciences to the labor of the home, and the systematic adjustment and arrangement of all things pertaining or belonging to it, but as a science in itself, inasmuch as it is the study of mankind and of everything that will make him a capable and efficient member of society. We are apt to lose sight of this fact when we look only at the under side, with its persistent and unceasing routine of cooking and cleaning and their accessories, drudgery and petty economy. The housekeeper who allows herself to be the slave of this daily grind is not and never will be the good home-maker in the higher meaning of the word. The majority of women hope to live in homes, and many of them are happy in being the makers of these homes, but are we not asking too much when we expect them instinctively to understand and know it all without preparation or training? And is it not this lack of knowledge which makes housekeeping seem like drudgery and the menace of every woman's happiness? Certainly many a wise woman will naturally shrink from assuming a burden for

which she is not prepared, but the unwise seem to think that the plunge into matrimony will in some unforeseen way change them at once into ideal housekeepers and home-makers. To these we have nothing to say, for they will continue to struggle with their inexperience and their inefficiencies until at last we see them stranded in that miserable apology for a home, two rooms in a boarding-house. We have nothing to say against that harbor of human derelicts, the boarding-house—but when two young people go a nest-building let them take a lesson from the birds. Have they ever been seen crowding into a cooperative nest?

There is an old and ever-ready saying, which we must take well into account in our journeying through this workaday world—everything that is worth anything must cost somebody something, and that which comes without effort is rarely appreciated. The homeless may possibly be happy, but it is such an uncomfortable sort of happiness that we rarely care to possess this special brand. So, as the majority of men and women crave the good things of this life, and a place in which they can enjoy them in comfort and in peace and in independence, we have yet to find a safer harbor or a better preserver of human happiness than the home.

GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

PREPARED FOR "MONTREAL LIFE" BY MR JAMES HINGSTON,
B.A., OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
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Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large, the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

Sunday, May 6.—A bad day on which to ask a favor of anyone.

Ill-health, financial loss through unwise speculation, and loss of employment, are the evils threatened during this year.

Children born to-day are likely to travel much, and to meet with many business reverses.

Monday, May 7.—Favorable for journeys and for dealing with the public.

A very fortunate year, both as regards business, financial investments, journeys and love affairs.

Sensible, clever, honorable and decidedly fortunate to-day's children will be.

Tuesday, May 8.—A good day on which to sell property, but unlucky in other respects.

Financial loss is threatened during this year through unwise loans or risky speculations.

Children born to-day will find it hard to make any headway in life, and will more than once be in sore need of money.

Wednesday, May 9.—Not remarkably favorable for any purpose.

This will be a very fortunate year, and especially for those who hold salaried positions.

Good fortune is promised to the children born to-day, and especially to those who work for employers.

Thursday, May 10.—Property may be sold to advantage to-day.

An unlucky year, the special evils foreshadowed being illness, family sorrow, and business losses.

To the children born to-day much domestic sorrow and scanty success in business seems clearly foreshadowed.

Friday, May 11.—A good day on which to sign legal documents.

This will be a fortunate year. Journeys and other changes may be expected.

To-day's children will be fairly successful in business, and, being of a Bohemian temperament, they will not really settle down until late in life.

Saturday, May 12.—Quarrels should be avoided to-day.

This year will bring many annoyances, among them being disputes, accidents, and financial loss.

Children born to-day will be rash, impetuous, and rather unfortunate. As employes they will fare best.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,
"Gabriel."
Address: White Plains,
New York.

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

CEDARS TWENTY CENTURIES OLD.

THE sturdy storm-enduring red cedar, says John Muir, in The April Atlantic, delights to dwell on the tops of granite domes and ridges and glacier pavements of the upper pine belt, at an elevation of seven to ten thousand feet, where it can get plenty of sunshine and snow and elbow room without encountering quick-growing, overshadowing rivals. It never makes anything like a forest, seldom comes together even in groves, but stands out separate and independent in the wind, clinging by slight joints to the rock, living chiefly on snow and thin air, and maintaining tough health on this diet for at least two thousand years, every feature and gesture expressing steadfast, dogged endurance . . . Some are undoubtedly more than two thousand years old. For, though on good moraine soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overswept granite ridges in the dome region they grow extremely slowly. One on the Starr King ridge, only two feet eleven inches in diameter, was eleven hundred and forty years old. Another on the same ridge, only one foot seven and a half inches in diameter, had reached the age of eight hundred and thirty-four years. The first fifteen inches from the bark of a medium-sized tree—six feet in diameter—on the north Tenaya pavement, had eight hundred and fifty-nine layers of wood, or fifty-seven to the inch. Beyond this the count was stopped by dry rot and overgrown wounds. The largest I examined was thirty-three feet in girth, or nearly ten in diameter; and though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees eight to ten feet thick, standing on polished glacier pavements, are more than twenty centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite. Even when overthrown by avalanches, after standing so long, they refuse to lie at rest, leaning stubbornly on their big elbows as if anxious to rise, and while a single root holds to the rock, putting forth fresh leaves with a grim never-say-die and never-lie-down expression.

PLAIN TALK TO GOLFERS.

KEEP in constant practice, play as often as you can; and don't be always changing the style of your clubs. When you have discovered by actual playing what models suit you, stick to them until you know them thoroughly, and don't imagine just because you have seen some man make a wonderful shot with some particular club that, because you go and buy one like it, you can necessarily do equally well. The more you play with the same clubs the better you will use them.

Never underestimate your opponent at match play; always play your very best, for you can never tell when he is liable to make a sudden spurt.

Be temperate. You cannot play golf well and drink hard, sooner or later it will effect your eyes, and your power of judging distance and hitting your ball accurately will be lost.

Finally, I want to again impress on anyone who wishes to become a good golfer the lasting importance of having the arms and feet work together. Unless they do, you can never become a long straight driver. Remember that after addressing the ball with the club head, as the arms go up in the upward swing you pivot on your left foot, your arms and your left foot in perfect time, one with the other, until at the top of

the swing you are on the point of your left toe. As the club comes down, the left foot pivots back to its original position when you addressed the ball, and at the moment when the club head strikes the ball the left heel touches the ground. As the club begins to rise for the follow through, you commence to pivot on your right foot, foot and arms moving together in perfect time, until, at the end of the follow through, you are on the toes of the right foot, and the stroke is finished.—H. Vardon, open champion of Great Britain.

A RECENT VISIT TO LADYSMITH.

WE walk down to the hotel, and the first thing that strikes us is the very little damage that has been done. True, here and there, a gaping hole in a house shows where a shell has found its mark, and there are many broken windows, but it is evident that the Boers have wasted thousands of tons of metal in doing but little damage. We are told that the reason for this is that their shells had too little and too poor bursting charges of powder in them. In any case, I have seen a street or streets in London with far greater damage done to the houses by the out-of-work rioters only with sticks and stones. Driving to our hotel we were met with the pleasing intelligence that neither it nor any other hotel "was open yet," and that the town was still existing on Government rations. There had been a few "big" civilians up here already, but we are practically the first two "of no account" that have got through. We managed, however, after a great deal of trouble to get a room between us, and had just fixed up things when our unknown from Colenso Station turned up. He asked for a room, and was told he could not get one. He immediately said, "Oh, I must have a room, and at any cost. I'm Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. I'm a Member of Parliament!" The man who had given us our room was not a bit impressed. "I can't help that. You had better sit down and wait till the boss comes in!"—London Outlook.

THE RAILWAY MAN AT THE FRONT.

MAJOR GIROUARD, says Answers, knows more about railways than any man in the army. He is with General Buller, superintending the railway operations, and it will be remembered he laid Lord Kitchener's railway in the Soudan. He likes Tommy to travel rapidly, but also looks after the transport of stores; and it is in connection with the latter point that he uttered the remark "Army railway director? No! Certainly not! I'm more likely the army goods guard!"

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EXAMINATIONS

will be held as follows:

THEORY (paper work)—June 2nd.

PRACTICAL—Between the 10th and
30th June. The exact dates will
be duly announced.

Entries close on May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of
entry, etc., can be obtained of the
Hon. Local Representatives in each
centre, or from Mr. Alfred Back, Cen-
tral Office, Room 503, Board of Trade
Building, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR,

March 30th, 1900. Secretary.

N B —The music, specimen theory
papers, etc., can be obtained from
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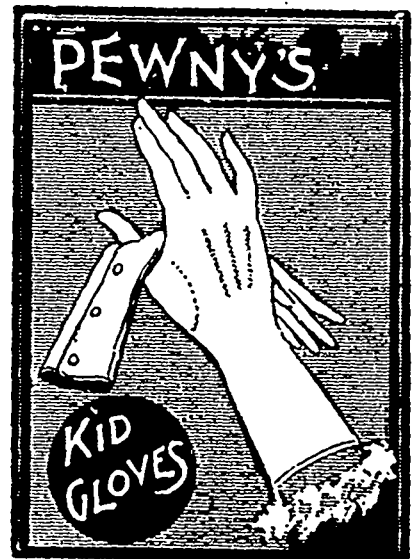
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Theatres and Entertainments.

THE Parish Priest, booked for the Academy next week, with Mr. Daniel Sully in the title role, is one of the theatrical surprises of the year. The title suggests everything that the play is not. It suggests, first, religion, yet there is no religion in the play. In the character of Father Whalen is a beautiful sentiment suggested by his calling, but in no act, situation or line, does he make any allusion to the creed which he represents. It is not an Irish play, the scene being laid in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, and the action of the same revolves itself around characters that are thoroughly American. The play has been enthusiastically praised by the leading critics of the leading cities. The critic of The Albany Argus, who is noted for his wisdom in affairs theatrical, in a lengthy criticism sums the play up as follows:

"The Parish Priest is, without doubt, one of the strongest and prettiest plays ever penned by a playwright, and Mr. Hart is to be congratulated for giving it to the public. Albanians wept and laughed in turn at the pathos and original humor, which are ably blended and drawn out by a master hand, and which lead up to situations that are beautifully enacted. What appeals to one is the naturalness of the play. It is everyday life depicted by an artist and observer of scenes that happen in the life of every community. It is original, and what is more, it does not depend on scenic effects to bring out any strong points, the author having attended to that in the lines. There is no heavy villain; there are no exciting climaxes that will cause the blood to curdle. Everything is simple

and true to life. It is a picture of simple life cleverly woven together and cleverly produced by a competent company.

On Monday evening, a benefit performance will be given in aid of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association.

ON Wednesday evening, Miss Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell opened a short engagement at the Academy with an elaborate presentation of Cleopatra. Last season the popular pair were seen here in the great historical play and this was just sufficient to make people wish to see them again. Miss Walsh is thoroughly suited to the style of acting called for in Sardou's productions, and, indeed, it is not overmuch praise to say that, although a very young woman, she has climbed beyond the notch of excellence carved by her model and predecessor, Fanny Davenport. In addition to her great histrionic talent, she is the possessor of a magnificent voice and a form of beauty that harmonizes with the roles she portrays. It would not be easy to pick any flaws in Miss Walsh's conception of Cleopatra. She invests the character with a subtle charm that fascinates the audience until they forget her personality. And in watching her they all mentally make excuses for Antony. Miss Walsh is an actress worthy of being termed great. She is thoroughly capable of interpreting Shakespearian heroines, and, as they are more acceptable in many ways than Sardou's, many of her admirers would like to see her turn her attention to them. Mr. MacDowell is the same as ever. His style of acting does not change with his increasing weight. The remainder of the company is well balanced, while the stage-setting is fair.

It was a matter of no little surprise and regret to the public at large when the announcement was made that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy had been relieved of the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mrs. Murphy, in particular, has for so many years been identified with the theatres of this city, that it was hoped she would be able to make a success of Her Majesty's. But, while she certainly booked good attractions, they were altogether too few in number to yield a sufficient return to cover

ordinary expenses. Every week that the theatre was closed—and there were many such weeks—the balance on the wrong side accumulated. While regretting the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, it is a satisfaction to know that Her Majesty's has been leased by such a thorough man of business as Mr. John W. Grose, who entered upon his duties this week. Mr. Grose is well-known throughout the Dominion as possessing great ability and a wonderful fund of energy. It was he who founded the Dominion Burglary Guarantee Co., and in a very short time placed it on a good paying basis. No scheme is too great for him to undertake and accomplish. He announces that during the regular season—from September to June 1—he will keep Her Majesty's open, and that only first-class attractions will hold the boards. From this it is evident that he knows what is required. There is no reason why the beautiful west-end theatre should not be a success, and few there are who doubt Mr. Grose's ability to make it so.

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PURITY OF SPEECH.

If we are ever to use elegant forms of speech, and to avoid common inaccuracies, we must begin when we are very young to select the words which fit our thought, and we must not fall into slang, nor awkward expressions, nor glaring mistakes of syntax. Ain't, hadn't ought, lay for lie, set for sit, was for were, and other unfortunate grammatical errors, are impossible to the tongue which has been early trained, and to the ear accustomed to the proper word and form. In the common conversation of the family, we should be heedful of ourselves that we speak correctly, and we should exact precision of our children.

A very ordinary misuse of the personal pronoun I is noted among people who usually speak correctly. You will hear a young girl say, "Auntie invited Charlotte and I to luncheon." I have heard a well-bred woman say, glibly, "Dr. Mason made suggestions to my husband and I." An instant's thought will show that this is wrong, and show why it is wrong. Children should be taught that mistakes in grammar are disgraceful, both in writing and in speech.

Parents who are martinetts as to table talk, requiring the children to eat in silence, do not reflect that they are taking from the small people one of their very best opportunities of learning to talk agreeably. They should certainly not be permitted to interrupt conversation, nor to monopolize it by their questions, stories and exclamations, but they should

have their own share, and their elders ought not to interrupt them. As much courtesy should be shown to a child, as is required from him or her, and to this rule there is no possible exception, without gross injustice. Arbitrary authority and gross injustice often walk hand in hand.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

CONSTITUTIONALLY, both the House of Lords and the Commons are supposed to be in ignorance of each other's existence; and so no direct allusion to the other House is allowed in debate. A new member on entering the House to be sworn has to be accompanied by two friends, who stand on either side of him. The signal to advance being given, they march slowly from the bar to the clerk's table, bowing three times to the Chair during their journey. In the House of Lords the doors remain open; in the Commons they are locked, the House being invariably found in this condition by the Usher of the Black Rod, when that functionary summons the faithful Commons to the House of Lords, either to hear the Queen's speech read over or the Royal assent given to such bills as have passed both Houses. In the good old days when the spies of the Court infested the House, and when liberty of speech would have been endangered could the Sovereign but have known all that on occasion was being said about him, the locking of doors was absolutely necessary. Even now they are not opened till the Black Rod has knocked three times. In the present day such a procedure is simply a survival. So also is the custom which decrees that when the Commons is informed to which bills Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to give her assent, the announcement is made in Norman French, which no one understands.

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MAY, 1900.

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Coat.	Frock, black.	Frock or cutaway.	Sacque or Norfolk jacket.	Evening coat.	Monte Carlo.	Dark worsteds.
Waistcoat.	Black in Winter, white or brown holland in Summer.	Black in Winter, white or brown holland in Summer.	Fancy Shades.	White or black.	Black.	Same material as coat.
Trousers.	Striped, dark tones.	Striped, dark tones.	Knickerbockers	Same material as coat.	Same material as coat	Same material as coat.
Hat.	Silk.	Silk	Soft felt or cap.	Opera.	Soft felt.	Christy.
Shirt and Cuffs.	White or colored, with white cuffs.	White or colored, with white cuffs.	Flannel, with white collar and attachable cuffs.	White, plain, or with pique front.	White.	Colored or white.
Collar.	High straight or high turned-down.	High straight or high turned-down	High or turned-down or hunting stock.	High standing or high turned-down.	High standing or high turned-down.	High standing or high turned-down.
Cravat.	White silk or dark blue or black foulard. Lavender may be worn at weddings.	Fancy shades.	Ascot or hunting stock.	White, not made up.	Black.	Fancy, of fashionable shades.
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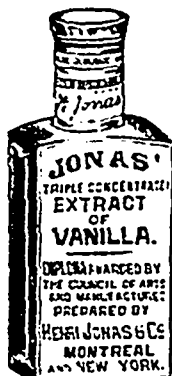
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