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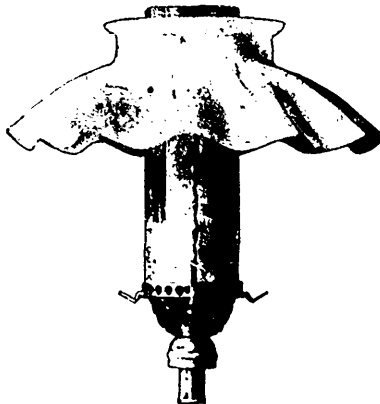
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"Very," answered Willie Washington.
"Which do you do; play it or talk it?"

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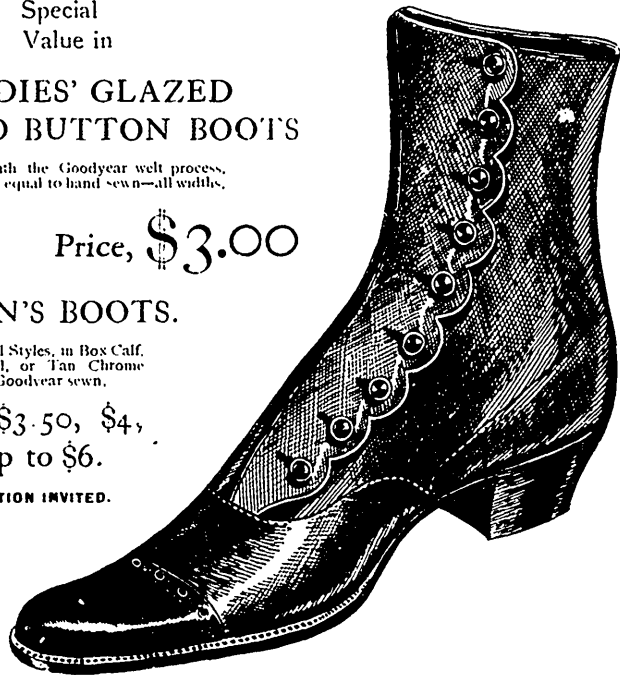
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Vol. IX. No. 2.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

WILFRID (to his pal)—Don't let the old bloke lay han's on yer just now, Arty. He's kinder riled 'bout these 'lection tricks we've been a-playin' on him, and he'll make it hot for yer if he gets the chance.

FRIPP.—Look at that fellow working with the pickaxe.
RIPP.—Well, you can't blame him for picking his way.

NOT USED TO EMBELLISHMENTS.

"NOW, Johnny, never mind any programme, but bring me something to eat," said a woolly Westerner at the Windsor the other morning when the gentlemanly waiter handed him a bill of fare.

AN INVITATION.

LADIES and gentlemen are invited to contribute to these columns original drawings and bright paragraphs. A year's subscription will be given to each person contributing available matter of this kind. Names and addresses must be enclosed in confidence.

A HARD JOB IN EITHER CASE.

"THAT was a disgustingly impertinent tramp I helped this morning," said a Westmount housekeeper. "I gave him a pie and asked him to saw some wood, and about ten minutes later he came in and asked if it would make any difference if he ate the wood and saved the pie."

THEIR REAL BUSINESS.

"I WISH," said the new boarder, eyeing the landlady reproachfully, "that I were a Member of Parliament."

"Why, what would you do," she inquired.

"Bring in a bill to compel butchers to style themselves leather merchants," replied the new man, as he gave up struggling with his steak.

PROVED.

"THE taste for liquor," said the anti-prohibitionist orator, "was undoubtedly acquired by Adam and Eve. Indeed, I might go so far as to say our first parents were subject to delirium tremens."

"Prove it," shrieked the Blue Ribbon man.

"I will," said the A. P. orator. "Doesn't the Bible emphatically say they saw snakes?"

TOO EASILY SATISFIED.

"HE asked you for just one."

"Yes."

"And what did you say?"

"I asked him if I gave him just one would that satisfy him?"

"And what did he say?"

"The nippy said yes."

NOTICE TO POETS.

POETS who send contributions on autumn to this office will please not make "fall" rhyme with "coal." The poetical editor has a large family and a weak heart. He might think at first glance that the price of fuel had taken a drop, and the results might be serious.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

IF you talk about the war scare now,
The yacht race or the Dreyfus trial,
You're very quickly voted
As just a common flat;
For such little tame frivolities
Are sunk in insignificance,
Since the all-absorbing advent
Of the new fall hat.

HEARD ON CRAIG STREET.

LITTLE GIRL.—When did they clean this street last, Grampa?
GRAMPA.—My father told me, but I have forgotten.



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ONE result of the somewhat effusive friendliness that, of late, has marked our general relations with our dear American cousins, is the frequent exchange of military visits between the two countries. We may quarrel about little matters like the *Alaskan boundary*—what well-constituted family is there without some such bone of contention? But our occasional spats only prove that we both belong to the fighting stock. Secretly, we admire each other for exhibiting so much of the "old man's" acquisitiveness and pugnacity. Though, in our business relations, we are not always on the best of terms, we are finding, as business men before have found, that it does neither of us any harm to pay for each other's drinks when office hours are over. Of late, a number of Canadian corps have visited the States, while several American military organizations have come to Canada and shown us what Tommy Atkins is like with a blue uniform on his back and Old Glory above him. A couple of such visits are now being exchanged, and in each case the visitors are meeting with a cordial reception. The effect of these jaunts on both officers and men must be good. Comparisons are made and opinions modified; while the fact is brought forth that the two peoples, with all their differences, are very similar in many things. The Anglo-Saxon, whether in the United States or in Canada, is a fighter by instinct, if not by training, and there is nothing like the *uniform, be it British red or Yankee blue, to evoke public enthusiasm.*

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, a picture of whom taken in his cabin on the *Erin* we show in another column, is undoubtedly the biggest man in the sporting world at the present moment. It is interesting to learn how the man who is spending a million dollars to win the America's cup got his start in life. The first time he crossed to the United States he went in the steerage of a slow-going steamer; the last time he went it was as owner of the costliest racing yacht that ever crossed the ocean. America did not graft upon him all his cleverness, however. On his first visit, when the steamer touched the dock at New York, Lipton saw his chance to make a little money. He was practically a pauper, and even a little ready cash was to him a fortune. None of his fellow-emigrants knew New York, so Lipton leaped ashore, and, running at top speed, made into the first boarding-house he came to. "How much per head will you give me for all lodgers I bring you?" he breathlessly inquired. "A quarter," answered the man. Lipton did not know how much a quarter was, but, realizing it must be something, he rushed back to where the emigrants were clustered upon the quay, not knowing which way to turn. "Come along with me," he called out cheerfully. "I know a rattling good lodging-house up this way, where they

take you in cheap." Quite a party followed him. The twenty-five-cent pieces handed him by the landlord of that lodging-house were the first money he earned in America.

LIFE insurance men ought to be in a position to know pretty well how the commercial and financial winds are blowing. In any event, an agent of one of the largest companies thinks that by his own business he can gauge the general situation with fair accuracy. He says that the number of policies taken out during the past six months has far exceeded his expectation, and that the prospect for the fall is unusually bright. He notes also the fact that collections are much better. People are paying up promptly—that is to say, fewer men are either allowing their policies to lapse through non-payment of premiums, or availing themselves of the clauses in their contracts which allow a certain extension of time. His last point would seem to be a particularly strong one as an indication of the continued improvement of trade.

ALTHOUGH more than eighteen months have passed since the Ontario general election, the situation there is as complicated as ever. As the result of several bye elections, Mr. Hardy secured a safe majority, but the election courts have again cut it down to its first slender proportions. The respectable people of the Province have been shocked at the revelations, and, in view of popular sentiment, it is hard to predict what the Government will do. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's advice to the Ontario Premier, as brought forth in our cartoon, is to keep clear of the old man with the stick—as long as he can. A well-posted Liberal said a short time ago that Mr. Hardy would retire and let his lieutenant, Mr. Ross, go to the people with the claim that "these hands are clean." But Mr. Hardy lingers, a fact which causes much speculation as to what the future may bring forth. The unseated representatives are being renominated by the Liberals. If they are beaten, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be in danger of losing his right arm. But we may rest assured that the amputation of that somewhat disfigured limb will not be permitted if desperate remedies can avail to save it.

THE hugeness and complexity of the modern commercial mechanism is never realized till something happens to bring the machine to a stop. On September 5 the sinking in St. Mary's river of the largest freighter on the lakes caused a complete blockade at the Sault canal. This blockade was not broken till the 10th, when the vessel was released by dynamite. In the short period of five days, a loss estimated roughly at \$1,000,000 was occasioned—200 vessels being tied up at the Sault, with cargoes aggregating 300,000 tons of iron ore, 12,500,000 feet of lumber, and 600,000 bushels of grain. The fleet of vessels that moved down the river as soon as the blockade was broken was 40 miles in length. While figures fail to convey very definite ideas to the mind, everyone can form some conception from this of the magnitude of the interests affected by a single day's navigation of this continent's inland waterways.

I HEARD a young fellow, the other day, talk about winning his spurs in a way that showed he believed a man had nothing to do in this world but show capacity once, get the desired promotion, and then subsist on his past record. This is a great mistake. The young man who expects to be steadily advanced on the strength of old achievements will soon find himself steadily going backwards. It is necessary not only to win one's spurs, but to fight valiantly in order to keep them. The world has no use for the man who can only tell about what he once did. My young friend had better reconcile himself to the fact that he is going to be required to do something very day or lose his grip.

Life in a Looking-Glass

A SPLENDID lavishness characterizes the expenditure in connection with the approaching international yacht race. If reports are to be believed, the expenses of the Iselin-Morgan syndicate will have reached two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the close of the contest, and it is stated that this little excursion into the realm of sport will cost Sir Thomas Lipton, in one way and another, close on a million dollars. There is no reason to question the accuracy of these figures. Yacht racing, as now carried on, is the most princely sport mankind has ever indulged in, and only the very wealthy can engage in it. Doubtless some will cavil at the expenditure of so much money for such a purpose, and will say that it should go to the poor, or to missions, or to education. But it requires only a moment's reflection to discover that the circulation of all this hard cash is not by any means a waste. The money will find its way from hand to hand, benefitting thousands as it comes and goes; while the results, scientifically and technically, of such lavish bounty, cannot fail to be appreciable in every workshop, and by every trade, having to do with the construction and equipment of the rival vessels. It is a good thing for the world that there are men in it who are willing to sacrifice so much for the joy of wearing the laurel. As a rule, such people are not niggardly, either, where there is a true opportunity for philanthropy or charity.

IT IS a wonder that no author, in search of a subject for a new book, has hit upon the romances of politics. We are all sufficiently acquainted with the romancing of politics—but that is not what I mean. It strikes me that a very entertaining, instructive and elevating volume might be written on the careers of men who, within the last century, in various countries and in various ways, have risen to leadership and fortune in the domain of practical politics. In the brave days of old, this was a field effectually barred to the man of common origin, except in the rarest circumstances. But the general extension of political rights to the masses during this century has produced popular heroes and "uncrowned kings" in greater number than at any previous period of the world's history, except the period of republican Rome. Take the case of Bryan. There is much genuine romance about this man's career. Four years ago he was unknown, and to-day, whatever we may think of his policy, we must acknowledge him to be the only man in the Democratic party who has anything of the prestige and gifts of a great leader. We can all recall other examples of the dramatic ups and downs of politics. Canada could contribute her share. Our own Mr. Tarte's career has been a remarkable one—full of striking situations and unexpected denouements. We are apt to think of politics as a game, in which men have to resort to mean and selfish tactics in order to rise. But the truth is, ability and character count here as elsewhere, and the men who make a conspicuous mark as leaders are men who stand for an idea of some sort.

A CONNECTICUT JUDGE has been advancing the theory that men have the right to end their own lives, and a good deal of discussion has followed on the point. About the same time the newspapers were having a lot to say about the marriages (consummated or projected) of some rather prominent women, and the question: Has a woman the right to marry whom she pleases? may, therefore, also be considered as under debate. Distressed by the reports of her proposed union with a man half her age, Lady Randolph Churchill has cancelled most of her social engagements and withdrawn from public view; while Mrs. Langtry, or Mrs. De Bathe, to give the lady her right name, has found it necessary to send forth her solemn

proclamation that she is not 47, as the horrid newspapers have stated. It is too bad that people can't do as they like in such trifling matters as dying and getting married. Mrs. Annie Yeamans, the actress, who was reported to be engaged to an English nobleman, gave an answer to a reporter, who tried to interview her on the subject, that sums up in one terse, emphatic and idiomatic syllable the feeling of a great many people with regard to the limitation of what they look upon as their rights in such matters. It was a reply that could have come from no ordinary woman. Mrs. Yeamans simply answered: "G'wan!" That was the right attitude, looking at it from her point of view. If she wants to marry a nobleman, it is nobody's business, and if the nobleman, six months hence, should want to slip away from carking worldly cares we can't see who is going to prevent him from slipping. So the discussion of abstract rights in such matters is not practical, but academic. As Daniel Frohman, the theatrical manager, said lately when asked for a comparison of the morals of the stage in America and in England, "You can't make comparisons. Morality is a purely personal matter, depending upon the individual and the temptation. There is no standard by which you can gauge or measure it. In a word morality is a matter of human nature." What is one man's meat is another's poison, and nothing is gained by discussing questions that can never be solved except by individuals for themselves.

THERE is too much public begging in Montreal. No one should be called on to have a horrible sight pushed beneath his eyes without any chance of avoiding it. Loathsome deformity and disease must be relieved, but it should be kept out of sight of the people. The other day a young fellow was going about town begging for alms and showing a horribly lacerated arm—the result, he said, of an operation in a hospital from which he had been discharged before recovery and without means or a place to go to. The story may have been true or false, but the wounded arm was there—a shocking spectacle to everyone who was compelled to look upon it. We are all willing enough to give to the needy and unfortunate, but, at this stage in the culture and refinement of mankind, there must be some delicacy in our charity, as there is in our eating and drinking. Public begging is altogether wrong. Society in its corporate capacity ought to look after people who are so inefficient or unfortunate that they can make nothing for themselves.

THE tax on machinery is a measure that will do more to restrict or drive away the present manufacturing industries of Montreal and to keep new ones from establishing in the city than all the other foolish legislation from which we have ever suffered. To the people of other centres we must seem to be desirous of committing deliberate industrial suicide. It is astonishing that we should have come to that pass when such a proposition can be seriously discussed.

PEOPLE would be so much happier if they would seize the happiness of the passing moment and not sacrifice it eternally to the future. We see this truth exemplified so often, and in so many ways, that to most of us it is a platitude which we cheerfully assent to, but never really take into our lives. Only to a very few is it a vital and vitalizing truth. We are always longing for Jones' house or Smith's salary—for the good which the future may have in store—and we render ourselves miserable every moment of the day with discontent. Or, even if not discontented, we fail to grasp the happiness of the passing moment because we are too ambitious, too busy and preoccupied. Some day, we say to ourselves, we shall knock off from work and enjoy the great and beautiful world about us. But we go on planning and thinking, ploughing and sowing, mowing and toiling, and then, when it is too late, we find that we cannot enjoy the harvest, for our digestion is ruined and we have no appetite for the bread we strove so hard to produce. Let us make our own and others' lives brighter and less sordid by taking at least a part of the sunshine and the bird-songs into our hearts every day. Almost any situation will yield pleasure to the man who is looking for it. I have a friend who is rather devoted to the table, but I have known him to breakfast sumptuously on cold tea and porridge. He is one of those rare fellows who are always happy, and the reason is that he seizes the happiness of the passing moment.

FELIX VASE.



"Richard Carvel."

THE popular novel of the year is beyond question Winston Churchill's romance of Maryland, "Richard Carvel." This book was published early in June and by the middle of July it was announced that the sales were approaching 40,000. The figure has now reached 110,000, and the call for the book is apparently undiminished. Of course, one cannot judge of the intrinsic worth of any publication by its popularity, which

may be due to a mere craze. But in this instance there is a great deal of real merit, we believe, behind the boom which Mr. Churchill's clever story is enjoying.

"Richard Carvel" deals with the period of the American Revolution, and with contemporary life and manners in the political and fashionable circles of London society. In many respects it is genuinely instructive—the author



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

having a sympathetic and scientific understanding of the people and events he writes about; but it is, in addition, thrillingly entertaining, being full of incident from cover to cover. It is not hard to discover the causes of the remarkable enthusiasm with which "Richard Carvel" has been received by the English world. The book, though a novel, appeals to a much wider clientele than the class of readers who read nothing but fiction. Some people may like it because they enjoy a tremendously good story; other people—and we sympathize with them—because they really like to have history and biography interpreted for them by this method of the historical novel; and still others for different reasons, as, for example, because it is an excellent instance of its kind of descriptive English, and in that sense a noteworthy contribution to literature. It is a tale of stirring adventure, where incident crowds upon incident, and the interest is never allowed to lag. The chronicle ends in so conventional a way, as regards the hero, that the feelings of the most sentimental of readers will not be wrong.

The author permits "Richard Carvel" to narrate his experiences for himself. Narrators are often insufferable bores, but from the opening sentence, in this case, the hero wins the interest and devotion of the reader, who, thereafter follows him with keen sympathy through all his wanderings and adventures. Among his earlier experiences of public affairs is the reception accorded the King's Stamp Distributor, immediately after the Stamp Act had gone into effect. A barque sails into the harbor having on board, among other passengers, Mr. Zachariah Hood, a colonial merchant returning from London where he had sought and obtained from King George the office of Stamp Distributor. A large concourse of people who awaited the coming of the barque grew strangely silent as it "came nearer and nearer, until Mr. Hood showed himself on the poop, when there arose a storm of hisses, mingled with shouts of derision. 'How goes it at St. James, Mr. Hood?'

and 'Have you tasted his Majesty's barley?' And some asked him if he was come as their member of Parliament. Mr. Hood dropped a bow, though what he said was drowned. The barque came in prettily enough, men in the crowd even catching her lines and making them fast to the piles. A gang-plank was thrown over. 'Come out, Mr. Hood,' they cried; 'we are here to do you honor, and to welcome you home again.' There were leather breeches with staves a-plenty around that plank, and faces that meant no trifling. 'McNeir, the rogue,' exclaimed Mr. Carvel, 'and that hulk of a tanner, Brown, And I would know those smith's shoulders in a thousand.' 'Right, sir,' says Pryse, 'and 'twill serve them proper when the King's troops come among them for quartering.' Pryse being the gentry's patron, shaped his politics according to the company he was in; he could be ill expected to seize one of his own ash spokes and join the resistance." Such is the style of the narrative.

The Canadian publishers of "Richard Carvel" are The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.

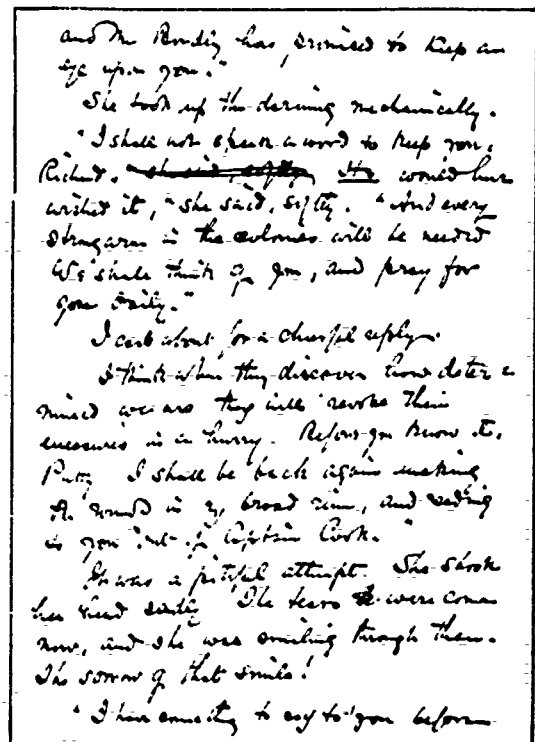
BOOK NOTES

The new cabinet edition of Dr. Holmes' poetry contains everything which has appeared in verse from his hand—even the early poems, which have sometimes been left out of other editions.

Ouida's new book is called "The Waters of Edera." Other forthcoming novels are Mrs. Alexander's "Through Fire to Fortune", "The Doctor," by Mr. Staepoole, the author of "The Rapin", Mr. Anthony Hope's "The King's Mirror", "The Crown of Life," by George Gissing, and "The Path of a Star," by Sara Jeanette Duncan.

"The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont—As Told by Himself," have just appeared in book form, from the press of George Newnes. The "as told by himself," is supposed to be the saving clause under the examination of the sceptic. The book is dedicated to his devoted wife "Yamba." An American edition is to be published by the Lippincott Company.

"The book trade," says The Montreal News Company, "will be pleased to learn that a new collection of Dr. Drummond's poems in French-Canadian dialect, will soon be issued."



and Mr. Bondy has, promised to keep an eye upon you.
 She took up the darling mechanically.
 'I shall not speak a word to keep you, Richard, ~~she said, softly~~ she would have wished it,' she said, softly. 'And every obsequy in the colonies will be read! We shall think of you, and pray for you truly.'
 I can't do but for a cheerful reply.
 'I think when they discover how detestable a mind we are they will revoke their sentence in a hurry. Before you know it, Perry I shall be back again making a grand in my broad view, and ending in you, Mr. Captain Cook.'
 It was a pitiful attempt. She shook her head sadly. 'He fears to wear crown now, and she was smiling through them. The sorrow of that smile!
 'I have something to say to you before'

PAGE OF MR. CHURCHILL'S MANUSCRIPT.

The British Museum has lately become the richer by the gift of forty-eight autograph letters of Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton, and of ninety letters addressed by Coleridge to Thomas Poole.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"I ALWAYS kept in view some definite purpose as the point to be reached next," said the Hon. Wm. Mulock once to a friend. "If young men would have some clearly-defined objective point always ahead of them and thus advance from one thing to another without confusing their plans they would find progress easier."

Mr. Mulock deservedly ranks as one of Canada's most successful men. In boyhood he worked on a farm, but now he is possessed of great wealth. As a law student he found it necessary to teach night school in order to make ends meet but before there were gray hairs in his head he was the chief member of an important legal firm. As a young man he entered politics without any remarkable prospects, and to-day he is Postmaster-General of the Dominion and a prominent figure in the Imperial movement.

Mr. Mulock comes of a gifted and cultured family. His father was a graduate, in both arts and medicine, of Trinity College, Dublin, and his mother was Mary, daughter of the late John Cawthra of Yorkshire. The Postmaster-General was born in Ontario and is in his 57th year. After taking a brilliant course at Toronto University, where he supported himself by his labors as a tutor, he commenced the study of law, and was called to the bar 31 years ago. From that time to the present his advance has been steady and rapid. Elected a member of the governing body of his alma mater in 1873, he became in 1881 its vice-chancellor, a position which he continues to hold. The following year the people of North York, his native riding, elected him as their representative in the Dominion House of Commons. He quickly made his mark

as a debater, for, though not eloquent, nor markedly fluent, he is dignified, argumentative and alert. His party soon learned also to value him as a counsellor, and to-day Mr. Mulock is looked upon as one of the most astute tacticians on the Liberal side.

In Parliament he has taken particular interest in legislation having to do with agriculture, banking and commerce. The people of Ontario often speak of him as "Farmer" Mulock—an appellation to which he is by no means averse being rather proud of his large interests in farm property and of his beautiful country seat at Newmarket—which is an object lesson in scientific and artistic agriculture.

He is a member of the Anglican church and married Sarah, eldest daughter of the late James Crowther. His youngest son, Cawthra, a lad of about 14, is reputed to be the wealthiest

boy of his age in Canada, to him having fallen the lion's share of the late Mrs. Cawthra-Murray's wealth.

Although a member of Parliament, Mr. Mulock never uses a railway pass, and, although Postmaster-General, he does not take advantage of the franking privilege, except for official correspondence. This alone is sufficient to mark him out as a noteworthy man.

Strongly devoted to our Imperial connection, it was Mr. Mulock who in 1890 moved an address affirming the loyalty of the Canadian people to the Motherland. This address was unanimously adopted by both Houses of Parliament, and had an important effect at the time, not only on the British, Canadian and American public, but elsewhere, as those who are posted on the inside history of parties in this country are well aware. Mr. Mulock's name is also inseparably associated with the inauguration of Imperial Penny Postage and with

the Pacific Cable scheme. Last session he had the honor of introducing and seeing passed the first actual legislation in connection with the latter scheme which has been placed upon the statute books of any country within the Empire.

A large share of his attention has been given to educational matters—principally in connection with the University of Toronto. His broad culture and shrewd business methods have proved a strong combination both in public and private affairs, and his executive ability is admittedly of an unusually high order.

ORIGIN OF HUMBLE PIE.

ONE of the entertaining passages in the just published volume of "A New English Dictionary" is that dealing with the history of the phrase "humble pie." "Why humble pie?" asks

The Academy. "Pies are not humble dishes, nor do most people feel humble when they are helped to pie. Eating the leek is quite another matter. We may not all be, like Pistol, 'qualmish' at the smell of that wholesome vegetable, but his swallowing it under the blows of Fluellen is a picture which will for ever elucidate and consecrate the phrase. The explanation of 'humble pie' may still be new to many. 'Umbls' are the heart, liver and other inward parts of the deer, and were the huntsman's perquisites. Dr. Brewer says: 'When the lord and his household dined, the venison pasty was served on the dais, but the humbles were made into a pie for the huntsman and his fellows.' It seems reasonable to the great majority of people, and Dr. Murray suggests that 'humble pie' combines the two notions in a jocular way."



HON. WM. MULOCK.



When from his bed the sun doth rise
And flecks the links with gold,
And blossoms rub their sleepy eyes
And to the day unfold;
Oh then away with sluggard sleep!
The caddie waits below
And far afield, the clubs to wield
A-golfing we will go heigho!
A-golfing we will go

F. H. Bateholder in Munsey's.

THOUGH trains are not perhaps accommodating enough, nor players sufficiently keen to follow the example of the sun and flowers quite as closely as the song suggests, there begins to be a marked difference at the Dixie links already.

Throughout the summer the golfers have been in evidence, and very much so, as far as the men's club is concerned. For among the busy people whose interests are in money markets, stocks, law courts and the like, as much as in long drives, approach shots, and bunkers, holidays are not so lengthy as to create any appreciable difference in the number of red coats dotted over the greens.

WITH the ladies' club, however, it is not the same. Excepting those members summering in the neighborhood, there have been few left in town to participate in the game. But the returning hordes from mountain, gulf and sea are changing all that. A capital new swing, an improvement in general style, a lately-acquired skill in putting, are not to be forgotten or lost completely for want of practice. So short skirts and thick boots are donned again, with a sigh of satisfaction, and the traffic in enthusiasts for Dixie, on early or afternoon trains, has begun once more in full force. Not the smallest feature of the delights of the popular links is the completion of the new club house, where woman reigns supreme.

Great credit is due to the president and committee, and to many kind friends and co-workers, whose energy and generosity have made such an enterprise feasible. Though, through the courtesy of the Royal Montreal Golf Club, the ladies were supplied with both a dressing-room and club-room, the length of their membership list, as compared with the accommodation, and the feeling that their quarters were but temporary, rendered the steps taken a necessity even more than a luxury.

The new club house, though not large, is exceedingly pretty, and is possessed of a verandah, the dimensions of which are an ever-present source of congratulation among the tea-drinking parties that gather there for a well-earned rest after a well-contested round. And when, as will soon be the case, the entire building is "swept and garnished," it is needless to add that, throughout, there will be no lack of taste, either from a useful or an artistic point of view.

GOLF, as an exercise and a recreation for women, infected Montreal at the right time. It was introduced before the innovation of bicycles, but it has taken a firm hold upon society of the feminine order really since that time. Girls who had been called to "that state of life" wherein pleasure forms the largest of the component parts, had discovered that they lacked an outlet for superfluous energy and spirits. So that, perforce, they turned to the amusements provided for the opposite sex, in which, though they could not join, they could foster an extravagant interest hitherto unawakened. Thus it happened that the keenest and most excited onlookers at football and hockey were the sisters and cousins and friends, who might not, alas, wear the canvas jacket and nose-guard, or wield the stick, but who knew to the smallest detail how the ball should be heeled out, or the puck lifted, and were never slow to give the required, or at least well-meant, advice.

THERE were tea parties or suppers, as the case might be, after these matches, where tears and smiles, as a result of victory or defeat, encouraged or distressed the heroic upholders of sport. And there were long and frenzied discussions in boudoirs, or drawing-rooms or at dinner tables, as to play as it might or should have been, and had been.

In fact, it was as though a tidal wave had struck Montreal and could not be forced back, no matter how the old-fashioned upholders of head-work, pianoforte practice, polite conversation and an occasional dance as the sum of a girl's dissipation, might rail or look askance, or shake their heads.

BUT golf has caused a reaction,—whether it be beneficial or otherwise shall be left unsaid. Suffice it to repeat, the reaction has come. Cricket and football and hockey still have their feminine devotees, and rightly so. An intelligent interest is evinced in all sports and athletics, and thereby is formed at least one bond of congeniality between young husbands and wives, sisters and brothers, and those who are friends only. But the intensity, it may almost be termed ferocity, of enthusiasm has died a natural death, and there are none to mourn for it.

On the huge stand at the athletic grounds, around the rope encircled campus at McGill, or in the tiered seats of the Arena, there is seen no lack of smiling, eager faces surmounted by flowered or plumed hats that assuredly are not the head-dresses of men. But the snatches of conversation that are caught by the eavesdropper hint of record drives, improvements in clubs, hard-working committees, brooms and stones, and how to "soup it up," to say nothing of outside edge, pigeon wings and ransoms; which goes to prove that energy and spirits are well-directed and are free from hysterical excitement. Undoubtedly, woman has her own position in the athletic field, and as long as she recognizes her limitations and exhibits no tendency to usurp territory out of her bounds, may she long stand firm.

ON September 10, His Lordship, Bishop Bond, celebrated his 84th birthday, receiving on that day the heartfelt congratulations of numerous relations and friends. It does much towards exemplifying the benefits derived from living a well-ordered, well-regulated, abstemious and industrious life, when one looks at the stalwart form and firm tread of our Bishop as he attends to his daily duties. His kindly face and genial manner would be much missed in Montreal by people of all sects and denominations, and the wish that all hope may be fulfilled is, that His Lordship may enjoy many years of health and happiness.

MRS. E. H. KING and the Misses Budden have returned to town after a pleasant summer at Cacoua. The Misses Budden will leave very shortly for Paris, accompanied by their aunt, Miss Annie Budden, and will remain abroad for some months, studying music and art. Miss Jessica Shelton, daughter of Mrs. Charles Shelton, will also form one of the party.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HOLT and little Miss Cynthia Holt, Milton street, are once more established in their town house, after a pleasant holiday at Scarborough and Beaconsfield.

Mrs. George Molson and Miss Molson, Bishop street, have returned from a visit to Georgeville.

Miss Dorothy Shepherd, eldest daughter of Dr. Shepherd, arrived last week from Paris, where she has been studying for some time. Miss Shepherd will probably make her debut this winter.

AMONG the debutantes of the coming season are Miss Clouston and Miss Marjorie Clouston, daughters of Mr. E. S. Clouston; Miss Lily Peterson, daughter of Mr. P. A. Peterson; the Misses Gilmour, daughters of Mr. David Gilmour;

and Miss Bettie Burnett, daughter of Mrs. James Burnett. It is hoped that the winter will be an unusually gay one.

MR. AND **M**R.S. **H. MONTAGU** ALLAN, Miss Allan and Master Allan, are among the latest arrivals from Cacouma, where they have passed the summer months.

Miss Lucy Redpath, MacTavish street, leaves very shortly for England, where she intends spending the winter months.

Miss Dolly Mitchell, New York, has returned to Montreal on a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mitchell.

MR.S. **T. C. KIDD**, University street, has returned from Scotland, where she has been visiting relatives since the spring.

Mrs. F. C. Annesley and little Master Annesley, who have been spending some months with Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, "Thornholme," leave next week for Toronto, where they will join Mr. Annesley, and make their home.

MR.S. **ALEX. EWAN**, the Misses Ewan, and Mr. D. Ewan, Sherbrooke street, are once more established in town, after a delightful summer at Georgeville.

IT IS with keen pleasure that all music lovers in Montreal greet the announcement made by the managers of Her Majesty's Theatre, in regard to the appearance in October of the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company. But once in a lifetime are we afforded the opportunity of hearing such a collection of stars in this city, and from this time forward there will be a large number of people saving and planning, in order to be present at one, at least, of the performances. The very names of Calve, Edward de Rezke, Semblich, Placona, Campanari, remove all doubt of success, and the only thought to mar pleasure will be the dissatisfaction that must needs run riot when, during the remainder of the season, lesser lights will have to content us.

ON Thursday afternoon, at Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, the marriage took place of Miss Amy Martin, daughter of Mr. Martin, of "Ballinahinch," to Mr. Phillip Du Moulin, son of the Bishop of Niagara, and also of Miss O'D. Martin to Mr. Phillip Luxton, of Denver, Col. A double wedding is such an unusual occurrence that it is always interesting, but in this case it is especially so, on account of the popularity of those connected with it. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the family residence, "Ballinahinch."

MR.S. **ROBERT CASSELS**, Peel street, is at present visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Cote St. Antoine.

Miss Aimee Cassels will spend the winter in London where she is at present studying photography.

Autumn is evidently a most popular season for weddings, or is so, at least this year. Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec papers teem with descriptions of "pretty" weddings—"pretty," occasionally varied by the use of "quiet," seems to be the most favored adjective in descriptive accounts.

MISS **WOLFERSTAN THOMAS** has returned to town from Georgeville, where she has been visiting Miss Ella Molson.

MR. **JAMES GILLESPIE** and family have taken possession of their lately completed house on Stanley street, after a summer spent as usual at Ste. Anne's. Their late residence is now tenanted by Mrs. John Ogilvie.

The race meeting of the Country and Hunt Club to be given over the Woodbine course, from Saturday, September 23 to Saturday, September 30, is an event of great import in both sporting and social circles. The collection of race horses is said to be larger and better than of any preceding years, and the gentleman owners and riders in the hunt events are also greater in numbers. Some prominent Montrealeers are among those taking part, and it is hoped and expected they will return with honors.

ON September 28, 29 and 30, will take place the reception accorded by the city of New York to Admiral Dewey—and probably when those days have passed there will not be a greater sigh of relief uttered than that which will escape the hero of Manila, even though honor is distasteful to no one, and gratitude must ever be a quality possessed by the truly great. But if he is similar in this to the heroes of the past, as he is said to be in other respects, the excessive glorification of a brave man's brave deeds and fulfilment of duty will begin to pall upon him. Not that we are forgetting the endless receptions and extraordinary demonstrations of regard, almost worship, enjoyed by our own hero of the Soudan, the Sirdar. Far from it. We recollect it with pleasure. It is only to be regretted that in Admiral Dewey's case the fulsome flattery of yellow journalism has, it can be imagined, imbued him with a loathing of notoriety before the genuine admiration of his fellow-countrymen has had a chance to be demonstrated.

MR.S. **A. T. PATERSON**, Miss Paterson, Sherbrooke street, and Mrs. James Law, and Little Miss Madge Law, are among the last arrivals from Cacouma.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott and Master H. Scott, have returned to town from Ste. Agathe, where they have spent the summer. They will shortly take possession of their new house, 962 Sherbrooke street, which has been undergoing extensive improvements during the past few months, and which bids fair to become, both within and without, a most charming residence.

MISS **ALICE ESDAILE**, University street, is at present in Milwaukee, where she is visiting Mrs. Alex. Young and Miss Young.

Mrs. D. Lorne Macdougall, and Miss Macdougall, have closed up their pretty cottage at Cacouma, and are once more established at the Windsor, where they intend spending the winter.

LADY **VAN HORNE** and the Misses Van Horne, who have spent most of the summer at their beautiful place, "Covenhoven," St. Andrews, N.B., returned to town this week.

THE usual breakfast given by the members of the Montreal Hunt, at the Kennels, to mark the opening of the hunting season, by no means fell short of its predecessors in respect to enjoyment. The brightness of the day, the gay concourse of smartly-dressed people, and the pink coats of those mounted, each contributed in no small measure to the beauty of the scene. And to the fact that everyone seemed in the best of spirits, and full of enthusiasm, the success of the entertainment is no doubt due, for let the hosts do what they will in order to promote pleasure, their efforts are unavailing if the guests are indifferent and apathetic. The popular M.F.H., Mr. George R. Hooper, received, and before the start was made a sumptuous breakfast was partaken of at the prettily arranged tables in the dining-rooms and club-room. Among those present were: Mrs. Lorne Macdougall, Miss Macdougall, Mrs. G. R. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mrs. F. C. Lyman, Miss Lyman, Col. and Mrs. Stainford, Mr. Arthur Hamilton, Mr. J. T. Davies, Mrs. Gillespie, the Misses Gillespie, Miss Eadie, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Wheeler, Miss Arnton, Miss Robertson, Mrs. H. MacCulloch, Mr. Angus Hooper, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Hugh Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Allan, Dr. and Mrs. Buller, Comte and Comtesse des Etangs, Sir W. and Lady Hingston, Miss E. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Molson, Miss N. Molson, Mr. H. L. Spackman, Mr. F. S. Meighen, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Reford, Mr. W. F. Angus, and many others.

ON Monday evening Miss Duff, 1134 Sherbrooke street, gave a most delightful dinner in honor of Mr. Schirmer, to which were invited the bridesmaids and ushers who attended Miss Ramsay at her wedding.

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

MISS CARO BRAINERD spent a few days this week at Cartierville, the guest of Mrs. Hartland B. Macdougall.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Reynolds to Mr. Huntley Drummond, second son of the Hon. Geo. A. Drummond. Miss Reynolds is at present visiting relatives in the United States. She is very well known in Montreal as an eloquentist of more than ordinary ability, and also as a most prominent member in the Gariick Theatrical Club. Mr. Drummond is very popular in society, and used at one time to be a leading spirit in athletic circles.

Miss Ramsay, Metcalfe street, has returned from Magog, where she was visiting her brother, Monsignor Ramsay, at his delightful country house.

MR. CAMPBELL P. HOWARD returned from England this week after a summer spent on the Continent, in company with his sister, Miss Marjorie Howard, who will remain in Paris to continue her studies.

Dr. Paterson, Principal of McGill College, returned this week from a long holiday spent in England, Scotland, and on the Continent.

Mrs. J. Gillespie Muir, Miss Muir, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson and family, and Mrs. Fayette Brown and the Misses Brown are among the well-known people who have returned from summering at Pointe a Pic.

CAPT. GULLY, R.N., and Miss Gully, of Georgeville, spent the "week end" in Montreal, the guests of Mrs. Colin Campbell, Metcalfe street.

Mrs. Burnett, 27 Ontario avenue, has issued invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Burnett, to Mr. James Pangman, on Wednesday, October 4, at 4.30, St. Paul's church, and also to the reception after the ceremony.

ON Saturday last, Her Excellency the Countess of Minto gave a very pleasant "At Home" from 4 to 6 o'clock at the Citadel, Quebec. The large number of guests included His Honor Lieut.-Governor Jette, and Madame Jette, Sir Hector Langevin, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, and Lady Bedford, Sir Napoleon and Lady Casault, and many representative Quebec society people. Quite a number of garrison officers, too, were present, and the artillery band provided an excellent programme of music.

MRS. ARTHUR HAMILTON, who has been so seriously ill for some time, is now well on the road to recovery.

Mr. Edmund Cape has returned from Lethbridge, Alberta, having been appointed demonstrator in one of the engineering departments in the Faculty of Applied Science, McGill.

Mr. Bertie Cassels, of Toronto, who arrived this week by the Train, spent a few days in town, the guest of Mr. Campbell P. Howard.

AT Reading, Eng., on October 23, the Rational Dress League, an organization, it is scarcely necessary to add, made up of women, proposes to hold a large meeting. Their meeting at Oxford two years ago, and the dinner, to which none but "rationally," or let us say "irrationally," dressed ladies were admitted, has not yet been forgotten. This year, however, in that one particular, their ideas have modified, and those who wish to dine with them may dress according to their taste. The Viscountess Herbertson is to preside, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine will also air their views, which are evidently similar to those of the League. Otherwise, the high places, one would imagine, would not be their's. Mrs. Sarah Grand will also hold a prominent position, but that creates no surprise. That lady will ever be to the fore wherever "woman, hitherto oppressed and trodden under foot," makes an opportunity to

proclaim opinions that come under the category of things better left unsaid. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of whom lately we have heard but little, has likewise received an invitation. Then, with Marie Corelli to respond to the toast of "Men, as they ought to be, and are not," the success of the entertainment is assured.

Fashions may be, and often are, grotesque, but all sensible women can and do arrange their costumes so as to be sensibly and yet well dressed. Since, for generations, skirts have been worn, and have been proved during the past few years to be no material hindrance to participation in any reasonable pastime or occupation, where does the necessity for knickerbockers, divided skirts, or whatever the League advocates, arise? Comfort may be justly placed before looks, but a combination of the two is surely preferable and possible. The estimable Mrs. Bloomer, who in 1849 donned the garments named after her, may have found the costume suited her, but so may the person who invented the crinoline have been pleased with its balloon-like appearance. Naturally, every question can be argued from two standpoints. But let us hope that Canadian women, at least, will adhere to "rational" dress, as they interpret the word, and leave the members of the League to demonstrate their free translation by whatever means they choose.

MISS BROCK, Hutchison street, left last Friday to spend some weeks visiting friends in Maryland, U.S.A.

ON Wednesday evening, at St. Paul's Church, the marriage of Mr. Charles G. Schirmer, to Miss Katherine Duff Ramsay, daughter of the late Robert Ramsay, Esq., Q.C., was solemnized. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, and Mr. J. Henry Robinson presided at the beautiful new organ. The church was profusely decorated with large palms and flowering plants, the lovely embankment of white flowers and smilax in front of the pulpit being especially noticeable. The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. Hew Ramsay, looked most charming in a handsome gown of white satin, the creation of a Boston modiste. Her bouquet was of white roses. The maid of honor, Miss Burrell, of Chicago, wore a very smart frock of pink mousseline de soie, over pink silk, with sparkling butterfly and osprey in her hair. The bridesmaids, Miss Edith Cassils and Miss Peverley, were alike in frocks of white mousseline de soie over pink slips, and wore butterflies similar to Miss Burrell. All carried lovely bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Jones, of Boston, fulfilled the customary duties of the "best man," and the ushers were: Mr. John Saxe, of New York, Mr. Huntly Davis, Mr. Huntly Duff, cousin of the bride; Mr. Huntly Gordon, Mr. Jack Wolfertan Thomas, and Mr. Duff. A very large and fashionable assembly of guests was present, and after the ceremony a reception was held by Miss Duff, aunt of the bride, at the family residence, 1114 Sherbrooke street, to which only the relatives and most intimate friends were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer left by a late train and will spend their honeymoon in the States. Their future home will be at Wellesley Hills, Mass. The bride's going-away costume was a tailor-made suit of light grey, with pretty white silk blouse, and smart grey felt hat with white scarf and eagle's leather.

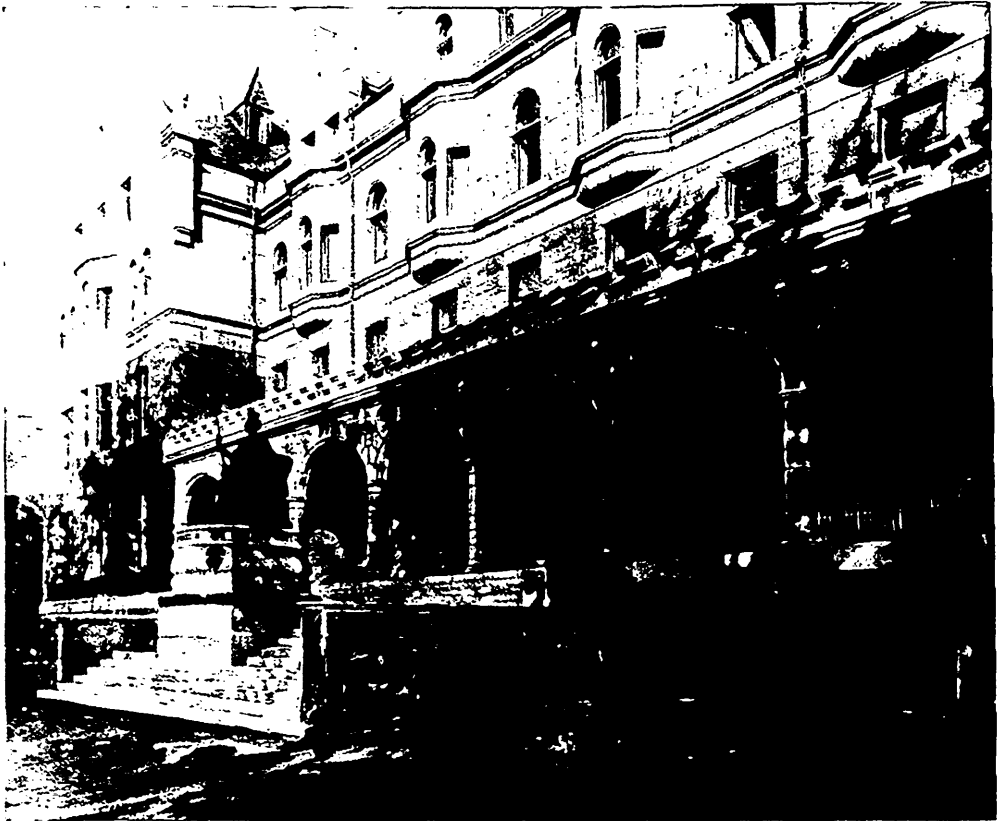
SUPERLATIVE.

ONE hot summer's day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at one of our country stations asked a porter, who was lying on one of the seats, where the stationmaster lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said:

"If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two and six-pence."

The porter, not moving an inch, replied:

"Put it in my pocket, gov'nor."



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

THE NEW COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

ONE million, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—such has been the munificent donation of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal to the cause of the higher education of Canadian women.

The above charming view of the main entrance and a portion of the front elevation of the new Royal Victoria College, is tangible evidence of His Lordship's interest in the culture of the future wives and mothers of Canadians, and tells its tale far better than any sum total of dollars and cents can do. The college, which forms a part of McGill University, was opened last week. No description in cold type can do it justice. From roof to basement, both externally and internally, it is palatial, substantial and complete.

A great deal of credit is due to Mr. P. A. Peterson, chief engineer of the C.P.R., who acted for Lord Strathcona in looking after all matters of detail, and who gave much of his valuable time and thought to see that the great work should not be marred by the slightest error or oversight. At the main entrance stands a statue of the Queen, designed by the Princess Louise. The rear commands a fine view of the wooded bluffs of Mount Royal in the distance, and of the university buildings and college campus close at hand. The building contains everything that is necessary to make a well-appointed home and school combined—beautiful suites of bedrooms and study-rooms, library, music-room, refectory, baths, gymnasium, assembly hall, drawing-rooms, servants' apartments and so forth.

It is finished and furnished in the most exquisite taste. Green and oak are the prevailing colors throughout, but there

is a pleasing variation in some of the rooms. The committee room, for instance, is in blue and terra cotta, while the warden's office has a carpet in daffodils and bluebells, designed by Walter Crane, and a wallpaper in poppies and corn. Then, there is the dining-room, with deep blood-red and cream walls and ceiling, oak woodwork and dark oiled floors, and the assembly-room in rich greens and gold, with laurel wreaths prominent in the mural designs. Pink appears to some extent, but is subordinate to the green and oak shades.

The majority of the students' rooms are laid off in suites of three—two bedrooms with study between. Each suite is provided with ample cupboard room. The average cost to the student for board and instruction will be about \$400 per annum. Women are permitted to proceed to all regular university degrees in arts and pure science—B.A., M.A., B.Sc., and M.Sc.

The warden of the college is Miss Hilda Diana Oakley, of Somerville College, Oxford. The resident tutors are Miss Annie M. McLean, Ph. D., (Acadia and Chicago) in political science; Miss Susan E. Cameron, M.A., (McGill) in English. Other officers are: Miss Harriet Brooks, B.A., (McGill) non-resident tutor in mathematics; Miss Gairdner, acting secretary, and Mrs. Jarvis, matron-housekeeper.

Truly, the education of women has made great strides in the past couple of decades. As we scan the above picture, it is almost impossible to realize that only twelve years ago girls were first admitted to lectures at McGill College—without the privilege of proceeding to degrees. Step by step their position in the university has been improved, until now, with the opening of the Royal Victoria, the provision for their instruction and their home-life is as ample as in any of the great universities of the world. The college was conceived with the idea of providing Montreal with a memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee that should fitly honor one of the best types of womanhood to be found in universal history. It will be an enduring monument, not only to the Victorian era, but to the public spirit of a far-seeing and generous citizen.

Our 5-Minute Story

THE IRON OF REMORSE.

A STORY OF THE TRAIL.

IT IS never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but, being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and Heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it, and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But, as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let women enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win approval of the War Department and the gratitude of his country, was to avoid wirepulling and to kill Indians. Therefore, he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatta took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring scepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and covered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there!" the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was grey and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir!"

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but it is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest, unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior officer for which he should have been court-martialled. After that, the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatta's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but, when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were written upon his face. And it was a pitifully young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful barytone in song, be the camp ever so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his:

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dish-faced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops, and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—*one, alone and unguarded*—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come, he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains, when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as he could. Moreover, he said—that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain, incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"You're death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Captain Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their



HER IDEA OF IT.

MRS. UNSOFIST: They say that the Quail can steam twenty-four knots in an hour.

MR. UNSOFIST: That's what she can do.

MRS. UNSOFIST: I suppose they steam them so that the poor sailors can untie them more easily.

lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide around a cowskin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin; but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eyes, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this I go back to the soldiers, and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then; but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. Hesat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation to-day. He say you ukishec quick," said the interpreter. Mickworth turned deliberately and ukisheed with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again and again.

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackworth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.—The Argonaut.

THE VISITING ADMIRAL.

SIR FREDERICK BEDFORD, K.C.B., the officer commanding the North American squadron made a decidedly favorable impression in both Quebec and Montreal, where a number of his ships have been last week and this. The admiral, an excellent portrait of whom is here given, took command of the British fleet on the North American station last spring, succeeding Sir John Fisher, who assumed the Mediterranean station. He served in the Crimea and Egypt, and carried to a successful issue the Gambia, Benue and Brass River Expedition in 1854-55. He was, moreover, the captain of the Shah when she engaged the Peruvian ironclad Huascar. No more popular officer ever commanded the Cape station than Sir Frederick, and, on his departure, an address was presented to him by the



ADMIRAL BEDFORD.

people of the Colony expressing their regret at his leaving. Sir Frederick is the author of those able manuals the "Sailor's Pocket Book," "Sailor's Handbook," and "Sailor's Ready Reference Book."

TIS DESTINY UNSHUNNABLE AS DEATH

MRS. YAWLOR.—Oh, if I were only a man!
YAWLOR.—And if you were, you would do like the rest of us—marry some cross-tempered old woman, I bet a dollar.

DRAMATIC LIFE.

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, in Victor Herbert's *Singing Girl*, at Her Majesty's next week, promises to be a popular attraction. This is one of the four new operas which Mr. Herbert has written this season—the others being the *Ameer*, for Daniels, *Cyranus de Bergerac*, for Wilson, and one not yet named, for the *Bostonians*.

WHEN the entire company from the Metropolitan Opera House, of New York, appear in this city next month, an absolute majority of the most famous singers of the present generation will figure in its roster. Such an enormous operatic enterprise has never before been undertaken in America, and no where else has there been an impressario so bold and courageous as to gather together an aggregation of such size and expense, as Mr. Maurice Grau has engaged. It is the very apotheosis of the star system. The operas to be given here include the best works of the foremost French, Italian and German composers. Special attention will be given to the manner in which the various works are produced, as the stage management is in the hands of an expert, whose achievements in Paris, Brussels, London and New York, are noteworthy. The entire chorus, ballet and orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House will be used in all the performances here. In fact, it is the policy of Mr. Grau not only to maintain the high excellence of this celebrated organization, but to surpass all previous achievements as well. The company's dates here will be October 16-19, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS offers an entirely new class of attraction to that which its patrons have been accustomed for the coming week. It is a question if any more brilliant actor or author has been in Montreal for some time than is Mr. Tyrone Power, who was one of Mrs. Fiske's leading men when she was in Montreal a few weeks ago. Mr. Power wrote and played the unique drama, *The Texan*. He presented it with unqualified success, until the more lucrative position was offered him with the big company. *The Texan* is a play dealing with Western life, yet some of the scenes are laid in the East. The title role will be played by Mr. Lucius Henderson, who has won much fame already in Montreal. Mr. McGrane, Mr. Webber, Mr. Nelson, and others will have good parts, and the ladies in particular are said to have been well cast. The vaudeville bill will be headed by the Romalo Brothers, who have been doing a singularly original act throughout the United States and Europe. They come here for the first time with the highest praise of the American press. Other features will be added to make a programme for the coming week which will be in keeping with the record of the Francais.

A CABLE has been received stating that the entire English company, together with the scenery, properties, etc., for *The Sign of the Cross* have sailed on the ss. *Scotsman*, of the Dominion Line, arriving in Montreal about Sept. 24. They will open their American tour at the Academy of Music here.



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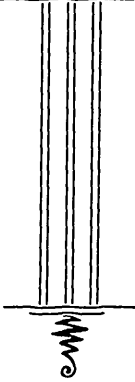
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MYER—Pshaw! That's impossible.

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"What do you mean by ole? Do you mean oil?"

"Naw. Not ole, but ole wot yer drinks!"

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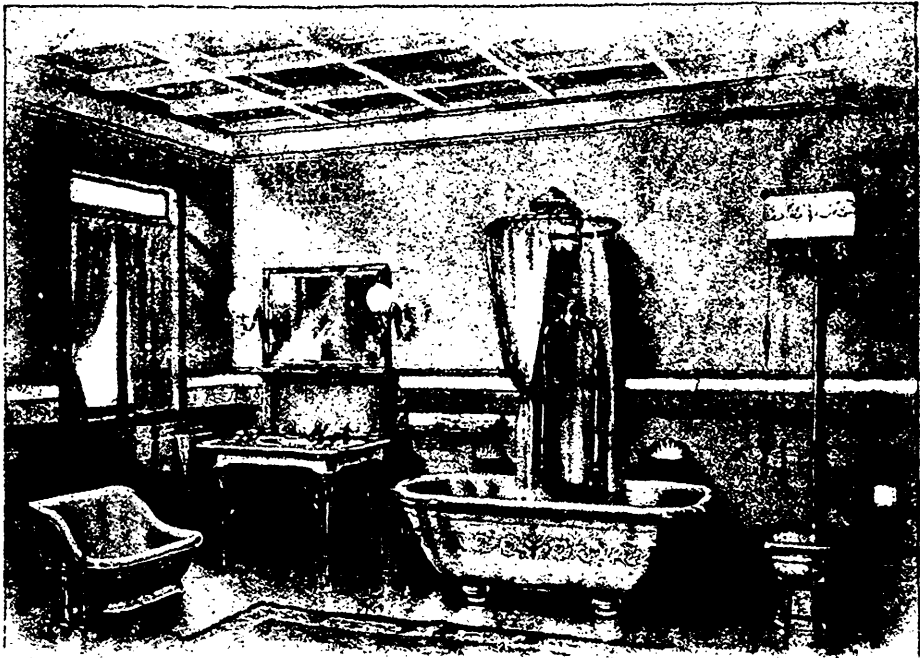
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DRAMATIC--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

SINCERE regret was felt amongst theatre-goers who were looking forward to *What Happened to Jones*, at the Queen's this week, that owing to the collapse of a part of the Scroggie block, it was impossible to open that house to the public. The accident was most unfortunate and annoying, not only to Manager Ritchie, but to the company which was to have presented this laughable farce.

THE EVIL EYE, which is the attraction at Her Majesty's this week, is in the hands of a good company, which presents Mr. Yale's extravaganza in a manner that is not open to serious criticism. This is not the highest class of dramatic or musical composition, but it is clever, abounding in the unexpected and the absurd. People who believe that a little nonsense now and then is a good tonic should see it before it leaves town.

THE majority of people have either seen Herne's *Shore Acres* or have read enough about it to be familiar with the general character of the piece. There is a strange charm about this simple, wholesome drama. In the hands of the company now at the Academy none of this charm is lost, and although the play was produced but a short time ago in Montreal many people have gone to see it a second time this week. The company, with one or two exceptions, are decidedly good in their respective parts. The women, however, are inferior to the men, and the character of Helen Berry scarcely receives adequate interpretation. Of the juvenile parts one can speak in the highest praise—they are taken in a capital manner. Altogether the performance is a worthy one, and no one will make a mistake by seeing it to-night or to-morrow.

MISS HELEN BYRON, in the role of Bob, at the Theatre Francais, is displaying good histrionic ability and making a decided hit this week with the patrons of that theatre. The play is a comedy-drama of the popular sort, and is fairly well presented. An interesting vaudeville performance adds to the attractiveness of the show.

ON Thursday evening a large audience greeted Mrs. Chas. Van Studdiford, formerly Miss Grace Quive, reënter comic opera as a star, taking the place of Miss Hilda Clarke as Yvette. Mrs. Van Studdiford's initial performance gave splendid promise of a brilliant future. Possessed of a sweet and powerful voice, a pleasing personality and good ability as an actress, she at once made a favorable impression, which was deepened as her part proceeded. We confidently expect that Mrs. Van Studdiford's career will fully justify the wisdom of Mr. John P. Slocum in taking her up as a prima donna.

A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE is the title of a romantic play in four acts, which comes to the Academy of Music next week, commencing Monday. Howard Hall is the author and takes the leading role. The story deals with the unexpected return of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, and his subsequent exile to St. Helena.

The first act opens at the Chateau de Vere, in the little village of La Fere, situated upon a beautiful island at the confluence of the Rivers Serre and Aisne, about midway between Paris and the Belgian frontier. Eugene Count de Vere, the King's Procuror-General to Grenoble, a city of importance in

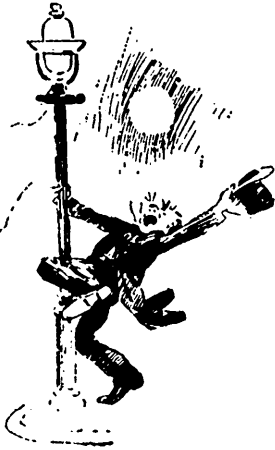
the south of France, arrives at the chateau, his former home, and is given an affectionate welcome by the members of the household, consisting of an aunt (Mathilde), now a widow, her daughter Vivette, a light-hearted girl of seventeen; Hortense, a governess, and his sister Louise. Later, the village notary, M. Moulinet, and his nephew Hector, call to pay their respects to the young count. When questioned as to the cause of his sudden homecoming, Eugene relates the story of Napoleon's escape from Elba, how he, as the King's Procuror-General to Grenoble, mustered his forces and went out to resist the Emperor's advance; how his soldiers threw down their arms and flocked around Napoleon, rending the air with their cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"; how he himself hastened to Paris, warned His Majesty, Louis XVIII, of his peril and assisted in his flight; and how, an hour later, Napoleon arrived and issued a warrant for his arrest, how he eluded the officers and hastened to his old room in La Fere.

Louise, his sister, while out for a gallop that morning



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

encountered three officers, one of whom, Gilbert de Montville, rescued her from a very ugly fall. Word was brought in that three officers in the village were making inquiries for the Count de Vere. A plan is at once devised for Eugene's escape to Belgium. He starts for the frontier, the notary's nephew volunteering to serve as a decoy by mounting the horse which the young Count had ridden from Paris, and drawing the officers off in another direction. Captain de Montville arrives at the chateau with two of his soldiers, in search of the fugitive. The soldiers are stationed without to guard the house. De Montville enters the chateau, and to his astonishment is confronted by Hortense, now a governess, but formerly a member of the nobility, and to whom, some two years previous, he was betrothed. Their meeting is a dramatic one, and Hortense



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DRAMATIC--(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

pleads for the return of the old love. But Gilbert is unresponsive. Realizing that her love is hopeless, and seeing that the object of her worship is attracted by the charming personality of Louise, she is confronted with a terrible temptation to wreck the happiness of the one who unconsciously comes between her and her last hope of happiness.

She speaks the word that betrays the plan of Eugene's escape. At this instant, however, the signal agreed upon is given and the notary's nephew gallops past the window. An officer rushes in saying, "Our man is escaping." De Montville goes to the window and calls after him "Halt, or I fire." His lieutenant levels his pistol to carry out the order when Vivette, fearing for the life of her sweetheart, strikes it aside. The pistol explodes and Captain De Montville falls back wounded.

The second act finds Captain De Montville restored to health. During the long weeks of his convalescence, Louise was his nurse and constant companion, and the merry chiming of bells tell the story of their wedded happiness. The scene is the garden adjoining the Chateau de Vere, and Hortense, who remained at home, listens to the chiming bells that strike discord in her heart. But she conquers the spirit of revenge and determines to bend every effort of her being to the preservation of that happiness which she has lost and Louise has found. So that when the Count de Vere comes suddenly upon the scene with the avowed purpose of preventing the marriage, Hortense becomes his sister's champion and prevails upon him to avoid meeting Captain de Montville, who still holds the warrant for his arrest. But fate that tangles up the lives of men deals a more cruel blow. Gilbert and Louise return from the village church. Hortense has arranged a street meeting for brother and sister. The husband, looking from a window, sees his bride fly to the arms of a stranger. He hears the brother ask, "Why did you wed this adventurer?" He becomes suspicious, and when a moment later he comes from the house, Louise, to conceal her brother's identity, introduces him to Gilbert as "an old friend." Gilbert becomes wild with rage, and later when he again sees them locked in each other's arms, he flies to Eugene with drawn sword. Louise and Hortense, however, prevent a tragedy. In act third, husband and wife become still further estranged. Dramatic episodes follow till they culminate in an unexpected climax.

The last act tells of the battle of Waterloo and of Napoleon's exile to St. Helena. This news relieves the dramatic tension and the tangled skein of the drama is quickly and beautifully unravelled.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Oscar Hammerstein has been appointed director of the entertainment to be given at the banquet and smoker to be tendered to the crew of the U. S. S. Olympia at the Waldorf Astoria during the big Dewey carnival at the end of September.

Augustus Beitzell's new war drama, *The American Admiral*, showing Dewey's victory at Manila, an elaborate scenic production, took the road about September 15. Harry Keefer will be starred, and Alice Wambold and O. L. Jenkins have been engaged.

Amy Leslie is about to publish, through Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, a book of personal sketches of theatrical people, to be entitled "Some Players," a serious effort to give an adequate account of the players of our time. It should find ready welcome from people interested in the stage.

Virginia Carlyle has come to America from London with the design of presenting the ancient East Indian drama *Sakuntala*, lately shown by her in that city. This young actress is commended to attention in this play by Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," and by other learned persons interested in the literature of the East.

A Western newspaper, *The Oakland Enquirer*, in a recent number, noted the wonderful growth of tolerance on the part of the pulpit toward the stage in its locality. It mentioned several clergymen who had lately taken special pains to commend the stage as an institution whose better manifestations are in line with social progress.

An American paper asks: "Why should not the United States have a national academy of dramatic art? We have a training school for soldiers, we have an academy at which we educate and instruct those who are to have charge of our navies. All over the country are great universities, practically public and free to all. No one in America need go without the



QUITE HARMLESS, UNLESS--

FIRST BOY --Dev say cigarettes hurts a feller's lungs. Do yer believe it?
 SECOND BOY --Naw; dey don't hurt yer at all unless yer dad ketches yer smokin' 'em.

most liberal education. If one wishes to be a doctor, the way is prepared for him. If he has a call to the pulpit, there are colleges which will make him a clergyman. To the worthy all these are free. The slightest personal effort will entitle any boy or girl to these great educational advantages. Yet, where is there a training school for actors? Next to the pulpit and the press, the stage is the great humanizer and exponent of morals. Its teachings are, perhaps, more effective than those of the pulpit or the newspaper, for the stage appeals to the eye and the heart as well as to the purely reasoning faculties. Therefore, we regard it as evident there should be a national school for actors—a national theatre, if you will."

The cynic seeks nature, not as what he loves, but as a refuge from what he hates.

FOOTBALL GOSSIP.

HARD and constant practice is already the watchword amongst the football teams composing the senior league, and, by October 7, the date of the first match, the men should be ready for any experiences they are likely to encounter in the season's playing. The Britannias are putting in three mornings a week, and the Montreals are also hard at work. On Saturday the latter had 45 men out for practice. It is said the Britannias' forward line will average 175 to 180 pounds. If active in proportion, they will make it warm for any opposing line. The average weight of the whole team is expected to be at least 165 or 166 pounds. The backs, if a trifle light, are said to be fast and full of ginger. Under the coaching of Mr. Wally Hagar, late of the Montreals, they ought to have no difficulty in getting into good shape. What they don't know about work behind the line, Mr. Hagar is fully competent to teach them. As for the outside teams, Brockville had their first practice last week, and, according to report, it was entirely satisfactory. The Brockvilles started out with the determination to have a daily practice, which looks as though they meant to be decidedly in the game. Ottawa College are reported to be strong, are practising hard, and may have some big surprises in store for their opponents. The unexpected withdrawal of the Kingston Granites, without deigning to explain their reason for their action, has necessitated a general revision of the schedule of the league, which is now as follows:

SENIOR SERIES: October 7—Ottawa vs. Brockville, Britannia vs. Montreal. October 14—Brockville vs. Britannia, Montreal vs. Ottawa College. October 21—Britannia vs. Ottawa, Brockville vs. Montreal. October 28—Ottawa vs. Britannia, Montreal vs. Brockville. November 4—Montreal vs. Britannia, Brockville vs. Ottawa. November 11—Ottawa vs. Montreal; Britannia vs. Brockville.

INTERMEDIATE MATCHES (Eastern): October 14—Lennoxville vs. Quebec. October 21—Quebec vs. Lennoxville.

WESTERN: Brockville—a bye.

CENTRAL: October 7—Westmount vs. Montreal, McGill vs. Britannia. October 14—McGill vs. Montreal, Britannia vs. Westmount. October 21—Montreal vs. Britannia; Westmount vs. McGill.

SEMI-FINALS: October 28—Winners of Eastern and Western series play off at Montreal.

FINAL: November 4—Winners of Central series travel to home grounds of winners of semi-finals.

JUNIOR MATCHES: September 30—Montreal vs. Pt. St. Charles. October 7—Quebec vs. Pt. St. Charles; Montreal vs. Britannia. McGill vs. Westmount. October 14—Quebec vs. Britannia; Pt. St. Charles vs. Westmount. October 21—Quebec vs. Montreal; Pt. St. Charles vs. McGill. October 28—McGill vs. Quebec; Britannia vs. Pt. St. Charles; Westmount vs. Montreal. November 4—Quebec vs. Westmount; Britannia vs. McGill. November 11—McGill vs. Montreal, Westmount vs. Britannia.

DOES COLLEGE EDUCATION EDUCATE?

A RECENT writer, discussing college education as generally understood, points out that the average man, who is vastly in the majority, is, in America, a business man in some sense or other. He manufactures, he trades, he finances, or he manages. The bulk of the professions range between the corner grocery and the financier's office. We are a nation of business men. We are other things also—but primarily we are business men.

Now, take an average case. Suppose a well-to-do merchant, manufacturer, banker, financier, or railroad man—say the head of a foundry. He has a son, to whom he will leave the business when he dies, and who is expected to succeed him. This boy is sent to school. When he reaches the age of nineteen, he studies for college, passes the examinations, and begins his four years' course. His father, the manufacturer, gives him an allowance, and he sits down to Horace. Freshman, sophomore, junior, senior—four years pass. One spring afternoon he packs up his athletic medals, burns his Horace on the campus, and at twenty-three he leaves college. Thus at his second birth—the birth of his manhood, not of his childhood—he enters the world.

And what is he at this critical period, a period far more critical than that of his physical birth? He is almost always a good fellow, in spite of some degree of callow self-conceit. The world has not yet hardened him. Sometimes he is a brute, though the mere brutes are, after all, comparatively few. But above all he is young—so young!

Let us look at his outfit for life. In the first place he has studied with no definite ambition. He has thought: "My business is to study my Horace, I will arrange my life when I enter it." Or, more probably, he has thought nothing of the subject. His father, the manufacturer, has perhaps mentioned it. But is not the boy busy at his studies? How has he time for other things? And as to those studies, surely the professors, whose business it is, know more about such matters than a man whose occupation has been the making of steel rails, and who has forgotten what he learned in his college days, even if he should happen to be a college graduate.

So the son steps into the world, a man. In what? In trigonometry, calculus, Latin, or Greek. Can one be a man in these things? Yet, what else is he? An athlete? Perhaps. That is well, but is he going to make that a career? What else is he? Let us face it: he is a child and nothing else. So at the age of twenty-three he puts his foot on the first step and enters life to begin it. But there is coming to be too much competition in the world for this sort of thing to continue.

Even those who admit these observations usually adduce two benefits remaining from these four unapplicable years. These are, first, the habit of and ability to study; and second, friends. As to the first—could not the boy as readily acquire that ability in the study of subjects applicable to the career of his after life? Must Greek teach him railroad-building, or Livy teach mining, trigonometry, or the management of millions? True, it would be a narrow training for the boy to confine himself, in his studies, to the boundaries of the requirements of his profession as a man. But would he never read or think except through the forced impetus of the college requirements? It is a low opinion of mankind, and one which facts do not justify.

As to the second benefit of the college course, it is true that he makes friends. A boy may make good friends, but he may also make bad ones. If he makes good ones, he has received a great benefit from his course (though there is no reason why he should not have made quite as good friends outside, especially if his parents are not merely his parents). If he makes bad friends he has received a detriment.

IS IT POETRY?

THE LONDON ACADEMY says of Mr. Kipling's new poem, "Cruisers," that its 11 stanzas form an exposition of the functions of cruisers in war. But this expository note is hardly what we love in verse; it is more suited to a prose headnote. With the seventh stanza, however, the poem proper, as we conceive it, begins, for then Mr. Kipling is no longer explaining, but is receiving and conveying impressions. Here are three stanzas:

"Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the grey ridges all drabbed with rain—
Across the keen ridges all crisped and curled,
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

"The bitter salt spin-drift, the sun-glare likewise—
The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes
Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail
'Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head-gale.

"What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?
What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?
What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?
What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low
down?"

Does Mr. Kipling really call this poetry?

OF AND FOR WOMEN.

PURPLE is to be one of the fashionable colors of the season, and a touch of light or turquoise blue is considered decidedly chic with it. A faded green also looks well with bright purple.

THE JEWELER'S WEEKLY says that the popularity of coral is growing, both in Europe and in this country, and those best qualified to speak on the subject express the belief that the demand for coral jewelry this fall will be considerable.

"**CONFETTI**" paper has been used in place of rice at several weddings abroad to shower the departing couple, and there has been an effort to establish it in favor; but rice, the oldest of old emblems of good luck, still holds sway.

THE craze for tailor-made gowns seems to be somewhat on the wane in Paris. Last season there was absolutely nothing else considered for street use, both for morning and afternoon, but it seems probable now that the Parisians will reserve the tailor-made for special occasions, and that dainty wools, fashioned on coquettish lines, will be extensively used.

BRIDAL gowns are departing in these days from the conventional white satin and lace, tulle veil and orange blossoms, but the old superstition to wear

*Something old and something new
something borrowed and something blue*

is often remembered. The "something old" is likely to be some of the mother's bridal laces, the "something borrowed," a hairpin; and the "something blue," a draw ribbon in the lingerie.

THE custom of wearing informal dinner dress and full dress at the theatre seems a not unlikely outcome of the system of cheap cabs that the manager of two fashionable New York playhouses has had the enterprise to start. If his example is imitated, the streets of New York may duplicate those of London after the play, when crowds of hatless women are to be seen about the streets waiting for cabs, which, during an Irving engagement, or other popular representation, are not easy to get.

THE ATCHISON GLOBE says that Mrs. H. J. Cusack, who makes the remarkable corn millinery in connection with the corn carnival, is busily engaged on a bonnet which she will send to Queen Victoria. At the last corn carnival she sent a corn bonnet to Mrs. McKinley, and it attracted a great deal of

attention. She showed the McKinley bonnet to only a very few. The bonnet to be sent to Queen Victoria will be seen by only a few. She is also making a bonnet for Miss Helen Gould. She makes violets, yellow and red roses, and other flowers, of corn husks, which rival in beauty the cotton and silk creations of the milliner.

IN the list of the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honor appears the name of Juliette Dodu, the only woman who has been awarded the Cross of the Legion in addition to the military medal. In 1870 Juliette Dodu was a telegraphic clerk at Pithiviers and on the Germans taking possession of that place during the Franco-German War a message was given to her to send to Prince Charles Frederick. Realizing that this meant disaster to a portion of the French Army, she tore up the message instead of sending it, and for this act was condemned to be shot. However, when the Prince arrived, she was released and complimented on her courage, for her daring act had saved a whole French Army Corps.

A WRITER in Vogue thus discusses, from what must be considered a very superficial point of view, the disadvantages of being a chaperon: "The childless woman, however much in former ages she may have envied the mothers in Israel, is disposed in the present era to question somewhat the alleged blissfulness of the mother state, and to find many compensations for her own position of spinster or childless wife. One cause for felicitation that appeals forcibly to most of the educated women of the day is that the undignified and thankless office of chaperon need never be theirs. The sight of a row of matrons ranging in years from forty to sixty, wall-flowered like so many domestics in waiting, is apt to fill these latter-day women with compassion that circumstances should make necessary so pitiful a use for women in their prime. Women who would scorn to play nursemaid to their children and watch their play from a park bench, in the ballroom—encouraged so to do by convention—do not hesitate to play a vastly inferior role; for as a park nursemaid the mother would be merely a guardian of infant charges, whereas in the ball-room she parades herself as a social back number—an inferior to the self-sufficient young creature who is participating in the pleasures of the occasion. Admitted that the time to dance is not after forty, it is still unfortunate that self-respecting women of mature years should be brought to scenes not to grace them, but to serve as mere utility women. The men have been clever enough never to put themselves into any such position; for one thing, they would not endure the boredom of it, nor would their self-esteem or their pride of sex permit them to play so self-abased a second fiddle." Needless to remark, there is a great deal to be said on the other side, much of which will at once occur to the mind of any sensible person.

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COL. HAY'S HUMOR.

THAT the Secretary of State is not without humor is evidenced by the retort he made to an English photographer who, making a negative of the distinguished American shortly before he sailed for home, begged him to assume a pleasant expression.

"But how can you expect me to look cheerful when I am about to leave England?" asked the Ambassador.

"I know," he said sympathetically; "but won't Your Excellency try and forget that for a moment?"

He that hesitates between an apology and a thrashing is likely to make the one and get the other.

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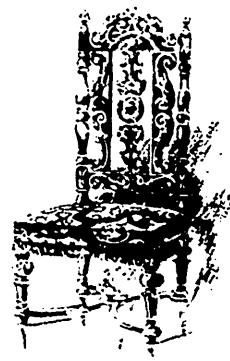
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I answered an advertisement about a new book "Light of Life," as the title struck me very notably and I found it contained the story of the New Testament together with explanations of all the more difficult positions, this is a complete commentary. It also contains the complete lives of the Apostles. That this book was really two volumes in one, embellished with some of the best illustrations I ever saw. The status of the Apostles was by the renowned sculptor Thorvaldsen, these having been purchased and published in connection with the six to Masterpieces of the world-famous Blockbuster Roman and Halm engravings.

Knowing that not a family in a thousand had the lives of the Apostles in a commentary, and that this book would have an enormous sale, and as my old employers could not hold out sufficient inducement to equal the offer of the Bradley Garretson Co. Limited, I concluded to give up "drumming" and took hold of "Light of Life." I assure you friends this change was the best I ever made, and I shall never regret it. If you want to make money easy and fast write their Bradford House for a position like mine.

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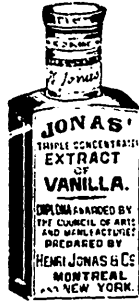
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Quantitative Analysis.

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

Examination for Preservatives and Adulterants.

Sulphuric Acid.....	none
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: : AUTUMN 1899 : :

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We have now on exhibition in our retail store something entirely new in hair work. Many ladies are troubled with slight baldness on the top of the head and it implies at the back of the neck. Our New Creation weighs under 2oz. and takes the place of a wig which many ladies now wear who are troubled in this way. You are **specially** invited to call on an Exhibition.

Our hair work defies detection.

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Sales of Household Furniture at private residences a specialty; best results guaranteed. Merchandise of all kinds consigned to our rooms for sale receive personal attention and are displayed to the best advantage.

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All kinds of goods received on storage.

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Autumn Announcement

A Cordial Invitation is extended to you to visit our **NEWLY ARRANGED GALLERIES.**

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The ability to properly select a stock of Prints from among the millions of publications is the strong point of the dealer. Our patrons will find with us a high-graded stock of all kinds of Prints.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

Our "Rug Room" is particularly pointed out. Persian and Turkish Carpets, Rich Antique Rugs, Curtains, Stair-coverings and suitable plain Velour goods to go with these are in stock.

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Antique and Modern Dutch and Chinese Pottery on hand and arriving, including some fine specimens of Delft and Rosenburg Ware.

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