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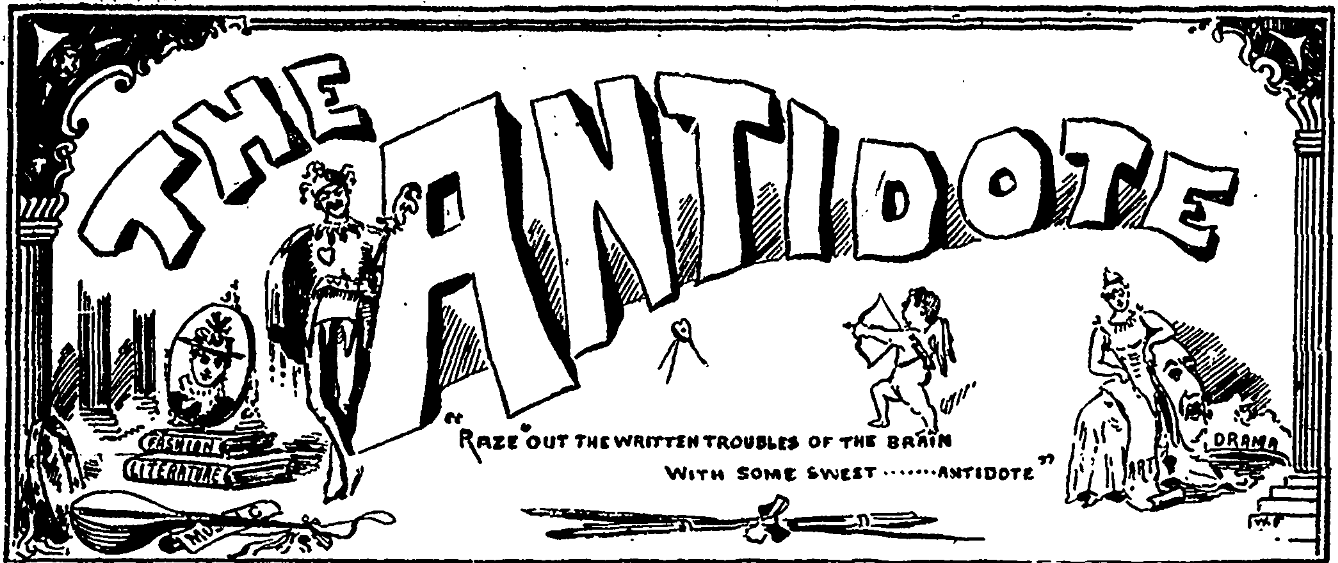

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OUR RAIMENT.

Whence do we get our clothing? Not the actual garments, the Ulster, the Mackintosh or Melissa coat, the box overcoat, the Astrachan, or the otter-trimmed, but the inspiration and the device; not the detailed parts, but the system, the stupendous whole? Who make the laws which appoint whether or no we are to have lung disease or sore throat, or indigestion, or headache, or corns, whether or no we are to shiver succinct in winter, whether or no to melt within air-tight envelopes in the dog-days, whether or no our women are to take out door exercise on muddy or stormy days, whether or no our children are to run and romp at their sports? Our tailors and dress makers recite and enforce the laws of the hour, but they are not responsible for them.

Sometimes even when these laws are bad for trade as well as for comfort and beauty they bemoan them with us. Our young gentlemen and gentlewomen in the public thoroughfares, parks, or avenues teach them by the practice that is better than precept and with the security of the unmistakably orthodox—they still venture upon small eccentricities and innovations, on an extra button, a braid the less, an unprecedented flounce, a remnant or retrogressive sleeve, which forthwith become authoritative like the rulings of our judges, but they are without real control, and indeed without real independence—they would be powerless to abolish the chimney-pot hat for male heads, or to institute "garmenture of dual form" for female legs. They cannot even, without falling hopelessly from their high estate of fashionable empire, without incurring all the pains and penalties that would visit mere Jones, resist the customs that impose the one and forbid the other.

The common public, by whose resolute and careless adhesion the whole code, like many a better and many a worse is maintained and rendered compulsory, has no originating voice in the matter, and does not even ask to have any; it wonders and obeys, with an obedience whose unanimity is command itself. Have the various mysteries in which man (especially woman) is made awkward and uncomfortable, pre-existed for ever in the world of ideas, are they necessary developments which through whatever strangeness and whatever disturbances, must come of what has been, and must go on to what will be, and whose course we human things can only follow while we dream that we guide?

Or does a fashion sprout up like a plant, whose seed a chance bird has dropped irrelevantly into a careless corner where the soil happens to fit, and which grows to an ineradicable consistency or to a day's ephemeral freshness according, not to its use or desirableness in anybody's eyes, but to the pertinacity with which nature has endowed it.

But if there are, hidden behind a veil of mystery, secret rulers, mute and glorious Alexanders, Napoleons, and Bismarcks, who conquer and rule the world of clothes, not simply following its events, but administering its government constitutionally, what a power these beings hold. The influence upon us of our clothes is incalculable. Let anyone imagine himself normally clad in the garb of another civilisation or another period, in the flowing splendours of eastern luxury, in a courtly watteau costume of rose-coloured satin and damask, or in a toga, or in a buff jerkin, and ask himself whether he could then be in his habits of life, his manners, his gait, even his language and his thoughts, the same person as the hurried, practical, unceremonious, every day man of an every day world that he finds himself now. You might change a man's whole nature by changing the nature of his dress.

Perhaps that is how women have acquired their traditional reputation for instability. The variations in their fashions are too radical as well as too frequent for them to retain a settled disposition. What unanimity of purpose is to be expected from a creature who has no sooner become accustomed to the brisk step and to the disembarrassed motion of the upper part of the body which belong to a fashion of short frocks, than she has to adopt the dragging gliding gait and compressed steadiness of arms and hands busy in holding up the drooping edge attendant to a long train epoch, then is back again to the short frocks, and then doubtless to the train again? How can she make permanently hers either the decision and vivacity which arise from the habit of unimpeded motion, or the dignity and elegance which would agree with stately and difficult walking amid drooping yards of stately magnificence? What steadiness can there be in her politics or her ethics, or her aesthetics when Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday, the Marquise of Pompadour and Queen Anne, the Roman matrons of the Appian Road tombstones and the Parisian matrons of the First Empire, the demonstrative court beauties of Lely and pre-Rafaelite damsels in long straight folds, the Gainsboroughs, the Reynoldses, the Firths, the Vandykes, the Watteaus, and so on,—the swathed mummies of one historic period and the petticoated hogsheads of another, the Japanese Princesses, Swiss peasants, etc., are all in turn assigned to her as her models?

Comparatively speaking, men's fashions do not vary, a long while ago destiny produced the present combination. It is hideous, but is fairly serviceable, and successive generations are content to grumble and to wear it with ups and downs of waists, and widenings and skimpings of sleeves and trouser-legs, but no serious alterations for good or bad. The natural results have followed, men have become perhaps duller and steadier. Doubtless dandyism and vanity are not wholly extinct, but who could be a fop of the Beau Nash order in such rough and ready garments? Men are decently civil to their lady friends and cheery to each other, but courtesies and compliments are to a great extent a thing of the past.

There are no loungers now; every man, whatever his station, goes about possessed of the idea that he is meant

to be useful; his clothes tell him so. What can they be for but to work in? There are men of scientific research, of invention, but who could carry a "sprightly wit" under our matter of fact broadcloths and tweeds. There are no dreamers, no builders of castles in the air. Poets can exist, for it is their business to deal with the common facts of life however they find them, but the bubble-blowers are a thing of the past. Could any man write the Arcadia in our business like and commercial raiment? To be sure: "Let who will make laws for the people, let me make their ballads" was one time a pregnant phrase, but how much more would it have involved to say "Let me make their clothes."

Commercial Poesy.

The man in charge of the artistic advertising department was cudgeling his brain for a new idea, when a person with long hair and a disreputable shirt front cantered up to his desk and asked for something to do to earn a breakfast.

"Can you write?" inquired the ad. man.

"Well, I should orthograph!" he said with a smile.

"Advertisements?" queried the ad. man. "And poetry?"

"Try me," was the laconic reply. And the ad. man looked over his strip.

"Hook on to this," he said, handing the poet a real estate ad.

The poet sat down to a counter and pretty soon came back with a verse for his new employer.

"Read it," he said. And the man at the desk read this:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own my native land;"
Who never to himself hath cried,
"Now is the time to subdivide
And sell as town lots all this sand?"
If such there be, go mark him well;
He doesn't know enough to sell.

"Um-um," hesitated the ad man. "I don't think this is quite the thing exactly. Suppose you try one on some dry goods remnants."

The poet grinned, and in a minute or two came back with this, which he read himself:

Our shreds and our patches
Are up on the hatches;
You'll find everything very nice is.
When you get to the top
You must take a big drop,
To get down again where the price is.

"How's that?" he asked with a little air of triumph.

"Not so bad," assented the ad. man, taking it. "Try this boot and shoe one."

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

In two minutes the breadwinner read this:

Be shoer when you buy from us
You'll always get the best,
And high or low, where'er you go,
Your sole will be at rest.

"That isn't half bad," replied the ad. man to the inquiring look of the poet. "Suppose you give me something on this coal dealer's stuff."

The poet wasn't gone a minute till he was back with this:

Now is the chilly winter time
When both the young and old
Will find their houses hotter if
They'll keep the fires coaled.

"That's out of sight," laughed the ad. man.

"Anthracite?" murmured the poet cunningly.

The ad. man laughed again.

"Here," he said, "try one on this hat and cap house."

The poet wrestled for two or three minutes and came up smiling with this:

If you would cap the climax
And all the time stand pat,
You'll have to do your talking
Through Jones' A1 hat.

"Hand it over," said the ad. man, reaching for it, "and try your hand in the grocery line."

The poet took the matter and soon bobbed up with this:

Here are your groceries, green and dry.
This is the place to come to buy.
We'll do the work; we're bound to please:
Rely on us for your grocer-ease.

"That will do in a pinch," said the ad. man. "See if you can't improve on it with this clothing ad."

The poet went at it with energy and shortly came back with this:

He was looking his best,
In the style he was drest,
When he set forth to court Hannah Fetter;
He was quite debonair,
And he carried the air
Of a man who would bet he could get her.
He asked the fair maid;
"Of course, dear," she said
In the promptest affirmative manner;
The clothes that he wore
He bought at our store,
And that's what's the matter with Hanner.

The breadwinner was looking hungry as the ad. man accepted this last one, and handed over another.

"There's one for a restaurant," he said with a cheerful smile.

The poet clutched at it eagerly and feasted his eyes on its promise, and then he wrote:

Ho, every one that thirsteth,
And all the hungry, come
And revel in our terrapin
And wallow in our Mumm;
No feed was ever finer,
In poetry or song,
And when you come, remember
To bring your cash along.

"There's not much in that one," remarked the ad. man, reading it over.

"Nor in me," said the poet with a pathetic little quiver in his voice.

The ad. man looked at him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I forgot. Here's a dollar; go and fill yourself up on it and come back again. I'll give you something more to do."

"I think I write better on an empty stomach," smiled the poet, and he went away never to return.—Detroit Free Press.

Recipes.

Chicken Croquettes.—Cut the chicken off the bones mince fine, moisten in the gravy in which it was cooked, season with pepper and salt, make into small forms with a jelly glass, dip in egg and fine bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Popevers.—One cupful of milk, one heaping cupful of flour, one egg, a little salt and sugar, teaspoonful of butter. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven for twenty minutes, and serve immediately.

Sponge Cake.- One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, the yolks beaten up with the sugar, the whites beaten well and added last, flavor to taste.

Orange Soufflé.—Peel and slice six oranges, put in a glass dish a layer of oranges, then one of sugar, and so on until the orange is used, and let stand two hours; make a soft boiled custard of the yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk, sugar to taste, with grating of orange peel for flavor, and pour over the oranges when cool enough not to break the dish, beat whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in sugar and put over the pudding.

The Missing Word.

As none of the answers gives the proper word, we return each sender the amount he or she enclosed, silver or stamps as the case may have been. The word required is "bronze," which is used figuratively of cannon as "steel" is of sword. The complete stanza is as follows:

"Then rose the deadly din of fight;
Then shouted, charged, with all his might,
Of Wilna each Teutonic Knight,
And of St. John's,
While flashing out from yonder height
Thundered the 'bronze.'"

It is the eighth stanza in an ode in "Fraser's Magazine" for September, 1835, under the caption "Casimir Sabriewski," the subject being the signal defeat of Sultan Osman by the army of Poland in September. 1621. The writings of the deceased author, for years a regular contributor to "Fraser's," have lately been collected and published in London.

BE NOT QUICK TO TAKE INSULT.

A moral, sensible and well bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
—Cowper.

SUCCESS.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind.
Must look down on the hate of those below.
—Byron.

From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

Black velvet is still a favorite for the elderly society queen for dinners, 5 o'clock teas and luncheons. This may be lightened up with cream, yellow, pink, blue or any other favorite shade.

The latest dinner-gown from Paris for the elderly lady has a Russian blouse of very elegant green brocaded silk. It has a green broadcloth skirt, which has a deep embroidered design at the edge. A pretty way of trimming the bottom of a skirt is with a broad band of satin ribbon tied here and there in a loose bow.

A lovely gown seen recently was made of black crepe de chine, heavily embroidered in gold. The bodice was of black satin made slightly low, with large sleeves and trimmings of pink velvet.

Another was pale heliotrope brocade made with a low square bodice and combined with satin. The sleves were of satin and the trimmings were of point lace.

The two gowns which we illustrate are of a novel design and excellent style. The evening gown is composed of a new crystalline silk, effectively arranged with zouaves of velvet. This design looks particularly well carried out in white silk with green velvet.

The visiting gown, which is exceedingly novel in style, is made of black Empire silk, smartly trimmed with passementerie and petunia—coloured velvet.

Fashion has ordered the London dude to "discard the monocle," and go it with both eyes open. It will take the monocle dude a whole generation to catch up with the procession.

As might have been inferred the Dance at the Kennels did not take place on the 19th, as announced. It has been postponed to the 27th.

MUSIC.

I.

Was it light that spake from the darkness, or music that shown from the word;
When the night was kindled with the sound of the sun or the first-born bird?
Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bondage of seasons that fall and rise,
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and blinded with light that dies.
Lived not surely till music spake, and the spirit of life was heard.

II.

Music sister of sunrise and herald of life to be,
Smiled as dawn upon the spirit of man, and the thrall was free.
Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman of life and death.
Dumb with passionless patience that breated but forlorn and reluctant breath.
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer and communed aloud with the sea.

III.

Morning spake, and he heard, and the passionate silent noon
Kept for him not silence; and soft from the mounting moon
Fell the sound of her splendor, heard as dawn's in the breathless night.
Not of men, but of birds whose note bade man's soul quicken and leap to light;
And the song of it spake, and the light and the darkness of earth were as chords in tune.

—A. C. Swinburne.

MASCAGNI.

The London "Musical Standard" accounts for Mascagni's popularity. It holds that his success is not due so much to his inherent dramatic fire as to the "form" in which his opera is written, and the circumstances of the times. It states that the public had long outgrown its appetite for the string of lyrics which long went by the name of opera. The public wanted drama allied to music. Wagner, being beyond the mental grasp of the average opera-goer, Mascagni's opera came as a golden mean between his (Wagner's) works and the weaknesses of the old Italian opera. The old opera is dead because it was not a work of art. It served its purpose and had its day. Mascagni's uniting dramatic music with dramatic situations produces a more complete work of art and his success, therefore, is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing

Mascagni, in speaking of his work says: "I love my work, but it is frightfully exhausting. Even a thing like 'I Rautzau,' which you call idyllic and gentle, takes a tremendous deal of energy out of me," and his worn appearance would appear to prove it.

Jules Hone, the well known Montreal violinist, teacher and composer, is beginning upon an Opera.

The pianoforte compositions of Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney are highly spoken of in Boston musical circles.

THE WORK OF PIANISTS.

(James M. Tracy in L'Etude.)

"If, as many think and assert, the life of a pianist is an easy one, why did the world's greatest pianist, Franz Liszt, withdraw from professional concert giving at the age of forty five? He said it was because the necessary practice, required for such a life, caused too much of a strain on his mental and physical faculties for him to continue it longer. Rubinstein, who has ranked next to Liszt, has followed the latter's example, retiring at fifty. Von Bulow has retired at fifty-five. The above pianists have all been noted for eccentric, sarcastic, sour dispositions, which may be truthfully attributed to hard, concentrated practice or overwork. Such overwork, continued for a series of years, will most asuredly wreck any man's disposition, be it ever so good.

Four of Franz Liszt's most gifted pupils,

MUNIER (E). Alerte!—Beware!

Carl Tausig, Franz Bendel, Robert Pflughaupt, and Ratsenberger, died before reaching the age of thirty-seven. Their death was directly caused by persistent hard study and practice, each averaging eight or nine hours a day at the piano. Doubtless others of similar brilliant talents, with ambition to excel, have met an early death, but we speak of the four, because we knew them at Weimar, they being fellow-students. Paderewski, only thirty-two, has been suffering for the past six months with nervous prostration, caused by too much piano practice Many other cases might be cited.

The most noted pianists give no lessons, such work seriously interfering with their public duties. Every public pianist feels obliged to practice from four to eight hours a day. If he does not keep up this daily work, he soon loses his execution and his grip on the public. Uneducated, unthinking persons believe a teacher who is engaged seven or eight hours a day, teaching good, bad, and indifferent pupils, ought to play just as brilliantly, just as perfectly, as the one who makes a specialty of playing in public concerts.. Of course, this can't be done, it is a physical impossiblity. The considerate and educated know this very well, and allow for it, but the ignorant and prejudiced never do. As an illustration I quote what Von Bulow said at an interview he accorded to a newspaper reporter some years ago: "Mr .Bulow, how much do you practice daily?" "I intend to practice six hours and a half." "What if you don't do this?" 'If I neglect my practice one day, I feel it; if two days, I see it; if three days, all my friends know it."

Pachmann is probably the most eccentric, and the hardest pianist to manage of any pianist who has ever visited America." Some Montreal people will no exclude Paderewski from the list of uncertainties.

DON'T LIKE TO PRACTICE.

Children have declared for centuries back that they do not like to practice. The reason is: because their musical perceptions are not sufficiently awakened to find enjoyment in what are falsely called primary lessons. A child needs several years of "natural musical exercise," a kind that child nature will enjoy and enter into, as it does in plays and sports, before he is prepared for what are called private lessons. Compulsory practice is entirely inconsistent with early child culture in music. Now, if the above deductions are understood, the essential principles to remedy the foregoing evils are also understood, and the teacher may choose his own way of putting them into practice. But if our wits were set to work over this question, what better plan to suggest than a musical kindergarten?—D. N. Arnold, in the Song Friend.

Society Notes.

A great social event this week was Mrs. George Drummonds. The great brown stone house was ablaze with light. The suites of rooms, together with the halls, corridors, and stairways wre magnificently decorated with palms and flowering and foliage plants. The dance proved in every way a complete success.

Mrs. Van Horne's dance on Wednesday was a brilliant affair. The arrangements were as perfect as possible. Great overflowing bowls of hot house roses, whose lovely coloring was backed by glossy palms and graceful vines. Mrs. Van Horne wore a black velvet gown with magnificent diamonds and emeralds, her daughter looked well in white brocaded satin.

Mrs. Drummond's bal masque came off successfully on the 7th. Fancy dress and masks were rigidly enforced, and the costumes were varied and recherche. Masks were worn till midnight, and caused much amusement, many intimate friends not recognizing one another ,and unexpected rencontres occasionally occuring. The spacious apartments, halls and corridors, were all thrown open and artistically decorated, and the scene in the ball-room was exceptionally brilliant.

A very pretty fancy dress affair was held in the Victoria Skating rink on the 7th inst. The dresses worn were exceptionally good, and a very gay scene to the on-lookers was the result.

The Carnival Ball took place on the 9th inst. at the Windsor Hotel, which was a sight of revel. The attendance was very large, and the ball was very much enjoyed. An excellent band supplied the music Dancing commenced about ten o'clock, and was carried on with much spirit until a late hour. The decorations and arrangements generally, had been well looked after, and the half dozen gentlemen who were the leading spirits of the gathering were deservedly congratulated on the results of their socialistic efforts, while the ladies contributed their share to the general gaiety by donning smart gowns and looking charming and lovely.

The Misses Hanson gave an At Home on Tuesday the 7th. Mrs. J. B. Rose held a reception on Friday afternoon, February 10th.

Miss Arnton, 842 Dorchester Street, has invitations out for a dance on February 23rd.

A smart dance is expected at Mrs. Albert Nelson's Monday evening.

Madame A. Lacoste has invitations out for a dance at her residence 71 St. Hubert st., on Monday evening, a very enjoyable time is expected.

Surprise parties seem to be coming in again The Misses Roy were surprised the other evening by a party of young friends.

On the 30th of January the Misses Hubert were also taken by surprise.

Miss Butler recently gave a charming little dance at 49 Shuter Street.

Mrs. Aubry Vaughan has cards out for a dance at her residence 1291 Dorchester street.

Mrs. J. A. Pillow's reception on Tuesday was well attended. The decorations and arrangements were all that could be desired.

There was a delightful and informal little dance at the Windsor Hotel last Saturday evening, composed chiefly of young ladies and gentlemen. There were several pretty toilettes, amongst the most striking beng Mirs. Kinnehan, who looked lovely in a gown of pale yellow. Miss Gasgoine, wore a gown which suited her figure to perfection. Miss Flo Bond, in a pink silk benzaline Empire gown. Many other costumes appealed for notice during the brief moments of my stay.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.—E. K. JOHNSON.

Mrs. B. J. Coghlin gave a charming dance at her residence, Prince of Wales Terrace, on Monday last.

The Montreal Snowshoe Club give their annual dinner at the Windsor Hotel, on February 11th.

On dit that Mrs. Baxter intends giving a large ball at her handsome home on Sherbrooke street. Probably a mi-careme ball.

A brilliant and successful pianist is about to join the noble army of martyrs. The bonds will not be singular after the ceremony for there will not be even the one bond left.

Madame Chapleau does the honors at Spencerwood with a grace that is as charming as it is natural. And honors are even between herself and her brilliant spouse the Lt. Governor.

The races at the Victoria Rink were remarkably good, the obstacle race being very laughable. Mr. Walter Irwin, brother of Mr. E. D. Irwin, the best amateur skater in Canada, came in first in two of the best races.

Mr D. McEntyre, the popular young man about town, has been laid up for the last few days with a severe cold. He has the sincere sympathy of his numerous friends.

Mr Fred Binmore has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition. Miss Binmore has just returned from a visit of three weeks with her friend Mrs. Davis, nee Devlin, of Cornwall, formerly of Montreal.

Several engagements have been announced recently. That of Mr. Patterson and Miss Ayer of Mountain St. Mr. Bertie Muir and Miss Foley, sister of Dr. Foley of Union Avenue. Mr. Fred. Booth, of Ottawa, son of the wealthy lumber merchant, is to be married shortly to Miss Alberta Hunsicher.

PREPARING FOR LENT.

Lent is coming—alike to saints and sinners, and surely the wearied bodies need refreshing with the souls. I know some one who might consider herself a parallel to the young lady who had been out to sixty dances, danced six hundred round dances; that is ten a night. Each dance lasted on an average ten minutes. 'Twirl say ten times a minute, that is one hundred 'twirls to a dance; that means one thousand 'twirls a night, and this multiplied by sixty will—upon a rough calculation foot up twenty-three miles in square dances, four miles of schottische. However, I'm afraid it would take too long to calculate all. Then she ate on an average three ices a night; that means one hundred and eighty ices, two sandwiches, five cakes of one description or another, to say nothing of canvasback, chicken, lobster, and other salads, and then come the charlotte russe, jelly, Italien cream bon-bons, candied fruit, grapes, one glass of champagne, two of claret, punch or lemonade. She had about three hundred different arms round her waist, (of course in the dance.) Spoke of the weather fifty thousand times; of Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry fifteen thousand, of the future state once with a dancing parson. Had thirty-seven flirtations with thirty-seven idiots, without one additional heart beat. But I mustn't tell you about how many she led to believe that the electric light of her life shone for them only, nor of any more.

She—Indeed, Mr. Maulstick, yours were the only pictures I looked at in the exhibition.

Maulstick—Ah, you flatter—

She—No; the others, you know, were so surrounded by the crowd.

DID HE TAKE GAS?

Calmuck (reading)—A dentist recently pulled eight of his own teeth.

Mrs. C.—My, my! what a brave man he must be! But perhaps he took gas.

JEWELS ALL AROUND US.

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found, too, in an oyster shell.

—Bunyan.

A Wedding in a Smiddy.

I promised to take the world at large into my confidence on the subject of our wedding at the smiddy. You in the city, no doubt, dress more gorgeously for marriages than we do—though we can present a fine show of color—and you do not m··e your own wedding-cake, as Lizzie did. But what is your excitement to ours? I suppose you have many scores of marriages for our o·e, but you only know of those from the newspapers. "At so-and-so, by the Rev. Mr. Such-a-one, John to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas." That is all you know of the couple who were married round the corner, and therefore, I say, a hundred such weddings are less eventful in your community than one wedding in ours.

Lizzie is off to Southampton with her husband. As the carriage drove off behind two horses that could with difficulty pull it through the snow, Janet suddenly appeared at my elbow and remarked:

"Well, well, she has him now, and may she have her joy of him."

"Ah, Janet," I said, "you see you were wrong. You said he would never come for her."

"No, no," answered Janet. "I just said Lizzie made too sure about him, seeing as he was at the other side of the world. These sailors are scarce to be trusted."

"But you see this one has turned up a trump."

"That remains to be seen. Anybody that's single can marry a woman, but it's no so easy to keep her comfortable."

I suppose Janet is really glad that the sailor did turn up and claim Lizzie, but she is annoyed in a way too. The fact is that Janet was skeptical about the sailor. I never saw Janet reading anything but the "Church Guardian," yet she must have obtained her wide knowledge of sailors from books. She considers them very bad characters, but is too shrewd to give her reasons.

"We all ken what sailors are," is

From the painting by HOWICK, in the Royal Academy, London.

"The diel he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that would belang thee,
He'd look into thy bonnie face
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'"

her dark way of denouncing those who go down to the sea in ships, and then she shakes her head and purses up her mouth as if she could tell things about sailors that would make our hair rise.

I think it was in Toronto that Lizzie met the sailor—three years ago. She had gone there to be a servant, but the size of the place (according to her father) frightened her, and in a few months she was back at the clachan. We were all quite excited to see her again in the church, and the general impression was that Toronto had "made her a deal more lady like." In Janet's opinion she was just a little too lady-like to be natural.

In a week's time there was a wild rumor through the glen that Lizzie was to be married.

"Not she," said Janet, uneasily.

Soon, however, Janet had to admit that there was truth in the story, for "the way Lizzie wandered up the road looking for the post showed she had a man on her mind."

Lizzie, I think, wanted to keep her wonderful secret to herself, but that could not be done.

"I canna sleep at nights for wondering who Lizzie is to get," Janet admitted to me. So in order to preserve her health Janet studied the affair, reflected on the kind of people Lizzie was likely to meet in Toronto, asked Lizzie to the manse to tea (with no result), and then asked Lizzie's mother (victory). Lizzie was to be married to a sailor.

"I'm cheated," said Janet, "if she ever sets eyes on him again. Oh, we all ken what sailors are."

You must not think Janet too spiteful. Marriages were always too much for her, but after the wedding is over she becomes good-natured again. She is a strange mixture, and, I rather think, very romantic, despite her cynical talk.

Well, I confess now, that for a time I was somewhat afraid of Lizzie's sailor myself. His letters became few in number, and often I saw Lizzie with red eyes after the post had passed. She had too much work to do to allow her to mope, but she became unhappy and showed a want of spirit that alarmed her father, who liked to shout at his relatives and have them shout back at him.

"I wish she had never set eyes on that sailor," he said to me one day when Lizzie was troubling him.

"She could have had William Simpson," her mother said to Janet.

"I question that," said Janet, in repeating the remark to me.

But though all the clachan shook its head at the sailor, and repeated Janet's aphorism about sailors as a class, Lizzie refused to believe her lover untrue.

"The only way to get her to flare up at me," her father said, "is to say a word against her lad. She will not stand that."

And, after all, we were wrong and Lizzie was right. In the beginning of the winter Janet walked into my study and parlor (she never knocks) and said:

"He's come!"

"Who?" I asked.

"The sailor. Lizzie's sailor. It's a perfect disgrace."

"Hoots, Janet, it's the very reverse. I'm delighted; and so, I suppose, are you in your heart."

"I'm not grudging her the man if she wants him," said Janet, flinging up her head, "but the disgrace is in the public way he marched past me with his arm round her. It affronted me."

Janet gave me the details. She had been to a farm for the milk and passed Lizzie, who had wandered out to meet the post as usual.

"I've no letter for ye, Lizzie," the post said, and Lizzie sighed.

"No, my lass," the post continued, "but I've something better."

Lizzie was wondering what it could be, when a man jumped out from behind a hedge, at the sight of whom

Lizzie screamed with joy. It was her sailor.

"I would never have let on I was so fond of him," said Janet.

"But did he not seem fond of her?" I asked.

"That was the disgrace," said Janet. "He marched off to her father's house with his arm around her; yes, passed me and a wheen other folk, and looked as if he neither kent nor care how public he was making himself. She did not care either."

I addressed some remarks to Janet on the subject of meddling with other people's affairs, pointing out that she was now half an hour late with my tea; but I, too, was interested to see the sailor. I shall never forget what a change had come over Lizzie when I saw her next. The life was back in her face, she bustled about the house as busy as a bee, and her walk was springy.

"This is him," she said to me, and then the sailor came forward and grinned. He was usually grinning when I saw him, but he had an honest, open face, if a very youthful one.

The sailor stayed on at the clachan till the marriage, and continued to scandalize Janet by strutting "past the very manse gate" with his arm round the happy Lizzie.

"He has no notion of the solemnity of marriage," Janet informed me, "or he would look less jolly. I would not like a man that joked about his marriage."

The sailor undoubtedly did joke. He seemed to look on the coming event as the most comical affair in the world's history, and when he spoke of it he slapped his knees and roared. But there was daily fresh evidence that he was devoted to Lizzie.

The wedding took place in the smiddy, because it is a big place, and all the glen was invited. Lizzie would have had the company comparatively select, but the sailor asked every one to come whom he fell in with, and he had few refusals. He was wonderfully "flush" of money, too, and had not Lizzie taken control of it, would have given it all away before the marriage took place.

"It's a mercy Lizzie kens the worth of a bawbee," her mother said, "for he would scatter his siller among the very bairns as if it was corn and he was feeding hens."

All the chairs in the five houses were not sufficient to seat the guests, but the smith is a handy man, and he made forms by crossing planks on tubs. The smiddy was an amazing sight, lit up with two big lamps, and the bride, let me inform those who tend to scoff, was dressed in white. As for the sailor, we have perhaps never had so showily dressed a gentleman in our parts. For this occasion he discarded his "rig out" (as he called it), and appeared resplendent in a black frock coat (tight at the neck), a light blue waistcoat (richly ornamented), and gray trousers with a green stripe. His boots were new and so genteel that as the evening wore on he had to kick them off and dance in his stocking soles.

Janet tells me that Lizzie had gone through the ceremony in private with her sailor a number of times, so that he might make no mistake. The smith, asked to take my place at these rehearsals, declined on the ground that he forgot how the knot was tied: but his wife had a better memory, and I understand that she even mimicked me—for which I must take her to task one of these days.

However, despite all these precautions, the sailor was a little demonstrative during the ceremony, and slipped his arm around the bride "to steady her." Janet wonders that Lizzie did not fling his arm from her, but Lizzie was too nervous now to know what her swain was about.

Then came the supper and the songs and the speeches. The tourists who picture us shivering, silent and depressed all through the winter should have been in the smiddy that night.

I proposed the health of the young couple, and when I called Lizzie by her new name, "Mrs. Fairweather," the sailor flung back his head and roared with glee till he choked, and Lizzie's first duty as a wife was to hit him hard between the shoulder blades. When he was sufficiently composed to reply, he rose to his feet and grinned round the room.

"Mrs. Fairweather," he cried in an ecstacy of delight, and again choked.

The smith induced him to make another attempt, and this time he got as far as "Ladies and gentlemen, me and my wife——" when the speech ended prematurely in resounding chuckles. The last we saw of him, when the carriage drove away, he was still grinning; but that, as he explained, was because "he had got Lizzie at last." "You'll be a good husband to her, I hope," I said.

"Will I not," he cried, and his arm went round his wife again.—J. M. Barrie.

Caught Him on a Cab.

It was an abominable wet day. You all know what that means in London—cab drivers' millenium, despair and petticoat ruin to fair pedestrians. Mrs. Lancaster stood under the shelter of a fashionable millener's door, looked forward and groaned. No cab in sight; ruin to her clothes stared her in the face if she sallied out; ruin to her purse whispered to her behind should she enter the shop again.

"The dispensation of gain is not in Providence diocese," was her irreverent summing up. "He'd make it rain at the proper times or on No Man's Land if it were. Oh, darling!" she murmured under her breath, for a hansom bore in sight, looming. Whisterishly, hazily wet. A slashing, golden bay between the shafts, and a civil Jehu perched up behind. Out went her umbrella and she tucked up her frills. She signalled; he drew up and she dashed out. The man, careful fellow, had closed the doors and let down the window. An agonized endeavor to open door, balance umbrella, rescue skirts from mud, save new bonnet ensued. He saw that, and with unusual, uncabby-like courtesy jumped down, saying:

"Allow me."

The lady gave a little scream.

"Tom, you driving a hansom?"

"No worse than driving my coach, is it, Mrs. Lancaster?" he retorted.

"Oh! Tom, dear, what on earth are you doing it for?" Then, with a high-handed attempt at dignity: "Might I ask the reason for this new and extraordinary metier? Is it for a bet?"

"A bet? O dear, no!" A distinct pause. "That bonnet of yours is getting rather the worst of it; it's a pity, for it's rather a nice one," he added, eyeing it critically, as one who knows the ways and means of bonnets, or rather the ways of the bonnets and the means of those who can afford such a one as he saw before him. He eyed it critically, though not feeling nearly so cool as he was anxious to make her believe.

"Oh! what does that matter?" she snapped out. "Be so good as not to make personal remarks. I shall spoil as many bonnets as I choose!" with glaring independence.

"H'm! you always used to do so," glowering down at her.

"Do you refuse, then, to drive me?" she faltered. There wasn't another cab in sight.

"Oh, dear, no! When a man's poor and has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow he is likely to find the latter more plentiful than the former; so I am only too glad to get what fares I can." He gloated wickedly, for she looked up in his face while a mist gathered and grew in her eyes, and she gave a little sob.

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom," she whispered, "I never knew it was so bad as this."

"Didn't you?" he answered, with brutal unsympathy for her sympathy with him in his altered circumstances. Then he banged open the door, raised the window and stood by her in an attitude of calm impatience.

She gave another imploring glance. He was eyeing his noble beast's headquarters, his mouth puckered up in an audible whistle. "Colonia never could stand in the rain," he said, reflectively, as if taking her into his confidence.

Mrs. Lancaster sighed and stepped into the hansom.

She settled herself in a corner of the cab with another sigh and a furtive glance at the looking-glass to her left, while the driver mounted behind and slowly gathered up the reins. He banged down the window and slapped open the little trapdoor overhead with professional noise, and then, "Where to?" with professional brevity.

"Home, please, if you don't mind," said his fare meekly.

As they drove down Bond street, Mrs. Lancaster's eyes being shut off from outward sights, she turned them inward and viewed her whirling thoughts. What a story this would make if anyone only knew, or if I only had the pen of a ready writer. It's really quite a pity that my gift all runs to seed in correspondence.

"Poor darling, how wet he must be getting up there!"

There was a block just at the corner as they turned into Piccadilly. Mrs. Lancaster profited by the occasion. She took her umbrella and pushed up the skylight.

It was immediately opened.

Mr. Lancaster looked down; Mrs. Lancaster looked up.

"Do you want to get out? I am afraid you cannot. We may have to wait here a quarter of an hour."

"It isn't that," she answered. "I wanted to know, er—I thought, er—I wanted to ask. Oh, Tom, dear, aren't you very wet and cold up there?"

"Thank you, one could scarcely expect there should be a draught up here, or to find it parchingly hot—but I'm quite comfortable, thank you, all the same." With a male's inconsistency.

Down went the skylight. The great stagnation slowly uprose and they drove on again. It had begun to clear up. Mrs. Lancaster thought she knew her way about town, but Mr. Lancaster should have known it still better, and yet he took her round Grosvenor place as a means to reaching Park lane. It seemed as if he took a pleasure in driving by the most opposite and round about route.

She had money of her own, a good £1,500 a year, and when the final split came—a split born of a very small rift—he had been too proud to let her know how his money matters stood, and so it came about that husband and wife had not met for quite a year, and during the last five weeks he had driven a raking bay about London harnessed to a luxurious "S. T." hansom.

And he? Well, he was thinking what a thundering ass he had been and how he had tried her love and faith in him.

And she? Well, had she, too, not flirted just a bit with Lord Racque and Col. Targent, and when he had remonstrated ever so little had she not flared out on him and thrust that odious, yellow-haired Signora Sorella in his face?

"I wish he wouldn't drive quite so fast," she thought. "We shall get home so soon if he does."

They were passing a restaurant. She slanted her umbrella toward it, and he drew up instantly.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I am just going in for a glass of wine; I feel a little faint."

It was no such thing, for in two minutes she was out again, the wine untouched and the glass in her hand.

"You must have got so wet and cold I wish you—would you?" she stammered, timidly—"would you mind just taking a little—to—to—please me?"

She had taken off her glove, and the broad wedding band caught his eye. A spasm of pain came upon his face. It was like driving your fist through a mirror and smashing the smooth, even surface into bits.

"Thank you," he said, a little unsteadily, in a rather husky voice, as he descended slowly from his perch.

"Oh! I will take it for you."

"I could not think of giving a lady my glass to put down," he answered with his old characteristic courtesy toward the womanhood.

About a quarter of an hour later the hansom drew up in Norfolk street. Mrs. Lancaster got out and walked slowly up the steps. Before ringing she turned around. A little ragamuffin was inspecting her.

"Would you like a sixpence?" she asked him gravely. A superfluous question, to which he replied, with the knowledge of past experience to guide him and a wisdom beyond his winters:

"Sixpences were not to be 'ad for nothin'."

"Of course not," she answered, "and you have only to hold the horse's head for a little. You needn't be afraid," she added, rashly guaranteeing the beast's peaceful nature, "and you shall have sixpence."

Thus having reduced the legion of unemployed by one, she turned and rang the bell.

"Do you mind coming in for a few minutes?" she said, addressing her husband, "I want to tell you something."

He looked at her for an instant, then settled his whip in its socket, tied the reins securely and descended slowly.

"But the servants?"

"The only two whom you will see are new ones."

The door opened—"Dinner at once and lay another plate at table."

"You remember this, and this (pausing before some picture or some hanging), and this vase; do you remember how nearly drowned out of that gondola at Venice—it was just opposite those glass works, and you insisted on our going in and buying something to remind you; and how thankful you were that it had ended in nothing worse than a drenching?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered gravely.

"Not even the way to your dressing-room?" she said archly, turning around.

"Not even the way to my dressing-room," replied Mr. Lancaster.

"I daresay the gas isn't lighted though." She led the way and they entered the room together.

The room between it and her room was open, and he looked in; he did more; he advanced a few paces and stood in the doorway. He could not have crossed the threshold had it been his most earnest desire.

He devoured every object, a thousand memories crowding to his weary brain, but his face did not change, and his wife watched him closely all the while. She watched as he glanced at the two easy chairs, one at each side of the blazing fire. How often had they occupied them in the happy past! Only then, to be sure, they had been drawn close side by side and they had proved the fallibility of the rule that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time." She watched him as his eyes turned to the duchess toilet table, with its large center glass—in front of which he had often made her stand—while he bade her mark what a handsome couple they made. He drew a sharp breath, and a spasm shot across his face, leaving it a shade or two whiter. He glanced up—his wife was looking at him in breathless stillness. She turned quickly and left the room.

He found his way about 10 minutes afterward—Mrs. Lancaster took a little longer.

There was a soft dewiness about her eyes as she came and stood beside him. Husband's and wife's hands met in a

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quick, close grip, and a feeling of infinite love came nestling around his heart.

"Tom," she began wistfully.

"Yes, Mabel?" questioningly.

There was no time for another word, the door handle was slowly moving around.

"It's Miss Meeson," she whispered, her breath coming and going, for a sudden puzzlesome question had arisen in her mind. She had forgotten all about Miss Meeson—to tell the truth, she had not taken her into account at all. What was she to do and say? Introduce Tom as this afternoon's hansom cab driver, and nothing else? Goodness, no; it would not be possible. Introduce him as a friend only? Yes, but what if there were to come a reconciliation?

How horrid and deceitful it would look! But introduce Tom as her husband! (A quick throb at her heart.) What if he insisted on their remaining only friends? What if he should reject the projected forgiveness? What if he should exclaim: "Pardon me; I was her husband at one time, but Mrs. Lancaster decided to dissolve the partnership?" What agony and humiliation!

The door opened and the dear, humble old companion entered—far too meek of aspect to cow any ravening wolf except by her old-fashioned stately sweetness.

"Miss Meeson," said Mrs. Lancaster, falteringly, "Miss Meeson, dear, we have a guest at dinner to-night; let me introduce Tom—my Tom! The man who was ever, and ever will be the dearest and best of men. There—there was a slight misunderstanding, almost all my fault; but we have found, he and I—me—that's to say—I mean he—we"—There was a pucker on her face; she faltered and then said, tremulously and with exquisite tenderness, "He is my dear husband." Then she smiled up in his face and laid her head on his shoulder, as much out of the fullness of her love as to hide that awful cabman's badge, which blazed hugely on his breast. Then she laughed a queer little laugh, that had a glimpse of tears in it not so very far off.

"I left my spectacles in the other room," said Miss Meeson softly, though she was peering through them as she spoke.

I think there was something very like a look of rapture on both husband and wife's faces.

"You have forgotten to pay me my fare," he said after a bit. "Do you chisel all your cabbies out of their fares, dear?"

She laughed up in his face with a murmur of womanly tenderness.

"Well, your real fare is two shillings, but I will give you a 'golden crown.'" She raised her face as she spoke. No need to explain the meaning of the words to one who loved her as did this strange cabman. He took the "golden crown" between both his hands and kissed her fair forehead tenderly.

Husband and wife were reunited, never to part again. It was not until their mutual tears of joy had ceased that the little urchin in the street was remembered. He and another little imp were found taking it in turns to watch the horse.

End.

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Total Funds,	17,500,000

RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman. ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that Company as at the 1st of March, 1892.

Branch Office in Canada: 157 St. James Street, Montreal.

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, ... *181 St. James Street*

MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager. G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE, City Agents.