

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# MONTREAL LIFE

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



HER SECOND HUSBAND WOULD.

HENPECK—After I'm dead I want you to marry again

WIFE—Why?

HENPECK—Then I'll feel sure that there will be at least one person who will daily deplore my death.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.



...OTTAWA TRAIN SERVICE...

Lv. Windsor St. Station 9:15 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 1:05 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 9:45 p.m.  
Lv. Place Viger Station 8:20 a.m., 6:00 p.m.  
\* Daily. Other trains week days only.

Ottawa Sleeping Car Service.

Train leaving Montreal (Windsor street) at 9:45 p.m. daily, has Local Sleeper, for Ottawa which passengers may board at 9:00 p.m. and remain in until 9:00 a.m.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office:  
129 ST. JAMES STREET, Next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE

... BETWEEN ...

MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

Lv. Montreal	7:30 a.m.	Ar. Ottawa	11:20 a.m.
"	9:30 a.m.	"	12:10 p.m.
"	4:05 p.m.	"	6:35 p.m.
"	5:50 p.m.	"	9:15 p.m.
Ar. Ottawa	9:10 a.m.	Montreal	9:50 a.m.
"	8:45 a.m.	"	11:15 a.m.
"	4:20 p.m.	"	6:50 p.m.
"	6:35 p.m.	"	9:45 p.m.

\* Daily. \* Daily except Sunday

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS.  
TORONTO AND WEST.

Lv. Montreal	Daily 9:00 a.m.	Daily 8:00 p.m.	Ex. Sun. 10:25 p.m.
Ar. Toronto	5:20 p.m.	6:50 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Ar. Hamilton	6:55 p.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Ar. Niagara Falls	8:40 p.m.	10:10 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
Ar. Buffalo	10:00 p.m.	12:00 noon	12:00 noon
Ar. London	9:50 p.m.	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit	9:45 a.m.	1:10 p.m.	1:10 p.m.
Ar. Chicago	2:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	8:45 p.m.

\* On Sundays leaves Montreal 8:00 p.m.

City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

"And love restored his reason," said the sweet young thing in concluding her story.

"It is the first time," returned the old bachelor, "that I ever heard of insanity curing insanity."

FASTER THAN EVER TO CALIFORNIA

Chicago-Union Pacific & North-Western Line . . . . .

THE OVERLAND ROUTE leaves Chicago 6:30 p.m. daily, arrives San Francisco afternoon of third day and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in Dining Cars. Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars with barber. The best of everything. The Pacific Express leaves 10:30 p.m. daily. Tourist sleepers every day, and personally conducted excursions every Thursday from Chicago.

For tickets and full information apply to your nearest ticket agent or address B. H. BENNETT, 2 King St. East Toronto, Ont.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

IF GOING To NEW YORK

Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati or St. Louis  
—Try the—

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Trains leave Windsor Station, Montreal  
Daily at 7:00 p.m. Daily except Sunday at 8:25 a.m.  
Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars Sleeping Cars to Utica and thence to New York on EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.  
Time Tables, Tickets and Parlor or Sleeping Car reservations at Windsor Hotel, Windsor Station, or 129 St. James street.  
GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, NEW YORK.  
H. G. CARTER, General Agent, MONTREAL, N.Y.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The Most Picturesque Summer Resort in America.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Every river and lake along the line of the Newfoundland Railway abounds with salmon and trout.  
The Shortest Sea Voyage and Quickest and Safest Route is via the Royal Mail Steamer "BRUCE" (Classed A1 at Lloyd's.)  
Leaves North Sydney every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on arrival of the I.C.R. express. Returning leaves Port aux Basques every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on arrival of Newfoundland Railway express from St. John's.

Fare Montreal to St. John's, Nfld.

First Class	\$33.95
Second Class	19.00
Return	51.55

Through tickets on sale at all the stations on the C.P.R. and G.T.R. Railways.  
The sea trip will be only 6 hours.  
For all information apply to

R. G. REID, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.  
Or ARCHIBALD & CO., Agents, North Sydney, C.B.

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH FROM THE NEW ENGLAND STATES?

The Best Route to Travel is From Boston to Norfolk, Va.

.. BY THE ..

MERCHANTS' AND MINERS' STEAMERS.

THE most elegantly fitted boats, finest state rooms and best meals. The rate including meals and state rooms is less than you can travel by rail, and you get rid of the dust and changing cars.

If you want to go South beyond Norfolk to Southern Pines and Pinebluff, the Winter Health Resorts or to Vaughan, N.C., the Pennsylvania Colony Headquarters, Peachland, N.C., the New England Colony, Statham, Ga. the Ohio Colony and headquarters of the Union Veterans Southern settlements, you can connect with the Seaboard Air Line. For information as to rates of travel, address W. P. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

For information as to farming or mineral lands, water powers, manufacturing sites or winter resorts, rates of board, rent of cottages, etc., address JOHN PATRICK, Chief Industrial Agent S. A. L., Pinebluff, North Carolina

RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

LOWEST RATES AND Best Accommodation

...TO...

EUROPE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

City Ticket Office,  
129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.  
W. F. EGG, Agent.  
Telephone Main 3732.

To California Quickly and Comfortably via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 p.m., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 p.m., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western Railway. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to B. H. Bennett, 2 King street East, Toronto, Ont.

"You know that lady who was here yesterday who smelled so strong of perfume, mamma?"  
"Yes, my boy."  
"Well, isn't she one of the cologneal dames?"

R-I-P-A-N-S. 10 for 5 cents, at druggists, grocers, restaurants, saloons, news-stands, general stores, and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep, prolong life. One gives relief.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package, and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents, or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

JOS. BENNETT

FLORIST  
Choice Cut Flowers and Plants.  
136 Peel St., Montreal. Greenhouses: Lachine.  
Telephone up 1451.

LLOYD & RICHARDSON

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating . . . . .  
796 Dorchester St. MONTREAL.

Squeegee Albums

For . . . Unmounted Photographs.

Made of special paper, which will not discolor or injure photographs. Various sizes.

MORTON, PHILLIPS & Co., Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers, 1755 and 1757 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

HOTELS AND WINTER RESORTS.

**HOTEL GREEN**

G. G. Green, Proprietor. Pasadena, California.  
J. H. Holmes, Manager.



An Absolutely Fireproof Building Completed in 1898.

**THE LEADING HOTEL OF THE WEST**

Lovely Parks, Croquet Grounds and Tennis Court. The Hotel Green Golf Links are second to none. Rates and full particulars on application.

POSITION UNEQUALLED IN LONDON.

*The . . .  
Langham Hotel*

Portland Place and Regent Street, London, W. (England).

Quiet, open, and healthy situation in the West End. Convenient for the best shops, theatres etc. Table d'hôte, En Pension, or à la Carte.

Modern Improvements. Moderate Tariff.

**THE RALEIGH,**

Pa. Ave.,  
Cor. 12th St., N.W.,  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

European Plan. Absolutely Fire-proof.  
Opposite New Post Office.  
The only modern hotel in Washington.

T. J. TALTY,  
MANAGER.

Some people grow poor buying bargains.

*Avon  
Sulphur Springs*

**The Sanitarium,—**

A leading resort for health, recreation or rest. Specially attractive during Autumn and Winter. The Sulphur water is used with best results in treatment of

*Rheumatism and Gout,  
Dyspepsia, Cutaneous Diseases, Etc.*

Baths in the Main Building. Elevator, Electric Lighting, warmed by Steam and Open Grate.

Sulphur Water bottled for shipment.

Address—  
Drs. Cyrus Allen & Son,  
Avon, Livingston Co., N.Y.

HOTELS AND WINTER RESORTS.

*The Lakewood Hotel*

LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Most Modern and Best Equipped Hotel in the North.

**NOW OPEN**

Under Entirely New Management

The Lakewood Hotel, always justly famed for its commodious rooms, elegant furnishings and modern appointments, is more attractive than ever. It is one of the few fireproof autumn and winter resort hotels, and has

The Latest Improved Heating Apparatus

Open Fires Throughout

One-third Mile Sun Piazzas

Splendid Private Baths

Model Kitchens

Billiard Rooms

Bowling Alleys

Artesian Well, over 700 feet deep (water absolutely pure)

Hydrotherapy.

The Famous Water Cure, installed at the hotel in 1897, upon the principles laid down by Prof. Charcot, of Paris, and Prof. Erb, of Heidelberg, for the treatment of all forms of nervous affections, has won the enthusiastic approval of physicians and sufferers from all parts of the American continent. Send for descriptive catalogue

**GOLFING. DRIVING.  
CROSS COUNTRY RIDING**

Eighty Minutes by Fast Trains from New York.

M. C. WENTWORTH, of Wentworth Hall, Jackson, White Mts., N.H., Manager and Lessee.

JAMES N. BERRY, formerly of the Laurel-in-the-Pines, Assistant Manager.

HOTELS AND WINTER RESORTS.

**Mrs. Mason,** Private Boarding House,

1827 H Street N. W., Washington, D.C.

NEAR EXECUTIVE MANSION, DEPARTMENTS AND UPTOWN HOTELS.

TERMS: \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.

**THE ARDMORE**

Thirteenth St.,

Between Penna. Ave. and F St., N. W.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.**

Convenient to cars and places of interest.

European Plan, \$1.00 and up.

American Plan, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

No Liquors.

Best all-around American plan for \$1.50 in the city.

Best rooms and best table to be found for \$1.50 per day on the American plan.

**MOST CENTRAL LOCATION AND PLEASANT HOME FOR TOURISTS AND SIGHT SEERS WHILE IN THE CAPITOL CITY.**

MRS. O'MARA.—Sure, sor, an' yez towld me this clock was Frinch.

JEWELER.—Isn't it?

MRS. O'MARA.—Thin how the devil can Pat understand the toime from it?

**GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL**

IS NOW OPEN.

Virginia Ave. and The Beach,  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL

Will offer Special Inducements in Spring rates, for elegant accommodations. Every modern convenience—Steam Heat; Elevators; Large Heated Sun Parlors; Superb View and Most Central Location; within few yards of the Famous New Steel Pier, which offers every attraction. Write for Terms and Illustrated Booklet.

CHARLES E. COPE, Proprietor.

*The Necessaries of Life*

can be procured at any of our seven stores for less money and equally as choice as you will get anywhere. Do not pay high prices such as were quoted in "Star" a few nights ago.

Finest Porter House Steak	-	15c. per lb.
Finest Sirloin Steak	-	15c. "
Finest Cuts Choice Veal	-	12½c. "
Fresh New Laid Eggs	-	20c. per doz.
Fish—Halibut	-	15c. per lb.
Fish—Haddock	-	7c. "

Other goods at equally low prices and equally fine quality.

*The Laing Packing and  
Provision Company*

7—RETAIL STORES—7

... LIMITED

## ARTISTIC WALL PAPER

800 or More Patterns  
to Choose From.

Our goods are most carefully selected from the best makers, and are guaranteed to hang well.

House Decorating in Paper, Painting or Tapestry panelling, Burlaps and Relief Work

JOHN MURPHY,

2236 St. Catherine, MONTREAL.

## H. HAMMOND . . .

Practical Carpet Layer,  
Upholsterer, Etc.,

222 and 222a St. Urbain St., Montreal.

Carpets cut, made and laid. Also carefully lifted, beaten and re-laid. Oilcloths laid and repaired. Upholstering done. Mattresses made and renovated. Few Cushions and boxes made and re-covered, etc.

Carpet Linings, Spring Rollers, Stair Pads, Studs, etc., Supplied.

H. Hammond having a thorough and practical knowledge of Carpet Laying, etc., in his various branches, feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

BELL TELEPHONE EAST 467

## Infallible

### Hair Color Restorer, NON-INJURIOUS,

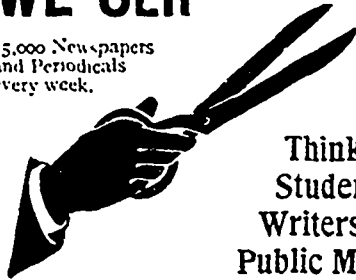
not sticky or oily, clear as water.  
Will positively restore Hair  
to its natural color.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

J. PALMER & SON,  
1745 NOTRE DAME ST.

## WE CLIP

15,000 Newspapers  
and Periodicals  
every week.



Thinkers  
Students  
Writers  
Public Men  
Business Men

and **ANYONE** wishing to collect clippings on any subject—business pointers, material for lectures, sermons or debates—should become subscribers, 100 cuttings, \$5, 1,000 cuttings, \$40. Special rates on annual orders.

### Canadian Press Clipping Bureau

565 Board of Trade, MONTREAL  
36 Front St. West, TORONTO  
100 Fleet St., E.C., LONDON, ENG.

## FOR SALE.

### A NEW MARLIN RIFLE.

Never been used. Just the Rifle for practice  
Price \$30. Will take \$20.

19 Board of Trade, Montreal.

## THE DRINK AND DRUG HABITS.

Permanently cured by the "Dixon Cure" when taken as directed, or money refunded. No other drink cure can do that. Full particulars sent sealed by the "Dixon Cure Co." or the Manager, J. B. LALIME, 572 St. Denis St., MONTREAL.

Before deciding on your house for Next Year  
see the ::::

 Marlborough  
Apartments

Corner Milton & University Streets,

For PLANS, Etc Apply S. H. McDOWELL, 21 ST. HELEN ST.

# John Murphy & Co.

## New Silks Paris!

FROM

### 25 Pieces New "Liberty Satin."

In White, Ivory, Cream and all the new colors. This is a very fine make, new finish. Extra value at 85c. per yard.

### New French Foulard Silks.

All pure silk, choice patterns. A large assortment of Navy Blue, with white spots of all sizes. See this lot at 75c per yard.

### New Fancy Striped and Broche Silks.

A choice selection of Novelties, in new colorings, at 75c and \$1.00 per yard.

### New French Faille Silks.

All the latest colors, pure silk. This line great value. Only \$1.00 per yard.

### New Fancy Plaid Silks.

A large assortment of all New Spring Colors. Prices, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard.

### New Black Broche Silks

Most Beautiful Designs—pure silk. Prices, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard.

Country Orders carefully filled.  
Samples sent on application.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2343 St. Catherine St., Cor. Metcalfe St.

TERMS CASH

Telephone Up 933

MONTREAL

Bull Tel. Up 2452.

Designs and Estimates Furnished for All Kinds of Decorating.

## JONES & HENRY, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAINTERS.

WALL PAPERS, RELIEF ORNAMENTS, STAINED, BEVELLED AND PLATE GLASS.

5 MCGILL COLLEGE AVE., - - - MONTREAL.

# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1900.

TELEPHONES:  
Montreal - - - Main 1255  
Toronto - - - - - 2148

## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is a marvellous thing that in two classes of controversy which should be conducted upon a high plane, most men lose the instincts of gentlemen and behave like savages. We may accept it as settled that there always will be differences of opinion upon political and religious questions, so long as mankind is a reasoning creation. From the time when our primitive ancestors discussed, in the tree-tops, the prospects of a sufficient cocoanut crop, down to these days when the size of the next deficit and the productiveness of the duty on beer are legitimate causes of political cleavage, questions affecting the future of the clan, tribe or nation have occasioned differences of opinion. And no matter how much outward uniformity there may have been in matters of religious faith and practice, there is no doubt that the inner beliefs of men have always been as numerous as the individuals themselves, whether the era was one of spooks and hobgoblins in every waterfall and tree-top, or an age of dispute as to the necessity of immersion or the efficacy of prayers for the dead. It is difference of opinion that makes horse-races, and without difference of opinion we should lead the grey, monotonous, cold-blooded existence of fish—with never an election or a revival meeting to stir nervous fibres and set our tongues wagging.

BUT difference of opinion is not inconsistent with mutual respect and reciprocal fair play as between man and man. Religious or political warfare is a pretty good test of the real stuff a man is made of, and it is surprising how few can go through the fiery crucible and come out attested gold. Just as some respectable people are so, because temptation and opportunity—those almost invincible allies—have never confronted them, so, many an estimable citizen, to whom, in private life, a mean, dishonorable or unfair deed would not even suggest itself, is, in politics, a boor, waging the most unprincipled and cruel warfare against his fellow men who happen not to think the same as he does on certain questions. If you or I were walking along St. James street and saw one man kicking another about the head, our love of fair play would be almost certain to assert itself, and we should interfere on behalf of the "under dog." British people, in particular, pride themselves on their love of a fair, square, stand-up fight. But, we do not have to go out of the British Empire, nor even out of this small portion of it called Canada, to see politicians metaphorically using boots, sand-bags, bludgeons and stilettos upon their opponents.

AS I have remarked before now, no man has been more shamefully misrepresented, for political purposes, on any and every possible occasion, than Mr. Tarte, and after the occurrences of the past couple of weeks I am able to repeat the assertion with added emphasis. The Minister of Public Works is not exactly a popular hero throughout Canada, and the paper that, for the sake of fair play, puts in its oar to help him forward against the dead set of the current, has little to gain by doing so. I do not think, therefore, that I can be accused of anything more selfish than a desire to do justice and see justice done, in saying a good word from time to time for Mr. Tarte. Neither does LIFE owe political homage to any over-lord, be he Conservative or Liberal. The plain fact of the matter is that the Minister of Public Works, no matter what his faults may be—and, I suppose, like the majority of mortals, outside of Parliament and the newspaper offices, he is not

infallible—has been so grossly abused, misrepresented and badgered, that the sympathy of men who love fair play is being aroused. The attack on Mr. Tarte in Parliament last week, in connection with the Montreal riots, probably marked a turn in the tide. The sick and irritable Minister cannot be driven nearer to losing his temper than he was on that occasion; yet, great as was the provocation, he succeeded in saying nothing that could do him harm, unless twisted and turned beyond recognition by his opponents. I do not know how the rest of the country stands, but here in Montreal there seems to be a decided revulsion of popular sentiment in Mr. Tarte's favor. The prolonged and cruel persecution of the man has aroused the common spirit of British fair play, and from this time forward we may expect some decrease of bitterness in the attacks upon him, for his opponents must realize that there is such a thing as hitting too hard, and that the recoil, in that case, will hurt them as much as the blow will hurt Mr. Tarte.

NOT since they crossed sides with the Liberals, have the Conservatives at Ottawa seemed to be so united, so alert, and altogether in such good fighting trim, as during the present session. The bad temper and irritability of certain members and followers of the Government, on the other hand, shows that the party on the right of Mr. Speaker are chafing under the recent successes of the Conservatives. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proverbial amiability has shown to his personal advantage in trying circumstances, but his lack of command was never more evident. A strong leader, such as Sir John Macdonald, would have held his followers in leash much more firmly than Sir Wilfrid has done. Sir John often, by a single word or look, nipped an incipient row in the bud. This was good generalship, because the Government has always more to lose by disorder in the House than the Opposition. No Canadian Parliament has listened to more outrageous language than the present one since this session began. There were more exciting scenes in the closing days of the last Parliament, whilst the historic discussions on the Remedial Bill were in progress, but for ungentlemanly language—language that should not be used by representatives of the nation—this has been, so far, a record session. The fact that most of the trouble has been precipitated by members on the Government side, shows that there is either no attempt on the part of those in command to keep their followers in check or that the latter pay no attention to the wishes of their superiors. In the meantime, the session is prolonged, public business suffers, the Government presents a sorry spectacle, and the people lose respect for their representatives.

I HAVE never seen so much reckless driving and disorderly traffic in the streets of any city as in those of Montreal—and I have been in the majority of the larger cities of America. We all know that on this side of the ocean things are not done with as much decorum and precision as on the other side. London, for example, is a model as regards street traffic. If the utmost order were not observed in the thoroughfares of that great city, there would soon be inextricable confusion. We do not require so much precision in our cities, but, even so, Montreal is sadly behind in the matter of maintaining some kind of regulation of traffic at the principal street intersections, and thus protecting the lives and limbs of pedestrians. The other evening at 6 o'clock I had to wait for fully five minutes at the corner of Bleury and Craig streets before venturing across with the lady in my charge. Motormen, draymen and

## LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

cabbies were alike utterly regardless of the crowds of people on foot, who were obliged to cross at this busy corner. When I finally got over, I found a policeman standing in the shelter of a shop window, calmly surveying the confusion, but making no attempt to bring order out of chaos. For all the concern he exhibited, he might have been looking at a pasture field occupied by a few sleepy kine. In any other city I know of that policeman would have been out in the roadway keeping a check on drivers and seeing that old women, children, and pedestrians in general got safely across. But who ever saw a policeman in Montreal making the least attempt to regulate traffic in the streets, even at the busiest hour?

"THE battles of liberty and right are not all fought with the sword, and the noblest victories are oftentimes peaceful and bloodless ones; but the same heroic attributes are required to win them that sustain the soldier in the hour of battle." So wrote Matthew Arnold. Ruskin has expressed somewhere a very similar thought—that the true character of a man comes out in the face of danger, and, therefore, the hero of the battlefield is one who would have acquitted himself creditably if put to the supreme test in civil life. As the Stratheona Horse marched through our streets the other day, I could not help being struck by their splendid appearance—as everybody was—and thinking that Matthew Arnold was right. The magnificent physical development of these men, their steady nerves, keen eyes, and the courage depicted in the very bearing of most of them, will be valuable in the war upon which they are about to enter, but they would be even more valuable, perhaps, in the pursuits of peace. Canada needs just such men as these, and it is to be hoped they will all come back to us—though this is most improbable. If we are going to take part in the wars of the Empire—and no one dreams that Canada will ever turn back, having once put her hand to the plough—a part of the inevitable price we must pay for the privilege will be the best youth of our country, the very men for whom the unoccupied wastes of the Northwest and the undeveloped resources in every part of Canada are crying out.

THE way in which the financiers, not only of Britain and the colonies, but of the United States and the countries of continental Europe, have been falling over one another, in their eagerness to get a slice of the war loan, is the best evidence that could be desired of world-wide confidence in the stability of the British Empire and the triumph of British arms in this war. The misbegotten, mongrel sheets of Europe and the States can yelp as much as they please at John Bull's heels, but the conservative and well-informed people of these same countries do not hesitate to entrust their coin to "the Colossus with the feet of clay."

FROM a confidential but reliable source comes the story that Sir Adolphe P. Caron, on behalf of himself and other influential French-Canadian Conservatives, recently waited upon Sir Charles Tupper, and quietly but firmly informed him that the anti-French campaign of certain newspapers and of a section of the Opposition would have to become less pronounced; otherwise, there might not only be a repetition of the Costigan incident in the House, but several gentlemen upon whom the Conservative party has been depending for large subscriptions to "the barrel" would not give a five-cent piece. The story is not at all improbable, and it will be interesting to note whether the journalistic and parliamentary packs who have been pursuing the French fox so long now slacken their pace. If they do, it means that the French Conservatives have dropped someone a hint that was too obvious to be disregarded.

FELIX VASE.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM  
RECALLED BY RECENT VICTORIES.

SINCE the relief of Kimberley, Great Britain and Ireland have been filled with the noise of choruses, of crowds and of music-hall singers singing or shouting what is generally known as the National Anthem; all the military bands left at home have been playing it with might and main, and the German bands, which infest the quieter thoroughfares of British cities, to the peril of the peace of Europe, can have no patriotic objections in blowing the tune with all their lungs, for it is their own Heil dir im Siegerkranz.

The origin of God Save the Queen, or Heil dir, or My Country, 'Tis of Thee, as one may choose to call it, is a mystery. Many Germans are to be found who assert with characteristic peremptoriness that the air was stolen from Germany. The evidence for this view is to many Teutonic minds, irrefragable, namely, first, that the English never had any music in them; and, second, if God Save the Queen was not filched from Germany, who composed it? To the Britisher, proud of his national air, which Beethoven called a "blessing" to him, the second argument is a disagreeably hard nut. The score, as given in hymn books, is generally marked with the name "Dr. Arne" as that of its composer, but this conventional attribution of the credit is based on nothing much more historically substantial than the fact that Dr. Arne harmonized the air for the Drury Lane Theatre at the time it first came into public use, when, in 1745, the ancestors of Her Britannic Majesty's present Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders, and of many others now fighting for her in South Africa, were marching on London under Prince Charlie and Lord George Murray, to do battle with Her Majesty's ancestor, George II. The air itself, in almost exactly its present form, was at that time supposed in London to be the production of Henry Carey.

It may be that the quaint "catchiness" of the old-fashioned rhythm of God Save the Queen has been the reason of its having been traced as a mere variant of airs in existence long before the days of either Arne or Carey. According to one account, the original of it is a Scottish religious air, known to have been sung in 1611, beginning "Remember, O thou man," which is, certainly, at least something like it. So is Dr. Jan Bull's "Ayre," dated 1619. Still another story has it that the words, as well as the air, were written to be sung in the Roman Catholic chapel of James II, at St. James' Palace. This last theory is favored by the fact that the loyal sentiment, "God Save the King," differs from the Hebrew *Shema*, "Long Live the King," in the Old Testament, but is almost a literal translation of the Latin anthem beginning "Domine salvam fac" (O Lord, make safe), which is still chanted in Gregorian mode at the end of the Sunday high mass in all the Catholic churches of England. The first half of this same anthem, by the way, forms the inscription, in huge Gothic characters of gilt bronze, around the top of the "Big Ben" tower of the houses of Parliament; it runs: "Domine salvam fac Regnam nostram Victorianam."

The words of the British National Anthem have a quaint 18th century ring about them, which is likely to bring out a smile on the face of the British schoolboy when he is first called upon to sing, for instance:

O Lord, our God, arise  
Scatter her enemies  
And make them fall  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On Thee our hopes we fix—  
God save us all.

But, as a rule, no fault can be found with the attitude of reverent solemnity in which most Britishers listen, for instance, to the regulation performance of one verse of God Save the Queen at the fall of the curtain night after night in any British theatre. Everybody stands up in silence; the man who begins to put on his overcoat before the music stops is contemptuously set down by his neighbors as either a foreigner, a cad, or some sort of crank—possibly a total abstinence man. Not to uncover the head when the National Anthem is played out of doors is even worse "form."

## Points for Investors

THE manner in which England's new war loan has been oversubscribed ten times, shows the enthusiasm of the people and the plentitude of money. It looks as though there were, instead of \$150,000,000 ready for the Government, just ten times that amount. Now that the war loan is settled, and the expected drop in Conso's has not taken place, one may expect more buoyancy in the London Stock Market. The drain of £30,000,000 for the loan will not be seriously felt, as it is most widely distributed. The chief factor that will now repress activity in stocks is not the war in Africa, but the encroachment of the Presidential election in the United States.

Canadian stocks continue low. Republic Mine is now the most active feature of the list, and the reasons for action in this stock were given by me last week.

### WAR EAGLE AS A PROSPECT.

A close analysis of the War Eagle annual report shows that, from the ore in sight, after payment of treatment charges and deficits, there will be available for further dividends a sum of only \$31,000. This is not an encouraging prospect for those who are holding on to the stock. There are some people who say that the mine is now reduced to the position only of an encouraging prospect. However, I have still faith in the future of the property, in spite of Messrs. Gooderham and Blackstock's strong assurances in the same direction.

### C.P.R. WORKING EXPENSES.

The C.P.R. report has already been dealt with, and its full details disclose nothing that I have not already touched upon, except, perhaps, the fact that the working expenses were reduced 1½ per cent. in proportion to the earnings. This is a good record in the face of the advances in iron and steel and all railroad supplies.

### DECREASE IN EARNINGS.

The first week in March was a bad one for railroads and for the country's business generally. The storms had a great deal to do with it. C.P.R. earnings dropped \$70,000 and G.T.R. \$60,000. It is not to be expected that these roads can keep up the same increases week in and week out. And the second week in March was also stormbound, so that the usual large increases need not be looked for during the present month.

### THE B.A.C.'S DIVIDEND.

The English investor has been so often touched in colonial mining ventures that it is most satisfactory to find that the most prominent company concerned in Canadian mining affairs is able to make a most satisfactory statement. The British America Corporation shows a balance to the credit of profit and loss of £225,694. They pay a 10 per cent. dividend, write off the entire sum of £250,000 paid for options and concessions and also £16,540 outlay for preliminary expenses, and still have a balance of £75,994 to carry forward. It is true the company has lost money on its Yukon enterprises, but its British Columbia properties are turning out well, and Lord Dufferin stated in his remarks at the annual meeting in London, that they had one mine in Rossland which might prove of more value than the Le Fon and a third mine of perhaps equal worth. These properties are supposed to be Josie and the Columbia and Kootenay. One is glad to know that the B.A.C. is showing up so well because Lord Dufferin himself is heavily interested.

### THE BIRMINGHAM TRAM.

The Birmingham Tramways Company, with which Canadian capital (Messrs. Ross and Mackenzie) is so prominently identified, shows a profit for 1899 of £68,663, or an increase of £8,772 over 1898. The company pays an annual dividend of 5 per cent. and a bonus of 2½ per cent. on ordinary shares, and carries forward to reserve nearly £40,000, making the total reserve fund £107,000. Birmingham's profit-earning power is not quite as good as Montreal yet. Mr. William Mackenzie ceases to be a director, and Mr. Gaspard Farrer leaves the managing directorship to go to the Central London Railway.

### A RECORD-BREAKER.

Coal and steel, west and east, are doing well, if one is to judge by the reports of the Nova Scotia Steel Company and the Crow's Nest Coal Company. I have referred to the good work of the former here this, and my remarks were amply borne out by the annual meeting. The profits for last year were \$319,945 in a company whose capital is \$1,030,000 com-

mon and \$1,030,000 preferred, or nearly a 40 per cent. return on the total capitalization. This beats almost anything, except Standard Oil. The directors, however, contented themselves with paying a modest dividend of 8 per cent. on the common, the usual 4 per cent. being allotted to the preferred, and carried to the reserve fund \$647,000. The company has already sold 190,000 tons of ore to the United States for delivery in 1900. Nova Scotia steel looks as if it were worth buying. Dominion Iron and Steel Co. ought also to be showing remarkable results soon.

### CROW'S NEST COAL.

The Crow's Nest coal directors have great confidence in the future of their property. If one asks those who know the property best, they will advise one to buy the stock. The company's operations are still on a very infant stage, but the modest net profits for the year are \$17,308, or a little better than 2 per cent. on the paid up capital of \$2,000,000. It is expected that all the mines of Montana, Idaho and British Columbia will want Crow's Nest coal, and the company's market will be limited only by its production, which promises to average close on to 200 tons a day in the near future.

### THE OCEAN COMPANY.

The Ocean Guarantee and Accident Company operates quite largely now in Canada, and is, I believe, increasing its operations every year. The company held its annual meeting in London on February 27, and declared a dividend and bonus equivalent to 20 per cent. Its paid-up capital is small, only £139,493, but its invested assets are £1,600,000, and its reserve fund is large. It was decided also to issue to every holder of £100 capital four new shares at par.

### CANADIAN LAND CONCERNS.

The London Economist has an article on American and Canadian Land Companies whose capital is held in England. In Canadian lands the English investor has done tolerably well, judging by the tabulated statement of dividends he has received. The oldest companies, like the Hudson's Bay and the Canada Company have given the investor back all that he has put in, and more. There have been some disappointments, as, for example, Canada Northwest Land, although there is still some hope for the common stockholders. The Economist concludes that Canadian land concerns will merit the attention of moneyed men who want either to invest or speculate.

### THE AMALGAMATED COMPANIES.

On this head a glance at the annual reports of the three principal native Canadian land companies which were presented this week is interesting. The Canada Permanent, the Western Canada and the Freehold Loan Companies are about to amalgamate. They show widely different results, and the Canada Permanent Company, which was supposed by many to be in the least flourishing condition comes out with far and away the best report. They pay their 6 per cent., add \$100,000 to reserve fund and have a surplus of \$105,000. The 20 per cent. paid-up stock of the Canada Permanent is a pretty good thing to buy.

### CANADA PERMANENT AHEAD.

The Canada Permanent, as a result of the scrutiny of the amalgamation experts, retains its capital, and adds \$100,000 more to the reserve fund.

The Western Canada retains its capital, but its reserve fund has been decreased. The Freehold under the valuation has no reserve fund, and the amount of capital is reduced by \$90,000. The Western Canada pays its 6 per cent. dividend, and carries \$31,000 to the contingent account. The Freehold, to accomplish the payment of its 6 per cent. dividend, has to borrow \$3,300.

### FAIRFAX.

### MINING SHARES.

THE market is active and buoyant, and it looks as if the long-expected improvement had set in. The stock market, as a rule, anticipates prosperity, and in this instance it may so, but we are still some time from the final adjustment of matters in the West, and it will not be surprising to have a reaction from the rapid advance in some of the high-priced during the past week.

The rise in Payne is due to the expectation of dividends shortly. War Eagle and Centre Star are firmer in sympathy. Republic was bid up at the close to-day to a price it has been a stranger to for a considerable period, and the report is circulated that some Western operators are caught largely short. Virtue is still in the ascendant. It is said that the shareholders barely number 200, which would infer that the movement is due to manipulation. Montreal London is firm, but not very active. A little stock is offered from Toronto, but none locally. Big Three is in demand at 8½, and it would take very little buying to put it over 10. California is coming from the West at 9. The Granby stocks are heavy. A little Knob Hill and Smelter is being sold, but the demand is almost nil, and holders do not like to offer their stock. Majestic, which was to boom "after the meeting," is offered at 18. Monte Christo, Virginia, Montreal Gold Fields, and the other very low-priced stocks are neglected. Monte Christo may come to the front this summer, and Virginia is a very fair gamble at present prices. The company has funds in hand, and an eminent engineer who lately inspected the property advises further development on lower levels.

The straightforward report issued by the Deer Trail Co. has brought the stock into more favor, and to-day there was a brisk demand. The suggestion that the company, in future, should pay quarterly dividends seems a good one.

Montreal, March 14.

ROBERT MEREDITH.



## In the Event of Secession.

What would Happen if a Province Tried to Withdraw from  
Confederation The Peculiar Nature of the  
Canadian Dominion.

By a well-known French-Canadian M.P.\*

WHAT would happen if the people of one of the Provinces of the Dominion—say Quebec—should decide to withdraw from Confederation? How would they go about it, and how would the other Provinces resist their demand, if unwilling to let the dissatisfied one depart in peace? Certainly there is no immediate prospect of such an eventuality, but in view of certain occurrences and utterances that have engaged the attention of Canadians of late, speculation on these points becomes rather interesting.

The precedent everyone recalls, the moment there is talk of breaking up Confederation, is the attempt of the Southern States to withdraw from the Union—which led to the costliest war of modern times. But there is manifestly a fundamental difference between the case of the United States and our own. The States of the Union entered into the federal pact by mutual agreement, but, in doing so, did not require the consent of a higher authority. The Canadian Provinces likewise agreed amongst themselves to federate, but not being sovereign states, they could not, of themselves, give effect to the provisions of the agreement. The project had to go before the Parliament of Great Britain, and to receive the sanction of this central authority. Theoretically, it was the Imperial Parliament, and not the Quebec Conference, that federated the Provinces and created the Dominion of Canada. It is by virtue of the British North America Act—an Act of the Parliament at London, duly passed by Lords and Commons and assented to by Her Majesty—that every public thing in the purview of either the Dominion or the Provinces is done. And without that Act, the Dominion could not have existed for one moment.

When the Southern States wished to withdraw from the Union, their Legislatures passed resolutions to that effect, and their people ceased to send representatives to Congress. There was no higher authority to consult. The States had entered the Union by mutual consent, and it was by voluntary action that they withdrew from it, without asking the leave or license of anyone. At least such was the view taken of it by Southerners. The North, it is true, resisted this conception of the nature of the Union to the utmost, and, by force of arms, compelled the secessionists to stay in the federation.

If the majority of the people of a Canadian Province should be in favor of seceding, they would first have to elect a Legislature representative of their views, and this Legislature would then require to petition the Imperial Parliament to amend the British North America Act, in such manner as to release the Province from the Union. Of course, the secessionists might not wait for these formalities, but might declare the federal pact at an end, and stand ready to uphold their position by arms. But, in that case, they would probably not only precipitate immediate war with the other Provinces, but would become rebels against the Crown itself, subject to punishment by the Imperial authority, whose legislation they would have defied.

But the constitutional procedure would be for the Provincial Legislature to petition the Parliament in London, as above described, and also probably to endeavor to have the Dominion Parliament forward a similar petition or pass a resolution approving the petition of the Province.

\*The name of the writer of this instructive article is withheld by request.—EDITOR.

It is doubtful if the Dominion Parliament could ever, under any circumstances, short of a general movement throughout the Dominion in favor of repeal, be induced to sanction the withdrawal of a Province. And, without such sanction, it is extremely questionable that the Imperial Parliament would interfere with the B. N. A. Act. If, however, the Province were determined to withdraw, it is hard to say what the Imperial Parliament would do, rather than precipitate rebellion and civil war. The problem would be a most delicate and dangerous one for it to deal with.

The nature of the Canadian Confederation is such that no single Province, except those at the extremities of the Dominion, could withdraw without breaking up the whole union. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, or even New Brunswick, might step out, without involving the remaining Provinces, but it would be impossible for Quebec, Ontario or Manitoba to do so, for these Provinces are links in a chain binding East and West together. They are essential to the very existence of the Dominion.

Should such a misfortune as the breaking up of Confederation ever come to pass, it is doubtful whether the isolated Provinces could long maintain themselves as British territory. Either they would one by one be seized by the United States, or, even if not molested, they would be unable to resist the natural forces—then a hundred fold increased—that make for political union with the strong nation to the South.

The future of the British Empire as an American power—and perchance, indeed, as a world power—depends on the continuance of the Canadian Dominion. If designing men should succeed in creating a solid Quebec—similar to the solid South of ante-bellum days in the United States—and should then point to Quebec's political unanimity as a reason for a counter solidification of the English Provinces, there is no telling what misfortunes might follow. Those who rest their faith in the future of mankind on the equity and freedom that exist beneath the flag of Great Britain, should do all in their power to preserve the Dominion from such discord as might lead to dissatisfaction with the results of Confederation in any Province; for discontent, like a noxious weed, spreads with miraculous rapidity and soon chokes out all wholesome sentiments, whilst maturing and scattering everywhere the seeds of violence and destructive fury.

### PRO PATRIA.

COLD was the market place and grey,  
In the dim morning light;  
As an Englishman stood facing death,  
For Britain and the right,  
No battle cry rang in his ears,  
Alone he was and still,  
Facing the end with calm, brave eyes,  
At a bloody tyrant's will.

He would not join with England's foes,  
To wreck her Empire great;  
Far rather would he die alone,  
And share her dead ones' fate.  
He faced his murderers, serene,  
Grand 'gainst the darkened sky,  
He showed those Boer dogs what it was  
To see a Briton die.

A puff of smoke, and all was o'er!  
The martyr's path he trod—  
His body 'neath a Transvaal sun,  
His soul safe home to God!  
Oh! gallant heart, serene and high,  
No blood is shed in vain,  
If we can pay this foul deed back,  
And wipe away this stain.

The days will pass, the years will go,  
And men will oft times tell  
Of heroes fighting for the Flag,  
'Mid bullets, shot and shell.  
But will they ever think of him,  
Who gave his life, his all,  
True to his Country and his Queen,  
Behind a prison wall?

J. HOLLISTER WILSON.

## Mrs. Mansfield: Strategist.

### I.

"I HAVE made a discovery, John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

Mr. John Mansfield, retired merchant, Alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper.

"A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner. "Pray, what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Anson has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret."

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Anson's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, flung it into the drawer, and closed it, but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to have an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of helpless amazement.

Miss Anson, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield, grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not, it was something she hid in the drawer which she 'gloated' over, not the photograph."

"I am not sure which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with staid calmness.

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possibly, my dear, Miss Anson, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Anson has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, than this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman, clad in the robes and insignia of the office of chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with immovable features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Anson's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected Mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question is—how did Miss Anson obtain one? I did not give it to her."

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer; Miss

Anson has had no opportunity of removing it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing-table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the magistrate, rising. "You forget yourself, madam."

Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high dudgeon to make some alteration in his dress, preparatory to going out.

He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Anson's possession, which admission was rather extraordinary on his part.

He prided himself on his keen insight, his strict impartiality, and his firmness in discharging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these qualities was not confined to the bench. Of the latter he made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mansfield found to her cost.

It was only twelve months ago that his unbending will had driven their only son, Jack, to South Africa.

Mr. Mansfield had determined that his son should marry rank and beauty, in the person of a daughter of a local magnate.

But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial affairs, and upset all his father's brilliant plans by falling in love with a pretty little nobody, whom Mr. Mansfield had never even set eyes on—a governess in a house where he was visiting.

Finding all arguments, persuasions and commands alike useless, Mr. Mansfield finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes, or leave his home forever, and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent, and as time rolled on her importunities ceased.

### II.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction, Mr. Mansfield left the room.

Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting fiend could have left the door of Miss Anson's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer in which the much-discussed photograph was supposed to lie?"

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment," he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy himself of the truth of Jane's story."

With a cautious look round, he noiselessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and—yes, there it was—the very first thing that caught his eye—his own photograph!

It was as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming!

A light step on the stairs, and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a song, heralded the approach of Miss Anson herself!

What was to be done? Could he allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing to be done.

Miss Anson entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still *singing lightly to herself*.

"She is taking off her hat and jacket," he thought. "In a few minutes she will leave the room. Then I can slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny—Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug—not followed Miss Anson into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the

## MRS. MANSFIELD—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

course of his present explorations he naturally looked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear-splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token of delight.

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses, and, hearing Miss Anson's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement, he slowly emerged, with a very red face and a very ruffled appearance generally.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Anson, I beg!" he cried, seeing that that lady looked dangerously like shrieking. "Er—my unexpected and ignominious appearance fills you with amazement, no doubt."

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment.

"Er—I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable conduct!"

His Worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their usual flowery trimmings, to explain his presence in her room.

Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced somewhere from its depths two more photographs, which were put into his hands, saying:

"You see, I have photographs of other members of the family, as well."

Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son!

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Anson?"

"Jack," she replied, simply, with lowered eyelids and a pretty flush on her face.

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I do not understand! I was not aware that you had ever met him! He is in South Africa?"

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied, softly.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Then you are the young—er—lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the next few minutes. After all, he liked Miss Anson immensely; and if he still proved obstinate, she would, of course, leave the house and perhaps this morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and—yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Anson, I need hardly say that your story has astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that, during the time you have been with us, you have won my highest esteem, and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to that young scamp, and have him home. Meanwhile—"

With a cry of joy Miss Anson flung her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on his nose.

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting, with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Anson!" she gasped.

Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried, nervously, "I am going to write to tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the young lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears, and rapturously embraced Miss Anson, assuring her of her undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to slip away, congratulating himself on the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home again.

But perhaps if he had heard what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law, when they heard the hall door close behind him, he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Anson, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, and then to devise this clever plot! Why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear!" replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.

### GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

PREPARED FOR "MONTREAL LIFE" BY MR. JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1929, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

**Sunday, March 18.**—A pleasant day for social intercourse, but otherwise doubtful.

Not an even-ful year, but unlucky for those who speculate rashly.

Prudent and thrifty to-day's children may be, yet exceedingly good fortune they need not expect.

**Monday, March 19.**—Business and private affairs will progress as usual to-day.

Quarrels and business complications should be guarded against during this year.

Uneventful and fairly fortunate will be the lives of children born to-day.

**Tuesday, March 20.** An unfavorable day for almost all purposes.

During this year good fortune is foreshadowed in business, but ill luck in domestic affairs.

Restless, untidy, too fond of pleasure and extravagant to-day's children will be.

**Wednesday, March 21.**—A favorable day for speculators and business men generally.

An excellent year for employes and all other business men.

As employes' children born to-day will be very fortunate, and will rise to high positions.

**Thursday, March 22.** A doubtful day, and one on which no new enterprise should be started.

A very fortunate year, both for business and journeys.

To-day's children will be eminently fortunate in almost all respects.

**Friday, March 23.**—Much ill luck is foreshadowed in various directions to-day.

Grave losses through law suits, speculation and journeys are threatened during this year.

A hot temper and an aversion for steady work will mar the prospects of to-day's children. Girls will be unhappy in marriage.

**Saturday, March 24.**—A favorable day for business and love affairs.

A gloomy year, sickness, business troubles, loss of position and ill success in love affairs being clearly foreshadowed, and ill-success in love affairs being clearly foreshadowed.

Most carefully should those born to-day be trained, as many misfortunes threaten them, and immoral conduct may lead to their ruin.

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

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



THE Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, has published another volume of verse, "A Winter's Holiday" (Small, Maynard & Co.). Mr. Carman has made the Bahaman trip of late, and of the seven poems making up the collection five directly reflect this warm, many-colored experience. The two other pieces, "December in Seitate" and "Winter at Tortoise Shell," depict in sharp contrast, yet with equal charm, New England winter scenes indoors and out. They show that this poet's remarkable gift for nature-description is as much in evidence when dealing with winter's monochromes as when moved by all the vibrancy and bloom of the full summer tide. The human element, too, the quiet touch of fun, are in these Northern pieces to vitalize the picture. Of "A Winter's Holiday," Mr. Richard Burton writes that it is "A tiny book, which stands for 'infinite riches in little room.'"

A NEW book on Canada is "Sport and Life in Western America and British Columbia" (London, Horace Cox), by Mr. W. Baillie-Grohman. In spite of a somewhat patchwork construction and a style occasionally slipshod, this must be pronounced a good and useful book to the sportsman and colonist. The materials are excellent, and, though they are thrown together in a haphazard manner, yet as they are the result of personal observation and experience, they have a value quite apart from any deficiencies of literary excellence. The men and women who read this book will do so for the information contained in it about the still comparatively unknown regions of British Columbia, of which it tells, rather than for any literary graces to be found in it. There is to lovers of the rifle, a class which in our day includes a good many women, a charm in reading well-told hunting stories, and Mr. Grohman is, as readers of his former books know, a capital hand at relating his experiences. But the most interesting and practical part of the book is to be found in the chapters on pioneering in the Kootenay and running a sawmill and store up country. The illustrations, the type and the paper are all excellent.

"THROUGH Fire to Fortune," Mrs. Alexander's new book, relates the astonishing history of a girl who begins life as a lady's maid, continues it as a successful actress, and is left at the end the heiress of a great property and a noble name, and the bride of the agreeable man she adores. The story is, naturally, marked by inconsistencies and some absurdities, but it has bits of neat character drawing, and in the headlong and slipshod way to which this author has accustomed us, it is certainly entertaining. Cara is, in nature and behavior, the same old heroine, Trevelyan the same old hero, who wandered into Mrs. Alexander's first and strongest book, and have borne her company ever since, but old acquaintanceship and their own perfections make them perennially pleasant personages. The story's the thing after all, with the minor novelist, and this one is too glib and animated to tire even the most blasé reader.

"THE World's Mercy," by Maxwell Gray (Appleton), is a collection of five stories, most of them tragic in tone, the opening one, which gives the title to the book, being of a class that could effectively be used by temperance advocates to sternly point a moral. If it were more forceful it might also be utilized by advocates of woman's economic independence to support their contentions. The reader who picks up the book to wile away an hour, will be likely to rate the tale somewhat

improper, and not altogether convincing. A reformed husband, an erring wife, and a knight errant, who, starting out with ideally correct sentiments, not only falls from grace, but behaves like a coward to boot, are the principal characters, and from this it will be correctly inferred that dramatic episodes there are in plenty. In lighter vein is the story of "Sweet Revenge," where the old device of an heiress pretending, for a brief season, to be a person in humble circumstances, meets with the usual result. The lady is promptly taken to be what she seems. A flavor of novelty is given to the narrative by the excessively amiable conduct of the heroine, who overlooks the inexcusable cauldishness of a vulgar suitor sufficiently to help him out of his difficulties, of one kind and another. The tale is of the slightest. The other stories are: "An Old Song," a pathetic tale which sentimental readers will enjoy; "A Summer Night," which reeks with sympathy for unappreciated wives; and "The Willow's Clock," which leaves the reader in a happy frame of mind.

It is hinted that Dr. Conan Doyle means to lighten the toil of hospital work in South Africa with the writing of a novel based on his experiences there.

Olive Schreiner's book on the South-African situation is nearly ready for publication. Her house at Johannesburg, by the way, has been looted and many of her possessions dispersed.

Mr. Bret Harte, it is understood, is writing a new series of parodies on popular novels. Some of the novelists of the day are tempting game, and we imagine that Mr. Harte's pen has not lost its cunning in this direction.

CANTON.

#### SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON.

THE wise and quieting words of Sir Wm. Hingston to the Laval students, during the late unfortunate street disorders in Montreal, recall the invaluable coolness and judgment displayed by this eminent surgeon in a public capacity



SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON.

on former occasions, notably as chairman of the local and Provincial Boards of Health, during smallpox epidemics, and also as mayor of the city, at the time of the Guilford excitement, when he received the thanks of the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General. Sir William is universally respected in

Montreal. Although a Conservative, he has hosts of ardent friends and admirers amongst the Liberals; although a Roman Catholic, he is trusted and revered by Protestants generally. In the Dominion Senate, where he has sat since 1896, his words are always listened to with the utmost respect, and if he speaks seldom he has the reputation of saying something whenever he addresses the chair. Sir William's father, an Irishman, was colonel of the 109th Regiment, and the future statesman and scientist was born at Hinchinbrook, Quebec. He will be 71 years of age next June. Lady Hingston is as popular as her husband, both in Montreal and at Ottawa—and deservedly so.

# Montreal Women in Art,

—AT HOME AND ABROAD.—

GLIMPSSES OF THE PERSONALITY AND WORK OF SEVERAL TALENTED PAINTERS

IN preparing the present article, which, like the preceding articles of the series, is designed to show the part that Montreal women have taken, and are taking in the cultivation of the arts whether as literature, musical composition, or painting, a difficulty was encountered at the outset—the difficulty of making a judicious selection from a long list of art workers, many of whom are fairly entitled to be called artists. Without attempting to include ceramics and designing, which in a sense occupy a field of their own, to have written a brief sketch of all who paint, and paint fairly well, would have monopolized the greater part of MONTREAL LIFE for one issue. Nor was it possible in the allotted space to give a resume even of all whose pictures are admitted to the art exhibition year after year. It must therefore be understood that the object and scope of this sketch is to give a fairly representative idea of the position Montreal women hold in the realm of art without



"DOLLY AND I."  
by Miss Mary A. Bell.

attempting to be entirely comprehensive. It may be satisfactorily supplemented by a visit to the Art Gallery during the present spring exhibition.

In those instances where some slight mention is made of the characteristic qualities of the artist's style and treatment of her subjects, it is not to be imagined that such brief and inadequate mention is intended as an art criticism in any degree. But, since it is impossible to reproduce their pictures, that the reader might discover their various characteristics for himself or herself, it was hoped that even a few inefficient hints might serve to convey some slight impression of the artist's individuality.

A finished picture represents the artist's thought and conveys her message as truly as a book does those of its author. But the artist's only vehicles of expression being form and color, how skilful must be the hand, how keen the intensity of mental vision that can transfer to the flat, uncompromising surface of the canvas the image of the story as it exists already in the artist's mind. However, this is not an essay on art, but a brief sketch of the artist.

That several of the women of Montreal have attained success and, in a measure, distinction abroad, must be a subject of congratulation to the city which, as the metropolis of Canada, should feel that it has a proud position to maintain, no less in the finer fields of the arts and sciences, than in the more material things of commerce and finance.

Among the artists who, while studying and working abroad, still claim the Montreal Art Association as their Alma Mater, Mary A. Bell (Mrs. Eastlake) is well known. Miss Bell's early life was spent in her quiet country home at Carillon, where the lovely rural scenes and simple country ways took a strong hold on her impressionable nature. As a very young child, she took a delight in modelling clay, producing something vastly different from the incongruous objects that children usually succeed in forming.

In fact, so much skill did the child display that she was sent to study at the Art Association in Montreal, and afterwards at the Art Students' League in New York. She further continued her studies in Paris, where her work was admitted to the Salon. After some time spent in England, Miss Bell visited Montreal for a time, returning again to St. Ives, Cornwall, where she married Mr. Charles Eastlake—himself an artist. Mrs. Eastlake exhibits regularly in the Salon, the



MISS F. G. PLIMSOLL.



MISS HOUGHTON.

Royal Academy, London, and in Montreal. One of her pieces was purchased by the Government, and hangs in the national gallery at Ottawa. The love and appreciation of country life, which Miss Bell imbibed in her girlhood, shows itself distinctly in her choice of subjects and their treatment. Her pictures, many of them out-door effects, are full of light and color. She depicts the true essence of child life. In all her work is revealed a delicate and refined idealism. As an eminent artist told her in her student days, she need but look after the drawing in her pictures, the ideal would look after itself.

An artist who has ably upheld the status of Montreal in the realm of her profession, both at home and abroad, is Miss Sara B. Holden, a daughter of Mr. James C. Holden, of the Ames-Holden Co. Although Miss Holden has studied much abroad, she still prides herself on being a Canadian artist. Her early training was received at the Art Association here, and at the Art Students' League in New York, after which several years were spent in Paris and Germany.

Miss Holden is versatile in her range of subjects, but perhaps excels in portraits and genre pictures. Of these last, a large picture entitled "I was An-Hungered," which was hung on the line in the Salon, attracted a great deal of attention. It is the picture of a little beggar-child introduced into a luxurious dining-room where a feast is spread for the famished little one. The expression of wonder, delight, and gratitude on the child's thin little face tells a pathetic story. This power of catching and depicting an exact shade of expression is also shown in Miss Holden's "Paint me, Auntie," which was so much admired when it was exhibited here three years ago.

Miss Holden's portraits are faithful, conscientious, and, like her other pictures, executed with simplicity, taste, and careful workmanship. One, a portrait of her sister, a "study in browns," which was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, received honorable mention and a diploma. While in Europe, Miss Holden has been much interested in sketching the Dutch and Brittany peasantry. She is an A. R. C. A., but, while she exhibits regularly in the Salon, the Academy, and in Montreal, her work is with her always a labor of love.

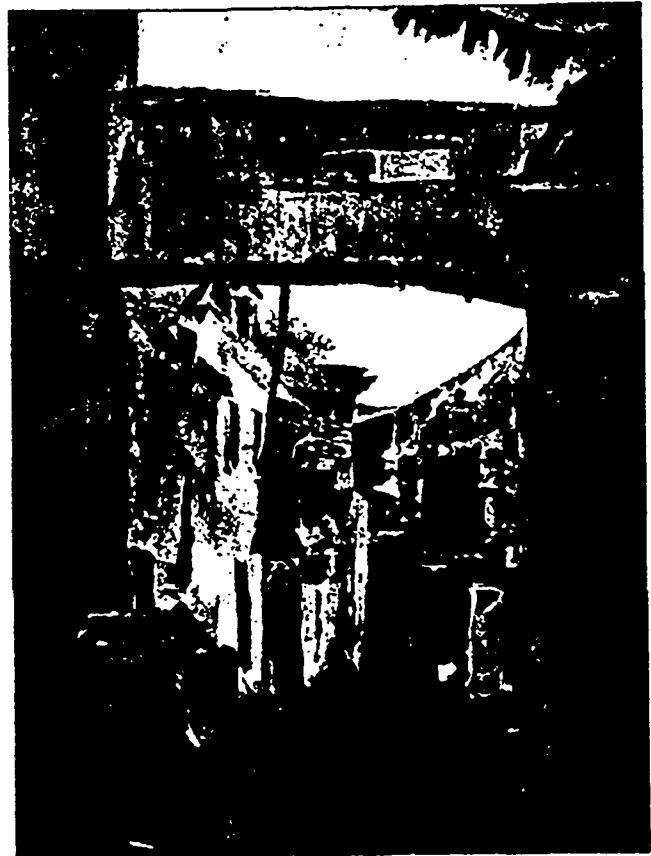
Miss Holden is at present accompanying her father and sister on an extended tour in the far East.

Miss F. G. Plimsoll, of Montreal, also spent some time at Julien's famous studio in Paris. Before going abroad she studied at the Art Gallery here, where she won a scholarship.

The last four summers Miss Plimsoll has spent in Holland, from which her first picture to the Salon was sent two years ago. Last year she again exhibited in the Salon a Dutch scene called "Heather Among the Dunes." Three of her miniatures were also admitted to the Salon. Her first Salon picture was chosen for the collection of "Femmes Artistes" in Paris.



"DRYING SAILS,"  
by Miss Phillips.



"STREET IN QUEBEC,"  
by Miss MacDonnell.

At the World's Fair, Chicago, Miss Plimsoll exhibited a painting which received a good deal of notice. Its name, "The Old Negro's After-dinner Smoke," is significant. She is exhibiting this year at Honfleur.

As will be seen, Miss Plimsoll is an indefatigable worker. She paints freely, with a broad treatment, and in landscapes produces many pleasing, open air effects.

Still another artist who has gone abroad to continue the studies begun at the Montreal Art Association is Miss Margaret Houghton, who is at present at Concarneau, Finisterre, in the south of France, a spot in great favor with artists. After leaving Montreal, Miss Houghton studied at Julien's in the Rue de Berri, and at Meissonier's famous old studio.

This studio is now in charge of Colarossi, once a model of Meissonier's. There is an atelier for women upstairs, and one for men below stairs, and Colarossi's students have jolly times. The old man does not believe in all work and no play, and cards frequently appear for a "masked ball given by mesdames and messieurs the scholars of the two Academies of Colarossi."

After leaving this studio, with its romantic flavor of Bohemianism, Miss Houghton studied peasant life at Pont Aven in Brittany, and afterwards joined the artist colony at St. Ives, Cornwall. Then, after three years spent at her home in Montreal, she again traveled in Italy, France and England. She, too, is an associate member of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Being a hard worker, even while traveling, Miss Houghton has accomplished a great deal. She has exhibited in the Salon, in several English galleries, at the Chicago World's Fair, in the Academy and at Montreal. A large picture of an old-fashioned market place is expected to arrive for the spring exhibition. Her work is strong and original. It is interesting to know that her local sketches of old French houses and rural

## WOMEN IN ART—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

scenes find favor in England and are bought by English people.

Mrs. M. H. Watts, now residing in Montreal, is also a Salon exhibitor. Mrs. Watts pursued her art studies mostly in Paris, but has also studied in New York and in Germany. Besides exhibiting in the Salon in 1891, she has exhibited in

the Academy of Design in New York, in the Crystal Palace, London, and in the Royal Canadian Academy.

Her Salon picture represents an old garden just inside the city walls of Rothenburg, Bavaria. The grey stone watch-tower, the houses with their red-tiled roofs, the garden of mingled vegetables, flowers, and

rose trees (not bushes) in the foreground, make a very bright and pleasing picture. In all her outdoor scenes, Mrs. Watts succeeds in getting a great deal of atmosphere and sunlight. She also reproduces the effect, very difficult to obtain, of haze. She studies nature truly, and excels in pastoral scenes which she portrays faithfully. The same may be said of her marine views.

Mrs. Watts is exceedingly fond of animals and her cats are painted as only an animal lover could paint them.

Apart from her own work as an artist, Miss Mary M. Phillips, president of the Montreal branch of the Woman's Art Association, is well known in the art circles of Montreal for her efforts along the line of art education, on which she has concentrated most of her energies.

After a course in the Art Association here, Miss Phillips went to New York, where she pursued her studies in the Art Students' League, the pioneer of schools for artists, and also under private teachers. Water colors she studied with Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, of New York.

Miss Phillips taught for some time in New York, where she became deeply interested in the industrial art movement and manual training for children. She was associated in the work for a time with Liberty Tadd, of the Philadelphia School of Design. Returning to her native city, she established a school to promote the application of art to the handicrafts and industries of the country. In this school, Miss Phillips has carried out her theory of training children to acquire a correct knowledge of form, and to be able to make a practical use of their training in the arts.

Notwithstanding the great amount of time devoted to educational work, Miss Phillips has exhibited regularly in New York, the Royal Canadian Academy, Montreal, and other places in Canada. She usually chooses such subjects as boats and marine scenes, old French houses, etc., which she treats particularly well in water colors. Her exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair was a marine scene.

All her work is sincere and suggests nature in a high degree. Her truly artistic temperament makes itself felt in the poetical qualities which are apparent even in her illustrations and designs.

Miss Phillips is on the committee of the art department of the Paris "Blue Book."

Miss Harriet J. MacDonnell is a daughter of the late Dr. Robert MacDonnell, of this city. Her art education was received at the association here. Besides giving lessons to private students, and conducting art classes in the Trafalgar Institute, Miss MacDonnell finds time for art work covering a wide range. Painting on china and on Canadian tile she does from her own design, as also fire etching on wood and leather.

Miss MacDonnell has also attained considerable success in a branch of art as yet rarely undertaken by women—Canadian women, at all events—the designing of houses, of which three have been built from her plans. The first of these, her own summer residence of "Tynekill" (Irish for house in the woods), in a very picturesque and romantic location at Cap a l'Aigle, is a reproduction on a large scale of the typical peasant cottage with its high, peaked roof and narrow windows. An interesting fact in connection with the second is that in its construction were utilized the mahogany doors, furniture, etc., of the man-of-war Alert, the ship that sailed so far within the Arctic Circle. Miss MacDonnell is at present designing for an American lady a wayside inn, modelled after the one made familiar to the eye of our imagination by Longfellow.

In pictorial art, Miss MacDonnell works in both oils and water colors, but prefers the latter. She has exhibited in Montreal, in the R.C.A., and at Chicago World's Fair, where some of her designs for china painting were awarded a prize. Spending most of her summers in the country, she has painted many beautiful bits of St. Lawrence scenery as far east as Cape Breton, spots of historical association, quaint interiors, and weather-worn old houses, the wonderful color effects of sea air on the wood being faithfully shown.

Miss MacDonnell finds in Eastern Canada no lack of picturesque subjects, and intends during the coming summer to depict the habitant at home.

Miss Margaret Sanborn also finds in the Eastern Townships many spots worthy of the artist's attention. At Dunham, Frelighsburg, Cap a l'Aigle, Tadoussac, Lachine, she has made many lovely sketches of the peaceful, smiling landscape, so suggestive of the peaceful happy life of Canadian farmer-folk.

Some of these latter are very anxious that when they or their belongings are portrayed it shall be done correctly, and they will gather around the stray artist, examine her sketch closely, and criticize it frankly, being quick to notice if a buckle has been omitted from the harness, or a spoke from the cart's wheel.

That the immediate vicinity of Montreal is rich in beauty spots, Miss Sanborn's "Glen below the stone bridge at St. Henry's," "Cote St. Antoine road looking west," or spot near the elevator at the foot of Mount Royal, is convincing. Her pictures are very pretty and natural, and show poetic feeling in a marked degree. Water-colors suit Miss Sanborn's style most expressively, although she also paints in oils. She studied at the association here, and also has exhibited at the gallery here every year since 1892, as well as frequently in the Academy.

Miss Sanborn teaches classes in oils and water colors, sketching from nature, and drawing in charcoal from casts. She executes designs in pyrography skillfully, and has studied



MRS. M. H. WATTS.



MISS SANBORN.

miniature painting under Mrs. Alsop-Robineau, of New York, who, with her husband, edits *The Ceramic Studio*.

As a miniature painter, par excellence, Mrs. O. C. Edwards takes a high rank. Before specializing, she studied from the antique and in water colors under different teachers in Montreal, and portrait painting with Homer Watson in New York, where she also worked for some time in the studio of W. L. Fraser, art editor of *The Century*.

Flowers she studied closely for some time, and exhibited flower pieces in oils at the Chicago World's Fair, and also at the Academy for several years.

After her marriage, Mrs. Edwards removed with her husband, Dr. O. C. Edwards, to Regina, where Dr. Edwards still holds a Government position. The lovely wild flowers of the prairie were to Mrs. Edwards a source of pleasure and interest, and so truly did her pictures reflect them that she received from the Indians a name in the significant Cree tongue, meaning "the mirror." Pasquaw, one of the Northwest chiefs who signed the treaty with the Canadian Government, sat to her for his portrait, with which he was quite delighted.

On her return to the East, Mrs. Edwards studied miniature painting on ivory in New York. In this she has been very successful, among the orders executed in this practically imperishable style of portraiture being a miniature of Lord Strathcona, and one of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, painted about three years ago.

The miniature of to-day differs in many essential respects from those we sometimes meet with of belles of the by-gone centuries. While the coloring of these was very delicate and enduring, the limited space was considered an excuse for bad drawing and faulty technique, and the old-fashioned miniature, it must be owned, was decidedly flat and expressionless in effect. But in the miniature of to-day the same attention to drawing, modelling, atmosphere, etc., is demanded as would be required in a life-size portrait in oils, and to paint an exquisite picture, like the one Mrs. Edwards has just finished of a young mother and child, the one three-quarter and the other full figure, with the likeness faithfully retained, on a piece of ivory two by two and a half inches, is certainly a work of great skill. The miniatures Mrs. Edwards paints are especially excellent in careful attention to flesh tones and atmosphere.

Miss Laing's specialty is flower painting, which she has studied extensively from an artist eminent in this branch in Paris. Her general art education was received at the association here, and afterwards in several studios in Paris.

Flowers she paints as if she loved them. Her pictures are genuine portraits of flowers, and very life-like and correct portraits at that. Miss Laing's contributions to the exhibi-



MRS. O. C. EDWARDS.

tion are nearly always flower-pieces, chiefly in oils, but sometimes also in water colors. She has just left Montreal to spend the remainder of the winter in the milder climate of California.

Miss Lilian Tucker was for six years a student in the Art Gallery here, where she

took a scholarship in 1894. She has exhibited every year for about the same length of time.

Her work includes flowers, sketches of local scenery, landscapes in both oil and water colors, but her preference is

portrait-painting, in which she shows a good deal of promise, her work being strong and decided.

Miss Tucker teaches a class in drawing from the antique, painting in both mediums, and sketching from nature, for which she too finds abundant material in the picturesque localities surrounding Montreal. E. BORRISG.

#### COMPENSATION IN WEATHER.

IT is the general belief that the characters of successive seasons bear some relation to one another. Either a summer is warm because the preceding winter was mild or because the preceding summer was cold. The truth or falsity of such a belief is considered in the annual summary for 1899 of Climate and Crops, in which data relating to temperature and rainfall in Denver, Colo., for 28 years are compiled in the hope of throwing light on the so-called compensation theory of weather. Says Science, in a notice of this summary:



MISS LILIAN TUCKER.

"This theory, stated in a few words, is that a season with an excess or defect of temperature or precipitation is followed by compensating conditions in the succeeding season. The records show that the temperature for a season, or a longer period, furnishes no certain index of the conditions to be expected during the coming season. An exceptionally warm spring or summer following an abnormally cold winter is found to be the exception rather than, as is generally believed, the rule. The conditions with respect to precipitation are much more variable than those connected with the temperature. Notably dry or wet seasons are more likely to be followed by nearly normal ones, than by seasons having compensating, or opposite, characteristics."

#### RESOLUTION OF BOER WOMEN.

IT is certain that the Free State Boers are not, on the whole, as hardy and resolute as the Transvaalers. The former have lived in peace for a much longer time than the latter, and are loth to leave the comfortable, and in many cases, rich homes they have built. When the commandeering began, many Free-State men were glad to obtain doctor's certificates showing that they were incapable of service in the field. This fact has called out the following outburst from a Free-State woman, who writes in *The Bloemfontein Express*:

"Shame upon our men! The one complains of a diseased liver, another has a stiff arm or leg, a third has heart disease. They all run around with certificates in their pockets, to hide their cowardice. Yet others will tell you that they have wives, loving, gentle wives, who are so fond of them that they will not allow them to go to war! I do not believe it. But were this true, why, sisters, I am ready to accompany my husband, who is as dear to me as yours to you. I am willing to die by his side, and I know hundreds of women who are willing to fight for independence. We women thought better of you, men of the Free State!

"Come! Give up your trousers and take our skirts, and we will teach you the duty of a man and a citizen."



# Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Loprohon.

## CHAPTER V.

And now will our readers forgive us if at the risk of being thought tedious, or, of repeating facts with which they may be as well acquainted as ourselves, we cast a cursory glance over that period of Canadian history which embraces the first few years that followed the capitulation of Montreal to the combined forces of Murray, Amherst, and Haviland—a period on which neither victors nor vanquished can dwell with much pleasure.

Despite the terms of the capitulation, which had expressly guaranteed to Canadians the same rights as those accorded to British subjects, the former, who had confidently counted on the peaceful protection of a legal government, were doomed instead to see their tribunals abolished, their judges ignored, and their entire social system overthrown, to make way for that most insupportable of all tyrannies, martial law.

It is true the new Government may have thought these severe measures necessary, for it is well known that the Canadians, for three long years after King George's standard floated about their heads, still persisted in believing and hoping that France had not abandoned them, and that she would yet make a final and successful effort to regain the Province when the cessation of hostilities should have been proclaimed. This last hope, however, like many others that the colonists had fixed on the Mother Country, was doomed to disappointment; and, by the treaty of 1763, the destinies of Canada were irrevocably united to those of Great Britain. This circumstance determined a second and more extensive emigration of the better classes of the towns and cities to France, in which country they were received with marks of special favor, and honorable places found for many of them in the Government offices, in the navy and the army.

Never perhaps was Government more isolated from a people than was the new Administration. The Canadians, as ignorant of the language of their conquerors as these latter were of their own cherished Gallic tongue, indignantly turned from the spurred and armed judges appointed to preside among them, and referred the arrangement of their differences to their parish clergy or some of their local notables.

The installation of the English troops in Canada had been followed by the arrival of a host of strangers, among whom unfortunately were many needy adventurers, who sought to build themselves positions on the ruined fortunes of the vanquished people. Of these, General Murray, a stern but strictly honorable man, who had replaced Lord Amherst as Governor-General, remarks, "When it had been decided to reconstitute civil government here, we were obliged to choose magistrates and select jurymen out of a community composed of some four or five hundred merchants, mechanics, and farmers, unsuitable and contemptible on account of their ignorance. It is not to be expected that such persons can resist the intoxication of power thus unexpectedly placed in their hands, or refrain from showing how skilful they are (in their peculiar way) in exercising it. They hate the Canadian noblesse on account of their birth and their other titles to public respect; and they detest other colonists, because the latter have contrived to elude the illegal oppression to which it was intended to subject them."

The Chief Justice, Gregory, drawn from the depths of a prison to preside on the bench, was entirely ignorant, not only of the French language, but also of the simplest elements of civil law; while the Attorney-General was not much better qualified for the high charge he held. The power of nominating to the situations of Provincial Secretary, of Council Recorder, of

Registrar, was given to favorites, who rented them to the highest bidder.

It is true the Governor was soon compelled to suspend the Chief Justice, and to send him back to England; but this, and one or two other conciliatory measures failed to counteract the painful impression which had been made on the minds of the conquered people, that such a thing as justice no longer existed for them. The dismemberment of their territory was a point that grieved them almost as much as the abolition of their laws. The islands of Anticosti and Magdalen, as well as the greater part of Labrador, were annexed to the Government of Newfoundland; the islands of St. John and Cape Breton were joined to Nova Scotia; the lands lying around the Great Lakes, to the neighboring colonies; and finally New Brunswick was detached, and endowed with a separate Government and the name it bears to-day.

Royal instructions were received to compel the clergy and the people to take an oath of fidelity under penalty of being obliged to leave the country, as also to deny the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome, which every Catholic is bound in conscience to acknowledge and submit to. They were also summoned to yield up all their weapons and defensive arms, or swear that they had none concealed. These latter orders, which were equally severe and unjust, the Government hesitated about enforcing. A spirit of restless dissatisfaction, of open murmuring and complaints began to take possession of the people, hitherto so submissive to their new rulers. These latter felt it was necessary to relax the severity of their measures; and when, at a later period, the American colonies broke out into the revolt which ended in the establishment of their independence, Great Britain, either through policy or justice, finally accorded to Canadians the peaceful enjoyment of their institutions and their laws.

## CHAPTER VI.

Madame D'Aulnay and her young cousin were now fairly launched into that life of fashionable gaiety in which they were so well fitted to shine, and an entree to madame's pleasant salons was sought as a singular favor and advantage. Of course the lady's new military acquaintances were assiduous in their visits. Among the latter, Colonel Evelyn occasionally came, but farther intimacy made no change in his grave, quiet demeanor, nor did it soften, in any degree, his remarkable reserve. He never danced, and scarcely ever addressed a word to Antoinette or any of her pretty young rivals. Though refined and courteous in manner, he never paid a compliment—never uttered any of those commonplace gallantries which pass current in society as successfully as remarks on the weather. Surely Major Sternfield was right; and this man, so reserved, so inaccessible, had little faith or trust in woman.

Ample amends, however, did Audley Sternfield make for his colonel's indifference, and few days passed without his presenting himself, under one pretext or another, in Mrs. D'Aulnay's drawing-room. A project deferentially proposed by himself, and acceded to by both ladies after some pressing on his part, farther increased their intimacy. This was his becoming their preceptor in the English tongue. With the latter language Mrs. D'Aulnay was but slightly acquainted; but Antoinette, however deficient in point of pronunciation, possessed a very accurate knowledge of its grammatical construction, thanks to the lessons of her governess, who, though experiencing, like most foreigners, great difficulty in the pronunciation, read and wrote it with perfect accuracy.

What dangerous means of attraction were thus furnished Major Sternfield in his new capacity. To sit daily for hours with his fair pupils at the same table, reading aloud some impassioned poem—some graceful tale of fiction, whilst they listened in silent enjoyment to the rich intonations of a remarkably musical voice; or watched the expressive play of his regular, faultless features. Then, when he arrived at some passage of peculiar beauty or fervent sentiment, how eloquent

the rapid glance he would steal towards Antoinette—how ardent, how devoted the expression of his dark speaking eyes.

Was it to be wondered at that the young and inexperienced girl, thus exposed to such powerful and novel temptations, learned lessons in another lore than that of languages; and, that after those long and pleasant hours of instruction, she often sat wrapped in silent reverie, with flushed cheek and downcast gaze that plainly told something more interesting than English verbs and pronouns occupied her thoughts.

It was the first really good sleighing of the season, for the few slight falls of snow that had hitherto heralded winter's approach, descending on the muddy roads and sidewalks, had lost at once their whiteness and purity, and becoming incorporated with the liquid mud, formed that detestable combination with which we Canadians are so familiar in the spring and fall, and which we recognize by the name of "slush." A hard frost, however, succeeded by a sufficiently abundant fall of snow, had filled with rejoicing all the amateurs of sleighing; whilst a clear blue sky overhead, and brilliant sunshine, flooding the earth with light if not warmth, left nothing to be desired.

Before Mrs. D'Aulnay's door was a tiny, exquisitely-finished sleigh, whilst a pair of glossy black ponies of the pure Canadian breed, stood tossing their gayly-tasseled heads, and ringing out musical peals from the host of little silver bells adorning their harness. 'Tis unnecessary to say that this fairy-like equipage was waiting for Mrs. D'Aulnay and her cousin, who were both in the former's dressing-room, adding the finishing touches to their elegant and becoming winter toilettes. On a chair lay a pair of lady's riding-gauntlets, which the fair lady of the mansion took up, exclaiming:

"You may safely trust yourself to my driving, Antoinette, for I am a practiced hand. My ponies, too, though pretty, spirited-looking creatures, are very gentle, and admirably broken in."

From this speech it will be seen that Mrs. D'Aulnay, amongst her other accomplishments, possessed that of driving two in hand; and though few ladies of the time either sought or admired this gift, Madame D'Aulnay was a leader of fashion, and did as she pleased.

"Do you know, petite cousine," she remarked, glancing complacently in the mirror, "those dark furs of ours are very becoming! They harmonize well with even my sallow complexion, whilst they become your glowing carmine cheeks divinely. But what have we here, Jeanne?" and she turned towards a middle-aged woman who entered with a couple of letters in her hand.

"For Mademoiselle Antoinette, madame"; and the newcomer placed the epistles in the young girl's eagerly outstretched hand.

Jeanne was a somewhat privileged person in the household, for she had lived with Mrs. D'Aulnay in the capacity of lady's maid before the latter's marriage, and had followed her to her new home, probably never to separate from her; for she was fondly attached to her mistress, and frequently favored her with proofs of her devotion in the shape of remonstrances and reproachful counsels, which the petted and capricious Madame D'Aulnay would have borne from no one else.

Antoinette hastily opened her letters, both of which were very long and closely written, and, as Mrs. D'Aulnay's glance fell on the well-filled pages, she somewhat impatiently exclaimed, "Surely, dear child, you do not intend waiting to read those folios through now! There, there, put them away, they will keep till our return."

"Not so dear Lucille. They are from papa and poor Mrs. Gerard, both of whom have been but very little in my thoughts for the last couple of weeks; so, by way of penance, I intend remaining at home, and reading the letters over till I have them by heart."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed her hostess. "Do you really mean to lose this beautiful afternoon, and the first good sleighing of the season? Surely you will not be so absurd!"

"It must be, dear friend, for this once; so forgive me."

"Ah!" rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay, half pettishly, half playfully. "I see you possess a considerable share of the family firmness, or, to give it its true name, obstinacy; but I must make up my mind to exhibit myself in Notre Dame street alone this afternoon. Well, adieu!" and with a light step she descended the stairs.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Antoinette, after Mrs. D'Aulnay's departure, hastily divested herself of her out-door clothing, and then entered on the perusal of her letters. The first, which was from her father, was kind and affectionate; spoke of the void her absence made in the household; told her to enjoy herself to her heart's utmost desire; and ended by warning her to watch well over her affections, and bestow them on none of the gay strangers who might visit at her cousin's house, for, assuredly, he would never, under any circumstances, countenance any of them as her suitors. A burning blush suffused the girl's cheek as she read this last sentence; and she hastily laid down her father's letter, and took up the other, as if to banish the peculiar thoughts thus suddenly evoked. But the second epistle was still more unfortunate in the reflections it gave rise to; and, as Antoinette read on, the glow on her cheek deepened to a feverish crimson, and the large bright tears gathered in her eyes, and fell one by one on the paper.

No harsh reproaches, no severe denunciations, had found place in Mrs. Gerard's letter; but with gentle firmness she spoke of duties to be fulfilled, of errors to be avoided, and then implored her pupil to question her own heart narrowly, and find in what and how far she had been unfaithful since she had entered on the gay life she was now leading. For the first time since her arrival beneath Mrs. D'Aulnay's roof, Antoinette entered on that trying task of self-examination; and at its close, she stood before the tribunal of her own heart, self-condemned.

Was she really the same innocent, guileless little country girl, whose thoughts and pleasures a few weeks previous had been as simple as those of a child?—she, whose long conversations with Mrs. D'Aulnay ever turned on dress, fashion, or silly sentiment; who lived in a round of glittering gaiety, that gave no time for serious reflection or self-examination? What amusements had replaced her former quiet country walks and useful course of reading—her religious and charitable duties? Aye! blush on, Antoinette! for the answer is one both condemning and humiliating;—the perusal of silly novels and exaggerated love-poems; the conversation of frivolous men of the world, whose whispered flatteries and lover-like protestations had become so familiar to her ear that they had almost ceased to make her blush; and idle day-dreams, planning equally idle pleasures for the future.

Whilst the remorse evoked by these thoughts was busy at her heart, Jeanne entered to say that Major Sternfield wished to see her.

"Impossible!" sharply replied Antoinette, for the fascinating Audley had much to answer for in her present severe self-retrospect.

"But, Mademoiselle," expostulated Jeanne, endeavoring to explain that the gentleman, certain of admittance, had unceremoniously followed her into the hall, and now stood outside the threshold of the adjoining apartment, which was one of the drawing-rooms, awaiting her appearance.

"I tell you, 'tis impossible, Jeanne," was the quick impatient reply. "I have a headache, and can see no one."

The clear ringing tones of the speaker certainly indicated nothing like severe suffering, and considerably disconcerted, the visitor retraced his steps. At the hall door he paused, and, suddenly turning to the dark-eyed soubrette who stepped forward to open it for him, expressed his earnest hope that "Mademoiselle De Mirecourt was not very ill."

"Well, no sir," hesitatingly replied Jeanne, touched alike by the dark appealing eyes and perfectly spoken French of the

## ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

handsome interrogator "Mademoiselle received some letters from home a short time since, and they may have contained some unpleasant news, for, on passing the half-open door, I could see that she was crying." The gallant Sternfield bowed his thanks, and passed into the street.

"Letters from home and crying over them!" he murmured to himself. "I must find out from Madame D'Aulnay, to-morrow, what it all means. My little country beauty is too great a prize to be let carelessly slip through my fingers."

A half-hour afterwards, Mrs. D'Aulnay, in the highest spirits, returned home. Not finding Antoinette in the dressing-room, where she had left her, she hurried up to the latter's apartment, meeting Jeanne on the way, who informed her that Major Sternfield had called during her absence and had been refused admittance.

"Why, what new phase of my little cousin's mood is this?" she inwardly asked herself. "I suppose she has received a long epistolary lecture from home, which has given her over a prey to vexation or remorse."

Antoinette was lying on a couch, on which she had purposely thrown herself, intending to feign headache, and thus escape the remarks and suppositions of her hostess. The latter, however, without appearing to notice the swollen eyelids of her young companion, expressed her regret at her indisposition, and then entered on an animated description of her afternoon's drive. "It had proved delightful; she had met everybody worth meeting, and had organized, with Madame Favancourt, a driving-party to Lachine for the following day. Major Sternfield, whom she had met on the way, was to see to the whole affair, and, in short, they would have a most delightful excursion. But now," she continued in a still livelier strain, "I have come to the cream of the story. Whom should I meet in the Place D'Armes in a splendid sleigh, driving a pair of superb English bays, but our misanthropic colonel! The temptation of adding such a faultless turnout to our expedition to-morrow was irresistible, and, raising my whip, I beckoned him towards me. The bays champed and curvetted as if they hated the sight of a pretty woman as much as their master does; but, reining them in with an iron hand, he courteously listened to my invitation, evidently seeking all the time for some plausible excuse for refusal. Thinking frankness best with such an extraordinary character, I laughingly declared that our resources in the way of handsome equipages and horses were somewhat limited. He eagerly commenced assuring me that his were entirely at my disposal, not only to-morrow, but whenever I should require them. Seeing, however, what the gentleman was at, I quietly interrupted him, by exclaiming:

"Not without the owner, Colonel Evelyn, both or none! You never saw any man so much put out. He bit his lip, reined in the bays till he almost made them stand perpendicularly on their hind legs; and, at length, seeing that I awaited determinedly his answer, he rejoined in a hurried, constrained tone that he would do himself the pleasure of joining us on the morrow. He is a perfect barbarian—but I will leave you now, awhile, for quiet will do your poor head good," and, lightly pressing her lips to the fair young cheek pillowed on the couch, she left the room.

Antoinette wearily sighed as the door closed upon her, and murmured: "Oh, if I wish to be again what I was, I must return home! The temptations of this gay house, the society of my kind-hearted, but pleasure-loving, cousin, are too much for my weak heart and feeble resolves."

### CHAPTER VIII.

A gay cavalcade of prancing horses and richly-decorated sleighs was drawn up the following day, about noon, in front of Madame D'Aulnay's mansion. Conspicuous among these was the magnificent equipage of Colonel Evelyn, but the owner himself was standing near it with a moody, constrained

expression, that plainly betokened he was there against his will. Most of the party were already in their respective places, laughing and chatting in the highest spirits; when the door of Mrs. D'Aulnay's residence opened, and that fair lady issued forth, dispensing sunny smiles and friendly bows on all sides. In her wake came Antoinette; but the usually sparkling gaiety of the latter was strangely clouded, yet many thought this new and pensive shade of her beauty became her even better than the older one.

As the elder lady stepped on the pavement, Colonel Evelyn approached her, and, in a tone which he vainly endeavored to render empresse, requested her "to honor his sleigh by occupying it."

She smilingly bowed assent, and then turned aside to answer some polite inquiries from some cavalier near. Suddenly Major Sternfield sought her side, and begged her to give him a seat with herself, as he had something very particular to say to her. The truth was, he was most impatient to know why Antoinette had refused seeing him the previous day; as well as to learn, if possible, the cause of the tearful grief which Jeanne had spoken. Mrs. D'Aulnay good-naturedly answered in the affirmative, not very sorry at the same time to inflict a passing slight on the ungallant colonel, who seemed to think it so severe a hardship to share the occupancy of his sleigh with her charming self. Having previously, however, intended that Antoinette and Major Sternfield should drive together, whilst she should head the cavalcade with Colonel Evelyn, she now felt momentarily embarrassed how to arrange matters. After a moment's thought, she tripped up to the colonel, and smilingly told him "that as Major Sternfield had thrown himself on her charity, she had no resource but to take him in her own little equipage. Here, however, is my substitute," she archly continued, drawing suddenly forward the embarrassed and astonished Antoinette, who had been looking around her for the last few minutes with a listless pre-occupied expression, which seldom rested on that sweet face.

Completely taken by surprise, and at the same time indignant beyond measure at being thus arbitrarily forced on the society of so unwilling a companion, Antoinette drew back, vehemently declaring "that she would not consent to such an arrangement—the horses looked too restive!"

With an almost imperceptible curl of his lip, Colonel Evelyn hastened to assure her "that the steeds, though spirited, were thoroughly broken in," whilst Mrs. D'Aulnay impetuously whispered in her ear:

"Do you want openly to insult the man? Get in at once!"

Antoinette unwillingly complied; and, as Colonel Evelyn arranged the rich robes carefully around her, he contemptuously thought within himself, "What a well-got-up piece of acting! Young as they may be—guileless as they may look—they are all alike!"

Whilst backing his horses to let Madame D'Aulnay and Major Sternfield (who, by the way, on seeing the last arrangement, heartily regretted his precipitancy) take precedence, the lady insisted on Evelyn's keeping the lead, declaring his magnificent bays were just the thing for opening the procession.

Proudly, gaily, the party swept on, making the air musical with the sweet ringing of bells, and, after proceeding down the length of Notre Dame street, passed through Recollet's gate, which gave them egress outside the wall encircling the city, and they soon found themselves\* in the open country, on the road to Lachine.

Colonel Evelyn's moodiness and Antoinette's vexation yielded after a time to the charms of the brilliant blue sky and sunshine—the beautiful appearance of the wide-spread fields covered with their glittering snowy mantle, and sparkling as

\* This wall, which was originally built to protect the inhabitants of the town from the hostile attacks of the Iroquois tribe, was 15 feet high, with battlements. After a time, it was suffered to fall into decay, and it was ultimately removed by an act of the Provincial Legislature, to make way for some judicious and necessary improvements.

if some enchanter had strewn them with diamond-dust. There was something, too, peculiarly exhilarating in the rapid pace of the steeds, and in the keen bracing air itself, that insensibly communicated its influence to both parties, but still, strangely enough, both remained silent. The scene was entirely new to Evelyn, and talking commonplace platitudes would have marred his enjoyment; whilst Antoinette, on her part, was determined to show him, that, though forced in a measure on his society, she had no intention of profiting by the circumstance in any manner.

At length, they neared the Lachine Rapids, the roar of whose restless waters had been for some time previous sounding in their ears; and, as the broad wreaths of foam, the snow-covered rocks with the black waters boiling and chafing up between them, or eddying round in countless different currents and whirlpools, burst upon their view, an involuntary exclamation of admiration escaped Colonel Evelyn's lips. The scene was indeed grand, sublime in the extreme; and the lonely wooded shores of Caughnawaga opposite, the tiny islets with a solitary pine tree or two growing from their rocky bosoms, and, standing where they had stood for ages, calm, unmoved by the wild tempest of waters so fiercely raging around them, gave fresh food to the thoughts, whilst they added increased grandeur to the scene.

In the eager admiration of the moment, the colonel unconsciously relaxed his grasp on the reins, when a shot, suddenly discharged from the gun of some country sportsman near, startled the spirited steeds, that instantly set off at a most fearful pace. The peril was imminent, for the road led close along the bank of the rapids, rising in some places several feet above the chafing waters. Still, the hand which held the reins was one of iron, and its firm and vigorous grasp was a considerable check on the headlong career of the terrified animals. After the first moment of alarm, Evelyn turned toward his companion to deprecate by some encouraging word, the piercing shrieks, the fainting fit, or other tokens of feminine alarm, which would greatly have heightened the dangers of their position; but Antoinette sat perfectly upright and quiet, her lips slightly compressed, and in no way betraying her secret terror, save in the marble-like pallor of her face.

Noting the anxious glance Evelyn had just turned on her, she quietly exclaimed, "Do not mind me; attend to the horses." "What a brave little girl!" he inwardly thought; and assured of her perfect self-possession, he devoted every straining nerve and sinew to recovering his control over the runaways. Clear eye and strong hand were alike requisite, for they were now approaching a spot where the bank became steeper and the road narrower. An overturned cart, rising up black and unsightly by the wayside, added a fresh impetus to the terror of the already half-maddened animals. With a desperate plunge they sprang forward, and the wild effort caused the reins, already stretched for a considerable time past to the utmost tension, to snap asunder. In that moment of deadly peril there was no time for etiquette or ceremony, and, quick as thought, Evelyn snatched up the light form of his companion and murmuring "Forgive me," threw her out on the snow-covered ground. He instantly leaped out after, narrowly escaping entangling his feet in the robes, and stumbling forward with considerable violence. His first thought was of Antoinette, who had risen to her feet, and was now leaning in silence against the trunk of a tree, her lips rivalling her cheeks in their death-like pallor.

"Are you much hurt?" he hurriedly inquired.

"Oh, no, no," was the piteous toned reply; "but the horses, the poor horses!"

Colonel Evelyn looked eagerly around. Aye, where were they? Down at the foot of the steep bank, maimed and bleeding, and still desperately struggling amid the rocks and shallow water, into which they had rolled. Evelyn dearly prized his beautiful English bays, perhaps, over-valued them as much as he under-valued women, but it is only rendering him justice to state that in that moment every thought of regret for their fate

was absorbed in secret gratulation that the helpless girl committed for the hour to his charge, was safe.

"Take my arm, Miss De Mirecourt," he gently exclaimed, "and we will seek for assistance at yonder little cottage."

Antoinette complied, and their knock for admittance was followed by an invitation to come in. On entering, they found themselves in a bare, scantily-furnished room; the walls and earth of which, however, were spotless, the small narrow panes glittering like diamonds, and the whole place shining with that exquisite cleanliness and order with which the Canadian habitants soften, if they do not conceal, their poverty, wherever it exists. Peacefully smoking beside the huge double-stove sat the master of the household, whilst half a dozen round-eyed, swarthy-cheeked children, of all ages from one to seven, played and tumbled like so many dolphins upon the floor. On seeing his unexpected visitor, the man instantly rose, and, without betraying half the astonishment he secretly felt, removed the blue toque from his head, and politely answered in the affirmative to Antoinette's request for assistance. Looking suddenly, however, toward the group on the floor, he explained, in a somewhat hesitating tone, that his wife had gone from home on business, and made him promise that he would not leave the children in her absence, lest they should burn themselves. The absent wife's fears were fully justified by the state of the stove, which was nearly red hot; but Antoinette, with a smile wreathing her still white lips, assured him she should take every possible care of the little ones during his absence. Sailing his thanks, the man left the cottage, accompanied by Colonel Evelyn, and Antoinette found herself alone with her young companions. Her first act was to bend her knee in heartfelt gratitude to Providence for her late escape, and then she turned her attention to consoling the youngling of the flock, who set up a lamentable outcry a moment after his father's departure. The task was not difficult, for childhood's tears are easily dried; and a few moments after, he was installed on her lap, timidly fingering the golden trinkets suspended from her neck, the heat of the rooms having forced her to lay aside her furs and mantle; whilst the other children, grouped around her, listened eagerly to a wondrous tale of a stupendous giant and a lovely fairy, feasting their eyes meanwhile on the beautiful face and elegant dress of the speaker, whom they inwardly set down as belonging to the very class of fairies she was telling them about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A PACING DOG.

M. B. SCOTT, a veterinary surgeon, of Faribault, South Dakota, has a novelty in the shape of a wonderful pacing dog. So far as is known this is the only instance on record of a pacing dog, though a trotting dog is not unheard of, and a man named Harry Ketcham, a Canadian, once owned a trotter whom he called Doc. This dog, which was a pointer, he exhibited at racetracks and fairs all over the country. He was said to have made about \$10,000 out of the animal.

Dr. Scott's dog will race against either a horse or a bicycle, and seems to enjoy it, though he evidently regards it as a serious matter. Gypsy, as the doctor calls him, can make very good time, and Dr. Scott has speeded him from a standing start to make a quarter of a mile in 45 seconds, and the first eighth in 20 seconds.

When he was teaching him to pace Dr. Scott put small string hobbles on him in order to prevent him from breaking.

Gypsy paced a little before the doctor bought him, though so little as to be of no consequence; but his new master thought he saw possibilities of the dog doing better, and began a course of careful and systematic training until he obtained the present result.

The dog is a pure blooded St. Bernard, and weighs 140 lb.; is three feet tall, measures six feet from the tip of his bushy tail to the end of his handsome nose, and is about four years old. He races alone, without a driver, and, besides being a very fine animal, is a real curiosity.

## Political Athletics.

*The Surprising Feats of Canadian Statesmen To be a Member of the Present Parliament one Needs Hard Fists, Strong Biceps, and an Outfit of Biblical Expressions.*

FROM the standpoint of athletics, this may be considered the dullest and deadest season of the year. Hockey is over now for keeps; and until lacrosse and baseball start—which will not be until Queen's Birthday—we have absolutely no form of athletics, except that of dodging the coal bill. There will, of course, be the exciting days during which we shall endeavor to take off the double windows without disappearing with them into the Canadian climate; and there are few more thrilling moments in a man's lifetime than those when he is balancing on the window sill with only his wife's grip on his suspenders between him and a descent into the back yard with a double window as a parachute. But this is soon over, and consequently there is generally a long period of inaction, during which the athlete has only the winding up of his Waterbury watch to keep him in condition.

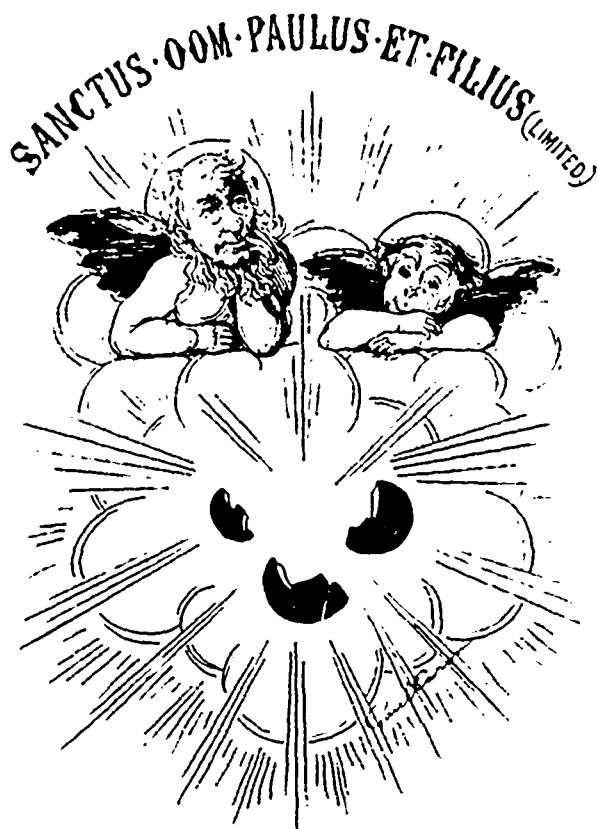
This year, however, we can safely recommend politics as a new form of athletics. In older times, politics consisted mainly in listening to a series of dreary speeches and voting as you were told. To-day they include a series of gymnastic exercises that would make a living skeleton lose weight. The politician of our daddies would be as much out of his element in the House, to-day, as a salmon in a sentry box. Fancy one of those sedate old gentlemen dancing about the Chamber, shaking his fist under the noses of his opponents, slamming desks, yelling, screeching and breaking furniture, while pouring out a string of epithets which, although we find them in the Bible, are not exactly found there in the same connection. In old days

the athletics in the House were largely metaphorical. They consisted in straddling the fence, jumping to conclusions, turning political somersaults, dodging the issue, and bolting the caucus. Nowadays they are rigidly practical. The modern member talks to his opponent in the same strain that Mr. Corbett uses when addressing Mr. Fitzsimmons over the long distance telephone. Aspiring leaders pass long nights on the canal path, indulging in forcible repartee with the bargemen, in order to replenish their vocabularies and bring them up-to-date. And in slamming desks, pounding chairs, and thumping the other brie-a-brac, they accumulate biceps that a baggage smasher might envy. No longer do they couch their views in Chesterfieldian remarks. They approach a controversy with the easy grace of a buffalo bull charging a barbed wire fence, and when the dialogue grows warm you cannot hold them with bucking straps and a Spanish bit. The politician who admits to-day that his opponent is a fellow human being would stand out in as bold relief as a cameo on a back-ground of bottle glass. The average Parliamentary orator can find sufficient epithets by which to stigmatize his political opponents to make the victim turn black in the face with suppressed gratitude.

There is only one time when we feel compassion for the Parliamentarian. And that is when he is visiting his rural constituents. For they realize that the man who can digest campaign statements can digest anything; and the consequence is that he is called upon to face meals that would cause a strike in a second-class penitentiary. For him is constructed the sawdust sandwich and the quartered-oak pie. For him is the railroad lunch upholstered with dead flies and decorated with coffee spots. In Ottawa he fares more sumptuously than the prodigal son at the height of his riotous living. In the country he has to tackle meals from which a cholera microbe would recoil. In town, he lives like William Waldorf Astor on a jag. In the country he is treated like a mendicant and fed like a tramp. For is he not in his constituency? And are not his constituents a series of animated slot machines, into which he has to drop his dollars to make them vote? Is he not compelled to visit every fair and social within a radius of 20 miles and fill all the female relatives of these same constituents so full of ice cream that they have to put their shirt-waists on with a shoe horn? And then, just as he can digest anything from a barb-wire cocktail to a granite-ware pie, and has filled every female in the country so full of frappeed sizz that she feels like a portable fire extinguisher, some other fellow comes along with a barrel a size larger than anything he can manipulate, and, forthwith, his erstwhile enthusiastic supporters awake to the conviction that he can do more for his country by staying at home than by prancing around the Russell bar at Ottawa.

It is only now and then that one of these rejected candidates can get even with his ex-constituents. But I knew one once who did. On his way home to the bosom of his family—represented in this instance by a stony-hearted landlady—he stayed over for a while at an hotel engineered by the principal supporter of the man who had supplanted him. Then he turned the soulfulness of his nature loose. And when he did that the effect was something similar to that of pulling a 10-inch bung out of a five gallon cask on a hot day. The first night he sat in with the landlord at a little game of "draw" and won all the contingent fund. The second night he came home in a cab with his legs dangling out of the windows and pounded the cabman with the hotel gong at the mere suggestion of paying any fare. The third night he paraded the corridors defying the chambermaids to come forth and embrace him. On the fourth morning the landlord presented him with his bill, having waited on the stairs ever since daylight to be sure of catching him. He looked over it with mild surprise and then, turning to the landlord, said in a voice full of feeling, "Don't you make any reduction to Ministers?"

SIXIAN.



WITH · STUPENDOUS · APOLOGIES · TO · RAPHAEL!



"SHOULD I bow to the gentleman who brings the meat?" was the never-to-be forgotten query a correspondent to one of our daily paper's etiquette column propounded some years ago. I do not remember what reply was given. No doubt it was couched in the wonderfully ambiguous fashion that characterizes the heads of such departments—one of those which is recognized as a reply because it is marked "A," while the question has the prefix "Q," but which gives the desired information very much after the plan of the French exercises, where the blacksmith asks after the health of the tailor's sister, and is told that the washerwoman has some linen handkerchiefs. I must confess, however, were a similar question asked of me, I should find it difficult to offer an opinion. Assuredly, if the bringer of this particular lady's marketing was a gentleman, and she knew him, why not? Though she would probably have to make up her mind to treat the grocer's gentleman with equal civility. Still, perhaps, this assistant might not have the same claims to this much misunderstood title. And as for him who holds the reins of the butcher's cart, and "brings the meat," she would needs be ready with her bow, for, like Jehu (or was it someone else?), he "driveth furiously," and, with little concern, would run over her, smile and all, if he happened to be turning a corner.

To treat, however, this subject in a more serious light, how extraordinarily chary people are for the most part about dispensing salutations in the form of bows: and how badly nine-tenths of the population incline their heads, when they do acknowledge anybody—acquaintance, relation, enemy, fool, wise man, or servant, as the case may be. To listen to some people discussing the matter, that is, whom they will bow to, and whom they will not, one would often imagine they were considering the distribution of material gifts. They speak of bowing as though they supposed they were conferring a privilege, or spreading blessings, whereas, the person whom they exempt from such recognition, probably only notices that either they have forgotten or never intended to drop their eyelids, and slightly bend their necks as he passed. He would have been little benefited had they done so. He is harmed not at all, because they have not.

As a whole, men are not in so great need of criticism as women, as far as bowing is concerned; perhaps, because one does not depend so much on their expression. One merely looks to see if the hat is elevated, and the face is not so closely scanned. Not that it is not pleasanter to be conscious of a smile or look of pleasure at the meeting. Still it is not of such import. With a woman, there is no gymnastic exercise to distract the attention. She does not untie strings or remove skewers, and doff her headgear. One looks directly at her face, and if she seems unable either to bend her head or force a smile, the effect is lamentable indeed. The other day I heard a man say that he liked to meet a certain well-known girl, not that he knew her very intimately, or had spoken to her frequently, but on account of her gracious bow. He said it made him feel quite different after he had passed on. Her cordial, pleasant glance, though it really meant nothing more than a momentary pleasure, if that, on her part, he declared, was quite sufficient to uplift his spirits for more than a few moments as he proceeded on his way. How very excellent it would be

for a number of us to meet that girl, and acquire, by imitation, what we do not possess by instinct!

Is it because there is a difficulty for most people in the dual action of bowing and smiling, that so few attempt both? As long as one has to do the one, might not one effect a happy combination? And yet how many smile-less bows, and bow-less smiles, we receive daily!

The former are undoubtedly the outcome of a disagreeable nature. The latter of an awkward or untrained one. Of the two courses, however, commend me to the second! I could almost forgive a man eating peas with his knife, if he entertained the rest of my guests and made them as happy as he evidently felt. Whereas, he who had the table manners of the most correct writer of a manual on etiquette, if he succeeded in snubbing everyone in his company, would not grace my board again. If you thoroughly dislike people, do not bow to them. If you do not thoroughly dislike them, do not stir up a feeling of enmity in their hearts by bowing as if you did. He that is worth bowing to, is worth bowing to well, is an admirable transposition of or substitution for the old adage. Personally, I have no immediate realization of lowering my social standing if I recognize the sewing girl on her way home, or the furnace man entering my house, as genially as I regard the visitor who has just left her cards and been turned from the door. I probably do not deem it necessary to stop and shake hands, inquire after the health and family, or general doings of these two people who are good enough to exchange services for money, in the way, I believe, the "Pansy" books advocate. But, as I do not feel unpleasantly towards them, I do not look unpleasantly at them, or pass them by. At least I hope I do not. Though one can never hope to know exactly what impression one's appearance makes upon another.

NO, that is doubtless why in the matter of saluting one another there is such need of improvement. I am convinced a large number of people have no idea how disagreeably they bow, how curtly and unsmilingly. Young people, especially, should be careful how they recognize older friends, or rather, elderly people. The "snippy" (that is the most expressive adjective) little nods with which one sees many honor old ladies or men, frequently make one wonder if, at home, they have no one to explain the meaning and the necessity of deference. While, as for the young boors (not Boers), who give their heads a sideway jerk as they pass some man of twice their age and importance, they, of course, are incorrigible. Men, as a rule, when unaccompanied, in both cases, by ladies, deem it sufficient, I think, to nod at one another, without attempting to even touch their hats. I suppose in business hours, especially in the busy streets, it would mean a promenade without one's hat, where everyone knows everyone else. But, at the same time, it is a pity to put on courtesy for the opposite sex only.

Familiarity is responsible for a large amount of contempt, and I should feel I was putting myself on a very level footing with, if not a trifle below, those whom I could pass with that appalling grimace that does duty with many for greeting. Civility is a cheap commodity, and widens, rather than narrows, the gulf between the classes and the masses. The more unostentatiously a man bows the better. There is room for no little affectation even in uncovering one's head. But he who knows the right course and adheres to it will take off his hat in the quietest possible way, without an unduly crooked arm, an upward flourish, or a downward sweep. And he will also be wiser not to smile and bow his head before removing his headgear. If there is an objectionable way of doing it that one carries the palm.

Like many another topic, much more might be said in regard to bowing, that necessary conventionality, than there is space for, or than the average reader would care to digest at

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



## SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

one time. But let everyone, who reads thus far, watch one another, or him or herself before a glass. Then decide if there is, or is not, room for improvement. K.

**M**R. and Mrs. C. Ernest Gault have left on a trip to Rossland and will probably go as far as Vancouver before returning.

Miss Hazel Dean, of Quebec, is spending some days in town, the guest of Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Sherbrooke street.

On Friday last, Mrs. A. Henshaw entertained a number of friends at tea.

Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Peel street, gave a very pleasant luncheon on Friday for a number of Miss Jane Ramsay's friends.

Miss Maenider, 1018 Sherbrooke street, left this week for New York, where she will visit Mrs. F. A. Cundill.

Miss O'Brien, of Halifax, who has been visiting Miss Bond, Bishop'scourt, for some weeks, has returned home.

Miss L. Dunlop, who has spent some months in the United States, returned this week from New York.

**M**R. W. MURRAY left this week for Atlantic City, where he will spend some weeks for the benefit of his health.

Miss Edythe Gault, "Bracehead," returned this week from a short visit to New York.

The marriage of Miss Jetta Sweeny, daughter of Colonel Sweeny, of Westmount, to Dr. Arthur Aylmer, son of the Hon. Mrs. H. Lovell Aylmer, and grandson of Lord Aylmer, of Melbourne, P.Q., has been arranged to take place early in June.

Mr. R. Pothier Doucet, son of Mr. Theodore Doucet, Q.C., is among the recruits for South Africa. Mr. Doucet only returned from Rossland about Christmas time, having been there for some months. He has always been most popular in English and French society, and will be very much missed.

Mr. H. Horan is another recruit. He has been in Montreal for some years, in the Bank of Montreal, though his home is in England. He also has gone out a great deal here, and at one time took an active part in private theatricals, in which he was really excellent.

Last week, quite an interesting match was played at the Montreal Ladies' Curling Club, by Miss Bond and Miss Belle Oswald, against Miss C. Brainerd and Miss E. Marler. The match was arranged by Dr. H. B. Yates and Mr. H. S. Holt, who have been playing a great deal lately, and the prizes were the result of a bet between these two gentlemen. They consisted of two extremely pretty gold bracelets, which were won by Miss Bond and Miss Oswald, while the defeated ones received consolation prizes in the shape of huge baskets of sweets.

The Misses Stephen, daughters of Mr. Frank Stephen, Sherbrooke street, left last week for England, where they will spend some months.

**T**HE seventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra, on Friday last, was a most pleasing one, in every respect. The programme was well chosen, the talent engaged excellent, and the work done by the orchestra extremely good. Hadyn's Symphony, The Queen's, received enthusiastic applause, as did Grieg's Melodie Elegiaque, and it was delightful to hear the overture of Rigoletto. Was there ever any air more catchy, even though so plaintive, as that, La Donna e Mobile, which everyone remembers if they remember no other of Verdi's?

Mrs. Ives, who played Mendelssohn's Concerto No. 1, with the orchestra, really outdid any of her previous successes, and she was appreciated as she deserved. Curiously enough, reference to last year's programme shows that it was on the corresponding Friday last year when she played at a Symphony

Concert, and delighted her hearers with the "Capriccio Brillante."

Miss Dowling sang very nicely a somewhat difficult aria of Saint Saens, and also an encore, that charming song My Native Land Again Once Meets My Eye—though the air to which she sang it is not nearly so pretty, I think, as Lassen's. The audience was a very fair one, it seemed to me, and a number of well-known people were present. Among them: Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mrs. F. Stephen, Miss Stephen, Mrs. D. Morrice, Jr., Miss E. Gault, Miss Sise, Mrs. Green-shields, Mrs. G. F. Benson, Mr. Eddie, Miss Ward, Mrs. Gillespie, the Misses Gillespie, the Misses Wallace, Mrs. W. Wingham, Mrs. Aler. Murray, Miss Hill, Mr. Browning, Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. H. R. Macpherson, Miss Parker.

**A**S children are invariably reminded, after they have had any special treat, that it must make them content for a very long time to come, so must we all, I suppose, exist for some time on the memory of last week's enjoyment in the way of theat-going. For the presence of Sir Henry Irving and his very excellent company certainly is always something to remember. It was, of course, a grievous disappointment that Miss Terry could not act in Montreal, for, if it were possible, she is even a greater favorite than Irving himself. But her understudy, Miss Milton, was extremely good, and we had to be satisfied. I doubt if there have ever been more representative audiences than filled the Academy on the three occasions. Every box was taken and every available seat, while one noticed people who never are seen anywhere but in the front rows of the orchestra chairs, or in boxes, sitting in the last rows of the parquet or the balcony, while, even in the gods, standing room was at a premium—and we must, indeed, be enthusiastic to stand up, there.

When one sees such plays as The Merchant of Venice it reminds one how regrettable it is that we so seldom have the opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's plays, that is, properly put on. Of course, they are occasionally presented, but if the star is any good, the support is sure to be wretched.

In spite of the rise in prices, there were a large number of theatre parties given every night. Among those who entertained in this way were: Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, Mr. A. F. Riddell, Mr. A. M. Crombie, Mr. H. V. Meredith, Mr. T. Davidson, Mr. Baumgarten, Mr. A. A. Allan, Mr. G. A. Drummond, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. G. Gillespie, and many others.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Frank Scott, Drummond street, gave a large and very pleasant euchre party.

Mr. R. R. Turner and the Misses Turner returned this week to Quebec, having spent a few days in town to be present at the Irving performances.

Miss Gair, of New York, has arrived in Montreal, and is visiting Mrs. Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street.

At the next Symphony Concert there will, no doubt, be an extraordinarily large attendance, owing to the fact that M. Henri Marteau, the violinist, is to play.

Miss J. Scott, Redpath street, has returned from Boston, where she has been visiting Mrs. Moise.

Miss Stikeman, accompanied by her niece, Miss Branstone, left this week for Toronto, where she will spend a short time.

**T**HE death of Mrs. James Burnett, which occurred on Sunday last, has cast a gloom on a very large circle of Montreal people. Though from the first, her illness assumed a most serious form, it was hoped that care and skill would bring her safely through, and consequently the end came as a very great shock to most of her friends. Perhaps it is neither the time or the place to pay tribute such as is deserved, but it may be said that her loss is irreparable to all who had the privilege of knowing her, and never has more heart-felt sympathy been extended, than is felt for all the members of her family.

It is certainly a matter of rejoicing that we had such a fine day for the visit of the Stratheona Horse, though we could

have put up with a little higher temperature, even if it had meant the gallant soldiers marching through slush. For, oh dear, it was cold standing about on St. Catherine street, near Peel street, or, in fact, anywhere along the line of the procession. Without doubt, however, it was worth being frozen to see such a splendid lot of men, and whether it was the flat, broad hats, or not, they looked of a remarkably even size. There was a very fair amount of enthusiasm displayed by the crowds, when they finally agreed to separate and let the procession pass through. Doubtless, there would have been more had not everyone been occupied in feeling their ears and stamping their feet, or diving out of the way of laden burleaux and persistent street cars. The snow towers at the four corners of Peel street were extremely pretty, and the snowshoers in costume, who manned them, made a capital finish. As for the flags and badges and buttons they were everywhere. Small boys had them about their persons in every possible place, and many a man muffled his neck in the folds of the Union Jack, or stuck small ones about his hat. Even at the Diamond Jubilee procession, I doubt if the streets were more crowded, for, from Peel street as far as the eye could see along St. Catherine, it was a dense mob, while roofs and shop windows were covered and filled with interested spectators. The departure of the Strathcona Horse will not easily be forgotten by any Montrealers.

ON Monday afternoon, Miss Armstrong, Milton street, gave a very jolly little tea.

Mrs. Hooper, Beaver Hall Square, entertained a number of friends at tea the same afternoon, her delightful windows affording an excellent vantage ground for witnessing the procession on its return uptown.

Mrs. Lennox Mills, wife of Archdeacon Mills, has been quite seriously ill with grippe (which is most prevalent at present), but is now very much better.

Miss L. Forget, Sherbrooke street, has returned from a short visit to Kingston.

Mr. Herbert Ewan, of Bridgeport, Conn., has been spending a short visit in Montreal with Mrs. Ewan, Sherbrooke street.

Lieut.-Col. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson, of Berthier, were among those who spent some days in town to witness the

departure of the Strathcona Horse. Colonel Hanson continues to take the liveliest interest in military matters, and it is but a short time ago that he was in town to say good-bye to his nephew, Captain Cuthbert, of the Mounted Police contingent for South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gault will move very shortly into their new residence on MacGregor street, formerly owned by Mrs. Fairman. Mrs. Fairman has already removed to Westmount, where she has purchased a delightful house on the Cote St. Antoine road.



KRUGER—Friend Steyn, maybe if we offer him half down on der spot, he goes away. S'pose we try him mit der smaller half.

HOW very natural it sounds to hear that 50 tons of "candy" have just been despatched to the American soldiers in the Philippines. I wonder does the commissariat also provide popcorn and chewing gum and salted almonds? However, the medical authorities have ordered it as an essential part of a soldier's diet, and they say in the British and French army it is provided, though I was astonished to hear it.

Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy has left on a trip of some weeks to the Southern States.

It is said that the marriage of Miss Alice Ward and Mr. Edmund Heward, whose engagement was announced last week, will, in all probability, take place in the early autumn.

The Misses Paterson, the small daughters of Mr. Alex. Paterson, who have been visiting their uncle, Mr. J. B. Paterson, Sherbrooke street, during the serious illness of Master Paterson, have returned home.

Miss Paton, Sherbrooke, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. S. Holt, Stanley street.

LAST week, the fine weather was responsible for a number of luncheons at the Montreal Hunt, when the guests snowshoed or skied there and back, or at least one way, and made quite a day's outing.

What with tobogganers, snowshoers, and those on skis the park was quite gay every evening last week, and this week too. For a moonlight night and plenty of snow would be sufficient to entice the veriest sluggard from the house.

#### POPULARITY OF CREMATION.

Statistics of cremation, presented by M. Bourneville at the recent annual meeting of the society in Paris, show that the number of incinerations at the Pere Lachaise Crematory has almost steadily increased since 1889, and that the whole number last year was 4,513, making 37,068 from the beginning. A fair proportion of the number were women. There are now in Europe and America 70 crematories, 27 of which are in Italy and 20 in the United States. Cremation is making good progress in England, where four crematories are reported from, and two are in course of erection. Germany has six, where 423 incinerations took place in 1898; Switzerland and Sweden have two each, Denmark one and one has been authorized in Norway.

FEW people are aware that President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, lived in England for several years. But such is the case. President Steyn, who is a lawyer by profession, received his legal training in London, and is a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple. It is, therefore, idle to say that he was ignorant of the power of the British Empire when he joined forces with Kruger. No one knows more thoroughly the resources of Her Majesty's Government than this African Dutchman, who was born in the State of which he is now the head 42 years ago.

THE QUEEN has caused Lieut. Roberts' Victoria Cross to be forwarded to Lord Roberts. This is, however, due only to the fact that Lieut. Roberts lived until after the despatch recommending him was written. It has always been held that a dead man could not be recommended for the Cross. The Distinguished Conduct Medal, on the other hand, was awarded to Driver Nugent, although he was killed in action.

Next week, MONTREAL LIFE will contain a number of features of special interest, including an article on the Women of the Civil Service, Ottawa. There will also be a handsome picture of Lady Victoria Grey, niece of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, as "Liberty," at the recent patriotic entertainment at the capital.



## \* Mainly About People. \*

MRS. HAYTER REED, who is now to make her home in historic Quebec, was always extremely popular in Ottawa, where no festivity seemed quite at its best without her. Very impulsive, and kind-hearted to a degree, many were the proteges and people whom she befriended; her practical kindness to the poor being one of her strongest traits. She was always quite ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of a friend whom she considered unjustly treated, and was not afraid of doing anything that might achieve her end. Everyone found it hard to refuse her any request, and, in her husband's behalf, she spared no pains to have his position as Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs spared by the Ministerial axe, after the change of Government in 1896. She won over all but one hard-hearted man, whose acquiescence meant everything. This year, at the drawing-room, all differences were forgotten, apparently, as she went into the reception on the arm of her erstwhile enemy (though she did address him as "you fiend, you!")

FROM an artistic mother, Mrs. Reed inherited much of her cleverness, which is shown in many ways. One of these is her skill in dressing to suit her style. Yellow is her color, and she knows it. A striking looking woman, she is one who would be remarked anywhere—tall, erect, with graceful carriage, beautiful dark brown eyes and a very winning manner. Brimful of wit, there is no one just like her. And all her eccentricities and absent-minded ways are taken as a matter of course by those who know her for a friend.

She is the daughter of Chief Justice Armour, of Toronto, and, as a young girl, was a great belle. There has been much romance in her life. Her engagement to Mr. Reed was broken off and she married a Mr. Lowrey—Mr. Reed taking unto himself a wife. The latter and Mr. Lowrey both died, not long after their respective marriages, and, after a due interval, Mrs. Lowrey became Mrs. Reed. She should be credited with the ability to keep a secret well, for not a soul in Ottawa beyond the clergyman and witnesses had even a suspicion that she was to be married. She has a daughter by her first husband, Miss Grace Lowrey, and two little Reeds—Jack and Hayter.

THE beautiful house of grey stone, built by Mr. Reed, for its charming chatelaine, is now occupied by Mrs. C. A. E. Harris. It is built in the old colonial style, and is filled with articles of vertu and quaint objects from distant lands. The frieze in the drawing-room, of daffodils, was painted by herself and a friend, while in her bedroom is another lovely specimen of her skill as an artist—a deep frieze of heartsease, with everything in the room in keeping. In the drawing-room, steps lead up to a dais, on which the piano stands, in an alcove. On an ebony cabinet is a most curious collection of shippers, many of them of china. There are ladies' shoes in hundreds—all with some special history or meaning. Old English mottoes are carved over the mantel and in the wide hall of oak, from the walls of which the heads of buffaloes look down.

It is only natural that Mrs. Reed should have been proud of the rooms made so artistic by her skill. The fame of them went abroad, and the story goes that Lady Aberdeen expressed a wish to see them. Mrs. Reed told a friend that she made great preparations for the inspection. "I dusted till the place was spotless, I rubbed up the door handles even, and at last even my critical eye was satisfied that all was as it should be in my beloved rooms. My dear! she came. And what do you think? She hardly looked about at all, and she talked every minute of the time about the Victorian Order!"

MR REED, who was so successful as the secretary of the St. James' Club, is a son of George Reed, of Surrey, England, and was born at L'Orignal, Ont. Though seldom addressed by it, he has a right to the title of major. He was Administrator of the Government of the Northwest Territories in 1884 and Indian Commissioner from 1893 to 1897, and was at one time president of the Ottawa Polo Club.

THIS is what "Tay Pay" O'Connor's paper, M.A.P., has to say about the late commanding officer of the Canadian militia. "One of the men who has done most to promote the idea of Imperial Federation, is Major-General Hutton, C.B., Aide-de-camp to the Queen, better known among army men as 'Curley' Hutton. He was with the 60th Rifles during the Zulu war of 1879, and then joined General Crealock as A.D.C. He went through the Boer War of 1881 with Barrow's Horse, and in the Egyptian campaign the following year acted as A.D.C. to General Sir Archibald Alison. In the Nile expedition of 1884-5 he was commandant of mounted infantry. Subsequently, he took command of the military force in New South Wales, and the immense service he rendered to the Empire in that capacity was vouched for by the Australians who visited London at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. They spoke of him in the warmest terms, declaring that he had done more to stir up a spirit of martial ardour and patriotic zeal among the Australian colonists than any Englishman living. General Hutton took command of the Canadian militia in 1898, and ever since has been doing with them as he did with the troops in New South Wales. Indeed, it is mainly due to him that the Canadian troops have come forward with such boundless enthusiasm to join in this South-African War. As a matter of fact, 'Curley' Hutton, and he alone, is the man who did it. But 'tell it not to Gath,' for he has already been called over the coals by a section of the Canadian press for his whisperings under the rose. Like most army men who have not gone to the front 'Curley' Hutton is sorry he is not there. He has been heard to express the keenest disappointment at not having a share in the tussle after all he has done to stir up the colonials. But his complaints are now turned to joy, for just as this paper goes to press I hear that the gallant 'Curley' has been selected by the War Office for special service in South Africa."

THE EARL OF DERBY, ex-Governor-General of Canada, has four soldier sons at the front. Lord Stanley, M.P., was one of the first members of the Imperial Parliament off to the war, and now the Hon. Algernon Francis Stanley has been selected for special service in South Africa. He is a lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, and the seventh son of Lord and Lady Derby—not the sixth, as has been stated in one well-known daily. Mr. Frederick Stanley, the youngest son, is in the 10th Hussars, and Mr. Ferdinand Stanley has just gone out with Compton's Horse.

BRAM STOKER, Sir Henry Irving's business manager, was christened Abraham, but for years he has been known only by his nickname. Mr. Stoker was born and educated in Dublin, where his father was employed in the Chief Secretary's office, Dublin Castle. He is an M.A. of Trinity College, and was the best athlete in Dublin University, and enjoyed an all-round popularity as a student. For several years Bram Stoker was in the Irish civil service, and at the same time edited an evening paper, and wrote literary, art and dramatic reviews for various newspapers. Indeed, Mr. Stoker's activities have been of a marvelously versatile character. He is a barrister of the Inner Temple, he is a medalist of the Royal Humane Society, and as proof of his brilliancy and diligence as a student holds silver medals for historical research and composition. He has been with Irving since 1878. His elder brother, Sir Thornley Stoker, is a distinguished Irish surgeon.



SINCE the reverses of the early months of the war there has been a great deal of self-examination going on in England—not only in the War Office but in society, which, according to many observers, had become utterly frivolous and insincere. One of these observers, writing of the life of society women in England, demands to know what are they doing and how do they spend their lives. They have an enormous influence for good and for evil—for the great upper middle class, nowadays richer than the aristocracy, apes them in ever particular. And yet, what is the kind of existence they lead, what is their open and avowed ideal? Nothing, it would appear, but amusement and display. There is a passion for dress and ornament nowadays which has probably never been surpassed. M. Jean Worth has recently stated that, in the middle of the century, women of high fashion went through a season with two silk dresses and a cashmere shawl. To dress well to-day partakes of the nature of a fine art, and demands as much time, study, and capital from its devotees as the steady pursuit of an artistic career. These dresses, of course, must be shown, and hence the modern feminine craze for living, as it were, in public; for going to every race-meeting, for rushing down to Monte Carlo, for dining every night at garish restaurants, and for appearing in the boxes and stalls of every modish theatre. The Stock Exchange and the professional classes follow suit, and hence the extraordinary phenomenon of a great society which hardly ever dines or spends an evening in its own house; in short, a scheme of life which requires money, more money, and ever more money, to carry it on. Even if Great Britain should gain nothing by the war in a material sense, it is claimed that it will result in a shaking up of the dry bones and a purification and elevation of her national life that could come only through the bereavements and heartaches of war. In the height of our vainglory and prosperity, in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, Mr. Rudyard Kipling published his "Recessional." But the poet's voice was as a voice crying in the wilderness. Nobody listened to it; no one heeded the perspicuous man who told us we were living on "bluff." Well, the awakening has come, and British society realizes for once that life has a more serious side than dancing, horse-racing and playing cards.

THE importance of making the food for an invalid—even when it is of the simplest description—both palatable and appetizing in appearance cannot be overestimated, and the way in which it is served is of almost equal importance. A daintily-arranged tray, or a bed table carefully spread like a miniature dinner table, with a little vase of flowers and everything that can be required, may tend to encourage the uncertain appetite. It is always advisable to have something in reserve, for if the dish that has been prepared is not appreciated a substitute should be at hand.

LADY COLVILLE, wife of General Sir Henry Colville, who commands the division in which the first Canadian contingent is brigaded, is one of the few French women married to distinguished Englishmen. The present Lady Colville is Sir Henry's second wife. She is a very clever and charming woman, and writes English as well as she does French; indeed, some time ago she published a delightful book of travel, entitled "Round the Black Man's Garden," describing an African expedition undertaken some years ago by herself and her husband. Sir Henry, who is still on the right side of 50, has had a very adventurous career; he has taken part in innumerable engagements, and been frequently mentioned in

despatches. His first wife, who was a relation of Lady Dunsandle, was as plucky as himself, and they started on their honeymoon in a balloon.

AS the result of the many bereavements experienced in the families of England whose relatives participated in the war in South Africa, black will be the prevailing fashionable color in deference to the mourners. Black and white effects will, it is said, become popular. Crepons are in demand, as are the black molhairs.

THERE is no denying the fact that the gambling spirit is rife in society in these latter days. Bridge whist, which is equal to poker in its unexpected turns of fortune, is rapidly superseding the scientific game which depended on the skill of the players for its interest, irrespective of the stakes involved. The old-fashioned idea that it was wrong to play for money at all has been changed in modern ethics to the more elastic code which merely seeks to impress upon the younger generation that it is wrong to play for what you cannot afford to pay. Now even the youngest children require some excitement in the way of a candy wager to give zest to their round games. Some discussion over a trick arose among a party of little ones who were playing "hearts" in an up-to-date nursery a few days ago. The disputants grew eager and angry over the point at issue, whereupon, to the visitor's great amusement, a tiny tot of five remarked philosophically: "Bobby and Jennie are 'sillies' to mind; we weren't playing for anything." This spirit of gambling, however, does not confine itself to cards alone. The active stock market has tempted many society women during the last year to try financing, and at some luncheon tables the latest information from the ticker and the various losses and gains to their acquaintances are occasionally discussed.

MISS MYRTLE REED, author of "Love Letters of a Musician," wrote the book in six days on a typewriter; this is tolerably quick work even for an energetic young woman of 23. In writing her book, Miss Reed says, that while it was written in six days, it is the result of more than 20 years of preparation. The basis of this claim probably rests in part upon the foresight of her father, who was a journalist. Mr. Reed destined his daughter for literature when she was in her cradle, and to smooth the way for her so far as lay in his power he gave her the name of Myrtle, as an appropriate pen name. Miss Reed dates her preparation, therefore, from her christening. One of the singular results of her literary success is shown in her correspondence. She has received several offers to collaborate with less-known authors, and one enthusiastic admirer has begged her to write her own letters, which he is sure would be far more entertaining than those her book contains, however clever they may be.

OLDA is again lifting her pen in impulsive wrath at everything as it is. "There never was a time," she says in her new novel, "when there was so little freedom and so little justice as in ours. Two gigantic dominions now rule the human race; they are the armies and the money-makers. Science serves them by turn, and receives from each its wage. The historian Mommsen has written that we are probably inferior both in intelligence and in humanity, in prosperity and civilization, at the close of this century to what the human race was under Severus Antoninus; and it is true." GERALDINE.

#### LIKE UNTO LIKE.

IN the harvest and the gleaning,  
Man garners his own.  
Through the sifting and the screening,  
The smelting and the cleaning,  
Man garners his own.

From the thoughts that float and vanish,  
Man catches his own.  
For our thoughts, like men, are clannish,  
And they seek to hide and banish  
All but their own.

ELLA WALTON.

## THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

IRVING has come and gone and while there was the usual extravagant praise in the daily press, amongst the individuals who composed his audiences there was much discussion and division of opinion as to the merits of his several performances, and as to whether the grand old man of the stage is losing his powers. It was six years since I had seen him, and I enjoyed him. I must confess, much better this time than the last. But, perhaps, this was due to the play or my own passing mood. Certainly, it is not likely that an actor, like wine, can improve with age indefinitely. Irving is, doubtless, as great an artist as ever, but without question, his years are commencing to show in his voice. He was never one of those who mistake sound and fury for fine acting. He always was quiet and easy on the stage. But this time it was exceedingly hard to catch his words whenever his voice dropped slightly.

I was a disappointment not to have Miss Terry with us, but we got along very well without her, when all is said and done. Miss Milton's rendition of the great actress roles was eminently satisfactory—particularly her *Pornia*. To a greater extent than most people would care to admit, it is curiosity that impells the crowd to pay fancy prices to see Irving and Terry, and it was disappointed curiosity that caused people to complain a bit when they knew the latter was not to appear. Not ten people in the house could have criticized Miss Milton's presentation of Miss Terry's parts to the former's disadvantage.

THERE was one statement made by Irving in his speech at the second performance that has caused endless discussion. That was that *Shylock* was the only gentleman in the cast. This may have been said without great seriousness—perhaps even jokingly—and it is possible the audience attached too much meaning to the words. But if it was said seriously, I, for one, cannot agree with Sir Henry. *Shylock* was a badly used man and deserved a good deal of sympathy, but he was no gentleman. If Sir Henry had said that *Shylock* was the only man in the play, people would have understood him. He was, indeed, the only character that displayed the resourcefulness and force we associate with virility. Antonio, with all his unflinching courage, was, throughout the very tool of circumstances. Gratiano had a certain burly exuberance that might pass for manhood but was without intellectual keenness or insight. Bassanio was a type of the soft and thoughtless Venetian dandy. And so on throughout the list. We search in vain in *The Merchant of Venice* for a man outside of *Shylock*. But that *Shylock* was a gentleman, very few are prepared to admit.

THE Frohman company presenting *The Little Minister* at the Academy this week is trading to a great extent on the success of Maud Adams. The company is without scenery worthy of the name, and, except in the cases of two or three of its members, is without much ability. If, as stated Mr. Barrie personally rehearsed the company, he must have been easily satisfied, or else he gave it up as a bad job. Miss Adelaide Thurston as Lady Raldee, is really most bewitching and one does not blame the Minister for falling head over heels in love with her. But how so lovely a girl could have gone daff over such a snipe as Gavin Dishart, in the person of Mr. Ira A. Harbo, requires a greater stretch of the imagination than the average theatre goer is capable of. Mr. Frank J. Arken gives us a satisfactory Lord Rintoul, Miss Mary B. Henderson is first rate in the part of Nannie Webster, Miss Lilian Sullivan makes a natural little zaganuffin, and the elders are quite amusing.

THE excellent company, headed by Miss Mary A. Sanders, which presented *Little Nell* and *The Marchioness*, at the Academy of Music, early in February, was disbanded at Hamilton Ont., owing, I understand, to a continued streak of poor business. The company played to small houses in Montreal. Its break-up speaks volumes about the vitiated taste of the public. This play was one of the most artistic,

and the company one of the best on the road. There is, probably, a good deal in the statement that Boston leads America in literary appreciation, for there Miss Sanders and company met with unbounded success.

I t is now seven years since Henri Marteau, the great French violinist, appeared in Montreal. He was then little more than a youth. He comes back to us after having toured Europe, winning the highest praise possible wherever he appeared. He will be supported by Prof. Goulet's Symphony Orchestra, who are preparing a programme suitable to so great an occasion. The concert takes place on the evening of the 23rd. As the Symphony Orchestra are to play for the Marteau concert on the evening of the 23rd, their own concert will be postponed to the following Friday.

JUST a wild, beautiful flower, blooming among the weeds, and thorns that grow amid the fetid atmosphere of a French music hall, is Zaza, as Mr. Belasco shows her to us in the first act of his great play. Her whims are her laws. There is no mother's loving hand, and no heart to guide, no father to counsel, only a tipling, silly old aunt, whose sole concern is to find the drinks with which to keep herself in a constant state of semi-intoxication. She is mercenary and cares only for the money the girl's talent to entertain can earn. We find Zaza's fiery temper constantly aroused by the jealousies, envy and spite of those whom she excels in the public's favor.

The only anchor the girl has to respectability is her friendship for her partner in the vaudeville act, one Cascart, a music hall singer. Later on, when her heart is breaking with love for a man whom she sees she is going to lose, she says of Cascart: "You are the only friend I ever had, the only one to give me good advice. You taught me all I know, I owe everything to you. You are the only man whom I have known who has not reminded me that I am a woman. Cascart, you could have my soul if you asked for it." Such is the girl who gives

her heart to Bernard Dufrene, a French gentleman, and loves him with all the wild abandon of the child of nature she is. Then comes the awakening. She finds that Dufrene is a married man, she learns the cruel facts from the prattling innocent lips of little Toto, the eight-year-old child of the man she loves. She sees the beautiful, refined, lady-like woman who is her lover's wife, she sees the difference between her tawdry life and home and his, and recognizes the fact that fate bids her stand aside, which she does, though her heart is breaking. In the end the wild, wayward creature of the first scenes of the play becomes a noble, dignified woman, who reaches great success as a singer through much work, much suffering, much pain and patience. This great play will be presented by Mr. Charles Frohman for the first time in this city at the Academy of Music for one week, commencing next Monday, March 19. The company has been specially selected and carefully rehearsed, personally, by Mr. Belasco. The same elegant scene and property production that was a marked feature of the entertainment during its long run at the Garrick Theatre in New York, will be used here.

CELLO.

Miss Reba Goltman has returned from Ottawa, where she visited friends for several weeks.



Some from *Zaza*, at the Academy of Music next week.

**SOCIETY NEWS.**

ON Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, Metcalfe Street, entertained a number of friends at tea.  
To-day, Mrs. David Morrice, jr., is giving a luncheon at the Montreal Hunt.

Mrs. H. W. Sweeney, Stanley street, has issued invitations for a tea, on Tuesday, March 20.

Mrs. Steele, wife of Lieut.-Col. Steele, in command of the Strathcona Horse, was among those who went down to Halifax this week to say farewell to the soldiers.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Gault, daughter of Mrs. M. H. Gault, "Bracehead," to Mr. Samuel H. Lever, of New York, has been arranged to take place in June. Miss Gault's future home, will, of course, be in New York, a matter of no little regret to her large circle of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, of Toronto, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Willie Hope, Mountain street, having come down to see the last of their son, Major Jarvis, of the Strathcona Horse. Miss Edythe Jarvis went as far as Halifax with her brother.

On Wednesday evening, the fortnightly, or rather monthly, dinner took place at the Montreal Hunt, following by a very jolly sing-song.

It is pleasant to hear that the rumor is verified that Bispham will again visit us on April 7, thanks to the efforts of the Ladies' Morning Musicale Club. The ladies deserve to have their minds set at rest by an immediate buying up of all the seats, as an assurance of the success of their enterprise.

From what one can gather, the production of the Little Minister is not an unalloyed success. Of course, the play is very pretty, but undoubtedly Maud Adams made it, and I cannot imagine what it would be like without her. It seems to me, as a general rule, Montrealers are treated to—if a good actor, a poor play; if a good play, a poor actor, and what is

of more frequent occurrence, if a star of any note, a wretched support. However, as we are long suffering in many cases, we must endure what cannot be rectified, evidently, in a theatrical way.

To-morrow night, Saturday, that excellent play Ours is to be performed by the members of the Garrick Dramatic Club, in aid of the General Hospital. As this is the only public performance the club is to give, the audience will be a large and fashionable one. Besides this, the object is perhaps one of the most popular in Montreal.

Mr. W. Wilfrid Campbell, the well-known poet and clerk of the Privy Council, ran down from Ottawa for a brief visit in the city this week.

**A TILT AT MODERN WRITERS.**

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, M.P., in a recent address at the Robert Browning Hall, Waleworth, England, took occasion to lament the decadence of literary ideals in England. He said: "During the year just closed perhaps the two most notable books were Swinburne's 'Rosamund' and 'Stalky & Co.,' by Rudyard Kipling; the manuscript of the former ought to have been burnt instead of printed, and the latter work was a specimen of the degrading state to which present-day literature had sunk. There was only one remedy for this state of affairs, and that was a word of advice to parents not to allow their children to condescend to follow literature down to the gutter by reading such publications, but rather to keep the delightful works of a bygone day, works which never died and which always brought their intellectual reward."

THE moment is ripe for such a paper as "The Canadian Tommy Atkins," by Percie W. Hart, in the March New Lippincott. It reveals the inner methods of the colonial war machine which Britain is now working to its utmost. The author has had especial privileges for observation, and writes by the book.

**Windsor Hall**   
Friday, March 23rd, at 8.15  
The great French Violinist  
**HENRI MARTEAU,**  
Supported by  
Prof. Coulet's **SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
Reserved Seats, \$1.00 and 74c  
Seats at Shaw's, 227 St. Catherine Street.

Ben-Hur has now passed its 100th performance at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and the house is still full at every presentation. It is a large house and it has never before proved easy to fill, and the present run is therefore the more remarkable.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
Friday Evening, March 16, at 8.

—AND—  
Saturday Mat., March 17, at 2.

Under the distinguished patronage of their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Minto

**FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.**

Robertson's popular Military Comedy



by the members of the **GARRICK DRAMATIC CLUB.**

Tickets can be procured on and after Saturday, 16th March, 2 a.m., at Her Majesty's Theatre; Star Branch Office, cor. Peel and St. Catherine; and the Star Library Club, St. James Street, adjoining St. Lawrence Hall.

**THE NEW**  
**REGISTRY OFFICE**  
(FOR SERVANTS.)  
**MADAM NOISEY,**  
2138 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

**ACADEMY MARCH, 19th,**  
MATINEES  
**WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.**  
**CHARLES FROHMAN**  
Presents **DAVID BELASQUE'S** version of  
Berlioz and Simon's play.

**"ZAZA"**  
The Greatest Dramatic Triumph of Years.  
PRICES—5c., 10c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Everyone  
Having False Teeth  
Should Use  
**COVERNTON'S**  
FRAGRANT  
Carbolic Tooth Wash  
As it cleanses and hardens the gums, disinfects the plate, thereby keeping the breath sweet. Highly recommended by the leading dentists of the city. Be sure and get that prepared by  
**C. J. Covernton & Co.**  
Cor. Bleury and Dorchester Sts.  
For Sale by all Druggists.



**Sales of Household Furniture**

**AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.**

Our list for looking sales of Household Furniture at private residences during March and April are now open, and it is our intention to undertake only a limited number of these sales, so that we can give the necessary time and attention to them, and do them well. We would be pleased to have your name registered as early as possible in order to secure a good date.

Mr. E. O'Brien, who has had seventeen years' experience in the management of household sales, will give his personal attention and conduct them in a manner to give the best satisfaction to our patrons and the most pleasing results to the audience who favor the sales with their patronage.

Should you desire to consult with us, please ring Main 3110, and we will call promptly at your residence.

**The EDWARD O'BRIEN CO., Auctioneers**  
NO. 221 ST. JAMES ST.

MUSICAL CARDS.

THE MONTREAL  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC.

838 & 840 Dorchester St., near Mountain  
Development in all branches of Music. Terms, \$10 to  
\$25 a course in Conservatories. Consultation from  
4 to 5 daily. For prospectus, apply to  
**MR. C. E. SEIFERT, Director.**

**Bertha Belasco-Burland,**  
PIANOFORTE TUITION.  
Pupil of Dr. Jelliffezka, Klindworth-Scharwenka  
Conservatory, Berlin.  
Lessons given at Dominion College of Music or  
at pupil's residence.  
For terms, etc., apply  
**J. W. SHAW & C., 2274 St. Catherine St.**

**JOHN B. NORTON, LIC. MUS.**  
ORGANIST AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF  
CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.  
Lessons in **PIANOFORTE** and **ORGAN**  
**PLAYING, VOCAL CULTURE** and the  
**THEORY OF MUSIC.** Pupils prepared for  
the Examinations of the University of Bishop's  
College, Lennoxville, and the Dominion College  
of Music.  
**89 BISHOP ST.**

**ELOCUTION**  
**MR. STEPHEN'S**  
personal services in Class and Private Lessons  
Montreal School of Elocution,  
**2426 St. CATHERINE ST.**

**Horace W. Reyner, Mus. B.**  
organist and Choir Director  
St. James the Apostle.  
Conductor Motet Choir.  
Advanced Lessons Pianoforte, Oratorio Sing-  
ing, Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, etc.  
Pupils prepared for University Musical Exams.  
Phone Fr 911. **104 St. Matthew St.**

**HUBERT A. BAKER**  
**183 STANLEY ST.**  
Flute, Pianoforte Lessons  
and Voice Culture.  
Pupils Prepared for Examinations

Buy your piano at  
**W. H. Leach's**  
**Piano Parlors,**  
**2440 St. Catherine St. (Near Drummond)**  
and Save Money. Pianos Exchanged,  
Tuned and Repaired. Telephone, UP 505.

Mrs. NUMBOS—My husband is a per  
fect brute.  
FRIEND.—You amaze me  
Mrs. NUMBOS.—Since the baby began  
teething, nothing would quiet the little  
angel but pulling his papa's beard, and  
yesterday he went and had his beard  
shaved off.

**J. J. Levert**  
Teacher of  
**Banjo, Guitar**  
and **Mandolin,**  
**2222 St. Catherine St.,**  
opposite Queen's Block,  
.....**Montreal**  
Hours of arrangements for tal-  
lions From 3 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.



  
**THE ASSOCIATED BOARD**  
OF THE

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC and**  
**the ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,**  
London, England.

Established for Local Examinations in  
Music.

**President:**  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
**Associated Board:**  
THOMAS THRELFALL, Esq. (R.A.M.),  
Chairman.  
Hon. C. W. SPENCER LYTTELTON, C.B. (R.C.M.),  
Deputy-Chairman.  
SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Mus. Doc.,  
St. And., Camb., et Edin.,  
Principal of R. A. Music.

PROF. JAMES DEWAR, F.R.S. } *Royal*  
RONALD DOBELL, Esq. } *Academy*  
WALTER MACPARRIN, Esq. } *of*  
CAVE ALBERTO BANDEGGER } *Music.*

SIR HUBERT H. PARRY, Mus. Doc.,  
Camb., et Oxon., D.C.L.,  
Director of R. C. Music.

SIR WALTER PARRATT, Mus. Doc., Oxon. } *Royal*  
Prof. C. VILLIERS STANFORD, D.C.L., } *College*  
Mus. Doc., Camb., et Oxon. } *of*  
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc., } *Music.*  
Camb., et Oxon.  
FRANKLIN TAYLOR, Esq.

**Hon. Treasurer:**  
CHARLES MORLEY, Esq., M.P.  
**President for Canada:**  
H.E. The Governor-General, The Rt. Hon  
the EARL OF MINTO, G.C.M.G.

**Hon. General Representative for Canada.**  
Lt.-Col. J. BAYNE, MA. LEAN, Montreal

**Hon. Local Representatives:**  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.:  
Hon. Mr. JUSTICE WARRINGTON.  
Halifax: His Honour, Lt.-Gov. SIR M. B. DALY  
St. John, N.B.: H. H. McLEAN, Esq., Q.C.  
Quebec: Hon. R. R. DOBELL, M.P.  
Montreal: Hon. L. J. FORGET.  
Ottawa: MR. SHERIFF SWEETLAND.  
Kingston: JOHN SHAW SKINNER, Esq.  
Toronto: Lt.-Col. J. J. DAVISON.  
Hamilton: ADAM BROWN, Esq.  
London: SIR JOHN CARLING, K.C.M.G.  
Windsor: Rev. C. W. GORDON, M.A., D.D.  
Vancouver, B.C.: Rev. H. T. UNDERHILL, M.A.  
New Westminster, B.C.: A. E. WHITE, Esq.  
Victoria, B.C.: H. WAINSWORTH, Esq.

The Board represents the two great chartered  
teaching institutions of the Empire—the only  
ones receiving Government aid, viz. the Royal  
Academy and Royal College of Music, and was  
itself constituted as an examining not a teach-  
ing body. Its object is to offer to those engaged  
in teaching, unbiased and unprejudiced exami-  
nations, conducted by eminent musicians of  
world-wide notoriety, such names as Sir J. F.  
Bridge, Sir Geo. Martin, Professor E. Prout, and  
Messrs. F. H. Cowen, C. H. Lloyd, E. Fanning,  
W. Harty, as well as the eminent members of the  
Board appearing in their published list of ex-  
aminers. The great success attained in Great  
Britain has led to a decided improvement in  
the teaching of music and the exposure of in-  
ferior teachers and of examinations where the  
scouring of fees were the main object rather than  
a test of a candidate's knowledge. No members of  
the Board receive any remuneration whatever  
for their services.

Examinations are held in all grades from junior  
pupils to those for teachers. Certificates are grant-  
ed but no degrees are conferred, the Board in no  
way interfering with—but, on the other hand en-  
couraging—further university training.

Next year the Board will hold its annual ex-  
aminations for the third time in Canada as follows:  
The Theory Papers, in elements of Music, Har-  
mony and Counterpoint, early in June next.

The Practical, consisting of examinations in  
Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Singing, Harp, etc., be-  
tween the 10th and 20th June. The exact dates  
will be duly announced. All entries close May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc.,  
can be obtained of the Hon. Representatives in  
each local centre, or from the Secretary, Central  
Office, Room 501, Board of Trade Building,  
Montreal.

JAMES MUIR, Secretary.

N.B.—The music, specimen theory papers, etc.,  
can be obtained from the local music sellers, or direct  
from the Central Office, Montreal, where specimen  
diploma certificates may be seen.

**Richelieu** THE PRINCE OF TABLE WATERS.

PURE. SPARKLING. REFRESHING.  
For sale at the Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, and  
all first-class Grocers.

**J. A. HARTE,** Wholesale Agent,  
1780 Notre Dame Street. **Montreal.**  
Telephone 1190.

**MONTREAL RIDING ESTABLISHMENT**

**JOHN SECTOR, Proprietor.**  
79 and 81 Burnside Place.

Thoroughly reliable saddle horses for Ladies and  
gentlemen.  
Also a splendid lot of Hunters ridden last sea-  
son. First-class liveryes for hire.  
Special attention given to boarding.

Telephone, UP 1334. Open all hours.

"What is arbitration, pa?"  
"Well, it is a good thing for you,  
Tommy. When your mother wants to  
whip you I coax her off, and when I  
want to whip you she coaxes me off."



Buy a  
Pair of



And Your Hand  
Will Always  
Look Neat.



DENTISTS.

**DR. W. GEORGE BEERS,**  
.. Dentist ..

699 Sherbrooke St., Cor. of Park Avenue.  
TELEPHONE UP 110.

**A. FRANK IBBOTSON,**  
... SURGEON DENTIST ...

176 Bleury Street,  
Cor. St. Catherine St.

Office Tel. Up 989. Residence Tel. Up 46.

**F. A. HARWOOD,**  
Surgeon Dentist

2256 ST. CATHERINE ST

**J. A. BAZIN, D.D.S.**

Dentist and Oral Surgeon

2218 St. Catherine St.  
Phone Up 2151. MONTREAL.

**GEORGE H. KENT,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,

2334 St. Catherine St.,

Tel. Up 1350. MONTREAL.

A CHANGE.

HUSBAND.—You have changed washer-women, I see.

WIFE—Yes. How do you know?

HUSBAND.—Instead of getting Brown, Jones and Robinson's shirts, I am getting some strange garments I never wore before.

**C. DAVID & CO.**

.. PHOTOGRAPHERS ..

745 Wellington St., MONTREAL.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have analyzed and practically tested the

**GLOBE BAKING POWDER**

I find that it is an excellent BAKING POWDER, second to none, rapid in its action and economical.

(Signed) DR. N FAFARD,  
Laval University, Montreal.

**WINSOR & NEWTON'S**

**W OIL AND WATER COLORS**

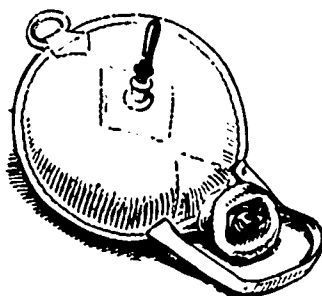
The leading colors FOR ARTISTS throughout the world.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

**A. Ramsay & Son, - Montreal**  
AGENTS FOR CANADA.

THE COMMON SENSE  
**WATER CURE**

APPLIED BY THE USE OF THE  
**LALONDE AUTOMATIC COMBINATION CUSHION SYRINGE.**



Takes away the cause of sickness by washing clean the colon or large intestine. The injection is given by sitting on a warm cushion filled with water, the weight of the body forcing the water into the passage. This syringe can be used also as a hot-water bag. Prices, No. 3, \$1.50; No. 4, \$5.00; No. 6, \$6.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**J. LALONDE,**  
Patentee and Manufacturer,  
355 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Geo. A. Hayden, 113 Bourgeois St. Montreal, has been troubled with constipation almost all his life, and experienced no relief from drugs and medicine, but since using the home treatment with Lalonde's Combination Syringe is greatly improved in health.

FINANCIAL CARDS.

**Robert Meredith & Co.**

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange. Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission.

51 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Cable address, "Mining."

**McCUAIG, RYKERT & Co**

STOCKBROKERS

Members Montreal Stock Exchange. A special department for Canadian Mines.

Telephone, Main 923. **LONDON AND LANCASHIRE CHAMBERS, St. James St.**

HON. A. W. ATWATER, Q.C. CHARLES A. DUCLOS

**ATWATER & DUCLOS,**  
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

151 St. James Street, : MONTREAL.

**GEORGE DURNFORD,**  
Chartered Accountant

Room 76, Canada Life Building, 189 St. James St.  
MONTREAL.

TOMMY—Which do you think is the luckiest day of the week on which to be born?

BONNY—I don't know; I've only tried one.

**Interior Decorations . . .**

**Fine Cabinet Work,  
Upholstering,**

House Painting.

Flax Tapestries.

Wall Hangings.

Glazing and Gilding.

French, English and

American Papers.

**W. P. SCOTT**

2422 St. Catherine St.

MONTREAL

Telephone, Up 1274.

**Chs. Desjardins & Cie.**

The Largest  
Retail FUR HOUSE in the World

1533 to 1541 St. Catherine Street, - - MONTREAL.

— While Cordially Inviting —

**ALL AND EVERY ONE**

at this important season in the fur trade, to visit their immense assortment of Fine Furs of all descriptions, beg to draw special attention to the fact that on account of the very heavy stock on hand, which must be disposed of without delay, they have decided to sell at such low prices as will surprise every one who will honor them with a visit.

Old Furs re-dyed, re-made and repaired with neatness and despatch.

Our Seal and Persian Lamb Jackets are world renowned.

**KHAKI** PRONOUNCED "KA-KI"—  
 (Anglo-India) Standard Dictionary.  
**THE SHADE** made famous by its association with events that stir the patriotism of the new and old worlds. Made in Whiting's Papers with the effect, perfectly reproduced, of this fabric which Dame Fashion has ordained to be the "stylish thing" for the spring and summer.  
 We have just received a first shipment of this paper in Madison and Lakewood sizes (other sizes will be received in a few days).  
 2 quires of Paper and 50 Envelopes, **\$1 00**    2 quires of Paper and 50 Envelopes Stamped with your Initial or Monogram in white or color, **\$2.00**  
 Mail orders solicited.

**BISHOP ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.** † 288 St. James St. MONTREAL.

**SCIENCE AND THE WORLD AMAZED!**  
 Madam Moisey's School of Instruction  
 IN THE SCIENCE OF  
**PHRENOLOGY and PALMISTRY.**  
 Experimental Reading, 10c.  
**2138 ST. CATHERINE STREET.**  
 Ladies can see Madam Moisey privately at her residence, 1314 Alexander Street, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.  
 Parties Attended.

**W. SCOTT & SONS**

**Lace Curtains.**

The approach of strong Spring sun brings before us the necessity of a stuff that will do for close curtains, that will not fade and that will have a fine appearance. We have lately received a lot of Swiss Sash Net in Ecu colour of selected patterns and good quality.

1739 NOTRE DAME STREET.

**For \$10**

we can give you a really good genuine **Hair Mattress** in good quality ticking.

Call in and see samples of hair and ticking.

**RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,**  
 652 CRAIG ST.  
 2442 ST. CATHERINE ST.

**Royal  
 Military**



**College of  
 Canada**

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.**

**T**HE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Head-Quarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June of each year. Evidence satisfactory to the Head-Quarters Board of Examiners of Matriculation in the Faculty of Arts, within the previous 12 months, will be accepted in lieu of passing the obligatory examination. Such matriculants will rank, for admission to the College, in alphabetical order after those who pass the obligatory examination.

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

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course three years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction, \$100 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Head-Quarters, Ottawa.