

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	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
										✓	

# MONTREAL LIFE

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



THE BLUE-EYED ONE.—Brilliant and impulsive people usually have black eyes.

THE OTHER ONE.—Yes, and if they don't have them they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## DINING CAR SERVICE

On Day Trains Between

**MONTREAL and TORONTO.**

Toronto Express trains leave Windsor Street Station at 9.30 p.m. daily, and 8.55 a.m. week days.

### OTTAWA SERVICE.

Lv. Windsor St. Station 9.45 a.m., 10 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 7.45 p.m.  
Lv. Place Viger Station 8.20 a.m., 6.00 p.m.  
Daily. Other trains week days only.

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

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## FAST EXPRESS

.. TRAINS ..

### Toronto and West.

	Daily.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Lv. Montreal...	9.00 a.m.	8.00 p.m.	*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	8.10 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.10 a.m.
Ar. Buffalo...	10.00 p.m.	12.00 noon	12.00 noon
Ar. London...	9.50 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Ar. Detroit...	6.15 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	1.10 p.m.
Ar. Chicago...	2.30 p.m.	8.15 p.m.	8.15 p.m.

\*On Sundays leaves Montreal 8.00 p.m.

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

### TO BE TOLD TO THE MARINES.

"Too bad the Boers had to lose another howitzer," said the Shoemaker Boarder, who is an Oom Paulist."

"Well, anyhowitzerved their purpose for a while," said the Cheerful Idiot.

Almost at once, the waitress, to whom the Cheerful Idiot's humor particularly appeals, giggled amazingly.

## 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	\$33.25
Second Class	19.00
Return	51.75

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.

## HUBERT A. BAKER

153 STANLEY ST.

Flute, Pianoforte Lessons  
and Voice Culture.

Pupils Prepared for Examinations.

### A PRACTICAL MOTIVE.

AUNT GERTRUDE.—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?

TOMMY.—I'm going to grow a beard.

AUNT GERTRUDE.—Why?

TOMMY.—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.

## ARENA Hockey Championship,

SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1900,  
At 8.15, P.M.

### SHAMROCK (CHAMPIONS) VS. MONTREAL

Admission 25c; Reserved seats, 50c, and 50c; Box Seats \$1.00; Boxes (six seats), \$5.00. Seats on sale at Club Shoe Store, 247 St. Catherine street; Phone Up 2157, or Slater's Shoe Store, 249 St. James street; Phone Main 2192.

50 VISITING ADDRESS PROFESSIONAL CARDS  
25 CENTS Neatly Printed 481 ST. JAMES

## WINTER RESORTS.

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.

If You Want  
a Stylish Dress

# Priestley's Fabrics

They Look Best  
and ...  
Wear Longest.

Will  
Suit  
You.

**GEORGE DURNFORD,**  
Chartered Accountant  
Room 76, Canada Life Building, 189 St. James St.  
MONTREAL.

**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.

**WILL POWER.**

"As a lawyer, Quibb's success is due largely to his great power of will."  
"Yes, I understand he has broken more wills than any other man at the bar."

**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 season. First-class Hverles for hire.  
Special attention given to training.  
Telephone, UP 1334. Open all hours.

**F. R. F. BROWN**  
M. I. MECH. E.

...Consulting Engineer  
ARBITRATIONS. VALUATIONS.  
Machinery, Rolling Stock, Engines and Boilers of every description supplied.  
22 Street Railway Chambers, Montreal.  
Telephone, Main 3351.

**DIRE VENGEANCE.**

SHE.—I heard about the elopement. Has her mother forgiven them?  
HE.—I think not. I understand she has gone to live with them.

**LOYD & RICHARDSON**  
Sanitary Plumbers and Heating . . . .

796 Dorchester St. MONTREAL.

**Robert Meredith & Co.**

Members of the Montreal Mining Exchange. Buy and sell Mining Stocks on commission.  
51 St. Francois Xavier Street.  
Cable address. "Mining."

**PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED**

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors Help" and "How you are swindled." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send photo, model or photo for free advice. **MARION & MARION**, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

**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.

**John Murphy & Co.**

Fifteen  
Thousand  
Dollars'

Worth of the Finest Ladies' White Cotton Underwear at Less than Manufacturers' Prices!

The Shapes, Styles, Workmanship and Materials are the Best, and the Prices are the Lowest!



Country Customers should write for our Catalogue of White Cotton Underwear!

**January Discounts Off Ready-to-Wear Goods**

Silk Underskirts . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Moreen and Cloth Underskirts . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Ladies' Flannelette Wear . . . . .	10 p.c. off
" " " " . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Children's Flannelette Wear . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Shawls and Cloths . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Cloth and Cashmere Blouses . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Silk Blouses . . . . .	10 p.c. off
Silk Blouses . . . . .	25 p.c. off
Silk Blouses . . . . .	50 p.c. off
Tea Gowns . . . . .	25 p.c. off
All Dress Skirts . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Flannelette Wrappers . . . . .	20 p.c. off
Eiderdown Wrappers . . . . .	20 p.c. off
All Corsets . . . . .	10 p.c. off

**John Murphy & Co.,**

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

TERMS CASH

Telephone Up 932

MONTREAL

## MINTO SKATING RINK.

Cor. Mince and Prince Arthur Sts

### SEASON TICKETS

Ladies	.	.	\$1.50
Gents	.	.	2.50
Girls	.	.	1.00
Boys	.	.	1.50
Single Admission	.	.	. 10

The Largest Open Air Rink in Montreal.

## MONTAGNARD RINK

Cor. Duluth Ave. and St. Hubert St.

### THE MONTAGNARD SKATING CLUB

ARE GOING TO ORGANIZE A

...GRAND MASQUERADE...

FOR THE 17th JANUARY.

This Masquerade will certainly be a great event. Find the Skater for the charming skaters, who will undoubtedly avail themselves of all the pleasure of this special occasion. The organization will not neglect anything on their part to make this Masquerade the finest of the season.

In 1883 three men, now well known, were friends together at the University of Strasburg—Kontgen, Paderewski and Tesla.

### 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. Box 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 its various branches, feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

BELL TELEPHONE EAST 467

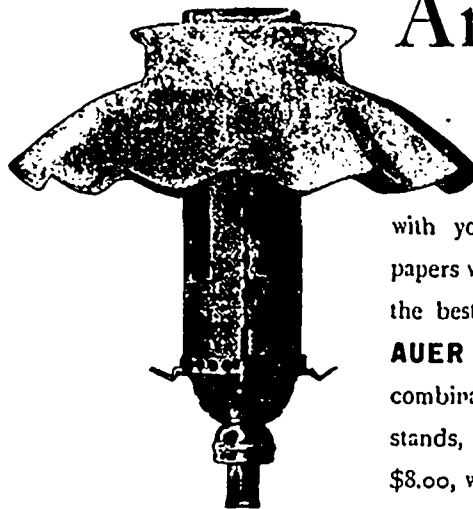
## HAVE YOU EXAMINED

our switches and noted the fine quality of Hair which we use? All our Hair Work is made in our own factory under our personal supervision, and we can always guarantee the material used and the workmanship to be the best in Canada.

Our specialty is a Natural Wavy Hair switch, 18 inches in length. \$2.00 for

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

J. Palmer & Son,  
1745 Notre Dame St.



## An Evening at Home

with your favorite book or some business papers will cause you no fatigue if you have the best light just where you want it. An **AUER LIGHT** on a table stand is the ideal combination. The very latest styles of stands, ranging in prices from \$1.40 to \$8.00, we will gladly send on approval.

### THE IMPROVED



## AUER LIGHT

A LARGE LINE OF SHADES AND TABLE STANDS ALWAYS ON HAND.

1682—Notre Dame St.—1684.

### Remember

that at our 15 months ago we started with an entirely New Stock after our great fire. So, when you come to think of it, you are certain that you are buying only new and stylish furniture when you visit our January Discount Sale—we have no old stock to sell you. It is not often that you get Discounts of 10 p.c. to 50 p.c. off stylish new Furniture.

Same Discounts at both stores.

Renaud, King & Patterson,

652 Craig Street.

2442 St. Catherine St.

(near Stanley).

You can't get better than

## Greig's Crown Extracts

Because they are made right, and every flavor is true, pure and strong.

High Class Grocers.

The Greig Manfg. Co., Montreal.

# MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1900.

TELEPHONES:  
Montreal . . . Main 1255  
Toronto . . . . . 2148

## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE list of New Year's honors contained the name of only one Canadian—Mr. Malachy Bowes Daly, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, who will henceforth be Sir Malachy Daly. The new Knight is much better known in the Maritime Provinces than further west, although he is a native of Quebec. Both he and his wife (a daughter of Sir Edward Kenny) spring from titled stock, and it is to be presumed that this was the chief reason for conferring knighthood on a gentleman, who, however estimable, was never truly eminent, and for nearly 10 years has dwelt in the subdued light of a position that affords no opportunity to do anything remarkable—anything outside of dull routine. But, although Canada came in for so small a share of the sugar plums from the Royal Christmas tree, this is probably only a calm before the storm, and I venture to predict that shortly we shall see such a downpour of titles, on the devoted heads of Canadians, as we have never witnessed before. My reason for thinking so is that this contingent business, in its very nature, affords an opportunity for bestowing, right and left, what the Liberals were wont to call "tin-pot honors," and, at the present juncture in the affairs of the Empire, the authorities in Downing street are not likely to neglect any chance of making "the colonials" feel like "doing it again." The war is sure to bring in its wake a wholesale creation of "Sirs" and "Milords," and we may be very certain that in the general jollification "the colonials" will come in for some of the scraps and crumbs.

ALL this is preliminary to the thought that Canadians are rapidly becoming a nation of "tuft hunters." It is only natural that paltry distinctions, which in aristocratic centres would attract no attention, should render their possessors quite notable in a raw, half-baked country. I am not casting any slur upon Canada, for this is my land and I love it, but in all honesty it must be admitted that, compared with the Old Country, the Dominion is rough and provincial. Hence, titles shine here with the effulgence of a village belle's diamond, and similarly attract an amount of attention out of all proportion to their absolute value. There are people in Canada who would give pretty nearly all they possess for knighthood; yet, I am not aware that men (or women either) set less store upon wealth here than elsewhere. But they certainly set more store upon superadded honors, that go no deeper than the name by which men call them; and the moment Mr. Bobolink Blatherskite becomes Sir Bobolink, he takes thought and adds many cubits to his stature. We have almost reached that stage where we shall think that a man cannot be truly successful or great so long as he is plain Mr. So-and-So. I hazard the statement that there have been more titles granted to Canadians in the past decade than there were in the first twenty-three years after Confederation.

SO great has been the change—so completely have our public men given themselves up to the worship of imported honors—that hypocrisy has been resorted to, in some instances, to cloak the desertion of past principles and professions. All Canada is now familiar with the story of Queen

Victoria's compelling unwilling "colonials" to accept knighthood. I suppose there were dire threats of "the Tower," or some such revival of the gentle means employed by the sovereigns of two or three centuries ago. The public has not been taken into the royal confidence in this matter. We do not know what punishments were promised if the proffered honors were refused, but from their effect they must have been such as to leave no room for further argument.

IN this connection, a strange story reaches me from Ottawa—a bit of, perhaps, hitherto unknown evidence that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, democrat as he was up to the time of the Jubilee, found his title on the Queen's table at Windsor and could do nothing else but pick it up and wear it, or break an old lady's heart. It is said that many of the Premier's most confidential followers—members of the charmed circle—recognize the delicate position in which he was placed, and in deference to his wishes, and to avoid giving him needless pain, always forbear to address the wearer of the Cobden medal except as "Mr." Laurier. Whether this is a story invented for use amongst the farmers, I cannot say. Let us be charitable and accept it as gospel truth. Let us picture the excruciating agony that racks the Premier's heart and makes him fairly squirm every time he hears the hated words "Sir Wilfrid." We shall then be able to form some faint conception of that terrible quarter of an hour at Windsor castle, when the great democrat had to choose between life-long suffering and the disappointment of a monarch and a lady; and chivalrously, but with tearful eye, chose the path of self-sacrifice.

IT is somewhat amusing, and certainly instructive, to read The Toronto Globe's list of articles sent with the soldier-boys on the Sardinian by thoughtful friends and public-spirited citizens. Thousands of cigarettes, thousands of pipes and packages of tobacco; boxing gloves, punching bags, etc., in sufficient number to stock a prizefighter's gymnasium; whiskey by the case, and even Bibles and bon-bons! Such a list, unearthed in some old library three or four centuries hence, will give posterity quite a comprehensive idea of our times and manners. What a learned essay on the civilization of the ancient Canadians some scholar would be able to evolve from a mere inventory of these articles in, let us say, the year 3000! I think people who object to the sending of so much tobacco and so few Bibles are, perhaps, unreasonable. Let us send the men what they want—not what they don't want; and if tobacco is really more acceptable than religion to the majority in a haphazard body of Canadian men—representative of the generality of our population—why, this fact need startle no one, because it is well-known already. Therefore, the Soldiers Wives' League of Montreal, in sending along 20,000 cigarettes, 1,000 pipes, 6,086 pounds of tobacco, and only 144 Testaments, did quite the natural thing. Mr. Robert Barr says that Canadians prefer whiskey to literature. I think Mr. Barr has, perhaps, stated his convictions too sweepingly, but if we don't want the world to form the opinion that, as a people, we are fearfully and wonderfully constituted, let us keep the lists of gifts to our volunteers out of print.

FELIX VANE.

## Some Gossip from Ottawa

**The first Skating Party of the Season. Sir Louis Davies' Daughter as an Elocutionist. The Premier's Joke at the Expense of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Lady Laurier as a Musician. McGill Professors at the May Court Club.**

**U**NDER the Mintos, there has been something like a revival of Canadian winter sports at the capital. Skating and tobogganing parties are held frequently, and these delightful winter fetes have something of the old charm about them. The vice-regal party skate with so much grace and so thoroughly enjoy the pastime that it is a pleasure to watch them.

The first skating party of the season at Government House was given on Saturday afternoon. Whether from the reason that the day before had been mild, or because the invitation cards were a third smaller in size than formerly, the number present was not as great as usual. Fully 500 had been expected, not more than half that number came. People do often form opinions of social events from the size of the invitation cards.

The house party, composed of their Excellencies, Lady Vera Gray, Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot, Capt. Graham, Mr. Guise and Mr. Mann, A.D.C's, were on the ice before three o'clock, ready to greet the early arrivals, who would commit what, in Ottawa, has long been a social sin—the being on time at anything. Her Excellency, by plain hints and example, is trying to change this fashionable habit of coming late, but it has become too fixed to be cured quickly. Very few took part in the first grand march, led by their Excellencies, for it was a quarter to five when most of the guests had arrived.

Her Excellency is the figure upon whom most of the interest centres at these parties, as she is the personification of grace, and never looks better than when on the ice. She does not receive formally, but gracefully glides up to the edge of the rink to greet newcomers, and, at intervals, walks on her skates into the oval room, where she talks and shakes hands with those who prefer the heat of the great wood stoves to the cold air. These two rooms are all windows, and from them a good view of the rink and toboggan slide is obtained. The upper one is used as a tea-room, where hot and fragrant tea and coffee, mulled claret, sandwiches and cakes can be taken while sitting in the deep red couches drawn before the windows. "Holiday Hut" has its big fire and table laid out with cakes and hot drinks, and, on the winding path there, many a bit of quiet tenderness or flirtation is indulged in.

Her Excellency wore a short skirt and short jacket of military scarlet, and a toque of black and red, with a black veil. Lady Vera Gray, though just learning to skate, is a graceful beginner. She wore a skirt of scarlet, black jacket, and red and black tam. The Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot wore very becoming skating costumes of military blue. Standing on the banks of snow surrounding the rink were Lord Melgund and Lady Violet Elliot, looking like two little Esquimaux in long mink coats and heavy caps of the same fur. It was quite an amusing sight when Mr. Mann picked up Lady Violet, put her on his back and skated around with her. With the exception of Her Excellency, Miss Isabell McIntosh was the most picturesque combination of grace and beauty. She wore an entire skating suit (skirt, jacket and tam), of vivid scarlet, which was most becoming to her piquant brunette style. Last winter, Lady Minto's short skating skirts were looked upon with curiosity, if not disfavor. This year, the long skirts that tangle and wind about the skates are the exception.

Some of those present were: Mrs. Hutton, Hon. G. E. Foster, Lady Davies, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Asa Gordon, Lady Ritchie, Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. J. Pope, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Hodgins, Professor Prince, Dr. Ami, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sharp, Madame Lavergne, Miss Lavergne, Mr. A. Lavergne, Mrs. Vidal, Mr. Tasker, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mrs. and Miss McLeod Stewart, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Dale Harris, Mr. Lemoine, Mrs. John Hodgins, Mr. Kingsley Walters.

**I**T is not often that the daughter of a Cabinet Minister comes as prominently before the public in so pleasing a way as did Miss Gertrude Davies, eldest daughter of Sir Louis Davies, when she gave an elocutionary recital last week in aid of the Red Cross Society. She was in Boston last year, a pupil at the Emerson School of Oratory, from which institution she graduated in June. She has a very good stage presence, much dramatic ability, and a rich and powerful voice, so she would seem well equipped for the career which she has chosen. That is not to say that she intends going on the stage as an elocutionist, though, no doubt, she will appear occasionally at concerts, but she has opened a studio and is forming classes for tuition in physical culture and oratory. She is of medium height, with fair, fluffy hair and is rather pretty. She cares very little for society, and is not often seen at balls and parties.

**S**IR WILFRID AND LADY LAURIER are taking an active part in the Red Cross movement in Ottawa. The Premier, in his opening address at the recital given by Miss Gertrude Davies, daughter of Sir Louis Davies, received enthusiastic applause when he referred to the war in South Africa as a war for equal rights to all, and the Red Cross movement as the highest form of charity. The moment after, he had his audience in laughter when he introduced Sir Louis Davies, who read one of Kipling's poems, as one whom he had long known in the arts of war, and was pleased to see now engaged in the art of peace.

It may not be generally known that Lady Laurier is a talented musician. She herself is extremely modest and deprecates any such claim, but, at a concert given by the Woman's Morning Music Club, of Ottawa, recently, she demonstrated her ability in the rendering of a splendid march. This, the "Laurier March," had been composed in honor of the Premier by Mr. Poisson, a young musician of Arthabaskaville, and is by no means commonplace. Lady Laurier was very nervous about playing before so critical an audience. She is delightfully natural and unconventional and she made a number of naive remarks while playing that put her at once en rapport with her hearers. Her touch is a little heavy, but she plays with feeling and expression.

**I**N the course of lectures to be given before the May Court Club, of Ottawa, this month the names of three of McGill's professors are on the programme. Dr. Tait McKenzie will lecture on "The Human Form as seen by the Artist"; Dr. Colby on the "The Lives of the Painters," and Professor Moyses on "The Characteristics of Poetry as one of the Fine Arts."



**A** LARGE and fashionable audience attended the first of Miss Abbott's vocal and instrumental recitals, on Tuesday evening. Miss Anna E. Otten played several difficult violin solos with great success. Dr. Hopkinson's songs were most delightful, as were also those of Miss Ada Wait, who was presented with a bouquet of roses. Miss Abbott, as accompanist, fully sustained her reputation. The ushers were Messrs. Hugh and Stuart Wotherspoon, and amongst those in attendance were Montreal's leading society people and connoisseurs of music. The success of this recital justifies one in looking forward to the remainder of the series with unfeigned delight.

## Points for Investors

THE world of finance is still in a feverish condition at this time of writing. Heaviness broods over the world's stock markets, and the clouds will not be lifted till a decisive British victory clears the atmosphere. That decisive result must come, soon or late, and the continuance of the gloom has no foundation. Further British reverses only mean that more "O Missis Victorien's sons, her men, her horses and guns" must be rushed to the scene of conflict. More money must be distributed Britain is equal to the burden of finding it. The United States and Canada will share most in the largesse of the war. There is no reason but sentiment, therefore, why the stock markets should still repine.

### THE BANK CLEARINGS.

The details I gave last week of the advances in earnings of the principal carriers, the gains in the foreign trade and the increases in the bank deposits indicate that the country's business is vaster than ever it has been, and its prosperity more widespread. To quote another indication, bank clearances for the year increase at all the principal points, Winnipeg showing the greatest percentage of gain on the year.

Vancouver is also showing great gains, and the coming year may be expected to be even greater in development than last year.

### RAILROAD PROSPECTS IN 1900.

The opinion has been hazarded by many writers that, during the past year, railroad net earnings reached their highest point, and that the advances in the prices of all railroad materials would materially reduce profits. These remarks may apply to Eastern roads where industrial expansion may have reached its height, but they do not apply to Pacifics, and among these of chief interest is our own Canadian Pacific. All that our Northwest needs is population. There is now a movement to increase the immigration largely during the coming year, and arrangements have been made to ship from Liverpool 55,000 immigrants to be distributed over Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the Canadian Northwest. This influx of a good class of producers will help the C.P.R. and the company's land sales should also appreciate every year. I expect to see Canadian railways show an increase during 1900 just as they did in 1899. At the present time passenger traffic is heavier, freight rates are higher, and results are larger.

### COMPETITION AND THE C.P.R.

Competition has been spoken of as the bugbear of the C.P.R., but the railroad's magnates say they have nothing to fear from competition. They point to the wonderful advantage a line from sea to sea with an ocean service making one line from the Occident of the Atlantic to the Orient of Japan affords. With the mining industries of British Columbia just beginning, with the Northwest still in embryo, they say the great days of the C.P.R. are only in their infancy. Sir William Van Horne will try hard yet to round out the system by a superior Atlantic service, and then there will result the greatest commercial engine in the world. Whether a 5 per cent. dividend or not is declared this year, the investor has a great chance in buying C.P.R. at its present prices.

### THE FITCHBURG AND CANADA

The Fitchburg road has been the subject of much discussion of late. This is the parallel line to the Boston and Albany, which latter has just been merged into the New York Central system. On the Fitchburg is one of the greatest tunnels in the world, the Hoosac, built by a Canadian engineer just passed to his rest, Walter Shanly. It is stated that the New York Central was also in treaty for the Fitchburg, but it is more likely to be taken over by the Boston and Maine. Hitherto the B. & M. has been working very closely with both C.P.R. and G.T.R., especially the former. The control of the Fitchburg with its connecting on to the Erie would give the B. & M. another contributory line from the West, and might to a certain extent decrease the New England business from the Western States over the Canadian roads, though the haul is all in favor of our own lines. It is stated also that the Fitchburg directors are holding out for a 5 per cent. guarantee on their preference stock, which means one per cent. guarantee on common, and that the B. & M. will pay this and more.

### STEEL AND COAL.

The steel industries of Canada will soon merit close attention from the investor. I am given to understand that the Nova Scotia Steel Company will declare a 10 per cent. dividend on its \$2,600,000 of stock. This company manufactures bar steel, strap rails, and the lighter class of products, but it has made great advances during the past year of prosperity. Its stock is not listed in Montreal, but is widely diffused in the

Maritime Provinces. The Dominion Steel and Iron Company is making preparations for development on a most colossal scale, and over \$7,000,000 will be put out by this new company in machinery, equipment and buildings. Investors have been looking to the West and the gold and silver mines, but the coal and iron of the Eastern Provinces is looming up as a large factor in the country's prosperity. Dominion Coal Company will benefit greatly by the new developments.

### LAND AND LOAN COMPANIES.

A class of security in Canada which the higher rates for money now obtaining in England will greatly affect, are the land and loan companies. For the past few years they have been borrowing money in the Old Country on debentures, chiefly at 3 and 3½, and lending it in Canada at from 5 to 7. While high money and cheap consols in England will affect the loan companies here, it is safe to say that these latter have seen their worst years, and, having written off a large number of after-boom depreciations, are entering upon a sounder future. Toronto, with the rich lands of Ontario around it, has always been more a centre for these companies than Montreal. The amalgamation of the three largest Canadian companies—the Canada Permanent, Western Canada, Freehold—and with them the London and Ontario, a smaller company, has been completed. Canada Permanent, which operates extensively from Ottawa to Vancouver, has made the best showing, and its 20 per cent. stock around 115 is an attractive investment, as it is likely that one fully paid-up share of 6 per cent. interest bearing stock in the new company will be exchanged for every five shares in the old company.

### STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Up to the middle of the present week the stock market has not shown any great advances. War Eagle has been firm at 251, Royal Electric steady at 184, Toronto Railway at 101, and Montreal at 279, are at fairly reasonable figures. Twin City Rapid Transit shows a remarkable increase in gross earnings for the year, and is worth attention at 64.

### FAIRFAX.

### MINING SHARES.

The market for mining stocks is lifeless, and there is but little to report. Prices have ranged lower during the past month, and it has been more from apathy, than from unsatisfactory news from mining centres. The condition of the money market has been a chief factor, as in other exchanges, and has acted as a sort of wet blanket. At present there is no sign of an improvement, but, as everyone says, as soon as success crowns the British arms in South Africa, the position will change, and very rapidly too. This is true to a certain extent, for the stringency in money is more sentimental than real. Since the Bank of England rate has advanced, our financial institutions have been afraid that their credit in London will be curtailed, and they have, therefore, fortified themselves at home against such a contingency. The situation in parts of British Columbia is not very satisfactory, the efforts of the mine owners to conciliate the miners have not met with success, and there is a deadlock. This, of course, cannot go on forever, and, as we learn that work is not so plentiful in the United States, it is probable that many of the miners will, ere long, return, and the union will become more amenable to reason.

In the Rossland district work is going forward in a number of properties. The ore shipments for the past year show a fair increase and would have been much larger had it not been for the delays in completing the War Eagle plant. With the War Eagle, Centre Star, LeRoi, and several smaller companies as shippers, the prospects are that the ore output will, at least, be doubled this year. Among the lower priced stocks, there is but little to report. Had the conditions we refer to above been different, there would, no doubt, have been a movement in many of them. Take, for instance, Monte Cristo. It is a known fact that the company has made arrangements to receive a profit on its ores from the smelter, and has already begun to ship, yet, the stock is selling lower than it ever sold. One of the most active stocks has been the Deer Trail, and it seems ridiculous that a stock paying a dividend should be selling at a price which gives the investor something like 30 per cent. on his money. But, while this is due partly to the market condition, the fact that the company is incorporated under a State of Washington charter, and has been juggled from Spokane, has destroyed public confidence in the enterprise. We learn that a new deal is on the " tapis," and that it is to become a Canadian organization, should this be carried out, and men of repute become attached to it as directors, it will be a good purchase, and the investor ought to double his money in a short while.

I cannot but reiterate my opinion that stocks are a purchase. It may be some weeks before the market gets out of its present rut, but there is no telling, and any little demand would speedily raise prices. The general conditions are good, and the faith in our country as a great mining centre in the future has yet to be shaken.

Montreal, January 10.

ROBERT MEREDITH.



AT THE END OF  
A YEAR.

"I DON'T believe," said the millionaire's wife, regretfully, "that our son-in-law has any business ability."

"Business ability!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Huh! He married our only daughter, didn't he?"

A FISH STORY

A WRITER in a well known paper says that not long ago a hawk caught a fish, but while flying with it to the woods to devour it at leisure, the fish floundered from the hawk's hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting. The dog caught the fish as it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to an appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, evidently impressed with the belief that his good fortune may be repeated. Needless to remark, this story is published in a United States paper.

AT THE ARMOURIES.

RECRUITING OFFICER.—I'm afraid you are not smart enough for the mounted infantry. We want men who can ride right over everything if necessary.

APPLICANT.—That's all right, sir—I've been a Montreal cab-driver for seven years.

THE ice and coal men have a plot  
With which to make their sales twofold:  
In summer ice bills make us hot,  
While coal bills make our blood run cold.

THE LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE.

"YESTERDAY," said a St. James street lawyer, "I refused a poor woman a small sum of money, and, in consequence, I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said the client. "Who was the woman?"  
"My wife."

HE KNEW BY EXPERIENCE.

MRS. SHERBROOKE—I wonder what the New Year will bring us, James?

MR. SHERBROOKE.—Bills, as usual, I suppose.

AS THE ELECTIONS DRAW NIGH.

"THE candidate said he would not talk to our paper for publication," said the reporter, as he hung up his hat.

"Do you think he meant it?" asked the city editor.

"Certainly he did. The language he used was utterly unfit for publication."



AN UNFORESEEN ENEMY.

"So you're one of those women that stole my father's plumes to decorate your headgear, are you?"

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ELLA.—What is true love?

STELLA.—Marrying a Longueuil man and going there to live.

AT KINGSTON.

"IS the new prison-warder vigilant?"  
"Someone told him the gas was escaping, and he grabbed his revolver."

HE'LL OWN THE EARTH.

THE boy who leads his class at school,

A glorious child is he;

We wonder at the boy who plays

The violin at three!

The little one in kilts who knows

His grammar through and through,

Or quotes from Willie Shakespeare gains

Our admiration too.

But greater far than is the boy

Who leads his class, or he

That all the world has heard of as

An infant prodigy

Is one whose lot is lowly but

Whose destiny is high—

The office boy who works on while

The band is marching by.

PEN POINTS.

EVEN the honest blacksmith may be a forger.

The man who pays cash gets no credit for it.

Some fellows raise whiskers because they can't raise the price of a shave.

Nothing pleases a very young man so much as to have the girls call him a cynic.

You can't blame a half-starved actor if his work is bad. A poor liver always refuses to act well.

## The Conjuror's Fate.

BY MRS FRANK PENNY.

IT was Nellama's wedding day. The tom-toms were drumming and the panpipes were wailing their strange music through the Hindu village. The nautch-girl from the temple was there, and at intervals her voice was heard in wedding-song. Nellama was a proud and happy girl, although she looked so shy. When addressed, she dropped her chin upon her breast in decorous and speechless modesty, which was quite the right and proper thing for a Hindu maiden to do. All the same there were moments when she stole a peep at the handsome Peroo, so gaily decked out with wreaths of jasmine and oleander. The marriage ceremonies had been completed, with all their rites of fire and oil and sugar candy—a strange mixture of the mysterious and the childish—and Nellama was to be conducted to her husband's house.

Peroo was a conjurer by profession. It had been his father's and his grandfather's before him for many generations, and he was reckoned a prince amongst his people, for he had restored to the tribe the art of suspended animation. This was his story.

Many years ago his great-grandfather had made a reputation which still survived in the village, though the old man had been dead many years. The tale was still told in the place, of how the old Peroo—they all bore the same name—had been buried alive before some great English Sahibs; how rice had been planted above his grave and had blossomed into ear and yellowed to harvest; how it had been cut; and then only had the grave been opened. The opening took place before the English gentlemen, and—so it was reported and unhesitatingly believed by the villagers—Peroo was found alive. It was a great triumph for the tribe, and brought them much wealth. People from all parts came to see the wonder, and to bring offerings to one who was so favored by the gods. Time passed, and Peroo became an old man; the trick was beyond his powers, and he began to think of passing his mantle on to the shoulders of others. But heredity had something to do with it; and, alas that it should be so! none other of the tribe was found to be so gifted. They brought him strong young men, handsome boys and fine babies, he prepared them and made the necessary passes, but without result. Great was the consternation and grief as year after year went by and no one was found to perform the miraculous feat. One day, when the old man's son and grandson were absent on one of their long itinerating rounds; performing their tricks and gathering rupees from town to town, a girl of sixteen came screaming into his room. She was the wife of his grandson. "My son is dead! Stiff and cold I found him in his little bed. Come and see."

Old Peroo hobbled off to the women's side of the house. The women had already begun their weeping and mourning. He thrust them all aside with small ceremony and bent over the boy. As he examined him, a sudden light sprang into the old man's eyes. He stood up and clasped his hands as he cried: "The gift! the gift!"

Then passing his hands over the body, the rigidity disappeared; under his touch the child heaved a deep sigh, drew in his breath, and opened his eyes. The women stood looking on in awe and wonder, and one old crone, who remembered Peroo's performances in his young days, took up the joyful cry, and sped through the village to tell it. Peroo ordered some food to be brought. When the child had been fed, he sent

away the women; five minutes later he was leaning over the rigid form once more. Yes, it was true; power had been restored to the family once more, and his old eyes had lived to see it. He sat by the charpoy on which the unconscious boy lay, and watched him for the space of an hour; then he recalled him to life. The little lad sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I have had dreams, grandfather; I dreamt that I was a bird on a cliff, and I saw myself sleeping below; you watched by my side, even as you are watching now."

The old man smiled; he had not forgotten his own dreams. When the two men came back they were told the great news. Old Peroo had a long interview with his son and grandson, and he showed them many strange things. He gave minute directions how the ears and nostrils were to be stopped with clay, how the body was to be clothed, how the restorative passes were to be made. He told them about the tomb for incarceration, and the care that must be observed in its preparation, failure in this respect might cost the performer his life. Then the old man took to his bed, there was nothing more to live for, he had laid his mantle on the shoulders of another, and the honor of the family was preserved. The next morning they found him dead.

The younger Peroo grew up to strong and lusty manhood, and on this important day, when the whole village was rejoicing, he was taking to himself a wife, the sweet and gentle Nellama, as good and obedient a girl as ever breathed. Who shall say that there is no love amongst these Hindu maids? It is only the highest castes that are gosha, or hidden. Nellama's family, though wealthy, was not of high caste, and she had never been doomed to a life behind the curtain. She and her companions had run about the village as children, and from babyhood she had known Peroo. When her parents had betrothed her to him, both he and she had allowed their thoughts to dwell on each other, and mutual love had sprang up with tropical rapidity. The young people were not allowed the liberty permitted to English lads and lasses in their courting, but these very restraints only served, like the blast on the fire, to fan the flame the brighter.

Nellama's sisters, aunts and cousins stood around her as she awaited the escort which was to take her to the house of the bridegroom.

"Lucky girl!" exclaimed a young matron still in her teens. "Peroo has plenty of fine jewels to hang round your neck; and his house is full of brass and copper pots."

"But what says Runga? Look at his scowling face! It is ugly with disappointment and anger," said another girl.

Nellama gave a little shiver of fear at the mention of the discarded suitor's name. She had had nothing to do with his rejection; Hindu maidens are the last people to be consulted in such matters, even though they have to play the important part of bride.

"Ah, Nellama! The bridegroom is coming to carry his bride to his house!" cried the girls in the greatest excitement.

As the procession approached the house, it was met by an official in gorgeous dress, scarlet coat, and turban of white and gold. He was only a servant, but the glory of his master's office was reflected in the magnificent person of the man. He was the chuprassee of the English Government agent who ruled the province in the Queen's name. It had come to his worshipful ears that Peroo could perform that most wonderful feat of being buried alive, and he would see it. He could honor his poor village with his presence, if he would consent to perform before him. Peroo signified his willingness to accede to the Commissioner's request, after receiving a hint as to the remuneration.

The wedding festivities proceeded with even greater zest and spirit than before. This was good news; and the profits of the show would pay for all the wedding expenses, which, as usual, were large in proportion to the means of the family. There was one person, however, who did not join in the general rejoicing, and that was Nellama. She was proud enough of her handsome husband, and she meant to sing his

## CONJUROR'S FATE--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

praises loudly every morning, when she went to the well with the other women to draw water for the house. But in her secret heart she feared Runga's jealousy. The man had taken his filting with a bad grace, he had not been treated well over the matter of the wedding, although Nellama's father was quite justified in giving his daughter, according to their custom, to the richer suitor. Moreover, he was consumed with envy over his rival's professional success. He considered that the precious gift should by right have been his, he being Peroo's senior by two or three years, and he imagined that he had in some way been deprived of his birthright by the younger man. If Peroo were removed, it might come to him. He had let drop sentiments of this kind in Nellama's hearing in days gone by, and they returned upon her with force, now that Peroo had grown so dear. Indian women love passionately, and their instincts teach them to guard vigilantly and look with suspicion on their enemies. Runga was an enemy, and the beautiful girl trembled for her prosperous husband as his success increased.

"I will watch him like a mother," she whispered to herself, as she crept away from his sleeping form that wedding night, and hid herself before the door like a faithful hound. "No hand but mine shall prepare his food; no foot shall cross the threshold of his sleeping-room except over my body."

Four days later the chuprassee in his gorgeous coat and turban appeared again in the village. He was more important than ever, and made almost a royal progress to Peroo's house, attended by a crowd of admiring villagers.

"He bade me say that he would be here at four o'clock," was the message from his Excellency. All was now ready. The news spread through the village rapidly, reaching the outlying hamlets by noon, and a steady flow of visitors set in for the two hours preceding the performance. At eleven the grave was finished, and the men returned to their houses for dinner—a meal of curry and rice. Nellama had everything ready for her Peroo. She had taken infinite pains in the preparation of his last meal; and she was more than rewarded for her trouble by the approval and pleasure written on his face, as she placed the dish of white rice and the basin of savory curry before him with the little brass bowls of various delicacies he loved so well. Hindu women do not dine with their husbands, and Nellama had no appetite for the portion of food she had put aside for herself. Her mind was too uneasy about her husband. Drawing her cloth over her head, she slipped out into the field, intending to run across and have one more look at the grave, now that the workmen had all departed, and before the sightseers began to arrive. As she passed behind the cactus hedge that divided her little pumpkin garden from the field, she caught sight of a form stealing away from the grave. He turned his head and looked at her, and she shuddered, for there was an evil smile upon Runga's face as his eyes met hers. What could he have been about?

"I will suit his villainy to the very bottom!" she said, as she hurried towards the spot. "Nothing shall escape my eye. I will look into every nook and cranny to see that the wicked Runga has not put any cunning and deadly poison to destroy the life of my husband. Ah, if I can only catch him in his wickedness, I will appeal to the Commissioner himself to have him punished."

Nellama found nothing but bare walls smooth with freshly plastered mortar. The little room was like a box, and perfectly empty. There could be no room for villainy there, surely, with the midday sun shining down into its moderate depth, illuminating every inch of space. Her fears subsided, and she sat down by the vault determined not to leave it again till Peroo's father arrived. She saw her husband come out of his house and look round for her. But she knew that he did not want her; it is not the thing for a Hindu to be

seen chatting with his wife in broad daylight. So she sat there, patiently keeping guard until the appointed hour.

The crowd gathered during the afternoon, and after looking at the grave, the people sat down to chat and watch for the procession. It came from the village with the usual accompaniment of tom-toms and horns, and with apparently the whole village in its wake. It was one of those tropical scenes of color and light which it is impossible to place upon canvas. The centre figure was that of Peroo, dressed in white and gold, and adorned with garlands of oleander flowers. He was carried on the shoulders of his tribesmen and brother conjurers. The Commissioner and his friends walked apart with a look of amusement and interest on their faces. When they reached the grave they were invited to examine anything they pleased. This they did, and in no cursory manner, for it was a scientific experiment to them of the keenest interest. They found the grave to be nothing but what it professed—namely, a square vault, with unburnt brick walls and floor. Peroo had eaten his usual dinner, cooked for him by his faithful little wife, and his father had given him a drink of some herbal mixture just before starting.

The eyes of all were fixed upon Peroo's father as he commenced the mysterious rite of putting his son to sleep. The chattering of the crowd ceased, and there was a breathless silence.

"What are you doing?" asked the Commissioner.

The man made no secret of it, but readily explained each process.

"S e, your honor, I place these small pellets of clay in my son's ears, and these in his nostrils."

He made some passes, and Peroo showed symptoms at once of mesmeric slumber. Then he turned back the tongue so that it formed a stopping to the throat. One of the Englishmen laid a hand upon the unconscious man's shoulder and shook him, but there was no response. The men who were assisting now began to arrange the body as if for burial; they folded his arms on his breast and straightened out his legs. Apparently life had fled, for there was no respiratory movement, and a yellow tinge crept over the face, replacing the ruddy brown tint of health.

"I don't like that color," said one of the visitors, who possessed some medical knowledge. "It is uncommonly like death."

He laid his finger upon the man's pulse.

"And I believe he is dead, too," he continued in evident consternation. "His pulse has ceased entirely. They have killed him to get the money!"

The Commissioner was startled, no one knew better than he how small a value the Hindu puts upon the human life.

"Wake him!" he cried imperatively.

Peroo's father hesitated.

"My son lives," he said confidently.

"That may be, but we would see for ourselves," replied the Englishman in a tone that intimated he meant to be obeyed.

The man was loath to undo his work, for he understood nothing of the fear that influenced the other. However, the Commissioner's will was law. The pellets were removed, the tongue drawn back from the throat, and Peroo began to breathe softly and regularly, like a child in its sleep.

"Shall I wake him?" the father asked, waiting for further orders.

"No, you may finish the performance," said the Commissioner. He was relieved of anxiety, and satisfied that the men were acting fairly. The pellets were accordingly replaced, and the body resumed its death-like appearance. Peroo was laid in the vault just as though he were dead, but without the usual signs of mourning which mark the presence of death. Even Nellama's vague fears of evil were allayed, and she watched the preparations for closing the tomb with relief and satisfaction. He would be safe from Runga's malice there, and never a doubt crossed her mind of the power of Peroo to return to life when his father should bid him.

A stone was placed on the mouth of the grave, and the masons mortared it down; soil was spread on the top and sown with corn in rows, so that it would be impossible to disturb it without detection. The Commissioner and his friends watched the process from beginning to end, and were the last to leave the spot, excepting for the faithful Nellama; but she too had to creep away as the night fell.

But all unseen to the watchful eyes of Nellama, on the morning of the fourth day a tiny insect entered the grave. It moved timidly—pausing, hesitating, and making as though it would go back, yet always returning and steadily progressing. With the unerring instinct of its species it advanced until it reached the motionless body. It mounted inch by inch with laborious perseverance, retracing its steps, exploring, feeling, testing with its tiny antennæ, till it came to the closed and sightless eyes. There it stood, as motionless as the unconscious man, except for the nervous tremor of the antennæ. Suddenly it turned and left the body, making straight for the hole by which it had entered, so cunningly bored through the unburnt brick and the plaster into the soft earth beyond. Hours passed, and nothing moved within the living grave. At midnight, two slender horns were pushed through the tunnel, and the pioneer descended the wall on its old track. It had carried its message to the hordes of its clan, and legion upon legion followed in its train. The soul saw it all, and a great agony seized it. It strove to speak; it strove to move that mortal log, through which it was wont to find means for the expression of its emotions, and to feel earthly pleasure and pain. One shake of the hand, one thrust of the foot, and the foe with its legions would flee. But the soul was powerless. On streamed the torrent in an ever-increasing flood, till it grew to a vast, seething mass of busy atoms. On, on went the pioneer of the hand till once more it stood before the sightless eyes.

Peroo was to lie in his grave till the green blade sprang above it. Both he and his father had expressed their willingness to make that period longer. The old Peroo had been buried from seed-time till harvest, and the younger man had no reason to doubt that his powers were inferior to those of his ancestor. But the Commissioner willed it otherwise. He said that he would be content to have the corn in the green blade—so goes the story. Nellama was counting the days to her husband's release. She had chosen the fowl which was to make his first dish of nourishing mallagatawny. She promised herself that the broth should be strong and good, and enriched with stimulating herb and seed.

On the morning of the appointed day, Kunga chanced to pass her in the village street; there was a grim and evil smile upon his face which she did not understand. Why should he smile as his successful rival's hour of triumph drew near? A large crowd gathered to see the opening of the grave. Men with shovels stood ready to remove the earth at the bidding of the Commissioner. But before the order was given, he and his friends fully satisfied themselves that there had been no trickery.

"Neither food nor air can possibly have been introduced, as far as I can see. By all the laws of nature the man ought to be as dead as a red herring," said one of the scientific men.

But the Commissioner did not look at all anxious.

"We shall find him alive all right, but rather exhausted, probably. These Hindus, undoubtedly, know something about this mysterious state called suspended animation," he replied.

At the given signal the coolies set to work; the stone was hauled, the mortar was chipped away, and the heavy slab levered up. The Commissioner himself was the first to descend into the grave, followed quickly by Peroo's father. Nellama, prompted by love and curiosity, pressed forward through the throng, and leaned over to look into her husband's tomb. The air was rent by a terrible shriek, there was a cry of consternation from the Englishmen, and a groan of despair from Peroo's father.

A white skeleton lay at their feet. Peroo had met with the

one dread fate that is so much feared by all who practise his art. He had been eaten by ants. No call, save the last Great Call on the Judgment Day, could ever reclothe his departed soul with flesh.

Bitterly did his young wife blame herself that her eyes had failed to detect the hole so cunningly bored. But detection was impossible, for the fiend who had made it had plugged it with sweetened rice flour, knowing well that no creature on earth but an ant would discover it, and that the discovery would be swift and sure.



#### MUSICAL NOTES.

AT the first annual meeting of the Musicians' Benevolent Society the following were elected officers for the year: R. Gruenwald, Mus. Dir., president; Professor von Konigsberg, vice-president; M. J. B. Roy, secretary; J. O'Donnell, treasurer; Messrs. P. Cameron, Geo. Marshall and Chas. Murphy, finance committee, and J. Ratto and Wm. Sullivan, trustees. After the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read, the president congratulated the society upon the progress made since its foundation, and the steady increase of members, including now the foremost of Montreal's teachers and musicians. Some entertainments will shortly be given for the benefit of the society, which will, no doubt, receive the encouragement such a society deserves at the hands of the public.

• • •

A NEW patriotic song has been published by Whaley, Royce & Co., the words of which are by a young Montrealer, Mr. Norman S. Rankin, the music being by Mr. J. S. Doolittle. The song is entitled "For Canada and Empire," and is dedicated to the members of the Canadian contingents to South Africa. Both words and music are pleasing and the song should become quite popular.

• • •

THE choral event of the season in Montreal will be the concert of the Motet Choir, which is announced for January 30, in the Windsor Hall, with the great Bispham as soloist. This will be Mr. Bispham's first visit to Montreal, and his singing will be a revelation to those who are fortunate to hear him. It is an education in itself to hear artists of the stamp of Mr. Bispham, and the hall should be crowded to hear this great singer. He will sing "Erkonig" (Schubert), "Widmung" (Schumann), "Die Ehre Gottes" (Beethoven) and other selections. The Motet Choir will also sing a splendid programme of psalms, part songs, etc., by the following composers, Mendelssohn, Sir Geo. Martin, Sir Frederick Bridge, Henry Leslie, Henry Smart, J. L. Hatton, Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

#### LITERARY WOMEN OF MONTREAL.

NEXT WEEK'S LIFE will be of unusual interest. A brilliantly written and profusely illustrated article on "The Literary Women of Montreal," will occupy several pages. This sketch of a number of the most gifted of Canada's daughters is certain to attract a great deal of attention, and cannot but add to the steadily growing reputation of "the illustrated home paper of the best people in the Dominion." The regular departments will be fully up to the standard in interest.

As an evidence of the growth of MONTREAL LIFE'S reputation, the following sample instance may be mentioned: Last week a letter was received from the editor of Blanco y Negro, the great comic paper and illustrated review of Madrid, Spain, requesting that MONTREAL LIFE should exchange with that publication. This is only one out of many such occurrences that might be cited. Inquiries are being received almost daily from Canadians residing abroad, who want LIFE in order that they may keep in touch with Canadian events.

## LIFE IN A CANADIAN BARRACK.

By Sergeant White. His Name

The men and the horses. Victories and defeats.

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

"Pay-day is a very happy (?) occasion for Tommy, but he has a rooted objection to keeping money long about him, and before evening a great deal of what is paid out in the orderly-room finds its way into the hands of the tavernkeepers "down town." The evening of that day sees many an unsoldierly form seeking admittance at the barrack gate and hears references, in uncertain utterance, to "more things in heaven and earth" than should be contained even in a soldier's "philosophy."

Most of the men go in for sport in some form or other, and generally hold a tournament once a year, for which there is great practising beforehand at heads and posts, tilting at ring, tent-pegging, wrestling on horseback, etc. And who that has ever seen it can forget the "musical ride"? With well-trained horses, it is one of the most beautiful sights invented by man, and the culminating charge and cheer thrills one with the idea that the life of a cavalry soldier must be a very fascinating existence. A week probably convinces a recruit that all the glitter is not gold.

Football is a favorite recreation, and quoits, putting the shot, and boxing are very generally indulged in. When there is enough snow in winter, the whole regiment has a tramp out on snowshoes, looking very picturesque, with gay sashes worn over the uniform and moccasined feet, which have to step out very briskly in the frosted air to the music of the bugles and drums. Many of the men have some particular accomplishment, which they are fond of exhibiting to their comrades and any onlookers who may happen to be around. I remember one big fellow who was the admiration of the barracks for his club-swinging. He practised every evening in the square, and was usually surrounded by an enthusiastic group of spectators. Among 70 or 80 men there are always some good voices, and in the evening, through the open canteen window, may be heard all the catchy songs of the hour, with a hearty and oft-repeated chorus. The banjo and concertina are the soldier's pet musical instruments, and he often evokes very sweet harmony when, in the warm dusk of a summer evening, the whole troop collect in every variety of undress uniform and ease of posture to tell stories of one place and another over their pipes, and sometimes to vary the recital with a jolly round of the light fantastic cake walk.

In any Canadian regiment are to be found men who have been in several lands and witnessed many interesting sights. It would be a curious inquiry to trace out from how many diverse sources the stream of their destinies has cast them upon the military shore, and, though they may be drifted away again, nothing can ever entirely obliterate a certain imprint of the parade-ground which the instructor has put upon them.

It is odd and characteristic to notice how a born Englishman will give advice to a whole regiment on every subject under the sun, and descant on English institutions, especially the army, even if his knowledge of it be confined to having once seen a march past of the Guards. He is usually told to "shut his mouth," "cork up his confounded blow," or reduced to silence by some equally repressive and more emphatic remark, but still his "home" birth gives him a certain status, and if he does not too often preface his criticism with "Now, in England, we," etc., he will find himself appealed to on many a disputed point, and his dictum accepted

quite willingly. The sergeants, too, who are sent for courses of instruction to England, can always command an attentive audience at any moment they appear out of doors for weeks after their return. Few of their hearers have seen the Mother Land, but the idea of the unity of all branches of the Queen's fighting men has taken strong hold upon them, and they feel that, some day, they may be called upon to beat "the war-drum, whose notes roll with day round the world." Hence, they take a lively interest in the work of soldiers of the Empire in other lands, and a man who has "been there," under fire, is an object of respectful curiosity if he happens to come their way. Nowhere was the tidings of Darghai and Omdurman heard with greater enthusiasm than among our little body of regulars in "this Canada of ours." Soldiers discuss every subject in the calendar, and, as a rule, the British-Canadians who enlist have contrived to pick up a good deal of education, so that their opinions, whether on the latest political speech, the sermon in church, or their view of modern history, are always interesting and often original.

Of punishments, the most frequent is "seven days' cells," which is inflicted for a variety of offences. Serious military sins, such as striking a non-com, insubordination, or desertion, are punished much more severely, and the prisoner may be sentenced to from six months to two years in the ordinary gaol of the district, and thereafter "be dismissed from Her Majesty's service with disgrace." One part of our military system, if it can be called such, which I think is badly in need of reform, is the practice of sending soldiers to the common gaol for other than a civil offence. They are often mere boys, of a better class, and their association with actual criminals, and the disgrace of being a convict cannot possibly produce any good effect; in fact, it is almost absolutely certain that the man will come out worse than he went in. I could relate more than one sad story of harsh sentences and consequent results painful to think of, but it is not within the scope of this sketch. Let those in authority, who have sat on courts martial, and know that public opinion never has a chance to pronounce its verdict in cases of a military nature, find a remedy for the pernicious custom as it appears to me.

For inattention to duty, being late on parade, or carelessness about uniform, or other accoutrements, etc., a number of days "C. B." (confinement to barracks), extra "sentry-go," or double fatigue is awarded, and the canteen is closed to the delinquent during his punishment. "Pack-drill" is another form of discipline which the men particularly detest. The soldier parades at guard mounting in full marching order, carrying his sword or carbine, and under one arm the various articles of his kit rolled up tightly to form a substantial and heavy "pack." In this array, he is made to "quick-march" up and down and around the barrack square for an hour, in charge of a corporal, who, in a monotonous voice, issues the commands "Right about—turn," "Left about—turn," when the culprit reaches the limits of his enforced "beat." Drunkenness is rarely punished unless the man cannot get to his room unaided, or makes any disturbance. It has always been a puzzle to me and others why a corporal or sergeant must be so much more intoxicated than a private before he is put under arrest. It is of rare occurrence that a non-com is censured, and it can scarcely be said that their conduct is so far removed above the level of the average soldier's plane of action. To the uninitiated, it would seem as though the conduct of a man should be more free from blame as he rises in the ranks. The powers that be, in five cases out of ten, visit the iniquities of the non-coms upon the troopers, and make it very discouraging for the latter, who cannot help feeling that

the privileges of a stripe are not always conferred for merit. The sergeant-major of a regiment, who has most opportunity of judging of the intercourse between officers and privates, should be a man of justice and clear-sightedness, and the general conduct of the men under him will depend a great deal on his tact. When it does happen that a non-com is degraded, or "reduced to the ranks," the whole regiment is assembled. The prisoner's offence and sentence are read, he, meanwhile, standing bareheaded between his guards. The sergeant-major then rips off his stripes, and with them go all the privileges of which he has made a bad use.

I wonder why soldiers are as a rule considered outside the pale of church influence. They are an utterly neglected part of congregations, at least in the city where this barrack is situated. If they were clerks or laborers, or followed any other profession than that of soldiering, they would probably be known to, and visited by some of the clergy, but the wearing of the Queen's uniform seems to constitute a barrier, and "it is no one's business to look after soldiers." I know of one good, respectable fellow who attended a certain church regularly every Sunday for quite 10 years, and had never been spoken to directly by the man he heard preach once a week. If, for no other reason, it is for the interest of the country that her enlisted young men should be kept out of mischief as much as possible. I know of only one man, a newcomer to the city, who has noticed this neglect, and set himself to supply the need. He manages to be in the barrack at least two or three times a month, and the soldiers have already come to regard him as their friend. They appreciate his thoughtfulness and sympathy by attending his church, and giving him their confidence unrestrainedly, and that is a convincing answer to those who declare that soldiers will not have clergymen visit them in barracks, and regard all friendly interest as interference and intrusion.

The character and general conduct of our Canadian regulars is, I imagine, on an average with that of their English brothers-in-arms. Like Kipling's soldiers—

They ain't no thin red heroes,  
But they ain't no blackguards too.

Of course, there are thoroughly black sheep among them, but not in greater numbers in the military fold than in any other, and the temptations are probably more incessant and difficult of resistance. No one could expect them to turn into "plaster-saints," but they are on the whole, a healthy, jolly, and fairly honest lot, and if called upon, I have no doubt, would show themselves worthy of the high calling of soldiers of the Empire. There are some exceedingly fine fellows in all our regiments, who, without being at all priggish, set the men a good example of an upright, manly life, and raise the tone of the troop while they are in it. I remember one man especially who took each young recruit under his protection in an unobtrusive way, and tried his best to make all "the boys keep straight." I cannot say that he always succeeded, but he was a great favorite in spite of his churchgoing and abstaining from drink, and he knew a secret worth a good deal among soldiers—he never preached. The truth is, a man can be what he likes even in a barrack. He has only to be a good soldier, make the other men respect him, and be goodhumored under any amount of chaff and practical joking. If he can at any time turn the laugh against his tormentors his cause is won; only a man who either makes himself ridiculous or sets himself above his comrades in any way, will not be tolerated. Bullying of recruits is almost a thing of the past. I have heard of cases, but I think they are of rare occurrence. It certainly is sad to see many a young man enlist, apparently innocent and strong, and in a few months to notice the unmistakable impres-

sion made on face and form by constant indulgence in strong drink, but I believe their own weakness and not the barrack life alone is responsible for their deterioration.

Drinking and hard swearing have always been the soldiers' chief faults, but, as long as the sergeants use bad language on the parade ground, the latter evil can scarcely be checked in the private. The Army Temperance Association branches will, no doubt, help the soldier to be sober and self-respecting, and to find a more profitable way of spending his evenings than in a bar. This solution of the problem, however, seems still far in the future.

There are many firm and true friendships in barrack life. I recollect various pairs of chums who were almost inseparable, and whose love for each other was a touching, and, sometimes, the only redeeming feature in their characters. And still, a military funeral—that most pathetic of all sights—even of a popular comrade, produces little or no effect on the average soldier. In all ordinary cases, a man's name is buried in his grave as soon as the quickstep beats and the three volleys are fired. Such constant change of individuals is always going on in our short-service regiments; and the routine, day after day, fills up so much of life that one man's place is not long felt to be a blank, and, even though he may have been a frank and loyal friend, he is gone—he may not be quite forgotten, but another soon fills the void.

If our soldiers are to be worthy to defend this great Dominion, and under her "a stumbling-block to her foes," they must be carefully trained, and their number effectively increased. Our hardy northern race, with its inherited military traditions, ought to offer all the material for a fine force, and the present head of the embryo Canadian army seems determined to make it so, as far as in him lies.

#### THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

HATS off, and a cheer for the Highland Brigade,  
That march'd to its fate like a corps on parade,  
With plauds flung back, and the blue steel gleaming,  
And shrill in the starlight the war-pipe screaming!  
Would ye know how the records of heroes are made?  
Come listen this tale of the Highland Brigade.

The General gazed with a troubled eye  
On the scowling ramparts, grim and high;  
"The way will be rough, and the fighting hot,  
I needs must call on the doughty Scot."  
And forth at the word, all undismay'd,  
With a shrill o' the pipes went the Highland Brigade.

Proud children of Albyn! 'twas ever the same,  
Too well have ye paid for your matchless fame!  
Must Death in his starkest shape be defied?  
Or a well nigh hopeless task be tried?  
Whereon can the army's trust be stayed  
If not on the might of the Highland Brigade?

But this was a deed of derring-do,  
Too hopeless even for such as you!  
For the mountain belch'd forth shot and shell,  
And smol'd and flam'd like the mouth of Hell  
And caught in the murderous ambuscade,  
With their chief 't the midst, fell the Highland Brigade!

Weep not, sad hearts on the Scottish shore,  
That wait for the lads who will come no more;  
Man dies but once—and your dear ones fell  
On the battlefield they grac'd so well;  
True to the annals of name and clan,  
As their sires have fall'n since the world began,  
With their hand on the steel, and their face to the foe,  
And the God of the Battle to see them go!  
And long will their memory's dues be paid  
A cheer, and a tear, for the Highland Brigade!



### THE MONTREAL MAYORALTY CANDIDATES.

AS a rule, vain men are fond of giving away their photographs. The modesty of Mr. William Edward Doran, who is in the field for the mayoralty against Mr. Prefontaine, may be judged from the fact that he has not sat for his picture for 10 or 12 years. Nevertheless, this is a good likeness of "the man with the Kitchener jaw." It was taken immediately after



Mr. W. E. Doran, Architect,  
who will oppose the present Mayor

an accident on a building which Mr. Doran was superintending in his capacity as an architect, when he narrowly escaped death. Practically, it is the only picture of the candidate in existence. Mr. Doran is 47 years old, and was born in Montreal. His father, Mr. Wm. Doran, was an Irishman, who established Doran's school, at one time a well-

known Roman Catholic institution, and one of the earliest schools of its kind in Montreal.

Mr. Doran was educated at his father's school, and later by private tutors. He studied architecture with Fowler & Roy, and afterwards with A. G. Fowler. He has practised his profession for 25 years, and has been the architect of a number of large buildings, including St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa; St. Mary's, Montreal; McGarvey's and Lamb's blocks on Notre Dame street; the Canada Meat Packing Company's works; the presbytery of St. Patrick's Church; the residences of Sir Wm. Hingston, on Sherbrooke street, and of Mr. Armitage Rhodes, on upper Stanley street; the Town Hall, Prince Albert School (Protestant), and Dominion abattoirs, St. Henri. He was also the architect in charge of the elaborate and artistic work of renovating and redecorating St. Patrick's Church, and also designed the new interior decorations of St. Mary's. He took an active part in organizing the Association of Architects, and is now its treasurer. Indeed, his activities have been almost wholly professional. As a young man, he used to do some speaking at political meetings in the Liberal interest, but, becoming more engrossed in his professional duties, he gave this up. He has been president of the Catholic Young Men's Society, and secretary and vice-president of St. Patrick's Society, and is a member of St. Patrick's parish. Mr. Doran is a man of pronounced opinions and iron will.

MAYOR PREFONTAINE'S municipal success may be traced to some extent, perhaps, to his affability towards members of the press. He takes care never to lose his temper, even with the representatives of papers that "slang-whang" him unmercifully. He is Mr. Doran's senior by three years, and is descended from a family that settled in New France in 1860. Born at Longueuil, he was educated by private tuition, and at St. Mary's (Jesuit) College, and graduated B.C.L. at McGill University, being called to the bar in 1873. He was Mayor of Hochelaga, 1879-84, since when he has sat in the city council, first as alderman, and for the last two years as mayor. He is an ardent Liberal, and has held the office of president of the Young Liberal's Association of Canada. He commenced his political career in 1875 when he was returned to the Quebec Legislature for Chambly. In 1886, that constituency sent him to the House of Commons, and he continued to represent it till the general elections of 1886, when he was returned for the new constituency of Maison-cuve. He married in June, 1876, Hermantine, daughter of the late Senator Rolland. Mr. Prefontaine's vigorous and fearless support of the course of the Dominion Government in sending



Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P.,  
who will ask for a third term as Mayor.

troops to uphold the Imperial cause in South Africa has recently brought him into prominence in the press of the whole Dominion, and he is looked upon by many as the probable successor of Mr. Tarte should that gentleman retire from active politics.

J. A. T.

### THE FITTING WORD.

THE lawyer asked the witness if the incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come!" said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth storey of a building, and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose that you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth storey window and fell out, and again should find yourself not injured—now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now," the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out at the twentieth storey window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty storeys below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

And the lawyer gave it up.

PRECEDING ARTICLES.—Major Grouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Bond, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbert, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosner, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denton, October 27; Principal Grant, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 21; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchési, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Beausoleil, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtelle, December 29; Sir Wm. R. Meredith, January 5.

## GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS

Prepared for "Montreal Life" by Mr. James Hingston, B.A.,  
Oxford University, and published weekly.

All rights reserved



Three forecasts are made for each day of the coming week. The first applies to the world at large; the second shows how persons, born on this day in any year, will fare during the next 12 months, and the third indicates how children, born on this day in the present year, will fare during life. The present series began with December 1, 1899, and back numbers of LIFE, when available, cost 10c. each.

**SUNDAY, January 14.**—A quiet day this is, though it may be somewhat marred by domestic disputes or lovers' quarrels.

Serious annoyance is threatened, both in business and family affairs. It will be well to guard against envious rivals and to refrain from entering upon an angry correspondence with anyone.

Clever may be the children born to-day, yet they will also be untruthful and perverse, and they will not make the best use of their talents. Girls, born now, need not expect much happiness in marriage.

**Monday, January 15.**—A "Black Monday" this is, a gloomy, unsatisfactory day from every point of view. Even the luckiest feel depressed on a day like this.

Those who go to law this year (and they may find it difficult to avoid law-suits), are not likely to obtain verdicts in their favor. They are also likely to suffer somewhat from ill-health. Employes, especially those who have not learned to curb their temper, are in danger of losing their positions.

Hot-tempered and quarrelsome children born to-day will be, and little good luck is foreshadowed for them. The married life of girls born now will be unfortunate.

**Tuesday, January 16.**—The early hours of to-day are favorable for business. Prudent speculators will also find this a profitable day.

Unforeseen perplexities are foreshadowed during this year. Financial loss, accidents and illness should be especially guarded against. Young women, whose birthday this is, are strongly advised not to form hasty engagements, as, if they do, they will surely have cause for regret.

Children born now will be headstrong and generous. Illness and severe accidents are foreshadowed for them, as well as other misfortunes. Girls born now will have many quarrels with their lovers, and will not live happily with their husbands.

**Wednesday, January 17.**—Little good or evil fortune may be expected to-day.

A longing to travel and strike out new paths in life will take hold of many whose birthday this is, yet, there is little doubt that journeys undertaken now, however great may be their promise of success, will in the end prove unprofitable. The health will also not be as good as usual and some worry may be caused through illness in the family circle.

Children born now will be unsteady and erratic and they are not likely to settle down until late in life. Much worldly prosperity they can hardly expect. Parents of girls born now are cautioned not to neglect their moral education.

**Thursday, January 18.**—This is not a good day on which to expect favors, either from superiors or from women. Employes and men in love will do well to remember this warning.

Business will not prosper during this year, and there will be some anxious days on account of illness or other trouble in the family circle. Good fortune may come from other directions but it will not bring much happiness, and the year as a whole will be disappointing.

Hard workers children born to-day may be, but, owing to their carelessness and their inability to give attention to details, they will not accomplish much in life. About their dress and personal appearance they will also be careless, and this defect will be especially noticeable in the case of girls.

**Friday, January 19.**—No good fortune of any kind is foreshadowed for to-day, and ill-luck of some kind will surely come to many.

Only in one respect will this year prove fortunate, namely, for young women, who will receive offers of marriage. So far as business and journeys are concerned, the outlook is decidedly unfavorable.

Good-humored, kind-hearted and generally beloved will be the children born to-day, yet fortunate from a worldly standpoint they will not be, owing to their propensity to spend money too freely.

**Saturday, January 20.**—The outlook is that journeys undertaken to-day will prove neither profitable nor pleasant. In other respects the outlook is doubtful.

This is a year in which almost any legitimate business is certain to prosper. Salesmen, auctioneers, lecturers and all those who travel much, will also find it a good year. Girls and young widows, whose birthday it is, will receive flattering attentions from gentlemen older than themselves.

Children born to-day will be unusually talented and there is little doubt that they will quickly attain to a good position in life. To girls, happiness in marriage is foreshadowed.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,  
"Gabriel."

Room 35, 1368 Broadway,  
New York.

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

**THIS** is a good portrait of Miss Helen Byron, who, rather than take a subordinate part in Carmen, threw up her position at the Theatre Francais, thus occasioning something like a sensation in local theatrical circles. Miss Byron is a German, by birth and lineage, and was born at Frankfort. She adopted Byron as her stage name at the suggestion of her music teacher in San Francisco, her own name being too difficult of pronunciation for general use. After going on the stage, Miss Byron played for a number of years with her sister in Tuxedo, Africa, About Gotham, The Passing Show, The Dazzler, etc., the two being well known as the Byron sisters. For 18 weeks she was with the Pantomine Stock Company, and from that drifted into more general dramatic work, playing with the Cummings Stock Company during its first season. Last year she played several engagements in New York and Boston, and this season she has been at the Theatre Francais, where she showed special talents in light, semi-humorous parts. She has lived with her mother, at 55 St. Denis street, and has made many warm personal friends in Montreal, and before leaving for New York, where she will seek a new field for her talents, received hundreds of letters asking for photographs, expressing admiration, etc. She did some clever work at the Francais, which is producing a varied repertoire this year, demanding much versatility in the actors.



MISS HELEN BYRON.



# LADY MARY

By  
Mrs. C. N. Williamson

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

(Copyright Exclusive privileges sold to "Montreal Life.")

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE FLASH OF A KNIFE-BLADE.

What could I say? I am afraid that at heart I must have been a coward, for, with the dogs' hot, panting breaths upon my face, all courage melted away, and in another fraction of a second I would have given him any promise he required.

But it was at that instant that I was saved—how I only learnt afterwards. A dark figure sprang out of the blackness of night which hemmed us in. A pair of strong hands had torn the huge dog from me; there was the sound of a whip lash in the air, accompanied by a howl of pain, and Sir Donald Howard's voice rang cheerfully in my ears.

Before I fairly realized what had happened, I had been caught up as though I had been a featherweight. Sir Donald held me with one arm, and stood beating the dogs down with the riding-whip in his other hand.

"Let her go—you!" yelled Valentine Graeme. "Give her up, or I'll kill you as I would one of these howling brutes here."

"Two can play at that game," said Sir Donald coolly. "The play's played out for you, and you are beaten. You may as well acknowledge it."

Putting the butt end of the riding-whip to his lips, he gave a long, shrill whistle. "I wasn't fool enough to come here alone," he went on. "No use calling up any friends to knife me in the back, as you tried to do in Africa. There are two sharp pairs of eyes and two stout pairs of arms to see and to help me if there's need."

Even as he spoke, a couple of men came running up, and paused close behind Sir Donald, panting with the speed that they had made. Afterwards I knew that they were the coachman and footman I had seen on the brougham in the morning.

Valentine Graeme, who had sprung furiously towards Sir Donald, fell back, baffled, desperate.

"Coward and fool!" he cried. "Coward, because you dared not come here alone, fool, because you came between the girl I love and me. She pretends to be very anxious to get away, but if she'd speak out her true mind, she would tell you she's as keen to be my wife as I am to have her. It was only the fact that she was a minor which stood in our way, and she, like all women, was afraid to make a bold dash for independence."

"I did not come here to try my courage with you," said Sir Donald, "nor to bandy words with you. Call me what you will—I have no time to resent it. I came to save a young girl from the trap you had laid for her, and thank God I have succeeded. Miss Rutland will you trust me—will you let me take you away?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" I cried, sobbing at last hysterically. "For heaven's sake let us go at once! Oh, I hope never to look upon his face again!"

The front door was open now, and a faint light stole out, darkly silhouetting the figure of Rachel, who had doubtless been listening all the while.

Suddenly, as Sir Donald would have hurried me down the road towards the gates—Mr. Graeme sullenly standing by,

feeling the uselessness of a struggle, three against one—the old woman cried out shrilly: "Mr. Valentine, here comes Gabriel back again; he's equal to the two of them."

The noise of wheels smote upon my ears ere she had ceased to speak, and I felt, with a sinking heart, that the fight for freedom was to begin all over again.

Almost instantly the sound was stilled. The vehicle, whatever it was, had stopped. Gabriel, the giant who had pulled me forcibly from the dog-cart that morning, was coming to his master's assistance.

With a shout of triumphant malice, Valentine Graeme was on Sir Donald with a bound. Rachel had run out of the house, holding a lantern high over her head, and Gabriel, guided by the light, had attacked Sir Donald Howard's two men. I had one fleeting glimpse of what was happening while Sir Donald put me gently aside, and received the rush of his assailant as he closed with him.

Never had I seen so huge a bulk of manhood as the fellow I now heard called Gabriel. I felt sure that Sir Donald's companions would have all they could do to withstand his ferocious attack, without giving their master assistance.

"Run—to the gates—to the gates, Miss Rutland," warned Sir Donald. And I saw him wrestling with the other. He was fighting for me. My whole soul went out in gratitude to him, and something more. I would have had no fear for him with such an antagonist had I not dreaded some unexpected treachery on the part of Valentine. Nothing was too vile, too unscrupulous for the man to attempt, I now believed.

I stood still, trembling, pressing my hands passionately over my wildly-beating heart, unable to move, even had I been willing to leave Sir Donald with the issues of the struggle undecided.

The light of the lantern which Rachel still held fell upon his face, with its tense brows and firmly-set mouth.

Suddenly, as I watched the two swaying figures with straining eyes, the old woman darted towards them, and something bright gleamed for an instant in her withered hand.

It was a knife—she was striking with it at Sir Donald's arm, and with a cry of fear I threw myself upon her.

"Wretch! wretch!" I screamed, and I knew (as I felt the sharp blade from which I meant to save him drawn across my fingers) that I loved Sir Donald Howard.

My delicate flesh was cut to the bone, but I was scarcely conscious of the stinging pain, though the blood poured hot over my hand. I fought the old woman like a wild cat, the lantern falling on the frozen ground with a loud crash of shivering glass.

In a moment more I had got the knife into my own hand, and Rachel had fled from me with an eldritch shriek, as if she feared I would attack her with it in my turn. But I had no intention of thus revenging myself upon her, though at first some vague idea flitted through my brain of stabbing with it at Valentine, in defence of Sir Donald Howard.

The mere fancy of feeling it sink into his flesh sickened me, however. I threw the knife away into the darkness, and as I did so one of the two men—I could not see which—fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

"Sir Donald! Sir Donald!" I cried in terror, fearing it might be he who had been thrown. But his voice was in my ear, his hand was on my arm.

"Come," he said. "That villain will not get up again in a hurry. Don't be afraid, for I assure you that the trouble is quite over. Don't you see that the big fellow over there, frightened by his master's fall, has run away? We are quite free to go unmolested. Are you able to walk?"

I was able to walk, but I was not able to speak. He took my hand and drew it through his arm, hurrying me away, and I heard the voices of his two men following close behind us.

Now that the worst seemed over, the pain of the deep cut across my fingers, where I had grasped the knife-blade, throbbled sickeningly. My hand trembled and writhed upon

his arm, and he pressed his own encouragingly upon it, then exclaimed, as he felt the wet, oozing blood.

"It's nothing," I murmured. "Only a little scratch. I—I tried to get the knife away from the woman. She was going to strike you. I saw her lift her arm, and the knife flashed. Oh! I am so thankful I caught sight of it in time, or——"

"I am thankful, too," he said, "for if she had gained her object you might have been without protection again. But, my poor child, you have done this for me—you are suffering!"

"No—no," I protested weakly. "It doesn't hurt much. You have saved me—you are taking me away—I can think of nothing else. I——"

And then I reeled. A cold wave of sickness like unto death seemed to roll over and engulf me, and I knew no more. My last dim remnant of consciousness told me that he had caught me as I was falling away from him, and held me in his arms.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A DOUBLE REVELATION.

When I awoke I was still in the same resting-place. I looked up, and saw his face bending over me. There was a dim light shining from some unseen point, and I knew that we were moving. I could feel the motion of a carriage, and hear the sound of wheels.

Far away, in a dim recess of my brain, I cherished an impression of his voice speaking to me. He had called me his "darling," his "precious one"—or I had dreamt the words.

Languid and weak, yet strangely blissful, with a divine sense of peacefulness and rest, I let my eyes droop again. I hoped that I might hear him speak once more. And I was not to be disappointed.

"Oh! my love," he whispered, "give me just a word, a sign that you are living, or I shall go mad."

I moved slightly in his grasp, with a little sigh.

I do not think I could have spoken to save my life, but I heard him say: "Thank God!"

Yet there came no further loving words. The sign which he had asked for, and which I had obediently given him, had cheated me of more.

I opened my eyes again, and they met his, filled with such unmistakable intensity of love that my blood began to flow tingling through my veins, and I feared, as he supported me, he would feel the sudden quickening of my heart-beats.

"Thank heaven, you are alive!" he repeated. "You have lain unconscious for so long that I had grown frightened. Forgive me, Miss Rutland, and don't think that I have meant to take a cruel advantage of your helplessness by holding you thus. You see, I did not know if you might not have been stabbed by that she-devil in some more serious way than your hand—though that was bad enough—and I feared the jolting of the carriage. Yet I had to get you to Keswick as fast as I could. Shall I—put you down?"

"No—o," I said, with a certain boldness, inspired by what I had heard—what I had seen in his eyes. "I—I think, if you don't mind, I would rather stay as I am."

"Mind? My darl—I—forgive me once again, my child. I am not quite master of myself to-night."

"Why do you call me that?" I questioned.

"Call you what?"

"You know. I heard."

"You heard? Then I have no longer a secret. I love you better than life itself—ah, that's but a poor comparison. But I did not mean to tell you now."

"I am glad you did," I said softly. "For if you had not I should have been forced to bear the humiliation of feeling that I cared and you did not."

"You care—for me? Oh child, it is impossible! You do not know me—you do not yet know my story. You have only seen me twice—three times."

"As many times as you have seen me."

"Ah, but that is different. When I had seen you once I

loved you. Don't you know that there is no one like you? That you are the sweetest, the most winning, as well as the most beautiful girl in the wide world? When I heard that that brute had run away with you, I think there was murder in my heart." Impulsively he held me closer to him. Never in all my life before had I known what happiness was. But I knew it now, and on the night which had begun for me in such black horror.

"Tell me again that you care," he said. "It is wrong to ask it of you, I know, but I must hear you say it again—just once."

"Why should I say it, if you will not believe me when I do?"

"But is it true—is it true?"

"As true as that you hold me in your arms. I only found it out to-night, when that horrible old woman ran at you with the knife. Then I knew in an instant. It must have been in my heart for a long time, and now that I've realized it, it will be there—if you choose—for ever."

"Choose! Ah, if it were but for me to choose! Perhaps, when you hear my story——"

"It could make no difference. I have no wish to hear it. There is only one thing that I care to hear."

"And that——"

"Is what you said to me just now. Maybe—you can guess. Say it again, and I shall forget I feel almost ready to die of weakness, and that my hand hurts dreadfully."

He said it again. Indeed, he said it several times; and I forgot the pain, and everything else in the world, except that he and I were together, and that all trouble and fear were seemingly at an end. We would never be separated now. He would never let them take me away from him any more. I was sure of that. The Dark House and the horrible room at the farm, where I had been shut up for so many hours, both appeared to me like parts of some evil dream. They need never be real to me again. I should have a new guardian henceforth. Ah, if I had only known what the near future held!

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### AN EXPLANATION AND A STORY.

That was the happiest night of my life.

Sir Donald (whom I was always to call "Donald" now, he said) took me to the house of a kind, plump, motherly woman in Keswick, who had once been in the service of his family, long ago. Now she kept lodgers in a clean, gingerbread little villa, startlingly new.

I was petted and soothed and "my deared," and given port negus, and begged to eat something, which I could only pretend to do, while my lover sat beside me at the white-covered table in the tiny sitting-room which for the present was to be mine.

It would have been astonishing, in the circumstances, if I had been hungry; but the meal was an excuse for keeping Donald with me, hearing his explanations as to how he found me, and his words of love.

It was true, he told me, that he had been about to leave Cumberland that day, as Valentine Graeme had said. But it was not to have been for long, and, as it happened, the journey was to have been undertaken on my business not his own. He was grieved when I told him how my heart had sunk with the thought that I and his assurances of friendship had been forgotten. "Never, since the first day I saw you," he asseverated, "have you been for five minutes out of my mind."

But he had heard from Mrs. Rayne, who had confirmed his suspicions that he was being purposely kept from seeing me. She had informed him of Valentine Graeme's persecutions, of Lady Mary's remarkable revelations regarding my father's will, and the statement made by Mrs. Trout that all the servants in the house had been led to believe that I was eccentric, if not actually mad.

Lady Mary was my guardian, of course, and her wishes

LADY MARY--CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 17.

regarding visitors whom I was to be allowed to meet could not be disputed by Sir Donald, he well knew. But he determined to see my father's will, and, if anything therein tended to throw doubt upon Lady Mary's word, consult a solicitor in my behalf, and to learn if it might be possible to release me from her guardianship before my coming of age. Three or four days was to be the limit of his absence.

"I had one or two small matters of business to settle in Keswick before starting for London," he said at last, "and so started from home in time to give myself four or five hours at least before my train was to leave."

"I did everything that I had to do, and went at last down to the station, where, just as I was sauntering leisurely up to the booking office to get my ticket, I was accosted by a little boy. There was something familiar to me about his face, but I could not remember where I had seen him, until he stammered out that he had come from the Dark House. Then I recalled that he was a son of the lodgekeeper there.

"He had a note for me, he said, and had come all the way from Sombermere Court to Keswick to find me and had almost given me up. 'She gave me five bob for comin',' he remarked, 'and I got a lift most of the way, but before that I ran.' Naturally I tendered him a few shillings more, and got the note. If I had only known what it contained I should have thought my pockets full of gold scarcely enough for the service he had rendered. But he was evidently afraid that his absence would not be approved at home, and was in such a hurry to be off, that he did not wait until I had broken open the seal on the envelope before he had run away.

"Would you like me to show you the letter, my darling? I shall treasure it so long as I may live."

"Yes," I answered. And he took from his breast-pocket a folded paper, which he read again as I read it, his arm around me, his head against mine.

"My friend," it began. "I pray that this may not be too late to reach you, for there is no other way. I am watched. I cannot leave this house myself, and it is only through the good offices of Trout, the housekeeper—now devoted to Eve's interests—that I have any hope of despatching this to you at Keswick, where I know you mean to spend a few hours before you go on your mission to London.

"My precious child has been enticed away by a base trick. Miss Cade had promised to drive here into town. At the last moment I was horrified to see Valentine Graeme jump into the dog cart, and whip up the horse, without giving Eve a chance to escape—as she was evidently most anxious to do.

"I saw it all from a window, and at once suspected a plot. Valentine Graeme will force her into a marriage, if he can. He has kidnapped her, I know, and I should have had no means of guessing where he could have taken her had it not been for Trout—whom I make a point of consulting upon most issues now. She has even acted as spy at my behest on more than one occasion.

"The man will take Eve to her sister's house, she believes—a lonely farm known as Stony Grange, only a few miles from Keswick. Anyone could direct you, she thinks, if you mention the name—which is unfavorably, but well-known in Keswick. It seems that most of Valentine Graeme's childhood was passed at the place, and it appears to me that there is another mystery in this. At all events, there is the spot of all others to look for Eve, Trout assures me. And it will be useless for you to go alone, for there is a farmhand—a relative of the family—who is a veritable giant in size and strength. I know that you are reckless—that you do not think of yourself; but I implore you, think of Eve, and do not risk being defeated in an attempt to save her.

"I need not urge you to this undertaking, I am sure. You have only to hear of my poor defenceless girl's danger to go to her aid. And my prayers will go with you. Somehow—as

soon as you can find means, for Heaven's sake let me know how your attempt has fared. I shall not sleep, I shall not touch food, I shall scarcely live, until I hear. Tidings may be sent me through Trout—Yours, A. R."

Never had I seen Mrs. Rayne's handwriting before, yet I knew almost before I had begun to read, that the letter was from her. Had it not been for her love and devotion, then, even Donald could not have saved me. He would have gone away from Keswick unconscious of my peril, hoping to bring me news on his return which—whatever it might have been—would have come too late.

I hardly dared to think of what my fate would have been had it not been for Donald's dash to the rescue; but I felt a cold conviction that Valentine Graeme would have succeeded in carrying out his plan to make me his wife. So unscrupulous was he, so completely had I been in his power and that of his servants, that escape would only have been possible—without aid—through death.

"Thank God, and you, and Mrs. Rayne," I cried, shuddering and clinging to him, and dwelling with a horrible sense of fear and fascination on the great peril through which I had passed. "I never have been able to understand why poor Mrs. Rayne loved me so. I did not care much about her until lately. I have hardly been grateful at all. But now I shall never, never doubt her again."

"No, never doubt her again," Donald echoed gravely. But when I looked up at him questioningly, his eyes did not meet mine.

"In spite of what Mrs. Rayne's letter told me about the farm known as Stony Grange," he went on, "I was not able to find anyone who could give me explicit directions as to how to reach it, not even at the post office, where I was told they never received any letters for a place by that name.

"One—twice—I was sent off on a wild-goose chase. I had gone on ahead myself on a good horse I hired of a man I know in Keswick (hence the riding-whip, with which I was able, I am glad to say, to do some execution), and the two men followed with the brougham, in which I meant to take you away, once I had got you safely under my charge.

"I thought at first of appealing to the police, and having Graeme arrested as a kidnapper, but I feared delay and 'red tape,' and, besides, I did not want to see you the heroine of a scandal and a 'nine days' wonder' in the country-side. I felt some confidence in myself, and I believed I should be able to do the thing alone, or, at least, without any help but that of my own men.

It was five o'clock when I got Mrs. Rayne's letter, and nearly two hours passed before I was at length able to find Stony Grange, which, it seems, has been ostentatiously re-named of late years, a fact which would account for much of my trouble.

"It was very dark, and I had left my horse outside the gates, meaning to reconnoitre within, when there came a great barking of dogs. I was a little disconcerted at first, thinking I had been discovered, and fearing my plans might suffer defeat, when I heard your voice calling out for help, my darling. Then I forgot everything else, and stumbled along through the darkness as fast as I could, with a shout to my fellows to follow, and was thankful when I could begin to guide my steps by the light from a window in the house. It was not much, but it brought me to you just in time, and the rest you know."

"Up to the present," I said, blissfully resting my head upon his shoulder, feeling as if I must have known and loved him all my life, and telling myself that now I had him to protect me there could be nothing but happiness ahead. "But I want to know more—I want to know how you are going to keep me from going back to the dreadful life I have led at the Dark House in the future? For, though I think I love, and know I am fascinated by my stepmother, and cannot bring myself to believe she had a hand in this, still, the thought of returning

to the misery, the imprisonment and persecution I have known for the past few weeks is intolerable. I had rather die."

"I think—I hope you will be able to escape in a way not quite so tragic as that," Donald said smiling, but with earnest eyes. "I have a plan—to be sure, I have not had it long. I have scarcely had time to develop it as yet. But I hope you will consent, and if you do, I believe that all will go well with us both. To my mind there is just one obstacle which looms in the way—a barrier between you and me—my darling."

"A barrier?" I exclaimed, frightened. "What do you mean?"

"I mean the story of my disgrace. I mean that—I was cashiered from the army, suspected of cowardice and more—treachery.

"Oh! how I hate them for believing evil of you!" I cried.

He smiled sadly. "That is a new way of putting it—a sweet way that brings healing to my heart. But it was during a time of war in Africa. Graeme was a subaltern in the regiment of which I was captain.

"I knew certain things regarding him which he feared I might make public at headquarters, though I had no definite intention of doing so. But to make a long story short—a story that I must tell you to-night, though I need not elaborate the details (that will do for another time)—during an expedition in which the lieutenant above Graeme was killed, I was struck down from behind, and it was afterwards made to appear, with circumstantial evidence so strong against me that all my defence could only render matters worse for me, that I had been shamming, and had run away from my men at the moment when all seemed going against us. There were one or two others besides Graeme who gave false evidence, and the affair ended in my being cashiered—not even allowed to resign.

"Some day you shall hear the whole story more clearly, more circumstantially told, but the main fact that I must put before you to-night for your own sake is this: Can you bring yourself to take for a husband a man who has suffered the deepest disgrace in the eyes of this world—who has never yet been cleared at the end of all these years—who probably now never will be cleared?"

"I only love you all the better, and wish to make up to you for every moment of pain in the past," I said to him.

There was a moment of silence—a happy moment—and then he asked: "Will you let me tell you my plan? I could not tell you first—not until you had heard of the stigma which had been placed upon me, and which in a way you have made up your mind to share. But now, if you will, you shall hear what I want you to do."

"What is it?" I questioned eagerly.

"I want you to run away with me, and be married just as soon as it can be done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CONCERNING INTRODUCTIONS.

THE rules of etiquette require constant practice to make one au fait. People who drop out of society having once been important members of it, and as familiar with all its usages as with their A, B, C's, often grow rusty and seek information about the proper thing to do. While there is in truth very little change of vital importance, as the laws of etiquette have the test of ages to render them stable, still new conditions of life in certain countries, oblige the introduction of new forms, and what is good form in a metropolitan city has no *raison d'être* in a town or village, and in the same manner, what is done in London in the best society, may be reversed in Montreal and so on.

An interesting point to the majority of men and women bears upon introductions of all kinds. Present day introductions are without any formality at all, compared to the old regime observed through nearly two-thirds of this century. To "have the honor to present" is looked upon as archaic. It is far more simple to introduce Mrs. A to Mrs. B by saying,

"You know Mrs. A, do you not?" or "I don't know whether you have met Mrs. A before?" When one visitor is being entertained and a second (a younger person) is announced whom the hostess knows has no interest in her man or woman caller, the proper thing to do is to make an indirect introduction, which consists in mentioning incidentally during the conversation just begun, the name of the person present.

Another case is that of two residents of the same city, but total strangers to one another, calling at the same house in immediate succession. No attempt, according to good form, should be made on the part of the hostess to introduce them unless she previously knew the introduction would be agreeable. Many visitors under like circumstances, not familiar with the wisdom of this form, would consider themselves very badly slighted. Why should utter strangers, meeting by accident in the house of an acquaintance, be forced by an introduction to make each other's acquaintance? No reason at all can be given; hence the sound sense of the rule is evident when applied to those living in a large city.

At any large function, where you are expected to merely greet your hostess and then pass on, introductions are out of place. Should you have visitors staying with you and have them accompany you, and you find the names are not called out to announce you at the drawing-room entrance, as you shake hands with your hostess you quickly mention the names of your guests and pass on. Later, however, you are permitted to present your friends more satisfactorily when your hostess is free. It goes without saying that your friends were not brought to the function without invitations from the hostess, at your request, or that of some friend in common. At garden parties in the summer the same form is observed.

At very small house parties the house visitors are introduced to callers, but at large ones they are not. At large dinner parties men are introduced to those they are to take in to dinner, but not necessarily to the other guests. If it is known that certain guests at that dinner desire to know each other, the hostess uses her judgment and tact by giving them either a formal introduction as explained above, or an indirect one after the dinner. Small dinners are more informal. Four or six at table should all know each other, and every clever hostess is on the alert to bring those together on such occasions who are congenial. Dreary, wearisome dinners arise from ill-assorted people sitting down together. At large dinners it cannot always be avoided, but at small ones it is unpardonable.

Introductions must not be looked for at big affairs. They would be Kill Joys if they were to be attempted. Every man and woman attending them must be prepared to assume society manners, which should always be the best of manners, but unhappily are not. However, the exceptions are in the minority. One must give and take, give your best and take the best offered you. In that spirit every big function is a success, and those who follow out this law return pleased and satisfied. There is neither time nor place for the ego of man or woman to be pampered in the midst of a throng of several hundred people, nor would it be possible to give such large functions if hostesses were obliged to be responsible for making two persons acquainted upon the mere request of one of them. Those who cannot rise to these occasions should reserve themselves for smaller ones. Grumblers over the etiquette which rules the day have no logical standing in their complaints, as our customs represent our times.

MISS FLORA S. SCOTT, of New York, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Scott, is in the city the guest of her aunt, Miss Mathewson, 200 McGill street.

Miss Maud E. Crombie, of New York, is visiting Mrs. E. H. Lemay, 33 Belmont street.

Mr. C. E. Seifert, the director of the Montreal Conservatory of Music, and Mrs. Seifert have returned from a two weeks' vacation to New York, where they were the guests of Mrs. Seifert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Von Hof.

## MAYORALTY POSSIBILITIES.



Sinbad Discusses Some Amusing Things That  
May Happen Municipally in Montreal.

THE question that seems to be agitating the bosoms of a number of our fellow citizens to-day even more than the price of coal, is as to whether the mayoralty of this nice little village for the year 1900 is the perquisite of a French-Canadian or an Irish Catholic citizen. One section of our local press insists that it is the Irish citizen's turn. The other is equally certain that a grievous wrong would be done if any but a French-Canadian fist should be inserted into the municipal cash-box. Now, no doubt, both are perfectly right. But, may I venture to suggest, in that still small voice which we use in remonstrating with the cook, that there are other nationalities domiciled in Montreal, who pay taxes, own dogs, and get run in by the police, beside the two great divisions of the human race who seem to hold a mortgage on all our municipal plums? Why should we pass over the mild but odoriferous Dago? Why should we ignore the frugal and oleaginous Chink? Have they no rights that we are bound to respect? Will the time not come when an excited populace will demand in tones of thunder the installation of Hop Wo? Shall we ever be called upon to rally around the candidature of Serfino Tomato?

It has been urged that the low grade of civilization to which the almond-eyed Celestial has attained unfits him for the enjoyment of municipal honors. A human being who does not get drunk, and never looks dirty, cannot possess the qualifications of a Caucasian voter who revels in both. A low-down barbarian who is incapable of chewing tobacco and assaulting the police is palpably lacking in two important requisites for governing his fellowmen. It may be urged that the misdirected energy the Chink displays, in pounding our linen into a chaotic mass of torn button-holes and battered cuffs, guided into proper channels might revolutionize our civic methods. And truly there must be a reserve of physical power behind the comprehensive whirl of the flatiron which removes every button from our underclothing, with the force and rapidity of a cyclone, which might be used to advantage in expediting the wheels of our municipal machinery. It is only when the question of municipal banquets and civic junketings comes in that the first tremor of misgiving arises in our breasts. Supposing a Chink mayor should insist on a Chink menu? Where would the Caucasian alderman be then? Weird tales are told of the dishes that figure on the tables behind the partitions in our Chinese business establishments. Tabby kitten on the half-shell, and fricaseed puppy are doubtless nutritious dishes. But the average Caucasian stomach would turn a series of handsprings if compelled to look upon them in the light of entrees. Other domestic animals, of an even less confiding character, are also regarded as table delicacies by the economical Chink, which in Anglo-Saxon circles are taken in traps with the assistance of a piece of cheese, and conveyed to their final resting place in the ash-barrel by the end of their exaggerated tails instead of being put in the refrigerator to be served up to the family on toast and diminish the butcher's bill. Even with a "Dago" mayor this drawback would be difficult to overcome. The delicacies of the sons of sunny Italy are apt to be flavored sufficiently strongly to cause an Anglo-Saxon visitor to climb a tree. It is said that the smell of an Italian kitchen, properly barrelled, can be used for blasting rocks, and it is known that they can construct sausages, one whiff of which will knock a burglar down stairs. Besides, the macaroni of the Dago, and the rice which forms the staple

of the Chink, compare but feebly with the rye of the Canadian for purposes of exhilaration. Another point arises too. And this is—would the attainment of municipal honors induce the Chink, who has found the effete East a trifle too sultry for his constitution, to abandon the distinctive garments which at present distinguish him from the higher anthropoid apes and thus prevent his being lassoed by unthinking persons for exhibition purposes? And, if so, would the population permit him to arrive at man's estate without yielding to the almost irresistible temptation to boil him down for glue?

At present, it is true that the average citizen has but little in common with the Chink, beyond a mutual desire for the mighty dollar and a simultaneous effort to dodge the water-tax. We admire the way in which he emulates the example of the porous plaster in the matter of strict application to business. But we cannot love a being with a complexion between an underdone saddle and an over-ripe egg, and a face that would give a porcelain dog nostalgia.

The Dago as an aldermanic candidate would have many more popular features than the Chink. In the first place, he is rarely clean. This endears him to the average voter. In the second place, although poor, no one has ever accused him of being proud. This will hardly insure his reception in the upper circles, but might make him popular with the masses. Then, again, he can revel in trousers so startling in pattern that he has to store them in the shed or vitiate his insurance policy. It is true that he partakes of delicacies which would make the average Anglo-Saxon turn a pale green round the gills. And he displays a horror of cleanliness in his domestic surroundings that is almost pathetic in its intensity. But, on the other hand, let us look at the way in which he can drink and play cards. Observe the grace with which he punctures frauds with a stiletto, and carves souvenirs off his friends with the assistance of a razor. Under a Dago mayor the streets would be full of alleged music. Piano-organs would be as plentiful as saloons. We should dance home to the music of a waltz and swing on the car straps to the rhythmic cadence of a two-step. And yet there are unreasoning prejudices in the popular mind against either of these great nationalities running for office in this city! They may be as pure as an oyster crossed in love, and as tender as a sucking pig in May, but we cannot love them. They never wear golf stockings nor ride a cycle over unoffending citizens, yet we do not admire them. They may know more than a patent medicine almanac, yet we hardly respect them. Hence it looks as if the French-Canadian and the Hibernian sections of our population would continue to hold office alternately, like the little man and woman in the toy house, who come out to tell us when it is going to rain, and are usually as unreliable as the other weather predictions. But there is one thing they might learn from that meteorological couple. And that is that they cannot both be "in it" at the same time.

SINBAD.

### THE GREAT DUKE'S HUMILITY.

IN his just published life of Wellington, Sir Herbert Maxwell quotes the Duke as saying to Lady Salisbury concerning his feeling at Waterloo when the Guards withstood the famous charge: "It is very singular, but I have no recollection of any feeling of satisfaction. At the time, I was by no means secure of the victory, nor till long afterward. I can recollect no sensation of delight on that day—if I experienced it. My thoughts were so entirely occupied with what was to be done to improve the victory, to replace the officers that were lost, to put everything in proper order, that I had not leisure for another idea." To Lady Salisbury's suggestion that he must feel "how infinitely he had raised his name above every other," he answered: "Perhaps there is no man now existing who would like to meet me on a field of battle; in that line I am superior. But when the war is over and troops disbanded, what is your great general more than anybody else? . . . I am necessarily inferior to every man in his own line, though I may excel him in others. I cannot saw and plane like a carpenter, or make shoes like a shoemaker, or understand cultivation like a farmer. Each of these, on his own ground, meets me on terms of superiority. I feel I am but a man."



THE other day, a few people who are wont to thresh out, among themselves, and to their mutual satisfaction, many questions, came to this poignant conclusion, namely: that in Montreal the art of entertaining was visibly retiring into the seclusion shared by other lost arts. Considering the number of enclres, dances, dinners, lunches and teas that have been wrestling with each other for pre-eminence during the past month or so, this summarily arrived at opinion seems to court denial. But no! Entertaining, as they define it, should mean hospitality, and of late years hospitality has assumed a different complexion, and, by the very use of the cosmetics resorted to, has been left without the fairness of face she once possessed.

Most of us entertain, it is true. Whom do we entertain? Assuredly, the people who can and will entertain us. Our best friends we ask to drop in to tea. It is a simple meal, and they could obtain it by merely paying an afternoon visit at a stranger's house. But we "get them off our minds," and are therefore enabled, with a clear conscience, to invite a number of people we scarcely know, to a lengthy dinner or a sumptuous luncheon, where we spare neither pains nor expense. It is not with an idea of rectifying this lopsided custom, that it is mentioned. It is merely a reminder of existing facts.

Which is the girl more frequently invited out to dinner, and to luncheon—the one who can and does reciprocate, or she to whom it is a consideration to give a modest tea-party? Which is the man more often dining out—he who "fares sumptuously every day" at the club, and has a habit of pressing friends to join him; or the one whose name is on no membership list, and who has to forego the pleasure of receiving guests?

ANSWER these questions after a little deliberation, and draw your own conclusions as to the possibility of confusing "entertaining" with "hospitality." How ready we all are to extend a cordial invitation to people to come in at any time, to make our house their home, in fact! And how many of us are pleased to be taken at our word? We, no doubt, felt very genuinely hospitable at the time of speaking. But when the misguided one arrived to dinner and we had decided to have only the remnants of the previous night's feast, or came at one o'clock with every intention of staying to lunch, when we had considered bread and jam would suffice for our refreshment, did we welcome them with more than a forced smile? Did the warm glow of hospitality burn in our hearts? Even if it only happened that they strolled in after the evening meal, for an hour's chat by our fire, and we had elected to go early to bed! Dear me! how well one has to know the average dispensers of general invitations, before one acts upon their suggestions.

Naturally, it is not always convenient to entertain the stranger unawares—but, knowing that, why profess to find it so? Still it perhaps costs less to reiterate "Come in at any time," feeling it will not be taken advantage of, than even to say, "Do lunch with us to-morrow, if you don't mind taking us as we are."

RECEIVING days are unmistakably "signs of the times." "My day is Wednesday," we seem to hear. "Come then or not at all, for I want to see you. On that day the tea-cups will have been dusted after their week's sojourn on the tea-table" (oh, horrible custom of some!); "the maid will be

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.

presentable from lunch time, the children disposed of, and I, myself, clad in my best gown, will be ensconced in the drawing-room in a mood to talk to you and any of the other hundred and one friends who crowd in together for a brief second." Or, perhaps, once a month is an audience granted. Except on that day, the fortress of one's neighbor's abode must not be scaled.

How friendly, how condescending, how excessively polite, is the custom of only seeing visitors when you choose to do so; not when, haply, they may choose to spare their time to you! Have a day, by all means, if you prefer once a week to prepare to be found at your best, but do not sternly refuse admittance on six out of the seven. For that, there can be no occasion.

Montreal is growing daily, and, perhaps, that, in a measure, accounts for the rapid dwindling of the informal entertainments which flourish and are enjoyed in small places. But certain it is, that we are all acquiring a largeness of ideas on the subject of entertaining, quite incompatible with our means or position. We infinitely prefer to give one huge "splurge" and ask everyone, even those who openly declare astonishment at being expected, spending more than we can afford or is necessary, to quietly and reasonably entertaining those whom we like, and to whom we are under obligation, during the entire year, in an unpretentious way. Or, being innocent of vulgar ostentation, but possessing equally ill-bred pride, we prefer to forego the pleasure of doing aught for our friends, because we cannot emulate wealthier people.

The fact has now come to stay, that we even hesitate to ask several persons in to spend the evening with us, because, elsewhere, we know, their hostess would provide supper quite beyond our means, and—as we cannot but acknowledge to ourselves—wholly unnecessary, be it in the house of Croesus. We hear of hostesses trembling with uneasiness as to the success of their dance, because, either by reason of their convictions or their bank account, they hesitate to supply champagne. Of course, one must always expect in a large assembly to find a percentage of men, ill-bred enough to complain of its absence, and some foolish enough to miss it. But, if the giver of the ball will bear in mind that she has invited a lot of young men and girls to enjoy dancing, not to assuage their hunger and thirst, or rather only as a secondary consideration, she will save herself unnecessary worry.

The great trouble lies, not in our considering it vulgar and wrong to entertain beyond our means, but in our fear of exciting comment if we cannot keep up with the pace of wealthier people. Extravagance is, perhaps, at the present time, the root of most evil. Our thoughts, our manners, our conversation, our wardrobes, our houses, all tend to clear the barriers common-sense urges us to erect. Is it any wonder that entertaining follows suit? And, until our ideas are modified on this score, it is hardly likely that hospitality, in its true sense, will find an abiding place amongst us.

MISS LOGAN, of Kingston, is visiting Mrs. Greenshields, Drummond street.

Miss Gillespie, who has been spending some months in Scotland, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Patton, returned home last week.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGrath spent a few days in town, the guests of Lady Galt, after having visited New York and Washington. They have now left for Lethbridge, Alberta, where they will make their home.

Miss Hoyt, Haverhill, Mass., is visiting Mrs. Rawlings, Simpson street.

The marriage took place in Toronto, last week, of Miss Boomer and the Rev. Dr. Sweeny, rector of St. Philip's Church. Dr. Sweeny is very well known in Montreal, being the eldest son of Colonel Sweeny, Westmount.

Last week the dance given by Mrs. F. D. Monk, Sherbrooke street, at the Montreal Hunt, was a most pleasant one. Among the guests were: Hon. L. J. Forget, Mrs. Forget, the Misses Forget, Miss M. Monk, the Misses Dansereau, the Misses McCallum, Mr. D. McCallum, Miss Duhamel, Mr. L.

## SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Galarneau, Mr. V. Beaudry, Mr. de B. Thibaudeau, the Misses Stephen, Miss Peterson, Miss G. Roy, Mr. Surveyor, Mr. Laframhoise, Mr. P. Lacoste, Dr. J. Barelay, Mr. Wotherspoon, Miss E. Molson, Miss J. Grant, Mr. H. Baby, Mr. L. Stephens, Mr. R. P. Doucet, Miss Clay, Miss E. O'Brien, Mr. T. Allan.

Miss Dorothy Lyman, McTavish street, is at present in Washington, visiting Miss Cassells.

Miss Kittson, daughter of the Rev. H. Kittson, has returned home from the Royal Victoria Hospital, and is now quite convalescent.

**M**R. G. L. CAINS returned this week from Springfield, N.S., where she spent a short time.

It was with much regret that the sad news of Mr. Herbert Ingleby's sudden death at Norfolk, Eng., was heard last week. Mrs. Ingleby (nee Hall) daughter of Judge Hall, of Sherbrooke, was always extremely popular in Ottawa society, and in Montreal, too, where she frequently visited.

Miss Muriel Dobell, "Beauvoir Manor," Quebec, has been spending a few days in Montreal during the past week.

Miss Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street, gave a small tea last Friday for Miss Thistle, Ottawa.

**T**HE Bachelors' Ball, given last Friday in the ladies' ordinary of the Windsor, proved, as was expected, a very pleasant one; and the committee, formed by Messrs. W. L. Bond, H. B. Simms, W. Skimmer, D. W. Oliver, C. Wotherspoon, D. Hingston, W. P. O'Brien, L. K. Stephens, G. H. Carter, are very much to be congratulated. Though a very large number of guests were present the ball-room was really never more than ordinarily crowded, and was besides kept wonderfully cool. As much cannot be said for the corridors. When one stopped dancing and walked along them one felt almost as astonished as those three Biblical characters must have felt when they came out unscathed from the fiery furnace. That the scorching blasts which issued from the radiators did not burn one to a crisp seemed nothing short of miraculous.

The music, which was furnished by Ratto's orchestra, was, as usual, most satisfactory, and could not possibly have been improved upon. Being a double orchestra, it could be heard with ease in the two small rooms off the ball-room, and the selection was excellent. Such favorites as "Smoky Mokes," "Whistling Rufus," "Hands across the Sea," waltzes and two-steps from "The Runaway Girl," "The Jolly Musketeers" waltz, "Jolly Garcon" lancers, "Telephone Girl" waltz all being included. It must have been quite four o'clock before the programme came to an end, and a large number of enthusiastic dancers stayed till the last note died away. Owing to the fact that everyone could partake of supper at the same time, the supper extras were not played until afterwards, and this, in a measure, accounted for the lateness of the hour of departure.

The only pity in connection with the whole entertainment was the possibly unavoidable crowding and confusion when the guests were filling their cards. It arose from the fact, perhaps, that the patronesses received in the long corridor, not in, or near the ball-room, so that everybody was gravitating towards a wrong direction in a way, or, rather, in every direction. Consequently, it appeared at first as if there was no chance of seeing one's friends, or, indeed, seeing anyone but the person jammed against one. However, it is a poor spirit for whom the thorned rose loses all its beauty.

Though perhaps no smarter than usual, the generality of gowns worn were extremely pretty. "Pretty" is a more suitable term for these light, diaphanous ball-dresses, so much in vogue, than "handsome." The ladies who were kind enough to act as patronesses, looked exceptionally well. Lady Hingston wore pale-blue and yellow brocade, with an enormous bouquet of yellow roses. Lady Lacoste wore black velvet,

and carried yellow roses. Mrs. Hector Mackenzie wore a lovely gown of black pailletted net, and white chiffon, and had a pink bouquet. Mrs. G. W. Stephens looked extremely well in a beautiful black gown, with berthe of silver, and carried a bunch of "American Beauties." Among those who looked exceptionally well were: Miss M. Clouston, in a lovely scarlet frock; Miss May Stephens, in rose-pink taffeta and cream lace; Miss Evelyn Marler, in a very striking flame-colored dress of net; Miss Grace Stearns, in a pale blue dress veiled in white; Miss Caro Brainerd, in a very pretty gown of white chiffon; Miss Thibaudeau, in cream satin with touches of pale-blue velvet; Miss M. Greenshields, in a net frock of an indescribable blue, embroidered in silver; Miss C. Gilmore, in cream satin and chiffon.

Those invited included the Misses Angus, Mr. W. F. Angus, Miss Arnton, Miss Allan, Miss Brainerd, Miss Bate (Ottawa), Miss Boyer, the Misses Bond, the Messrs. Bond, the Misses Buchanan, the Messrs. Buchanan, the Misses Clouston, Miss Coristine, the Misses Cassils, Miss G. Cundill, the Misses Dunlop, Mr. J. H. Dunlop, Miss Doull, the Misses Dobell (England), Miss Eadie, Mr. H. Eadie, the Misses Ewan, Miss Greenshields, Miss L. Graham, Miss E. Gault, Miss L. Gault, the Misses Hickson, Mr. J. C. Hickson, Miss Hampson, Mr. G. Hampson, Miss Holland, Miss Howard, Miss M. Howard, Miss E. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Molson, Miss Marler, Mr. H. Marler, Miss D. Macdougall, Miss E. O'Brien, Miss Pangman, Mr. C. Pangman, Miss Riddell, the Misses Rawlings, Mr. W. Rawlings, Miss Sise, the Messrs. Sise, Miss Peterson, the Misses Van Horne, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. E. Macdougall, Miss Miller, the Misses Johnson, Mr. deL. Johnson, Miss Stearns, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. T. Allan, Dr. J. Barelay, Mr. C. Bogert, Mr. F. C. Budden, Mr. S. Carmichael, Mr. R. Crawford, Mr. E. G. Cape, Mr. T. W. Cook, Mr. W. Donahue, Mr. M. Drury, Mr. J. Try Davies, Mr. G. Drinkwater, Mr. F. Meredith, Mr. H. M. Smith, Mr. H. E. Smith, Mr. P. Lacoste, Mr. H. H. Sauds, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. S. Martin, Mr. G. Bolton, Mr. J. B. Paterson, Mr. H. Y. Stikeman, Mr. E. Shepherd, Mr. D. Shepherd, Mr. J. W. Thomas, Mr. O. D. Wylde, Mr. K. B. Thornton, Mr. G. MacKay.

**M**R. EARNEST PACAUD and Miss Cecile Pacaud, of Quebec, have been spending a few days at the Windsor.

Mrs. Armitage Hubbard, of Toronto, is visiting her brother, Mr. Campbell Lane, Durocher street.

Miss Wilder, Brookline, Mass., has arrived in town on a visit to Mrs. G. R. Hooper, St. Mark street.

Mr. Burgland, Baltimore, who has been the guest, during the holidays, of Mrs. Meagher, Sherbrooke street, returned home this week.

Miss C. Bate, Ottawa, spent a few days in town, to attend the bachelors' ball on Friday last.

Miss May Thistle, Ottawa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Shirres, Peel street.

**T**HE holidays are practically over. Work has begun once more at McGill, and the students one meets are hurrying to early lectures instead of the skating rink, or are off to the hospitals, the court house, or shop work, in place of skeeing or hockey practices or five o'clock teas, or any of the mild dissipations holiday time permits. The small boys, too, are thinning out gradually, and the rink is taking on again a more sober character since the high schools and various private schools have fallen upon their lawful prey. While this week there have been numberless leave-takings by those who enjoy a somewhat greater importance—who rank next to students, in fact—our visitors from Lennoxville, Port Hope, St. Alban's, etc. And our eyes are gladdened no longer by a glimpse of our embryo soldiers, the R. M. C. cadets.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cantin, Rosemount avenue, accompanied by Miss Lynn Ward, have left on a visit to New York, and possibly the Southern States, for the benefit of Mrs. Cantin's health.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Robbin have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence for the present at 801 Dorchester street.

IT IS small wonder that freethinkers, and persons of unorthodox views, feel themselves at liberty to scoff at those members of religious bodies who hold themselves as vastly superior, when we are called upon to read such accounts as have lately been published in connection with the troubles of a certain Presbyterian church. It certainly seems a pity that the press was not excluded, for such a meeting as was described would infinitely better have been hushed up. In fact, the whole affair, in regard to language and general behaviour, savors more of a political meeting, where bad eggs express feelings when words fail, than of a church gathering.

MR. AND MRS. G. LINDSAY, and Miss Lindsay, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mrs. L. O. Armstrong, Milton street.

The latest industry for women, we learn from an English paper, though the idea sounds more like Yankee originality, is that of "dinner taster." A lady, possessed of a keen palate, goes from house to house where she has been engaged to do so, and "tastes and adds to the various sweets and savouries and sauces. She whispers some new idea to the cook and suggests how to make the menu more novel." First catch your cook and then whisper to her! The average sovereign of the kitchen would meet such confidences with the rolling-pin: and to have a stranger following her about as she shook in the pepper, strained the gravy, or added vanilla to the pudding, would, I do not hesitate to say, evoke a rebellious spirit in the most goodnatured of the species. But women must work, or, rather, they must make money in some way or another. About the only industry as yet untried is that of a remover of domestic jars. A lady might visit her various clients, say at breakfast time, when everyone was late and ruffled, or at dinner, when the head of the family was tired and cross, and with her persuasive arts reduce the family broil to a quiet simmer—for remuneration, of course! Her life might occasionally be in danger, but, as a rule, her course would be effective. For outsiders always know our affairs better than we do ourselves! Consequently, they are more fitted to arbitrate!

THE gallant Hon. Ralph Pomeroy, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who has distinguished himself recently in the war by his courageous rescue of a wounded trooper, is a son of that Lady Harberton, the advocate of the divided skirt. Last year, it will be remembered, she caused quite a stir by her action against an innkeeper who refused to admit her into his parlor, on account of her costume. Both mother and son therefore are well equipped with courage, it would seem. It is regrettable that the former should not turn it to as estimable account as the latter.

It has almost come to this, that it would be a positive relief to speak to someone who had never even heard of "Janice Meredith." Perhaps it was the most popular Christmas present this year. Numberless people received two and three copies of this novel. Though some find it difficult to explain the evident fascination it holds for its readers. After all, books are very like human beings. A good word spoken by one who is supposed to be a judge brings the one as easily as the other into an inexplicable popularity. It is only when the excitement has subsided everyone begins to ask themselves why they raved, with so little provocation. For, though I have little desire to detract from the merits of the book in question, unbiassed enthusiasm is apt to become wearisome.

MISS BUCK, of Quebec, has been spending some days in Montreal visiting Mrs. W. M. Dobell, Crescent street.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. Sherwood, Shuter street, gave a very pleasant farewell tea for her sister, Miss Grace Henderson, whose marriage took place on Wednesday. Among the guests were: The Misses Buchanan, Miss Dunlop, Miss Hampson, the Misses Brock, the Misses Botterell, Miss Finley, the Misses Waud, the Misses Williams, Miss G. Cundill, the Misses Williams, the Misses Henderson, Miss Parker, Miss E. Armstrong, Miss E. McRae, Miss Kingston, Miss Caro Brainerd.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg gave a large and very pleasant euchre party. Another afternoon euchre was that given by Mrs. L. Papineau, Mountain street, on Thursday.

The marriage of Miss Botterell, daughter of Mr. E. H. Botterell, to Mr. Arthur Fry, has been arranged to take place on January 24.

This evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Graham, Sherbrooke street, are entertaining a number of friends at dinner.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. N. W. Trenholme, "Rosemount," gave a large and successful "At Home."

Miss Annie Napier, who is spending the winter in Peterborough, has been making a short visit in town, the guest of Mrs. E. H. King, Dorchester street.

QUITE a number of people came up from Quebec for the purpose of being present at the Bachelors' ball. Among them were: Miss L. Casault, Miss Pacaud, Miss Hope Sewell, Miss Dobell, and Miss E. Dobell. Imagine, after a day, more or less, of traveling, being ready to dance till 3 or 4 a.m.!

The idea of the Montreal Hunt, of having fortnightly afternoon musicales, on Saturday, sounded most pleasant when it was first suggested; and, judging from the various opinions expressed apropos of the initial entertainment on Saturday last, the enterprise of the hunting men bids fair to be most successful. To begin with, the day was about as perfect as it is possible for man to consider anything he has not made himself. It was bright and sunny, and the air, though mild, was sufficiently crisp. Consequently, a large number of people rode, drove, and walked out to enjoy an excellent cup of tea, and a very pleasing programme of music provided by the Ladies' Mandolin Club. Among those present were: The M.F.H., Mr. G. R. Hooper, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Wilder (Boston), Mrs. Bell, Miss Arnton, the Misses Gillespie, Mr. G. Gillespie, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Yates, Mr. W. R. Miller, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Peck, the Messrs. Peck, Mr. D. Brainerd, Miss C. Brainerd, Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. A. W. Hooper, Mr. J. Try Davies, Mr. G. Strathy, Miss E. Strathy, Mr. G. Farmer, Mr. G. W. Stephens, jr.; Miss E. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. D. Morrice, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Bell, Dr. C. McEachran, Mrs. W. Peterson, Miss Sise, Miss Stearns, and Mr. Colin Campbell.

Miss Clara Harrington, daughter of Dr. J. B. Harrington, who has been studying abroad for some time, returned this week.

Mr. R. Henderson, of Toronto, has been spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Newnham, Prince Arthur street.

On Monday afternoon, Lady Hickson, Mountain street, entertained a number of friends at tea. Another tea on Monday, was that given by Miss Davidson, Peel street, for Miss Thistle, Ottawa.

ON Wednesday morning at an early hour, the marriage took place, at St. George's Church, of Miss Grace Henderson, third daughter of the late Canon Henderson, for many years Principal of the Theological College, and Mr. Reginald R. Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal, New York, and formerly of Halifax. The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael performed the ceremony, and the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Kathleen Henderson, while the best man was Mr. Hazen Prissick. Only the immediate relatives and a few very intimate friends were present, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace went direct from the church to the station, leaving for Halifax, where they will spend some weeks. On their return, they will live on Staten Island, that very pretty and popular home of so many New York business men. Mrs. Wallace has spent nearly all her life in Montreal, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

The news has recently been received of the marriage of Mr. Percy Armstrong, third son of Mr. C. N. Armstrong, Peel street, to a young English lady, whom he met while on a short visit on the other side. Mr. Armstrong is a graduate of the R.M.C., but is engaged in business in Montreal, in connection with which he was obliged to take this trip. This sudden step came as a surprise to his friends, but nowadays, when the sudden marriages of departing soldiers occur every day, one is not surprised at civilians following suit.

Miss Mabel Taylor has left town to spend some weeks in Atlantic City.

On Tuesday morning, the Misses Angus, Drummond street, held a meeting at their house, to endeavor to arrange some scheme of work for the benefit of our soldiers. Quite a number of friends were present, and several plans were thought of, which, while occasioning small trouble to willing workers, will be the means of providing very material comfort to the brave upholders of the British cause.

Mrs. A. E. Ellis, Sherbrooke street, is giving a large dance next week for her daughter, Miss Ellis, who is one of this season's debutantes.



## Mainly About People.

**MAJOR MARLING, V.C.**, 18th Hussars, now at Ladysmith, might have been in Canada, as he was named for position of A.D.C. to Major-General Hutton, but was prevented from accepting by the rule in the service which compels a squadron leader to remain always with his command.

**DURING** Modjeska's recent engagement in Ottawa, a gentleman whose culture was great and whose purse was small decided to hear the famous actress from the gallery. His enjoyment was heightened by hearing the man next to him remark: "Yes, she's good in Marie Antoinette, but wouldn't she make a splendid 'Portiere'?" Poor Modjeska! This reminds one of the fate of the fine racehorses who end their days dragging coal carts.

**MADAME LAVERGNE**, of Ottawa, wife of Judge Lavergne, is a descendant of Madame Barthe, the beautiful German, the fame of whose charms is still extant in the city of Quebec, where she lived. When the Duke of Kent, never indifferent to a woman's charms, was stationed in Quebec he made frequent visits to the home of M. Barthe. His ostensible purpose was to examine the fine armour contained in the house, but he took care always to have the young wife for his guide. One day the husband entered the door just in time to see the gallant Duke "chuck" the little beauty under her chin. A sword was quickly drawn by the irate Frenchman, and only through the good offices of friends were serious consequences prevented.

**THE EARL OF YARMOUTH**, who has gone on the stage under the name of Eric Hope, is the first earl to become an actor in America. While he cannot lay claim to acting notably well, he does nothing that could possibly subject him to ridicule. He is described as a tall, slim, and amiable-looking man of 28 years. No one could possibly call him handsome either of feature or of figure, and no one could say that his face gives signs of great strength of character or of marked artistic temperament. He wears clothes cut in the latest fashion. He speaks in a rather high-pitched voice—not a good voice for the stage—and with a rich English accent, which, all authorities and American actors to the contrary, is not good for the stage either; but his enunciation is clear. He is the eldest son of the 6th Marquis of Hertford, and was a lieutenant in the Black Watch for two years. He began his stage career by appearing in private theatricals at Newport last season.

**SEVERAL** references have been made of late in cable despatches to "Lord Durham." There is no such nobleman in the Old Country, and the name is a misspelling for Durham—a mistake that can hardly be excused in Canadian papers, since there is no family in England more honorably connected with the history of this country than the Lambtons, who are the hereditary Earls of Durham. As every student of Canadian history is aware, it was the first Lord Durham to whose remarkable "report" the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 was due. Two counties and a town in Ontario were called after him—the counties of Lambton and Durham, and the town of the latter name in the county of Grey. The present Lord Durham is the third earl, and is in his 45th year. His mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and a sister of the present Marchioness of Lansdowne. The Countess of Minto, who is a daughter of the late General the Honorable Charles Grey and a sister of the present Earl Grey, is related to the Lambtons. It was Lord

Durham who made such a bitter attack on Gen. Gatacre after his reverse at Stormberg. He was a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards 1877-79, and has estates comprising about 30,500 acres.

**MR. McLEOD STEWART**, of Georgian Bay Canal fame, whose schemes are nothing if not colossal, has thrown out an idea for Government to grasp. He has written to His Excellency Lord Minto, asking his interest in having a new and fitting vice-regal residence built in Ottawa. He proposes to have the present ugly, crazy-quilt affair converted into a public museum and picture gallery—though this would seem to be an impracticable idea, on account of its distance from the city and from trolley car lines. Then, Mr. Stewart proposes that a new residence be built farther down, in Rockliffe Park, on Prospect Hill, a beautifully wooded elevation on the Ottawa River, with a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The first cost of Rideau Hall was \$82,000. Including this sum with additions and improvements, it has cost the country \$300,000. In return we put the representative of our Queen in a setting that is ugly and inconvenient. Every subsequent attempt to beautify or improve the place only makes a worse anachronism.

**WINSTON CHURCHILL**, whose portrait in his uniform as a lieutenant of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars is published herewith, has set the whole Empire agog by his deeds of daring and plucky escape from Pretoria, whither he was

carried a prisoner of war. He is thus doing his best to live up to the traditions of the Churchill family, which is one of the cleverest and most eccentric in England, and to the record of his father, the brilliant and versatile late Lord Randolph Churchill. He went to South Africa as a war correspondent, and it is certain that his exploits will make him from henceforth one of the most famous war correspondents in the world. Though only 25 years of age, young Churchill has seen a great deal of active service since entering the army in 1895. He served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, and was decorated with the first-class order of military merit by the Government of Spain. Next, he was attached to the 31st Punjab Infantry, with the Malakand Field Force, and was present at the operations in Bajaur, including two actions, was mentioned in the despatches and rewarded with a medal and clasp. In 1898, he served as orderly officer to Sir W. Lockhart with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and won a clasp. He was with the 21st Lancers at the Battle of Khartoum, and there won still another medal and clasp. The extraordinary coincidence of there being two Winston Churchills—the other being a citizen of the United States and the author of "Richard Carvel" and other novels—has already been dilated upon in LIFE.





MISS MAUD EARL, the celebrated animal painter, has been inspired by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," to paint a picture, which she has presented to *The Daily Mail*, to be sold to the highest bidder, the sum acquired going to increase the amount of the war fund of that enterprising journal.

"I HAVE often noticed," said a society man recently, "that a girl in red (always providing that she is fairly popular) is more taken out in a cotillion than those who are dressed in white, the explanation probably being that on getting up suddenly a man is always more or less in doubt as to whom he shall select, and the bright color attracts his eye."

In regard to this involuntary attraction toward a bright or an unusual object, it is said that women do not half realize what an aid anything of the kind may be made in alluring partners. A clever widow who had made up her mind to have a season in London cudgelled her brain as to what she should do to avoid being "lost in a crowd," as the saying is.

"I am fairly well off," she argued to herself, "but I am not rich enough to make any stir, I am not bad looking, but am no beauty. I talk well and dress well, but so do nine-tenths of the women who go out. It is obvious, therefore, that unless I do something to make myself different from the others I will make no impression whatever."

After much agitation on the subject she decided that she would attract attention by her jewels. "Conspicuous gowns would be in bad taste," she argued, "but jewels, if they are good, can be worn in any combination." So, after many consultations with a famous Parisian lapidist and jeweler, a wonderful necklace was evolved, for which she used a number of her more conventional ornaments, at the same time adding a few unique stones.

Her first appearance in London after her presentation was at a smart ball given by the Duchess of —, to which she wore the strange, but magnificent, arrangement of jewels. As she had foreseen, the necklace attracted attention at once. Women as well as men contrived opportunities for a nearer view. Her introductions were numerous, and as she herself was most unexceptionable in every way and at the same time pretty and interesting, those who came out of curiosity remained for pleasure. Her campaign was won, for, as everyone knows, a successful "first night" is more than half the battle. It goes without saying that as a wise woman she wore the famous necklace very rarely, but it is her mascot, she says, and whenever she finds that attention is lagging she has only to put it on and she renews her triumph.

This is her story, at all events, but perhaps those who are sceptical about the efficacy of her methods may find an explanation in the fact that she is really a charming woman, despite her distrust of her own unaided charms.

BEAUTIFUL hair is the gift of nature, but many more could possess it if nature were assisted. The hair should be combed thoroughly every night before retiring, with a coarse toothed comb. Do not use vigor enough to bruise the scalp, but rather a light scratching movement to stimulate and open the pores all over the head. Then brush with a stiff long bristled brush, dividing the hair into several parts, that all the roots may be reached. Brush gently but firmly, carrying the stroke to the ends of the hair. Then braid the hair loosely, or, better still, leave entirely free until morning. After shampooing, do not dry by artificial heat, but by towels, friction and fanning.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, whose new novel is nearing its completion, finds time in the midst of her busy literary and social life for a quite wonderful amount of philanthropic work. She is the mainspring of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, taking the very keenest interest in all that goes on there, and herself taking a class of boys each week. Her especial department at the settlement, however, is the school for invalid children, which has been, through her exertions, connected with the *London School Board*, the board providing the specially-trained teacher and the furniture, and the settlement giving the rooms, the playground, the services of a nurse superintendent, and also a special ambulance for taking the children backwards and forwards. Dinner is provided for each child at the nominal cost of three-halfpence, and a number of volunteer helpers go down every day during the dinner hour to serve out the food and play with the children.

IT is news to many of us that the first telescopic comet was discovered by a woman. "On the evening of October 1, 1847, the Mitchells were entertaining a party of invited guests," writes Amelia H. Botsford, in an article on "The Mother of the Stars." "But Maria Mitchell was not to be deterred by 'company' from following her custom of sweeping the heavens with the telescope every clear night. She slipped away and ran up to the observatory. Soon afterward she returned and told her father that she thought she had seen a comet. He hurried up to the observatory to look himself, and declared that it was indeed a comet. This discovery entitled Miss Mitchell to the gold medal that had been offered some years before by the King of Denmark to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, and it was struck off and forwarded to her."

GERALDINE.



#### TWO WOMEN.

SHE crept into the vacant church  
Through empty aisles and bare;  
A faint perfume hung o'er the gloom,  
Vague as an unprayed prayer;  
In robe and crown each saint looked down  
And frowned to see her there.  
Each gazed upon her from his place—  
Peter and John and Paul;  
She found nor peace nor pain's surcease,  
So coldly looked they all,  
As she faltered lone to the altar stone,  
Where shone the candles tall.  
And there enthroned, immaculate,  
Tender and pure and wise,  
She saw the grace of a woman's face,  
The love of a woman's eyes;  
And Mary's smile bent down the while  
Above her mute surprise.  
Not hers to know the might that lies  
In throated majesty;  
She could but guess the tenderness,  
The sister sympathy;  
She made her prayer to Mary there  
With lowly heart and knee.  
The tall saints watched her as she went,  
Each in his gold and blue,  
Aloof from her, a trespasser,  
Stern men they stood, and true,  
But Mary smiled, and the clasped Child  
He understood and knew.

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

## THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

### AT THE CITY THEATRES.

I HAD not the pleasure of seeing *The Musketeers* at its initial performance here last winter, and therefore am unable to say whether the changes in the personnel of Mr. O'Neill's company have detracted from the performance, as stated by some. All I can affirm is that *The Musketeers*, as given by the present company at Her Majesty's, was to me an unqualified delight—perhaps, the most excellent dramatic production so far this season in Montreal. The company is a strong one indeed—I could not detect a single weak spot in the cast. After the play on Monday night, I heard a lady in a street car criticizing Mr. Arthur Garrells' interpretation of the part of the king, but Mr. Garrells, far from being weak, gave an admirable characterization of Louis XIII., as all who are familiar with French history must admit. Mr. James O'Neill, as D'Artagnan, is perfection. The character is one of the breeziest, most manly, and, altogether, most lovable ever depicted, and in Mr. O'Neill's hands the most in vogue of it. The three musketeers, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinal Richelieu, and all the female roles, are charmingly and strongly portrayed, and in the minor parts there is nothing to criticize. As most of my readers are aware, Laebl & Co. have spared no expense to have the scenery and costumes used in the production of the very best. The combined excellence of the company and elaborateness of the staging make *The Musketeers* a performance that should not be missed upon any consideration. Those who have not yet seen it, should embrace the opportunity still remaining to do so.

*Delmonico's at Six*, that really clever farce-comedy, is ably presented by the Theatre Francais stock company. Mr. Thos. J. McGrane again displays his versatility, leaping from one of the most sombre parts in a sombre play—*A Social Highwayman*—to one of the most humorous in a play that is all humor. Miss Byron's performance is also very satisfactory—the dashing style of *Trixie* being particularly suited to her talents. Miss Eugenie Hayden, the new member of the company, created a good impression in the small part assigned to her, and she will doubtless be found a capable actress when she gets an opportunity to exercise her full powers. There are two good vaudeville turns.

Lovers of "the manly art" have a rare opportunity of witnessing a good exhibition of a famous ring performance, at the Academy, where the Jeffries-Sharkey contest is repeated in a most life-like manner by means of the vitascope. The exhibition is also interesting as a scientific achievement. The men's movements are faithfully reproduced by 216,000 photographs, obtained as the fight progressed, by four cameras, fed by electric storage batteries, and under the intense light of 400 arc-lamps. The performance is not in any sense demoralizing, and should be seen, out of curiosity if for nothing else.

C E L L O

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

SINCE Prosper Merimee first wrote his novel, "*Carmen*," it has been on the stage over and over again in various forms—operatic, dramatic, and burlesque—treated musically, seriously and lightly, and the leading roll has occupied the attention of many of the most prominent prima donnas and actresses. Undoubtedly, the character of *Carmen* is full of great possibilities, and it requires very careful handling to avoid making the role repulsive. It is, however, altogether probable that Miss Lillian Buckingham will give a splendid portrayal of the part at the Theatre Francais next week. Mr. Lucius Henderson will play the part of Don Jose, a role which should suit him admirably, and Mr. Thos. McGrane will be seen as Escamillo. Miss Hayden, the new member of the company, is to play the part of Mercedes, and Mr. Morton, Mr. Welber and the others of the company will be seen in roles suited to their ability. The scenery which is being prepared will be picturesque and thoroughly in keeping with the Spanish atmosphere of the play, as will also be the costumes.

THE company presenting George Edwards' comic opera, *A Greek Slave*, which will be presented at the Academy, week of January 15, is one of the largest on the road, numbering 150 people. To transport all these artists, and carry the mass of scenery, etc., a special train of seven cars is required. The scenery and baggage is carried in three cars—two 60 feet in length and one 50 feet. For the accommodation of the company there are two sleepers and two regular coaches. *A Greek Slave*

is, undoubtedly, one of the best paying pieces of property that has been sent from London to America in many years. Before the death of Augustin Daly, who held all rights of the production in the United States, that well-known manager had nearly completed all arrangements to have the opera sung at his theatre in New York City. After the death of Mr. Daly, a host of prominent managers endeavored to secure from the Daly estate the right to produce the opera. Mr. Edward Bloom, a very successful manager, offered the highest cash price, and, after much difficulty, secured control of the property. Miss Dorothy Morton is the prima donna of the company. Little Minnie Ashley, petite, dainty and magnetic, has made a great hit as the dancing girl. Richard Carle and Herbert Sparling, representing two distinct types of comedians, are both exceptionally clever in their work. Hugh Chulvers, Kate Michelena, Albert Parr, and Marion Singer are others of the principals.

### THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

THE proposes to print short sketches of the members of the Theatre Francais stock company, selecting one each week. A few facts from the careers of these talented artists will be interesting reading. The first one is, naturally, the leading man of the company, Mr. Lucius Henderson. Mr. Henderson has become a decided favorite in Montreal, and his work from the beginning of the season has proved the wisdom of Manager Phillips' choice in selecting him.

Previous to coming to Montreal in connection with the Francais, Mr. Henderson aroused the enthusiasm of our theatre-goers here, to a considerable extent, by his excellent work as Karge, in Milton Roy's production of *Friends*, a few years ago. He was at different times the leading support of W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson and other actors of note. Of stock experience, he has had a great deal, having been



MR. LUCIUS HENDERSON.

connected with a number of companies, including that of the Grand Opera House, Indianapolis. Mr. Henderson is, in many respects, a matinee idol in appearance. He dresses all his roles to perfection, and gives one the impression that it takes a well-read and learned man to be a good actor. He is also a musician of some note, his piano playing being regarded as the best done by any stage artist, outside of the professional pianists. Mr. Henderson has made himself a popular favorite in Montreal, and more cannot be said.

The latest phase of play-writing has recently come to the surface. An American theatrical manager has engaged a novelist to write a novel, and hired a playwright to make a play out of it. The book will be published by the manager, and widely circulated. Its plot is particularly suited for the stage, and it is expected that the adapter will make one of next season's successes out of his work. The novelist is F. Marion Crawford, and the adapter is Lorrner Stoddard, who adapted *Tess*, for Mrs. Fiske.

That horses, as well as human beings, are possessed of professional jealousy, was proved during James O'Neill's engagement in Brooklyn. In the second tableau of *The Musketeers*, Mr. O'Neill, as D'Artagnan, made his entrance on a little pony, which was formerly used in *The Crystal Slipper*. It being the desire of the management to purchase a horse that could be carried along with the organization all the time, it was arranged, at the Wednesday matinee, to try a new pony which had just been secured. This pony was brought to the theatre, and taken on the stage, to familiarize it with its surroundings. When *The Crystal Slipper* pony saw the new arrival it became jealous, kicked up its hind legs, and refused to go on. Mr. O'Neill tried to coax it into playing its part once more, but it absolutely refused. Finally, it became necessary to remove the other pony from the theatre in order that the afternoon performance might proceed.

**D**ESCRIBING the habits of Leo XIII., The *Domenica del Corriere* of Milan says that he is so averse from being described as moribund, that though he always makes use of a thick stick while walking, he no sooner observes some stranger approaching than he swings his stick from hand to hand, scarcely using it. He has excellent sight, can read without glasses, and is quite delighted when he has shown that he can support all the fatigue of religious functions. He is rather careless of his health during his restless nights, and when seized with a poetical inspiration rises from bed, and, without waking his faithful attendant, Pio Centra, who sleeps in the ante-room, goes to his desk and writes down a Latin distich by the light of the night-lamp, and will sometimes linger to compose more verses.

**TEACHER.**—Of course, you understand the difference between liking and loving?

**PUPIL.**—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.

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. Bloury and Dorchester Sts.  
For Sale by all Druggists.

**WINDSOR HALL,**

THIS AFTERNOON, Jan. 12th.

Prof. Goulet's

**SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

Assisted by MISS MARTHE BESINA, Harpist, and MISS MAHEL LANGSTAFF, Soprano.

Reserved Seats, 50c. Admission, 25c.

Seats reserved at Shaw's, 274 St. Catherine St

**THEATRE FRANCAIS.** W. E. PHILLIPS, Lessee and Mgr.

A Magnificent Production of

**CARMEN**

From the original by Prosper Merimee

Also Vaudeville Bill.

Prices as usual.

Phone East 316 for seats.



MISS DOROTHY MORTON.

Leading lady with Augustin Daly's production of *A Greek Slave*, Academy of Music, next week

**ACADEMY** JANUARY 15th.

**SEATS NOW ON SALE**

**AUGUSTIN DALY'S**

Great London Success of George Edwards' Comic Opera

**A GREEK SLAVE.**

GORGEOUS PRODUCTION.

100 PEOPLE—27 IN ORCHESTRA.

Dorothy Morton—Minnie Ashley  
Richard Carle—Hugh Chalmers  
Herbert Sparling—Kate McNeilena  
Allert Parr—Marion Singer and others.

Matinees—Wed. and Sat.

Prices—25, 50, 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50.

**DAVID BISPHAM**

The Great Wagnerian Baritone of Grand Opera Co.

**MOTET CHOIR CONCERT**

Conductor, Herace W. Reyner.

**WINDSOR HALL**

Tuesday, January 30th, at 8:15 p. m.

Reserved Seats \$1.00, all through the house.

Subscription—6 Seats for \$5.00.

Plan opens at J. W. Shaw & Co.'s, 274 St. Catherine St., Jan. 18th, for subscribers; Jan. 20th, for holders of ordinary tickets.

MUSICAL CARDS.

THE MONTREAL  
**CONSERVATORY**  
OF MUSIC.

938 & 940 Dorchester St., near Mountain.  
Development in all branches of Music. Terms: Strictly as in European Conservatories. Consultation hours, 4 to 5 daily. For prospectus, apply to  
MR. C. E. SEIFERT, Director.

**Bertha Belasco-Burland,**  
PIANOFORTE TUITION.

Pupil of Dr. Jelliffeza, Kilmorth-Scharwenka Conservatory, Berlin.  
Lessons given at Dominion College of Music or at pupil's residence.  
For terms, etc., apply  
J. W. SHAW & CO., 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.  
69 BISHOP ST.

**S. Ernest Gibson, L.L.C.M.**  
Pupil of Sir Chas. Halle.

Organist of Melville Church, Westmount.  
TEACHER OF **PIANOFORTE AND SINGING**  
Pupils trained for the examinations of the Associated Board if required.  
2440 ST. CATHERINE ST.  
Phone UP 2274.

**Horace W. Reyner, Mus. B.**

Organist and Choir Director  
St. James the Apostle.  
Conductor Motet Choir.  
Advanced Lessons Pianoforte, Oratorio Singing, Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, etc.  
Pupils prepared for University Musical Exams.  
Phone UP 211. 104 St. Matthew St.

**RATTO BROS.**

55 St. Louis St., MONTREAL  
Open for engagements for Balls, Dances, Reception and entertainments of all kinds where choice music is required. Any number of pieces supplied.  
Bell Telephone, Main 2179.

**WM. SULLIVAN** TEACHER OF

Violin, Banjo,  
Mandolin and Guitar  
49 AYLMER STREET.

P.S.—Orchestra furnished for Balls, Parties, etc.  
Phone up town 1129.

**NICHOLAS EICHHORN**

Pianist, Organist and 240 St. Urbain St.  
Concert Accompanist. MONTREAL.  
Pupils prepared for the concert platform.  
Touch and Technique a Speciality.  
Repertoire comprehending Chopin, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, etc.  
Pianist of the Mendelssohn Trio, organized 1878.

**Music Without Tears**

For children in the  
**FLETCHER . . .**  
**MUSIC METHOD**  
Piano, Harmony, etc.

MRS. H. O. WILSON and  
MISS ELIZABETH DAVIDSON.  
STUDIOS, 2, 3, 8 KARN HALL.  
Schools and Private Classes by arrangement.



**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 THREMFALL, Esq. (R.A.M.),  
Chairman.

Hon. C. W. SPENCER LYTTELTON, C.B. (R.A.M.),  
Deputy-Chairman.

SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Mus. Doc.,  
St. And., Cantab. et Ellin.,  
Principal of R. A. Music.

SAMUEL AITKEN, Esq. }  
Prof. JAMES DEWAR, F.R.S. } *Royal Academy of Music.*  
ROSEMARY DOBBIE, Esq. }  
WALTER MACFARREN, Esq. }  
CAYE ALBERTO RANDEGGER }

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

SIR WALTER PARRAT, Mus. Doc., Oxon. }  
Prof. C. VILLIERS STANFORD, D.C.L., } *Royal College of Music.*  
Mus. Doc., Cantab. et Oxon. }  
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc., }  
Cantab. 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 MACLEAN, Montreal.

Hon. Local Representatives:

Charlottetown, P.E.I.:  
Hon. Mr. JUSTICE WAHERTON.  
Halifax: His Honour, Lt.-Gov. M. B. DALY.  
St. John, N.B.: H. H. McLELLAN, Esq., Q.C.  
Quebec: Hon. R. B. DOBELL, M.P.  
Montreal: Hon. L. J. FORBET.  
Ottawa: Mr. SHERIFF SWEETLAND.  
Kingston: JOHN SHAW SKINNER, Esq.  
Toronto: Lt.-Col. J. I. DAVIESON.  
Hamilton: ADAM BROWN, Esq.  
London: Sir JOHN CARLSON, K.C.M.G.  
Windsor: Rev. C. W. GORDON, M.A., D.D.  
Vancouver, B.C.: Rev. H. T. USIGRILL, M.A.  
New Westminster, B.C.: A. E. WHITE, Esq.  
Victoria, B.C.: H. WALSH WINDLE, 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 and teaching body. Its object is to offer to those engaged in teaching, unbiased and unprejudiced examinations, conducted by eminent musicians of world-wide notoriety, such names as Sir J. F. Bridge, Sir Geo. Martin, Professor E. Frost, and Messrs. F. H. Cowen, C. H. Lloyd, E. Fanning, W. Hoyt, as well as the eminent members of the Board appearing in their published list of examiners. The great success attained in Great Britain has led to a decided improvement in the teaching of music and the exposure of inferior teachers and of examinations where the securing of fees were the main object rather than a test of a candidate's knowledge. No member of the Board receives any remuneration whatever for their services.

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

Next year the Board will hold its annual examinations for the third time in Canada as follows:

The Theory Papers, in elements of Music, Harmony and Counterpoint, early in June next.

The Practical, consisting of examinations in Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Singing, Harp, etc., between 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 Assistant Secretary, P. Boleyn Williams, Central Office, Room 503, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

SAMUEL AITKEN, Hon-Sec'y.

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.

C. DAVID & CO.  
.. PHOTOGRAPHERS ..  
745 Wellington St., MONTREAL.

BARGAINS in New and Second-Hand **PIANOS**  
at W. H. Leach's Piano Parlors, 2140 St. Catherine St. (near Drummond St.)  
P.S. Sole Depot for the Celebrated Morris Upright Piano. Holiday stock now on view.

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

**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.

**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 PHILOSOPHY OF WORRY.  
DOCTOR.—I can't understand why your wife should worry about her jewelry. She has more pearls and diamonds than any other woman I know.  
MR. RICHMAN.—She's constantly afraid she'll hear of another woman who has as many.

**KEEP A SCRAP BOOK?**

If you do we would like to supply interesting newspaper clippings for it. The papers contain scores of items that you would like to keep—little "personals" about your friends—obituaries—scraps of poetry—notes of general interest. We have clippings to sell on any subject discussed in the columns of the Canadian press.  
... Post card brings particulars ...

Canadian Press Clipping Bureau  
505 Board of Trade,  
... MONTREAL.  
Telephone Main 1255.

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

699 Sherbrooke St., Cor. of Park Avenue.  
TELEPHONE UP 1110.

**DR. THOS. COLEMAN**  
... DENTIST ...

Medallist in Operative and Mechanical Dentistry.  
Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.  
D.D.S. University of Michigan (Ann Arbor).

47 UNION AVENUE,  
TELE. 1024 UP. MONTREAL

**W. G. KENNEDY**  
DENTIST  
756 Palace Street  
Specialty— Corner  
BRIDGE WORK. Beaver Hall Hill.

**J. T. MacPHERSON,**  
I.D.S.  
DENTAL SURGEON.

Office Hours: 11 to 5 p. m. Sunday, 2 to 5 p. m.  
2297 St. Catherine Street.  
TELEPHONE UPTOWN 2514.

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 45 cents, may be had at any  
drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testi-  
monials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents,  
forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10  
Spruce St., New York.

Drs. William Osler and Howard Kelly,  
of Baltimore, have been elected honorary  
members of the Royal Academy of Medi-  
cine of Ireland.

BETTER THAN A LOVE POTION.

LOVESICK SWAIN.—Is there nothing  
that man can give to woman to win her  
love? No potion or no powder?

CLAIRVOYANT.—Nothing in the alchemy  
of the gods, except a rare white stone in  
a golden circlet.

**French Organdie**

THE LATEST IN

**NOTE PAPER.**

5 Sizes, 4 Tints—Emerald, Pearl, Sage and Blue,  
also in White.

Has the appearance of woven fabric.  
Send for samples.

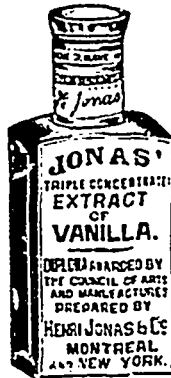
**MORTON, PHILLIPS & Co.,**

Stationers, Blank Book Makers and Printers,  
1735 and 1737 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

FOR OVER 30 YEARS

# Jonas' Flavoring Extracts

... HAVE BEEN IN USE ALL OVER CANADA ...



and the increased demand for them proves that  
they are every day becoming more popular.

**GOOD COOKING  
REQUIRES GOOD MATERIALS.**

Our Extracts are all made from the choicest fruits.  
Your grocer or druggist can supply you  
with ANY flavor; if he cannot  
do so drop us a card.

Head Office and Factory:

**HENRI JONAS & CO.**

389, 391 and 393  
St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL



## A REALLY SERVICEABLE GLOVE

WILL BE FOUND IF YOU BUY

# PEWNY'S

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

# ENJOY YOUR READING

Comfortable reading is what we promise if  
our Optician fits your glasses. He knows  
what every eye requires, and is just as anxious  
to supply the exact glasses as you are to  
have them.

A Consultation Costs You Nothing.

**R. A. DICKSON & CO.**

JEWELLERS.

2261 St. Catherine St.

## LATE SOCIETY NEWS.

ON Tuesday evening, Mrs. Rawlings, Simpson street, gave a large and very pleasant dance in honor of Miss Hoyt, of New York, who is visiting her. The house was profusely decorated with palms and ferns, and the conservatory, lighted with tiny electric lights of various colors, formed a cool and fragrant retreat.

Dancing was in the large double drawing-room, where the floor was most excellent, and the orchestra, consisting of piano and three pieces, played a most inspiring programme. Supper was served about twelve o'clock at numerous small tables in the dining-room, though people might have been observed in almost every corner of the house enjoying tete-a-tete-repasts. No programmes were used, and this custom seems so popular that it no doubt has come to stay. Many of the dresses worn were exceedingly pretty. Perhaps the most notably so were the gowns of Miss M. Ramsay, Miss E. Duhamel, Miss M. Greenshields, Miss B. Allan, Miss C. Shepherd, Miss M. Bond, Miss Hoyt, Miss A. Ewan, Miss M. Clouston. Mrs. Rawlings, who was assisted in receiving by Miss Edith Rawlings and Miss Hoyt, wore a very handsome dress of black satin, with white chiffon and transparent yoke and sleeves of black lace.

Much interest and no little surprise has been evoked by the announcement that the marriage of Miss B. Hutchins, only daughter of Mr. R. Hutchins, and Mr. Lisle Davidson, second son of Judge Davidson, will take place within the next fortnight. Mr. Davidson has been out in Rossland for some time past, and Miss Hutchins will go out there to be married.

## A NEIGHBORLY VISIT

CALLER.—Your next door neighbors appears to be very quiet people.

MRS. SPINKS.—Yes, the walls are very thin, and I s'pose the mean things keep quiet to hear what we say.

"The worm may turn when it is trodden upon," remarked the orange peel, "but I have a better scheme than that. I turn the man that treads on me."

Mr. Marion Crawford is writing a book on Southern Italy—one which he calls "The Rulers of the South," and which is to be a mate to his "Ave Roma Immortalis."

It is rumored that Ibsen's forthcoming play is to be the last one he intends to write. It is said also that he is now arranging his papers with a view to their ultimate publication as memoirs.

Asked for a definition of the term "Absent-Minded Beggar," Mr. Kipling answers that it "is one used by private soldiers themselves when they have forgotten any small duty, and beggar is a generic term of endearment."

"What interests you so deeply?" she asked.

"I am trying to make up my mind," he answered, "whether that thing on the table is my new wastebasket upside-down, or your new hat rightside-up."

"Ain't we got a cut of Kruger?" asked the foreman.

"We ain't," replied the provincial editor: "but that picture of the man who was cured of dyspepsia by Jobson's Pills is enough like him todo. Put it in."

Mrs. T. G. Shaughnessy has issued invitations for a dance at the Place Viger Hotel, on Tuesday next.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Cooke, Mackay street, entertained the members of one of the numerous euchre clubs, and a number of additional guests as well.

Mrs. H. Graham, Sherbrooke street, gave a large and most pleasant euchre party on Tuesday evening.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Club were "At Home" in the Y. M. C. A. parlors on Wednesday afternoon. As the president (Miss Beatrice Hodgson) explained, this club has been formed among the students of the Fletcher Music Method and Piano School for the study of musical history and the lives of composers and their characteristic productions. Papers were read on Schumann, by Miss Mary Kingman, and Grieg, by Miss Claiice Blakemore, each followed by selections from the compositions of these masters, rendered with much taste and skill, by Misses Inez Leishman, Sutherland, Hodgson, Kingman, Garratt, Stevenson, Baylis, Liffiton, and Masters Russell Cowans, Harold and Arthur Shorey (violin). Mrs. Edward Youngheart, a most accomplished vocalist, kindly sang two songs by Schumann, as only an artist can render these gems. A very large number of guests were present, and were received by Mrs. H. O. Wilson and Miss Davidson, and the young hostesses dispensed refreshments from a table most charmingly decorated with red carnations. Mrs. H. O. Wilson and Miss Davidson were very warmly congratulated upon their happy idea and its evident success.

## W. P. SCOTT

Interior  
DecorationsFine Cabinet Work  
. . . UpholsteringHouse-Painting    Flax Tapestries    Wall Hangings  
Glazing and Gilding

French, English and American Papers

2422 St. Catherine St.

MONTREAL

Telephone, Up 1274.

THE

"ANCHOR BRAND"

HAMS

are of unrivalled quality, and have given entire satisfaction to all who have tried them.

Cured in white granulated sugar, which gives them a delicious flavor. Our name and brand on the skin of each ham.

The Laing Packing and  
Provision Company

7 RETAIL STORES 7

Limited

LABATT'S  
PORTER!

UNDOUBTEDLY the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

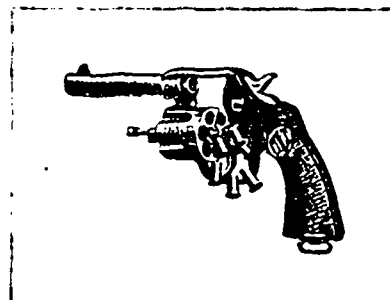
John  
Labatt

LONDON,  
CANADA.

# Colt's Revolvers

WITH  
JOINTLESS  
SOLID  
FRAME.  
SIMUL-  
TANEOUS  
EJECTION.

Adopted by the U. S. Army and Navy, U. S. State National Guards, New York City, New Orleans, Washington, Ottawa, (Ont.), and other Police Departments.



NEW SERVICE REVOLVER—Using British Service Ammunition, .450, .455 Eley, etc, with 4½, 5½ and 7½ inch barrel.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms  
Mfg. Co.,  
Hartford, Conn.,  
U.S.A

Royal  
Military



College of  
Canada

## INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE 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.

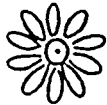
Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

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.



# Prices Backed By Quality



You can always depend on the quality of the Silverware we sell. You cannot get better goods for the money in Canada, nor a wider range to select from.

**BON-BON DISHES FROM \$2.50 UP.**

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

... SILVERSMITHS ...

A. J. WHIMBEY,  
Manager.

1794 Notre Dame Street.

## Canada's High-Class Interior Decorating and Furnishing House.

Agents for "Liberty" Art Fabrics.

We have just received from the manufacturers our new lines of Special Designs and Colorings for the coming season—1900—in Upholstery, Drapery, and Wall Hangings.

Silk and Wool Damasks, Velveteens,  
Brocades, Printed Cretonnes,  
Moquettes, Linen Taffetas,  
Genoa Velvets, English Glazed Chintzes,  
Velours, Carpets,  
Tapestries, Rugs,  
New Effects in Lace Window Curtains,  
Fine Wall Papers in harmony with above,  
Electric Light and Gas Fixtures.

The above have been personally selected and colored by our Mr. W. Henry Bell, Consulting Decorator and Designer.



**MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURNITURE.**

The New York Mantel and Decorating Co.

2338 St. Catherine St., Montreal.