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" "	11:05 p.m.	" "	12:35 p.m.
" "	1:50 p.m.	" "	2:15 p.m.
" Ottawa	16:10 a.m.	" Montreal	9:50 a.m.
" "	8:15 a.m.	" "	11:15 a.m.
" "	11:20 p.m.	" "	6:50 p.m.
" "	6:35 p.m.	" "	9:15 p.m.

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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.
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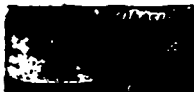
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—N.Y. PRESS, 1899.

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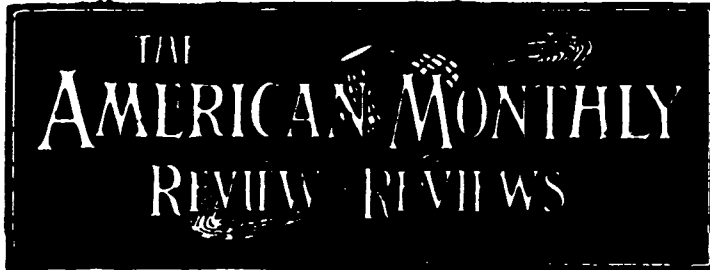
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"Yes; and I had another dreadful blow the same day—my new gown came home and didn't fit."

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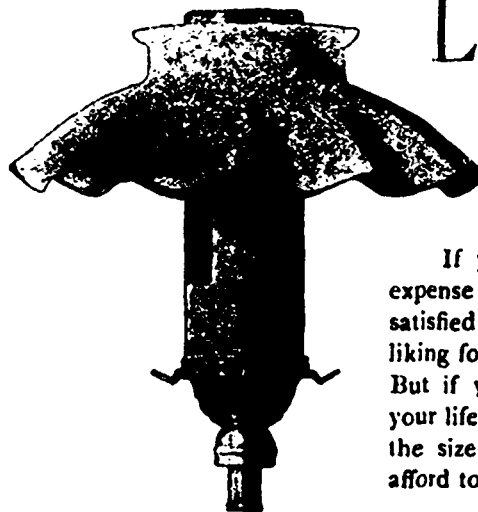
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Every engaged girl makes the mistake of imagining that she now has him too secure to be scared away by her appearing in curl-papers.



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If you care nothing for your eyes—if expense makes no difference—if you are satisfied to live in darkness—if you have no liking for beauty—any old light will suit you. But if you wish to add to the comfort of your life—to the beauty of your house—to the size of your bank account—you can't afford to live without

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LIGHTS AND SHADES ON APPROVAL

1682—Notre Dame St.—1684.

MONTREAL LIFE.

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

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1899.

TELEPHONES:
Montreal - - - Main 1235
Toronto - - - - - 2145



The beast, whate'er his size or kind,
That dares deride the Lion's breed,
Or harm one helpless cub, will find
That he must answer for the deed.

The King of Brutes doth never fear
To punish injury or slight;
And all his sons, from far and near,
Make haste to help him in the fight.

A DISCREPANCY.

YOUNGER.—Well, I must say I never make mistakes.

WISER.—H'm. That's one now, then.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

“WHAT'S the matter, now?” asked the penurious landlord.

“Don't you see, the plaster's all fallen off the ceiling?” said the tenant.

“Well, I hope you're satisfied. First thing you did after moving in was to complain about the ceilings being so low.”

AFTER THE TEA PARTY.

DOCTOR.—Are you in pain, my little man?

WILLIE (who has eaten not wisely but too well)—No, the pain's in me.

A DISTINCTION.

SCOGGS—Where is your better half.

Boggs—Got the sulks and wouldn't come. In fact, just at present, she's my bitter half.

A STROKE OF GENIUS.

THE bailiff had just seized the first edition of the poet's sonnets. But did the poet complain? No! He borrowed

\$25, started the presses again and placarded the bookshops. “Second edition! Marvellous success!! First edition exhausted in One Day!!!”

INSULTED.

“WHAT made young Lightpayte leave before the guests sat down to supper?”

“The host, who can't see very well without his glasses, told him there was a smudge on his lip.”

“And wasn't there?”

“Nothing but his moustache!”

EXPOSED.

A NUMBER of men were gossiping in a London hotel. The talk had turned on America, and a gentleman present, who had already made himself obnoxious by his bragging assertions, mentioned that he had crossed the “herring pond” no less than 11 times.

“Indeed?” remarked one of the party. “Then you must be an American?”

“An American? No, I was born in England.”

“Oh, I was only thinking,” replied the gentleman quietly, “that if you were born in England, the eleventh time would have landed you in America!”

Life in a Looking-Glass

ALTHOUGH the surgical operation upon the Hon. Mr. Tarte was successful, it is understood that the Minister's health is far from satisfactory. Notwithstanding denials, his forced retirement from the labors and cares of active political life seems not improbable. Whether one is an admirer of Mr. Tarte's career or not, one must admit that he has shown himself to be a strong and resourceful man, possessed of many of the elements of leadership. For some years he has been the stormy petrel of Canadian politics, and, rightly or wrongly, he has done his own thinking. Practical ability—the wisdom that is able to choose and manipulate the best means to a given end—exact respect, even from an opponent, and Mr. Tarte has forced his most acrimonious adversaries to recognize in him a foeman worthy of their ripest strategy and keenest weapons.

IF Mr. Tarte is compelled by ill-health to resign his portfolio, there will be honest regret among the business men of Montreal, and other places, interested in the Canadian grain trade. Even those who differ with him upon every article of their political creed, will admit that he has shown a statesmanlike grasp of the possibilities of the St. Lawrence route. He has dreamed of a Montreal of the future, greater, wealthier, more important in the world's commerce than the Montreal of to-day; he has had a vision of the St. Lawrence as the teeming portal through which is to pour, in ever-growing volume, the traffic of a continent; and, having foreseen these things, he has not stood idly by, a mere visionary, but has attacked existing difficulties with a stout heart, and attempted to make his dream a reality.

AS a political organizer he is without a peer, and the Liberal party in Quebec will sustain a heavy blow the day it loses him. A well-known Liberal worker tells me that, in the last general elections, when Mr. Tarte swept the Montreal district for his party, there were some 20 stalwarts, each of whom believed implicitly that he was Mr. Tarte's particular confidant, and that that gentleman was relying upon him more than upon any other. Not till the elections were virtually over did any of these enthusiasts discover that there were at least 19 other confidential advisers, and then they all had a good laugh over the clever way in which Mr. Tarte had induced them severally to work as if Kingdom Come depended on the right use of every hour. The incident illustrates the astuteness and profound knowledge of human nature that characterize Mr. Tarte's work as an organizer.

AT the risk of appearing to have Tarte on the brain, I would like to say that a peculiar story comes to me, which, if true—and the source is most reliable—shows that the Minister of Public Works' attitude towards Great Britain is slightly misunderstood. A gentleman high in the esteem of the community assures me that he was recently permitted to see the concluding portion of a sort of testament or farewell letter, written by Mr. Tarte immediately before undergoing the serious operation of last summer. My informant says that the Minister's closing request of his sons, in a most solemn passage, was that they should ever remain British subjects and be loyal to their sovereign. The gentleman who tells me this, asserts that Mr. Tarte has been much misrepresented and misunderstood upon this point, and that however ardent his affection for France may be, his practical sense has ever been on the side of maintaining and strengthening our Imperial connection. I cannot, of course, vouch for the story about the farewell letter, but I repeat that it comes from an excellent source.

APROPOS of what precedes, it may be remarked that political life in Canada seems to be a pace that kills. The hands of disease and death have been laid heavily upon the present parliament, and many of the brightest and best have been stricken in mid-career. With the notable exception of Sir Charles Tupper, who, for one of his years, displays unparalleled physical vigor, there is an alarming dearth of virile old age in the ranks of our legislators. We do not appear to have found the secret, which they have in England, of preserving their public men until they have had sufficient experience to become thoroughly at home in their work. I find that the average age of the Canadian Cabinet is 50½ years, while that of the British Cabinet is nearly 61 years. Mr. Gladstone was Premier at 82, and Lord Salisbury is in his 70th year. Your Old Country politician "takes life easy," and has time and energy for a great many interests besides politics; yet we know that the questions the Imperial Government has to deal with are much more numerous, more diverse, and more difficult than those that come up for discussion at Ottawa. How, then, is it that British politicians keep their health, while Canadian politicians are breaking down and dying under the stress of work and anxiety?

THE explanation of this difference is doubtless the same as the explanation of the difference in moral tone between Canadian public life and British public life. In the Old Country, it is mostly men of independent means who enter politics. To them, the political arena affords a noble diversion, not a means of livelihood; and, while success is desirable, defeat can be contemplated without terror, because it will not bring financial ruin in its wake. Here, everything is different. To the average Canadian politician, public life is a very serious thing indeed. Success means money, position, friends; defeat, too often, the lack of all these. It is notorious that many of our cleverest political leaders have, at one time or another, been men of desperate fortunes. The commencement of a public career, with the neglect of business it entails, has ruined many a Canadian. And so, harrassed by financial troubles, overworked in attempting to attend to the people's business and his own at the same time, and forced to fight for his very existence, politically and financially, every three or four years, is it any wonder that the average Canadian, by the time he attains to some eminence in his country's councils, is already a broken-down man, who collapses after a few years of the mingled sweets and bitters of office?

AFTER Great Britain has got through with the business on hand in South Africa, and the whole of that continent south of the Zambesi is placed under good and stable government, what a field it will be for young men with a little capital, and the pluck without which even capital is useless! It would be too bad if there were to be an extensive Canadian emigration to the Cape, but no one will be surprised if many of our young men seek their fortunes in that quarter. At all events, to have them go to South Africa and remain Britons, will be more palatable than sending them to the United States, as we have hitherto done, to forswear their allegiance and help to build up a power that has frequently menaced their native land. But there is now really no reason why young men, who intend following a commercial or professional career, should not remain in Canada. Our country's prospects were never so bright as they are to-day. Literary men and artists may have to seek a foreign home, because there is not a large enough market here for their wares, but, even in this respect, there are signs of a change for the better. But, for the young man who hopes to make commerce, or speculation, or law, or medicine, or education his field, Canada presents as good opportunities to-day as any country in the world. Nevertheless, there are always adventurous spirits, who like to strike out into new paths, and, during the next 10 or 20 years, there

will, doubtless, be many a Canadian settler in South Africa, which is naturally one of the richest countries in the world, and possesses an attractive climate.

SPEAKING of South Africa, if any reader nurses the slightest doubt as to the righteousness of Great Britain's cause, I recommend as a cure the perusal of a little pamphlet written and published by Mr. E. B. Biggar, of Biggar, Samuel & Co., Montreal and Toronto. Mr. Biggar lived for five years in South Africa and is thoroughly qualified to speak about Boer misgovernment and oppression. His brochure can be read at a sitting. It presents such a calm, unimpassioned and convincing arraignment of President Kruger's little oligarchy, that one rises from it, proud to belong to an Empire that has undertaken the task of sweeping such an iniquitous government out of existence. There are two sides to every shield, and it is our duty to look at both sides, but I confess that after studying the Boers' case from their standpoint, I found Mr. Biggar's pamphlet a complete answer to every argument that has been advanced on behalf of the Transvaal, and a thorough vindication of Great Britain's determined dealing with the stubborn and crafty old despot whom Mr. Biggar describes as the evil genius of the Dutch race in South Africa.

SOME weeks ago reference was made in these columns to the attitude of the United States press and people towards Great Britain in the Boer War, and it was contended that the Mother Land was scarcely receiving fair play after the way in which she stood by Uncle Sam in his little unpleasantness with Spain. In the light of later developments, I feel called on to say, in all fairness, that the best and most influential papers in the States are at least not hostile to Great Britain, as they undoubtedly would have been under similar circumstances three or four years ago. At the same time, the British public should not suffer itself to be deceived, and, if "the old folks at home" imagine there is enthusiasm for Great Britain's cause in the United States anything like the enthusiasm for the cause of Uncle Sam that existed in Britain, they are being sadly humbugged. The most that can be said of the sentiment of the people of the United States just now is that "the general feeling that England ought to have avoided war with the Transvaal is not expressed in hostile spirit." This is the way The American Review of Reviews puts the matter, and it is undoubtedly right. Canadian and British papers should have a care lest they educate the people of the Empire to believe that our republican cousins are more friendly to us than they really are.

IN some cities on this continent, means have been provided for looking after the teeth of the poor, and there certainly could be no better outlet for philanthropic feeling than the education of the ignorant to a knowledge of the importance of clean and healthy teeth in our physical economy. One of our Montreal dentists, Mr. Walter G. Kennedy, has published an attractive and readable pamphlet on the care of the teeth, which should have a wide circulation. I am glad to be able to say a good word for this little work, because the subject is really important. It is true, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, that "the dental profession has established and prolonged the reign of beauty; it has added to the charms of social intercourse, and lent perfection to the accents of eloquence; it has taken from old age its most unwelcome feature, and lengthened enjoyable human life beyond the limit of the years when the toothless and purblind patriarch might exclaim: 'I have no pleasure in them.'" And Dr. Holmes might have added that dental science has curtailed human suffering and disease in as great measure, perhaps, as the science of medicine, strictly so-called. Yet, much remains to be done, particularly amongst the poor and ignorant, and any effort to enlighten them as to the importance of proper sanitation of the mouth should receive encouragement.

LONDON TRUTH asserts that the metropolitan public are losing their enjoyment of Sunday concerts now they are no longer under the ban of the County Council, and the patronage is rapidly falling off. Ever since Adam and Eve ate of the fruit they were forbidden to touch, weak humanity seems to have had an insatiable appetite for anything and everything it is told it must not have. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a charming little essay on "The Imp of the Perverse," in which he contended that there is within every heart a spirit that loves to be contrary for contrariness' sake. Perhaps there is a good deal of sound philosophy in the fancy. It certainly would not do to throw down all bars and barriers and let everything be published or exhibited by selfish men for the sake of gain; nor, on the other hand, would it be wise to put good things under the ban in the hope that "The Imp of the Perverse" would drive people into deserting evil. But the history of legislation shows that prohibitory enactments have often the opposite effect from that intended, particularly where they are in advance of the public conscience.

FELIX VANK.

THE KING OF CANADA IN CHINA.

From The Peking Gazette. Translated for MONTREAL LIFE by Yek Lee, Lagouchetiere street.

MANN DAN, King of Canada, has honored China with a visit, and been royally entertained by His Serene Mightiness, Li Hung Chang, and Her August Beatitude, the Empress. Dan is reputed to be the inventor of the railroad. He is one of the great monarchs of the day, and his visit is said to have aroused the jealousy of the Emperor Will Yum, who will shortly visit the Celestial Court of Peking to offset, if possible, the entente cordiale between China and Canada, resulting from Mann Dan's illustrious sojourn at the Palace of the Sun. King Dan, while here, distributed his bounties in a manner hitherto unparalleled even in China, the most civilized and wealthy of countries. Gold coins and precious bits of paper, which the people of Canada are said to worship and to serve all their lives, flowed like a never-failing fountain from his hands; and the Empress, since his departure, has been compelled to issue a royal proclamation forbidding the further adoption of the tipping system in the royal palace, on pain of death, as since King Dan's visit the royal servants have shown signs of discontent with their former scale of wages and a strike has been imminent.

The Court Circular of recent date announced that His Serene Mightiness, Li Hung Chang, had a long conference with King Dan about the best method of converting unused lands to the use of the Crown. His Serene Mightiness expressed approval of the means adopted by the King to prevent his too covetous subjects, the people of Canada, from obtaining more than their proper share of the lands of that country.

King Dan's visit will long be memorable in the annals of China. Her August Beatitude, the Empress, considers him quite the sweetest and most charming gentleman she has ever entertained.

THE SECRET FLAW.

LIFE'S sculptors we, and on our solemn dream
The image dawns of perfect things to be;
Whereat we labor long and lovingly,
Until no more their wonders merely seen,
But real grow, and on our vision gleam
All white and pure, and in their eyes the free
Glad look of souls that stand rejoicingly
Full in the light of God's eternal beam.
'Tis bravely said; but one I knew too well
Who so conceived and with unstinted toil
Worked on until at last, half blind with tears,
Some secret flaw his whole creation spoil
He saw too late. Alas, the wasted years,
And in those eyes the auguries of hell!

—JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.



Two Volumes of
Irish Stories.

SCOTCH character and dialect had their fling a couple of years ago; but this is the day of the Irish, from Sir Thomas Lipton down to Mr. Dooley, or vice versa, as the reader may prefer; and the Irish short story, unlike the Irish yacht, is taking its place in the lead of all competitors. This is all very well for Irishmen, as the success of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and "Itlers o' thot ilk," was for Scotchmen. But, while the general reading public may hail with delight an occasional contribution to the literature of provincialism, provided it has decided merit and is not couched in a too barbarous jargon, it is devoutly to be wished that we are not to witness a permanent revival of that abomination, the dialect story, which so sadly disfigured our magazines and tried our patience a few years ago.

I have before me two volumes of Irish short stories—one "Through the Turf Smoke," by Seumas MacManus (Morang); and the other "The Auld Meetin' Hoose Green," sketches of rural Ulster, by Archibald Mellroy (Revell). Each of these books contains some interesting yarns, cleverly told, but neither is uniform in merit throughout, nor is either a work likely to be as widely read as "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." Seumas MacManus paints the humorous and ludicrous side of Irish life, often in strong colors, that are manifestly laid on somewhat thickly. His exaggerated situations and characters are in the nature of caricature, and it is on this element throughout that he depends mainly for his effects. "The Auld Meetin' Hoose Green" is more restrained and delicate. If its atmosphere in general is graver, its humor is much more refined and keen. It touches the broad humanities in a way that the MacManus stories do not. In parts it is decidedly pathetic.

I CANNOT better illustrate the character of the two books and their differences than by giving an incident from each.

In "Through the Turf Smoke," there is a story of the Prince of Wales' Donegal Militia, in which is described the attempt of Colonel Bloodanfire to bring off a sham fight for the edification of a number of friends, to whom he had boasted of the efficiency of his corps. The first attempt was unsuccessful, because, just as the charge was well under way, the dinner gong sounded, and both attackers and attacked rushed precipitately to the barrack-yard for refreshments; the second attempt was equally unfortunate, owing to the defending party losing their courage and retreating in disorder at the critical moment—only one valiant private, Donal McGlanaghy, standing his ground; the third attempt ended in a free fight between attackers and attacked. The day after these incidents Colonel Bloodanfire reviews and reprimands his regiment, and finally calls up private McGlanaghy to recognize his good conduct. Asked what he would wish in reward, McGlanaghy replies, "Well, yer honor, Colonel, I'm thinkin' maybe ye'd be afther givin' me the Viethory Crass. I b'lieve it's given in reward for such actions."

"What! the Victoria Cross!" said the Colonel, taken aback. "The Victoria Cross. Oh, but you know, my good man, that is an honor only given as the very highest and greatest reward for the most daring and valiant action a British soldier could perform. The Victoria Cross! Oh, no, no, my good man, that is far beyond my power. You will have to ask for something else, something more moderate, something more in reason."

"Well, then, Colonel, yer honor," said Donal, touching his cap again and standing erect, "if ye couldn't give me the Viethory Crass, maybe, Colonel, yer honor, ye could give me an ould, half-worn pair o' trousers ye'd have no mo'e use for!"

AND now for the sample of Mr. Mellroy's Ulster humor. Scobes, a "natural," is asked by a Salvation Army officer to buy a War Cry. "What'n a war's gan' on noo'," said Scobes. "The great war between the world and the devil." "A niver hard o't. Hoo long have they been fechtin'?" "Many thousands of years—since the beginning of time." "Dear man, they mun a' bin weel matched."

One would take this for a Scotch story, and, indeed, the dialect of "The Auld Meetin' Hoose Green" throughout smacks much of Scotland, but I am told that the people of a large portion of Ulster speak quite like their cousins across the Irish Channel.

CAXTON.

Turgenev's
Volume of
Short Stories.

THOSE who delight in the story in which the hero and heroine marry and "live happily ever afterwards," will scarcely enjoy Ivan Turgenev's "Diary of a Superfluous Man, and other stories." (Macmillan). If one is to take this book as an exposition of the author's opinion of romantic love, the harvest of evil produced by this widely scattered seed is enormous. M. Turgenev surely believes that edifying and ennobling love between the sexes is possible; but, in these stories one gets no warrant for such a supposition—the object of the writer evidently being to drive home the one idea that, what most of us would call "sentimentality," in the relations of men and women, is both a symptom and a cause of moral disease, boding ill for all concerned. Therefore, he makes his heroes, with one or two exceptions, extreme types of love-sick youth, only to drag them onward and downward through a slough of despond, to satiety, discontent, and moral ossification. The dark groundwork of the stories is relieved here and there by strong and wholesome characters, but these are always more or less insensible to the tender passion. Turgenev's view is extreme, and, like all extreme views, is only a half-view after all. The common experience and observation of mankind will not bear out his conclusion that romantic love is so universally disastrous in its consequences.

P.V.N.

Literary
Chit-Chat.

DR. CONAN DOYLE tells a story about himself which is amusing if somewhat embroidered for fun's sake. He declares that when he left school his master called him into his study and solemnly said: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good."

Mr. Whiteing's novel, "No. 5, John Street," is in its fourteenth edition in England. The book is in process of translation into German.

A well-known English writer on natural history explains the present extraordinary popularity of books on that subject thus: "I think the great reason is that people cooped up in cities have an instinctive desire towards the country. They can only gratify it by an occasional trip or a bicycle ride, but in books they find a continuous substitute."

For many years, Palmer Cox, the Canadian artist-poet and originator of the Brownies, has had his studio in an upper loft of an office building in Broadway, New York, in what was once the centre of the book-publishers' region. The book business is now rapidly moving up town, and one large firm will shortly move far above Madison Square, in what was farm land when the elder Scribner and the original Harpers were laying the foundations of their fortunes. Mr. Cox's studio bore a close resemblance, externally, to the offices of the commercial men who shared his building. There was one marked difference, however, between his room and theirs. They were usually in their offices; he was seldom in his. The artist spends a large part of his time out of town or in his pleasant home, and the visitor who hopes to find him in his office must first make an appointment.



"And by opposing, end them."

NOW that the season has, to a certain extent, begun, old manners and customs, relative to the carrying out or enjoyment of all species of gaiety, come into prominence. And though they may, as a rule, be noticeable for good taste, one is occasionally struck by the want of it.

Balls and dances will soon, in all probability, be multiplying to a considerable degree. In Montreal we always have a fair share of such entertainments. And before we lose ourselves in the excitement of the moment, it would be as well to look into one or two customs that have become existing facts in this city, and may, or may not, be prevalent in other places. No doubt, many will disagree as to the need of their suppression; but, is a vote often carried by acclamation in connection with any formulated opinion?

PEOPLE entertain, undeniably, for the pleasure of their friends. Occasionally, it must be confessed, they do so for reasons other than that. Large entertainments have been known to set the givers upon a more solid social basis than they hitherto could boast. Widely scattered invitation cards have a way of imitating, in no small way, the judicious casting of bread upon water. For the scatterer is apt to have his or her engagement book filled up after comparatively few days. But this is neither here nor there. While we are enjoying hospitality, we ought to be sufficiently well-bred to recollect that it is hospitality, and that, under such circumstances, our behaviour should be regulated a little differently than under some other circumstances.

It seems to be almost an impossibility here to give a dance and leave out programmes. One hears the guests vigorously protesting that their absence is an improvement, and a moment later one sees the various girls, worried and harassed, trying to remember whether the 18th was given to A, or if B took the 14th or the 1st extra; while one discerns A, B, C and D with any procurable stump of pencil scribbling frantically on their cuffs, old envelopes or anything they can find. Meantime, the hostess, who withheld dance cards, not as a matter of ceremony, but merely to institute a change, wonders vaguely if she is really responsible for this uncomfortable state of things. So we keep up the custom of programmes, and what do we have as a result?

THE giver of the dance, perhaps ignorant of our usual proceedings, unwittingly places the cards in the dressing-room, as the most convenient place, which it doubtless is. In consequence, at the hour appointed, or, if they are wise, a little before, for we are apt to arrive unconsciously early, the host and hostess take up their positions in the ball or reception room. Cabs come and go, cloaked and ulstered figures disappear through the hall. At last, the buzz of many voices begins. Visibly, those waiting to receive prepare for pleasant greetings. The buzz increases to a subdued roar; the roar increases in volume. No one appears. Presently, a small percentage of guests, apparently not possessed with the shyness of the rest, are shaken by the hand, and somewhat dejectedly stand about, uncertain as to action. And from hall and stairway come the laughter and chatter: "Sixteenth? No." "Sorry I've engaged." "May I have supper?" "Why, you said the second waltz." "How few two-steps!" "Well you can have an extra-extra." Then with programmes filled, or with expressions that denote unsatisfactory arrangements, the

balance of invited ones throng in, and go through that most objectionable custom of bidding a polite "How d'ye do" to the promoter of their evening's pleasure.

Is this exaggerated? I think not. It is a most common spectacle; though one must not deduce from this that everyone is so wanting in the knowledge of the fitness of things. And worldly wisdom is rapidly discovering that opportunity is responsible for many sins. Consequently, inside the ball-room are the cards dispensed, and good manners are inculcated by compulsion, not left to instinct.

WHIO among us, on being invited out to dinner or supper, would demand various edibles that were not upon the menu, or comment openly at the scarcity of courses, any more than we would ask for an older vintage from our host's cellar, or criticize the wine offered to us? Possessed of a wine-card, and prepared to pay for our critical tastes, we do so, but not otherwise. How is it, then, when a special programme of dances has been arranged by the host and hostess, in conjunction with the orchestra, that we have the atrociously bad taste to insist by our clamor for a repetition of each number that pleases us, to ask unhesitatingly for the interspersing of extras, and, after staying to the bitter end of a lengthy programme, unblushingly demand several dances more? Of course, it must demonstrate our appreciation of the amusement provided. But are we entitled to ask for what has not been offered? And, talking of that, instances are not unknown of men so utterly incorrigible as to ask the orchestra to change a waltz to a two-step, or lancers to a waltz, as the case might be! Can it be good form to demonstrate an insatiable appetite for extra dances, when it is the essence of vulgarity to display an illimitable greed for the flesh-pots?

It would seem but a small matter to recollect we are in no way compensating for the kindness of heart and generosity that occasions our pleasure, except by our presence. And though some imagine that to be sufficient recompense, they are not justified in this conception. It is not to be expected that these remarks, fated, perchance, to be set down as "a deluge of words upon a desert of ideas," will work the reform that is so necessary. But it is most earnestly to be hoped, whether Montreal is singular or not in these particular characteristics, that before another winter is past instinct will prompt a reversion of action that advice is slow to effect. By our ways are we known, and it is well that others' knowledge of us should be to our magnification, not disparagement.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM McLENNAN are among the Montrealers wintering abroad. It is understood that they will spend the coming winter in the Island of Sicily, where it is hoped the mild climate will do much for Mr. McLennan's health.

Miss Alice Blackwell is making a stay of some weeks in New York, where she is visiting Mrs. Scott.

ON Thursday afternoon, last week, Mrs. Durnford, Clarendon avenue, gave a very pleasant tea for Miss Penner, of Kingston, who is visiting her.

Invitations are out for a large dance to be given at the Montreal Hunt on Wednesday, November 15th, by Mrs. Forget, Sherbrooke street.

Last week, Mrs. Geo. A. Drummond entertained a number of young people at dinner to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Drummond.

LAST week, Mrs. James Bell, Dorchester street, gave a very pleasant tea. Among the guests were Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. F. Stephens, the Misses Stephens, Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Miss Stephens, Miss Robertson, Miss Eadie, Mrs. May, Mrs. A. D. MacTier, Miss G. Stearns, Miss Howard, Mrs. H. MacCulloch and many others.

Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Peel street, has returned from Hamil-

SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

ton, where she has been visiting the Misses Ramsay, for some weeks.

Last Friday, Mrs. Meighen, Drummond street, gave a most delightful dinner and theatre party for a number of Miss Meighen's friends.

MR. AND MRS. A. T. PATERSON, and Miss Grace Paterson, leave very shortly for England, where they will spend the winter months at Bournemouth, that most delightful watering-place.

Mrs. A. M. Crombie is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, in Toronto, for a short time.

ON Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. J. M. Pangman received hosts of visitors at her pretty house on Union avenue. Her sister, Miss Burnett, Miss Ewan and Miss Brainerd helped her to receive her many friends.

Mrs. Clarke Murray sailed last week by the Teutonic for England, where she will spend some months.

Mrs. Alex. Molson and Miss Molson have taken up their residence at 118 St. Matthew street for the winter.

THE marriage of Mr. Huntley Drummond, and Miss May Reynolds, of New Haven, Conn., has been arranged to take place early in December.

This afternoon, Friday, Mrs. George Molson will entertain a large number of friends at afternoon tea.

The many friends of Mrs. Simms, University street, will regret to hear that her illness continues to be of a very serious nature.

MR. W. R. MILLER, 308 Stanley street, has issued invitations for a large tea on Tuesday, November 14.

This evening, Friday, Mrs. Johnson, 5 Prince of Wales' Terrace, is giving a small dance, which will, no doubt, be as successful as her jolly little dances always are.

Mr. Stikeman, of the Bank of British North America, left last week for England, where he will remain for some weeks.

MR. BENSON, and Mrs. C. G. Hope, who have spent the summer in England, returned this week by the Californian. Mrs. Benson is staying with Mrs. Hope before leaving for Cardinal.

Mr. James Cantlie, jr., has returned to Saranac, where he will spend the winter, for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Smith, who have for many years made England their home, will spend the winter in Montreal.

Mr. G. F. Benson, Ontario avenue, has returned from a short visit to Quebec.

ON Friday last, Mrs. Charles Percy, Weredale Park, gave a very pleasant tea.

Miss Dunlop, 912 Sherbrooke street, also entertained a few friends at a very jolly little tea on Friday afternoon.

MR. TORRANCE, wife of the late Judge Torrance, is among the many Canadians who will winter in Italy.

Mrs. F. C. Crawford, who has been confined to the house through illness for the past week or so, is very much better.

Mrs. Alec Esdaile is paying a short visit to Mrs. S. Green-shields, Cote St. Antoine, Westmount.

A STORY which may or may not be true, but which is rather amusing, is being told of the Earl of Aberdeen. It seems that in his Eton days, he was possessed of a conscience that was devoid, apparently, of the elasticity which in schoolboys makes many things permissible. One Sunday he consulted one of the upper masters as to whether he thought it would be

very sinful to oil his cricket bat on that day, seeing that it was a common practice among the other boys. The boy's anxious expression prompted the no doubt amused master to say that, though he would not consider it a deadly sin, perhaps it would be better to ask his form master. "Oh," replied young Gordon, "I've asked him, and he says it is all right if one does it in a reverent and humble spirit!" That form master was something of a diplomat, evidently. It is to be hoped the "reverent and humble spirit" was as conducive to good results on the bat as the more ordinary combination of oil and elbow grease.

WITH the sharp November weather that is bringing out furs and heavy coats, and with them a suspicion of camphor and moth-balls, comes the pleasant recollection that skating is not far off. And many are the anxious queries as to whether the Victoria rink will open its doors to its old members, many of them subscribers since it first was incorporated. Last year, though it may not have been considered such a success from a financial standpoint, it certainly was appreciated as such by those who skated there. The season was a long one, the ice capital throughout, and the fact that everyone there knew everyone else, or very nearly so, made one feel as though it were really a club, as in the old days. And though the M.A.A.A. rink is excellent in every way, except the length of its season, and numerous rinks are cropping up in all quarters of the city, the Victoria rink would be an irreparable loss to a very large circle of enthusiasts, who would miss not only the exercise, but the social intercourse for which it is responsible.

IT will be rather interesting to note whether the Transvaal trouble will form such a boon to the writers of fiction, short stories, poems and articles, as did "Our War with Spain." Young writers, especially, are ever on the lookout for anything up-to-date that can be converted into saleable copy. And so it is to be reasonably expected, but not hoped, that patriotic poems, battlefield epics, "unbiased opinions" of Boer characteristics, and sketches short and long, of Tommy Atkins, at home, abroad, taking leave, or being welcomed back, will compose the subject matter of our magazines. For why should we not seize the opportunity as well as anyone else? And we don't have a war every year, to treat in the realistic manner we have learned to seek, in current literature!

MR. AND MISS NAPIER, of London, Eng., arrived this week from England, and it is with great pleasure that their many friends hear that they purpose making their home in Canada for some little time to come.

MR. AND MRS. STANWAY returned this week from England, where they have been spending a long and delightful holiday.

Among other Montrealers who have spent some time abroad are Mrs. R. L. Gault and the Misses Gault. They returned this week by the Californian, and will reopen their house, 906 Sherbrooke street. Miss Ethel Gault, who has ever been most popular, will be very warmly welcomed by her friends.

ON Monday afternoon, Mrs. M. H. Gault, "Braehead," gave a large and very pleasant tea for a great number of Miss Edythe Gault's friends. The tea-table was placed at the back end of the long drawing-room, which looked unusually pretty with its softly shaded pink lights, and Miss Beatrice Allan, Miss Lillian Gault and Miss Finley attended to the wants of the guests. Conversation seldom flags at tea-parties, or anywhere else, it is said, where women congregate; so that where all were intimate friends the laughter and chatter indulged in would have done duty for double the number of people, and was a conclusive proof of their enjoyment. Among those present were: Miss Arnton, Miss Allan, Miss Ewan, the

Misses Dunlop, Miss Brainerd, Miss Eadie, Miss Burnett, Miss O'Brien, Miss Sybil Johnson, Miss Clay, Mrs. P. R. Gault, Miss Parker, Mrs. G. Macintosh, Miss Mabel Molson, Mrs. H. Molson, Miss May Stephens, Miss M. Greenshields, Miss Reford, Miss Meighen, Miss MacCallum, Mrs. Ibbotson, Mrs. Blackader, Miss Cundill, Miss D. Lyman.

THE Misses Clouston, sisters of Mr. E. S. Clouston, have taken up their residence in Toronto for the winter.

MR. F. PAUL, of the well-known firm of Belding, Paul & Co., has lately returned from visiting his family, who for the past two years have made their home in Dresden, Germany. Miss Louise Paul is spending the winter in Paris, where she intends studying languages and music.

MISS CARMICHAEL, West Virginia, is visiting her uncle, the Very Reverend Dean Carmichael, St. George's Rectory.

IN spite of December being a somewhat cheerless month for marriages, as a rule, it seems to be a popular one this year. For early in the month the marriage will take place of Mr. F. C. Hutchison, of the Bank of Montreal, and Miss Payne, of Wilkesbarre, Penn. Mr. Hutchison is most popular in social and golfing circles, and his future wife, Miss Payne, is also well known in Montreal, having frequently visited here, the guest of Mrs. F. W. May.

Then, before Christmas, the wedding will take place of Miss Mabel Galt, daughter of the late Sir A. T. Galt, and Mr. McGrath, of Lethbridge, Alberta. Miss Galt will be very much missed in Montreal, for she will make her home in Lethbridge, as Mr. McGrath's business necessitates his residence there.

IT is with much regret that the news has been received of Mr. Alfred Trevithick's intended departure for Brussels, which in the future will be his home. At the same time, he is to be congratulated on the excellent position he will assume there in connection with the Egyptian Government Railway.

ON Friday last, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Sherbrooke street, entertained a number of friends at luncheon. Among those invited were: Mrs. C. McEachran, Mrs. J. C. Hatton, Mrs. H. M. Allan, Mrs. A. M. Esdaile, Mrs. Louis Sutherland, Mrs. Frank Stephen.

IN spite of all the calls upon private generosity for public ends, there seems to be no limit to the liberality of some prominent Montrealers. The gift of one individual has supplied St. Paul's Church with a new organ; through another, St. George's will soon be the richer by a new clock and chime of bells. And last, but not least, comes the turn of Christ Church Cathedral to be showered with benefits. Mr. Hector Mackenzie is responsible for the donation of a "celestial organ," which contains eight stops and a chime of bells, and is to be placed in the tower. By those competent to judge, it is said that this gift will be a wonderfully beautiful addition to the musical portion of the service. It is always pleasant to hear of any improvement to the cathedral, which, architecturally, is one of the most perfect edifices in the city.

MR. AND MRS. C. B. ESDAILE have lately taken up their residence in those very delightful apartment houses situated at the corner of Durocher and Sherbrooke streets.

The growing demand for flats, with their lack of stairs and waste room, and the presence of all modern improvements, makes one fear for the total abolition or demolition of self-contained houses. The day may come when the various sets in Montreal will find it pleasanter to live in self-supported institutions with a common kitchen, dining-room and drawing-room, and even day-nursery. Thus, the servant question would cease to be a common topic, for a dozen families would soon say all they had to say, in regard to one cook.

MR AND MRS. ALEX. SINCLAIR and Miss Sinclair, who have spent the summer at Dorval, will remain in Montreal for the winter, and have taken Mr. W. McLennan's house, 1052 Dorchester street.

Mrs. Charles Percy, Weredale Park, left this week on a short visit to Mrs. Meredith, Port Hope.

ON Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. D. B. Macpherson, Mountain street, entertained a number of friends at a most delightful tea. Miss Dunlop, Miss L. Dunlop, the Misses Taylor, Miss Ewan and Mrs. W. Wonham assisted in the tea-room, and among those invited were: Mrs. Coristine, Miss Coristine, Mrs. E. H. King, Mrs. Papineau, Mrs. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mrs. H. Graham, Mrs. E. G. Penny, Mrs. Gillespie Muir, Mrs. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. W. A. Fleming, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mrs. Denne, Mrs. Spackman, Mrs. G. Molson, Miss Molson, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Bond, the Misses Bond, Mrs. H. Wonham, Mrs. Parker, Miss Parker, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Root, Mrs. Durnford, Mrs. G. Ross, Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, Mrs. Tyre, Miss Tyre, Mrs. Piers, Miss Piers, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Burnett, Mrs. J. F. Burnett, Mrs. G. A. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Brainerd, Miss Brainerd, Miss Hagar, Mrs. J. K. Ward, the Misses Ward, Mrs. J. Taylor, Miss B. Taylor, Mrs. Ewan, the Misses Ewan, Mrs. Shaughnessy, Miss Shaughnessy, Mrs. J. M. Pangman, Miss Linton, Miss Towne, Mrs. Mitchell, the Misses Mitchell, Mrs. Wonham, Miss Wonham, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. Eadie, Miss Eadie, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Mrs. A. A. Browne, Mrs. K. R. Macpherson, Mrs. Mills, Miss Mills, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Peterson, and many others.

MISS L. THISTLE, who was visiting Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, has returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Dickie, of Dublin, Ireland, arrived in Montreal this week, and is visiting Mrs. John Hope, "Dalmeny," Dorchester street.

Miss Mabel Selater, eldest daughter of C. P. Selater, will spend the winter in London studying at the Slade School of Art.

THE eleventh annual afternoon tea, to be held at Conservatory Hall, St. Catherine street, on Saturday, November 18, promises to be, as usual, a delightful entertainment. It has always a large and fashionable attendance. The music is always good and the refreshments prettily served. Besides, it is in aid of a praiseworthy object, the Montreal Free Library, which has a circulation of some 18,000 volumes yearly, and supplies the best literature in every department to all who may apply, irrespective of creed or race. The library should be better known, and is certainly deserving of public encouragement.

CHURCH bazaars will soon be a thing of the past in Montreal, as it is understood Archbishop Bruchesi has forbidden them for the future.

NEXT WEEK'S FEATURES.

LIFE, next week, will contain much matter to interest and entertain the average reader. The final instalment of Sir Robert Peel's clever novel will appear, and also an excellent short story by Adeline Sergeant, author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," "Jacobi's Wife," "Under False Pretences," "The Great Mill Street Mystery," etc. A number of portraits and sketches of prominent people and several special articles of a timely character will be provided, and the paper, as usual, will be profusely illustrated and handsomely printed. Everyone should secure a copy. The following week, November 25, we shall commence the publication of a capital new serial story, "Lady Mary of the Dark House," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, a writer of growing reputation.

Our 5-Minute Story

THE LAST TIME.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

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THE man mounted the stairs with a light foot and burst into the sorry little attic on the top storey, laughing from sheer joy of heart. His wife was hushing the baby to sleep, and at the sound of his tempestuous entry she held up a warning hand.

"Never mind about the kid," said the man. "Let him wake up if he likes. I feel too jolly to be quiet."

The woman's face took on an expression of great gladness.

"Why, Bob," she cried, "you don't never mean to say—?"

"Yus, I do," said he. "I've got the job!"

And he executed a very long, slow, solemn dance. The baby sat up and crowed joyously.

"I'm to start on Monday," said Bob. "That'll give us time to get the sticks together before prattin'. And once out of London—away from the smoke, wi' trees around us instead o' houses—with a chat of our own and the money coming in reg'lar and on the straight—I'll be a different man."

"You'll be yourself again," said his wife.

"That countryfied old self I can only just remember. So I shall. And I want to be that old self again. I'm tired o' Rob Ryot the suideman, screwsman, peter-claimer, what you like so long as it ain't honest. I want to be Bob Ryot the bloomin' yokel, with a knowledge o' gardenin' in general an' graffin' in particular. And I'll be him. Put on your squeeze dress and we'll make a night of it. The kid won't hurt if we leave him with the landlady. Hey, old lady? What say?"

"Pr'raps we hadn't better go out," faltered Mrs. Ryot, between longing and prudence.

"Rats!" said he.

And that decided it.

They were on the point of starting when the door opened and a man entered the room. He was small, of mean appearance, and crafty demeanor. He had dispensed with the formality of knocking; the formality of a greeting he also omitted.

"Evenin', Jimmy," said Bob.

"I've come on business," said Jimmy, sitting down. "If Mrs. Ryot wouldn't mind going out on the landin' for a bit we might get on to it quick."

"It doesn't matter about her."

"Oh, don't it though!" cried Jimmy. "I think it do. You know what it is when the 'tees get nosing around a woman. Out comes the whole b'iling. And the woman never knowin' as she's let on. 'Sech a nice man called to-day.' That's them when you come home. 'Sech a nice man—knew your brother Jack in Australia.' 'Garn!' says you 'Jack wasn't never in Australia at all. It was Cape Colony as Jack used to adorn.' 'Oh, but he said he knew him quite well,' she says, not half believing you. 'Then he's a qualified liar,' says you; and you tell him that again when he meets you at the Sessions; but it ain't no good, and you get fullied, sure as Adam. 'Sech a nice man he was—so gen'im'nly.' Ugh!"

"Can't your business wait, Jimmy? Me and the missus is going out."

"Not to night you ain't. Business can't never wait. Take off that go-to-meeting clobber, Mrs. Ryot. Your husband's looked to me."

Mrs. Ryot looked at him, and there was a shadow of

alarm upon her face. "What do you want wi' Bob?" she asked.

"There you go! There you go!" snarled Jimmy. "That's a woman all over! She must be askin' questions. Why? Where? How?—When? Who? What? That's them. It ain't to be surprised at as all men are liars, seein' the questions women ask. But I ain't agoin' to let on. Bob can if he likes."

Bob scratched his head.

"Is it a—burglary you want Bob for?" asked Mrs. Ryot.

Jimmy half rose with a savage growl. "Shut it!" he cried.

"Don't go tellin' the world."

"So that is your business?"

"Yuss!"

Mrs. Ryot laughed. "Then it can wait," said she.

"What d'ye mean?" asked Jimmy, looking from her to her husband. "'Ere, Bob, open your mouth an' say sutthink. It gives me the fair knock, palaverin' with a woman."

"You see, Jimmy," said Bob, "I've got a job."

"A whatter?" asked Jimmy, incredulously.

"A job. As gardener down Eltham way. Big house. Lot o' servants. Lodge all to myself. Everythink known about me by the boss. Nothink known about me by anyone else. All shipshape and comfortable, and thirty quid a year reg'lar."

"'Ere, I say, you'll go and get drunk or sutthink with all that money," sneered Jimmy. Bob laughed. "All the same, that's no reason why you shouldn't help me with this bust to-night."

"Don't go, Bob," cried his wife, in quick dread.

"Tain't likely," said Bob.

Jimmy gave no sign of any emotion. He sat looking at Mrs. Ryot in silence, his thin-lipped mouth drawn out in a wry smile. At last he spoke.

"Well, you're a nice sort o' pal, I don't think," he said.

"Very sorry," said Bob; "but I've done with all that sort o' thing."

"Ah!" reflected Jimmy. "Well, it's never too late to begin again, is it? You'll begin again to-night!"

"Not me."

"Yuss—you. Look 'ere. Didn't I help you last time, when you couldn't find a mate for love or toffee? And didn't you promise as you'd do the same for me nex' time I arst? Hey? And ain't I holdin' out my hat now?"

"Did I promise?" asked Bob, weakly.

"Was you ever born? Yes and yes. You did promise. And even if you hadn't promised you'd be bound as an honorable man to come to-night wi' me."

"I wish you'd let me off it, Jimmy."

"But, Bob," cried Mrs. Ryot, "surely you're never thinkin' of goin'?"

"Well, you see, my dear, a promise is a promise, and—"

"Don't—don't go!"

"It's the softest little thing I've spotted for years," said Jimmy. "It'll be just like shelling peas. A fairish-sized house up Muswell Hill way. Owned by a military man, retired. Eccentric old card, livin' all by himself. It was made to be burgled. Must ha' been run up by a screwsman turned builder for old association's sake!"

"Can't you do it by yourself?"

"No. I ain't strong enough. And I ain't got enough sand in me. I get the terrors workin' single-handed. And it ain't so safe neither. Then I want your spreader. There's bars on all the windows."

"Jimmy," cried Mrs. Ryot, "don't ask Bob to go."

"Fair's fair," said Jimmy. "You never arst him not to ask me to go that other bust, did you?"

"It'll be the last time, old gal," said Bob.

"Then you are going!"

"I must."

"You shan't go."

"Don't be a goat."

"You shan't go. I'll give you away. I'll follow you. I'll"

—she made a movement toward Jimmy—"I'll tear your ugly face to ribbons, I will," she screamed.

"I'll wait for you downstairs," said Jimmy. "I don't wonder I'm a mahoganyist, as they call it. There's only one thing certain about a woman, and that's— No, even her temper is uncertain."

And he strolled out.

For half an hour he waited on the doorstep with perfect patience. At the end of that time Bob appeared; it was obvious that he had been crying. Jimmy said no word, but led him into the first public-house and ordered two stiff drinks.

"Got the twirls?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"The jakes?"

"Yes. Everything."

"The neddy?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I hate using the neddy."

"Of course you do. So do I. But if it comes to a rough-and-tumble you must have something to hit a man with, and I ain't got one. I ain't big enough to be violent."

"You'll do," said Bob.

They had a few more drinks, then made their way northward. Toward midnight they were trudging the Finchley lanes. A policeman caused them much trouble by following them. They had to waste an hour in shaking him off, before they could proceed to their goal. At last, however, they were quit of him, and under the windows of the house. Everything was dark and still.

"I'll just prowl around and take a' observation," said Jimmy.

"All right. Be quick," said Bob.

He stood shivering in the black shadow whilst Jimmy stole stealthily from door to door, window to window.

"We'd better try the kitchen way, I think," said Jimmy, when he returned. "It seems easiest. Hark!"

"I didn't hear nothink. What did you think it was?"

"I dunno. Fancy, I expect."

They crept softly among the flower beds.

"This is the window," said Jimmy, at last.

It was barred without and shuttered within.

"Soft as silk," said Bob, becoming interested. "I'll have to use the spreader."

He felt in his capacious pockets and drew out the implement he required. He fastened it to the bars and began to force them apart. They bent like wire under his strength, the rust falling in brown flakes upon his hands.

"That's wide enough, Bob," said Jimmy. "I can easily get through that. Now the window."

With a thin, strong knife, Bob pushed back the hasp, and began, very cautiously, to open the window.

"How about the shutters?" whispered Jimmy.

"Jest a bar-fastening, I suppose? 'Tain't likely to be anything more."

"Thunder!" cried Jimmy. "Now I come to think of it it's a new bar with a spring catch."

"Sure?"

"Sure as death."

"It'll take us half an hour to unscrew it. We'd better try a door."

Jimmy was consumed with self-reproach.

"I'll put a lemon in my mouth and sell my head to a pork-butcher," said he.

Bob attacked the door. The key had been left in the inside. Jimmy poked an oiled feather into the lock. Then Bob produced a pair of fine nippers which he inserted in the key hole. The key was gripped; he twisted it, and the door was practically open. Only two bolts and a chain remained to bar them out.

"We'll have to push the key out," said Bob. "Is the old gent a light sleeper?"



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Now, boys, if I give you a penny each will you throw away those nasty cigars?

BOY.—I tell ye wot. Gi' me a penny an' billy'll throw his away.

"It won't make no row, there's a mat," said Jimmy.

"Out it goes then," said Bob.

But the mat had evidently been removed, for the key fell with a loud jangle on the stone floor of the passage.

"Crumbs!" cried Jimmy. "That's done it!"

They waited and listened. The wind went sougling by, and an owl screamed. A moment later a window opened above them and a white head peeped out.

"Who's there?" asked a fierce voice.

"Now why don't you go back to bed?" whispered Jimmy.

"Who's there?" asked the fierce voice.

They crouched low under the bushes.

"Made sure I heard something," muttered the white head. "Sounded like a knock. Rats, perhaps."

In a minute or two the window was shut down again.

"We'll have to give the old boy a chance to drop off," remarked Jimmy. That is, if he's going to be sensible and not come prowling downstairs. Hark!"

"No, he's gone back to bed, I think," said Bob. "We'll wait a quarter of an hour; then we'll try our luck again."

The minutes passed, intolerably long, and without any further alarms, and at last Bob got to work again. He slipped back the bolts and unhooked the chain. The work had to be done noiselessly, therefore slowly. Jimmy handed the tools as they were required, and Bob patiently manipulated them. Both sighed, relieved when the door swung open, and they were free to enter the house.

Jimmy carried the lantern. He slipped back the dark slide and allowed the light to play upon the floor and walls. There was no sound, save the occasional creaking of a loose board; but the still gloom breathed terror, and the faces of the two men, dimly discernable to one another through the darkness, were strained and white.

The room doors were unlocked. First, they entered the

FIVE MINUTE STORY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

parlor, but a very brief investigation of the furniture satisfied them that nothing of value was to be found there. They passed through folding-doors into a second apartment furnished as a study. A fire still smouldered in the grate; in the air was an odor of tobacco smoke; on the table were bottles and glasses. They drank some whisky and proceeded to open, one by one, the drawers of the writing table. But nothing worth taking did they find. They examined two bronze vases on the mantel-piece, and in one was a small sum in silver, which they appropriated. They put into their bag a meerschaum pipe and a silver cigarette case.

"Not much of a cop as yet," whispered Bob.

"He keeps his money in his bedroom, the old swine," Jimmy answered. "Look here, we musn't hang it out too long. I'll go upstairs. I'm softer on the pads than you."

"None o' your bogey, y' know," said Bob.

"Would I kid you now?" Jim cried indignantly. "You tour round the back a bit."

"I'll wait in the kitchen."

"All gay!"

They stole out of the study together, and parted in the hall at the foot of the stairs. Bob went into the kitchen, and Jimmy crept up to the bedrooms, thrilling with a consciousness of daring. His movements were soft, sure and agile as a cat's. Even his breathing seemed suspended. He knelt down on the first landing with his ear to a keyhole, and listened. A pleasant sound of snoring came to him, and he indulged in the cheap luxury of a noiseless chuckle. His fingers closed silently on the handle and turned it. There was no interruption of the sounds within. He pushed softly against the door. It did not open; it was locked.

"I must use the twirls," said Jimmy.

He set down the lantern on a table and pulled out a bunch of skeleton keys. In a few seconds he found one which fitted, and, very carefully, he opened the door. A dim light flickered out. Jimmy lay down flat upon his stomach and peeped into the room. A candle flickered on the washstand. He looked toward the bed and saw the face of the sleeping man. It was an old, tired face, seamed and grey, wearing even in sleep an expression of unrest.

Jimmy wormed his body into the room, inch by inch. Over against the fireplace was a portable iron safe; he could see the shining yellow paint upon it, and his heart began to thump hotly, loudly, within him. He wriggled along cautiously until he had crossed the floor. His hand clutched a corner of the safe, and then he uttered an irrepressible grunt of disgust. The safe was fastened by a chain to an iron staple in the hearth. For a moment he lay, too discouraged to stir; then he turned over gently on his back and began to search in his pockets. He found what he wanted, a pair of small, steel pliers. The sharp point of these he inserted in one of the links, and by means of the handles began to force it apart. To prevent the chain from rattling he wrapped his neckcloth about it.

He was a weakly man, and his efforts brought out a dew of sweat upon his face. But he struggled on, putting out all his strength, and at last he had made a fissure in one link large enough to slip the next link through. The chain was broken. He lay for a moment, trying to recover his breath without undue panting; then he began to rise to his feet. When he was erect he stooped and tested the weight of the safe. It was too heavy for him.

"I shall have to get Bob to help me, after all," he whispered within himself. He was angry at his failure, for he had meant to dazzle his companion with his success. With an ill grace he turned toward the door. And then he heard a sound from the bed—a sharp click—that stopped his heart. He turned quickly, startled, and met the wide eyes of the man upon the bed. Blue bright eyes were they, humid from age and weakness, but afire with courage and resolution. Jimmy uttered a groan of fear,

as he saw, outlined against the white pillow on a level with the hoary chin, the shining point of a revolver.

"Don't shoot," he gasped.

"What are you doing here?" asked the old man.

"Nuffink!" cried Jimmy. "Leastways, I won't do nuffink if you only won't shoot. Put it down, sir."

The old man smiled grimly and pushed down the bed-clothes. He protruded a muscular, brown leg.

"For God's sake, let me go," whined Jimmy. "Don't get me lagged. I'm only on this lay ag'in' my better self. I was born honest, sir, I was, straight."

"Be quiet!" said the old man.

Jimmy's voice subsided to a weak whimper. The old man sat up on the edge of the bed, still covering him with the revolver.

"What are you going to do wi' a honest cove as 'as gone wrong through evil company, sir?" whispered Jimmy.

"Hush!" cried the old man. "What is that?"

Jimmy was silent. He listened. A footfall was audible upon the stairs.

"Are there two of you?" asked the old man. "Are there? Are there?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Tell your companion, then, to keep out of the room. The moment he enters I will shoot."

"Keep out, Bob!" wailed Jimmy.

His voice rang out clear and shrill. There was an answering growl from without and the handle of the door rattled. Jimmy, screaming in his overmastering fear, swept the candle off the wash-stand and ducked. A report rang out. He felt a sudden pang of pain in his arm and his shirt became in an instant hot and wet. He darted for the door and collided violently with Bob. They staggered, clutched desperately at one another, and fell rolling downstairs into the hall, locked in an unwilling embrace. They lay, half-stunned, upon the stone flooring.

The door above them opened and the old man appeared, bearing the re-lighted candle. In his hand he carried the revolver. Deliberately he pointed it at the writhing men below and fired twice.

Jimmy saw Bob rise suddenly in the flickering light; for an instant he stood erect, then swayed forward, and fell headlong.

"Bob! Bob!" cried Jimmy.

Bob did not stir.

Jimmy looked up at the watching figure at the head of the stairs.

"Murderer!" he shrieked.

The old man raised his arm as if to fire again. Jimmy cowered back, and then ran stooping through the open doorway into the cold, starlit garden.

The rain dribbled slowly down the panes, and the casement rattled in the wind, as if a peevish child were shaking it. It was the middle of the forenoon. All night Mrs. Royt had sat waiting for the return of her husband. Now, worn out at last, she nodded in a chair upon the hearth. The baby lay whimpering upon the bed. Louder and more insistent grew the voice of its complaining. At last it uttered a prolonged, shrill yell, and Mrs. Royt awoke.

"Bob!" she whispered, and looked hastily, eagerly about the room. "Not come home yet?"

She went to the bed and crooned over her child.

There came a step upon the stairs. The door was flung open violently, and a tatterdemalion figure lurched into the room. It was Jimmy. His face was grey and drawn with agony. He was hatless, and his clothes were stained thickly with wet mud. His right arm dangled loosely at his side. In his left hand he clutched a crumpled newspaper. He fell across the bed and lay gasping.

Mrs. Royt rose up slowly and touched him on the shoulder. "Where is Bob?" she whispered.

He laughed aloud in delirium. "Mornin' paper—burglar shot dead—I see it wi' my own eyes—The last time—He said it was the last time—an' it was."

Mainly About People.

THE most recent, and, at the same time, most startling of automobile excursions, is that which Dr Lehweß, of the Automobile Club, proposes to undertake in the early part of next year. His scheme embraces a journey from Pekin to London on a motor-driven vehicle, a voyage of 8,000 miles. The best stretch of road will be in India, from Lahore to Calcutta. John F. Fraser, who has cycled in the Far East says there are not three consecutive miles of road in England as good for wheeling as the 1,200 miles' stretch of road from Lahore to Calcutta.

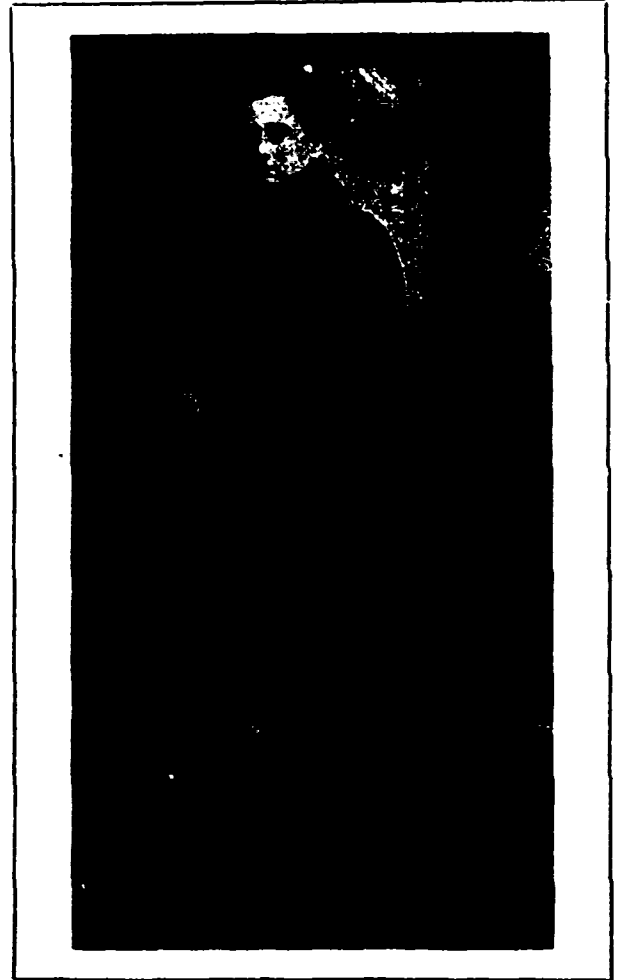
PRINCESS LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne, has been paying a round of visits, and one who has met her as a fellow-guest in a country house, furnishes a few observations which are of general interest. Princess Louise is far more particular than the Princess of Wales or Princess Christian that due recognition of her Royal rank should be made, but it is noted that no lady member of the Royal Family takes so little baggage or displays so few dresses when on country visits. She is devoted to embroidery, and always works as she talks. A very lively conversationalist, she not only speaks freely of family affairs, but plainly reveals where the rose-leaves are crumpled. Like all the Queen's daughters, she revels in a little bit of scandal, and she invariably writes it to "Mamma," as the Queen is called. She plays the piano well, in a florid style, and she carves beautifully. She is an excellent walker, enjoys a rubber of whist, but prefers a new game of patience.

THE late Sir William Penn Symons who was mortally wounded in the battle of Glencoe, was a good horseman and swordsman, and a crack shot with rifle and revolver. He came to the front in a field of action where these qualities were of eminent value. It was in the trying years that followed our victorious march to Mandalay. Theebaw's power had collapsed like a house of cards, and all seemed peace and submission, when, suddenly, insurrection flared up through hundreds of miles of swamp and forest. The Burmese guerillas had to be met with tactics like their own. Armies were useless. The rebels, here to-day and gone to-morrow, had to be hunted down and cut off by bands that could move as quickly as their own leaders, who had learned all the tricks of jungle warfare. Symons, with his little columns of mounted infantry, was the man who, through weary months of marching and fighting, broke down the resistance of the chiefs. A hundred times he faced death at close quarters, and always came off scathless, till his followers came to believe that the dashing soldier bore a charmed life.

THE DUCHESS of Devonshire, more than any other lady of the Unionist party, has shone as a political hostess; her parties at Devonshire House are thronged with celebrities, and here one may meet leaders of both parties and their wives. The Duchess is a daughter of Count von Alton, a noble and distinguished family, whose romantic Schloss is just outside Hanover; when she first settled in England, as the bride of the Duke of Manchester, her beauty and grace were on every tongue. Soon after the death of the Duke of Manchester she became the Duchess of Devonshire, and since then has given added lustre to the glories of Devonshire House, Chatsworth, Bolton, and the other lordly mansions, too numerous to mention, belonging to the Dukedom. During Lady Salisbury's illness, most of the Foreign Office presentations, and so forth, have fallen upon the Duchess of Devonshire, and right well has she performed the duties.

LADY MIDDLETON.

THE late Lady Middleton, of whom this is a lifelike portrait, was one of the most charming women Canada has produced, and the announcement of her death was profoundly regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Lady Middleton was Mlle. Cecile Eugénie Doucet, daughter of M. Theodore Doucet, notary public, of this city, and sister of



THE LATE LADY MIDDLETON.

one of Montreal's most respected citizens of the same name and profession. She met General (then Colonel) Middleton when he was in Canada with his regiment in 1870, and was married to him the same year, and accompanied him to England, living successively at Aldershot, where her husband was brigade-major, and at Sandhurst, where he was commandant of the Royal Military College. In 1884 when he was appointed to the command of the Canadian militia she returned to her native land. After his removal to England in 1892, General Middleton became keeper of the Crown Jewels, with headquarters at the Tower of London, and he and Lady Middleton occupied apartments in St. Thomas' tower, over the Traitors' Gate—one of the most interesting parts of this historic old keep. Here they resided till last year, when Sir Frederick died. Lady Middleton expected to take apartments shortly at Hampton Court. She grieved deeply over the death of her husband, and this, doubtless, hastened her own end. There are three children—Charles, who is in the service of the Niger Company, Africa; William, who is in the British navy, and a daughter, Mrs. Lemesurier, who lives in England.

Lady Middleton, during her last sojourn in Canada, was one of the most popular and admired women in Ottawa society.



THE CLOSE OF A GREAT LITERARY CAREER.

"THIS is the last thing I am likely to do," said Professor Goldwin Smith, with something akin to sadness, as he sat in an easy chair in the quaint old dining-room of his quaint old home a few days ago. He referred to his forthcoming political history of England down to 1832, shortly to be published by the Macmillans, and his essay "Shakespeare: the Man," also to be published this fall. The famous master of "The Grange" is in his 77th year. His life has been laborious as well as long, and he has surely earned the right to lay down his pen. The close of a literary career such as Professor Smith's is an event worthy of comment, not only in Canada, where he has long made his home, but wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Unfortunately, his political views have attached a certain unpopularity to his name in this country, and he has often been painted in somewhat unattractive colors. But there could not be a more gentle and kindly man in his personal relationships than Professor Smith, and as to his convictions on public questions, whether time proves them right or wrong, there ought to be no question as to the sincerity and courage of the man who voluntarily pleads an unpopular and forlorn cause.

The professor's home is a charming little bit of Old England set down in the midst of the New World. The old vine covered house, with its pillared portico, its broad lawn, stately trees and paddock, has few, if any, counterparts in Canada. The figures 1817 carved over the front door tell its age, and the story that wild animals used, at times, to invade its grounds can easily be believed, if one will stop to consider what a wilderness the neighborhood of "muddy York" must have been so many years ago. Speaking of the house, Professor Smith says it is an exact reproduction of the old manor houses in the outskirts of the towns of England. It has been occupied by the ex-Oxford don since 1875, when he married its owner, the widow of the late William Henry Boulton.

"The Grange," it is interesting to note, was the headquarters of the old Family Compact. "They could not have been a very formidable body—at all events numerically," said Professor Smith with a smile. But after all the old house is no mere cubby hole, but, on the contrary large enough to accommodate a very considerable number of persons, and inasmuch as the meetings of the Compact were necessarily select, it is easy to believe that the dining-room of "The Grange" afforded them ample hospitality.

The house is crammed with quaint, curious and valuable relics, such as Judge Boulton's three-cornered hat, Governor Simcoe's wine glasses, old English clothes chests from Cheshire, a very rudely executed bust of Lord Metcalf, believed to be the first piece of Canadian sculpture, a time-stained print of Judge Boulton, and so forth. The dining-room, in which so many famous men from all countries have partaken of Professor Smith's good cheer during the past 25 years, contains oil paintings of Cromwell, Pym, Haunplen, Milton, Bunyan, Sir Henry Vane, Admiral Blake and other English celebrities. The library, a large room, whose walls are piled with books to the very ceiling, is the place in which much of Professor Smith's ripest and best work has been done. At the time "The Grange" was built black walnut was not as valuable as it is to-day, and the wainscotting, doors and other woodwork of the quaint old mansion are all of this now costly wood.

Speaking of the present war, Professor Smith stated that he deplored it as he deplored all wars, and he believed this



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

conflict, like a great many others, could, perhaps, have been avoided. Although there was such an outburst of martial spirit in Canada, his opinion about the ultimate destiny of this country remained the same. The willingness of our young men to enlist was largely due to the thirst for adventure. It was his belief that the action of the great forces moulding human history could not be permanently annulled, though it could be suspended by secondary forces. "However, I don't expect to see any change in my time," he added. The war was likely to affect the publishing business seriously. This was always one of the first results of an armed conflict between civilized countries. The people at such times would not pay attention to serious work, but read only newspapers and books of excitement.

Professor Smith is still an adherent of Cobdenism. He believes implicitly in the doctrine of free trade, and is proud to be numbered amongst the few survivors of the famous Manchester School.

Recently he has not enjoyed the good health which, up to a short time ago, as the result of careful husbanding of his resources, was his. He intends spending the coming winter in Italy, but will return to Canada early in the spring. He does not expect, however, even should his health improve, to undertake any further serious literary tasks. The remainder of his days he will endeavor to spend in repose and freedom from care.

HIS BEST THANKS.

A certain militia officer is much disliked by his men. One evening, as he was returning home, he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment happened to see him, and, after some trouble, succeeded in pulling him out. The officer was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer the best way he could reward him. "The best way you can reward me," replied the soldier, "is to say nothing about it." "Why, my dear fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?" "Because, if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in!"

Politics from the Inside.

BEING CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATIONS, OVERHEARD NOT BY CHOICE BUT OF NECESSITY.

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello, central! Give me the P.M.G. . . . Hello, Mulock, Borden's speaking! I see those rascally Tories are still trying to put us in a hole, and have started an agitation for a second contingent. What's to be done about it? How's Ontario?"

"Oh, Ontario's right in line with the proposition. We must win Ontario. By all means, let's have a second contingent, and, if necessary, a third, a fourth, a fifth—"

"Good heavens, man, you don't want us to deport the whole population, do you?"

"Now, that's all right. Just let me get through with what I was about to say. We must appear willing in Ontario to shed the last drop of Canadian blood for the British flag. I think we can accomplish that purpose, and, at the same time, deal the Tories a blow below the belt."

"Capital, capital! How can it be done?"

"Well, if we're forced to send a second contingent, why can't you see to it that none but good Conservative voters are enrolled? Easy matter you know—confidential instructions to medical examiners. Every Grit that presents himself will have heart disease, or incipient lung trouble, or overlapping toes. See the point?"

"By Jove, Mulock, you are a strategist and no mistake! But how about Tarte and his constitutional objections, and 'no precedent' clause?"

"Don't worry about that, dear boy. He'll come around when the scheme's explained, and be as anxious as anyone to see 50 such contingents go."

"Can we depend on all the Ontario Ministers?"

"Oh, I rather think so. Sir Richard and the Hon. David don't count. By the way, I see they've nominated David up in Bothwell again. It will be too bad if 'the sage' comes back into the Commons to pester us with those learned constitutional disquisitions of his. The Senate's the place for David, by all means. Now, as for Paterson, he will make a good display of patriotism by donating a full supply of sugar sticks for all

the contingents we like to send out. How we could dwell upon such a point in our campaign speeches as a proof of the Cabinet's loyalty! Jim Sutherland will help the scheme by whipping recalcitrants like Bourassa into line, and the Hon. R. W. Scott will meekly affix the Great Seal to any necessary documents. And say, Borden, an additional idea just strikes me."

"Don't throw it at me too suddenly. They're coming so thick and fast, I can't get my wind."

"Oh, pshaw, don't be foolish! What I was about to remark, dear boy, is that I might get up an entirely new issue of postage stamps to commemorate the event—something of the 'vastest empire that has been' style. They'd sell well, I wager, and help along the finances of the Department."

"Well, I never! They talk about Tarte being the master of the administration, but you're its brains, Mulock, that's sure. Oh, by the way, how will Sir Wilfrid be in regard to all this?"

"On the fence, as usual, till it's decided, and then he'll go out and make eloquent speeches and practise the sunny smile. Say, you haven't time to run over here for five minutes, have you?"

"Sorry to say, no. I've just received a long letter from Sam Hughes—119 pages of foolscap, last thing he wrote before he sailed, all about Hutton and myself; signed in blood. Must wade through it this morning, somehow. I'll see you at Council. Ta-ta."

TING-a-ling-ling!

"Hello, central. Give me Wallace's flour and feed store at Woodbridge. . . . Hello, Clarke, 'sthat you. Your uncle Charlie's speaking. How fares the battle in Ontario?"

"Nobly, Sir Charles, nobly. We're working up a magnificent feeling here in favor of a second contingent. The Government's failure to secure insurance for the first batch is doing them much harm on the sidelines and concessions, not to mention L.O.L. No. —"

No doubt, no doubt, Clarke, my boy! Just as it should be! It takes your uncle Charlie to put the Grits in a hole. In a word, I, who planned and carried out Confederation; I, who conceived and worked up the N.P.; I, who built the C.P.R., etc., know a thing or two about leading a party, don't I, Clarke? By the way, I'll tell you how it was the Government failed to carry out its insurance scheme. Borden had the application all made out and signed, when it was found it weighed four ounces and would require eight cents postage, and, as the Militia Department had only one two-cent stamp, and there was no cash in the Dominion treasury, it was deemed advisable to call a Cabinet Council. At this Council two questions came up, that of voting a \$36,000,000 subsidy to Mackenzie & Mann for some railway or other up north, and the question of postage on the aforesaid application. Tarte was red hot for the first, but, when it came to the vote on the postage, he got up and objected to spending money without the warrant of Parliament, and predicted if the vote passed they'd certainly lose Quebec, as 28 members from that



"THE GRANGE,"
Home of Professor Goldwin Smith.

Province would resign their seats. So the application didn't go. That's the story, Clarke, my boy."

"Seems rather fishy, Sir Charles. You see the application could have been franked."

"Um—ah, I hadn't thought of that. But, anyway, it will do to tell on the back concessions. Now, to leave this matter; I want you to be very careful to manage the Orange vote right this time. It will never do to have a repetition of 1896. Meanwhile, I'm doing yeoman work in Quebec, I am. I tell the people how loyal they are, and how I love the French. Everywhere I go there are signs of a great awakening. I have not the slightest doubt I shall sweep the Dominion from sea to sea, and from the frozen fastnesses of the icy north to the, the, well the smiling gardens in the latitude of Woodbridge. Be very careful of the Protestant horse, Clarke, my boy. Feed him well, curry him well, and don't let him balk again, for we've all but cured him of the trick, and it would be too bad, too bad, Clarke, to have him retrograde. Bye-bye. Give my love to Sproule, and, by the way, won't you speak to Haggart and Montague next time, Clarke? Poor fellows, I'm going to drop them anyway, and it will do no harm to be civil in the meantime. Bye-bye."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

THE TISSOT PICTURES.

IT IS difficult to set down one's impressions after viewing the Tissot pictures of the life of Christ. The trains of thought and the emotions awakened by this remarkable collection of paintings, even hurriedly scanned, are so many and so various that words fail to crystallize them: they elude one before they can be put into speech. No wonder the Roman Catholic Church, in presenting the Gospel to ignorant and primitive peoples, has relied largely upon pictures and images. To the person of average imagination, a series of painted scenes that stamp themselves on the mind through the medium of the eye is far more effective than the cold narration of the Word, which leaves so much to be filled in by the individual.

The general effect of the Tissot pictures on a healthily-constituted man or woman is painful in the extreme. If they exhibit the divine side of human nature, they also show its hideous and devilish side in the most intense lights and shadows. The pictures portraying the sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth, preceding and during His crucifixion, would touch a heart of stone. They show us men in their most terrible aspect—men governed by mob fury. And yet, we know that they do not exaggerate the fearful character of a bloodthirsty populace. Gentiles and Jews are much the same at heart, whether in the days of the Messiah or the closing year of the nineteenth century, and readers of the daily press who recall the lynchings in the South, or students of history acquainted with the excesses of the French Revolution, can see in M. Tissot's portrayal of the howling, bloodthirsty mob of Jerusalem a sad picture of the barbarian that lurks in all of us.

Yet, one would do ill to allow this note to drown the more sweet and gentle music that M. Tissot's work awakens in the human breast. Many of the pictures, yes, hundreds of them, address themselves to the calmer side of our nature, and touch emotions that are far from disquieting. The scenes from the childhood of Jesus, in particular, are soothing and satisfying in their simplicity, gentleness and grace. It is extremely interesting to study the face of the boy as he develops from babyhood to manhood. M. Tissot has given him the countenance of a poet, a dreamer, from the very first; but, at times, unexpected elements of character shine forth from the face. Take, for instance, the picture of the scribe standing up and tempting Jesus (No. 156). The face of the Saviour here is that of a keen, alert, intellectual person. He listens intently, and is already preparing his answer. He looks like a keen scholar engaged in a mental combat with a foeman worthy of his steel, rather than a moral crusader and worker of good deeds.

Of course, one must see the pictures, and see them all, to appreciate them. It is not necessary to discuss M. Tissot's technique or his standing as an artist. We have before us the result of his labors, in all its magnitude, and we must judge it by its effect upon ourselves, individually. Painful though the general impression may be, the effect of the whole series is nevertheless generally uplifting to the character and enlightening to the mind. The people of Montreal are indebted to the George N. Morang Company, Limited, publishers, for this great opportunity to see a world-famed work of art.

FELIX VANE.

A NEW PROFESSION.

FOR some time past an ingenious individual in London made it his business to wait upon ladies as they leave theatres, calling their carriages, and aiding them to enter. He was decently dressed, very polite, and had a way of helping a lady with her skirt—especially if the weather were wet—which was particularly pleasing to his patronesses.

But it seems that his action in this respect was not nearly so disinterested as it might appear, for he made this little courtesy a subterfuge for picking pockets or removing any article of value within reach. His methods, however, were not those of the common thief, for he would presently proceed to the police station nearest at hand, and there deliver up his



EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE

(At the Academy of Music next week. See page 23).

spoil, coolly stating that he has "found it" outside a certain theatre.

He, of course, furnished also his name and address, and in due time his "honest" action received its reward. He "found" so many things recently that the police are getting anxious to find him.

SIR REDVERS BULLER is generally known to be a masterful man. There is no nonsense about him. He forms very strong opinions, sticks to them, and is generally proved to be in the right. Partly owing to his great military ability, and partly to the fact that, as "Tommy" says, "there's no two ways about him," the whole army believes in him, and would fight under him with the greatest confidence. A story told to illustrate the character of Sir Redvers is worth repeating. During the last Nile campaign, while on board a river steamer descending some dangerous water in one of the higher cataracts, Sir Redvers entered into a discussion with Lord Charliss Beresford as to the proper channel that should be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end that which Sir Redvers recommended was adopted, with the result that the steamer got through without accident. "You see, I was right," exclaimed Sir Redvers, triumphantly; "mine was the proper channel." "That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE have just been informed that Messrs. Wadham and Sinclair, two artists well known both in England and Australia, propose to submit to auction, by the O'Brien Co., on Wednesday afternoon, November 15, their very important collection of paintings, descriptive of the scenery of Australia, India, and the Rocky Mountains of Canada. Both these artists have been accorded the unanimous eulogy of the press of London, Eng., and Australia which testifies to the excellence of their works. The opportunity of seeing such a unique and superb collection should not be missed by those at all interested in the fine arts. View days on Monday and Tuesday.

An Engagement

By SIR ROBT. PREL, BART.

(CONTINUED)

He received the news with complex emotions. Euphemistically as the interview was described, he was intelligent enough to comprehend that his cousin could not have an opinion in it altogether favorable to Miss Carstairs, and this view was confirmed, moreover, by the silence she had maintained on the subject. "It had been very tactful of her, very nice, to have said nothing to him. Another woman would have said, 'I went to endeavor to further your interests, and the girl would not listen to me.' Of course, Bella was helpless in the matter—it was her mother's influence that was to blame; but Kate could not be expected to know that, and she had certainly displayed great delicacy towards him."

Next time he saw her he thanked her for it. "By the way," he said, "I did not know of your visit to Mrs. Carstairs and Bella till the other day. It was awfully good of you, Kate. I am sorry you should have had the trouble—and for nothing."

"Oh," she murmured with a shrug, "I was in town, and I thought it advisable to let her know how things stood. On the whole, I think it was very plucky of her to decide to wait for something here. It will be much more agreeable for you if you get it."

He knew that this was a gracious falsehood, but, man-like, he continued the subject, instead of allowing it to drop.

"But you never told me of your call," he said. "I had no idea you had been there."

"Didn't I?" she said. "I meant to." Both paused and looked through the window at the lawn.

"What do you think of her?" he asked.

"She is very delightful—very pretty"—it was impossible to say less. "I congratulate you heartily, Arnold."

But her tone lacked heartiness, and he felt it. She had formed a wrong estimate of Bella; he must justify the girl at once.

"I hope," he said, "you do not think she is acting wrongly in declining to live abroad? Really, it is not she at all; it is the old lady. Bella is a very dutiful daughter, almost a child in some things."

"Oh, I saw that, naturally."

"You must not—of course, you would not—imagine that she is not fond of me. Girls vary very much. Bella's disposition is not a strong one. And besides, when it had come to the point, I daresay you yourself would have hesitated to leave England."

"I do not think that," answered his cousin; "I should not have advised anything that I thought undesirable."

"No, no," put in Hopetoun, "I'm sure you wouldn't; but of course your view is different under the circumstances. I mean there is not the necessity for you to weigh all the pros and cons carefully, is there? If you had been Bella herself, you would feel the gravity of the step as you cannot be expected to do as it is."

She did not reply, and he regarded her uncertainly.

Twilight was falling, and the room was filling with shadow. In the vagueness, her face looked softer and more beautiful, he thought; the proud mouth was more gentle. He felt very tender towards her, very affectionate. He remembered that she was doing much for him, and that such return as she had received had given her the right to make him a reproach that she had not uttered. An impulse that he could not resist urged him to contradict his last words.

"I believe you would have gone," he murmured. "I beg your pardon!—if you had cared for me, I believe you would have gone, Kate."

She neither acknowledged nor denied. "Thank you," she said; "but don't let us discuss that! And indeed I can't say. I am not in love with you, and you are many miles from being in love with me."

"I wonder—"

"What do you wonder?" she murmured.

"I was going to say a stupid thing. I was going to say that it was fortunate for my peace of mind that I did not see more of you before I became engaged."

She smiled pensively. "And why?"

"Really, 'why?'"

"Yes—'really.' We ought to be able to speak frankly to each other if any two people can!"

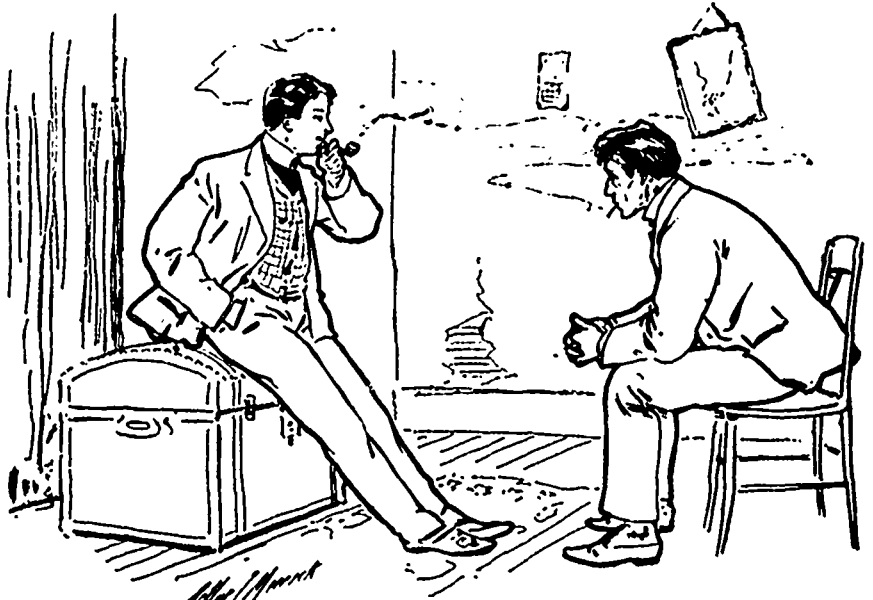
"Then because I might have been so profoundly unlucky as to want to marry you, Kate."

"Madman!—you are laughing at me."

"Indeed, I am not," he said earnestly. "The more I see of you, the more I am learning to admire you. And if I had wanted to marry you, what would have been the result? I should have lost a charming cousin without gaining a wife."

"But supposing I had said 'yes'?"

Her tone was one that made it impossible for him to be sure she was jesting, although his reason told him that she must be. Her position, too, in the deepening dusk, now hid



NEW BOARDER.—How's the fare here?
 OLD BOARDER.—Well, we have chicken every morning.
 "That's first-rate. How is it served?"
 "In the eggs."

her features. He only saw her indistinctly, and the timbre of her voice coming to him in the obscurity gave him a strange thrill.

"If you had said 'yes,' I should have adored you!"

With a sensation of unreality he waited for her answer. It seemed extraordinary to have told Kate Fanshaw he would have adored her, even in a speculative mood. He wished he could see her plainly, and yet somehow he did not wish to

AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

move. The queer moment had a fascination that he was unwilling to spoil.

Suddenly she laughed, and startled him. "You would not know even how to hold my hand!"

"Should I not?" he stammered. "You are always throwing it at me that I once said I thought of you as a man. Why shouldn't I know? Come, and let me try!"

They were quite close together now, for she had approached him as he spoke, the white hands hanging by her sides.

"Let me try," he repeated, lifting it awkwardly. "But it is so unresponsive! Of course, any man would look a fool with a hand like that. There is no life in it."

"Oh," she said, "this is your rehearsal, not mine! I told you you would not know how to take my hand, and you don't."

Her eyes flashed a glance straight into his own, and something possessed him like an unfamiliar devil. His grasp on the lissome fingers tightened; his arm stole around her waist. "I should begin like this," he said, "and then—and then I should kiss you! What do you say to that?"

"I say you have demonstrated your ability quite enough," said Miss Fanshaw, disengaging herself. "We'll omit the kiss, if you please, and take the will for the deed. Ring the bell, will you? I don't know where Soames is with the lamps."

Her tone was careless and matter-of-fact.

But Hopetoun, as he obeyed, was conscious of a curious dissatisfaction. He felt that he had missed something which it would have been very delightful to have, and he was annoyed.

CHAPTER VI.

He did not return to town on the morrow, although he had intended doing so. He did not return on the next day but one. He remained at Deercourt a week, in fact, and during the week he discovered an astonishing truth—he discovered that he did not want to marry Miss Carstairs at all.

Had Kate fulfilled her vow, or had destiny fulfilled it for her? In either case, Hopetoun was in love with her, and fiercely, desperately.

After the scene in the yellow drawing-room—it had been in the yellow drawing-room that she provoked him—she had refrained from teasing him any more; but the recollection stayed with him, nevertheless, and in moments he was angered with himself, both for having strayed into his present fickleness of mind and for having omitted to kiss her as he threatened.

However, loving his cousin or not, he was in honor bound to Bella, and fifty times he determined to leave Deercourt at once, and broke his resolution before the train started. He had no intention of confessing his weakness, and he was frightened that Kate might suspect it. He did not want to leave her; he did not want to be false to Bella. His condition was, in a word, unenviable.

One afternoon he decided absolutely to go. He had smoked at least six cigars since breakfast, and thrashed the thing completely out.

"If I stay any longer," said Hopetoun to himself, "I shall assuredly end by telling her I'm fond of her. That I shall be fond of her here or there is true enough; but, away from her, I may recover my reason at the present stage; and, if I stop, I shall get to care for her so infernally that time will do nothing for me. Hang that absurd inspiration of mine! I'll never play with fire again as long as I live!"

She was in the grounds, lying in a hammock, and he went out to her with a firm step.

"Kate," he said, "I'm going back to town to-night."

"Oh," she said, "are you?"

"Yes," said Hopetoun, "so be nice to me this afternoon, and put your book down."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Talk."

"What beautiful weather we're having!"

"Don't be irritating," he said; "talk—talk properly."

"About yourself, I suppose you mean. That's always an interesting subject to a boy."

"A 'boy'! How old are you, Kate—forty?"

"Forty years older than you, I sometimes think."

"I remember you," he said, musingly, "when you wore a pinafore and open-work socks, and used to make yourself sticky at dessert."

"It isn't true."

"You were a nice girl then. You've altered."

"Yes, I'm nicer."

"Nice," he remarked, "is a feminine word which, as you once informed me, may mean many things. 'Nicer,' the comparative, I know, not."

"Nicer"? Well, I am 'nicer'! All is said. * * * Are you really going to forsake us to-night?"

"After dinner: I'll go up by the nine-fifteen."

"Why?"

"Oh," he said, "I have to! Shall you miss me?"

"Yes, I suppose we shall at first. But the Hawksleys are coming next week, and the Kingstons; the house will begin to fill directly. Do you know Percy Kingston?" "I believe I've met him. A pink man, with a single eyeglass, and a perennial cornflower in his buttonhole?"

"I should not describe him like that. He's very clever."

"Oh, is he. Is he coming, too?" "Yes, of course, and his sisters, Emmie and Adeline, and papa expects one or two people who may be useful for you."

"Ho!" he said. "But why did you ask if I'd met Percy Kingston? You aren't—?"

"Don't be so ridiculous," she murmured; "mayn't a girl ask a question?"

Her tone did not allay his misgiving. She was nothing to him—never could be—but he should not like to see her throw herself away on the Hon. Percy Kingston. That would hurt him!

"Let us talk about something else," he said. "What were you reading?" He picked the book up. "Rossetti!"

"Yes, 'Rossetti'; but please don't let us talk about poetry. It would be too dreadful with you!"

"A stranger would certainly know we were cousins," he said. "It has been thought by some people that I possessed a fairly wide acquaintance with the work of the English poets."

"Really?" said Miss Fanshaw.

"But it was not the extent of your reading I doubted; it was your capability for criticism. We seem unhappy in our choice of subjects this afternoon, don't we. How about dogs?"

She was undeniably aggravating, and to-day of all others, when he had been anxious to carry away a last pleasant impression.

"If you'll excuse me," he observed, "I'll go out to the kennels, and look at them. Allow me."

The book had fallen. He restored it to her and lounged away, and until dinner they did not meet again.

At table, her manner had altered. She was radiant and charming, as if to make amends. He had never found his uncle so *de trop*. He contemplated her raptly. The dress she was wearing was new to him, and he thought how admirably it became her. A little spot of color burned in either cheek, and her eyes were brilliant. He marvelled that Drillingham did not think it strange for him to be leaving her this evening. What man, having the right to stay, could have parted from her thus! How interminable the meal was! Would it last for ever, or would he have a chance of a word alone with her before the dogcart came around?

He often remained with his uncle, smoking, but to-night he did not. Kate rose at last, and smiled on him as he held open the door for her.

"I'll go and see to my traps, sir," he said, "if I may? I haven't much time to lose."

Drillingham bowed indulgently. He also had been in love

—more than once. In fact, it had been said of him that his love affairs were the only ones he had ever prosecuted with any energy.

Kate was leaning over the balcony when Hopetoun joined her. Her pale dress gleamed in the moonlight, and her face and hair were mysterious, divine.

"I've come to say good-bye," he said.

"So soon?" she answered. "Not yet, surely?"

"But yes! In five minutes I must be off. Kate, I am sorry I was huffy in the garden."

"Dear boy!" she said. "It was I who was disagreeable."

They viewed the sleeping flowers and trees in a moment's silence. The heavy odor of the roses floated up to them on the breeze, and there was something of magic in it.

"You are never disagreeable," he said, answering her after the pause; "you are only too sweet." At another time she would have replied mockingly—he half dreaded she would do so—but this evening she did not.

"I have many faults," she said, in a half-sigh.

"I have not seen them."

"No? . . . You will make me vain!"

"Because I praise you?"

"Perhaps!"

How heavy was the roses' scent—it went to his brain! How exquisite was her beauty in the starlight—it bewildered him! Her white fingers lay on the balustrade, and his own covered them. She did not draw them away.

For a breathless instant Hopetoun abandoned himself mutely to the ecstasy of touching her. No more, no less! He dared not clasp them close, although he yearned to do so. She might be offended, and then he would lose what he had.

He could feel his heart beating, and next she looked up at him and drew away—yet gently. Adorable rebuke! A madness filled his soul.

"Kate," he whispered.

"Arnold—go!"

"I can't go," he muttered, "I won't! Kate, I love you!"

It was said. He was not sorry: he was exultant, proud. "I love you," he repeated; "I worship you! Oh, Kate you know it all—will you have pity on me?"

"Hush," she said, "hush! what are you saying?"

"I love you! Care for me—I can't live without you, Kate!"

His arms enfolded her. Her head lay back on his shoulder, and he kissed her once, twice, on the lips.

"You will be my wife?" he said.

"You are engaged!"

"She is nothing to me, you are all."

"It is wicked!"

"Kate, I can't help it; it would be wickeder to keep my word to her now."

"No, no!"

"Yes and yes!" He kissed her again. "It is too late—see, I kiss you! Will you send me from you to make love to Miss Carstairs? I belong to you, you belong to me. Say it."

"I can't say it," faltered Miss Fanshaw, "I am ashamed."

"Why? The fault is mine."

She shook her head—"Mine!"

"You angel, you reproach yourself for nothing! Kate, tell me you will be my wife."

"No," she said sharply, "it is impossible."

"You love me, don't you? . . . a little?"

"Go away," she answered. "Hark!"

It was the wheels of the dogcart crushing the gravel on the drive. Hopetoun heard the sound with dismay.

"Tell me that you love me," he persisted. She hung back with something like laughter.

"You have kissed me three times," she said, "and I have let you! What is it you want to know?"

He caught her to him with delight. His pulses beat like hammers, and there was an ocean singing in his ears. No thought of Miss Carstairs disturbed him any longer; his struggles were over—he had failed, and was joyful in the failure. He was holding Kate—Kate, his cousin! the girl he had known from boyhood! and she was going to be his wife. How extraordinary, how wonderful! Sh! The door in the room opened, Soames came in to inform them that the dogcart was waiting.

"I shan't want it," said Hopetoun, turning. "I have changed my mind, and I am not going up."

"I feel," he added, as the man withdrew, "as if I should



JUST ABOUT.

SHE.—He told me his income was written in five figures.
HE.—Yes, and there's a period right before the last two.

never be able to leave you again in all my life, darling. What audacity, what presumption, to have imagined I could play at being in love with you with impunity, Kit! I deserved a lesson!"

CHAPTER VII.

He was still intoxicated when he woke next morning. Anxiety as to his position did not oppress him yet. A delicious feeling of excitement throbbled in his veins. He was engaged to Kate—he had kissed her—would kiss her again to-day! How unreal it seemed! How strange to reflect that they would meet at breakfast with a new meaning in their glances—that he and she were acknowledged lovers! He could scarcely realize it.

He tubbed, and descended early. His room cooped him,

AN ENGAGEMENT--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.

and the freshness of the air outside harmonized better with his mood.

She also was out. He caught a glimpse of her white frock in the shrubbery, and overtook her with delight.

"Good morning, sweetheart," he said.

She blushed with pleasure, and surrendered her lips bashfully.

They wandered together through the orchard. Pigeons cooed and fluttered about them, and the innocence of early morning was on the scene.

"And you have been thinking of me?" she asked.

"So much! And yet I can hardly credit my good fortune."

No need to set down what they said. It was neither wiser nor wittier than the conversation of thousands of other young men and girls at the same moment. It was not until later in the day that Miss Fanshaw spoke of Bella, and questioned how he intended to act, and then she declared that he must write to her at once. She was, in fact, beginning to tell herself that she had played a shabby part, and that, whether Miss Carstairs had been desirous of him or not, she had none the less behaved meanly in tempting her cousin to jilt her. It was not as if Arnold had been false of his own accord, she felt; she had deliberately set herself to win him away from his fiancée. She had done a wicked thing!

She wanted to admit it to Arnold, but was loath to humiliate herself in his eyes; and when he demurred to sending the suggested letter, and proposed to see and speak to Bella instead, she did not press the point. Before he broke the engagement off he must—he should—hear the truth. If he liked to break it off then, he could, and she would be the happiest girl in the world; but she was not sanguine that her confession would be crowned by such a result, and, in the meantime, she had a respite. Men despised mean women.

Hopetoun, who was not a coward, intended calling upon the Carstairs on the morrow, when Bella, who was now on a visit to her relations at Morecombe, would be back in town. She had, therefore, several hours before she was required to abase herself before him, and, until the time arrived, she abandoned herself to the charm of their new relationship as completely as possible.

Nevertheless, her doubt obtruded itself constantly, and lastly a new terror came. Had she the right to let Arnold jilt the girl, even if he were willing to do so after he had heard what she had to say?

She could not determine. The matter was one capable of being regarded from many points of view, and she was alternately an advocate against herself and on her own side.

As a result, she resolved to leave the decision to the man. She would extenuate nothing, and set naught down in malice. If he could say: "I love you; I don't care what you have done—you are the only woman I can be happy with!" she would be his wife; if he reproached her, and said: "It was unwomanly, petty—it was not worthy of you, Kate," nothing should ever induce her to marry him; for, although he forgave, their matrimonial basis would be a bad one, and so surely as they tiffed he would reflect that she had robbed Bella Carstairs of his love, and regret his defection.

As the day wore on, gaiety became more difficult to them both. Miss Fanshaw was oppressed by the approach of her ordeal, and Hopetoun commenced to think ruefully of his mauvais quart-d'heure which lay before him on the morrow. An engagement of long standing is not the easiest of mistakes to cancel. Bella would certainly cry, and declare that he had treated her shamefully. And she would be right, unfortunately—he could not deny it! Not only had he given his affections elsewhere, but he had given them to the very girl whom Bella was viewing as a friend—her to whom she was looking to accelerate the marriage which it had become his distressing duty to say could never take place now. He shuddered. He had his share of moral courage, as has been said; but the most valiant of social heroes, which he was not, might have been excused for anticipating such a task as this with misgivings. The pauses in the conversation of the cousins became painfully frequent and woefully prolonged. The girl was asking herself, "Will he despise me?" The man was questioning, "Am I despicable?" It was a relief to them both when Drillingham broke in upon their tete-a-tete, and then a semblance of cheerfulness returned until dinner-time, when Kate said to Arnold, "Afterwards, I want to speak to you—come into the drawing-room as soon as you can!" Her face was very pale as she whispered the words. He wondered if anything was amiss.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE Sunday afternoon concerts in Karn Hall have been resumed, and good programmes are being presented weekly, reflecting considerable credit on Mrs. Turner, under whose direction they are prepared, as well as on the others taking part.

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Plays & Players

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

MR. JOS MURPHY'S performances in the Kerry Gow and Shaun Rue may not come up to the canons of dramatic art as laid down by the newspaper critics, but that they furnish a wholesome entertainment cannot be denied. Mr. Murphy has played these two dramas so long that he must be heartily tired of them himself, and one would fancy that the public also would be a bit tired, but apparently there are thousands in every large city of this continent who are still charmed with the simple pathos and clean humor of these old fashioned plays. The company is a good average aggregation. Mr. Murphy himself has lost none of his merits, while in Miss Ingalls, John Daly and Paul Scott, he has three clever assistants, who are somewhat above the other players in ability.

Dion Boucicault's racing comedy, The Jilt, is fully up to the standard of this season's performances at the Francais, and has pleased the steady patrons of that theatre, who are legion in number. Miss Byron, as Kitty Woodstock, as usual, gives a good account of herself, while the other members of the company take their parts with fair success. A vaudeville programme somewhat beneath the average of this house in merit is presented.

Her Majesty's was not open the first half of the week. During the latter half, Mesmeris, a lightning-change artist, etc., is the attraction at this house.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE, in presenting For Her Sake to the theatre-going public, gives them a wholesome, honest play, which tells a natural story in a natural manner. In the bustle and excitement of a military encampment, the story commences, and introduces the spectator to a realistic view of a typical Russian scene. The tents are pitched close to the small town of Grochow, which can be seen in the distance, and the manoeuvres incidental to camp life are faithfully portrayed. Here, Valdemar, a prince of the royal blood, who has fallen in love with a serf girl and wishes to make her his wife, learns that his mother has been false to her trust and sold Olga, the girl he loves, to a fellow serf, in hopes of thus removing her from the reach of her son. Her hope is that Valdemar will marry his cousin, the Countess Katerina, but he, in the fervor of his young passion, scorns the proposition and swears

to wreak vengeance on those who have stolen from him the woman of his heart. The Princess Radetzky, the mother of Valdemar, prevails on the general in command of the Russian forces, at that encampment, to issue an order that no soldier should leave camp for seven days, except on duty. This order Valdemar disobeys, and is declared a deserter. He leaves camp, and hurries, as fast as horse can carry him, to the home of Ivan, the serf who had bought Olga with the intention of making her his wife. She, however, discovers the proclamation of the Czar declaring freedom to every serf within the boundaries of the land, and dated previous to her sale. She therefore defies Ivan, who threatens to use force, and is saved by the opportune arrival of a member of the secret police, named Grigorievitch. He informs Olga that Valdemar's mother was the cause of the death of her mother, and, for this reason, he forbids the marriage. Olga is forced to dismiss Valdemar with the idea that she is attached to this police spy, Grigorievitch, and he therefore casts her from him with scorn. They are both arrested and sentenced to the mines of Siberia, Valdemar for deserting from the army, and Olga for harboring him against the orders of the general. On the road to Siberia, the two meet, and Valdemar learns from Olga's lips the truth, and they are reconciled. Grigorievitch, in the meantime, learns that he was mistaken in blaming the Princess for the death of Olga's mother, and through Nihilistic pressure brought to bear on the general, forces a pardon for both Olga and Valdemar. The mother then consents to their marriage, and all ends happily.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS promises, for the coming week, Clay M. Green's pretty Western idyl, in four acts, entitled Forgiven. Forgiven was one of the best pieces which helped to make the reputation of the Theatre Francais, having been produced during the season of 1896-7 with remarkable success. It should give Mr. Henderson, Miss Byron and Mr. McGrane excellent opportunities, and Mr. Edwin Summers will have, in all probability, the best part which he has played in many years. The Francais is renowned for its scenery, and, in this respect, stage-manager Morton will have a chance to excel himself in the acts laid in Florida and New Mexico. The Leonards, in their refined boxing act, will be a feature of the vaudeville performance, as will also Thurston, a magician who is credited with having astonished the great Hermann.

THE STAGE IN GENERAL.

MADAME CALVE, who recently delighted Montrealers with her rendition of Carmen, contracted a severe cold as she proceeded west. At Cleveland, her physician advised her to cancel this week's engagement, but she disregarded his instructions and went on to Kansas City with the determination to fill her dates.

Klaw & Erlanger's massively ornate spectacular production of Gen. Lew Wallace's Ben Hur, will be presented for the first time on the stage at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, November 29.

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A CORDIAL invitation is extended to view these very interesting pictures which are descriptive of the scenery of Australia, New Zealand, the Rockies, and Canada, taken during the sojourn of these artists to these places, and upon which the English and Australian press have passed most glowing encomiums.

VIEW DAYS—Monday and Tuesday.
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THE eyes of the whole educational world are turned just now upon California, where, thanks to the courage and self-sacrifice of two wealthy widows, a couple of universities that are probably destined to become the greatest on this continent are growing up. The romance connected with Stanford University, it has been well said, is such as we should expect from the West. After Senator Stanford's death, there was a time when his widow was practically reduced to poverty, and the fate of the university which they had founded as a memorial to their only son was in the balance. But she sacrificed all her luxuries and took hold of things with a fine business grasp. The result of it all was that she has made the university the richest institution of its kind in the world. Now comes Mrs. Phæbe A. Hearst, widow of the late Senator George Hearst, with a gift of over \$7,000,000 to revive and enlarge the State University of California, and, doubtless, more millions will follow, if required. It was for this new institution that the admirable architectural competition, open to the world, and judged by a jury of three leading European architects, was projected and carried to its brilliant conclusion. There was a broadness about Mrs. Hearst's ideas that is without parallel in the history of this country, and she not only did great good to the institution, but she set a precedent of the utmost value.

MRS. STANFORD, in making over the last of her property to the trustees of the university, made the rather surprising condition that, no matter what the attendance may become, the total number of women admitted as students is never to exceed 500. The reason is one of singular interest. The original plan was to admit women on equal terms with men, but it was supposed that they would not form more than a fourth, or, at most, a third of the attendance. When the university opened the women were 22 per cent., but in the year since then they have increased to 41 per cent., so that at present there are 463 women out of a total of 1,153 students. Various questions have grown out of this action, and the discussion of them has been rather plain and pointed. Mrs. Stanford's limitation of the number of female students in Stanford University possesses a curious interest in view of the fact that this year all the higher institutions where women are admitted are crowded more than ever before. Some of them have not the accommodations for all the women who want to enter.

MANY people are, doubtless, ignorant of the fact that there are women Freemasons in France, and, indeed, a French lodge for both sexes, with a Grand Mistress named Mme. George Martin. There is no lodge for female Freemasons only, but the great advantage of the mixed lodge is recognized.

CALLOSITIES, or thickened and hardened portions of the skin, very often occur upon the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, or in any part of the skin which is exposed to intermittent pressure. Golf players, and women who take a great deal of exercise of any kind, are particularly liable to these troublesome and unsightly excrescences. An English paper says: "The best treatment is to bathe the parts with hot water, or put on a hot water dressing, and scrape away gently with a knife, or to apply a solution of caustic potash."

AT a recent English baby show, the Earl and Countess Cowper were patrons, and amongst those in attendance were such notables as Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum; the Speaker and Mrs. Gully, the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, M.P.,

Lady Margaret Graham, Lady Helen Vincent, Lord Alwyne Compton, Lord Douglas Compton, Lord Revelstoke, General and Mrs. Talbot, General and Mrs. Lyttelton, Mrs. Robert Crawshaw, Mrs. Leslie, and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell. The baby show is an institution which has not flourished in Canada, except in a small way at rural fairs, but, in the Old Country, it seems to be recognized as a useful, and certainly an interesting kind of competition.

A WOMAN who is ill-mannered enough to be constantly arranging her hair, pushing her combs in and out, fussing with her veil and her collar, and twisting her glove-fingers, makes herself a target for remark and impudent observation. Our dressing should be done at home and finished there, and then forgotten.

I HATE statistics, but the following figures relating to United States women are so significant that I cannot refrain from giving them a place: "In 1870, American actresses numbered 692; they are now 3,883. Women architects have grown from 1 to 50; painters and sculptors, from 412 to 16,000; literary and scientific writers, from 109 to 3,161; pastors, from 67 to 1,522; dentists, from 34 to 417; engineers, from 67 to 201; journalists, from 35 to 900; lawyers, from 5 to 471; musicians, from 5,763 to 47,309; doctors and surgeons, from 527 to 6,882; accountants, from zero to 43,071, and stenographers and typewriters, from 7 to 50,633.

THE Cromarty title seems fated to descend in the female line, for it came to the father of the present countess (the only British countess in her own right) by special remainder from his mother, who was created in 1861, by the Queen, Countess of Cromarty, Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Castlehaven and Baroness Macleod, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. At her death, in 1888, her second son became Earl of Cromarty; on his decease, the peerage fell into abeyance between his two young daughters, the Queen deciding the abeyance in favor of the present countess, who has just come of age.

ZINC is the latest color for skirts in Paris. A correspondent says the new color is destined in all probability to become extremely fashionable. It is, as the name suggests, a bluish grey. There are really three shades of grey equally fashionable now—the zinc grey, the iron grey, and the silver grey.

THERE is a curious exchange of work between men and women in Chicago, and the hoary joke on Paris "Where is the chambermaid?" "I am he," is becoming a reality on this continent. A dearth of maid servants, and an advance in wages suggested to mistresses the employment of men as cooks and second maids, and for general housework. Hotels also have tried male help, and the verdict is that the experiment is so successful that in many places the employers have signified their intention of dispensing with women help. It seems too good news to be true that the autocrat of the range, the tub and the broom is at last to be taught her proper place in the domestic economy. Who knows? She may learn to be civil and capable when she is forced to compete for her kingdom.

GERALDINE.

SOME SIMPLE EXERCISES FOR WOMEN.

A WOMAN who has improved a naturally ungraceful figure says that it has been accomplished by remembering every time she is required to stand to lift herself upon her toes and let herself down gently, leaving her weight upon the balls of the feet, instead of upon the heels. "When this is done," she says, "it is not necessary to think of chin or shoulders." She has learned to walk in this way, and says that her feet grow less tired than formerly, because the portion of the foot which was intended to bear the weight is in proper use.

A glance at the position of the arch of the instep will prove

that the body's weight was never intended to rest upon the heels, and the habit of throwing it there accounts for weak backs and kindred ills.

Overexertion as well as self-indulgence is said to be responsible for the increasing flesh of middle age. "If the following exercises are practised for five or ten minutes morning and night," says Ethel Young, "an appreciable improvement will be noticed in the worst figure in a few months.

Here are three good exercises for the neck and arms:

Standing erect, with shoulders back, chest out, waist in and feet firmly planted, with heels together and toes out. Stretch the arms out in front, palms touching; now swing them back until the backs of the hands touch behind you. The arms should be kept quite straight, and the point at which they touch behind you as high as possible. (A little practice will soon make this easier than it sounds.)

Raise the arms straight above the head; swing them down and as far back as they will go; then, without stopping, back to the same position above the head.

Swing the arms around in a circle, one at a time, then both together. Place the tips of the fingers on the chest, then fling the arms out and back till at right angles with the body. Endeavor, with a sharp jerk, to make the elbows meet at the back. The foregoing exercises develop the muscles of the neck and arms, helping greatly also to expand the chest.

A good exercise for the torso is the following: Lean forward and then backward as far as possible, also to the right and left. Lock the thumbs, and, with knees stiff, bend till the tips of the fingers touch the floor. Rise in an upright position, with the arms above the head. This is an exercise familiar from our childhood's days.

Jump on the toes, or, still better, skip with a rope. This is an excellent exercise, especially for those who wish to make their insteps higher. Stand on tiptoe, and then stoop suddenly until almost sitting on the heels; rise again on tiptoe, keeping the back straight. These simple exercises enable you to balance the body with ease and to move the limbs gracefully.

One last thing to remember, which should be done habitually without exercising, is to breathe deeply; not raising the shoulders, but inflating the lower part of the chest; always breathe through the nose, and if you are cold or unaccountably depressed take 20 breaths after this manner, standing erect. Slowly, evenly and uninterruptedly take in fresh air until the lungs are fully inflated; then expel the breath in the same even manner. No one is too old to be benefited by these simple rules, if she has the necessary strength to use them, and they are suited to the stout or the thin alike—reducing the adipose tissue and bracing the flabby muscles in one case, filling hollows and rounding limbs in the other, and the practice of them will not only improve the figure and carriage, but at the same time the health and spirits wonderfully so that colds, headaches and "the blues" will most truly become conspicuous by their absence alone.

THE POPULAR SERMON OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

DEAR BRETHREN: I do not intend reading the Gospel to-day, and I know you will pardon such a trifling omission, because I have some more interesting and serious matters of practical everyday life to discuss. What I refer to is the vice prevailing in this city. I want it understood that what I am going to tell you is all based upon my own personal experience. It is some weeks since I started out to see the evils about which I have heard so much. It might shock you to learn that your servants are, at nights, serving as front-rankers in an amazonian ballet, or that some of your daughters are now rehearsing for a comic opera chorus, where they will be compelled to wear abbreviated dresses. However, that is not what I wish to speak about to-day. I disguised myself as a young workingman, and went down to St. Lawrence-Main street, spending an evening in the low gin-mills that abound

there. Oh, brethren, it was horrible! No wonder the poor young men who support these places are physical wrecks. The whiskey that is sold is deadly poison. I drank some of it myself, and I know. In order to carry out what I had undertaken, I was obliged to drink with the wretched creatures, and, I assure you, my dear brethren, that when I had taken a dozen, or less, of these drinks, I was so ill that I had to be helped home. It was my intention to have touched some hardened heart, but the spirits drove away all my missionary instincts. I may as well tell you that I was in bed for two days.

Then I decided to go to Bel-Air, to witness the gambling on races. Oh, my brethren, gambling is a terrible passion! I shall never forget those pale, strained faces; those eager, expectant, frenzied shouts, and those curses of despair; that spectacle of a dozen horses running, closely clustered, with their jockeys in bright silken jackets, sitting like centaurs, and the creaking of the saddle girths expanding as the horses shot past in their giant strides.

And, in order to be able to describe more graphically the racing evil, I bought two tickets on two horses and invested \$20. Let me confess that I, even I, a minister of the Gospel, could not restrain my passion while these tickets were in my pocket. My horses were ahead at the start, and I was interested at once. There weren't four lengths between the first and last horses as they straightened out for the run up the back stretch. My horse was still the leader, but lapped to the throat by the favorite, who had rushed like a meteor out of the bunch, despite the jockey's restraining influence. As the field flashed down the back stretch it was thought that my leader was running away and would be in the lead before the upper turn was reached. "The favorites are beaten!" cried the crowd, as my horse, brethren, shot out with a flight of speed that was dazzling. He bore down upon the favorite, and head and head they darted around the upper turn, chased by the cluster of silk sailing through the air. The fickle public seemed to take a savage pride in shouting for both my horses, although not one in 500 fancied either to win or had a bet on them.

At the end of the upper turn and the head of the home stretch—shall I ever forget it?—I saw the jockey on my favorite horse circle his whip in the air, and cut a long cruel gash in the horse's quivering flanks. Still the favorite clung to him like the shadow of death and then gradually drew away ahead of him. My horse labored on valiantly. With the seething crowd in the grand stand swimming before his distended eyes, and the shouts of the frenzied throng ringing in his tapering ears, he sprawled pitifully and was pushed through the fence, while the other horse which I had bet on, turned a somersault, and I felt all the misery of that black desolation of which the Scripture tells us. As I tore up my tickets and threw them into the air they so resembled snow, that I remarked that it was very cold weather, and vowed to do all in my power to drive the racing evil from the face of the earth.

Only last Friday, I set about to discover to what extent the liquors of the slums were intoxicating or adulterated. Believe me, brethren, I bought samples from around Bonsecours market, along Commissioners street and the Main street, taking a small quantity of each to test the quality personally. I need only add that I spent all day Saturday in the General Hospital, and that only a stern sense of duty enables me to stand before you to-day.

C. D. CLIFFE.



STUDENTS of architecture may have often wondered how the two towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, were not of the same size. It appears that when the cathedral was built it was the cathedral of a suffragan bishop, who was not entitled to two towers of equal height, and for centuries the Bishop of Paris was suffragan to the Bishop of Sens.

Points for Investors

THE buoyancy shown by the stock markets, in the face of unfavorable monetary conditions, has been a most impressive illustration of the confidence felt by the financial and speculative community in the general financial situation. It is hard to reconcile an active and rising share movement with 30 per cent. money at New York in any other way than that buyers, at the present time, are convinced of the integrity of the conditions which justify a high intrinsic value for the majority of the properties now offered to the public on all the leading exchanges. This conviction is strengthened by the almost daily evidence that the industries, not only of this continent, but of the world, are making constant progress in the phenomenal march of improvement which has distinguished the past two years and a half.

From the investment standpoint, there is no incentive to sell securities while such signs continue, and speculative holders having caught the same spirit are emboldened to overlook the technical features of disturbance which, at other times, would undoubtedly cause uneasiness and apprehension. In a reference to the security situation, therefore, it is impossible to overlook this feeling of assurance, and there would be no doubt regarding the course of share values were this feeling allowed a free expression. As it is, however, with the obvious checks upon such action, the prevailing confidence is a fair guarantee of the stability of the current market position.

In considering the restraint imposed by the money situation, one fact is dominant, and that is that the comparative tension prevailing both on this continent and abroad is due, in every instance, to rapidly expanding trade in regular branches of commerce, which have absorbed money far more rapidly than its supply has increased. The first phase of this movement was a general rise in the rate of interest, and, the second, the spectacle now witnessed of the important money centres of the world shutting their doors to outside demands, whether they come from legitimate creditors or from temporary borrowers.

It would be impossible, under such circumstances, for any considerable transfer of capital to be made from one market to another without a more or less violent rupture of the whole. The inference is that, without some crisis to compel an international readjustment of the present money supply, every community must face its own exigency with little or no assistance from the rest. The problem is the same in London, New York, or Berlin. Each is thrown, for the time being, on the defensive, and must depend entirely on its own resources to meet whatever need exists.

In local stocks, naturally, the chief expectations were entertained in regard to Pacific, after the handsome statement for the nine months had been supplemented by a remarkable increase of \$157,000 in the receipts for the past week. The stock, however, has not displayed that volume of activity that the facts seem to warrant, and its comparative stolidity may be attributed to the cause discussed above. The remainder of the list was entirely without features of importance. R.

THERE is a much better tone to the mining market than at the time of writing last week. Speculation is becoming broader, and, while the prices in all cases are not higher, there are many more orders in evidence. Among the higher-priced stocks, the most notable movement is in Payne, which has advanced over 10 points on the report that the directors (now at the mine) are arranging to bring in outside labor, and resume work on the old basis, in spite of the eight-hour law.

In Virtue, there is not much change; the price holds steady, with comparatively little trading. Montreal-London is heavy, and looks as if it might go lower. The most active stock is Big Three, which is steadily advancing, in spite of very heavy selling. There is also some demand for California, but there does not appear to be much stock for sale. Canadian Gold Fields has had another rise, as is usually the case when the manager visits this city, but, we are told, there is some good reason for it now, as the company, besides the two claims it owns at Moyie, has acquired a controlling interest in two others, and is negotiating for others owned by the Gooderham Syndicate. Some time ago, a prominent engineer recommended the consolidation of these claims, and, if his suggestion is carried out, there is every reason why these various properties should become a paying proposition. The other Slovan companies are not, as yet, affected by the news, but should the Payne's plan be carried out, of importing outside labor, and prove a success, it will, no doubt, cause a boom in all the silver properties.

The news from Rossland, of late, is very encouraging. Last week's returns show that the War Eagle has largely increased its output, and the Centre Star has shipped nearly a thousand tons. It is probable that before long some other properties will be shippers, and the smelters at Trail and Northport will have no lack of ore. The Virginia continues to make small shipments of ore of very fair values, and may yet redeem its character and become a paying mine. An effort is being made to place some more Republic stocks on this market, but it is not meeting with much success, owing to former experiences in this connection. Our Western friends are finding that Montreal is not as good a dumping-ground as it was, and Toronto has now more stocks than they can take care of.

ROBERT MEREDITH.

Montreal, November 8, 1899.

AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.



MR. PERCYMOLSON, son of Mr. J. T. Molson, is one of McGill's best all-round athletes. He entered the university in 1897, and is now in his third year in the Faculty of Arts. While at the High School he took a prominent part in athletics, and made several records which he still holds. At the recent annual university games, he won the individual trophy for the second time, making the highest number of points secured by any competitor. He has equalled the record for the hundred yards dash, namely, 10 2.5 seconds. In addition to track athletics, Mr. Molson takes an active

interest in general field sports, and plays football, cricket, hockey, tennis, etc. He is on the senior rugby team of McGill University this season.

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THE local office of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music is distributing the syllabus for next year's examinations. There appears to be no valid reason why the splendid work the board are accomplishing in England and Australia towards raising the standard of musical education should not be extended to the Dominion. The board certainly spare no expense or trouble in their desire to offer their examinations to the Canadian public. Having lost the whole of the syllabus and examination papers in the Scotsman, they had the same at once reprinted and shipped again, within a month of the disaster. It is hoped that Sir George Martin, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who is the board's examiner at the Cape this year, will conduct the Canadian examination in May and June next.

LECTURE ON HORSES AND DOGS.

The Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announce that a lecture on the subject of "Horses and Dogs" will be given under their auspices on Wednesday, November 22,

at 8.30 p.m., in Association Hall. The lecture will be illustrated with magic lantern views. In the afternoon at 3.30 a special talk to the children will be given. The lecturer will be Mrs. Anna B. Savigny, of Toronto, a very charming and interesting woman. Tea and cake will be served. Admission, 25 and 50c. The ladies of the Women's Branch are very anxious to make this a paying success, and it is to be hoped many will spare an hour after dinner for the dogs and horses. Mrs. Gillespie, president; Mrs. H. V. Meredith, vice-president.

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WON.

I SENT my Mind, one morning,
A-roaming for a friend,
Laden with gems of learning,
Of book lore without end.
At night, I was a-weary,
For no one could I find
In high or lowly station
To satisfy my Mind.

I sent my Heart, one evening,
A-roaming for a friend,
A ready heart and willing,
Which for love I'd gladly spend.
'Twould win me smiles, caresses,
Flattery, gold and art—
But not a single friendship
Which would satisfy my Heart.

Then I sent my Faith, at noontide,
A-roaming for a friend,
And I found one, true and worthy,
Whom I could from wrong defend.
There I planted the white banner;
There I gave both heart and mind,
For the friend I put my Faith in,
Was the one I wished to find.

—BESSIE W. PRATT.

FULLY SUPPLIED ALREADY.

WHEN the late Lord Cairns was Lord Chancellor, he was an ex-officio visitor of lunatic asylums. He went down one Wednesday, when the peers do not sit, to Hanwell, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. "Can't let you in," said the janitor; "days for visitors, Tuesdays and Fridays." "But I have a right to go inside," said his lordship; "I insist on doing so." "Read the regulations," and the janitor pointed to them. "Do you know who I am?" asked Lord Cairns. "Don't know, and don't care," said the menial. "I am entitled to admission at any and every hour;

I am Lord Chancellor of England!" "Ah! ah!" laughed the janitor, as he shut the entrance gates in the noble lord's face, "we've got four of 'em inside already!"

THE foolish discussion of the origin of "God Save the Queen," continues. The mystery appears in no wise cleared up, but in the course of the correspondence on the subject some facts not generally known have been stated anew, and among these was one relating to the at-one-period universality of the tune. About 100 years ago it was the State tune of nearly every European country. In Denmark it was "Heil dir dem liabenden"; in Prussia and all North Germany it was "Heil Dir, im Sieger Kranz"; in Weimar it was "Brause du Freiheit-Sang"; in Austria it was the national anthem until Haydn composed the one now used; in Russia it was the State hymn until 1833, when it was displaced by the anthem of Lwoff; in Switzerland it is still sung to "Rufst du Mein Vaterland"; and in Sweden, Great Britain and America it is still the State tune.

BOTTLED LIGHTNING.

AN old farmer, who had been to the metropolis, was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel he stayed at. "Everything was perfect," said he, "all but one thing—they kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to." "Well," said one wag, "why didn't you blow it out?" "Blow it out!" said the farmer—"How could I? The pesky thing was inside a bottle!"

IN FAMOUS CLAY COUNTY.

A MAN was saved by a bullet striking a flask in his pocket, major." "Well, sah, all I've got to say is, if a man lives in Clay county and expects to stop bullets that way, he ought to have a flask in each pocket, and extra pockets for extra flasks."

Some people don't believe in cures being effected by the laying on of hands, but many a small boy's father has cured him of smoking by that simple method.

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

HE glanced out of the window at the busy avenue, and watched the people coming and going through the mud and rain. And then he looked back again to the bright, girlish face opposite him.

"Ideals are very well in their way," he ventured lazily. "They afford pleasure, I suppose, to the person who indulges in them, undoubted amusement to him who has to hear of them; and, besides this, they have two other advantages, their harmlessness, and their convenient submission to being twisted about to suit all circumstances."

She looked at him as he finished speaking, and he smiled at the indignant flash of her eyes.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Louise?" he asked good naturedly.

"You know I do not," she exclaimed with warmth. "You are only airing some of your wretched cynicism because you know how I despise them; as for ideals, I believe in them, and do not understand your assertion that they will bear twisting about."

"Perhaps I am wrong there; but, to illustrate, I believe most girls have their ideal lover."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said coolly. "You don't expect me to answer for more than one girl, do you?"

"Certainly not," he resumed, "but don't they generally declare that, if that paragon neglects to appear on the scene, they will never marry?"

"They may."

"Now, do you think this ideal ever comes?"

"Of course I do," she answered earnestly. "What would life be worth if it did not?"

"Has yours?" he queried softly.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," she retorted, with dignity and pink cheeks. "Let us keep to the subject, please."

"Certainly. Well, granted that some do appear at the proper time and in the proper place, you know that that is the exception. Now, for the point of my explanation; it is very easy, is it not, to cause your ideal to undergo a change—gradually, of course—until it becomes a reality in a form less perfect, perhaps, but more human than before?"

"Some people may find it so, but not many, I think."

"Would not you?" he asked quickly.

"Since you insist on being personal, I may as well admit that nothing would induce me to alter my ideal."

"I see there is no use trying to convert you."

"Not the slightest."

"The least you can do, then, it seems to me," he continued, "is to introduce the gentleman to me. I am quite ready to listen to a lengthy description."

"Are you so much in need of amusement, then," she asked reproachfully, "after all my efforts to entertain you?"

"Go on," he commanded, with a wave of his hand. "I am waiting."

"Well, where shall I begin?"

"First, what does he look like?"

"I thought that was a girl's question," she suggested, mischievously. "Really, I have not thought much about his personal appearance, except that he must not be handsome. Handsome men are always so conceited."

"Miss Louise, excuse a personal question, and one that has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but did you ever hear any one accuse me of being—well, passably good looking?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, promptly. "Edith Harland assured me that you were by far the handsomest man at the ball the other night, and Alice Barnett admires you more than Mr. Courtenay, and you know how everybody raves over him; and Marie—"

"That will do. Proceed."

"Well, he must be tall."



No, gentle reader, this is not the individual who recently served an apprenticeship in a sawmill. He simply rode home for lunch in a crowded Windsor and St. Lawrence car.

"Would six feet two suit you?"

"Oh, no," she responded, cheerfully, "that is too tall. Six feet is quite enough for me; and then, I prefer light hair and brown eyes, and—" Just then a pair of grey ones met her own, and she stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, I think you have heard enough."

"Yes, I believe I have; now I want you to listen to me for a few minutes. Did you ever guess that, in spite of all my talking, I, too, had my ideals?"

"Impossible," she murmured.

"And," he continued, "what is more remarkable, I have found mine."

"Indeed?"

"Shall I describe her?"

"I would rather not—that is, it isn't necessary."

"No, I don't think it is, but do you believe there is any hope for me?"

Her face was on fire, and the hand which held her needle trembled nervously, but he persisted.

"Is there?" he repeated gently.

She raised her head and whispered softly, "Perhaps."

"But, Louise," he protested, "my eyes are grey."

"Are they?" she asked in affected surprise.

"And I thought you preferred light hair."

"So I do—for girls."

"I measure six feet two."

"You don't look a bit over six feet."

"And then, handsome men are so dreadfully conceited."

"Did I ever say I thought you handsome?" she retorted.



A STORY WITH A MORAL.

PREACHING one Sunday from the text "Love One Another," the village parson told a little story of two goats that had met on the one-plank bridge which crossed a small stream.

"But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?" queried the minister. "Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brethren," said the preacher, leaning over the pulpit, and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone: "Let us live like goats."

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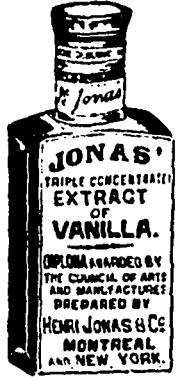
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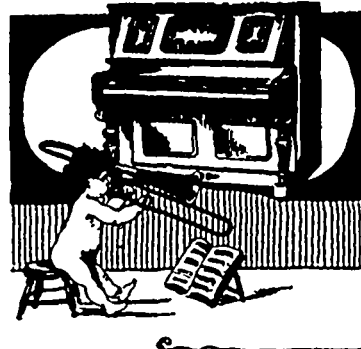
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