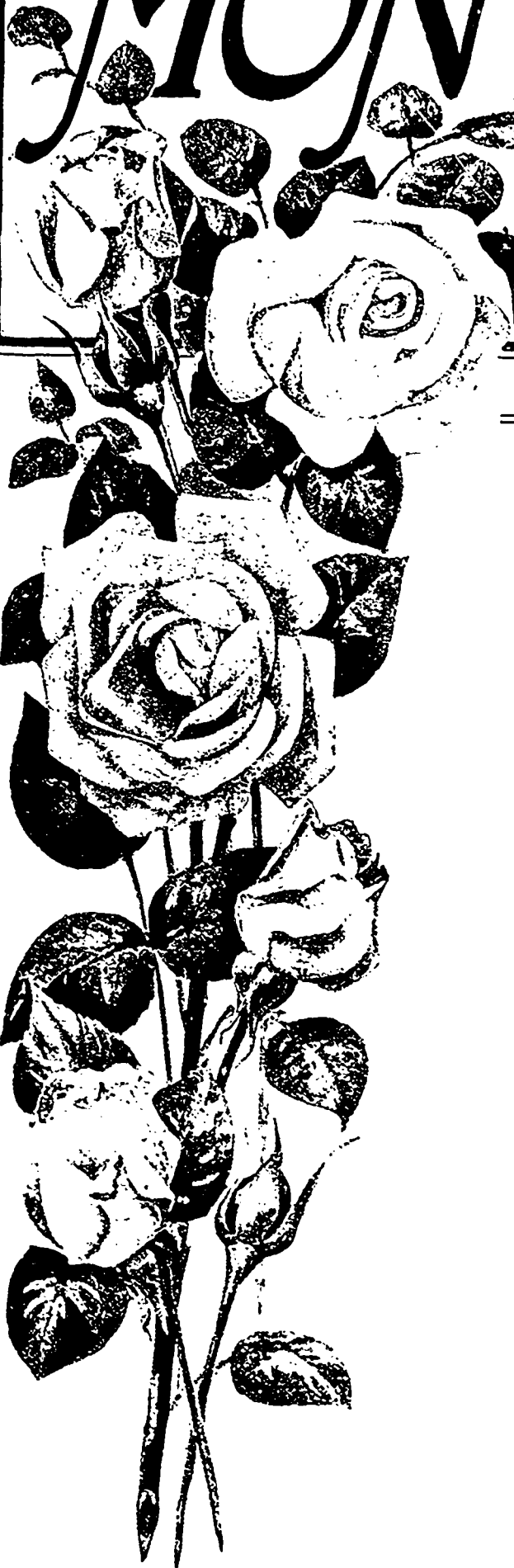




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# MONTREAL LIFE.

18-19 Board of Trade . . . Montreal,  
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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1900.

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## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

THE "arm-chair critic" is avenged. Lord Roberts has set the seal of his authority upon the criticisms of British generalship, which, we were told, emanated only from theoretical grumblers who knew nothing of the practice of war. Driven to some explanation of the prolongation of the war, and the repeated failures of frontal attacks, the English press fell into absurd laudations of the Boers. They were endowed with all the virtues of an heroic, if a primitive, race. This has been greatly overdone. Probably, the Boer is courageous, wily and skilful. He occupies strong natural positions, and his generalship is that of trained French. German and Russian experts, who were glad of a chance to humiliate England. But given good average strategy and modern tactics, and we are a match on land for any nation, small or great. We may expect to hear soon of the results of another clever strategic move under Lord Roberts' direction. The cables make out that the advance north is only now beginning. It probably began some time ago, and the censor knows his business. I pin my faith to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and if they fail to bring the war to a close in a reasonably short time it will be because their instructions are not carried out—just as Napoleon lost Waterloo through the faults of his generals, and not through any error on his part.

THE British public, so it appears, are enthusiastic about Canadians at present, because they have suddenly found out that we are warmly attached to the Empire, and that we are of the fighting stock. Strange that they never discovered these things before! As for the English element in Canada, no one doubts their courage and endurance, but surely our Scotch, Irish and French elements come of the best fighting stocks in history? There is probably no country of its population in the world that could turn out such an army in a time of emergency—men who have the roving spirit, the dash, the regular passion for a real shindy that contribute to make a nation of soldiers.

AS for our attachment to British rule, is not the very existence of the Dominion a living proof that we prefer the monarchical form of Government to every other? By commercial exclusion from the rest of the continent, we have suffered in our pockets, and there never was a time within the last 50 years when it would not have paid us—from the base motive of sordid gain—to cast in our lot with an alien people. Every effort was made alternately to cajole or drive us there. But the British people, who have been so eager to cultivate foreign approval, never, until a very recent date, bothered their heads about the colonies, except to wish that they would go away and take care of themselves. All that is changed, no doubt, but the memory of it leaves a faint sting, and the British people have been roused from their strange state of lethargic ignorance none too soon. I hope they will not sink back into the old condition of half-weary, half-scornful contempt for a colonist. In London to-day, to be a Canadian is to get a cordial and respectful greeting. That is well.

SOME persons are talking about the State ownership of railways. It is a fine dream. Just suppose our street railway were managed from the City-Hall, what a fine time we would have! Ours is a new country, and we have several things to learn. One is that political freedom without good business administration is a delusion and a snare. We get no help from the United States, where all the public services are mismanaged in the most dishonest way. In Great Britain, matters are different. If our Imperialists, who laud British connection, would work for the introduction of British methods into our municipal, Provincial and National systems, they would effect a great deal. The success of the Canadian Pacific Railway is due to the sterling qualities of men like Sir William Van Horne, Lord Strathcona and Mr. Shaughnessy. Under political control the railway would have been a failure. But men of that calibre get no chance in politics. They are pushed aside by scheming wirepullers, who are working for their own interests first, and the country has to play second fiddle.

IF the Conservatives had chosen Lord Strathcona—Sir Donald Smith he then was—to succeed Sir John Thompson, they would, in all human probability, be governing Canada now. Even as it was, he tried to pull them out of the hole on the school question, but they did not know enough to follow him. But that is an unwritten chapter in our annals. It will come out some day. The truth is that the inoculation of some sound business ideas—such as make successes of railways, banks and public companies—in both our political parties is badly needed. This notion will dawn upon the people about the year 1975, and then the successors of our present politicians will drop into their proper places, as street-car conductors, janitors of buildings, and labor agitators. The functions pertaining to these offices they will discharge well.

NO public movement stands still. The forces behind it either subside, presaging an early collapse, or they thrust it forward. So with the Imperial movement in Canada. Sir Charles Tupper, both in his speeches here and in Quebec, has taken solid ground, such as he and his party have always taken, and all the more acceptable in this Province, because it, impliedly, places Canadian interests first and Imperial second. Yet, in four years, events have modified the situation. The carrying of several Imperial measures by the Government has evolved a fresh enthusiasm in Canada, and created in England an entirely new feeling toward Canada. The attitude of England toward us is, perhaps, the more important factor of the two. There they regard our preferential tariff—one-sided, as it undoubtedly is—with favor, and their laudations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier must be read by Conservatives with some wry faces. The President of the British Empire League here, Lieut.-Colonel Denison, has been summoned to London to take part in a great jubilation over the courage and loyalty shown by the colonies in this crisis. The Prince of Wales—the wisest statesman in Europe—will attend, and the Duke of Devonshire, representing the great Whig aristocracy of England, will preside. All this shows a tendency to set the pace. It is well that the Imperial pot should boil in England, while it simmers gently here. Sir Charles Tupper has judged well. His chief obstacle is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with two languages to speak, can wear two faces, and wear them both well.

## LIFE IN A LOOKING-GLASS (Continued.)

THE situation in British Columbia is peculiar. Mr. Martin, who seems to be playing a lone hand for the Premiership and apparently has no party behind him, is a person of unusual courage and audacity. There must be brains behind his impudence or he would never have survived as long as he has. There is a complete mix-up in parties. The Liberal element, as a general thing, is as much opposed to Mr. Martin as the Conservatives. Take for instance the journal owned by Mr. Hewitt Bostock, M.P., the millionaire Englishman who resides in British Columbia and who supports the Laurier Government at Ottawa and is generally regarded as a Liberal. This paper, known as *The Province*, is fighting Mr. Martin strongly, and it is difficult to see how a victory for Martin could be otherwise regarded than as a distinct slap in the face for the Liberals. The whole situation studied impartially shows how crudely constitutional government is administered in a newly-settled country. In fact, old principles and precedents get many rude shocks in the wild western country.

SENSATIONAL novelists are frequently blamed for introducing episodes into their books which are calculated to exaggerate the social conditions of the time rather than to reflect them accurately. Dickens horrified many worthy persons by writing "Oliver Twist." Yet he only partly lifted the veil, the very thin veil, which separates our respectable selves from the "submerged tenth." Two murders that have taken place in Canada quite recently indicate that our outward civilization either does not penetrate very deeply or that it is not spread out wide enough to cover all the exposed surface. There is the murder in this city a week or two ago, when a young man choked his wife to death while she lay asleep in bed. Another equally gruesome story comes from British Columbia, where a police officer at one of the Coast villages was cut in pieces by Chinese and buried near their shanty. The murderers also killed the officer's dog, so that trace of the crime might be destroyed. There are said to be many Chinese of that kind in our Western Province, and yet some people are squeamish about passing laws to keep out that kind of immigration.

THE Australians who objected to making the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council the final Court of Appeal for cases which would determine the meaning of their new constitution were not far wrong. Some kind friend has probably told them that half of the political difficulties in Canada have arisen from the fact that the decisions given by the Privy Council on points rising out of the British North America Act have been contradictory, unexpected, and sometimes erroneous. For example, the Privy Council's judgment on the Separate School cases not only knocked out the Catholic schools in Manitoba and New Brunswick but also knocked out the Conservative party. No doubt the loss of the Conservative party is one which Canada can stand, but I am not sure that the confederation (which was distinctly a bargain between Protestants and Catholics, and which was to be kept honorably and in good faith by both parties to the contract) can forever persist if the rights of one section are to be interfered with and taken away. The Privy Council not only undertook to say that Catholic schools could be wiped out in Manitoba. The court also undertook to say what the Canadian Parliament had in its mind when it passed the Manitoba Act and gave the Province its educational powers. Now, our debates show distinctly what we intended to do. The Privy Council simply showed us a way of eluding the obligations assumed in 1874. Mr. Chamberlain has met the Australian complaint by gradually enlarging the Judicial Committee so as to bring experienced statesmen into it, and is also offering to create eminent colonial lawyers peers for life. This may lead to some interesting social, as well as political and judicial, departures.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE should now call herself Duchess of Argyle, just as her niece is known only as the Duchess of Fife. The Duke of Fife did not permit any misunderstanding to arise regarding his royal bride's position. He declined to accept from Parliament any State allowance for her. At all court functions and in other social relations their names appear as "the Duke and Duchess of Fife." This always suggested the unhappy comparison with "the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne." But, then, Lord Lorne, until the death of his father this week, was only a commoner. He had no rank in the peerage except by courtesy. Now that he holds by right a distinguished Scottish peerage and is a member of the House of Lords as well, his rank is one which the Princess may well be satisfied to share, without especially alluding to her royal position.

VANGUARD.

## GABRIEL'S WEEKLY FORECASTS.

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

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

Sunday, April 29.—Rather fortunate.

Persons holding salaried positions should be careful not to offend their employers during this year.

Children born to-day will thrive best by working for others, as rapid promotion is promised to them.

Monday, April 30.—Favorable for love affairs and business.

Sickness, law-suits, and some business complications are foreshadowed during this year. Many young women, however, will be wooed and won.

Lack of perseverance is likely to prove a grave obstacle to the success of to-day's children.

Tuesday, May 1.—Decidedly unfortunate in many respects.

This will not be a prosperous year, unsatisfactory business complications being clearly foreshadowed.

Quick-witted and bright to-day's children will be, but they should not go into business for themselves, since they will thrive best by holding salaried positions.

Wednesday, May 2.—Good for courtship and marriage.

A favorable year for business, domestic enjoyments, and love affairs.

Children born to-day will meet with much success in life.

Thursday, May 3.—A brisk day for business.

Employees will be more fortunate this year than those who are in business for themselves, and to all, sickness and other troubles are threatened.

As employes, to-day's children may fare well, but ruin may be expected if they go into business on their own account. The girls should receive a careful moral training.

Friday, May 4.—Not favorable for any purpose.

Disputes, lawsuits, and speculations should be sedulously avoided during this year.

Children born to-day will be untruthful, and will rarely make the best use of their abilities. As a result, little worldly success may be expected.

Saturday, May 5.—Speculators and merchants should find this a good day.

Young people, whose birthday this is, will fall in love during the year, and business men will prosper. The evils threatened are quarrels and accidents.

JAMES HINGSTON, B.A., Oxon,

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## Monarchy and Marriage.

A PRINCESS PAYS PENALTY FOR WEDDING  
THE MAN OF HER CHOICE.

IT is often said that a woman who sacrifices her feelings in making a first marriage has the right to please herself if she marries again. Princess Stephanie of Belgium, who was married lately for the second time, has not hesitated to sacrifice privileges of rank and distinction which many women would be pleased to gain by giving up a mere affair of the heart.

Princess Stephanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, who committed suicide some years ago, has been engaged for three years to Count Lonyay, a Protestant magnate of Hungary who, to remove the most serious of the obstacles thrown in the way of the match, embraced Catholicism. The Emperor, though strongly opposed to the match, gave his consent at last, and the Princess, though she renounces all claim to her rights as Archduchess, retains part of her appanage. She would remain Royal, of course, by her birth, but her father, in his indignation at such an alliance, has deprived her of her rank.

The voluntary character of the union is assured by the fact that the step is for the bride a social descent, that a dowager Crown Princess makes a real sacrifice when she consents to marry a Count of however ancient a family. The Princess Stephanie, we may be sure, has not found things made easy for her all along the matrimonial road. It is true that had a son been born to her by her first marriage the difficulties would have been very much greater, but, though the heir to the Crown is not her child, she has been too near the throne to make her action a matter of no importance. When she chose as her second husband an Hungarian noble, she must have known that she was bidding farewell to her former state, and have looked to find compensation in the common human affections. In the first instance, the obstacles may well have seemed insurmountable. Difference of rank and difference of religion promised to do their best to prevent the Princess from carrying out her wish. Difference of religion has disappeared, for Count Lonyay became a Catholic last year. But difference of rank remained, and Vienna is not the Court in which this difference is most easily got over, though, no doubt, that Court remembered, as the world does not, a precedent of this century. Marie Louise, an Austrian Princess, widow of Napoleon, twice married subjects.

In discussing the English Royal Marriage Act, The Saturday Review says that English opinion has always been divided as to the restrictions it imposes. Many contend that while the heir to the throne must necessarily be debarred all the members of the Royal Family need not be under the same compulsion. Why, it is asked, should those members of the Royal House who desire to renounce, formally, their rights to the succession be prevented from doing so? They have weighed the sacrifice demanded of them, and they are willing to make it. They have compared the joys of possible sovereignty with the humbler satisfaction of marrying the man or woman they like best, and they have had the bad taste—if you like to call it so—to prefer the latter. Why should the nation deny them any liberty of choice, and insist on regarding them as heirs to a crown which will probably never be theirs, and of which they only ask to be allowed to divest themselves in advance?

The Saturday Review undertakes to answer this serious question. It says that, first, the evils of a disputed succession cannot always be avoided by an arrangement of this kind.

The remote heir of to-day becomes by a series of unexpected deaths the immediate heir of to-morrow. He has, it is true, shut himself out from deriving any advantage from this change. He has executed the proper instruments, and has no better legal title to the throne of which he is the natural inheritor than any one of his fellow subjects. But supposing that the man who had benefited by his renunciation were unknown or unpopular, while the man who had disclaimed his heritage was well known and well liked, might not the nation be disposed to make light of an arrangement entered into in different conditions and in necessary ignorance of the feelings with which the carrying out of this arrangement would be regarded when it unexpectedly came into operation? Supposing that the heir passed over in this arrangement were without ambition, no great harm might come of this discontent. But he might not be without ambition. He might have come in the interval to regret the sacrifice he had made, or to chafe against the absurd regulation which had made such a surrender necessary, and then the evils of a disputed succession might be nearer than at first seemed probable. If it is necessary or expedient to place any restrictions on Royal marriages, they cannot be imposed only on heirs-apparent without constantly incurring dangers precisely similar from the marriages of those who have unexpectedly become heirs-apparent.

There is a second reason of a more general kind against a repeal of the law, whether written or unwritten, which compels marrying members of reigning houses, if not to please the head of their house, at least to confine themselves to the class of partners from which he would naturally make his choice. In the modern world monarchy, though it shows no sign of falling into discredit, where the common and obvious precautions are taken to prevent it, stands in constantly increasing need of such precautions. There is no incompatibility between democracy and monarchy, but more and more care has to be taken to prevent any such incompatibility from being suspected. Hereditary succession is accepted as natural and reasonable so long as the family to which the Sovereign belongs is regarded as something separate and apart. If this state of things came to an end, if the barriers which are interposed between Sovereign and subject were broken down and the hereditary King were no further removed from his fellows than an elected President, it would become a very difficult matter to keep the elective principle at a distance. It seems natural and reasonable that the Crown should remain from generation to generation in the same family, so long as that family has a descent and a character distinct from every other in the kingdom. But if this descent and character be taken away—if the Royal house becomes no more than one family among many, some of which may be not inferior in antiquity, while they stand higher in wealth or achievement—what are the chances that the hereditary principle will stand the leveling effect of such a change? Yet, it is only the law which virtually forbids the marriage of a member of the Royal house with a subject that stands in the way of such a result. If such marriages were common, and tended, as they inevitably would tend, to become the rule rather than the exception, there would no longer be any intelligible or permanent distinction between King and subject. The commingling of classes which is continually going on in all ranks below Royalty would be extended to Royalty, and the Sovereign would be nothing more than the first in a company of equals. It is scarcely possible that monarchy should safely sustain such a revolution as this, or that a democracy should consent to the perpetual aggrandizement of a single family when it has been reduced by continual intermarriages to the level of a hundred others.

Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the Bishop of Huron, is still in the city awaiting the recovery of her son, the Rev. Day Baldwin who has for some weeks past been seriously ill at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Mr. Baldwin is, we are pleased to say, improving daily.



## People We Hear About.

### THE LORD BISHOP OF HURON.

IT seems hardly possible that over 16 years have elapsed since the distinguished prelate who is the subject of this sketch used to draw those enormous congregations to Christ Church Cathedral, especially on Sunday evenings, when there was neither standing nor sitting room, and when persons of all denominations were found in the congregation. The Very Rev. Maurice S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, is emphatically a pulpit orator. Even now, when his name is announced as preacher in some city within or without his own diocese, there is always a crowded church to greet him.

In the days when he was rector of Christ Church Cathedral, few can doubt that he exercised a telling influence as a minister. His sermons were directed in the plainest manner against what he deemed the evils of the time—against atheism, against theatres, against over-indulgence in dancing, and every phase of popular amusement which he thought injurious to the morals of the community. He was at all times fearless. No one doubted that, while he might be extreme in some of his views, he lacked for nothing, either in depth or sincerity. Innumerable instances are recorded of his kindness, charity, piety and unselfishness, and few men in the Christian ministry have impressed these characteristics on their people more clearly than Dr. Baldwin. To him the lines of Chaucer could be truly applied:

A better preest, I trowe, there nowher non is,  
He wroste after no pompe and reverence,  
Ne makede him a steeed conscience,  
But Cristes lore, and His apostles twelve  
He taught, but first he folwede it him-elve.

The Bishop of Huron is a member of that well-known family which has played an important part in the social life and politics of Upper Canada. He was born in Toronto in 1836, a son of the late John S. Baldwin, and a first cousin of the eminent statesman, Robert Baldwin. He was educated at Upper Canada College and Trinity College, where he took the usual degrees, and was admitted to holy orders in 1861 by the then Bishop of Huron, Dr. Cronyn. He was first a curate in St. Thomas, then a small town, and nothing like the great railway centre it is now. Then he was appointed incumbent at Port Dover. In 1868 he first came to Montreal as rector of St. Luke's Church here. In two years he had so far made his mark that he was appointed junior assistant and canon of Christ Church Cathedral. From this time on Canon Baldwin exercised a powerful influence both in his own Church and outside of it, and his example to young men especially was beneficial far beyond the bounds of his personal influence, because he was held up as a model of what young men ought to be.

In 1872, on the death of Dean Bethune, Canon Baldwin was selected by the congregation as rector, and the appointment was confirmed by the Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Oxenden. When Dr. Boud, the Dean of Montreal, was made bishop in 1879, he bestowed the position of dean upon Canon Baldwin, who shortly afterwards had conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. by Trinity University. While a staunch Church-



DR. BALDWIN, BISHOP OF HURON.

man, Dr. Baldwin has always belonged to what is known as the Evangelical school, not indeed in any party spirit, but because he doubtless thought the simplicity in the service and the moderate views which to him appeared as the principal characteristics of that element in the Church were best adapted for the spread of Christianity. No doubt, many in the cathedral, as in the Church at large, honestly differed from him, but no one could withhold from Dr. Baldwin their great respect, and even affection, on account of his many fine telling qualities. Few could resist the influence of that earnest face and spare figure with the penetrating voice and the peculiar intonation, which, to many who heard him sympathetically, had the thrilling effect of the true orator.

Dr. Baldwin's cordial relations with all other religious bodies were remarkable. When the various branches of Presbyterianism met here in 1875, he attended the religious services which commemorated the union of the various elements in the Scotch Church, partaking of the Communion after the Scottish fashion. At all times he was noted for his breadth of view and his freedom from narrow sectarian prejudice. In 1883, by the retirement of Dr. Hellmuth, Bishop of Huron, a vacancy was caused on the Episcopal bench. The Synod at first selected Dr. Sullivan, the Bishop of Huron, but he declined. Then the Dean of Montreal was chosen by 57 clerical votes and 91 lay votes. Montreal then lost forever its talented dean, who has since pursued a career of busy usefulness and constant endeavor at the head of the Diocese of Huron, where he is as greatly beloved as he was here. Under his vigorous administration the affairs of the diocese have prospered greatly, and the Church finds itself much better off in numbers, wealth and general efficiency.

Dr. Baldwin has changed very little in appearance since he lived amongst us, and he is one of the few bishops of the Church in Canada who may sometimes be seen in public places without the traditional dress of a bishop of the Church of England.

X.

### GUARDING AGAINST MISTAKE.

EDDIE—I hear that you gave your ma a pair of slippers for her birthday.

FREDDIE—Yes; and I marked them, "To be worn only on the feet."

PRESENTING ARTICLES.—Major Grouard, September 15; Hon. Wm. Mulock, September 22; His Lordship Bishop Boud, September 29; Mr. W. J. Gage and Mr. Louis Herbet, October 6; Hon. Jas. Sutherland, October 13; Mr. Chas. R. Hosmer, October 20; Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, October 27; Principal Graut, November 3; Professor Goldwin Smith, November 10; Dr. Jas. Stewart, November 17; Mr. Geo. Gooderham, November 24; Sir W. C. Macdonald and Lord Methuen, December 1; Archbishop Bruchest, December 8; Mr. Cleophas Heausoleil, December 15; Mayor Parent, of Quebec, December 22; The Hon. Justice Wurtelle, December 29; Sir Wm. R. Meredith, January 5; Mr. W. E. Dorn and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., January 12; Lord Kitchener, January 19; Archbishop Lewis, February 2; Hon. Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, February 9; Hon. Senator Geo. T. Fullford, February 16; Wm. Gibson, M.P., February 23; Mr. Hector Mackenzie, March 2; Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q.C., March 9; Sir Wm. Hingston, March 16; Mr. James Ross and Mr. Robert G. Reid, March 23; Mr. James P. Lee, March 30.



## GOD OR THE MAN?

"WHAT'S all very well for you, Tommy, you're a parson. That's the way you ought to think. But I say that men are born either good or bad, and if they are naturally bad they only do right because they are afraid to do wrong, and the average man is kept straight not because the fear of God is on him but the fear of man," and Hugh Stretton, having filled his pipe and unburdened his mind, turned upon the Reverend Thomas Winton, erstwhile of the Royal Military College, and his classmate and still the friend of his heart.

"I don't altogether agree with you, Hugh," said a lean, clean-looking young man who had been listening to the discussion with the toleration that comes of a long acquaintance with similar discussions, "but I do think that tradition and habit are so strong that an evilly disposed man may be restrained by force of habit and convention when the world, and even he himself, thinks he is moved by a higher motive. And I daresay that a great many of the deeds of chivalry we hear of have been the outcome of a lack of moral courage."

"Oh well," said Hugh, waving assent, "you lawyer chaps have such a long-winded way of putting things. But isn't that just what I said, the fear of man and not of God?"

The Reverend Thomas, otherwise "White Tommy," as he had been dubbed by his school and college chums, of cherubic countenance but sturdy convictions, broke in here, almost spluttering in his indignation. "You know you fellows don't mean a word that you say," he began hotly, for the weight of his calling was heavy upon him and he found his position among his old classmates a rather trying one at times.

"You talk about the average man, then take yourselves. You know that either of you would get into any kind of a scrape to help out your friend, and a fig for the censure of the world."

"That is because we would be afraid to be called a bad friend," said Hugh.

"Which confirms just what I was saying. Haven't I known both you chaps since you were in your Eton?" went on Tommy.

"Grammar or trousers?" said the lawyer flippantly.

"Both or either," cried the irate Reverend. "Do you suppose I don't know why you defended that young Burkett last year and brought such odium on yourself, Hillyard?"

"Oh shut up you young idiot," said the lawyer. "you know I couldn't have faced his mother if we hadn't got him off. That might be called the fear of woman?" he said laughing and wishing to evade this point of the discussion.

"And why," proceeded Tommy excitedly, turning to Stretton, "Why did you lose your B.S.M. the week before we left college? You knew that Brown would have lost his commission if you had chosen to answer a civil question put to you by the Com., and Brown was not your friend, whereas you risked any good opinion the Com. might have had of you when you know you valued his opinion very highly."

"Oh stick to your point man, stick to your point," said Stretton, who had not expected this. "What is your argument?" and Tommy went on triumphantly, for now he felt at home.

"My argument is that there is inherent good and evil in everyone, and that as you exercise the one it grows stronger, and as you neglect it, it weakens. So that in the case of extreme vice, the carnal side of a man's nature has been developed, and the spiritual side so weakened that it is practically powerless. The man in us dominates the God in us, and it holds good the other way. The very friendship which

you are vaunting as an excuse for being square and honorable is the clearest exponent of my theory, for, if the God did not prevail over the man, such friendship could not exist.

"Now, do you two fellows consider yourselves shining and phenomenal exceptions to the rest of the world? Why am I to use a different standard in judging the average man than in judging you two?"

But Hugh evaded this embarrassing view of the question.

"You are very young, Tommy, very young, and new at your trade. Take the united experience of the army and the law," waving at Hillyard, "and remember, in dealing with men and women, but especially with men, that they will be more influenced by the opinion of the world than by all the wiles and wisdom your tender years can offer them."

And the talk fell upon other things, and these three sat into the night as men will who meet, having parted at the beginning of their careers, and not knowing when they will meet again.

On a day, the very hottest of a very hot season, Hugh Stretton sat on the verandah of a very comfortable old house, in a certain thriving but here nameless station, and drank tea and chatted with his hostess, and was politely glared at by a third person who is responsible for this story. Since Hugh had taken his commission and had been gazetted to the 13th, he had found life very plain sailing, for he was as popular in his regiment as he had been in his college, and the outside world in this, as in most instances, was inclined to be very cordial. Of late, however, people had said, and not without some show of reason, that it was a pity young Stretton was allowing himself to be made a fool of by that silly little Mrs. Holt.

For which state of affairs there were several reasons.

He had first begun going to the Holts' house because "Old Holt," as Hugh irreverently called him, was an old friend of Hugh's father, and a very charming old gentleman to whom the younger man was much attached, and because old Holt's very pretty and more foolish wife had a sister at home, whom Hugh still loved and of whom he longed to gather the slightest gleanings of the slightest news, though he always went away and kicked himself for an idiot afterwards, for obvious reasons.

But, if the rest of the station had gone to the Holts' house as often as Hugh did, they would have seen many things which he saw and they would have talked greatly, whereas he talked not at all, but watched and waited.

Mr. Holts' business kept him away from home for many weeks at a time during a certain part of the year, and it was during this time that Hugh saw fit to devote himself to Mrs. Holt, and saw much besides. For, as he himself expressed it, he was always tumbling over Major Lefroy at the bungalow, and the Major said to himself and often to Mrs. Holt that that young cub was always there just before, or came in a few minutes after, him.

Lefroy was, physically, a good-looking enough man, but had that bullet-shaped head and breadth at the base of the head which shows the coarser grain and is more easily noticed in a man because of the closely cropped hair. Hugh's visits were not so ill-timed as they appeared. He had taken an instinctive dislike to the man, which grew and strengthened with their acquaintance, and he did not think that Lefroy was doing Mrs. Holt any good.

The young officer had a great respect and affection for Mr. Holt and had seen that he was blindly devoted to his pretty young wife and as blindly confiding.

Hugh argued to himself that not much harm could be done if there were always a third person present, so he was always on hand. Taking advantage of the Holts' constantly extended hospitality he turned up on every occasion, and the constant attendance of these two was rather laughed at by their little world, who said there was safety in numbers, but it was a pity Mrs. Holt had completely monopolized a nice boy like Hugh Stretton.

Young Stretton, however, was playing his own game, or, rather, allowing her to play hers. He was always gay, always

## GOD OR THE MAN—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.

amusing and always avowedly interested in the last new girl who had been imported to the station, and was so frank and ingenuous over his honeycombed heart, as he called it, that she had no excuse for snubbing him or sending him away. His attitude was always that of the boy to the pretty young married woman. Besides which, she was a little afraid of herself, and, like most weak people, was glad to have some stronger nature beside her to sanction and approve her conduct.

So, on this day, they sat and drank tea and Stretton grumbled at the heat in every other spot in the district and wondered if he had interrupted Lefroy in any important communication, for the usually suave Frenchman was silent almost to rudeness.

Mrs. Holt was her usual smiling and pretty graciousness, and asked them both to stay to dinner, but Hugh, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, realizing that he was tired of playing watch-dog, laughed, and said he really felt too growly for polite society and must take himself off. He was feeling rather knocked out at the news that Ethel was going to be married, and, as he rode away, felt more serious than he had done since his last examination which had been several years ago now, he thought.

"My dear Peggy," he said to his horse, "thank Heaven, you are a horse and not a woman, for you are a very wise horse, and you might have been a very foolish woman, and I wish old Holt would come home, for I don't like the cut of that chap Lefroy at all."

Things went on like this, till one fine day Mr. Holt came home unexpectedly and Hugh often wondered afterwards what would have happened if he had not come just then, and whether he, Hugh, would have been glad or sorry.

The storm broke in this wise, but, as Hugh used to say when they were out sailing, the squall that struck him was not the one he was expecting at all. He received a very pre-emptory note from Mr. Holt telling him to come to the bungalow at once, and the tone of it was so unlike the usual cordial invitations from that quarter that he feared there was bad news from home, and hastened to answer the summons with more trepidation than he would have acknowledged to anyone.

Mr. Holt received him in the library, and at the first sight of the old gentleman's face Hugh wondered who had been blabbing, or if that little fool had committed herself.

"Well, you young cub," began Mr. Holt without any preliminary, "this is a pretty return for all my hospitality to you, and a fine trading on old friendship. What is the meaning of that sir?" and he tossed him a note.

Hugh picked it up and looked at it stupidly. It was certainly a love letter, but, if the irate husband had read it carefully, he would have soon reached the conclusion that it was not of the description that a young man would write to a married woman. Stretton read Lefroy in every line of it, and at the end the signature H. L. which Mr. Holt in his wrath had read H. S.

"Ah!" said Stretton, "did Mrs. Holt give you this?" and he felt a great scorn, but a greater admiration for Mrs. Holt's ingenuity. "Did Mrs. Holt give you this?"

"Of course she did, sir, of course she did," thundered the exemplary old merchant, "as any right-minded young wife would do when a young man to whom she has shown every kindness so far forgets himself as to think that she takes any warmer interest in him."

The old man was sailing on now, which gave Hugh time to think.

"Well, sir! well, sir! have you nothing to say, sir?"

Stretton was powerless. If he vindicated himself by the slightest hint, Mrs. Holt would be implicated. If he did not write the letter, another did, and an effusion that might be thought the hot-headedness of a youth of Hugh's age, would, coming from a man like Lefroy, be a confirmation of indiscretion on madam's part, which neither her youth nor her beauty could justify.

He knew that Mr. Holt held very high ideas about the honor of his heart and home, and that if he knew the truth of this he would never get over it. Also, there was Ethel, and this woman was Ethel's sister, oh miracle!

"I do not see that there is anything for me to say, sir," he said slowly, "except," Hugh was picking his words now, "I regret my folly extremely."

"Of course this is entirely between ourselves, Stretton. For the sake of myself and Mrs. Holt that is necessary. Besides, whatever you did, you are the son of my old friend and I would not spoil your career. But this has been a great blow to me, a great blow."

And Hugh went away spoiling for a fight, and went straight to Lefroy.

"Look here, Lefroy, you have got me into a nice mess," he said, "you have been writing love letters to Mrs. Holt."

Lefroy rose, with an expression on his face that made Hugh wish Mrs. Holt had seen it once.

"And what is it to you, you young puppy, if I write love letters to every woman in the station?"

"Oh, a great deal." Hugh was boiling now. He had had to tacitly admit himself a cad in the eyes of his old friend, and he wanted to get square with someone.

"It is everything to me," he said, "for Mrs. Holt has told old Holt that I wrote your last letter, and you make your signature in the same confoundedly slippery way that you do everything else, and Holt has read it, H. S.—my initials." Lefroy laughed long and loud.

"Good for you, baby, and what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? I let him think so, of course, but, if it's left that way, it's got to be to some purpose. I'm not going to make a fool of myself for nothing. He can think me a cad, or anything else he pleases, if it is going to bring madam to her senses. But there are not going to be any risks. You have got to go, you know, Lefroy."

"What do you mean by that?"

Hugh was very white now, and he meant what he said. "I mean a good deal. You have either to exchange or take the chance that has been offered you of taking that expedition up country. You may as well go. It is easy enough for me to clear myself. I have your letter in my pocket, and Holt would take my word against the whole British army if I chose to speak. I believe, also, you know your colonel's views on this sort of thing. We had them expounded to us pretty clearly last winter. If he knows, or if Holt knows this, you will have to go, so you had better go now while you can take your reputation with you."

After this soul-satisfying interview, Hugh and Peggy went for a long ride, and on the way home they talked it all out.

"We have learned several things to-day, old Peggy," said her master, "and one is, that it is a very unwise thing to try and preserve the honor of your friend at the risk of your own; and another, and we will never forget this, how much more dishonorable than the most dishonorable man a dishonorable woman can be. I wonder what we did it for, Peggy? If it had come out it would have broken a very good man's heart, and the human heart is a commonity which the world sets too light a value on these days."

Heigho!

"And what would Tommy say about it? Would he say it was the God in us, or the man? I am afraid it was very much the man. For we did it for a man and a woman. And the man thinks us a cad and a coward, Peggy, and the woman's to be married to-morrow."

ZAMA.

## THE CANADIAN DRESS CHART.

APRIL, 1900.

Occasion.	DAY WEDDING, GOVERNMENT HOUSE CALLS, RECEPTIONS.	AFTERNOON TEAS, CALLS, SHOWS, ETC.	WHEELING, GOLF, OUTING	EVENING WED- DINGS, BALLS, RECEPTIONS, FOR- MAL DINNERS AND THEATRE.	INFORMAL DIN- NER, CLUB, STAG, THEATRE PARTY.	BUSINESS AND MORNING DRESS.
Coat.	Frock, black	Frock or cutaway.	Sacque or Norfolk jacket.	Evening coat.	Monte Carlo.	Dark worsteds.
Waistcoat.	Black in Winter, white or brown holland in Sum- mer.	Black in Winter, white or brown holland in Sum- mer.	Fancy Shades.	White or black.	Black.	Same material as coat.
Trousers.	Striped, dark tones.	Striped, dark tones.	Knickerbockers.	Same material as coat.	Same material as coat.	Same material as coat.
Hat.	Silk.	Silk.	Soft felt or cap.	Opera.	Soft felt.	Christy.
Shirt and Cuffs.	White or colored, with white cuffs.	White or colored, with white cuffs.	Flannel, with white collar and attachable cuffs.	White, plain, or with pique front.	White.	Colored or white.
Collar.	High straight or high turned- down.	High straight or high turned- down.	High or turned- down or hunting stock.	High standing or high turned down.	High standing or high turned- down.	High standing or high turned- down.
Cravat.	White silk or dark blue or black foulard. Laven- der may be worn at weddings.	Fancy shades.	Ascot or hunting stock.	White, not made up.	Black.	Fancy, of fashion- able shades.
Gloves.	At weddings, white or grey suede, tan.	Tan.	Tan.	White or pale lavender.		Tan.

This Chart is corrected to date by a Canadian authority on men's fashions.

## Visit to a Great Modern Establishment.

*Some Reflections and Descriptions at Morgan's.*

AN inspection of the large establishment known far and wide as the Colonial House, or perhaps equally well under the name of Henry Morgan, is an education in itself. Canada's biggest departmental needs no introduction; but there are many aspects of such a concern which are of interest.

In 1844, Mr. Henry Morgan started a dry goods business on Notre Dame street, Montreal, and was followed a year later by his brother James. The firm originated as Smith & Morgan, and carried on operations thus for some years. Subsequently the establishment was transferred to Victoria



Square where it remained until nine years ago, when the present site was selected as offering splendid advantages for up-town trade.

At first, as has been remarked, dry goods was the sole or at least the chief line; but it is now 22 years since the firm began really as a departmental store. The present tremendous concern is simply the result of a measured and legitimate development, one department after another having been added, year after year, till now there are about 33 separate departments, in which are employed some 500 people. Almost anything required can now be purchased at the Colonial House. Such various goods as drugs, furniture, china and glassware, ladies' and children's boots and shoes, stationery and books, boys' ready-made clothing, kitchen utensils, wall paper, etc., in addition, of course, to all the staples and smallwares, millinery, carpets and men's furnishings which are usually seen in such a store.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the systematic arrangement of the different departments as to relative situation. You merge from one to another in the most natural way possible. That is to say, you don't find mantlings between glassware and carpets; so that there is not the slightest

difficulty in ascertaining whereabouts any article is to be procured. A brief summary of the arrangement on the different floors is perhaps to the point. There are four floors and a basement. Starting at the top there is the workman's department. This is quite a feature and a characteristic one of Morgan & Co.'s establishment. They go in strongly, as will be seen, for what might be called the active side of business, not restricting themselves to the handling of goods. Here there is a room 60 x 75 feet with the floor spaced off into foot squares, and smaller, so that any size of carpet can be measured. In this room is an automatic carpet sewing machine which will sew 1,500 yards of carpet in 10 hours. This was the first in Canada, and there is only one other. Here is also an electric apparatus for pressing the seams when sewn.

In the adjoining compartment may be seen wire mattress making—a comparatively simple, but very interesting process—the different qualities of mattress being made from the same wire, but finely wove or coarse, according as the coil comes from the machine small or large.

In another part is the room where mattresses are stuffed and made. A new teasing machine is now working, which is an immense improvement on former ones, in that there is no dust caused. An electric fan, which acts as a ventilator, draws all the dust up through the roof, and makes the operation of the machinery much easier and pleasanter. Colonial outfits are here produced, and sold in large quantities to railways and others. Other departments upstairs are the furniture polishing, and the engraving and embossing. The two men in the former are said to be the best in the city. Mr. Morgan has an eye for such men, which is one reason for his success. The engraver was formerly in business for himself, but was bought out and engaged for the firm. The convenience of this department is well recognized. Mantle making and tailoring, with several minor divisions, take up the rest of the top floor; and it will

be admitted that things are not idle.

On the third floor are carpets, curtains, furniture, and, in an enclosed room where the dust will not penetrate, parlor furniture. On the second are the offices of the company, quite spacious ones, and Mr. Morgan's private office, which, for the present, while building operations are interfering somewhat with one or two departments, he has given up to the accommodation of optical and photographic supplies. Nearest to the offices are china, glassware, pottery, silver, and Japanese goods. It is in this range that the proprietor takes especial pleasure, and anyone with an appreciation of the artistic cannot fail to note the excellence of taste here displayed. A fine set of pictures helps to adorn the whole. Further on are ladies' boots and shoes, and then millinery.

Directly in the front of the building, and looking out on Phillips Square, is an almost luxurious room where ladies try on their fearfully and wonderfully made headgear. Most ladies seem inclined to regard this as a purgatorial task; however, everything is done to alleviate the agony in this instance. The room is indeed used as a rendezvous, chairs and tables are provided and writing material, so that the busily inclined may make good use of their time. A beautiful mantle and

mirror stands at one side, which cost \$3,000. After the millinery come the mantles and other goods, and around near the elevator in a private corner is a Japanese tea-room.

On floor No. 1 are the staples, smallwares, men's furnishings and innumerable articles which go to make the departmental, and down in the basement are kitchen utensils, baskets, etc., the shipping department and engine-rooms.

It is, perhaps, premature to say much about the new annex which is nearing completion. It is one storey higher than the main building, and will have two thirds as much space. It is purposed to have a restaurant in the annex which will be modeled after the New York and Philadelphia style. This will fill a great want in Montreal. Art rooms, where cut glass, bronzes and marbles will find display will also be a feature. A great part of the new building will be occupied by the spreading out of departments, like furniture for example, which are at present much cramped. Men's hats and boots, and trunks and valises will be among the newer lines. Two floors will be reserved for furniture. Three "plunger" elevators are in course of construction, which are sunk into the ground to a depth of 90 feet.

Employees in Morgan's are proverbially well treated. Their regular hours are 8.30 to 6 o'clock, with an hour for dinner. There is no late work, except before Christmas. The consequence is that there is always an extra good class of hands. Higher salaries are paid than elsewhere, and applications from other stores are constantly coming in. The result is that customers are courteously served. A few years ago the firm made an appropriation from its profits for rewarding long service, which, needless to say, was highly appreciated. For the last twelve years a good round sum has been divided as a gratuitous bonus at the end of each year. The head of each department has an interest in it, in addition to his salary, and gets a percentage on sales.

May we be allowed to add that the word of this firm is good anywhere. Little advertising is done, comparatively, but any advertisement of Morgan's is universally relied upon. The quality of their goods is their guarantee. But we are trespassing on dangerous ground. We have promised to say nothing personal, and won't.

#### HER LETTERS.

I LOVE the books that around me wait,  
Great words of men the years name great.  
I love my briar (degenerate—  
Banned by my betters!)—  
I love the blaze I dream before,  
I love a friend's knock at the door,  
But more than all—ah! so much more!—  
I love her letters.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

THE new president of the Woman's Art Association, in Ottawa, Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, wife of Colonel Drummond, is deeply interested in art, being herself a painter, and as she is so popular as a woman, she will doubtless be so as the chief officer of the association. "Isn't Mrs. Drummond lovely?" is the remark all women make when they see her. She is the feminine idol and model in Ottawa just at present, and long may she continue to be so. The mistake made by the Philadelphia reporter, while amusing, was not so very strange after all. He took the tall and commanding black-robed lady, "with hair thickly sprinkled with grey" for Lady Minto, and it is said that at the first dinner-party given after Lord and Lady Minto's arrival in Ottawa, a guest courtesied to Mrs. Drummond instead of to Her Excellency. She is only now beginning to be seen again, after her long seclusion, consequent upon the death of her little daughter, Esmé, last summer. By the few who know her intimately she is said to be as charming as she looks.

## Two Ottawa Personalities.

ALMOST as familiar in our mouths as household words are the names of two men in Ottawa, who, at least, have a local and street-car reputation which few can hope to attain. Messrs. Ahearn and Soper have done much for the city in which they have spent their lives. It was a most happy chance which threw the two young telegraph operators together—one seems exactly the complement of the other. Mr. Soper, it is understood, is an American by birth, though he came to Ottawa very early in life. He was employed at first by the Montreal Telegraph Co., afterwards becoming local manager of the company. Mr. Ahearn rose also to a managership—that of the Bell Telephone Co.—and the two friends later joined forces as electrical contractors.

Mr. Ahearn's inventive brain was early at work, and he has patented many electrical appliances. One that he is responsible for—an electric bell system—is still to be seen at the Russell House. He thinks of large matters, leaving the details to his clever partner, who has much executive ability, and is a sharp, shrewd man. "Tom" Ahearn, as he is always known, except in business matters, might be called modest and retiring, and is popular with the working classes. While he can write a good paragraph if need be, he would bolt if he thought he would have to propose a health at a banquet. Nearly always intent on some electrical scheme or other, he cares little for recreation or society, but he still frequents the "West-End Club," which he went to as a young man. It resembles the Rideau very little, but there congenial spirits sometimes gather for cards, checkers and billiards. Mr. Ahearn believes in temperance, and practises it. As a boy, his nickname was "Old Electricity", he loves to adjust mechanical difficulties, to look in upon his men now and then, and be one of them. He has gone abroad, and his house is filled with beautiful things gathered in foreign lands—Indian and Chinese curiosities especially meeting the eye at every turn.

Mrs. Ahearn is herself very artistic, and gives odd and original luncheons for ladies, such as a shamrock one on St. Patrick's Day this year, which all the guests declared the prettiest possible. She is Mr. Ahearn's second wife, he having married previously her sister, Miss Lily Fleck, by whom he had several children.

Mrs. Ahearn is interested in many charitable institutions, and is treasurer of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.

WARREN V. SOPER has two very charming residences in Ottawa. The handsome brick house on Metcalfe street, where he with his wife and children spend their winters, is filled with paintings and stored with books, for the owner is a remarkably well-read man, cultured and travelled. He is epicurean in his tastes and has the means to gratify them. Three sons and a baby daughter take up all his leisure hours. With them he flies kites on Saturday afternoons at Rockcliffe, or plays tennis on the grounds of his summer residence, "Lornado." This is a most beautiful spot, and he has spent much time and money on improving it. There is a miniature lake, with rustic bridge overhanging it, and from the house a lovely view is obtained of the river and distant Gatineau Point.

Mrs. Soper has a sweet face and a winning manner, and is devoted to her home and little ones.

This sketch of the two street car magnates would almost be incomplete if one did not put in a word for the system, as worked in Ottawa. The difference between a Montreal and Ottawa car is like night and day, and if the citizens of the latter city had to put up with the inconveniences of Montrealers in regard to their cars and conductors they would sigh for "Ahearn and Soper" to step in and regulate things.

## Montreal Horse Show.

EVERYBODY is looking forward with expectancy to the advent of the Horse Show next week. This great event is taking a monopoly in conversational circles in the clubs and drawing-rooms, on the street and everywhere. All the more is it a subject of interest from the fact that never before has Montreal launched out into such a scheme. This event has come to be regarded as an annual one in Toronto, and ours this year follows immediately in the wake of that of the "Queen City," which takes place in the Armouries, Toronto, on April 26, 27 and 28. This, which is known far and wide as the Canadian Horse Show, is the sixth annual show, and is held under the joint auspices of the Canadian Horse Breeders' Association and the Country and Hunt Club, of Toronto.

The Montreal Horse Show, to be held in the Arena next week, is under the patronage of the Montreal Hunt Club, and it speaks well for the enterprise and up-to-dateness of that organization, that they should have attempted things on so fine a scale. This being the first time the idea has taken concrete form in Montreal, the result will be regarded with interest, and the affair cannot but be regarded as, to a certain extent, in the nature of an experiment. There is, therefore, all the more reason to hope that the Montreal public will so show their appreciation of the opportunity afforded by patronizing this initial effort of the Hunt Club, that there will be no doubt as to the possibility and advisability of holding the show every year.

Why, after all, should not Montreal be in as good, or a better, position than other cities in this regard? There are many splendid carriage horses in the city, as well as many fine drivers among both ladies and gentlemen. For such a form of entertainment as this, money is one of the essential requirements. In this, certainly, Montreal has nothing to fear. The advantages offered by the Arena as a place for holding the show are unsurpassed, and probably unequalled, in the country. The Armouries in Toronto, where the Canadian Horse Show is held, are not nearly so well adapted for spectators as is the Arena, for the simple reason that they were not erected with that idea in view. People there, who are seated away at the end, really have no chance of seeing the different events on the programme.

The members of committees are sparing no pains to make the comfort and enjoyment of those who come to witness the proceedings assured. Arrangements have been made for a special train over the Grand Trunk Railway, leaving Toronto on Tuesday night, and reaching here at seven o'clock Wednesday morning. All eastern exhibitors are being carried free from Montreal to Toronto. It has been agreed by the G.T.R. and C.P.R. that on all exhibits forwarded full tariff rates shall be charged; but that such exhibits, if unsold and reshipped after the close of the exhibition, will be returned free by the railway lines which carried them, upon presentation of a certificate signed by the proper officers of the exhibition to the effect that the shipments are unsold exhibits which have paid full tariff rates one way. Reduced passenger rates are being granted on both railways.

The chief patron is, of course, the Governor-General, whose well-known love and admiration for horses makes the choice more than usually appropriate. Lord Minto is noted as an expert horseman. The other patrons are: The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier; His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec; Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal; Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. F. Dechene, Commissioner of Agriculture, Province of Quebec; Hon. M. H. Cochrane (Hillhurst); His Worship Raymond Prefontaine, Mayor of Montreal; His Worship W. D. Lighthall, Mayor of Westmount.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF MINTO,  
Patron of the Montreal Horse Show.

The honorary committee is as follows: H. Montagu Allan, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Hugh A. Allan, Jas. Ross, R. B. Angus, Chas. M. Hays, Chas. R. Hosmer, Lieut.-Col. Ibbotson, Dr. McEachran, A. Baumgarten, Hugh Graham, Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, E. S. Clouston, A. E. Ogilvie, Robt. Bickerdike, Lieut.-Col. Starke, Lieut.-Col. Strathy, W. C. Edwards, J. A. Stevenson, Hon. L. J. Forget, F. L. Wanklyn, Jas. Cochran, John Crawford, Robt. Craik, M. D., Jas. P. Dawes, H. V. Meredith, Henry Joseph, T. G. Shaughnessy, Senator Ogilvie, J. M. McIntyre, Jas. C. King, Robt. Ness, Sir Wm. Hingston, Hector Mackenzie, Hartland S. Macdougall, John Cassils, Senator O'Brien, Geo. Pepper (Toronto), W. B. Smith, W. R. Miller, C. S. Campbell, Dr. H. B. Yates, Andrew Young, Bartlett McLennan, Robt. McKay, E. Goff Penny, M. P., D. L. Lockerby.

The stewards are: Major Geo. R. Hooper, M.F.H., chairman; Capt. F. S. Meighen, vice-chairman; Dr. Chas. McEachran, Lieut.-Col. Whitehead, Hugh Paton, Chas. Cassils, W. C. McIntyre, H. B. Macdougall, G. W. Stephens, jr., Geo. Caverhill, and the executive is composed of Ed. Sheppard, Jas. Simpson, F. E. Nelson, L. Skafie, Geo. J. Sheppard, D. Thos. Tees, secretary, and W. Northey, treasurer.

The boxes will be occupied as follows: East side—His Excellency and Lady Minto, E. S. Clouston, H. Montagu Allan, Jas. Ross, Sir William Van Horne, L. J. Forget, Jas. Strathy, Geo. W. Cook and C. R. Hosmer. West side—The Mayor of Montreal, the Mayor of Westmount, G. R. Hooper, H. V. Meredith, F. S. Meighen, R. B. Angus, W. R. Miller, Hugh Paton, Chas. Meredith, C. M. Hays, J. C. Hickson, G. W. Stephens, jr.

The entry for Montreal horses is going to be an exceedingly large one. A good many horses are coming from the west, as the Toronto Show takes place the week previous.

Nearly \$4,000 has been offered in prizes for harness and saddle horses, the entries for which were closed on April 21. The prize list is as follows: Thoroughbred stallions, \$60, \$30.

\$15; cavalry horses (horses suitable for cavalry purposes, owned and bred in Canada), \$40, \$20, \$10; standard bred roadster stallions, foaled previous to January 1, 1897, \$60, \$30, \$15; hackney or carriage and coach stallions (any age), \$60, \$30, \$15; Clydesdale and shire stallions (pedigree required in Canadian Stud Book), those foaled previous to January 1, 1897, \$60, \$30, \$15; those foaled subsequent to January 1, 1897, \$30, \$15, \$10.

**Draught Teams.**—Best draught pair of mares or geldings, any breed, shown in harness, hitched to dray or wagon, \$30, \$20, \$10.

**Horses in Harness.**—Will be judged by their conformation, quality, style and action. Those over 14 hands 1 inch to be shown in gig-cart or phaeton, \$50, \$20, \$10; those over 15 hands 1 inch, not exceeding 15 hands 3 inches, \$60, \$30, \$15; those exceeding 15 hands 3 inches, \$60, \$30, \$15. Horses can only compete in one of the above classes.

Pair of horses, mares or geldings, under 15 hands 3 inches, to be shown in four-wheeled vehicle, \$60, \$30, \$15; pair of horses, mares or geldings, 15 hands 3 inches and over, in four-wheeled vehicle, \$60, \$30, \$15.

**High Steppers.**—Single high stepper, all-round action to be considered, \$60, \$30, \$15, pair of horses not under 15 hands 2 inches, shown to brougham or victoria, \$60, \$30, \$15.

**Champion Harness Horse.**—Open to horses, mares or geldings having taken 1st prize in single or double harness at this or any previous Canadian horse show, gold medal, reserve ribbon.

**Tandems.**—Harness tandems, \$60, \$30, \$15.

**Four-in-hands.**—Team, not under 15 hands, may be shown before a coach, drag, or brake, \$60, \$30, \$15.

**Saddle Horses.**—Best saddle and harness horse, mare or gelding, 15 hands and over, first shown in appropriate vehicle, then unharnessed in ring, shown and judged under saddle. Best suited for both these purposes, \$60, \$30, \$15; mare or gelding, over 14 hands 2 inches, not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches, \$60, \$30, \$15; mare or gelding, over 15 hands 2 inches, up to carrying 160 lb., \$60, \$30, \$15; mare or gelding, over 15 hands 2 inches, up to carrying 200 lb., \$60, \$30, \$15; lady's saddle horse, not under 14 hands 3 inches, \$40, \$20, \$10.

**Champion Class.**—Best saddle horse.—Gold medal, reserve.

**Hunters and Jumpers.**—1. Open to all hunters, up to carrying 180 lb., \$60, \$30, \$15. 2. Open to all hunters, up to carrying 150 lb. to hounds, \$60, \$30, \$15. 3. Green hunters, up to carrying 180 lb. to hounds, \$60, \$30, \$15. 4. Green hunters (lightweight), up to carrying 150 lb. to hounds, \$60, \$30, \$15. 5. Jumping, open to all, performances over fences only to count, \$60, \$30, \$15. 6. For best performance over six jumps, \$60, \$30, \$15. 7. Corinthian class, open to hunters—Horses must be ridden by members of some recognized Hunt, \$60, \$30, \$15. 8. High jump—Horses not clearing five feet ineligible for a prize, \$60, \$30, \$15.

**Champion Class.**—Best hunter in above classes, gold medal, reserve.

**Roadsters.**—1. Mare or gelding, under 15 hands 3 inches, \$40, \$20, \$10. 2. Mare or gelding, 15 hands 3 inches and over, \$40, \$20, \$10. 3. Pair of mares or geldings, \$40, \$20, \$10.

**Ponies.**—Pony in harness, 14 hands and under, \$15, \$10, \$5.

**Special Classes.**—1. Best cabman's turnout, as let for hire, \$40, \$20, \$10. 2. Best cabman's turnout, double, as let for hire, \$40, \$20, \$10. 3. Mare or gelding, to be shown in single harness and delivery wagon, actually as used in local deliveries, \$30, \$15, \$10. 4. Mare or gelding, shown in single harness and butcher's cart, as used in local deliveries, \$30, \$15, \$10. 5. Best performance of professional coachman, in livery, with pair and carriage to landau, brougham, or heavy victoria, \$30, \$15, \$10.

**Sporting Tandem.**—Wheeler to be over 15 hands 2 inches; showa first as a tandem, then leader to be saddled in the ring, and shown over regulation jumps by the driver; tandem to

count 50 per cent., performance over jumps 40 per cent., appointments 10 per cent.; to be ridden and driven by same driver, \$50, \$25, \$15.

One or more judges will be appointed for each class, and no exhibitor shall be a judge. Competition for prizes is open to all, without regard to residence. All prizes will be withheld when the animals are adjudged of insufficient merit, and all animals must be entered by name and description, and in the name of their bona fide owners or their authorized agents. The age of each animal must be stated in the entry. Horses will be measured in the shoes in which they come to the exhibition. No animal shall be decorated about the head with colors other than those of the association till after awards are made. Each attendant bringing horses will receive a ticket of admission, and no person without can enter. All exhibitors must provide themselves with proper saddles and bridles. The exhibitors will be responsible for any damage done by their horses. Riders will not be allowed to punish their horses with unnecessary severity. During the time of judging nobody will be allowed in the ring except judges, attendants and members of committee.

In the breeding classes, no horse will be allowed to compete in more than one class or section. There will be a reserve ribbon for the fourth horse in these classes, except where the judge decides that it should be withheld. In other classes a white ribbon will be given, where, in the opinion of the judges, the number and quality of horses exhibited warrant it.

The colors are: Red, 1st; blue, 2nd; yellow, 3rd; and white, 4th.

With fine spring weather and the promise of an exceptionally good show, nothing should prevent a most unprecedentedly enjoyable carnival.

## MINING SHARES.

THE market continues to be heavy, and there has been a good deal of liquidation during the past week. This is due, not so much to any discouraging news from the mining centres, but from the condition of the money market, which has created a certain amount of selling.

Virtue has again been the leading feature, and a good deal of stock has changed hands. Of the higher-priced stocks, Payne appears to be the strongest, and whenever any stock is offered it is pretty well taken. There is comparatively little trading in War Eagle or Centre Star, but the statements made recently by Mr. Kirby, at Rossland, put these properties in a much better light than the report made at the annual meeting, and it seems to me that they are both good purchases at present prices. In fact, the position of affairs in Rossland justifies the assumption that the movement in all mining properties in that district will be more pronounced than heretofore.

In the lower-priced stocks, the chief feature has been the selling of Big Three. There is no news from the property, but a rumor has been started that the company is out of funds, and it certainly looks as if someone was unloading. Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate sold down to 6, and this is not to be wondered at. At the meeting held a few days ago, it was announced that the company had decided to close down the Sunset, and the manager announced that the directors had undertaken to prospect three other properties, and for that purpose 1,000,000 shares would be issued at 8c., payable in instalments. He also blamed the brokers for the depressed price of the stock, apparently in ignorance, following in the footsteps of a North Ontario company which recently made the same announcement, this would appear to be rather a lame excuse for mismanagement; as it is the investing public who have to make the market, and it is more in the interests of the brokers to have a stock active and advancing, than flat and declining.

Golden Star has had another decline and with it the death knell of the North Ontario properties seems to have been sounded, for the present, at any rate. It is greatly to be regretted that this country has so far only been explored by schemers, or companies mismanaged, or without sufficient capital to prove their claims. Nearly every engineer of repute who has explored that country comes back with the same story. Money has been spent in booming, but not in actual development, and there is scarcely a property in the whole country that has had money enough expended on it to prove whether it is a mine or not.

The Granby stocks are still dull, and while there are plenty of newspaper reports about the properties, and what they are going to do in the future, there is nothing yet to confirm the statements. It is said that the dam at the smelter has not yet been repaired, and there is very little prospect of it being done before low water in the autumn. The other smelters in the Boundary Country are getting into shape, and it is very probable that there will be considerable shipment from the various properties in the near future, which will, no doubt, cause a boom in that district during the summer. The extent of it will be determined by the returns from the shipments.

April 25th.

ROBERT MEREDITH.



# Antoinette De Mirecourt.

A CANADIAN TALE

By Mrs. Lopron.

CHAPTER XX.

It happened, fortunately for the easy fulfilment of Mrs. D'Aulnay's plans, that Major Sternfield, owing to some unforeseen impediment, was somewhat late, and, on dashing up in his fantastic but graceful cutter, he found the members of the party already in their respective places.

"Time is up, Sternfield! What kept you so late to-day?" exclaimed two or three voices, but the new comer deigned no reply. When his eye fell on Antoinette, seated beside Colonel Evelyn, an angry flush mounted to his forehead; but, controlling his vexation, he approached Mrs. D'Aulnay, who sat back among her bear-skin robes, with a very provoking smile on her face.

"Am I to thank you for this arrangement?" he asked in a low angry tone. "Is it you who have condemned me to drive alone?"

"No need for that, Major Sternfield. Look at you unfortunate Captain Assheton, with two ladies, crowded up in that nut-shell of his. Relieve him of one of his fair charges."

"Pshaw!" retorted the gentleman with a look of intense annoyance. "Mrs D'Aulnay is not like herself to-day. However, you have punished me; now I shall retaliate, and inflict my ill-tempered companionship on you"; and, suiting the action to the word, he threw the reins of his horse to one of the men in attendance, and sprang into Mrs. D'Aulnay's sleigh.

"You are really becoming insufferably impertinent," she exclaimed, inwardly however, anything but dissatisfied with an arrangement which she had probably contemplated from the first.

A few smiles and satirical glances passed between some members of the party at this by-play; but Sternfield was an idol of the ladies, and do what he would, was generally sure of indulgence. Another five minutes' delay was occasioned by one of the gentlemen leaving his own already sufficiently freighted sleigh and stepping into Sternfield's empty cutter, into which he invited one of the overcrowded fair ones, vainly pointed out to the former's compassionate notice, a few moments' previous. All were now ready, and, with jingling bells and nodding tassels, the cavalcade set out.

"Now, Mrs. D'Aulnay," abruptly questioned Sternfield, after a few moments' silence, "answer me frankly. Is this arrangement yours or Antoinette's?"

"Entirely mine."

"And why, may I ask? Why separate me from my wife when I have so much to say to her? when we have so little time to spend together?"

"To punish you, Major Sternfield, for delivering so untruthfully and rudely my message to Colonel Evelyn."

"Ah, he has stooped then to explain and complain, our most potent, grave, and reverend colonel," said Sternfield with a sneer.

"No such thing. It was by mere chance I found out your supercherie; but, good heavens! do you want to break our necks that you worry and abuse my beautiful pets thus? Give me the reins at once! 'Tis dangerous to trust you with them whilst you are in such a dreadful temper."

Sternfield sulkily obeyed; and for a long time afterwards, nothing beyond an occasional monosyllable escaped his lips. Not so silent, however, were Colonel Evelyn and his fair companion; and it was well, at least for Antoinette, that she was removed from her bridegroom's immediate surveillance, or she would assuredly have thoroughly expiated, at a later period, her own and Mrs. D'Aulnay's faults. Their conversation, on setting out, was confined to generalities; but as they entered on the Lachine road, the remembrance of their last

eventful drive in that same direction, vividly rose up before the memory of both. A shade of emotion crossed Evelyn's brow, and he involuntarily exclaimed:

"What a narrow escape! Tell me, Miss De Mirecourt, what were your thoughts, that is, if you were capable of analyzing them at such a moment, when we were dashing on at such fearful speed to what might have been our ultimate destruction?"

There was a moment's shy pause, for such frank communion with a comparative stranger embarrassed her, but then, half smilingly, half seriously, she rejoined: "I was thinking of death, and endeavoring to prepare myself for it."

"Well thought, well said," was the grave reply. "Though unfortunately I profess religion myself, neither in action nor in word, still, where I meet with it in others, I respect it."

"Are you not a 'true believer,' a Catholic like myself?" she questioned, smilingly though timidly.

"Why, Miss De Mirecourt, you are quite learned on all topics relating to my unworthy self," he rejoined, turning upon her with a suddenness that dyed her face with crimson. "I suppose the same charitable talker who informed you once before that I was a woman-hater, has also told you, that, though little better than an infidel in point of practice, I was born and brought up in the same faith as yourself. Well, I have no right to be angry, for much that has been told you is unfortunately too true. Do not mistake me, however. Though careless, indeed utterly, completely neglectful of all the precepts and duties of that Church of which I still and always will call myself a member, I have never gone so far in my impiety as to doubt even for a moment the wisdom and mercy, much less the existence, of the Sovereign Being who formed me. No, I am not an atheist, as many have charitably called me," he added with considerable bitterness. "but simply a bad Catholic. You are shocked—startled, Miss De Mirecourt," he said as he noticed Antoinette's color suddenly rise, and a pained expression flit over her face.

Not of his errors thought she then, but of her own. She, the religiously-trained, the carefully-instructed girl, who had suffered a few months of fashionable, frivolous life to stifle in her heart all its best and holiest feelings, and to plunge her into a false step whose terrible consequences left nothing open to her save a long vista of future falsehood and misery. Again, Colonel Evelyn repeated his previous question, and his companion startled into reply, involuntarily rejoined:

"Has not our Divine Teacher said, 'Judge not lest ye be judged?'"

Wondering at the gentle aptitude which alike charmed and surprised him in all Antoinette's replies, and won into further confidence by her evident sympathy, he continued:

"And now, that I have proved to you I am not exactly an infidel or an atheist, may I venture on answering the other accusation laid to my charge, that of being, as you have already told me with an openness I prize in proportion to its rarity among your sex, a woman-hater?" Antoinette smiled, and the bright blush Evelyn almost unconsciously took such pleasure in watching, again rose to her cheek. He mused a moment in silence, and then, turning suddenly towards her, looked full in her face, and said:

"Shall I or shall I not give you a little insight into the story of my life? I cannot clear myself, or excuse my general avoidance and distrust of women, unless I do. Yes, I will tell it, but remember, not to be related again to Mrs. D'Aulnay, or any others of her stamp; a breach of confidence I feel convinced you could never be guilty of. I need not tell you—my misspent life would almost have done so of itself—that I never knew a mother's loving cares or counsels. Left an orphan in earliest childhood, I retain no tenderer recollections of my youth, than those with which college life, an indifferent guardian, and a handsome, haughty elder brother, furnish me. To be brief, I grew up to manhood uncared for, chose the profession of arms—of course the family estate went to my brother John—and

entered on life with a heart, despite its harsh training, capable of yielding a rich return to whoever should win its love. The time and hour soon came. Chance threw me into contact with a young girl of good family and gentle bringing up. I will not vaunt her beauty, but will only say, that fair as you are, Miss De Mirecourt, she was still far lovelier. I wooed, and was soon accepted, both by herself and family; for, though I was not wealthy, I had powerful family influence, which was certain to insure my rapid advancement in the career I had chosen. The day was appointed, the bridal trousseau almost ready, and, having a few days' leisure, I determined on paying a visit to the old family home to bid it and my brother farewell. He received me kindly enough, though he rallied me most unmercifully about my turning benedict, as he called it, so soon. Somewhat nettled by his satirical remarks, I drew forth, in my boyish vanity, the portrait of my betrothed, which, like all model 'true lovers,' I wore about me, and triumphantly asked him, was not that face sufficient excuse for early turning benedict? He looked long, earnestly at it, and at last returned it with the brief remark that it was indeed a lovely countenance. When I came down the following morning, equipped for my journey, he was standing dressed in the hall, and carelessly informed me that he had business in—but names are unnecessary—in the same quiet country town in which my betrothed dwelt. Delighted at this, I expressed my satisfaction at the prospect of their so soon knowing each other, and of his being able to satisfy himself at the same time how far the reality eclipsed the pictured beauty of my bride elect. There was nothing in the careless glance, the few indifferent words they interchanged on their mutual introduction, to warn me of coming evil. The time sped on. My brother, in his nonchalant, fashionable way, lounged in occasionally into the little drawing-room, but there was no reason to find fault with that: it rather gratified me. One evening he quietly said he wished to make me a suitable brotherly gift, to confer on myself and heirs for evermore the lands of Welden Holme, a fine unentailed property belonging to the family estate. My gratitude was of course as boundless as my credulity. I returned to the old house with the papers he placed in my hands, to seek an interview with the family lawyer. He was tedious, minute, detained me longer than I had expected; but what of that? I returned the eve of my appointed bridal day. Of course I went straight to her home. Secret consternation was depicted on the faces of the servants when I asked for her. Then came her mother, greyhaired and respectable; and told me to be patient, to be forgiving, but that my affianced bride was now the wife of John Evelyn, Lord Winterstow. I listened patiently, stupidly almost, so great was my woful surprise and grief, whilst she added that they had been privately married three days previous, and were now on their distant wedding-tour. Then I drew forth the miniature, with the papers which really and virtually conveyed to me the estate with which he sought to bribe me for my bride, and cast them into the flames of the grate-fire before me. "Tell them how I have disposed of both their gifts," I said; "tell them—"

"Oh, do not curse them!" interrupted the pale trembling mother. "Do not curse my child!" "No," I replied, as I turned away, "I leave them both to the curse of their own remorse." That very day I exchanged into a regiment ordered for foreign service. Since then I have served in India, Malta, Gibraltar; have sighed out five years of my manhood's prime in a French prison, the hard school in which I learned your language, Miss De Mirecourt, but for 12 long years I have never set foot on my native land."

"And what of them?" asked Antoinette, with a moistened eye and quickened breathing that plainly told how deeply this simple manly recital of a life's sorrow had touched her.

"Aye! what of them?" he rejoined bitterly. "In my early simplicity, I questioned like yourself, what of them, expecting that their perfidy would hourly meet with condign and striking punishment. Well, it has not been so. They are one of

happiest couples in England, with lovely intelligent children around them, she beautiful, admired—he happy, fond; whilst I am a lonely wanderer on the earth, a stray waif, a gloomy misanthrope. Do you wonder now, that I have lost faith in your sex; that I have avoided them almost as carefully as saint or anchorite has ever done?"

Antoinette made no reply, for she feared the tremor in her voice would reveal how deeply she felt, how earnestly she sympathized with the speaker; but the keen reader of face and character at her side, at once interpreted her silence correctly. After a pause he resumed:

"I have been strangely communicative with you, Miss De Mirecourt. What secret spell of yours has broken down so completely the barriers of my usual reserve?"

There was something peculiar in his tones, and Antoinette feared he was already regretting the frankness he had shown her.

Hurriedly she spoke: "I feel deeply grateful for the confidence you have deigned to repose in me, Colonel Evelyn, and it shall always be held sacred."

"I know that, young girl. Think you if I had supposed for a moment that it could have been otherwise, I should have trusted you? From the first, I saw that you were a being as different to Mrs. D'Aulnay and others of her class, as I am different from that perfumed sop, that heartless Sternfield."

Antoinette colored deeply; but that changing blush of hers came and went so often, that her companion attached no great importance to the circumstance.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

The party were now near the humble village inn, at which they soon stopped for warmth and refreshments, the greater part of the latter being brought by themselves. Antoinette, somewhat chilled by the long drive, was sitting in a warm corner of the room, near an angle of the huge glowing stove, awaiting the return of Colonel Evelyn, who had gone to procure her a glass of warm wine. Here she was suddenly accosted by Major Sternfield, who stepped up to her and whispered with that stern frown with which she was, alas! already so familiar:

"Much as you may have enjoyed the previous arrangement, Antoinette, I must insist on altering it. You will drive back with me and no other."

Without waiting for a reply he turned away, and when Colonel Evelyn returned with the refreshments he had procured, he wondered much at the taciturnity and preoccupation which had so suddenly taken possession of his young companion. Shortly after, Mrs. D'Aulnay floated gracefully up to them and exclaimed:

"I fear I come to change arrangements agreeable to all parties; but, my dear Antoinette, Major Sternfield tells me that you had promised to drive with him when this excursion was first spoken of. He feels very sore about his disappointment, so I think you had better console his wounded feelings by driving back with him."

Antoinette remembered no such agreement, but she was only too thankful to accept any subterfuge that afforded her an opportunity of deprecating the stern anger of which she stood so much in dread.

"Well, be it so," she quickly rejoined. "I know Colonel Evelyn will as kindly consent to this arrangement as he did to our former one."

"I have no alternative," he said with a somewhat formal smile. "And who is to be my homeward companion; or is it necessary I should have one?"

"Certainly. That young lady (and Mrs. D'Aulnay indicated, by a slight motion of her head, one of the over-crowded damsels on whose behalf she had vainly appealed to Sternfield in the morning) has been thrown again on the world by Major Sternfield's resumption of his sleigh, and she awaits the advent of some generous knight-errant to relieve her."

"I have long since given up knight-errantry," coldly

## ANTOINETTE, ETC.—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

rejoined Evelyn, "but the young lady is welcome to a seat in my sleigh."

The latter, though a really very pretty girl, happened to be one of the most affected and insipid of her class; so the feelings of Colonel Evelyn during the return drive may be easily imagined. To her nervous little terrors, her pretty sentimentalisms he opposed a silent grimness which made the young lady in question inwardly compare him to an ogre. "Faugh!" thought he, as the latter, on their arrival, determined to make an impression on his stony heart, thanked him with a die-away languishing glance from her really splendid, dark eyes, which had only the effect of inexpressibly disgusting him, "who could believe that this creature and that other rare young girl really belong to the same species!"

Poor Antoinette's homeward drive had proved even less pleasant than Colonel Evelyn's. Sternfield was in one of his dark, jealous moods; and he questioned, reproached and taunted her with a severity alike unjust and ill-judged. Mrs. D'Aulnay, also out of sorts, invited none of the party in on her arrival, and she and Antoinette entered the house alone.

"What a stupid affair!" she petulantly exclaimed, as she twitched off her rich furs, and threw herself down on a couch in her dressing-room.

"'Tis that ill-tempered Sternfield who spoiled all! I really think if I had not yielded to his wishes, and prevented you returning home with Colonel Evelyn, he would have made some dreadful scene or other before the whole party. You cannot imagine how he annoyed and worried me. What did he say to you on your homeward route? Made love, I suppose?"

"Oh, that is unnecessary now," rejoined Antoinette, "it would be an idle waste of time!"

"Do not speak so singularly, Antoinette dear," hastily rejoined Mrs. D'Aulnay. "It alarms, grieves me. But you shiver, chill, and how pale you are; I hope you have not taken cold. Lie down on the sofa, and I will send Jeanne to you immediately with a cup of hot coffee."

It was no cold or external physical ailment that blanched Antoinette's cheek, but mental suffering. That drive, both going and coming, had been a strangely eventful one for her. The powerful fascination Evelyn had exerted over her, whilst stooping to lay bare his proud heart to her gaze, and which she had earnestly, conscientiously, struggled against, still proved, alas! that she was capable of a far deeper, truer love, than that which she had bestowed on Audley Sternfield. Then the bridegroom himself, whose patient, thoughtful affection should have interposed an invulnerable shield between her inexperienced youth and the strange, dangerous snares that surrounded her peculiar position, yielding, instead, to jealousy, irritation, or any other unworthy feeling that happened at the moment to sway him, gave free vent to it, careless of the anguish he was inflicting on that sensitive young nature, to which the language of reproof was so new; or of the fearful rapidity with which he was weakening his own mental hold upon her.

The bitter hour of complete awakening from the feverish trance of her love-fit for Sternfield had at length arrived; and, after a long hour's silent reverie, during which every little event and episode which had marked their acquaintance from its first beginning, down to the painful drive of that day, rose up before her, she suddenly clasped her hands, and murmured, with a look of intense anguish, "God help me! I do not love him!"

What a terrible, but alas! what an unavailing confession for a bride to make!

But there were deeper abysses of misery yet remaining, and from which she should have prayed God on bended knee, night and morning, to preserve her. It was that of loving another. Yes, though her affection, or rather predilection, for Audley

had vanquished like a morning mist, still she owed him entire fidelity and allegiance, and every feeling of her heart belonged, of right, to him. Did any warning voice suggest that she should avoid Colonel Evelyn even as if he were her deadliest enemy—that that proud nature, which had so strangely unbent to her influence, was one, alas, too dangerously attractive, too wondrously fascinating? It must have been so; for suddenly, covering her face with her hands, as if ashamed of the weakness her words implied, she murmured, "I must see Evelyn no more—no more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SOCIETY NEWS.

THE audience that gathered to hear the entertainment under the auspices of the St. George's Society, at the Windsor Hall, on Monday evening, was a large and fashionable one, as is usually the case with this society's functions. The artists who took part were for the most part those who are well known in Montreal, and their appearance again was welcome.

Miss Wait's singing was really very pretty. She has a clear voice, and the higher she goes the finer the quality seems to become. She sings, too, with great ease of manner. Mr. Bracewell showed his extra deep voice to special advantage in the drinking song and in *When Richelieu the Red Robe Wore*. Miss Ruth Holt received the same applause as when she recited early in the season at the patriotic entertainment in Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Harry Rees is fairly well-known in Montreal as a singer, and was up to his usual standard. Young Rosario pleased the audience particularly with the *Perpetuum Mobile*. In fact, all those taking part did what was expected of them, and the result was quite satisfactory. The fact that no encores were given certainly added to the enjoyment.

DR. GIRDWOOD has sold his island at St. Annes to Mr. J. B. Allan. Mr. F. C. Henshaw will also be a summer resident of St. Annes, having bought a fine property adjacent to Mr. Jas. Morgan's.

Miss Marguerite Macpherson returned last week from Staten Island where she was the guest of Mr. R. R. Wallace.

Miss Knight and Miss Elsie Campbell are back from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cook are in Toronto this week.

Sir W. C. Macdonald is spending a brief holiday at Atlantic City.

Mr. Edgar Macdougall has purchased the country seat of Mr. J. B. Allan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Macpherson are among the Montrealers at Lakewood, N. J.

Mr. Duncan McEachran and Miss Kate McEachran moved this week to their summer residence, situated at Dorval.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Hooper are among the Montrealers who have gone to Toronto to attend the horse show.

Miss Ruby Butler, daughter of Lieut. Col. Butler, is making a short visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. H. Hibbard Ayer is home from Atlantic City.

Miss Hamilton, of Kingston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maitland Hannaford, of this city.

The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael is still laid up with an attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fiske, of Coaticook, were in the city this week.

Mr. Recorder Weir and Mrs. Weir returned to town from Winnipeg this week.

AT seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, Miss Amy Murphy, daughter of the late Hon. Edward Murphy, was joined in marriage to Dr. H. J. Harrison. The ceremony was performed in St. James Cathedral by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. The bride was attired in her traveling suit and carried a large bouquet of white roses. She was attended by Miss Aileen Hingston, daughter of Sir Wm. Hingston, while the groom

was supported by Mr. W. H. Sullivan, of Cornwall, Ont. A wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother followed the ceremony, after which Dr. and Mrs. Harrison took the train for New York. The bride was the recipient of a large number of very handsome presents.

**A**FTER spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ramsay, Peel street, Miss Ruth Ramsay returned to Toronto to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson Brown were recently the recipients of some very handsome presents on the occasion of the celebration of their silver wedding.

Rev. Dr. Norton will visit England during the summer.

Dr. Stirling and Mrs. Stirling are visiting New York and some of the winter resorts on the Atlantic Coast.

Mrs. Chas. Hosmer, accompanied by Miss Hosmer, returned on Sunday last from Atlantic City.

Mrs. John Laurie and Mr. Wm. Laurie will sail for England on May 20 by the Lake Megantic.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller intend sailing for England on May 20.

Mrs. Sewell has returned to Quebec. She was visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Dobell.

Mrs. Herbert Molson has returned to the city from Quebec.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Howard to Mr. Albert Severs, of Victoria, B.C., will take place to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Redpath and daughter have returned to the city from England, where they spent the last year.

Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie and her son, Mr. Watson Ogilvie, returned home this week from a trip to Baltimore.

The Archbishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lewis were in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Pangman, who have been spending the last couple of weeks at Atlantic City and Lakewood, are expected home this week.

Miss Edith Shorey left Tuesday night to resume her studies at Havergal Ladies' College, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bentham are among the many Montrealers who spent Easter in New York.

Miss Agnes Cassils arrived home last week, after a six weeks' visit with friends in Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Fairbanks, accompanied by Mrs. Fairbanks' mother, sailed last week from Halifax by the Allan Liner Tunisian. They will remain several years in London, where Mr. Fairbanks will represent certain Canadian mining interests.

Mr. Fred. Bacon, 339 Prince Arthur street, returned on Monday from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shorey, accompanied by the Misses Edith and Marjorie Shorey, have returned to town from a trip to Point Comfort, Va., Washington and Atlantic City.

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**EXAMINATIONS**

will be held as follows:

**THEORY** (paper work)—June 2nd.

**PRACTICAL**—Between the 10th and  
30th June. The exact dates will  
be duly announced.

Entries close on May 1st.

All information, syllabus, forms of  
entry, etc., can be obtained of the  
Hon. Local Representatives in each  
centre, or from Mr. Alfred Back, Cen-  
tral Office, Room 503, Board of Trade  
Building, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR,  
March 30th, 1900. Secretary.

N.B.—The music, specimen theory  
papers, etc., can be obtained from  
the local music sellers, or direct  
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## Theatres and Entertainments.

THE entertainment furnished by Mr. Grossmith at the Windsor Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings, was fully up to what was expected, and that is saying a very great deal. Mr. Grossmith has now had a long experience in entertaining "cultivated audiences," as he is fond of styling them, and he is certainly not losing anything of his old-time ability in this respect. On both occasions the hall was well filled, and the audiences went away delighted. It is impossible almost to say which of his excellent numbers were most appreciated. As a matter of fact there was considerable difference of opinion. His last piece, The Wooing of Phyllis, which he gave by special request was perhaps as much enjoyed as any, though it is doubtful if Mr. Grossmith considered this the gem on the programme.

THERE will only be one more chance this season to hear the Symphony Orchestra. Those who were at the concert given last Friday afternoon will be sure not to miss this week's, as the programme was an excellent one. Mr. Goulet has made, during this season, a profound impression on the people of Montreal by his untiring energy and perseverance. Several of the numbers for to-day are among the very best and most popular of classical pieces, and we hope Mr. Goulet will be rewarded for his season's heavy work by seeing before him a good large audience at his last performance.

THE Strakosch Opera Company is a distinctly creditable organization, and far superior to the average traveling grand opera company. It opened its Montreal engagement at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, and the fair-sized audience was not slow in recognizing the quality of the performance. As Leonora, Mme. Avery Strakosch was afforded the opportunity of revealing a clear soprano voice of great volume and sweetness. She rendered the various solos with much feeling and considerable artistic taste, the only fault of any consequence being in her trilling. In addition to her vocal qualities she possesses a good stage presence. Miss Amelia Fields left little to be desired in the character of Azucena, and it is seldom that one has the pleasure of listening to such a contralto voice as is hers. Sig. Alberti created a favorable impression, and is in every way fitted to sing with such artistes as Mme. Strakosch and Miss Fields. The same cannot unfortunately be said of Sig. Montegriffo who, in the important character of Mauricio, was very disappointing. Sig. Montegriffo's voice is powerful, but it is neither sweet nor cultured, and, in addition to these faults, it has a decided inclination to be flat. This was painfully noticeable in his first solo and in the *Misereres*. The chorus was well balanced and showed the result of careful training in matters of even minute detail.

On Tuesday, *Carmen* was presented with Miss Fields in the title role, and Miss Daise Thorne as Michaela, and on Wednesday afternoon the latter lady made a hit as Zerliva in *Fra Diavolo*.

The Strakosch Opera Company should play to full houses all week.

THE announcement that Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell will play a return engagement at the Academy of Music next week, beginning on Wednesday evening, will be received with much gratification by our theatre-goers. The repertoire will consist of *La Tosca*, *Fedora* and *Cleopatra*. Miss Walsh has been accepted by the highest critics in her impersonations of the characters made famous by Fanny Davenport, and, in addition to

genus, she has such powerful accessories as youth and beauty. When here, earlier in the season, Miss Walsh and Mr. MacDowell did not appear in *Cleopatra*, but during their engagement next week Sardou's historical masterpiece will be twice presented.

The setting that is given this interesting play is equal to anything that has for recent years been attempted. From the first act to the very last, including the great storm episode, a series of charming Egyptian pictures are presented. The re-production of the famous *Cleopatra* bridge, with its accompanying music, singing crowds of swaying adoring figures, armed soldiers and brilliant colored surroundings, makes a picture rarely witnessed on the stage. The tempest scene in the fifth act where *Cleopatra* implodes Typhon, the god of storm, to hurl forth from his thunderous artillery in the heavens a bolt that will lay level the enemy, is marvellously realistic.

ON Thursday evening, a quartette of operatic stars, headed by the world-renowned Mme. Sofia Schalch, gave a concert at Her Majesty's Theatre. A great number of prominent people were present and the singing was greatly enjoyed. While Mme. Schalch's voice is wonderful in quality, resonance and power, her compass covers two and a half octaves, running from lower F to B in alto, but aside from all this she is what may be justly termed a colorature contralto, with the most astonishing capabilities in voice agility and flexibility. The ever-funny Frank Daniels will be seen at Her Majesty's Theatre next week in the great comic opera success *The Amceer*. That he will be well received goes without saying.

### SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE programme for the Grand Testimonial Concert to be given Professor Goulet this (Friday) afternoon, contains such favorites as the *William Tell* overture, the *Schumann Traumerei*, the *Boccherini Menuet*, the *Peer Gynt*, by Grieg, and the *Blue Danube Waltzes*, by Strauss.

### TWO MORE ART KNABE PIANOS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

IN accordance with our custom of announcing in the press only such art piano sales as will interest the public, because of the parties or circumstances connected with the sales, we have to make public the sale of two masterpieces of the pianomakers' art from the manufactory of Wm. Knabe & Co., New York and Baltimore.

One of these was a wedding present to Mrs. Arthur Dawson Fry (nee Miss Helen Inez Robie Botterell). This piano is a grand piano in upright form, encased in rare, fancy Brazilian walnut of the same style, semi-colonial, as those

supplied recently to Sir Chas. Hibbert Tupper, B.C.; Ex-Premier Holmes, Halifax, N.S., and Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York.

The other art instrument referred to was purchased by one of the most musical, as well as most popular clergymen of the Dominion of Canada. None else than Rev. Canon Edmund Wood, M.A., and rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal. The finish, as well as much of the case, was designed by the reverend gentleman himself.

These pianos were supplied from the warehouses of the Canadian agents of the Knabe piano, Messrs. Willis & Co., 182 1/2 Notre Dame street (near McGill street), Montreal.

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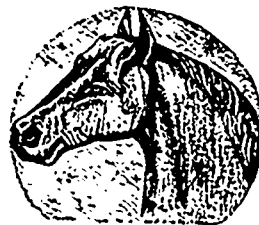
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FRIDAY NIGHT	"La Tosca"
SATURDAY NIGHT	"Fedora"

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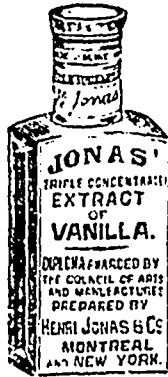
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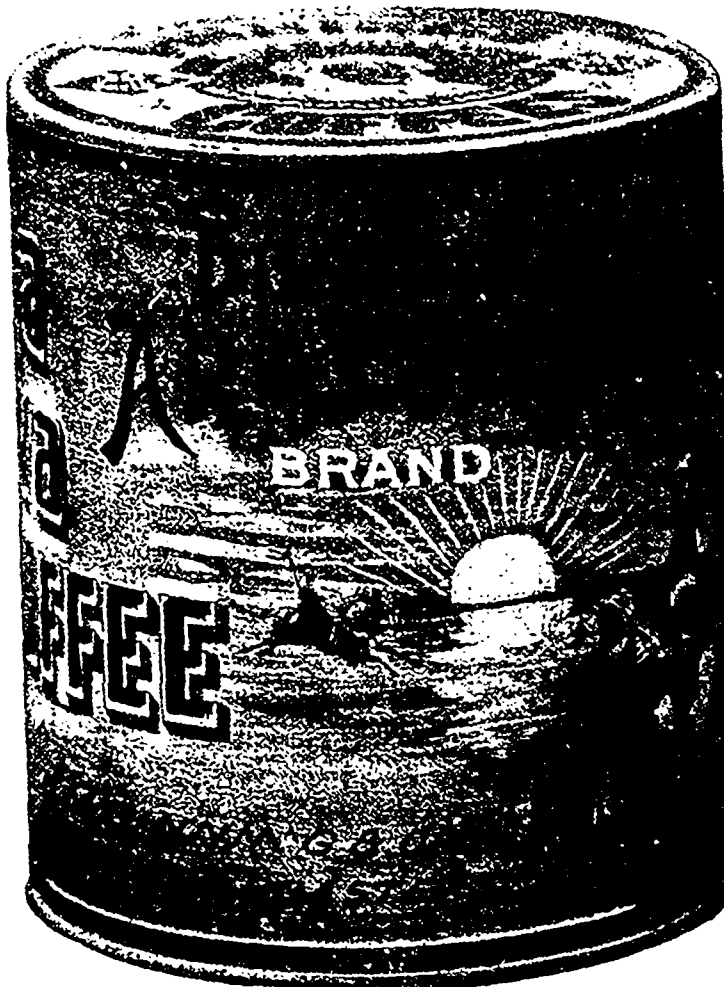
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