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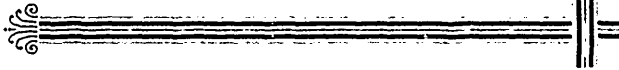
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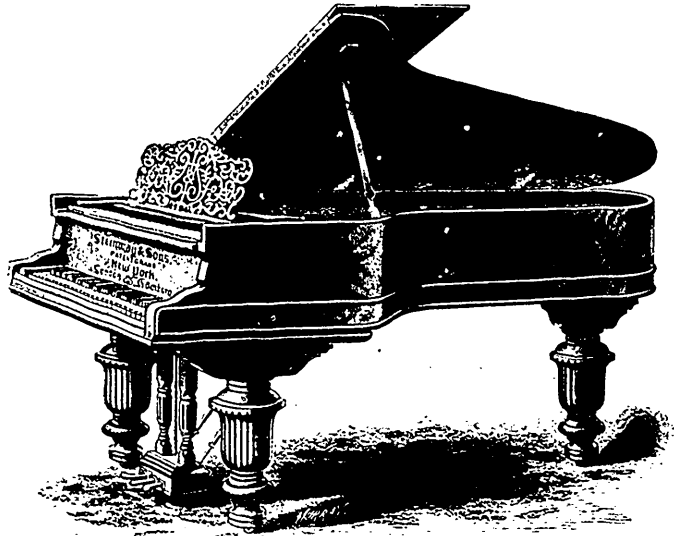
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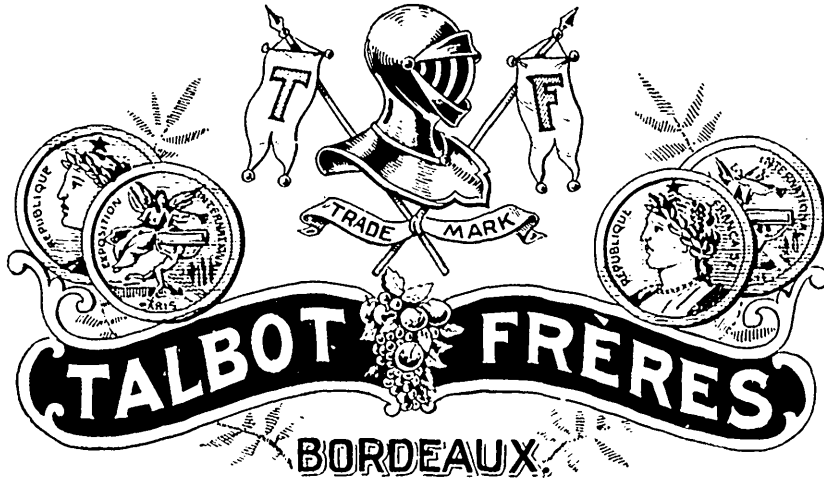


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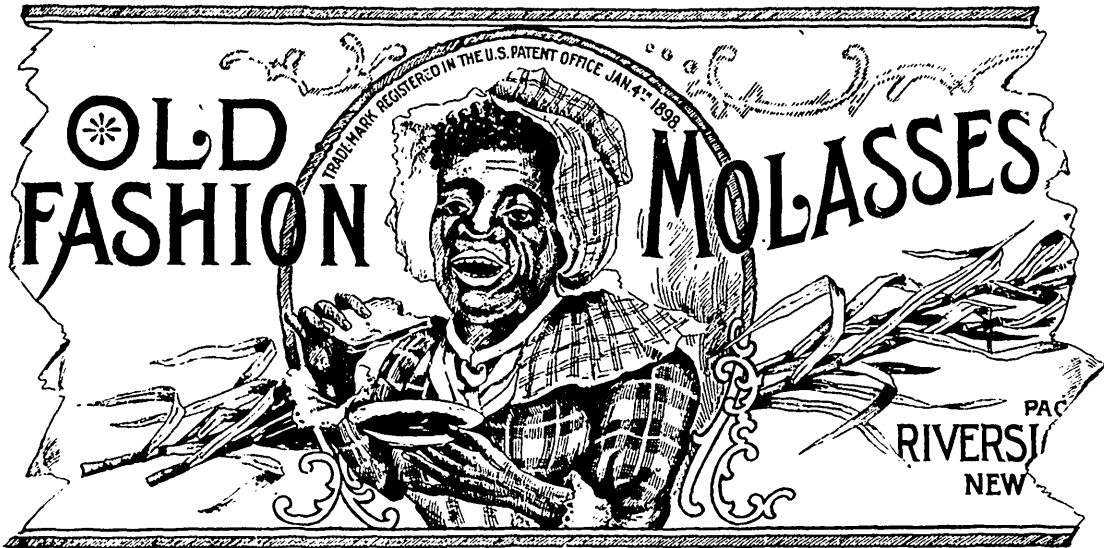
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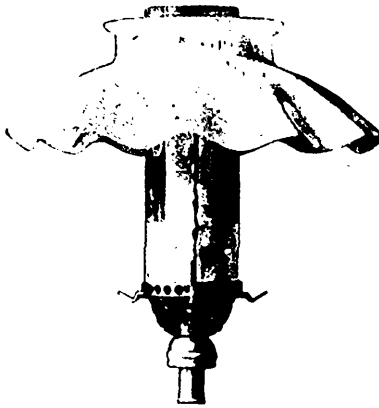
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MONTREAL LIFE.

Vol. IX. No. 1.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1899.

Price, 5 Cents.



EPH: Nebah yo mind, Mistah Gobbloh, Tankgibin ain't so fur off

MISUNDERSTOOD.

STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.—Fare, sir.

VISITING AGRICULTURIST.—Yes, but looks powerful like rain.

HE STOOD CORRECTED.

"SURE," said Pat, "there's but little fear o' me dyin' young. Didn't all me ancestors have to be killed before they would die?"

"Begorra," observed Mike, "ye'd har'ly expect thim to be killed afther they died."

HER FIRST MARKETING.

MRS. NEWSOME.—And, by the way, send some onions with the other things.

GROCER.—Yes, madam, what kind?

"Odorless ones, if you have them."

HIS QUALIFICATION.

"HOW on earth did Beaker get on the college football team?"

"His nose did it. You see, they picked him out as a heavy (s) centre."

OBLIGING.

MRS. DE JONES.—What! you can't let me have the gown before next week? Why, you promised it for to-morrow night!

DRESSMAKER.—Yes, but consider, madam, I'm charging you nothing for the extra time I'm putting on it.

A BRIGHT SPECIMEN.

CAPT. SADDLEBAGS (to new stable boy.—And, John, while I'm away, don't neglect to take the mare out to exercise. INTELLIGENT BOY.—Where is exercise?

THE SAME CAUSE—DIVERSE EFFECTS.

THE family from their tour are home,
Much healthier and fatter,
But as for pater's bank account—
Well, that's a different matter.

A PHILOSOPHER IN DISGUISE.

ALGEY.—Didsh ye (hie) hear of my good forshen, Willie?
WILLIE.—No, indeed, old man.

"Well, that maiden aunt of mine (hie) hash juss died an' cut me off (hie) with a shilling."

"Good heavens, you don't call that good fortune?"

"Yesh, I do. Juss think (hie) of the state I'd be in if it had been two shillings."

A BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENT.

LANDLADY (new at the business).—When you come in late at night, Mr. Smitten, please call out "Last in!" and I'll go and lock the door.

SURREX.—But, suppose I'm not the last in?

"Hm. I hadn't thought of that." After a pause—"Oh, it's all right. Whoever's not in can immediately say so."

WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

BLUEJAY, who prides himself on being a bit of a cynic, says that, according to his idea, all men may be classified in four categories: First, those who have hard heads and hard hearts; second, those who have soft heads and hard hearts; third, those who have hard heads but soft hearts; and fourth, those who are soft all the way through.

FUDGETTS AND HIS HOLIDAYS.

FUDGETTS can hardly be called an agreeable man. At least, this is the opinion of those who work under him or with him, Fudgetts is frequently cross with his typewriter, although she is fairly intelligent and by no means homely. Then, he has been known to swear at the office boys for no more heinous offence than neglecting to post letters. The janitor will tell you, if you are in his confidence, that Mr. Fudgetts is the "wurst crank in the hull building"—always finding fault with the heating in winter, and with the ventilation in summer. Amongst his friends Fudgetts bears the reputation of being rather a jovial, good-natured soul, but by those who are associated with him about his office he is certainly not regarded as the type and embodiment of bonhomie.

However, there is one brief period every year when Fudgetts' iron discipline and exacting spirit are relaxed—one little breathing spell for the bookkeeper, the stenographer and the two boys; one green, small oasis in the long desert of snarls and growls, which they treasure in their memory's most sacred shrine from January till December. For two weeks before "the boss" goes away for his summer holidays, he actually bubbles over with benevolence and kindness. At these times he has been known to compliment Miss Gooser on her intelligent correction of his dictated correspondence. It is on record that he even gave Quiller (three years ago) a cash bonus for working six hours overtime on the books, in order to get out a special statement which Fudgetts was anxious to have for his London correspondent. And as for the office boys, Mudge



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

MISS CHASE: That sporting widow who got the brush to-day has been in at the death a good many times.
MISS HUNT: Yes, and each of them left her a fortune.

made a large blue-pencil entry over the telephone only last month, for the purpose of preserving to posterity the date when his employer "flipped" him a couple of tickets to the Saturday baseball game—one for himself and one for his companion in misery.

It is quite true that Fudgetts makes up for this relaxation of discipline, by being as ugly as a bear with the whole staff for, not two weeks, but a whole month, after returning from his vacation. Still, the extra rigidness of his demeanor at this time may be regarded as necessary, in order to get the staff broken in again. They, without exception, philosophically look at the matter in this light, and are perfectly resigned to the "expansionist policy" pursued by their employer and benefactor in the early weeks of what he is pleased to call the "fall campaign."

Now, it is passing strange that a man should be in his best humor when most worn out, and in his worst humor when he has just recuperated. Perhaps the reason is that the thought of getting away from business fills him so full of sunshine that he cannot prevent a few rays from percolating through and brightening all about him; and possibly the thought of business getting away from him is equally responsible for the contrary effect. But I have sometimes fancied that the problem may be a simple question of the equation of forces. Mr. Fudgetts, anemic and thin, has not sufficient energy, perchance, to be ugly; whereas Mr. Fudgetts, fat and fresh as a daisy, must give expression to his pent up animal spirits or burst, and how could he do so as pleasantly and harmlessly as by jawing everyone under the terrific sublimity of his august sway? At all events, Fudgetts is "not a theory, but a condition," as Quiller, and Miss Gooser, and Mudge and Rooney well know.

PHIL GAFFER.

SHE COULD ADD.

MAMMA.—Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate?
BESSIE.—He has one, mamma. He tried to fool me by saying that he had two half-sisters, but he didn't know that I've studied arithmetic.

WHEN HELEN SHOWS HER TEETH.

WHEN Helen smiled and showed her teeth
Like gleaming rows of pearls
Between her coral lips, I swore
I prized that radiant smile far more
Than all the riches set in store
For foreign dukes and earls.
But now when Helen shows her teeth
The time has come I know—
From long experience at that—
To merely take my coat and hat,
Evacuate our cosy flat,
And clubward promptly go.

ONLY HIS WAY.

"FATHER, did you hear what the man in the pulpit said?"
"What did he say?"
"He said, 'This is a wicked world.' Did he mean us?"
"Oh, no! It is only his way of saying he is all right."

VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS VANITY.

G RIGGS.—We human beings are curious things, anyway.
WIGGS.—What's struck you now?
GRIGGS.—Why, when we're fifty we like to be taken for forty, and when we get up to eighty or ninety, we tell everybody we're a hundred.

Our 5-Minute Story

GANDALL'S DILEMMA.

Written for MONTREAL LIFE.

HE looked her father up in Bradstreet's. Then he sat down, and in cold blood wrote her a note saying that he would be in Chicago the following week on business, and craving permission to call at her home.

"Confound it," he exclaimed, as he sealed the envelope. "It's a dastardly design, but there's nothing better to be done."

The facts were simply these. Jack Gandall was a young Englishman just through university and paying a visit to America ostensibly for the benefit of his health, but really to a much greater extent for the purpose of escaping the importunate solicitations of his maiden aunt and prospective benefactress, who was keenly anxious for him to enter divinity. This was the last thing in the world that Jack wanted to do. Yet how to escape such an unhappy fate—that was the puzzle. His father, the late Sir John Gandall, R.A., had left only a very modest estate, not sufficient to "establish" a young man who had been brought up in a most aristocratic and unfortunate manner. Jack was not a bad fellow and "had nothing against the Church"—as he put it—but his tastes simply didn't lie in that direction. And so, with a part of his own slender fortune, he had come to America for a brief respite from his aunt's arguments, and, as it were, to spy out the land and see what opportunities were presented here for a young man of education, refinement and good family, but small means.

His aunt, the day before he left Bristol, had threatened to exclude him from her will unless he should meet her wishes and go into the Church. "It's the only thing for you, John," said she. "I know your character and your bringing up, and, believe me, you'll never do any good in the world at anything else."

But Jack had not taken her threat seriously: he had heard his aunt make threats before. And so when he met the Hon. Isaiah Boulton, of Texas, in New York, and had heard that great man unroll his scheme for making millions out of a new process for treating all kinds of ores, Jack had gone into the project up to the armpits, pledging himself much further than he would have dreamed of doing had he not relied on his aunt handing over the necessary ten thousand pounds as soon as he had fully explained to her the magnitude and sagacity of the Hon. Isaiah Boulton's project.

But Jack got a quite discouraging reply from Miss Letitia Gandall. Not only would she have nothing to do with Mr. Boulton or his schemes, but she repeated her threat to leave Jack without a farthing if he did not return home at once and prepare for the Church.

What was to be done? Jack had thought long and hard. Not only did he consider himself pledged to Boulton—his honor was at stake—but he was confident—fully persuaded—nay, cock sure, that if he missed this opportunity he would miss the greatest opportunity any man ever had for amassing fabulous wealth at a stroke.

So he looked her father up in Bradstreet's and wrote a polite note as above. He had met her down at Saratoga—charming, pretty little Mabel Gould, who had frankly and most innocently told him that her father was a great millionaire who had made his money in Chicago pork. Jack's fancy had been quite taken by Mabel, and he had reason to believe that she, poor girl, had formed a very good opinion of him—although sea-side flirtations, as a rule, are not to be taken as indicating very serious feelings. Jack had been intensely interested in Mabel, but as for love, he had not even thought of it—he had other matters of too serious a kind on hand. Many a young man in his position would have been hypnotized by

the glitter of the old man's millions, for Mabel, he understood, was an only daughter. But under ordinary circumstances Jack would have scorned a money match; and, anyway, her father was a pork butcher. That was enough. Jack's aristocratic instincts would have revolted at the thought of his becoming the son-in-law of a great, red, lard-scented ignoramus who doubtless could talk of nothing but hogs.

But now in his desperate extremity matters looked different. He thought it all over and concluded that he really could love Mabel with all his heart. Old Gould would probably jump at the chance of an alliance with so distinguished a house as that of Gandall; and as for Mabel, by marrying him she would doubtless escape some worse tragedy planned by her father, in which another pork butcher, equally repulsive, would probably figure as the star actor. He found that the Gould millions were what they had been represented to him. From that moment his plans became more definite than any of Jack's plans had ever been before.

It was a hot, smoky, horrible morning when the train from the east pulled into the Polk street station. Jack drove to his hotel. The very atmosphere seemed to smell of pork. Even after a bath and a cigar he half regretted having come on this miserable expedition. The vision of Old Man Gould kept rising before him in the most disgusting aspect. Besides, his conscience was commencing to suffer some qualms. He had received the daintiest note from Mabel in reply to his missive. Was it right to work any kind of plot against a girl who could write such notes? And, of all things, a matrimonial plot? Before three o'clock Jack had decided to cast away the whole wretched business. He would call, of course—but merely as a friend. Sink or swim he would not be the principal in such a game. Mabel was too good a girl for that. In fact, Mabel was "all right." But Mabel's father—every time Jack thought of him he shrugged his shoulders inwardly and imagined he smelt grease.

Things have a fashion of turning out in the most unexpected way. Three weeks after Jack arrived in Chicago, he and Mr. Gould sat one night in the latter's beautiful library, in which the choicest books and the rarest antiques were to be found, betraying genuine erudition and exquisite taste on the part of the owner. As Jack Gandall conversed with the spare, keen-minded, reserved but gentle old man, the vision of the big, ill-smelling pork butcher rose again before him and almost made him laugh aloud.

They had just been talking the matter over and Mr. Gould had given his consent to the engagement and also some very sound advice to Jack about his future. He had offered him a position in his office if he wished to accept it, but as Jack had had a letter from his Aunt Letitia that day, reaffirming her decision in regard to the disposition of her estate, and as the Hon. Isaiah Boulton had fled to parts unknown, leaving behind a number of badly shorn lambs, Jack declined Mr. Gould's offer with thanks. He intended to return to England and study for the Church. It was Mabel's wish. When he was through they should be married, but Jack had definitely given up all idea of a commercial career.

Before he left Chicago he told his fiancée the secret history of his visit, and she, sensible girl, understood it and thought nothing less of him.

"I came to win you for your money, but I soon found that the millions were nothing and love was all."

"And yet, Jack, Bradstreet's was what made our match, wasn't it, you old dear?"

YOUTHFUL NEWSPAPER READERS.

JENNIE.—Herbie, it says here another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?

HERBIE.—Well, I don't just know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying.

A UNIQUE CLERGYMAN.

"FATHER PAT," an excellent portrait of whom is here presented, is a character well-known in the Rossland District, where he has done a vast amount of good work for the physical comfort and moral improvement of the miners. He believes literally in St. Paul's advice to be all things to all men, and, although a regularly ordained Church of England clergyman, and a graduate of one of the English universities, he can play ball, smoke, chew, drink whiskey, fight, or tell a story, as occasion demands, in order to gain the confidence of the men whose spiritual and temporal welfare is his ultimate aim. He tramps from place to place in the mining region attending all kinds of meetings. As a pugilist he is exceedingly accomplished, and on more than one occasion is reported to have upheld the gospel with his fists.

It is told of him that he once went to an out-of-the-way mining camp to visit a dying miner, but was refused admittance on the ground that the man was dying, and at any rate no "sky-pilots" were wanted in that vicinity. Father Pat was not to be put off, however, and promptly challenged the whole camp to fight, offering to take them man by man, on condition that if he thrashed all of his opponents he was to be allowed to see the man whom he had tramped so far to visit. This was agreed to, and the biggest bully in the bunch was put up as Father Pat's first antagonist.



FATHER PAT.



THE DANGERS OF THE HONEYMOON.

THE BRIDEGROOM: I can't see why in thunder they haven't sent a carriage or something to meet us. I said Wednesday in my note.

THE BRIDE: Oh! George, do you know something tell me that this is Thursday.

The clergyman, without difficulty, disposed of him. There was no more fighting, but Father Pat administered spiritual consolation to the sick man and proved himself a true shepherd of his sheep.

The first time the writer met this unique character was at Rossland. A man came in calling loudly for liquid refreshment. Inquiry elicited the fact that the thirsty individual was the notorious Father Pat who had just returned from a toilsome visit to some distant and scarce accessible part of his field. Father Pat's methods of work are, doubtless, often somewhat shocking to the propriety of more conservative Christians, but there is no question as to the good work he has accomplished, and is still carrying on amongst the rough characters who infest the mining region. Everyone about Rossland bears testimony to his unselfish devotion and industry. His right name, I understand, is Henry Irwin, but no one out west calls him anything but "Father Pat."

MERLIN.

WISHIN'.

WHAT'S the use a-wishin',
 A-wishin' every day;
 A-wishin' every minute
 Yew'r golden time a-way?
 Some folks are born a-wishin',
 An' wish until they die,
 An' die a-wishin', wishin',
 They had another try.
 What's the use a-wishin',
 A-wishin' any day?
 Ef yew are goin' tur git it
 Yew'll git it anyway,
 So don't be wishin', wishin',
 It won't do any good;
 Wish I could stop a-wishin',
 I really wish I could.

—Joe Cone.

Trying to overcome the prejudice of an ignorant person is like trying to turn a shallow stream into a new channel—by the time you have changed the current, the water is wasted.



MAJOR GIROUARD.

A BRILLIANT YOUNG CANADIAN.

A SPARE, sinewy, sun-burned man is Major Percy Girouard, of whom his fellow-Canadians have of late heard so much in connection with the brilliant campaign which ended with the battle of Omdurman. The gallant major's services in building the railway that made the triumphant advance of Kitchener's troops a possibility are so well known to all, that it would be a weariness to the flesh to repeat again the oft-heard story. Suffice it to say that "Bimbashi" Girouard had charge of the construction of the line from Wady Halfa across the desert to Berber and Atbara, the object of which was to reduce the distance to Abu-Hamed, and make the British advance both safe and rapid. Difficult as this work was, Major Girouard and those under him accomplished it with brilliant despatch, and in such a substantial manner as to win the warmest praise of those in charge of the campaign.

Though a French-Canadian—the second son of Mr. Justice Girouard, of the Supreme Court—the major would be taken anywhere for a typical young Englishman of good family. He still speaks his mother tongue with grace and fluency, but when his lips frame English sentences the most delicate ear cannot detect the slightest foreign accent. His manners are those of the soldier and man of the world—polished, but frank and cordial. No more genial, companionable fellow exists in the world than the major. Though everywhere lionized, he has not for an instant lost his head, but at all times and in every place has maintained the modest bearing which makes so striking a background for the brilliant record of one so young.

Major Girouard's career is full of lessons for every Canadian boy. It shows that brains, however necessary they may be, are not the sole ingredient of success. Had the young man of whom Montreal is so proud not possessed energy and indomitable pluck, in addition to his purely intellectual gifts, he would never have accomplished such deeds as now, at the age of thirty-two, stand to his credit. He has proved himself a man who can do things. He has "carried a message to Garcia," like a true soldier, when he had received his orders, he was prepared for any sacrifice in order to carry them out.

This element in Major Girouard's character is illustrated by his career at the Royal Military College, Kingston. A French-

Canadian boy, educated in a Church school, without having had any special opportunity of acquiring proficiency in the English tongue, he went to the Royal Military College, and there, by determined application, though in competition with young men who had spoken English from infancy, he outstripped all his classmates in the subjects having to do with their own literature and language. It is not surprising that the young man who accomplished such a feat should later have shown the solid qualities that inspired the confidence of the British military authorities, and caused them to give him one of the most important commissions in Egypt.

After finishing his course as a cadet, young Girouard was employed as an engineer in the construction of the C.P.R. short line through Maine. In this position he applied himself to his work with such zeal that shortly after leaving it, and when but twenty-three years of age, he was able to write a number of articles on railway construction, of such merit as to win him instant recognition as an authority on that subject. Major Girouard has always confronted difficulties with original thought and independent effort. The story of his digging for and finding water in the desert is not the least interesting or instructive amongst the many striking incidents of his brief but stirring career. During the campaign he was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order, and afterwards promoted to the rank of brevet major of the Imperial Army, and made president of the administration of railways in Egypt and the Soudan, with headquarters at Cairo and a salary of \$10,000 per annum.

His recent visit to Canada was not for pleasure, but business. It is understood that he placed orders in the United States for locomotives and other equipment required for the Soudanese railway. He sailed from New York on Saturday for England, and will return at once to his post in the Soudan.

THE MAN IN THE HOLE.

THERE was a man in our town
Who rushed along the street,
When suddenly he felt the world
Recede beneath his feet.
A teamster had delivered coal
And then pursued his way—
He left the manhole open, so
There was the deuce to pay.
The man who hurried never saw
The yawning hole ahead;
He made some bitter comments as
He disappeared, 'tis said.
Now comes the moral of the tale:
A cyclone from the West
Came down the street, as cyclones do,
And never stopped to rest.
The coal man and his team were first
Tied into forty knots,
And then distributed in chunks
O'er fifty vacant lots.
The street was ripped from end to end
And split up through the middle—
Not one who walked in it was left
To dance or play the fiddle.
But he who hadn't seen the hole,
And so had fallen through,
Came out, when all was over, just
About as good as new.
Keep back the things that thou wouldst say
When Fate seems harsh with thee;
It may turn out the other way,
So wait a while and see.

Man's search for happiness consists in using the water that should quench his thirst to blow bubbles with.



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IT IS NOT many years since society reporting was confined largely to scandal, but of late a gradual improvement, amounting to a revolution, has taken place, until at the present time this branch of journalism is recognized as entirely legitimate. In the Old Country some of the most distinguished and popular society women—ladies of rank—make their livelihood or reinforce their means by reporting the doings of the people with whom they move. In the American cities it is much the same. Here in Montreal, with our well known conservative tendencies, which are so admirable in many things, we have perhaps not advanced as rapidly as some other cities in the matter of recognizing the society reporter as one of the institutions of modern polite life. There are some of our people who cling to the old-fashioned belief that intelligence about personal movements and social events can come only through the back door. This impression will doubtless be further dispelled as local journalism employs methods more similar to those in vogue elsewhere. For our own part, while endeavoring to record the doings of society, we have no intention of resorting to underhand or dishonorable means of obtaining news. Nor shall we invade the rights of any individual so far as to publish information of a personal nature which they may wish withheld from the public. We trust, by good judgment and dignified methods of work, to overcome any prejudice that may still linger in some quarters here against society reporting and to make this branch of journalism something to which no one shall have the least cause to feel an aversion.

“WALKING on eggs” is a phrase that describes with some approach to accuracy the present position of both political parties in the Dominion. The observer does not require to be extraordinarily astute to see that the people of neither camp are quite sure where they are themselves or where the other fellows are. Of late, there has been a good deal of talk about an approaching general election, and the activity prevailing in the inner circles—not only on the Government side, but on the Opposition side also—has strengthened the feeling that such a coup is not altogether an improbability. What more likely than that the eloquent and redoubtable Sir Richard Cartwright was sent to Toronto for the purpose of feeling the pulse of Ontario—which is said to be beating with somewhat more irregularity and feverishness than the Government could wish for? Then, Mr. Fielding and a number of lieutenants have been talking their record over with the electors down by the sea. The Conservatives, on their part, are doing their best, particularly in Ontario, to perfect their organization, and, in addition, a big meeting is shortly to be held in Toronto to afford the people an antidote to the poisonous gases emitted by Sir Richard—notwithstanding that the Conservative papers declared next morning that his speech had done no harm, except to the Government. With an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, and with almost two years yet

before them, if they choose to allow Parliament to fill its natural term, it is difficult to see why the Government should court a general election just now. And yet, we know that it is not always wise for a party to wait till the last minute. A decisive advantage is sometimes gained in politics, as well as in war, by forcing the fighting. Hence the old trick of springing a general election when it is least expected. Sir Wilfrid, when in Montreal, the other day, was exceedingly guarded and non-committal in answer to all inquiries as to whether there would be an election this fall or winter. But, after all, this may signify nothing, as he would be a very block-headed general indeed who should give the enemy the slightest inkling of his plan of campaign. Meanwhile, there are all sorts of strange whisperings and winkings going on amongst the knowing ones, but in this, as in so many other cases, the knowing ones may only be pretending to know.

IN military circles there is a good deal of talk about Quebec having obtained the new infantry school—a thing which Montreal has wished for during twenty years, but which, owing in part at least to the apathy of her representatives at Ottawa, has now slipped through her fingers. Montreal needs the school, and should have had it on her merits. But, apparently, there is no one to give effective voice to either her needs or her merits. This is very discouraging to those who take an interest in the military affairs of the city and are striving to build up the service here in the face, often, of great obstacles.

ANOTHER matter of which military men are talking is the appointment of the A. D. C.'s of the Governor-General. In the appointing of these officers, His Excellency, it seems, took the opportunity of conferring honor upon a number of those who were associated with him in the Northwest campaign of 1885, and presented to the Hon. Mr. Borden a list of names for his approval. The Minister, who did not wish to be responsible for nominations that had not originated with him, desired an immediate understanding with His Excellency as to the practice to be followed; and the outcome now is that Lord Minto appoints his aides-de-camp, and the Minister of Militia stands aside. However careful the Governor-General may be in making selections, there is likely to be occasional cause for complaint; at all events there is likely to be complaint, whether there be grounds or not. When this happens, an awkward state of affairs is bound to ensue, because no man would criticize the Governor-General personally, and yet the Minister repudiates responsibility. The theory of our constitutional law, however, is that the Minister must accept full responsibility, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Borden can do otherwise.

LOVERS of football can look forward to a very interesting season's sport. All the clubs in the Quebec Union are confident of going into the field in strong shape, and already speculation is being indulged in as to the prospects of the several teams. The entrance of Brockville in the senior series will add to the uncertainty of the result, as the Ontario town is reputed to have a strong aggregation of players. Kingston, the Britannias and the new-comers are, indeed, all making big claims as to their prospective merits. Ottawa College and Montreal have not said very much to date, but doubtless in due time they will be heard from. Under the coaching of Mr. Jack Savage, the Montrealers have already commenced practice and are reported to be doing well. The team will be chosen from the following players: Arthur Hamilton, Stanley Willett, Woodhouse, Jack Savage, Hartland McDougall, Norman Barclay, Dr. Jack, Ross Crawford, Arthur Massey, Fred Reid, H. Van Horne, Lorne Bond, Ogilvie, Captain Johnston, Dr. Irvine, A. P. R. Williams, and, if necessary, last year's intermediates will be drawn from. Although Bob McDougall, Norman Lash, and one or two other members of the Old Guard have been lost, this year's team will probably be a strong one—as can be seen from the above list. Matches will be arranged for between

Montreal and both the visiting Irishmen and the Halifax Wanderers. In the intermediate and junior series, there is every reason to look for keen and exciting rivalry. We publish in another column a schedule of the season's matches in all series.

THE number of companies which have been successfully floated in Canada of late is a proof that the wealth of our people is rapidly multiplying, and that a spirit of confidence prevails, causing the possessors of money to readily invest it. In the past, Canadian manufacturing enterprises have been conducted largely as private ventures, but a change is taking place, and, in future, industrial stocks are likely to occupy as important a place in Canadian finance as in the exchanges of the United States and Great Britain. As evidencing this change and also as showing how readily the accumulated earnings of Canadians are seeking investment, the flotation of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company at Toronto last week may be mentioned. This company is capitalized at six millions of dollars, and two millions of this were offered to the public as seven per cent. preference stock. The amount was subscribed for nearly twice over, the applicants numbering about five hundred, scattered from Halifax to Vancouver, and the applications being for amounts ranging from one hundred to one hundred thousand dollars.

In Montreal there has been no marked feature in stocks during the past week, outside of the steady rise of Royal Electric, due to a new issue at par. Dullness has characterized the market here for some time.

The table of imports entered at the port of Montreal during August shows an increase of nearly nine hundred thousand dollars compared with August of last year. This upward leap was due to an appreciation in values rather than to an increase in quantity of imports. It is another of the healthy signs, indicating that the Canadian people have money and are putting it in circulation.

A STREET PAVED WITH GLASS.

Not satisfied with cobblestones and wood, the city of Lyons has been experimenting with glass as a street pavement. Since last November, the Rue de la Republique has been paved with devitrified glass. This new product is obtained from broken glass heated to a temperature of 1,250 deg. and compressed in matrices by hydraulic force. The glass pavement is laid in the form of blocks eight inches square, each block containing 16 parts in the form of checkers. These blocks are so closely fitted together that water cannot pass between them, and the whole pavement looks like one gigantic checkerboard. As a pavement, it is said to have greater resistance than stone, it is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form on it readily; dirt does not accumulate upon it so easily as upon stone, and it will not retain microbes.

THE audiences of the Theatre Francais have already made it clear that they like that class of plays which made the famous Lotta both wealthy and happy. Bob, which was one of her favorites, has been laid on the shelf for some time, owing to the big royalty which was put upon it by Mme. Lotta when she decided to leave the stage. Manager Phillips, of the Francais, has, however, arranged for its production at his theatre, and rehearsals are now in active progress. It is just the style of play that will suit the stock company, the Misses Byron, Holland, Buckingham and Schovelin, being very happily cast, while Messrs. Henderson, McGraue, Nelson, Webber and the other gentlemen, are all said to have roles in which they will appear to much advantage in Bob. The announcement is also made that Master Joe O'Hare, celebrated through his singing, is to be at the head of the vaudeville bill, which has been more up-to-date this season than ever before. Walter Leighton Eccles, a fine Boston elocutionist is also on the bill together with Miss Rose Winchester, a singer of note.

Life in a Looking-Glass

THE motor-cycle has made its appearance in Montreal. This and the horseless carriage will doubtless soon be common objects in all large cities, and together with the bicycle must, in the long run, do much to stir up and organize public opinion on the question of good roads. Horses and pedestrians can put up with pavements that would speedily wreck one of these modern means of conveyance. The bicycle has been used largely by people of modest station; to a great extent it has been the "poor man's carriage." Only the comparatively rich will be able to indulge a fancy for the more elaborate and expensive machines, as only the comparatively rich have been able in the past to keep horses for pleasure. If the horseless carriage comes into general favor with the wealthy, bicyclists will soon find that their demand for good roads will enlist the active support of the most influential people in every community. Whether the motor-cycle will ever attain to such popularity as the bicycle has gained, or as the automobile is likely to gain, it would be hard to predict. The motor-cycle is lacking in one of the bicycle's best features—the exhilaration and wholesome exercise of propelling the machine. But just so, the automobile is devoid of what the horseman most enjoys—the feeling that one is behind a spirited animal, full of breeding and style, and the pride awakened by conscious mastery over so noble a creature as the horse. Yet the automobile is being taken up by the very people who have most "cultivated" the horse. I hear that the machine propelled by its owner as a fad is raging in Newport, where smart people are practising with their vehicles for the more crowded streets of New York. The automobile costume for women is under debate, and purveyors of modes are racking their brains for something at once pretty and practical. This is a straw that shows whither the wind is veering.

THE papers read at medical and other scientific conventions, however instructive to the initiated, are often so technical as to be of little interest to the great busy, unlearned public; but that presented at the recent meeting of the Canadian Medical Association by Dr. W. J. Teller, of Montreal, and entitled "The Hospital Room in Each Dwelling," is certainly not open to the charge of being over the heads of lay readers. Indeed, I cannot recall any more practical, common-sense treatment of a novel yet important subject, than Dr Teller gave to the question of household sickness in his discussion of the hospital room. Roman mansions were, perhaps, the most complete and the most ideally planned dwellings the world has seen, but only since the microscope made the germ theory of disease first conceivable and then demonstrable, has sanitary science reached that point where the suggestion of a hospital room in each house comes as a rational proposition. In the light of modern knowledge of diseases and their treatment, the mere statement of the case for such an apartment amounts to demonstration. We all know that in every household, particularly where there are children, illness is liable to appear when least expected. Grown-up people, when attacked by disease, can usually be best cared for in hospital, but little tots are not so easily disposed of, because parents don't like to give up a child at such a time. Yet the safety of other members of the household, as well as the interests of the patient, may demand the virtual isolation of the latter. Besides, there are many other occasions when a special apartment for the sick would obviously be a convenience. Dr. Teller contended that the main considerations in choosing and fitting up the hospital room should be light, ventilation, control of temperature, sanitation, access, isolation, and aspect. Though it might be impossible to attain to perfection, he was of the opinion that even in the most humble dwellings arrange-

ments could be made whereby the physician's endeavors might be greatly facilitated. It was not his idea to take up an important part of the dwelling, to be reserved for use only in time of sickness; indeed, the hospital room should be the favorite one when there was no sickness in the family. The ceiling, walls, and floors should be capable of being washed clean. Such furniture as might be necessary should be so constructed as to be readily rendered antiseptic. There should be ready access to water and toilet adjuncts. In town houses a special bath and water closet should be arranged for; in country houses movable substitutes could be used. Where isolation was imperative, either the back or front entrance, with its stairway, might be temporarily set apart for the use of the patient's attendants. These are very practical suggestions, indeed, and such as well-to-do people can easily carry out. Dr. Teller says he has discussed his idea with many architects, and they have all declared it entirely practicable. No wonder that his paper received the hearty endorsement of the convention.

FROM the beginning the Dreyfus case has been a nightmare to the French, and ever since the agitation for revision began it has been a nightmare to the reading public of other nations. No one can tell what it all means, though many may pretend to do so. It is a strange tangle, and the eagerness of everyone to take sides in what is so evidently incomprehensible, except to the deeply initiated, again illustrates the injudicial character of the average mind—its proneness to pronounce opinions without being seized of all the facts. Everywhere, almost, one has heard the hope expressed that Dreyfus would win, and the most positive affirmations of his innocence. I myself have been a Dreyfusard. And yet I can't say I have followed the trial with enough attention to entitle me to an opinion, nor do I believe there is one man in ten thousand who can say any better. In fact, it seems altogether probable that even the principal actors do not know accurately the ins and outs of the maze that involves them. The main facts must, of course, be known by someone. The innocent man and the guilty man, or men, on whichever side they stand, know beyond a peradventure where the right and the wrong of this case lie—unless even they have become enchanted in the deepening maze and have lost the power of discerning the true from the merely desired. God help the man who has wilfully concealed or distorted the truth in this great tragedy. It were better he had never been born. I cannot believe that any motive so uncomplicated and single as anti-Semitism is at the bottom of all this business. Such a force may have had much to do with it, but be assured there is some great secret back of the whole matter, which History alone, with her unclouded knowledge and calm judgment, can pronounce upon. There may have been wrongdoing on both sides; the issue may not be so simple as we have thought it must be. But whether Dreyfus be guilty or innocent, one thing can be said—that he suffered more than he deserved had he been the author of the blackest crime humanity is capable of. It is these sufferings, rather than the certainty of his innocence, that won him so many sympathizers the world over; and this fact is as creditable to the human heart as the violence of men's partisanship upon questions they only half understand is discreditable to the human intellect.

I SEE it stated that in a recent English encyclopedia of sport, an American, discussing the games of his nation, brings out in strong relief the fact that Americans, unlike Englishmen, hold the making of records to be the chief end and object of all sporting pastimes, rather than the pleasures which are obtained in their pursuit. That record-breaking is a passion with Americans, and to some extent with Canadians, there is no doubt; but its utter folly and uselessness was never better shown than when a crack bicyclist was recently able to reduce the record for a mile, from a minute and a half to a minute, by having a specially constructed roadway built along a railroad track, and a specially constructed car with an air-

shield hauled along in front of him by an engine which made the same speed as the bicyclist did. Of course, there was absolutely no glory in having accomplished a mile in a minute under such circumstances, unless for the engine. Not a word can be said against wholesome, honest rivalry in sports, for it is the life of most of them, but record-smashing, for its own sake, is quite another thing. No sport can long subsist in which this madness becomes dominant. Health and character are the goal of every sport worthy the name.

THE wealthy city of Montreal should have been able to afford something better to Major Girouard than a typewritten address, and a poorly typewritten one at that. Major Girouard may wish to keep the address for sentimental reasons, but no one would think of preserving such a thing for its artistic worth, nor is the gallant major likely to take pride exhibiting it to his friends.

FELIX VASE.

THE Montreal Entertainment Bureau, F. C. Capon, Manager, 2440 St. Catherine street, is an institution which aims to supply a felt want in Canada. Musicians of all classes, vocalists, elocutionists and lecturers will be furnished wherever required.

There would be nothing more delightful than solitude, if the rest of the world could be there to see how you enjoy it.



He says I'm a red-headed, freckled-faced, rattle-brained, bow-legged, little sawed-off runt. As if I really was.



There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

—BYRON

THE SUMMER is over. Had the rapidly-shortening days and the changing hues of the leaves no warning for us, the general aspect of town tells us that holidays are becoming, for most of us, a thing of the past. Houses, that for weeks have stood in gloomy and oppressive silence, are possessed with a jovial air. Freshly-curtained windows and shining brasses testify to the reestablishment of busy maids and men. And the grumbling caretaker, who peeped from the area door in answer to the occasional visitor, has disappeared like the dust and cobwebs. Sherbrooke street, until recently given over to the garrulous cabman and his sight-seeing constituents, is now astir with smart victorias and broughams, and groups of sunburned, cheerful, talkat' ve people are noticed everywhere. Comparing notes on pleasantly-spent days has always its fascination.

Those who have stayed at home descant optimistically upon the possibilities of a summer in town, laying no small stress upon the delightfully cool weather, and the comforts of a well-regulated home; while, on the other hand, the lately-returned ones relate with enthusiasm their prowess in tennis and sailing, their feats with kleeck and iron, and speak with regret of new friends made, alas! only to be left behind.

THIS YEAR, it may be to further demonstrate the good-fellowship existing between our American friends and ourselves, many Montrealers have chosen the Maine and Massachusetts coast as the scene of their enjoyment. Rockland, Prout's Neck, Scarborough, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Kennebunk, Ogunquit, all have received their share of Canadian visitors, until it seems as though, in days to come, the population of the United States and Canada might agree to exchange territory for the summer season. For, judging from the influx of Americans at our primitive watering-places, our salmon rivers (now largely theirs), and our trout lakes, it would appear that the so-called "cousins" each prefer the other's happy hunting ground. Still, there are those who cling fondly to old associations. The bracing breezes of the St. Lawrence, its pine-clad hills, its gorgeous sunsets and cool, bright days, will ever attract all keen lovers of restful beauty and peaceful quiet; even though golf links are indifferent or absent altogether, macadamizing is an unknown quantity, and hotels are much what they were when our grandmothers danced in their pine-floored drawing-rooms. So that Cacouma, Tadousac, Murray Bay, Cap a L'Aigle, Metis and Gaspé have not, by any means, been deserted. In fact, their popularity is far from waning, and may it never remain stationary, but ever increase! Nor must we omit St. Andrews, N.B. For there, on Canadian soil, we have a typical American hotel, which has never received under its hospitable roof a larger number of representative Montreal people than this year. And so, the upholders of the Union Jack and Old Glory alike unite in interchange of thought and expression and opinions that, however widely opposite, are happily blended with, let us hope, mutual benefit.

A GAIN, the Mother Country has not been neglected. Many have enjoyed, and many are still enjoying, the delights of England, and we listen anxiously to tales of punting parties on the Thames, coaching tours about the English lakes, visits to the classic shades of Oxford and Cambridge, or reminiscences

of Henley, Lord's, Ranelagh, Ascot and all the well-known names that are as familiar to the stay-at-homes as to the travelers.

Looking backward pessimistically, we realize that probably much money has been spent that should have been hoarded, much time wasted that might have been turned to some account. There have been disappointments and heartbreaks where joy and love should have entered in. There have been hairbreath escapes by sea and land; sorrow and sickness and death. For Fate is ever pursuant, though it may be required to follow on to the mountains, or the seaside, or the placid lakeshores. But, to those for whom the words are fraught with keen relief, or the momentary regret for fleeting happiness untinged as yet with sadness, the fact remains the same—the summer is over.

ON September 20, the marriage will take place of Miss Katharine Duff Ramsay to Mr. Charles George Schirmer. The ceremony will be performed at St. Paul's Church at 8 o'clock p.m., an hour somewhat novel for weddings in Montreal, but not unusual, we believe, in the United States. Miss Ramsay is the only daughter of the late Robert Ramsay, Q.C., during his lifetime a shining light in the legal profession, a governor of McGill, and a man universally respected. During the past year Miss Ramsay has been living in Newton, Mass., under the chaperonage of her aunt, Miss Duff, who has been guardian to her niece and three nephews ever since the death of their parents. Miss Ramsay had only enjoyed one season in Montreal after her return from abroad, and became engaged to Mr. Schirmer last summer during a visit to the Massachusetts coast. Mr. Schirmer is well known in banking and musical circles in and about Newton, Mass. The list of invitations to the church is a large one, but only the relations and most intimate friends of the bride are to be present at the reception held at the house, 1134 Sherbrooke street.

MRS. J. ALEX. STRATHY and her family have returned to their delightful house "Amherst," Cote de Neiges road, after having spent the summer, as usual, at St. Patrick's.

Among other well-known people who occupied cottages at St. Patrick's this year were: The Hon. J. K. Ward and family, Mr. James Coristine, Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, Mr. George Burnford and several prominent Quebec and Ottawa people.

MRS. FRANK BOND and the Misses Bond have returned to "Bishopscourt" from Cacouma.

Mrs. John Turnbull, the ever-popular president of R. M. Ladies' Golf Club, little Miss Turnbull and the Masters Turnbull have returned from Metis, where they have been spending some weeks.

Mrs. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, and Miss Blake are visiting Mrs. Law, Bellevue House, en route from Murray Bay to their home in Toronto.

COLONEL and Mrs. Stamford, of Bermuda, spent some days in Montreal last week on their way to Niagara. Bermuda of late has been such a popular winter resort with Montreal people that their stay was too short for the many friends who welcomed them here.

Mrs. W. W. Watson and family, and Mrs. George R. Hooper are among those who have returned from St. Andrews, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Benson, and the Masters Benson are once more established in their town house, after a three months' visit to Manchester-by-the-Sea.

MISS AIMEE KINGSTON, who sailed for England a short time ago, will be very much missed by a large number of friends. She has always been most popular in Montreal, and the news that she was about to make London, England, her home for an indefinite time was heard with much regret. She accompanied her brother, Mr. Charles Kingston, who for the past six years has had his headquarters in Australia.

(Continued on page 24.)



"The Great Company."

THERE is no more interesting chapter in the history of Canada than that having to do with the rise and progress of the mighty trading company, which for over three centuries has been the handmaid of commerce and civilization in the out-of-the-way parts of British North America. To many Montreal people the magic tale possesses much of a personal bearing, and to every intelligent and patriotic Canadian it is a story of deep national interest, apart from its purely human and dramatic import. Yet this is a story that has heretofore been told only in snatches—in broken instalments—as a half-forgotten reminiscence might be related at the fireside by some old man between naps. To Mr. Beckles Willson belongs the honor of having first essayed a complete history of the Hudson's Bay Company from its foundation to the year 1871. The fruits of his research and of his industrious pen are now given to the public, from the press of The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, under the title of "The Great Company."

Although pure history is not a class of reading that ordinarily commands a large clientele—the average person preferring that it should be disguised in fiction, as disagreeable drugs are masked under a coating of sugar—yet we are greatly mistaken if Mr. Willson's book does not have considerable vogue amongst general readers, and certainly it will find a place as a standard work in every library with any pretension to completeness. Mr. Willson's style, though not the best adapted for the writing of popular history, does not seriously fail him at the critical

points of his narrative, and wherever one would expect animation and sprightliness, there, as a rule, he finds it in Mr. Willson's work. The account of the capture of Fort Nelson by the French, under Iberville, is a case in point. After recounting the preliminaries to the attack, and the visit of Martigny to the Governor in order to demand a surrender, the author tells how, after a hot skirmish, fatal to both sides, a message was again brought in by Serigny, under a flag of truce asking for capitulation.

"If you refuse we will set fire to the place, and accord you no quarter," was the French ultimatum.



MR. BECKLES WILLSON.

"Set fire and be damned to you!" responded Bailey.

He then set to work, with Smithsend, whose treatment at the hands of the French in the affair of the Merchant of Perpetuana was still vividly before him, to animate the garrison.

"Go for them, you dogs!" cried Bailey, "Give it to them hot and heavy; I promise you forty pounds apiece for your widows."

Fighting in those days was attended by fearful mortality, and the paucity of pensions to the hero's family, perhaps, made the offer seem handsome. At any rate it seemed a sufficient incentive to the Company's men, who fought like demons.

A continual fire of guns and mortars, as well as of muskets, was kept up. The Canadians saluted out upon a number of skirmishes, filling the air with a frightful din, borrowing from the Iroquois their piercing war cries. In one of these sallies St. Martin, one of their bravest men, perished.

Under protection of a flag of truce, Serigny came again to demand a surrender. It was the last time, he said, the request would be preferred. A general assault had been resolved upon by the enemy, who were at their last resort, living like beasts in the wood, feeding on moss, and to whom no extremity could be odious were it but an exchange for their present condition. They were resolved upon carrying the fort, even at the point of the bayonet and over heaps of their slain.

Bailey decided to yield. He sent Morrison to carry the terms of capitulation, in which he demanded all the peltries in the fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This demand being rejected by the enemy, Bailey later in the evening sent Henry Kelsey with a proposition to retain a portion of their armament; this also was refused. There

was now nothing for it but to surrender, Iberville having granted evacuation with bag and baggage.—

This passage will serve to show that Mr. Willson can, when necessary, give the right touch to a dramatic incident. The book, naturally, is replete with such incidents—it could not be otherwise.

The Hudson's Bay Company, although shorn of much of its power in 1871, is still, as Mr. Willson points out, a potent force in Canada. Its long record of steady work, enterprise and endurance, he asserts, has not been tarnished by the history of the last twenty-eight years. "Its commanding influence with the Indians, and with a large number of the colonists, has enabled it to assist the authorities in many ways and often in forwarding the public interests, suppressing disorder and securing the good-will of the Redmen who inhabit Canada. The great Dominion owes much to the great company. The posts of the company reach from the stern coasts of Labrador to the frontiers of Alaska, and throughout this enormous region it yet controls the traffic with the aborigines. To day there are one hundred and twenty-six posts at which this active trade is conducted, besides those numerous wintering stations or outposts, which migrate according to circumstances and mercantile conditions.

The introduction to the book is by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, present governor of the company, and the illustrations are by Mr. Arthur Heming, one of the best Canadian illustrators.

The Late Mrs. Traill.

THE work of the late Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, who died at Westove, Lakefield, near Peterborough, on August 29, was possibly better known in Ontario than in Quebec; still, her fame was coextensive with the English language in Canada. Mrs. Traill was ninety-seven years and eight months old, but retained her physical and intellectual vigor until within a few hours of her death. She belonged to a distinguished literary family—the Stricklands, of Keydon Hall, Suffolk, England—and several of her sisters were well known in their day as successful writers. Mrs. Moodie, who became famous as the author of *Roughing it in the Bush*, was one of these. However, Mrs. Traill was the first of the family to gain the public ear, and it was her success, doubtless, that led her sisters into literature. At the age of sixteen she delighted the people of England with some poems and sketches. "Backwoods of Canada" was published in 1835, and "The Canadian Crusoes, a tale of the Rice Lake plains," "The Female Emigrant's Guide," "Lady Mary and her Nurse," and "Rambles in the Canadian Forest" appeared in subsequent years. Among the most notable of the works of the authoress' later days are "Pearls and Pebbles, or the Notes of an Old Naturalist," "Cot and Cradle Stories," and "Studies of Plant Life in Canada, or Gleanings from Forest, Lake and Plain." During Lord Palmerston's administration a grant of one hundred pounds was made to Mrs. Traill in recognition of her work as a naturalist, and more recently the Dominion Government acknowledged her services by presenting her with a little island in the Otonabee river.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A GENTLEMAN PLAYER." (His adventures on a secret mission for Queen Elizabeth.) By Robert Neilson Stephens, author of "An Enemy to the King," "The Continental Dragoon," "The Road to Paris," etc. Toronto: William Briggs.

"THE STRONG ARM." By Robert Barr, author of "Tekla," "In the Midst of Alarms," "A Woman Intervenes," etc. Toronto: William Briggs.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

IT IS so often said that truth is stranger than fiction that most people have come to doubt the truth of the saying. That things occur in real life more dramatic than anything seen on the stage is undoubtedly the experience of many observers. Captain Evans, speaking the other day of the capture of the *Vizeaya*, said: "We tried to keep Captain Eulate's attention from his sinking ship, but he turned to her and stretched out his arm and called: 'Adios, Vizeaya!' And just at that moment the ship's magazine blew up and she was a wreck. If that incident had been reproduced on the stage, people would have said it never could have happened, it was too theatrical."

Mrs. A. E. Patno, fashionable millinery, 2310 St. Catherine street, Montreal, has returned to town and is prepared to advise ladies requiring anything stylish in her line.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE GREAT COMPANY."

NAPOLEON'S HANDS.

ON July 2, 1811, as Napoleon entered the little drawing room of Marie-Louise, in the palace of Compiègne, writes M. George Banal in *The Revue Bleue*, he observed a charming young girl, Mlle. de Miollis, seated upon a sofa, her face turned away from the door. With a gesture imposing silence on all others present, the Emperor approached her on tip-toe and crossed his hands over her eyes. Mlle. de Miollis knew no one except Dr. Bourdois, a venerable man attached as physician to the King of Rome, who could possibly have taken such a liberty with her.

"Stop that, Monsieur Bourdois!" she exclaimed. "Do you think that I do not recognize your great, ugly hands?"

Napoleon was rarely taken aback, but he was for a moment nonplussed by this rejoinder so little flattering to his vanity. But in a moment, releasing Mlle. de Miollis, he replied to her:

"Great, ugly hands! Truly, mademoiselle, you are fastidious! You are more critical than my soldiers!"

Napoleon had very beautiful hands—white, firm, dimpled, strong, with supple taper fingers, soft skin, well-cut, pink and polished nails. He displayed them with some coquetry, particularly when with his army. When he occasionally wore gloves, it was only for protection from cold; as soon as possible, in the city, he ungloved one hand. In command in conducting reviews he usually had both hands bare. He knew the effect upon the soldier's simple soul of his mobile glance, his dazzling smile set off by the brilliancy of his remarkable teeth; he knew also that

the beauty of his hands and the majesty of his gesture had a decisive influence upon all who approached him. Great actor upon the world's stage, he did not disdain these physical means, trivial in ordinary men, but of irresistible power in a leader of mankind.

The hands of Napoleon were very popular in the army. In the hour of battle he placed himself always on an eminence where he could be seen by all the regiments in line; in the bivouac, when he traversed the ranks on foot, all eyes sought the hands rather than the usually severe and passive face of the Emperor. Was it not these hands that fastened the star of the Legion of Honor upon men's breasts?

A VISIT TO LAYTON BROS'.

LIFE paid a visit the other day to the new piano rooms of Messrs. Layton Bros., at 144 Peel street, and found them to be all that the most fastidious could demand. The main room is light, airy, and has excellent acoustic properties—its hardwood floor and high ceiling affording an admirable environment for testing the tone and volume of an instrument. Off the main room is a small parlor fitted up for patrons who wish to try pianos under the same conditions as obtain in a private house. It is the intention of the proprietors shortly to have the entire premises decorated in a handsome manner with pictures, statuettes, etc. They will then have rooms as beautiful as they are now convenient and practical. Their workshop, air-tight varnishing compartment, and other mechanical rooms are at the rear of the main premises, under a separate roof—the entire depth of the establishment being one hundred and fifteen feet, with a frontage of twenty-one feet.

Both of the Layton Bros. are practical piano men, and were brought up to the business, their family having been actively engaged in piano construction in the Old Country for the past seventy-five years. Mr. Philip E. D.

Layton is an accomplished musician, and the composer of the popular "Dominion March." He exhibits to his friends with some pride a music bag presented to him by H. R. H. the Princess Royal, for efficiency in piano-tuning, and also his diploma from the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. His brother, Mr. H. A. Layton, devotes his main energies to financing the business, but is also a practical man and a good musician.

Messrs. Layton Bros. are not mere manufacturers' agents, but buy their stock, and are thus enabled to give advantages to customers. Amongst the makes they handle are the Behr, New York; Evans, Ingersoll, Ont.; Dominion, Bowmanville, Ont.; Mendelssohn, Toronto, and others. They also keep both Dominion and Thomas organs.

DIDN'T KNOW HER SIZE.

AT Davenport, a soldier was brought before the commanding officer for selling part of his kit, when the following dialogue took place:

COLONEL.—Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?

PRIVATE MURPHY.—I'd worn 'em for two years, sorr, and thought they were my own property.

COLONEL.—Nothing of the sort, sir. These boots belong to the Queen.

PRIVATE MURPHY.—I'm sorry, sorr, but I didn't know the lady took twelves. (Collapse of colonel.)

OF AND FOR WOMEN.

THE most fashionable furs this fall and winter are likely to be the sable or skunk, both real and imitation, in a rich dark brown color. Stone marten and electric seal retain their popularity, and especially the electric seal has reached the height of perfection, as far as dressing and preparation go, and, in some cases, an expert is needed to tell the difference between the real and the imitated article.

IT is the little things which mark the gentlewoman—little things which appear unimportant to the careless woman, but which her clever sister regards as the true marks of a well-dressed woman. A soiled ribbon at the throat has been known to spoil the entire effect of an otherwise perfect toilet, and a tastefully devised stock to redeem a positively shabby gown, and to give its chief-wearer an air of indescribable daintiness. The unforgivable offence in the ethics of the fastidious woman is the wearing of tawdry finery.

A PRETTY device for keeping corsets clean, and doing away with the necessity of wearing a corset cover with lined dresses, may be made with a piece of nainsook or batiste embroidery the depth of the corset from bust to waist. The embroidery is turned over the top of the corset, gored on the sides under the arms like an underwaist, and gathered in front over the bust. These may be made very elaborately of nainsook, with lace let in, and be lace-trimmed, etc. The top may be edged with lace beading, and drawn up with a ribbon to fit the corset, and then basted into the top, or it may be felled into a lingerie beading which is already the right size. These covers are only adapted to straight-topped corsets. This way of keeping the corset dainty is recommended, as it does not add to the size of the waist.

FRUITS in brooches are the novelty just now in Europe, and so is the way flower pins are set and worn. For instance, cherries, grapes, plums, currants, gooseberries, a miniature tomato or bean, jeweled in diamonds and enamels, are in great favor, not only for brooches, but sleeve-buttons to be worn with the most exquisite separate waists that were ever dreamed of. The bean, in emeralds or rubies, is a sort of mascot, often seen swinging from a diamond bracelet, while a tomato may hang from a jeweled chain, and contain minute complexion improvers. Flower brooches are in branches of some one particular flower, as forget-me-nots, rosebuds, pansies, violets, button-roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and the pretty conceit lies in grouping them into a bouquet on the corsage front. Pins having ferns, smilax, geranium leaves, etc., serve as a background for the bouquet, and are as important as the flowers. We shall find these dainty little ornaments at our disposition later on, when importations from France arrive.

MANUFACTURERS of imitation jewelry have lately met with such great success, that it is said the sale of genuine jewelry in Newport is less than ever before, and it is also said, on good authority, that large amounts of capital are soon to be invested in the manufacture of imitation jewelry. For some time past it has been possible to obtain imitation jewelry in France and England which is difficult of detection by experts; but the business has never before been taken up in this country to any great extent.

THE opal is no longer considered of evil omen by those who are the best informed. It has become popular to believe that, instead of ill luck, the opal carries with it the best of luck and happiness in its highest form. Indeed, it is now considered the token of mutual love, burning brightly in all the colors of the rainbow. It is the gift of lover to sweetheart, the symbol of an eternal devotion, and of so devoted a character as to show itself in constant and fiery flashes of beautiful color. To

emphasize this romantic idea, the opal is now cut in the form of a heart, and the sentiment of a heart on fire with love is one which appeals to all lovers. This heart, when small enough, is set in a ring, but Australian opals have recently been imported of sufficient size to permit of their being used in a simple gold frame as a pendant for the locket chain.

"HOW women should walk and how they do walk," is a subject which is continually coming up for discussion, and it has been decided recently by a Parisian journal that French women deserve the prize for queenly grace of carriage. The German woman steps heavily. Most women in other countries "travel," "prance," "roll or tramp about," as the case may be, but the French woman walks in the only correct manner. Peasant women in France who carry burdens on their heads are special types of grace in walking, and this exercise, using a book or a pillow, is specially recommended as a remedy for an ungraceful walk. Some women contend that their special gait is natural, like the color of their eyes, and cannot be changed, but that is entirely a misconception of their own ability to improve their personal appearance. They seem to think that covering the distance is the one and only point to be gained by walking. If they could see themselves as they appear to others, any effort which could add a little grace and dignity to their method of walking would not be considered too much trouble. Beauty of face and figure is often almost entirely lost in an ugly walk.

MOTHERS are often responsible for the vanity which they may deplore in their daughters. The atmosphere of the home is too largely one of perhaps millinery and mantua-making. The dress of young children is often so exquisite that continual caution is necessary to prevent its injury, and play is robbed of spontaneity and activity. A mother who had educated her children to all these punctilities of dress, said: "I regret so much the exquisite wardrobe of my little children. I see now that it hurt their character." The dress of little girls should be as simple and substantial as that of boys. Everything which prevents activity and fosters vanity should be conscientiously avoided. Love of dress is also fostered by the passion for dolls, which is said to be inborn in every right-minded girl. Doll-playing is really doll-dressing. Every bit of gew-gaw is eagerly sought to bedeck this miniature travesty of a fine lady. The doll-mother is but a prophecy of the child-mother. If doll-playing is the legitimate occupation of girlhood, we ought to have dolls which do not cultivate a taste for wasp waists and the trivialities of fashion.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

HOW strange the heart's successive pains and pleasures!
 How blind man's march is thro' an unknown world!
 Each day so different from its predecessors—
 Old flowers faded and new bloom unfurled.
 How couldst thou, twelve months gone, have dreamed the
 story
 That gives a meaning now to all thy years?
 Could autumn's rose-roots prophecy June's glory
 Or summer's sky be capable of tears?
 Things we deemed greatest, looked at from the distance
 Have had, we see, small bearing on life's course.
 The trivial (as we judged), with strange insistence,
 Tinge the long years with gladness or remorse.
 Forward we ever press to some sweet bower
 That beckons us to come and taste its shade,
 And lo! beside our path a little flower,
 Unlooked for, makes the farther vision fade.
 To yonder great man came the wished for honor—
 Nor stayed nor helped him from or to his goal;
 For in the throng, that night, he gazed upon her
 And that one glance made history for his soul.

J.A.T.

SHOULD A WOMAN PROPOSE?

IT is distinctly amusing, writes Miss Peattie, in *Self Culture*, that grave women such as like to attend international conventions of women and talk about the future of the race and kindred topics, should lend themselves to a discussion of the subject, "Ought the women to be permitted to propose?" That they should consent to be interviewed upon this subject, and give a brief notoriety to a lecturer who took this foolish theme for his subject, shows that the leaders of the suffrage party have lost the sense of values, and have come to attach undue importance to all matters concerning their sex. Were their memories good, or had they been in the confidence of many young women, they would have known quite well that the spirit of love is no respecter of persons, and that adroitly and after her own fashion woman does propose. But she always regrets the necessity. For she does not wish to take the initiative. She does not doubt her right to do it. She certainly does not question her ability. But she desires to be sought; she claims the privilege of assuming reluctance. Her ancient coquetry will not leave her, and she is fain to amuse herself with her immemorial feints. Mr. Herbert Spencer could say a great deal on the subject. Perhaps he has. Some one who has read his books will be able to say. Anyway, it is not a question of rights, and every analytical woman knows it, and smiles with covert and subtle wile when she hears that Mrs. Stanton and a number of other ladies have forgotten the



"I say, Rush, did you have a good time at Miss Budd's tea?"
CENTRE RUSH.—"What? Among all those girls?" No. I felt like a pair of tongs in a box of bonbons.

facts that their lost youth must have taught them. To be candid, women in general have always been more interested in their privileges than in their rights—and this, notwithstanding the fact that the ladies of the International Council hissed Mrs. Francis Scott when she put up her plea for anti-suffragists.



MAMMA.—You know, Johnnie dear, that papa punished you for your own good.
JOHNNIE.—But I don't feel nearly as good as I did before.

AUTOMOBILES NO NOVELTY.

PROF. R. H. THURSTON rises to explain that the automobile, or self-moving carriage, for street purposes, antedates the locomotive and was suggested by Sir Isaac Newton as early as 1860. Of course, all the early self-propelled carriages were driven by steam, but over twenty are said to have been running in London in 1833, and it seems that they were quite common for several years, until the fierce opposition of the stage coach proprietors brought about overmuch legal regulations of these new vehicles, which finally regulated them out of use. Evidently they are now here to stay.

DRAMATIC LIFE.

AT THE CITY THEATRES.

THE EVIL EYE, which was very successful at Toronto during the Exhibition, will follow Jefferson de Angelis at Her Majesty's. On October 2 Alice Neilson will appear in the *Singing Girl*, by Victor Herbert.

MISS ESTHER C. MOORE, who contributed many performances with the Theatre Francais Stock Company last season, has signed with the Moffert Stock Company, Louisville. A very pretty picture of Miss Moore appeared in *The New York Dramatic Mirror* last week.

THE Robinson Opera Company lately made a successful seven weeks' stand at the Arena, and it is hoped that next year the management will be able to arrange for attractions



ADELINE TANN WITH WHY SMITH LEFT HOME.

during the whole of the summer season. This week the *Passion Play* and the *Queen's Jubilee* are attracting big crowds to the Arena.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS opened for 1899-1900 very much improved in appearance. Manager Phillips has an excellent stock company here, and there is no doubt that an interesting season is ahead of the frequenters of this popular theatre. The members of the company are: Helen Byron, leading woman; Lucius Henderson, leading man; Thomas J. McGrane, heavies; Frank Nelson, comedian; Walter Colligan, character; Fred Webber, juvenile; John C. Hart, general character comedy; Lillian Buckingham, second leads; Helen Holland, soubrette and ingenue; Lillian Shovelin, character; Dora Norman, Maude Shaw, Editha Vaughan, Pansy Driscoll, Ina Read, James Robertson, and Drew A. Morton, stage director. The piece chosen for the opening was *Paradise Lost*, which

was well received. This was followed last week by *Human Hearts*, and *La Belle Russe* is the attraction now being presented.

THAT the world loves to laugh was demonstrated by the success at the *Queen's Theatre* last week of the *New Boy*, presented by Mr. Bert Coote and an able company, differing in some respects from Mr. Coote's former support. The fun-making qualities of the *New Boy* do not easily wear out, and although it is but a few months since this uproarious farce-comedy was produced here, the distilled nonsense of which the piece is made up was greeted with undiminished enthusiasm. It goes without saying that Mr. Coote's laugh is now, as heretofore, the whole show, nor is this any disparagement of the conception in general, or of the other members of the company. This week's attraction at the *Queen's* is the *Broadhurst* company in *Why Smith Left Home*, by George H. Broadhurst, author of *What Happened to Jones*.

THE sweetest and purest play ever written of New England farm life is *Shore Acres*, and the success it has achieved is justly deserved. Those who are familiar with its manifold beauties have compared it to the poems of a celebrated poet, and speak of it as the pretty and truthful story of human life, in which there appears at no time any evidence of stage device or clap-trap to offend the artistic senses of the audience. The play has some exquisite touches of human nature, and contains much that is pathetic, sentimental and tender. Readers who have been charmed by a recital in poetry or prose of beautifully wrought ideas will find in *Shore Acres* a play that will send them to the theatre time and again, and cause them to send their friends. The story of love, hope, faith, patience, ambition and greed that makes up the circumstances of almost everyone's life, is told in a masterly manner by the simple folk Mr. Herne introduces in this charming idyl. A costly scenic production of *Shore Acres* will be given at the *Academy of Music* on Monday evening, September 18, when the company opens for a week's engagement.

NOT every successful novel can be turned into a good drama, and hitherto the attempts to make a play of Thackeray's masterpiece have not been crowned with success. Mr. Langdon Mitchell is the latest playwright to essay a dramatization of *Vanity Fair*. With Mrs. Fiske as the central figure of the story—the remarkable *Becky Sharp*—and with a strong supporting cast, the new play was produced for the first time last week at the *Academy of Music*. Initial presentations are usually not without serious defects, and to say that *Vanity Fair*, as metamorphosed by Mr. Mitchell, was rendered by Mrs. Fiske's company in a perfect manner, would be to say something which the critical mind could not wholly endorse. Nevertheless, Mrs. Fiske and her assistants are to be congratulated on their work, considering all the surrounding circumstances. They succeeded in making an interesting play, which held the attention of every intelligent person present, and in the main they interpreted their parts with a fair degree of artistic insight. Mrs. Fiske gave a strong and vivid, but not too highly colored, portrayal of the extremely complex and circuitous—not to say serpentine—character of *Becky*. The part is an unusually heavy one—as well in quantity as in quality—Mrs. Fiske being on the stage for nearly two hours in the course of a presentation lasting about two hours and twenty minutes. She is around whom everything revolves, upon whom the whole action and inspiration of the piece depends, and in the hands of a less capable actress than Mrs. Fiske, the part of *Becky Sharp* would be the rock of offence on which the success of the play would come to grief. Notwithstanding the talents of Mrs. Fiske and her company the production is not wholly a treat to any well-constituted nature. It leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. The dramatist has necessarily deepened the lights and shades of Thackeray's characters, and at all events one does not care to

see anything one can bear to read about. Miss Zenande Williams as Amelia Sedley; Miss Ethel Douglas as Miss Crawley; and Miss Jean Chamblin as the Marchioness of Steyne; Mr. Maurice Barrymore as Rawdon Crawley; Mr. Wilfrid North as William Dobbin; Mr. Stanley Rignold as Geo. Osborne; Mr. Robert V. Ferguson as Sir Pitt Crawley; and Mr. Tyrone Power as the Marquis of Steyne, ably supported Mrs. Fiske. The company went from here to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

THE Nicosias-Durien Company, of Paris, are to give a season of French opera at the Monument National, and lovers of music are looking forward with much pleasure to the treat in store. A number of the very best operas are to be given.

AFTER what Happened to Jones, which is next week's attraction at the Academy, Manager Ritchie will put on ten to fifteen weeks of light opera at popular prices, including copyright pieces, such as Erminie and Wang. The opera season at the Academy will be followed by a four weeks' stand of the Felix Morris Company.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

James A. Herne will introduce another of his remarkable character studies in Capt. Dan Marble, a Long Island Bay man, in his new play, Sag Harbor, which will be presented for the first time at the Park Theatre, in Boston, October 23.

The manuscript of the new romantic play, in which James O'Neill will be seen late in the season, has been received from



Uncle Nat and Helen Berry in Shore Acres, Academy of Music, week commencing September 13.

England. Till this is ready for production Mr. O'Neill will present The Musketeers, and, occasionally, Monte Cristo, where he cannot escape it.

George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., has had a new play submitted to him by one of the most prominent clergymen of New York, the production of which he is seriously considering. Since the presentation of The Christian, and its enormous success, he has had the scenario of three plays by clergymen

brought to him for consideration. Hall Caine's royalties have, it seems, attracted the attention of the gentlemen of the cloth to the financial possibilities of the stage.

Israel Zangwill's visit to America at this time will be a busy one. He will give attention to staging his new play, Children of the Ghetto, by James A. Herne, accompany the organization presenting it to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and, at the same time, complete his new book, "They That Walk in Darkness," a collection of Ghetto tragedies, which will be published by an American firm early in November. Immediately after this book is issued he will return to England.

Children of the Ghetto is Israel Zangwill's first pretentious dramatic effort, although he wrote and produced in London six one-act plays, which made a most favorable impression. The first of these was called Six Persons, and was presented by Beerholm Tree at the Haymarket Theatre four years ago. It was founded on the novel idea, advanced by Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his writings, that when two persons are speaking there are really six people in conversation. Before it was produced, Mr. Zangwill was told it was too subtle, and would neither be understood nor appreciated, but, notwithstanding, it survived three plays for which it was used as a curtain-raiser. Irene Vanbrugh, who has made a great hit in Gay Lord Quex, now running in London, first came into prominence in this little piece. Other hits by Mr. Zangwill were The Great Demonstration, produced at the Royalty Theatre, and Three-penny Bits, played at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Zangwill wrote these one-act plays in six days—one a day. Mr. Zangwill considers that his most dramatic writings, up to this time, are embodied in his books, of which he regards "Children of the Ghetto" as his best work.

QUEBEC RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION.
SCHEDULE OF MATCHES, 1899.

SENIOR SERIES.		
DATE.	TEAMS.	GROUNDS.
Oct. 7	Kingston vs. Brockville	Kingston
" 7	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal
" 14	Brockville vs. Montreal	Brockville
" 14	Britannia vs. Ottawa College	Britannia
" 21	Ottawa College vs. Kingston	Ottawa College
" 21	Britannia vs. Brockville	Britannia
" 28	Kingston vs. Britannia	Kingston
" 28	Ottawa College vs. Montreal	Ottawa College
Nov. 4	Brockville vs. Ottawa College	Brockville
" 4	Montreal vs. Kingston	Montreal
INTERMEDIATE SERIES.		
(EASTERN SERIES.)		
Oct. 14	Lennoxville vs. Quebec	Lennoxville
" 21	Quebec vs. Lennoxville	Quebec
(WESTERN SERIES.)		
Oct. 14	Brockville vs. Kingston	Brockville
" 21	Kingston vs. Brockville	Kingston
(CENTRAL SERIES.)		
Oct. 7	Westmount vs. Montreal	Westmount
" 7	Britannia vs. McGill	Britannia
" 14	Montreal vs. McGill	Montreal
" 14	Westmount vs. Britannia	Westmount
" 21	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal
" 21	McGill vs. Westmount	McGill
(SEMI-FINAL SERIES.)		
Oct. 28	Winners of Eastern and Western Series play off at Montreal.	
Nov. 4	Winners of Central Series travel to winners of Semi-Final Series.	
JUNIOR SERIES.		
Sept. 30	Montreal vs. Point St. Charles	Montreal
Oct. 7	Quebec vs. Point St. Charles	Quebec
" 7	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal
" 7	McGill vs. Westmount	McGill
" 14	Quebec vs. Britannia	Quebec
" 14	Point St. Chas. vs. Westmount	Pt. St. Charles
" 14	Montreal vs. McGill	Montreal
" 21	Quebec vs. Montreal	Quebec
" 21	Westmount vs. Britannia	Westmount
" 21	Point St. Charles vs. McGill	Pt. St. Charles
" 28	McGill vs. Quebec	McGill
" 28	Britannia vs. Point St. Charles	Britannia
" 28	Westmount vs. Montreal	Westmount
Nov. 4	Quebec vs. Westmount	Quebec
" 4	Britannia vs. McGill	Britannia

SOCIETY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

ANOTHER wedding which is a matter of no little interest is that of Miss Burnett, daughter of the late James Burnett, Esq., to Mr. James B. Pangman, of the well-known firm of Burnett & Company, stockbrokers. The day fixed for the ceremony is in the first week in October. In all probability the list of invitations will include only the relations and most intimate friends of either family.

TALKING of marriages, how very much nicer it would be if these large pageants, exciting general interest and publicity, could be confined to royalty, the aristocracy and notabilities, whose affairs cannot well be other than public property. Not that weddings savoring of a runaway match by taking place at an early hour with the bride in a traveling dress and the nearest relations with woe-begone faces and costumes to match are to be advocated as the alternative. It is a simple matter to strike a happy medium—to have a ceremony at which everything is done decently and in order, where wedding regalia flourishes from the bride and bridegroom down to the coachman or the box, and where the guests are composed of old friends and true—not ambling one among them that with expressive shrug wonders how it ever came to pass he or she should have been asked. And with tact and good management such weddings could give little or no offence to the large surplus of the visiting list not requested to be present.

Mrs. S. P. Stearns and the Misses Stearns, Peel street, who have been visiting East Gloucester, Mass., are among the latest to return to Montreal.

THE arrival of the warships is a matter of general interest and pleasure. The memories of previous friendships among the officers make the possibilities of future ones a subject of pleasurable anticipation. Montreal people are ever ready to make the stay of the sailors in our midst a happy one, and there is no reason to believe that there should be any exception to the rule this time. As long as the city stands it is not rash to prophesy that any representatives of Her Majesty, be they naval or military, will never lack a welcome.

MISS MILLER, daughter of Sir William Miller, Londonderry, has arrived in Montreal, and will spend some months visiting her brother, Mr. W. R. Miller, Stanley street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. May, Dr. and Mrs. Shirres, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler, the Misses Wheeler, Mrs. George Smithers, the Misses Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunlop, the Misses Dunlop, and the Misses Burnett, are among the many Montreal people who have returned from the Bay Point Hotel, Rockland.

Miss Estelle Holland, who has been visiting Mrs. Willie Dobell, at her country house at Riviere du Loup, is among the recent arrivals in town during the past fortnight.

THE REV. ARTHUR DOULL, who was appointed at the Easter Vestry meeting of the Church of the Advent as curate of that church, sailed for Canada last week. He will visit relations in Halifax, and assume his new duties early in October. Though a Canadian by birth, he has lived in England for the greater part of his life, being an Etonian, and a graduate of Cambridge. Since then, he has held a curacy in the parish church, Leeds, where he was thought of very highly, and the general opinion is that the congregation are greatly to be congratulated on their choice.

MRS. EDWIN BULLER arrived last week in Montreal from England, and is the guest of her father, Mr. Maenider, 1018 Sherbrooke street. Her small son, Master Jack Buller, accompanied her.

The Rev. Dr. Barclay and family, and Dr. H. B. Yates and family are among the last to tear themselves away from the

wind-swept cliffs of Cacouna. It seems to be the universal opinion that it is mainly owing to the efforts of Dr. Barclay and Dr. Yates that the season there has been so pleasantly spent. For pleasure, now-a-days, means golf, and, from what one can gather, these two gentlemen appear to have been foremost in promoting the royal game in these new pastures.

AS THE SEASON advances, and new fashions become possible and probable, and, indeed, begin to take bodily shape one longs with an irrepressible longing to see the abolition of trailing skirts and the crooked elbow and ungraceful carriage they necessitate. Pretty and graceful in the house they may be, but in the street, as one watches them pass in countless numbers, the thought is not far from one that the wearers are not so unlike the sheep, which, with one accord, dash down into an abyss because the stray one, which never was overburdened with sense, wishes to investigate the depths below. Short skirts never were nor never will be becoming to women, tall or short, but their length is measured by wisdom, at least. They are intended for mountain paths and muddy roads, and outdoor recreation of all kinds, and fulfil their mission, while opposites apparently were designed for neither beauty nor comfort—that is, when worn as walking or other than evening costumes.

How welcome the day when extremes are never met with!

MISS MARGARET BURRELL, of Chicago, is the guest of Miss Ramsay, 1134 Sherbrooke street, in order to be present at the approaching marriage of her hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackay, the Misses Mackay and Master Mackay have returned once more to their delightful house, "Kildonan," after having spent some months abroad. Miss Mackay, who has been at school on the other side for the past two years, will make one of the list of this winter's debutantes.

Miss Grace Robertson, Phillips Square, returned last week from a visit of some weeks in England and Scotland, and on the Continent.

A very pleasant luncheon was given last week by Mrs. Dunlop, Sherbrooke street, in honor of Miss Kathleen Ramsay.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Winifred Dawes, third daughter of Mr. James Dawes, "Maplewood," Laehine, to Mr. George Carrington Smith, of the Bank of Montreal, is arranged to take place on Tuesday, September 19. A year or two ago, Miss Dawes graduated as a nurse at the Victoria Hospital, having taken up the profession purely for the love of it. Her cheerful and gratuitous work among the poor will long be remembered as a practical demonstration of unselfishness and skill. Mr. Smith has always been most popular in both Montreal and Quebec society.

MCGILL COLLEGE grounds have never looked lovelier than at the present time. The cool weather and frequent showers have kept both turf and trees in wonderful freshness. The campus, to which so much has been done, appears to be in excellent condition, and the grounds committee are to be complimented. In time, it ought to be possible to have a thoroughly satisfactory cricket crease there. And that, in Montreal, is a long-felt want. With Canadians, cricket has never had the popularity it deserves, but there are quite enough Englishmen here, one would think, to give it the proper spur on that it requires. Montreal is seldom behind in providing the material that is needed in athletics of any kind, and it is greatly to be desired that visiting teams may hereafter meet more than their match.

MR. and MRS. A. M. CROMBIE, Crescent street, have returned from a very pleasant trip to Halifax and other places of interest in the Lower Provinces.

During the past week or so one notices the ever-increasing number of students about town. From all corners of Canada



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SOCIETY--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

they are pouring in; from the staid, or apparently so, senior, to the youngest freshman just being launched into college life. In but a very short time everything will be in full swing and McGill College avenue and University street will be thronged once more with the happy-go-lucky, note-book laden army that fill so large a place in the interests of Montreal. The bicycle track will no longer be desolate; the campus will seldom be without its complement of striped-stockinged, long-haired footballers, or slim, smart batsmen, and the tennis courts will be the scene of many an exhibition of placing and smashing, volleying and serving—all the fruits of three months of vacation. But one feature of McGill-College life will have been removed, for the Donalds have now a home of their own and "East Wing" will know them no more.

MRS. HUGH ALLAN, little Miss Allan, and Mrs. Rae, who have spent the summer months at St. Andrews, N.B., have once more taken possession of their town house.

Mrs. Reford, Miss Reford, and Mr. Louis Reford, have returned from their picturesque and commodious house at Metis.

Mrs. John Thomas Molson and the Misses Molson, University street, have also closed up their house at the same resort.

THOUGH the cool weather has driven most pleasure-seekers home from the St. Lawrence's shores, the householders at such places as Dixie, Dorval, Beauport field, Ste. Anne's, Ste. Rose, etc., are in no hurry to get back to city life. It will probably be the first of October before the keenest lover of rural quietude strikes camp.

WITH the influx of students we have the exodus of school boys. In spite of the increasing number of excellent private schools in our midst, Montreal youth is well represented at Lemoxville, Port Hope, St. Alban's, and numerous smaller schools. The Royal Military College, too, always receives its share and may it continue to do so. For, with the incentive before them of the brilliant careers of so many of its graduates, Canadians ought always to be well to the fore wherever the British troops are quartered.

There are always many to denunciate when the question arises of sending boys to English schools. It is argued that they leave old friends behind them, make new ones that cannot be kept, and altogether are totally unfitted for the business life in a colonial city for which they are destined. And yet, if the list of boys so educated is called over, it will be difficult to find one who on his return to this country did not preserve old friendships or make new ones, or settle down cheerfully, and in most cases successfully, to the new regime. And in the meantime they have acquired a polish, and that not artificial, a refinement of tastes and manner that seems to be not the smallest benefit bestowed by English public schools.

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR MACDONGALL, and Master Jack MacDonnell have returned from their pretty little cottage at Cacouna.

The hunting season will open to-morrow morning at the Kennels with the members' breakfast.

ON Wednesday, September 20, the marriage will take place of Miss Ethel White, niece of Mr. J. K. Kerr, of "Rathmilly," to Mr. Gerald FitzGibbon, son of the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, at St. James's Cathedral, Toronto.

On Tuesday, September 19, Quebec will be astir, as it is the day arranged for the marriage of Miss Eileen White, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Wilson, to Mr. Charles Macintosh, son of ex-Lieut.-Governor Macintosh, of the Northwest Territories. And on both these days the chime of wedding bells in Toronto and Quebec will have an echoing peal in Montreal.

MR. MORSE and Miss Gwendoline Morse, Boston, are visiting the Misses Scott, Redpath street.

Miss Lorraine Percy, daughter of Mr. C. Percy, Weredale Park, has returned home from Paris for a brief visit. She will continue to study art abroad during the ensuing winter.

LADY TAIT and the Masters Tait have returned from a pleasant visit at Knowlton.

Last week Mr. F. E. Meredith gave a small and very pleasant tea party at the Montreal Hunt for the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Gerald FitzGibbon, and Miss FitzGibbon, who have been visiting the Hon. Edward Blake, at Murray Bay.

THE appearance of Mrs. Fiske in Becky Sharpe at the Academy last week will be responsible for no little good, if it generates in the minds of any who attended the performance a desire to be more familiar with Thackeray's works. For it was as astonishing as it was deplorable to find how comparatively few people were familiar with the characters of "Vanity Fair," until they saw them staged. Reading clubs are far from unknown institutions in Montreal, especially since the introduction of the National Home Reading Union, with its carefully prepared book list and magazine. But if, instead of reading up "economic geography, and peeping into mediæval literature," the average circle would take a course of Dickens and Thackeray, they would find it vastly easier to assimilate, and probably productive of more lasting benefit. No doubt it is always as well for the most ordinary intellects to grapple with theories and ideas, of which almost the mere expression is beyond them. Without ambition, genius would die, and none would know of its birth. But to see the sometime devourer of John Strange Winter's, the Duchess', and Charlotte Bræme's works, or even more recent and superior productions, floundering helplessly and hopelessly among George Meredith's intricacies of style and diction, while Thackeray, Scott, George Eliot and Dickens remain unexplored, can only be designated as energy wrongly expended.

THE MISSES DOW, Beaver Hall Square, have left town on a short visit to Saratoga.

The probability of a visit from Lady Aberdeen to Canada, with, as one of its objects, her presence at the National Council of Women in Hamilton, is news that is received with universal pleasure. The name of the Countess will never fail to awaken pleasant memories among all those who have at heart national progress, and good works of every possible description.

MR. W. DAVIDSON PARKER spent a few days in Montreal last week on his way from England to his home in Peterboro'. While on the other side he was traveling with his mother, Mrs. Davidson Parker, and Miss Helen Parker, who will not return to Montreal till late in the autumn.

MISS CARO BRAINERD has been spending some weeks in Quebec, on a visit to Mrs. W. R. Turner.

Mrs. M. H. Gault and the Misses Gault, returned last week from England, where they have passed the summer months. Miss Edythe Gault, who has been visiting friends on the other side since last autumn, will be welcomed by a large number of friends, among whom she was very much missed during the gaieties of the past winter.

LADY HICKSON, the Misses Hickson, and Mr. R. N. Hickson left last week on a short visit to their beautiful farm at Otterburn, Lake Temiscouata, where it has always been their custom to spend some part of the year.

THE Amphion Male Quartette (Messrs. F. C. Capon, G. H. Bamforth, W. J. Johnston, and Robt. Crawford) are prepared for engagements for concerts, banquets, receptions, etc. Address Montreal Entertainment Bureau, 2440 St. Catherine street.

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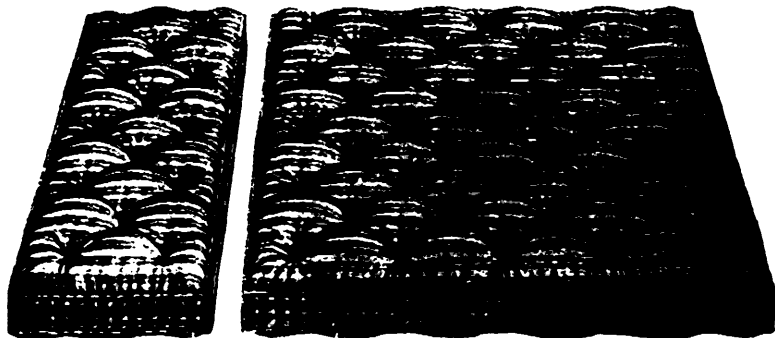


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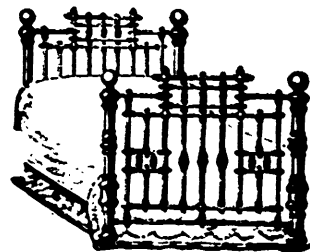


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STAGE SLANG.

FOLLOWERS of the dramatic profession, the profession, as they call it, are noted for the way in which they coin new words and abbreviate old ones, to suit all occasions. They are, perhaps, fonder than any others of their slang terms; they delight to call themselves "pros," and talk of their business as "biz." The "biz" which interests them most—from an artistic point of view—is the stage "biz," which includes all the work, by-plays, and gesticulations of a piece.

Nowadays the author supplies all this "biz"; it was omitted, however, by nearly all the early playwrights, even as late as Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and in their plays has only been added since by different actors. The "biz" of a part is generally "created" by the actor who first undertakes a new part. He, with the author's aid, elaborates it to suit his own interpretation of the character. Another actor playing the same role afterward, however, does not alter the "biz" at all, even though it may strike him as unnecessary or unsuited to his own taste.

Actors refer to properties as "props," which include every article used in a theatre for the production of a piece. Every actor has his own private "prop" basket, in which is kept all his make-up, clothes, etc., and this he guards with an ever-vigilant eye.

An actor who has no engagement is said to be out of "shop," a word which is also the slang for a theatre. Even good actors, when out of shop, are sometimes reduced to actual poverty, for no profession, except that of literature, is so precarious as the actor's. Such men may often be spotted by a brother "pro" making use of their "props" in private life for want of other apparel.

A part where the actor has only to deliver his "cackle" to bring down the house is characteristically called a "fat" part, and is said to "play itself." To "swallow a cackle" is to learn a part, or rather to study a part, which is done by dividing it into lengths of ten lines each.

When an actor originates or quotes something appropriately, it is called "cackling a wheeze." At Birmingham, England, once, one of Kean's benefits was a total failure, so in the last scene of the play (*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*) when allusion was made to the marriage of some lady—"Take her, sir," Kean suddenly added, "and the Birmingham audience into the bargain."

Another slang term is to "gag," that is to make impromptu jokes and speeches, and thus save a stage wait. Good actors have been known to "gag" a whole scene without having even previously seen the text. There is a story told of Hatton, who was once performing the part of Barbarossa, at Gosport. In the scene where the tyrant makes love to Sapphira, and reminds her of his services against the enemies of her kingdom, Hatton was at a loss, and could not catch the word from the prompter. Another moment and a terrific hiss would have driven him from the stage. But, seeing the house full of sailors, and, regardless of the gross anachronism, he exclaimed with all the energy of tragedy:

Did not I,

By that brave knight Sir Sydney Smith assisted,

And, in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
from Egypt's shores?

The jolly tars, thinking this all part of the play, gave the actor three rounds of applause.

When a remark is made to an actor on the stage, so as to disturb him, or if he is given a wrong cue, it is very appropriately termed

"drying him up." Another quaint phrase is to "quer a manager's pitch," meaning to disappoint him, possibly a reminiscence of the good old days, when all the actors connected with the travelling booth had to lend a helping hand to get up the tent in which the play was to be produced. To be "fluffy" is to be uncertain of a part, hesitating and stumbling through a scene. A "buffer" is often hissed or hooted by the audience, and this is called "guying him." Companies in the provinces are "on the road," another relic of the past. When a small company travels about, carrying all its "fit up" with it, it is said to be "doing the smalls." The "tag" is the word spoken just before the final drop of the curtain at the conclusion of a play.

THE COST OF COLONIES.

In a recent debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on the budget, the Minister of Colonies declared that France, during the last current year, spent 80,000,000 francs on her foreign possessions, or almost as much as the total amount spent by Great Britain. There seems to be no effective control of colonial expenditure in France. In the case of Madagascar, the latest French colonial acquisition, for instance, the Chamber had granted a credit of 10,000,000 francs, but this was exceeded by 16,000,000 francs, which had been spent without authority. The colonial ventures of Germany and Italy have been notoriously unfortunate, though German traders are beginning to profit from the losses of their Government in this direction. The total of French exports to French colonies for the last year represents 118,000,000 francs, as against £100,000,000 exported by Great Britain.



A LONG-FELT WANT.

"A kissing bug? Good land! I must get one."

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR MEN.

EVERY SEASON brings some distinctive style, and, although the fall styles for 1899 are not radically different from those of the year previous, the "left-over" coats will be readily recognized by the shoulders. Last season, they were wide, high and rounded. This season, they will be *wide* and higher, and square instead of rounded.

"This," said John J. Mitchell, the New York fashion publisher, "applies to overcoats as well as to under coats, but only the latter will have the shoulders much built up, for the reason that this will raise the shoulders of the overcoats nearly to a fashionable height. There will also be some difference in the style of sack coats, which will be less shapely and will have wider backs. The Chesterfield, or fly-front, overcoat will be made to hang straighter from the shoulders, but not so straight as to hide the outlines of the wearer's back."

The rolls of winter overcoats will be finished with silk, and the quilted effect, which was worn to some extent last season, will probably be worn again.

Waistcoats will close somewhat higher than last year's garment, and the waistcoat for evening wear, single and double-breasted, will have a narrower opening than it had last year.

As to trousers, a fashionable tailor said: "Many men think that 'pants are pants,' and that the fashion rules need not be followed closely as to that garment. That's a great mistake, because the trousers do more towards spoiling the looks of a man's costume, if they are not just right, than any other garment." The fashion authority says on this subject: "Trousers will be considerably wider at the hips and a trifle narrower at the bottom, with straight lines from the hips down, and will be slightly creased to the top of the turn-up at the bottom, where the crease will disappear."

The Chesterfield overcoat will again be the popular outer garment, and will be about the same length as it was last year. The back will have a centre seam, and the collar will be of the coat material, although velvet will also be used, but not so much as in former seasons.

The double-breasted waistcoat will be the most popular, but the half double-breasted style, which is cut widely double-breasted at the end of the roll and single-breasted at the bottom, will also be popular. For all waistcoats, the opening will be more circular than U-shaped. Single-breasted waistcoats will be shield-shaped in the opening, and will be made of the same material as the coat and finished with serpentine or other narrow braid. The double-breasted and half-double-breasted waistcoats will be made of white or fancy material.

The Tuxedo will be shapely in the back and five inches less than one-half the wearer's height, and will be finished like the evening coat, except that it will have neither buttons nor buttonholes, and will have hip pockets.

For day dress the double-breasted frock will continue to be the proper thing. This garment will be silk-faced, and made with either four or five buttons. The waistcoats will be single or double-breasted, and will close moderately high. The single-breasted waistcoats will close with six buttons.

Half dress, the costume worn by men at informal social meetings and for "genteel business," will be the three-button cutaway frock suit made from the same materials as the double-breasted frock suit. "The cutaway coat," said a fashionable tailor, "is the only thing for morning wear except at early weddings, when the frock coat takes its place. This year the cutaway will be made to show just a small bit of waistcoat. It will be a trifle shorter than it was last year and just one-half of the man's height. The waistcoats for this suit will be the same as for the day dress."

The assortment of materials is unusually large this season and the designs are handsome and not extreme as to color or pattern. In suitings, greys and modest mixtures have succeeded the blue, green and brown mixtures of last season, and herringbone and other stripes will be more in demand than

plaids. Trousers will also be less loud than last season, and drab and black stripes in many handsome designs are on the shelves of the large tailoring establishments.

In hats the changes are slight. In comparison with last season's derby the style shown by Dunlap is fuller in the crown and is made in four depths, with brims from 1¾ to 2¼ inches in width. The band is broad and coarse ribbed and the binding a finer texture. The brim is cut wide on the quarters, giving it a wingy effect. The silk hat is shown in two depths, 5¾ inches for young men and 6 inches for older men. The brims are 1¾ and 2 inches wide, and a little narrower than last year's, but on account of the wide cut they seem wider. The band is of plain silk, one inch wide, and has a bow instead of the buckle which was used in finishing last year's hat.

A NEW MUSIC METHOD.

REFERRING to the Fletcher Music Method, in which classes for children are now being formed by Mrs. H. O. Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Davidson, 2, 3 and 8 Karn Hall, St. Catherine street, The Musical Times of August last, says: "Many systems have been devised with commendable desire to help the young to master the signs of the staff notation, and amongst the most recent endeavours that of Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher certainly deserves attention. As set forth by Madame H. O. Wilson, at a lecture on August 18, at St. James's Hall, it was proved by the answers of a class of little folks, from five to seven years of age, to excite their interest and convey to their minds in an entertaining form the desired information. It has a philosophical basis in appealing to the senses of touch, sight, and sound, and in affording children active employment. In the early stages they make the staff by stretching black tapes on a table and cut the notes and clefs in black cardboard; the notes are invested with certain characteristics of dolls or soldiers, the duration of their sound is taught by the employment of pieces of wood of different lengths, the scales by the use of little ladders, and rhythm and other matters are explained by devices of similar ingenuity.

"With a touch of humor and keen insight into human nature, Madame Wilson observed: 'When those of older years seem to think these means too infantile for their age, I say this is how we teach the little ones, and then the system works just the same.' The system has won the approbation of such men as Signor Garcia, Mr. Franklin Taylor and Mr. Wm. H. Cummings of the Guildhall School of Music, London.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES, the ludicrous farce which will be presented at the Queen's Theatre next week almost compels laughter, but by legitimate methods. There is not a suggestive line or situation in the play, something unusual nowadays. There is never a moment of dullness from the time the curtain rises. "It is to laugh," is its keynote. A loquacious traveling salesman becomes mixed up with a sanctimonious bishop, and to escape arrest dons his clothes. An old maid, sentimentally inclined, who is in love with the aforesaid bishop, mistakes the drummer for her innamorata and throws herself into his arms. Complications ensue, and in the midst of them the bishop himself comes upon the scene to confront his counterfeit. A mild lunatic, whose one hallucination is that he is an Indian, daubs himself with war paint, escapes from a private asylum in which he is confined, and enters the family circle already in turmoil over a real and false bishop, and further mixes matters up. So it goes on. The drummer, the bishop, the mild lunatic, a benevolent college professor, a policeman, and a young man of sporty proclivities, with a bevy of pretty girls and an original old maid, keep the fun at its highest.

We are many of us crucified in this life; and alas that it should be so! we are crucified, not as saviors, but as thieves.

BORROWED ENGLISHMEN.

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR'S recent naturalization as an Englishman need not have been regarded as such an unheard-of matter, nor was it a fair statement that only Russian and Polish Jews were known to have done the same thing. As a matter of fact, some of the most prominent men in England of this and former days started their British careers as aliens. Mr. Stanley, the explorer; Messrs. Robert Barr and Henry James, the novelists; Messrs. Whistler, Abhey and Boughton, the artists, are all American-bred Englishmen. The Right Hon. Friedrich Max Muller, the famous Oxford professor, is a German, and so is Mr. Goschen, the statesman and financier, who was first known in London as a member of the German firm of Fröhling & Goschen. From France came Sir Francis Jeune, Max O'Rell, and Mr. Britton Riviere, while Lord Newburgh and Marie Corelli are pure-blooded Italians. Under the reign of the Georges, so many foreign-born men were elevated to the peerage that a special bill of Parliament was passed to put a stop to the practice. Under the provisions of this law Mr. Astor will have to resign himself to remain a commoner.

ARE FRILLED SHIRT FRONTS COMING?

A NEW YORK haberdasher, who takes a pride in leading the fashions, has recently put on exhibition in his window a number of men's shirts which attract attention by the peculiarity of having the old-fashioned vertical pleats on the bosom.

"Yes," said this merchant, in reply to a question as to what these antiquities might mean, "they are like the old-fashioned article, I know. But they are not stock left over from last generation. They are a German idea, and the very newest thing in the market. It may be that in another year or two we shall come around again to the shirt frills of our grandfathers, but I can't say that I see any signs of that just at present."

But, taking the vertical pleats in connection with the tendency of the time to abandon detachable cuffs, and other features of dress which have been regarded for twenty years past as essentially modern, it seemed worth while to ask a wholesale shirt man downtown what he, as an expert, thought of the matter.

"I don't know that the vertical pleat has ever gone out of fashion altogether," was the somewhat surprising answer. "Neither has the shirt frill. Nobody wears frilled shirts in

New York, but they are made for the Southern trade. The old men down South, who wore frilled shirts when they were youths, very often insist on wearing them still, and the trade finds it worth while to meet this demand. People down there sometimes live to a great age. If your notion proves correct, and shirt frills come in again as a general thing within the next few years, there will be a few old men in every Southern town and city who will be able to boast that they have set the fashions for the youngsters. Yes, it does look as if fashion moved in circles."

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

WHAT little things are those
That hold our happiness!

A smile, a glance, a rose
Dropped from her hair or dress;

A word, a look, a touch—
These are so much, so much.

An air we can't forget.

A sunset's gold that gleams,

A spray of mignonette,

Will fill the soul with dreams

More than all history says.

Or romance of oid days.

For of the human heart,

Not brain, is memory.

These things it makes a part

Of its own entity.

The joys, the pains whereof

Are th' very food of love.

—Madison Cawer, in Saturday Evening Post.

AN ARISTOCRATIC CAT.

SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN, the well-known Canadian writer, is very fond of cats. When she was in Japan she purchased the best specimens the country afforded, and while in China a Mandarin presented her with a famous pink Miji cat, which does almost everything but sing. The author has also an Indian cat, which she secured in Hindustan. This is a great favorite at the Royal cat shows in England. Her friends, however, were not prepared for the following item which appeared in a society journal:

Ms. E. S. Coates (Sara Jeanette Duncan's Indian cat) is spending a few days with the Princess of Wales. Later she will be the guest of the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Marlborough.

In reality, the cat was merely an inmate of an exhibition or a "cattery," but on the face of it the item was very imposing.

ACADEMY.. NEXT WEEK.

Last Season's Greatest Success

JAMES A. HERSE'S
BEAUTIFUL COMEDY DRAMA.

Shore Acres.

Sale of Seats begins September 11th, 1896.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c. and \$1.00.

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

Week of September 15th.

LOTTA'S GREATEST PLAY

"BOB"

Master Joe O'Hare the celebrated choir boy will head the vaudeville bill
Prices as usual
Phone East 516 for seats.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

Week Beginning Monday, Sept. 15

Matinee Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

RETURN OF THE LAUGH-MAKER.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."

By George H. Broadhurst.

Author of "Why Smith Left Home," etc.

After 1 solid year at the Strand Theatre, London.

FUNNIER THAN BEFORE.

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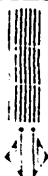
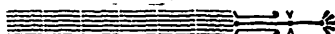
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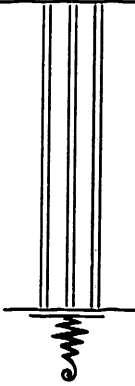
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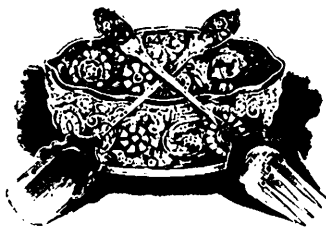


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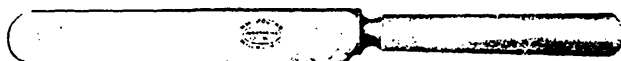
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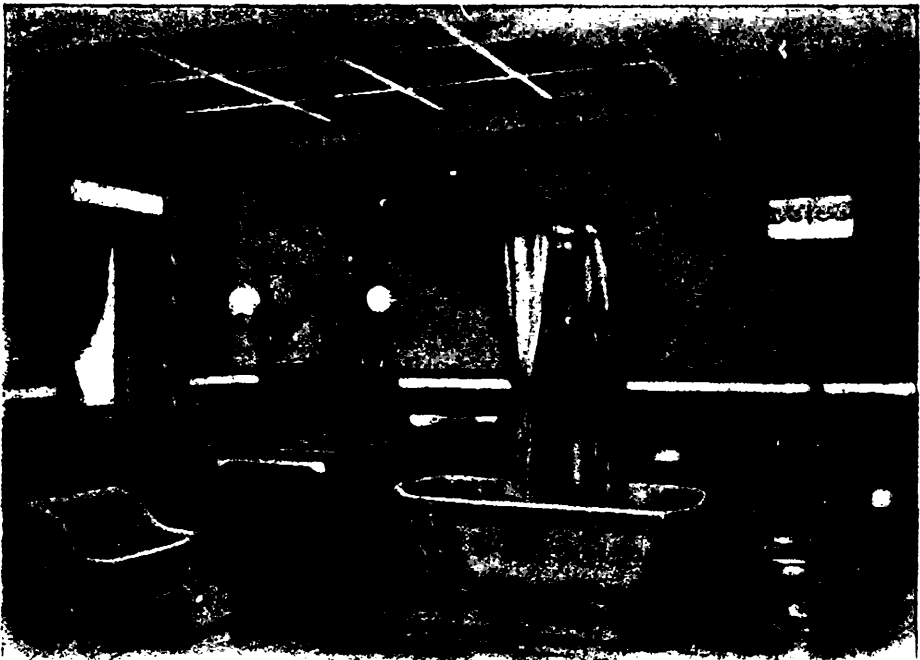
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